The Ryders
(1814 – 1931)

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Complied in 1931

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Chapter 1- Early Days in New York State

It was one of those delightful days in the middle of October that frequently occur at that season in the latitude of northern New York. The leaves of the maple, beech and oak had turned to red and gold. A bright sun brought out these inimitable shades on hill and valley. Yes, this 18th day of October, 1814, was a day to make one glad, and there was added happiness in the home of David and Polly Bain Rider (original spelling) on that to them, most memorable day. For had not a son, the first, come to their home? The prayers of the hard-working farmer and his wife had been answered. Two pretty, little daughters already graced their home, Emeline, aged 5 and Caroline, aged 3.

Now, what name should they bestow upon a boy? David's father, Samuel, was living with them. He made the stirring events of the Revolution, some of which had taken place in their locality, seem so real that a genuine hatred of the very name of King George was still strong within them. The second struggle with England, then raging, did not in any way lessen this dislike. Polly, however, stood up for a name made glorious in their own time by General George Washington. In deference to a mother's wishes, the new-born son was christened George.

Little George was ushered into a world torn with the strife of war, the constant terrors of an attack by hostile Indians from Canada, and invasions by a foreign army. His parents were tenants on one of the greatest of the Dutch patroon estates in New York. Their farm was a portion of the great domain of Stephen Van Rensselaer, the fifty of his line. He was practically lord of a vast territory on both sides of the Hudson, 24 by 48 miles in extent, containing over six hundred thousand acres.

So, the modest little farm worked by David and Polly Rider was a part of the old feudal system of Europe transplanted to America. Samuel Rider had brought his family to this frontier from Rhode Island. Their annual rent was one fourth of the product of their toil. Three days each year they were required to labor with horses, plows and wagons, keeping roads in repair. Two cords of wood must also be cut and brought to the banks of the Hudson each winter to help keep the great manor house of the Van Rensselaers in warmth. Then, too, the birthdays of the landlord and his sons must not be forgotten. True, of course, the land lord reciprocated with a great feast that every lowly tenant was expected to attend. Many fat cattle were killed and roasted over a great fire. Much strong drink was given out.

This life, however, was irksome and galling to the naturally independent spirits of David and Polly Rider. Some acquaintances who lived but a few miles away owned the land they worked and did as they pleased with the product of their labor. Then too, an occasional trapper and hunter came back to old York State, as it was called, with wonderful tales of vastly productive lands to the west. David and Polly were stirred by these stories, but hesitated to make the then long and hazardous journey with their family of little ones. So they worked and struggled along as best they could, until George was thirteen. In the meantime, two more girls, Amanda and Sarah, and three more boys John, Jerome and James came to their home. A sturdy family of eight children all told.

Chapter II- Trip on the Erie Canal

In 1825 a great event happened. The Erie Canal, connecting the Hudson River and Lake Erie, was completed. This made transportation to the great West cheaper and easier. It happened in the spring of 1827 that an old friend, a land prospector, returned from the vicinity of Detroit, then a part of the territory of Michigan. He told David and Polly in glowing terms of the apparent richness of the soil there. He pictured the hugeness of the trees of maple, Oak and walnut. Such hardwood timber was known to flourish only on good soil. Their imaginations were fired by these accounts. He also recited the words of a new song he had heard in far away Michigan. They ran like this:

"There's the State of New York
where some are very rich;
Clinton and a few other have
dug a mighty ditch
To render it more easy for us
to find the way
And sail up the water to
Michigamia.
Yea! Yea! Yea! To Michigamia."

David and Polly then and there determined to move west as soon as their crops were harvested in the autumn. One can but faintly imagine the excitement that took possession of thirteen-year old George, at the prospect of what promised to be so great an adventure. The summer, with its hard toil that he was now of age to partly share with his father, seemed an interminable time. He thought it must never end. But, end it did. October came with a good harvest in, and final arrangements made for the journey to Detroit.

All the livestock and as much of the produce as they did not wish to take with them were turned into cash. But, still, a great quantity of things must be taken along. The necessities of life could not be easily and cheaply obtained in the new land for which they were bound. The articles of furniture were few but important. They consisted of a table, some heavy chairs and benches, three beds and a crib, two rather large iron-bound trunks, and a heavy chest. The latter, of course, packed with clothing, bedding, etc. There were two cabinets or milk safes, as they were then called, in which shallow pans of milk were placed to be away from the dust, so that the cream might rise for use in butter and cheese making. A large wooden churn was a necessary part of this phase of home-manufacture, also a cheese press. Then, too, there were the heavy long-handled iron cooking utensils to be used at the fire-place. Also a spinning and carding machine and a hand loom for making the homespun dresses and suits. Hoes, rakes, a wooden plow fitted with an iron point, and other utensils for cultivating and harvesting crops were taken along. Their greatest burden, however, consisted of food supplies. There were great hogsheads of salt pock and of flour, demijohns of boiled cider and of maple syrup, cloth sacks of dried fruits and of vegetables, bags of grain to be used in seeding the promised land, and an endless array of flower and vegetable seeds for the next year's planting.

At last, about the middle of October, 1827, all was in readiness. A kind neighbor volunteered the use of his horses and heavy wagon to carry their effects seven miles up the

banks of the Hudson to a point opposite where the new Canal emptied into the river. The goods were then transferred to a flat boat and ferried across to the western bank of the broad stream. Davis and George helped with the oars. It was hard work, but they were accustomed to hardships. They presently drew alongside a canal boat then being loaded for the trip west. They found there would be space for the family and all their possessions included.

George noted the name “Lion of the West” painted in big letters on the side of the boat. Captain Jed Wilkes was its master. The crew consisted for four, two for day and two for night duty. One of them was a young fellow who was but a few years older than George and whose acquaintance George soon made, familiarly calling him Eb.

The boat was seventy feet long and eleven wide. When George had boarded her he found the ceiling so low that he must stoop to walk under the great cross beams. The height from floor to upper deck was only eight feet. While the crew were busy packing away freight to take the least space possible, Captain Wilkes allowed David and his family to inspect the “Lion of the West.” In the extreme forward part was a small room for the accommodation of the captain and crew. Then came a space a dozen feet long, portioned off with curtains for the women and small children. In the center a somewhat larger room to be used as a kitchen and dining room in the daytime and as sleeping quarters for the men at night. In the middle of this room was a rude stove with a pile of cordwood in back of it. The rear of the boat was devoted to the storage of freight.

George showed an interest in everything and asked many questions, as a boy of thirteen will. To his inquiry as to where so many would sleep, Captain Wilkes told him to wait until dark to see.

It was now mid-afternoon and they were ready to take David’s and Polly’s belongings aboard. So David and George worked with a will to assist the crews of the canal and flat boats in their task. By dusk all was safely stowed away in the hold and Captain Wilkes made immediate preparations for starting the three hundred and sixty-four mile journey to Lake Erie. The chill nights were already giving a hint of the approaching winter, and the Captain wished to make as many trips as possible before the freezing of the canal would end navigation for the season. One end of a heavy two hundred foot tow rope was thrown to the bank. Two sturdy mules were quickly brought from a “horse station” and hitched to it. The night crew took their places, one as driver on the tow path, the other as steersman at the helm. Captain Wilkes directed the boat’s course a short distance to a space where gates were closed at either end. There, by an ingenious device, the cargo was weighed. In this case it was twenty-eight tons. This duty performed and the necessary tolls paid, the “Lion of the West” began its long trip.

In the meantime, Polly and two other women passengers were preparing the evening meal for the families at the stove in the main gallery. Counting the crew, there were thirty-five souls aboard. By furnishing and preparing their own food, David and Polly were able to cut their expenses materially. Their fare was set at one and a half cents a mile, or five dollars and forty-six cents each for the trip. The four children under twelve were each carried at half fare, which brought the total passenger fare to forty-three dollars and sixty-eight cents. Their supplies and household goods cost two and a half cents a ton per mile. The Captain carefully estimated this weight at one and a half tons at a charge of thirteen dollars and sixty-five cents.

While David and Polly were accommodating themselves and their children to their rather cramped quarters and getting their first meal aboard, the “Lion of the West” was making good progress. George was up on deck every moment possible, in order to miss nothing of this new mode of travel. Eb, the tow path boy, was right at his side explaining everything. He told George that his wages were ten dollars a month with his meals furnished. At the end of the season, a few weeks later, he would have eighty dollars coming to him at one time. He confided that he would go to New York City and have a high time while it lasted. Eb was intensely proud of his boat and equally loyal to the Captain. With the others of the crew he worked hard to keep the craft’s record good. He told George she averaged about thirty miles per hour. Boats for passengers only sometimes made a hundred miles a day, he said.

About eight o’clock the crew began making preparations for the night. At nine all were ordered below deck and told to retire. What was George’s surprise to find that berths had been arranged around the ladies’ and men’s quarters. They consisted of not too wide strips of heavy canvas on iron racks fastened to the side walls. There were three berths in a tier. George thought it would be great fun to climb into a top one. David was a short, heavy-set man, so he did not object to his eldest son’s desire and crawled, or rather rolled, into the lowest one himself. George found his berth fairly comfortable. A mattress stuffed with straw was laid on the canvas and over him he pulled a light comforter with a heavier one neatly folded at the foot. The big stove made the gallery close and almost uncomfortably warm. Folds of that day, however, were quite accustomed to sleeping quarters not too well ventilated.

Things started off smoothly and rather quietly after all were finally settled in their novel beds. After George assured himself that he was safe from falling from his narrow quarters, he was about to lapse into slumber when there arose audible breathing from below which rapidly developed into a loud snore. This soon brought an outburst of complaints from several points of the compass. Finally a nearby occupant gave the offender a sharp poke with his cane, and the startled David rolled to the floor. He inquired sleepily what had hit the boat, to the amusement of all. Now fully awake, he realized what had happened, joined in the general laugh, and crawled back to his bunk.

