

Jacob Ira and Bertha Florence Kelley Hofferbert:

A Family History

Written By
Their Grandson,
Richard Ira Hofferbert



Jacob Ira (1886–1969) and Bertha Florence Kelley Hofferbert (1889-1958)

On the occasion of their marriage, December 25, 1907

Preface: A Letter to the Family

On Christmas day, 1907, the Reverend Hammer Ellis joined together in holy matrimony the 18 year-old Bertha Florence Kelley (1889–1958) and 21 year-old Jacob Ira Hofferbert (1886–1969), both of Swayzee, Indiana. They were married 51 years before Bertha died in 1958, to be followed by Ira 11 years later. In between, they saw their four children – Bessie, Norval, Ernest, and Doyle – grow and form their own families.

Their ancestors shared in the great events of American history – the colonial settlement, the struggle for American independence, the migrations into the westward frontiers, the Industrial Revolution, the tragedy of the Civil War, and the dramatic changes of the first half of the twentieth century. Our family is about as American as is possible.

At the time of my grandparents' marriage in 1907, our country was at peace. Theodore Roosevelt was President of the United States. The State of Indiana was not yet a century old. Trains could be ridden to anyplace in the country in a matter of a couple of days. Four years earlier, to the amazement of the world, the Wright Brothers had proved that man could reach the sky with powered flight. The newlyweds, to be sure, had little money; but they had a modest education, a solid Christian faith, and good reason for optimism. It was a fine time to be alive; a fine time to start a family.

Who were these two optimistic young folks? How long had their families been in Indiana? From where did they come? What family legacy was passed to Bertha and Ira, and from them to us, their descendants?

They were probably married in the Antioch Christian Church, located a few miles from Swayzee. Historical evidence suggests that the Antioch Christian Church was organized in Samuel and Mary Kelley's cabin in 1845. Samuel and Mary were Bertha Kelley's great grandparents. Successive generations of Kelleys worshiped with their neighbors in the Antioch Church, a tradition carried into the 21st century by Virginia and Merrill Key. Virginia is the daughter of Bessie Florence Hofferbert Petro (1910–1986), the eldest of the four children born to the Christmas 1907 union. Bertha's great grandparents, Samuel and Mary Kelley, came from Scotch-Irish descent to homestead in what was to become Green Township. We'll have more to say about them in awhile.

Bertha descended from Scotch-Irish as well as English Puritan ancestors. Her mother's family, although mostly Scotch-Irish, can be traced by way of one strand back through the American Revolution to the settlement of the Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1630. The founder and governor of the colony, Jonathan Winthrop, was brother to Bertha's 8th great grandmother, Anne Winthrop Fones (1583–1618, Groton, England).

Ira, as Jacob Ira was commonly called, was a descendant of Amish immigrants from Germany and Switzerland. They came to Pennsylvania in the 1730s, migrating then over the generations to Holmes County, Ohio and on to Howard County, Indiana. His grandfather, George Hofferbert, was the last of the immigrants in the family, coming from Darmstadt, Hesse (central Germany) in 1850. In all likelihood, Grandfather George was probably also an Anabaptist of some persuasion, most likely Church of the Brethren, compatible to some extent with the Amish family into which he married. He probably landed in the Port of Baltimore and then migrated first to Lightsville, Ohio, later to South Bend, Indiana, and ultimately back to Lightsville where he died some time around 1910. His second son, Ira's father Jacob Levi Hofferbert, settled in Howard County (Kokomo) in the 1880s. These and Ira's other ancestors also will be described in more detail a bit later in our story.

Family members can relax on one score: Those of us who have looked carefully into our ancestry have found no horse thieves, no outlaws, and no lawyers. They were hard-working, honest homemakers, farmers, and craftsmen. Those who first came to North America centuries ago were seeking personal freedom, economic opportunity, and release from religious persecution. They were all devout Christians – Scottish Presbyterians, English Puritans, and German / Swiss Amish and Mennonites, who knew the reality of religious oppression.

I hope you enjoy reading as much as I have enjoyed preparing this journey into our past. I begin the story in Part I by exploring the story of Grandmother's family. Part II will continue with the history of Grandfather's family.

Richard Ira Hofferbert
Vestal, New York
June, 2005
(with minor editorial revisions – April,2006)

Part I.

Bertha Florence Kelley's Family Story

The Kelleys & McClains

Grandmother Bertha Florence Kelley was born in Green Township, Grant County, Indiana in 1889. She was the second of three children of Hester Jane (Roe) and Abraham Lincoln Kelley. The Roe lineage is fascinating, and will be explored later, but it is her father's family that I will take up first.

Samuel (1798 - about 1878) and Mary Holder Kelley (1807- about 1870)) were probably the children of Scotch-Irish people who had migrated from the Appalachians to southern Ohio after the American Revolution. Although we do not know their names, records do show that Samuel's grandparents came from Ireland, and, since they were staunch Protestants, it is certain that these unnamed ancestors came to America from Ulster (Northern Ireland) some time in the first half of the 1700s. Their ancestors had been settlers to Northern Ireland from the lowlands of Scotland during the 1600s. Folks who made this double migration (Scotland to Northern Ireland – Northern Ireland to America) are called *Scotch-Irish*.

It has been my experience in trying to discover the history of our family that there are pretty substantial obstacles to learning much about our more distant grandmothers. Women, prior to contemporary times, did not leave much of a paper trail during their lives, in spite of the fact that they were the primary carriers of the culture and the value systems that we have all inherited. Thus, we know little about Great Grandmother Mary Holder Kelley, other than that she shared her pioneer life with Great Grandfather Samuel.

I have not been able to find much about the ancestry of either Samuel or Mary. One Grant County source does indicate that his grandparents were born in Ireland. Even without that evidence, we could assume with virtual certainty that they were both of Scotch-Irish background. In all likelihood, their parents migrated from Appalachia as southern Ohio pioneers in the early 1800s. They would have grown up near the burgeoning Ohio River port of Cincinnati. But, as with so many young people of that age, once they married, probably around 1825, they got the itch of the frontier.

After a few of their children were born -- including their second son, James , Grandmother Bertha's grandfather – they homesteaded in Henry County, Indiana. Henry

Bertha's Kelley Ancestors:

Samuel Kelley
b 1798 Hamilton Co, OH
d abt 1878 Grant Co, IN
m Mary Holder
b 1807 Hamilton Co, OH
d abt 1870 Grant Co, IN

↓

James Kelley
b March 12, 1828 in Hamilton Co. OH
d Feb 20, 1888 Grant Co, IN
m Dec 22, 1850
Susanna McClain

b Dec 18, 1833 Perry Co, OH
d May 14, m 1918 Grant Co, IN

↓

Abraham Lincoln Kelley
b April 1861 Grant Co, IN
d 1932 Grant Co, IN
m

Hester Jane Roe
b 1866 Grant Co, IN
1932 d Grant Co, IN

↓

Bertha Florence Kelley

b 1889 Grant Co, IN
d 1958 Grant Co, IN
m Dec 25, 1907
Jacob Ira Hofferbert
b July 22, 1886
d July 19 1969

County, of which the county seat was to be New Castle, is located about 30 miles east of Indianapolis. The new state capitol was just beginning to be settled about the time the Kelley's arrived in Henry County, to the east. Some more children were born there, before Samuel and Mary pulled up stakes again and headed for Grant County, about 45 miles Northeast.

This pattern of sequential homesteading was quite common throughout the Midwest. And it happened often in our family. Folks would move into the wilderness (or near-wilderness), settle for long enough to improve and increase the sale price of the land, and then sell out and move on to another fresh homestead. Frequently, they would move with a group of other young, adventurous families. Or they would participate in what is called "chain migration." One or more hardy souls would move into a new place. If it held promise, the word would be sent back to other families. They would do the same. And certainly, for subsistence farmers, there was no place more inviting for its rich soil, available game, and location for future commerce than central Indiana.

Some families repeated this process many times. As we will see later, a couple generations of Roes (Grandmother Bertha's Mother's folks) were, in effect, what I call *professional pioneers*. They would homestead one wilderness place until they could sell out for a profit, and then move on to improve another farm – time after time.¹

So Samuel and Mary Kelley left Hamilton County, Ohio sometime around 1830, spent a few years in Henry County and then settled for good in the early 1840s in Grant County, in what would become Green Township, near the present Point Isabel. They probably began with about 80 acres. I have been unable to uncover the records of that purchase. But, a few years later, they purchased from the U.S. General Land Office an additional 40 acres (the going price of which was \$1.25 per acre), which would eventually, through purchase or inheritance, go to their son Henry. (A copy of the *land patent* is reproduced on the following page.ⁱⁱ) Several members of the Kelley family, along with McClains and Maullers (their daughter-in-law's father's and mother's families) would occupy major parts of the western half of Green Township well into the 20th century. There was much buying and selling among the sisters, brothers, and cousins living in Green Township. But a piece of Section 16 stayed in the Kelley family until the 1930s.

