

THE FAMILY HISTORY  
of  
GEORGE FRANCIS CROSBY

The town of Dickson, Tennessee is located on the main line of the Nashville, Chatanooga, and St. Louis Railway and forty miles west of Nashville. Three miles west of Dickson there was (or is) a junction with a spur line of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad running forty miles north to Clarksville, Tennessee. Lying along the north side of the N.C. & St. L.R.R. for one half mile and bounded on the west by the L. & N.R.R. was the original Crosby farm home which belonged to my father, F.W. Crosby. Near the northeast corner of this place was a depression in the land surface which made a shallow pond which covered several acres in the spring months, though was dry during the summer months except when an occasional downpour would fill it to overflowing and inundate the country road and occasionally make the horse and wagon and horse and buggy traffic difficult for several days at a time. Because of the expansive nature of this pond and its occasional covering of the only country road in the vicinity, it was called Contrary Pond, and a long railroad siding along the Crosby farm was called Pond Switch. It was on this Pond Switch Crosby farm that I came into this world on November 4, 1886. This consisted of one hundred fifteen acres of cut over land and required many days of hard work in clearing, brushing, and stumping before it could be brought into production. I came onto the scene a little too late to get into much of this work, and only a little over half of the farm had been cleared and brought into production when father sold it in 1912.<sup>1</sup>

The town of Dickson, in earlier years, was a homeseekers rating point to which the railroads to the north put on homeseekers excursions once a month at very low rates for prospective settlers and, being thus designated, it drew a large number

<sup>1</sup>My father, F.W. Crosby, and my mother, Charlotte Roxy Pease Crosby, were both born in Astabula County, Ohio and their parents moved with their families to Lafayette County, Wisconsin, when my parents were very young.

of citizens from north of the Mason and Dixon line, and in my boyhood days the population was about equally divided between Northern and Southern elements.

Before going to Tennessee, my people belonged to the Free Will Baptist Church, so chosen by them because of its practice of free and open communion. There being no Free Will Baptist Church in their new home location, and the different branches of the Baptist Church all practicing closed communion, my father and mother joined the Methodist Church, or as it was called at that time, the Methodist Episcopal Church. My four brothers, sisters three, and myself were brought up in the Methodist Church and became members of it, while Mother and Father remained devoted and loyal members of it throughout their lives and gave freely of their time and money to the Cross of Jesus Christ and the work of His Church. Father usually held some church office, including the superintendency of the Sunday School, while Mother was busy with the women's work, such as the Ladies Aid Society, W.C.T.U., etc.

Being reared in a well rounded Christian and Church home, we boys and girls grew into the church work as young people and adults. Some of us worked as Sunday School teachers, some as officers and workers in the Christian Endeavor, and later on in the Epworth League following its organization by the Methodist Church.

There were two Methodist Churches in Dickson, the Methodist Episcopal to which the northern Methodist element belonged, and the Methodist Church South which was made up of the Southern element. What a vast difference in these later years since the union of the Methodist Episcopal, the Methodist Episcopal Church South, and the Free Methodist into one great body known today as "The Methodist Church".

In my boyhood days there were no High Schools in Tennessee and free grade schools were scarce. In Dickson we had, usually, a five month school term, the different grades being classified by the readers used: first reader, second reader, etc. up through the sixth reader. In these reader grader various subjects

were taught which were in line with the degree of education for which the grade reader was put out, though the main subjects were the ones commonly called the "Three R's", or "Readin'", 'Ritin', and 'Rithmetic". In our town of 2500 population there was no grade school. We did have a boarding school called "The Dickinson Normal College". This school had two large buildings, a dining hall, and several dormitories for both young men and young ladies students, accommodating many students from a number of states. The owners of this educational institution had a contract to teach the free school subjects and to this school the F.W. Crosby family owe their educational opportunities.

In the reader grades taught there, the education provided was not in any way inferior to, but in many ways superior to our present eighth grade standards. Following the readers there were regular outlined courses in pre-college work in higher mathematics including plane geometry, solid geometry, calculus, and trigonometry. In the foreign language department there were courses in Latin, German, and French. There was a course in Parliamentary Law and a law course for prospective attorneys. Other offerings were voice, piano, elocution, public speaking, as well as a Normal course for teachers. Upon completing any one of the outlined courses of this school the student was awarded a diploma which was equal to and in many cases superior to our present High School standards. My family followed the regular reader courses and some ventured further into some kind of pre-college or Normal work.

It was while attending school here that I became acquainted with a beautiful little farm girl, Olo Ostrander. Her real name was Otelia Lorena Ostrander, but because her initials spelled "Olo" her family nick-named her by her initials. Her home was on a farm near Bon Aqua Springs, some twelve miles south. As time passed, a young minister by the name of James Richmond Thomas was assigned to our home church. During his five year pastorate, he became acquainted with and married Olo's older sister, May. After their marriage, Olo came to town to live

with them at the parsonage. Olo's father was a blacksmith and owned and operated a blacksmith shop at Bon Aqua. The farm and shop were sold and the family moved to Dickson where Mr. Ostrander operated a shop for several years. My friendship with Olo increased from this time on until she finally agreed to become my life partner and we were married in Dickson at the Ostrander home on June 18, 1907.

A short time prior to our marriage, Father sold his lumber and millwork business in Dickson and ventured on south to the island of Cuba to establish a lumber business there. After the sale of the Dickson business, my next older brother, Jesse, and I worked for the new owner for a time. Then in the summer of 1907 we two, with our wives, went to South Pittsburg, Tennessee to work in a lumber mill. The jobs were good, and the wages were good, and everything went along nicely until the fall of the same year when the Panic of 1907 came on in earnest. We had been in the habit of saving some money regularly from our wages, but work got less and less until we could barely exist on our income. Thinking it better to be in our own home town till conditions improved, we four went back to Dickson. Conditions continued to get worse until there was no work of any kind at any price, so it wasn't long before our savings were getting toward the bottom of the barrel. About this time Father was getting established in his business venture in Cuba and wrote for us both to come there and go into business with him. As a result Jesse and his wife, Lula, went to Cuba while Olo and I tried to stick it out in the home town. Matters grew worse in 1908 and savings were exhausted, so some kind of change was essential.

My oldest brother, Clarence, had been in and around Chicago for a number of years so I decided that if there was work to be had anywhere it would be near a great city like Chicago. Without inquiring about work possibilities there, I left Olo and our first child, Lois, then about eight months old, in Dickson and in January of 1909 I boarded a train for Chicago in search of work.