George was once again about to resign himself to sleep when a most violent bump just over his head nearly caused him to tumble from his berth. The boat had stopped to take on another passenger. It seems they had reached the little village of Schenectady. To save delay, the man’s baggage, which consisted mainly of a set of heavy carpenter’s tools in an equally heavy oaken chest, had been dropped to the deck at a point but a few inches above the now thoroughly tired George’s head. For the rest of the night there was no noise, except the rhythmic beat of the mules’ hoofs on the tow path and the gentle swish of the water as the boat plowed steadily through it. Twice during the night there were brief pauses at the “horse stations” for a change of mules.

At six in the morning George was awakened by the general call to “turn out,” as the berths must be taken down. Soon all was bustle and excitement again. There was a rush to dip the cold water from the canal for washing hands and face. The women hurried about, getting breakfast for crying children and hungry men. It was no easy task in such limited quarters, but nearly everyone was helpful and good natured, so that in a short time order came out of seeming chaos.

About this time the boat stopped for a change of mules and also a change to the day crew. Several farmers were on hand with milk, fruit and vegetables to sell. These were sold very cheaply, and David and Polly found it very easy for the remainder of the trip to supply themselves abundantly in this manner with the few necessities that they had not brought with them.

When George ascended the steep stairway to the upper deck after breakfast, he noted at once that Eb had begun his long day's work. He was already astride one of the mules, directing their course along the tow path. This looked like great sport to George. A little later, when opportunity offered, he jumped to the bank, as did many others who felt the need of more space for exercise than the narrow deck of the "Lion of the West" had. He was soon alongside Eb, plying him once again with eager questions. By keeping a steady trot he was able to keep pace with the mules. Eb assured him that before the day was over he would see some wonderful sights that would show the marvelous feats of engineering used in building the canal.

They were now following the beautiful valley of the Mohawk River, along which they would continue for a hundred miles. Much of the way the canal was separated from the river bed by only a narrow dike. George was amazed at one place, where the valley wall was steep and rocky, to note that the sold rock had been blasted out for a long distance to make space for the tow path. About noon they reached a point where a great aqueduct carried the canal across the river to the opposite side of the broad valley. George was excited beyond measure as the boat proceeded in this giant trough at such a height. He had a fine view of the Mohawk Valley for many miles in either direction.

Thus they continued on their slow but sure way, at frequent intervals meeting boats bound east. The "Lion of the West" being headed upstream, it had the right of way and was not delayed. The boat going east would be poled to the opposite bank while their horses came to a stop. The slack tow rope would then by lying across the tow path and the bottom of the canal, so that boat and mules going west easily passed over it. Sometimes a "fast" passenger packet going the same way would request an opportunity to pass. This courtesy would often be granted; sometimes not, and then there would be a violent argument between the crews, and language not of the choicest would be exchanged.

Just at dusk, then twenty-six hours on their way, they reached the village of Little Falls, seventy miles from their starting point. Here George observed that the water ahead seemed many feet higher, and he wondered how the boat could ever be pulled uphill. However, his quandry was soon dispelled when they reached the locks and were quickly raised.

At one of the locks—and there were afterwards many—Captain Wilkes had a violent argument with the master of a boat which arrived at the opposite side at the same moment and insisted on being put through first. This row ended in an all around fist fight in which not only the crews but the passengers as well participated. Eb and George stood side by side in this encounter and did valiant duty for the "Lion of the West." The upshot was that Captain Wilkes won a decisive victory and went first through the lock. The losing crew was derided as long as they were within hearing.

In another instance the following day Captain Wilkes came out second best, much to the amusement of George and the other passengers. The boat had stopped at a horse station situation at the foot of a rather high and steep hill. A burly, powerfully built negro stood on the bank watching the loading of some freight among which was a huge hogshead of salt pork. The Captain noted the negro's great muscles, but not properly appraising his enormous strength, called to him jokingly that the pork would be his if he could carry it to his cabin at the crest of the hill. The giant negro, grinning shrewdly, grasped the barrel by its chimes, lifted it slowly but surely to his broad shoulders, struggled up the hill, and disappeared into his doorway. Aside from being the butt of a hundred witticisms, it also proved rather expensive to the Captain, as paying for a quantity of pork in that unsettled region was no small matter.

After leaving the Mohawk, the canal ran off through the vast region of central New York. There were many miles of marshes to cross, where the channel and tow path had to be built of clay and rock brought in from a distance. Fortunately the mosquito season was past, so they were not bothered by the pests of the canal traveler so numerous in that region in hot weather.

On the third day they reached the bustling, fast growing village of Syracuse. Continuing westward, George on the following day saw the results of another great feat of engineering. Where the canal crossed Irondequoit Creek it ran for nearly a mile at the summit of a ridge seventy-five feet in height. This was particularly natural, but nearly half had been filled in. George got a real thrill in traversing this ridge as it seemed full of danger.

On the fourth day a stop of two hours was made at the booming town of Rochester, while the household effects of two carpenters, who had come with their families from New York City, were being unloaded. George had an opportunity to explore the "new" city. Whole streets were being built up at once Everywhere churches and other public buildings were rising like magic. George saw great warehouses bursting with merchandise in which not even the window casings had yet been placed. In some buildings, such was the haste, men were busily working at their trades on the first floor while the carpenter were still nailing on planks for the roof. Rochester, named after Colonel Rochester of 1812 war fame, was America's first real boom town. Here, too, George passed over an aqueduct, the crossing of the Genesee River.

The morning of the sixth day's journey dawned cold and gray, but the Rider family was early on deck to see the "Lion of the West" put through the series of great locks at Lockport over sixty feet in height. George marveled at the vast amount of labor performed there. The lock basins were all out from the sold rock.

That day, about noon, they arrived at the small town of Buffalo and beheld the waters of Lake Erie sparkling as far as the eye could see. The total cost of the canal trip to David and Polly was sixty-five dollars.

Chapter III- By Sailing Boat to Michigan

At Buffalo they planned to continue the journey to Detroit by lake boat. A great many people were waiting there who had similar plans in mind. They would have like to have taken one of the new steam boats which were fast but which most folks still considered dangerous due to the possibilities of boiler explosions. The expense, however, was considered too great.

They managed to secure accommodations for themselves and their goods on a slow-going sailing vessel, the “Lake Queen.” This promised to be another great adventure to George. Sailing on so large a body of water as Lake Erie rivaled his dreams of even the ocean itself.

In three days the “Lake Queen” had taken on its cargo. On October 28, 1827, it sailed out of Buffalo harbor with a favorable breeze. Fair progress was made the first two days, but the morning of the third brought threatening clouds. By noon quite a gale was blowing. The Captain ordered all passengers below deck. Quite naturally this did not appeal to George. The hold was close and stuffy and but dimly lighted by a few lanterns hung from the great cross beams. The violent rolling and pitching of the small craft only added to the general discomfort, many becoming seasick. George very fortunately was a good sailor and did not suffer in this respect. The season for navigation was so far advanced that such a storm was not unexpected on shallow Lake Erie. As darkness closed down, the tempest seemed to increase in violence. Deep down in their hearts David and Polly were almost certain their last day had come. However, they did not in any way show their fears to their children whom they were obliged to continually reassure. There was no sleep for them throughout that long and fearsome night. At dawn the worst seemed to have passed and by ten o’clock the Captain considered it safe for them to appear on deck if they cared to do so. Many were still sick, but George did not lose any time in reaching fresh air again. The Lake presented a scene of wild beauty. A little later the sun came out and by nightfall the waves had resumed their tranquility.

The fifth morning out the beautiful islands of Put-in-Bay were passed. The “Lake Queen” was soon skirting the shores of Michigan Territory. About noon the wind suddenly died out and progress was stopped. After a time the Captain decided that some progress would be better than none. Volunteers were asked for, to aid the crew. David and George and most of the other men quickly responded. The voyage had begun to pall on them and anything would be better than inactivity. A small boat took them to the nearby shore with a long rope, one end of which had been fastened to the prow of the “Lake Queen.” By following a narrow beach they were able to start the ship in motion. An hour’s hard work and they had pulled the vessel around a headland where the sails again caught a good breeze. On the morning of the seventh day they entered the Detroit River and once again felt safe from possible tempests.

By mid-afternoon they cast anchor at the village of Detroit. It was a town of fifteen hundred inhabitants built close to the steep muddy banks of the river. The streets were unpaved, but there were some quite substantial brick buildings. In spite of the fact, however, that it had been settled more than a hundred years before, it was still little more than an outpost of civilization. The inhabitants were mainly French and Indian.

After David had landed with his family he had no small task in locating a place to shelter them and store his belongings. He was finally able to secure temporary space in a rude shack, many of such buildings being hastily erected to take care of the immigration then beginning to flow heavily through this gateway of the West.

Chapter IV- Locating A New Home

It was David's plan to make his family as comfortable as possible there for the winter and put in the time himself looking for suitable land on which to settle in the spring. He learned that there was an Indian trail leading to the west along a little stream that flowed into the Detroit River. This creek had been named "River Rouge" by the French.

George begged hard to be allowed to go on the first land prospecting trip, but he was told that it was his duty to help his mother take care of the temporary home.