The two pioneers, Samuel and Mary Kelley, had no daughters but a total of eleven boys, two of whom died in either infancy or early childhood. Nine grew to adulthood. In 1861 our country entered that horrible struggle we now know as the Civil War. Most of the Scotch-Irish people who had moved a generation or so earlier to the Midwest had

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THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
 CERTIFICATE }
 No. *34 110* }

To all to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting:

WHEREAS *Samuel Kelley of Grant County Indiana*

has deposited in the GENERAL LAND OFFICE of the United States, a Certificate of the REGISTER OF THE LAND OFFICE at *Indianapolis* whereby it appears that full payment has been made by the said *Samuel Kelley*

according to the provisions of the

Act of Congress of the 24th of April, 1820 entitled "An act making further provision for the sale of the Public Lands," for *The South East Quarter of the South West Quarter, of Section No. 1, in Township Twenty Two North of Range Six East, in the District of lands subject to sale at Indianapolis Indiana Containing Forty Acres*

according to the official plat of the survey of the said Lands, returned to the General Land Office by the SURVEYOR GENERAL, which said tract has been purchased by the said *Samuel Kelley*

NOW KNOW YE, That the

United States of America, in consideration of the Premises, and in conformity with the several acts of Congress, in such case made and provided, HAVE GIVEN AND GRANTED, and by these presents DO GIVE AND GRANT, unto the said *Samuel Kelley*

and to *his* heirs, the said tract above described: TO HAVE AND TO HOLD the same, together with all the rights, privileges, immunities, and appurtenances of whatsoever nature, thereunto belonging, unto the said *Samuel Kelley* and to *his* heirs and assigns forever.

In Testimony Whereof, I, *Zachary Taylor*

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, have caused these Letters to be made PATENT, and the SEAL of the GENERAL LAND OFFICE to be hereunto affixed.

Given under my hand, at the CITY OF WASHINGTON, the *first* day of *January* in the Year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and *fifty* and of the Independence of the United States the *Seventy fourth*

BY THE PRESIDENT:



By *Zachary Taylor* Sec'y.
W. L. G. Sargent RECORDER of the General Land Office.

lived in the upland regions of southern states. As free farmers, they resented the competition from slave labor on the piedmont and tidewater plantations. Thus most of them were strongly opposed to slavery. They or their children backed up their beliefs with action. In the early 1861, five of Samuel and Mary's sons responded to President Lincoln's call and volunteered for the Union Army. By the end of the War, only three of those sons came home. Bertha's grandfather, James Kelley (1828-1888), stayed home to help his aging parents with the farming. But that should not be read as any lack of patriotism or loyalty to the Union cause. With five Kelley brothers off to war, when their baby boy was born in April of 1861 James and Susanna (1833-1918) named him "Abraham Lincoln" Kelley. He would grow up to marry Hester Jane Roe, and their second child would be my grandmother, Bertha Florence Kelley. [He is pictured here as a young man, probably at time of his marriage.]



A well-developed sense of patriotism and community service showed up in other ways. Bertha's great grandfather Samuel was an active participant in founding the key institutions of his community. *The History of Grant County* indicates that the initial organizing meeting of a few neighbors leading to the creation of Green Township took place in 1846 in Samuel's cabin. Shortly thereafter, and in the same place, the first formal religious organizing meeting in the township was also held in that cabin. Cousin John Key speculates that this was almost certainly the origin of the Antioch Christian Church, still functioning in the countryside near Swayzee. My Cousin Virginia and her husband Merrill Key are thus the seventh generation in our family to worship in that little country church.

The 1876 Grant County Atlas says of Bertha's great-grandfather:

"[Samuel Kelley] is now a feeble old man, whose labors are almost over. In the early development of the township, he took an active part, and has ever manifested a deep interest in all that tended to advance her welfare"

Likewise, a spirit of enterprise and community service was shown by Samuel and Mary's son – Bertha's grandfather – James Kelley. Testimony to his public-spiritedness and personal integrity is provided by references contained in local histories, written during his lifetime. [See box, next page] He died relatively young at age 60 leaving behind his widow, Susanna (McClain), who would live another 30 years. She too came from a line of Scotch-Irish immigrants.

Due to Cousin John Key's diligence, we were able to discover in the Point Isabel cemetery the gravestone, broken but still legible, of her parents, John and Elizabeth (Mauller) McClain. Great Grandmother Elizabeth (Mauller) McClain died in 1863; Great Grandfather John died six years later. They had been born in Pennsylvania – probably the

western counties, where most of the Scotch-Irish settled during the half century before the American Revolution.

The McClains had migrated from Pennsylvania to Straitsville, Perry County, Ohio, and thence to Indiana in 1846. By 1860, John McClain had acquired a total of 360 acres in sections 9 and 16 of Green Township – with Mauller kin scattered over nearby farms. His son-in-law, James Kelley, Bertha Kelley's grandfather, owned a 40 acre farm next to the south side of the McClain spread, a fact that no doubt facilitated the courtship of Susanna McClain.

We may assume that James Kelley also participated with the McClain sons in farming his father-in-law's large spread. In addition, he probably shared in farming land his father had acquired in adjacent Howard County. In any event, as the boxed quotations above show, he was a prosperous, civic-minded gentleman.

As is so often the case with female ancestors, it is difficult to discover much about Bertha's grandmother, Susanna (McClain) Kelley. An 1886 History of Grant County, discovered in the Marion Library by Cousin John Key, indicates that her parents, John and Elizabeth (Mauller) McClain:

...were both natives of Pennsylvania and of Scotch-Irish descent. [He] owned and operated a saw-mill and still-house, also manufactured wooden bowls. ... In 1846 [he] removed to Grant County, Ind., and settled in Green Township where he started a bowl factory, it being the first machinery in the township.

Susanna McClain's Parents:

John McClain
b Feb 26, 1803 Pennsylvania
d Oct 20, 1869 Grant Co, IN
m
Elizabeth Mauller
b June 22, 1803 Pennsylvania
d October 20 1863 Grant Co, IN

This we do know about Grandmother Susannah McClain Kelley: She and James produced eleven children, the sixth of whom was the patriotically-named Abraham Lincoln Kelley, Bertha Florence's father. Like nearly all 19th century Hoosier sons, "Linc", as he was commonly called, followed in his farming father's footsteps. He and Hester Jane (Roe) Kelley, whom he married in 1883 when she was but 17 years old, prospered agriculturally.

"JAMES KELLEY, a prominent citizen and farmer of Green Township, is a native of Hamilton County, Ohio, born March 12, 1828, and a son of Samuel and Mary (Holder) Kelley. He secured a common school education in youth and in about 1838 removed with his parents to Henry County, Ind., thence moving to Grant County in 1846. In 1850, he was united in marriage with Susan McClain. Eleven children were born to this marriage, all of whom are now living and named as follows: Elizabeth, John, William, Abraham, Mary A., Samuel, Adelia, Maria, James, David and Cora B. Mrs. Kelley is a native of Perry County, Ohio, born December 18, 1833 and a daughter of John and Elizabeth (Mauller) McClain, both of whom were natives of Pennsylvania, and removed to Grant County in 1846, where they engaged in farming and resided until their deaths. The father died in 1871, the mother having preceded him in 1863. Mr. Kelley is an entirely self-made man, having commenced life poor, but through frugality and industry has become the possessor of a farm of 280 acres, with good improvements. In politics he is very liberal, but is inclined to accept the principles of the Republican party. He and wife are members of the Christian Church." ["Biographical Sketches," History of Grant County (1856) - deposited in Marion, Indiana Public Library. pp761-762] -----

"Mr. James Kelley... was a man prominently identified with public affairs in the community where his later years were spent. He was township trustee and supervisor of Green Township, a prominent member of the Church of God, and otherwise known as a progressive and public-spirited citizen who sustained a high standing for morality and integrity. He located in Grant County in 1845. As an evidence of the patriotic spirit of the Kelley family it may be said that five brothers of James Kelley were soldiers in the Civil war, a record seldom equaled in the history of a family. These were Samuel and William, who lost their lives in defense of their country, and Johnathan, Abraham and Daniel served out their terms of enlistment and returned to their homes and are now honored and respected citizens of their native state." [Under William Henry Kelley entry in "Biographical Memoirs of Grant County", p. 831]

Burial: Knox Chapel Cemetery. Point Isabel, Grant County, Indiana

The Kelley family life is important to an understanding of Grandmother Bertha. As was his father and grandfather, Linc operated a prosperous, respectable farm and



homestead. He and Hester were pious people, and devout Christians – a commitment maintained by their daughter throughout her life.

Here (above) the family, their horses, and buggies are pictured about 1900 in front of the barn built by Linc Kelley. It still stands in the 21st century. The barn is strong. The horses are fit, as are the people. A picture from the front of the farm (below) shows a house of similar quality, sturdiness of construction, and attention to comfort as well as function.



If you drive through central Indiana today, and look with some care, a similar house will be spotted at least every mile. The original construction is the front-to-back gabled structure, the so-called “two up – two down”. The bottom floor contained the kitchen and sitting room. The second floor featured two bedrooms, one for the parents and one for the children, who, in the larger families would have been stacked up at night like cordwood. These houses were usually built in the 1850s and 1860s as the first replacement for the original log cabins of the 1840s. As is seen in the Kelly homestead, however, most of the two up - two downs soon got a major addition, either as a transept,

or, as seen in the case of the Kelleys, an “L” on one side or the other. It is interesting to drive around the area today and check out the variations on this basic Indiana farmhouse. But what is also worthy of reflection is that it suggests there was not a lot of showiness or inequality of living conditions among the sons and daughters of early Hoosier farm families. The house is still there and well-maintained by a young family who purchased it in the mid-1990s.



