

# WHITEHOUSE FAMILY HISTORY CENTRE

## TREE 137 ETC.

These pages are scanned from a copy that I made of the typescript pages of Iva Krause's 1989 history of her own family. They are unedited.

Keith Percy  
22nd March 2011

*put in if want to return*

1989

(TK)

I have worked on the family history of the Whitehouse and Nead Families for about five years and think I shall put together what I have proof of that is correct.

I was born Iva Minerva Whitehouse on January the 27th; 1917; in New Berlin Illinois; I was the last child of my parents having four brothers before me.

I was told I had red hair and weighed ten pounds at birth, someone had told my parents if they waited seven years between births the sex would change.

At the time of my birth there was a son named Harold Wilson who was ten yrs old; a son Albert who was <sup>twelve</sup> fourteen; a son Homer who was fourteen; a son Roy who was sixteen; they had all picked out names for me, I was told that my oldest brother Roy was the first person to hold me other than the mid-wife, and he told me he would always take care of me and wherever he was he would be there when I needed him. He always was.

My mother was short and plump, and nervous; my father was small stature, he had brown hair brown eyes and wore a small mustache; he smoked a corn pipe in which he put Advertiser tobacco out of a white sack with a yellow string; he also chewed Horse Shoe Plug tobacco which came in a small square and had a small silver horseshoe in the corner, this he cut off a piece with his sharp pocket knife, he was very neat with his tobacco.

He never rolled his shirt sleeves up no matter how hot it was, he always wore a hat in the summer and a cap in the winter, he wore overalls with a bib.

He was not a talkive person, except when he had a few drinks then he laughed a lot and pushed the hat up on his forehead.

He was a hard worker farmed and worked in the mines one time in order to support his family, he was a strict father, and all the children said Sir and answered with No Sir or yes sir. He had a way with animals and could do most anything with a dog or a horse. He liked to trade horses and cows and would trade one for two or three skinny ones and fatten then up and trade them again for some more.

In 1920 we lived on a thousand acre farm called the County Line, between Macoupin and Sangamon counties Illinois, we had a lot of hired hands and had a hired girl in the kitchen; we had the thrashers for a week or so and then the hay balers would come and stay, big meals were put on for these men We used horses for everything, we had a lot of horses.

(TK2)

We had horses that were just used for plowing some that did cultivating only some for the buggy and some for riding, they were all kept combed and curried and if it was muddy their tails were braided and tied up so they did not get dirty, my dad rubbed a cloth over them when they had been curried and their coats shone like they had been polished.

On the county line farm there was a hugh white house and other buildings the thrashers were there one day and after a big meal were laying out under the maple trees in the front yard in the shade, and my dad was sitting on the big porch with his feet up in the chair with him, after an hours rest he said he guessed it was time to go back to work; when he went to put his feet down he could not; and he had said before that he had eaten too much as he had a gut ache, some of the men carried my dad into the front bedroom and his feet and legs still stayed up in the air, My brother Harold got on a horse and rode to Palmyra a small town that had a German doctor by the name of Powell, and he had a habit of giving you a tiny brown pill which he never came without and he made himself and no matter what ailed you ; you were told its your Livar was the way he pronounced it and you always seem to get better He came out and examined my dad and told him his appendicts had burst, and he could not be moved to a hospital which was over two hundred miles away at Springfield, and so the Ford cars had just come into being and we had one and the doctor told someone to get him an innertube, and a pair of sissors; he cut the tube into three pieces and told someone to go to the ice house and get some ice and he chipped it up and put it inside the inner tube and put some clota in the end and laid it around my dadsstomach as near as he could , my dad laid like this for six months and lived to have a little pot belly we then rented a smaller farm and my dad farmed for a couple of years and he would not feel strong enough to farm and he would move into town and do carpenter work for a year or two and then we would rent another farm, he always rented a run down farm that had bad fences, and when he got it all fixed up we either moved to another farm or we moved to town, each farm seemed to get smaller till the last one I remember us having was forty acres. In later yrs he and his wife divorced, she getting the divorce, and he became caretaker

for some ones empty farm house; living there rent free, he got thirty some dollars a month from the government to live on. He got a sore on his leg which did not heal and when he went to the doctor he was taken to Jacksonville hospital by a niece who worked there and when the doctor was to look at his leg he said see if you can what makes my guts hurt all the time, they opened him up and he had a fifteen pound tumor, that was maglinant; the doctors thought that from his appendicits bursting the cancer had started, and he had suffered all his life with the pain. I drove down from Michigan to see him and he was very ill and did not know me but kept calling for me which was Babe which was his nickname for me, the nurses told me that as sick as he was he could get out of the restraints and would go down the hall calling for Babe, I came back home and two days later got a call he had died, so I went down again, his nephew had given him a suit, his two half sisters had bought him a shirt. the state paid for his casket, when we got to the cemetery, there were six men who were very poor appearing, there and when the casket was placed over the grave they went to the undertaker he came to me and said they were drinking buddies of my dads and had walked six miles in the 100 degree weather to see him, and they wanted to ask me if I would let them see my dad, and I was very touched and said of course, and the lid was raised and they all took off their beaten caps and did a sort of a salute and said Good by Johnny, it was something I have never forgotten

I only remember the farm and school in my younger days, we never had electric lights anywhere we lived or had a bathroom in the house, my baths were taken behind the heater in the winter time and in my bedroom in the summer. I worked out on the farm with my dad, fixing fences pulling barb wire, I milked cows before I walked several miles to school, on satirdays I sawed wood with a buck saw when my dad was sick or if he was feeling allright we cut trees and wood with a cross cut saw, we hauled it to the house and piled it up and cut it and chopped it for the stoves, we cut many different kinds some for the cook stove and some for the <sup>heater</sup> heater, and we used different kind at night that we banked the fire with so it would last all night, in the front room, the fire did not stay all night in the kitchen but usully the coals were ther and would soon catch with some corn cobs, we often broke the ice in the water bucket of a morning. I shucked corn with a team that steadily continued to walk as I tore the cobs

the stalks and threw them against the side boards on the wagon, I plowed the fields and harrowed them but my father never let me use the disc, I rode the mowing machine when we cut the hay and it was pulled by a team of horses, and I watched for baby rabbits and bird nests. I help rake the hay into long rows and then it was baled, I helped ride the baler as that time the wire had to be fed by hand into the machine, I helped put the bales on a hay frame and got into the hot loft as a big fork brought the bales up to the loft and stacked them; sometimes we put up loose hay and then a big fork picked it off the hay frame and when it got to the roof it ran along a track which we pulled by hand and when it got to where we wanted it to be dropped we jerked the rope and the fork opened up and the hay fell and then I would take a pitch fork and place it where it needed to be placed.