One bleak day in early December, 1827, David and a companion named Pickett set out on foot along the river, until they came to its junction with the Rouge. Here they took up a well defined trail worn smooth through the years by the feet of countless Indians. The Rouge was a winding stream, so they raveled many miles that day without getting far on their course. Just as darkness settled down at the end of that brief December day they fortunately came to a little log hut in a small clearing and much to their joy were invited to satisfy their hunger and remain for the night. Hospitality was rule with the pioneer. The next morning they went on and by noon came to a little settlement called Plymouth. It had been started two years before by a few families from Massachusetts.

At Plymouth David and Pickett made the acquaintance of a young lawyer named Starkweather. He asked them to stay with him until they could find a suitable homestead. Starkweather was versed in the laws concerning land claims and was of great aid. They spent several weeks inspecting the adjacent territory. Fortunately for them, there was but little snow during the winter of 1827-28, so their trips were not hampered in that respect.

One day they struck out due east of the little village. They crossed the River Rouge on the ice and followed on down the north bank. After walking about three and a half miles they decided to veer off to their left. A half mile in this direction and what was their amazement to discover a considerable clearing in the dense forest. They could find no signs of habitation. This looked like a veritable bonanza to David. He had visions of easy plowing and early planting in the spring.

They explored the surrounding forest, observing the growth of the giant hardwood timber. The most abundant trees were the oak, maple, beech and walnut. Many were three and four feet in diameter. They noted especially that the soil was a rich black sandy loam.

They returned joyously to Plymouth that afternoon. Starkweather had a copy of the government survey of that region, taken eight years before, and was able to locate two sections not yet taken, where David and his friend had been exploring. So David formally filed claim to Section 29 and Pickett the adjoining section to the east. The cost was two dollars per acre and four years' time was allowed them in which to complete their payment.

Chapter V- Building the First Home

Returning to his family in Detroit, David now made preparations to occupy and plant his new land. He purchased a yoke of sturdy oxen and a heavy wagon. While the ground was yet

frozen, he took a load of farming utensils to the little clearing. It was a long and tedious trip. A road had to be broken most of the way. In may places small trees and bushes had to be cut and numerous deep ravines to be skirted.

He stopped for the night short of his destination. It was a cold night, but not stormy. He made the best shelter possible for the oxen with the trunks of small trees leaned against the wagon box. He then built a roaring fire, prepared his evening meal, and made himself as comfortable as possible for the night after collecting a plentiful supply of firewood. Twice during the long winter night he was awakened by the howling of wolves. Once he fired his musket at some eyes gleaming through the darkness. He thought it might be a panther. At another time a herd of deer startled him as they broke the dead twigs in scurrying away at the sight of his fire.

David reached the clearing the following day without further incident. He spent the next two days erecting a strong shelter of logs for his supplies and then returned to Detroit.

A few days later David and Pickett set out on foot for their new home site, carrying with them heavy blankets, axes and of course, their ever ready muskets with a plentiful supply of ammunition. They expected to be away from Detroit for some time.

David found that his tools and supplies had not been molested. Accustomed as they were to hardships, they were easily able to make quite a comfortable place as to sleep in the log lean-to. A fire was kept going at night just outside the improvised doorway.

Early the next day they set about their task of cutting logs. They selected those of nearly uniform thickness and cut them fifteen feet in length. They found a plentiful supply of the required size quite near the spot decided upon to build a cabin for David’s future home. Pickett assisted David in this work and then in turn was given a similar aid on his own home.

Thus several weeks sped quickly by and the job brought to completion. During this time they subsisted principally on wild game, such as deer, rabbits and turkeys, which were plentiful in the vicinity. They also located a bee tree and enjoyed wild honey.

Spring was now rapidly approaching, so they made haste to erect the cabins. They called on their friends at Plymouth and other settlers scattered about the nearby country and readily secured the aid of all the men to meet them at their clearings on March 20th for a house-raising.

They now returned to Detroit for the oxen. This time George was allowed to come with them and great was his joy. They brought enough brick for the fireplaces and chimneys, casings for three windows in each cabin and heavy oaken doors for each.

March 20, 1828, was a warm spring day, somewhat unusual at that season of the year. Twenty hardy pioneers were gathered at the clearing for a house-raising. With them came their families bringing quantities of food and drink. These occasions were always made holidays. In spite of the hard labor there would be plenty of fun and amusement.

The men set to work with a will. Foundation logs were laid carefully in a level portion on the site chosen for the new home. The floor, consisting of logs smoothed on one side with an adze, was placed next. As the walls rose log by log the ends were skillfully notched together

and the crevices filled tightly with sticks. These were afterwards covered with clay. At the required height the walls were fastened at the corners with hickory pegs. The roof was made by laying stout poles from gable to gable and covered over with rough slabs cut from soft, straight-grained basswood-like shingles. The house-raising itself was completed in a few hours under the direction of Salmon Kingsley, who was especially expert in this line of work.

At noon all hands were ready for the food and drink provided by the women folk. Such a variety and such quantities as were consumed. In an incredibly short time the feast was over. Ceremony did not attend these backwoods dinners. Wine and cider and pipes allowed for a rest after eating. The men then followed Pickett to his clearing and another house-raising was in order. So, by nightfall David and Pickett had a good beginning towards new homes and so far no expense for labor. Many times in future years would they requite their good neighbors by freely giving their time and assistance on similar occasions.

David now hired a carpenter at fifty cents a day to cut openings in the log frame for door, windows and fireplace and to build a chimney. Working diligently with him, David had his home ready for occupancy by the first of April.

Chapter VI- Settling a Wilderness

He returned to Detroit for his family and the remaining goods. It was a great day, April 10, 1828, when Polly and George and the other children accompanied the final load to their new home in the wilderness. In spite of the rough, difficult road, the children had a merry time. They stopped for lunch and rest on a hill overlooking River Rouge and built a roaring fire. They were especially delighted to find some of the earliest of spring flowers, hepatices and bloodroot. The patient oxen drank at a spring in a little ravine where some snow of the passing winter still lingered.

It was just getting dusk when, with a joyous shout from the children, the new log cabin came into view in the clearing. They were quickly swarming through and around it. Almost the first question that arose was: “How could so many be accommodated in such small quarters?” David then explained how a loft had been made in the gables where the boys would have their beds. They must climb a ladder through a rather small opening, but that would be only fun for the boys. David had left the big fireplace stocked with fuel. There was a huge green back log and smaller pieces of dry wood in front. Soon a bright blaze was roaring up the great throat of the chimney, started with sparks from two pieces of flint. From this time on the fire must not be allowed to entirely die out. Long-handled frying pans were brought into use. Under Polly’s skillful guidance a supper was ready for the hungry family.

In the meantime David and George had finished unloading and made the oxen comfortable for the night. That first supper in the wilderness home was of the nature of a picnic for all. There was little sound sleep that first night in the strange surroundings. Except for the occasional calls of night birds and the ominous noises made by night-prowling animals, the silence seemed almost oppressive.

In the succeeding days Polly’s management was nothing less than marvelous. Order soon came out of seeming chaos. The family was astir at daylight each morning. Each was

assigned a particular task, especially the two older girls were of great assistance. George, of course, was his father's right hand man out of doors. The hours were long and hard—daylight to dark—but courage and sturdiness were needed to carve a home out of a wilderness.

In another week David was ready to begin plowing in the clearing he had considered himself so fortunate to locate. But a sad surprise awaited him. The ground was so full of tough willow roots that his ox team could not budge the plow, after numerous attempts. He concluded that this had been an old Indian clearing where the squaws had raised corn, potatoes, and squash in years long gone by. After they had abandoned it the land had grown up to willow shrubs and other bushes. This brush had caught fire the previous autumn, perhaps from lightning, and left nothing but a tangle of strong roots to vex the first white man who attempted to disturb them. So David was obliged to secure another ox team and with the combined power made slow but sure progress.

By planting time in May, the clearing was ready for garden and other crops. Much else had been accomplished too. Some adjoining timber had been cut and burned so that the spaces among the stumps would be available for corn planting. No attempt would be made to plow this land the first season. The stumps would be laboriously removed later. He also constructed some rude sheds for two cows and a half dozen pigs he had recently purchased in Detroit. This stock had been newly shipped that spring from the East.

So, in addition to her numerous other duties, Polly now milked the cows twice daily, and made butter and cheese. With spinning and weaving, knitting and sewing, doing her regular household duties, instructing the children each day to the extent of her own knowledge in the rudiments of learning, she was busy indeed from early to late. She had no time to complain of trifles.

As the summer advanced, the crops grew vigorously in the virgin soil. Weeds and insect pests were practically unknown in this new country. So the improvements went on. More and more land was cleared of the heavy timber. During this summer of 1828 a thing of the greatest importance in the lives of the settlers took place. Luther Lincoln established a sawmill on the River Rouge near Plymouth. David lost no time in taking advantage of this. He secured enough rough lumber to build a much neater addition to his house, sheds for his oxen and other live stock. So, by the time the first winter set in, he was comfortably fixed to withstand the cold.

Chapter VII- Early Adventures

That first year was not without its excitements and adventures. The pigs had grown to a considerable size when one night a big black bear broke through the strong log palings, killed and carried one of them away.

Late in the summer one of the settlers had the misfortune to lose a cow by disease. He put the carcass in a deep ravine about a mile from the Rider home and set a bear trap beside it. One late afternoon George was searching for the cattle. They were allowed to graze at will over a large area. He jumped lightly upon a large fallen tree when he was startled by a huge animal hurling itself at him with a vicious snarl. He thought for a moment his time had surely come, when to his relief those savage jaws stopped short of their mark, but only by inches. It

was the largest wolf George had ever seen, but its foot was securely fastened in the strong bear trap. He hastily brought his ever handy rifle into action and dispatched the savage beast.

