

Ellen Benedict Wilson



An Autobiography

Ellen Benedict Wilson — An Autobiography

In December 1909 my mother and father were married. Dad was 42 years old. Mother was 30. Before her marriage, Mother had lived on a farm, taught school, and worked as a seamstress and a milliner. My father's life had been quite different. His father had died when he was quite young. His mother re-married, to a younger man. Dad and his step-father did not "get along". Dad left home. Among other jobs he taught school, apprenticed in a photo studio, and worked in a harness factory. He had no formal training for any occupation.

In 1887, he married his first wife, Estelle Tubbs, and fathered five children in rapid succession. His wife died after the birth of their fifth child. The children were sent to live with various friends and relatives, except one who was put in an orphanage. Mother did not have step-children to care for when she married Dad on December 27, 1909.

Dad and Mother went to live in Bath, New York, a small village in the south central part of the state. This is an area where it snows in the winter, rivers flood in the spring, and it is hot and humid in the summer with frequent thunderstorms.

Babies arrived often to Mother and Dad, a new one about every other year. The first girl, Rosette, died in infancy. The next baby was also a girl, Janet Crandle. Then a baby boy arrived, Weston Crandle. On December 13, 1915, baby number four was born — Ellen Crandle Benedict. Crandle was Mother's maiden name. She gave this name, as a middle name, to each child.

Sometime during the year after my birth, Dad bought a small farm near Sonora, New York and moved the family to an old country house. I do not remember the move or the birth of my younger sister, Martha, in 1917. However, I do remember the next birth — a boy in 1920, Job Crandle. This baby was named after my mother's father. All of the children were sent down the road to stay with the minister's family until my mother recovered her strength enough to care for all of the children.

Two years passed, then another baby, William, was born, the last in the family. Our half-sister, Marjorie, who was a nurse by this time, came to stay for a few days to help Mother with the children. She was the child who was put in the orphanage.

Our house would be considered old-fashioned by standards of the nineties. It was a two-story house with a front porch, two bedrooms and an attic upstairs, two more bedrooms, a parlor, a living-dining room and a kitchen on the first floor. There was also a cellar.

We had no electricity, oil, or natural gas for heating and no telephone. Light at night was provided by kerosene lamps and lanterns. Kerosene oil was bought by the gallon at the grocery store. The house was heated by two wood-burning stoves. One was a cook stove with an oven. The other stove was a heater that was set up in the parlor and used only on Sunday or when company was expected. Large chunks of wood were used in this heater. If not watched carefully, a chimney fire could result. This happened more than once but we were lucky as the house never burned, but some damage happened at least once that I can remember.

There was mail delivery, six days a week. This was a much-anticipated event, as there was no telephone to keep in touch with friends and relatives. There was no garbage pick-up; food items were fed to the pigs — other trash was burned.

One out-building was a small concrete milk house, where milk was stored and cooled awaiting the milk truck. There was also a barn and two small chicken houses. Dad raised milk cows, chickens, pigs and two horses. Our buildings were several hundred feet from a creek which overflowed its banks in the spring, threatening the buildings with standing water.

I remember the worst flood disaster which took place when I was about four years old. My mother had gone on the local bus to an all-day meeting, leaving my older sister in charge of the children. It had rained hard all day, the creek overflowed the fields and came right up to our house. The cellar was full of water and food that was cooling in the cellar was floating around in the water. When the bus came with my mother, the driver had to drive up to our porch so our mother would not have to wade in deep water.

We lived on the edge of a small town, Sonora, New York. About 1/4 mile from our farm, there was a grade school for grades 1 through 8, a Methodist church, and two grocery stores. Each store was a large room in the owner's residence. One store had a gasoline pump. This store was more than a place to buy groceries. In the evenings some of the men of the town would gather there and gab and tell stories and who knows what else. My mother was very unhappy when my father would go to these "meetings" so he didn't go very often.

A small river flowed about a mile from the center of the town. This was used for fishing and swimming in the summer and skating in winter. There were four small lakes to the south of the town — also good for fishing and swimming and picnics in the summer. In winter one of the lakes was used for cutting "ice blocks" which were hauled to ice houses to be stored for summer cooling. I can remember that Dad was one of those "ice haulers" as he needed ice in the summer to cool the milk before it was trucked away. He used his two horses and a sled for the trip between the lake and his ice

house. A special saw was used to cut the ice into the right sized blocks. Large tongs were used to grasp the blocks and put them in the sled. At times great care had to be taken by these men so as not to fall into the lake where the ice blocks had been removed. My mother said if Dad came home riding on the sled, he was O.K. If he came home walking, that meant that he had fallen in and was wet and cold. This happened at least one time.

Two roads were near our house. One was a paved road that connected our town with other towns. A bus traveled over this road, going to the larger towns in the morning and returning in the late afternoon. The second road was a narrow dirt road that went up into the hills. When the family moved to a new farm in those hills, we traveled this road daily.

Most of the farmers who lived near the town raised milking cows. Early in the morning a "milk" truck went along the road, through the farm lands, to take the ten-gallon cans of fresh milk to the train station, where they were picked up to be taken to the large cities. One time our dad did not get the milk cans out to the road in time. We could not keep it until the next day as there was no refrigeration. The milk had to be "dumped".

When we first moved to the farm, our only means of transportation was by horse. Dad purchased young untrained "colts" which he and my sister, Janet trained. Our vehicle was called a "platform", pulled by the two horses. The platform had four wheels, about three feet in diameter, with two benches for sitting. There were no sides or top to protect people from the weather. I can remember when our family drove to the country fair, about ten miles away. On the way we had to pass a small lake. There was an entry and an exit to the shore of the lake. Horses could be driven to the edge of the lake for a drink of water after the long trip in warm weather. My brother, Wes, told me that dad was going to drive into the lake. I thought he was telling the truth so I started to cry loudly! He often teased me.

Our first team of horses, Jack and Mocksy, were fairly dependable. Mocksy would "balk" sometimes and threw me off one time. The second team was a young team and had to be taught how to act. During the haying season, this team got out of control and Dad was thrown into a barbed wire fence. His wounds lasted him all summer.

About 1918 Dad bought a used 1913 Ford. This car had a front and back seat which was needed for our large family which numbered eight by now. It had no starter and had to be cranked by hand. In 1925 Dad bought a new Ford touring car. This car was more dependable than the first one and did have an electric starter. It had three "speeds" – back up, slow (low) and high which meant up to about 35 miles per hour. This car had a glass windshield and side curtains to protect us in cold or

stormy weather. When it rained or snowed we had to put on the "side curtains", which snapped into place. The 1925 Ford was the only new car that my father ever owned. In those days there was no driver training. My father did quite well driving except for one day when we were coming home from an outing. He fell asleep momentarily and drove into a ditch instead of going around a bend in the road. No one was hurt and the car was not damaged but everyone was sure frightened!

Children could drive if a parent was with them. My brother, Weston, started driving at a young age. He had to have a fat pillow behind him so his feet could touch the pedals. My father let him drive quite often when the two of them went on an errand. One time when they saw a state trooper ahead, dad decided to change to the driver's seat without stopping the car. With no one steering, the car ran into a bridge guardrail. The car wasn't damaged but some eggs en route to market were broken. Mother was very angry when she heard about this misadventure.

Social life for the families of this small community was centered in the church and Sunday School. At Easter and Christmas there were programs when the children would recite verses, act in mini-plays, sing songs, etc. I remember one Children's Day Program which was "celebrated" every year at the church in mid-June. I was selected to plan and supervise the program. I was provided with appropriate selections from the Sunday School Journal. I believe I was about ten years old at the time. I received many compliments for a job well done so I felt very grown up and important.

In the wintertime the adults had "class" parties at each other's homes, like potluck get-togethers. I remember a guest at one of these parties, who held me on her lap and taught me to tell time. I believe that I was about five years old at the time.

In summer, there were ice cream parties. In the morning on the designated day of the party, families who were selected, cooked a custard for the ice cream (milk, eggs, sugar, and flavor). After the custard cooled, it was put in an ice cream freezer (hand-cranked type) and taken to the home that had an ice house. Six or eight families volunteered to chip the ice and turn the cranks of the freezers. Salt was added to help the process. When the ice cream was hard enough, the cover was taken off and the ladle or mixer was removed. Then the freezer was packed with more ice and covered with burlap to keep the ice cream solid until evening. In the evening the people of the town came to eat the ice cream, not from cones but from dishes — but they had to pay five cents or ten cents for each dish of ice cream.

Our schoolhouse had one large room for all students, grades one through eight. There was a chalkboard at one end near the teacher's desk and two class benches. There was a large pot bellied stove in the middle of the room. There were about 20-30 student desks of various sizes, placed in rows.

When the teacher wanted to teach a group of students, they would take their books and go to sit on the class benches at the front of the room.

I loved school. I started first grade when I was five years old. I learned quickly and a whole new world "opened" for me. BOOKS! I also found out that other children in the town could be very mean. My older brother, Wes, was small for his age. There was a family of big Irish children who went to our school, too. One of the boys was always threatening Weston. This made me very unhappy and scared.

We had a hot lunch in the winter. The teacher made soup or hot chocolate on the space heater; she could only make one dish at a time. In the back there was a wood storage room and indoor toilets. These were not flush toilets and they smelled awful, especially in warm weather.

We had a large school yard for play. There were large trees which provided shade on warm days. In the spring, a day was set aside as a non-school day, which was called Arbor Day. Everyone helped clean the school grounds, mainly by raking leaves and picking up fallen branches. Then we had a picnic and played games. This was a fun day for all.

We were supposed to have one teacher for a school year. I remember one year when we had four different teachers. The first one couldn't manage the students. Two others were temporary. Finally, a young man was hired. He liked my older sister but they didn't dare go on dates. This was the year I did not pass. I had to repeat grade five. The end-of-the-year tests were not made by the teacher but were made by the "state". This slowed me temporarily but I still only needed six years to complete eight grades. I was eleven years old when I entered high school.

It was about this time that our first farm was sold. A large corporation wanted to build a dam to obtain electric power so they began to buy farms that would be in the flood area. Our farm was one of these. Mother and Dad used the money from this sale to buy another farm in the hills which was about 3 miles from the town of Sonora. The corporation eventually folded and no dam was built. There was no barn at the new farm so my father tore down the buildings on the farm we sold and hauled the lumber to the new farm. This lumber was then used to build the barn.

An inconvenience of living up in the hills was the fact that there was no mail delivery. The mailman ended his route about two miles from our hillside farm. During the school year this did not cause a major hardship because the children brought the mail on the way home from school. During the summer they didn't have the advantage of the car. They had to walk the four miles or so round trip up and down the hills. The weather didn't always co-operate and "smile" on the daily walk.

New York country landscapes are typically portrayed with beautiful rolling hills. However, these hills could be treacherous! When I was a child, in the summer time, I had to constantly watch the ground where I was walking for snakes. When I would walk on the road to the mailbox I would almost always see at least one snake. I was afraid to go around it so I would pick up a stone or something and throw it to scare the snake. The scariest encounter I had was when I was lying down reading in a tent in the front yard. I heard an unusual sound, looked up from my book to see a spotted adder (two to three feet long) crawling around one of the tent posts. Wow! did I leave fast!!

