

**THE FAMILIES  
OF  
LAMOTT AND AMANDA  
BATES**

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\* - For reasons I don't understand, the automatically-generated Table of Contents is incorrect, sometimes by a difference of a page or two. You may need to move around within the document to find the referenced page.

## PREFACE

My father, Bion LaMott Bates, set himself to be the genealogist of his generation with the result that he acquired five family Bibles, three of his aunts' family scrapbooks, pictures by the dozens and packets of letters that were written before the days of postage stamps. Next he set about to track down all the descendants of his great grandparents but, before he could organize and compile all of this, he became too old.

He was aided considerably by a maternal aunt, Alice Linda Sickels Andrews, who wrote a considerable account of Cobbs, Sickels and Bates lines, and by William Gavin Rankin, husband of another of his maternal aunts, Delia ("Dede") Lucile Sickels Rankin. Dede wished to join the Daughters of the American Revolution so her husband turned up the connections that made it possible. He also turned up the Doty line that made it possible for Bion, his brothers Harold and Clare, and my sister, Barbara Louise Bates Smith, to join the Mayflower Society. Any descendants may join these organizations, too.

Bion kept all these materials in an upstairs bedroom known as "The Museum." Shortly before the death of his widow, Wilma Josephine Jackson Bates on August 21, 1981, her four children decided that the family archives would be divided in such a fashion that each took on roughly one quarter of the responsibility for seeing that these "roots" would be passed on to future generations. The oldest, Emily Josephine Bates Haynes, took on the archives of her mother's family, as collected by her aunt, Beulah St. Clair Jackson;\* Barbara accepted all materials dealing with the affairs of our parents; Jackson Wilmott Bates took all of the family photographs and movies and I took the materials dealing with the generations before Bion LaMott: Lawrence, Bates, Sickels, Cobb, Durfee, Whitney and Doty. As will be seen, we can trace these lines, respectively, from my generation, 10, 4, 5, 6, 9, 11 and 9 generations back.<sup>†</sup> And of this writing, three generations forward, fifteen in all.

These were generally ordinary people: poor, uneducated pioneers, pushing their country's frontiers westward to Michigan from New England via New York and Ohio. There is not a congressman, tycoon or financier among them. Yet they were valiant – perhaps because, before the days of social welfare, they had no other choice. The men fought in all of our wars and some of them died that way. They had a number of second marriages, not from divorce as is common now (except Alvah Lyman Sickels) but from premature death of a spouse, usually by infection.

A combination of luck and hard work finally permitted LaMott George enough affluence to send his children to college, after which the family fortunes improved. LaMott George was the catalyst; the founder of all our fortunes; the Horatio Alger who rose from near starvation to being the founder and president of two small banks and one of the wealthier men in Clinton County – all in a little over 40 years.

All of us who have brought these accounts to you would hope that you will duplicate them, add to them and pass them on to your children and grandchildren in turn, as they have come to us. Do it soon! Most of us only become interested in these matters somewhat after age 50

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\* - Unfortunately, although Emily undertook several lines of inquiry, she never collated materials she inherited from Beulah. The raw materials lay largely undisturbed in her basement for three decades. Completion of her task had to await my giving the matter concentrated attention in 2011-12. The task required approximately six months of more-or-less continual effort.

<sup>†</sup> - These numbers have changed with the most recent genealogical now available to us. For example, the Bates ancestors have been extended back one additional generation, to "David Bates," born in Rhode Island and who died in the War of 1812.

which is close to the age when we are too old to put it down. There are a hundred questions I would like to ask my forebears about the matters here; there are a thousand anecdotes lost forever and I – like you – have uncounted memories yet to be written down.

Richard C. Bates  
Lansing, Michigan  
October, 1981

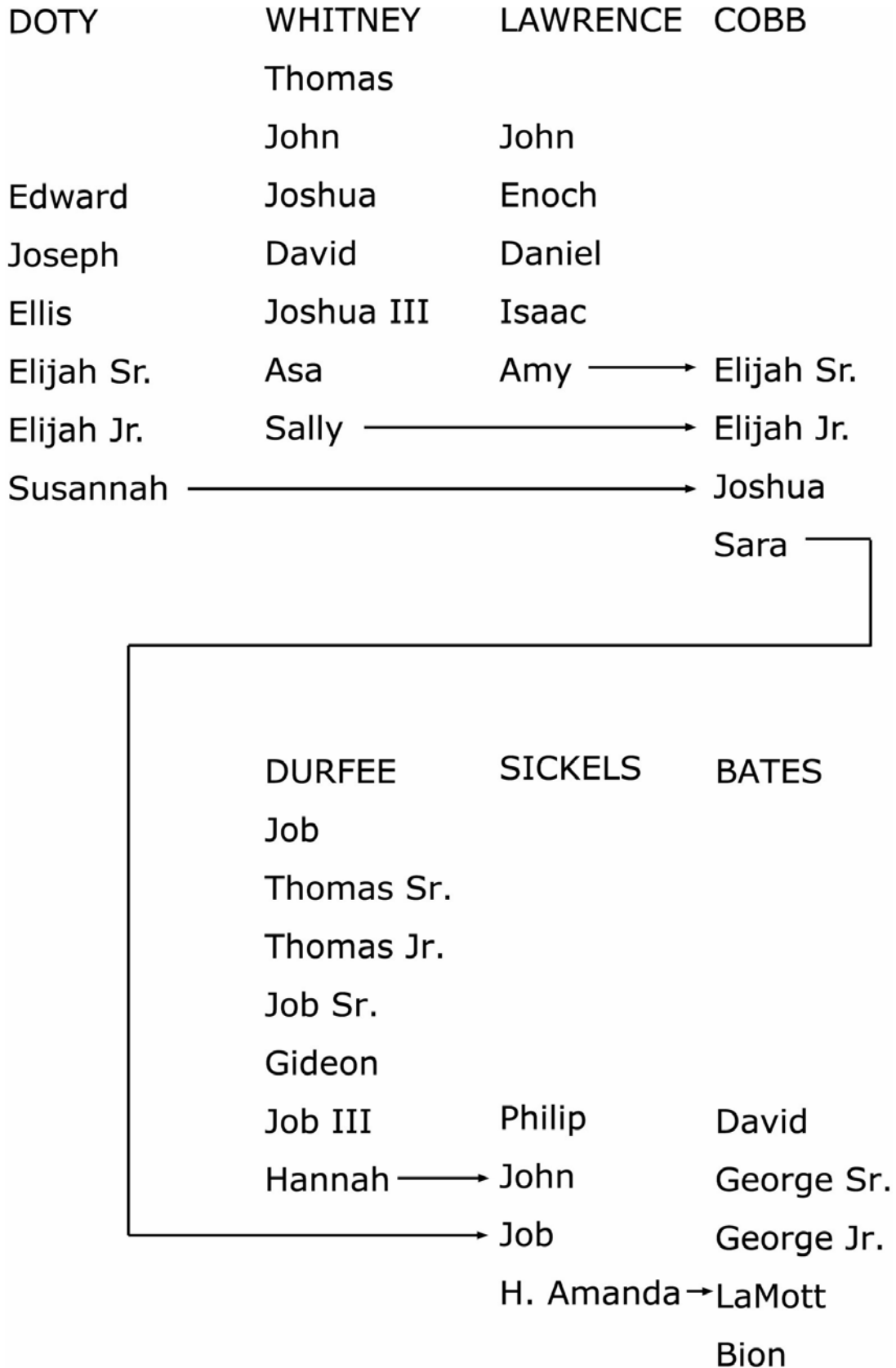
## **PREFACE TO 2012 REVISION**

This document contains the fruits of extraordinary research. Nevertheless, time and knowledge have marched on, and we know more now than was known as of Richard Bates's compilation in 1981. Modern Internet search technology permits us to uncover more (and sometimes better) genealogical information, and the effort of hundreds of unknown persons, researching their own family trees, brings together great quantities of relevant data unknown in decades past.

Except where something said is blatantly incorrect in light of current knowledge and research, I have left Richard's writing largely alone, limiting myself to totally replacing his genealogical tables (because for them we do have much new and better information) and revising his formatting. I have generally used footnotes to add new or revised information. I have also added a few photographs of ancestors, when we have them.

Stephen Haynes  
Minneapolis, MN  
May 2012

# RELATIONSHIP AMONG THE FAMILIES



## THE DOTY FAMILY GENEALOGY

**Edward Doty** b: 1595 in Suffolk, England, d: 23 Aug 1655 in Plymouth, Massachusetts

m. Faith Clarke b: 1619 in Suffolk, England, m: 16 Jan 1635 in Plymouth, Massachusetts, d: 21 Dec 1675 in Marshfield, Plymouth, Massachusetts

Thomas Doty b: 1641 in Plymouth, Plymouth, Massachusetts, d: Dec 1678 in Plymouth, Plymouth, Massachusetts

m. Mary Churchill b: 01 Aug 1654 in Plymouth, Plymouth, Massachusetts, m: Bef. 1675 in Plymouth, Plymouth, Massachusetts

Hannah Doty b: 16 Dec 1675 in Duxbury, Plymouth, Massachusetts, d: 12 Apr 1764 in Duxbury, Plymouth, Massachusetts

m. Jonathan Delano b: Dec 1675 in Duxbury, Plymouth, Massachusetts, m: 12 Jan 1698 in Duxbury, Plymouth, Massachusetts, d: 06 Jan 1765 in Duxbury, Plymouth, Massachusetts (**Jonathan was grandson of Miles (or Myles) Standish, leader of the Pilgrims**)<sup>\*</sup>

**Joseph Doty** b: 30 Apr 1651 in Plymouth, Massachusetts, d: 1732 in Rochester, Plymouth, Massachusetts

m. Deborah Ellis b: 1652 in Soituate, Massachusetts, m: 1673 in Plymouth, Massachusetts, d: 21 Jun 1711 in Rochester, Plymouth, Massachusetts

Ellis Doty b: 16 Apr 1677 in Sandwich, Barnstable, Massachusetts, d: 1728 in Rochester, Monroe, New York

m. Ellinor b: 1686, m: 1704 in Rochester, Plymouth, Massachusetts, d: 1744

Elijah Doty I b: 01 Jan 1717/18 in Rochester, Plymouth, Massachusetts, d: Apr 1803 in Albany, Albany, New York

m. Susannah Ferris b: 08 Nov 1732 in Quaker Hill, Dutchess, NY, m: 1748 in Oblong, Dutchess, New York, d: 1825 in Albany, Albany, New York

Elijah Doty II b: 01 Apr 1761 in The Oblong, Dutchess County, New York, d: 05 Feb 1822 in Porter, Niagara, New York

m. Eve Teachout b: Aug 1766 in Oblong, Dutchess, New York, m: 1792 in Oblong, New York, d: 1827

**Susannah Doty** b: 13 Aug 1791 in Half Moon Point, Dutchess, New York, d: 05 Apr 1881 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan

m. **Joshua Whitney Cobb** b: 18 Nov 1786 in Canaan, Litchfield, Connecticut, m: 28 May 1815 in Brighton, Franklin, New York, d: 02 May 1851 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan

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<sup>\*</sup> - Recent (2012) research lead to discovery of this alternate path to another Mayflower ancestor, albeit indirectly,

## THE DOTY FAMILY

Our Mayflower ancestor was Edward Doty, born in London in 1599.\* He came to these shores, of course, in 1620, as an indentured servant, or bondsman, to Stephen Hopkins. He was impetuous and often in trouble. In fact, he was about to leap ashore as the first to land until restrained by the Captain. He was the fortieth man to sign the Mayflower Compact and took part in the first battle with the Indians on December 8, 1620 when 20 Englishmen put to flight about 30 savages. He was a principal in the first duel, fought on June 18, 1621 with Edward Leicester.

Litigious he must have been. On January 3, 1633 the Court ordered him to settle with William Bennett who claimed not to have been paid three pounds of beaver for a filch of bacon. At that same time, Edward sued another for payment of a bill for lumber and, in April, he was fined 50 shillings for calling Bennett a rogue, of which 30 shillings went to the King and 20 to Bennett.

Later, a “jewry” acquitted him of a charge of wrongfully appropriating a hog, but within a year he and Josias Cooke were each fined six shillings, eight pence for breaking the peace and Edward drew an additional three shillings, four pence for bloodying fogies’s nose.

Marriage to Faith Clark on January 16, 1635 had only a moderately steady influence. By now he was a man of some property, paying in 1634 three shillings more in taxes than John Alden. Faith was the daughter of Thurston Clarke and Faith Loes, born in Ipswich, England in 1619 and came to America with her parents on the ship “Francis.” She was 20 years younger than Edward and bore him eight or nine children of whom Joseph was our forebear.

But to get back to Edward, there were continued deals with the law albeit of a milder nature. A man apprenticed to Edward for ten years had his indenture cut to five upon his complaint that he had not been given all the clothes his contract called for. The whole court session of February 1, 1642 was devoted to three of Doty’s cases. Gov-

ernor Bradford presided; Edward Winslow, Thomas Prince and Captain Miles Standish were present. In the first case, Edward was directed to pay three pounds due to John Jenney; in the second, George Clarke was directed to pay his debt to Doty and, finally, he was warned to mind his roaming cattle. Later, he had to pay Edward Grey and Samuel Cutbert each a bushel of corn for damage done to their gardens by his calves. In 1647, when Doty was nearly 50, he was fined seven shillings and costs for taking wood from the land of Samuel Cutbert.

He died August 23, 1655 at age 56, after which Faith remarried, on 3/14/1667, John Phillips of Doxbury. She died in December, 1675 and is buried in Marshfield, Mass.

Joseph Doty<sup>†</sup> was a surveyor and, by 1690, a large land owner in Rochester, Massachusetts. His second wife, Deborah, was the daughter of Walter Hatch and Eliza Holbrook.<sup>‡</sup>

Deborah’s oldest, Ellis, lived in Rochester, too, and Ellis’s youngest, Elijah, along with his second wife, Susannah Ferris, were both Quaker preachers in Albany, New York. Susannah died in Albany and Elijah in Peekskill, N.Y.

Elijah, Jr. married Eva Teachout in Dutchess County, New York.<sup>§</sup> Their second child was a civilian prisoner at Halifax and died of dysentery there in the War of 1812. Hiram was unmarried, foolish and died of smallpox. Elijah, Jr. was a

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<sup>†</sup> - At the time Richard wrote, he did not know that Edward’s granddaughter Hannah Doty married the grandson of Miles Standish. For that reason, I have included his son Thomas in the genealogical table shown on the previous page.

<sup>‡</sup> - More recent genealogical research shows that Joseph’s wife Deborah Ellis, daughter of John Ellis and Elizabeth Freeman, was mother to Ellis, the next in sequence.

<sup>§</sup> - “Teachout” was an Anglicization of the family’s Dutch name, “Tietsoort,” a long line of New York Dutch reaching back in all branches to the 1620s. Other family names: Jong Haus, Meesz, Van Heyningen, Kiersen, Van Norden, Jacobszen, Vandervoort, Wolters, and Jans.

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\* - Research now shows 1595.



farmer in Youngstown, N.Y. near Lake Ontario. Son William farmed in Ransomville, N.Y. and eventually moved to St. Johns, Michigan where he died. John died in Howell, Michigan and Ferris was killed at a mill raising in Lenawee, Michigan.

Susannah Doty married Joshua Cobb, which takes the Doty family into the Cobb line.



*Susannah Doty Cobb*

## THE WHITNEY FAMILY GENEALOGY

- 1 Thomas Whitney b: Abt. 1550, d: 18 May 1637 in Westminster, London, England, United Kingdom  
m. Mary Bray b: 1560 in Westminster, London, England, United Kingdom, m: 12 May 1583 in London, London, England, d: 25 Sep 1629 in Westminster, Eng.
- 2 **John Whitney** b: 20 Jul 1592 in Westminster, London, England, d: 01 Jun 1673 in Watertown, Middlesex, Massachusetts  
m. Elinor Bray b: Abt. 1605 in London, London, , England, d: 01 Jun 1673
- 3 **Joshua Whitney** b: 15 Aug 1635 in Watertown, Middlesex, MA, d: 01 Aug 1719 in Groton, Middlesex, Massachusetts  
m. Abigail Tarball b: 1650 in Watertown, Middlesex Co., Massachusetts, m: 30 Sep 1672 in Watertown, Middlesex, Massachusetts, d: 07 Aug 1719 in Groton, Middlesex Co., Massachusetts
- 4 **David Whitney** b: 1682 in Groton, Middlesex, Massachusetts, d: 27 Oct 1769 in Canaan, Litchfield, Connecticut  
m. **Elizabeth Warren** b: 07 Jun 1693 in Chelmsford, Middlesex, Massachusetts, m: 20 Jan 1712 in Canaan, Litchfield, Connecticut, d: 28 Jul 1767 in Canaan, Litchfield, Connecticut
- 5 Joshua Whitney III b: 11 Oct 1718 in Plainfield, Windham, Connecticut, d: 10 Feb 1761 in Plainfield, Windham, Connecticut  
m. Amy Blodgett b: 16 Feb 1723 in Plainfield, Windham, Connecticut, m: 08 Apr 1743 in Canaan, Litchfield, Connecticut, d: 24 Dec 1819 in Canaan, Litchfield, Connecticut
- 6 Asa Whitney b: 26 Feb 1743 in Preston City, New London, Connecticut, d: 10 Aug 1803 in Pittsfield, Berkshire, Massachusetts  
m. Sarah Barnes b: 1747 in Preston City, New London, Connecticut, m: 05 Aug 1762, d: 1775 in Preston, New London, Connecticut
- 7 **Sally Whitney** b: 01 Feb 1766 in Preston City, New London, Connecticut, d: 13 Jun 1825 in Berkshire, Tioga, New York  
m. **Elijah William Cobb Jr.** b: 24 Sep 1765 in Canaan, Litchfield, Connecticut, m: 27 Feb 1786 in Canaan, Litchfield, Connecticut, d: 12 May 1816 in Berkshire, Tioga, New York
- 3 **John Whitney** b: 14 Sep 1621 in Islesworth, Middlesex, England, d: 12 Oct 1692 in Watertown, Middlesex, Massachusetts  
m. Ruth Reynolds b: 1623 in Aylesford, Kent, England, d: 27 May 1695 in Watertown, Middlesex, Massachusetts
- 4 **Ruth Whitney** b: 15 Apr 1645 in Watertown, Middlesex, Massachusetts, d: 28 Sep 1744 in Drowned, Charlestown Middlesex, MA  
m. **Enoch Lawrence** b: 05 Mar 1648 in Groton, Middlesex, Massachusetts, m: 06 Mar 1677 in Watertown, Middlesex, Massachusetts, d: 28 Sep 1744 in Groton, Middlesex, Massachusetts
- 5 Daniel Lawrence b: 07 Mar 1681 in Groton, Middlesex, Massachusetts, d: 08 May 1777 in Canaan, Litchfield, Connecticut  
m. Sarah Counts b: 1682 in Groton, New London, Connecticut, m: 1701 in Groton, Middlesex, MA, d: 26 Jan 1712 in Plainfield, Windham, Connecticut
- 6 Isaac J. Lawrence b: 25 Feb 1705 in Hewitt, Passaic, New Jersey, d: 02 Dec 1793 in Canaan, Litchfield, Connecticut  
m. Lydia Hewitt b: 04 Nov 1707 in Stonington, New London, Connecticut, m: 19 Dec 1727 in Canaan, Litchfield, Connecticut, d: 14 Nov 1767 in Canaan, Litchfield, Connecticut

- 7 **Amy Lawrence** b: 08 Dec 1734 in Plainfield, Windham, Connecticut, d: 17 Feb 1815 in Canaan, Litchfield, Connecticut
- m. **Elijah William Cobb I** b: 30 Jun 1734 in Canterbury, Windham, Connecticut, m: 30 Mar 1760, d: Mar 1809 in Canaan, Litchfield, Connecticut
- 8 **Elijah William Cobb Jr.** b: 24 Sep 1765 in Canaan, Litchfield, Connecticut, d: 12 May 1816 in Berkshire, Tioga, New York
- m. **Sally Whitney** b: 01 Feb 1766 in Preston City, New London, Connecticut, m: 27 Feb 1786 in Canaan, Litchfield, Connecticut, d: 13 Jun 1825 in Berkshire, Tioga, New York
- 4 **Elizabeth Whitney** b: 09 Jun 1656 in Watertown, Middlesex, Massachusetts, d: 1699 in Watertown, Massachusetts
- m. Daniel Warren b: 06 Oct 1653 in Watertown, Middlesex, Massachusetts, d: 1713 in Weston, Middlesex, Massachusetts
- 5 **Elizabeth Warren** b: 07 Jun 1693 in Chelmsford, Middlesex, Massachusetts, d: 28 Jul 1767 in Canaan, Litchfield, Connecticut
- m. **David Whitney** b: 1682 in Groton, Middlesex, Massachusetts, m: 20 Jan 1712 in Canaan, Litchfield, Connecticut, d: 27 Oct 1769 in Canaan, Litchfield, Connecticut
- 6 Joshua Whitney III b: 11 Oct 1718 in Plainfield, Windham, Connecticut, d: 10 Feb 1761 in Plainfield, Windham, Connecticut
- m. Amy Blodgett b: 16 Feb 1723 in Plainfield, Windham, Connecticut, m: 08 Apr 1743 in Canaan, Litchfield, Connecticut, d: 24 Dec 1819 in Canaan, Litchfield, Connecticut
- 7 Asa Whitney b: 26 Feb 1743 in Preston City, New London, Connecticut, d: 10 Aug 1803 in Pittsfield, Berkshire, Massachusetts
- m. Sarah Barnes b: 1747 in Preston City, New London, Connecticut, m: 05 Aug 1762, d: 1775 in Preston, New London, Connecticut
- 8 **Sally Whitney** b: 01 Feb 1766 in Preston City, New London, Connecticut, d: 13 Jun 1825 in Berkshire, Tioga, New York
- m. **Elijah William Cobb Jr.** b: 24 Sep 1765 in Canaan, Litchfield, Connecticut, m: 27 Feb 1786 in Canaan, Litchfield, Connecticut, d: 12 May 1816 in Berkshire, Tioga, New York
- 4 John Whitney b: 20 Jan 1645 in Southold, Suffolk, New York, d: 11 Oct 1720 in Norwalk, Fairfield, Connecticut
- m. Elizabeth Smith b: 1655 in Norwalk, Fairfield, Connecticut, d: 03 Apr 1741 in Norwalk, Fairfield, Connecticut
- 5 Joseph Whitney b: 01 Mar 1678 in Norwalk, Fairfield, Connecticut, d: 03 Apr 1741 in Norwalk, Fairfield, Connecticut
- m. Hannah Hoyt b: 1685 in Norwalk, Fairfield, Connecticut, d: 1734 in Norwalk, Fairfield, Connecticut
- 6 David Whitney b: 24 Jun 1721 in Norwalk, Fairfield, Connecticut, d: 16 Apr 1816 in New Canaan, Fairfield, Connecticut
- m. Elizabeth Hyatt b: 06 Jun 1718 in Norwalk, Fairfield, Connecticut, d: 28 Oct 1798 in Norwalk, Fairfield, Connecticut
- 7 Ebenezer Whitney b: 08 Aug 1742 in Norwalk, Fairfield, Connecticut, d: 02 Apr 1808 in New Canaan, Fairfield, Connecticut
- m. Ruth Raymond b: 13 Nov 1756 in Norwalk Ct, d: 31 May 1839 in New Canaan, Fairfield,

Connecticut

8 Clarissa Whitney b: 21 Feb 1780 in Norwalk, Fairfield, Connecticut, d: 07 Jul 1869 in Dansville, Ingham, Michigan

m. Lewis Blackman b: 19 Oct 1785 in Stamford, Fairfield, Connecticut, m: 14 Aug 1808 in Wilton, Fairfield, Connecticut, d: 25 Mar 1822 in Cincinnati, Ohio

9 Ann Eliza Blackman b: Abt. 1820, d: 04 Nov 1871 in Vivian, Waseca, Minnesota

m. **Hiram Doty Cobb** b: 06 Apr 1816 in Brighton, Franklin, New York, m: 04 May 1837 in Castile, Wyoming, New York; 1st Wife., d: 25 May 1892 in Groveland, Oakland, Michigan

Note the interweaving of the Whitney, Lawrence and Cobb family lines in the foregoing. One line diverges from Whitneys briefly into a Warren family, then rejoins the family; another line goes from Whitney to Lawrence to Cobb and then remarries back into the Whitney family; Joshua Whitney Cobb, son of Elijah William Cobb, Jr., and Sally Whitney, can trace three distinct paths back to his 4x great grandfather, John Whitney.

None of this complexity was known until modern genealogical research, belying the simplicity of the straight-line descent described in the next section: John → Joshua → David → Joshua III → Asa → Sally, who married our ancestor, Elijah William Cobb, Jr.

(The last line shown above, descending from “4 John Whitney” is a digression, ending in Hiram Doty Cobb, Elijah William Cobb, Jr.’s grandson and brother to our ancestor, Sarah Jane Cobb.)

## THE WHITNEY FAMILY

Thomas Whitney (ca. 1550-1637),\* was father of John, who lived in the Parish of Islenorth-on-the-Thames, opposite Richmond, nine miles from London, between 1619 and January, 1623. The records of "Persons Permitted to Embark at the Port of London after Christmas, 1634" list the following with their ages: John Whitney (35), Elinor W. (30), John (11), Richard (9) Nathaniel (8), Thomas (6) and Jonathan (1).

They settled in Watertown, Massachusetts Colony in June, 1635 where Joshua was born the next month. Father John was admitted to foreman status 3/3/36 and was elected a selectman of the town the

next year. He held that office until he became the town clerk in 1655. On June 1, 1641 he was appointed constable by the General Court meeting at Boston. Constables collected taxes, court levies, paid the town's bills, supplied sealed weights and measures, kept order and inflicted judicial authority. They were required to carry a black staff five feet long with a tip, or head, five inches long.

The death of John Whitney is registered at the Watertown church.<sup>†</sup> His will, dated April 3, 1673 follows:

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\* - Richard Bates's original text began, "Queen Mary knighted Sir Robert Whitney in 1553. His son, Thomas, ..." Unfortunately, this is another family fantasy (not Richard's fault — it was handed down to him) that has since been disproved. An authoritative [web source](#) says, "Thomas was *not* the son of Robert Whitney, third son of [Sir Robert and Sybil \(Baskerville\) Whitney](#) of Whitney, Herefordshire, as has been widely reported." Authorities cited in the footnote to that sentence: "The purported paternal grandparents of Thomas Whitney were originally put into doubt on chronological grounds in the article by Donald Lines Jacobus, '[Pre-American Ancestries: John Whitney of Watertown, Mass.](#)' *The American Genealogist*, vol. 10 (1933-1934), pp. 84-88; and were conclusively ruled out in the article by Paul C. Reed, '[Whitney Origins Revisited: John<sup>1</sup> Whitney of Watertown, Massachusetts, and Henry<sup>1</sup> Whitney of Long Island and Norwalk, Connecticut.](#)' *The American Genealogist*, vol. 69 (1994), pp. 9-14."