A day in early autumn the Rider family was excited to learn that a large band of Indians was encamped just across on the south bank of the River Rouge. They sent George hurriedly to their neighbors, the Picketts, to find out the meaning of this strange and sudden appearance. After what seemed an age to the waiting family George returned with the reassuring information that the redskins were peaceful. They were on their way to Detroit from the northern part of Michigan Territory to obtain their annual presents from the government. These gifts consisted of blankets, trinkets and food. In this way the Great White Father kept his red skinned children in a peaceful frame of mind and made them forget the loss of their hunting grounds. Sometimes some of the Indians obtained liquor for the return journey. Then indeed were the settlers watchful and uneasy until they had passed on their way.

The first winter in the wilderness was attended by an almost constant howl of wolves at night. Several times packs of them came close to the cabin, much to the consternation of its occupants. On one such occasion it was necessary to fire a gun to frighten them away. Then, too, the terrifying cries of the wild cat were frequently heard in the darkness.

The spring of 1829 brought a real Indian scare to the settlers. The news spread hurriedly among them that a large band was on the war path and might be expected any day to burn and massacre. A company of militia was hastily organized in Detroit and started west along the River Rouge. It was joined by many of the men living near Plymouth. However, after they had marched to the little hamlet of Ann Arbor they learned there was no truth in the story and returned happily to their homes with the good tidings.

In the years that immediately followed the country was settled rapidly. David sold part of his section to some of the newcomers. Emigrants from foreign lands also came into the neighborhood. Among these, several families from that portion of Europe known at Livonia. In 1835 a new township was organized bearing that name. The county of Wayne, in which the Riders had located, had been organized in 1796. It at first covered an enormous area in the Northwest Territory. In 1815 it assumed its present boundaries and was surveyed in 1820. It was named in honor of General “Mad Anthony” Wayne, who had but recently won his memorable victory over the Indians at the Battle of the Maumee. In 1837 Michigan became a state, but a matter of greater importance to the Rider family was the establishment of district schools in Livonia Township. One, which the Riders attended, afterwards became know as the Newburg School.

Chapter VIII- Trip to Chicago—1835

Two years prior to this George had reached his majority and decided to start out for himself. He had heard stories of a marvelously growing city to the west where the land in that vicinity did not need to be cleared of timber. Accompanied by a young man of his own age, he started on foot towards the west. It was a pleasant morning in early October, 1835. They were in high spirits and did not give thought to the discomforts of such a trip. They followed the then well-know and well-worn old Indian trail to Ann Arbor, then on through Jackson to the old

French settlement of Niles. Monthly mail service had already been established between that point and Chicago. They now followed this post road around the southern end of Lake Michigan. The route was mostly through swamps and the going very slow. However, just three weeks from the time they left Livonia, the little settlement of Chicago came into view. Boatloads of immigrants were pouring in almost daily, so that they found it difficult to secure rooms.

Chicago presented a most discouraging aspect to the young men. Veritable seas of mud everywhere. They were just in time to see the breaking up of the great Indian encampment that had adjoined the village since the massacre in 1812. The red men had been allotted new lands west of the Mississippi and were leaving for their new homes. The greatest excitement prevailed the night before. Many of the braves became drunk and their whoops and yells in connection with their mad dances, made a weird scene not to be forgotten.

George and his friend, making Chicago their headquarters, began taking long trips out upon the surrounding prairies looking for suitable farmland. Sometimes they would be gone several days. Returning from one of these long trips in November, they encountered a heavy, early season snowstorm, and lost their way. As night came on, George's companion became so fatigued that he could go no further. George was in desperation. He knew that to stay there meant death for both. He was in anguish at the thought of deserting his pal. He was finally induced, however, to go on in the faint hope of securing help. He had proceeded but a short distance when a light gleamed indistinctly in the distance. He hurried back to his friend with the good news. A hospitable settler made them comfortable for the night.

They finally decided to return to Michigan. The swamps and marshes of Chicago and its vicinity did not appeal to them as being good farmland.

Detroit and the surrounding territory were now developing rapidly. A new corduroy road—logs placed side by side—was built past the Rider home to Plymouth in 1838. Detroit became a good market, and George was able to draw a big load over the new road with his ox team. It was a three day trip. One day each to go and return, with an intervening day to dispose of the produce. The distance was eighteen miles each way.

Chapter IX- George is Married

George now began to seriously consider settling down. His older sisters had married and moved away. His younger brother, John, had also married and was living on the western portion of the section, which his father had given him. David told George he could have the quarter section on which the home was located. He was then much enamored of a young lady living in the adjoining town of Canton. She was noted for her beauty the country around. So, in 1840 in the little town of Canton the ceremony was performed by Justice Warren Tuttle, Esq., and Henrietta Vinton became the wife of George Rider. He was then twenty-six years of age while she was eighteen. They began life together in the old home which by that time had been enlarged to several rooms. Many acres of land had then been cleared and was under cultivation, and things began to take on an air of real prosperity. A fine apple orchard had been set out and various other kinds of fruit trees were bearing abundantly.

In 1842 a son came to gladden the home of George and Henrietta. They name him Alfred G. The following year another son, John E., arrived. Two years later a daughter, Elizabeth V., came to grace the home. When age permitted, these children attended the district school at Nankin P.O., later known as Newburg.

In 1851 Polly Rider went to visit her daughter, Caroline (Mrs. Robt. Morris), at Seneca, Michigan near Adrian. She contracted an illness while there from which she did not recover. She died October 28 of that year and was laid to rest in the little cemetery at Seneca. About this time George and Henrietta began to consider building a new home that would be adequate to the needs of their growing family. They selected a gravel ridge on their land a quarter of a mile west of their log house as a well drained, promising site. George had some heavy oak timbers cut and squared for the frame so that they might be well seasoned and ready for use.

The year of 1854 was another eventful one for the Riders. On August 1 a third son, Charles E., presented himself for membership. Being the youngest he, of course, became the idol of the family. One of his nurses was Mrs. Pickett. She lived to be ninety years old. Before her death in 1914 she boasted that she had known five generations of Riders, as follows: David, George, Charles, Raymond, and Donald.

Revolutionary Record of Charles William Weare

Charles William Weare, grandfather of Henrietta Vinton Ryder, enlisted in Captain John Chester's Company in General Spencer's Connecticut Regiment.
Re-enlisted in Jan. 1776, in Col. Samuel Wylly's Connecticut Regiment until the beginning of Sept., when he was transferred to Col. Knowlton's Regiment of Rangers.
He was wounded in the head at the battle of Harlem Heights, and was discharged in January, 1777. Oral tradition is that he was trepanned, and wore a silver plate in his head until his death. He re-enlisted in Jan., 1777, in Col. Samuel Wyllys's Conn. Regiment until about two years before the Treaty of Peace, when he was transferred to Col. Lewis Nicala's Invalid Regiment, and was discharged Une 10, 1783.

Chapter X- A New House

During that year of 1854 ground was actually broken for the new house. It was to be a large two-story affair with a long one-story wing. One day in 1855 another house-raising was staged. This time it was to put the heavy oaken frame in position and fasten the great beams with strong hickory pegs. The men of the neighborhood who responded to this call for aid used pike poles, ropes, and pulleys in their task. This accomplished, it was now for the carpenters and masons to finish the job. Everything was cut out by hand and the work proceeded slowly.

When little Charles was two years old they moved into their new home. Indeed it was a proud day for all. The main floor of the house contained a large drawing room, a living room, dining room, two bedrooms, and a sleeping alcove. The latter, which was to be occupied by George and Henrietta, had portiers in front to be drawn at night, and no windows. A kitchen and woodshed completed the arrangement below stairs. On the upper floor there were three bedrooms, one for quest, and a large attic extending the length of the wing.

George did not lose time in setting out maple, locust, and spruce trees in front of the home for beauty and shade. A large new orchard with numerous fine varieties of apples and other fruits was started at the rear. An acre garden plot was set aside and the whole surrounded with an attractive white board fence. All of this took time, and in the course of years additional large barns, sheds, and machinery storage houses were erected until the entire place took on the appearance of quite a village, nicely painted, and in good repair.

Thus the years went on happily and prosperously. At eighteen Alfred attended Normal School at Ypsilanti. He then proposed that a change in the spelling of the family name be made, by substituting a “y” for the “I”. This was agreed to by all after some debate, and “Ryder” it became from that time on.

Chapter XI- Civil War

In 1861 a great cloud came over the American nation in the form of civil war. It was destined to affect the Ryders most profoundly. George had long been strongly Unionist and anti-slavery. He had supported Lincoln in the November elections of 1860. It was a natural sequence, therefore, that his two stalwart sons should be among the first to offer their services.

In early September, 1861, Alfred attended a rousing recruiting meeting at Plymouth. On the 13th he was formally mustered into service in Detroit, with Company H of the First Michigan Cavalry. The first page of his memorandum book, which has been preserved, bears these fateful words:

> “This is the ninth day of September, 1861. I dedicate this book to my especial use in writing articles for friends, sentiments which I consider worthy of remembrance, facts worthy of distinction, well knowing in the carried circumstances in which I may be placed, thoughts and facts may arise, beneficial through their novelty in after days, if kept for the gratification of a natural curiosity which exists in all men. Though I may be killed, I hope this book may be kept.”

Alfred’s ambition was to become a lawyer and he sent his army pay regularly to his father to be kept toward a legal education when the war should be over. Soon after enlistment he was at the front. He was encamped at Washington for a time, and wrote of the great unfinished capitol building. On July 17, 1862, he wrote:

> “I spent my twenty-first birthday amid rain, mud, and bullets on the banks of the Rappahannock River.”

