

THE BIG HOUSE
by Mrs. Guy Thompson

Drive down a shady street in most any little town, and there sitting back from the thoroughfare will be an old home, perhaps a pretentious home of brick or stone that captures the attention of the curious passer-by. To residents of the community, it holds no mystery, and its history to them may seem commonplace.

But what a story the walls of any home that has stood a half century or more could tell. What gay parties they have looked down upon; what beautiful brides have descended their broad stair cases, what heartbreaking sobs have those walls heard.

There is something almost tragic, and certainly most pathetic about an old home that stands vacant. Its windows stare forlornly at the passer-by. Its porches are unswept and broken. The grass and weeds are grown high in the summer time, and drifted snow clogs its walks in the winter.

If houses had souls, how they would hate the clutter into which they fall unused.

A most pretentious house was the home on south Colfax street built more than 50 years ago by Judge Crawford. Most of the bricks which form the 12 and 18 inch walls were made in the West Point brick yard. They still stand firm and strong.

Here Judge Crawford and his family lived. Miss May was a music teacher, and many of the matrons of our town today can remember going to the house to take piano lessons.

Later the property came into the possession of A.L. Krause and the entire block which surrounded it was laid out in beautiful gardens. Unusual shrubs and a large variety of trees were set out. There are but few of the great variety living. A northern coffee berry tree stands northwest of the home. A sycamore and an ancient elm guard the front entrance, and a linden tree, with its sweet scented blossoms shades the front porch.

In the northeast of the block are stately cedar trees. One of them has yielded to the urge of nature, and continued strong winds from the north, so that all of its branches point to the south.

In the branches of the other trees, the boys of many generations have played.

The home has now become an apartment house. Its grandeur departed, the house still has many things of interest; the beautiful stained glass windows on the landing in the front hall; the bronze maiden that holds aloft the light on the newell post; and to descend to the practical side of life, the huge bath tub in the second floor bath room.

The basement, now modernized, still holds a chain of small rooms that would challenge Agatha Christie or Mignon Eberhardt with mystery setting. Fourth in the chain of owners is W.W. Ellyson.

Residence lots have been sold to the east and west, a strip to the north is in the hands of another owner. But the house still stands remote from the streets to challenge the interest of the curious and to stimulate the memories of those who have had happy hours beneath its roof.

A DAY TO REMEMBER!

27th

My father, a sister, granddaughter and great granddaughter were born on the 27th.

Our twin daughters, Geraldine and Nadine were born March 27, 1921.

I joined the J.C. Penney Company on March 27, 1927 at Columbus, Nebraska.

I came to North Platte, Nebraska on March 27, 1939 as manager of J.C. Penney Company Store, 156.

My wife, Nada, passed away February 27, 1985.

NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA

In 1938 our sales had grown to over \$92,000, more than double what they were when I came to West Point.

In March 1939, I received a wire from New York, offering the North Platte store, population 12,000 sales volume \$161,000 ... wire your answer. My first thoughts were West Point with a population of 2,500 and North Platte with a population of 12,000, only doing \$70,000 more, just what would I be getting into. I talked to Mr. Prussa, district manager and he said it would be a challenge and opportunity. We thought of it over night and wired I would accept.

Fred Hennis, the manager, had been ill for sometime and had passed away.

I left for North Platte by train, March 27th, the twins birthday, and the same day I joined the Company at Columbus. Three big events in our lives on March 27th.

Arriving in North Platte, I walked to the store which then was at 108 East 5th Street. As I entered the store and set my suitcase down, I can never forget the big smile and greeting I got from Don Bell, assistant manager as he came up the aisle to meet me. Don had arrived only two months before. In the next few days, I came to realize I had inherited another big problem in house cleaning, not only in merchandise, but personnel. Don Bell proved to be one of the most capable men I have had the pleasure of working with. At the end of the year, I only had two of the original employees left, Don Bell and Don Hunt. Many of the employees resigned and others were replaced.

I returned to West Point the following weekend and Nada came back to look for a house. Mrs. Hennis had decided to move to California when school was out and offered to rent her home to us with an option to buy if she decided to sell. We rented the house and waited until school was out to move. Later she decided to sell and we bought the home for \$6,800.

I received a letter from New York complementing me on the stock in the West Point store, that the new manager and district manager accepted the stock 100%. It sure wasn't the case in North Platte. The D.M. never showed up and I had to take the loss in mark-downs to clean stocks.

Our sales climbed from \$161,000 to \$225,000 that first year. I received a one-third contract, however due to heavy mark-downs and sales promotion my comp check wasn't so good that first year. The following years, North Platte was a

good profit store. Our largest volume in sales was \$844,000 and at today's prices this would be around \$2,500,000.

I had a room at the McCabe hotel until we moved after school sometime in May. I took the train a few weeks ends to West Point and Nada came back with me several times.

The Chamber of Commerce gave me a big welcome as well as many business men. There was no Lions Club in North Platte and thanks to a letter from the Lions Club at West Point, I was invited to join the Rotary Club.

In 1944 we moved our store to the corner of 5th and Dewey which gave us a larger and better location.

North Platte has been very good to our family in many ways and we are so happy and thankful we have had the opportunity to make it our future life and home.

I have served as director and on several committees of the Chamber, chairman of the United Fund, and elected director of the Mutual Building and Loan. Later when Mutual merged with Commerical Federal of Omaha, I continued to serve as Advisory Director from 1981 to 1986.

Our family are members of the Presbyterian Church and I served as Elder. I belong to Platte Valley Lodge, Master Masons, Tehama Shrine, Past Commander Knights Templar, 32nd degree and Past Sovereign of Shilo Conclave Red Cross of Constantine at Alliance, Nebraska.

THE CABIN

In 1952 we bought a cabin at Lake Maloney which is seven and one half miles south of North Platte.

Nada and I were invited out to Harold and Florence Wies's cabin on the lake one evening. We enjoyed it so much and all the things the lake had to offer that we decided to have a place of our own at the lake.

The next morning Harold and I looked at several cabins that were for sale. That noon at Rotary luncheon at the Pawnee Hotel I mentioned to Shike Sievers I was looking for a cabin at Lake Maloney. Shike told me that John Knicely was leaving North Platte and his cabin was for sale. Just then I saw John walk in the door to the lobby. I got up and contacted him, arranging to see the cabin that evening. We made the deal for \$3,000.

It wasn't too much of a cabin but a wonderful location on the lake, with good possibilities. It was a place to start and we were happy with our deal.

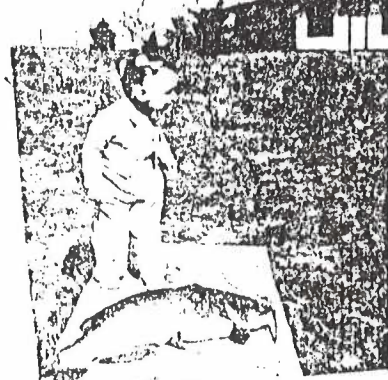
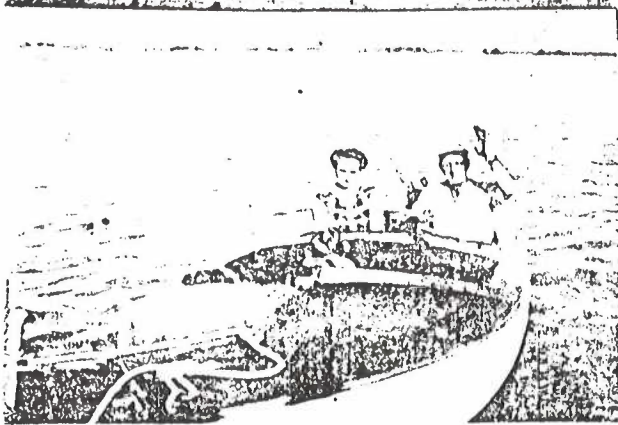
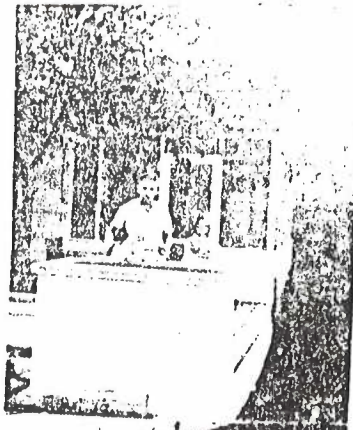
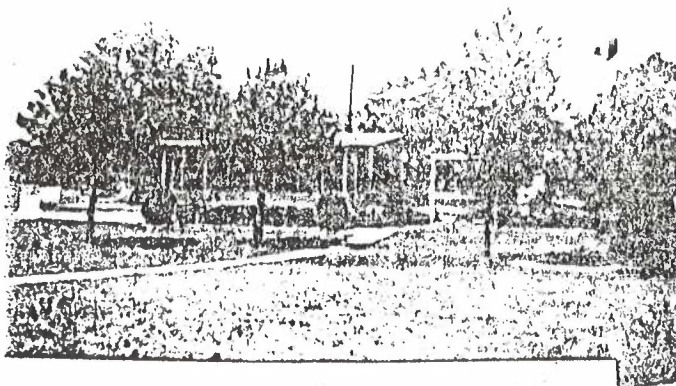
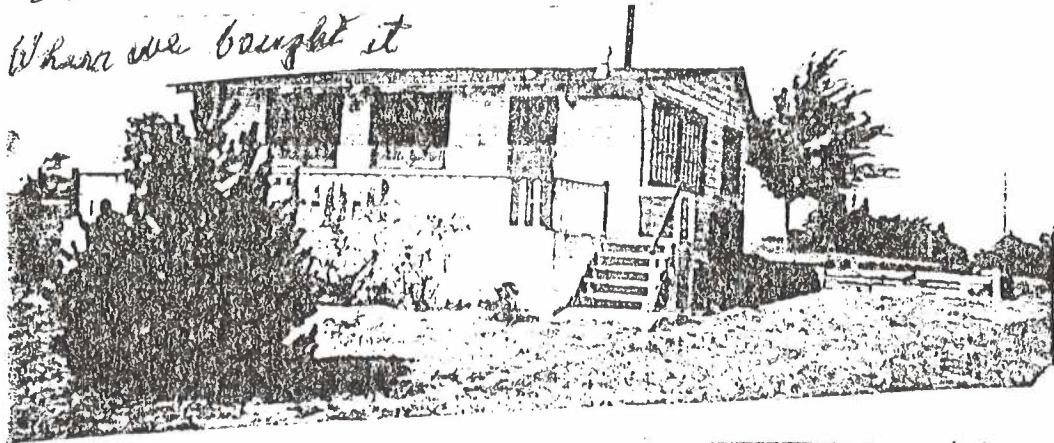
With Ed and Nadine living here and Gerry, Wolcott, Donna and Jim, lots of good help was available. The fun of spending their vacations here with us was wonderful for all. It was a great place for the grandchildren to swim and enjoy.

Our first plans were to modernize the cabin so they could stay there as much as possible. Several of our close neighbors went together and put in a well and water system, to each of our cabins, then kitchen and bathroom facilities. From then on it was an ever ending improvement which I am sure we all enjoyed. Enclosing the porch, barbecue grill, side walks, boat and boat house and a 60 foot boat dock for fishing and swimming. Killing the samburs, getting blue grass started, water system, croquet, miniature golf course and swings. One winter Ed and I knotty pined the living room. We hired very little carpenter help except to put in windows.

The cabin was at last modern as far as our needs were concerned. A kitchen, bathroom, living room and bedroom ... it was a joy to spend time there, which we did so many evenings. The nice thing about it was a labor of love, always finding something to do and improve happiness and bring our whole families together. Many of our grandchildren learned to swim and ski at the cabin.

After many of them were grown and gone it became a little too much for Mom and I to take care of, so we sold it for \$22,500.

The cabin
Where we bought it



THE FAMILY

Nada and our three daughters have all been very active in their community.

Nada was well known for her church and civic activities. She served as Lincoln County Chairman of the American Cancer Crusade; served 3,000 hours with the Pink Ladies at the hospital; served many years with Job's Daughters. Nada was a Past Worthy Matron of Signet Chapter, O.E.S.; Past President of S.O.O.B.; Daughters of the Nile; and Past President of AK, P.E.O.

The girls were all been active in Job's Daughters, their church and school. Donna has a beautiful voice, participating in school programs. She sang "The Lord's Prayer" at the Church Memorial Service on "D" Day. It was recorded by KODY Radio. Geraldine and Nadine seemed to coordinate their activities, being Majorettes in the high school band and cymbal twirlers in the Legion Drum and Bugle Corp. They were chosen as DeMolay State Sweethearts at the DeMolay convention at Alliance, Nebraska.

After graduating from high school they went to Lindenwood College for one year. Donna also went to the University of Nebraska after graduating. While the girls were in high school they ushers at the theatre. The twins both looked and dressed alike and it was a mystery to many how one usher was able to be coming up one aisle and a second later going down another aisle.

Following their year at Lindenwood, Geraldine worked in Larry Martin's office and Nadine at Dixon Jewelry store. Donna worked for the Telephone Company.

The fall of 1942, Geraldine and Nadine were interviewed by an agent of the F.B.I. and were given a job in the finger print department in Washington, D.C. This was quite an experience in their lives.

Tommy Carroll, whom Nadine had gone with in high school, was in the Air Force, stationed at Grenada, Mississippi. When he was on leave he came to Washington and they were married, June 8, 1943. Nadine resigned her job with the F.B.I., and they lived in Grenada. They lived there only a short time when Tommy's plane was in collision with another plane. He was killed July 17, 1943. Tommy had called his folks that his plane would be on a training flight and would land at the North Platte field on Saturday night. Nada was at the store that night when Nadine called us and told us what had happened. We went to the airport and gave the message to Tommy's father and mother.

Nadine was living at home with us when "Little Tommy", Thomas William Carroll, was born 14 March 1944. He was our great joy. I finally had a football player. When they would come to the store to pick me up evenings, as little Tommy entered the store he would always call out, "Grandpa." Nadine went to visit Gerry at Gage, Oklahoma after Christmas and left Tommy with Nada and I. He became ill New Year's evening. We rushed him to the hospital where he passed away January 2, 1948. Nadine was able to get a private plane and arrived shortly before he passed away. I missed his call "Grandpa" for a long time.

When Nadine resigned her job with the F.B.I. to get married, Geraldine resigned also. She came home, not wanting to live in Washington alone. After a few months, she accepted a job at the Warren Air Base in Cheyenne, Wyoming. She had worked there only a few months when she called us saying she had been to the doctor. She had an acute appendicitis and needed an operation at once. She arrived home that evening by train and was operated on that evening.

A Naval Airforce Training Station was located here in North Platte, run by John Clinch, instructor. Geraldine did not care to return to Warren Air Base and took a position in the office for Mr. Clinch. It was here where she met Wolcott Burkeholder who had transferred from active Navy duty to the Air Corp. Wolcott's home was at Carlsbad, New Mexico. They were engaged later and after the war was over they were married on June 25, 1944. They made their home in Carlsbad and after sometime, Wolcott joined the F.F.A. and they lived in Gage, Oklahoma; Imperial, Nebraska; El Paso, Texas; Midland, Texas and last in Fort Worth, Texas.

Donna worked for Northwestern Bell a couple years and was then married to James L. Ward of Scottsbluff, Nebraska. They were married at the Presbyterian Church on October 17, 1949. They lived in Lincoln while Jim finished his senior year at the University. They then joined the J.C. Penney Company at Clarinda, Iowa. Later they were transferred to Laramie, Wyoming where Terry was born. They then transferred to Englewood, Colorado, North Kansas City and to Fredonia, Kansas where he was made manager. After a few years at Fredonia they were moved to Neosho, Missouri where they now live after retiring from the Company in 1983.

RETIREMENT

My retirement with the J.C. Penney Co. was July 1, 1958. In May we were invited to New York for our settlement of stocks, annuities and other benefits, plus a week of wonderful entertainment ... the best shows, restaurants, Yankee Stadium, a boat trip around Manhattan Island and the Statue of Liberty.

The first morning we stepped out of our hotel, hailed a taxi and told him 330 West 34th Street. He replied, "You better walk. It's only two blocks."

We met with the Executives and other personnel, many I had known before, who were wonderful to help with anything we could want. A buyer took us to get a mink stole and see the manufacturing of dresses where Mom ordered a couple dresses.