Clarence was then living in Zion City, Illinois, a town of 5,000, situated on the west shore of Lake Michigan and 42 miles north of Chicago. I went on to his home to survey the possibilities for work but I found things really tight so got no encouragement there or from anyone. Men by the thousands had already been idled and were looking for work with other hundreds being laid off every day. After a few days consideration, I boarded an electric car of the Chicago & Milwaukee Electric line and headed for Chicago to get off at the most likely looking place. After riding for about eight miles the car stopped at a car station beside the Chicago Hardware and Foundry Co. This seemed to be a fairly large factory so I terminated my journey at this point and went to the main office to consult the time keeper about employment and was emphatically advised that there was no chance at all as they had several hundred of their own employees out of work and more being laid off every day and that when work did begin to pick up, former employees would be first in line, thus making it a long time before new men would be put on the job. He did not seem willing to talk further so I turned around and started down the long office to the exit door. Although I had been praying constantly for help in my desperate circumstances, I considered that it was all over in so far as this plant was concerned. As I neared that exit door something very strange and unexpected happened. I was about to go out the door when the time keeper called to me to come back that he wanted to talk to me a little further. In another five minutes I had a job to go to work the next day. The wages were \$1.50 per eight hour day which was small pay for that type of work which would have been \$1.00 more in ordinary circumstances. However, this made it possible for me to pay Clarence a nominal amount for board, pay street car fare, and have enough left to support my wife and baby girl so long as they stayed in Tennessee, or until something better opened up and I could send for them. I was very happy to accept this job and was grateful to God for His kindness to me. My mind went back to a verse of Scripture recorded in Psa. 37:25 where David

said: "I have been young, and now I am old yet I have not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

After working for this concern for two weeks I was offered a job as a machine operator at the Simmons Bed Factory in Kinoshá, Wisconsin for \$2.50 per eight hour day. This I promptly accepted. After several weeks with Simmons I was offered \$3.00 per eight hour day in a machine shop in Chicago. This machine shop was located on 5th Avenue on the third floor of the Bermuda Paint Co. and had been recently installed and operated by Clarence in the manufacture of stokers for stationary steam boilers. We had started the manufacture of three or four of these machines, with one in operation, when fire started in the basement of the factory and completely destroyed the building and all equipment which stopped the stoker business as Clarence was never able to get started again.

Following these short termed jobs, I accepted a position with a lumber, millwork, and coal company in Zion. This was a newly set up wood working mill for all kinds of millwork: doors, windows, storm sash, door frames, screen doors, screen porches, inside trim, moulding, etc. After operating this concern for six years, the plant was sold and I accepted a job as a millwright with the Cook Electric Co. in Zion.

Soon after arriving in Zion, I began looking for a church home. The nearest Methodist Church was in Waukegan, six miles south. The East Benton Township Country Church had recently burned down and the congregation had rented quarters in an old assembly room of an old hotel building in Zion in which to hold their services. It was with this congregation that I became affiliated and continued with them for the few years that I made Zion my home.

After three months in my new job and getting established in the new church environment, I sent for Olo and Lois. They arrived just in time to celebrate Lois' first birthday on May 2nd, 1909. I had rented a house and had put in some meager furnishings with which we could get along until we could do

better. We immediately had our church membership transferred from the Dickson Methodist Episcopal Church to the East Benton Memorial Church of Zion. This congregation had purchased lots on the south side of the city and were planning a new church building. We were very happy to be a part of this congregation and to assist in the construction of the new church. I was officially related to the various departments of the church. I was a member of the official board, Assistant Superintendent of the Sunday School, and teacher of a class of 16 boys in the 12 to 15 age group. I was second vice president of the Epworth League. This department was connected with the local Foreign Mission organization. While president of this group, the Rock River Conference, of which we were a part, took on the task of financing the sending of a medical missionary to South Africa. Dr. Stauffacher, who had just graduated from medical college and was looking for an opportunity of this kind, was chosen by the young people of our conference for this important post. As I look back upon the work of this man and his wife I am very happy to have had a part in starting the work in South Africa, where there was such a great need for the people to know Christ and to be healed physically.

During our residence in Zion we had a very happy church life among the people there. Olo gave freely of her time in the womens work of the church and we enjoyed taking our children to Sunday School and church from their infancy until we left. We were some distance from the church and it required a lot of sacrificial work and devotion on the part of the mother to rise at an early hour to get four children ready to walk the distance in time for Sunday School at 9:30 A.M. From their infancy the children were trained to sit quietly through both Sunday School and the church service. They gave us nor anyone else any trouble at these services.

After getting established in Zion we purchased a home at 3021 Ezekiel Avenue. It was after we bought the home that my two sisters, Fannie and Bertha came from Cuba and stayed with us for a time. While with us they worked in the Marshal Field

Lace Factory. Later they went into business for themselves by establishing a dressmaking shop.

After the sale of the millwork plant in Zion in the fall of 1915, I made a trip to Bartle, Cuba to spend Christmas with Mother and Father and to possibly stay a few months to help Jesse in the mill while Father and Mother came back to the States for a visit to old home places. Since Francis lacked a few months of being school age, I took him along, leaving Olo, Lois, Herbert, and Evelyn at home while Lois attended school. It took longer than I had anticipated to get Father and Mother off to New York, so stayed in Cuba until fall when I returned to Zion to put Francis in school. I went back to Cuba in November to finish out the time of the absence of Father from the business there.

After being there only a few weeks, a Cuban revolutionary uprising started in Oriente Province, where the business was located. In a few days time the revolutionists had burned railroad bridges, turned up tracks, stopping all trains, and cutting communication lines. All banks were closed and there was no business of any nature, except at the sugar mills which were located on the coast. These mills had their own narrow guage railroad lines from the plantations to the mills so were able to continue operations until revolutionary forces started burning the vast cane fields. These were the days of U.S. intervention when the U.S. was pledged to keep a stable government on the Island. The revolutionaries were trying to force intervention by making the U.S. weary of a Cuban government that could not keep control so that the established government officials would be thrown out and the revolutionaries would take their place. Within a short time there were some 1700 revolutionary forces around Bartle, which was originally an American colony. Here, also, were headquarters of some of the sugar cane companies and their employees. This was the location of Father's and Jesse's lumber mill and Walter's, another brother, handle factory.

Part of the Cuban army had revolted, taking with them



their American made arms and ammunition and the training given them by the U.S. government. The bulk of the revolutionary forces were uneducated, untrained, illiterate men with a peculiar array of arms and ammunition dating back beyond the Spanish American War. These forces would come into Bartle and demand and take guns, ammunition, horses and saddles, food from stores, or cantinas, as they were called. The supplies that were left after their plunder, that they could not manage, they would destroy lest the regular army come along and benefit thereby. There were a number of American cattle ranches in the province and they would camp near one of these for days while feasting on roast beef from the owner's cattle and then move on to another ranch where they repeated their tactics. They would enter the American, English, or Canadian colonies and burn their dwellings with a half hour's warning to the occupants as to their intentions, so the occupants could get their valuables together to take along as much as they could carry. After burning the dwellings they would later relieve the refugees of their load of valuables so they had nothing. The revolutionary leaders came into Bartle frequently to threaten Americans to get in contact with Washington for intervening, otherwise they would have to find it necessary to kill at least one American to force action. After a number of days of this horassing a Spaniard got through the insurgent lines to Bartle from Manati, a sugar mill on the north coast some thirty miles distant. He reported that an American battleship had come into the harbor and landed four or five hundred Marines to take charge and straighten things out. Following this report several attempts were made by the residents to get word through to the coast for help as conditions were getting serious.

After two months with no word from home, any news of any kind from anywhere, we were deeply concerned and worried. The sugar cane trains that hauled the cane from the fields to the coast were still running and there was a junction point with

the main R.R. line about two miles from Bartle. A young man from our vicinity, after two attempts to reach the coast, secluded himself under the sugar cane loaded on a car and finally made it to the coast and back again.

The big battleship and the four hundred Marines reported by the Spaniard was a small revenue cutter with about forty men aboard. They had come in answer to an S.O.S. with orders to protect the sugar mill only and could not come inland to our rescue. However, they could send an armoured train into the junction point on the main line near Bartle and we Americans, if we could get to the junction point, the train would pick us up and take us to the sugar mill. The sugar company would provide us with food and lodging until we could get a boat to Havana. This arrangement made us very happy so we proceeded to get the use of a R.R. push car on which we loaded our women and baggage. The men furnished the power for transporting the load the two miles to the junction point where we found the armoured train waiting for us. After getting some fifteen of us and the baggage loaded, a R.R. motor car with mounted machine gun and the governor aboard, led the train to the sugar mill.