The following month this:

> “The 29th of August was a fearful day for me. Our battalion headed a charge on the rebels. Our support being withdrawn, left us a few hundred, fighting with thousands, and that with the sabres only. You can imagine Alfred cutting right and left until some of my rebel friends knocked me from my horse. When the whole column galloped over me I thought I was gone sure, but after they got over me I got up and tried to catch a horse, but could not. When the rebs again took note of me they sent the balls freely, one

burning my face clear across and taking off some of my under lip that you used to think was a little too prominent. We fought hard, but they surrounded and took us prisoners. We had nothing to eat for sixty-eight hours, for the simple reason, I think, that they had nothing to eat themselves."

He was paroled in a few days, sent to Annapolis, and was soon back at the front.

John Ryder enlisted in the lancers in December, 1861, but the company was disbanded the following February. He shortly after joined Company C of the 24th Michigan Infantry. He was in training at Detroit and left for the seat of war on August 29, the same day his brother was taken prisoner. That was in 1862, in December of which year he took part in the terrible Battle of Fredericksburg, where he saw so many of his comrades "mowed down", as he said, "like grain before a sickle." The early days of May in the following year after the disastrous fight at Chancellorsville, he wrote:

"The 24th was the first to cross the Rappahannock and open the battle. You can imagine my feelings to see our poor boys fall by the fire of those rebel guns. The Rebs were in rifle pits in the hills and we were on the level ground, so that they had a fair change at us. We fired at them as fast as we could and shouted with all our might. We expected to take the heights, but were cut up very bad. One brigade returned with only half a regiment."

Events now rapidly led both boys to their last fight and the decisive battle of the war. Lee's army suddenly appeared in Pennsylvania and the northern soldiers followed them with forced marches. John wrote of marching thirty miles in one day under a blazing sun through clouds of dust. Many fell out by the wayside, some to their death, but John proudly stated, "The Old Iron Brigade hoofed it through."

Alfred's memo of June 25, 1863, has this pathetic note:

"God blessed me today with a sight of my brother Johnnie, for the first time in nearly two years. He looks nearly broken down. It pains me to look at him and think where he is. Today we again turn our steps at Frederic amid great applause of the people."

John's letter home, three days later, gives more of the details surrounding this meeting that was both so overwhelmingly sad and joyful. The account runs thus:

"As we were marching three days ago we passed by the Frist Michigan Cavalry and it just gave me new life to see Alfred and the boys. We could only say a few words and again had to part. Last night we came into camp here and learned that the First Cavalry were only two miles from us. I was very tired, but that was not going to stop me if I could get away. So I got a pass from the Colonel and started out, but had hard work to get there on account of the pickets, but with some teasing passed that last one. Then I saw Alfred. I stayed late at night and had the best visit I ever had in my life, talking over old times and what we had passed through in the war. But at last we parted in hopes of meeting again soon. Alfred had tried hard to get a pass to come to see me, but could not get one. I have heard the cannon roar all this morning and expect we will have a great battle soon. If it has to be, let it come and we will look for the best. And, Mother,

if we have a battle, cheer up and think it all for the best. We will stand our chance with the rest."

These were the last words John ever wrote. On July 1, the Old Iron Brigade, General Custer commanding, unexpectedly came upon the enemy in McPherson's Woods, just outside of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. The gallant 24th charging into the forest in the face of a murderous fire was all but annihilated. Here John gave the last full measure of his devotion to his country. His like was not given in vain. This was but the beginning of a great three day fight. The Iron Brigade gave the oncoming Northern army an opportunity to organize and entrench for the decisive fight two days later.

The outstanding event of the terrific battle on July 3 was Pickett's charge up the slopes of Missionary Ridge. Less heralded but of supreme importance to the final outcome of the great encounter was the fight three miles to the south. A part of Lee's strategy was to detour his cavalry to the rear of the Union forces at the same time that Pickett attacked the front. General Meads foresaw this move and stationed his horsemen, among them the 1st Michigan, at the above mentioned point. A terrible hand to hand sabre battle ensued as the opposing cavalry came together. Alfred, as usual, was in the thick of the fight and here received a mortal wound; the Southern force was driven back and a possible disaster to the whole Union army averted. Thus did two noble sons give their all to their country at a most critical time in what proved to be the decisive contest of the great struggle.

The following day Lee led his shattered, downhearted soldiers back to the soil of Virginia, never again to tread Northern soil. The day after the battle had ceased, Elder Way, the chaplain of the 24th found John's body and buried it with his own hands where he had fallen at the edge of the now silent, sacred forest. Two days later he came upon Alfred in a hospital at Gettysburg. He at once notified his father, who lost no time in reaching his bedside. Alfred was a patient, even cheerful sufferer and repeatedly told his father not to worry, thought he knew he could not recover. On his 22nd birthday, July 17, 1863, he passed quietly on. In November the bodies of these gallant defenders of their country were sent back to their old home and final resting place in the Newburg Cemetery.

Thus were George and Henrietta Ryder called upon to drink of life's bitterest cup. The only ray of light in their almost overwhelming grief was the thought of their sons' heroic sacrifice that would live on through the ages.

Chapter XII- Other Happening

As if the year 1863 had not already brought enough sadness to one household, in the month following the Battle of Gettysburg, a near tragedy took place. The remaining son, Charles, then nine years of age, attended a picnic near home. While the festivities were yet in progress he went to the home of a neighbor with one of the boys he went to the home of a neighbor with one of the boys of that family, Arthur Nobles. Mr. and Mrs. Nobles were at the picnic, so the youngsters had the big house to themselves. In the attic they found a shot gun with which they played innocently enough. After a time Charles started down the stairs. When nearly at the foot Arthur pointed the supposedly unloaded gun at his companion and laughingly

called to him that he was going to shoot and pulled the trigger. An explosion and Charles had a charge of short in the small of his back. Luckily for him it was not a full charge or he might have been killed instantly. As it was, he lingered for many weeks between life and death, with an anxious Mother hovering over him every minute. Some of the shot could not be removed, and he frequently suffered from their effect for the remainder of his long and active life.

One more happening marked the year of 1863 as a dark one for the Ryder family, David passed on to his reward at the age of seventy-nine. His death left George in possession of 145 acres where the home was located, and an additional 20 to the north. John still lived on the land adjoining to the west. The balance of the original 640 acres had been sold.

The loss of his two older brothers now made it necessary for Charles to assist on the farm in every way possible. In his early teens he could only attend the district school at Newburg during the winter months of each year. At seventeen his school days were over. By this time all except thirty acres of their land had been cleared of timber, so that there was no end of hard work to do. There was also much livestock to look after in the early morning hours.

After the long days of labor in the fields, the stock must again be given attention in the evening. Prosperity, however, came with these arduous years. The Ryder homestead came to be a most attractive place.

In 1873 Elizabeth Ryder was married to Charles D. Paddack of Newburg.

On Charles Ryder's 21st birthday, as a partial reward for his services, George gave him a deed to twenty acres of the farm, known as the north twenty. In the following year, 1876 Charles took an extended trip through the East and, of course, visited the famous Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia.

In the early seventies an event contributed to the prosperity of the Ryder farm. A railroad was constructed from Detroit to Plymouth. It followed the entire north boundary of the farm, as George donated the right of way to the center of the tracks. The first locomotives used wood for fuel. A station, named Stark, was established about a mile from the farm, and another, of course, at Plymouth. This added greatly to the convenience in shipping farm produce and in travel.

Chapter XIII- The Fays

While the year of 1863 brought so much sorrow to the Ryder home, it brought great joy to the home of Alfred and Fidelia Greene Fay, at Dansville, Michigan. On December 7 of that year a girl Emma Louise, came to gladden their hearts. Little Emma's father did not see her for some months after she came into the world. He was serving his country at the front as a sharpshooter. He had been a noted hunter and his skill with a rifle made his services in the war useful to the Union cause. He was born June 28, 1830. His father, William H., was born in Chester, Mass., in 1796. He traced his ancestry on his mother's side to one Joseph Loomis, who was born in Essex County, England, in 1590. They sailed for America in the ship "Susan and Ellen" on April 11, 1738, were on the ocean over three months, and arrived in Boston on July 17. He settled at Windsor, Conn., during the following year. His lineal descendants still

occupy the old homestead at that place. Alfred Fay was the fifth in line. His mother, Mary Loomis Fay, was born in 1800 in Windsor.

Emma Fay's uncle, William Fay, also did valiant service for the Union cause. He was living in Richmond, Virginia, at the outbreak of the war. It was with considerable difficulty and hazard that he escaped through the Confederate lines. His knowledge of the South and its people made him invaluable in the dangerous duty of his country's secret service. Capture by the enemy meant instant death from a firing squad.

Emma's Mother, Fidelia Greene, was a descendant of General Greene, one of George Washington's most able assistants in the Revolution. When little Emma Fay was two years of age she made a memorable journey. Her father, who was a painting contractor at Dansville, decided he could better his fortune in the west. The following is the manner in which Emma tells her own story of the thrilling trip:

"Just after the close of the Civil War I, then a child of two years, accompanied my parents, my brother Will, aged 16, my sister Martha, and Aunt Rachel Greene, and a cousin Samuel Miller to Missouri. We left Dansville to try to better our fortunes in what was then the "Far West'. We travelled mostly by stage coach.

"Crossing the Ozark River was quite an adventure. Recent rains had raised the waters so that the men had to cling to the sides of the stage to balance it, while the horses swam across. To say that we were frightened is putting it mildly. We were ferried across the Mississippi River.

"It was perilous times travelling then. Every man went well armed. The night we reached the swollen Ozark River we found a log house with the owners away from home. Their chickens were in a coop in the house. We went in and tried to make ourselves comfortable. Women and children laid down on the beds. One man who had a considerable sum of money with him sat down in a corner with a pistol in his hands, ready for any emergency.