The first morning we came down to breakfast, a couple were looking at us and waved for us to come to their table. It was Casey and Sarah Jones from Modesto, California. Casey had been a former D.M. and had been located in New York. We just seemed to hit it off together. What a thrill we had going places. We met with them at several conventions of the H.C.S.C. and kept in touch at Christmas. Both have passed away at this time.

On our return home, we stopped off at Geneva, New York to visit with Don and Ina Bell. Don was manager of the store there and my former assistant manager. They took us to Buffalo, New York and Niagara Falls.

In June our store employees gave us a retirement party at the Country Club. Nadine, Ed, Donna, Jim and Gerry were all with us. Wolcott had left for El Paso, Texas, their new assignment and home.

It was so good to see and be with so many of my long time associates, managers and friends. They presented us with gifts and scrap book which we treasure through the years.

Following my retirement, Mom and I had made plans to do some traveling, visit friends and see more of our land with time on our hands.

It wasn't long before our community called to head the United Fund drive. Mayor Roy Keenan appointed me to fill a vacancy on the City Council. At the next city election, Nada and I were visiting friends at Mesa, Arizona, when I received a call from North Platte asking me to run for Mayor. I told them I would be home in a couple weeks and

Rotary honors Ellyson

William W. (Bill) Ellyson was honored Wednesday by the North Platte Rotary Club as the recipient of a Paul Harris Fellow.

The award, named after Paul P. Harris who founded Rotary in 1905, represents a donation of \$1,000 by the local club to the Rotary Foundation. Rotary Foundation fellowships annually provide for an interchange of over 100 graduate students between six continents.

Ellyson was president of the North Platte Rotary Club in 1945 and served as a district governor in 1962. He started the Student Exchange Program and was a member of the local and district committees for several years.

A director of Mutual Building and Loan Association, he served on the North Platte City Council from 1959-61.



ELLYSON:
Award recipient

He is an elder in the First United Presbyterian Church and has served on the North Platte Airport Authority board since 1965.

Ellyson, a native of New Castle, was employed by the J.C. Penney Co. from 1927 until his retirement in 1958. He and his wife Nada have three daughters.

Named By Rotary

W. W. Ellyson of North Platte has been elected district Governor of Western Nebraska Rotary Clubs in a weekend session at Hastings. Ellyson and S. E. Torgeson of Kimball were candidates.

North Platte was chosen as the scene of the next district conference to be held next April.

Ellyson has long been active in Rotary work and civic affairs of various types. He was manager of the J. C. Penney store here from 1939 to 1958 when he retired. He has served on the North Platte City Council and on the Chamber of Commerce board of directors. He is a director of Mutual Building and Loan.

Rotarians from here attending the conference at Hastings included Elmer Schrag, Chris Rosenberg, James Adams, M. E. Crosby, Robert Brown, Don Reynolds, Jr., and Ellyson. Crosby and Adams are former governors.

Also making the trip to Hastings were Mesdames Schrag, Adams, Crosby and Ellyson.

★ ★ ★



W. W. ELLYSON
Named By Rotary



Rotary Dinner Group

Rotary Dinner Group

would give my answer. When we arrived home this article had appeared in the Telegraph newspaper:

"Contest for Mayor Possible

Petitions are being circulated today to put the name of W.W. Ellyson, second ward councilman, on the ballot as a candidate for mayor. A backer of the drive to "draft" Ellyson told the Telegraph today about fifteen men are circulating the petitions, because we think he is a good man for the job. When Ellyson returns it will be his privilege to accept the nomination or decline. Ellyson is out of town and is expected back Saturday."

I declined the nomination for mayor because of my relationship with Mayor Keenan who appointed me to the council. We were both on the Board of Directors of Mutual Building and Loan. I was reelected to the council for another term. After serving on the council, I was appointed by Mayor Huebner to fill a vacancy on the Airport Authority, which I held until 1985. At that time I did not want to run for re-election, after eighteen years of service to the Authority.

I was President of our Rotary Club in 1946-1947. In 1962, North Platte Rotary Club placed my name in nomination for District Governor at the coming conference of District 563, in Hastings, Nebraska. This to me was a great honor, to be asked by the men who knew me best to be District Governor of Rotary International. I was elected and the later part of May, Nada and I attended the International Assembly for all District Governors from 156 countries and geographical regions around the world at Lake Placid, New York. There were twenty governors in my group, eleven from the United States and nine from foreign countries. This was a great experience in fellowship and instruction. Many of us have been together at future International Conventions.

On July 1st, I took over my duties as District Governor. Nada and I had the pleasure of visiting the 32 clubs in our District 563. Several times we were called back for different occasions. The Rotary-Anns always had parties for Nada which she enjoyed so much, making so many friends.

I was also made a "Paul Harris Fellow" by a donation of \$1,000 to the Rotary Foundation by the North Platte Rotary Club.

I have the pleasure of inducting new members into Rotary and to date I have inducted 118 new members into the North Platte Club since 1976.

We enjoyed our first home in North Platte at 420 South Vine and have many fond memories of our daughters and their

ROTARY INTERNATIONAL
GOVERNOR'S MONTHLY LETTER



Office of Governor of District 563
WILLIAM W. ELLYSON
2016 West E Street

North Platte, Nebraska



Theme--"Kindle the Spark Within"

December Monthly Letter

Dear Rotarians:

God Bless Christmas

As we approach another Holiday Season, I am reminded of Charles Dickens' description of Christmas:

"I have always thought of Christmas as a good time; a kind, forgiving, generous, pleasant time; a time when men and women seem by one consent to open their hearts freely; and so I say "God Bless Christmas".

These words are from one of Dickens' slimmest volumes, A Christmas Carol, which was published in 1843. Like many of his other works, A Christmas Carol, embodies his genuine love for people. He knew and understood human nature. . . the heart of man.

Although separated in time, our own Paul Harris and Charles Dickens shared a quality in common with all men who have achieved greatness in some path of human endeavor: they earned and held the love and respect of their fellow men.

Once again, we approach the Holiday Season amidst the tensions of a world that is not at war, yet not at peace.

What happens to us during this season to make it such a special time of year? The changes are profound: We gain in forbearance, understanding, unselfishness and patience . . . qualities that are readily embodied by those of us who count Service to others as part of our daily lives.

But the Christmas Spirit seems to last such a short time. If we can so readily practice the Golden Rule at Christmas, can we not mold strength of the season into a way of life that will help us everyday, all year long?

May the spirit of the Season bring great happiness to you and yours.

Sincerely

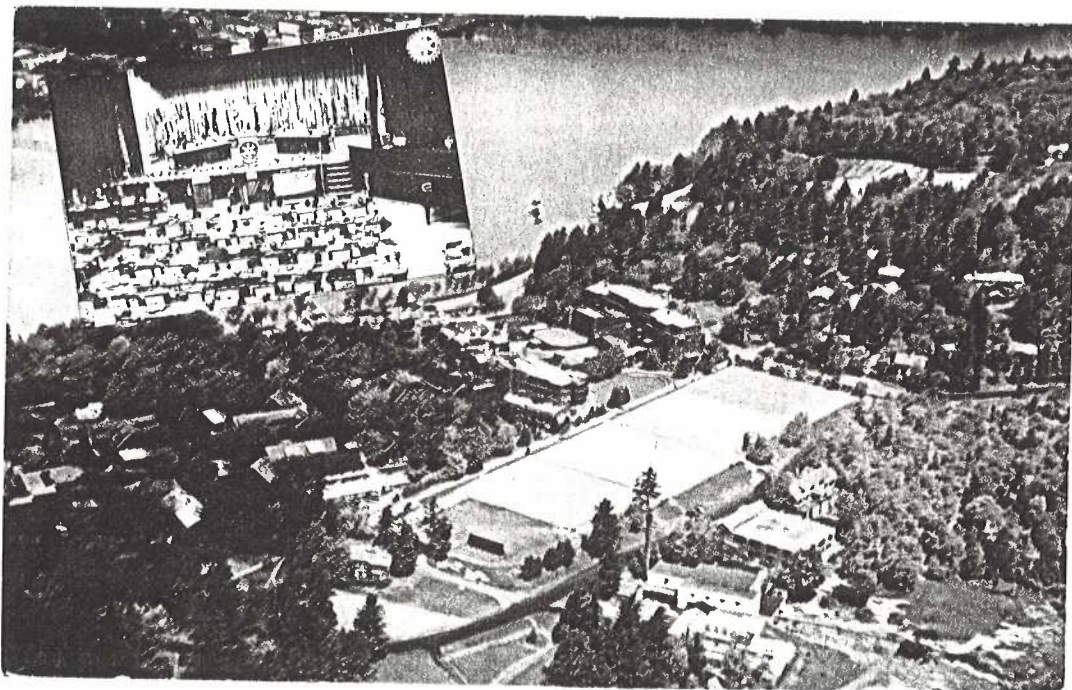
Governor Bill.

activities here. After our girls were married and gone, Mom and I decided to build a new home, all on one floor, in a cornfield in the southwest part of town. Today the city has built a mile or so beyond us.

As I embarked on a so-called retirement after 31 years, I can look back over those years and say, "It was a most fortunate day when I found the J.C. Penney Company." I have had the privilege of working with the finest, dedicated and loyal group of people to found in an organization.

A BIG THANKS TO ALL, and I remain,
as ever,

W.W. Ellyson
"Wally" or "Bill"



Lake Placid



Wally
4 yrs



Narla
18 mo



Sweetheart, I thought you'd like to know,
That someone's thoughts go where you go,
That someone never can forget
The hours we've spent since first we met.

"TAKE MY HAND PRECIOUS LORD"



March 22, 1898
NADA GERALDINE ELLYSON
February 27, 1985

Thank You, God.

For pretending not to notice one of
Your angels was missing and for guid-
ing her to us. You turned Your head
for a minute and allowed her to slip
away to us.

Sometimes we wonder what special name
You had for her. We called her "Mother".

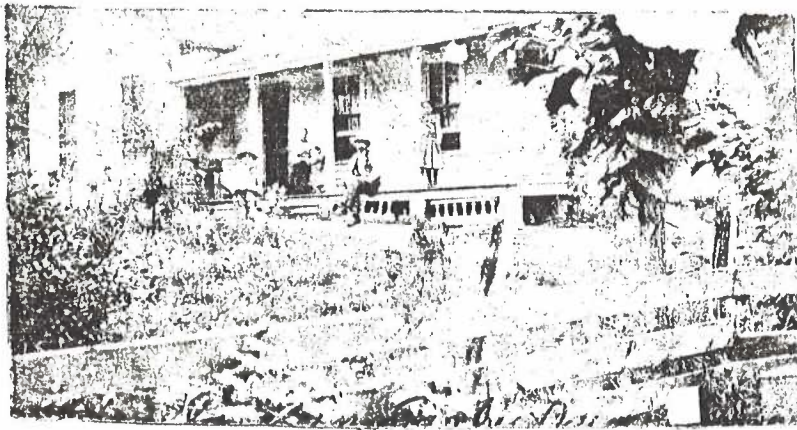
Thank the other angels for filling in
for her while she was away. I know
it hasn't been easy. Her shoes would
be hard to fill.

She has to be one of Your greatest
miracles, God, and we want to thank
You for lending our Mother to us.

IN MEMORY

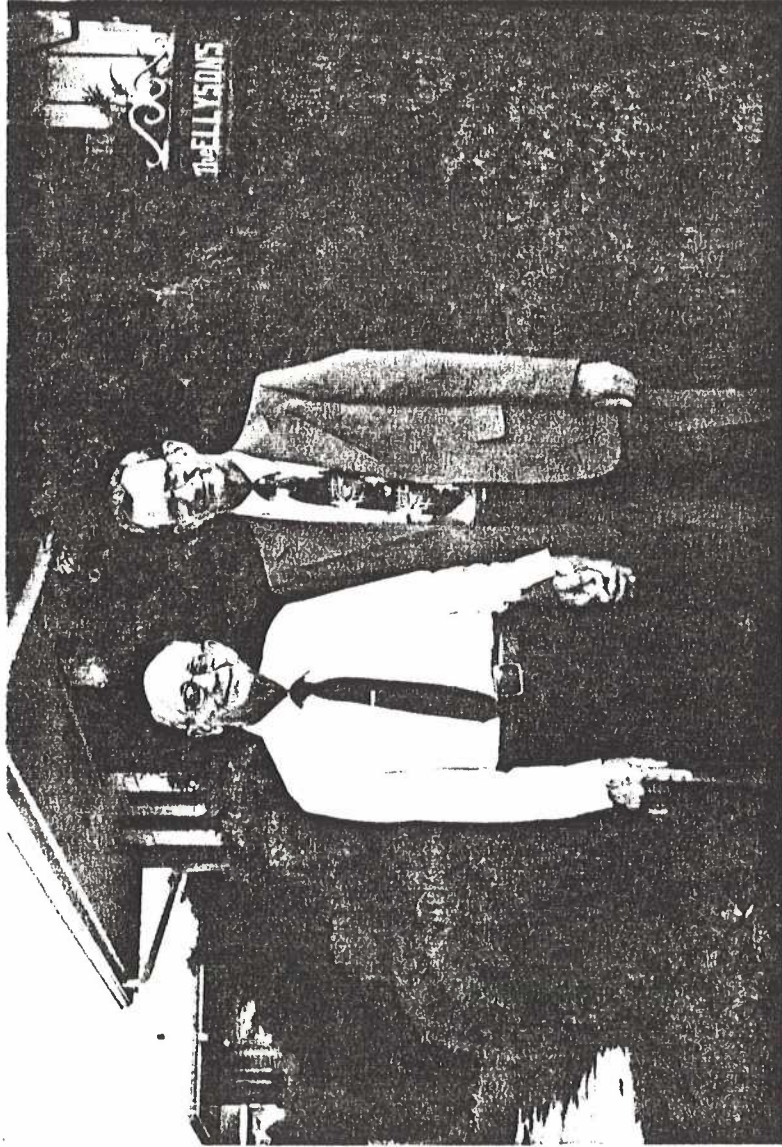
Today we drive by the Old Farm. Nobody lives there any more. The buildings are all deserted, but I cannot go in. I can see the house where I was born and can walk through each room, just as it was. I can see the silver maple trees that shaded the yard and where I had my swing. The yellow roses that bloomed by the front door. The crescent designed 4x4 that stood in the corner of the yard, "Oh, How Cold" it was on winter mornings. All part of my life ... those days. The orchard where I watched for that first ripe, juicy apple. The creek where we went to cool off on hot summer days. I can see Queeny, the little dog I trained, bringing in the milk cows in the evening.

So much is gone but I can see it all.

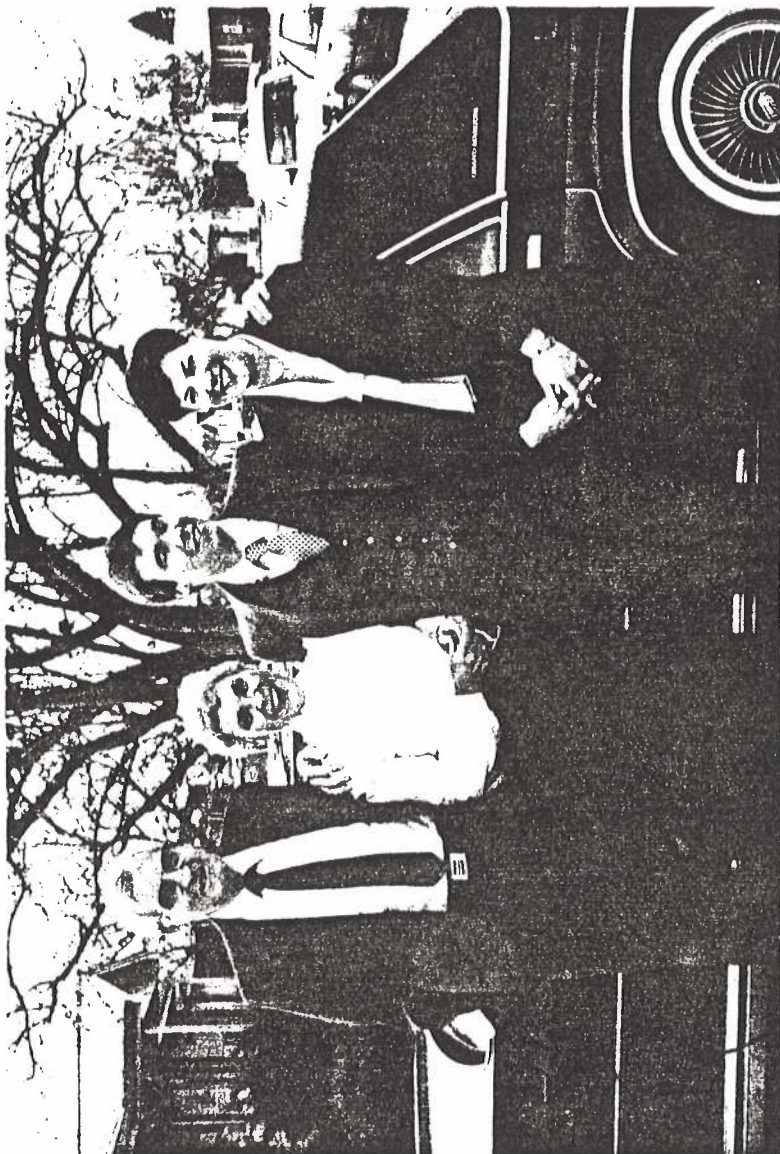


Across the fields of long ago,
there often comes to me.
A little boy with face aglow,
the boy I used to be.