We were very fortunate not to meet any rebel lines between Bartle and the junction, for if we had everything would have been taken from us and we would have been denied the permission to go further. The armoured train did come upon some rebel forces which stopped the train. After surveying the mounted machine gun and several armed Marines, the rebels backed away and we proceeded on to the coast. In the meantime, false reports of Howard's (my youngest brother) hanging by the rebels got into the papers in the States, which caused much concern on the part of those at home. After several weeks stay at the sugar mill, a Cuban Island circling boat, which carried both cargo and passengers, came into the harbor on its way to Havana. This boat was already considerably over-loaded and for a time refused to take even one of us aboard. Finally they consented to take only those who intended leaving Cuba. Clarence and his boys, and myself were in this classification, so we were soon on our way to Havana. Clarence's wife, Teresa, and oldest child,

Elizabeth, had died in Cuba from malaria a few months before, and Clarence was alone with his family of six boys. He did a marvelous job caring for them on this trip. A collection was taken on the boat for Clarence and the boys. Once in Havana we were not long in booking passage to Florida, and what a wonderful sight as the homeland shoreline came into view! After a few hours of checking schedules and getting tickets, etc., we were on our way to Zion, arriving there late in February of 1917.

After visiting for a time and getting re-aquainted with home folks, I began considering my next venture. I learned from my father and mother, who had been visiting his half brother, Anson, in Monroe, Wisconsin, that he (Uncle Anson) would like to consult me about going to Montana. He had recently purchased a half section of virgin prairie land near Toluca, Montana, and wanted me to develop it for him. Father and Mother were visiting in our home at the time and after much consideration I decided to go to Montana. Father decided that if I wanted him to he would go along with me to help put up a camp house and stay with me for the summer to run the camp while I lined up machinery, ploughed and worked the land and seeded it to winter wheat. I certainly did want him to accompany me into this new land. His going with me would serve a double purpose of giving me much needed help for the summer and furnish him with work to occupy his time and attention in preventing his return to Cuba. Since my parents were getting along in years we, the immediate family, were anxious that they not return to Cuba and again face the hazards of living in and doing business in an unstable Latin American country. Jesse and Howard were there looking after his business interests as best as it could be done after the revolution had been put down and their return seemed unnecessary. So, with these decisions made, Father, Uncle Anson, and I boarded the train for Toluca on May 2nd 1917 and were on our way to another pioneering adventure of which my father was very fond. After the completion of the camp house and the rest of

the project was off to a good start, Uncle Anson returned to Monroe.

I had purchased an Emerson Brantingham tractor and a three bottom plow to start the farming operation and Father worked what time he cared to in fencing the place. The whole country side was badly infested with prairie dogs, so a lot of time and work was required in eradicating these pests. Generally, the poison oats method was used in eradicating them and it took many days of poisoning and re-poisoning before much headway was made. It has been only within the last few years with county assistance that they have been completely eradicated. Both Father and Mother played an important part in helping to rid the A.N. Crosby place of these dog towns by placing two table-spoons of poison oat bait at the entrance of the rodents' homes.

By fall I had 180 acres plowed, worked, and ready for seed. Not having any seeding equipment, I hired a neighbor to seed it for me and left Toluca on October 23rd for home. Both Father and Mother liked Montana extremely well, and decided to stay over for another season. When the weather got a little too cold for comfort in the camp house they went to Billings for the winter.

After returning to Zion, I accepted a position as millwright at the Cook Electric Co. and worked there until July of 1918 when I expected to return to Toluca to harvest my crop. Father had an Oakland touring car in which he had been making his trips to the surrounding country. It had been stored in my garage in Zion, so it was arranged that I was to load my family and such things as I could find space for in the car, and drive out to Montana. Before leaving, I found it necessary to trade his Oakland on a used five-passenger Overland car which would give us more room for the trip. An arrangement was made with Father whereby I would trade the cars and I would pay the cash difference, thereby making us joint owners of the Overland. After settling the deal, I sold our home and furniture and packed in for the trip. We left for our new home in Montana the first of July, 1918. Leaving was a very hard and

difficult task as we had the very finest of church homes and friends. We also had many dear friends outside the church fellowship. There were also the relatives with whom it was hard to break ties. Olo's father and mother and unmarried sister, Jimmie, and her brother, Harry, and his family had all moved several years previously, to Zion from Tennessee. So the many ties were grievously broken and we faced westward to a new venture.

After thirteen days on the road, or trail, as lots of it was in that day, with no road maps to go by, and nothing more serious happening than several blowouts, we arrived safely at Toluca. The original camp house was too small to house my family and Father and Mother for the summer, so with Uncle Anson furnishing the materials, Father had erected a sixteen by thirty-two feet camp house for summer living quarters for the family. I found my wheat crop about ready to harvest and since I had no harvesting machinery and labor was badly needed, I made a labor-work agreement with the neighbors. The method used for harvesting was the binder, shocking the bundles, and then hauling the bundles to the separator which was centrally located within the field. This method was at this time being replaced by the header, a machine that clipped just the heads with a twelve foot cycle. A canvas picked up the heads from the cycle and discharged them into a header barge, or box on a wagon drawn by horses under the header discharge canvas. When the barge was filled it was replaced by an empty barge. The full barge was drawn to stacking area where the heads were unloaded and stacked. These stacks must be stacked in such a way as to make them wind and water proof. I bought a John Deere Header attachment for a John Deere binder belonging to a neighbor and lumber and bolts to construct two header barges. In a few days this harvesting equipment was ready for use, and together we both harvested about three hundred acres, getting the wheat ready for the separator in time. This was a very good crop year and since there were fourteen farmers in the Toluca vicinity, it required several months of trading work to get the threshing completed.

As summer fallowing had not yet been developed for non irrigated land, it was the custom to stubble in the second crop. So when the harvesting was completed I went to work with a disc and seeder on the stubble field and soon my second crop was in and on its way. After getting the fall work completed the weather had begun to get a little too cold for comfort in the temporary living quarters. Early in December of 1918 Father and I made a trip to Billings for the purpose of renting winter quarters for us all. We located and rented a large two story house on Minnesota Avenue, directly across the street from the large Roosevelt School. This house had a very good apartment on each floor and my parents decided to take the second floor apartment as there would be less traffic up and down the stairs with the two of them. With this arrangement, we all moved to Billings about ten days before Christmas and three of our children, Lois, Francis, and Herbert, entered the Roosevelt School. My youngest sister, Bertha, came to Billings to stay with my folks while attending the Billings Business College to prepare herself to be a stenographer.

