

From Sandy Dempsey Smith
Oil City Pa.

Dempsey Family

The American ancestor of the Dempsey family was Lawrence Dempsey, born in Ir of Scotch Ancestors. He first became a resident of Center County, Pa., soon the close of the revolution. In 1797 he penetrated the wilds of the Upper Valley to the lands open to settlement on the general terms presented by the He was the first settler in the region and made his first improvement on the farm, not far from the old graveyard near Dempseytown, a hamlet named in his Here he planted an orchard, one of the first in what is now Oakland township had two sons, Peter and David. Lawrence Dempsey died in one of the eastern of the state, but his wife and one son are buried in the family graveyard at town. The name of his wife was Mary Kafman and she was of German origin, c the eastern part of the state.

Peter, son of Lawrence, was born in Center Co., Pa., and came with his father Venango Co. where they settled on the site of the present town. Peter spent after 1797 in Venango County, engaged in farming and lumbering. He was a D a man of strong, upright character. His brother, David, was also a man of in the county, and served for a time in congress. While Lawrence Dempsey w first settler in Dempseytown, Peter Dempsey, his son, laid out the town, em Samuel Dale who surveyed for him, Sept. 2, 1800, 401 acres of land lying ne tract owned by his father. On it he built a house, and on the same site in a hotel that he kept for many years. The old tavern stood until about 1885 was destroyed by fire. Peter Dempsey married Susanna, daughter of Thomas C was the first white child born in Pittsburgh, and who served in the revolut when a young man. He was in the military service at Pittsburgh, also at Fo lin, and he settled on Sugar Creek, near Cooperstown. In 1803 he settled town where he died at an advanced age. Children of Peter Dempsey were:

MUST HAVE
BEEN MOTHER
THOMAS CARTER
OR ELSE
ARTHUR MEANS
SUSANNA WAS
1ST CHILD

Thomas C. (see next paragraph)

KELLEY

Cicero T., born Dec. 18, 1808, married Nancy Kelly

Maria, born Sept. 16, 1810, married James Reed

David, born Oct. 8, 1813, married Jane Arthurs

Washington, born Feb. 6, 1816, lost on the Ohio River in 1844

Hetty C., born April 3, 1818, married Robert Kelly

John C. April 5, 1820, married Jemima Reninger

Sally, born April 5, 1820 (twin) married John Kelly

Isabel, born Feb. 7, 1823, never married

Thomas Carter, son of Peter Dempsey, was born at Dempseytown, Venango Co., 13, 1806, died in Springboro, Crawford Co., Jan. 27, 1884. He was married Ann Arthurs.

Peter Dempsey was one of the Auditors of Sugar Creek Twp. in 1819 and 1820

Thomas Carter built one of the first houses in the place (Dempseytown), on ground long occupied by the David E. Thomas blacksmith shop, one of the frame buildings erected in the county and the very first in the township. weather boarding was fastened with wooden pins. He was one of the charac place. At an advanced age he married a widow almost as old as himself, a to be 98, his wife surviving to the age of 103.

In old cemetery: Mary, wife of Lawrence Dempsey, died Sept. 1825 in her

From old Venango Spectator: Died - Peter Dempsey, Dec. 30, 1867, at Dempo 83 yrs. 4 mo., came from Huntington Co. in 1798.

From Pa. Archives: Muster Roll, Ship, Gen. Green, for 3 months ending Sep

Lawrence Dempsey was born in Ireland of Scotch ancestors. He came to America and settled first at Center County, Pennsylvania, shortly after the close of the Revolution. There he married Mary Kofman from the eastern part of the state. She was of German descent. At their farm in the Huntington-Center Co. Area, the couple had two sons, David and Peter.

In 1797 Lawrence Dempsey took his family and headed west into the wilds of the Upper Allegheny Valley, to the lands open to settlement on the general terms presented by the state. The terms were these: Lawrence received the amount of land he could ride around (marking the boundary trees) on a bull in a given length of time.

**Sometimes the terms involved all the land the settler could run around in a given time - at which time a local Indian was often hired to do the running. In all Lawrence Dempsey owned about 600 acres of land on a three mile strip between the land held by the Holland Land Claims and the Northern Ordinance Lands Company. This tract was called Free Land.

Lawrence Dempsey was the first settler in the region and according to one authority he made his first improvements on the old Christian Cauvel farm, just south west of the old graveyard at Dempseytown, a hamlet named in his honor. Here he planted an orchard, one of the first in Venango County, and certainly the first in what is now Oakland Township.

David Dempsey, the younger son, was a Colonel in the War of 1812. He was later a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature and a man of some prominence in the county. David died, unmarried, on a trip home from the Legislature in Philadelphia (about 1815). Small wonder, as he made the trip on foot!

The second son, Peter, married Rosannah Carter of Dempseytown.

She was the daughter of Thomas and Mary Carter, whose joint marker stands in the center of the Dempsey Cemetery. "erected by the Putnam-King Chapter - Continental Army - 1776".

