

Bear Pat

Your dad's notation about

Abraham Cline

Emory Cline

Hannah Thompson

Alice Riley

Was surely his picture of his own dad's family as he remembered it. (I was happy to have it as I had forgotten my grandfather's first name. What a good name for a grandfather).

Abraham was Hannah's second husband. Her first husband was a Mr. Hatfield. Their children, so far as I know were Anne and Rhoda Katherine. I knew them as Aunt Anne and Aunt Kate. They visited us in Franklin County with their husbands Uncle Tom and Uncle Alec. Uncle Alec was a civil war veteran - Alexander Hamilton Anderson. (Union side of course - Indiana Volunteers). I do not remember Uncle Tom's last name but remember sitting on his lap and listening to his stories.

Abraham and Hannah had two daughters and a son that I know of. I think there may have been other children in either marriage who did not survive to adulthood. Alice, Flora and Emory grew up together during their early years. Flora was my dad's best-loved sister and Kate was his best-loved half-sister. Aunt Flora visited us twice in Franklin County with Uncle Will Curry, her husband. Russel was evidently too young to remember her, though I am sure he was present on at least one of her visits.

The Madill cousins are Aunt Kate's grandchildren. Her daughter Flora ~~Madill~~ Anderson married Burl Madill and their children were Cecil and Ralph Madill. Cecil still lives in Muncie. He is prominent in agricultural and political circles - also education. His children and grandchildren likewise. Some of his descendants are connected with Ball State University and some with Purdue. I think they all turned out well and made him happy. He is married to Martha Ray, a lovely lady. They were guests in our home (Carl's and mine) a long time ago. We also met Martha Ray's parents. Her father was a physician. Her mother lived to a great age. Her death occurred only recently.

Ralph went to New York while still a young man and worked there for many years. After his retirement from a public relations job he entered the ministry (United Methodist). He had always wanted to be a minister, but his father was less enthusiastic than he was. His mother would have approved. She had insisted on college for both boys even though Burl thought it unimportant. He loved farming and was very good at it. Cecil still farms the land his father bought long ago.

Ralph's wife is ill. His son lives in Washington D.C, and his daughter in Burlington, Vermont. Ralph writes poetry and used to send us a good deal of it. Until recently he was taking care of his wife, running four churches, entertaining houseguests and many other things - hardly any time for sleep. We haven't had many letters from him this year and think things may have gotten out of hand.

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Your dad had many relatives in Walla Walla. I am sure you must remember meeting some of them at the time of Winfield's funeral. You must have been a teenager or nearly. I am sure they remembered you. I can remember one that your dad didn't enjoy very much and I think he liked all the others, but I couldn't guess which one^s he mentioned to you. There are not very many of the ones he knew who still survive. My special favorites of all the Walla Walla cousins were Amos Moore and Lelah Offner Thompson. Amos was a brilliant person who died young of tuberculosis - in the days before it became curable. Lelah lived to old age. She had an exceptionally beautiful home which she left to her sister Helen Taylor. Helen tries hard to maintain it. She works too hard, especially as she tries to care for older relatives on her husband's side as well as her own. (Her husband died years ago as you may know). She is near my age. (Lelah was older.) She cares for her sister Winnie. Could that be the one you asked about? Your mother would surely know.

The old house that Grandfather Cline built had no street address when I saw it. It was in the country standing alone. That was 1938 so who can say what has happened since? Many fine old houses have been demolished. I tried to keep track of Dad's relatives through Winnie, his daughter, but she would only write about her maternal relatives and her own family. She felt somewhat embittered about her father and about all of us who stole him from her -- so she felt - (however unintentional our guilt may have been) She had no interest whatever in the house, and Madills had some fine old houses of their own to look after. (I only kept in touch with Madills through Flora who was probably my dad's favorite niece and really a lovely person in every way.) In case you should be in Muncie looking for it, ^{that} was built around 1860 or before. I will ask for addresses of some of Jack Burke's relatives in case they might be of help. I can send them later if I get them, since you aren't going right away.

As to the rambling account of our progenitors that I sent you one time. I sent it in the form in which I received it, and I rather think you know about as much as I do. Some of the names are familiar to me but not many. Helen Taylor gave me a copy of the names, and I think she and I both hoped to do something with it at the time. It seems to me that the speaker must have been our Aunt Almeda and she may have been talking to her granddaughter or her daughter-in-law Bertha Fox, but I don't know. Aunt Almeda was Almeda Russell Fox, and she was Grandma Abbott's sister. She was blind and arthritic when I knew her, so it is hard to know how she could get all that data together, but she was a remarkable little lady and may have had help from others. Feel free to junk the whole record if you do not feel up to unravelling it. Helen's interest ebbs and flows and mine is perhaps less persistent since I don't have close descendants as she does.