I was never supposed to feed the stock hay if I was barefooted, and onetime I was late coming in from the field and I had been barefooted, and put the pitchfork into some loose hay and right thru my big toe, I tried not to let my dad know for he got very angry when he was not obeyed, but he saw the blood and I told him what I had done, he just said go stand in the cow yard and when a cow shits, step into it while it is hot, I did and never got any infection.

One time I was inside a hog house, the brood sows all had separate pens to have their pigs in and there was just a hole for the sow to get inside I was inside and was starting to whitewash the inside and didn't see a hornet's nest in time and got stung very badly before I could crawl thru the hole my dad had a wad of chewing tobacco in his mouth and he took it and dabbed it on many of the stings and then I went to the house and we dabbed bluing on we always had our own home remedies, when I got a cough my dad would slice onions thin and put them into a pie pan and sprinkle a little sugar on them and set them on the back of the range and they simmered and make a syrup and I drank it and would not cough at night when I went to bed.

In the spring of the year we dug sassafras roots and made a tea and drank it. it was a beautiful shade of peach color and was suppose to thin out all the old winter blood.

One time I was playing ball and fell on the wet grass on both my hands, bending back both hands and both small fingers, they were broken, my dad set them and tied a dish towel around my neck

We usually kept Jersey cows as my dad thought they gave richer milk and cream we milked the cows usually eight every morning and night, and then poured the milk into a small separator which we had to crank by hand and it was very stiff and we had to crank it or turn it till it was going so fast we could hardly hang on to it and then we turned it on and the milk came out one spout into the bucket and the cream came out another into a crock, course we had enough cream and while it was sweet we churned it and made our butter. When milk soured on us we set on the back of the cook stove and it got a thicknen on it and much turned to water we took the thich part off and rinsed it and it was cottage cheese. We cut apples peaches apricots and laid them on a sheet on the porch roof and covered them with gauze and when they had dried we bagged them in mesh bags and hung them, in the winter we put some into water and they would soak a bit and then we cooked them and had fresh peaches etc, we also canned many hundred quarts of vegetables and fruit, going to the timber and picking berrys, we made jam from the wild strawberries. Apples, potatoes white and sweet, pumpkin and squash we put in the root cellar. When the corn had gotten to big to cultivate then we walked thru it and planted squash and pumpkin seeds and they had a lot of room to grow without taking up gatden space

We always butchered in March, three or four hogs and two calves or more, we put some of the pork into hams and bacon and we had our own smoke house , some we cut into chops. and fried down putting them into crocks and pouring the hot grease over them they kept that way for a year, we rendered out lard, in a big black kettle and we saved the pieces of skin and called them chittlins we used these in cornbread and biscuits sometimes; we made our own soap in the same kettle, lard and wood ashes, when it set we cut it into squares and stored it. The head of the hogs were cleaned and cooked and this meat was made into head cheese. The guts of the hog were turned and cleaned and this we stuffed sausage into to make link sausage. The tails of the hogs and calves were cooked and made into soup, the feet were cleaned and cooked, no part except the eyes and teeth of the animals were not used, the rest was.

When the milking was done and the milk separated, we usually had young calves that were being weined from their mothers and we took some milk and went to thm and put our hand into the edge of the milk and the calf would grab it and suck the milk off our fingers thus learning to drink

Their mouth was so rough it felt like sandpaper.

We course raised chickens, legrons for the eggs as they laid eggs at four months old, and we kept buff Orphans for the size of them some of the hens would dress out and weigh twelve pounds making a nice roasting chicken, we also kept ducks and geese, and kept Guinnas for protection, they made a lot of noise when a stranger came around even a dog or a snake and they warned if a hawk was after the baby chickens.

My father was born in Kentucky and at this time I do not have proof but think it was near Louisville, he was born December;30;1874 to Benjamin and Minerva, I am not sure if her maiden name was Ellis or Copher, but her first name was Minerva and that is where I got my middle name my dad said she had red hair, we used to have a picture of her one of those with the oval glass and the gilt frame and when my dad was alone some one came and took the picture and the family bible and the clock that had belonged to his grandfather, it was suppose to always go to the youngest member of the family and was to have been mine.

My father eloped with my mother when she was fifteen years old and went by horse to Philadelphia Penn. and stayed two weeks in a hotel. they got married September Fifteenth 1897, but I do not have a marriage certificate as yet. She was the daughter of James Madison Nead born April third 1855 in Tenn. he married September the ninth 1879 to Ann Catherine Utz.

My father and I often walked in the woods and thru the pastures and crop land on Sundays and he often mentioned Danville Kentucky and I have since found he spent much of his earlier life there on a farm, his father was a tall man with a beautiful long white beard which he covered when he ate so it would catch no food droppings, he always had a glass of whiskey or brandy before a meal; I only saw him a few times but before he ate he would say to his wife Missus bring me my medicine and she would bring him something in a shot glass, and he would then ask a blessing and we would eat, he said he was the only Presbyterian among all the Baptist, he often scolded my dad because he drank sometimes too much but I never saw him take a drink at my grandfathers, he also questioned my father walking with a cane he would say look at me Johnny and he walked like he was marching.

he had been a foot soldier and still remembered, he liked animals and fast horses and drove horses that were recently broke and every one thought he would get hurt with them, he was a farmer and lived on small farms, he had my dad John Wilson; Emily Wallace; Evelyn; and Robert, Minerva died in child birth, and my dad said his father and brother built a box to put her in and that he never forgot the sound the hammer and saw made as they built it, as of now I have no death date for her but she had to have died between 1874 and 1880, my dad said they put her in a spring wagon and hitched up a team of horses and his dad walked and all the children walked behind and they took her out on the <sup>farm</sup> farm and buried her, so far I have not found out where. but since grandfather was around Gravel Switch yet when he was 19 yrs old I feel it is near there.