To all appearances, the Kelleys were a contented family, as it would seem in the family portrait above, taken about 1905. (Bertha Florence, Hester Jane, Abraham Lincoln, and Estle). But this family was burdened with tragedy. Bertha’s older brother, Estle (pictured on the right), was quite mentally retarded. He was never able to attend school or really make much of a living. He would be the object of worry, indulgence, and protectiveness by his parents until their deaths in 1932, when he was then 47 years old. He functioned mentally at the level of a child. His main interest in life and his only visible talent was shooting. He could pick off a rabbit with a 22 rifle while standing on a bumping, fast-moving wagon. Family lore has it that his father spent as much on ammunition for Estle as the family spent on all other necessities. In the 1930s, his parents left their entire estate to Estle and his equally illiterate wife, Jesse, but it quickly dissolved. He sustained a minimal existence doing odd jobs until his death in 1964. But his was not the only tragedy in Linc and Hester’s household.

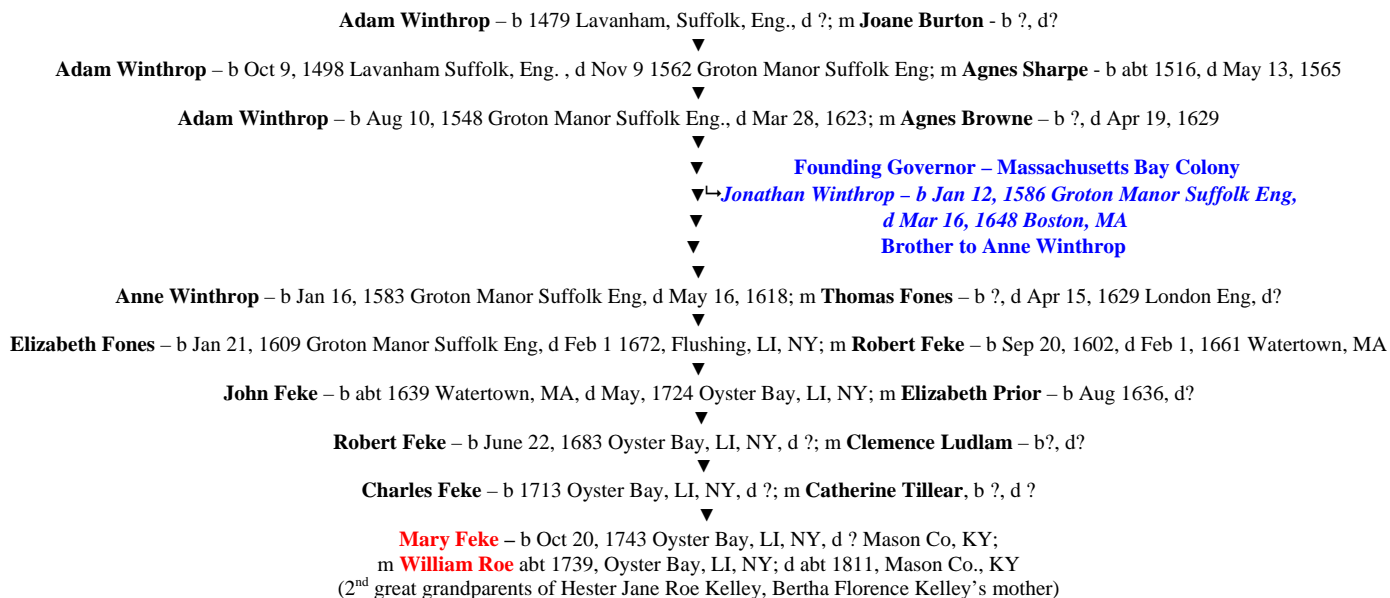
Their third child, Evert, died of diphtheria before his 6th birthday. Grandmother Bertha was herself five years old when a beautiful baby brother entered the family. He was the greatest joy of her youth. After he died when she was eleven, a piece of her heart was torn away. All her life, Bertha kept a lock of Evert's hair, this picture (right), and a couple of other mementos in a small box. She showed these to me a few times when I was a child and she was well into middle age. And she wept softly every time. On one such occasion, she took my hand and said: "You see, Richard. He was so beautiful the Lord wanted him in heaven."



The Roes and Howards

In contrast to the case with most of our ancestral women, we know more about some of the forbearers of Hester Jane Roe Kelley than of any of our other great grandparents. It is through Grandmother Bertha's mother that we are able to trace our ancestry not only back to Sergeant William Roe (1739-1811) of the American Revolution, but via his wife, Mary Feke 1743- ?), back to the very early settling of the American colonies and beyond into our English Puritan heritage. Let's begin with the line that goes back through Grandmother Bertha's great-great-great grandmother Mary Feke,ⁱⁱⁱ wife of William Roe, including those who were among the founders of the Massachusetts Bay Colony.^{iv}

Bertha's Florence Kelley's Maternal Ancestors: Winthrop → Feke → Roe

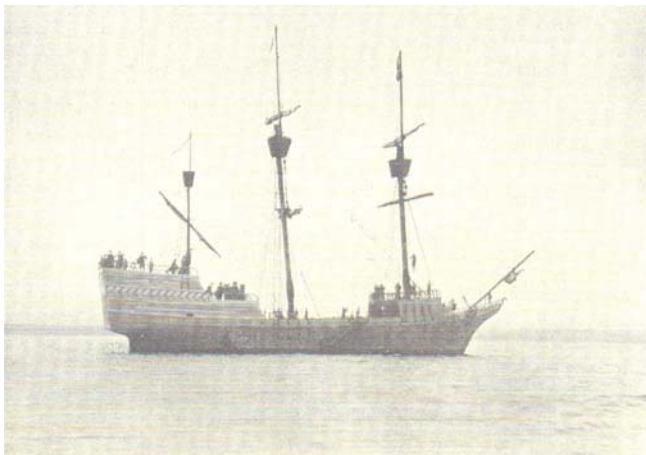


Our Puritan Heritage: Had she known of her family background, more than anyone else in our family, Grandmother Bertha could have claimed illustrious and historically important ancestors. Her mother, Hester Jane Roe Kelley, was descended from Anne Winthrop Fones (1583-1618), sister of Jonathan Winthrop (1586-1658, pictured below), the founder and first governor of the Puritan colony of the Massachusetts Bay Company. The Puritans had risen to substantial political and religious prominence in early 17th Century England (beheading King Charles I, among other things). Like most Protestant Reform Groups of that time (for example, Dutch Reformed, Presbyterians, and others) the Puritans firmly believed that the official church (Church of England in their case) had strayed from the “true path” of the then century-old Reformation. Their mission was to *purify* the church – thus the name *Puritans*. An



important commitment of all the reform movements was to purge from the church and the worship service remnants of *popery*, that is, such aspects of Roman Catholicism as fancy music and raiment, elaborate sainthood and church statuary, rigid hierarchy, or priestly intercession. The Church of England and the German Lutherans, the reformers felt, were all too similar to the Catholics. Two important segments of the Puritan movement gave up on the cause in England and sailed off to practice their brand of Protestantism in the wilderness of the new world.

The first group came on the Mayflower, docking at Plymouth Rock in the fall of 1620. They are known to every American grade-school student for their pointy hats and for having shared the first Thanksgiving with the Indians. This group of Puritans declared themselves formally independent of the Church of England.



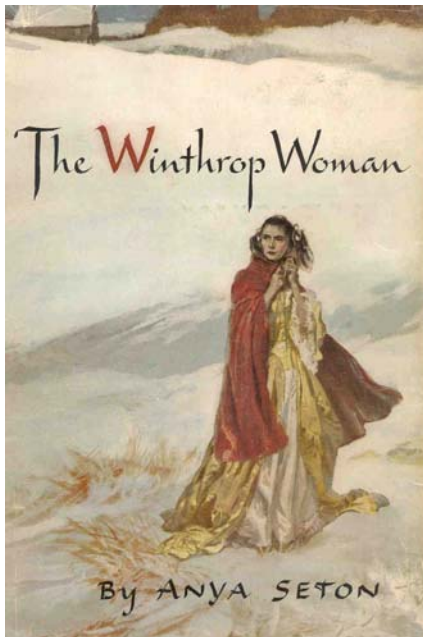
The Good Ship "Arbella"
REPRODUCTION MADE IN 1930

A far larger migration began ten years later with the arrival in what has come to be known as "Boston Harbor" of a 17 ship flotilla, led by the *Arbella*, bringing Bertha Kelly's 8th grand uncle Jonathan Winthrop and also her 7th great grandfather, Lt. Robert Feke (*aka* Feake, 1602-1661), and on another ship her 7th great grandmother, Elizabeth Fones Winthrop (1609-1672). Elizabeth's first husband was her cousin and Jonathan's son, Henry Winthrop.

Uncle Jonathan carried the charter of the Massachusetts Bay Company, and, shortly after the landing in 1630, was elected to the first of several terms as governor. Over the following 20 years, more than 30,000 additional immigrants would join the original Bay Colony settlers. The first regular shipping lanes between the colonies and the mother country sailed from Boston Harbor. The Royal Navy, by which "Britannia ruled the waves," built and repaired its ships with timber taken from the virgin forests of New England.