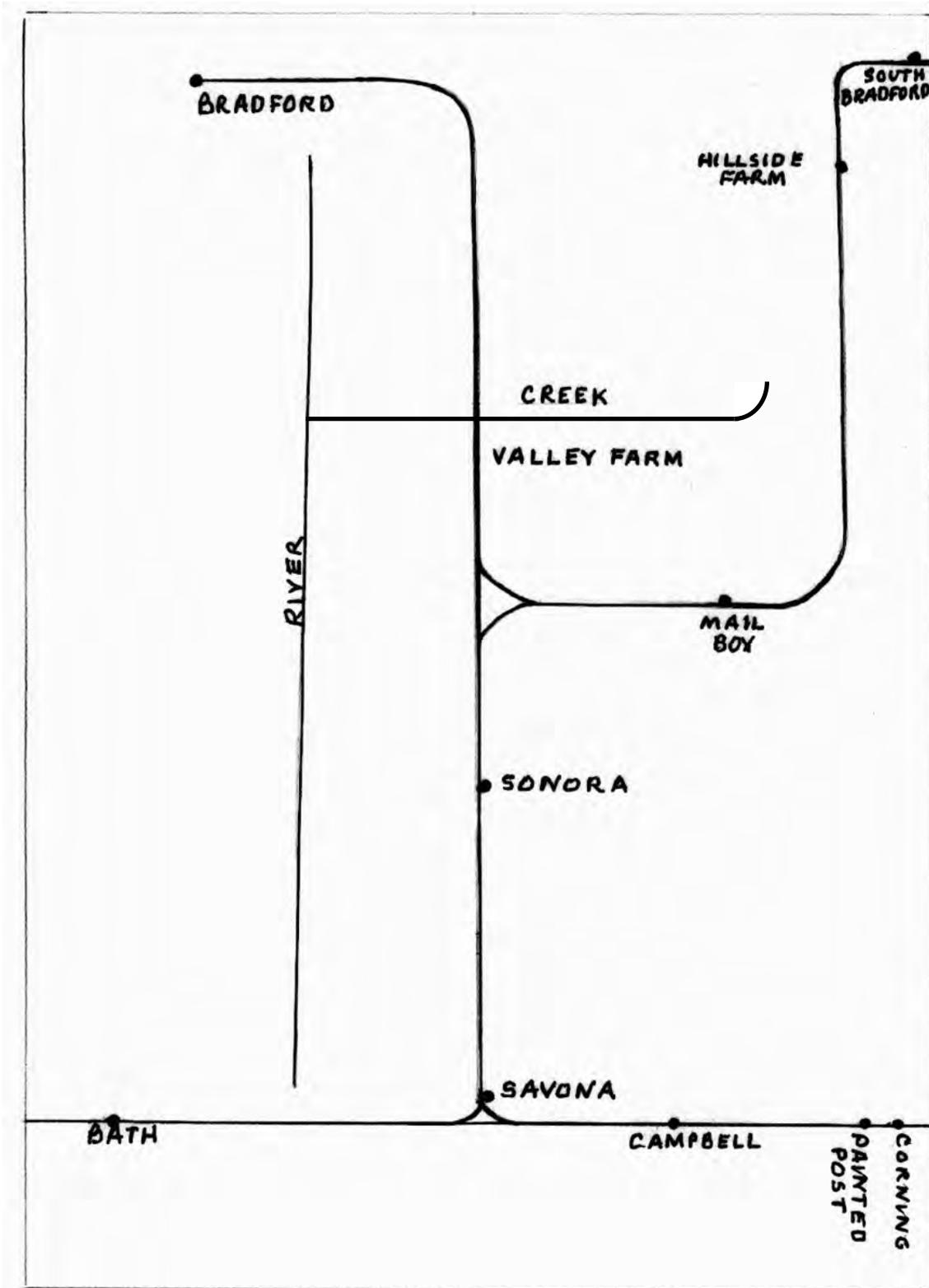
Another inconvenience of living in the hills was having to drive the car up the first steep hill which had a sharp curve at the bottom. When the car balked halfway up, my dad would make us get out while he backed down the hill and started over. (Maybe we were supposed to push.) I can remember many times when the car would approach the base of the hill that my mother would open the car door and put her right foot out on the running board. When she did this, the car wouldn't stop on the hill!

This was a difficult time for my parents. They could no longer sell fresh milk as the new farm was too far from the milk truck route. So they bought a cream separator and sold cream. Once a week my father had to haul the cream cans to the train station, about six miles away. My mother raised chickens so she could sell eggs. We had a large fruit orchard and there was always a large garden for raising vegetables. I remember that it wasn't very easy to till the soil as there were many stones mixed with the dirt. A pig or two were raised for winter meat for the large family. The meat was hung in a shed where it was frozen by the weather, then sawed off as needed.

In the spring we tapped maple trees for sap which was made into maple syrup. The sap was gathered daily and hauled to the evaporator to "cook". When the sap was thick enough, it was drained off and became the maple syrup. We usually made enough syrup to sell. Once a year we invited friends for a "sugar party". The maple syrup was heated above the boiling point, then spooned into small bowls for each person. The syrup was stirred until it hardened. Now you had maple sugar candy — pure and sweet, with nothing artificial. You could eat it all at once or save it by eating a small amount each day. This was very sweet!

At one time Mother and Dad planted a field of black raspberries. This was a lot of work as you had to keep the weeds under control, then pick the berries when they were ripe and sell them. There were enough children to help with all of this work. However, the market for the berries was not very good so the berry plants were plowed under. One year when I was eight or nine, my older sister and I went to live with a farmer and his wife so we could earn some money by picking blackberries. We earned 2¢ per quart basket. We worked for about a week. We were frightened by some young men

who also worked at this farm.



About the time we moved into the hills, the one-room grade school closed. This forced the children in the area to go to school in the near-by town of Savona. There was no school bus. There was

a high school girl who had a driver's license. Somehow all seven of us squeezed into the Ford sedan to drive the four miles to school. When my older sister, Janet, got her license, we alternated cars. Ours was driven one week; the other car was driven the next.

High school was not easy for me; I was about three years younger than the other freshmen. Math, language arts, and French were easy for me to learn. I really struggled to pass Latin, ancient history and science.

The high school was on the second floor of the grade school. There were three classrooms beside the study hall and three teachers plus the principal, who taught Latin.

Toilets (non-flush) were outside this building, in two small buildings, one for boys and one for girls. There was a playground and a large bell in a tower to call the students when playtime was over. Classes started at nine o'clock and ended at four. I was short and skinny. Before I went to high school typical winter attire for girls was a dress, long underwear, cotton stockings, and high-topped, laced shoes which came about 6 inches above the ankle.

The only difference in my attire for school in summer was that I got to wear oxfords instead of high-topped shoes. In summer we went barefoot at home. Hence, many sore feet from rocks, nails, etc. No one seemed to suffer infections from going barefoot.

My best friend was tall. She came to school in a horse and buggy driven by her younger brother. My math teacher liked me. Once a week she would hand me an old leather coin purse at the beginning of the lunch hour. There was always a check for cash for \$10.00 within the purse. My job was to walk to the bank, get the check cashed, and bring the money back to the teacher. There was always a dime in the purse to pay me for doing the errand. I usually spent the dime for candy.

I fell "in love" for the first time in my life during my freshman year. The boy was a handsome one with a beautiful smile. We never had a real date. He liked me for awhile but other girls wanted him, too, so he shopped around.

In the summer of 1930 before I was a senior, a friend of my mother's, Eleanor Burrell from Bath, New York, asked if I could live with her for the summer and help care for her two-year old boy, David. So it was agreed that I could go there. I would be paid \$5.00 per week. I would also help with the weekly cleaning, dish washing, and anything else that needed doing. An 80-year old lady, Vinnie, a former servant, also lived with the family but she could take care of herself. She was a bit eccentric — spent most of the summer days sitting on a porch swing watching the people go by.

I worked at this place for several weeks when the "lady of the house" took the little boy and went on the train to Pasadena, California to visit friends. It was decided that I would stay for the rest of the summer to cook and clean house for the husband and the old lady.

When the time for school was near, I decided that I wanted to remain with this family and go to the new high school in Bath, Haverling High School, across the street. This would be my senior year. This plan was O.K. with my family but my "adopted" family was not so sure this would be a satisfactory arrangement. In a week or two an agreement was reached and I stayed. When Mrs. B. returned from California, she became pregnant. It was difficult to please her and I spent many an unhappy moment there. Once I left with the intention of not returning, but I did go back.

My high school courses were slanted toward music. I was in choir, took piano lessons and lessons on the (double) bass. I was also enrolled in a course in music appreciation, which started my love for semi-classical and classical music. The housework, music lessons, plus other difficult senior high courses allowed little time for play or recreation. I had one girlfriend, Rowena, and no boyfriends at this school. I graduated as salutatorian of my class at age fifteen.

I stayed with my "adopted" family during the summer after graduation, helping with the children — a baby boy, Eddie, had been born in the early summer. As I was only fifteen years old, I was too young to go to college. I decided to stay "put" and take a post-graduate course at the high school. I studied typing and shorthand and continued with my music education. I was able to defer for one year a New York State Scholarship, which I had earned because of my good grades.

I had recurring colds, sore throats, and earaches so it was decided that I should have tonsil and adenoid surgery, for which I paid with my own wages. I was in much better health after I recovered from the surgery. About two months after this I had to have an emergency appendectomy. Recovery from this surgery was slow but gradually I improved.

I applied for admission to a New York State Teacher's College at Buffalo, New York. After my post-graduate year, I went to the college for entrance interviews and exams. While we were in Buffalo, I contracted impetigo. This affliction was slow to leave me. My general health began to decline. I had a persistent low fever, muscle aches, and a faster than normal heart rate. The doctor told me to go home for bed rest until I improved.

No school? Lose my scholarship? It was now September 1932. This was a very sad period in my life. I had to go to the doctor for monthly check-ups. He could give no information on the length of the bed rest. The months went by slowly. Improvement was very slight.

In late spring Mrs. B. came to visit me. She was planning to take her two boys with her to California to visit her friend. She explained, "Do you think you will be well enough to go with us and help care for the boys? The California climate should be good for your health."

I couldn't believe my ears. California —? Westward Ho! "I'll have to talk this over with the doctor and my parents. How soon do you plan on going?" July 1st was the reply. After much discussion, my parents decided I could make the trip of a lifetime. Mrs. B. agreed to buy me a round-trip ticket, which would be good for three months. Saying goodbye to my family was not easy. However, everyone agreed that the California climate would surely improve my state of health.

The train ride across the U.S. lasted about a week. The engines used coal for fuel; the cars were not air-tight, so it seemed that we were always smelling, and probably breathing, soot. This could be seen on anything light-colored. It was not easy to keep the boys amused, but we managed. Everyone liked eating in the diner. The train route was through Chicago and Salt Lake City. Of course, we didn't see much of these cities. We were waiting for California. We got off the train at Pasadena.

When we first arrived in Pasadena, we stayed with a family who rented rooms. Later on we rented an apartment in Long Beach, which was on the beach. Long Beach is a much cooler city than Pasadena. It certainly was fun to play in the warm ocean waters. The constant roar of the surf was a surprise to me. Of course, we all got sunburned until we learned how to take care of ourselves. There were no sunscreens in those days. Mrs. B. had the boys hair cut short, so the sand could be easily shampooed out. The boys promptly got sunburned on their heads, so badly that blisters formed. We were sure worried for awhile, but they recovered.

Even though I felt better after we were settled in Long Beach, I agreed to have a check-up by a doctor. His verdict — inflammation of the lining of the heart, possibly only one more year of life, especially if I continued to be active. I didn't tell anyone this ultimatum. I thought if I was going to die, I would have good time in California first. And I did.

At the end of three months when my train ticket was about to expire, I told Mrs. B. that I didn't want to go home. She said that she wasn't going back to New York. Her husband was trying to sell their home and would come west when this was done. So I didn't go home either. I turned in my ticket for cash!

I found out that there were junior colleges in California. A student could enroll for two years in lower division, then go on to the university to finish. Tuition cost was \$5.00 per semester. So that is what I did in January 1934. I rented a room near the college, got a part-time housework job and

started classes at Long Beach Junior College. If my parents were unhappy, they did not tell me.

This arrangement was physically demanding. After morning classes, I had to walk almost a mile to my job, so I was tired before I even started to work. When I was back in my room in the evening, it was difficult to study without falling asleep. Somehow I was able to finish the semester. I gave up the housework job and moved to a room closer to the college. I had part-time jobs during the summer that were less demanding than the housework job.

By the fall semester I was able to get work with a psychology professor correcting papers, typing, etc. My health was improving so I was sure the doctor was wrong about only one year to live.

I looked forward to four years of college and becoming a foreign language teacher. At one time I had thought of pre-med, but the extensive lab work for so many science courses was way out of the picture, both financially and due to the extensive time-commitment.

When I changed rooms, I found a roommate, Juanita Maas, from Minnesota farm country. She was my age and also a freshman. We had kitchen privileges so this saved money for both of us.

In March 1933, about six months before we went to live in Long Beach, there was a terrible earthquake. Since buildings there were mainly "stucco", they came tumbling down. Schools were especially devastated. Most of the "buildings" where I attended college were actually tents. The floors were wood but the sides and roof were made of canvas. These tents were still there when I graduated. However, during the last term a new campus was being built about five miles north of the spot where we lived. So then we had to ride a city bus to classes. This was time consuming!

Besides my roommate, Juanita, there were two other girls, Dorothy and Mary, who made up a "foursome". We went to movies together, to the corner drugstore for ice cream sundaes, and had "gab fests" in our rooms. There were boyfriends, too, and eventually engagements and marriages. I was the only one who went on to upper division and graduation from the university. During my last year at the junior college, I was invited to join an honorary language society and was awarded a small scholarship for university expenses.

After I finished lower division courses at the junior college at Long Beach, I went to live with my half-sister, Marjorie, in Pasadena. She was a nurse, divorced with two young boys, Richard Donald, age seven and Marshall, age eleven. I was to take care of the boys and do the housework while my sister worked.

Marjorie, my half-sister, was an off-spring from my father's first marriage. After her divorce, she had a difficult time financially. She wanted so desperately to keep the boys under her care. So she rented a small house and we all moved in. Life was not easy for me. We never had enough money. Sometimes I walked a mile to the grocery store because I didn't have an extra nickel for the bus fare.