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<sup>†</sup> - Notwithstanding having destroyed the noble heritage originally thought to apply to John Whitney, his descendants have not done too badly. Even other than the multiple Whitney lines that lead into our own, the Whitney family went on through its male descendants to become one of the most prominent — not to mention wealthy — in America. A full list of notable Whitney descendants may be found in the [Wikipedia article](#).

Regrettably, our own Whitney ancestors must all come from the impoverished side of the family.

I John Whitney Sr. of Watertowne in ye county of midlesex being perfect and sound in my memory and understanding blessed be god for it: I do declare this to be my last will and testament. In maner and form as followeth.

1ly I committ my spirit into ye hands of god yt give it and my body unto the earth from whence it was taken.

2ly I give unto my Son John Whitney; my meadow called beeverbrook meadows with yt upland yt doth appertain there unto: and a yoke of oxen, or nine pounds ten shillings and ten acres of my land called dividant and a trunke and one pair of sheets and one pair of pillows beers and two pewter dishes a great one and a small one and ye bed whereon I lie with all the furniture thereunto belonging.

3ly I give unto my son Richard Whitney my ten acres of land called dividant and two coves and a great sea chest.

4ly I give unto my son Thomas Whitney ten acres of my land called dividant and two coves and a sad colered sute namely a payer of breeches and a close coate and a puter dish.

5ly I give unto my son Jonathan Whitney an iron kitle and a great brass skillet.

6ly I give unto my son Joshua Whitney twenty acres of my land called dividant and a cubbard and a little table and a chest and a great kitle and a warming pan and a skillett.

7ly I give unto my son Benjamin Whitney the old mare if she live.

8ly My will is yt what of my estate be left after all is paid out as ye above namely of my movables yt it be equally divided between my executors and I doe nominate and apoynt my well beloved sones John Whitney and Joshua Whitney to be my executors to this my will and testament and doe set to my hand this 3d of Aprile 1673.

Joshua Whitney was the first son of John and Elinor to be born in America. He was one of the earliest settlers, a deacon and original proprietor of Groton, Mass., and lived there until the city was burned by the Indians during King Philip's War in 1676. He then returned to Watertown where he died in 1719. His will mentions several children whose births are not recorded. He was buried in the old burying ground in Groton and was a soldier, along with his son, Joshua, Jr., in King Philip's War.

In the next generation, David was born in Groton, moved to Plainfield, Connecticut and then to Canaan, Connecticut. After his wife bore him nine children and died, he married a widow then 67 years old and the daughter of Deacon Abraham Memills\* of Hartford, Conn. She died after falling into the fire at age 92.

In Canaan, David was an inn-keeper of the best known tavern in that part of the State. He was a colonel in the military, an active and influential man.

Joshua III, David's third son, was born in Plainfield, Connecticut but eventually moved to Preston, Conn. His wife died at age 96 and bore him eight children. Family tradition says that he was killed by Indians in the French and Indian War near Oswego, N.Y. about 1759.

Joshua III's fourth child, Asa, fought in the Revolutionary War as an armorer in the Connecticut regiment. He was born in Preston, Connecticut in 1743 and married there twice. In 1786 he moved to Pittsfield, Massachusetts where he died in 1803.

By his first wife, Sarah, he had four children, the second of which, Sally, married Elijah William Cobb [Jr.] over some objection from Father Asa who has accordingly been thought by Cobb descendants to have been wealthy and aristocratic.

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\* - Current research shows her to be Prudence Merrill. Richard may have misread the original.

Elijah had been born in Canaan, Conn. in 9/24/1765. They moved to Lennox, Massachusetts and later to Berkshire, New York, where he died in 1816 at age 51. Sally died 6/13/1825 at age 59. They are both interred near the grave of John Brown. The next boy, Shubael, settled in Wisconsin and sired Asa II who is listed as “the projector of the Pacific railroad.”\*

From Asa’s second wife there were George Washington Whitney who lived only three months and twin girls who died at birth. Son James lived in Rensselaer City, N.Y.<sup>†</sup> and Milton lived in Burghamton, N.Y. James Watrous [Whitney] was a noted character in the early days of Pike Co., Illinois. He was known as “Lord Coke” because of his knowledge of law. He taught second school at Atlas but, having no family, was often about Springfield. He was the first circuit and county clerk and held many local offices.

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\* - See [Wikipedia](#).

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<sup>†</sup> - No such place; may have meant Rensselaer, NY, across the Hudson River from Albany.

## THE LAWRENCE FAMILY GENEALOGY

1 **John Lawrence** b: 08 Oct 1609 in Wissett, Suffolk, England, d: 11 Jul 1667 in Groton, Middlesex, Massachusetts,

m: Elizabeth Waters b: 08 Sep 1611 in Norwich, Suffolk, , England, m: 1635 in Watertown, Middlesex, Massachusetts, d: 29 Aug 1663 in Groton, Middlesex, Massachusetts

2 **Enoch Lawrence** b: 05 Mar 1648 in Groton, Middlesex, Massachusetts, d: 28 Sep 1744 in Groton, Middlesex, Massachusetts

m: **Ruth Whitney** b: 15 Apr 1645 in Watertown, Middlesex, Massachusetts, m: 06 Mar 1677 in Watertown, Middlesex, Massachusetts, d: 28 Sep 1744 in Drowned, Charlestown Middlesex, MA

3 Daniel Lawrence b: 07 Mar 1681 in Groton, Middlesex, Massachusetts, d: 08 May 1777 in Canaan, Litchfield, Connecticut

m: Sarah Counts b: 1682 in Groton, New London, Connecticut, m: 1701 in Groton, Middlesex, MA, d: 26 Jan 1712 in Plainfield, Windham, Connecticut

4 Isaac J. Lawrence b: 25 Feb 1705 in Hewitt, Passaic, New Jersey, d: 02 Dec 1793 in Canaan, Litchfield, Connecticut

m: Lydia Hewitt b: 04 Nov 1707 in Stonington, New London, Connecticut, m: 19 Dec 1727 in Canaan, Litchfield, Connecticut, d: 14 Nov 1767 in Canaan, Litchfield, Connecticut

5 **Amy Lawrence** b: 08 Dec 1734 in Plainfield, Windham, Connecticut, d: 17 Feb 1815 in Canaan, Litchfield, Connecticut

m: **Elijah William Cobb I** b: 30 Jun 1734 in Canterbury, Windham, Connecticut, m: 30 Mar 1760, d: Mar 1809 in Canaan, Litchfield, Connecticut



## THE LAWRENCE FAMILY

The name Lawrence goes back to Roman times when St. Lawrence, or Laurentius, was martyred by being broiled on a gridiron on August 10, 258.

Some centuries later, in 1636, John Lawrence, with two brothers, William and Thomas, came to Plymouth Colony from St. Albans, England on the ship "Planter." (Thomas's son, John, became mayor of New York in 1691.) John had 13 children from his first wife, Elizabeth, and in 1660 moved to Groton, Mass. Elizabeth died in 1663; in 1664 he remarried Susannah Batchelor, sired two daughters, and died in 1667; Susannah died in 1668, a busy five years!

The eighth child, Enoch, married a widow, Ruth, whose maiden name was Whitney although she is not listed in our Whitney line.\* Her first husband, John Shattuck had drowned while crossing Charleston Ferry. Enoch lived for 96 years.

Their second son, Daniel, had two children, Daniel Jr. and Captain Isaac Lawrence, by his first wife, and he lived 97 years.

Isaac, their second son, was born in Groton but moved with his parents to Plainfield, Connecticut and then, in June, 1738, took nine days to cut a road through the wilderness in order to bring his family and possessions to Canaan, Connecticut. There, in 1751, he built the Lawrence Tavern which was still in good condition a hundred years later when it served as a reunion site for his descendants.

"Captain" Isaac, as he was known, was six feet tall, primarily a farmer, and owner of 20 slaves, whom he freed upon his death. He superintended the building of the First Congregational Church in Canaan and was a member of the General Assembly of 1765.

His 10th child,<sup>†</sup> Amy, married Elijah Cobb, a wealthy personage of Canaan. Their only child, Elijah, Jr. married Sally Whitney.

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\* - We now know she is a proper Whitney, daughter of the second John (1621-92). See the [Whitney Family Genealogy](#).

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<sup>†</sup> - Fourth, by modern genealogical records.

## THE COBB FAMILY GENEALOGY

1 **Henry Cobb** b: 1605 in Reculver, County Kent, England, d: 03 Jun 1679 in Barnstable, Barnstable, Massachusetts

m: Patience Hurst b: 1611, m: Apr 1631 in Scituate, Plymouth, Massachusetts, d: 04 May 1648 in Scituate, Plymouth, Massachusetts

2 James Cobb b: 14 Jan 1634 in Plymouth, Massachusetts, d: 01 Feb 1695 in Barnstable, Barnstable, Massachusetts

m: Sarah Lewis b: 02 Feb 1644 in Barnstable, Barnstable, Massachusetts, m: 26 Dec 1663 in Barnstable, Barnstable, Massachusetts, d: 11 Feb 1735 in Barnstable, Barnstable, Massachusetts

3 James Cobb II b: 08 Jul 1673 in Barnstable, Barnstable, Massachusetts, d: 03 Jan 1757 in Barnstable, Barnstable, Massachusetts

m: Elizabeth Hallett b: 1678 in Barnstable, Barnstable, Massachusetts, m: 18 Sep 1695 in Barnstable, Barnstable, Massachusetts, d: 01 Apr 1759 in Barnstable, Barnstable, Massachusetts

4 Judah Cobb b: 24 Jun 1712 in Barnstable, Barnstable, Massachusetts

m: Dorothy Unknown

5 **Elijah William Cobb I** b: 30 Jun 1734 in Canterbury, Windham, Connecticut, d: Mar 1809 in Canaan, Litchfield, Connecticut

m: **Amy Lawrence** b: 08 Dec 1734 in Plainfield, Windham, Connecticut, m: 30 Mar 1760, d: 17 Feb 1815 in Canaan, Litchfield, Connecticut

6 **Elijah William Cobb Jr.** b: 24 Sep 1765 in Canaan, Litchfield, Connecticut, d: 12 May 1816 in Berkshire, Tioga, New York

m: **Sally Whitney** b: 01 Feb 1766 in Preston City, New London, Connecticut, m: 27 Feb 1786 in Canaan, Litchfield, Connecticut, d: 13 Jun 1825 in Berkshire, Tioga, New York

## THE COBB FAMILY

[The Cobb Family Genealogy on the preceding page shows four generations prior to Elijah William Cobb I. Those Cobbs were not included in the resources Richard Bates used for his 1981 monograph, so they are not included in the following discussion. They will be included in the Cobb web pages online.]

Elijah Cobb, Jr. lived in Canaan where he was a maker of augers. Sally was but 16\* when they married and became bed ridden soon after which in no way precluded her bearing 11 children, three of whom died in infancy. Both from being the only son of a wealthy father and his own industry, Elijah, Jr. was wealthy until he became mildly insane about 1810 after which, there being no treatment available, he squandered his fortune and mortified his family. After five years of this, he shot himself and died the next day. Joshua and Pamela then raised their younger siblings. (A more complete account of this unusual family is to be found in the appendix).

Joshua, the oldest son, married Susannah Doty. He was a farmer on what was later called Vick's Seed Farm outside Rochester, N.Y. for over 20 years; then formed in Bennington, N.Y.; then came to Elsie, Michigan in 1844. He donated the ground for the old cemetery near the center of Elsie. Shortly thereafter, at age 65, he and the other men of the village had a "bee" to clear trees for the streets. Joshua sat down on a log to rest, "took cold" and died of pneumonia, thus becoming the first occupant of the cemetery he had donated. His wife, Susannah, died at 90.

Joshua's nine children were as follows:

The oldest, Hiram, was a physician, graduating from Eclectic Medical School in Cincinnati. He practiced awhile in Williamston, Michigan (from whence he rode through the night to patch nephew Alvah Sickels head with a silver spoon). In 1866, he went to Vivian, Minnesota, where he

named the Cobb River, and finally settled and eventually died in Janesville, Minnesota.<sup>†</sup>

His obituary says: "Dr. Cobb was a man of more than ordinary intelligence \*\* He had strong convictions of right and was possessed of great force of character. He was an arch foe to the liquor traffic and during his career delivered some telling blows against this great enemy of good government and good morals."

Eliza married a farmer and lived in Ransomville, N.Y. near Niagara Falls and near her sister, Adelia, which enabled them, though six years apart in age, to spend their common birthday together throughout all their lives.

Henry came to Michigan first at age 18 and was responsible for persuading the rest of the Cobb family to move here. He taught school for awhile, went to Louisiana. and taught for a year in 1842, (a letter about his experiences is in the appendix) returned to Northville and farmed a fruit orchard a few years, lived also in Elsie and Farmington and finally settled in Detroit as an insurance salesman.

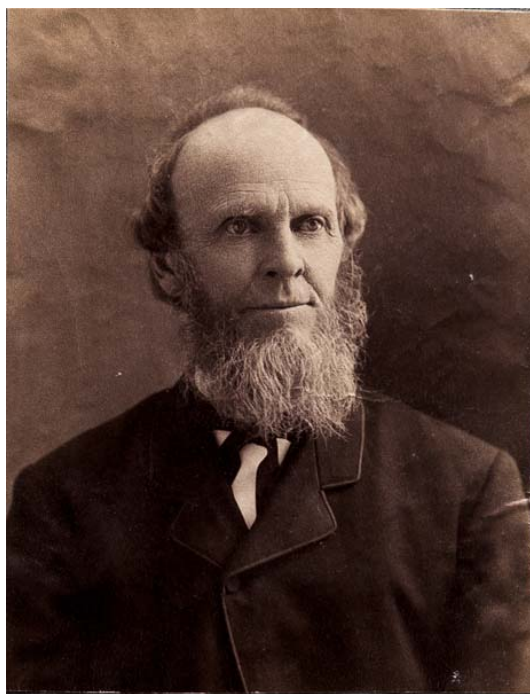
His wife, Phoebe Sayre, was born in Ovid, N.Y. After his death, she had privately printed a leather-bound book about her husband, a copy of which we have in the family archives. Since Henry was a quiet, undistinguished man about whom little was to be said, she devoted the greater part of the book to descriptions of her trips to New York, California, Florida and Cuba after his death. Both of them are buried in Woodlawn Cemetery in Detroit.

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\* - Current data shows her to have been 20.

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<sup>†</sup> - Current research shows his place of death as Groveland, MI, which shows on maps as a rural area SE of Flint.



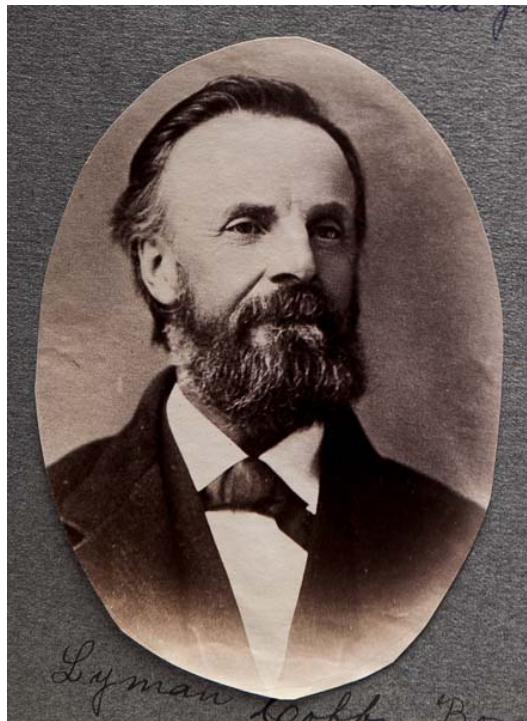
*Henry Parsons Cobb*

Amanda lived in Edinburgh, N.Y., and died of cancer. Adelia lived in Youngstown, N.Y. near Niagara Falls, on a large farm. One of her sons, Frank Baker, became a millionaire hardware dealer in Seattle, Washington. Two other sons were identical twins.



*Amanda Cobb Greenfield*

Lyman named for his Uncle, lived in Duplain, Michigan as a homesteader. When he died of pneumonia at age 61, all the business places in Elsie closed in his honor. He is buried in Elsie. His wife, Susan Hicks, was a daughter\* of Gideon Durfee.



*Lyman Cobb*

Elijah Cobb III came to Elsie from Bennington, N.Y. with his family at the age of 15 and lived on the same farm for 68 years. He married Betsy Ann Sickels the half-sister of Job Durfee Sickels and they celebrated 52 years of marriage before his death at age 82. His four children, Arthur, Willie, Agnes and Gertrude, are buried in Elsie, but only Arthur survived childhood. (Arthur's daughter, Anna, married Dr. Parrish of Ovid). Elijah III was a Master Mason and the Elsie Postmaster for a number of years. Son Arthur lived all of his 75 years on the Elsie family farm where he was born.

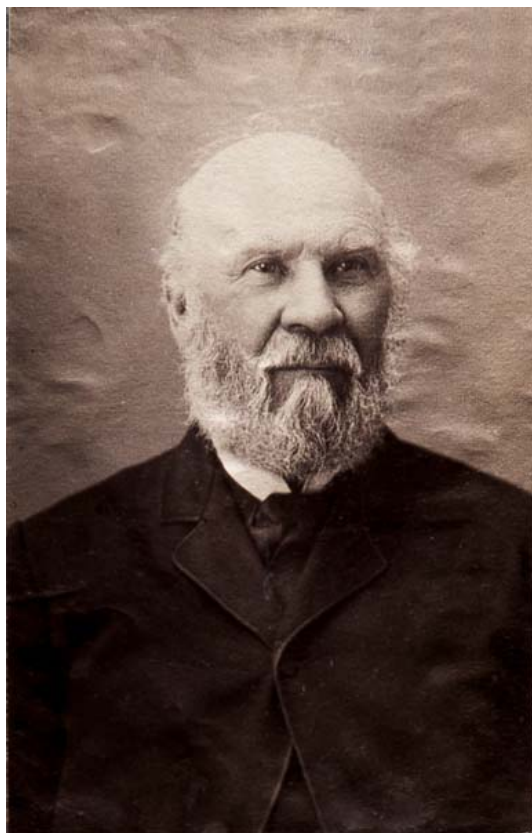
Elijah's wife, Betsy Ann, was born in Palmyra, N.Y. and moved to Northville, Michigan at the age of five. After her father's death in 1839 she moved to Howell. She went to Ypsilanti Normal College and came to Elsie, where her brother Job

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\* - Great granddaughter.



lived, to teach school. She organized the first regular curriculum of reading and mathematics. In the early days of their marriage, Indian squaws boldly entered her Elsie home to examine and exclaim over her belongings. She also recalled helping her husband skin two bear cubs he had shot, the hides being prized for harness leather.



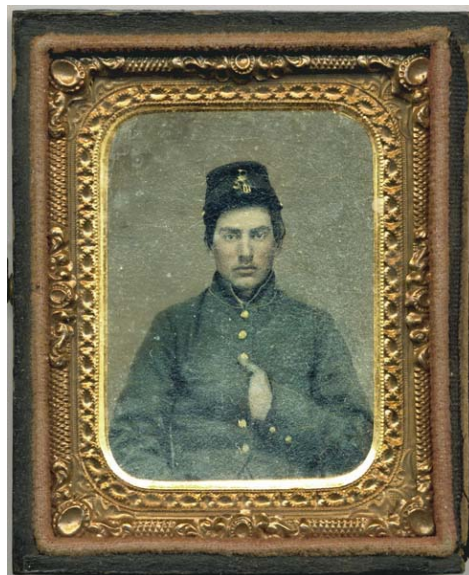
*Elijah Cobb III*

Sarah Jane, our ancestor, was the eighth child of Joshua and Susannah. She came with her parents to Michigan at the age of 13, stopping for a short time in Oakland County where her brother, Henry, had previously located, and then settling near Elsie where there were only four other families. As playmates of her own age there were only two anywhere around, Indian girls, "Mixaqu" and "Wapazoo." Later, when her two sisters from Niagara Falls, Adelia and Eliza, came to visit, her wedding date to Job Sickels was advanced in order that they might be in attendance; she married on June 14, 1849 at age 17.



*Sarah Jane (Cobb) Sickels*

The last child, John, married twice and had only one child who died at age 5.\* He enlisted in the Civil War in the regiment formed by his Uncle William Sickels and died of dysentery after only six months. (See William Sickels.) He was buried in Elsie, age 28.



*John Teachout Cobb*

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\* - Age nine according to current records.

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## THE DURFEE FAMILY GENEALOGY

1 **Thomas Durfee** b: 16 Oct 1643 in Exeter, Devon, England, d: 14 Jul 1712 in Portsmouth, Newport, Rhode Island

m: Deliverance Hall b: 1655 in Portsmouth, Newport, Rhode Island, m: Bef. 1665 in Portsmouth, Newport, Rhode Island, d: 20 Mar 1752 in West Greenwich, Kent, Rhode Island

m: Ann Hill b: 22 Mar 1628 in Bridgetown, Saint Michael, Barbados, m: Abt. 1664 in Portsmouth, Newport County, Rhode Island, d: 1687 in Portsmouth, Newport, Rhode Island

2 **Thomas Durfee II** b: 28 Mar 1669 in Portsmouth, Newport, Rhode Island, d: 24 Feb 1729 in Portsmouth, Newport, Rhode Island

m: Ann Freeborn b: 28 Mar 1669 in Portsmouth, Newport, Rhode Island, m: Bef. 1690 in Portsmouth, Newport, Rhode Island, d: 1729 in Portsmouth, Newport, Rhode Island

3 **Job Durfee** b: Jun 1710 in Portsmouth, Newport, Rhode Island, d: 01 Apr 1774 in Tiverton, Newport, Rhode Island

m: Elizabeth Chase b: 16 Jun 1701 in Portsmouth, Rhode Island, m: 17 Sep 1730, d: 1734 in Portsmouth, Newport, Rhode Island

m: Mary Earle b: 19 Feb 1703 in Portsmouth, Newport, Rhode Island, m: 1734, d: 1759 in Tiverton, Newport, Rhode Island

4 **Gideon Durfee** b: 17 Feb 1738, d: 12 Sep 1814 in Palmyra, Wayne, New York

m: Anna Bowen b: 21 Aug 1738 in Tiverton, Newport, Rhode Island, m: 10 Mar 1757 in Tiverton, Newport, Rhode Island, d: 20 Oct 1821 in Palmyra, Wayne, New York

5 **Job Durfee II** b: 17 Sep 1763 in Tiverton, Newport, Rhode Island, d: 12 Feb 1813 in Palmyra, Wayne, New York

m: Susannah Borden b: 1763 in Taunton, Bristol, Massachusetts, m: Jul 1782 in Tiverton, Newport, Rhode Island, d: 1846 in Palmyra, Wayne, New York

6 **Sally Durfee** b: 28 Feb 1794 in Palmyra, Wayne, New York, d: 19 Nov 1879 in Duplain, Clinton, Michigan

m: Oliver Hicks b: 14 Mar 1794 in Saratoga, New York, d: 14 Aug 1872 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan

6 **Hannah Durfee** b: 06 Mar 1796 in Palmyra, Wayne, New York, d: 21 Aug 1827 in Palmyra, Wayne, New York

m: **John Fran. Sickels** b: 06 May 1792 in Clifton Park, Saratoga, New York, m: 06 Jul 1814 in Palmyra, Wayne, New York, d: 21 Sep 1839 in Northville, Oakland, Michigan

## THE DURFEE FAMILY

Thomas Durfee, Sr. came from England to Portsmouth, R. I. about 1660. He kept an inn, was a Constable in 1687 and a deputy to the Rhode Island Assembly 1691-2. He owned at least one slave.

His third child, Thomas Jr., lived all his life in Portsmouth and, like his father, served in the Rhode Island Assembly from 1707 to 1713. His wife, Anne, was the daughter of Gideon Freeborn and Sarah Brownell and the granddaughter of William Freeborn who came to the Massachusetts Bay Colony on the ship "Francis" in April, 1634. With his wife, Mary, he was expelled because of their religious connections to Rhode Island with Roger Williams.

His tenth child, Job, moved to Liverton, R.I. He, too, served in the General Assembly from 1761 to 1764.\*

From Job's second wife came Gideon who was born in Portsmouth and died in Palmyra, N.Y., a wealthy farmer. Louis Phillipe, King of France, stayed overnight at Gideon Durfee's home when he visited America. He was a lieutenant of militia under the Army of George III, but then became a patriot and served as a Minute Man in Captain Peleg Summon's Company of Colonel Olney's Regiment. His name is to be found on the Hartford, Rhode Island muster roll of 10/23/1781, which qualifies all his direct descendants to membership in the Daughters and Sons of the American Revolution.

Gideon's fourth child, Job, was born in Liverton.† His fifth child, Sally, married Oliver Hicks and had seven children. She, too, eventually lived in Elsie and is buried there. One of her children, Susan, married Lyman Cobb of Elsie.

The next child, Hannah, married John F. Sickels and was our, ancestor. Her younger brother, Borden,‡ lived in Howell, Michigan.

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\* - Modern research shows that Job was Thomas's grandson, not son. He was born in 1710, twenty-three years after Thomas's wife's death. The oldest of Thomas's children, Benjamin, was born in 1679, which would have meant 31 years passed between Benjamin and Job.

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† - Tiverton, Rhode Island.

‡ - Benjamin Borden Durfee.

## THE SICKELS FAMILY GENEALOGY

1 **Phillip Vram Siegel** b: Abt. 1756

m: Catherine Stephenson b: Abt. 1754 in Clifton Park, Saratoga, New York, m: Abt. 1775 in Clifton Park, Saratoga, New York, d: Abt. 1833

2 **John Fran. Sickels** b: 06 May 1792 in Clifton Park, Saratoga, New York, d: 21 Sep 1839 in Northville, Oakland, Michigan

m: **Hannah Durfee** b: 06 Mar 1796 in Palmyra, Wayne, New York, m: 06 Jul 1814 in Palmyra, Wayne, New York, d: 21 Aug 1827 in Palmyra, Wayne, New York

3 **Job Durfee Sickels** b: 15 Feb 1820 in Palmyra, Wayne, New York, d: 07 Apr 1898 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan

m: **Sarah Jane Cobb** b: 01 Oct 1831 in Bennington, Wyoming, New York, m: 14 Jun 1849 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan, d: 07 Feb 1905 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan

4 **Hanna Amanda Sickels** b: 11 Nov 1852 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan, d: 07 Dec 1933 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan

m: **LaMott George Bates** b: 13 Oct 1847 in Liverpool, Ohio, m: 28 May 1873 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan, d: 28 Sep 1939 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan

[See "Descendants of LaMott Bates," p. 42 below for descendants of LaMott George Bates and Hannah Amanda Sickels.]