Grandfather was William Benjamin Whitehouse, born February the fifth 1845 his death certificate says 1854 but that is incorrect. his parents were Austin Whitehouse, and Sarah <sup>Sally</sup> J. Lane.

Grandfather died March 19, 1927, in Carlinville Illinois, he was 82 years old we got a letter saying grandfather was not feeling well and wanted to see my dad, we left the next morning at dawn in a buggy and one horse and we rode all day and got there in the late afternoon, there were many people there that I had not seen before, seems grandfather had called all his children to see them, my aunt was there from California some from Omaha, other places in Illinois etc. Grandfather was lying in bed covered with a quilt grandmother had made and his snow white beard was on top of the covers, and each child was going in to see grandfather and closing the door and coming out looking very sad and someone else would go in and then some one said grandfather wanted to see me and I was very frightened I had never seen grandfather in bed he was always up at four in the morning and never laying down, I walked up to him and he put his hand out and took ahold of mine and said Iva I want you to always to try to make people laugh and to always help people and I nodded my head, and he said is there anything you want to ask me and I said could I touch your beard and he smiled and nodded his head and kissed me on the forehead and said to send my dad in, and then he said you will sleep at your Aunt Ella's tonight and when you get up in the morning I will be sleeping, I thought this was odd; that night I slept on the floor at my aunts house; and woke up several times wondering why he would be sleeping



IK8

When I woke up I hurried and dressed and started out the door and my aunt said come back breakfast was ready and I told her I had to go see grandfather I ran next door and when I got into the kitchen the grownups were all up and looking sad and I hurried into the front room and there on the couch with the raised head lay grandfather sleeping, my brother Roy came and put his arm around me and told me grandfather was dead, I learned when I was older that after he had talked with all his children(fourteen by then) he had asked for the wash tub and had gotten out of bed and taken a bath and dressed himself in white shirt and a suit and gone out and laid down on the couch and said to my grandmother well good by missus and closed his eyes, whether he died then or later I do not know, he was put into a casket and the america flag was put over his casket, I don't know if I went to the funeral or not I do not remember anything other than seeing him in the casket.

After his first wife died grandfather married, in Danvill Kentucky to Ann Catherine Wright, on December 30 1880, he was 35 and she was 36 she had been born Ann Catherine Curtainger, May fifth 1842, to Samson she had married Jonathan Wright and they had a son James, her grandchildren have told me she was a very hard person to get along with, any way she and grandfather got a divorce, she was pregnant at the time but grandfather was not aware of it, he took his four children and left and she told him he was to never set his foot on her farm again, in February of 1882, their son Leslie Hugh was born, he married Rose Lee Alford born June I 1884 and they had eleven children, when Leslie was around 20 yrs old and had two children one of the Weatherfords saw grandfather in Illinois and asked him if he knew he had a son, grandfather left the next morning by horseback the neighbor asked Leslie to come over to his house said some one wanted to see him, he walked into the neighbors house with a son Ezra and daughter Bertha, they told me that grandfather got up out of the chair and said that's my boy and with big tears dropping into his beard hugged the son, Ezra and Bertha said grandfather put them on each knee and told them about his horses and some pet squirrels he had, that was the only time they ever saw each other. When Leslie was in his teens James shot himself in the stomach and died, Catherine then married a man by the name of Claybrook, he told Leslie one day he was leaving and got on his horse and rode away

Grandfather then married a widow with four children and they had four girls <sup>(TK9)</sup>  
Phoebe Ann Weatherford was born November 16, 1860, in Lebanon Kentucky.

daughter of George Mastin Weatherford and Elizabeth Coppage, Phoebe married James Guthrie, she then married William Benjamin September 11 1884, in Danville Kentucky, later they moved to Carlinville Illinois and Modesto Benjamin and Minerva daughter Emily Wallace married when she was sixteen to Stephen Huston Weatherford, Emily was born April 28, 1869, she died in Newport Beach Ca at the age of 104.

The day she got married she got on a horse behind her husband and they rode to Girard Illinois where he was a carpenter, in 1904 they went by covered wagon to Kansas, where he had a sawmill and a thrashing machine, they later moved to Ca, they had a son and three daughters, one of her daughters was a live and lived alone in 1989 at the age of 97.

Another daughter of Benjamin and Minerva was Evelyn Brown born August 1 1871 ~~in~~ Kentucky, she died in California in Los Angeles March 31 1964

she had one daughter and her husband worked for the government in the money I do know his name at this time except the last name was Reimer

Robert a son of Benjamin and Minerva I have never found any thing my dad said he went to war and never was heard from since, he was seen at the worlds fair in St Louis Missouri in 1904. *Thomas - nothing I can prove*

William Benjamin was in the 55th regiment Co F Kentucky Volunteers in the Civil war.

Children of Benjamin and Phoebe were; Ora Dell born 19 May 1890 died 29 May 1971 she married Robert Taylor Ambrose on September 21 1910, they had

Marion William born August 18 1911; Lucrebra Elizabeth born August 8, 1915 married a man by the last name of Reaser; Alberta born June 21 1921 they lived in Omaha Nebraska

Minerva Ellen known as Ella born October 27 1887 died Jan 13 1976 in Carlinville Il; married Chester Farmer Sissons born July 1 1800; died March 15 1924 of consumption; they had Helen born September 18, 1915; married September 24, 1938 to Melford Weatherford who died of M.S. Donald born June 13 1919 never married took care of his mother; Ruth born November 10, 1919 married Lloyd Hache; Maurice F born April 30 1914; died October 11, 1914

(IK10)

Another daughter of Benjamin and Phoebe was Maud Mae; born Aug 27, 1892 in Modesto died February 26, 1963; married Freeman Ernest Selhime, born November 9, 1889 died April 19, 1960 cancer of stomach; they had a daughter Eula and son Allen

A daughter of Benjamin and Phoebe was Sarah born 1885 died 1978 in Carlinville Il married Timothy Maguire born 1887 died 1956, they had ten children