After about six months I had the opportunity to join a car pool to UCLA. I scrambled for entrance forms and a \$25.00 tuition fee. I enrolled for my junior year. I still helped my sister as much as I could. By the end of the term, my sister decided she would have to give up the house and make other living arrangements for the boys.

I went to an employment agency to apply for a full time child care job. I was lucky. I got to care for a six month old baby boy whose mother was the secretary to the owner of one of the largest hotels in Pasadena. The family lived in a secluded cottage on the hotel property. I had to wear a white uniform and be very professional. After about six months of this I decided that I wanted to go back to UCLA to get my bachelor's degree. No commuting this time! I applied to a cooperative living group so that I could live on campus. I was accepted. With \$25.00 a month from Aunt Inez and a part-time office job, I was able to make ends meet.

In the summer after I finished my junior year in 1938, I had enough money to go back to New York on a Greyhound bus to visit my family. I met Howard, my future husband, on this trip. He was bound for Washington, D.C. to visit a friend. On his way back to Portland, Howard stopped at Savona to visit my family. After our trips back East, we met in Portland (on my way back to California) and decided we wanted to continue our relationship. During my senior year at UCLA in 1939 Howard sent me his fraternity pin to wear. When I graduated, he invited me to Oregon. Our plans included marriage sometime during the summer. I couldn't find a job right away after I graduated so I packed up and went to Oregon.

Howard and I were married August 26th, 1939 in St. John's Episcopal Cathedral in Spokane, Washington. My former college roommate, Juanita, and her husband were our attendants. We flew there via United Airlines. We chose Spokane because that is where Juanita and her husband could meet us for the ceremony. He was working at the Coulee Dam and could only get a couple of days off.

Howard was working as a manager of Vaughan's Bulb Farm which was located east of Portland in Parkrose. He worked long and irregular hours all summer. He gave me the job of doing the office work. This was a big headache. The parent company was based in Chicago, which was where the money for payroll originated. It wasn't easy to anticipate the amount of money we would need for payroll. I think we had "insufficient funds" more than once. In the winter of 1939-40 the company

financed a term for Howard to study horticulture at Oregon State. We rented an apartment so we didn't need to commute. It had old furniture but served the purpose. This was a "fun" break from the long hours in the summer.

By 1941 Howard became nervous about the war clouds over Europe. He decided he would quit the bulb farm job and start his own project on his father's land. We moved to Beaverton and he started raising turkeys. We also started raising a family. Judy was born on June 1, 1943. By this time Howard had built us a cottage on his parents' farm. My mother wrote me that my sister Janet's husband, Parker, who was a doctor, had been sent overseas. My youngest brother, Bill, was training to be a pilot in the Air Force. I corresponded with both of them.

In 1945 Howard's mother, almost 60 now, decided that she would no longer sell the farm produce at the Farmer's Market in Portland. Guess who was appointed to take her place. Well, I decided I could go to the market only on Friday and Saturday. If sales had been my only extra job, life would not have been so hectic. I had to help prepare the produce for market, too. There was poultry year-round and fruits and vegetables in summer.

In 1947 my brother Cran's first wife, Frieda Shauger, died during childbirth. In June, I took Judy and went to New York to bring the baby girl, Patricia Frieda, home to Oregon. She was three months old by the time we arrived. Howard's mother helped care for her and Judy when I had to go to the market.

Life handed us a surprise in the fall when I became pregnant again. We had thought there would be no more babies for us as we had tried for almost three years with no success. But nonetheless, our first son, Vincent James, arrived on the scene on June 16, 1948. We had to hire high school girls to help at the market. Judy started kindergarten about this time. Life was not too easy for Judy with two babies, Patty and Vincent, to occupy Mom's attention so much of the time.

We managed our trip to the beach each summer. It usually snowed at least once in the winter so the children were able to enjoy the seasons. One winter I got Bell's palsy. This is a paralysis on one side of the face with drooling but no pain. I was treated with antibiotics. After about six weeks, the muscles gradually returned to normal.

In 1950 I got my driver's license. We had a new Chevy pickup which I was able to drive okay. I had no problem with the driver's test in Hillsboro. I hauled feed from the mill to the farm and turkeys to market in Portland.

In 1952 I once again became pregnant. This time the baby was a nine-pound girl — Carolyn, born on November 15, 1952 just before Thanksgiving. Did this ever create problems with turkey marketing! Of course, I couldn't help much. She was our last baby, as I had developed tumors and had to have a hysterectomy in 1958.

After I recovered from surgery, Howard talked about giving up raising turkeys and instead raising laying hens. We also decided it was time for me to do something different, like going back to college to get a teaching certificate. Carolyn was ready for first grade. Howard's mother would be there if I came home later than Carolyn. In the fall of 1958 that's what I did — started a two-year program at Portland State College. I drove to Portland State in my 1950 Ford. One night in December I had a test in an evening class. It was six degrees with an east wind blowing. I was afraid to go alone so Howard went with me. We made the trip O.K.

During a summer when I was job searching, it was raspberry picking season. When I went for a job interview, I tried to hide my hands as my fingers were stained with raspberry juice!

In September of 1960, I got my first teaching job — first grade at Sunset Valley School in the Beaverton School District. Boy was I happy, but also, scared. Two months of doing student teaching does not really prepare a teacher for her own classroom assignment! So now I had to juggle teaching, caring for a family, and helping on weekends with poultry and eggs sales at the Farmer's Market in Portland. Howard had sold all the turkeys but still had laying hens. Our routine was to get up at 4 A.M. on Friday and Saturday mornings to prepare poultry and grade eggs for the market. On Saturday the children helped. They did not like this early morning routine!

By now Judy was a senior in high school. She worked weekends at Newberry's in Portland and was involved in many activities in school. After Judy's graduation from Sunset High School in 1961, I made plans to visit my family in New York. I had not seen my mother since 1947 when Judy and I went to get Patty. I began to save money for a train trip to New York for myself and the four children. This trip took place in the summer of 1961. It was a chance for me to get re-acquainted with my family and for the children to get to know and play with their cousins — lots of them!

I went to New York City for the first time that summer. I had a ride on the Staten Island Ferry for five cents, went to the top of the Empire State Building, to Greenwich Village, to the Natural Museum of Art, to the United Nations Building, St. Patrick's Cathedral, and other tourist attractions. We were gone from home almost a month. Howard ate about twelve boxes of crackers while we were gone! He took a picture of the empty cracker boxes all stacked up!

On October 12, 1962 in late afternoon when I was driving back home from Beaverton, I noticed an unusual, but colorful, cloud formation in the west. I didn't realize that this was related to a terrible storm brewing off-shore — the infamous Columbus Day Storm. Our houses were left standing; the barn was leaning but tops of pine trees and branches crashed everywhere. One huge treetop landed on the roof of the house occupied by Ed and Bessie Wilson, Howard's parents, damaging the roof and crushing the walls. Winds were measured at 120-150 miles per hour. Schools were closed. Many farm and commercial buildings were destroyed. We lost electric power and telephone service for weeks.

Unfortunately the great old barn, built in about 1935, suffered major structural damage in this storm. It started leaning toward the north. Even though it was braced with five large props, it was considered unstable. People could look into the doors and windows but were advised not to enter. It was no longer used to house animals or store hay. Through the years the supporting beams and roof have weakened. The roof beam has developed a "sway". People began to stop and ask to take pictures —often. Paintings and photographs of the Wilson Barn have been seen in art galleries, fairs, photo shops and craft displays all over Oregon. Recent wind and rain storms have damaged the barn to the point of potential "cave in". Soon it will need to be demolished.

After teaching first grade for two years, I decided I wanted to be a Special Education teacher with a specialty in remedial reading. In 1963 I started going to summer school and night classes to get my Master's Degree and my Special Education certificate. Vincent and Patty were in high school. Carolyn was in the sixth grade. They managed even though I spent many hours in school or studying.

During 1963 Howard's mother, Bessie Wilson, began to take naps in the afternoon and generally curtailed her activities. She had a heart attack and passed away in December of 1963 at the age of 77 years. Howard decided to phase out the poultry business. This reduced the weekend farm work for me.

In the summer of 1965 I finished requirements for my Masters in Education and Special Education certificate. Portland State did not have a Masters in Education program at this time, so I had to get my Masters from the University of Oregon. The University of Oregon offered classes on the Portland State campus during the summer and evenings. I didn't go to the University campus for the graduation ceremony, a decision which I have regretted since.

In September of 1965 the Beaverton School District offered me a job as a Reading Specialist to work in four different schools on an itinerant basis. This routine was much different from classroom teaching and required a new set of skills. There was one special fringe benefit. Between morning and afternoon schools, I could stop off at home and eat lunch!

About this time (1966) Patty decided to marry. Vincent graduated from Sunset High School. Howard bought Vince a used car and he commuted to Portland State. Judy and her new husband moved to California. Vince married a college friend, Margaret Anderson. Patty and family moved to California, too. Our family at home was dwindling — only Carolyn was left.

Carolyn graduated from Aloha High School in 1970. She completed two years of college at Oregon College of Education at Monmouth. In September of 1972 she married Dennis “Pete” Hatcher and decided to study medical records technology at Portland Community College.

Judy had her first baby in November of 1971 — Christine Marie. I flew down to California to help Judy with her new baby for a few days. Judy brought Christine with her from California for Carolyn’s wedding in 1972. Christine was only ten months old.

Howard's father, John Edward Wilson, was not well, so Howard spent extra time caring for him in the big house. I helped with his meals. He died in 1973 at the age of 89.

In 1974 Judy and her family moved back to Oregon and lived in Ed and Bessie’s house for three months until the purchase of their home was finalized. I really felt like a grandma now. Patty had two children but she was living in California and I seldom saw them. Judy had another baby in 1975, a baby girl named Sarah Michelle. Carolyn had her first baby, Connie Lynn in June of 1977. I took a tour of western Canada by bus during the summer of 1977.

Vince divorced in 1978, married Cathy Shannon and had a son, Seth Ryan. He also started a career teaching junior high school in schools in Beaverton and then in Gaston, Oregon.

After a couple of years as a Special Education Teacher, I began to get some recognition from principals and administrators. I was asked to teach some in service classes for teachers to help them develop more understanding and skills for students with limited ability in reading. Later on these classes expanded to math and spelling. My spare time was spent not only organizing adult class materials but writing student workbooks and self-helps in reading, math, and spelling. One summer I taught a class at Pacific University in Forest Grove. This class focused on teaching the extra steps in learning to read.

After I had been a Special Education teacher for about ten years, I was assigned to only one school, Ridgewood Elementary. This change made my job easier in some ways but more exacting in other ways. About this time the Congress of the U.S. passed a law controlling the education of "handicapped" students. From that time on there was so much paper work and filling out forms that

teaching time was reduced. I had a teacher assistant and a part-time parent volunteer. In spite of the extra help, there was never enough time to do everything.

This prompted me to think about retirement. I would be 65 years old in a few months. After twenty years of teaching, I retired in December 1980. Ridgewood staff hosted a luncheon in my honor. I was presented with a gift of luggage. I packed up all of my school "stuff" in eight boxes and stored them in the front room of the big house. This was the end of twenty years of teaching school. The boxes of teaching aids remained packed until 1994 when I had to weed through them to make room for more storage.

I had thought that I would do volunteer tutoring in the school after retirement. However, Howard had started raising flower bulbs. As they increased in number, so did the time necessary for their care. I never did get back to school. My teaching became confined to my grandchildren. There were nine now altogether. Just about the time I retired, Judy divorced and went to work for my former employer, the Beaverton School District. I would meet Sarah, who was now in kindergarten after school to watch over her until Judy would get home from work. Letetia Marie was born in May of 1980; Kyle Zachary was born in March of 1981, and Cory Edward was born in September of 1981 which added three more grandchildren to my flock to love and nurture.

Also in 1981 Howard and I were able to do some traveling. We spent two weeks in Hawaii, visiting four of the islands: Oahu, Maui, Kauai, and Hawaii. We flew between the islands in small planes. We rented a car so we could see as much of each island as possible. All of the islands had well-maintained roads but there were at least two freeways on Oahu. I loved wading in the warm Pacific surf. We got to eat luscious fresh pineapple which must have been vine-ripened to be so sweet and juicy. We spent many hours in the gardens and parks so we could enjoy the beautiful flowers. In all but one overnight room, we had kitchenettes so we could cook our meals. However, the food in the eating places was very good — but expensive.

In 1982 we returned to Hawaii but stayed on Oahu for one week. We were able explore much more of the culture than the year before. After Thanksgiving in 1982 we went to Mexico for two weeks. We visited Mazatlan and Puerto Vallarta. All we had heard about Mexico is true. There are the rich and the poor and the street beggars. There were many people selling various wares. I bought a throw rug and several colorful pictures. I have no desire to return to Mexico.