"After many days full of excitement we finally reached our destination, Springfield Missouri. We occupied a house there near a battlefield. A cannon ball had made quite a hold in this house. While we lived there my father and brother and cousin Same took turns as 'night watch.' Lawless bands call 'Bush Whackers' would frequently come down from the hills and raid the towns in the vicinity.

"One scarcely dared mention the recent war, folks there were so extremely bitter against the north. These conditions made life so unpleasant for us that two years were as long as we could stand. One thing that amused us there were the expressions that folks used. Anything unusual was 'right smart', a small amount of anything was 'a sprinklin'.

"We started back to Michigan in the early spring of 1868, this time in true immigrant style. We had built a covered wagon, commonly called a 'Prairie schooner', had a four horse team and took all summer to make the return trip. The men would work at their trade, as painters, in each town we came to, where it was possible to get work. I and my sister Martha thought it great fun to ride through the tall prairie grass and pick flowers and catch butterflies. We were particularly interested in the Sensitive Plant that grew in such abundance. Touch the

leaves of this curious plant and it would instantly close. I and my sister had great times riding horseback, exploring the country near our camps.

“As autumn came on and the tall grass became dry our trip became dangerous, due to the perils of prairie fires. They were often set by malicious persons. At one time we barely reach a river in time to escape the fury of the flames. At another time a terrific wind and rain storm threatened our extinction. The men hung to the wheels to keep the wagon from going over.

“I remember well our faithful dog, Carlo, who would not permit strangers to enter our camp. It was late in the autumn when we reached Dansville.”

In 1872 Fidelia Fay took her daughters, Emma and Martha, this time by railway on a visit to relatives in Southern Wisconsin. They passed through the vast ruins of Chicago, which a few months previously had been destroyed by the “Great Fire”. They secured souvenirs of the great disaster in the form of pieces of glass fused into fantastic shapes by the intense heat.

Chapter XIV- Charles Marries

In 1880 there was an occasion of more than passing importance to the privileged author of this family history. Charles Ryder made the acquaintance of Emma Fay, a pretty, fair-complexioned girl of seventeen. This friendship soon ripened into love. On January 9, 1881, they were quietly married at Plymouth. The Reverend G. J. Morgan was the officiating clergyman. Charles took his youthful bride to the old homestead to live.

In the course of twenty years six children came into their home. Raymond Alfred, the author of this book, was the first, being born on November 17, 1881. A second, George Lee, came on April 3, 1884, and a third, Charles Donald, on August 17, 1886.

In the latter year Elizabeth Ryder Paddack passed on, leaving one son, Egbert. Elizabeth had been very ill at her parental home for some time. So it devolved upon Egbert’s grandmother, Henrietta, to assume the care and responsibility of his bringing up.

So there were now four young boys at the old home. They were the usual mischievous youngsters, and a love for fun and hearty laughter was ever the rule when all were gathered about the big table in the dining room. It was always a board fairly groaning with the good things that appeal to healthy boys. There were perhaps too many rich cakes and pies for their best development, but an over abundance of highly seasoned food seemed to be a custom of the times.

The big basement always held several hogsheads of salt pork, hundreds of cans of fruits, jars of pickles and preserves, dozens of barrels of the most delicious apples, hundreds of bushels of potatoes, and all the numerous vegetables that a good garden can supply. There was usually a barrel of sorghum molasses, one of sweet cider and another of vinegar.

One must not forget that which appealed most to a boy’s sweet tooth—maple syrup, of which a most generous supply was maintained. The making of the latter delicacy was an annual event of the first importance to thy boys. With the first thawing days of spring, which

caused the sap to rise in the hard maples, preparations were made. Spiles were cut from the pithy alder stems, troughs were hollowed from the basswood logs, and the great iron and brass kettles were put in readiness. It was an exciting morning for the boys when all of these things were loaded on the bob-sleigh and started for the big woods to the north side of the farm. An augur cut a neat round hold in each of the maples in which an alder spile was driven snugly with the basswood trough placed underneath. The kettles were suspended from poles. Drop by drop the maple sap filled the troughs daily. They boys delighted in helping to gather it each day after school and, of course, looked forward to Saturday when the whole day could be spent in the woods. An excuse for not attending school was sometimes worked successfully on suspicious parents. A roaring fire under the huge kettles boiled the sap down rapidly as a fresh supply was continually added. Then the time came to “sugar off”. It was a banner day for young Americans. The aroma of those boiling kettles lingers for a lifetime. The fire was quenched and the rich, sweet liquid dipped out, to be later put into cans for future use of further boiling at the house until it became bars of delectable sugar.

The boys, of course, attended the one room district school that their great-grandfather, David Ryder, had helped establish in 1837. The attendance in this one room was about fifty, which was usually somewhat increased during the winter months when the older boys were released from farm work. One lone teacher, generally a young woman, superintended this number, ranging in ages from five to twenty-two years. She heard more than twenty recitations each day, from nine until half-past four o’clock, on subjects varying from the A.B.C.’s to algebra. She was sometimes paid as much as twenty-five dollars per month, and was obliged to build the wood fire in the big iron stove each morning and sweep the floor daily.

Ah, but the good times Egbert Paddack and the Ryder boys had at that school! They had to cross the River Rouge to get to the Newburg School, which was located on the south bank of the stream. In warm weather the boys and girls alike went barefoot to school. The boys fished in the Rouge and went swimming morning, noon and during the evening after school. Being late for school could often be attributed to the delights of a morning or noon swim.

In the winter skates and sleds accompanied the Ryders to school. Going down over “The Bumps”, as a certain steep hill was called, was considered a piece of remarkable courage and ability to steer a sled. When the girls and boys poured out for the ten minute recess in the middle of the morning and of the afternoon, they usually joined in a game of pon-pon-pull-away or knock-down-the-sheep-guard or one-old-cat. After a newly fallen snow a great circle would be made with radiating paths to the center for a play at fox-and-geese.

In the autumn the boys frequently engaged in a game played with a heavy stick, the lower end having a crook. These “shinny” sticks were secured by digging a shrub in the woods, the root forming the necessary crook. This game was noted for being extremely rough, often resulting in severe injuries, or the loss of teeth, as the author once experienced. The boys usually settled their little arguments in a ring behind the school house, where the teacher could not interfere.

The important social events were parties at home, at the neighbors, or at the Newburg Hall. The violin and barn dance music sometimes furnished the entertainment. “Kissing” games

were frequently the evening's pleasure. There were always special "doings" on certain days of the year that were "red letter" days to the Ryder boys.

On Decoration Day they marched in a parade from Newburg to the little country church. The veterans dressed in their uniforms of blue and march at the head, carrying Old Glory and a standard marked "John and Alfred Ryder, Post No. 404 G.A.R.". After what sometimes seemed to the Ryder youngsters as unnecessarily long church services, there came the march to the nearby cemetery and the dropping of wreaths on the little mounds of wart marked with flags. These flags indicated lives given in the country's wars. Two of such were Revolutionary heroes.

The fourth of July was usually celebrated with a picnic where there would be speech-making and games and races. The Ryder boys played with fire crackers and to the even greater worry of their parents with a small cannon in which they used gun powder and paper rammed tight to make a greater noise. It was one long day of excitement for the boys, to which they had looked forward for weeks. Up at the first break of day and finishing with some rockets and Roman candles in the evening. A sigh of intense relief from anxious parents when the day was over and no eyes had been sacrificed or other serious injuries incurred.

There would be a picnic in August, usually in a nearby wood, with a ball game of intensest rivalry between teams from Newburg and Stark or Rough and Ready Corners. Once this annual picnic was held at Belle Isle Park in the Detroit River. Such a "long" trip being a rare treat indeed to the Ryders. It took hours to make this journey over the deep, sandy roads. A rumbling shaky lumber wagon, fitted with seats running around the box and drawn by a slow-going farm team, furnished the transportation. To use the nearby railroad was considered far too great a luxury in travel.

Next to July 4, the one truly great day of the year was school day at the Plymouth Fair. This came in September, after the opening of school. The halls of learning at Plymouth and all the neighboring district schools were closed for one day. On that day the children gathered at the Plymouth School green. Headed by the Plymouth Brass Band, with Harry Robinson beating the big bass drum, and the officials of the Fair Association, among whom was Dr. Collier, the old Ryder family physician, the parade started. A march of more than a mile ensued, but every step was a thrill for the expectant Ryder boys. At last, the actual entrance through the big gates into the grounds, with its (to young eyes) splendid glitter and noisy kaleidoscopic whirl. The barkers, with their raucous beckonings to buy, or "step in and see" the greatest of the ages. As the day wore on, horse races, chariot races, ball games, balloon ascensions, all crowded into one mad, merry time, which the Ryder boys must again look forward to for another long year.

In late October came the Halloween pranks: Building a pen from the rails of a fence, in the center of the public highway, with an uncomplaining cow as its occupant. Lifting a farm wagon piecemeal to the roof of a barn and then reassembling it. Painting some white hogs to resemble different animals. October was the time for gathering nuts for the winter's supply. What joyful days those were.

In November there came the great feast of the year. The eighteen pound Thanksgiving turkey, which the Ryder boys had helped feed since early spring, comprised that feast,

together with all the other good edibles of such variety and abundance as only a prosperous farm and a doting mother and grandmother could load a table with. Including guests, the feast day company usually numbered from fifteen to twenty souls.

The last month of the year brought the day of days for the whole Ryder family. There were days of anticipation—long days for the boys. There were days when each one carried the secret of gifts for others. There were furtive glances by the boys into forbidden closets and cabinets. Then Christmas Eve at last! The doors to the big spare room, which had been closed for a day or so, were opened, as if by magic. A gorgeous tree, perhaps the top cut from one of the big spruces set out so many years before by George and Henrietta in the front yard of the old home.