This was the year of the beginning of the awful influenza epidemic of the winter of 1918 and 1919. How quickly our happy condition and bright outlook for the future changed to blackness and sorrow. About ten days after getting located, all six of us came down with the "flu" at the same time. This seemed strange to me until I learned that the family that had occupied the house previous to our moving in had all been seriously ill with the "flu" and two of them had died there. This was a terrible time. There was only one small hospital in town, the old St. Vincent, and every room, hall and available space was filled to over-flowing. It was almost impossible to secure a nurse or any help of any kind in homes where the need was so great because of the death rate among the "flu" victims. Doctors were going night and day, putting in unbelievably long hours in doing their utmost to give even limited medical attention to the great number of sick and dying. After much consultation and delay I finally succeeded in getting Dr. A.J. Movius to the house to do

what he could. Olo and all four children were in bed with colds, high fever, and intense pain which all added up to five serious cases of the "flu". I also had a high fever, 105°, but, fortunately no pain, but was advised by Dr. Movius to go to bed and stay there, under the penalty of probable death unless I did. I did not want Father and Mother to take unnecessary chances by close association with us, or to have the burden of caring for so many sick ones. However, they would come down for short periods occasionally and gave to us what help they could in our desperate condition. Dr. Movius assured me that he would not neglect us under any condition, that he would call every day, and would come on call day or night should the condition of any one of us turn for the worse. He said that his being tied up with another case might prevent him from coming in less than three or four hours but he would never fail to come as soon as it was possible. Some three days after his first call and following his examination of Olo, he said she had "flu" pneumonia and he would have to get her into the hospital at once. He said there was no room at all but he would go to the hospital at once and arrange for some kind of place where she could be cared for. Because of my condition the Dr. would not permit me to go with her. After a short prayer by her bed they took her away. Three days later he told me that humanly speaking, there was no hope for her and at best, she would have no longer than three or four hours to live. He said she was perfectly conscious and that if I wanted to see her he would take me to the hospital. On the way over he said that she should be informed of her condition so that if she was not ready to go she would have an opportunity to prepare herself to enter the new world to which she was going.

After we had talked a few minutes the Dr. stooped down and said to her, "Sister, I am sorry that we have to tell you that we have done everything possible to do for you and at best you only have a few short hours left in this world. Are you ready to go?" Replying to this question she assured him in these

words, "Yes, Dr. I am ready to meet my God, but what about my children?" Replying to her question I answered in these words: "Don't worry about them for I assure you that I will devote my life to caring for them and see that they are brought up in the right way." Then as I stood by her bed with her hand in mine I asked her, "Do you hold anything against me? If so, I want you to forgive me now." To this she replied, "No, nothing. How could I hold anything against you?" Following ~~this conversation~~ conversation I had a severe chill and with a temperature of 105° the Dr. would not permit me to stay longer so I went back to those desperately sick ones that she was about to leave in my care and begin the arduous task of fulfilling my pledge to their dying mother. Dr. Novius assured me that he would get word to me immediately after her passing. About 5:00 P.M. January 12, 1919 the word came. Following this announcement I spent a sleepless night with a raging fever and the agony of wondering what would I ever do now, and how could I ever care for those four little ones without the help of the one who had just been taken from me. All night I wrestled with the problem before me. In the evening edition of the Billings Gazette there was an item about an entire family of six stricken with the "flu" and in a few days all were wiped out. Considering our situation and the vast problems ahead of me, I prayed God to do the same by us. We were all desperately ill and we were all ready to go. The road ahead was too hard and it seemed impossible for me to fulfill my promise to her to care for those she had left in my care. These voices, and many more like them came to me in despair and discouragement. I struggled in my loneliness on through the dark night until in the early morning hours when as I listened I heard other voices with these messages: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." And "When thou comest to the waters they shall not overflow thee." Etc., etc. --

I thought of the promise I had made and that I must not fail in this. I asked forgiveness for seeking the easy way out and I promised God that if He would let us all live and bring



us back to health and that if He would be my guide and help me over the rough places and through the deep waters that I would yet fulfill my promise and carry on no matter how hard the struggle might be. In a few days more discouraging things were added to my already heavy burden. Lois' "flu" had gone into an abcess on the lung and she was taken to the hospital for a draining operation with little chance that she would survive the ordeal. A few days later, Herbert went into intense chest pains and his already high fever began to rise alarmingly. As his condition worsened I stayed beside him and prayed that God would spare him to us. When his temperature hit the  $106 \frac{3}{5}^{\circ}$  mark I got word to Dr. Movijs to come as quickly as possible. I got back into bed to give the appearance of obeying Dr.'s orders. My bed was in the front room and not far from the outside door and when the Dr. came in and heard the agonizing cries from Herbert's room he merely spoke as he passed my bedside and went immediately to Herbert. After ten or fifteen minutes with Herbert he came to my bed and informed me thus: "I am sorry to have to tell you that the boy has pneumonia." After pausing to get my reactions to this and being careful not to bring the seriousness of his condition on me too suddenly, his next words were: "The worst of it is that he has it in both lungs." Another pause and he continued, "Worse yet, his temperature is now  $106 \frac{2}{3}^{\circ}$ ". Of course, this was not such a shocking announcement to me as I had been close beside Herbert's bed for some time trying to comfort him and checking his temperature and I knew quite certain that it was pneumonia, so I was well prepared for this diagnosis. I said to the Dr., "Well, what now? I suppose that within the next few days I will have another one in the cemetery."

His reply was, "I would not be too certain about that. I am going home now and try to get a little rest and will pray about this. I will be back in the morning to see him and if he shows no improvement will have to take him to the hospital."

Soon after the Dr. left I went back to Herbert's room to keep watch on his condition and to whisper an occasional prayer for help and his recovery. In a short time his pain ceased, the rattling in his lungs stopped, and his temperature began to drop rapidly. When he got to sleeping soundly I went back to bed. My intense worry being relieved by this great improvement in his condition, I was able to get a few hours of much needed rest before the Dr. arrived at about 10:00 A.M. After a few minutes with Herbert he came back with this report: "Nothing less than a great miracle has happened. With a temperature of over 106° and pneumonia in both lungs when I left here last night, a drop of a fraction of a degree over night would have been almost a miracle in itself, but now I find that his temperature has dropped to normal and the pneumonia is completely gone from both lungs." I was to keep him in bed for two days and if there was no return of the fever to let him up. This advice was followed and there was no return of fever and he seemed perfectly normal in every way. The third day he was up and completely recovered.

What a friend we have in Jesus,  
 All our sins and griefs to bear.  
 What a privilege to carry  
 Everything to God in prayer.

Olo's funeral was held at the Smith Funeral Home in Billings. Dr. Movius would not permit me to attend the services but directed me to stay in bed. A prominent business man of Billings and a very good friend of mine came to see me soon after the service was over to let me know about the service and how she looked. He said that she was the most beautiful corpse he had ever seen and that he had always noted her beautiful friendly smile and she had that smile as he saw her there. I recalled how natural it was for her to look up through her suffering and smile as we parted at the hospital only a short time before she went out into Eternity. I hope when it comes my time to go that I can leave this world as calmly and unafraid as she was at that time.

Lois' recovery in the hospital was slow and it was several weeks before the Dr. said I could take her home. He said at that time, that he would have to keep a very careful check on her for some time and that I must bring her to the office twice a week for examination as she was still in a serious condition and she might take a turn for the worse any time. In the regular method of draining a lung abscess, a portion of a rib was removed in order to allow room for proper washing and disinfecting the lung cavity. In explaining this to me, he said that a new cleansing fluid had just been developed whereby it was not necessary to remove a rib but the flesh was punctured between the ribs whereby the lung cavity was pumped out and washed and disinfected through an inserted tube. He said that this new method had not yet been used long enough so that he could recommend it as safe but it was thought that if it could be used safely that the curvature of the spine which almost certainly followed the rib removal method would be avoided. He was not able to use the newer method without my consent but if he could make the decision he would most certainly use it. Given my consent Lois would be the third patient to be operated on in this way. I gave my consent, but after several weeks an ugly curve was developing in the spine and the Dr. said it would be necessary to put her in a cast right away to prevent further curving, as the muscles would set permanently in the curved position causing a permanent stiffening of the spine. If this was not done, enough more curvature would result to make her an invalid for life. This was a shocking revelation to me and I questioned him as to the possibility of some other treatment to avoid the cast and further curvature. He said that this was the only treatment known to medical science. Then I questioned him about the possibility of trying some kind of muscle straining, exercises, massage, etc. After quite a lengthy discussion, he outlined certain things for me to do along that line and told me to take her home and pursue them dilligently, then bring her back to his office every second day for a check up, and as long as the curve got no worse he would

not use the cast, but if the spine at any time showed an increase in curvature he would put her in a cast immediately. "In the meantime", he said, "we will pray about it."