In 1985 Howard began to have health problems. In five years he had two hip replacements, one knee joint replacement, back surgery, prostate surgery, and cataract surgery in both eyes. Judy lovingly called him the "bionic grandpa"! Because of Howard's many surgeries, it fell on me, at times,

to be nurse and to keep the farm operation "afloat". Vincent helped when he could. Besides taking care of his own land, and growing Christmas trees, he had a full time job teaching at a Junior High School in Oregon City. The grandchildren helped when they were not in school. The main crops to be tended were hay and flower bulbs. The poultry and beef cattle had all been sold.

The bulb and flower business was conducted in an unusual way. Our farm is on a busy thoroughfare between homes and work. We opened a roadside stand. The items for sale were bulbs, flowers, fruit and sweet corn. We organized this business as a self-serve operation. Salable items were displayed on tables with a Crisco can labeled "FOR MONEY". Sometimes customers stole products and sometimes didn't leave enough money and once in a while a check would bounce. Tulip bulbs were stolen most often. Casual losses did not justify my staying at the stand full time. The busiest times for me were cleaning and sorting the flower bulbs. The busiest time for Howard was tending the sweet corn. In 1997 we were still growing and selling bulbs with help from children and grandchildren.

In late February 1986, Howard and I flew to Florida. The best part of this trip was the drive to Key West. This was 100 miles one way. The sky and the water were such a deep blue and the air temperature was just right. We saw many alligators and beautiful tropical birds. Some of the beaches were literally covered with sea shells. You had to watch your step so you did not step on them. In the fall of 1986 we drove to the Exposition in Vancouver, Canada. We stayed at a motel outside of the city, then rode a tour bus to the Exposition. This was a three-day trip. We had never been very far north of the city of Seattle, so much of this part of the state of Washington was new to us. Of course, the tulips and daffodils were not in bloom.

In 1987 we went to Arizona by plane. The main scenic attraction was the Grand Canyon, some parts of which were covered by snow. My sister, Martha and her husband were visiting their son in Arizona so they went to the Canyon on the same day that we went. My brother, Crandle, and his wife were spending the winter in Arizona so we visited them, too. Patty and her family lived in Arizona so we got together several times. We were surprised to see so much "red rock". It is very pretty as were all kinds of cactus, some with flowers.

In 1989 we celebrated our 50th Wedding Anniversary on August 26th. All of the children and grandchildren were able to attend. We had a fabulous picnic in the yard at the big house. Howard's knee was so painful that we could not leave the farm. The more agile members of the family played baseball while the rest of us visited.

About every five years I have been able to go back to New York and New Jersey to see my relatives. I keep in touch with my sisters' and brothers' families via letter and telephone but it is nice to

see them in person, too. In 1988 my oldest brother, Weston, died. In 1991 the next oldest, Crandle passed on. The youngest brother, William, departed in 1995. Two sisters are still living. There are many nieces and nephews, as well as grand-nieces and nephews.

As early as 1984 a real estate broker approached us about selling the farm. After talking this over for a long time, we decided to list the farm for sale. We had several "nibbles" over a period of nine years, then along came a serious buyer in 1993. TRI-MET (Tri-County Metropolitan), which runs the transportation system in Portland and the suburbs, was the buyer. TRI-MET did not have enough money to buy the entire farm. So we agreed to sell only 30 acres to them. The rest of the farm was partitioned into three lots, two of which have not been sold but are for sale. Most of the buildings are on these lots.

The cottage, where we lived most of our married life, was moved to one of the lots. It can only be used for storage as the county will not approve the location for a home. In the summer of 1994 I had to plan the move to the big house, which was Howard's parents' home until they died. The children and grandchildren helped with the moving. My job was to sort and decide what to do with everything. It was not easy to consolidate and move the accumulation of 50 years. But we did it! We trashed! We gave to charity! We gave to the family! I didn't do a very good job of labeling boxes that year, so now I must spend some time looking for things which are packed that I don't use very often.

By 1994 Howard was in fair shape except that he could no longer stand up straight. He said that his back felt better if he leaned forward. He still leans. About this time my physical condition seemed to worsen. The doctors were unable to pinpoint the cause of my discomfort.

We had to stop planting and selling sweet corn as there was no longer enough land. We had done this for many years. People still stop and ask if we are going to sell sweet corn. We don't need so much land for growing the flower bulbs. In the fall of 1995 there was so much rain that we were not able to re-plant about one-third of the bulbs. Howard and I are not able to do much of the labor needed, so we are dependent on the children and grandchildren for help. Howard does the grocery shopping now and I help with the cooking and housework. I have many tapes of classical and semi-classical music selections which I listen to every day. On some days I play my piano keyboard. Saturday nights always finds me watching the Lawrence Welk Show on the Public Broadcasting Station. I read a lot but not much modern fiction. I am too old-fashioned for that kind of language. The family keeps me supplied with crossword and jig-saw puzzles to keep my brain working on problem-solving. Judy has been teaching me computer skills so that I will be "computer-literate". These skills are helpful when composing a document such as this one. She has been my helper and editor for my autobiography project.

Since 1939 when Howard and I were married, the Wilson Family has grown from the two of us to eighteen. This number includes two great grandchildren.

Our first baby, Judy, is a school secretary at a middle school in Beaverton. She lives about 2 miles away. Judy has helped with the gardening here and stops by often. She has two daughters. Christine graduated from Southern Oregon State College and the Police Academy in Monmouth in 1993. She is married to Philip George and lives in Coos Bay, Oregon. She is currently attending the Oregon State Police Academy. Sarah, Judy's second daughter, attended school at Sarah Lawrence College in New York where she majored in Musical Theatre. She received her Bachelor of Science degree from Portland State University in 1998 and is currently working in Wilsonville.

Our next baby, Patty, came to us via New York. She now works as a respiratory therapist in a Las Vegas Hospital. She has two daughters, Paula and Dawn. Paula lives in Texas. Dawn has two children, Mickel, 12 years and Deanna, 10 years. They live in Las Vegas.

Our only son, Vincent, is a ninth grade teacher in Oregon City. He has earned both a Bachelor's and a Master's Degree. Besides helping his Dad on the Wilson farm, he has developed a great interest in running in marathons. He has run in marathons from Boston to the Redwoods. Vincent has three children. Seth, the oldest, is 20 and works for Costco, a local retail warehouse. He has a special interest in photography. Letetia is 18 and is attending Oregon State University. Cory, the youngest, is 17 and attends high school in Hillsboro where, he participates in sports as the quarterback of the Hillsboro High School football team. Cory is the tallest in the family at six-feet, two inches, and has out-distanced both his brother and his dad in height. Cathy and Vincent separated and divorced in 1998; Vincent now lives in Estacada, Oregon.

Our youngest child, Carolyn, has worked in medical records at local hospitals most of her working life. At age 40 she earned a Bachelor's Degree from Portland State University. Carolyn and husband Pete, have 2 children: Connie is 21 and is a Senior at Western Oregon State University — the same alma mater her parents attended 27 years ago. Kyle, 18 years old, is a high school senior. He is a math and computer whiz with an interest in meteorology. Carolyn's family is a musical family. Kyle and Pete play trumpet; Connie, plays the clarinet and Carolyn plays the flute. Sometimes they play mini-concerts for the family and often sing and give musical offerings at their church.

Throughout the years I have had the opportunity to hold many a grandchild on my lap and read to them and teach them to read. I didn't have the chance to use my teaching skills on Paula or Dawn, Patty's girls, as they lived in California. Carolyn's oldest child, Connie, learned to read using phonics. Carolyn helped her with some of my materials for beginners. (Mac and Tab) Sarah, Judy's

second daughter, had more attention from Grandma. When Judy went to work full time, I went to their home when school was out and stayed until Judy returned. So there were many hours for school stuff. There was also TV. Christine learned to read before she ever went to school. Seth had some of the benefit of Grandma's expertise although by the time he was in kindergarten, the family had moved to the Scholls area, 15 miles from the Wilson Farm. Kyle and Letetia were also introduced to reading through the "Mac and Tab" series but somehow Cory escaped.

Memories of my grandchildren date back to 1966, when Patty's oldest daughter, Paula, was born the day after Christmas. The last grandchild, Cory, Vincent's youngest son was born in September 1981 and is now seventeen years old. They all have a special place in Grandma's heart but each has had common Wilson Farm experiences during the past years.

For instance they have all been "raised" on Grandma's special rice and meatloaf. It was easy to prepare ahead of time and they all liked it. Some of them still ask for it even now when they come to visit. Wild blackberry pie was another specialty, thanks to the freezer. Grandpa's homemade bread and rolls have always been a treat for all especially on holiday gatherings. In the winter months the grandchildren had a chance to wade in "Lake Wilson", which formed south of the little house when the rains were heavy. In the summer the "lake" made a perfect field on which to play ball. The grandchildren all had the opportunity to ride on the hay bales as they were brought to the hay barn or ride their bikes around on the paths and roads of the farm. One place where the grandchildren could not play was the old barn as it was damaged during the Columbus Day storm of 1962.

Birthdays were always anticipated because Grandma had a supply of new dollar bills which she shared with each birthday boy or girl. Any special day when a gift was appropriate, a grandchild could always expect at least one book. Grandma had always been a book lover, a tradition that began with Aunt Inez back east who had been a librarian all her life. All of the grandchildren have sat on Grandma's lap for story-reading.

When all of the grandchildren came to the farm at the same time, there were always games to play. They could play hide and seek as there were many interesting places to hide. Baseball was another common pastime as there was a large area south of the little house suitable for playing ball. A playhouse was in the backyard of the little house. This was equipped for a store, a school or a make-believe home. The grandchildren spent many hours in make-believe playtime at the playhouse.

The weather usually co-operated for an Easter egg hunt in the large grassy area by the little house. Also in the spring everyone had a chance to "top", or snap off the flower tops when the tulips and daffodils were through blooming.

When a freight train whistle could be heard in the distance, there would be a "mad rush" by the children to the field to count the cars. They were always hoping to see 100 cars. Sometimes Vincent would bring his children and their bikes to the farm as there was a large area for riding. This usually became a race track. Occasionally Connie and Kyle participated in this activity, too.

Grandpa usually grew enough peas for all of the families. Most summers there would be "pea-podding" sessions. The grandchildren helped with the podding but filled their tummies also. We all sat around the backyard for this job.

As Paula and Dawn lived in California, their visits were usually in summer. Travel to Oregon was via plane. One fun time for the girls was putting on Grandpa's rubber boots and rain hats for picture-taking. One summer I tried to get them to sleep overnight in a tent in the yard. This was too scary and they had to come inside. They did not like the sound of the owls hooting in the old barn! When Paula wasn't scared of owls, she liked to draw pictures.

Christine and Sarah were under Grandma's wing for about five years in the late afternoons, while Judy was at work. In the summer the girls came to the farm. Both liked to play hide and seek. There were so many places to hide, like the corn field and the hay barn. They also liked to bake. I taught them how to make wild blackberry pie and homemade whole wheat crackers. Sarah entered some wheat crackers in the Washington County Fair. Christine was into gymnastics during at this time. Sarah tried ballet dancing. They both learned to play the piano. They played on a used piano that was bought for Carolyn when she was in High School. Judy took it to her house so the girls could practice their piano lessons. Both girls were active in drama at Aloha High School before going on to college.

Connie and Kyle both play musical instruments: Connie plays the clarinet and Kyle plays the trumpet. At times they brought their instruments to the farm to show their progress. After Grandma bought an electronic keyboard, they would entertain on the keyboard as they, too, had learned to play the piano. Many times when I would go to their house or when they came to the farm, they wanted to play board or card games. They were always better players than I was, so they won! Kyle said the geography games helped him in one of his classes at school.

Seth, Letetia, and Cory lived in Heppner, in Eastern Oregon for three years. Cory was born there. Their home in the Scholls area is about 15 miles away, so we don't connect as often as the others. Vincent and Cathy lived here at the farm in the big house until Seth was two years old. I remember when he had an allergic reaction to penicillin and his body was covered with a rash and blotches. Seth liked me to read to him all day long. I think he memorized his books, too. Letetia and Cory liked to listen to stories, too, but not for hours at a time. Letetia was the grandchild with a smile — even as a

baby she had a beautiful smile. Sometimes the smile would fade if she couldn't find her "special" blanket. She also liked to help make pie dough and cookies. Cory had a "hearty" appetite, which was sometimes thwarted because of multiple food allergies. Cory is the artist of the Wilson clan. His pictures can be large or small and the subjects, varied. When I stayed at Vincent's home with the children during their parent's annual fall elk hunting trip to Eastern Oregon, Cory and Letetia were always a comfort to each other. Letetia has been very helpful to her parents and was often dubbed the family "secretary". Seth's specialty is a great stir-fry dinner.