Timothy was a red headed Irishman who loved to tell stories and visit, not very ambitious, Aunt Sarah birthed her children at home and after a hour or two got up and took care of the living, they were farmers and she always went barefooted because she had only one pair of shoes that were saved for church Uncle Tim had good shoes and boots with nice warm wool socks in the winter time Aunt Sarah went barefooted even in the winter time, it was nothing to see her step out side in her bare feet and chop some wood for the stove, while Tim sat by it keeping warm, she hoed in the hot bottom lands of Illinois and he rode a nice horse around the neighborhood to see hoe the crops were coming on the other farms; She had Glen who married and had a family in Illinois and had both legs amputated when he was nearly eighty years old, the same year his daughter died and his wife so he had to go to a nursing home where he died after about a 1986 year, he chewed tobacco just like his dad and let it dribble out the side of his mouth, Harold married a divorced lady and they had children who weighed as much as fifteen and seventeed at birth, they were farm people. Dorothy got into trouble when she was young with a older man and had a girl, don't know what happened to the child saw it a few times when it was around four or five; She later married a excon, and then she was single and worked and lived in Chicago Il, she died in 1987.

Then Aunt Sarah had a set of twins Louis-and-b-Frank and Frances, Frank was a very understanding child and seem to know his mother didn't have any help, and he hoed beside her and worked even when he was small, and they had a great love for each, when he was 11 years old; the twins were born April 6, 1911, he stepped on a rusty nail and got lockjaw and died, Aunt Sarah laid him on the couch with the raised head and fanned him all night with big tears coursing down her cheeks, when it come time to bury him he was placed in a box and put into a wagon, and taken to the cemetery; Aunt Sarah walked behind and carried her shoes the older children carried the younger ones, Frances the other twin got some kind of an excema off a weed it was thought and had it all her life, she scratched and got sore on her, she married once to a man named Vern who was a Southerner for some reason they parted and she went to Chicago and worked; she died 1987

Born October 8, 1907 in Saginaw Michigan to

Cornelius Otto Donahue and Christina Anna Duprey

Cornelius was born April 10, 1884, he had a brother Leo whom lived with him the

was shot when he was 18 yrs old, he was running thru Hoyt Park on December

17 1923, and was shot by Officer Chapman, Con was a policeman at the time and

quit the force; He had a sister Cecil who also lived with him, she was a dwarf

and was raped at the age of 16, and had a normal size child, a boy whom she

called Billy, she died age 37 after an operation at the 28th of April 1929

Con had a brother Charles who married Jenny ?

Con was a fireman, policeman and finally a railroad man retired, later.

he fell one time across the tracks and a train backed over him, he was in

hospital some time and a pin was put in his leg, he was told not to go back

to work but did on his own.

He was a tall man and his wife Ann was short and fat and French, she ruled

the roost, she worked at the foundry for a time; They lived in the first

ward owned some houses there but lost them in the depression.

She called him Hankie and he called her Hinkie.

She controlled the money and went with him when he picked up his check,

when he went to the store she knew exactly how much change she had coming

He walked from Fourteenth street to Norman to work on the railroad and she

knew exactly how long it took him to walk home, so he would stop at Pakerd's

bar on the corner of sixth street, there were two front doors, so he would

toss his coin on the bar the shuper was waiting and he drank it as he walked

set it down and went out the other door thus loosing no time.

One time she had a dishpan of bread dough raising on the end of the stove

and when he came in the door she dumped it over his head.

They had a son Frederick Otto born 16, april 1906 he married Eleanor Kolbe

he worked on the railroad and died in rawas of a brain tumor. They had two

sons and a daughter.

A daughter Lucille married Albert Whitehouse and they had four daughters.

A daughter Dorothy married Harold Marden.

Cornelius married Dec 4, 1886 to Christina Ann Duprey daughter of

Thomas Dupre and Delia Portelance.

Gerald worked at the foundry for a time and then on the railroad, he

married November 2, 1935 to Iva Whitehouse at St Josephs church on 6 th st.

John Wilson Whitehouse

(IK12)

Born 30 December 1874 in Kentucky to William Benjamin Whitehouse and Minerva Ellen Copher (I was told her name was Ellis, never found that, and when I got a death certificate of two of their daughters she was listed as Copher; I have not found that either; she would have died after 1874 or couple years later as my dad said she died in child birth, grandpaw remarried in 1881)

John died in Jacksonville Illinois hospital 29 Jun 1952. His sisters Sarah and Ella bought him a shirt and one of Sarah's boys gave him an old suit of his to be buried in.

He was buried in Palmyra cemetery in a grave next to Frankie Maguire, tho I paid for a marker I have been told there is no marker

I was told that John and Rosa eloped when she was 15 years old and went to Philadelphia and spent two weeks in a hotel, I have always wondered how they went by horseback or buggy and where did my dad get the money for such a trip I have their marriage date 15 Sep 1897 but no certificate, so I imagine they were brought back and married in Illinois but have no certificate as yet.

John was of small stature; his son Roy looked like him in later years except our father wore a mustache. He had brown hair which curled on the edge when it got a little long, he had a mustach, and never rolled his shirt sleeves up even in hottest weather, he always wore a hat and a cap in the winter; he smoked a corn cob pipe and his tobacco was advertiser and came in a small white bag with a yellow draw string, he chewed horse shoe plug tobacco, was very neat with it, he had a razor sharp pocket knife that he cut a piece of it off and put it into his mouth, it had a small silver colored horseshoe in the corner of the plug. He always wore bib type overhalls he mostly farmed, one time he mined, and when his oldest son Roy was 9 our dad rode a horse and carried a gun as a guard on the railroad, Roy was the water boy and then had a team and hauled corn.

When my dad was 45 years old he had a farm of a thousand acres and it was called the county line farm as it was on the county lines of Sangamon and Macoupin counties.

*return these 4  
sheets please  
(my only copy)*

We had about 22 hired men as we raised a lot of grain; and the thrashers would come for a week or two and stayed in the barns and were feed big meals then the balers would come for a week or so and same thing they were feed 3 meals a day.