Thomas Carter was the first white child born in Pittsburgh (Jordan, Allegheny Valley, page 75) and he served in the Revolution as a young man. He was in the military service at Pittsburgh, also at Fort Franklin, and he settled on Sugarcreek near Cooperstown. In 1803 he settled with his family at Dempseytown, where he died at the advanced age of 99 in 1851. His wife lived several years longer and was 103 years old when she died.

Peter and Rosannah Dempsey stayed in Dempseytown where Peter worked at farming and lumbering. He built a log cabin several hundred yards in front of the present homestead and planted an orchard to the south. It said of him that he was a good neighbor, of strong, upright character and a man of wide learning. He was also a Democrat. There on their farm at Dempseytown, the couple raised a family of nine children. (see Pg. 1a.)

Thomas married Mary Ann Arthurs. She is buried in the Dempsey cemetery.

Cicero married Nancy Kelly and they had their home down between Two Mile Run and what is now Foster's Corners. Singing Hills Girl Scout Camp is located on part of their property. There is a wonderful spring in the camp and they named it, "The Nancy Dempsey Spring."

Marion married James Reed

David married Jane Arthurs

Washington, born in 1816 was lost on the Ohio River in 1844.

Netty C. married Robert Kelly.

Sally and John were twins. Sally married John Kelly.

** Mrs. Donald (Mildred Dempsey) Prichard

The land where the racers career around the Tri-City race track was originally the property of John and Sally Kelly. Some of us can remember the clearing on that hill where John Cauvel farmed. The portion of land on the hill belonged to Nancy Kelly Cutler, and the log house at the edge of the woods near the Franklin road was her sister Elizabeth's (Aunt Lib.). Sarah or Aunt Sade who married Addison Bannon lived across the road in the house where their son, John, still lives. Peter and Jane King Kelley lived next door to Bannon's.

The ninth child of Peter and Rosannah Dempsey, Isabelle (called "Peggy") was born on Feb. 7, 1823. Although she never did marry, Peggy Dempsey had eight children: Belinda, Henrietta, Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, Benjamin Franklin (who never married, but was the much loved Uncle Frank of all the neighborhood children), Emeline and Elmer (never married - killed in the Bradford oil fields.) *Maria*

The old house where she lived and raised her family is still standing - though vastly remodeled. It is the second house north of the cemetery lane on the east side of the street. There is some controversy as to the father (s) of Isabelle's eight children. One "authority" states they had several different fathers, but our branch of the family maintained that the then practicing town physician, Doc. Bowser, is the common father of the whole lot. It has been said that some of the children had red hair, but at this late date there seems to be no practical way to determine the color of the good doctor's hair! He has no marked stone in the Dempsey cemetery. Another interesting comment (this from Aunt Lib) states that "Isabelle had a lot of nerve giving her children all those famous names!"

Well, "there is so much bad in the best of us", so let's give Isabelle her credit! She is recorded as having sold three-fourths of an acre of land to the Baptist Congregation of Oakland Township for five dollars on January 20, 1871. The church of this now extinct congregation was located just across the road from the lane which goes up to the Reed home. Isabelle is buried in the family graveyard, but there is no marker.

* * * * *

Although Lawrence Dempsey became known as the first settler in the area, his son, Peter, has the greater hand in the establishment of the town. Peter Dempsey laid out the town (such as it is), employing Samuel Dale, who surveyed for him on September 2, 1800, 401 acres of land lying next to the tract owned by his father (to the north). On it he built a house (perhaps the front half of the Reed home, including the basement, which would have been near his original cabin) and later a hotel which he kept for many years. The reason the village of Dempseytown grew up originally was several fold: primarily because it was located about halfway on the road from Franklin to Titusville - a distance of about 20 miles. It also harboured a cheese factory, a gas plant and the old Dempsey tavern. The old tavern stood until 1885, when it was destroyed by fire.

Lawrence Dempsey died in Westmoreland County (east of Pittsburgh), Pennsylvania, but his wife, Mary, is buried in the family graveyard. Her tombstone, the second oldest in the cemetery, and located just to the right of the monument of Peter Dempsey and his wife, reads, "Mary, wife of Lorange Dempsey, Died Sept. 1825 in the 84 yr. of her age."

In 1930, the special monument to its left was erected to honor Peter Dempsey as the founder of the town. There were no original marked stones

The monument there erected reads:

"This Memorial Erected to The Memory of Peter Dempsey and his Wife Rosannah Carter Dempsey by their descendants - Pioneer Settlers of this locality and donors of the land on which this cemetery is located. Rosannah Carter 1788-1873; Peter Dempsey 1784-1867; 1930."

We are indebted to three people for the forgoing history of the Dempsey-Reed family. R. Gordon Neely who was a descendant of Joseph Neely(mentioned later), dug up the facts of the connection of the family to the early history of Venango County. Gordon died in 1936 and in his passing we lost a good friend. David Richard of Fremont, Ohio, who was interested in the Dempsey's thru the Croese family, contacted Mildred Dempsey Prichard of Dempseytown and together they compiled a very interesting account of the Dempsey side of the house.