During my days I cook meals for Howard and me. I always watch the news and weather, listen to my music tapes, do crossword puzzles and jig saw puzzles. Someone always gives me a puzzle for Christmas which is always a nice change from just doing crossword puzzles. I chat on the phone to my children and grandchildren, and nowadays many of them use e-mail, so Judy will bring me copies of the letters sent electronically. Often Sarah, Judy, and Carolyn often stop by with a baked treat to share with Howard and me. When the weather is not too stormy, I try to get out and take a twenty-minute walk every day.

Judy challenged me to compose my autobiography on a computer which she borrowed from school. Using the computer still seems so foreign to me. But she continues to gently encourage me to learn more about it. She recently informed me that Janet now sends e-mail with a computer! Many people in my family now are quite computer literate. Vince checks for marathon information on the internet; Sarah uses a computer at work as do Pete and Judy; Kyle and Sarah have both built web pages; and Carolyn is learning new office skills on the computer. Christine has a computer for e-mail and internet at home as do Connie and Letetia at college.

The children have commented that I am always the one they call when they want to find out where someone is. They all call me to let me know where they are going so whenever anyone can't find someone, they call me to get the latest on who has gone where. I also keep track of the weather so if someone has missed a weather report, they always call me to find out what the weather will be. Judy has affectionately called me the "Wilson Clearinghouse". The children also leave things at the farm for one another. It is really a hub for the location of people and a dropping off spot for items moving from one family to another. Video tapes seem to move from house to house this way.

It is true that the children and grandchildren no longer climb upon my lap to hear me read them a story. Those days are gone but have been replaced by watching them grow up and seeing them excel in their own personal lives. The children have grown to have interesting and challenging lives of their own; the grandchildren are involved in many sports and other activities. The memories of holding children on my lap reading stories to them will be with me always.

Platform Wagon

In 1916, Fred and Verna Benedict, my parents, and their family of three children moved from the town of Bath, New York to a small farm in a rural area of Steuben County called Sonora. At that time they did not own a car. Horse-drawn wagons were the vehicles of transportation. Because of the size of the family, my father decided to buy a platform wagon instead of a buggy. This wagon had two seats, one behind the other as in a car. There was no top to protect the riders from the sun or the rain. The wheels were about four feet in diameter. Consequently, passengers rode high off the ground, probably to keep the wagon box from dragging on the ground when there were ruts during wet weather. Two horses pulled the platform wagon.

The town of Sonora was only about 1/4 mile from the farm so if we needed to go there, we did not use the platform wagon. We walked! However, if we wanted to go to Savona, which was six miles away, or to Bath, which was ten miles away, then the platform was used.

I remember one excursion in the platform, probably around 1920. My parents decided to go to the county fair in Bath, about ten miles away. I'm not sure how long this trip did take, probably 2-3 hours.

A mile or so from the fairgrounds we had to pass a lake. By the side of the road, there was a lane down to the edge of the lake. There was another lane for the return to the road. My dad told us he was going to drive down to the lake so the horses could have a drink of water. I was talking and didn't hear my dad's message. My big brother Wes, who was sitting beside me, said dad was going to drive out in the lake. I believed him and started screaming! My father had to stop and quiet me by explaining what would really happen. My brother was always teasing me. He was a year and a half older than me but delighted in making me cry!

I don't know what happened to the platform when we moved to the hills. In 1924 my father bought a new Ford touring car which didn't need a by-pass to the lake for a drink.

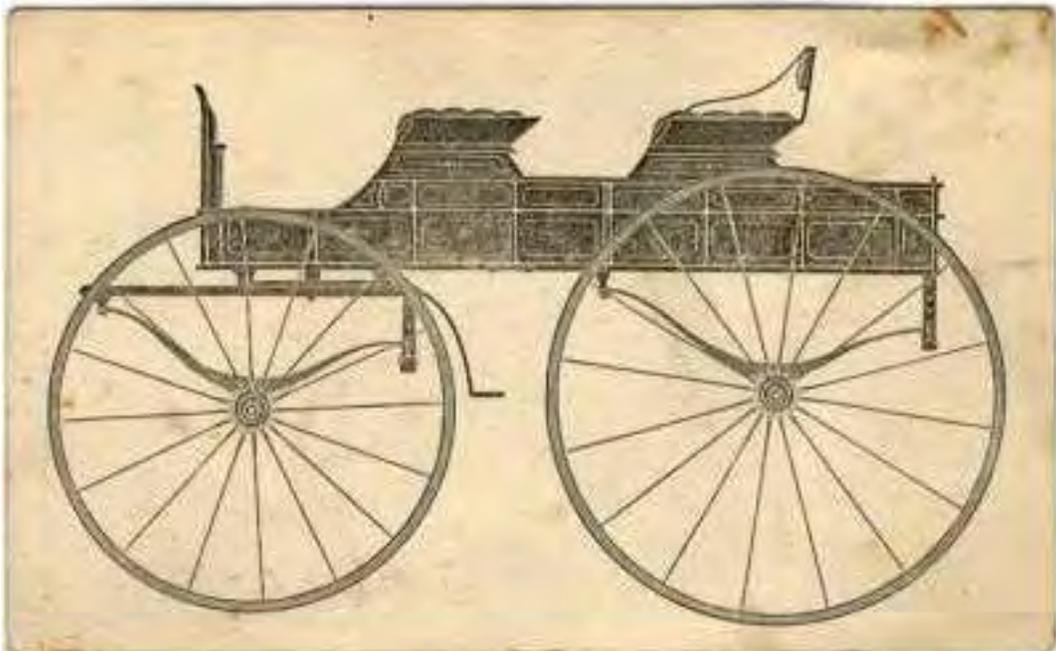
*Loomis & McMaster,
Platform Wagons & Buggies
Bath, New York*

LOOMIS & McMASTER,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Platform Wagons,
BUGGIES,
Platform & Buggy Wood Work.

HENRY LOOMIS, }
D. M. McMASTER }

Bath, Steuben County, N. Y.

1217



1218

Our First Cars

“About 1918 Dad bought a used 1913 Ford.



This car had a front and back seat which was needed for our large family which numbered eight by now. It had no starter and had to be cranked by hand.”

“In 1925 Dad bought a new Ford touring car. This car was more dependable than the first one and did have an electric starter. It had three “speeds” – back up, slow (low) and high which meant up to about 35 miles per hour. This car had a glass windshield and side curtains to protect us in cold or stormy weather. When it rained or snowed we had to put on the “side curtains”, which snapped into place.

The 1925 Ford was the only new car that my father ever owned. He paid \$400.00 for it, which was a lot of money for him to spend at the time.”



*Ford Model T
Touring Car*

A Summer Ride

My dad loved to drive with the top down during the summer. He loved to feel the cool wind when it was warm and sunny. However, his custom to drive with the top down got him into trouble one summer. Aunt Inez, my mother’s sister, came to visit our family during her summer vacation. My father was sent to bring her from the train station in Savona to our farm home in Sonora. The road had been freshly tarred and sanded with gravel. Her new pink blouse was “peppered” with bits of tar and gravel during the trip. Boy was she angry at Dad. Of course, he didn’t know that would happen while he was driving with the top down for the first time on a freshly tarred road. Needless to say the blouse was ruined and I’m not sure if Dad was ever completely forgiven.

Pictures from the Early Years



*1916 - Janet, Ellen, Weston
Bath, New York*



Verna Deming Crandle Benedict



*Ellen mid 1920's on S. Bradford Hill
near Sonora, Steuben County*

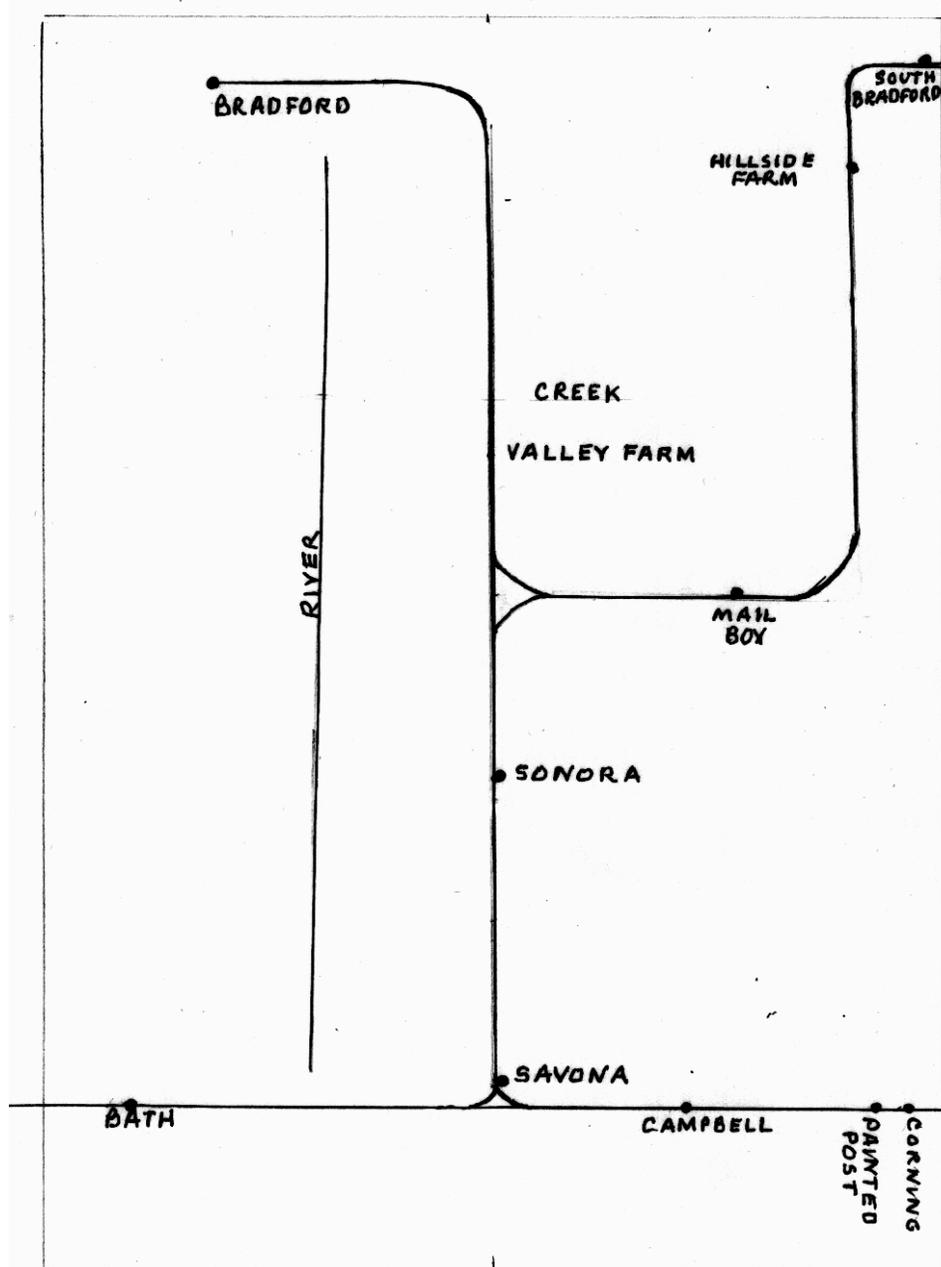
*Ellen's High School Graduation
from Haverling High School
Bath, New York, 1931*

Steuben County is the seventh largest of the 57 counties. The landscape is rolling plateau cut by numerous streams and some valleys with steep sides that are as much as 600 feet deep. The area is dominated by farms and woodlands and has great scenic charm.

Bath, New York is located in the Conhocton Valley and is the Steuben County seat. It was founded in 1793 and was named for lady Bath of England.

The village of Savona is in the Township of Bath. Savona was selected as the name for the community by an employee of the Erie Railroad who was a native of Savona, Italy.

Bradford is northeast of Savona. Bradford was named for Major Robert Bradford in 1836.



The Long Beach Years



Long Beach, Calif, 1933 in front of apartment at Long Beach College.



I lived here for about six months. The Hotel was right on the beach. 1934



Long Beach College Graduation with roommate, Juanita Maas from Canby, Minnesota, 1936



I altered store-bought garments to create this unique suit and scarf outfit. 1934

1933 - 1936, The Long Beach Years



*High School Graduation,
Haverling High School, 1931*



Ellen, Long Beach, 1933

David & Eddie Burrell, Long Beach 1933





David Burrell, Long Beach, 1933



Ellen, Long Beach, 1934



Ellen, Long Beach, 1935



*Ellen, Long Beach, 1936 with half-sister,
Marjorie DoBrott*

*Pictures from the Early Years
1938*

Family Portrait, Syracuse, 1938

*Bill, Wes
Fred, Verna, Martha
Janet, Cran, Ellen*



*Martha, Janet, Ellen
Syracuse, 1938*



*Fred & Verna Benedict, 1938
Syracuse, New York*

*University of California at Los Angeles
U.C.L.A.*



U.C.L.A. House: Westwood Club



*May, 1939
U.C.L.A.
Graduation*

*Sorority Row, Westwood Village, Calif.
I lived in one of these houses. It was not a
sorority, but a co-ed club for working girls.
1938-1939*



WV-4 SORORITY ROW, WESTWOOD VILLAGE, CALIF.