In the family lineage presented in the box above, we can trace the Winthrop line back to England in the 1400s and down to Mary Feke, who links that line to the Roes.

It was not long after arriving in the New World that one of our ancestors – Jonathan Winthrop's sister's daughter, Elizabeth (fictionally pictured on the next page from the dust jacket of Anja Seton's 1958 historical novel, *The Winthrop Woman*), found



the Puritan community too stifling for her way of life. It would be a mistake to assume that there was complete agreement on religious matters within either the Boston or the Plymouth immigrant groups. Historians' estimates of the proportion of believing Puritans vary between 40 and 60% in the Puritan-led colonies. The Puritan leadership did not come to the New World in search of religious freedom for all, but rather the freedom to practice their own version, to the exclusion of others.

Some religious dissenters simply suffered in silence under what we now would judge to be the theological tyranny of Governor Winthrop. Many would push beyond the boundaries of the Bay colony, risking sparse provisions and inhospitable natives. Some were vocal in their dissent and were banished, including Great (+) Grandmother Elizabeth. The most famous dissenters were Roger Williams, who left to found the Rhode Island colony, and Anne Hutchinson, who struck out into the wilderness on her own. Rhode Island became a bastion of religious toleration and an example for later developments in the other colonies. The first American Baptist church was founded there in 1639. Some of our Roe ancestors may have taken that route in their wandering from Massachusetts to, ultimately, Long Island over the first century and a quarter in the colonies.^v

Decades after their first settlement, the Puritans' theology would evolve, leading to their division into Congregationalists and Unitarians. It is doubtful that any of our ancestors went that route. Rather it is much more likely that they were among the early dissenting emigrants from the doctrinal rigor of Winthrop's colony of the godly.

Governor Jonathan's sister, Anne Winthrop, was Bertha Kelley's 8th great grandmother. Anne's daughter, Elizabeth, first married Henry Winthrop (1608-1630), her first cousin (Jonathan's son) before their migration in 1630 to the New World. Henry shortly thereafter drowned drunk in the Salem River. Elizabeth then was persuaded by her somewhat domineering uncle, Governor Jonathan Winthrop, to marry Lt. Robert Feke (sometimes spelled *Feake*), who had also come over with the original Massachusetts Bay migrants.

Elizabeth, Grandmother Bertha's 7th great grandmother, was apparently a fascinating, brave, rebellious, free-thinking woman. She is the principal subject of Anja Seton's historically well-grounded 1958 book. Chased out of the Bay Colony under threat of trial for witchcraft, she moved down through Connecticut, along the northern coast of Long Island Sound, eventually ditching husband Robert (who was in the process of going totally mad, a condition he enjoyed until his death a few years later). With her

paramour, later to be her next and last husband, Grandmother Elizabeth eventually settled in the Dutch portion of Long Island, being on the lam, as it were from the Puritan Brits. The Dutch Governor, Peter Stuyvesant, granted a special appeal for her divorce from mad Grandfather Robert Feke; Stuyvesant then (according to Seton's account) conducted the marriage ceremony for Grandmother Elizabeth and her lover, William Hallett. Through all this, she was dragging along a passel of kids, including my 8th great grandfather, John Feke (1639-1734).

Our Roe Heritage: Grandmother Bertha's mother, Hester Jane Roe, descended from that misfortunate union between Elizabeth Fones and Robert Feke. But a hundred years went by before the Feke line linked with the Roes. And we know something of the Roes during most of that time. There are records of Roes in the Massachusetts Bay colony [See, for example, Robert Charles Anderson, *The Great Migration Begins: Immigrants to New England, 1620-1633*]. In fact, in 1648, one Roe woman was found guilty of slander, being accused by a neighbor of calling the neighbor's wife a *witch* [Anderson, p 905]. As the Salem witch trials demonstrated a few decades later, such charges could have grave consequences. There are other references in the Anderson book to Roes, mostly from land transaction or court records. Aside from the name, however, I have been unable to link positively any of the known Roes in the Bay community directly to our family.

As can be seen in the lineage I present at the right, our most distant, documented Roe link is to David Roe, of Flushing, Long Island in 1665. It is the manuscript by Charles Almon Torrey [*DAVID ROE of Flushing, Long Island and Some of His Descendants: A History of Six Generations* (1926)] that provided the springboard for John Key's and my inquiries into the family's history. For example, an index of that manuscript contains the extended genealogy of the Feke family. [The Fones, Elizabeth's family, are accessible on the web]. The Torrey manuscript details quite a lot of

**The Roe Family:
1665 - 1889**

David Roe
b abt 1640; d abt 1708 Flushing, LI, NY
m **Mary ?**
↓

John Roe
b abt 1672 Flushing, LI
d Oct 1711
m **Grace Ward**
b ?
d Jan 25, 1758
↓

John Roe
b abt 1694 Flushing, LI
d Sep 30, 1772 Oyster Bay, LI
m **Eliabeth Siex**
b ?
d abt 1760
↓

William Roe
b abt 1739 Oyster Bay, LI
d abt 1811 Mason Co, KY
----- m **Mary Feke** -----
b Dec 20 1743 Oyster Bay, LI
d ? Mason Co, KY
↓

Charles Roe
b Sep 27, 1771 Oyster Bay, LI
d Aug 18, 1838 South Bend, IN
m **Barseba Watson**
b Mar 23, 1778 Maryland
d Aug 13 1838 South Bend, IN
↓

Harrison Roe
b Mar 13, 1813 Montgomery Co, OH
d Feb 17 1884 Kokomo, IN
m **Sarah Street**
b Nov 9, 1816
d Oct 21 1876 Kokomo, IN
↓

John Roe
b Nov 6, 1835 Henry Co, IN
d Apr 11, 1900 Howard Co, IN
m **Louisa Howard**
b 1840 Rush Co, IN
d ? Howard Co, IN
↓

Hester Jane Roe
b 1966 Howard Co, IN
d 1932 Grant Co, IN
m **Abraham Lincoln Kelley**
b Apr 1861 Howard Co, IN
d 1932 Greentown, IN
↓

Bertha Florence Kelley
b 1889 Greentown, IN
d 1958 Marion, IN

material on the lives and families of David Roe's descendants, down through Grandmother Bertha's great-grandfather, Harrison Roe (1813-1834). Mr. Dickson, whose mimeo led us to the Torrey volume, brings the record up through Hester Jane Roe (m. Kelley), her parents, brother and sisters.

The Torrey manuscript places my 8th Great Grandfather, David Roe, in Flushing, Long Island in 1665. That was one year after the British had squeezed the Dutch out of eastern Long Island and the rest of the Dutch territory from Manhattan up the Hudson River. Some years before, there had been an English-Dutch agreement to divide Long Island into an English eastern part and a Dutch western part. The Dutch, however, had been pretty welcoming to English migrants who settled west of the line or, as in the case of Great Grandmother Elizabeth (Fones, Winthrop) Feke, who came down the Connecticut coast on the northern side of Long Island Sound.

Given the relatively loose nature of the Dutch-English border in Long Island, I find it reasonable to believe that Great Grandfather David Roe and his wife (about whom we know next to nothing) might have settled in Flushing a few years earlier. We have no evidence on his parents. We do not know David's or Mary's birthdates, but they had not yet had any children when they appear in the record in 1665, so we can probably assume they were in their early 20s. It might have been that several young English folks found the expulsion of the Dutch as an invitation to settle a bit west of the former English territory on eastern Long Island. Long Island, where not overrun with people, is still today rich farmland. Flushing, where David and Mary Roe appear in the record a year after the English victory, is now part of the borough of Queens and best known as the location of the New York Mets' stadium.

At the time of his death, about 1702, David's will indicates a comfortable estate by the standards of the time. He provided for and willed to friends his two slaves, Hannah and Sam. Slavery was widespread on Long Island well into the 1800s. The bay on Long Island Sound where the farm sat was, for several generations known as "Roe's Cove." It is now "Powell's Cove," but I do not know when it was re-named. As best as I can estimate from the details of David Roe's will, he owned the land that is now, 300 years later, the entrance ramp for the Whitestone Bridge between Queens and the Bronx. But I am sure the City of New York has, unfortunately for us descendants, a clear lease.

The slave-holding business must give us pause about the personal beliefs of our ancestor. [David's great grandson, William Roe, would own five slaves in Kentucky in the late 1700s] But however repulsive we find that institution from our historical vantage, we must be cautious in judging backward three centuries. There is also a thread of evidence that Great Grandfather David was involved in some of the earliest movements for religious liberty in America. The *Flushing Remonstrance* of 1658 had been formulated by a group of English settlers living under Dutch Rule. It was a plea to Governor Peter Stuyvesant to intervene to stop persecution of Quakers and other dissenters on Long Island. The language of the *Remonstrance* was quite strong in its

assertion of the right to religious liberty. Those who presented it to the Dutch Governor were themselves not Quakers, but were speaking on their behalf.

This inclines me even more strongly to the belief that our Roe ancestors were dissenters, probably Baptists, when they were in Massachusetts Bay Colony, and had migrated into Dutch territory to escape English Puritan persecution. One of the signers of the *Flushing Remonstrance* was Samuel Browne. He is later found to be a close friend of our Great Grandfather David Roe, as David leaves a modest bequest to “my friend Samuel Browne” in his will, recorded in 1702. I have little doubt that this ancestor was a complicated man, but one who enjoyed the respect and admiration of his neighbors.