## DESCENDANTS OF JOB DURFEE SICKELS AND SARA JANE COBB

1 **Job Durfee Sickels** b: 15 Feb 1820 in Palmyra, Wayne, New York, d: 07 Apr 1898 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan

m: **Sarah Jane Cobb** b: 01 Oct 1831 in Bennington, Wyoming, New York, m: 14 Jun 1849 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan, d: 07 Feb 1905 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan

2 John Whitney Sickels b: 13 Jun 1850 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan, d: 21 Jun 1921 in Grand Ledge, Michigan

m: Stella Sheldon b: 28 Mar 1854 in Lorain, Ohio, m: 26 Feb 1873, d: 28 Jun 1941

3 Claud Hugh Sickels b: 16 Apr 1876 in Michigan, d: 13 May 1962 in Bethesda, Montgomery, Maryland; Rockville Cemetery, Rockville, Montgomery County, MD, (Transcription Online)

m: Daisy Charlene Fertich b: 15 Aug 1877 in Indiana, m: 19 Feb 1900, d: 21 Mar 1947 in Bethesda, Montgomery, Maryland; Rockville Cemetery, Rockville, Montgomery County, MD, (Transcription Online)

4 Claud Hugh Sickels Jr. b: 25 Jul 1914 in Barry, Michigan, d: 21 Oct 1994 in Grand Rapids, Kent, Michigan

m: Leah Belle Haack b: 1922 in Grand Rapids, Kent, Michigan, d: 11 Apr 2000 in Wayland, Allegan, Michigan

5 Gary Sickels

m: Living Karston

4 Gayle Elizabeth Sickels b: 02 Jan 1901 in Dunkirk, Jay, Indiana

m: Carl Knighten b: 01 Sep 1895 in Asheville, Buncombe, North Carolina, m: 27 Nov 1942 in Arlington, Alexandria, Virginia

m: Eugene Boyts b: 1906 in Goshen, Elkhart, Indiana, m: 19 Feb 1934 in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, d: 27 Jan 1938 in Goshen, Elkhart, Indiana

5 Gayle Jean Boyts

m: James E Jones m: 22 Jan 1955 in Morningside, Prince George's, Maryland

5 Betty Ann Boyts

m: Daniel Wells m: Sep 1953 in Kingsland, Camden, Georgia

4 Margaret Ruth Sickels

m: Velebny

5 Robert Louis Velebny

4 Helen A. Sickels

4 Dorothea C. Sickels

m: Tony Grasso d: Sep 1961 in Bethesda, Montgomery, Maryland

3 Earl D. Sickels b: 31 Dec 1878, d: 02 Oct 1900 in Grand Ledge, Michigan

3 Fred Leon Sickels b: 27 Feb 1874, d: 23 Sep 1893 in Syracuse, Onondaga, New York

3 Alice Marble Sickels b: 02 Jan 1881

m: Harry Hayler Harvey b: 16 Nov 1875 in Illinois, m: 1914, d: 10 Oct 1950 in Kansas City, Jackson, Missouri

m: Arthur Pratt m: 15 Oct 1902 in Eaton County, Michigan

2 **Hanna Amanda Sickels** b: 11 Nov 1852 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan, d: 07 Dec 1933 in Elsie, Clinton,

Michigan

m: **LaMott George Bates** b: 13 Oct 1847 in Liverpool, Ohio, m: 28 May 1873 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan, d: 28 Sep 1939 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan

[See "Descendants of LaMott Bates," p. 42 below for descendants of LaMott George Bates and Hannah Amanda Sickels.]

2 Emma Josephine Sickels b: 18 Oct 1855 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan, d: 30 Aug 1932 in Detroit, Wayne, Michigan

m: Arthur Hall b: 1851 in London, Ontario, Canada, m: 14 Apr 1875 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan, d: 24 Aug 1920

3 Archie Sickels Hall b: 09 May 1881, d: 24 Apr 1920 in Detroit

m: Mary Tefler b: Elsie, Clinton, Michigan, m: 27 Feb 1909 in Detroit, Wayne, Michigan, d: 1909

m: Louise Curtis b: 1889 in Michigan

4 Marjorie Josephine Hall

m: Unknown Shafer

4 Charlotte Grace Hall

4 Jean Elizabeth Hall

m: Unknown DeBlein

3 Jean Hall

2 Alvah Lyman Sickels b: 24 Apr 1858 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan, d: 20 May 1941

m: Mabel Lazell b: 1863, m: 1890 in St Johns, Clinton, Michigan

m: Carrie L. Craven b: 24 Feb 1862 in Sheldrake, New York, d: 06 Aug 1952 in Middleville, Michigan; Obituary at "Source Citation," right

2 Alice Linda Sickels b: 24 Apr 1858 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan, d: 18 Apr 1943 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan

m: Dewitt E. Andrews b: 01 May 1855, m: 12 May 1886 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan, d: 03 Dec 1931

2 Jennie Rose Sickels b: 26 Jul 1860 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan, d: Mt. Pleasant, Michigan

m: Truman L Parker b: 19 Sep 1859 in Irving, Barry, Michigan, m: 24 Aug 1887 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan, d: 20 Sep 1887 in Detroit, Wayne, Michigan

m: Frank Geddes Thiers b: 17 Aug 1861 in Burlingame, Osage, Kansas USA, m: 12 Nov 1908, d: 24 May 1960

2 Delia Lucile Sickels b: 14 Feb 1870 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan, d: 14 Oct 1956 in Mt. Pleasant, Michigan

m: William Gavin Rankin b: 03 Aug 1869 in Canada, m: 07 Jun 1899 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan, d: 15 Dec 1935 in Mt. Pleasant, Michigan

3 Allan Douglas Rankin b: 12 Aug 1900, d: 15 Dec 1928 in Mt. Pleasant, Michigan

## THE SICKELS FAMILY

Nothing is known about the original immigrant from Holland except that he was named Phillip Vram, or Von, Siegel, born around 1756, married and began to have children at the time of the Revolution. His wife's family lived in Wayne County, New York near Lake Ontario around 1760. Their home was burned by Indians who took her brother, Nicholas, off to Canada. He grew to manhood with the Indians, escaped, and was then of great service to the British because of his knowledge of Indian language and ways. He was rewarded with a tract of land near St. Catharines, Ontario, and fought with the English Tories in the Revolution. Sometime about 1775 he looked up his family who had supposed him long dead. Considering that they were loyal to the American cause, there may have been some embarrassments.

Phillip's son, John F. was born in Clifton Park, Saratoga Co., N.Y. It was he who Americanized the name from Vram Siegel to Sickels\* as he moved his family to Michigan in 1836. The furniture was shipped by boat across Lake Erie, but sank in a storm. The women came overland from Niagara across Canada to Detroit in a big leather coach driven by four to six horses, while the boys, Aaron, Job and John F., drove 20 head of cattle on foot. As they passed through St. Catharines, they were pleased to see several warehouses with the name of Nicholas Stephenson, the Tory brother of Grandma Catherine, but didn't stop to visit. Upon arrival in Michigan, they bought a farm near Northville as well as 560 acres of wild land near Howell, paying for both. John first married Hannah Durfee who died 13 years and five children later. She was the descendant of a Quaker family driven out from Massachusetts with Roger Williams to Rhode Island. Her father and three uncles came to New York where they bought large tracts of land from the Indians and from the Holland Land company in Wayne County, New York. In 1840, 204 Durfees living in that county voted for Harrison for president!

John lived only two years after arriving in Michigan and he and Hannah are both buried in Northville, while John's second wife, Betsey Smalley, is buried in Plymouth.

We have information about three of John and Hannah's boys, all born in Palmyra, N.Y., coming to Michigan with their step-mother, Betsey Smalley, in 1836. The oldest, Aaron, married his step-mother's daughter Harriett, and had three children. He then married a widow and had three more.<sup>†</sup> He was a miller, a merchant, surveyor, and, with his brother Job, laid out the village of Elsie where they later were in partnership in the store. Aaron donated three lots for the First Methodist Church in Elsie where his niece, Amanda, was later married. When his brother, Job, was elected a representative to the State legislature in 1865, because of Job's illness Aaron successfully ran for the office and took his place. He died in Perrington, Michigan at age 72, leaving five children and 13 grandchildren.

Job Durfee Sickels, Amanda Bates' father, settled with his parents in Northville until his father died in 1839. Thereafter, he lived in Howell and in Wayne County before coming to an 80 acre farm in Duplain Township, Clinton County in 1847. The next year he met and married Sara Jane Cobb, age 17, from Bennington, N.Y. He and brother Aaron started a general store near the Maple River, hauling in merchandise by ox team from Detroit. He kept the store until 1884. He was elected township supervisor first in 1851 and re-elected 13 times. Since the Supervisors originally met in DeWitt, he walked the distance from Duplain through the forest for each meeting. He was Postmaster of Elsie from 1861 to 1881, Justice of the Peace for 8 years, Township Clerk and Township Treasurer. He was a Quaker, but served many years as a trustee for the Methodist church. During the Civil War he was appointed County Guardian to War Widows and Orphans. He and his brother, Wil-

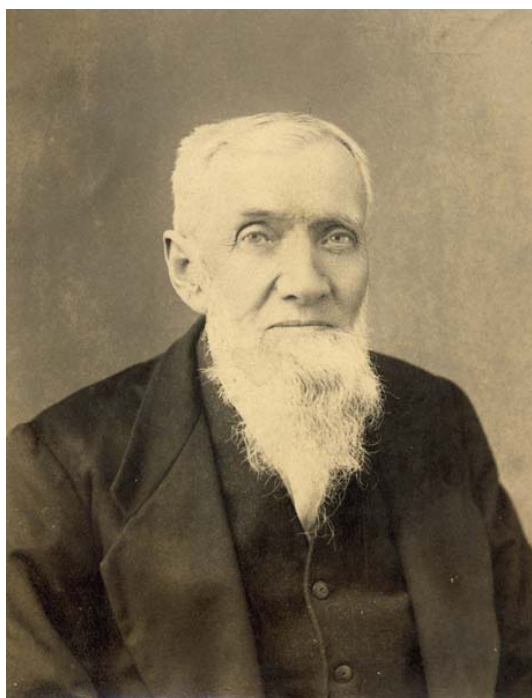
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\* - The original of this monograph used the spelling "Sickles." I have changed that to "Sickels" to accord with modern genealogical records.

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<sup>†</sup> - The widow's name was Martha Jane Finch; her first husband had been Isaac Horner Craven, whom she married in 1860. He died in 1862, and she married Aaron Sickels in 1866.

liam, were commissioned by the Governor to lay out the State Road through swamps for 20 miles north of Elsie. In July, 1885, while returning from a Supervisor's meeting in St. Johns, he fell from the railroad platform in Owosso and received a permanent injury to his hip. Because he was a Quaker, he did not collect debts to his store or go to law, so he lost large amounts of money to people who took advantage of his good nature. He died one year short of his 50th wedding anniversary, after which his widow went to Detroit to live with her daughter, Emma Hall, until her death there at age 73.



*Job Durfee Sickels*



*Aaron Sickels*

The third son, William Sickels was a surveyor and a powerful man, once lifting a barrel of pork with his teeth, on a wager. When his father's estate was settled in 1841, he began going to school and teaching for 12 years. He bought 160 acres of land in Duplain Township, traded that to his brother, Job, for some of the Howell land, next moved to Wyandotte where he opened a store in 1854, went back to Elsie to his brother's store and, in 1858, bought a half interest in the "Clinton Republican" paper of St. Johns. The next year the paper burned, so he went to Elsie to start farming, but was elected County Register of Deeds, so he returned to St. Johns.



William Sickels

In 1862 he and two other men raised a company for the 23rd regiment of volunteers so successfully that the Governor asked them to raise another. They and the two companies then proceeded to Louisville, Ky., but the War Department had failed to provide tents, with the result that they camped in an old brick yard during a cold rain storm. Much sickness resulted so that by the time they reached Bowling Green, Lieutenant Sickels had pneumonia and was sent home where it took several years to recover his health.

His wife, Isabel, took over the Register of Deeds office in his absence, the first woman in Michigan to do such work. Upon his recovery, William was elected County Clerk and, next, Probate Judge and then was appointed Clerk of the Michigan Senate. Next, he spent 12 years in the Post Office Department in Washington. During this time, President Grant offered him the Governorship of Idaho and, later, the Chinese Ambassador asked him to come there to reform the postal service, but he chose instead to return to a farm in Gratiot County where he established the town of Sickels. They celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary in

1896. One of their daughters, Hettie Eliza, married a Warner Abbott and had two children, William and Francis. When William was two, his father died of T.B. Hettie remarried a Mr. Weaver. When William was nine, his mother and sister died of T.B.; shortly thereafter, his step father went the same way. William, the only survivor, went to live with his grandparents, William Sr. and Isabel, but by age 14 it was apparent that he, too, was infected. He died at his grandparents' home at age 16.

Others of their four children were a lawyer in Seattle, Washington, Dennis Kingsley Sickels; the wife of an Alma lawyer, Anna Sickels Winton; and a farmer near Maple Rapids, William C. Sickels.

Job Sickels and Sarah Jane Cobb had seven children, all of whom survived infancy, a remarkable thing in those times. The first born, always called by his middle name, Whitney, was, peculiarly never mentioned to any of us that we can remember, but Florence Bates Peters remembers him, possibly because he lived, and is buried in, Grand Ledge where she lives.

Whitney had difficulty finding a niche. He lived in Elsie until age 35, lived for awhile in Carson City, then in Muir, engaged in business in Elsie with his younger brother, Alvah, drilling wells for water and, at one point, drove with his family a covered wagon to Kansas to homestead. Once there, he was driven out by the horrible plague of grasshoppers that ate everything in sight, even the green stripes in women's clothing, contaminated all open water supplies, and changed the flavor of the meat of the chickens that gorged upon them. He returned to Elsie, Michigan and finally came to Grand Ledge where he farmed and sold heating oil. He was a member of the Masonic Lodge for 50 years.





*John Whitney Sickels*

Whitney was the father of Claude Sickels who was frequently mentioned and was the only male to carry on the Sickels name. Whitney had two other sons, Fred and Earle, who might have done as well had they not both died separately at ages 19 and 21 of that dreadful scourge, typhoid fever. Fred had worked for the railroad for three years and died in that work in Syracuse, N.Y. His parents brought the body back to Elsie and buried it there, a notable feature of the funeral being a large wreath in the form of a broken train wheel from The Railroad Brethren.

Claude had one son, Claude, Jr., who also lived in Grand Rapids and two daughters who worked for the Government and lived in Bethesda. Claude Jr. had a son, Gary, who had a son, Patrick Gary Sickels born 10/5/1968, the sole bearer of the Sickels name from this branch of the family back to Job Durfee.

Amanda, wife of LaMott and our ancestor, was the next child of Job and Sarah Jane. Then came Emma Josephine, who married Arthur Hall. When Mr. Hasty left Elsie and sold out the store

to LaMott, Mr. Hall went with Mr. Hasty to Detroit and worked in his various enterprises for 45 years in all. In Detroit, their only child, Archie, was born. Archie and Bion were three years apart in age and as young men enjoyed each other's company very much, whenever the distance between Elsie and Detroit allowed. At one time they took a canoe trip together down the Au Sable River from Mio to Port Huron in what was then almost unspoiled wilderness broken by occasional power dams.\*



*Emma Josephine (Sickels) Hall*

Archie graduated in Engineering from the University of Michigan, (Bion started in Engineering at Albion three years later but switched to older brother Clare's choice of Dentistry) and was in charge of the drafting department of Detroit Edison. His first wife, an Elsie girl, died childless after one year of marriage. The second was the daughter of a physician in Saginaw and bore three daughters before Archie died of T.B. at age 39 in 1920. The second wife then remarried and had one more child, a son, Curtis Behrens.

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\* - Photographs from that canoe trip are to be found in the [Miscellaneous photo collection](#).

Emma returned to Elsie in her last years but she, Arthur Hall, and Archie were all buried in Riverside Cemetery in Detroit.

Next to be born were twins, Alice and Alvah, called Al.

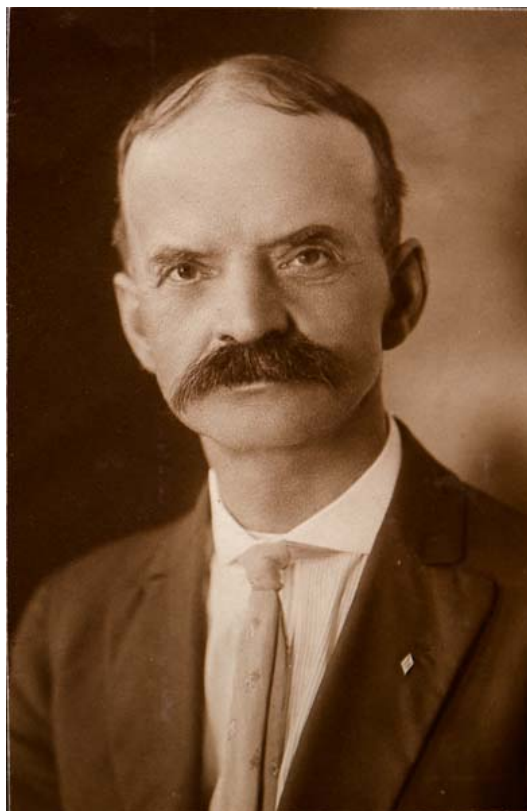
Alice married DeWitt Andrews who was born in West Moreland, N.J.,\* graduated from Utica Business College and worked for the Detroit Lubricator company for 36 years. He met Alice in Detroit where she was a school teacher. Upon his retirement, they lived in Peekskill, New York three years, and then came to Elsie where he preceded Alice in death by twelve years. They were childless.



*Alice (Sickels) Andrews*

Alvah lived his life in Elsie working at various enterprises, mainly buying eggs and chickens from the farms in three counties and shipping them to the Detroit market. He divorced his first wife, a rare and somewhat shameful event in those days, and remarried Carrie. Carrie had been deaf since

birth and was the widow, with one child, Minnie, of a Mr. Coon. A son of that marriage died in infancy. Alvah, too, was childless but raised Minnie Coon as his own. Minnie taught handicapped children in Detroit for many years until she married, late in life, to a Danish emigrant and cheese maker, Peter Petersen.



*Alvah Sickels*

At age 6, Alice and Alvah were crossing the street in Elsie when a run-away team of horses struck Alvah, fracturing his skull. Grandmother Sickels had a brother, Hiram, who was a practicing physician in Williamston, Michigan. Since there was no other means of communication, a man was sent on horseback to bring the doctor. No anesthetic was needed for the unconscious boy as the particles of bone were removed from the hole on the top of his head. The bowl of a sterling spoon was hammered flat for a patch and the skin closed over it. Years later, his nephew, Bion, used his dental x-ray machine to demonstrate that the plate was still there. Indeed, Alice and Alvah achieved a sort of local fame by celebrating their 83rd birthday together. Alvah died of a stroke a month later; Alice lived two more years.

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\* - Census records say he was born in NY.

The next child was Jennie Rose. She was a teacher in the Elsie Schools and married the Superintendent of Schools, Professor Truman L. Parker. Parker had graduated with honors from Hastings High School and had worked himself through Michigan Agricultural College (now MSU) acquiring a B.S. degree in 1885. He was engaged to come to Elsie by a local druggist and Secretary of the School Board, Frank Thiers. After two years, he married Jennie just before school opened, on August 24, 1887. He taught one week, fell ill of typhoid fever while teaching a Sunday School class, went home and died September 20th, one month from his wedding day, one day after his 28th birthday.

Subsequently, Jennie worked in an office in Detroit and 21 years later married that same Frank Thiers, by then a widower with three children whom she raised, but had none of her own.\* They lived most of their married life in Mt. Pleasant and spent winters in Wilbur-by-the-Sea, Florida.



*Jennie Rose (Sickels)(Parker) Thiers*

Last was Delia Lucille, called "Dede." Dede taught school, too, and then married a brilliant, if somewhat erratic, Canadian-born pharmacist, William Rankin, educated in Toronto. By age 24, Will was Assistant Superintendent of the Frederick Stearns Drug Company, a large manufacturer similar to Parke-Davis, in Detroit. He was also a professor of "Pharmacognosy" at the Detroit College of Medicine for four years. He rose to Superintendent but was let out on a generous pension at age 47, after 23 years, for reasons unknown. He then moved to Mt. Pleasant where his wife's sister, Jennie Thiers, was living and stayed there, wintering also at Wilbur-by-the-Sea, until his death 19 years after retirement at age 66. He traveled extensively, sometimes alone, and collected many keepsakes which have come down to the family. They had one son, Douglas, who was born normal but developed meningitis at age one which left him permanently handicapped. His highest achievement was to learn properly how to set the table. He was always well behaved so that it was never necessary to institutionalize him. He died at the age of 28 of a cerebral hemorrhage and is buried in Mt. Pleasant.

So this remarkably barren generation passed. John lost two of four children before they could bear issue. Alice, Alvah and Jennie were childless. Emma and Dede had one child each. But for Hannah Amanda's five, (one of them, Harold, was childless) there would be few left to read these archives, carefully assembled by Alice, Dede and Jennie. Except for Whitney, the Sickels children were always close to each other. Emma, Alice and Jennie lived in Detroit for a while; in later years Amanda, Dede and Jennie wintered together in Florida, four lived in Elsie and two in Mt. Pleasant. Of them all, Amanda was the only one not touched by tragedy.

Amanda's children were an integral part of this extended family, Ruth Oren taking her Aunt Dede into her home in her later years and Bion and Clyde looking after the fortunes of the Elsie inhabitants.

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\* - All online genealogical records show "Jennie Thiers" as biological mother of the three children.



## DESCENDANTS OF DAVID BATES

Due to a number of factors ancestors of David Bates have been difficult if not impossible to identify. Florence Hendricks, Clyde Bates's granddaughter, researched possibilities in 1986-88 and developed a plausible lineage. Fruit of that research is shown here, with the very serious proviso that it is speculative, and we may never be able to confirm David's ancestors. The first four Bates generations are based on solid genealogy — it is the link between David Bates (1740-1811) and our known David Bates (1769-1813) that requires the leap of faith. After the bar appears the genealogy of which we are very certain.

1 **Francis Bates** b: Bef. 13 Jul 1627 in Haydon, Lincolnshire, England, d: Unknown in Probably Wickford (N. Kingstowne), Rhode Island

m: Anne Oldham b: 1634 in England, m: 1661 in Ipswich, Essex, Massachusetts, d: Unknown in Probably Rhode Island

2 Francis Bates b: 08 Jan 1668 in Topsfield, MA, d: Aft. 1740 in North Kingstown, Washington, Rhode Island

m: Mary Burges b: 1670 in North Kingstown, Washington, Rhode Island, d: Apr 1726 in North Kingstown, Washington, Rhode Island

3 Daniel Bates b: Abt. 1687 in Prob. North Kingstown, Washington, Rhode Island, d: Bef. Nov 1749

m: Hannah

4 **David** (provisional) **Bates** b: 23 Jun 1740 in North Kingstown, Washington, Rhode Island, d: 1811

5 **David Bates** b: Abt. 1769 in Rhode Island, d: 25 Dec 1813 in New London, Connecticut; Died in service in the War of 1812

m: **Nancy Locke** b: 1771 in Rhode Island, d: 05 Oct 1853 in Norwich, New London, Connecticut

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1 **David Bates** b: Abt. 1769 in Rhode Island, d: 25 Dec 1813 in New London, Connecticut; Died in service in the War of 1812

m: **Nancy Locke** b: 1771 in Rhode Island, d: 05 Oct 1853 in Norwich, Connecticut

2 Mary Ann Bates b: 27 Aug 1795, d: 16 Mar 1869 in Liverpool, Ohio

m: Benajah Clark Davis b: 1796, d: 18 Sep 1831

3 Whitman B. Davis b: 14 Jun 1819 in Connecticut, d: 04 Aug 1890 in Medina County, Ohio

m: Rebecca V. Minier b: 19 Sep 1822 in Pennsylvania, m: 12 Oct 1841 in Liverpool, Medina County, Ohio, d: 16 Mar 1901 in Medina County, Ohio

3 Benajah Davis Jr b: 1817 in Connecticut

2 **George Washington Bates I** b: 16 May 1797 in Rhode Island, d: 12 Jul 1831 in Liverpool, Ohio

m: **Lovina Pelton** b: 05 Aug 1801 in New London, Connecticut, m: 1818, d: 06 Dec 1885 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan

3 Lucy Ann Bates b: 17 Oct 1819 in Norwich, New London, Connecticut, d: 18 Jul 1854 in Liverpool, Ohio

m: Henry W. Warner b: Abt. 1814 in Medina Co., Ohio, m: Abt. 1836 in prob. Medina County, OH

4 George Warner b: Abt. 1836 in Medina County, OH

4 Lucinda Warner b: Abt. 1837 in Medina County, OH

4 Lovina Warner b: Abt. 1840 in Medina County, OH

4 Aaron Warner b: Abt. 1842 in Medina County, OH

4 Justus Warner b: Abt. 1849 in Medina County, OH

4 Henry Warner b: Abt. 1852 in Medina County, OH

3 David Henry Bates b: 21 Aug 1821 in Bozrah, New London, Connecticut, d: 31 Dec 1853 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan

m: Esther Harrington b: 1835 in Ohio

4 George Washington Bates III b: Abt. 1844 in Grand Ledge, Eaton, Michigan, d: New Orleans, Orleans, Louisiana

4 Delia Ann Bates b: 03 Mar 1851, d: 10 Apr 1907 in Clinton Co., Michigan

m: Lucien Arthur Chase b: 02 Mar 1838 in Medina, Ohio, m: 22 Oct 1870, d: 02 Jul 1906 in Clinton Co., Michigan

5 Leonore B Chase b: 25 Jun 1871 in Clinton Co., Michigan, d: 1954 in Clinton Co., Michigan

5 Lew Allen Chase b: 11 Nov 1879 in Clinton Co., Michigan, d: 1957 in Clinton Co., Michigan

5 Nora Chase

5 Alberta Elizabeth Chase b: 11 Sep 1888 in Clinton Co., Michigan, d: 1969 in Clinton Co., Michigan

4 David Benjamin Bates b: 1852

m: Orpha Ophelia VanDeusen b: 1853, m: 1873

5 Van Bates b: 1883

5 Carrie Bates b: 1878

5 George Bates b: 1874

5 Harlow Bates b: 14 Feb 1890

m: Blanche Addison m: 1911

6 Robert Gail Bates b: 1914

6 Geraldine Louise Bates b: 1912

6 Lloyd George Bates b: 1918

m: Marie Sperow

3 **George Washington Bates II** b: 23 Oct 1823 in Norwich, New London, Connecticut, d: 16 Mar 1901 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan

m: **Emily Robinson** b: 27 Jul 1829 in Ripley, New York, m: 11 Nov 1846 in Liverpool, Ohio, d: 30 Aug 1899 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan

4 **LaMott George Bates** b: 13 Oct 1847 in Liverpool, Ohio, d: 28 Sep 1939 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan

m: **Hanna Amanda Sickels** b: 11 Nov 1852 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan, m: 28 May 1873 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan, d: 07 Dec 1933 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan

[See "LaMott Bates Descendants," p. 42 below for descendants of LaMott George Bates and Hannah Amanda Sickels.]