During the long winter evenings at home the Ryder boys, after their lessons had been learned, would play games. Dominoes and checkers furnished the principal amusement. Just before bedtime the large dish pan heaped with popcorn, a pan of delicious apples from the cellar, and a great pitcher of sweet cider completed a perfect evening. Then to bed. A journey through a long, cold hall, up an equally long and cold flight of stairs, into a big unheated bedroom, and a jump into an exceedingly cold bed. The boys would sometimes talk and laugh too long. Then a warning voice from below stairs would be heard admonishing them that it was time for sleep. In the morning a scurry with clothes to a warm stove downstairs to dress. What a job to pull on those red-topped, cooper-toed boots!

Thus the cycle of the years sped on.

On the eve of January 9, 1891, it seemed that everyone for miles around came pouring into the big Ryder home. It was a surprise on Charles and Emma—their tenth anniversary. They called the party a “Tin Wedding”. Everyone came with some gift of tin. The floor and table in the reception room were stacked high with tin utensils.

Chapter XV- Old Folks Pass On

In July, 1891, Henrietta Vinton Ryder passed on after suffering for many weeks. She died of pneumonia. In the following year another boy, Earl Marion, joined his brothers at the Ryder house.

In 1893 Fidelia Fay died at the old house, and about the same time word came from Elkins, West Virginia that Alfred Fay, who was there on a visit, had also gone the way that all must go.

On Valentine’s Day in 1894 George Ryder also followed the other folks from the old house for that ‘bourne from which no traveler returns’. No one could be more sincerely missed by the Ryder boys. It had been their want to gather around his chair and listen to his stories of pioneer days. He never wearied of answering their questions, no matter how often repeated, or how childish they seemed. He always displayed a keen sense of humor. A great reader, who remembered what he had read and was able to tell it in an interesting manner.

He had been especially fond of history and recalled numerous historical anecdotes. After an evening of “hair raising” stories about Indians, wolves, and bears, the Ryder boys would sometimes suffer with nightmare.

One of their Grandfather’s numerous fictitious fear stories ran like this: “One day a man was wandering through the woods on what is known as Peters’ place, when he spied a great tree broken off about twenty feet from the ground. His curiosity led him to climb the stub. The tree was hollow and accidently fell in. There he was at the bottom, not knowing how to get out and facing death by slow starvation. After what seemed a long time, he heard a scratching on the outside, and he knew it was a bear coming home to his den in the hollow tree. The occasion required very quick thinking. He knew that a bear always descends a tree backwards. So, he quickly drew out his jackknife and whittled a strong, sharp peg. When unsuspecting Mr. Bear had nearly reached the bottom, the imprisoned man suddenly grasped his tail with one hand and at the same time gave him a violent dig with the peg. Mr. Bear went up much faster than he came down, carrying the captive with him, So the man returned safely to his overjoyed wife and children”.

It is not exaggerating to say that he repeated this story and numerous others, dozens of times without the least trace of being bored by the almost ceaseless requests. He was sometimes irritated, however, by the boys mischief outside of the house. He was very proud of his well kept garden, and often resented the boys’ intrusion. If he was out “looking” for them, their favorite quick hiding place was underneath the big corn crib, which was set up on blocks of wood.

It was a great day for George Ryder when his eldest grandson could read the semi-weekly Detroit paper to him. The author remembers proudly reading while he intently listened to the accounts of the Indian war then raging in the Dakotas, in which the notorious Sitting Bull was the chief actor.

George Ryder was laid to rest in the cemetery beside Henrietta and his three children, who had gone before, in the same plot where he had seen the first white person laid away, in 1827.

On November 30, 1897, the first girl, Fay Henrietta, came to join Charles and Emma Ryder’s four boys. It was a great event for the boys, a little sister being a novelty indeed.

Chapter XVI- A New Century

In 1900 the author was graduated from the Plymouth High School. He had the honor of being the first of the Ryders to receive such a diploma. He had entered upon his elementary studies in 1895 and then taken the four-year high school course. Attending high school involved a three and a half mile trip morning and evening. The first years witnessed the trip being made by bicycle in good weather and be horse and cart during winter. Occasionally, when the horse was needed on the farm, it was necessary to walk. In 1899 an electric railway was built between Newburg and Plymouth, and this service was utilized with the walk of a mile from home to Newburg.

On March 15, 1901, Charles and Emma Ryder became the proud parents of the last of their family of six. Another girl, Beulah Louise, whom her adoring father insisted on calling "Doll", a name her bothersome brothers likewise insisted on giving her, when she became old enough to be teased.

About this time Charles and Emma decided to remodel the old home, which had been built forty-seven years before. The long east wing was raised to two stories. New stairways were constructed in both the front and rear, and a new porch extended across the front. Numerous other minor alterations quite modernized the Ryder residence.

It would seem that the old home was, from the first, a place where folks like to come. The family rarely sat down to dine without guests. During the 80's and 90's the usual number to gather about the long dining room table was twelve to fifteen. Besides the family, there was a housemaid and several hired hands for the farm. The Ryder name was always synonymous with hospitality the whole country around.

About the time of the author's birth John Ryder had sold his portion of the old farm to James Le Van of Ann Arbor, Michigan. Mrs. Le Van, who was a practical nurse, was frequently called to the Ryder home in times of sickness. She was a woman of fine personality, always cheerful and helpful. The Le Vans and Ryders became very close friends. It was ever a special delight to the Ryder children when Mr. and Mrs. Le Van would drop in for an evening and would consent to sing duets. Mr. Le Van had once taught "singing school". They had good voices and knew all the old favorite songs. Sometimes they would sing duets such as "Singing in the Lane" and "Reuben and Rachel". Occasionally a certain granddaughter, Xarifa Ross, would come to visit the Le Vans. She and the author became good friends, a friendship that never knew an end.

In November of 1902 the author went to Chicago on a visit to his Aunt Martha. He secured a position with a publishing and printing concern, and never returned except for short visits.

On June 28, 1909, he married Xarifa Ross at Manistee, Michigan. Their first home was an apartment at 57th Street and Calumet Avenue, just a block from Beautiful Washington Park. Two years later they moved to a larger apartment a half block away, at 5631 Calumet Avenue. Here two boys were born to them, Donald Ross on May 29, 1911, and Raymond Alfred, Jr. on January 30, 1913.

At the time of the great World War the author's brother, Donald, was also living in Chicago. When, in 1917, the United States entered the gigantic struggle, Donald was among the first to be called. One September his older brother bade him farewell at the 63rd Street Station of the Illinois Central, where he with many others entrained for Camp Grant at Rockford, Illinois. The author thought of the times way back in 1861, when similar sad farewells had been said, and prayed that this one might have a happier ending.

Donald was assigned to the Mounted Police Company A—311th Train Hdq., which afterwards became a part of the Blackhawk Division. He remained at Camp Grant for nearly an entire year, until finally the word came in August, 1918, to move out. A few days later he was encamped at Long Island. In early September he had boarded a British transport, The

Metagame, and was on his way “over there.” When about half way across, submarines were reported, so the boat reversed its course for an entire day. It then turned back again toward Europe where he was landed at the River Clyde in Scotland, about two weeks from the time of departure. He was in camp in Southern England for a few days, and then the rough journey across the narrow English Channel. In spite of the bad accommodations and extremely poor food while crossing the Atlantic, he was not ill, but the turbulent Channel made him seasick. He landed in France, and a day and night trip in a “forty-eight” car brought him to a little place called Le Mans. In early November his unit was started for the front. Before he came under the fire of the German guns, the glorious news of the Armistice came on the eleventh of November.

But his soldiering days were not over. For long weeks he did police duty while the thousands of America troops were marching to the seashore to embark for home. During the winter he made the acquaintance of several French families, with whom he occasionally dined. They laughed heartily at his attempts to master their language.

He was of great assistance to a poor widow and her two little girls, whose husband and father had gone to the front and had not been heard from since. In the early spring Donald secured a six weeks furlough. He visited Paris, went to Monte Carlo, where he matched pennies with a war nurse just to say he had “gambled” there, swam in the blue Mediterranean at Nice, climbed Mount Blanc, saw the ruins at Verdun, and visited the famous Hindenbergh line.

In July of 1919 he came home to Chicago. He did not secure employment at once, so he went to the old home in Michigan. He proceeded to fall desperately in love with the first girl he met. A year later, on October 20, 1920, he married Miss Gladys Smith, bought a home and settled down. One son, Charles D. Jr., came to their home, on February 23, 1922, and on August 15, 1930, a girl, Doris Marie.

On March 4th of 1920 a daughter, Adabelle, was born to Raymond and Xarifa Ryder, then residing at 5219 Calumet Avenue, Chicago. In September of the following year they purchased a home in la Grange, a suburb of Chicago.

On May 19, 1920, Fay Ryder was married to Henry Grimm, Jr., a successful young farmer, living not far from the Ryder home. He, too, had seen hard, courageous service with the American Expeditionary Forces in France. They built a new home at the corner of Wayne Road and the old Ann Arbor Trail, where two children were born, Virginia, on February 17, 1921, and Robert on February 3, 1926.

Beulah Ryder was married on June 30, 1923, to Clyde Smith, a market gardener, both ambitious and resourceful. A daughter, Mary Louise, was given to them at the old Smith homestead, on May 4, 1927. In January of 1929 she was taken away. During the same year they built a new home on the old Smith farm. Here a son, David, came to them on December 19, 1929.