His son and our ancestor, John Roe, continued the family tradition of migration to new territory, in his case to Gloucester County, in the territory of Western New Jersey. The region was a site for early Quaker migration. It may well be that John and his family had joined those often persecuted folks. I have learned little up to now of his family’s life in the wilderness of New Jersey. His son, also John, however, returned to Long Island, settling near Oyster Bay. And it is his son, William, who would take up the shoemaker’s trade (sometimes called a *cordwainer*). After harrowing service in the Patriot cause of the Revolution, William and his family would eventually migrate to Mason County, Kentucky (near present day Maysville).

The Roes Pull Up Stakes: William took as his wife Grandmother Bertha’s 3rd great (that is, “great-great-great”) grandmother, Mary Feke, a Long Island neighbor. Will Roe, great grandson of David Roe, was a genuine hero of the Revolutionary War. Will, his wife Mary, and the first 6 of their 7 children had moved from Long Island to Mason County, Kentucky after he mustered out of the Continental Army in 1783. Mary Feke Roe was the fourth generation descendant of Robert and Elizabeth Fones Winthrop Feke.

Great Grandmother Mary Feke was the niece of a widely respected colonial portrait painter, Robert Feke, whose works still hang in the National Gallery in Washington, the Museum of Fine Arts in San Francisco, as well as in numerous other collections around the country.

People from the Northeast were not the usual settlers of late 18th century Kentucky. Most of the migrants were from Appalachia – the Scotch Irish. Will and Mary’s children would all marry persons almost certainly of Scotch Irish ancestry. The Roes and Fekes had been stable residents of Long Island for over a century before Will and Mary pulled up stakes after the Revolution and left for what was then the wilds of Kentucky. Before the war, he was a shoemaker -- a respectable, middle-class trade. He was a highly regarded member of the little community of Lattington, northeast a bit from Oyster Bay. At the time of the Revolution, our ancestors had lived for over a century in a comfortable, prosperous English community. The War changed everything.

The British defeated General Washington's troops in the Battle of Brooklyn in August of 1776, just weeks after the publication of the Declaration of Independence. The British had moved a much larger force across from Staten Island to land and form up behind Washington's troops on Brooklyn Heights, near the East River. Washington had a fortunate combination of thick fog and British incompetence that allowed him and his troops to escape by small boats during the night to Manhattan Island, and then northward. Eventually, they would encamp for an extended period in White Plains, well north of New York City. This, of course, left Long Island and the little community where the Roes and their neighbors lived easily occupied by the British enemy.

For a time after the British takeover, Grandfather William Roe was a spy for General Washington. As a shoemaker, it would have been natural for people to gather in his shop. The quiet exchange of information – for example, the location and movement of British troops and armament – would be easy in such a setting. Grandfather Will collected such intelligence and passed it on to couriers who boated across Long Island Sound, and then circled northwest to Washington's White Plains encampment in order to keep the General informed about the enemy's activities. Unfortunately, someone informed on Grandfather Will.

He barely escaped, leaving behind his pregnant wife and five children. Will Roe caught up with his fellow members of the Long Island Militia in service to General Washington. Great Grandmother Mary and the then six children would, in the course of time, be relocated under a flag of truce to refugee camps in Connecticut. How long they were there is uncertain, but it is known that the conditions were not good. The residents had hardly enough to get by, given the privations of war. And they could not resist resenting those who had been involuntarily relocated to their neighborhoods. It must have been wretched for Mary and the children, but somehow she kept the family together and alive. The general situation is described by Frederic Gregory Mather in his little 1913 book, *The Refugees of 1776 from Long Island to Connecticut*.

Meanwhile, Grandfather Will fought for several years, but near the end of the conflict (1781 or '82), he was captured by the German Hessian mercenaries who were fighting for the British. He was then released after the surrender of General Cornwallis at Yorktown in 1782 following the official end of hostilities.

When the family returned to see what was left of their home, business, and community, they must have been heart-broken. Virtually everything was in ruins. The British occupation had been very oppressive and destructive. Furthermore, the newly born country was in a terrible economic depression (that would last for nearly a decade). After struggling a couple of years to re-establish on Long Island, they gave up in favor of an alternative that must have been both frightening and alluring. As a non-commissioned officer in the victorious American Army, Sgt. Roe was entitled to a small monetary grant and an allocation of bounty land in the newly opened territory of Kentucky. With their

seventh child on the way, Will and Mary left their home in the east and began a pattern of pioneering that would be followed by the next three generations of Roes.

Kentucky of the mid-1780s was hardly a land of sweet bluegrass pastures, sleek horses, and smooth whiskey. In consideration of the government's grant, Will and Mary Roe, after years of anguish and separation, left the place where their families had lived comfortable, secure lives for the previous century. They set out by wagon for the small river town formerly known as Fort Duquesne, but more recently re-named Pittsburgh. From the confluence of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers, they would either buy or build a flatboat to carry them, their six small children, and their meager goods for the few days float down the mighty Ohio to the wilderness and what would a few years later be Mason County, Kentucky.

In the years between the French and Indian War and the Revolution, Kentucky had been a killing field. Undaunted Scotch-Irish had defied the 1763 British ban on trans-Appalachian settlement and had challenged the native red men for the land of *Kaintuck*. One more chapter would be written in that great unavoidable tragedy. The Iron Age of the white man confronted the Stone Age of the red, with inevitable results. Those results included substantial loss of blood and life on both sides.

In the midst of the Revolution, and a quarter century before his brother William joined Meriwether Lewis on their journey to the great northwest, Colonel George Rogers Clark was dispatched from Virginia to Kentucky with orders to pacify the Indians and to separate them from their erstwhile English allies. Somehow the Indians managed consistently to choose the losing side – first the French in the 1750s and then the English in the 1770s. Clark was stunningly successful. There would continue to be scattered raids and occasional killings of white settlers after the war, but Clark's effort nearly eliminated any enduring threat to settlers from the Indians in the Ohio Valley. The Shawnee, who made up the major part of the Ohio Valley Indian population, were successively shoved into and then out of Ohio, and into and then out of Indiana. The great leader Tecumseh is regarded by history more for his dream and elegance than for any success in resisting the white wave. His warriors had been defeated at the Battle of Fallen Timbers (northwestern Ohio) and at the Battle of Tippecanoe (west central Indiana). The Miami were slaughtered in the War of 1812 Battle of Mississinewa, across the river from Jalapa, where I was born in 1937. In the 1813 Battle of the Thames in Ontario, Tecumseh would die with many of his noble warriors, marking the end to any serious resistance by his Shawnee to the white settlers in the middle of the continent. Our family followed regularly in the wake of these removals. The Indians our family would encounter in Grant and Howard Counties, later in the 19th century were simple, accommodating neighbors – a sad remnant of a defeated culture.

With that glimpse of the future, however, let's go back to Will and Mary Roe as they left the former comfort of their eastern home for the wilds of Kentucky. The Roe family arrived in the Ohio valley with pain for their past, little more than a gang of kids

and some tentative hope for their present, and apprehension for their future. But they carried inside them the stable values and culture of the Northeast. The other people already in Kentucky and coming later brought a very different cultural background. And eventually, by simple weight of numbers, the others – the Scotch-Irish -- would have a much stronger impact on Kentucky, and probably on our family, than did the Long Island and New England tradition of the Roes.

Will and Mary's third child, Charles (my 4th great grandfather), is described as follows in the Torry volume:

CHARLES ROE, born Sept. 27, 1771. Probably in Oyster Bay Township, Long Island; married Feb. 10, 1794, Barsheba Watson, Daughter of Michael and Mary (_____) Watson, then of Mason County, Kentucky. She was born Mar. 23, 1778, in Maryland. They settled on a farm in Mason County, KY., which they bought of George Stockton.