Ellen & Howard - The Early Marriage Years



1939 at our apartment on Sandy Boulevard in Parkrose, an area east of Portland. The apartment was part of a four-unit motor court.

Howard worked for Vaughan's Bulb Farm in Parkrose. The apartment was located near the farm where he worked.

About 1941 or 1942 — Christmas at our home in Huber (an area now called Aloha). The house was located on Alexander Street between 174th and 178th. Howard's father owned the house. We had to buy the furniture.



1941 or 1942 at the J. E. Wilson Farm (Howard's father) on the corner of 170th and Baseline Road in Beaverton. We were holding lily bulbs; the field was west of the main house.



*Taken just before
my trip to
California in 1942*

Travels in the Forties

When I went to California in 1933 I was not the first in our family to go west! My half-sister, Marjorie, had been there for several years with her husband and two young sons. She was a nurse, and even though it was during the depression years she was usually able to find work. During my early college years, Margie divorced and had custody of the two boys. When I graduated from Long Beach Junior College she asked me to come and live with her and care for the boys while she worked. This arrangement was satisfactory for almost a year. When I left to go to UCLA I kept in touch with Margie even after I moved to Oregon in 1939.

In 1942 a nurse-friend of Margies contacted me to tell me that Margie had had a stroke and needed someone to care for the boys. I knew that I could provide only temporary help but I agreed to go down to Southern California. My trip was by Greyhound bus.

My sister gradually improved and the children's father was able to rescue the boys until Margie could recover so I was able to come home to Howard after a few weeks in California.

The Cracker Box Story

Yes, we eat crackers at our house. Usually about one 2-pound box lasts 4-6 weeks. This supply of eight boxes served a very special need in the summer of 1946 at the Wilson Ranch. After the second World War ended, Howard promised me that I could go back East to see my mother and other relatives. So I took 3-year old Judy and went by train to New York. The trip took almost five days. We stayed about a week so we were gone nearly three weeks altogether. Guess what Howard ate and ate and ate??? Crackers!!!! Eight boxes in three weeks. He really needed a good home cooked meal when we got back home!!



*Crackers, Crackers and More Crackers
1946*

Judy



Patty

The Children



Vince



Carolyn



Hay Ride



Dawn Michelle



Christine Marie



Sarah Michelle



Seth Ryan



Connie Lynn



Letetia Marie



Kyle Zachary



Cory Edward

Grandchildren



Appendix I
Wilson Family Dates

- 1912 *Howard was born on a farm in Reedley, California to Ed and Bessie Wilson on June 4.*
- 1915 *Ellen was born in Bath, New York to Verna and Fred Benedict on December 13.*
- 1917 *Ed, Bessie and Howard moved to Astoria, Oregon.*
- 1920 *Ed and Bessie Wilson bought a farm in Beaverton, Oregon.*
- 1918-29 *Howard attended schools in Portland and Beaverton, Oregon; graduated from Beaverton High School.*
- 1920-32 *Ellen attended schools in Sonora, Savona and Bath, New York; graduated from Haverling High School in Bath, New York.*
- 1932 *Ellen got rheumatic fever and had to stay home in bed for almost a year.*
- 1933 *Ellen went to live with friends in California.*
Howard graduated from Oregon State Agricultural College in Corvallis, Oregon.
- 1936 *Howard worked as a chemist in the Pillsbury Flour Mill in Astoria, Oregon.*
- 1938 *In July Ellen went by Greyhound bus to New York and met Howard on this trip.*
- 1939 *Howard began work on Vaughan's Bulb farm in Parkrose, Oregon.*
- 1939 *Ellen graduated from UCLA. Ellen and Howard Wilson were married in St. John's Episcopal Cathedral in Spokane, Washington, August 26th. Their first home was in a motor court in Parkrose, Oregon near the bulb farm.*
- 1940 *Howard's company allowed him to enroll at Oregon State University for the winter term to study horticulture. Ellen and Howard rented an apartment in Corvallis for three months.*
- 1941 *Ellen and Howard moved to Beaverton after Howard resigned from his job. They lived in a house on Alexander Street in Huber (now called Aloha) that belonged to his father.*
- 1942 *Ellen was severely burned on her right arm and leg by hot paraffin. Howard raised vegetables to sell on the Farmer's Market in Portland. He rented land from his father.*

- 1943 *Howard built a cottage on his father's land for us to live in. Judith Anne was born on June 1st. Howard started raising turkeys.*
- 1944 *We started selling turkeys at the Farmer's Market.*
- 1945 *Howard's Mother stopped selling vegetables at the Farmer's Market so Ellen took her place on Friday and Saturday only.*
- 1946 *Ellen and Judy took a train trip to New York to see relatives. This took almost four days each way.*
- 1947 *Brother Crandle's wife, Frieda, died on March 8 as their third baby was being born. The baby was named Patricia Frieda. Crandle decided that Howard and Ellen could adopt the baby. Ellen and Judy went East again to bring baby Patty to Oregon. Ellen became pregnant again.*
- 1948 *Vincent James was born three weeks prematurely on June 16th. Judy started Kindergarten. We bought a new Chevrolet pickup, which Ellen learned to drive.*
- 1949 *Judy started first grade at Aloha Huber Elementary School.*
- 1950 *Ellen got a driver's license and sometimes drove to the feed mill for turkey feed. Ellen had Bell's Palsy, a temporary paralysis of facial muscles.*
- 1951 *Crandle visited in the summer. The family went on trips to the beach and the mountains.*
- 1952 *We bought 5 acres of land from a neighbor. Janet and family visited and we went salmon fishing at Depoe Bay. Carolyn Joyce was born November 15th. We had to hire high school girls to take my place at the market.*
- 1953 *Patty entered first grade at Aloha Huber Elementary School. Vincent went to Music Kindergarten for part of the year.*
- 1954 *A 240-foot well was dug in the bottom land. Vincent entered first grade at Aloha Huber Elementary School.*
- 1956 *Howard planted red raspberries to sell at the Farmer's Market.*
- 1957 *Judy graduated from 8th Grade and entered high school at Beaverton High School. Carolyn went to Music Kindergarten in Beaverton.*

- 1958 *Ellen had hysterectomy, followed by a strep infection. She enrolled at Portland State University to prepare for a teaching career. Carolyn entered first grade at Aloha Huber Elementary school then transferred to the new school, Beaver Acres, at mid-year.*
- 1959 *Ellen drove a 1950 Ford to classes at Portland State. She juggled family and work at the market on the weekends with studying. Judy began her junior year at the newly built Sunset High School.*
- 1960 *Ellen finished her studies at PSU and was offered her first teaching job at Sunset Valley Grade School, Beaverton — First Grade.*
- 1961 *Judy graduated from Sunset High School. Ellen and the children went on the train to visit relatives in New York. Judy and Ellen also went to New York City to see the sights. In the fall of 1961 Judy started college at Portland State and worked at Newberry's in downtown Portland.*
- 1962 *Judy married Bill Danforth in September, attended Oregon State University in the fall, and went to live in downtown Portland in December. In October, the Columbus Day Storm produced hurricane-force winds that toppled trees and damaged roofs, and cut off electricity and telephone service.*
- 1963 *Howard's mother, Bessie Kangas Wilson, died from a heart attack in December; she was 80 years old. Judy started working at Montgomery Ward. Patty and Vincent had to go to school at 6:30 because of double-shifting at Sunset High School.*
- 1964 *Ellen started going to night school and summer classes in order to get a Master's Degree from the University of Oregon. The classes were held on the P.S.U. Campus.*
- 1965 *Patty graduated from Sunset High School.*
- 1966 *Vincent graduated from Sunset High School and entered Portland State. Patty married Richard Link and went to live near Fort Lewis, Washington. Patty's first baby was born Dec. 26th — Paula Anne.*
- 1967 *Ellen's Mother, Verna Crandle Benedict died; she was 88 years old. Patty divorced Richard and came back home to live for a few months.*
- 1968 *Patty married Tom Cravens, a high school friend. Patty's second baby, Dawn Michelle, was born. Patty and Tom moved to California.*
- 1970 *Carolyn graduated from Aloha High School and entered Oregon College of Education (now known as Western Oregon University). Vincent married Margaret Anderson and went to live in Southwest Portland. This was the last year having children living at home.*

- 1971 *A daughter, Christine Marie, was born to Judy and Bill in California on November 10th. Ellen flew there to help for a few days.*
- 1972 *Carolyn married Dennis (Pete) Hatcher on September 16th. Judy and ten month old, Christine, came to Oregon to be in the wedding. Carolyn enrolled in Portland Community College in the Medical Records Program. Vincent graduated from Portland State.*
- 1973 *Howard's father, John Edward Wilson, died. He was 89 years old. He and wife, Bessie Kangas Wilson, are buried in the family plot at Finlay's Sunset Hills Mortuary in Portland, Oregon.*
- 1974 *Judy and family moved back to Oregon in January. In March they bought a home in Beaverton about two miles from the farm.*
- 1975 *Sarah Michelle was born to Judy and Bill on September 22nd. During the summer of 1975, Ellen made a trip to New York to see her relatives. While in the East she visited several Canadian Provinces.*
- 1976 *Ellen toured Alaska via tour bus. She returned by cruise ship, which hit an unidentified object that cut a large hole in the hull of the ship. The ship leaked oil all the way to Vancouver. Ellen started publishing a series of workbooks for students learning phonics.*
- 1977 *Connie Lynne was born to Carolyn and Pete on June 14th. Vincent started to teach in Junior High School in Beaverton and Gaston. Ellen went on a tour of Western Canada by bus during the summer.*
- 1979 *Vincent married Cathy Shannon. A son, Seth Ryan, was born to Vincent and Cathy on July 29th. Ellen went on another bus trip to the Utah Parks. The Beaverton School District financed a trip to Spokane for Ellen to attend a Reading Conference.*
- 1979 *Ellen started going to Oregon Symphony Concerts. Ellen published her last student workbook.*

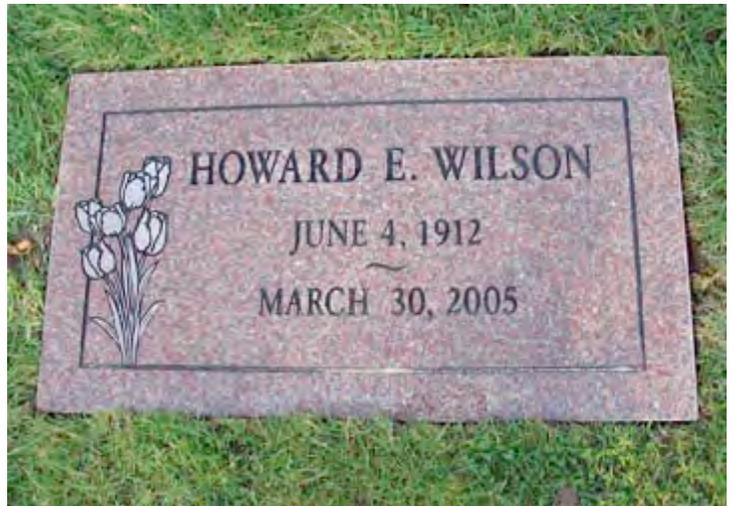
- 1980 *Mt. St. Helens erupted sending ash all over the area. At times we had to wear dust masks. Letetia Marie was born to Cathy and Vincent on May 15th. Vincent and family moved to Heppner, Oregon. Judy and Bill separated and later divorced. Ellen retired from teaching in December. Ellen went to New York in the summer.*
- 1981 *Kyle Zachary was born to Carolyn and Pete on March 1st. Cory Edward was born to Cathy and Vincent on September 29th. Vincent earned his Master's Degree from Lewis and Clark College. Howard and Ellen went to Hawaii for two weeks, visiting four of the islands — Oahu, Kawai, Maui, and Hawaii. Judy began working for the Beaverton School District in January so Grandma stayed with the girls after school until Judy came home from work.*
- 1982 *Howard and Ellen went to Hawaii for one week and to Mexico for two weeks. Howard had cataract surgery.*
- 1983 *Vincent and family moved back from Eastern Oregon. They lived in a trailer house on Vincent's property at Scholls, while he was building a house. Seth started Kindergarten.*
- 1984 *Vincent started to teach in a Junior High at Oregon City. In his spare time he continued building his house.*
- 1985 *Howard had hip replacement surgery.*
- 1986 *Howard and Ellen went to Florida for two weeks. Howard had more cataract surgery. The Wilsons had a family picnic at the beach in August to celebrate Howard and Ellen's Wedding Anniversary. Ellen stayed with Vincent's children while he and Cathy went elk hunting in Eastern Oregon. Mickel was born to Dawn on December 10th in Arizona. He is the first great grandchild.*
- 1987 *Ellen went to New York to visit relatives. Vincent and Cathy went elk hunting again. Ellen enrolled in a drawing class. Howard and Ellen visited in Arizona for two weeks.*
- 1988 *Howard had another hip replacement surgery. Ellen's brother, Weston, died. Patty married again, this time to David Smith. Howard and Ellen bought the 1987 Aries. Some members of the family attended Letetia's piano recital. There was another beach picnic for the Wilson family in August. Vincent and Cathy went elk hunting. Deanna was born to Dawn in Arizona on October 10.*
- 1989 *Howard had prostate surgery. Ellen took Sarah to her weekly piano lesson. Howard had knee arthroscopy. Sarah went to England for six weeks. Christine graduated from High School. Dawn earned her GED*

certificate. The Wilson family celebrated their parents 50th Wedding Anniversary on August 26th at the farm with a SUPER-DUPER Picnic. Howard had knee replacement surgery.