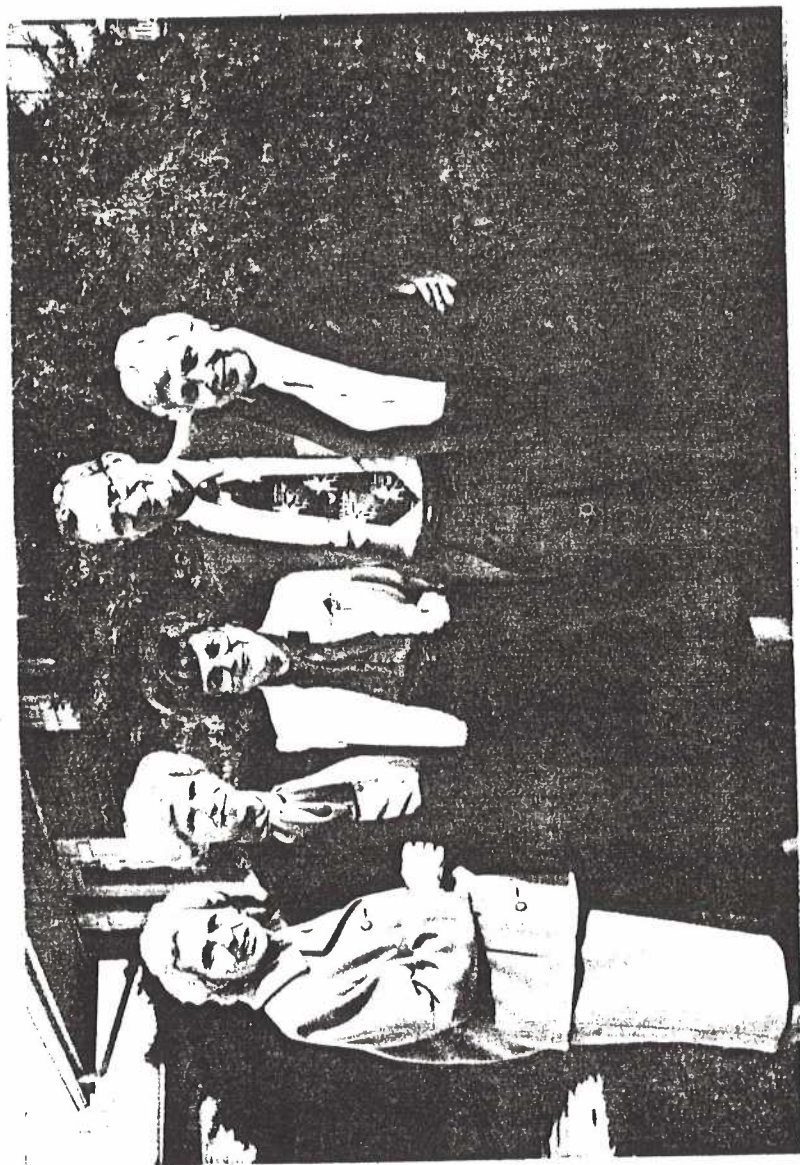
That little boy with face aglow,
looks up and smiles at me.
And asks me if I really am,
the man I thought I'd be.



Allen Gibbs and his Uncle Wally Ellyson



Jim, Donna, Ward. Rob't, Terry, Billings



Geraldine, Madeline, Norma, Allen, Donna





*Golden Gate Ferry.
Vi Kelli 1959*



Yes Kirk, That's the way it was!

[illegible]

HONEYDEW CLUB



*William & Grace Hinchman Ellyson
William, 1798-1861. Grace, 1801-1874.
Born, Goshen, Pa, Mahoning, Co, Ohio.

- I. Robert Ellyson, Maryland 1642.
- II. Gerard Ellyson, B, ?. D, 1749.
- III. William Ellyson, B, ?. D, 179?.
- IV. Gideon Ellyson, B, 1727. D, 1807.
- V. Zachariah Ellyson, B, 1762. D, 1837.
- VI. William Ellyson, B, 1798. D, 1861.
- VII. Allen H. Ellyson, B, 1842. D, 1907.
- father of,
- VIII. Wm. Wallace Ellyson, B, 1898.

GENEALOGY OF THE ELLYSON FAMILIES

In searching for my Father's early life in Ohio as to when and how he came to Nebraska, I have found much information in the Genealogy Book of Ellyson Families, and each of my girls have a copy of the book.

I want to express our appreciation for these historical excerpts by Clara Crew Jones of Wahsington, D.C. and Dr. Charles Ellyson of Waterloo, Iowa. Nada and I had the pleasure of visiting with Dr. Ellyson who stopped in North Platte to call on us.

Please note that the numbers in () after names denotes their sequence in this book.

1. Captain Robert Ellyson, in 1642, was living in Saint Mary's County, Maryland, at the end of the long peninsula that is separated from Virginia by the Potomac River. At that time he was sheriff of the county. Later he moved to Virginia, and was sheriff of James City County, Virginia, an office that carried importance those days. Only eight years earlier had the "Ark and Dove" made their historical landing in water just off this peninsula and Robert Ellyson could have easily known Leonard Calvert and his colonists. He was Sergeant of Arms in the House of Burgesses in 1657 and 1658; a member of the House of Burgesses 1656-59-60 and 63. By 1649 he was living in Surry County and was later a plantation owner in New Kent County. He was called Sheriff, Doctor, Coroner, Judge, Captain, Major and Burgess, at different periods of his life. He was also "Barber-Chirurgeon" (surgeon) for a physician had bequeathed to him all of his equipment and medical books. Dr. Robert Ellyson belonged to the Church of England and was Vestryman in Saint Peter's Parish in New Kent County, Virginia which is east of Richmond, Virginia where he owned 577 acres of land. He married Elizabeth, whose last name is not known. They had two children, Gerard Robert and Hanna Ellyson. He died before 28 September 1671. He has the distinction of being an ancestor of John Tyler, President of the United States.

It was the custom in the early colonial days for a gentleman who was educated and belonged to an aristocratic family, to be called upon to serve as an army officer and in the legal profession. Only a few could be sent as representatives to the Assembly. Dr. Ellyson was among the few who owned libraries and carried watches in that era. One of the earliest records of a watch in Virginia, dates back to 1660 on which year an attachment was granted to Captain Ellyson, Executor of Dr. Harry Waldron's estate against Thomas Bowles for three pounds sterling for a watch

of Dr. Waldron's which Bowles had carried to England and sold.

In Virginia "we find the lawyers of York County in 1646, William Hockaday, Francis Willis, Thomas Bushrod and Dr. Robert Ellyson. All these were trusted and tried men."

2. Gerard Robert Ellyson (1), b. ?; died before 16 December 1749; married Sara Crew. They had eight children: Robert 3, Agatha 4; Hannah 5; Elizabeth 6; Judith 7; William 8; Cecila 9; Ursula 10. William 8 was our ancestor. Gerard Ellyson followed his father in being a planter in New Kent County, Virginia, which is located east of Richmond, Virginia, where he owned at least one large plantation. He was also a slave owner having lived in the period before consciences became awake to the iniquity of slave holding. Gerard R. Ellyson was the first of our Ellyson ancestors to become an active member of the Society of Friends. He owned 577 acres of land at least, as recorded.

After his death there is mention in the Personal Estate of Gerard Ellyson, the right and property of a Negro woman named Tamer. Elizabeth Johnson testified that "her father, Gerard R. Ellyson did on the day that the negro woman Tamer was born, give the said child unto his daughter, Ursula." The controversy over Tamer the committee reported that Sara Ellyson, widow of Gerard Ellyson had the Good Right unto the said negro woman Tamer and her child, Lucy.

3. William Ellyson (8), born?; died 22 May 1792; married Agness Johnson 5 August 1722; married Jane Saunders 8 October 1732; died 10 January 1780. He had six children: Gideon, 44; Sarah, 45; Eliza, 46; Win (William), 47; Benjamin, 48; Isaiah, 49. He was a planter in New Kent County and an Elder in the Friends Meeting, at the time of his death. Their oldest child, Gideon, was our ancestor. The connection between Gideon and Gerard and Dr. Robert Ellyson is not conclusive.

4. Gideon Ellyson, 44; born 1 August 1727; died 29 January 1807; married Margery Stanley on 14 October 1752 at Cedar Creek Meeting House. They lived in New Kent County, Virginia, 18 miles from Richmond. They had eight children: William, 73; Gideon, 74; Zachariah, 75; Mary, 76; Margery, 77; Mariam, 78; Jonathan, 79; Agnes, 80. Gideon was a planter living all his life in New Kent County. Gideon and Margery were Elders in the Black Creek Meeting at the time of their deaths. Both died in the first month of 1807. Their third child, Zachariah, was our ancestor. (Note: We Ellysons, including Dr. Charles Ellyson, generally think of Gideon Ellyson (44) as being the beginning of the Ellyson line.)

5. Zachariah Ellyson, 75; b. 10 June 1762; d. 7 March 1837; married Mary Votaw, 27 April 1789. She was born 12 October 1768 and died 23 April 1844. They had ten children: Isaac, 93; Gideon, 94; Zachariah, 95; Robert, 96; William, 97; Margery, 98; Ann, 99; John 100; Joseph 101; Mary 102. William (97) was our ancestor. Zachariah went west to Loudoun County, Virginia and was soon followed by his brother, Jonathan. Zachariah was employed by Isaac Votaw who built mills in the northwestern part of Virginia. Like many young men in novels, he married his boss's daughter. They lived near South Fork, Loudon County and later lived in a very picturesque, hilly section near Philippi, West Virginia.

In the spring of 1816, Zachariah, with his wife, Mary and eight children, followed his father-in-law, Isaac Votaw to Mahoning County, in northeast, Ohio. There the Friends might settle satisfactorily.

Their son, Isaac, came later with his family, but Gideon remained in Virginia. Zachariah left the state of Virginia on account of slavery to which he was bitterly opposed.

I remember by Father saying he was born in Goshen, northeastern, Ohio. I was never able to locate Goshen until reading from Clara Crew Ellyson Jones' notes, page 44 in the Genealogy of the Ellyson Families, and find it is Goshen Township in the western part of the county.

Clara Crew Jones writes: These worthy people went by boat northward along the Tygart Valley River to the Monongahela River, stopping at Brownsville, Pennsylvania. Here they joined other Quakers who migrated westward from other eastern sections, while members were sent to "Spy out the land west" and decide what section seemed satisfactory for settlement of the Society. To test the soil and congenial neighbors and attitudes about slavery. Moreover were the nearest Indians friendly. These were questions to be decided before Friends settled in a new section. Western Mahoning County, south of Youngstown, Ohio, became the new home of the Votaw and Ellyson families. Some of their descendants still live in the neighborhood while a goodly number whose parents and grandparents sought a new frontier live in Iowa and other states.

I have endeavoured to trace the Ellyson families from Dr. Robert Ellyson in Maryland, Surry County, to Mahoning County, Ohio, where my father, Allen Hinchman Ellyson, arrived on the family tree.

6. William Ellyson, 97, b. 9 October 1798; died December 1861; married Grace Hinchman, 4 October 1821. She was born 2 March 1801 and died 18 October 1874. Their

children: Ruth (Ellyson) Hutton, 151; Henry H., 152; Margery (Brandon) (Drawin) 152a; Martha (Ellyson) Wean, 153; Sina (Ellyson) Shinn, 154; William, Jr., 155; Mary Annice (Ellyson) Carter, 156; Allen H., 157; John Wallace, 158. Allen H., 157 was my father. On page 45 in the Genealogy Book is a record of Father's brother's trip from Ohio to Iowa in covered wagons, starting 29 May 1854. It took over 30 days which could be covered in one day by today's modes of travel. His brother, William, 155, who was about 18 years old came with him. William, Allen (my father) and Wallace came to northeast Nebraska some time later. As near as I can figure out, my Father was about 12 years old and Wallace 10 years old when their brother Henry made this trip to Iowa. I wish I had a like record of their trip to Nebraska.

From Life story, Henry H. Ellyson, page 46: William and Grace Ellyson (97) had six sons and three daughters, several of whom settled near their folks. The many pleasant times visiting and playing with cousins still lingers in my memory. The first sad time was when mother had a hard spell of fever, and my older sister Ruth (151) and younger sister, Margery, 152A, were sent away to stay part time at one grandparents and part time with the other. Martha Ann (153), a babe a few months old, was sent to Uncle Isaac Ellyson's (903), where cousin Ann took care of her until mother recovered so she could be brought home. When father carried her home she was crying because she was afraid of us, having been away long enough to forget us and become attached to cousin Ann.

Goshen Friends Meeting was the first I attended. Early impressions seem to stay by me. We were taught early the anti-slavery sentiments of the Friends and also their way of settling disputes without going to law, which seems to me yet the best way. Father (97) sold his farm to Uncle Robert (96) and moved to the west part of Lexington Townships. There he bought a small grist mill with 30 acres of land. here I helped at the mill and on the farm doing some teaming, and thrashing, etc. When 17 years old I began to work for myself. In the eighth month of 1844, I was married to Sara Hutton (152a). I worked at farming, steam saw mills, machine work and teaming. I bought a 40 acre farm, kept a few cows, one horse and a few sheep. For more read his trip to Iowa. I can recall my father, Allen Ellyson (157) tell of helping in the grist mill and swimming in the tale-race of the mill.

7. Allen Hinchman Ellyson (157) was born 27 October 1842; died 29 August 1907; married Mary Davis 20 October 1864, later divorced. One child was born 1865 and died 1879. He married Theodocia Beldin, 4 March 1885. She was born 4 March 1863 and died 1923. They had five children: Francis, b. 1886, d. 1890; Gayle Gertrude (276a) born 13

July 1890, died 6 February 1976; George A. (277a), born 6 January 1892 died 25 February 1985; Grace B. born 27 October 1893, died 1897; William Wallace (278A) born 15 January 1898.

Allen H. Ellyson was born in Goshen Township, Mahoning County, Ohio. I can find no record of when my father, Allen H. Ellyson and his two brothers, William and John Wallace, came to Nebraska from Ohio in the 1860's. The only account is in the History of Dixon County. In that history, chapter IV, page 40, which I have, it tells of the difficulties the people had to encounter, Indian scares in 1863, drouth and prosperity, first school land assess at \$1.25 per acre. The development of Ponca and Iona, the first towns in Dixon County. The river town of Iona, it's development and demise at the foot of Volcano Hill.

8. William Wallace Ellyson (278A), born 15 January 1898 at Newcastle, Nebraska. Married Nada Geraldine Addison, 2 July 1920. She was born at Newcastle on 22 March 1898 and died 27 February 1985. Resides at North Platte, Nebraska. Nada is buried in the North Platte Cemetery. Three daughters: Geraldine Marie (Burkeholder), born 27 March 1921; Nadine Gayle (Carroll) (Orr), born 27 March 1921 (they are twins, born at Newcastle, Nebraska); Donna Mae (Ward), b. 21 November 1925 at Sioux City, Iowa.



ELLYSONS IN ENGLAND

As recorded in part from the Genealogy Book of records:

Grammatical spelling and errors of names as they have been found and recorded.

1. Robert Ellyson - son and heyer

6. Antony Ellyson, 6th child
Children of Antony

- A. Antony Ellyson - son and heyer
- B. Robert Ellyson, a priest
- C. Agnes Ellysson

Children of Antony #A

- a. John Ellysson
- b. Antony Ellysson, a bachelor
- c. Culbert Ellyson, a merchant in Newcastle and alderman in 1544; mayor in 1549-1554.