About 1805 they removed to Montgomery County, Ohio, and settled

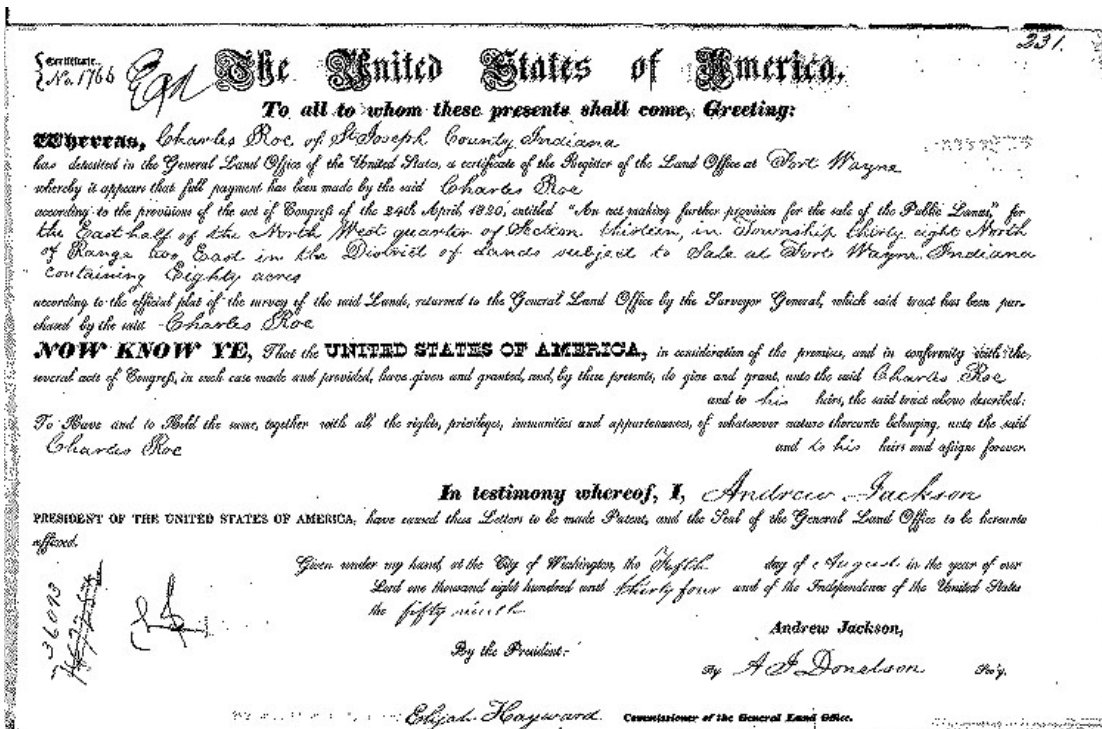
in or near Dayton. In 1806 Charles Roe is mentioned as one of the leading men in the Baptist Society at Dayton. August 23, 1815, he sold his farm and removed to Wayne County, Indiana. He bought land north of South Bend, in St. Joseph County, Ind., Aug. 10, 1833, and resided there until his death, Aug. 18, 1838. His wife died Aug. 13, 1838. They were buried on their farm."

So Great Grandfather Charles Roe found a lass from Maryland who was probably Scotch-Irish. Unfortunately, as I mentioned earlier, genealogical research often yields results that are unavoidably sexist, even though the intent is not there. In former times, deeds, wills, public registries, voting lists, military records -- which constitute much of the evidence in genealogical research -- were usually recorded in the name of the man, the "head of household". Even this grandmother's name is uncertain. Most of the sources I have read list her as "Barsheba," an uncommon but not unknown Anglo Saxon female name. But I discovered an 1815 deed for sale of their land in Montgomery County, Ohio that includes her "X" and the name "Bathsheba" (as in "David and ...") written by her mark. Thus, at this point, I know nothing more about my 4th great grandmother Barsheba or Bathsheba Watson than what is contained in the cryptic entry cited above, plus the fact that she was unable to write her name.

In visiting the Montgomery County Archives in Dayton, I did confirm all of the information about Great Grandfather Charles Roe that is offered in the quotation above. The reference to his being among the founders of the Baptist society comes from a petition signed by four others in 1806 requesting permission from the County Commissioners to build what would be Dayton's First Baptist Church.

Records of the Bureau of Land Management's archives of land patents sold in the 18th and 19th centuries through what was then the *General Land Office* show that my 4th great grandfather, this same Charles Roe, bought two 80 acre parcels of land in St. Joseph County. A copy of the original patent (that is, *deed*) is included here, below, taken from

the website containing the old General Land Office records [www.glorerecords.blm.gov]. It is signed either by or for President Andrew Jackson. The two pieces of land were adjacent to each other, located at the northeast corner of the intersection of Portage and Adams Roads, near the Indiana-Michigan state line. The land, as of 2003, was second or third growth woods. The record shows that Charles and Barsheba were buried on that land when they died, just five days apart, in 1838. I suspect some sort of infectious disease (influenza?). I walked the property, but was unable to discover anything resembling a burial place. The headstones used throughout most of the 19th century were made of limestone, and thus they tended to disintegrate after about 100 years. [Granite



came into use in the late 1800s.] So even if I had discovered a likely burial site, there would not have been a legible marker.

We may assume from snippets of information in the record of Will and Mary Roe in Kentucky that they must have worked very hard and seem to have prospered. Although we do not have a probated testament, we have evidence that Grandfather Will became a respected and responsible citizen. Torry indicates he may have become an auctioneer and a constable. He was a responsible citizen, active in founding Mason County. I found elsewhere a listing of him as a clerk in some minor judicial proceeding. Though he may have taken up again his former craft as a shoemaker, it seems unlikely. Probably, given the ownership of five slaves, he was engaged in raising tobacco. Whatever prosperity he and Grandmother Mary may have enjoyed in the latter half of their lives, however, did not anchor their children to a new form of settled comfort. Only one of the seven children (Jacob, the fifth child) would finish out his days in Kentucky.

Once pulled up, the roots of many in our family seem never again to have taken permanent hold.

Third Great Grandfather Harrison Roe (1813-1884 – Charles and Barsheba’s son) was born in Mason County, Kentucky. The following is a commentary about Harrison, found in Charles Dickson’s 1972 mimeo:

[Dickson writes] When Charles Roe settled on the western edge of Wayne County about 1815, he literally moved in on the heels of the Indians moving out. The Twelve Mile Purchase from the Indians finally became effective at that time. Its western boundary was the western boundary of Wayne County (the present boundary is a mile or so farther west). This, indeed, was the frontier. And here it was there that our Harrison Roe, who was only two years old in 1815, grew up. North of Henry County is Delaware County and northern west of Delaware is Grant and west of Grant is Howard County. It was through these Counties that our Roe's moved westward.

The following sketch of Harrison Roe I found in an early history of Howard County, Indiana. It is part of a biographical sketch of his son, John Roe, and the information was probably furnished by the son. I quote in full on Harrison Roe.

"Harrison Roe was married in Indiana, about the year 1832, and soon purchased a farm of 160 acres in Wayne County, where he lived two years, and then sold out and moved to Henry County, where he purchased a farm of 240 acres, and here he remained about fifteen years, when he sold his farm and located on 160 acres in Wayne County, near Hagerstown. After living there about four years he sold out and moved to Grant County, where he purchased 160 acres of land near Point Isabel, on

which he lived five years, when he sold out and purchased 135 acres in Delaware County, upon which he remained four years, when he again sold and came to Howard County. He bought 160 acres about one and a half miles northeast of Tampico, where he lived two years, at which time he returned to Delaware County, locating on the farm he had formerly owned. He again returned to Howard County, and is now living on 160 acres of land two and a half miles northeast of Tampico. Mr. and Mrs. Roe have had eleven children, nine of whom are living. Mr. Roe is a member of the Republican Party, and he and his wife are identified with the Methodist Episcopal Church."

The 1880 United States Census of Howard County, Indiana, showed Harrison Roe living with Sarah Martin, his youngest child, and her husband, Edward Martin. This was in Taylor Township, post office Tampico. (The town of Tampico is now known as Center). Harrison was sixty-seven years old. His wife, Sarah, had died a few years before. His son, Harrison Roe, Jr., seemed to have been living on an adjoining farm. Harrison Roe died February 17, 1884, at the age of seventy-one, in Howard County, Indiana. The death Certificate gave the cause of death as "paralysis - old age" and the attending physician as Bruce Payton, M.D.

Included in the 1972 Dickson mimeo that John Key acquired from his friend in the Maple Run Friends Church, where John is pastor, was a rather poor picture of John and Louisa Howard Roe and their family. It is presented on the next page.

Only with Harrison's son John, our Grandmother Bertha's grandfather, did the family begin, for a few generations, to settle down, at least to the range of a couple of counties. Mr. Dickson again quotes from an early Howard County history:

"JOHN ROE was born November 6, 1835, and is the son of Harrison and Sarah (Street) Roe, natives of Ohio, and of German [Note: German part very doubtful] and English descent. John Roe was reared on the farm, and received a limited education in the common schools. When he was twenty-years of age, he was married to Miss Louisa Howard, daughter of John T. and Elizabeth (Jarvis) Howard, of Howard County.. About five years after his marriage, Mr. Roe purchased forty acres of land near Tampico, this county, where he lived two years, at which time he leased this tract, and located on a rented farm of 120 acres near

Greentown. Later, he sold his farm near Tampico, and purchased seventy-eight acres, three-quarters of a mile east of West Liberty, where he farmed two years; he exchanged this for a farm in Grant County, which he again exchanged for a farm of seventy-five acres one mile from West Liberty, and has since added sixty acres more. Mr. and Mrs. Roe have had nine children --- Henry H., Lydia A., Melissa E., William, Esther [Note: "Hester"] J., Mary E., Anderson, Frank and Aubrey T., seven of whom are living. Mr. Roe is an active member of the Republican Party, and cast his first ballot for Fremont in 1856."

Pictured here about 1885 are,



Bottom: Lydia, Father John Roe, Mother Louisa Howard Roe
Top: Melissa, Anderson, Hester Jane (my great grandmother), Aubrey, and Emma

Mr. Dickson continues:

John Roe died in Howard County, Indiana, April 11, 1900. The manner of his death must have been a most harrowing experience. The official Certificate and Record of Death gives us considerable information. J. S. Malloy of Phlox, Indiana, signed the Medical Certificate. He certified that he "attended the deceased" from April 5th about 1:00 P.M. to April 11th about 3:00 P.M., when he died. He gave the cause of death as "Fall from wagon during epileptic fit^{vi} and was kicked by horse - crushing in frontal and other bones - brain substance running out." "Immediate cause of death" was given

as "mitral insufficiency", which would be a heart problem. "Inflammation" was given as a "contributory cause".