I think our family came to a homestead in the vicinity of Kahlotus in 1901. My sense of direction was not well developed, but I think the homestead may have been southeast of Kahlotus. My dad filed on 160 acres as was customary at the time. He would have needed to live there five years to get full title. A neighboring cattleman made things difficult, and cultivated crops were unsafe, so he moved out after something like two years and started farming elsewhere. We went to school in Kahlotus for a short time - Florence, Edith, and I. I was not of school age, but permitted as I was learning to read and the school was not too crowded.

I think the granddaughter was Phoebe Kintleman

My atlas says that Kahlotus has between 300 and 400 inhabitants, and when last I saw it it looked about the same size as I remembered it. There was a time during the building of the ~~SPOKANE~~ Portland and Seattle Railway that it grew large and rather frontierishly wild but it settled down later.

We never lived in Kahlotus except for a short time after my mother's death. That was at the time of the first world war. I was teaching and Dad ran a warehouse. It was a bad time for us. We did not know how to adjust to life without my mother. She had high standards and ideals. None of us, least of all herself, I think, ever dreamed that she would die young. We were all ignorant - especially me, or so I felt. It was awful. But the Kahlotus schools were quite good even at that time. Mable Steele was teaching and some other very fine teachers. We had a lackadaisical principal, but that was because of the war, and some of the girl teachers just covered up for him and kept things going. We could have had a better principal except that the old bugaboo of Male Chauvinism was riding high. My dad was an all out chauvinist at times. Some Indiana people still are, but they handle it pretty well these days.

As for putting Russel through three years in two, it is nothing to boast about on my part. He was always brighter than his peers and to me he was a genius, and he was always ahead of country children as a whole. Our home was bookish and that was rare in those times and places. But modern methods of enrichment are better I think than jumping grades. I had been trained at normal school and we were taught methods nobody understood. It was the time of the John Dewey craze. I would have been better able to teach when I finished the eighth grade with highest rating and felt confident and in command of fundamentals. Normal school at that time was phony. All method and no material. They just scared us out of our wits in my classes.

We went to school in Kahlotus in the old two-story frame building. Russel was not old enough for that. It was a good school. Mr Leavy was our principal and teacher for High School and Eighth grade. He later went to congress. He was a dear friend and we still remember what he taught us. Winfield's teacher was Bessie Adams. She was not too popular but he got along well -- he always did.

It seems reasonable to me to believe that your dad may have helped to haul water from Windust, though I don't think it was a regular practice in his day. We usually had water from a deep well on the old George Delaney place. When Russel was a baby we had a scourge of typhoid which may or may not have come from that source. Russel escaped, but Winfield and I almost died. Edith and our parents escaped so I suspect Win and I may have achieved contamination in our own stockyards or some such place.

Going back to the Kahlotus schools Archie Turnbull was a beloved principal for some years. He was Russel's first teacher at the Delaney School. He is an old man now living near Seattle. Mable Steele says he still talks of Russel and Winfield.

All this may be interesting in spots, and I have enjoyed some of the remembering. Some of it is sad. My mother grieved all her life for her brothers Charlie and Russel. They died in a wave of infection following a flodd. Many children could not survive the early years. Our mother lost twin children to polio even though it was not called polio at that time. Her description of the illnesses makes me feel certain it was polio.

One year Russel and I lived in a homestead shack while I taught in a nearby school. That was near Moscow Idaho. Later when I taught at Fruitland, near Spokane, I saved money to go to the University of Idaho. That was the first really good schooling I had after Kahlotus. Later still I went to USC and that was the best of all.

Abraham and Hannah had two daughters and a son that I know of. I think there may have been other children in addition.

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Time passes rapidly for us and we can hardly believe it will soon be time for another holiday season. We had fun on Hallowe'en and that always seems to be the beginning of the end of another year. We had a real pumpkin jack-o-lantern raised by a young friend and some odds and ends that we keep over from year to year. We do not have A Hallowe'en party as we used to do on Woodman Avenue, but we still enjoy the zany spirit of the occasion.

I won't try to give you news of the relatives, because I think you probably know more about them than I do. We have very few German relatives left, but I still hear from one of my German nieces. She writes in German and I write in English. Each of us finds it so much easier to read the other's language than to write it and I like it this way. I enjoy her letters very much and learn a little each time I get one.

Please forgive me for not coming up with a genealogical chart and all that sort of thing. If things ever develop along those lines I'll follow through because of your interest. On earlier occasions when I could have pursued the subject no one seemed to care about it.

~~Can't find the name of the child that you and I had in the high Wegspektin~~

Carl and I send love to you and to all the family. We speak of you often and are thrilled that you have all had such good times growing

up together. Best love from Aunt Dorothy