4 Elizabeth Bates b: 23 Jan 1854 in Oberlin, Ohio, d: 15 Jun 1925 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan

m: Charles Clement b: 27 Feb 1841 in England, m: 01 Jan 1871 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan, d: 02 Apr 1925 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan

5 LaMott Clement b: 10 Apr 1873, d: 07 Nov 1942

m: Minnie Rae Howard b: 1879

6 Howard Alden Clement b: 24 Aug 1905 in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, d: Nov 1976 in Milwaukee, Wisconsin  
 m: Catherine Louise Barlow b: 30 Oct 1912 in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, m: 30 Oct 1937 in Gesu Pastoral Residence, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, d: 15 Apr 1960 in Milwaukee, Wisconsin

7 Living Clement

4 Charles Henry Bates b: 06 Dec 1856 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan, d: Flint, Michigan  
 m: Eva Delpaine Crawford b: 14 Apr 1866, m: 02 Feb 1881, d: 10 Dec 1956 in Flint, MI

5 Roy Alfred Bates b: 27 Apr 1884, d: 10 Dec 1956

5 Eva B. Bates b: 07 Mar 1887, d: 10 Dec 1957

5 Rene E. Bates b: 02 Dec 1892

4 Leon Alton Bates b: 03 Apr 1872 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan, d: 04 Mar 1932 in Shepherd, MI  
 m: Maude Mae Gillman b: 21 Jun 1874 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan, d: 09 Feb 1938 in Shepherd, MI

5 George Washington Bates III b: 07 Mar 1894, d: 23 Nov 1981  
 m: Velma Hughson

6 George Robert Bates  
 m: Naomi Gillett

7 Deborah Bates

7 Vicky Bates

7 Martha Bates  
 m: Mitchell Eckles

3 Harriet Newil Bates b: 02 Jun 1825 in Norwich, New London, Connecticut  
 m: John Poff b: 08 Mar 1826 in Alsace, France, d: 14 May 1878 in Anna, Union, Illinois

4 Mary Files Poff b: 21 Feb 1871 in Shreveport, Caddo, Louisiana, d: 29 Nov 1878 in Centralia, Clinton, Illinois

4 Laura Lovina Poff b: 21 Feb 1871 in Shreveport, Caddo, Louisiana, d: 29 Nov 1878 in Centralia, Clinton, Illinois

3 Ann Elizabeth Bates b: 01 Feb 1828 in Liverpool, Medina, Ohio, d: 18 Dec 1900 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan  
 m: Unknown Cramer

3 Louisa Jane Bates b: 21 Jun 1830 in Liverpool, Medina, Ohio, d: 29 Jul 1899 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan  
 m: Moses Wooll b: 1823 in England, d: 1887 in Oakley, Saginaw, Michigan

4 Elmer Ellsworth Wooll b: 24 Oct 1861 in Fairfield Township, Shiawassee County, Michigan  
 m: Louise J. Lossing m: 21 May 1901

2 Mercy L Bates b: 18 Aug 1799 in Bozrah, New London, Connecticut, d: 26 Apr 1866 in Central Village, Connecticut  
 m: Allen Cleveland b: 1795, m: 1819, d: 23 Sep 1872

2 Giles S Bates b: 27 Dec 1808 in Norwich, New London, Connecticut, d: 08 Mar 1889 in Pittsburgh, Allegheny, Pennsylvania

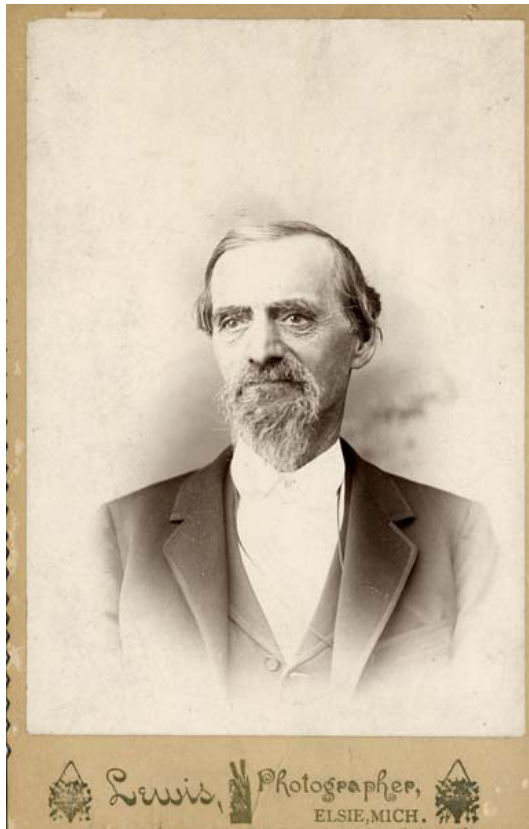
m: Eliza Whaley m: 25 Mar 1830 in Norwich, New London, Connecticut, d: 1852

3 Antoinette Bates b: 1842 in Pittsburgh, Allegheny, Pennsylvania

3 Giles Bates Jr b: 1844 in Pittsburgh, Allegheny, Pennsylvania  
m: Ann Unknown b: 1819 in Ohio

## THE BATES FAMILY

Because of what has become known as “The Rhode Island Bates Problem,” the first chapter of our history has yet to be written.\* George Washington Bates, Sr. was born somewhere on Rhode Island on May 16, 1797. Beyond that, no one has been able to determine his antecedents. He moved to New London, Connecticut where in 1818 at the age of 21, he married Lovina Pelton. They moved to Norwich, Connecticut for seven years and had, while there, four children, Lucy, David, George Jr. and Harriet.



*George Washington Bates, Jr.*



*Lovina (Pelton) Bates*

In 1825 they moved to Liverpool, Medina Co., Ohio into an almost unbroken wilderness where hardships were many. Two more children were born in Liverpool, Ann and Louisa.

On July 12, 1831 at age 34, the father died, leaving a widow with six children under the age of 13 and no financial resources; moreover, the physician who had cared for her husband, in lieu of his fee, took away their only cow. We have a picture of the gravestone which was visited by LaMott G. with his father at one time and in 1920 or so, by Bion LaMott and his father.

Because of her financial plight, George Jr., then age eight, was taken by his mother through the woods three miles and given over to a Reverend Shaler who was to bring him up. He was placed up on the horse, back of the saddle, and rode then for 15 more miles to West Richfield, Ohio. The minister was kindly but his wife was not. Indeed, she was cruel even to the point of depriving him of sufficient food. After a year, she said one day to nine-year-old George, “I wish you were back where you came from.”

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\* - Since this was written we have discovered David Bates, now the earliest in the Bates line, born 1769. All efforts to extend the line earlier have been unavailing. Note that George Washington Bates, Sr., named one of his boys “David.”

“Can’t I go?” he eagerly asked.

“I don’t care” was the answer, so he quickly grabbed his little hat and set off down the 18-mile road toward his mother.

Rev. Shaler shortly returned from a pastoral call and, being apprised of the situation, set off in pursuit and soon found George seated on a stone beside the road, crying in despair.

The poor lad was taken then to the home of Captain and Mrs. Bigelow in Richfield where he received a kindly welcome and was treated as one of the family until he was 22 years old. To his children he subsequently referred to them as “Grandpa and Grandma Bigelow.”

The terrible experiences through which he had passed – leaving his widowed mother; the cruelty of the Shaler home – sank deep into his childish mind so that forever after he had the tenderest sympathy for a homeless child or one that had been ill treated.

Seven years later, Lovina Pelton Bates re-married Andrew J. Linman of Brunswick, Ohio and subsequently bore him three sons, Andrew, Albert, and Alfred.\* In 1850, they moved to Duplain, Clinton County, Michigan and later to Elsie where, in time, Mr. Linman died on June 11, 1878 and Lovina on 12/6/1885 at age 84.

#### The Second Generation:

George Washington Bates, Jr., learned to be a harness maker while living with the Bigelows. On 11/11/1846 he married Emily Robinson, age 17, born the youngest of eight children in Ripley, Chautauqua Co., N.Y. to Benjamin and Elizabeth. Their first born, LaMott George, was born in Richfield on 10/13/1847. When he was five, they moved to Oberlin, Ohio where a girl, Lizzie (“Aunt Tipp”) was born.



*Emily (Robinson) Bates*



*Elizabeth (“Lizzie”)(“Aunt Tip”) Bates*

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\* - We recently learned that before marrying Lovina Andrew Linman had a first wife, Susannah Potter, whose last child was a girl, Lydia, who married an Andrew Rockwell, who connects us to a number of other families in Elsie and Duplain Township.

For all of those years, George Jr. had kept in touch with his mother, Lovina Pelton Bates Linman, now residing in Duplain, south and east of Elsie. Upon her urging, he determined now to move his family to a homestead near her. The



family started out from Oberlin by train to Cleveland where they boarded a boat to Detroit. There they boarded the Grand Trunk Railroad and rode to the last station, Fenton, south of Flint, from whence they took a stage coach to Byron, near Durand. They remained in Byron overnight and the next day engaged a man with two horses and a double buggy to take them the remainder of the journey. They had to leave their goods in storage in Fenton, but later Grandfather Linman and "Uncle" Andrew Hobbs went with ox-teams to pick up their possessions and bring them to Elsie.

Upon the family's arrival October 12, 1855, little LaMott and Lizzie with Mother Emily stayed with Grandmother Linman while George, Jr. set about clearing his 80-acre homestead and building a log cabin in Fairfield Township, Shiawassee County about three miles north and east of Elsie. The Linmans had previously left Duplain and settled only a mile away.

All about them was native wilderness. Roads were little more than trails through the woods and along the banks of rivers. All houses and farms were built of logs. The "Village" of Elsie consisted of four log houses on each corner of a cross roads. The four families there were those of J.D. Sickels, Frank Tillotson, Ira Allen and Jonathan Hicks. Staple goods were very expensive: Most of the food came from wild animals, especially deer and raccoon. One year, the corn froze so that the pigs had to subsist on acorns but the resulting pork was such poor quality that it fried away to nothing.

The year after their arrival, a second son, Charles Henry, was born and 16 years later came Leon Alton Bates.



*Charles Bates*



*Leon Bates*

George shortly moved to another farm on State Road only a mile from Elsie and in 1861 moved into town where he spent the remainder of his years as a farmer and harness maker. He was also a justice of the peace for 33 years which earned him the unofficial title of "Squire." He was

known for his absolute integrity and fairness. His obituary says, "His perception of honor, justice and equity was so great that he has become the great arbitration committee of the whole section." He served on the school board for many years as well, and was its president at one time. In 1836 he was a charter member of the Elsie Masonic Lodge, an important social and religious fraternal organization in those times. In time, his three sons all joined that same lodge.

Emily preceded him in death at the age of 70 years on 8/30/1899. He moved in with Lizzie, now Mrs. Charley Clement, and died there two years later on 3/16/1901, aged 77.

### The Third Generation:

We have little knowledge of Lovina's grandchildren other than our line through George Jr.'s children. David Henry had a son, also named George Washington Bates, after his uncle and grandfather, born in Grand Ledge and died in New Orleans. There were Linmans in Elsie for many years, Alfred and Albert being buried there. Andrew must have died in the Civil War, since he was buried in Arlington Cemetery in 1863.\*

Of George Jr.'s four children, Lizzie married Charley Clement on 1/1/1871. They were married for 54 years although she was paralyzed for the last three.. Her husband died on 4/2/1925 and she died two months later on 6/15/1925 at age 71. There was at least one grandson, Howard Clement, living in Milwaukee at that time.

Leon moved to Shepherd, Michigan and Charley to Flint.

Our direct ancestor was LaMott George Bates. There was a fashion for fancy French names at the time of his birth but I have never encountered the name "LaMott" other than in his descendants. He moved to Michigan at age 8 and, shortly after, met his future wife, Hannah Amanda Sickels, in her log cabin in Elsie. He was so bashful as to be speechless on that occasion. Opportunities for

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\* - Civil War records show Andrew enlisted as a Michigan Volunteer on August 14, 1861, that he did not survive the war, and that he died of disease in Washington, DC, on November 9, 1861. He is buried at Arlington National Cemetery.

schooling were meager but he did attend in the winter, at first in a vacant room of the new log house of Ralph Van Deusen<sup>†</sup> and later in a new log school house. Sister Lizzie was too young to walk the distance in bad weather so he was provided with a wonderful sled drawn by two young oxen fitted with a miniature yoke fashioned by Andrew Rockwell,<sup>‡</sup> in which to drive her to school. He then drove the rig back home and walked back once more to school. The yoke remained in Bion's "Museum" until 1981 when it was donated to the Elsie Historical Society.

Summers were spent in the ceaseless toil of clearing the wilderness. His first job, as he loved to relate to his grandchildren (including the writer), was clearing virgin land full of tree roots behind a plow pulled by two oxen, skipping over the thistles in bare feet. His employer was Andrew Hobbs and his pay was 18 cents a day.

At age 15 he went back to his father's home town, Richfield, Ohio, to learn his father's trade, harness making. The first year he lived with Aunt Abbie Baldwin and received his board and \$50. The next year he moved in with his teacher, Mr. Allen, and received room, board and \$65. The third and last year he was raised to \$85. To make extra money he sometimes worked evenings. The Allens became "Ma and Pa Allen"<sup>§</sup> to him and he was a big brother to their daughters, May and Emma. His workshop was in proximity to his birthplace as well as to the site of his parents' wedding.

At about age 20 in 1867, he returned to Elsie and joined his father in making harnesses. (There is no explanation as to why his father could not have taught him the trade just as well as Mr. Al-

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<sup>†</sup> - LaMott's son Clyde would later marry Van Deusen's granddaughter, Retta Woodard.

<sup>‡</sup> - Andrew Rockwell married Lydia Linman, daughter of the first wife of LaMott's grandmother's second husband. They moved their family to Benzie County, Michigan, sometime after 1880. In a coincidence unknown at the time, Richard Bates rented a summer cottage on Benzie's Crystal Lake from one of Andrew and Lydia's descendants in late decades of the 20<sup>th</sup> century.

<sup>§</sup> - [P.L. Allen](#) and [wife](#).



len). (The author has a set of leather making tools, including a metal stamp for inscribing "G. W. Bates" on leather which must have been used by them both). In 1868 LaMott joined the Masonic Lodge that his father had helped found. One Joseph P. Hasty, who had been raised in Portland, Maine where he started a cooperage business at age 21, came to Elsie where, in addition to starting another cooperage, he opened a general store. In October, 1872 he invited LaMott to be a partner, he to furnish the capital and LaMott to run the store. The venture prospered so well that the next year he was able to marry Hannah Amanda Sickels, on 5/28/1873 and on 7/27/1873 they moved into a newly built home in the west end of town.



*LaMott George Bates*



*Hannah Amanda (Sickels) Bates*

A year later, because of some malign influence from Mrs. Hasty, LaMott was discharged. His wife took a job as clerk in her father's store; LaMott went to Ohio for three months to sell books and they gave up their new house as a down payment on a primitive log house on a farm south of town on the banks of the Maple River so that they could farm for a living. After a very hard year, in the winter, LaMott broke his leg. At one point they were on the verge of starvation when a neighbor kindly gave them the liver of a newly-killed deer which tided them over. Because he would be unable to work for several months, LaMott sold the farm and moved back to Elsie where, by strange circumstances, he was able to rent their former home.

He then joined with others to make cheese and, in time, Elsie Cheese became famous. (We used to picnic on the grounds of the old factory, not far from the Maple River farm where they had lived for a year). Again his fortunes rose. Their first child, Clare George, was born 11/8/1876 and the next year they were able to buy a 50-acre farm on the south side of the Village, later increased to 150 acres.



*Clare Bates*

That fall, Mr. Hasty pulled out of Elsie for Detroit where he became a prominent citizen. In Detroit he raised two sons, E.F. and W.C., and a daughter, Fanny; operated a prosperous cooperage, and died at age 87. Because he was leaving, he asked LaMott to take back the management of the store. The following summer LaMott contracted to buy Hasty out for \$5,800 with a negligible down payment, the balance payable over eight years, changing the name from "J.F. Hasty and Co." to "L.G. Bates." The debt was paid off in five years.

To quote from Alice Sickels Andrews, "Those five years brought into action every energy. Brain and muscle did double duty. All the resources of the farm were used to help lessen the debt. Outside investments were made that brought quick returns. Mr. Bates held Village and Township offices to swell the fund. 1883 saw that debt paid. He was 36 years old; his wife was 31."

Bion LaMott Bates wrote in 1962, "Mr. Hasty befriended my father by taking him in as a partner in a general store in 1872. With a very small payment down, father bought Mr. Hasty's interest later. It was this transaction which was the largest contribution to father's business career."

They were both marked by their years of extreme hardship. LaMott told his sons that they must not ask a woman to marry them until they possessed either a house or the price of same. (Later, youngest son Harold was to write a plaintive, secret note to Bion asking what he would think if, penniless and living with his parents at age 28, he were to marry a school teacher, Nora Ruth, who had a good job. In 1946, Bion, in all seriousness, told the writer, age 25, also penniless and living with his parents, a jobless physician, ill with tuberculosis, that he thought the rule might be waived in his case, too!) Hannah Amanda, always called "Mandy" by LaMott, forever after carefully split bed sheets worn in the middle, stitching the better outside edges together to get another year of wear out of them. Threadbare men's shirts had old cuffs and collars replaced; new pockets were fashioned out of a piece of the shirt tail. When the body of the shirt finally gave way, any salvageable remnants went into quilts. In 1890, L.G. built a brick store and by 1895 he had prospered to the extent that he built a fine Victorian home with every modern convenience. By then, they had four sons and the next year they finally got their only daughter, Ruth Emily. The second son, Clyde, graduated from high school in 1896, spent a year working in the store with his father and then attended Albion College for a year.

By July 25, 1898 his father had enticed him away from his chosen career as a lawyer by offering him partnership and the store became "L.G. Bates and Son."

The oldest son, Clare, entered Dental School at the University of Michigan directly from high school in 1894 and was granted a D.D.S. degree three years later. He practiced in Durand, Michigan and on 1/1/1900 he married Lyda Fair.

That summer, Clyde journeyed to the Paris Exposition with two men from Elsie and toured Europe.



*Clyde Bates*



*Bion LaMott Bates*

Third son, Bion, graduated from high school in 1901 and went to Albion with the intention of becoming an engineer, but in the Fall of 1902 he transferred to dental school in Ann Arbor, gradu-

ating in 1905. He practiced dentistry in Elsie for a year and a half and then opened his office in Ovid in 1907. He married Wilma, the second daughter of a local orchardist, Chester E. Jackson, on July 21, 1909.

Clyde married Retta Woodard on October 2, 1902. She was seriously ill when their only child, Florence Peters, was born and died on July 30, 1913 of tuberculosis. Clyde was heartbroken to the point of considering suicide but recovered and married Blanche Deuel of Elsie on February 7, 1916. Blanche had with her a younger sister, Barbara Deuel, whom she raised along with Florence and, in time, her only child, Frances.

Harold, the fourth son, attended McLachlan Business University in Grand Rapids from 1911 to 1912 and then returned to Elsie to work in the store.



*Harold Bates*

In 1902 LaMott and "Mandy" took into their home Gertrude Martyn, a young girl age 14, to help with the household duties. It was a custom for country girls of poor status to move into town in this fashion in order to spare their family expense and to attend school. These "hired girls"



were often paid little, if anything, but became members of the family.\* “Gertie” stayed for ten years, married Claude Allen out of the Bates home (although her mother was a wedding guest) and always thereafter attended Bates reunions and family gatherings.†

LaMott and Amanda spent the Winter of 1905-1906 in California and returned there again in 1909-1910‡ accompanied by 14-year-old Ruth who subsequently graduated from high school in 1914.

In 1911 they went to Florida where LaMott helped a stranger, a Mr. Wilbur, free his car stuck in the sandy beach near Daytona. The man offered LaMott one of the choicest lots in a new subdivision he was building, named Wilbur-by-the-Sea. LaMott built a cottage there; Amanda’s sisters, Jennie Thiers and Dede Rankin, built next door and they returned every winter for many years; LaMott for 22 years except 1927-1928. The Rankin cottage eventually was purchased for brother Harold by Bion, who took possession of the Bates cottage with Clare as part of his share of the L. G. Bates estate. Later, Bion bought out Clare’s interest and he and Wilma wintered there every year until 1972 by which time they were 88 years old.

Ruth spent the first winter after high school graduation in Florida with her parents. Harold entered the Army in World War I, was assigned to camp in New Jersey where they all visited him but he became seriously ill in the great influenza epidemic of 1918 and never saw overseas duty. In 1915, Ruth, too, went to Albion but came home at Christmas because of ill health. The next winter she again went to Florida with her parents and

then went to Michigan State Agricultural College in Lansing for a year and a half 1917-1918.



*Ruth Emily Bates*

In 1917, LaMott sold out his interest in the store to Clyde and a George Carter. Clyde sold out in 1921 after which he sold insurance, looked after his father’s and his real estate investments and worked in the Elsie Bank.

The farm was sold in 1910 and they moved into an attractive house on West Main Street where they lived the rest of their long lives.

For many years it was the custom for all their descendants (as well as Gertie Martyn Allen and her family) to gather at this home for Thanksgiving. Everyone contributed assigned dishes but Amanda prepared the two huge turkeys. The dining table stretched through two rooms and as many as 30 people sat down to the noon meal after which the grandchildren played games in the closets (to Amanda’s perturbation) while the men talked business and the women talked children. Toward evening all gathered around the piano

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\* - We have a complete list of all the girls hired into LaMott’s household, reproduced in LaMott and Amanda’s online record.

† - According to their own genealogical record found online, Claud Francis Allen (sources differ on his first name’s proper spelling) died in 1960, Gertie in 1963. They had two sons, Max Wesley (1914-89) and Robert M. (1921-94), and a daughter (Janette?) who may still be living.

‡ - We have photos from this trip, reproduced online.

and sang songs, much to LaMott's delight. Anything written by Stephen Foster was popular, as were Civil War camp songs. These were the only gatherings of the clan except for LaMott's and Amanda's 50th and 60th wedding anniversaries. George W., Jr. and Emily celebrated their 50th; LaMott and Mandy their 60th and Bion and Wilma their 65th.

On October 19, 1912 LaMott and Clyde thought it fitting to commemorate 40 years in the mercantile business. Everyone was invited to the day-long event. Clyde decorated the two front windows, one with a display of women's fashions of 40 years previously and the other with utensils and artifacts of that time, including the ox bow used by LaMott to drive Lizzie to school. Ice cream and cake were served and attendees were given, by Clyde's little daughter, Florence, a glass paper weight with a portrait of L. G. Bates on one

side and a mirror on the other, at least until all 500 were given away: (At least a few of these were saved and handed down in the family). Over a thousand people attended.

The Masonic Lodge was central to LaMott's social life. All of his sons became Masters, Harold last, with his father and three older brothers filling all the "chairs" in the ceremony. LaMott, Bion and Clare became Worshipful Masters of their local lodges and when, on November 1, 1922, LaMott's oldest grandson, LaMott Fair Bates, became a Master, all of them, plus LaMott's brothers, Charley and Leon, and Leon's son, George, journeyed to Durand to do the honors, after which they lined up for a formal portrait which made the State papers. The ceremony was preceded by a banquet attended by 175 Masons. At his death, LaMott was the oldest Mason in Michigan.



From RCB, 12/17/2011:

This is the famous photograph which made state newspapers of the Bates tribe gathered to install Lamott (his spelling of the name) into the Masonic Lodge upon his arrival at age 21, which dates it to 1922. What made the news was that so many of his antecedents were Masons that they could fill all the "chairs" of the installation ceremony. After the ceremony they repaired to a professional photography studio in Owosso for a number of pictures.

Back Row: Clyde; La Mott's brother, Charles, from Flint; Harold; La Mott's youngest brother, Leon Alton from Shepherd; Roy, Charles' son from Owosso; Bion.  
Front Row: Clare; La Mott (his spelling); Lamott, the inductee.

Masonry was huge to this society, demarking the haves from the have nots among males. Father devoted one night a week to it for years. Having La Mott's first grandson join the group carried on the tradition; having ten members of the family come to put on the show was remarkable.

LaMott had become affluent and served as a source of loans to struggling Elsie farmers and business men. When crops were bad, he sometimes had to take farms on foreclosure. It was natural for him to become involved in the Elsie Bank as a director and, later, when a branch was opened in a small town just north, Bannister, in that as well. The manager of the two banks made some illegal loans as a result of which, as directors, they suffered considerable financial loss which was compounded by the great depression and bank holiday of 1933, but they did not default. Clare became president of the Durand Bank and, in 1919, President of the Michigan State Dental Society. Bion was a major stock holder and director of the Ovid Bank. Ruth mar-

ried Glen Owen, who also owned mercantile stores in Shepherd and Mt. Pleasant, Michigan. Harold had a variety of jobs: soldier, clerk in his father's store, chicken grower and dealer in Navaho Indian artifacts in Phoenix, Arizona (where LaMott, Amanda and Ruth visited him in December, 1927), grocery store owner in Sebawing [Sebewaing?] and Harbor Springs, Michigan. Finally he and his wife, Nora Ruth, moved in with LaMott after Amanda's death and cared for him until his death at age 92. After that, Bion, then in the Michigan Senate, got him a job as a guard in a State office Building and they moved to Dimondale. He retired, wintered in Wilbur-by-the-Sea, and died in Daytona. The funeral was held in the

Funeral Home of Florence Bates Peters in Grand Ledge.

Clare died of a heart attack in 1944. Clyde was tragically killed in a head-on collision of two automobiles in the fog on Elsie Road on his way to St. Johns where he was a county official. Two Elsie people he was taking to work as passengers were only slightly injured, as was the on-coming driver. He might have survived had not some

well-intentioned good Samaritans jack-knifed him into the back seat of a car, crushing fractured ribs into his lungs as they raced for St. Johns Hospital where he was dead on arrival. Bion, who was closer to Clyde than anyone else, paced the floor in anguish for more than an hour, then drove to Michigan State College and got Clyde's daughter, Frances, out of class. Blanche, his second wife, had been trained in business matters and ably carried out Clyde's insurance business and other affairs for many years, eventually serving as mayor of Elsie.

Clare and Lyda travelled extensively to every province in Canada, Europe, Mexico, the West Indies, Panama and Alaska, all by steamer. Somewhat later, Bion and Wilma followed suit by airplane and topped off with a trip to South America. Harold, Ruth and Bion all died of infirmities of age, the last two spending their last years in nursing homes.