The Record of Death, as distinguished from the medical Certificate of Death, was made by John J. Fellow(s) of Phlox, Indiana, a son-in-law. The place of death is given as Union Township (Phlox or West Liberty) but the place of residence as "Center, Indiana" which is in Taylor Township. So one speculates that after the accident (in Union Township) John was taken to the home of his daughter Emma Fellows, wife of John J.

Part I. Bertha Florence Kelley

Fellow(s), and that he died there. Age at death was given as "64 years, 5 months, 5 days". He was buried April 13th, in the Phlox cemetery, about a mile south

of Phlox on the west side of the road and some distance back from the road. It is on the north side of a creek with a wide bed, high banks and large trees.

Our Grandmother Bertha would surely have had this awful experience impressed on her mind. Her grandfather's tragic death occurred during the year she was eleven, the same year that her dear little brother Evart died. At an early age, Grandmother Bertha was vividly aware of the fragility of human life. Such awareness no doubt reinforced her deep faith in the certainty of an afterlife, conditioned upon the relationship established with a loving God during one's earthly existence. She would often say: "The Lord is my refuge and salvation."

Careful searching of the 1860 Federal Census (for Rush County, Indiana – found in the Kokomo Library) and other sources has added a bit about Bertha's maternal grandmother Louisa Howard Roe (born in 1840, death date unknown. From the above source, we know that Louisa Howard Roe (Hester Jane's mother) was the daughter of John T. and Elizabeth Jarvis Howard, originally of Wilkes County, North Carolina, but living in Rush County, Indiana at the time of the 1860 Census. The same source indicates that Louisa was the third of six Howard children. I have been unable to learn anything of the ancestors of John T. Howard [1811 – 1869], but through correspondence with persons who maintain the Wilkes County website I have learned that that Bertha's Great Grandmother Elizabeth Jarvis Howard [1811-1891] descends from Scotch Irish people in the northwestern mountains of North Carolina. Her father, James Jarvis (1766 – 1850) and mother, Elizabeth Johnson Jarvis [1765 – 1849] could well have been brought as children by Scotch-Irish participants in that Great Migration of the 18th century. If their parents were not immigrants from Northern Ireland, then certainly their grandparents were.

Why they left North Carolina must be a matter of speculation. However, their migration across the Appalachian Mountains across Kentucky and into Indiana and Ohio was paralleled by thousands of other footloose young pioneers. The whole country had experienced a terrible depression in the mid-1830s. Free farmers in the Appalachian highlands could not compete in the agricultural market with the slave-based plantations to the east. And throughout their childhoods, they had heard tales of riches to be made off the deep dark earth of the Ohio Valley and northward. The land was cheap. The Indians were pacified. And the Scotch-Irish had a history of unsettled lives wherever they had been, most recently in Northern Ireland and earlier in the war-torn borderlands between England and Scotland.

From the time of Grandfather David Roe, in the latter 1600s, the family had apparently been ardent Baptists, a tradition carried down at least to Will and Mary's grandson Harrison. In the late 17th and early 18th centuries, Baptists were one of the three major denominations in North America. The largest branch, the Southern Baptist Convention, is still today our country's largest Protestant denomination.

This is an appropriate point in the story to discuss the role of religion in our family history, at least as it comes to us through Grandmother Bertha Kelley Hofferbert.

Some Thoughts About Religion In Our Family:

Grandmother Bertha was born into the same little country Christian church founded by her great grandfather, Samuel Kelley, and his neighbors in 1846. Her granddaughter Virginia would worship there with her family - the seventh generation in that congregation. And the faith they proclaimed was, at its core, recognizably comparable to that professed seven generations earlier. (Alas, the congregation at Antioch Church has diminished and its survival much longer into the 21st century is highly unlikely.)

We have seen that our Puritan ancestors broke away rather early, in the 1600s, from the rigidities sought to be imposed by the likes of Great Grand Uncle Jonathan Winthrop. The evidence is clear that, already by 1665, in the time of David Roe on Long Island, our family had strong roots in the Baptist Church. A hundred and forty years and four generations later his fourth great grandson, Charles Roe, was actively helping establish a Baptist congregation in early Dayton, Ohio.

The strongest influence in our family in the late 1700s and early 1800s, as they pushed into the frontier wilderness, however, was not the Baptist tradition but rather Scotch-Irish Presbyterianism. This structure of church governance and doctrine is not readily recognizable in the modern, comfortable, socially liberal, middle-class Presbyterian church. When our Scotch-Irish ancestors arrived, they were still under the direct influence the reformed branch of the Reformation – that led by John Calvin, John Knox, and their theological descendants. The Church was the center of the community. Religious practice was part and parcel of family life. It was the guiding framework for individuals' choices. And individuals (at least *male* individuals) were to be educated so that they could make those choices wisely.

At its core were concrete rules for personal and collective behavior. These rules limited individual ostentation. “Show-offs” were frowned upon. Personal adornment in clothing, jewelry, or carriage was scorned. Behaviors that risked a fall into savagery, such as alcoholism or the transgression of any of the Ten Commandments, threatened the thin veneer of civilization to which frontier people clung (often in vain). Frontier conditions made what we would today think of as *government* nearly impossible. The moral order of the religious congregation was the same as the social order of the community. In the wilderness communities of our ancestors, the line between civilization and barbarity was maintained by the common acceptance of codes of conduct anchored in religious faith.

When cast by choice or necessity out on the frontier as single family units, those codes and the creed upon which they were based had to be enforced solely within each isolated family. And mothers were the real carriers of that creed. Fathers followed the rules, but rarely articulated them on a daily basis, except perhaps as the reader of the scripture when the mother was illiterate (as, indeed, Bertha's mother was). Any deviation from the code would be a step toward savagery, typified by the feared and often present Indians. True stories of folks who had gone over to the "savages" were common in frontier lore.

The standard denominations of the eastern seaboard, however, were frayed and confused by frontier conditions. Communication eroded hierarchical control. Presbyterians required preachers who had studied at college. Until a network of such institutions could be set up throughout the territories, it was necessary to import preachers from Scotland. There were not enough to meet the demand. Most early settlers, therefore, had no regular church organization. And while the frontier Scotch-Irish held to the scriptural base of the core of Presbyterian belief, they were largely disconnected, lay-led congregations. One consequence was a general increase in primitive democracy and self-reliance among the settlers. It seems, in our family at least, to have left a tendency to be a bit suspicious of church hierarchy and pretensions to special status by those who might rise to higher church office. Isolation bred stubborn independence, even in religious affairs.

The spiritual, geographic, and social isolation of the frontier was, however, lessened by a very special institution – an institution that could challenge established orthodoxy without cutting the frontier people loose from codes of religiously based personal behavior. That institution was the *camp meeting*. Prairie folks would travel days for a camp meeting led by an enthusiastic, traveling frontier preacher. The attendees would frequently stay in tents, either brought with them or furnished by the preacher's supporting organization.

I have looked into the history of the major camp meeting circuits, and it is almost certain that our ancestors coming through southern Ohio and Kentucky had the opportunity to attend them – an opportunity it is difficult to believe they passed up. In 1796, long after William Roe and his family had settled in Bourbon County (part of which was later Mason County), a series of camp meetings was held in that county. The largest, at Cane Ridge, attracted somewhere between ten and twenty-five thousand worshippers.^{vii}

For several days, the folks gathered at the camp meeting would participate in Bible study. They would listen to strong preaching. Preachers were known for vigorous sermons, often lasting several hours. The style and content was emotionally appealing, to be sure. However, records suggest that it was not exclusively what we might today label "Holy Roller" sermonizing. It was, by and large, biblical teaching, applied to the needs of people living in challenging, usually primitive, conditions. Congregational participation

was encouraged, to be sure, through hymn singing, the “Amen corner,” and -- most important -- in the act of being saved, either as an initial commitment or as a renewal of former blessings. Explicit was a promise to live a more god-centered life, reading or listening to the scriptures, and stopping such unsavory activities as gambling, drinking, fighting, and cussing. Later, dancing, wearing “face paint” (by the ladies), and theater attendance would be added to the list. Many a family’s hopes were raised for on an errant member to mend his or her ungodly ways by going to the alter and accepting the Holy Spirit. Thus could folks formerly caught by the wiles of the wilderness be brought to a righteous life, rescuing their souls while eliminating the threat they had formerly posed to the peace, safety and balance of their family or small frontier community.

When later modern influences, around the time of the Civil War and for the following century, would impinge upon our family, internal personal conflict as well as intergenerational strife would often result. As our parents and their parents encountered fresh immigrants from Ireland or Germany, they met otherwise perfectly decent people who nonetheless differed fundamentally and radically in their religious lives. Modernizing communication, first by the telegraph and the railroad, would bring outside temptations within the very inner circle of the righteous family. Greater social order imposed by secular institutions thinned the “law and order” function formerly so important on the frontier. The legal system challenged the church as the primary power keeping otherwise unruly people in line.

James G. Leyburn, in his history of the Scotch Irish captures it in these words:

Religion was of course a set of beliefs intellectually subscribed to and understood in logical detail; but it was also a quality of character that taught a person clear distinction between right and wrong, with no compromise permitted.