After two weeks of intensive treatment and on a regular check up day I was happy to hear him say, "There is a slight improvement. Keep up the good work." During the next few weeks the curvature continued to show improvement until the spine was perfectly straight. She could bend just as far against where the curve had been as it was possible to bend in the direction of the curvature pull. She has remained perfectly straight, strong and healthy to this her 52nd year of life.

Again, "Thanks be to God for His unspeakable goodness."

Father and Mother had been having a light bout with the "flu" and Mother's condition had improved until she was back to normal. Father, however, still had severe pains in his back so we took him for a full physical check up. It was concluded that he had either ulcers or cancer of the stomach. An immediate operation was decided upon which revealed a large ulcer scar near the stomach outlet which was completely healed. Further diagnosis revealed that cancer had started below the stomach and extended down the glands into the liver which was a mass of cancer for which nothing could be done. Dr. Movius gave him only a possible month or six weeks to live. He recovered from the operation quickly and as soon as he was able to leave the hospital we brought him back to the apartment. The "flu" epidemic had subsided enough by this time that it was possible to hire a nurse to care for him till his passing in April of 1919.

When Nellie returned to her home after Father's funeral, she took Evelyn back with her to give her a mother's care, as she was only five years old. This, too, was a sad parting, especially for Lois. She remained with Nellie for a little over a year, at which time I took her to May Thomas to care for.

Those of us who were left returned to the lonely A.N. Crosby ranch in the spring of 1919. The people of the neighborhood tried to influence me to put my other three children in a home for they

said I would never be able to care for them now, with no mother in the home, but I firmly resolved that with God's help I would remain true to my promise and the trust vested in me. So with long lonely days of the summer ahead my mother remained with us to help, as she was able, in getting us somewhat established in this new and frightening way of living.

In those days there was a good general store at Toluca, a grade school with sixteen to twenty pupils in all eight grades, a post office located within the store, and a railroad station and depot with a regular agent and operator on duty. There were two passenger trains each way every day and all stopped at Toluca for incoming and outgoing passengers, mail, and express. There was local freight service three times a week each way. A section crew of eight to twelve men was also stationed here. There was a railroad coal chute where most freight trains stopped to get their engine tenders filled with coal. Toluca was situated on the divide between the Big Horn River and Fly Creek. There was a R.R. helper engine stationed at Hardin to give extra power to the long trains to the top of the long grade each way. There was a cattle loading yard on the R.R. at Rowley, seven miles east, and operating this point was part of the Toluca agent's work. In those days the volume of business done by the railroad at Toluca exceeded considerably the business of the Hardin office. The farmers of the Toluca area had a loading platform on the Burlington siding and in our best years we shipped a total of 45 cars of wheat from the Toluca station.

What a vast difference today with our modern farming and transportation methods! Today we have no R.R. station, no store, no post office or mail service, no express or freight service, and no school. There is only one train a day each way and neither will stop at Toluca. The coal chute and steam locomotives are no more and the modern diesels, now powering the Burlington route, go over the top of the long grades easily with one hundred cars, or more. There is no section crew stationed here, and no school.

When my second crop was about ready to harvest in July of

1919, a shipment of three International Combine Harvesters came into Billings. These were the first combines put out by the International Harvester Co. and the first combines to come to Billings. After much consideration, I contracted for the purchase of one of these machines, which was the first to be purchased and used in Big Horn County, and until it was demonstrated and working it was the subject of much merriment by the wheat farmers of the vicinity. This machine was put out in two models, one called the McCormick and the other, the Deering. About the only difference being, that the McCormick used a chain drive system while the Deering was cog driven. I preferred the cog system so chose the Deering. These machines were designed with a large bull wheel which could be equipped with lugs thus furnishing the power required to run the machine as it was pulled along either by horses or tractor hook up. If desired the lugs for the bull wheel could be removed and a sixteen h.p. motor mounted to connect directly to the cylinder shaft from which the power was derived for operating the cycle and separating mechanism. I ordered the motor driven machine with the nine foot cut and three foot extension.

The price was \$1925 with no down payment until it was working in the field and accepted by the prospective purchaser. The machines were shipped from the factory in a knocked down condition and on arrival the company sent a road man, or expert, to assemble the machine with the help of the purchaser. The machine was to be operating satisfactorily in the field upon completing the assembly.

This same summer my twin brother (born on my birthday, Nov. 4th but 12 years later), Howard, came to work for me on the ranch. The combine came by freight from Billings to Toluca. When the expert came to set it up I sent Howard to the station to assist with the assembly work. When this was completed, Howard pulled it to the ranch, arriving there about 11:00 A.M., too late to get into the field to try it out before dinner. We were also building a house on the ranch this summer and there was a car of lumber on the railroad siding at Toluca to be unloaded for the carpenters who were ready to use it. I asked Howard to get the

machine greased and serviced while I took the truck to get a load of lumber so the carpenters could get started. The wheat was ready to harvest and we were to get started immediately after dinner.

There had been a small cloud hanging over in the northwest and although it did not look too threatening, it began to rain and hail when I was about half way home with the lumber. After investigating the results of the storm I found not a head of wheat was left standing. I had been completely wiped out! My harvesting had been done for me. The crop had been completely cut off and the heads beaten into the ground. This was really a discouraging aspect with my years work completely gone.

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This completes the history as far as Papa got before his death, so the rest that follows is compiled as I, Lois, remember that things were. Naturally, what follows will be much more brief and less explanatory. So with this short introduction I will attempt to write the finish to this family history.

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Grandma continued on with us for the summer, instructing us children in the art of being helpful around the house. The boys took on some of the more "manly" jobs to be done while also having to help with the dishes. I, of course, learned many of the household duties that belong to womanhood. This was all good training for us in preparation for the time when Grandma would be leaving us. Uncle Howard added much to our fun and enjoyment of the summer by his young ideas and funny doings. We adored him for the time he spent with us in gay romps through the fields in the "old jitney".

The new house was completed in time for us to move into it by early fall. The house was a large two story building, and was a cold shell of a home, emotionally speaking, to inhabit without Grandma, who left to go live with Aunt Bertha in Ogden, Utah. Evelyn was still with Aunt Nell in Detroit and the rest of us started school in the country near our home. After school we would walk several miles to the old Flannery place where Papa

was hired to work up some ground for Mr. Flannery. Here we would follow the plough along the furrow until Papa was ready to come home which was usually quite late for he always worked until dark or after. Somehow I don't remember about meals while Papa was working out there, except that he also milked the cows and he insisted that we drink all the milk we wanted when coming in from the field. When at home, I would try to get the supper, or help with its preparation. Papa had a charge account at the little country store at Toluca so in trying to take over some of the domestic duties of the household I would often go to the store and charge whatever I had a fancy for preparing for the evening meal and for making our school lunches. Papa never said I shouldn't get these things, as I remember, and I am sure it took a lot of patience to put up with my purchases and my concoctions. However, we did have a lot of fun in the evenings while learning portions of Scripture from the Psalms, Proverbs, the Ten Commandments, and other choice portions which Papa would pick out for us to learn so that we could recite them to him at meal time. One evening that fall, he took Francis and me aside and explained the way of salvation to us, then sent us to our rooms to pray about our condition before God. That night we both took Christ as our Saviour.