The one time they had eaten and we had a lot of maple trees in the front yard and they were laying on the grass some sleeping some talking, and my dad was sitting in a rocker and had his feet in the chair with him, and he had said he guessed he had eaten too much for he had a gut ache, when he went to get up out of the rocker he couldn't put his feet down; and some of themen carried him into the first bedroom, and my brother Harold got on a horse and rode into Palmyra for the doctor, there was only one and his name was William Powell and he was a German and made all his own medicines, he always had a little brown pill that he gave out for just about everything, he would say its your Livar, that the way hepronced it.

He said my dads appendix had burst, and we had one of the new ford cars so he told my brother Harold to get an innertube and to go to the ice house and get some ice, and he then cut the innertube into three pieces and put chipped ice into it and stuffed a cloth in the ends and put them as near my dads stomach as he could as my dad still had his knees against his stomach he laid like that for six months, and after he had a little pot bellie.

gradually the swelling of my dads stomach went down, he couldn't be Jared as the doctor thought he might burst, the barber came from town and shavedhim and he was spoon feed like a baby abd food that would be given to a baby as his bowels were also paralyzed.years after he often walked the floor and said his guts hurt, when he died a 15 pound tumor was in his body and it was magiliant, and the doctors thought it had started from the perinitis.

some years he could farm and then there would be a period of a year or two that he would be very week and tired and we would move into town and dad would do carpentry or odd jobs and when he got to felling better we would rent a farm and they got smaller and smaller the last one being 40 acres, he always rented a run down one and he fixed the fences etc and got it into shape for

(IKI)

He often rode into town on Saturday night and got drunk the horse would bring him home and nicker at the gate and I would go out and open the gate and the horse would get as close to the kitchen door as he could and my dad would slide off and go into the house and I would unsaddle the horse and put him in a stall or in the pasture depending upon the weather.

But on Sunday was always my day and dad and I would walk over the farm land and he would show me bird nests and he often talked of his home in Kentucky and when he was a boy Oh how I wish I could remember it now/

Sometimes when he was going into town he would take a horse to trade and he would come back with two or three that looked like they would be dead in the morning but the next day he would take them out of the barn and look them over and he would trim their hoofs and mane and tail and then he would look at their teeth and see how bad they were and if they were bad I was told to give this one ground corn etc and then he had a long necked bottle and he would put kerosene in it and he would pour it down the horses throat and in a few days it was starting to look like a different horse. He had a way with animals he would name them and talk to them and seemed they almost understood him

We were often in the fields when the dawn broke but first before any harness was put on a horse he was curried and brushed, and the collar was wiped off when it was taken from the horse and again before it was put back on.

We always had a lot of horses some for plowing some for the buggy some for riding and some that did heavy work.

In later years Rosa left him and he lived alone and was caretaker for a mans farm house he got social security or something from the government under 40.

I lived in Hemlock Michigan on a 40 acre farm and it had no electricity and was off the road a mile and I drove to Illinois and asked him to come and live with me and he came and stayed for 6 months and one day said he was going back because thats where all his friends were, and so I got him a bus ticket and sent him back

I got a call that my cousin had taken my dad to a hospital in Jacksonville Illinois where she was a nurse to have a sore on his leg looked at, and he asked them to see what made his stomach hurt so much and that was when they found the tumor and just sewed him back up, I went down to see him and he was strapped in bed and calling for Babe which was his nickname for out he didn't know me I came back home and got a call that night that he had died, and I went back, when we got to the cemetery which was on a very hot day there were three men waiting there and they asked the undertaker if the casket could be opened and they could say good by to Johnny, and I said of course(I was the only child there) and they took off their hats and saluted him and said Goodby Johnny and it was a moment I have never forgotten, they were drinking buddies of his and had walked out from town.

My dad only went to the third grade he told me, but he was always trying to read papers and looking at catalogues, tec, I asked one time to help me with a arithmetic problem and he said read it to me and I did and he said I don't know how to do it but I can tell you the answer. the next day at school I found out the answer was right. He could look at a corn crib and say that holds so many bushels of corn or he could look at a board and say it is so many feet and inches long.

Since I started on this history my dads life has been before me so much and I feel it must have been a very lonely life, 2 stepmothers, poor all his life he was never one to talk except when he and I went on our walks, he never showed affection to anyone, My brothers often told me that they were whipped with buggy whips, and had no friends or could not go anywhere, they all left home before they were teenagers except Harold he graduated from highschool while still at home, my dad never struck me in his his life, we all said yes sir no sir and sir, we never touched the paper till he was thru, and things like that, I did something once don't remember now what it was, but it was wrong, and dad said Babe you hadn't ought to have done that, and It like to broke my heart to have him say that to me.



ROY BURTON WHITEHOUSE

*Return these Please*

(116)

Born February 25, 1889 in Modesto Il to John Wilson Whitehouse and Rosalie Nead  
When he was nine years old he carried water in a crock set in a small wagon  
for the railroad men to drink, for this he was paid 5 cents a day, his father  
John rode a horse and carried a gun in case some of the railroad workers had  
a fight,

When Roy was 11 he drove, three horses and was called a scrapper.  
He also went on every call he could with a veterinarian and wanted to be one.

When he was thirteen his father worked on a ranch in Il and there were many  
horses and the man had come from Montana and talked so much about it Roy wanted  
to see it some day. His dream came true.

In Jacksonville Il he drove his own wagon and hauled shelled corn, the team  
was named Jule and Pete, one time they ran away with him he was scraped and  
bruised, he could put the collars on them but the rest of the harness was so  
heavy he could not lift it at his young age.

He worked in Chicago for a while and was maintenance man at the hotel that  
was owned by Al Capone it was called the Parks hotel.

He went into the navy when he was 17. He was on a ship U.S.S. Macall No 28,  
it was the first England destroyer, took a freight to Liverpool across the  
Channel to Ireland, was stationed in Kingstown, Queenstown, served 14 months  
there, left Christmas day for Bermuda, this was in 1910 oil was used for fuel,  
the ship was 305 feet long 18 beam full speed was 28 knots it had 2 "Y" guns  
35 depth charges, 5-3 inch guns threw torpedoes, the ship was supposed to  
carry only 90 men but there were 110 aboard.