With the Puritans exerting almost exactly the same kind of influence in New England and the Scotch-Irish spreading the idea from the Middle Colonies southward, it is not surprising that the American people, to a greater degree than many others in the modern world, still associate moral uprightness with religion. Here is the root of the tension that can be perceived in much of American life throughout the decades. The rigorous standards of Presbyterians and Puritans, shared by

*Methodists and Baptists (and even derived by them from the older denominations), long taught that it was sinful to dance, to play cards, to attend the theater, to break the Sabbath by any diversion, and to engage in frivolous pastimes. By contrast, the English tradition of the Episcopal Church was much more tolerant; and when later immigrants came, with their ‘continental laxity’ in most of these matters, young Americans faced a dilemma of conscience when their reason convinced them that the puritanical rigidities were senseless. [James G. Leyburn, *The Scotch-Irish: A Social History* (Chapel Hill: Univ. of NC Press, 1962), pp 321-322]*

My Grandmother Bertha was comfortable with the “old ways.” She studied her Bible and engaged the Lord in prayer every day of her life. In later years, Grandfather Ira

(whose story will be told shortly) was a willing and active partner in the religious life of the family. But it must also be observed that, in many respects, their way of life was more comparable to 1850 than to the 1950 known by most of my generation. They had neither electricity nor a telephone until well after World War II. It is doubtful that they ever ate in a restaurant or visited a museum. I can remember my father teasing Grandmother in the mid-1950s for having bottled milk and packaged butter in her refrigerator. On very rare occasions, they managed to visit children living as much as 150 miles away. During the time their four children were growing up, there was seldom cash in the house. When it was there, most of it was earmarked for the church.

Each of Bertha and Ira's children made an accommodation of their mother's faith to their own life in the larger world. I hesitate to describe their paths, lest I seem to be judging without adequate grounds. Further, since at this writing all the principles but Uncle Doyle have departed this vale of tears, I cannot seek their editorial help. Thus, dear relative, please accept that what I say here of my father, his sister, and his brothers is offered in an effort to be accurate, generous, and compassionate. Each of them touched my life in different ways. Several of their children are today dear and close to me. And, just as religion is at the heart of our family's history, so it is a delicate and disputatious subject. I shall try here to be delicate without being disputatious. Forgive me when I falter in that effort.

The most steadfast of the four children, clearly, was the youngest. My Uncle Doyle has carried the torch of solid faith, minimally adapted from that of his Mother, for now nearly eight decades. Much to his mother's joy and that of his parishioners, he dedicated his life to ministry in the Church of the Nazarene. In his ministry, he and his devoted wife, Colleen, and their children moved from one country church to another. Each time, Doyle reversed the seeming decline of a faltering church. Interestingly, in his late teens, he had chosen to leave the increasingly adaptable Methodist church up the road a piece to affiliate with the Nazarenes, whom as a young man he saw as more steadfast in their adherence to the literal message of the Scriptures. And it was in the fold of the Nazarenes that he spent his life.

My Aunt Bessie, the oldest, struggled and eventually found her own way to a life anchored in faith. Widowed in her late thirties, with two teen-aged daughters, she had to leave the simple life of the farm and the small town. She spent her life loving others but plagued by self-doubt. In particular, she suffered from lack of recognition and approval by her father. She forged a career in human services and eventually married a second time. Her second husband, perhaps due to being badly crippled by childhood polio, was for her a severe trial. Yet, it would be her faith that sustained her through that trial, just as it had in the earlier challenges she faced and overcame.

Norval, the eldest son, in his early adulthood, was probably best described as a minor league hellion. He and his father were regularly at sword's point, with his mother standing on the side wringing her hands in despair. On occasion Norval and his father

came to blows. Norval was regularly evicted by his father only to be coaxed back by his mother. To what extent matters of religious commitment were at play in that conflict would be pure speculation on my part. World War II was the turning point and transformation of Norval and his relationship with his father. He returned after four years in England as a radioman for the terribly dangerous bombing runs from East Anglia to and, sometimes, back from Germany. After the War, the affection and esteem between Norval and his father became a source of great family gratitude. He built a house next to his parents and there he and Rebecca raised their four children. Norval was a constant aid to his aging parents. And he found and lived by a deep and steady faith, not much at odds with that of his parents.

I run the risk of making my own father's case somehow special out of the four, just because I know it more intimately. Dad lived his life in greater or lesser turmoil between his perception of his mother's expectations and his own choices in the world at large. Frequently he made terrible choices, in his work life as well as in our family circle. He sometimes showed the basic warmth and generosity of spirit anchored in fundamental Christianity at its best. Yet Dad lacked that anchor. He could be entertaining, loving, and almost giddily upbeat while nurturing near despair within. A hundred years earlier he would have run away to join the Indians. He gained the respect and affection of a wide circle of fellow members in the 35 years he attended the First Methodist Church in LaGrange, Illinois. Yet while he was long *in*, he was never really *of* the Methodist Church. Tattered tendrils of his mother's more rigorous faith tugged at his soul to the very end. He lived with a long list of questions to which his life offered no clear answers. And the uncertainty often cost him dearly.

Notes to Part I.

ⁱ A variation on this was the manner in which Grandfather Ira Hofferbert supported himself in his later years by exploiting the frontage of his Grant County farm. Starting after World War II, while living back off the road, he built modest houses on lots along the road and sold them on land contract, providing him and Grandmother with a modest income for the rest of their days.

ⁱⁱ These records are available from the Bureau of Land Management's website, in which are archived the old General Land Office patents. [www.glorerecords.blm.gov]

^{iv} **How We Came to Know So Much About the Roes?** How we have come to know so much about Grandmother Bertha's mother's family is a story that demonstrates the fun, luck, and challenge of trying to do genealogy and family history. It starts for me in Tallahassee, Florida in March, 2000.

Rose and I were living in that delightful city for a few weeks while I served an appointment as scholar-in-residence at Florida State University. But the best part of the visit was that my cousin Mary and her dear husband John Williams were then also residing in Tallahassee. One day, while we were discussing family lore and how little we all knew about our background, Mary produced a document that had been given to her by her nephew, John Key. John, who is pastor of the Maple Run Friends Church, southeast of Swayzee, Indiana had discovered that he and one of his parishioners shared common ancestry. Mr. Small, the fellow Quaker, then gave John a copy of a 1972 mimeographed manuscript prepared by Clarence Dickson of Los Angeles. It was titled *David Roe of Flushing New York – A Story of Six Generations*. It traced our ancestry from Bertha Kelley's mother, Hester Jane Roe Kelley, back to Hester's 6th great grandfather, David Roe, in Flushing, Long Island in 1685. It even included a somewhat fuzzy family photo of Hester's family when she was a teenager.

This document affected me much as it did Cousin John. It stimulated to action our interest in family history. It should be added that he and I have since spent some very pleasant days together touring the burial places of our ancestors and exploiting the resources of wonderful genealogical collections in the Kokomo and Marion libraries. And we regularly exchange discoveries.

The 1972 mimeographed document found in the Los Angeles Library by Clarence Dickson, a distant cousin, was based on a much more elaborate 6 generation genealogy, DAVID ROE OF FLUSHING, NEW YORK AND SOME OF HIS DESCENDANTS (Second edition), revised and enlarged by Clarence Alton Torrey and Charles Harvey Roe -- 1st ed., 1926; rev'd 1958. I obtained the full manuscript on microfiche from the New York State Library, Albany, NY. Not only did that manuscript contain a full genealogy down to Hester Jane Roe, but it had appendices that provided basic parentage of our Feke and Fones ancestors back to 15th century England. Further, it contains sufficient documentation of our ancestor William Roe's service in the American Revolution to enable any of the ladies in our family to apply successfully to become members of the Daughters of the Revolution.

^v I find in various records numerous references to Roes in the Bay Colony. But the furthest documented link is to my 8th great grandfather, David Roe, living in Flushing (now part of Queens on land that today contains the entrance ramp to the Whitestone Bridge) in 1665 – a year after the British had taken over the entirety of New York colony from the Dutch. It is reasonable to assume that the Roes had migrated along the Connecticut coast and then across to Long Island (similar to the path taken by Elizabeth Fones Winthrop Feke). Our Roe ancestors remained in and around the northeast corner of Long Island, with occasional forays into western New Jersey, until after the American Revolution, more than a century after David Roe's documented residence there. See, *David Roe Of Flushing, Long Island And Some Of His Descendants --- A Record Of Six Generations*, compiled by Mr. Clarence Almon Torrey, 1926.) This magnificent volume contains nearly all the descendants of David Roe, who lived in Flushing at least from 1665 until his death around 1702. An appendix to this volume provides well-documented lineage of the Feke's back through Grandfather Robert Feke (rowdy Great Grandmother Elizabeth's unfortunately wacko mate) to one William Feke (aka Feake) who was born in Wighton, near Norwich, England in the mid-1400s. I obtained the Torrey manuscript in microfiche from the New York State Library.

^{vi} During my childhood, I recall my grandmother Bertha (granddaughter of this John Roe) being very concerned about epilepsy in our family. Her grandfather's fate was probably the source of this anxiety –Rih]

^{vii} I have been helped much in understanding the changing role of religion in America and how it probably affected our family by reading Winthrop S. Hudson and John Corrigan, *Religion in America* (6th ed, Upper Saddle River New Jersey: Prentice Hall, 1999).