With the fall work completed, Papa went in search of a housekeeper to take care of us while he went to see Evelyn and spend Christmas with her, after which, he planned to take her to stay with Aunt May in Dennison, Texas.

He found a woman, Beryl Roundtree, who was willing to come, with her family of three children, and her husband, to take care of us for a monthly wage. I ended up taking care of her children while she took on the job of teaching at our school. I missed a lot of school that spring because of the baby sitting job. Upon Papa's return in the spring, he discharged the Roundtrees. Mrs. Roundtree taught the school the following term, and so we were still closely associated. The next fall a distant neighbor and his family came to live with us during the winter months so that



their children would not have so far to go to school. This turned out to be a much better situation but was still not satisfactory.

Since this arrangement with strangers for the care of us children was such a questionable problem, Papa and his sisters did much writing to Minnie Packard, an old friend of the family, to consent to come out to Montana to give the house-keeping job a try, for here, they thought, was someone who could be trusted in the rearing of these growing boys and girls. After much consideration, Minnie consented to come out for a year. She arrived in Billings June the 8th, 1920. What a glad day that was for all concerned! The thrill of straightening the house and making ourselves presentable for someone whom we had known and was going to be with us for awhile. It was like home again! On the following March 2nd, 1921, Papa and Minnie were married by Rev. Wolf of the First Methodist Church of Billings. Now a new family life could begin. Soon after, Minnie went to Cleveland, Oklahoma to get Evelyn, which would make our family complete again. How happy, and yet, how strange was her return! The happy anticipation of being reunited with a sister was intermingled at the same time by the reserve of getting acquainted with a stranger. The time had been long for brothers and sisters to be seperated.

Grandma Crosby returned in the fall for a visit and remained until after the birth of Roland on December 10, 1921. This was another happy event and Christmas was again taking on its glorious splendor of family fun and wonder.

Time passed with the normal family problems, discouragements, and happy times that go with farming in a dry land prairie country. We continued to attend the country school until I was ready for High School, when we moved into Hardin in November so that I could go to school. I tried to keep pace with the class at home until we were able to move into town. Just before school was out in the spring Roland became very ill with convulsions. We were in the process of moving back to the ranch and Francis and I had been left at the ranch to take care of things until Papa returned with another load of furniture that evening. Papa did not return

and Francis and I never took our clothes off that night nor slept very much for we were worried that something was wrong in town. As daylight approached we decided to walk into town to see what was wrong. We knew it would be a long walk, some 15 miles, but by walking along the road Papa could see us if he chanced to come along. He didn't chance to, for he was helping to keep vigil over Roland until he showed improvement. We arrived in Hardin late in the afternoon very hot and tired, and with very sore muscles. The folks were very surprised to see us, and I think, much relieved. I know that Francis and I were glad to know what the situation was in Hardin. Roland's illness delayed the moving process for a while.

The summer passed and then late in August, the 29th, 1923, Eileen was born in Hardin in a nursing home. I began commuting daily by way of the Burlington train to school a few days later. I was needed at home morning and evenings while Mom was in Hardin with Roland and the new baby. Later in the fall I boarded with the Mitchell family in Hardin. Mr. Mitchell was then mayor of Hardin. The rest of the children continued to attend the little country school at home.

Francis finished the eighth grade the following spring so would be going to High School in the fall. The folks rented a basement apartment for us that fall and we batched there until some friends moved into town, the Gustafsons, with their family, then we shared the house rent with them and moved in with them to finish out the year. As I had taken extra subjects the year before, I took the extra needed this year to permit me to graduate in the spring, 1925.

It had been almost two years since the last baby arrived in our family. Now, on August 10, 1925, Charlotte Jane was born at the ranch. Mrs. Anderson, a neighbor, came daily to look after Mom and the baby while I kept house, got the meals, and took care of the rest of the children. Papa and the two older boys were busy with harvesting and the general chores of the ranch. Uncle Anson also came out to Montana because of some

unfounded rumors from the neighbors about the partnership relationship concerning the ranch. Because of the problems of finance, I was not able to attend college, so was at home for the next two years. During this time Papa was gradually building up a little live stock. Previously the ranch had been completely devoted to machinery.

The C.H. Clark place across the highway south of the A.N. Crosby half section was for sale so Papa, wanting to be on his own, contracted to purchase it. This he did in 1930. In the meantime, I had had four quarters work at Eastern Montana College of Education in preparation for teaching. I had also taught two years and was ready to begin the third. It was while attending Eastern that Mr. Packard, Mom's father, came to live with the folks, 1927 or 1928. Floyd Andrew was born the following fall, November 20, 1929. Because he was the youngest, and we were all so much older, he was a source of enjoyment, and am afraid the recipient of much spoiling.

Francis graduated from High School in the spring of 1929 and found summer employment on an irrigated place on the Huntley Project. As I remember, he continued to work there for some time after. Herbert worked a great deal on the R.R., which was very difficult work for a teenager. The family was gradually getting out on their own. As people of the community began to move out and the young ones began to leave their homes, the country school was closed for lack of enough pupils to pay for its being kept open. Consequently, the folks took the four younger children to Corinth, to another country school to the west of Toluca. Here, Mom and the kids batched through the week and come home on the week ends.

On the Clark place, Papa raised alfalfa seed as his main crop. Of course, he continued to raise some wheat and rented out pasture to people with cattle. Here they also raised a few chickens and milked a few cows. There were years of drouth, grasshoppers, Mormon crickets, and hail, to make things interesting and add a touch of discouragement once in awhile.

During the time that Papa and Mom were on the Clark place, they had acquired 2,782 acres of range and wheat land, or four and a half sections. In the fall of 1958 the old log house on the home place was set on fire by the wind shipping a spark of burning trash into the dry grass near the house. Very few things were saved from the burning inferno, and so many of the things were of personal value that went up in smoke. Otto Dringmans, who lived on the A.M. Crosby place, loaned the folks their trailer house to use for living quarters until they could prepare a place to live. Floyd and Darlene came to live on the place and to be a partner in its operations, so they started to build a new house. The folks fixed up the little bunk house for their quarters while Floyds lived in the new building while it was being erected. On October 17, 1960 Papa went out to the south side of the home section of land to work on a dam that was nearing completion. While working that morning he met his death from a blood clot. After his death Francis was appointed administrator of the estate and the place was sold to the highest bidder, who turned out to be Otto Dringman, who now farms it.

After the funeral, Mom went home with Evelyn and George where she stayed until June of 1961, when I went down to Nebraska to bring her back to Montana. She then went to stay with Roland for awhile in Spokane. Then she returned to Billings to Charlotte's and then to Hysham to Eileen's where she ended up in purchasing a trailer house for herself so that she could have a home to come back to when she chose. She had it parked on Winford's and Eileen's place so she would have someone close by. However, the trailer proved to be quite cold in the winter so she went back to Evelyn's for the winter, Evelyn coming back with her on the train the next summer. In July of 1964, she decided that she would like to go to the Lutheran Home for Senior Citizens to live, so it was looked into and settled upon that she go there if that was what she wanted to do. So she is happily situated in this home in Billings, as of now.