They were in a convoy of 42 ships, 1 torpedo went behind them and one went in  
front of them when they were stranded in the English Channel because of a  
storm, they sat there for four days with subs trying to hit them.

They were towed for three days and later ended up at South Carolina.

On the ship the food was cooked in huge vats, they mostly got potatoes and boiled  
beef.

He was a seaman first class and mess sergeant for the men, he sent a lot of  
Irish linens home when he was in Ireland, traded English money for 20 dollar  
gold pieces.

After arriving at South Carolina he and T.J. Clayton took a train to  
Springfield Il, they stopped in Kentucky and went to the horse races, they  
stayed with T.J. aunt who ran a livery station.

He was paid \$17. a month when he was in the Navy and he saved up \$201. when he arrived in Lexington Kentucky he bought a new suit of clothes and a new pair of shoes and had \$45 left, After the races he and T.J. started to drink it was I.P.M. and beer was a nickle, by 5 P.M. they were tight, and ate Mountain Oysters, the bars were on every corner and so when they came out of one and went to the corner and went to go around they went inside instead. He fell over a curb and got his new suit dirty and his new shoes hurt his feet, so he looked up and across the street was a church so he walked across the street sat down on the steps and took off his new shoes and left them on the church steps and left in his stocking feet.

When he was 21 yrs old he worked for his grandfather James nead on his 110 acre farm, he hauled 40 bales of hay on the running gears, he ran that farm and his grandfather furnished the horses etc and gave Poy one third of the profits Every day he and his grandfather went into Palmyra with 5 and 10 gallon milk cans the people came out with dippers and got their milk for 5 cents a quart.

His grandfather froze his thumb and it turned black and stayed black but never fell off.

Later he got a job in Waverly Il for a ice and poultry business, he hauled chickens to Springfield Il and brought a load of ice back., he married Mildred Rossman the bosses daughter, an only child, bought 40 acres and build a house of three rooms on it with a large porch across the back, he raised turkeys fencing in five acres with a high fence and let them make their nests in the leaves and sold the eggs, to he hatcheries, he sold the birds dressed at Thanksgiving and the next season started over with young chicks.

He raised Guina hens ducks geese and then raobits and guinne pigs for Doctors he had carrier pidgeons, prize horses and stock that he showed at the fairs, He raised Belguim Police dogs and sold them, had five acres in grape of which he made wine and sold, he was also into horse racing ans sulky driving Each time his wife became pregnant h~~er~~ mother got rid of it and finally in order to get a divorce he gave her every thing he had and kept 100 dollars and a panel truck and headed for Montana to fullfill his dream this was in 1933.

He trapped mink weasels and bob cats and sold them, then he got a job on a large farm feedinfg cattle and sheep for this he got board and 25 dollars a mon he did this for two years at Stanford Montana, In 1935 he bought some land raised turkeys and dressed them out and sold them

In 1936 he moved to Great Falls and worked on a dude ranch and also took Easterners on elk hunts pack horses and doing all the cooking etc, He then went to Middlelark Dairys and milked cows and worked in a brick yard making bricks and taking them out of the hot kilns. He then went to ranching and in May of 1937 he married Elizabeth Dea, built two rooms on above his in-laws home and lived there., during the day he sold Studebaker cars and at night he parked cars, he then bought a ranch in North Dakota and the next week a fire took every thing he had, and he had not insured it yet. He moved back to Great Falls and rented the fair grounds for 150 a month took and boarded horses and taught riding. He got paid 15 dollars for each horse he boarded., when the saddle clubs broke up he quit and went to work in a dairy for 17 yrs and was let go because of his age and did not get any pension, He then got a job for a tailor and cut altered and sewed, and did maintainence for a hospital at night, he wore white at the hospital and one night he was called to the delivery room one of the tables would not drop the end right and he took a hammer and pliers and went to the delivery floor a nervous young man was pacing the floor and Foy wanting to comfort waved the tool at him and said it wont be long now, the to be father fainted/ He then returned to breaking horses and working auction sales, he was still breaking horses at age of 83, it was said that if he couldn't break a horse it couldn't be broken he broke the horse without oreaking its spirit. At the age of 83 he rode horses 10 hours or more changed clothes and bowled or shot pool or if there was a dance he was the first on the floor and the last one off, he had all his own teeth except one front one that a brama bull hit him and knocked it out when he was 82, his hair was white but thick and he read the newspaper without glasses he said he had never been sick and did not rememe-ber of ever having a headache, The yr of 1984 he broke a 3 yr old mare on Saturday and worked ner after church on Sunday afternoon and was to work a auction sale on Monday when he did not show up for work he was checked on he was still sleeping. He had a hugh funeral his boots were put on his feet and his hat was put into his hand and a picture of a saddle was in the lid of the casket. This writer his sister spent Dec and Jan with him each year and they went to Vegas where he had some property, his children took a ring off his finger that no one had ever seen off and gave it to this writer she was also given a pair of boots. He looked like he was in his late fifties, always a smile and had a way with horses like his father before him he looked like his father also.

The funeral home was Oconnor the rosary was said and Home on the Range was sung he was buried from St Anns catholic Cathereral where the priest was a friend. The bouguet on the casket was stalks of wheat and real pony shoes, as Roy owned show ponies, the American flag was presented to the oldest son Bert and the pony shoes were given to his other two sons a daughter and his sister.

The Pallbearers wore back cow boy suits black hats and boots and had a white rose in their lapels at the cemetery each pallbearer took off his rose and laid it on the casket, he was ouried 25 miles out of Great Falls in a country cemetry on a slight hill and where there are cattle and gorses and a mountain on ons side.

Th Cow Bells who are the lady cow riders made the dinner for the family, since the children and the sister were all out of town a vet friend of Roys opened her house and all the family stayed together, the sister lived in Saginaw Mich her son and one daughter drove her car from 5 P.M. on Tues all day wed and wed night and Thursday reached there about 4 in the morning the funeral had been set back till Friday so that she might make it.

At the house a display of honesty was shown two times, one was a man whom none of the family knew asked to speak to Roys daughter and he handed her a silver tie pin of a Palimino and said I borrowed this from your dad to wear in a parade and when I for got to give it back I called him and he said just keep it and if I die before youd come to my funeral and give it to my daughter for she gave it to me and there he was.