Children of Cutbert (Culbert)

- 1. Cutbert Ellison, merchant in Newcastle
 - A. Cuth Ellison, merchant in Newcastle, died 1626
 - B. Robert Ellison, merchant, married Elizabeth, daughter of Cuthbert Gray, of Newcastle on Tyne.

Pedigrees recorded at County Northumberland.

ELLYSON FAMILY GENEALOGY RECORD

Starting with the third generation in America.

1. William Ellyson, living about 1722 in New Kent County, Virginia. A planter.

	Born	Died
10 Gedeon Ellyson New Kent Co. Planter; md. Margery Stanley	8-1-1727 10-14-1752	1-29-1808
100 Zachariah Ellyson md. Mary Votaw	10-6-1762 4-27-1789	3-7-1837
150 William Ellyson b. Goshen, Ohio md. Grace Hinchman,	10-9-1798 10-4-1821	12-21-186-
158 Allen H. Ellyson b. Goshen, Ohio md. Mary Davis, Child: Maude md. Theodicia Beldin,	10-27-1842 10-20-1864 1865 3-4-1885 1863	8-29-1907 1879 1923
Children:(b. Newcastle, Nebraska)		
1581 Francis	1886	1890
1582 Gayle	7-13-1890	2-6-1976
1583 George	1-6-1892	2-25-1985
1584 Grace	10-27-1893	1897
1585 William W.	1-15-1898	
1585 William W. Ellyson md. Nada G. Addison on 7-2-1920 at Newcastle, Nebraska Children:	3-22-1898	2-27-1985
15851 Geraldine b. Newcastle, Nebr. md. Wolcot Burkeholder	3-27-1921 12-28 6-25-1944	
15852 Nadine b. Newcastle, Nebr. md. Thomas Carroll on 6-8-1943 md. Edward Orr on 4-17-1949	3-27-1921 1-06-1922 2-17-1920	7- - 1943
15853 Donna b. Sioux City, Iowa md. James L. Ward on 9-17-1949	11-21-1925 11-24-1922	

ADDISON GENEALOGY RECORD

1. Jonathan Addison, born? died?
Dover, Delaware
md. Agnes Pettijohn, born? died?
Farmer; English Methodist
10. Jacob Addison, born 8-16-1809; died 3-11-1841
Zanesville, Ohio
md. Andalusia Thompson, on 12-24-1834
she was born 3-24-1814 and died 8-23-1869
she married second to John Elmore, 2-11-1844
Children of Jacob and Andalusia Addison:
101. Jonathon, b. 1-22-1836; d. 2-13-1916
102. Mary, b. 8-31-1837; d. ?
103. Lucinda, b. 8-1-1829; d. ?
104. Rachel, b. 4-2-1841; d. 10-29-1841
101. Jonathon Addison; Zanesville, Ohio; Congregational
md. Mary Dean on 8-21-1859
she was born 10-7-1840 and died 6-20-1909
moved to Newcastle, Nebraska
Their children:
1011. Sara E., b. 5-19-1860; d. ?
1012. Andalusia, b. 6-20-1861; d. 4-14-1891
1013. Lilly (Ellen), b. 9-17-1862; d. 10-21-2?
1014. William, b. 11-27-1863; d. 1-01-1864
1015. George B., b. 12-10-1864; d. 12-03-1918
1016. John D., b. 10-18-1866; d. ?
1017. Jacob D., b. 5-30-1869; d. ?
1018. Ottis D., b. 10-19-1871; d. ?
1019. Carl J., b. 1-22-1883; d. ?
- 1015 George Baltzer Addison; b. Osceola, Iowa
farmer; real estate
md. Olive Adelia Johnson on 4-7-1892
she was born 10-21-1871 and died 10-20-1948
Children, born in Newcastle, Nebraska
10151. Dean J., b. 5-26-1894; d. 7-?-1983
10152. Marie, b. 12-13-1895; d. 2-26-1984
10153. Nada, b. 3-22 1898; d. 2-27-1986
md. William Wallace Ellyson on 7-2-1920
at Newcastle, Nebraska
10151. Dean Addison
married Francis Smith, b. 1-11-1897; d. 5-30-1979
Children, born at Newcastle, Nebraska
101511. George Dean, b. 1918
101512. Kenneth, b. 1921
10152. Marie Addison md. Jess Rahn, b. 10-8-1888; d. 1968
Children:
101521 Norma (Rahn), b. 5-10-1921
md. Robert Braddy 9-26-1943

10153. Nada Addison, b. 3-22-1898 d. 2-27-1985
md. W.W. Ellyson 7-2-1920
he was b. 1-15-1898

Children:

101531 Geraldine, b. 3-27-1921 Newcastle, Nebraska
md. Wolcott Burkeholder 6-25-1944

101532 Nadine, b. 3-27-1921 Newcastle, Nebraska
md. Thomas Carroll 6-8-1943
md. Edward Orr, 4-17-1949

101533 Donna, b. 11-21-1925 Sioux City, Iowa
md. James L. Ward 9-17-1949

THE BELDIN FAMILY

The following is the obituary, taken in part from letters received from relatives in Iowa, of my Mother's parents.

Dr. G.W. Beldin, age 70 years, 10 months and 5 days, died at the residence of his son-in-law, A.H. Ellyson, near Iona, Dixon County, Nebraska, April 26, 1890. For the last four years he has lived among his children near Iona, Neb.

About five months ago he was taken sick while living with his son, Ben Beldin. Mrs. Beldin was visiting in Iowa and that is why he was taken to his daughter, Mrs. A.H. Ellyson's home, where he remained until his death, which was about three months. Six years ago he bought a good farm, 120 acres of which is now owned by his son, Ben. The remaining 40 acres he gave to his daughter, Theodosia. He always had great affection for the place and at his request was buried in a beautiful grave a few rods from the house and garden which he had made beautiful with his hands.

Mary Louise (Hodgkins) Beldin, passed away on 17 August 1903 after a period of intense suffering. She was born in the state of New York, 30 April 1828. She moved with her parents in her early childhood to Illinois. Here was her home until she married to Doctor G.W. Beldin in 1850. They then moved to the new country of Iowa and settled at Mount Vernon where the Doctor entered the practice of medicine. She went with her family later to Nebraska. She returned to Iowa 21 Jan. 1903 to make her home with her daughter, Mrs. Alva Caffee. To the deceased was born seven children, four girls and three boys.

The above was received March 2, 1960 by my sister, Gayle, from our cousin, Mrs. Olive Caffee Beers, 809 M Ave., N.W. Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

I can remember the white picket fence around grandfather Beldin's grave in the grove at Uncle Ben and Aunt Aunie's place.

Aunt Aunie and Uncle Ben were so good to we three and I loved to visit and play and hunt with my cousins, Fred, Jessy, Emma, Harley and Addie.

3,000 MILES IN A ROW BOAT

This is the diary of a boat trip taken in 1882 down the Missouri River, from a point in Montana to old Iona in Dixon County, Nebraska.

In the month of August, Messrs. A.H. Ellyson, father of W.W. Ellyson and J.W. Ellyson, of Dixon County and Mr. Briggs of New Brunswick, started from near Butte, Montana, in a skiff and came down the Big Hole and Jefferson rivers to the Missouri and thence to Dixon County, a distance of 3,000 miles. The voyage will be interesting.

August 19, 1882, we left the lumber mill of Thompson and Sinclair, which is about 14 miles southwest of Butte, Montana and on the left side of Deer Lodge Pass and about 1 mile west of the divide of the continent. At this place we had made our boat, Elida, and got all our equipment collected. Our party consisted of Mr. Briggs, A.H. Ellyson and myself, J.W. Ellyson. Also Fanny, a little rat terrier, a present from our boss, whose duty was to be watch dog and keep off grizzlys, mountain lions, etc.

We took a farewell grip with all our friends and a last look at the old engine that had given me employment for twenty-two months. With our boat on a wagon behind two poines, we started and got to the pass without trouble. Here we found some difficulty crossing the ditch which crosses the divide there, thus cheating the Missouri river and adding so much to the Columbia. The ditch is taken from Divide Creek, which is a branch of the Big Hole, and by winding along the foot of the mountain, finds its way over the summit where it is used for mining purposes. We safely crossed the pass and began the descent down the divide creek valley.

The Utah and Northern railroad comes up this creek to the pass. There are several ranches in this valley, and we saw green oats growing in one place, but they were very poor in spite of the good stream of water used to irrigate them. We arrived in the Big Hole canyon about noon, pitched our tent and spent the afternoon in fixing our boat and packing our luggage, of which we had about 800 pounds. We were about six miles north of Glendale. The sight of the rapids in the canyon made us feel doubtful as to our ability to navigate them with safety, but we had gone too far to give up without a trial.

I walked down stream about a mile to see the prospect and it got worse and worse, so I retraced my steps, feeling much discouraged. The roar of the water as it dashed from boulder to boulder was like a water fall and it resembled a white cauldron, a better place for trout than a boat.

Sunday, August 20, we made a hasty breakfast on some trout we had caught the evening before. Briggs and Al started on foot, leaving me to handle the boat alone. I made the run for about a mile and half by good luck and when they came up they got in and we went it blind except where the roar of the waters sounded too bad, when we would stop and go ahead and prospect. Boat riding was a novelty to Fanny who showed signs of sea sickness. About 10:00 a.m. we got out of the canyon and passed Helrose, a station on the Utah and Northern railroad. The valley here is covered with a dense growth of sage brush and on windy days the alkali dust is terrific. A few potatoes were all the signs we saw of agriculture. A few trees of bitter cottonwood grew along the river, but grew better as we descended until all view of the valley was shut out. There is much stock raised here and makes living off of the sage brush weeds and what little grass there is. We camped near Dillon, another small station, but it was not near enough to the river to see it.

August 21, we found tracks of deer and bear but did not stop to hunt. We came near being wrecked on a log that had fallen across the river at the foot of a strong rapids, where we could not stop. We were badly racked and had some woodwork broken about the boat but nothing we could not repair. We passed Twin Bridges, a small town about two miles above the head of the Jefferson River, where we camped for the night. There the Beaver Head and the Ruby or Stinking Water rivers join the Big Hole and form the Jefferson. We now thought our worst troubles were over, as we had plenty of water.

August 22. The valley of the Jefferson here is about two miles wide and there are several fine ranches, but a large part is yet occupied. It is difficult getting water to irrigate and nothing can be done without it. We passed a small town called Iron Rod, and three miles further on we stopped at Silver Star, a brisk little mining town. We looked through a quartz mill, 40 stamps, evidently doing business. We were in sight of the "Old Man of the Mountain." This is an immense rock on the summit of the Jefferson Mountains, which presents the exact appearance of a man's head and face. The features were perfect, although some 20 miles away. The face of the "Old Man of the Mountain", was about a mile long, probably on account of our leaving the country. We were still in sight of the snow on the top of the high mountains. We had great troubles among the islands, where the river had been dammed by beavers and divided into small channels, until at times we had scarcely water enough to float us. It was some five miles before we found all the river again. I fear the beavers were not the only ones that dammed the river.

The Jefferson canyon had been a source of fear to us as here it was that an outfit of boats from Twin Bridges was

wrecked in an early date of the settlement of Montana. We came in sight of the gap in the mountains and camped.

August 23. We started with some fear about the canyon, which was not lessened as we approached the narrow gap we had to go through. A fine ranch was at the mouth of the canyon, which looked the most farm-like of any we had seen. Things were not so bad as we had expected, the current was swift but free of obstructions. Here we found our first choke cherrys. After passing the canyon we came out upon a fine valley very well settled. We camped at Birdsell, a small town near the mouth of the Jefferson. Galatin City, was some three miles away.

August 24. After getting some points from a fellow in regard to river, we pulled out and soon came to where the three rivers join and form the Missouri. The Jefferson was slightly the largest. We were now floating on the head waters of the Missouri. On each side the country was mountainous, and with scarcely any valley along the river. We stopped to examine a spring that emptied into the river but were surprised to find a ditch with fully six feet of water, which was taken off we knew not where. Fully as much more water escaped into the river. Such a spring in Nebraska would be worth thousands. Men were grading the Northern Pacific Railroad along the right bank of the river, and fearfully hard work it must have been as most was in solid rock.

August 25. We tried to find out something about the distance but got such contradictory answers we gave it up, so we had no idea of the speed we were making and could give no account of the distance from one place to another. We passed Centerville, a town of some 800 inhabitation. Further on we passed Bedford, but both were some distance from the river and we did not stop. We stopped at the ferry of J.C. Byron, who entertained us for a while and gave us some papers. We were now some forty miles from Helena by road.

August 26. We had a strong wind but we were in no hurry, would stop and fish for trout by way of diversion. We passed Hell Gate Canyon ferry, which is only 12 miles from Helena, and entered the gates of the mountains. Here the great scenery of which the Helena papers make such a blow about and we came to the conclusion they had not lied. Having been in the mountains for two years, we were well used to mountain scenery but it kept us agape with wonder. The walls of the gate were fully 2,000 feet almost perpendicular, yet it had such variety of pictures to present of shelves and caves, that we were wild with wonder. The papers said a large cave had lately been discovered. We saw so many openings we thought it no use to try to find the right one.

Sunday, August 27. The papers had spoken of a peculiar sound to be heard somewhere here and we kept our ears open and at last we heard it. It sounds like the discharge of artillery some five miles off. We ran ashore and went back to satisfy ourselves and could hear it plain and distinct. As many scientific men had sought the cause in vain, we thought it worth our while to try to investigate. All we know about it is that we could hear that sound at intervals of about three minutes, and it could be heard no where else. We saw the remains of a plank flume that had run along the face of the walls some 300 feet above the water. It must have been 12 miles long. The mystery is: How did they get the lumber up there?

I cannot describe the wild beauty of the Gates of the Mountains. One must see it to appreciate it, and Helena Maywell lost about it.

We passed Confederate Bar and Eldorado Bar, old placer works, where thousands of men must have been employed, but they were played out from the looks. It rained in the afternoon, so we pulled in about 3 o'clock. It rained during the night, but as we had a good tent it did not worry us. The sign of game was very plenty, such as bear tracks, deer and sheep. We saw a bear track that measured 8 by 12 inches.

August 28. Still in the mountains. Some of the loftiest peaks yet seen were passed today, but they lacked the attractiveness of those on our route yesterday. We were greatly puzzled on one occasion to tell just where we were as we were surrounded by a solid granite wall to all appearance, and not until we were within twenty rods of the end of it did we see the opening for us, a sharp bend to the left. We stopped to fish in a fine clear stream which we thought was the Big Prickly Pear. Al Ellyson got all excited by the sight of an extra large trout which he landed in a cottonwood tree, full length of line and pole. Much fuss ensued and big words, and the line broke. Clubs and rocks failed to bring down the wiggling fish and Al had to climb about 30 feet to get it. It was the first tree I ever saw bear such fruit.

August 29. This was a tedious day, as we were in the long pool where the river spreads out into a lake and was without any perceptible current and we had to depend on the oars for our progress. We worked hour shifts and made some progress. We passed the town of Chestnut and a small village called Utica. We also passed St. Peters Mission, which was not in view from the river. We came in sight of Square Butte which was some 40 miles to the west. It looked as if a section of land had raised some 300 feet perpendicularly and the top appeared as level as the surrounding plains.

August 30. Still in the long pool. I got sick and told my friends to row me ashore where I could die under the shade of a tree. On getting ashore we saw two antelope and my sickness vanished and I took my gun with Briggs, went after them.

We emptied our belts of cartridges but did not harm the antelopes. We were deceived by the level plain and were shooting about double as far as we thought. We made the mouth of Sun River, quite a large swift stream. We landed at a lumber yard on the west bank where lumber is rafted from above and hauled from here to Benson.

August 31. We got an old man to haul our outfit around the falls, a distance of 8 miles, for which he charged \$12.00. We let Al go with the outfit and Briggs and I went on foot to see the falls. The falls are 3 in number. The first two, Rainbow and Horse Shoe, are forty each. The big falls are 94 feet and as they were the first falls of any note we ever saw they were a great curiosity to us. It was a rough road to get down to the river, but there was such a fine chance to view the falls. Rocky point extended half across the river just below the falls. We lingered a long time and hated to leave such a grand sight, but remembering we had a walk of eight or ten miles before us we started across the high dry plains. These plains are about as barren and desolate looking as one can imagine. That there had been animal life here was evident from the many dead carcasses of cattle scattered around, but the only living things we saw were rattle-snakes, and about the only plant was cactus. As I wore canvas shoes, I made long steps and suffered great pain from the sharp needles and cactus. We arrived at Portage Cooey at last where we found Al and the boat.