FAMILY TREE

<u>NAME</u>	<u>DATE</u>	<u>PLACE</u>
George Francis Crosby	Born Nov. 4, 1886	Pond Switch, Tenn.
	Wed June 18, 1907	Dickson, Tenn.
	Died Oct. 17, 1960	Billings, Mont.
Otelia Lorena Ostrander	Born Oct. 25, 1884	Bon Aqua Springs, Tenn.
	Wed June 18, 1907	Dickson, Tenn.
	Died Jan. 12, 1919	Billings, Mont.

CHILDREN

Lois Louise	Born May 2, 1908	Dickson, Tenn.
Francis Wallace	Born Mar. 10, 1910	Zion City, Ill.
George Herbert	Born June 4, 1912	Zion City, Ill.
Evelyn Otelia	Born Apr. 13, 1914	Zion City, Ill.
George Francis Crosby	Wed Mar. 2, 1921	Billings, Mont.
Minnie Louisa	Born Nov. 2, 1887	Stoney Creek, Wis.
Nettie Packard	Wed Mar. 2, 1921	Billings, Mont.
	Died _____	_____

CHILDREN

Roland Dillon	Born Dec. 10, 1921	Toluca, Mont.
Minnie Eileen	Born Aug. 29, 1923	Hardin, Mont.
Charlotte Jane	Born Aug. 10, 1925	Toluca, Mont.
Floyd Andrew	Born Nov. 20, 1929	Hardin, Mont.

NAME

DATE

PLACE

Lois Louise Crosby

Born May 2, 1908

Dickson, Tenn.

Wed Mar. 18, 1933

Billings, Mont.

Died \_\_\_\_\_

Dewey Otis Rash

Born May 3, 1899

Wayne County, Iowa

Wed Mar. 18, 1933

Billings, Mont.

Died Jan. 3, 1954

Billings, Mont.

CHILDREN

Larry Otis

Born Aug. 13, 1939

Billings, Mont.

Eldon LeRoy

Born Mar. 30, 1944

Billings, Mont.

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Larry Otis Rash

Born Aug. 13, 1939

Billings, Mont.

Wed Apr. 21, 1962

Glendive, Mont.

Died \_\_\_\_\_

Violet Irene Knopp

Born July 10, 1938

Crane, Mont.

Wed Apr. 21, 1962

Glendive, Mont.

Died \_\_\_\_\_

CHILDREN

Valerie Jeanne

Born Mar. 15, 1963

Helena, Mont.

Vicki Lynn

Born June 10, 1965

Great Falls, Mont.

Vivian Irene

Born May 16, 1968

Stockton, Calif.

Vonnie Sue

Born Oct. 26, 1970

Stockton, Calif.

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Eldon LeRoy Rash

Born Mar. 30, 1944

Billings, Mont.

Wed \_\_\_\_\_

Died \_\_\_\_\_

<u>NAME</u>	<u>DATE</u>	<u>PLACE</u>
Francis Wallace Crosby	Born Mar. 10, 1910	Zion City, Ill
	Wed Dec. 27, 1933	Ballantine, Mont.
	Died Nov. 17, 1967	Billings, Mont.
Mary Lucille Baird	Born May 20, 1908	Elk Creek, Neb.
	Wed Dec. 27, 1933	Ballantine, Mont.
	Died _____	_____

CHILDREN

LaDonna Lucille	Born May 29, 1937	Billings, Mont.
Sherri Lynn	Born Dec. 21, 1941	Billings, Mont.

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LaDonna Lucille Crosby	Born May 29, 1937	Billings, Mont.
	Wed July 19, 1958	Billings, Mont.
	Died _____	_____

Arthur Dale Sherman	Born Apr. 28, 1934	Billings, Mont.
	Wed July 19, 1958	Billings, Mont.
	Died _____	_____

CHILDREN

Darrel Vance	Born Sep. 19, 1960	Billings, Mont.
Dexter Blake	Born Aug. 10, 1961	Billings, Mont.
Liane Rae	Born May 23, 1963	Billings, Mont.

NAME

Sherri Lynn Crosby

DATE

Born Dec. 21, 1941

Wed Aug. 6, 1960

Died \_\_\_\_\_

PLACE

Billings, Mont.

Ballantine, Mont.

John Stanley Gray

Born Oct. 28, 1936

Wed Aug. 6, 1960

Died \_\_\_\_\_

Oskaloosa, Iowa

Ballantine, Mont.

CHILDREN

Kimberley Dawn

Born Feb. 5, 1963

Oskaloosa, Iowa

Tanya Valerie

Born Mar. 4, 1964

Emmetsburg, Iowa

Loni Yvette

Born Aug. 22, 1969

Madison, Wis.



<u>NAME</u>	<u>DATE</u>	<u>PLACE</u>
George Herbert Crosby	Born June 4, 1912	Zion City, Ill.
	Wed Aug. 18, 1935	Ballantine, Mont.
	Died Feb 6, 1995	
Opal Roberta Sanborn	Born Jan. 5, 1913	Ballantine, Mont.
	Wed Aug. 18, 1935	Ballantine, Mont.
	Died	

CHILDREN

James Howard	Born July 16, 1936	Billings, Mont.
Lorena Emily	Born Sep. 9, 1937	Billings, Mont.
Nancy Jane	Born Aug. 12, 1944	Billings, Mont.

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James Howard Crosby	Born July 16, 1936	Billings, Mont.
	Wed Nov. 3, 1963	Cody, Wyo.
	Died	
Violet Mae Baker Gibson	Born Dec. 1, 1925	Glendo, Wyo.
	Wed Nov. 3, 1963	Cody, Wyo.
	Died	

VIOLET'S CHILDREN - Prior Marriage

Jimmie Lee Waldron Adopted	Born May 25, 1953	Rock Springs, Wyo
Larry Raymond Gibson	Born May 26, 1956	Brigham City, Utah
Violet Jenene Gibson	Born Jan. 11, 1958	Ogden, Utah
Jetty Lorraine Gibson	Born June 21, 1959	Dutch John, Utah

<u>NAME</u>	<u>DATE</u>	<u>PLACE</u>
Lorena Emily Crosby	Born Sep. 9, 1937	Billings, Mont.
	Wed Sep. 2, 1955	Cody, Wyo.
	Died _____	_____
John Bullock Van Patten	Born Feb. 28, 1932	Thermopolis, Wyo.
	Wed Sep. 2, 1955	Cody, Wyo.
	Died _____	_____

CHILDREN

Jaquette Jean	Born Sep. 30, 1957	Cody, Wyo.
Michael John	Born June 3, 1960	Cody, Wyo.
Jeffrey Wayne	Born May 12, 1963	Cody, Wyo.
Stephen Dean	Born Nov. 7, 1966	Cody, Wyo.

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Nancy Jane Crosby	Born Aug. 12, 1944	Billings, Mont.
	Wed Dec. 24, 1966	Cody, Wyo.
	Died _____	_____
Klaes Stubbs Welch	Born Feb. 7, 1942	Lovell, Wyo.
	Wed Dec. 24, 1966	Cody, Wyo.
	Died _____	_____

CHILDREN

Klaes Sheldon	Born June 27, 1970	Billings, Mont.
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<u>NAME</u>	<u>DATE</u>	<u>PLACE</u>
Evelyn Otelia Crosby	Born Apr. 13, 1914	Zion City, Ill.
	Wed Feb. 20, 1940	Billings, Mont.
	Died	

George Elliott Danskin	Born Mar. 12, 1908	Ragan, Neb.
	Wed Feb. 20, 1940	Billings, Mont.
	Died Aug. 8, 1965	Lincoln, Neb.