**[MORE THAN] ONE HUNDRED DIRECT DESCENDANTS  
OF  
LAMOTT AND AMANDA BATES\***

- 1 LaMott George Bates b: 13 Oct 1847 in Liverpool, Ohio, d: 28 Sep 1939 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan  
m: Hanna Amanda Sickels b: 11 Nov 1852 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan, m: 28 May 1873 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan, d: 07 Dec 1933 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan
- 2 Clare George Bates b: 08 Nov 1876 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan, d: 01 May 1944 in Durand, Shiawassee, Michigan  
m: Lyda Fair b: 02 May 1875 in Ontario, Canada, m: 01 Jan 1900 in Durand, Shiawassee, Michigan, d: 09 Oct 1954 in Durand, Shiawassee, Michigan
- 3 LaMott Fair Bates b: 19 Aug 1901 in Durand, Shiawassee, Michigan, d: 05 Apr 1941 in Durand, Shiawassee, Michigan  
m: Pauline Izor b: 01 Sep 1904 in Durand, Shiawassee, Michigan, m: 12 Oct 1926 in Durand, Shiawassee, Michigan, d: 19 Nov 1973
- 4 Kay Bates b: 1929  
m: Theodore Wietke b: 1924, m: 03 Apr 1982
- 5 Paula Ann Wietke b: 1950  
m: Jeffrey McDonald b: 1951, m: 03 Apr 1982
- 6 Sean Andrew McDonald b: 1992
- 6 Kevin Lewis McDonald b: 1994
- 5 Theodore John Wietke b: 1952
- 5 Christopher Lewis Wietke b: 09 Jan 1957, d: 07 Mar 1989  
m: Laura Jean Mitchell b: 1961, m: 26 Jun 1982
- 6 Emily Kay Wietke b: 1986
- 6 Maggie Jean Wietke b: 1988
- 5 Kimberly Sue Wietke b: 1959  
m: Paul Robert Galdes b: 1963, m: 22 Jun 1991
- 6 Christopher Jay Galdes b: 1992
- 6 Claire Elizabeth Galdes b: 1999
- 4 LaMott Fair Bates II b: 1931 in Durand, Shiawassee, Michigan  
m: Sandra Jennings b: 1934, m: 16 Jul 1955
- 5 Gregory Scott Bates b: 1956  
m: Kim Wallace b: 1956, m: 27 Aug 1976
- 6 Michael Shurr Bates
- 5 Lisa Ann Bates b: 1958  
m: Randall A. Scaletta b: 1957, m: 13 Aug 1984

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\* - This chart was originally created by Richard Bates and was current as of 1981. I have used genealogical data received from Richard Bates in early 2012, supplemented by online data current as of May 2012 to update the listing. Because this record will be available and searchable on the Internet, where an individual is known (or reasonably suspected) still to be living, I have deleted information other than the year of birth.



6 Amy Elizabeth Scaletta b: 1985

6 Cassie Irene Scaletta b: 1988

4 David Manford Bates b: 28 Nov 1935 in Durand, Shiawassee, Michigan, d: 28 Feb 1961

3 DeLoss Clare Bates b: 14 Apr 1907 in Durand, Shiawassee, Michigan, d: 26 Dec 1990 in Lansing, Ingham, Michigan

m: Bessie Deederly b: 01 Sep 1908 in Durand, Shiawassee, Michigan, m: 24 Jun 1931 in Durand, Shiawassee, Michigan, d: 18 Jul 1985 in Durand, Shiawassee, Michigan

4 Judith Anne Bates b: 14 May 1934, d: 27 Mar 2012 in Mount Clemens, Macomb, Michigan

m: William Froberg b: 1925, m: 27 Jun 1959

5 William Deloss Froberg b: 1964

m: Cathjerine Mojtaszek m: 1992

5 Lyda Beth Froberg b: 1966

m: John Maxwell Adams b: 1966

6 John William Adams b: 1995

4 Deloss Clare Bates II b: 1937

m: Grace R. Lopez b: 1937, m: 30 Jun 1962

5 Elizabeth Marie Bates b: 1963

m: Keith Patton b: 1960, m: 10 Mar 1990

6 Alanna Marie Patton b: 1990

6 Gabrielle Elizabeth Patton b: 1992

6 Olivia Christine Patton b: 1995

6 Madeleine Bates Patton b: 1997

5 Deloss Clare Bates III b: 1965

5 Victoria Jo Bates b: 1967

5 Lawrence Bion Bates b: 1969

5 Catherine Grace Bates b: 1971

m: Christopher Y. Wilcox b: 1969, m: 25 Jun 1993

6 Tanner Deloss Wilcox b: 1998

5 Rebecca Ann Bates b: 1972

m: Andrew Arends b: 1972, m: 17 Aug 1996

5 Joseph Edward Bates b: 1975

2 Clyde Durfee Bates b: 14 Oct 1878 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan, d: 07 Jan 1937 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan

m: Retta Woodard b: 10 Apr 1878, m: 02 Oct 1903 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan, d: 30 Jul 1913 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan

3 Florence Elgin Bates b: 02 Mar 1905 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan, d: 23 Nov 1996 in Melbourne, Fla.

m: Leslie R. Peters b: 31 Jan 1905, m: 08 Feb 1924 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan, d: 04 Jul 1985 in Grand Ledge, Michigan

4 Eleanor Jane Peters b: 1925

m: Thomas Baker b: 22 Aug 1923, m: 26 Mar 1949, d: 09 Dec 1996

5 Jennifer Jane Baker b: 1950  
 m: Harold Leslie Peterson b: 1950, m: 13 Jul 1985  
 6 Thomas Austin Peterson b: 1991  
 m: Robert J. Zack b: 1947, m: 20 Jun 1947  
 6 Justin Thomas Zack b: 1973  
 m: Erin Patterson b: 1974, m: 17 Apr 1999  
 7 Isabella Marie Zack b: 2004  
 7 Paterson Thomas Zack b: 2008  
 7 Finleigh Grace Zack b: 2001  
 m: Roland Rodriguez b: 1950, m: 24 Nov 1976  
 6 Aubren Elena Rodriguez b: 1978  
 m: John Gerard Worth b: 1976, m: 20 May 2000  
 7 Kaylin Jane Worth b: 2000  
 7 Andrew Justin Worth b: 2002

5 Thomas William Baker b: 1955  
 m: Louise Stoppert b: 1958, m: 23 Dec 1978  
 6 Erin Elizabeth Baker b: 1979  
 m: Aaron Boillat b: 1978, m: 01 May 2004  
 7 Liam Guy Boillat b: 2005  
 7 Delaney Jane Boillat b: 2008  
 6 Ashley Lynn Baker b: 1983  
 m: Kurt Allen VanDyken b: 1982, m: 08 Jul 2006

5 Martha Sue Baker b: 1963  
 m: Tony Hinton b: 1964, m: 22 Apr 1995  
 6 Sarah Jane Hinton b: 1998  
 6 Caleb Baker Hinton b: 1999

4 William Clyde Peters b: 23 Jul 1929, d: 10 Jan 2012 in Melbourne, Brevard, Florida  
 m: Suzanne Fenton b: 1929, m: 11 Jun 1950

5 Randall Ray Peters b: 1952  
 m: Janice Evans b: 1954  
 6 Kelsey Lynn Peters b: 1992  
 6 William Samuel Peters b: 1995

5 Gregory Kim Peters b: 1955  
 m: Debra Leigh Manning b: 1955  
 6 Andrea Leigh Peters b: 1980  
 m: Jared Pirtle b: 1981  
 6 Natalie Anne Peters b: 1983

5 Melinda Jane Peters b: 1956  
 m: Perry Jones b: 1955

6 Sarah Vaughn Jones b: 1986

5 Kelly Sue Peters b: 1960

m: David Raymond b: 1960

6 Christopher David Raymond b: 1994

6 Nicholas Joseph Raymond b: 1997

6 Joshua Daniel Raymond b: 2003

m: Evelyn Hostetler b: 1938, m: 23 Dec 1971

5 Beverly Ann Peters b: 1974

m: Mathew Goodnight b: 1976

5 Leslie Jean Peters b: 1975

m: Aaron Ramey b: 1978

6 Jaiden William Ramey b: 2007

m: Blanche L. Deuel b: 29 Nov 1886 in Coleman, Midland, Michigan, m: 07 Feb 1916 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan, d: 28 Jan 1964 in Butler County, Ohio

3 Frances Louise Bates b: 20 Dec 1917 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan, d: 11 Oct 2010 in Cincinnati, Clermont, Ohio

m: William Roy Hendricks b: 03 Jan 1914 in Norwood, Hamilton, Ohio, m: 06 Feb 1943, d: 19 Sep 1990 in Cincinnati, Clermont, Ohio

4 Barbara Jo Hendricks b: 1944

m: John Strouts b: 1942

5 Jeane Ellen Strouts b: 1969

m: William Dale b: 1969, m: 24 Aug 1996

6 Marisa Lauren Dale b: 2004

6 Alec Dale b: 2002

6 William Colby Dale b: 1999

5 Ann Louise Strouts b: 1967

m: Russ Young b: 1968

6 Sarah Elizabeth Young b: 1995

6 Katherine Dauterman Young b: 1996

6 Lindsay Ann Young b: 1994

5 Carol Marie Strouts b: 1966

m: David Bradway b: 1947

6 Thomas Connor Bradway b: 2001

4 Martha Jane Hendricks b: 1945

m: Greg Francis Moratschek b: 1947, m: 26 Jun 1976

5 Melinda Sue Moratschek b: 1978

m: Pat Davidson b: 1979, m: 25 Jun 2002

6 Bryan Patrick Davidson b: 2006

6 Ashley Lynne Davidson b: 2008

5 Christian Frank Moratschek b: 1979  
 m: Sonal Kishore b: 1980, m: 23 Jun 2007 in India

4 Janet Sue Hendricks b: 1947  
 m: Steven Louis Leininger b: 1948, m: 20 Oct 1973

5 Michael Steven Leininger b: 1978  
 m: Erin Elizabeth Mahon b: 1979, m: 19 Aug 2006

5 Jeffrey Louis Leininger b: 1975  
 m: Marcia Montaine b: 1969, m: 15 Feb 2003

6 Elise Jane Leininger b: 2004

6 Sarah Elizabeth Leininger b: 2008

4 Frances Ann Hendricks b: 1950

2 Bion LaMott Bates b: 04 Oct 1884 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan, d: 04 Mar 1975 in Ovid, Clinton, Michigan  
 m: Wilma Josephine Jackson b: 23 Aug 1884 in Antigua, BWI, m: 21 Jul 1909 in Ovid, Clinton, Michigan, d: 21 Aug 1981 in Ovid, Clinton, Michigan

3 Emily Josephine Bates b: 23 Jan 1911 in Ovid, Clinton, Michigan, d: 08 Aug 2011 in Beulah, Benzie, Michigan  
 m: Ellsworth Dils Haynes b: 28 Jun 1909 in Canton, Stark, Ohio, m: 24 Feb 1945 in New Orleans, Louisiana, d: 25 Dec 1975 in Beulah, Benzie, Michigan

4 Stephen Langtree Haynes b: 1945  
 m: Patricia Ann Ringe b: 1946, m: 17 Aug 1968

5 Bethany Marie Haynes b: 1975  
 m: Megan Elizabeth Bell b: 1978 in Anchorage, Alaska, m: 25 Aug 2007 in New Marlborough, Massachusetts

5 Emily Susan Haynes b: 1977

4 Thomas LaMott Haynes b: 1949  
 m: Gail Elizabeth Hunter b: 1948 in Fresno, California, m: 11 Aug 1971 in Mariposa, California

5 Lyell Ellsworth Haynes b: 1975 in San Francisco, California  
 m: Joi Price b: 1975 in Flint, MI, m: 16 Sep 2001 in Ann Arbor, Washtenaw, Michigan

6 Alexa Gabrielle Haynes b: 2006 in New York, New York

5 Dana Bertram Haynes b: 1977 in Grand Rapids, MI  
 m: Susan Eugenia Manikas m: 04 Jun 2011 in Las Vegas, Nevada

5 Galen Clark Haynes b: 1979  
 m: Emily Marie Bush b: 1982 in Maumee, Ohio, m: 02 Oct 2010 in Catawba Island, Ottawa, Ohio

4 Jeffrey Kennard Haynes b: 1950  
 m: Karen Eileen Maisel m: 07 Jan 1978

5 Mark Spencer Haynes b: 1983

5 Peter LaMott Haynes b: 1985

3 Barbara Louise Bates b: 17 May 1914 in Ovid, Clinton, Michigan, d: 11 Apr 2010 in Ann Arbor, Washtenaw, Michigan  
 m: Russell Allan Smith b: 12 Apr 1913 in Lansing, Michigan, m: 07 Nov 1936 in Angola, Steuben, Indiana,

d: 09 Jun 1968 in Lansing, Michigan

4 Jerome Allan Smith b: 17 Apr 1940 in Lansing, Michigan, d: 03 Feb 2003 in Emerald Isle, North Carolina

m: Ruth Schlotter b: 1940, m: 16 Jun 1962 in Lansing, Michigan

5 Kirsten Marie Smith b: 1968

5 Sarah Louise Smith b: 1970

m: Matthew Christopher Karl b: 1970, m: 23 Sep 2000 in Orlando, Florida

6 Ashton Allan Karl b: 2004 in Florida

6 Hannah Louise Karl b: 2007 in Florida

4 Susan Meredith Smith b: 1941 in Lansing, Michigan

m: Robert H. Gray b: 1937 in Meadville, Pennsylvania, m: 14 Sep 2002 in Ann Arbor, Washtenaw, Michigan

4 Randall Russell Smith b: 1944 in Lansing, Michigan

m: Judith Crane b: 1944, m: 28 Aug 1965 in Lansing, Michigan

5 Jennifer Anne Smith b: 1971 in California

m: David Birdwell Temple Jr. b: 1968 in Colorado Springs, El Paso, Colorado, m: 27 Oct 2001 in Newport Coast, California

6 Jackson Lewis Temple b: 2005

6 William Everett Temple b: 2007

5 Nathan Randall Smith b: 1974

m: Rebecca McLaury b: 1974, m: 13 Sep 1997 in Lansing, Michigan

6 Emma Cassidy Smith b: 2002

6 Samuel Nathan Smith b: 2004

4 Martha Louise Smith b: 1951 in Lansing, Michigan

m: James Nield b: 1942, m: 28 Aug 1971 in Coldwater, Branch, Michigan

5 Stacey Louise Nield b: 1975 in Lansing, Michigan

m: Dan Brugeman b: 1972, m: 22 Sep 2007 in Emmet County, MI

6 James Ajax Brugeman b: 2011 in Denver, Colorado

6 Jack Emmet Brugeman b: 2011 in Denver, Colorado

5 Barbara Adele Nield b: 1977, d: 24 Feb 1977

5 Jeffrey Christopher Nield b: 1978

m: Amy Lynn Hojnaki b: 1979, m: 30 Aug 2008 in Bloomfield Hills, Oakland, Michigan

6 Everett Miller Nield b: 2012 in Corona Del Mar, Orange, California

3 Jackson Wilmot Bates b: 1917 in Ovid, Clinton, Michigan

m: Janet Louise Kelder b: 13 Mar 1919 in Petoskey, Michigan, m: 30 Jun 1945 in Ovid, Clinton, Michigan, d: 25 Jun 2009 in Grand Rapids, Kent, Michigan

4 Jackson Howell Bates b: 1946 in Lansing, Michigan

m: Deborah McMillan b: 1950, m: 01 Aug 1970

5 Matthew Bion Bates b: 1972

m: Nicole Blunden b: 1977 in San Diego, California, m: 13 Sep 1999

6 Ethan Taylor Bates b: 1999  
 m: Janice Jean Eaton b: 1950 in Marietta, Georgia, m: 24 May 1975 in Savannah, Georgia  
 5 Amanda Janice Bates b: 1977  
 m: Brian Vance Patterson b: 1971 in Jefferson City, Missouri, m: 12 May 2007 in Marietta, GA  
 6 Vance Parker Patterson b: 2009 in Athens, Clarke, Georgia  
 6 Anna Bates Patterson b: 2011 in Athens, Clarke, Georgia  
 4 David Channing Bates b: 1948 in Lansing, Michigan  
 m: Cynthia Beel b: 1952 in Grand Rapids, Michigan, m: 07 Jun 1980 in Kalamazoo, Michigan  
 5 Meredith Ashley Beel-Bates b: 1982  
 m: Christopher Mark Kennedy b: 1984 in Columbus, Franklin, Ohio, m: 13 Jun 2007 in Sandbridge Beach, Virginia  
 6 Ella Rose Kennedy b: 2011 in Virginia  
 5 Michael Pieter Beel-Bates b: 1986  
 m: Kathryn Grace Cunningham m: 2011 in Grand Rapids, MI  
 4 James Richard Bates b: 1952 in Sparrow Hospital  
 m: Stacie Lee Simmons b: 1955 in Gaylord, Michigan, m: 15 Jul 1978 in Gaylord, Michigan  
 5 Nicole Elizabeth Bates b: 1984 in Seattle, King, Washington  
 m: Travis William Petersen b: 1984, m: 31 Aug 2008 in Seattle  
 5 Kelli Christine Bates b: 1988 in Seattle, King, Washington  
 m: Katherine Bell b: 1953, m: 27 Jan 1990 in Seattle, Washington  
 4 Mary Alice Bates b: 1956 in Sparrow Hospital  
 3 Richard Chester Bates b: 1921 in Ovid, Clinton, Michigan  
 m: Signe Hegge b: 08 Feb 1926 in Oslo, Norway, m: 10 Jul 1948 in Ann Arbor, Washtenaw, Michigan, d: 20 May 2001 in Okemos, MI  
 4 Eric Randolph Bates b: 1950 in Ann Arbor, Washtenaw, Michigan  
 m: Nancy Fortino b: 1953 in Lansing, Michigan, m: 25 Sep 1976 in Lansing, Michigan  
 5 Andrew Thorleif Bates b: 1982 in Ann Arbor, Washtenaw, Michigan  
 m: Lyndsay Francine Higgins b: 1982, m: 15 Mar 2008 in Key West, Florida  
 5 Alexis Elise Bates b: 1985 in Ann Arbor, Washtenaw, Michigan  
 5 Evan Christian Bates b: 1989 in Ann Arbor, Washtenaw, Michigan  
 4 Rolf Edward Bates b: 1951 in Lansing, Michigan  
 m: Joyce Tesar b: 1952, m: 10 May 1975 in East Lansing, Michigan  
 5 Katherine Elise Bates b: 1979  
 5 Lauren Hunt Bates b: 1981  
 m: James Thomas McEachern Mill b: 1973 in Boston, Middlesex, Massachusetts, m: 26 Jun 2009 in Vail, Colorado  
 5 Mollie Elizabeth Bates b: 1985  
 4 Elise Christine Bates b: 1955 in Great Lakes, Illinois  
 m: Craig Patrick Schepeler b: 31 Jan 1954 in Jackson, MI, m: 01 May 1982 in Lansing, Michigan, d: 20 Jun 2003 in Bloomfield Hills, Oakland, Michigan

5 Christine Roseanne Schepeler b: 1988  
 5 Courtney Marie Schepeler b: 1991  
 m: William Harvey Harrison b: 1938, m: 13 Jan 2001 in Okemos, MI  
 4 Karl Leif Bates b: 1961 in Lansing, Michigan  
 m: Suzanne Fechner b: 1961, m: 29 Dec 1984 in Adrian, Lenawee, Michigan  
 5 Rolf Nelson Bates b: 1994  
 5 Bjorn Alexander Bates b: 1996  
 2 Harold Percy Bates b: 05 Oct 1892 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan, d: 10 Apr 1971 in Eaton Rapids, Michigan  
 m: Nora Ruth Holmes b: 24 May 1892, m: 21 Jul 1921, d: 16 Jun 1987  
 2 Ruth Emily Bates b: 10 May 1895 in Elsie, Clinton, Michigan, d: 25 Jul 1980 in Mt. Pleasant, Michigan  
 m: Glen Oren b: 02 Dec 1892, m: 10 Sep 1919, d: 18 Jun 1966 in Mt. Pleasant, Isabella, Michigan  
 3 Winona Esther Oren b: 26 Feb 1921, d: 01 Jan 2001  
 m: Shirley W. Bragg b: 06 Mar 1922, m: 03 Dec 1948, d: 16 Sep 2007  
 4 Anita Jean Bragg b: 1950  
 m: Charles Nickolas Bouth b: 1947 in Marquette, MI, m: 04 Nov 1972  
 5 Peter Charles Bouth b: 1979  
 4 Charlet Jean Bragg b: 1956  
 m: Ronald Dean Sanders m: 1993  
 4 Denise Jean Bragg b: 1958  
 m: Peter Edward Cotter b: 1957  
 5 Andrea Jean Cotter b: 1982  
 5 Monica Anne Cotter b: 1983  
 5 Eilene Virginia Cotter b: 1985  
 5 Maureen Therese Cotter b: 1990  
 5 Kathleen Marie Cotter b: 1993  
 4 Elesa B. Bragg b: 1960  
 m: Robert Scott Ball b: 1960  
 5 Travis Michael Ball b: 1983  
 m: Janel Wichman b: 1983  
 6 Nathan Michael Ball b: 2003  
 6 Jonathan Daniel Ball b: 2007  
 5 Amanda Louise Ball b: 1984  
 m: Benjamin Johnson b: 1978  
 6 Nicholas Eli Johnson b: 2006  
 6 Lillian Esther Johnson b: 2007  
 5 Jessica Lynn Ball b: 1985  
 5 Melissa Marie Ball b: 1986  
 5 Tyler David Ball b: 1992  
 4 Evon A. Bragg b: 19 Nov 1960

m: Scott Michael Peters b: 1958, m: 24 Jul 1982  
5 Nathin Michael Peters b: 1983  
5 Megin Evon Peters b: 1986  
3 Nila Louise Oren b: 02 Jul 1924, d: 12 Sep 1961  
3 Newell LaMott Oren b: 1928  
m: Lois Amelia Roth b: 1927, m: 28 Jun 1952  
4 LaMott Glen Oren b: 1953  
m: Gay Robin Seibeck m: 22 Sep 1979  
5 Miah Ruth Oren b: 1983  
5 Bion John Oren b: 1988  
4 Tregna Sue Oren b: 1955  
4 Marce Louise Oren b: 1957  
m: Daniel Keith Wandell b: 1948, m: 06 Aug 1977  
5 Narah Lydia Wandell b: 1981  
m: Torre Lynn Meissner b: 1976, m: 16 Oct 2004  
6 Turin Keith Meissner b: 2007  
5 Cora Danielle Wandell b: 1984



## EPILOGUE

What an engrossing, heart-warming work this has been! I've discovered relatives, past and present, that I didn't know I had, and rekindled nearly-dead memories. I hope you share my awe at the sweep of these pages of dates, names and anecdotes covering four centuries – fifteen generations – all saved for us in fading ink on yellowing paper by people long dead.

There are bedtime stories here for grandchildren, and names enough for new babies forever: Whitney, Doty, Job, Hannah, Wyman, Amanda, Lucina, George, David, Adelia, Susannah, Phillip, Betsy, Gideon, Charilla: Charilla Cobb Burnett – there was a woman for all seasons!

There is more, but I don't know how to share it with you. There are portraits going back to the 1850's;<sup>\*</sup> letters back to 1800;<sup>†</sup> lists of cousins I felt to be too remote to be of interest.<sup>‡</sup> Today I've read Amanda's poignant description of the trip she and LaMott took with Ruth and Bion (who drove) to Washington to see her son, Harold, once more before he sailed to France and War in 1918 (he didn't go);<sup>§</sup> and of a train trip she and LaMott took in the Winter of 1905-06 to Chicago, Denver, Salt Lake City, Los Angeles, San Diego, "Tia Juana", La Jolla, Catalina, Redlands, San Francisco, Mt. Shasta, Portland and Seattle. (She mistrusted Mexican food and clutched LaMott on the edge of chasms). In the appendix are four essays that were so descriptive that I couldn't leave them out: In fact, they're the best part of this booklet. If any of you are tempted to pursue some of these relatives farther, please check with me to see if there is additional information that would help.

Some of you are going to spot inaccuracies and discrepancies. I've already corrected a number, but there are bound to be more. Please jot them down and I'll issue a correcting addendum so that these records can be as accurate as possible. Who knows, some one may be copying this 15 generations hence.

Sharp-eyed readers will discover that there are now 101 descendants of LaMott and Amanda because Lauren Hunt Bates was born after this was started. With the two adopted Froberg children, there are precisely 103: LaMott, Alvah, Blanche, Jennie and the Bigelows, who all raised other people's children as their own, would insist that they be given full privileges of Batesmanship. Within the month, the last George Bates died in Shepherd at age 86.<sup>\*\*</sup>

The point is that genealogy is dynamic; these lists are only accurate for a moment until the next birth, wedding, or death makes them obsolete. In the early 1800's, records were kept in family Bibles. Later, the Sickels girls carefully pasted family obituaries, weddings and birth announcements in scrapbooks. I hope you, too, will find some way to continuously keep these lists current for your branch of the family.

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<sup>\*</sup> - Some included above in this 2012 Revised Edition; others online, the Bates-Sickels and related family portraits to be found at [http://www.shaynes.com/EJH/images/photos\\_bates-sickels.htm](http://www.shaynes.com/EJH/images/photos_bates-sickels.htm).

<sup>†</sup> - Already online for immediate descendants of Bion Bates; to be added shortly to the [LaMott George and Hannah Amanda \(Sickels\) Bates](#) family pages.

<sup>‡</sup> - Many of them in the list of [More Than] One Hundred Descendants of LaMott and Amanda Bates, above; others in the complete genealogy now online on Ancestry.com — if you are registered with Ancestry.com, you may be able to view it at <http://trees.ancestry.com/tree/39234061/family>.

<sup>§</sup> - Also currently available to BLB descendants; will be soon for all.

<sup>\*\*</sup> - The list now significantly exceeds Richard's 103. I didn't even bother to count. Like all families, the numbers will increase, although perhaps not exponentially like it did in earlier generations.

This booklet is presented to you in such a form that it can easily be taken to any copy machine, there to be reproduced for your children's children's children. Why don't you sit down now and add to it all the things you know about these people that aren't recorded anywhere? Oh, if only John Sickels had done for Phillip Vram Siegel what Bion did for Clyde or what Mary Frome did for her aunts and uncles!\*

Affectionately,

Richard

Christmas, 1981

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\* - I (SLH) am moving beyond copying machines and sending this out as a PDF. Thus, it may easily be disseminated, easily be corrected and redistributed, and easily printed by any who desire a hard-copy, all through the magic of the Internet, not to mention the ability to reference external sources to be found out there in the Cloud. I know some have thought that it should be perpetuated only in print — but PDFs are eminently printable, believe me.

## **APPENDIX**

## HENRY P. COBB TO FAMILY, DECEMBER 2, 1842

[Letter written by Henry P. Cobb, brother of my Grandmother Sarah Jane Cobb Sickels. Henry was responsible for the Cobb families coming to what is now the village of Elsie, Michigan. Bion L. Bates.

[SLH Note: a portion of what follows I typed from Bion Bates's original transcription; the remainder was scanned and OCR'd from Richard Bates's transcription found in the Bates Family History "Blue Book."]

Village Post Office  
[Point Coupee](#), Louisiana

Friday, December 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1842

Respected and dear friends,<sup>\*</sup>

Through the goodness of God, I am permitted, in tolerable health, to set down and address you. And I feel truly thankful to God for the privilege of telling you that I have set out to serve the Lord, who made me. You will ask what has stirred me up to a sense of my situation. It is this.

When I left you, and started for this country, I began to think that I was going into the wide world, and far from my friends. And I found it to be the case. Almost every person I met, on the lake, canals or river, if I heard him say anything, I heard him curse his maker. Indeed you do not know what a sinful world this is. It made my heart bleed to see so much wickedness, and hear so much cursing and swearing, as I saw and heard on my journey. I became fairly disgusted with the world. The farther south I came the more wickedness I saw.

After I left Charles and George,<sup>†</sup> I found that I was indeed friendless, and in a strange land. But in my distress, I thought of One Who is always a friend to those who seek His friendship. And many times did I almost resolve to seek, and court His friendship, but it seemed as though my heart was so hard and selfish, that it

would do no good. But I read the Bible, which says "knock and it shall be opened unto you," "seek and ye shall find," therefore, one noon I went out into the field, and fell upon my knees and tried to pray, but it seemed as though my heart was adamant, but I have continued to go by myself, and call on God for help, and I often, though not always, feel a kind of satisfaction that I used to think I never could feel. And I am determined, God being my helper, to spend the remainder of my days, be they few or many, in His service.