September 1. This was the best place for fishing I ever saw. We caught all we could use in one day in fifteen minutes. They were called Skip Jacks, weighing from one to two pounds. The bluffs are high and rocky from here to near Benton. A fine quality of stone abounds. A good business is done here by cutting stone and boating it down. We went slowly drifting with the current and camped just above Benton.

We were interviewed by a man who took us for wood thieves, as he had a lot near our camp. We convinced him we were not in the wood business and he left us. But he probably kept a good watch on us all the same.

September 2. We arrived at Benton early and as we had some supplies to purchase, I let the other two go up town while I sat in the boat to watch. Benton is too well known to need any description, but the surrounding country I would like to describe, if I could, as I saw it, so dry and barren

that it looked impossible for animal life to exist there, yet they told us a field of grain had been raised there without irrigation. We were told here that the distance by river to Sioux City was 2,210 miles and we estimated we had come at least 1,000 already. This would make our trip over 2,000 miles, our first estimate. We passed on some 20 miles below Benton and camped near the mouth of the Marion river. Fishing is far better here than above the falls.

September 3. There was no change in the barren desolate look of the country until we came to Kipp's Rapids, or the coal banks. Here we first noticed the sand stone formation beginning to assume fantastic shapes and Citadel Rock was quite a curiosity, but we did not go ashore until we got to Steamboat Rock, here there was too much to pass, so we stopped and spent the rest of the day examining things. There was a regular globe or bell of granite as round as if turned and by measurement six feet in diameter and seven feet high. There were many mushroom shaped rocks standing alone or in pairs. All were worn by the action of the weather and the top or cover being harder material than the column, it wore much slower, hence the peculiar shape.

Steamboat Rock is so called, I suppose, from the resemblance to a boat. Its bow is buried deep in the bluff and only its side is exposed to view.

September 4. We lingered long near Kipp's Landing and Steamboat Rock, looking at the strange shapes and the sand stone bluffs. Some places looked like ancient ruins or long deserted cities. We noticed a wall of hard granite laid up as true and regular as if done by human hands. In some places it was twenty feet high and we could trace it for miles. We stopped to interview a colony of beavers that had built a fine house and they were at home. We shot two of them.

We camped for the night at Cromik Landing, opposite Fort Clagget or Judith City. The Judith river empties into the Missouri here. The country looks much better and stock might make a living here by being industrious.

September 5. We slept last night in the tent of Mr. Benton. We were joined by a young man who wanted to go down until he could take a steam boat. We stopped for dinner and while it was being prepared, Mr. Briggs and I went hunting. We tramped for several miles but got no game. There might have been game here some time but if there was any now it would have to bring its fodder with it. The steamer Rosebud passed us trying to get up to Claggit. We left her hard bound on Dauphan Rapids since she could not pass but came down to Cow Island to unload. We camped above Cow Island.

September 6. We tried hard to kill some game today but were very unlucky. Started several deer but the brush was too thick to shoot. Cottonwood lumber is getting plenty again on the bottoms but the hills still look barren.

September 7. We had two fine catfish on our lines this morning. We passed Rocky Point which is quite a place, judging by the collection of log houses and the number of hunters that were lounging around.

A few miles below we passed Carroll, another trading post for buffalo hunters. We saw fresh buffalo tracks for the first time. We got in company with three boys bound for Bismark. Camped at a deserted telegraph station for the night.

September 8. There had been a company of soldiers at the place where we camped a short time before. In front of the house, as if on guard, was a suit of old clothes propped up, with the skull of an Indian for a head. Just back of the station was a prairie dog town, miles in extent. It was interesting watching them but they were wild and shy. We reached the Musselshell, a post at the mouth of the Musselshell. Here we saw great piles of dried meat and several cords of buffalo hides. The trader was doing a big business. He gave us a big chunk of fresh meat from a buffalo just killed. Fresh buffalo signs were abundant. We camped some miles below and two of us and one of the other men went hunting. We trailed two buffalo several miles but did not find them. The country was covered with a very short grass but dry and hard. A wood yard man came to our camp and gave us the particulars of an Indian fight that took place there two weeks before. Some twenty Cree Indians had crossed the river and stolen some horses from the Crows and succeeded in recrossing the river in safety when some buffalo hunters set on them, killed three or four and retook all the horses. The only white man hurt was a fellow going down the river on a raft who happened along just in time to get badly wounded.

September 9. We had six catfish this morning and we shared with our friends in the other boat. Soon after starting Al got a shot at a deer and killed it, being the first one on our journey. Fanny gained credit by her blood thirsty manner of throttling the deer which would toss her about easily in the death struggles. We were now so well supplied with meat that we did not hunt for a while.

We camped early on account of a hard wind and I went out and examined another prairie dog village. Another boat overtook us here, containing two men. This made quite a fleet of boats as we kept together.

September 10. The boats now were known by the names Elida, Saucy Ann and Sioux City. We left camp together but the Sioux City took the lead and it soon hove too and ran shore and while wondering as to the cause, we saw a large old bull buffalo on the other bank. They had no gun and were waiting on us. The buffalo ran up the bank and we went ashore and opened on him. After firing several times without hitting him, I saw he was getting away so I got down on one knee and took careful aim and stopped him, and one more shot rolled him over. It was 300 to 350 yards distance. We did not molest him as he was too old to eat and his hide was no good. The steamer, Big Horn passed us going up and the Rosebund going down. But she had bad luck as we soon repassed her hard aground and she was again in sight when we camped.

September 11. We passed the wreck of the Red Cloud and stopped and went aboard. The Insurance Company was in charge securing her cargo. Three miles further on we came to Norris, a mere trading post. We wished to buy supplies but had to wait a long time as the place was over run with half-breeds from Judith Basin, who were trading. We had an interview with an old Frenchman who was living Gipsy fashion. He had a large family with him, several two wheeled vehicles, oxen and mules. He had just crossed the river on rafts, swimming his stock.

September 12. This was a monotonous day, no scenery to speak of. We made good time and must have run 75 to 100 miles. We camped early to wait for the other boats that we had out run. d

September 13. We had an awful windy day and the river was very rough. The Sioux City was using a sail but she made shore in bad shape.

September 14. We went on and made Wolf Point about 3:00 o'clock. We went up to the post to inquire for our friend, A.W. Rose, who was to meet us here. He had left a few hours before and would not return for six days. We concluded to wait for him, so we moved into and took possession of Rose's home.

September 15. This is a part of the Poplar River Agency. The Assineboins Indians being here. Most of them were out on a hunt, only about fifty lodges being here now.

September 16. We soon found Mr. Jones, Frank Porter and George Stevens, who made us feel at home. Mrs. Stevens was kind enough to keep us well supplied with good bread for which we were thankful, having been living on crackers and pancakes all the trip.

September 17. We put in our six days talking with the men, looking at the Indians and making excursions out in the country. We visited the Indian grave yard which extended over all the adjacent bluff and as they buried about ten feet in the air instead of in the ground, we did not go very close.

September 18. On Sunday, Mr. Stevens, the trader and we three went over the river to a lake. We got some chickens and a pail of berries for Mrs. Stevens.

September 19. Mr. Rose came in and we were right glad to see him.

September 20. Mr. Rose was busy gettin ready to go down with us and said he would be ready by the next morning.

September 21. We got started at last, the wind blowing a gale from the northwest. While crossing Spread Eagle Bar, we shot a goose and nineteen ducks. As we had Rose along we had to use all our energies to get meat. We passed Wickwell Bar, made a short stop for dinner where we devoured a duck apiece, and soon came in sight of Poplar River Agency. But we had many miles to travel after getting in sight and it was night when we pulled into the mouth of Poplar river and camped on the right bank. Rose went up to see Major Porter and did not return until morning.

September 22. Colonel Bates and Doc. Weedbridge brought Rose down to the river. We made a good run but got no game. We camped near the mouth of Little Muddy. Rose and I went hunting. Rose got a half dozen shots and reported he must have killed a deer.

September 23. We went out to get Rose's dead deer but found nothing. Near night we fixed our spear and Al speared to spoon bill catfish. They were awkward looking fish. One measured five feet long and its spoon was sixteen inches long. What a spoon to eat mush and milk. We saw three deer and we took aim at them and strange to tell, Rose hit his and by shooting it full of holes it died. We camped that night on the bar.

September 24. We saw some squaws navigating the river in a queer kind of craft. It was made out of buffalo hide and was shaped like a huge Kettle. They call them bull boats. I don't think a white man could get into one, let alone row one. One couple was trying to get a span of ponies across the river. The squaw rowed, and the man held the ponies and the ponies went ahead and pulled the boat. All went well until the ponies concluded to go back. Then a pulling match began. We did not stop to see how it came out. Between Union and Bedford the Yellowstone river comes in. It was fully as big and muddy as the Missouri. We did not stop at Bedford and know little about it as we saw but little from the river.

September 25. Rose shot another deer today that was looking at us as we passed along. It was fully sixteen feet away. The deer here are as thick as sheep, judging by the tracks but as we have all the meat we want we do not stop to hunt. The country has a fine appearance and good growth of grass.

September 26. Nothing of interest today, the banks very high, the bottom land all covered with willow brush.

September 27. It rained in the night so we got a late start. A bad head wind against us all day. It began raining in the afternoon and of course no place to camp for miles. We were compelled to pull in and climb a bank about ten feet perpendicularly and it was a big job to hoist all our luggage up. It rained most all night.

September 28. A very disagreeable day, wet and cold. The country is very rough and barren. We passed the mouth of Knife river. It rained so we had to stop soon. We are now on the reservation of the Rees and Grosventres. The agency is at Berthold.

September 29. It was fearfully cold and disagreeable and we all want to row. It cleared off and got warm enough to keep our teeth from chattering. We killed two geese today. We also got a fine lot of grapes. We camped about 10 miles above Berthold.

September 30. The weather was bad when we left camp and before we got to Berthold it was snowing and blowing furiously. We would have camped but there was no wood near the post. We got some supplies. I had to watch the boat as usual. Several Indians came begging for meat and wanted to trade potatoes for meat or a pony for one of our rifles. But we were not out to trade. We went some five miles in the storm and camped in a willow thicket where we found plenty of wood.

October 1. We had some doubts about leaving camp as it was very windy and rainy, finally got away about 8:30 a.m. Run about two miles against a strong head wind and pulled into camp on the south bank of the river, about half way between Forts Berthold and Stephenson. Country very high and bluffy on south side of river and a fine level prairie on the north. Our camping ground is in a very nice piece of timber, grapes in abundance and plenty of deer. Failed to kill any but saw plenty.

October 2. Pulled out late, as the weather was threatening and a strong head wind. Passed Fort Stephenson about 9 a.m. and as the river runs northerly course here across the bottom we were soon under the bluffs on the north side. Here we encountered a very strong smell of burning coal and judged the coal banks of which there were plenty cropping up on both sides of the river in view. From two to six feet in thickness, were on fire not far away. About noon we saw the signs of civilization, since leaving Fort Buford. Quite a colony of settlers have come in here this summer and are making homes for themselves on a fine rolling prairie as borders on the Missouri, with coal in abundance and some timber. Here Rose killed a goose. Geese are very plentiful but we do not hunt them. This afternoon we pass through some beautiful country on both sides of the river and at night camp in a settlers grove on the north bank. Here we see plum bushes, the first we have seen on the trip.

October 3. This morning about day light we were threatened to a heavy thunder storm but later it cleared off and we reached our journey at our usual hour. Passed through a nice country with occasionally a small settlement. Made a fair days run and camped on the south bank a short distance above Painted Woods.

October 4. A hard wind as usual, but are very thankful that it is clear. I did not get my beaver last night as I expected to, and hence feel rather down spirited as our supply of meat is running low. Rose having killed but two geese yesterday. Poor Fanny, the dog, begins to appreciate the situation and keeps in the back ground as much as possible, but as we are nearing Bismark, her chances for life are good for a few days yet.

Here we see more effects from the high water of two years ago, than at any other point on the river so far. I see marks on trees at least eighteen feet above ground and the banks are about twelve feet above the water, consequently the river must have been twenty feet higher during the high water of that year than now. Left camp early, passed Painted Woods, as fine a body of timber as there is above Bismark, with considerable settlement on both sides. About 10:00 a.m. passed Wogansport and passed under the bridge at Bismark about 4:00 p.m. and pulled in along

side the steamer, "Dakota", just below and was invited on board to cook and sleep, which offer we gladly accepted. Bismark is a wide awake western town, on the north side of the river, being situated some over a mile from the nearest point to the river, where the steamboat landing is.

October 5. Here we parted company with our friend Rose, who took the train for home this morning. It was not without some misgivings that we listened to the parting words of Rose which was, that from this on we would have to furnish our own meat, as he could not be with us always, but for fear we might starve would kindly leave us his "Winchester", which consoled us, and as we still had Fanny, we felt very hopeful that we might reach the next trading post before supplies failed. Fanny seemed to have grave doubts about the future, but was finally persuaded to embark with us again. Passed Fort A. Lincoln about 8:00 a.m. The fort is nicely situated on a high bluff on the south side of the river, five miles below Bismark. Here is where the Sioux in 1864 stopped a steamer and besieged her until help in the shape of another boat with cannon could come from St. Louis. Passed through a nice country all day, making good run and camped at night just below the ruins of old Fort Rice as we supposed.

Our spirits rose considerably as Al and Fanny killed a badger. The sound of Indian drums was plainly heard during the night.

October 6. A very cloudy morning, yet we pulled out early and made good time although the day was rainy. We passed a trapper who was in a skiff towing a canoe filled with beaver skins that he had caught in the river. Indians plenty along the south side. Saw two very large bucks on a very small pony. Another buck was making frantic gestures to us and he went and pointed to something in the river which proved to be a water keg. We got it for him for which he appeared thankful. We passed a white settlement as we supposed on the south bank, in which were some very nice houses. Very bluffy on the north. We camped about two miles below the settlement. Passed Fort Yates about noon on south bank.

October 7. Got an early start this morning and were favored with a dense fog until about 10:00 a.m. I got a shot at some geese, killing one. Later Briggs killed one and Al a duck. Country is bluffy on the south side with ravines filled with scrub cedars. Timber is getting scarce along the river and what there is, is on islands on one of which we camped.

October 8. All up early endeavoring to see the comet, which was discovered by Al yesterday morning. The sky was somewhat cloudy and all we could see of the comet was an

occasional glimpse of its tail. We killed four ducks, one goose and one chicken. The river very wide and crooked, running in all directions. Country much the same as yesterday, not settled and few Indians.

October 9. Started early expecting to make Pierre today. Our supplies are getting low. Shot one good duck and two poor ones. Al shot a wildcat that was inspecting us from the bank. He gave us an exhibition of some lofty tumbling. Passed Fort Bennett late in the afternoon and camped just below. One of the natives took supper with us. Timber still very scarce and rather a rough country on both sides of the river.

October 10. Although our stock of provisions is getting low, our appetites are strangely good. If we don't reach Pierre today I tremble for poor Fanny. As we advance, signs of civilization begin to increase. No timber and all the drift was gathered along the shore. The wind raised, and of course was right in our teeth. This made our progress slow. About 1:00 o'clock we sighted a town on the south, Old Fort Pierre, then a ferry boat and some oars on the left, and then we knew we were nearing Fort Pierre. Here we saw Baby Mine, the smallest boat on the river, belonging to Captain Grant Marsh. Also saw a very large stock boat. Got another grub outfit at East Pierre, which is a thriving village, I should judge about 500 inhabitants, nicely situated, but the surrounding country is very broken and hilly on both sides of the river. Old Fort Pierre, or as some call it, West Pierre, is nearly opposite and a little below East Pierre, at the mouth of Bad river. We did not go up to the town but should judge it was not as large or thrifty as East Pierre. We ran down about five miles and camped. Bluffs very high and barren.

October 11. We had a very bad day. Head wind, cloudy and showers. At 10:00 a.m. we passed the grave of George P. Belders, the white chief killed by an Indian in 1876. The spot is marked by a large white cross. The country here looks better than for several days. Fine bottom land along the river with some timber. I killed a goose. Made a very fine run and camped in a nice place surrounded by owls and sand hill cranes.