- 1990 *Ellen took Sarah to voice lessons once a week. Howard had back surgery. Ellen fell on an icy step. Paula's baby, Ricky, drowned.*
- 1991 *Ellen's brother, Job (Cran) Crandle Benedict, died. Patty moved to Las Vegas. Howard had knee surgery. Ellen went to New York to visit relatives. Everyone enjoyed another family picnic in August. Ellen splurged and bought a piano keyboard. Vincent and Cathy went on their annual trek for elk.*
- 1992 *We all went to the coast in August, some members camped for a couple of days. Vincent participated in the Hood-to-Coast Run in August. Elk hunting again!*
- 1993 *Howard had repair knee surgery. Sarah sang in a musical, "A Little Night Music", in Lake Oswego. She graduated from Aloha High School. Carolyn graduated from Portland State University. Christine graduated from Southern Oregon State College. The Wilsons had a family picnic at the farm in June to celebrate all of these graduations. The Hatcher family vacationed in Hawaii. In August Christine got a job in the Police Department in Gresham, Oregon. She attended and graduated from the Police Academy in Monmouth in November. Another elk hunting trip for Vincent and Cathy. Vincent sold his Christmas trees at the Wilson Farm with Mom and Dad's help. In August Sarah flew to New York to attend college at Sarah Lawrence College in Bronxville, New York; she came home for Christmas vacation in December.*
- 1994 *Howard and Ellen sold 30 acres to Tri-Met and moved into Howard's parent's house. Ellen started having health problems. Vincent and family got in their pickup and drove to Alabama to visit Cathy's sister. Judy visited Sarah in New York during October. They visited New York City even though Sarah was ill; then drove through New England on a three-day trip; Sarah came home for Christmas to participate in Christine's wedding. Christine married Philip George, an Oregon State Police Officer, on Dec. 20 at the Old Church in S.E. Portland.*
- 1995 *Connie graduated from Hillsboro High School and enrolled in Western Oregon State College. Sarah stayed in New York City for the summer and worked in a restaurant. Judy visited Sarah in New York City for a couple of weeks in the summer. Christine changed jobs; she worked in a bridal shop and started her own bridal consultation business. Vincent ran in the Hood-to-Coast Relay again.*
- 1996 *Sarah came home from New York City in May. She attended school at Portland State and worked for temporary employment services. Seth graduated from Hillsboro High School in June and started attending classes at Clackamas Community College in the fall. Letetia worked at Baskin Robbins; Cory ran in track meets.*

- 1997 Vincent separated from wife, Cathy in the spring. He ran in The Marathon of the Redwoods in May. Connie spent the summer in Europe studying in Germany and exploring other countries
- 1998 Wilson Family Trust purchased the Wilson-Tigard Retail Center in Tigard, Oregon. Vincent ran in the Boston Marathon, Marathon of the Redwoods, and the Seattle and San Francisco Marathons. Sarah graduated from Portland State University with a degree in Social Sciences and is currently working for Mentor Graphics in Wilsonville. She took trips to both New York and Boston in June and to Minneapolis in August. Tri-Met opened their West Side Light Rail including the Elmonica Station on the south end of the Wilson Family Farm. Cory quarterbacked the Hillsboro High School football team; Kyle's marching band participated in many contests, exhibitions and football games. Letetia went off to college at Oregon State University in the fall. Connie announced her engagement to John Replinger at Christmas time. They met at Western Oregon University where they are both attending college.
- 2002 The last parcel of the Wilson farm was sold and Ellen & Howard moved to a little house in Aloha.

- 2005 Howard Wilson died from melanoma March 30; several tumors were found in his brain. He is buried at Sunset Hills Memorial Park in Portland, Oregon. He was 92 years old.



- 2008 Ellen was moved to the Maryville Nursing Home in Beaverton, Oregon where she lived until 2013.
- 2006-2011 Ellen's granddaughter, Connie Replinger and husband, John, had Mehayla "Haylie" in May 2006; Timothy James in Aug. 2008 and Caleb in Aug. 2011
- 2011-12 Ellen's granddaughter, Sarah Danforth and husband Paul Hunt, had two children, Henry in June 2012 and Ellen's namesake, Ellen Eliza in August 2012.

Red, White & Blue

Valentines were everywhere – card shops, food markets, store windows, newspapers, TV. They were beautiful but somehow they didn't really send me. Oh, I always bought valentines for the children and they gave some to me.

Valentines are intended for sweethearts. Now my sweetheart hadn't given me a valentine for many years. Likewise, I got out of the habit of giving him a valentine.. Sad state of affairs for two people who really care about each other.

In a moment of nostalgia a few years back, I said to my mate, "I am going to make a valentine for you." His reply, "You don't have to do that. I know you love me."

I collected art paper, pens, doilies, scissors, etc. and went to work. The most thought-provoking task was an appropriate verse. At the end of the evening the valentine was complete.

When February 14th arrived, I presented my work of art, while we were at breakfast. "You shouldn't have done it but thank you very much. I wish I had a valentine for you", he said as he gave me a hug.

I knew he wouldn't go to the store and buy one. He hadn't done that since we were newlyweds. The hidden message was that he wished he could think of something unusual to substitute for a paper valentine.

I thought about him at times during the day, wondering if he would make some kind of a valentine for me. That afternoon when I walked in the door, I noticed the cookie pan on the table. I thought that I could see red, white, and blue. Cookies? As I came closer, I could see that there were no cookies. My long-time sweetheart had created a truly spectacular valentine.

Against a background of bright blue, there were eight hearts, each one carved from slices of raw beets. These hearts were about 4-inches across. On each heart was a letter carved from raw turnips. I LOVE YOU was spelled out in large, white capital letters.

I was overwhelmed with emotion. What planning and effort had gone into the creation of this special valentine! I never dreamed I would receive a valentine like this.

When the creator of this valentine came in for dinner, he said, “I can’t believe I did it.”

That is the most unique valentine that I have ever received”, I replied. “I have been trying to think of how I can keep it as a memento.”

“Why don’t you get your camera and take a picture of it? You could stand on a chair and get a good shot. Then, if I can’t make you a valentine next year, or the year after, just get out the picture and enjoy your valentine all over again.”

What a Valentine’s Day!

(Ellen Wilson, February 1977)



Extended Genealogical Notes Appendix III

Ellen Crandle Benedict's Mother & Father:

Frederick Weston Benedict & **Verna Deming Crandle**
 b. Sept. 5, 1866 **(Miner)** b. April 30, 1879



Verna Deming Crandle's Mother and Father:

Job Robards Crandle* & **Martha Rosette Barnes**
 b. Aug 13, 1838 b. July 20, 1844



Crandall Line

Elijah Crandle (1799)
 Amelia M. Newell (1800)

John Crandall (1768)(N.J.)
 Elizabeth Kindle (1765)

John Crandall (1730)
 Cape May, New Jersey

John Crandall (N.J.)
 (About 1700)

John Crandall (R.I.)
 (About 1673)

John Crandall (1649)(R.I.)
 Elizabeth Gorton

(Elder John Crandall came to Boston in 1634, was associated with the Congregational Church at Salem in 1635, and lived in Providence in 1637.)

Elder John Crandall, †
 born about 1612 in
 Monmouthshire, England
 m. (1) **Mary Opp*****



Barnes Line

David Benona Barnes (1816)
 Sarah Ann Andrus (1824)

Lemuel Barnes (1780)
 Polly Barnes (1784)

Lemuel Barnes** (About 1756)
 Rebecca Bement (1762)

Phineas Barnes (1730)
 Phebe Bement (1734)

Thomas Barnes (1703)
 Hannah Day (1701)

Ebenezer Barnes (1667)
 Deborah Orvis (1681)

Thomas Barnes of Hartford, Ct.
 born about 1608,
 Fought in Pequot War in 1637
Mary Andrus/Andrews, 2nd wife

*Civil War Veteran, **Job Robards Crandle**, served from October 31, 1861 through Oct. 31, 1863.

Revolutionary War Veteran, **Lemuel Barnes, baptized January 30, 1757, served in the Revolutionary War from February 20, 1777 through December 31, 1779.

†Elder John Crandall was actively identified with the Baptist Church in Newport, Rhode Island in 1651.

***Not positively identified; is believed to be **Mary Opp**, first wife of **Elder John Crandall** who died 1 August, 1670 leaving seven children, one being John, Jr., born in 1649 who married Elizabeth Gorton.

Genealogical Information - Appendix II

<p>Ellen Crandle Benedict Born: Dec. 13, 1915 Bath, Steuben County, New York Children: Judith Anne, Patricia Frieda*, Vincent James, Carolyn Joyce 6/1/43 3/8/47</p>	<p>Howard Edward Wilson Born: June 4, 1912 Reedley, Fresno County, Calif. 6/16/48 11/15/52</p>
--	---

Parents of **Ellen Crandle Benedict**:

Parents of **Howard E. Wilson**:

<p>Frederick Weston Benedict*** Born Sept. 5, 1866 Norwich, New York Verna Deming Crandle*** Born April 30, 1872 Canton, Pennsylvania</p>
--

<p>John Edward Wilson Born June 23, 1883 Astoria, Oregon Elisa (Bessie) Kangas Born May 9, 1883 Pulkkila, Oulu, Finland</p>
--

Parents of **Verna Deming Crandle**

Parents of **John Edward Wilson**:

<p>Job Robards Crandle** Aug. 13, 1838, Canton, PA Martha Rosette Barnes, July 20, 1844, Canton, PA</p>
--

<p>John Wilson (Eskola) August 10, 1850, Vihanti, Finland Johanna Mattson, Dec. 10, 1853 Kokkola, Vaasa, Finland</p>

Parents of **Martha Rosette Barnes**

Parents of **Elisa (Bessie) Kangas**

<p>David Benona Barnes, b. April 16, 1816, Owego, New York Sarah Ann Andrus, b. Sept. 30, 1824</p>

<p>Andrew (Antti) Kangas, b. 2 Oct. 1842, Pulkkila, Oulu, Finland Maria Makkonen, b. June 24, 1843 Pulkkila, Oulu, Finland</p>

*Adopted daughter of Job Crandle Benedict (b. May 30, 1920) and Frieda Shauger

** Civil War Veteran

***Children of **Frederick Weston Benedict (Miner) & Verna Deming Crandle**

- Rosette Gertrude Benedict, b. Nov. 25, 1910
- Janet Crandle Benedict, b. July 28, 1912
- Weston Crandle Benedict, b. Apr. 20, 1914
- Ellen Crandle Benedict, b. December 13, 1915
- Martha Crandle Benedict, b. May 22, 1917
- Job Crandle Benedict, b. May 30, 1920*
- William Crandle Benedict, b. Sept. 29, 1922