And now I do humbly ask an interest in your prayers, that I may never forsake the resolution I have taken. Do not forget me in your prayers, for I feel the need of your assistance. I feel that I am weak, but God is mighty. I never before felt the need of Christian friends, as I now do. In this place there are no meetings, the Sabbath is hardly observed at all, and once in a great while I find a professor of religion, but most of the people are in a wretched state of sinfulness, and the poor slaves how they suffer. Often have I thought of what you told me. That as long as my money lasted, my friends would last, and that is surely the case in most parts of this country. I must acknowledge that I have been somewhat homesick, and in fact I am yet, though I try to be as contented as I can. Well, you will think that I have began at the end of my story. I will now tell you the first of it.

We left Detroit on the evening of the day we started from home. Had a very rough time on the lake, we were all sick enough, but landed in Cleveland next morning and left the evening following, for Portsmouth.<sup>‡</sup> We were on the

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<sup>\*</sup> - Richard Bates prefaced the "Blue Book" version with a note the letter was written to Samuel Rodgers, Northville.

<sup>†</sup> - I can't determine who these might be. They can't be Henry's cousins, Charles Frederick Cobb and George Whitney Cobb, because Charles wasn't born until 1848.

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<sup>‡</sup> - Southern Ohio terminus of the Ohio Canal, on the Ohio River. From his description, about 32 miles per

canal about a week. We took a steamboat to Cincinnati and found the water of the Ohio very low. We found no boat at Cincinnati bound for New Orleans, and thought best to ship from St. Louis which we did. Our progress was very slow, on the account of low water, but we arrived there safe I think about the last of Oct.

In this place we enjoyed ourselves very well although we were obliged to wait some days for a boat. I think this is the finest city for a new one, I was ever in, and we had time to take a fair view of it.\* We bought our box full of provision and started down the Mississippi. We were on an excellent boat, but our progress was, as it had been on the Ohio, very slow, on account of shallow water. We enjoyed good health and good spirits. Or I might say the other boys did, for, although I enjoyed as good health as I ever did I was not at all times exactly contented. The report was that Red River was so low that boats could not go higher than Natchitoches, and we wanted to go about 70 miles above. Therefore began to make some enquiries about school teaching in other parts of the country. I was advised by a number who were passengers on the boat, and were acquainted, in different parts of the country, to stop at Bixburgh<sup>†</sup> in Miss. And after thinking on it some time, I resolved to stop. I was sorry to leave the boys, very sorry, for they had been very kind to me all the way.

We arrived at Bixburgh on Wednesday evening at 12 o'clock. I took my trunk and went ashore with such feelings as I never had before. There

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day. From there down the Ohio to where it joins the Mississippi at Cairo, IL, and then up the Mississippi to St. Louis.

\* - To give you historical context, he is in St. Louis only 36 years after Lewis and Clark returned there from their expedition to the Pacific, and still 18 years before the Civil War.

† - No place exists named "Bixburgh," Mississippi. The Red River empties into the Mississippi in a wildlife area south of Natchez, MS, and the only city on the river that sounds at all like "Bixburgh" is "Vicksburg," 140 miles north. Pointe Coupee, Louisiana, from which the letter was mailed, is now shown on maps as a large land expanse that lies between the mouth of the Red River and Baton Rouge, LA.

I was, more than 2,000 miles from home, and not a friend to give me one cheering word, or one pleasant smile. I went to a tavern and was soon in bed (if it might be called a bed) and in a few minutes I heard the loud puffs of the steam boat that separated me from the boys. There I was, but I will not tell you how much I slept that night. The next morning found me up in good season, and I left my trunk there and started into the country. I had not gone far before I found that I was in the wrong place entirely. The country was very thickly inhabited, and school masters were plenty. Therefore I resolved to return to Bixburgh and turn my course up Red River as I told the boys I would, in case I did not find employment.

It was nearly night when I got back, a boat soon hove in sight and in a short time I was floating down the river again.<sup>‡</sup> I thought I would land at the mouth of the Red River, where I was in hopes of finding the boys. Friday afternoon I arrived there but the boys were not there. As there was no boat there they went on to N. Orleans, I suppose, as they intended. They probably took a boat at N. Orleans. They intended to go up Red River as far as they could, and go to work til the water should rise, and then go on. I understand the water is rising very fast. I have been very sorry sometimes that I did not stay with them, but it may all be for the best. I will trust in God for the result.

At the mouth of the Red River I had to pay \$2 per day for board and did not know how soon a boat would come along to take me up the river, I thought it would not do for me to wait. I heard of a vacancy down the river 25 miles, and I thought I would go and try my luck again. I started about 11 O'clock on Saturday and at night I was there, but was not wanted. They could not even keep me over night, so I started back again, and stopped at every house, but no one could keep me and had there not been a kind of boarding house near by I should have been obliged to lie in the streets as many have

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‡ - "... Floating down the river again." This supports the conclusion he had landed at Vicksburg, MS.

had to do. That is the kind of hospitality that you will find in most parts of this country. O, how I thought of your hospitality, and I wished myself with you again once again. How little do we value our friends, till we are separated from them.

The next morning I heard of this place and started with rather of a faint heart. But I found employment here, and in a week went at it. I have taught two weeks, I have a small school, and a poor house to teach in. I commenced Nov 21, and my engagement runs till 1 of June. But, if God spares my life till the middle of April, on the first day of May I shall leave this country and if I am ever so happy as to get back to Michigan I think I shall, as I told you before I left, be contented to stay there. My employers say they will let me go whenever I think there will be any danger of staying. It is said to be very healthy here, till about the first of June.

I have always had a desire to see more of the world, but I have seen as much as I wish to now. For I find the more I see of it, the more of its misery I see, and the more I am disgusted with it. But I believe I have learned one good lesson, and that is this. I have learned that to err is human, and I have learned to overlook the few imperfections I have met with in persons who are generally well disposed. I know I have lacked charity, and I pray God that I may hereafter be blessed with a good share of it. As to my health it is not very good at present although I think it is better than it has been. The day I left the boat I was taken with a diarrhea which has continued with me ever since. Although it is not very bad, yet, it has taken away a considerable of my best. I am thinner than I ever was before I think. I have taken some medicine to stop it, and I believe I am getting along very well. Persons coming to this part of the country are almost invariably troubled with it for a while. It is caused by a change of climate, diet, water, etc. We drink rain water here altogether. Our diet is corn bread, sweet potatoes, pork, turnips etc. With bear meat and venison. I think Uncle Stephen would like to spend a week or two here. The weather is quite warm, but we have plenty of rain.

I have written to my friends in York State and also to Charles and George. They told me to write to Natchitoches and if they are near then, and have got it, they know where I am otherwise. I was to write to you where I am and they were to write to Tommy, and if he has got a letter from them, I wish you to write where they are and what they are doing, etc., etc. I also want Tommy (I might say Mr. Pinkerton, but it seems better to say Tommy, and I wish I could see him) to write to them where I am. Tommy, I wish you would write to Charles that I did not get employment at Bixburgh, and came down about 4 miles below Red River on old river and about 3 or 4 miles from the Mississippi on Bayo Letsworth,\* at William Rodgers, tell him to send a letter as soon as he finds where I am to Village Post office, Pointe Causes, Louisiana. I commenced this letter on Friday but did not have time to write only two or three lines. Yesterday I was also busy, this morning I saw a gentleman who was going to the post office, which is some distance, and I seldom have a chance to send, therefore I commenced but did not know how long I would have to write. For that reason my thoughts have been very much confused, and I have been in such a hurry, that I have written in a bad stile, what ever I happened to think of first, and therefore it appears to me to be a heap of fragments, and I have not been able to write all that I wanted to either. I wish you to write as soon as you get this for I am very anxious to hear from you. Do not neglect it one day. As we have often talked about writing the particulars, I feel confident you will do it. Let me know all about all of the neighbors, and everything, for it will all interest me, if it is good news.

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\* - At the [northern edge of Pointe Coupee](#).

Let me know how mesmerism\* flourishes. There is not much said of it in this country. How are Watsons, Stephens, and Tommy's folks, etc. How do you get along with your house? It seems a long way to Michigan: a longer journey than I should wish to undertake again for the purpose of making a fortune, for I believe the desire of getting money which I left home with, has left me. I used to think if I had money enough, I should want nothing more, but I now believe there is no happiness to be compared to that of a clear conscience, and that happiness I wish to gain. No possession is so great as a contented mind. O how I pant for the company of Christians that I may converse with them, and gain instruction. What privileges I have lost, that I might have enjoyed. Pray for me. That is the wish of your friend.

H.P. Cobb

Give my best wishes to all enquiring friends. Tell Daniel and Willy I often think of them and hope they will be good boys. Tell Mr. and Mrs. Waldron that I very much miss their company and kindness with which I was blessed last winter. And I wish you all good bye.

H.P. Cobb

I feel very anxious to hear from Charles and George. They were, when I left them, in good health & spirits, and if I were with them, I should not feel so lonesome, as I do at some-

times now. I make it my home with Mr. Rodgers (not Sam) who appears to be quite a nice kind of a man. My expenses here amounted to about \$27, with what clothing I got, I have \$45 left and have not been sorry that I fetched as much as I did, for I would fare rather poorly if I should be sick without money. And we are liable to be sick anywhere. Life is uncertain.

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\* - From [Wikipedia](#):

**Franz Anton Mesmer** (May 23, 1734 – March 5, 1815), sometimes, albeit incorrectly, referred to as **Friedrich Anton Mesmer**, was a German physician with an interest in astronomy, who theorised that there was a natural energetic transference that occurred between all animated and inanimate objects that he called *magnétisme animal* ([animal magnetism](#)<sup>[1]</sup>) and other spiritual forces often grouped together as [mesmerism](#). Mesmerism is considered to be a form of [vitalism](#) and shares features with other vitalist theories that also emphasize the movement of life "[energy](#)" through distinct channels in the body. In 1843 [James Braid](#), a Scottish physician proposed the term hypnosis for a technique derived from [magnetism](#) but more limited in its claimed effects, and also different in its conception. Mesmer's name is the root of the English verb "[mesmerize](#)".

## RECOLLECTIONS OF MARY FROME

(granddaughter of Elijah Cobb and Sally Whitney)

Amy Lawrence, daughter of Capt. Isaac Lawrence of Canaan, Conn. married one Elijah Cobb who either by inheritance or industry became very wealthy. They had but one son who was named by his Mother for her two brothers, Elijah and William. Their wealth made it possible to indulge their son, who had very positive ideas of his own and a boundless ambition, in his most extravagant desires. Fortunately he had no evil inclinations, but the fact that he had never "had his will broken" made the Great Grand-father Whitney hesitate in his consent to give him his oldest daughter, Sally, a beautiful refined girl of sixteen\* who had been kept in the best school of that day, but the consent was gained and a grand wedding took place February 27, 1786.

The fact that this young couple had had the best advantages, that the husband knew no opposition and was enterprising and ambitious, and that the wife was the embodiment of refinement and amiability, perhaps explains some of the characteristics of the Cobb family. His business which was extensive and lucrative (auger making) made him an independent man in a few years, but his girl-wife in less than a few years became an invalid and was confined to her bed most of the time for fifteen years. Their children were:

<u>Family Member</u>	<u>Married</u> <sup>†</sup>
Joshua Whitney	<i>Doty</i>
Parmelia	Barker
Charilla	Burnett
Daniel J.	<i>Hoyt</i>
Lydia E. (my mother)	Davis
Lyman II	<i>Chambers</i>
Nancy	Jewett
Sarah	Preshoe (or <i>Presbo</i> )

Grandfather Cobb was tall, commanding in presence, and pleasing in manner, very patriotic, and especially interested in education of the young. In old Massachusetts, stormy winters, (his home was in Lenox, Berkshire Co.) it was his practice to go around his school district with a big sled drawn by two, sometimes three, horses and gather up the children, taking them to school in the morning and at night going over the same ground to return them to their homes, that none might lose the benefit of the school. He was a genius as a vocalist and spent his winter evenings in teaching. He had a voice of magnificent compass ranging from deepest bass to highest soprano with perfect ease. He was devoutly religious and attempted a great deal of preaching and exhortation. As might be expected in these days, a man so finely and highly strung, always under the pressure of a relentless ambition, there came a mental break about 1810. As there was no provision for restraining the insane either by placing them under guardians or confinement except in the jail as a criminal for some crazy act, he threw his fortune to the wind and brought his family into great mortification as well as poverty. After having been confined in jail for some insane caper, on his release, he set fire to the jail burning it to the ground (that no other innocent man should ever be confined in it). After five years of such a life he took a gun for a hunting trip and in some way, whether accidentally or intentionally, none knew, he fatally shot himself living over a day after the wound. As the blood began to flow his mind cleared and his last hours were spent in dictating the sweetest messages to his family.

Grandmother was a constant benediction to all who were under her influence. To her children she was a faultless, beautiful Saint. His<sup>‡</sup> wish was their highest law, helpless as she was she controlled them perfectly, her reproofs and commendations being equally sweet to them, and she did not fail to train them in habits of industry as well

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\* - Current genealogy says Sally married at age 20.

† - Entries in italics have been added in this revision.

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‡ - Her?



as in things mental and moral. Many a precious lesson from that invalid of long ago has passed to me from my Mother. Their social attractions were strong and in her darkest days her closest friends were those of the most refined and aristocratic of those days when worth stood first in the esteem of people.

Joshua, Parmelia, Lydia, Lyman and Sarah had most of the Mother temperament. Daniel and Nancy most of the Father's, and Charilla was an intensified combination of both. Joshua and Parmelia being the oldest son and daughter, took the places, in those stormy days, of Father and Mother, and caretaker in place of the insane Father and invalid Mother, and from the grateful affectionate manner in which they were always spoken of by their brothers and sisters they must have done their work beautifully. As they accepted that love work for their dear ones of course the pursuit of studies was out of the question, which explains why their attainments were less, mentally who will say their souls had not a finer polish? Of course you know about the gentleness and spirituality of your Grandfather's life. Parmelia was as like him as sister could be. Her remaining children are Dr. W. W. Barker, Glenwood, Iowa and her daughter Parmelia (have forgotten her married name) is in California.

Charilla was a genius, tall, large dark eyes, an abundance of beautiful dark hair, nose slightly Roman and the bearing of a queen. At fifteen she was engaged to be married to her ideal, who went on a business trip by sea and was lost. After this she gave herself absolutely to her passion for study; never acknowledged an obstacle, and made every thing bend to the attainment of Education and fine clothing which stood second in her love. With no resources outside of herself, she earned needed means in such ways as were open to girls in those days.

Spinning suiting her love of activity best and in which she excelled both in quantity and quality, it was her custom to keep her book fastened upon the wheel and as she wound up her thread she caught a thought which she fixed in her mind while twisting the next. She was an enthusiast in Astronomy and the languages, That she might indulge her study of the heavens uninterruptedly, she fitted up a cave in the field with books and

candles which her friends thought unsafe, and tried to persuade her to take less risk by studying at home, but she knew no fear until she had been so thoroughly frightened by a scapegrace\* neighbor that she suffered for some time from the nervous shock. I can testify to her knowledge of Astronomy for she taught me after she was sixty years of age, more than all the professors I ever had. She spoke five languages as easily as her own. Her literary productions were fine and of rare strength, but she was always averse to fixing her name to any of her writings, so her relatives really know very little of the amount of her work in that line. I used to own several of her books, or my Mother did, which was the same thing, but they are among many other things of the past. She taught from the age of fifteen to that of thirty three several years after her marriage — not of necessity but of love of her work, the years spent in school after marriage were in New York City where she conducted a Young Ladies private school. As a scholar she was very far in advance of her brother Lyman, indeed those in position to judge styled her at one time the best educated woman in the United States. She was an enthusiast in all that interested her, so after the death of her two sons, James at twenty-one and Lyman at twelve,† when Earth's ambition became so purposeless to her, she became as enthusiastic in religious work as she had been before in intellectual pursuits — still always persisted in having her name withheld — she was one of the founders of the "Home of the Friendless" known at first as "The Female Guardian Society" of New York, also with Mr. Pease opened up the work of Five Points Mission in which she was engaged while I was a school girl in New York. For fourteen years she was the only regular protestant visitor at Bellevue Hospital. During the years thus engaged she dressed in black and allowed herself no luxuries of any sort — sometimes not the comforts or even necessities of life — but what a noble, interesting woman she was! I knew no nicer pleasure than to have "Aunt Charilla come to sleep with

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\* - I don't think I've ever in 66 years encountered this word: "a reckless and unprincipled reprobate."

† - Twenty and eleven, respectively, according to the record.

and lecture” me as she used to say. Merciless to herself when her physical strength failed, her mental strength went also and she died in the Utica Insane Asylum with consumption in 1864 aged 72.

Daniel, like his Father, was tall, and very positive in his manner and ideas. When young, he learned the trade of blacksmith, but having a natural taste for Medical research he used the long weeks during which he was unable to work because of illness in study, and very soon relinquished his trade and engaged in the practice of a Botanical Physician. He wrote several medical books which were thought of sufficient merit by the Cincinnati Medical College as to lead it to confer the degree of M.D. upon him. Like his Father he also excelled as vocalist, having a peculiarly sweet voice of great compass. He composed some music and arranged and published several musical works. He was also rhymist of some merit. I have much of his poetry in manuscript which he sent me but a short time before his death which occurred from consumption I think in 1858. His only surviving children are Frank\* of Elsie and Clara Johnson† of Clio, Mich.

Lydia, my Mother – how shall I write of her? To me she was the best rounded character I ever knew. She had no striking, salient, traits but was a well balanced woman of rare mental, moral, and spiritual attainments. Her face expressed her heart and soul, and spoke her thoughts and feelings as truly as her words. Intellectually she was strong, and cultivated herself by the best helps she could find, always keeping in touch with the current questions of the day. The practice of her whole life when sickness in the family did not prevent was to spend the hours from 9 to 11 P.M. reading – never anything that was not helpful – conse-

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\* - I've been unable to trace Frank. There's some indication his proper name was "Francis," and the best link I've found is to a Francis Cobb who is buried in Potterville, MI. But nothing yet is dispositive.

† - Clara's proper name was "Clarissa," and she married a Robert Johnson, had several children, and died in Clio, MI. Since Robert predeceased her by 35 years, and she is not buried with him in Mount Morris Cemetery (Genessee County), it is possible she remarried.

quently she had a rare store from which to draw. Socially she was always sympathetic and pleasing, an exceptionally good conversationalist. She was practical, which with her ceaseless industry, kept her home a haven of rest for old and young alike. Her pride was character, her admonition to us was "keep your standard above you, if you don't attain your ideal you will be taking upward steps in your effort to reach it." "Don't allow yourself to be the victim of circumstances more than is seeming. Be your best self under every circumstance." She would laughingly say, "It must be a poor water-soaked Cob(b) that won't rise to the top as soon as the pressure is removed." She kept so interested in our studies that she was able to help me out of tangles as late as thirty years after her marriage. I remember when teachers failed, I went to her very often to get matters cleared. As a Christian she was almost morbidly conscientious. Nothing pained her so much as the thought she had failed to be her very best. In the discharge of duty she was the "Stuff Martyrs are made of." Her intelligence, her pleasing manner and her intense religious fervor made her a rare worker in the Church, especially as Bible teacher. Although intense in her nature she had such absolute control of herself that up to her death which occurred when I was 25, I had never seen her angry, had never heard her say an unjust thing, a cruel thing of anyone, nor a word I would not now be willing to repeat as from My Mother. She still lives in the hearts of many although she left us (in body only) in 1860.

Lyman was from childhood gifted with a peculiar power to win the hearts of those he was in any way associated with. He was the embodiment of ready wit and quick sympathies. Making the best of his poor advantages he qualified himself to teach at an early age. Finding Webster's Speller and Walker's Dictionary unsatisfactory, he undertook an improvement, spending many nights upon the floor before an open old-fashioned fireplace studying. When twenty-two years of age his Spelling Book was published by Mach and Andrews of Ithaca. This was soon followed by his "Lexicon" Readers and Arithmetics. His books were in almost universal use throughout the United States and Canada from their first appearance in 1822 until 1837 when Saunders put a se-

ries before the schools and for a decade the Cobb Series and the Saunders Series stood as rivals. The financial panic of 1837 embarrassed Uncle who had vast fortunes invested in his books while Saunders who had no old obligations and a better business head than Uncle gained a march upon the schools, placing an inferior book in all the grades, in place of Uncle's at last. He was one of the most genial men I ever knew, as well as generous. In 1837, while the country was under one of its financial clouds and there was so much suffering he supported, most of the time, three families which is one of the many instances of his generosity. In his charities he was unwise and reckless very often. For instance he would meet a forlorn fellow on the streets and beginning to question him would get the statement that terrible misfortune had brought him to want, and his poor clothing kept him from getting employment – a good suit would insure a good position. If Uncle had not the money with him to get a handsome suit for his subject he would make an appointment to meet him, secure a shoddy suit for himself to wear home and take off his elegant broadcloth suit to give to the man he trusted because “he said so” which no doubt usually resulted in a very valuable suit (he always wore the best) taking a place on the pawn broker shelf. As a financier he was a failure, because visionary, with no appreciation of the value of money. If he had made his noble, practical wife his banker and guardian he might have been a millionaire – the income from his publications during their popularity being enormous. During his prosperous years he wished to, and felt he could, carry all his friends without their feeling a care. As for his children he alone must provide for every wish. Even his sons must not be burdened with a profession or business. Their fine education was for their enjoyment. His love for his children was almost idolatry and the death of his daughters Sarah Jane and Eleanor was a bereavement from which he never recovered. Sarah Jane was the wife of Rev. Jas Pierson\* brother of the now-famous Arthur T. Pierson.

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\* - This account differs radically from what genealogical records on Ancestry.com show: according to them, Sarah Jane's husband was a William Duncan. No wife is recorded for James Pierson. Pierson died many years later, in 1887.

She died in 1851<sup>†</sup> and was followed by her husband in a few months. Like others of his family, although an Episcopalian, he was even puritanical in his religious ideas, especially regarding the Sabbath. All books except those purely spiritual were prohibited on the Sabbath and the front blinds to his house were never allowed open on that day to avoid the distraction from sacred thoughts, scenes upon the street might prove to be! It was his habit to take the morning paper and glance through it before it fell into the hands of any of his family and if any scandal or crime which might suggest a thought belittling or demoralizing to the mind, met his eye the poor paper was at once consigned to the flames. Yet there was nothing austere about him. Until the mental cloud which darkened his last years he was the most cheerful, affectionate, attractive and entertaining of men.

Nancy resembled her father, was a very queen in her presence as well as in her ambition and ideals. With far more than ordinary ability, Music was a rich inheritance of hers and her voice a surprise and delight to all who heard it. As a writer she was gifted especially in poetry. She was a very successful and popular teacher for several years before she married Mr. Jewett whom she left with five children when she was thirty-two,<sup>‡</sup> dying of consumption – a victim of her ambition.

Sarah the pet of the whole family, (but who foolishly ignored the advice of those better qualified to measure up a boastful, handsome man with no force of character) married just such and lived in forlorn straits until her children were old enough to be helpful. Her husband was a genuine dreamer, always on the eve of fortune which never materialized. Although always in want, sometimes with pitiable surroundings she always kept heart, was always cheerful, always ready to receive any who favored her poor home, most cordially, and instead of starving her mind and soul by bemoaning her environments she literally, like Uncle Lyman a decided puritan, even went farther than he in matters relating to the Sabbath. Her children are among the most intelligent and influential in Western Pennsylvania.

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<sup>†</sup> - Genealogical records say 7/7/1847.

<sup>‡</sup> - Records say she was 33.

## SKETCH OF J.D. SICKELS

Paper Read by His Daughter, Mrs. L. G. Bates at Supervisors' Picnic

When a man becomes a citizen of this country, either by attaining his majority or by process of law, the privilege is granted him of going to the polls and "casting his vote" – the full meaning of which is known. The truly worthy citizen reasons that, as everything has its price, so every added privilege brings added responsibility. This responsibility must be shared by all who receive the benefits of government. Further reasoning convinces him that he is not exempt, and he looks about to see what part – even though a small one – he must bear in carrying on the work of this great commonwealth.

Such a man was my father. His Quaker characteristics, which he received from his mother, led him to ever let the office seek him, and not he the office. Usefulness rather than honor was the end he sought.

If, in giving this brief sketch of my father's public life, his modest work has seemingly been magnified, you will forgive a daughter's pride, for we love our father and honor his name. His work was equaled, or even surpassed by others – perhaps by some present – but it was pioneer work and as such we give it prominence. With him, as with many others in the early life of the township, where there was much to do and few to do it, willingness was often accepted for capability, and he was therefore seldom idle, for his was an unselfish as well as exceedingly conscientious nature and was always ready to do, as best he could, what his hands found to do.

When, in 1847 he came to Duplain, conditions were exceedingly primitive.

"Neighborhoods meant counties in those days, and roads didn't have accommodating ways" as a familiar poet cleverly describes similar conditions.

When he settled upon an eighty acre farm and began work for God, home and country, he found ample scope for all his energies, and divided his duty among the three.

He was sixth to hold the office of supervisor in Duplain, five having preceded him since the organization of the township, ten years before. He was first elected in 1851, four years after his settling there, and was

again elected in 1855, '56, '57, '60, '61, '62, '63, '67, '68, '71, '83 and '84, making thirteen years in all.

During several years previous to the organization, but after the laying out of Gratiot County, the two tiers of townships composing the southern half of the county were attached to the northern tier of townships in Clinton County. Under this provision, the assessing of Elba and Hamilton were included in the work of the supervisor of Duplain. This additional work continued until the completion of the organization of Gratiot County in 1855.

Supervisors in those days didn't make the circuit of their townships in automobiles and telephone their reports to the main office. Even horses were not to be had; he was therefore obliged to walk not only the many miles necessary to take the assessments in the three townships, but made his first trip from northeast Duplain to DeWitt (then the county seat) in the same laborious way. Later he became the happy owner of a horse and would make the journey on horseback to within three miles of DeWitt, where he would leave the horse to be pastured and cared for until his return a week later. Whether this was done because of lack of means or because the village boasted of no hostelry, we leave you to guess. In the two townships of Gratiot County, previously mentioned, the roads were particularly bad. He with Surveyor Robert Birmingham, and another town official, went through the woods with no road, to the great bend in the Maple River near where the village of Ashley now stands. They would there call to the Indians camping on the opposite bank to come over in their canoes and carry them across. They would then make their way on foot around the big marsh. They stayed one night at the house of Dr. Cheeseman. A severe thunderstorm coming up in the night, the sieve-like roof proved wholly inadequate to protect them and they were subjected to a complete drenching. His own modest home seemed like a palace to him on his return.

In the later years of his service, he had use of more comfortable conveyances, as horses with easy carriages, and even steam cars, were common in all parts of the state.