October 12. Bright and clear and we leave early. Wind northwest for a wonder, but we being to see the reason as we enter upon the forty mile bend. If it blew in any other direction it would not be in our face. Part of the time we were running due northwest, by our compass. Country very bluffy again, gulches filled with scrub cedars and very little timber. Camped near an Indian mission on the north bank and had a drum serenade at night.

October 13. Had a late start and head wind. Saw great droves of mud hens, and a few ducks of which we killed four. Interviewed two Indians but as neither of them could talk United States, the conversation was not interesting. Passed Chamberlain about noon where we laid in some more supplies. Chamberlain is very nicely situated, some larger than East Pierre, and appeared to be doing a much bigger business. The surrounding country is good but high, and with little bottom land. There is some settlement on an agency on the south bank.

October 14. Fine morning, found a party pulling young cottonwood trees and had quite a chat with hem. Finest day we have had for some time. Passed the U.S. Surveying party on board the St. Louis, Missouri in the afternoon.

October 15. This was the date we had fixed upon to arrive home, but man proposes and God disposes, here we are 120 miles or more away. Another bad day, very windy and disagreeable, yet we make very good time. Passed Fort Randall early, and soon after, Yankton Agency. Used sail some as wind was favorable. Country much the same as yesterday. Camped early about five miles above Niobrara.

October 16. A very cool morning, but we are getting anxious to reach home and leave early. Passed the mouth of the Niobrara, about 8:00 a.m. The town of that same name looks as if it had suffered much from the flood of two years ago. Running Water does not look as enterprising as either of the railroad towns above.

Passed Springfield about 10:00 and Bonhomme an hour later, and Yankton about 5:00 p.m. Camped about five miles below. Killed plenty of ducks today.

Tuesday, October 17. Got an early start and with a favorable wind made big time. Passed St. Helena early in the day and not long after sighted Vermillion. Then we began to feel that our journey was almost ended. When at the mouth of Turkey Creek we found W.E. Ellyson and Mr. Davis who chanced to be there. We loaded our effects into the wagon, tied up our boat and called our journey ended.

*This is on or near my
Uncle Ben Beldin's farm
about 1 1/2 miles from
our home*

Digging Down Indicates These Indians Looked Up

By James Denney

World-Herald Staff Writer

Newcastle, Neb.

PLAINS INDIANS living in Dixon County, Neb., in the early 1300s might have looked to the stars for guidance in their hunting or planting or religious ceremonies.

So believes Donald J. Blakeslee, a Wichita (Kan.) State University anthropologist who believes he has literally dug up evidence that supports the idea that these early inhabitants used astronomy to help determine their living habits.

Blakeslee, 42, said a subterranean house that he, his students and volunteers excavated last summer northeast of Newcastle points to "a definite interest on the part of the occupants in star gazing."

The house is similar to other earthen lodges of the period that have been excavated — except for an exceptionally long entryway.

"This particular house's entrance appears to be 30 feet long, twice the normal distance," Blakeslee said. "The house itself was approximately 20 by 20 feet, or almost square."

At the back of the house was a hole from where a person could look directly through the entrance northeast toward the horizon, toward what is now South Dakota.

Within this perspective is a single, small hill, and, Blakeslee said, he believes a person standing in the hole might have used the hill to visually align a star.

Since returning to the Wichita campus, Blakeslee said, astronomical research has led him to believe that "Capella, a first magnitude yellow star" probably would have appeared in a position above the hill in 1300.

"This culture may have used the sighting of this star to help the occupants determine when to hunt buffalo or plant squash and other vegetables.

"It could have assisted them in knowing when to hold religious ceremonies."

AS MANY AS EIGHT PEOPLE might have occupied the dwelling, and they were probably pottery makers, farmers and buffalo hunters, he said.

This St. Helena culture — named after a 1930s dig near the Cedar County community — was a predecessor of the Pawnees in Nebraska and the Arikarees in South Dakota, Blakeslee said.

Other evidence indicates that a wall post might have been placed near the hole on which the dwellers could hang "medicine bundles." The bundles, he said, were containers for "sacred objects," which could range from a dead bird to an effigy pipe holder. "These bundles might have been hanging from the pole and would have been in a position in which the light of the star would have been cast upon them," he said.

Blakeslee, with a grant from Earth Watch, a Belmont, Mass.-based organization, conducted the dig last summer. Earth Watch assists archaeologists and paleontologists in finding volunteers to assist in a variety of scientific projects throughout the world.

In 1983, also with help from Earth Watch and the Nebraska State Historical Society, Blakeslee surveyed the area which has come to be known as "Annie's Site," named for Annie Lamprecht, a Dixon County farm widow upon whose land the dig was conducted.

Blakeslee said Mrs. Lamprecht long has been interested in prehistoric and historic Indian cultures. She has done a little digging herself, he said, and has searched her land for surface finds of arrowhead points and other Indian objects.

Last year, Mrs. Lamprecht cooked for the diggers, who slept in tents along the Missouri and showered at Newcastle High School.

Blakeslee believes the people in the Lincoln office thought Washington was ordering them to hire him for a field job the institution planned at a Paleo-Indian site on the Crow Indian Reservation in Montana for the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers.

He worked the Montana job, then returned with the crew to Lincoln.

Lincoln, became a laboratory assistant for Smithsonian and completed studies for his bachelor's degree at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln.

Later, he earned a master's degree at UNL and a doctorate from the University of Wisconsin at Milwaukee.

H E SAID HE PROBABLY wouldn't have become involved in the Annie's Site dig if he hadn't been invited to join two other scientists making an archaeological survey of the Missouri River from Gavins Point Dam, near Yankton, S.D., to roughly Ponca State Park.

"It was during this survey that I met Annie Lamprecht and became interested in the extremely interesting archaeological evidence on her land."

Blakeslee said that through the centuries, several cultures lived in and near Annie's Site.

"Because of fur trappers, Lewis and Clark, Prince Maximilian and others who went up the river before a massive white invasion, we have their diaries to tell us what they saw. This has helped me in my work. I have a library with books written by and about these pioneers on the river."

Annie's Site is near Dixon County's Volcano Hill, which some of the first Missouri explorers thought was Nebraska's only volcano. But Blakeslee said there is no evidence to prove it ever existed.

Most of the hill has eroded, but in what remains Blakeslee has found seams of a soft coal which "could have smoldered for years from prairie fires, giving credence to the reports of volcanic activity."

Blakeslee said he also had read reports that the hill at one time was occupied by little people or midgets. "Just about everybody who came West has heard or written about little people legends. Their existence has never been proven."

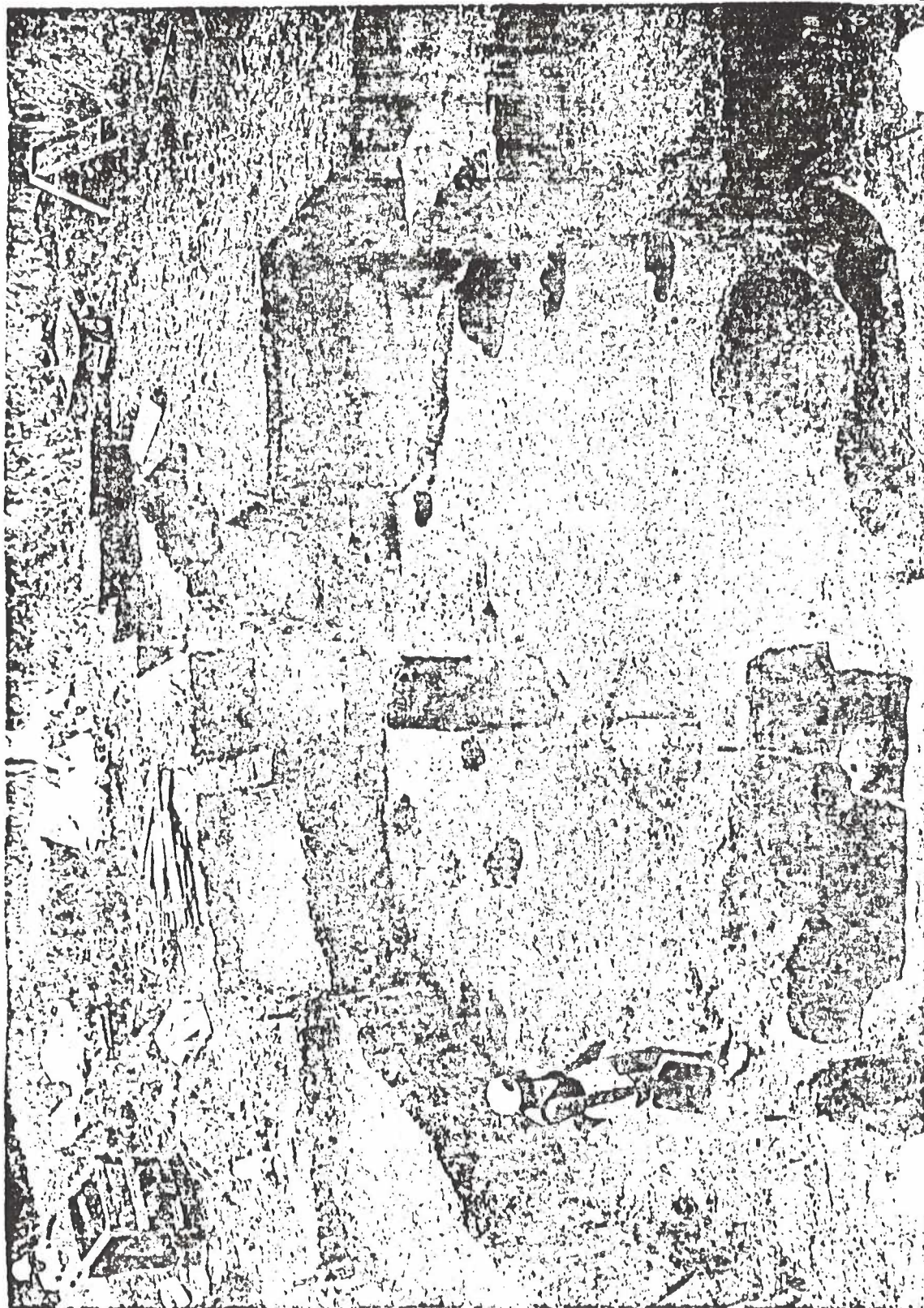
In addition to the long entryway of the house at Annie's Site, foot bones of a large dog or wolf were uncovered, giving Blakeslee additional evidence that the occupants might have been interested in astronomy.

"We know that certain cultures and later historic tribes identified important stars of the year as wolves," he said.

B LAKESLEE SAID NO EVIDENCE links his astronomical discovery in Nebraska with the "medicine wheel," a circle of carefully placed rocks in a circle found in the Big Horn Range near Sheridan, Wyo. Some scientists believe the wheel was used by an Indian culture to determine the solstice.

"The only comparison," Blakeslee said, "is that instead of a wheel, here in Nebraska we have a long entryway pointing toward the horizon that might have been used for alignment with a star."

M



Donald J. Blakeslee

Students and volunteers worked at the dig site last summer. More work will start this week.

MEMORIAL

B.P.O.E. State Convedntion, May 16, 1965, in North Platte, Nebraska, by W. W. Ellyson

The faults of our brothers we write upon the sands, their virtues upon the tablets of love and memory.

The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks has always set aside a part of its annual Convention as a memorial to those members who have met the final call since its last convention.

We do not do this as a duty; we do it as a privilege, that we may express our love and regard, for those who have preceeded us.

Each of them was carefully chosen by their brothers, before they were admitted to membership. The fact that each measured up to high ideals and contributed generously to his community, attested this.

Who by their service and help, achieved its aim and extended its purpose, and the Great Heart of Elkdome, swells and throbs and we are all better for it.

Living or dead, an Elk is never forgotten, never forsaken.

He sat beside us, across the table from us. We learned much about his business, his hobbies, his interests, his adventures.

We miss him greatly from our fellowship, and it is fitting that we pause and call to remembrance, him who labored among us, giving so generously out of his loyalty and appreciation.

I would like to think with you for a while about our obligation to him who has taken rest from his labors. The task he was not able to finish and left for us to do.

No man can look out upon the world today without thinking there is a great emergency.

This is a period of international turmoil, when relations between men and nations, suffers from a conflict that bears the tragic mark of a lack of understanding. What a price we are paying for peace and no peace. People around the world are thinking in terms of peace, yet billions of dollars are being spent for weapons of war.

Since wars begin in the minds of men, it is in the minds of men the defenses of peace must be constructed.

Certainly, the enemies of international understanding, goodwill and peace are conscious of our infirmities. They proclaim them far and wide. The kind of America we offer to the inspection of nations is desperately important. To our enemies, one notorious gangster is worth a battalion of soldiers, one corrupt government agency is worth a regiment, one group of misguided men, burning a fiery cross in some lonely field is more effective assistance than a division.

But the contrary proposition is equally true, that the efforts of individuals and groups, to improve social conditions, to fight corruption, to guide our youth and condemn discrimination, are reinforcements in the cause of peace.

Individual man is slow to recognize his own importance and the significant part which he can play. It is all too easy to take refuge in the thought, "What can I, as one little person do? My vote won't be missed, my absence won't hurt. What I can do is so little. Or hide behind the excuse of thinking that such matters are more properly the concern of others."

Our place in our communities is of most importance to all America. Let us be on guard at all times against outside influence. Big ships on a turbulent ocean can turn right or left, by a very small object, "A rudder."

Let us take every occasion to review our objectives, identify our targets and move toward them with a renewed sense of urgency.

Let us resolve, "I am only one, but I am one. I cannot do everything, but I can do something. And by the Grace of God, I will do what I can do."

The foremost thing in our Founding Father's minds, to the Pioneers of our land was, "To seek the Kingdom of God, Personal Freedom and Personal Responsibility. The strength of the Individual, where a man's word was as good as his bond."

He was willing to endure great hardships, asking only for an unfettered chance for something better.

From out of sticks and sod, they built the greatest nation on earth. From out of the sticks, they formed a government and drew up the greatest documents ever written into government of free people. From out in the sticks came "Government of the People by the People, for the People."

These tell the story of America, these tell the story of the Individual.

Isn't it remarkable how our Funding Fathers built this great nation without any help from Congress? Sometimes now days, I wonder if we are letting government take the sticks away from us. I'm afraid if we don't wake up soon to our own responsibility, all the sticks will be in Washington.

He dug the soil, planted it, ended it and soon took it over. He swore at primitive tools and invented modern ones. He built great cities, churches and places of learning. Man who once walked behind oxen in rough and roadless fields, now ride tractors, drive behind the wheels of shining cars on flashing highways. Fly like birds in the air, swim like fish in the ocean, travel in outer space, shooting for the moon.

These tell the story of America. These tell the story of the Individual Man.

Now, if we can ever learn to live together like men!

This is the great opportunity we have of awakening and mobilizing our manpower, for clear thinking, in this emerging race between sanity and catastrophe.

Unless our public leaders are backed by such men as we find in B.P.O.E., they may once more be beaten by tragic circumstances.

Understanding is not a collective thing; it is the product of capable individuals, injecting their force and personality into the whole community life that spreads its influence around the world.

Our time is one of continuing crises, in which error may be catastrophic. Our decisions as a nation and people must be based not only on knowledge, but also on wisdom. Intellectual integrity and Christian Faith constitute the combined commitment. Through such a commitment, the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks strives to combine knowledge with wisdom.

On this day may we ask Divine Blessing upon this venture.

An old astronomer whose eyesight had been dimmed acquired the service of a young man to assist in his studies of the Heavens. One night the young man burst into the old astronomer's study. He had discovered a new star of great magnitude and wanted him to see it. The old man placed his eye to the telescope but turned away in dismay. He could not see the star. There was a bright arc light burning in

the street just outside and the young man thought that this might be the reason. He requested the light department to turn off that series of lights for a few moments and when all was dark, the old Master placed his eye to the telescope and shouted, "I see it my boy."

Often times, lesser lights, obstruct our view of greater lights. In this day of crisis around the world, there are times man has neglected good and been overcome by temptation. In our rush of every day living, we loose sight of our fellowman. Men are blinded to purity and understanding by the brilliance of power.

Today, the light of the Eastern Star, that Light of Peace on Earth, Goodwill Toward Men, is being dimmed by the lurid lights that arise from the marches and sloughs of communism.

I would like to recall to your mind the words of Our Savior, in the Sermon on the Mount. "Ye are the light of the world. Let your lights so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father in Heaven." When that mind is in you and I, in Elks where ever they may roam, when our hands administer to the needs of our communities and our feet are shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Light, around the world, then we can say we truly understand the significance of that Devine Utterance.