CHILDREN

Sandra Lee	Born Feb. 23, 1943	Sioux City, Iowa
Robert Wesley	Born Aug. 30, 1944	Mitchell, So. Dakota
Charles Douglas	Born Aug. 30, 1944	Mitchell, So. Dakota
Evelyn Otelia Danskin	Wed Nov. 1, 1968	Lincoln, Neb.
George Washington Reichenbach	Born Feb. 22, 1902	Blair, Neb.
	Wed Nov. 1, 1968	Lincoln, Neb.
	Died	

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Sandra Lee Danskin	Born Feb. 23, 1943	Sioux City, Iowa
	Wed Dec. 27, 1966	Lincoln, Neb.
	Died	

George Alvin Krueger	Born July 28, 1943	Lincoln, Neb.
	Wed Dec. 27, 1966	Lincoln, Neb.
	Died	

CHILDREN

Shalini Kiran	Born June 3, 1968	Lincoln, Neb.
Eric Scott	Born Apr. 15, 1971	Camarillo, Calif.

<u>NAME</u>	<u>DATE</u>	<u>PLACE</u>
Robert Wesley Danskin	Born Aug. 30, 1944	Mitchell, So. Dakota
	Wed _____, 1968	_____
	Died _____	_____
Karen _____	Born _____	_____
	Wed _____, 1968	_____
	Divorce _____ 1971	_____
<u>KAREN'S CHILDREN - Prior Marriage</u>		
Michael _____	Born _____	_____
Teresa _____	Born _____	_____
<u>ROBERT &amp; KAREN'S CHILDREN</u>		
Tina	Born Nov. 11, 1968	Fort Lewis, Wash.

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Charles Douglas Danskin	Born Aug. 30, 1944	Mitchell, So. Dakota
	Wed. Dec. 30, 1970	Epsy, Pa.
	Died _____	_____
Marianna Helen Ikeler	Born Feb. 17, 1948	Gary, Indiana
	Wed Dec. 30, 1970	Epsy, Pa.
	Died _____	_____

<u>NAME</u>	<u>DATE</u>	<u>PLACE</u>
Roland Dillon Crosby	Born Dec. 10, 1921	Toluca, Mont.
	Wed June 1, 1944	Coeur d'Alene, Ida.
	Died	
Velda Irene Minear	Born Apr. 12, 1926	Hardin, Mont.
	Wed June 1, 1944	Coeur d'Alene, Ida.
	Died	

CHILDREN

George Roland	Born June 18, 1945	Billings, Mont.
Carolyn Minnie	Born Jan. 6, 1950	Billings, Mont.
Ruth Amy	Born July 20, 1962	Spokane, Wash.
Dillon Ward	Born Sep. 11, 1964	Spokane, Wash.

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George Roland Crosby	Born June 18, 1945	Billings, Mont.
	Wed June __, 1968	_____, Mont.
	Died	

Lynne Ann Haugen	Born Apr. 4, ____	_____
	Wed June __, 1968	_____ Mont.
	Marriage found illegal, Oct. __, 1968. Her parents would not allow a legal marriage.	

CHILDREN

George Roland	Born Mar. __, 1969	_____, Maine
Roland George	Born Mar. __, 1969	_____, Maine
Died of pneumonia at 6 weeks of age.		

George Roland is with his mother.

George Roland Crosby	Born June 18, 1945	Billings, Montana
	Wed July 16, 1970	Coeur d'Alene, Ida.

Sharon Ives Hopkins	Born Apr. 19, 1949	_____
	Wed July 16, 1970	Coeur d'Alene, Ida.

Marriage annulled Dec. 23, 1970.  
Hopkins was still alive instead of killed in Viet Nam as reported.

SHARON'S CHILDREN - Prior Marriage

Michelle Renee	Born Oct. 28, 1967	Spokane, Wash.
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Jodi Lee	Born Aug. 31, 1969	Spokane, Wash.
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These children are with their mother.

<u>NAME</u>	<u>DATE</u>	<u>PLACE</u>
Carolyn Minnie Crosby	Born Jan. 6, 1950	Billings, Mont.
<u>CHILDREN</u>		
John Daniel	Born Aug. 10, 1969	Spokane, Wash.
Carolyn Minnie Crosby	Wed Feb. 21, 1970	Spokane, Wash.
	Died _____	_____
John Roger Bradshaw	Born Dec. 5, 1949	Prosser, Wash.
	Wed Feb. 21, 1970	Spokane, Wash.
	Divorce June 11, 1971	Spokane, Wash.
<u>CHILDREN</u>		
Richard Dean	Born Jan. 13, 1971	Spokane, Wash. Fairchild Air Force Base

<u>NAME</u>	<u>DATE</u>	<u>PLACE</u>
Minnie Eileen Crosby	Born Aug. 29, 1923	Hardin, Mont.
	Wed July 3, 1944	Hardin, Mont.
	Died _____	_____
Warren Winford Hays	Born Apr. 2, 1921	Ranch So. of Forsyth, Mont.
	Wed July 3, 1944	Hardin, Mont.
	Died _____	_____

CHILDREN

George Harrison	Born July 17, 1945	Hardin, Mont.
	Died July 23, 1945	Hardin, Mont.
Nettie Lou	Born Feb. 28, 1947	Billings, Mont.
Margie Jane	Born Oct. 12, 1949	Billings, Mont.

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Nettie Lou Hays	Born Feb. 28, 1947	Billings, Mont.
	Wed June 27, 1970	Billings, Mont.
	Died _____	_____
David Louis Hage	Born June 7, 1948	Lewistown, Mont.
	Wed June 27, 1970	Billings, Mont.
	Died _____	_____

CHILDREN

Shawn David	Born Aug. 3, 1971	Billings, Mont.
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NAMEDATEPLACE

Margie Jane Hays

Born Oct. 12, 1949

Billings, Mont.

Wed Nov. 28, 1970

Hardin, Mont.

Died \_\_\_\_\_

Larry James Tritschler

Born June 2, 1945

Hardin, Mont.

Wed Nov. 28, 1970

Hardin, Mont.

Died \_\_\_\_\_



NAMEDATEPLACE

Charlotte Jane Crosby

Born Aug. 10, 1925

Toluca, Mont.

Wed July 15, 1947

Hardin, Mont.

Died \_\_\_\_\_

Irvin Randolph Felzien

Born Apr. 8, 1925

St. Francis, Kans.

Wed July 15, 1947

Hardin, Mont.

Died \_\_\_\_\_

<u>NAME</u>	<u>DATE</u>	<u>PLACE</u>
Floyd Andrew Crosby	Born Nov. 20, 1929	Hardin, Mont.
	Wed May 3, 1951	Columbia, So. Carolina
	Divorce Jan. 23, 1956	Seattle, Wash.
Billie Mae _____	Born May 6, 1928	Shreveport, La.
	Wed May 3, 1951	Columbia, So. Carolina
	Divorce Jan. 23, 1956	Seattle, Wash.
Floyd Andrew Crosby	Born Nov. 20, 1929	Hardin, Mont.
	Wed Feb. 15, 1957	Billings, Mont.
	Died _____	_____
Wilma Darlene Popp	Born Aug. 16, 1938	Joliet, Mont.
	Wed Feb. 15, 1957	Billings, Mont.
	Died _____	_____
<u>CHILDREN</u>		
David Paul	Born Aug. 4, 1963	Billings, Mont.
Cheryl Ann	Born Dec. 19, 1965	Fullerton, Calif.
Kevin Todd	Born Oct. 28, 1968	Billings, Mont.