Fred & Estelle Benedict Family

<p align="center">Sereno Weston MINER 26 Nov 1826 - 9 Mar 1870</p> <p align="center">Sarah Louise WILLIAMS 6 Mar 1842 - 18 Sep 1914</p>	<p align="center">Sanford Halsey TUBBS 1844 - 21 Jun 1869</p> <p align="center">Mary Melissa RICE 1833 - 3 Oct 1903</p>																																							
<p>Grandfather 31 Jan 1887, Bath, Steuben Co, NY Grandmother</p>																																								
<p align="center">Frederick Weston Miner BENEDICT</p> <table border="1" style="width:100%; border-collapse: collapse;"> <tr><td>Birth</td><td>5 Sep 1866, Norwich, Chenango</td><td rowspan="2" style="text-align:center;"></td></tr> <tr><td>Chr</td><td></td></tr> <tr><td>Death</td><td>25 Apr 1942, Savona, Age: 75</td></tr> <tr><td>Burial</td><td>28 Apr 1942, East Canton</td></tr> <tr><td>Occ</td><td>farmer</td></tr> <tr><td>Educ</td><td></td></tr> <tr><td>Reli</td><td>St. Thomas Episcopal Church, Bath, NY</td></tr> <tr><td>Flags</td><td></td></tr> <tr><td>ID: 56</td><td>14 Jun 2012</td><td>Mark:</td></tr> </table>	Birth	5 Sep 1866, Norwich, Chenango		Chr		Death	25 Apr 1942, Savona, Age: 75	Burial	28 Apr 1942, East Canton	Occ	farmer	Educ		Reli	St. Thomas Episcopal Church, Bath, NY	Flags		ID: 56	14 Jun 2012	Mark:	<p align="center">Cora Estelle "Stella" TUBBS</p> <table border="1" style="width:100%; border-collapse: collapse;"> <tr><td>Birth</td><td>17 Jul 1869, Bath, NY</td></tr> <tr><td>Chr</td><td></td></tr> <tr><td>Death</td><td>2 Aug 1905, Bath, NY Age: 36</td></tr> <tr><td>Burial</td><td>4 Aug 1905, Grove Cemetery, Bath, NY</td></tr> <tr><td>Occ</td><td></td></tr> <tr><td>Educ</td><td></td></tr> <tr><td>Reli</td><td></td></tr> <tr><td>Flags</td><td></td></tr> <tr><td>ID: 362</td><td>15 May 2012</td><td>Mark:</td></tr> </table>	Birth	17 Jul 1869, Bath, NY	Chr		Death	2 Aug 1905, Bath, NY Age: 36	Burial	4 Aug 1905, Grove Cemetery, Bath, NY	Occ		Educ		Reli		Flags		ID: 362	15 May 2012	Mark:
Birth	5 Sep 1866, Norwich, Chenango																																							
Chr																																								
Death	25 Apr 1942, Savona, Age: 75																																							
Burial	28 Apr 1942, East Canton																																							
Occ	farmer																																							
Educ																																								
Reli	St. Thomas Episcopal Church, Bath, NY																																							
Flags																																								
ID: 56	14 Jun 2012	Mark:																																						
Birth	17 Jul 1869, Bath, NY																																							
Chr																																								
Death	2 Aug 1905, Bath, NY Age: 36																																							
Burial	4 Aug 1905, Grove Cemetery, Bath, NY																																							
Occ																																								
Educ																																								
Reli																																								
Flags																																								
ID: 362	15 May 2012	Mark:																																						
<table border="0" style="width:100%;"> <tr> <td style="border: 1px solid black; border-radius: 15px; padding: 5px; display: inline-block;">Elizabeth "Lizzie" R.</td> <td style="border: 1px solid black; border-radius: 15px; padding: 5px; display: inline-block; margin-left: 20px;">Benedict Daughter</td> <td style="border: 1px solid black; border-radius: 15px; padding: 5px; display: inline-block; margin-left: 20px;">Fred Vincent</td> </tr> <tr> <td style="border: 1px solid black; border-radius: 15px; padding: 5px; display: inline-block; margin-top: 10px;">Margaret</td> <td style="border: 1px solid black; border-radius: 15px; padding: 5px; display: inline-block; margin-left: 20px; margin-top: 10px;">Marjorie Juanita</td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td style="border: 1px solid black; border-radius: 15px; padding: 5px; display: inline-block; margin-top: 10px;">Genevieve "Jennie"</td> <td style="border: 1px solid black; border-radius: 15px; padding: 5px; display: inline-block; margin-left: 20px; margin-top: 10px;">Esther Frances</td> <td></td> </tr> </table>		Elizabeth "Lizzie" R.	Benedict Daughter	Fred Vincent	Margaret	Marjorie Juanita		Genevieve "Jennie"	Esther Frances																															
Elizabeth "Lizzie" R.	Benedict Daughter	Fred Vincent																																						
Margaret	Marjorie Juanita																																							
Genevieve "Jennie"	Esther Frances																																							

Fred & Verna Benedict Family

<p align="center">Sereno Weston MINER 26 Nov 1826 - 9 Mar 1870</p> <p align="center">Sarah Louise WILLIAMS 6 Mar 1842 - 18 Sep 1914</p>	<p align="center">Job Robards CRANDLE 13 Aug 1838 - 5 May 1920</p> <p align="center">Martha Rosette BARNES 20 Jul 1844 - 18 Jul 1905</p>																																								
<p>Grandfather 27 Dec 1909, Canton, Bradford Co, PA Grandmother</p>																																									
<p align="center">Frederick Weston Miner BENEDICT</p> <table border="1" style="width:100%; border-collapse: collapse;"> <tr><td>Birth</td><td>5 Sep 1866, Norwich, Chenango</td><td rowspan="2" style="text-align:center;"></td></tr> <tr><td>Chr</td><td></td></tr> <tr><td>Death</td><td>25 Apr 1942, Savona, Age: 75</td></tr> <tr><td>Burial</td><td>28 Apr 1942, East Canton</td></tr> <tr><td>Occ</td><td>farmer</td></tr> <tr><td>Educ</td><td></td></tr> <tr><td>Reli</td><td>St. Thomas Episcopal Church, Bath, NY</td></tr> <tr><td>Flags</td><td></td></tr> <tr><td>ID: 56</td><td>14 Jun 2012</td><td>Mark:</td></tr> </table>	Birth	5 Sep 1866, Norwich, Chenango		Chr		Death	25 Apr 1942, Savona, Age: 75	Burial	28 Apr 1942, East Canton	Occ	farmer	Educ		Reli	St. Thomas Episcopal Church, Bath, NY	Flags		ID: 56	14 Jun 2012	Mark:	<p align="center">Verna Deming CRANDLE</p> <table border="1" style="width:100%; border-collapse: collapse;"> <tr><td>Birth</td><td>30 Apr 1879, Grover, Bradford</td><td rowspan="2" style="text-align:center;"></td></tr> <tr><td>Chr</td><td></td></tr> <tr><td>Death</td><td>11 Oct 1967, Corning, Age: 88</td></tr> <tr><td>Burial</td><td>13 Oct 1967, East Canton</td></tr> <tr><td>Occ</td><td></td></tr> <tr><td>Educ</td><td></td></tr> <tr><td>Reli</td><td></td></tr> <tr><td>Flags</td><td></td></tr> <tr><td>ID: 58</td><td>29 Apr 2009</td><td>Mark:</td></tr> </table>	Birth	30 Apr 1879, Grover, Bradford		Chr		Death	11 Oct 1967, Corning, Age: 88	Burial	13 Oct 1967, East Canton	Occ		Educ		Reli		Flags		ID: 58	29 Apr 2009	Mark:
Birth	5 Sep 1866, Norwich, Chenango																																								
Chr																																									
Death	25 Apr 1942, Savona, Age: 75																																								
Burial	28 Apr 1942, East Canton																																								
Occ	farmer																																								
Educ																																									
Reli	St. Thomas Episcopal Church, Bath, NY																																								
Flags																																									
ID: 56	14 Jun 2012	Mark:																																							
Birth	30 Apr 1879, Grover, Bradford																																								
Chr																																									
Death	11 Oct 1967, Corning, Age: 88																																								
Burial	13 Oct 1967, East Canton																																								
Occ																																									
Educ																																									
Reli																																									
Flags																																									
ID: 58	29 Apr 2009	Mark:																																							
<table border="0" style="width:100%;"> <tr> <td style="border: 1px solid black; border-radius: 15px; padding: 5px; display: inline-block;">Rosette Gertrude</td> <td style="border: 1px solid black; border-radius: 15px; padding: 5px; display: inline-block; margin-left: 20px;">Ellen Crandle</td> <td style="border: 1px solid black; border-radius: 15px; padding: 5px; display: inline-block; margin-left: 20px;">William Crandle</td> </tr> <tr> <td style="border: 1px solid black; border-radius: 15px; padding: 5px; display: inline-block; margin-top: 10px;">Janet Crandle</td> <td style="border: 1px solid black; border-radius: 15px; padding: 5px; display: inline-block; margin-left: 20px; margin-top: 10px;">Martha Crandle</td> <td></td> </tr> <tr> <td style="border: 1px solid black; border-radius: 15px; padding: 5px; display: inline-block; margin-top: 10px;">Weston Crandle</td> <td style="border: 1px solid black; border-radius: 15px; padding: 5px; display: inline-block; margin-left: 20px; margin-top: 10px;">Job "Cran" Crandle</td> <td></td> </tr> </table>		Rosette Gertrude	Ellen Crandle	William Crandle	Janet Crandle	Martha Crandle		Weston Crandle	Job "Cran" Crandle																																
Rosette Gertrude	Ellen Crandle	William Crandle																																							
Janet Crandle	Martha Crandle																																								
Weston Crandle	Job "Cran" Crandle																																								



Bible Page from Sereno W. Miner's Bible

PARENTS

Sereno W. Miner
Sarah L. Miner

CHILDREN

John Berry Miner
Frederic Weston Miner, B.
Wattie Louise Miner
Lizzie dau. J. N. Benedict
Genevieve
Marjorie
Esther S.
Estelle Tubbs (WIFE)
Fred Benedict (VINCENT)
Resette → Janet Crandle Benedict
Wesley
Ellen
Martha
Bob

Wm Crandle Benedict

BIRTHS

Born Nov 26th 1826
Born Mar 6th 1842

Born Aug 1st 1864
Born Sept 5th 1866
Born June 3rd 1869
" Jan. 12, 1888
" Aug. 30, 1891
" Feb. 24, 1896
" June 19, 1899
" July 17, 1909
" June 7, 1905
" July 25, 1912
" Apr 21, 1914
" Dec 19, 1915
" May 22, 1917
" " 31, 1920

Sept 29, 1922

MARRIAGES

Sereno W. Miner &
Esther L. Berry
married Sept 7th 1865

Began July 17, 1869
To Estelle Tubbs Jan. 31, 1887
To Vera Denny Crandle
Dec. 27, 1909

Reported suicide?
Earl Do Broth - Rochester, N.Y.
Leon Palmer, deceased Math. Baker

accidentally shot - rifle (and (common)
Parmer Hoffman, M.D. (bullet)
Marcella Dillon
Howard Wilson Beaverton, Ore
Arthur Harron, Wilbur Mass
Frederic Linderman, Shauger, Fabelle

Winifred Palmanteer, Aurora, Ill. Sept 17, 1943

DEATHS

Sereno W. Miner Mar 9th 1899

Died June 1867
" - Spring 1881
" July 12, 1890
" Dec. 3, 1906
" 1959
" 1977
Died Aug. 2, 1905
" Nov 1926
" Aug 28, 1912
Feb. 28, 1988
April 1, 1991
Mar 31, 1995

*This book
Mom's Autobiography
Was originally collected, written and edited
by
Judy Wilson in 1999.*

Ellen Wilson wrote the stories.

Judy edited and published the document for her family.

Judy Wilson



Ellen Benedict Wilson – Obituary

Ellen Wilson, 98, died April 1, 2014 at the Maryville Nursing Home in Beaverton where she had been a resident for the last six years. Ellen was born December 13, 1915 in Bath, New York. She graduated from high school in Bath, NY in 1931. She moved from NY to California in 1933 where she graduated from Long Beach Junior College. She earned her Bachelor's degree from UCLA in 1939. She met her future husband, Howard Wilson in the summer of 1938; they were married in 1939 in Spokane, Washington. They made their first home in Parkrose, Oregon where Howard managed a bulb farm. They moved to the Wilson family farm in Beaverton in 1942. In 1958 Ellen attended classes at Portland State College to get her teaching certificate. Her first teaching assignment was at Sunset Valley Grade School in the Beaverton School District in 1960. In 1964 she earned her Master's Degree from the University of Oregon. She was a reading specialist at several schools in the Beaverton School District, and ended her career in 1980 at Ridgewood Elementary. Ellen and Howard lived on the family farm until 2002. In 2005 Ellen was pre-deceased by her husband of 65 years, Howard Wilson. In 2008 health problems brought her to the Maryville Nursing Home. She celebrated her 98th birthday there in December and outlived all of her siblings and their spouses. She loved reading to her grandchildren when they were little and always brightened when her children or grandchildren came to visit. She also loved music and attended many Oregon Symphony concerts in Portland. Ellen is survived by her four children, nine grandchildren, nine great grandchildren and two great great grandchildren. Interment was at Finley's Sunset Hills Memorial Park in Portland. Charitable donations in her name can be made to the Beaverton Education Foundation.