That the men of those days were skilled in strategy is illustrated by the following incident: one spring while taking assessments in Hamilton, the roads were in such a terrible condition (you could truthfully say there were no roads) that my father found it quite impossible to visit each home. One man being more completely isolated than the rest, the necessary information regarding his possessions and exemptions was given by an accommodating neighbor. Not only did the slight cut deep, but the seeming neglect of the supervisor afforded him sufficient excuse for refusing to pay his taxes. So when in the following winter, Treasurer Isaac Craven,\* with my father as guide went to collect the taxes, this lone settler refused to pay. Mr. Craven coolly raised his tall form and took from the beams above a rifle which his keen eye had previously observed and which doubtless was the pride, as well as necessity of the poor woodsman, saying as he deliberately proceeded to take possession of it, that "that would do just as well." The man immediately "chose discretion as the better part of valor," and paid the necessary amount.

The sessions of the board were held at this time in a school house in DeWitt rented for that purpose at \$50 a year. The Fall of 1856 stands clear in the minds of the older ones as the "smoky fall." on father's attempting to return from the Fall session he lost his way, not being able to see the houses or even the candles which the people had been compelled to light long before the usual time. After traveling many miles he stopped his horse and called loudly hoping to get some knowledge of his whereabouts. He was both surprised and delighted to be answered by one of his own neighbors not a half mile from his home.

During his second term of office in 1855, was begun the agitation concerning the removal of the county seat. The three places under discussion were DeWitt, St. Johns and Muskrat Lake. The final decision was made in 1857, St. Johns winning the prize. But allow us to conjecture that if, instead of Muskrat Lake in its primitive rudeness, the principal faces being the sun-baked ones of the Indians, if it had been Merle Beach, with its electric cars, commodious hotel and the anticipation by the members of a delightful ride on the

steamer during intermissions, St. Johns would still be without its court house.

During the same official year on January 25, 1856, one hundred acres of land in the township of olive was purchased for the purpose of providing for the poor of the county. This farm was afterwards sold and another purchased in Bingham, upon which a portion of the building now occupied was erected while he was again supervisor in 1871.

His work as supervisor was not always pleasant, but exceedingly painful, for he held the office during those days when our country was immersed in deepest gloom, when war called husbands and sons from home to fight for their flag. The honors to be won by service on the battle-field or in weary march were denied him, but he gave equally valuable aid to his country by his faithful work at home. It was his duty to visit the families that had been deprived of support and give to them the amount apportioned by the government and also the donations of the friends at home. This was no easy task and his generous heart was deeply grieved as he dealt out to them the meager supply which was often, we might say always, insufficient for their actual needs. As we recall these eventful days, we remember with what anxious care he endeavored to meet with justice the demands of the unfortunate ones entrusted to his care.

It might be interesting to know the growth of the township during the time between his first and last years as supervisors. This is shown by the following facts: In 1850, the population of Duplain was 419, in 1884 about two thousand. In 1851, the assessed valuation of property was \$39,661.00. In 1884, his last term, \$851,400.00.

Among the other public acts of my father's was assisting to plat the village of Elsie in 1856, one of the four corners being a portion of his own farm. During the same year, he and his two brothers erected the first store.

He was one of the original trustees of the Methodist church there, and held the office until compelled to resign on account of failing health.

He was the second postmaster of the village and acted in that capacity for twenty years. He served as Justice of the Peace for eight years and was elected for a third term, but refused to serve. He held the office of township treasurer in 1850, was afterwards township

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\* - First husband of Martha Jane Finch, whose second husband was Aaron Sickels, Job's brother.

clerk. In 1868 he was nominated for the legislature, but withdrew on account of poor health.

What was perhaps the most laborious service given to the public, and the one performed under the most difficult conditions, was the work on one of the so-called state roads which extends from the center of Ovid Township north 20 miles through the towns of Duplain, Elba and Hamilton. He was commissioned by the Governor to superintend the surveying of this road which was built for the purpose of reaching valuable timber land, as well as of affording a more direct route to the partial settlement beyond. The magnitude of this undertaking can scarcely be realized by one who now drives over this broad thoroughfare lined with prosperous farms and pleasant homes. There was but little to do on the southern portion, as this had been used as a public highway for several

years. Their most arduous work was through Elba and Hamilton, where they made their way into an unbroken wilderness and through an almost impenetrable swamp, and as they camped for the night and built their fire it served the double purpose of preparing their own meals and frightening away wild animals.

On his return home a session of the Board of Supervisors held in January, 1885, the last one he attended, he fell from a platform at the depot at Owosso Junction and sustained injuries from which he never fully recovered and doubtless hastened his death, which occurred in April, 1898. His work of course, was neither great nor prominent, but perhaps we might ask ourselves today if we are doing as much as he or the other pioneers did to advance the growth and welfare of the town, county or state.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF [THE LIFE OF] CLYDE D. BATES

as related by brother, Bion L. Bates

Indications and negative results notwithstanding, my dear Florence and Frances, I have never forgotten your request and my promise to put in writing my recollections of your father and my brother Clyde, as recorded in my memory from my earliest childhood. Your Uncle Clare, being older than I and more able, would have been better qualified to give you further and better information, but if I lack in these attributes, I claim to be his equal in loving and admiring our brother: my ideal through life and a pattern and good influence for others with whom he came in contact.

In what I have to write, you must pardon the frequent use of the first personal pronoun, singular, but as this is to be my recollections, I know of no other way.

There is nothing difficult about writing these memoirs as there are no bad parts – nothing to gloss over. Clyde could always be counted on the right side and with the right people doing the right thing at the right time, unselfishly serving his community and friends wherever he found them. It is not easy to record incidents about one who chose for his friends not alone those of power, wealth and education, but whomsoever bore the plainly discernible marks of manhood or need. His desire to be of service was exemplified in his last act on the morning of January 7th, 1937, when he was providing transportation for those more unfortunate than himself. The latchstring was always out to those in need of advice or material aid, regardless of their race, creed or color, and he weighed their problems as carefully as though they were his own.

And with that, let me see how I can begin the recitation of actual events which I can recall and which I think will not only be of interest to you but will reveal what kind of a boy it was who turned out to be such an unusual man, and father, husband, son and brother.

I am surprised to discover after earnestly delving among the gray cells of my memory that I am unable to recall many events which happened before I was about six, and this seems all the more strange when I reflect that Clyde was as near a mother to me as was possible for a six-year older brother. Incidents to be related will show that regardless of many shortcom-

ings, he seemed always anxious that I be with him. And so it must have been since my birth for he was ever fond of babies and children.

So we will start off with the maple syrup episode which you have many times heard. This took place in the middle of the west side of the ten acre woodlot on the farm in Elsie where all except Uncle Clare were born. There was no sugar shanty at that time, but Clare and Clyde had tapped a few trees and on a Saturday had boiled all day, using two small iron kettles over an open fire. It was a long and tedious job. I am able to relate what happened partly through hearing the story told many times in later years and partly from a faint memory of the event. It was an all-day job and little Bion was taken along with a more important item, the lunch. There were visitors, probably Jim Durfee, Art Scott, and possibly one of the Vincents. Clare was engineer, naturally, and determined when the sugar was to be removed. Made as it was, there can be no doubt of its unusual quality but whichever way you may chose to interpret that, rest assured that to the boys at least, it was priceless. So it was carefully poured into a pail and Clare took it some distance from the fire and placed it on the end of a plank for safekeeping. Their happiness knew no bounds. Before they left, the fire must be put out and the variety of pots, pans and pails with which they had caught the sap as it dropped from the spikes in the trees must be collected. This done, little Clyde, like a frisky young colt that he was, went hopping about giving vent to the joy which would be theirs when they presented mother with the near gallon of syrup. But in his gleeful gyrations, he stepped on the other end of the plank and, tragedy upon tragedy, over went the syrup!

No use crying over spilled syrup, either. It was as doleful as a funeral procession – that trek home, little Clyde being chief mourner. Upon our arrival there, where we were met by mother and Aunt Jenny, Clyde uttered a sentence that has since been a much-used expression in our family: “I wish I could live when I wanted to and die when I wanted to.”

It seems now as I look back, that Clyde was always doing something for me. He thought I should have

ice skates but at that time, “heel plate” skates were all that we had and it was no small job to attach the plate to the heel. A hole must be cut in the center of the heel and the little square plate affixed with small screws. But he did it. The “goose egg” I received in my one point landing that first attempt at skating may be the answer to some strange things that have happened in my later years!

I must visit school with him one day when Aunt Jenny Parker was his teacher and I must drive over with him to the Levys in the rickety two-wheeled cart behind old Frank, the evening he sold Archie Levy a subscription to the Youth’s Companion. For this sale and two others, plus almost enough cash to make the purchase, he received a pair of ice skates, envied by all the boys.

And one evening after school I must go nutting with him and Archie Wooley, over northwest of Elsie, Archie furnishing the horse and light spring wagon. It was a very successful adventure as we collected several bushels. In order to save time, the division of the spoils was made by Clyde and me in the back of the wagon as Archie drove home. The measure used was Clyde’s straw hat, one full for Archie, one for Clyde, etc., and it was during this operation that I witnessed the only questionable action your father probably ever took. I have thought of it many times since and have excused what happened by admitting that I was a third party in the transaction and as such was entitled, now and then, to the extra hatful which fell into Clyde’s pile, he managing the division. I like to believe that it was a case of judgment on his part, Clyde believing that what he was furnishing in me as a helper was of more value to the expedition than Archie’s horse. Just imagine the immature judgment of a boy!

I believe I was never more frightened than the Sunday afternoon Clyde, Clare and the usual gang were trying to knock hickory nuts from the tall tree which still stands just northwest of what is left of the woods. One of the long heavy sticks which they were throwing up struck Clyde on the head, knocking him down and inflicting quite a scalp wound. Blood streamed down his face. That adventure terminated abruptly and we weren’t long getting to Father Bates who dressed it in a very professional manner. Doctors weren’t called for every little scratch in those days.

Clyde was ever a dutiful child but he just couldn’t tolerate woolen underwear and in that he was in advance

of his time. It wasn’t so bad the first week or so, in the Fall, when one’s flesh had become accustomed to the seemingly millions of pricklers which the heavy garment contained, but Clyde’s nervous temperament and such never-ending torture weren’t compatible; yet his Mother had told him to put them on, and don them he did. However, one day she noticed that he was quietly staying in his room longer than he was wont, so she investigated. Tiptoeing up, she discovered Clyde sitting on the floor in his nature’s suit, picking from his woolens the innumerable, almost microscopic pricklers which had continuously prod-ded him. He had quite a pile of them beside him. Needless to say, that ended the woolen underwear, not only for Clyde but for Clare and me also – another example of how Clyde was always doing for others.

In 1890, father built the brick store on the northeast corner of Main and Ovid streets which still stands. He had started in business with Mr. J.F. Hasty in 1872 in a two story wooden building on the northeast corner and had done very well, so well in fact that Mrs. Hasty jealously objected and father was let out. It was at this time that he traded the little home which he built before his marriage and which has since burned (the third one west of the old cemetery) for a forty acre farm on the north bank of the river by Watson’s bridge. There were two circumstances which took him back to the store, one his hard luck, having broken his leg twice and nearly starving out, and the other the fact that the Hasty store ceased to prosper under other management. Father was able to trade back and this time through the confidence which Mr. Hasty had in him, father bought the stock, going in debt for the full amount. The contract was for \$ 5,800 and I have the original instrument showing all the payments.\*

The fact that he had prospered was due in no sense to luck, but to good business judgment and plenty of hard work by father, mother, and the two older boys. As an example, I can just remember how they spent all day the 3rd of July freezing ice cream in the cellar of the old house, not with freezers as we know them today but with a very crude affair consisting of a cov-

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\* - A copy will be made part of the LaMott George Bates Family web pages. The original is in the Bentley Research Library LaMott Bates collection at University of Michigan.



ered tin can containing the mixture which they twisted back and forth by hand as it was surrounded by ice and salt in a large pail. It was necessary to remove the cover frequently and stir the cream with a spoon. Ice cream was something new, and on the Fourth they could have sold much more than they made. This was only one of the many ways in which Clyde and the rest of the family contributed their share in paying off the debt.

Father had so increased his business that he needed more room so he purchased the wooden building across the street from mother's Uncle Elijah Cobb and moved it just back to its present location. In the construction of the new store, the boys came to his assistance as usual, drawing brick and lumber from the railroad siding and driving the horse that pulled all the mortar and brick up to the scaffolding as the building progressed. This labor was in addition to doing work on the farm in the south part of Elsie where they had lived since 1878.

I recall so well an example of Clyde's fondness for looking into the future. The conversation took place one day when we were cultivating corn. As was the custom, it was necessary for a boy to ride the horse and drive. This distasteful job I was unwilling to perform on this particular occasion and Clyde was handling the cultivator. Farming was an occupation for which Clyde was neither physically nor temperamentally fitted, although he always uncomplainingly did his part: He liked the store. On the other hand, Clare disliked selling merchandise and as it later turned out, I did, too. But at this time, my likes and dislikes along this line not being known, he wrongly assumed that I might become a merchant and while we let the horse get a little rest (not to mention the two boys), he confided that he had been thinking that some day he and I would take over father's place in the store and that Clare would be the farmer. This prophetic statement by the always-frank Clyde was delightfully received by little Bion, for to anticipate a life with him, my hero, was buoyancy in itself and for the balance of the day, I found that instead of riding the dirty, sweaty old horse I was an equestrian in livery. This prophecy was one-third true.

Clyde's ability as a salesman was early discernible. Clare, on the other hand, was naturally mechanical and samples of his bracket saw handiwork no doubt can still be found in some of the houses in Elsie. It made a good team, Clare manufacturing the orna-

ments which he couldn't sell and Clyde, in a much shorter time, finding ready purchasers.

He had very little patience with any mechanical contraption which refused to operate and would very likely strike it with the hammer, whereas a gentle adjustment was all that was needed. The only time I can recall seeing him give vent to his anger was one night the heavy door to the "Red Barn" rolled off its track (a trick it was wont to do) and fell flat on the ground. Clyde had had difficulty getting the cows into the barn and this provoking action on the door's part was just too much, so he jumped right up on that old "meany" and stamped for all he was worth. That done, he proceeded to place the door back on the track.

I have previously mentioned Clyde's desire to have me along with him wherever he went. At the time, I know I was always delighted but I have since marveled at this generous trait knowing as I do now very, very few boys want to have a kid brother with them on any occasion. I regret that at the time, or at any future time, I failed to show him an appreciation.

One cold winter night when sleighing was good, George Duncan, one of Clyde's contemporaries, was to take him to a Shadow Social a mile west of the Sherburn School to a Miss Myer's house. Clyde had me dress in my Sunday best and took me along. You may know how such events are handled or you may not, but anyhow, the ladies furnish a box lunch. The room where the girls are is made dark -a sheet is hung over a double doorway with a lady sitting behind the sheet and a small light placed beyond her so that a shadow is cast, which is auctioned off. The lunch is thrown in.

Clyde and George had both bid and bought, but I, believe it or not, seemed too timid, so Clyde whispered encouragement and suggested that I bid on the next short shadow. (of course, he had furnished me with funds). Soon one appeared that seemed about my height and I was astonished to learn that my twenty-five cent bid was the only one made. Thinking that this was on account of her age, you can imagine my surprise when my purchase walked out, a good 5-foot, 40-year old maid: She had been sitting on the floor for her shadow.

It's no wonder we enjoyed the Sugar-bush days of spring. After a long hard winter, all were delighted with warming days and work that took us out-of-

doors. Shortly after the previously mentioned experience in the woods, father made syrup in a large iron kettle over an open fire. About the only event I recall about that was that the woods caught fire one night after the men had been boiling sap. A neighbor awakened us and the fire was easily extinguished.

But it must have been very shortly after that father built the shanty-and there are two or three events I recall in which Clyde participated which may be of interest. First let me describe the old shanty and tell some things about syrup making as was done in the small sixty-tree bush on the Bates farm.

Naturally the 10x14' shanty stood very near the center of the woods and well it did as all the sap gathering was done by hand and many times I was glad that there were so few maples. It was built in the most simple way with plenty of cracks between the boards. The bark roof slanted all to the South and some of the planks were removed so that steam from the boiling sap could escape.

On the brick arch, which was close to the south side, rested the 2-1/2x5' galvanized pan which hung between it and the fire. The opening in front through which we fired the long wood was covered by an ever-troublesome sheet iron contraption – it was so hot to remove and was always falling down. Sap was stored in two large barrels. A rough board which acted as a seat was across the north side and above this was a shelf where we placed our dinners, pails, etc. The hinged door was on the west end. Skimmers and dippers hung handily on pails and from the rafters hung a lantern. As sap season and school came at the same time, most boiling was done on Saturdays and nights.

What fun we had at lunch time! Mother always packed the basket and naturally nothing was lacking. Potatoes were placed in the hot ashes in front of the arch about forty-five minutes ahead of time. Were they good! Always burned on the outside and never over half-baked. Eggs – two or three apiece – were boiled in the pan. Was it ever difficult but fun to find them – at least half of them cracked open. Search must be made over the whole bottom of the boiling sap with proper exclamations made as each was discovered and removed with a skimmer.

The cabin was always full of steam and at night we could scarcely see one another. Steam rose in clouds – at times the lantern showed very little. Bright streaks

in the vapor from the glowing fire fanned out from spaces around the ill-fitting sheet iron cover our faces were sticky from the condensing vapor.

Probably one of the most annoying of the many faulty constructions of the plant was the smoke pipe – an 18-inch tin tube which frequently became red hot. Boards in the roof were too close and occasionally caught fire but were easily extinguished.

One night, cool-headed Clare, easily-excited Clyde and young Bion were operating when Clare discovered a roof board on fire near the smoke pipe. Clyde was not in a position to see, so Clare placed his hand over my mouth and called my attention to it. It was most difficult to remain quiet, but I caught on that he wanted to see what would happen when Clyde's quick eye caught the conflagration. It wasn't long and we soon had a demonstration of his cat-like agility. Crying out, "Boys, the shanty is all on fire," and simultaneously putting out the fire by dashing on a dipper of sap, it was all done so quickly that Clare and I were split seconds late with our laughing. It was a provoking trick with no chance of Clyde seeing the joke. It was also another demonstration of the temperamental differences of the two older brothers.

In spite of the many, many thoughtful things which Clyde did for his kid brother, Bion, I'm sorry to relate, showed his appreciation at times by being downright mean. On a Saturday after the two of us had worked all day in the bush, Clyde decided that we would boil down the syrup and remove the pan. This was a delicate operation and care must be taken that the fire pan was kept low or the product would be burned.

We were short one pail in which to pour the syrup and I was instructed by my senior to go to the house and get it. Well, wasn't it chore time and wasn't I tired and who was he to order me around? Of course, I told him when I left that I wasn't coming back just as though that gave me license to prove myself the cad that I surely was, so I went up to the barn and commenced milking. Clyde was angry, and for many days, I found it easy to keep out of reach.

Just one other sugar bush incident in which Clyde was not chiefly concerned but which I will always like to recall, took place when I must have been very small. Father wanted to finish "boiling down" one night after supper. Certainly the older boys would assist and of course I teased to go along. Man-like he assured

Mother that it would take but a short time and gained consent for me to go. But as usual, time flew by and mother grew alarmed for fear something had happened.

It was a dark night, snow was quite deep for Spring, and walking was difficult. I can remember that father was carrying me. We had the only lantern and were about half-way home when we met Mother. She had donned a pair of men's boots and in the darkness had stumbled through the snow toward the woods. I well recall the generous rebuke she gave, which father so richly deserved for keeping the baby of the family up so late.

No sketch could be written about your father without citing an example or two showing one of his many striking assets – determination. Come what might, Clyde saw it through in spite of time, strength or opposition of any sort.

He was cultivating beans with horse Kitty on the Ford farm, a 40-acre addition on the West. This field was farthest from the house and considerable time was lost in making trips back and forth.

Having this in mind, he had undoubtedly set his stakes to finish the job on this last day and being Clyde, had attempted too much. Supper time came and no boy. Chores followed – darkness descended and we were getting worried. Father had just started to investigate when poor, tired Clyde and Kitty appeared. The cultivating had been finished. Determination!

Again, (I'd say Clyde was about 15) he rode his new Rambler bicycle down to Ann Arbor to visit Clare who was studying dentistry. Following this he cycled into Detroit and spent some time with the relatives. I believe he had made up his mind that he could and would make the whole 100-mile trip home to Elsie in one day although he said nothing about it.

If it were yesterday, I would see him no more plainly than I do now as he wheeled into the front yard, as much dead as alive. Poor Clyde, he could scarcely walk. I think from what he said later that he was more or less unconscious the last few miles. It was necessary to almost carry him into the house where Mother helped him to a bath and got him to bed. Determination – he had it, but in this instance it was costly and we always attributed his first attack of inflammatory

rheumatism to the grueling demand he had made upon his slight body.

On another occasion, shortly after Florence was born, he again was made to pay the penalty for attempting work heavier than his strength would allow. The linoleum show room was on the store's second floor and the heavy, crated rolls were usually carried by four men. It seems that only three were available in this instance, so Clyde took one alone. Shortly after this he was operated upon for an abscess in his side. The doctors claimed this difficulty was caused by a severe strain which tore a muscle.

Clyde was taken with a hard pain in his left side. For several days, Dr. Travis seemed unable to diagnose the case but finally after the patient had suffered cruelly many days, he discovered the presence of pus and announced that an operation would be necessary. For this there could be no one quite like Dr. Gillen of St. Johns, an old friend of the family, who had officiated at the birth of both the older boys.

The doctor came that evening. Instruments were sterilized in the range oven. The dining room table was lengthened out and upon this the operation was performed under chloroform. Poor Clyde, no one doubted the intensity of the suffering he had borne when more than a pint of foul-smelling pus was removed. A trained nurse from Detroit was engaged and after a long pull, the man who possessed the strongest determination of any one I ever knew regained his health.

Nearly all of these stories, I'm sure you have heard but it's difficult to leave out very many for fear you have not. I do know that Clyde was very much unlike your Uncle Bion in that he lived in the future and was not given to talking of his past. So the writer rambles on...

Clyde was thrifty but never penurious. I remember some old man ran a street-corner pop corn stand. You may never have seen the ones which were in use before the day of automatic electrical appliances. It was just a box – three sides of glass, the other open, and the bottom was made of tin with perforations small enough to allow unpopped kernels to escape. A narrow wooden shelf extended about 8 inches from the top of the glass sides on which was kept the cup in which butter was melted, the salt, and filled sacks of corn, which sold at a nickel. Gasoline furnished the heat and was constructed to give off light also. The

tank was on top of the box and a pipe led down to the burner. Over this latter a small chain was suspended from the side shelves and this supported the large, manually-operated wire popper.

Clyde observed that the proprietor of this contraption did a profitable business, so when the man moved away, taking his outfit with him, it was very characteristic of our hero to see that an opportunity to make money existed. Not knowing where to purchase such a machine he hired a carpenter to make one, sent for the torch and popper and opened up just across the sidewalk west of the front of the store. It was not uncommon for sales to reach \$5.00 on a Saturday, the only night he operated. And on a Fourth of July he cleared \$14.00, big money in those days.

In 1893, father took Clyde and Clare to the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago, Mother having to stay home with the nine-year-old Bion. I can't say just how long they were gone but I clearly remember going down to the depot in the city bus to meet them. Clyde had taken notes and from these wrote an unusual account of their experiences. I recall his reading it at one of the family gatherings. This little book is interesting and I hope is not lost.

When Clyde was younger, there were few who could be his equal as a conversationalist. There must be no pauses – if he had to do it alone, he would find something interesting to bring up as fast as old subjects wore out.

Years ago the Grand Trunk ran Sunday excursions to Detroit in the summer. Taking me along, Clyde drove to Ovid, put the horse in a livery stable and we journeyed down to visit the Aunts and Cousin Archie in the city. It seems that we reached Aunt Emma's an hour or so before dinner and there was nothing to do but visit before meal time. It had never dawned on me that I had a responsibility in the conversation, Clyde always handling this matter so easily and to everyone's satisfaction. And I never suspected that he tired of it until when we were making ready for dinner in the bathroom, he came at me with, "Bion, for Heaven's sake – Talk!" If I didn't come to his assistance at the table, you may be sure it wasn't because I didn't try.

Clyde always had a sweetheart. Girls just couldn't resist his good looks, fine manner and ever-neat appearance. Bertha Travis, Doctor Travis' daughter, who lived across the corner, was first, I think. She

was beautiful and every bit as lovely. Tom Allen and Nina French were also friends and the two couples were frequently together.

But having a best girl living so near-by had its disadvantages to one of Clyde's neatness tendencies as it was sometimes necessary that he pass her house in clothes not his best. If possible to do it, he would fix up a little as witnessed by Mother the night the Tabor house just back of Bertha's caught fire. I know we were doing chores when Mother called us. We all grabbed pails and started, but Clyde, at that wonderful age, couldn't go by Bertha's home, even to a fire, with chore clothes on, so he rushed through the house and put on another hat, Mother related. How she laughed when she told us about it.

But as so often happens, the course of the first love suddenly met up with hopeless barriers. Bertha and Clyde had far different backgrounds, the former's father being born in England. In the parlor hung oil portraits of some of her ancestors and from the little information which Clyde let drop, it seems she was ever too ready to point out the worth of such lineage.

If one has any idea of how the Bates children were reared (in a purely democratic atmosphere), it can easily be seen why such ideas were so repugnant, and how, after repeated references to the matter, Clyde decided to seek company elsewhere. There may have been other reasons, but regardless, I believe both retained something more than plain friendship for each other throughout their lives.

Later, Clyde had many girls and sweethearts. Kate Eastman and Nellie Dennis (now Mrs. Roy Gumaer) of Ovid were among them. Maude Pearce was shown some attention and there was always Irene Sickels\* mother's cousin, who was the best of company. But the big surprise came one night at the store when we were alone under circumstances which will be related further on. Clyde startled me by stating that he was to be married and asked if I could guess to whom. Imagine a younger brother failing in that! It was his way in everything making up his mind quickly and acting in the same manner. It was some surprise to me when he named Retta Woodard. It was not a disappointment to any of the family as she was undoubtedly one of the very best of Elsie's young ladies and certainly

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\* - Probably Aaron's daughter, born 1875.

the most beautiful. I make these statements without fear of contradiction. I'm sure that Father and Mother were overjoyed as they were quite broken up at not having Retta in the family at the time Clare and she had been fast friends.

Aunt Jenny Parker took Clyde to East Tawas when he was about fourteen to visit Aunt Dede Sickels a teacher in the schools. He enjoyed the trip very much and was so good to tell us all about it on his return.

This Fall when we were calling on the family of Jack's betrothed in Ypsilanti, Mrs. Kelder learned that I was Clyde Bates' brother. She was Zoe Howell, daughter of a physician in East Tawas and Aunt Dede was her teacher. She recalled Clyde's visit there and related how she would stand at the gate admiring him when he passed by. A delightful coincidence!

It was a custom in the Elsie High School for a graduating class to elect a Junior to give the class prophecy. The honor fell to Clyde and I recall how well he delivered the speech which he had written alone.