An old man ninety years old, was planting a fruit tree. A young man passing by asked, "Old man, why are you planting a fruit tree? You'll not live to enjoy its fruit." The Old Man replied, "Son, all my life I have been eating fruit from trees others have planted. I'm planting this tree that others may eat the fruit from a tree I planted."

Our departed Brothers, handed the torch to us; let us be faithful in handing it onto others. There is much to be done and little time to do it.

At times like these, at the loss of dear ones, I like to think and take comfort in Paul's description of a shipwreck, found in Acts 27:44. "And the rest, some on boards and some on broken pieces of the ship, And it came to pass, that they all escaped safe to land."

What occurred in Paul's account of a shipwreck, often takes place in the lives of human beings. The swift storms break through in their fury and our ships of happiness or peace are broken. It is then we have visions of safe harbors, where we may abide in security and comfort, and wish we had a ship able to carry us safely in. But we seldom have the craft we desire. We have to "Make Shore on Broken Pieces."

The secret of such courage may be found in what these shipwreck victims did. First, they took what was at hand. They did not refuse a spar or plank because it was not a fully rigged ship, but clung on to the fragments of their former security. Second, these victims left off pitying themselves. This was a time to act, to be laggard was to die. To expect aid from others without doing their own part, would be foolish. Third, they accomplished their salvation, with the help of God. To rail at God, was to no avail, but to trust Him was to have the aid of one who understood all the storms of life.

When the storms come, the loss of security, the tragedies of nations and people, the loss of dear ones, they leave us shaken, dispossessed, empty. But from the, "Broken Pieces of Memory, Friends, Loved Ones, Faith in God's Love, the Spiritual Ministries of the Church" it is possible to "Make Shore" and feel that peace which never is quite understood but deeply felt. The patient and happy soul is the one which has looked to Him, who has "Made Shore" on broken pieces of Calvary.

Let us always remember that the light from a life never dies. That although this earthly life is ended, it has never-the-less, in its time, kindled a light in many another.

MEMORIAL DAY
Eustis, Nebraska May 31, 1976
by W.W. Ellyson

Commander, Legionares, Auxillary and dedicated Americans.

Mrs. Ellyson (Nada) and I are happy to have this privilege and honor to participate in this Memorial Day Service, and we appreciate sharing this day with you.

On this Memorial occasion, I would like to quote, "The 133rd Psalm." "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for Brethern to dwell together in unity. It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard that went down to the skirts of his garment, and as the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the Mountain of Zion, and there the Lord commanded the blessings, even life forever more."

We are met today, in the name of One, who gave His life that those who believe in Him, may never die but have Eternal Life.

Alfred Lord Tennyson set down the advice which serves as the title of my talk, "Tis well to remember men for their good deeds."

The happenings of the past crowd in upon us. On certain days, such as National and Religious Holidays, we become aware of the influence of history. The thousand acts and events of the past, that have formed our present and will shape our future.

When I mentioned to my wife I was asked to give this Memorial Day Service, she turned to the family bible, where she keeps many memories and gave me the following. It was written by Hal Boyle many years ago. I want to read it to you ... It reads as follows:

WHAT IS MEMORIAL DAY?

America, Thursday, wears a spring of Rosemary over its heart for remembrance.

A miracle of ressurection takes place in millions of households as the dead come home again, and walk the earth once more in gladness.

Their presences is invisible to the eye, inescapable to the spirit. For this haunting day of return, they are as alive as us.

The loneliest man in the land is the man who has none to remember on Memorial Day. He is indeed a soul lost, a stranger on the earth, a pilgrim going from nothing to nowhere. For it is the memory of the dead that in great measure keeps us human, that sets us apart from stone and star, moss and mole, and all other feeling and unfeeling prisoners of the great jailor time.

"What is Memorial Day?" asks the child. "Will I get a present, like on Christmas or my birthday?" It is a hard question to answer. How can we, who are ourselves, childishly bewildered by the mystery of both life and death, explain the puzzle of that, living loving death we call memory?

Perhaps the best answer you can give a child is to say, "Memorial Day, is the day when everyone anyone ever knew is alive, and nobody is dead." Isn't that about as close as you can get anyway?

The dead have more power over our lives than we ordinarily realize. We read dead men's book, sing dead men's songs, obey dead men's laws. Dead men taught us to sow the earth and reap the harvest. Dead men won us our present perilous safety (we especially honor them this day) and to dead men we owe our finest visions of heaven.

It is a corruption of Memorial to make it a trek into sadness and self-pity. It should ideally be a shared voyage of rediscovery. For how often, when we summon up the memory of our dear dead, are we surprised to find that through some mystic alchemy, we now understand them better and appreciate them more than when they walked daily among us.

Perhaps on Memorial Day, the dead may even feel the same way toward us, the living. It well may be. Surely, if life has a perspective, death does too. End of article.

Originally, May 30th, was observed to pay honor to soldiers killed in the Civil War. Subsequently, it honored those who fell in later wars. Ultimately, the observance of the day became one to honor not only the military dead and to decorate the graves of relatives and friends, but a Day to Remember Our American Heritage, in the hope that it would be kept from year to year.

Now the day is one of several, which by Congressional action is on Monday, no matter what the actual day on which May 30th falls.

It is pleasant to have the three-day weekends, but I fear we are forgetting the original purpose of "One Day Marked for Memory, Memorial Day."

It was in 1642, that Thomas Fuller wrote, "A good memory is the best monument."

On this day we pause with profound reverence to pay tribute to Our Honored Dead. They fought in wars because they felt it was their duty and obligation. To risk their precious lives for the cause of Justice and Righteousness. They knew that to enjoy the blessings of Liberty, the responsibilities of good citizenship must be borne.

It is said, "The Brave taste death, only once, the coward tastes it a thousand times."

I believe the reason a date for Memorial Day was chosen near the end of May is obvious. At that time flowers are freshest, the grass on graves greener. But the choice was a good one for another reason also. Spring is a time for growth, not death. And Memorial Day ought to be a time for dedication to tasks undone.

Historians cannot record fully the valor of the men who fought and died for Freedom. But there is a recording Angel, far superior to the administrative ability of the military, who sets down the heroic deeds of men.

It is said, "Man has need of symbols." Poet, Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote, "A good symbol is the best argument, and is a missionary to persuade thousands."

I would like to direct your attention to the Flag of Our Country. It was conceived in the Dreams of Liberty and in the Hopes of Freedom. It is a constant inspiration to every lover of this country. It demands unswerving loyalty and wholehearted devotion to the principles of which it is the glorious representative. It is the majestic symbol of Freedom under constitutional government. LEST WE FORGET! It represents George Washington and those brave patriots who froze and starved at Valley Forge, held together with raw courage and burning patriotism. Abraham Lincoln and the Blue and the Grey, who fought brother against brother, to preserve the Union.

It flies over the graves of those who gave their all, and stayed to watch the poppies grow in Flanders Fields, amid the crosses row on row.

The 31,000 Americans who lie there are forever young. They never knew those glorious football weekends, those Legion Conventions, their children crying in the night, winter vacations in Florida. They missed the depression, house payments, the new cars with the gear shift levers on steering wheels.

Yes, many of them are forgotten now. For the guns that blazed across those scenic and wooded hills are stilled. Forever We Hope.

Lest we forget! Also on this Memorial Day, those who lie under the prairie sod, all but forgotten in abandoned cemeteries, or in some lonely pasture, except for a roughly hewn marker.

Those who sleep in unmarked graves along the pioneer trails. Those also are the graves to be remembered by all who recognize the struggle and hardships of conquering a new frontier.

The poet wrote, "Fully many a rose is born to blush unseen and waste its sweetness on the desert air."

They will always remember, America will always remember. May the sun shine bright upon the resting places of those brave Americans whose memory we respect and cherish this day. May the gentle breezes that bestir the flowers, placed tenderly and lovingly upon their graves, soothe and hearts of those who placed them there.

Let us remember, "The Light from a life never dies, that although this earthly life has ended, it has never-the-less in its time, kindled a light in many another."

Memorial Day is a day and time when the Nation needs to remember Our American Heritage.

It was Benjamin Franklin who said, after signing the Declaration of Independence, "That he would like to come back in 200 years and see if Americans still value their Freedom." Many true Americans are proving they do by demonstrating over and over again that the true strength of Freedom lives in the dedicated hearts of individuals.

What Our American Heritage means to each individual determines the spiritual essence of our Nation's policies.

We the people of the United States of America ... and it is with these simple words, "We The People" that our true heritage of Freedom is established. That We the People must make certain that those Fundamental Beliefs and Historical Documents be understood by ourselves and brought to the attention of future generations.

Thank God Our American Heritage can still be found in that overwhelming majority of our young people whose parents have taken the time and put forth the effort to instill in them. By Example, Faith in God, Love of Country and Respect for its institutions.

Today, as the world situation continues to divide and confuse, and we witness a constant struggle between the forces of Liberty and oppression, and on the home scene agitation and discontent, it seems appropriate that this is a time when we should acquaint ourselves with the principles by which our Democracy conducts itself.

The Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, the Bill of Rights, all elaborate the great principles upon which our present society was created. It takes less than thirty minutes to read all of them. In doing this, we shall find and understand Our Heritage. Because in these we shall discover the principles which guarantee our freedom and point out our responsibilities. Here are the great privileges of American Citizenship. A free, independent citizen's stake in the nation.

Freedom is every American's Birthright and Freedom is every American's Responsibility. When we take the time to reflect upon the meaning of our Birthright of Freedom, we have a better understanding of what these blessings bring to us. We realize that "Freedom is not being free from something, it is being free for something."

If the honored dead could know of the events of the past few years and could speak briefly to us today, they would say, "If Ye break faith with us who die, we shall not sleep."

Let us resolve that we will keep the faith of Our Fathers. That we will do honor to the memory of those who gave their last full measure of devotion to our Country. When you drink of the water, don't forget the spring from which it flows.



Tribute To Our Flag

WALTER C. FISHER, 33°
6815 7th Avenue West, Bradenton, Florida 34209

THE American flag is a symbol of everything that is good about our Country. Although special emphasis is given Old Glory on June 14, May 30 and November 11, every day should be flag day: a day for all citizens to show that we are proud to be Americans, thankful that we are Americans, and richly blessed to have the glorious privilege of living in America. What a priceless heritage has been left us by those who have lived in this land in days gone by! History tells us over and over again of the dedication, the determination, the sacrifices, hardships and disappointments of our forebears. They persevered; they pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor to build in this rugged land a new nation, founded on the basic principles of faith in God, freedom, justice, liberty, equality; a government of the people, by the people,

and for the people. May it never perish from the earth!

What can we do today to keep these wonderful blessings and privileges intact? How can we insure that all these qualities will be here for our children and their children after we are gone? What greater legacy can we leave them than one of liberty, justice, freedom and all the rest of those priceless attributes which make life in America so pleasant? Let us teach our children and grandchildren our history, our heritage, their heritage, and impress upon them not only the privilege of that heritage, but the responsibility of perpetuating the American spirit. Today our Nation is faced with awesome challenges, but sometimes we don't or won't face up to them. We are too willing to enjoy the good life, to take all our many blessings for granted with no thought of tomorrow.

How can we secure our rightful place in the world, a position of self-respect and the respect of all responsible nations? We must realize that we cannot be Santa Claus to every other country, nor can we be policemen attempting to convert age-old customs and principles of foreign nations to our ways. But we should insist that every American understands our Nation's history, respects our government, and honors our glorious flag.

told. Then he called a thousand peoples and summoned the bravest among them. They came from the ends of the earth, each bearing a gift, a faith, a hope. The excitement of adventure was in their eyes, the glory of hope and faith was in their souls. Out of the labor and prayers of men, the bounty of earth, and the hopes of the world, God fashioned a nation in love, blessed it with a purpose sublime, and let it be called America.

And what an America it turned

Every day should be flag day: a day for all citizens to show that we are proud to be Americans, thankful that we are Americans, and richly blessed to have the glorious privilege of living in America.

Let us have hope. Let us have faith. Let us ask God to sustain us for the good of all mankind. But let us also prepare. In the defense of our Nation there can be no second best! The time has come to say to every defeatist, to every detractor of this Country, to every flag burner, to every terrorist, to every appeaser, "Enough is enough. The United States of America is the greatest land on earth. There is more freedom here, there is more opportunity here, there is more hope here than in any other land. You will not destroy her!"

But let us concentrate on the positive. God built a continent of glory and filled it with treasures un-

out to be! Where but in America do people have the freedom to do pretty much as they please? Where but in America can one travel from coast to coast and anywhere in between, with no one to stop him, or question him, or demand identification, or passes or visas? Were it not for the American flag there would be no freedom, no open gatherings of men of good will. All that is good about America is represented by that flag.

So the next time you see Old Glory waving majestically in the breeze, look at it reverently, thank God for it, and listen closely to its message of freedom and justice for all:

Over

OUR AMERICAN HERITAGE

I think it would be a wonderful thing if every organization in America would set a time each year to observe our American Heritage.

This observance not in the usual patriotic sense for the occasion, but because we as Americans should bring to our families, our friends and our communities an awareness of the need for a revival of those fundamental beliefs and historical documents that brought this country from its infancy to the position of leadership and greatness which it enjoys. A revival of the truly American way of life.

My talk is not a new look. It is an old look at new realities.

A few moments of reflection will remind us where we came from, how we got here, and where we are today. Are we all better off today than we were fifty or a hundred years ago?

I would like to take you back to our nation's beginning and think with you about some of the things and events, you and I heard so much about in our younger years, which the young folks today hear so little about. There is so much to be told about Our America and so little being told.

The happenings of the past crowd in upon us. On certain days, such as National and Religious Holidays, we become aware of the influence of history. The thousand acts and events of the past that have formed our present and will shape our future.

On July 4th for instance, we Americans are reminded of the great Ideals and the men who founded Our Freedom.

We remember Washington, Lincoln, Webster, Jefferson, Franklin, Our Pilgrim Fathers and others. The Declaration of Independence, Gettysberg Address, Christmas, Easter and Thanksgiving. It is well that we should rededicate ourselves, to the preservation of those ideals and activities for which they stood.

To research into the many avenues of our government's beginning and these men's lives in a rewarding study, we should count it a privilege to honor their memory.

America was founded on the unfaltering Faith in a Devine Being, so I would like to take you back further in history.

There came a Man, who said, "Never again must you allow a man to be shackled or whip you. You are not chattel, not property, not any man's beast of burden. Your souls are Eternal and Immortal. You are free men."

Thus it went across the centuries until there came walking into the human story, a soul who told men, "They are Brothers, Sons of a Common FATHER." He told them, "to know the truth and the truth would make them free." He uttered wise sayings, dealing with greatness and dignity. These sayings were gathered in a Book.

And so, Our Pilgrim FATHERS, rich in Biblical Faith, and with these sayings imbedded in their minds, Men put this Good Book under their arms and set forth in little ships, across stormy seas, driven by the mighty conviction that nobody could make slaves of them.

Something within drove them across trackless wastes to an inhospitable shore so that they could worship God, in all the dignity of freemen.

Landing on that Immortal Rock, they consecrated this new land to the "Sovereignty of God" and the "Supreme Worth and Value of the Individual." Thus a great dream had washed upon the American Continent.

Those 101 people that set sail from England across a stormy ocean, did more to change the world than any other event in the history of the world. The first form of Free Government was written in the cabin of that frail craft, "The Mayflower" known as "The Mayflower Compact" and the first words of that pact were, "In the name of God."

Never before had a nation been established on a religious and philosophical basis. A political and social entity, completely new in human history.

History teaches us that work was indeed a glorious part of the Pilgrim experience. Those brave souls would never have set sail for the new world, much less remained, had they not owned a positive conception of labor and toil. Particularly meaningful, must have been the Old Testament Book of Nehemiah.

Summoning the people he pled with them to restore the walls of their fallen city. From near and far, men answered the call to duty. And as Nehemiah wrote, "The people had a mind to work." Difficulties were many; jealousy and greed all raised their ugly heads. But the people had a mind to work and work they did and the walls were constructed and the goal met.

Nehemiah accustomed to royal living, being appointed Governor by the King, might have indulged himself. But Nehemiah proudly said, "I and my Brethern, have not eaten the bread of the Governor." And still, this noble soul would not take advantage of his station, keeping his fingers out of the public purse. Incredible but admirable.

There was a strange power in it all. In less than two centuries, this fertile soil and intellectual climate has produced more wealth, more freedom, more human happiness than ever in the history of mankind.