Another man that the family did not know asked to speak to all the family and he said I borrowed 5 thousand dollars from your dad it was a gentlemans agreement and nothing is on paper but if one of you is here tomorrow I will pay it back.

Roy had many horses out on pastures that he paid for the use of but the family did not know where, men took trailers and by the afternoon of the funeral all the stock was at one place except a mare that was about to foal.

He always wore his hat if he was in a house it lay on the floor by his chair that is why his hat was put into his hand in the casket.

Born March 14, 1904, in Palmyra Illinois to John Wilson Whitehouse and Rosalie Neaa. He attended school in Palmyra and then went to Modesto where he played football and was on the track team, from these some nights he got home late and had to do his chores, about this he and his father argued, and then his father told him he had to give up football and track or get out. He left home, and went to the farm of Harry Zelmerm he fed cattle and did the chores for his room and board. In the winter they fed 900 head, he continued with and graduated from high school and then left and went to Chillicothe college in Missouri and took a business course, he washed dishes and did what ever jobs he could find in the summers he went back to Zelmers and worked till time to return to college.

In 1924 he and a friend Jim Brown and a friend named Bubbles went to North Dakota in a model T, three men went besides them, they bought the gas and tires gasoline was 22 cents a gallon, when they got to Minnesota it was to early to harvest wheat, so since it was only July they went on to St Paul, Minn and then to Bismark and there was a gas war on there and gas was 13 cents a gallon they were still about two weeks early for the harvest, he said there were 39 people and 42 elevators, The grain was gut by mowers and horses, and the thrashing machines were belt driven, knowing that the farmers brought their cream to the creameries, they went there to talk to the farmers to see if there was some kind of work while they waited, no one wanted to hire four men so they split up.

One day a man told Albert he needed a set up man,, he took Albert home with him, the man had 150 acres of wheat already cut down and laying in the field in shocks, Albert was the only man, the rows were very long, so he did three at a time, it took him a week to set up the 150 acres by himself.

The man was a Swede and had a hugh barn and a tiny house, he asked Albert to stay on and work for him, He put up 40 acres of hay by himself laoding it on a hay frame by himself and pitching it from the fram into the barn loft and then getting up into the loft and moving it back, after that the Swede loaned him out to another farmer, and he drove a binder for three weeks.

He then plowed the fields using sometimes four and sometimes 6 horses to a plow In late Septemoer they left and went back as far as Iowa, where they schucked corn, eighty bushels a day was Albert's usual amount. Thats pulling the ear unshucked from the stalk and tossing it into a wagon while the team moved along bt them selves.

By Christmas they were back in Illinois, Skinny Nevins and Albert left Illinois and went to Saginaw Michigan.

Albert got a job for General Motors in one of their plants known as Grey Iron Foundry, this was in 1928, he was paid 35 cents an hour as a core maker. There were 25 coremakers, he worked from 4 P.M. to 7 A.M. He lived at a boarding house on Franklin street and his room and board was \$9.00 a week. After working six months at the factory his curly hair began to fall out and he went to a dr who told him to get out of there he had also developed a cough. He hired out at Woolsworth Department store as a stock room boy, and in one year he became its manager., as a assissant. He met Lucille Donahue who clerked and as no employes could keep company and she didn't want to quit, he transferred to Flint Michigan, They later married at Holy Family catholic church, he turned Catholic, they were married September 7, 1932, Lucille then quit work. Albert was then transferred to Buffalo New York as manager of the store there. and then to Detroit Michigan and then Bach to Saginaw, He hired back into the foundry, as a pattern maker and was there 13 yrs, when general motors went on strike Albert went on W.P.A. an cut wood for \$1.00 a day to feed his family He then quit the foundry as his wife demanded more attention and went to work for Friedly Dry Cleaners on I2 st and Lapeer. renting a house from them, he then hired out to Georges dry cleaners in Carrolllton as a deliver man so he could make frequent stops at home for the care of his wife, He had a kidney removed an the age of 70. He retired in 1977.

They had four daughters,

Lucille died in March of 1980 after being bedridden and taken care of by her husband at this time they were in a cottage out of Tawas Michigan,

Albert suffered from a heart condition and died January 3, 1986.

Lucille Ann born Dec 1932 married James McKay in Flint in 1956, they had 7 ch.  
 Sally marie born May 16, 1936 married Harold Swartz(his second) they had 3 ch.  
 Sue Carroll born Jan 6, 1939 married Dale Taylor they had 3 ch.  
 Nancy Lee born July 7, 1943 married Michael Fndicott in 1962 had one ch, div in 1963 and she remarried Edward Howell they had one and he adopted hers.

TAKEN FROM CENSUS AT SAGINAW LIBRARY.

1939 lived at 1706 Fitzhugh worked at General Motors.

1941 lived at 1802 Lapeer street worked for Freidly dry Cleaners.

1943 thru 1945 was Pattern maker at foundry

1947 Worked at Friedlt dry cleaners.

James Homer Whitehouse

*return  
Please*

IK22

Born April 1902 in Illinois, to John Wilson Whitehouse and Rosalie Nead

He was raised on the farm; and married quite young to Edith Beard, who was pregnant.

His father, gave him a team of horses a cow; a sow that was due to have a litter, some chickens; a feather bed bed frame; table; stove; and told him he never wanted to see him again and he could never come on any property that was owned or rented by his father, they never spoke all the rest of their lives, and when Homer wanted to see this writer his sister and the brother Harold who was home yet, he drove to the end of the drive way of the farm and waited there till some one noticed, and they came out and talked with him; Homer was called when his father died and he said he would not come that his father had had no use for him when he was alive and so he had no use for him now that he was dead.

A son Wendell was born a few months after they married . he later became an ace in the war and was presented with many medals for shooting down enemy planes, he retired from service and ran a flying school in St Louis Missouri, he later married and moved to an Island.

Homers wife was for progress, and she did not to always be a farmers wife and they moved to Missouri, where Homer became an auto machanic, later he bought the business and sold new cars, he had a heart attack and later had a job setting up shopping senters all over the United States, he flew his own plane. They lived in Webster Grove Missouri and spent the winters in Winter Haven Florida.