Clyde was one of a class of four boys to be graduated from High School in 1896 – Herbie Lewis, Archie Wooley, Ernest Hieng were the others. His subject, "America for Americans" was well handled and showed deep, advanced thought for one of his age, on one of our country's major problems. It was not so many years following this that immigration was restricted. Clyde worked in the store the following year and in the Fall of 1897 went to Albion. Clare, who was practicing dentistry in Durand, knew a boy, Carl Holmes, who was also to attend the same school so the two boys became roommates and life-long friends.

In the Summer of 1886 when Clyde was working in the store, he made a decision which changed his whole career. Mother never forgave Father for making Clyde such a tempting proposition just at this time. But certainly Clyde would have been disappointed if Father had not given him first refusal. He had all the attributes required to make a fine lawyer and indeed had talked nothing else. Father, who had tired of the grind of a general mercantile business, decided to sell out and told Clyde of his intentions, unless perchance he, Clyde, might be interested in accepting a partnership. It was a profitable business, long-standing, and as Clyde saw it – better to take up with a sure thing than an uncertainty, so he accepted. It wasn't a question of his failing to be successful as a

merchant. He had worked in the store enough to learn the business and he liked it. He would have been successful in any endeavor, but he had talent to be more, and I believe he regretted his decision all through life, although I never heard him say so. In later years he called on the Dean of the Law Department at the University for his advice on starting school even at that age. The Dean thought it unwise, and Clyde did nothing more about it.

The store, under the name of L.G. Bates and Son, prospered. Clyde had new ideas – was so ambitious and he put his whole energy into his work. He was there early in the morning and did book work late into the night. The stock was of a quality and quantity not to be found in many towns the size of Elsie. Shelves were extended to the ceiling on both sides and new patrons were amazed at the size of the stock. All bills were discounted, which saving paid the freight. While the venture was a success financially, there was some slight friction between the partners, the old and the new ideas not being quite the same. Particularly was this true in buying. Father spent very little time in the store and gave the books no attention. He had always been a heavy buyer and if, when clerking, he found what he called a "staple" at all low, he would place heavy orders for this item without Clyde's knowledge. When the goods came, Clyde would be furious, since storage room was not to be had, and it meant tying up funds longer than necessary. But they usually saw things eye to eye, both thinking the world of one another. Gradually father ceased to have anything to do at all with the business and even left the investment of his own funds in Clyde's hands.

None of us could equal Clyde in his quick sound judgment and his fearlessness. He was the personification of action. There were constant examples of this, one being his readiness to fight fires. He refused to join the volunteer department, but whenever an alarm sounded, invariably he was among the first there, and in one or two cases provoked the department by having the fire well in hand when they arrived. Clyde offered to purchase at cost, for any and all, chemical fire extinguishers. In addition he would "charge" the machines on arrival. It seems that he must have placed as many as 50 in the town, and when an alarm sounded, people could be seen running down the street, each with his extinguisher. Fires just had no chance in Elsie.

At another time, Clyde and Archie Wooley were out driving with two young ladies, he and his girl being on the back seat of the surrey. I believe Archie furnished his horse which they hitched up with our Kitty, the two making a rather lively team. Something happened – the horse started to run, and I think the tongue of the buggy dropped. At least the team was getting away and the lines were out of Archie's hands when Clyde vaulted the front seat between the driver and his lady and jumped over the dash, grabbing the lines and saving a bad smashup.

One morning a prisoner escaped from the St. Johns jail. Sheriff Shavey had reason to believe he was headed toward Elsie, so he phoned Clyde, giving the description, and asked him to be on the lookout. Clyde felt that any such fugitive would naturally try to board a freight train, so down to the depot he went, unarmed, as I recall, and with no authority as an officer.

There he found his man and a freight train about ready to pull out. I've forgotten how he got word back to the village marshall, but he had a great time, trying to persuade the conductor to hold up the train a few minutes and at the same time not arouse the suspicion of the convict. It goes without saying, Clyde did it.

As before stated, his judgment was sound. Often he acted on impulse. If it appeared to him as something to be done, it was done and done at once. If help was available, that was fine, but if not, the job was undertaken and completed single-handed.

On the entire East and North sides of our old home in Elsie stood an old-fashioned white picket fence to which mother had taken a dislike. She had often made known her resentment to the head of the house without avail. It was getting rather wobbly, many of the posts having rotted away. I just can't figure out how Father happened to be taking a nap at noon on a week day – but nap he did, and it couldn't have been Sunday, either, for what happened could not have occurred on the Sabbath in Elsie in the "nineties." Why it occurred to Clyde that the moment had arrived just then for the execution of the old picket fence, will never be solved. But it did and it had! With an encouraging nod from Mother and the more than willing mob-like assistance of Clare, the hired man and little Bion, Clyde engineered that whole fence, section by section over on its side breaking off the

weakened rotted posts and carried it down the street where it was neatly piled, We felt that all would be well if the job could be completed before Father awakened, which accounted for the feverish pace at which we worked. A picture of Father as he came out on the front porch – the surprised look with no trace of anger – when he saw what had happened is as plain to my mind now as though it were yesterday. And that was the end of the picket fence.

Father was a builder. He had started business in 1872 with Mr. Hasty in a wooden building on the northwest corner of Ovid and Main Streets. Later he bought out his partner, but had always rented, a condition distasteful to him. So in 1890 he purchased the wooden building on the Northeast corner of the same streets from mother's Uncle Elijah Cobb, moved it back and built the brick which still stands. Clare and Clyde were just little fellows, but I know they both worked hard that summer hauling brick, sand and lumber. Besides this, they drove the horse which pulled the brick and mortar up the scaffolding. In addition there was always farm work to be done.

Then, in 1884, Mother and Father built the new home just south of the main corner of Elsie. They had started their married life in a new home Father had constructed, then had moved to a log house on a farm near Watson's bridge – had moved back again to their first home and later had bought the farm where all but Clare were born. This long rambling, unhandy house was the first frame one built in Elsie. Father traded it to a Mr. Henry Tuttle for Kitty – a horse who was to become a legend in our family. The building was so long that it was cut in two and made into separate houses, one across from the old cemetery and the other near the ball park.

Again Clare and Clyde worked terribly hard. The farm work must be kept up besides seeing that the masons and carpenters had supplies. Saturdays, both worked in the store. They were never paid for their services; there was no thought of such a thing. If boys these days could be kept more busy at home and be made to realize their share of the responsibility under a just discipline, child delinquency would be less rampant.

We lived in the old house which had been moved back to accommodate the new, so when moving time came, all that was necessary was to carry things out the front door of the old into the back door of the new. What a glorious day! Clare and Clyde had each

purchased his own bed room furniture, the former having the North room, and the latter the South. But Clyde must share with little brother, an act he seemed so willing to do.

The upstairs was finished first, so we boys had moved in before the regular moving day. That first night, I'll never forget – the smell of new furniture, varnish and paint – store mattresses instead of straw ticks, heat in the room and from a furnace, a clothes press with hooks! Such grandeur! Believe it or not, we even hung up our shoes and stockings. One sad feature of the new house was that Clare left for Ann Arbor Dental School a very few days after our home was settled.

Clyde was my roommate until Clare was married in 1900, when he took Clare's room and Harold and I occupied the South one.

Clare was born in the first house father and mother lived in. Clyde, Harold and I were born in the old house on the farm and Ruth in the new home.

I suppose it would be difficult these days for you to imagine any dissension in a family over the playing of a game of cards, but such was the condition in many homes in the "nineties." In Father's family, cards were always played – in mother's they were the invention of the devil and children were to be protected from their unholy influence. So it was a natural cause of friction. But it came to an abrupt halt one night in about 1896. Clare was home from Ann Arbor on a vacation, and for some reason the old argument was on. Father had just advanced the theory that the boys would learn the game elsewhere on the sly, so why not play at home, when Clare, feeling a little more independent now, having had a year at the University, bravely tossed a bomb into the situation by announcing that he had learned to play at school. Poor mother! At the time it must have hurt her, terribly. But Father took advantage of the explosion and whirled on poor Clyde, who as yet had never lived away from home, asking if he knew the game. It was a painful admission to make, but he revealed that he did and that he had learned in Jack Snelling's dental office! "There," father said, "If we had a deck of cards and a fourth one to play, we would have a game right here and now." By this time, little Bion had his courage up and volunteered the information that he could play Pedro and had learned in Lute Chase's saw mill! Clare fired the last shot by stating he had a deck in his room. WELL! The old oblong sewing table was

brought out and a game started in no time, while poor mother retreated, feeling that her family of boys, in spite of her many years of vigilance against such a sin, were now hopelessly lost.

As has been mentioned previously, Clyde attended school in Albion. His one year there was his only college experience. His letters showed how very much he enjoyed it. He and Carl Holmes, his roommate, both became members of Alpha Tau Omega, a national fraternity, and were as heavily involved socially as their scholastic activities would allow. Clyde was universally liked by all with whom he came in contact, so quite naturally his popularity followed in Albion. In 1901, when I attended the same school, there were many fine things said about Clyde by his friends who still remained in school.

It has always been a mystery why Clyde seemed to enjoy the company of his younger brother. This fact has been mentioned before. I dare say that such an affection is not uncommon when kid brother is still a child, but in this case there seemed to be no change when the boys grew older, as witnessed by the following instance.

Clyde must have been 19 the Fall he went to Albion and I was 13. Near the last of the spring term, he wrote home, telling that the Michigan Intercollegiate Athletic Association Track was to be held in Lansing and that as Albion was participating, he and Carl were planning to attend. He asked that I be allowed to meet them there and had plans all formulated for my trip. I was to ride my bicycle to Laingsburg and take the Michigan Central to Lansing. The parents never said no when Clyde was in charge, so little brother was packed off and was met at the train by both Carl and Clyde. The boys had rooms at a hotel where Arbaugh's store now stands.

It was a two-day meet at the old fair ground, with wrestling and Indian Club swinging exhibitions at night in a theatre. Albion won. It was a happy bunch of students who went to the station that Saturday night, and I was with them. It suddenly occurred to me that I should think of getting home and spoke to Clyde about it. In what followed, please remember that I was but 13 and that I had never had cause to discount anything serious-minded Clyde had told me. So when he assured me that I could as well entrain with them – that it would be further but that railroads met competition of more direct lines by selling tickets

at the same rates – that he wanted me to be with them as long as possible, etc., etc., little, bewildered, untraveled and, now completely hoodwinked, Bion rode along with the gang so interested in the capers of the happy winners that the train pulled into Albion before I realized it. Clyde grabbed me and confessed that he had tricked me into this as he so wanted me to visit him in school. What other freshman student would have wanted a green, 13 year-old brother from the country to visit him?

It seemed that Clyde had written home, telling of his plans so they would not be worried.

Next morning we went to church and Clyde showed me about the campus. Monday I attended some classes with him and Tuesday morning he took me to the train. I reached home via bicycle from Laingsburg in the afternoon where I found mother nearly frantic as Clyde's letter had not arrived and she had no knowledge of my whereabouts. The fact that she knew I was with Clyde must have been her only comforting thought. There were no telephones at that time with which to run down the lost child.

While Clyde was in the store that following summer, the letter, mailed in Lansing, arrived, having been lost for about two months.

Another instance of this sort was Clyde's taking me along one night on a bicycle trip to Owosso to see a circus. Some ten or twelve boys of his age were going, and he asked kid brother to go. I dare say he paid the expenses. It was a beautiful moonlight night coming back. I remember the boys were getting tired and hungry when we passed the Jim Munson farm. The milk cans on the loading platform looked inviting – too tempting, in fact. Jim's milk must have tested pretty low next morning, as all the boys had their fill of good rich cream which they skimmed off with a dipper that hung obligingly nearby.

Clyde's impetuosity was again manifest when in 1900 he came home from the store one noon and announced that he was going to the Paris Exposition! Just think! Probably no one from Elsie had ever been to Europe and he had made up his mind to go without any fuss or fanfare. Mr. Allen Bradshaw (after whom the hill southwest of Elsie received its name), a good customer of the store, had told Clyde that he and a Mr. Bert Warren of Ovid were going and asked Clyde to go along. Yes, Clyde would go – just like that. The story of his trip is so beautifully told in let-

ters home which mother kept and which I am sure you have read.

It was well for Messrs. Bradshaw and Warren that Clyde went along, as he helped them over many a tough spot, particularly in Germany, for here he could act as interpreter, having had a year of their language in Albion and having talked it more or less with German customers in the store.

I can recall many interesting experiences which he had on that journey, but I believe they are all recorded in the letters. In some way we knew on what train he was to return and the news was too good to keep, so many of Clyde's girl friends were there to meet him. I remember how remorseful he was after he and his baggage were aboard the bus enroute to town that he had not stayed and walked up with them. He thought that was a fine way to show his appreciation by running off and leaving them.

How closely we came to losing Clyde one night will never be known. I recall we were all away and Clyde was to be alone for the night. Always anticipating possibilities, he told us he could visualize burglars forcing him to go to the store and open the safe. That thought was just enough so that he proceeded to get ready for them by getting out his pistol, cleaning and oiling it. Somehow in the process as he sat in the living room, the gun discharged, the bullet going through the plate glass window on the north. I'm sure Clyde was very frightened, and I am equally certain that if the damage had been easy to conceal, he would have said nothing about it, as he had been very careless, he knew. However, he just sat there upbraiding himself and realizing that had he been killed, suicide would have been the coroner's verdict. The motive would never have been solved.

Clyde always feared that the store would be broken into – it was his nightmare. At one time he rigged up an old alarm clock which would be set off if one should walk into a wire which had to be strung across the store each night and was to be put away each morning. On several occasions a clerk or Clyde unintentionally sprung the alarm when they happened to go to the store at night. It was a startling experience and Clyde felt that even though it had no contact with the outside, a burglar would be equally frightened and would take to his heels.

One Sunday night I was awakened by an excited Clyde and asked to get dressed in a hurry. He said he



had just come from the store (from calling on Retta, I suppose) and suspected two men whom he had seen of possibly wanting to break in later. He already had his revolver and went down to Father's and Mother's bedroom to get father's antique pistol for me. Naturally he awakened them and explained what all the rumpus was about. Being the good sleuths we were (?), we went cross lots, stumbling through the Doyle property, wading through tall grass heavy with dew. Both were soaked. Can you picture us creeping carefully along, pistols in hand? While the leader might have had the courage to accost a would-be burglar, the balance of the police force was trembling with fear that from behind each tree encountered, might spring some murderous assailant. Well, we reached the bowery safely. This was a temporary structure which had been left from the Fourth of July celebration and stood just west of the old hotel (where the bank is now) on the southwest corner and diagonally across from the store. Clyde had figured that this would make a very satisfactory listening post as there were no street lights and we must depend largely on our ears for the detection of any marauders. Every one of the always-present sounds of night caused the writer to shake with fear and it was a question in his mind which he would prefer, the appearance of gunmen or the detection by Clyde of his younger brother's cowardice. Scarcely able to see one another, days passed, seemingly without the sounds of crashing glass or splintering doors occurring. Finally, I'd say about three o'clock, Clyde suggested that we go over to the store and try holding the fort from the inside. The maneuver took more of Junior's scanty remnant of courage. But we made it all right.

The first thing Clyde did on entering, was to make me a bed of blankets on a counter, all the time apologizing for keeping me from my rest for only a wild-goose chase. He said he would go back to the desk and post books. He confessed that he had developed a new habit, and by way of demonstration took a cigar from the case

But there was no sleep for me – the dim light from his kerosene lamp – the unyielding hardness of my counter mattress – the excitement of the night – were contributing factors, but more than these was the thought that, even yet, the zero hour of the burglar's attack might come and that a bloody battle might still take place. Trying to picture what the paper and the minister might say and what the flowers

would be like occupied my attention. Clyde soon realized that I probably couldn't sleep, so he finally came back and it was then he told me he was to be married and asked me to guess who the lady might be, a conversation already related.

What hour we went home is unimportant, but I knew we found that another member of the family had had no sleep either – our anxious mother.

In the seven years that elapsed between his year at Albion and his marriage, Clyde was quite the idol and life of Elsie. Everything that he said or did was quite all right. He was so bright, so neat and good looking, customers wanted him to wait on them and took his advice in their purchases. He instituted periodical sales in the store, something hitherto unheard of in Elsie, at which time he rid the stock of old and slow moving merchandise, thus keeping the goods fresh and up-to-date. "Silent Salesmen" showcases were installed (wall shelving extended to the ceiling), lady clerks engaged, window displays made more attractive and changed frequently, and inventories increased. When one realizes that it was a general country store whose letter heads bore in addition to the name of the owners, L.G. Bates and Son, a list of the following wares – Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats and Caps, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Carpets, Linoleums and Rugs, Crockery and Glassware and Notions – one more easily comprehends the immense amount of detail which the junior member of the firm undertook. He worked nights and he worked Sundays. Sales increased as did profits. Doubtless father's share of the earnings was more than before he took in a partner and certainly he spent much less time and took very little of the responsibility. This was much to his liking as he had tired of his long tenure – besides he had the farm to look after; was supervisor, member of the school board and had other interests. You may be sure he was very happy about it all and was so pleased to have Clyde with him as a companion in business and life.

Mother was overjoyed at having him home while Ruth, Harold and I unconsciously and ungratefully gloried in and benefitted by his presence. He was ever thoughtful and helpful to us all. If it were something about the farm or the house work, if school lessons were difficult, Clyde was there, ever ready to give a lift with a very competent hand.

Probably the first artificial lighting of any building in Elsie other than kerosene was installed at Clyde's suggestion shortly after he took over the management – an acetylene plant in which the gas was generated in the basement. It was a dangerous affair from explosion and from fire, the latter caused by the formation of a white hot ash on the gas jet which might fall, igniting any combustible material.

It was just before Christmas. Clyde had trimmed one of the windows using a small wax Santa which had made its appearance annually for years. For a snow scene plenty of loose cotton was strewn about. This night Clyde was alone with only one customer when he discovered that his pretty snow was burning furiously, wax Santa adding fuel to the flames which were evidently started from the acetylene ash. Today one would phone for help, but not Clyde. He jumped into the window and beat out the flames. Once again he showed his horror of fire and his fearlessness in fighting it. Obviously it was Santa's last appearance.

Mention has been made of Clyde's neatness. To be orderly and punctual always was also his constant practice. I have seen him when getting ready for a dance, go through a regular program of preparation which, while it consumed his time, got him there on schedule and saw him meticulously groomed from head to foot. As proof of his neatness, observe his picture taken in Albion – the one with the high collar.

It seemed that anything Clyde undertook, he did well. In amateur plays, he was given the leading part. One short skit showed him to be the proprietor of a rejuvenating institution. He built the machine needed for this wonderful transformation out of dry-goods boxes, installing a keg of stones on a shaft which he rotated by means of a crank thereby causing a terrific noise on the stage. Ladies past their prime, desirous of regaining their youth, were placed in the machine and after a few turns of the crank and appropriate remarks by Clyde, emerged as beautiful school girls.

If a presentation were to be made, Clyde's talent was sought. He gave toasts or acted as toastmaster on several occasions. If called upon for remarks, at any gathering, he always had something ready. One of the poems he frequently gave was, "I'll Live in My House by the Side of the Road," the sentiment of which he faithfully believed in and lived up to all his years. You recall that the poem was recited at his funeral. While Clyde was Master of the Masonic Lodge only one

year, he was considered one of the best. I was fortunate in receiving my degree in the order at that time.

Not many persons were as thoughtful as was my brother Clyde. While at Albion, I sent word home that my best girl (Edna Hill at that time) had written that she would be passing through the city and, if I liked, would stop. I liked, and when Clyde heard of it he immediately sent me a letter advising me of my responsibilities in such a case! I must pay for room and board, etc., and enclosed money to defray such expenses. Again when I was outfitting my office in Elsie he learned that a 10% savings could be made on the purchase of a cabinet for cash so he loaned me the money.

At the High School graduating exercises in Elsie in 1906 occurred another example of his thoughtfulness and his courage in doing that which he thought needed to be done. The superintendent had given the Seniors to understand that they must have their orations thoroughly committed as there would be no prompting; in fact manuscripts were to be left at home. All went well until one of the brightest girls in the class came to an abrupt stop in her recitation and, though she stood there for what seemed to her audience fully five minutes, she was unable to proceed and sat down much to her mortification and the embarrassment of her very sympathetic listeners.

The program continued; the orchestra played its closing number; the minister was about to give the benediction when, back in the church, Clyde's voice rang out in its ever-clear manner. He said, "Superintendent Kelley, I believe I voice the sentiments of this audience when I ask that Miss Dickens be permitted to give her oration." I believe there was no applause but a murmur of approval ran over the house. Miss Dickens' next attempt was successful and very impressive, under the circumstances. Mr. and Mrs. Dickens and Hazel were ever grateful for Clyde's thoughtfulness.

As has been mentioned before, Clyde had lots of girl friends in Elsie but no steady ones after Bertha Travis until Retta Woodard. He was friendly with Nellie Dennis (Gumaer) and Katie Eastman of Ovid. There were several in Elsie but I dare say he enjoyed the company of Mother's cousin Irene Sickels (Brubaker) as much as any. She was a little mite but so attractive and pleasant – could play the piano very well, with or without music, and was always ready for anything at any time or place – loved to skate and dance.

She was more nearly Clare's age (who had beamed her around, too) and later, when through school, I frequently enjoyed her company.

Clyde and Retta, Harry Rice and Elgin Woodard (Retta's sister) were married at the Woodard home a half mile East of Elsie – a double wedding. With so many relatives and friends the house was packed and I, like many others, heard the service but did not see it. Golden rod was profusely used in the decorations which were beautiful but not more so than the two brides. When were there two more beautiful sisters? A wedding lunch was served and then the usual train departure where rice and good wishes were lavished.

I had come up from the University for the event and returned the following day. In a few days Clyde appeared – said they were over at the Rice apartment in Ypsilanti where Harry was attending school and asked me to accompany him back. Poor Retta was a sight – almost unrecognizable. It seems she was allergic to golden rod – what a honeymoon!

There were no special events I can recall which happened at this time except that Clyde worked very hard at the store. Business was good – the firm of L.G. Bates and Son continued to prosper. There is one business item, however, which may be of interest. Without going into details as to how it came about, the Elsie Bank, which had operated for many years under a "Private" charter, was converted into a state bank. Regulations required five members on the board of directors, as father, Clyde and M. B. Netzorg were added to the directors of the new bank, with the former, I believe, being elected president.

It seems that the Bannister Bank was owned and operated by the Elsie institution and while the formation of the state bank did not change the private status of the branch, the new stockholders automatically became owners of the bank at Bannister whose management had been, and continued to remain, in the hands of Mr. Tom P. Steadman, originator of the Elsie institution.

However, as time went along, the only reports that were ever made to the other owners were that it was doing nicely. Clyde was not the man to continue to accept these reports without knowing more about it, so when he began to hear some of the stories of the business deals of the Bannister cashier (who also sold automobiles as a side line), he decided that as a partner in this institution, he would make a personal ex-

amination. Because of his foresight in this step, he saved the owners most of their fortunes as the law held them responsible for any losses to the depositors of this private bank to the extent of the owners' assets. It looked to Clyde as though the break would come and in the not-too-distant future. Why Mr. Steadman, if he knew, had not made the conditions known to the other owners can only be conjectured. There was only one solution. Clyde made application with the State Banking Department for a state bank charter. After an examination by the department, a charter was offered, provided several thousand dollars of worthless and near-worthless notes and second mortgages were taken over by the stockholders and the necessary capital stock of \$20,000 subscribed. This was the best solution of a bad situation. But Mr. Netzorg, who had lived in Detroit for many years, refused to pay in more than \$6,000 unless forced by law to do so. To avoid publicity, his offer was accepted, although he was benefitted as much as the others. Mr. Steadman did all he could and it was up to Clyde and Father to absorb the balance of the loss, which they did. I do not recall the figure and it is not necessary that it be named. You should know, however, that both men – and they were men – stated that if it were necessary that they lose every cent they had, no depositor would lose a dollar.

Clyde went into the bank as cashier with the idea of making it a success, believing also that the chance of collecting on the bad paper which he and Father now owned would be much better. He was right, again, and much was salvaged. Had it not been for the business collapse with resulting bank holiday in 1933, their losses would have been slight. As it was, they lost their stock in this as well as in the Elsie bank and were also subject to the usual 100% assessment in the home institution.

Perhaps you are acquainted with this bank story, but its deletion from my narrative would deprive it of another fine example of Clyde's honesty and business ability. Besides, as heirs, it is worth retelling.

Clyde and Retta owned one of the first autos in Elsie – a two-seated, touring Huppmobile. Today, it would be a relic, but at that time it was a beauty. Clyde was so happy with it and took delight in its care. He showed me one time the secret of making it shine by simply rubbing his bare hand over the clean finish – stroking and polishing.

Our longest ride in it was to Long Lake, north of Fenton, where they took us one day to visit Clare and family who had rented a cottage there. Just how long Clyde had the car I don't recall, but I do know he still had it at the time Retta died. I drove it at the funeral.

It wouldn't be easy to write of Retta's death, and I don't think it necessary. I can say that everything was done that could be done and yet she had to go. Clyde was heartbroken, but as expected, was so brave, but it was sometime before he was at all like Clyde. That Fall he couldn't quite meet with us at our usual happy Thanksgiving family get-together and considered himself fortunate in thinking up a plausible excuse for being absent.

He wanted Father to have a car in Florida, so he purchased a used Model T Ford and started south a few days ahead of the holiday, taking Frank Van Deusen as a passenger.

The letters he wrote enroute to Mother Bates were kept and are, I hope, in your possession. The difficulties encountered – the rain and red clay mud they drove through – was an experience. Very little pavement in those days and it was necessary to inquire their way from one town to the next – many times their informants urged that they discontinue the trip – saying the roads were impassable – but they didn't know our resolute Clyde. He had started to motor to Florida and he went, rain and mud notwithstanding. They churned through so much red clay that the paint came off all the wheels. Of course he repainted them before putting the car away in the garage at the Wilbur cottage.

And now, my dear nieces, I am at the end of my story. It has been written during my vacations – in Florida, New Orleans – aboard the S.S. Noronic – at Port Arthur and at Ovid. And while some time has elapsed since I have called it finished, I have been neglectful in getting it typed. I owe much to daughter Emily and daughter-in-law Janet\* who came to my assistance and have done all the typing.

It is obvious that since beginning this epistle we have lost our brother, Clare. Father's and Mother's going was timely and expected, but the loss of Clyde and Clare and the tragic sadness of their passing strained

my heartstrings in a strange and terrifying manner from which they seem not to have recovered.

The story has been clumsily told, but I have done the best I know how. I hope I have depicted incidents in your father's early life and his reactions to them which will strengthen your already strong belief that Clyde was not the ordinary type of man. Certainly he was a man among men, but was nearly always their leader. Setting good examples by his conduct – invariably ahead in his thinking – unselfish, thoughtful, possessing unusually sound judgment – democratic – these and other fine qualifications were attributes which made him the ideal of many and a friend to all.

To be the child of such a one is the finest heritage. To have been a brother was one of the greatest fortunes. All were stimulated by his influence to strive for the better things in life. He died as he lived – serving others.

Lovingly submitted,

6-5-1946

Uncle Bion

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\* - Emily Josephine (Bates) Haynes and Janet Louise (Kelder) Bates.