It is worth noting, however, the system of economics the Pilgrims initially employed. For the first three years in the New World the Plymouth Colony engaged in a form of communal living. Whatever wealth and goods could be found among them were equally shared. While employing this system, they almost starved to death.

It was thus that Governor Bradford decided to dispose with government responsibility and charged each individual colonist with looking after his own needs and keeping whatever abundance he produced. The eventual results were that the Pilgrims had cause to give thanks to Almighty God, for many known blessings.

Their Faith and Industry set the pattern for the building of this nation.

Only as they determined not to eat the bread of the government did their lots prosper.

It was this unique American attitude of self-reliance that caused the Free Enterprise system to flourish. A man did not mind working and fighting for something in which he believed and which contributed to his freedom and independence. Even the Communist world is beginning to realize this axiom.

What our country needs most today is that same self-reliance. This country was not built by men who relied on somebody else to take care of them. It was built by men who relied on themselves. Who dared to shape their own lives. Who had the courage to blaze new trails. Who had enough confidence in themselves to take the necessary risks. Though the days looked dark and the job looked tough, it was roll up your sleeves men and try.

This self-reliance is Our American Legacy.

It is the secret of that something that stamps Americans as Americans. Some call it individual initiative, others backbone. But whatever it is called, it is that

precious ingredient in Our National Character, one which we must not loose.

Our American Free Enterprise System, under which our country prospered and became great, was not a gift from the Gods, but a rich inheritance, painfully and bravely built by Freedom Loving men and women who cared.

I believe the builders of this nation felt as they believed, that Freedom required free men to achieve.

No matter their former fatherland, no matter their status in life, they joined America in the will to work.

Those sturdy pioneers, men, women and children, from many lands, many languages and nationalities, finding the oppressions of government across the waters too great to bear, were drawn if by magic, to the land of opportunity. They were willing to endure great hardships, asking only for an unfettered chance for something better.

Covered wagon days were not holidays. Teaching prairies to bloom wasn't play, building homes on the range was no picnic for wives and mothers, bringing in 1,000 head of cattle isn't a lazy man's job. Here men worked harder because there was more to work for, and there still is. Here women worked harder because the American home was worth it and still is.

Out of sticks and sod they built the greatest nation on earth. Out of log cabins came, "Government of the People, By the People, For the People." Sometimes I feel government is taking the sticks away from us and all the sticks will be in Washington.

They dug the soil and planted it and soon took it over. They swore at primitive tools and invented modern ones. Men who once walked behind oxen in rough and roadless fields, now ride tractors and drive nice shining cars on flashing highways. These tell the story of America. These tell the story of the Individual. The foremost thought in our Founding Father's minds was "Personal Freedom and Personal Responsibility, the strength of the Individual."

Freedom is every American's Birthright and Freedom is every American's Responsibility ... make no mistake about that.

Freedom is not being free from something, it is being free for something.

In 1776 a Nation was born, dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

A small group of farmers "fired shots heard around the world. We never gave up the ship. When in the course of human events. Not one cent for tribute, millions for defense. We held our fire till we saw the whites of their eyes. Of the people, by the people, for the people." Great words, soul stirring words, to echo down the corridors of time. But in-between these Historic Moments we went back to the job of building America.

Fifty five men met on September 17, 1787 and deliberated almost four months before there was agreement to the Constitution. These wise patriots who framed the Constitution were sworn to secrecy and met under locked doors and were instructed by Washington to adopt ... "Only what we ourselves believe in, or how else can we defend it."

There was bitter argument and each delegate found objections to many features of the Constitution. Agreement was reached however because all recognized the need for consolidation of the states in order to protect the freedom of all. And so it is with us today, in order to have Freedom for all, each of us must give up some individual Liberty.

They had established a new principle in the world. With confident belief in Divine Providence, they had instituted a government whose powers came from the consent of the governed.

It was just a little over 200 years ago that a small group of men met and conceived a dream as to what kind of nation this should be. They enscribed that dream in writing and it simply stated that this was to be a nation that "Established Justice, Insured the Domestic Tranquility, Provided for the Common Defense, Promoted the General Welfare, and Secured the Blessings of Liberty, for ourselves and for our posterity."

Today we ask ourselves what has happened to that dream.

We mutually pledge to each other, "Our lives, Our fortunes, and Our Sacred Honor." So ends the Declaration of Independence.

Our Founding Fathers had many differences, but they agreed on one thing, "Their Sacred Honor."

In William Gladstone's words, "The American Constitution is the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the mind and purpose of a man."

While signing the document, Washington said, "Should the states reject this excellent Constitution, the probability is that an opportunity will never again offer to

make another in peace, the next will be drawn in blood. These men had sought and found a place where they could worship God and live according to the dictates of their own conscience.

Have we forgotten the sacrifices and heroic commitments of such men as Washington, Franklin, Revere, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Randolph, Patrick Henry and innumerable others? They gave up their comforts, their physical security, their very homes, to bear arms and more importantly to bear witness for what they knew was right and true. Yes, at imminent hazard to their lives, they stood up and were counted, knowing that if the Revolution had failed, they would have been hanged as traitors to the British Crown.

As in particular, let us consider with veneration the contribution made by the women of the Colonies from the start. Under what primitive conditions did they bear their children. How hard they labored to rear such stalwart sons, who would serve Our Country with so much distinction. How much courage and devotion they possessed to help their men carry on so valiantly.

In honoring Our Founding Fathers, let us extend to Our Founding Mothers, their full share of bravery and profound gratitude.

These patriots were willing to pay the price. They knew that "Freedom is not Free."

It is about time we regained our sense of history. It is time we summoned the courage, displayed by Our Founding Fathers in writing the Constitution. It is time to rekindle in ourselves and in our children, the old-fashioned way of patriotism, a burning realization that "Freedom is not Free."

A far more wiser political philosopher declared, "The deterioration of every government begins with the decay of the principles upon which it was founded, and its people no longer remember." So let us go forward with Faith, Courage, Strength and Will. This is the last best hope of the world and in the name of God let's keep it that way.

When you drink of the water, don't forget the spring from which it flows.

Our way of life is Our Heritage, we are continually crossing bridges built by others.

This is a Nation people all over the world long to come to. You and I are here.

The next time you are out turning the soil in your garden, think about the following beautiful words by Hobart Franks.

Today, I picked a clod from yard, broke it, and as it sifted through my fingers, I realized for the first time, that this was more than just dust, this was truly a tiny piece of America.

I owned a rare treasure, a bit of the only soil left in the world today, where a man can stand free and unafraid. I was standing on a piece of America, a few feet around and a thousand miles deep! Here alone in all the world could I build my future, knowing that it would be secure, and rear my children with the assurance that they and their children, could enjoy that same security.

I could stand on my piece of America, think freely and say what I thought, do what I pleased, shrink from no man, and call upon whatever God I chose.

Three deeds protect my land. One is locked in my strong box, a purchase deed. The others are enshrined and locked in the hearts of every American, The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution.

I am a fortunate man, the indisputable owner of my own life, and of the land on which I live it. I AM AN AMERICAN.

Places I have given this talk:

North Platte Rotary
North Platte Kiwanis
North Platte Masonic Temple
North Platte Optimist Club
Ogallala Rotary
Broken Bow Rotary
Neosho, Missouri Rotary
Fredonia, Kansas Rotary
Cozad Rotary
McCook Rotary
Arnold Rotary
McCook Kiwanis
Wagner, South Dakota Kiwanis
Columbus, Nebraska Kiwanis

Log missing for 61 years pops up in archives

Navy aviator No. 1
Lt. T.G. Ellyson's
notes on A-1, A-2

By Kim Vincent
Times staff writer

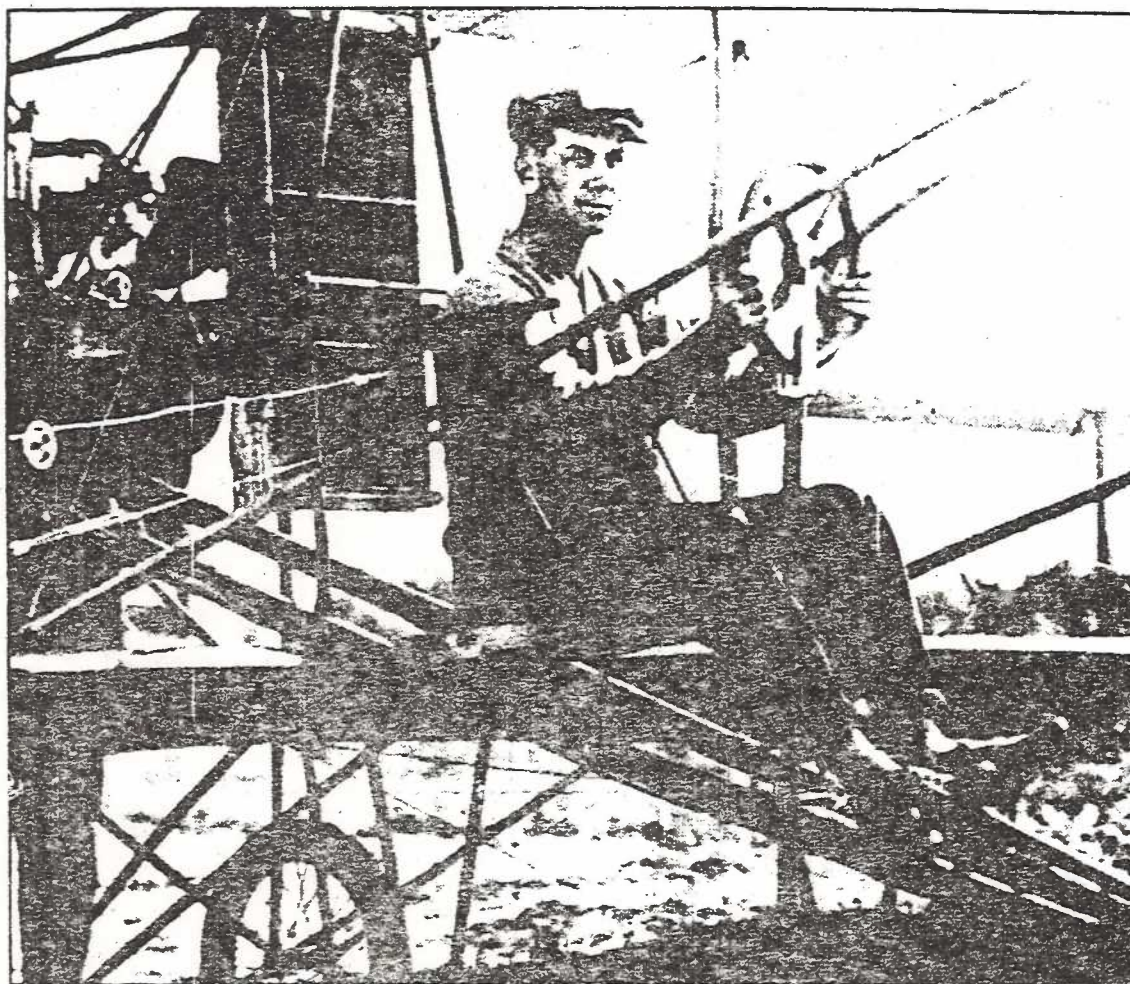
WASHINGTON — *Found: one naval aviation flight log, dated June 1911, written by Lt. Theodore G. Ellyson, Hammondsport, N.Y. For more information, call Richard von Doenhoff at the U.S. Archives in Washington, D.C.*

Von Doenhoff, a human card catalog for historical Navy records, had never bothered to flip through the cardboard-covered book entitled "1911, Log of Pensacola Air Station." After all, who would have suspected the title was wrong?

Then, while leafing through the book in research recently, it dawned on the archivist that he held the 77-year-old original log of the A-1 and A-2, written by Navy aviator No. 1 himself: Lt. T. G. "Spuds" Ellyson.

"I was just looking through it... then I said, 'Whoa, wait a minute. That was the first flight'."

"I've been down in that stack area for 25 years," he said. "I just never happened to look at it."



Aeroplane pioneer: Ellyson, around 1911, was photographed at the controls of a Curtiss Pusher aircraft.

Von Doenhoff believes the log has been missing about 61 years because he found a note attached to the inside cover, "Received from Naval Air Station Pensacola, Jan. 1927." Having mistaken the note for the book's content, an archive worker probably mistitled it when it arrived, he said.

Lindsley Dunn, curator of the Glenn H. Curtiss Museum in Hammondsport, N.Y. — where a copy of the "supposed" A-1 log sits — believes von Doenhoff is right.

According to historians' rumor, said Dunn, "Ellyson actually recreated or copied his log book from the original" which was believed to be missing and might have been destroyed.

Consequently, what historians have been using to write history may only be Ellyson's reprinted version, he said.

Additionally, the rumor goes. Ellyson had abridged his copied version to eliminate things that weren't very important to him, Dunn said. In comparing excerpts from his copy to excerpts from the new found book read over the telephone, Dunn said, "these things obviously don't match."

Interestingly, the "abridged" copy doesn't include the one episode that makes Ellyson most

See LOG next page

In the log, Ellyson often made reference to Glenn H. Curtiss, designer of the aircraft, coach and friend to Ellyson, and competitor of the Wright brothers.

The same aggravation and perseverance shown in antique, black-and-white film clips of early test-pilots is evident throughout the log.

OUR AMERICA

The following is part of a talk I gave to several organizations.

It would be a great service to our country if organizations would set aside a time each year to observe, "Our American Heritage." This observance, not in the usual patriotic sense for the occasion but because we as members should bring to our friends, and our communities, a revival of those fundamental principles and historical documents that brought our country from its infancy to its position of leadership and greatness it enjoys.

I like to read and relive those moments with those sturdy pioneers who had understanding in their hearts for others.

The foremost thing in our Founding Father's minds was, "Personal Freedom and Personal Responsibility, the strength in the Individual." "Out of sticks and sod, they built the greatest nation on earth." Out of log cabins came "Government Of The People, By The People, For The People." Somehow now days, I feel government is taking the sticks away from us.

Covered Wagon Days weren't holidays. Teaching prairies to bloom wasn't play. Building homes on the prairies was no picnic for wives and mothers. Here men and women worked harder because the American home was worth it, and still is.

As I look out over the landscape, laced together with wondrous highways and a patchwork of fertile and abundant fields, I cannot help but wonder at the effort of our older men and women that must have gone into the clearing of the land two centuries ago. Once upon a time in America, such hard work was a part of life, one of the pleasures and satisfactions of living. Today, it seems to try getting the most pay for the least work. Attitudes, not opportunities is changing America.

What our country needs most these days is "Self Reliance." This country was not built by men who relied on somebody else taking care of them. It was built by men who relied on themselves. Who dared to shape their own lives? Who had the courage to blaze new trails? Who had enough confidence to take the necessary risks? Though the days looked dark and the job looked tough, it was "Roll Up Your Sleeves Men and Try."

This Self-Reliance is our American Legacy. It is the secret of that something that stamps Americans as Americans. That precious ingredient which we must not lose.

A LITTLE BOY'S ESSAY ON ANATOMY

Your head is kind of round and hard and your brains are in it and your hair is on it. Your face is in front where you eat.

Your neck is what keeps your head off your shoulders, which are sort of shelves where you hook your shoulder straps.

Your stomach is something which if you don't eat often enough or too much, it hurts. If it wasn't for meal time, little boys would never stop eating.

Your spine is a long bone in your back which keeps you from folding up. Your back is always behind you no matter which way you turn.

Your arms, you got to have to pitch with and so you can reach the biscuits. Your fingers stick out of your hands so you can scratch, throw and curve and add arithmetic.

Your legs is what you get to get to first base. Your feet are what you run on and your toes are what get stubbed.

And that is all there is to you except your insides and I ain't seen THEM YET.

YOU'VE GOT POWER

I took a piece of plastic clay
And idly fashioned it one day;
And as my fingers pressed it, still
It bent and yielded to my will.
I came again when days were past.
The bit of clay was hard at last;
My early impress still it bore,
And I could change its form no more.
You take a piece of living clay
And gently form it day by day;
Molding with your power and art;
A young boy's soft and yielding heart.
You come again when days are gone,
It is a man you look upon;
Your early impress still it bore,
You could change him never more.

All the water in the world,
No matter how hard it tried,
Could never sink a ship,
Unless it got inside . . .
All the trouble in the world,
The blackest kind of sin,
Can not hurt you one least bit,
Unless you let it in