In 1966, he was called that his mother had died, he was in Virginia but flew back and came to Carlinville to see his brothers and sister, he did not go to the funeral. His brother Harold and Albert were there and they had not seen each other since they were boys. His sister he had not seen since she was 13. He cried when he seen her and said but she was just a girl and now she has gray hair.

He died of Heart attack in 1972, was dead 6 months before the sister knew

HAROLD WILSON WHITEHOUSE

*return  
Please*

(IK23)

Born March 7, 1907 in Palmyra Illinois to John Wilson and Rosa Nead.

he died in Carlinville Illinois, at the Belle Aire Hotel which he and his wife Vera were the managers. He had been talking on the switchboard and got up from the chair and fell to the floor dead, a small dog they had ran out the door and was never found. He died of Acute Coronary Thrombosis, he had Arterio Sclerote Heart Diseas for years, (this was not known by the family and doubtful he knew)

He was buried in Mayfield cemetery Carlinville Ill, the Anderson Funeral home

He graduated from Palmyra High school and went to Bloomington Illinois and was a glass blower, the owner was transferred to Denver Colorado, and wanted to take Harold with him, he went on ahead and had the furniture shipped and Harold drove the mans wife and children thru in their car.

He got a job in Montgomery ward store as a stock room man and after a year was up to sales manager, he was required to leave the store and sell insurance for one year as training, he bought a motorcycle and was in an accident, when a car crowded him into a curb and he was hospitalized for eight months, he returned to the store and became sales manager and then manager, and was manager for ten years

He married Irene Montgomery from Boise Idaho and they had one daughter Wilma Irene worked for Great Gage Rubber company in the office, she was a cute blond with blue eyes and looked a lot like Mirna Loy the actress.

They divorced and he married Doris ? who was pregnant and they had a son they divorced, and he went to Seattle Washington, bought a restaurant.

He then volunteered for the army and served in Okinawa and was stationed in the mountains of Italy, in the front lines, they were granted a ten day rest and he saw Popw Pius, and the Catacombs, and got his sister a rosary blessed by the pope and when in the catacombs put some dirt into a container in the back of a space on the rosary for this purpose and sen it to his sister, it never arrived, he was a faithful writer seldom missing a day, sometimes they were mud and blood splattered when his sister got them.

He was injured and put into a body cast and wrote he was being shipped home on a hospital ship and it would come to Texas, tho many letters were exchange between his sister and the red cross and other organizations nothing was four from the time he left Italy,

Eight years later he drove into his sisters yard and she did not know him.



HAROLD WILSON WHITHOUSE

(IK24)

He later told her one day he was in a restaurant in Seattle Washington, which he owned and a man had been trying to buy the restaurant from him, and he told the man I will sell I have to go see my sister, He drove thry in a panel Piruck which he called Betsy, and went to Hemlock whish his sister lived when he was in war, he was told she lived in Bridgeport Mi, He drove to there and asked directions to her house, she lived in a house trailer and there were some large apple trees in the yard, he drove in and she called the children in and locked the screen door he got out and said Hi and could I park under the shade of this tree, I have been driving a long ways and I am tired, she didn't like the looks of him his clothes were wrinkled and the sweat shirt was not as tidy as it could have been, and she said No, there is a big oak tree just down the road that you came on go park there, he said but I want to park here, and she reached into a small closet and got a 22 rifle and said well this says you move, He grinned and said Now Sis you wouldn't shoot me would you? When he smilB smiled she knew whom it was, but the screen door was hooked and she couldn't get out, She had thought him dead for 8 yrs, he said he had no memory from the time he was put on the hospital ship till he sold the restaurant.

When her husband come home from work instead of finding supper ready, he found his wife sitting on the davenport with her arms around a man and his around her

This was in August og 1952, Harold said he wanted to go see his dad, since he hadn't seen him since a youn man his sister told him his father had died the 28th of June that year, but they took a trip to Illinois and found a aunt or two to visit.

While in Carlinville he met a lady who ran a restaurant and they became good friends a week after they returned to Mich he left for Ill again and brought the lady Vera Stiller back as his wife, he was a cheff at Roys Steak House, The Bancroft Hotel, The Amberwood and the High Life Inn, they returned to Ill as she was lonesome for her children and grandchildren and bought a restaurant she made the bread and pies and he cooked the rest, people crowed them so they couldn't keep up so they finally sold out and took over the Motel where he died Harold was in the fifth army under General Mark Vlark during the allied invasion of Italy World War II, In September 8, 1943 was the Ist time Americans troops set foot on European Continent during the conflict.

there in Carlinville Illinois who also had a restaurant and he and his <sup>(IKB)</sup> sister came home and he looked for work in Saginaw hiring at the Bancroft Hotel as a cook and one day said he was going to be gone for a week and went to Ill and came back with Vera Stiller as his wife they went out to Montana for a year but Vera didn't like the cold weather and then they went to Florida for a year and she was home sick for her family so they went back to Carlinville Illinois and opened up a restaurant and later took over the Bel Air Hotel and one day he had answered the switchboard and got up and fell on the floor dead he was 59. Their little dog ran out the door and was never found, Chicago was blocked in with a snow storm and so was Michigan and so the sister did not get to the funeral. His brother Homer was the only family of his that was able to get there he was buried in Mayfield Memorial Cemetery of February of 66 or 67 Vera moved into an apt and walked every day to the cemetery and sat on his grave and talked to him she sat his place at the table and would not let any one sit in his chair. She died November 3, 1976 and was buried by his side Mrs Alex Perardo, Mrs Albert Fones and John Stiller were her children and she had 7 grandchildren at that time. He died 2-2-1967

acute Coronary Thrombosis - see  
arterio Sclerotic Heart Disease yro:yro  
Generalized arterio Sclerosis yro:yro  
Diabetes mellitus yro:yro -

Harold was with the 5th army in Italy under General Mark Clark, during allied invasion of Italy in World War II

In Sept 8 - 1943, was the 1st time American Troops set foot on European Continent during the conflict.

He was earlier at Okinawa

While in Italy was Staff Sarg - food + dry socks to men - by shurrows with haafs covered - then back packed to men - in the mountains