It was on May 31, 1929, that Charles Ryder’s long and useful life came to an end. The winter of 1928 and 1929 was noted for its extreme gathering of ice. For many weeks there was a glare of ice which was very dangerous to anyone stepping out of doors. It was Charles’ great

misfortune to fall while going to the mail box. He suffered both a broken arm and a broken leg. For some time he was at Harper Hospital, in Detroit, but the shock was too great for one of his age. He came home to pass his few remaining days, to the home where he had loved continuously since he was two years of age-- seventy-three years all told.

The old home had meant everything to him and he was never happy away from its broad acres. It had been the scene of a long, well lived life, one of many joys and yet, perhaps, with more than its share of troubles. He showed exemplary patience and good nature through it all. Perhaps one of his greatest assets was a ready joke and the ability to see the silver lining in every cloud. He always said that the “blues” had no place in the home, and he made it his religion to live up to it. His cheery whistling when doing the early morning chores of the farm was a positive inspiration to all in starting another day. He had a friendly was that made him familiarly known as “Charlie” for miles around.

He was always interested in his community. An officer of the Newburg School for more than thirty years, a duty his son, Donald, continued where he left off. He held the responsible positions of Livonia Township Treasurer and treasurer of the Newburg Cemetery Association. Donald also continued the latter duty.

His care of the old homestead embraced that great period when American inventive genius took farming largely out of the drudgery class. He saw the sickle, in use for three hundred years, and the cradle, replaced by the reaper and that, in turn, by the self binder. In all externals life actually changed more during the period in which Charles existed than in the previous thousand years. He was one of the first in his neighborhood to avail himself of this great labor-saving device. He saw the horse-drawn mower displace the ancient scythe and the machine rake take the place of the old hand rake.

He rather sadly, in later life, saw the auto drive the horse from the roadways. He was always a great lover of fine horses, and kept a finely matched, spirited team with which he delighted to take the family for a Sunday drive in the shining phaeton. Even after the advent of the automobile he kept more horses on the farm than were actually needed, because he liked to have them around. Among his favorites were “Old Dan”, “Daisy” and “Little Nag”. His kindness of nature was shown by the fact that he never sold an old faithful horse, but kept him until death, oftentimes many years after usefulness had ceased. He liked the care of stock, and he built up a herd of fine Holstein cattle. He shipped their milk daily to the Detroit market, from either Stark, Newburg, or Plymouth.

Charles Ryder not only observed in his span of life great changes in the mode of transportation, but likewise the developments that made it possible. In front of his own door he beheld the old Plymouth Road changed from corduroy to a plank road with its toll gates at intervals and its taverns and blacksmith shops. This was discontinued, and for many years there was a sand and clay graded road, which the advent of the auto caused to be displaced by first a twenty, then a forty foot cement highway for rapid transit. The latter, a great trunk line extending across the entire State of Michigan. A journey of thirty miles in one day on the old roads was considered an event, while one of five hundred miles on the new toads, in 1930, was not impossible.

Detroit was a place of fifty thousand inhabitants when Charles was born. He saw it grow to more than a million. From “a big country town”, as traveling men jokingly referred to it, he saw it become one of the greatest and most thriving industrial centers of the world. Where once it had been nearly twenty miles, or a day’s journey, apart, its boundaries expanded to within a few short miles of the old Ryder homestead and but a few minutes drive distant.

About the time that the auto began to come into general use, Lee and Earl Ryder, who had remained at the old home, began to take advantage of the new market gardening. In a few years they were able to derive a greater income from a few acres intensively cultivated than the entire place had yielded before from “general” farming.

The Ryders were practically pioneers in this new work. Others noting their success gradually adopted it, and in time the whole surrounding country became a vast garden. Soil that had formerly been considered very poor became, under scientific direction, very productive. This was in no small measure due to Lee and Earl Ryder, whose advice was sought by the neighbors on many angles of the new farming. About 1915 Lee and Earl set out the third apple orchard to be planted on the old place. It came in time to be not only a pleasing sight, but very productive as well.

In this year of 1930 the author brings to a close his history of the Ryders with the following list of George and Henrietta Ryder’s direct descendants surviving—the six children of Emma and Charles, with their children:

Raymond

Children -- Donald Ross
Raymond, Jr.
Adabelle

Lee

Unmarried

Donald

Children – Charles
Doris

Earl

Unmarried

Fay Ryder Grimm

Children – Virginia
Robert
Phyllis

Beulah Ryder Smith

Children – David
Everett
Joyce
Marilyn

_____

Egbert Paddack

Children – Charles
Dwight

-- The End –

Births

Children of:

Samuel -- David (1784)

David and Polly Bain –

George (1814)	Emeline
John	Amanda
Jerome	Caroline
James	Evelyn

George and Henrietta Vinton –

Alfred (1842)
John (1843)
Elizabeth (1845)
Charles (1854)

Charles and Emma Fay –

Raymond (1881)
Lee (1884)
Donald (1886)
Earl (1892)
Fay (1897)
Beulah (1901)

Raymond and Xarifa Ross –

Donald (1911)
Raymond (1913)
Adabelle (1920)

Donald and Gladys Smith –

Charles (1922)
Doris (1930)

Marriages

David to Polly Bain	1804
George to Henrietta Vinton	1840
Charles to Emma Fay	1881
Raymond to Xarifa Ross	1909

Deaths

Polly Bain Ryder	1851
David	1863
John E.	1863
Alfred G.	1863
Elizabeth Ryder Paddack	1886
Henrietta Vinton Ryder	1891
George	1894
Charles E.	1929
Donald	1963
Raymond	1970

The Fays

William H. --
Born 1796 at Chester, Mass.
Alfred --
Born 1830
Emma Louise --
Born – 1863 at Dansville, Mich.

Beulah Louise Ryder
Born March 15, 1901

Clyde Everett Smith
Born Sept. 19, 1899

Beulah and Clyde were married on June 30, 1923.

Children of Beulah and Clyde:
Mary Louise- born May 4, 1927, died Jan. 18, 1929
David Ryder Smith- born Dec. 19, 1929
Clyde Everett Smith Jr. – born July 29, 1931
Joyce Margaret Smith- born July 22, 1933
Marilyn Fay Smith- born April 13, 1937

Marriages:
David R. Smith to Edna Gisner - Nov. 6, 1954
(Edna Gisner born May 3, 1936)
Clyde Everett Smith Jr. to Martha Pattison – Sept. 7, 1957
(Martha Pattison born Aug. 20, 1936)
Joyce M. Smith to Frederick James Tomlinson – Oct. 18, 1952
(Frederick James Tomlinson born Dec. 1, 1956)
Marilyn F. Smith to Ralph Gray – Dec. 1, 1956
(Ralph Gray born Oct. 19, 1935)

Children:
Of David and Edna Smith
David R. Jr. born Nov. 19, 1955
Carol Lynn born May 15, 1958
Barbara Ann born Nov. 1, 1962

Of Clyde E. Jr. and Martha Smith
Debra Louise born Sept. 12, 1958
Diana Lynn born April 24, 1960

Of Joyce and James Tomlinson
James Everett born July 13, 1955
Robert L. born March 13, 1957

Of Marilyn and Ralph Gray
Linda Marie born Sept. 7, 1957
Daniel Ralph born May 23, 1960
Karen Sue born Aug. 7, 1962

Charles Donald Ryder
born Aug. 17, 1886, died March 28, 1969
Gladys Marie Smith
born Aug. 13, 1897, died Nov. 2, 1986
Charles and Gladys were married on Oct. 20, 1920

Children of Charles and Gladys:
Charles Donald Ryder Jr. – born Feb. 23, 1922, died Nov. 20, 1979
Doris Marie Ryder – born Aug. 15, 1930

Marriages:
Charles Jr. to Rita Tibbits – Sept. 3, 1949
Doris to Gene Page – Aug. 18, 1951, divorced 1959. Remarried to David Turner April 17, 1960

Children of Charles Jr. and Rita:
Theresa Kay- born Nov. 4, 1954
Theresa married Robert Whitmer May 30, 1971. Rhonda b. Mar. 5, 1972
Shield- born Nov. 23, 1956

Children of Doris and Gene
Donald Fred- born Oct. 7, 1952
Connie Marie- born Aug. 26, 1954
Connie Page married to Russel Naegel Oct. 25, 1975

Fay Ryder
born Nov. 30, 1897, died June 18, 1969
Henry Grimm
born Sept. 12, 1895, died Nov. 2, 1962
Fay married Henry Grimm on May 19, 1920

Children of Fay and Henry Grimm
Virginia Fay Grimm – born Feb. 17, 1921
Robert Henry Grimm – born Feb. 3, 1926
Phyllis Ann Grimm – born Oct. 11, 1936

Marriages:
Virginia Grimm to Howard Gerst Oct. 10, 1942
Phyllis Grimm to Robert Eugene Fugenschuh Sep. 29, 1956
Robert Grimm did not marry

Children of Virginia and Howard:
Linda Lee and Margaret Fay born Dec. 26, 1943
Linda Gerst married Donald Leonard Batkins
Margaret Gerst married Jerald Wayne Treece
David Howard born June 29, 1949
Nora Nan born June 2, 1951
Nora Gerst married Neil Allen

Children of Linda and Donald Batkins
Jennifer Fay – born Oct. 25, 1974

Children of Margaret and Jerald Treece
Timothy Neal – born May 11, 1964
Vernon Glen – born Jan 19., 1966
Michael Eric – born May 6, 1968
Mathew David – born March 12, 1973

Children of Nora and Neil Allen
Kalah Faye – born Dec. 23, 1974

Children of Phyllis and Robert:
Amy Ann – born June 20, 1957
Edward Allan – born March 4, 1960