In 1838 Peter Dempsey sold a piece of land to James Reed. The deed reads something like this: This Indenture made the twentieth day of April, 1838 between Peter Dempsey and Roseannah his wife and James Reed for the sum of Eighty Dollars -- that parcel of land bounded as follows: to wit Beginning at post on the Donation line thence south west by land settled by Thomas Carter 109 perches to a post then northeast by land of James Thompson 47 perches to a white oake stump then southwest by lands of said Thompson 56 perches to a post thence northeast along the Franklin road 90 perches to a post then northwest by land of Peter Dempsey to a post then southwest by Donation land 47 perches to the place of beginning containing 52 acres.

In February of 1847 David Dempsey received a piece of land containing 29 acres for the sum of One dollar, and in April the same year he sold the piece to James Reed for One hundred twenty dollars.

In all these transactions the name of Rosannah Dempsey appeared with her husband's name. She signed the deeds by making her mark. S top

ENTER -- THE REEDS

William Reed, the first of the American family of Reeds, emigrated to the United States from Ireland in 1798. Mr. Ed. McAlevy argues that the Reeds came from South Wales and he may be right.

Soon after coming to this country William married a widow by the name of Neely who had the following children: John, Joseph, Marjery, Samuel, Fulton and Elizabeth.

Joseph, born July 4, 1791 was the founder of the Neely family in this section.

William and his wife came to Oakland Township and cleared for themselves a farm adjoining the land of Lawrence Dempsey.

At the breaking out of the War of 1812-14 both William and his stepson, Joseph Neely enlisted in the American Army. Joseph was with Hull at the surrender of Detroit and was delivered into the hands of the British. Mr. Reed was with Perry but did no actual fighting. When the War came to an end he returned to his farm at Dempseytown where he spent the rest of his life. To them were born three children: James, Robert and Mary.

Their daughter, Mary Reed, married a man named Elliot.

The youngest son, Robert, went south and settled in Natchez, Miss. He had the following children: William, Robert, Jr., Mary, Samuel and Emma.

Emma came to Pennsylvania to visit her northern cousins. Here she met and married Bruce Cauvel and her last years were spent not too far from Dempseytown.

They had one daughter, Frieda, who is married to Ellsworth Stewart. Robert, Jr. corresponded with his northern cousin Robert. Through his letters we learn that his sympathies were with the North at the time of the war. He said he talked about the north so much that his friends accused him of being an abolitionist, but he was evidently conscripted. He deserted the Rebel Army and was then compelled to live north of the Ohio river until the war was ended. He went north to Jeffersonville, Indiana where he stayed for nearly 2 years, and then returned to Natchez.

His oldest brother, William, was in the southern Army. Of him Robert writes, "My oldest brother, William, is dead. He was wounded in the knee in one of the latest battles in Virginia. The wound was so bad that he had his leg amputated and it mortified and killed him. Oh, Cousin! how hard it is to have a brother die in such a cause as that in which he fell. But he thought he was right and I believe that when a man thinks he is in the right cause (whether that cause is right or wrong) he is not sinning in the eyes of God."

* * * * *

William Reed's older son, James, was married about 1827 to Maria Dempsey, daughter of Peter Dempsey. According to the records both Maria and her mother, Rosannah Carter Dempsey were married when they were about 16 years old. James and Maria stayed on the farm at Dempseytown and had a family of 13 children. With the exception of William who drowned when he was about a year old and James, Jr. who also died when very young, they all grew to manhood and womanhood and went to take their place in the world. The greater share of them did not travel too far from the old home.

Rebecca married Michael Cauvel and they built their log home near the old "Texas spring", which was about 2 miles from the Dempsey farm.

Mary married Philson Cooper and their old home was a few miles south of Cherrytree.

Rosanna married William Yeater. They lived in Dempseytown.

Elizabeth married Frederick Heyl. They lived in Kane City.

Peter married Adeline Hilliren. They lived for a while in Dempseytown. Their house, which had been built by James Reed, is still standing. They moved, in a few years to Springboro in Crawford County, and later to a flourishing fruit farm on Lake Erie near Ripley, N. Y.

Alvina Ann married Montgomery Carter, great-grandson of Thomas Carter. They settled on a farm at Hancocks City, about 2 miles from the old home.

Martha married Levi Renninger. Their farm adjoined Michael and Rebecca Cauvel's.

Marjery married William Arthurs. They lived at Kane City.

Maria Jane married John Cushing and they went south to Washington, Pennsylvania. *IN JAN 2 1870 at Dempseytown by Wm. Kieley*

John married Rose Darling. The farm and homestead were left to him, but so far as I know he did not live at home after he was married. He went to Elk County to follow the occupation of lumbering, later taking his family to Saskatchewan, Canada where he settled down as a wheat farmer.

He sold the farm to Robert who also bought Peter's property as well several other pieces around Dempseytown.

Of the 13 children of James and Maria Reed, 8 of them are buried in the Dempsey cemetery along with pioneer founders of the family and community.

Robert, who was the sixth child of James and Maria, spent his child-

back there, consisted of going thru the books available. When they had "gone thru" the books their schooling days were over. We know that was not the end of Robert's education. He was well versed in a great variety of subjects, and his library contained many books.

In 1859 he left home and went to Jefferson County. He may have gone adventuring or he may have been hunting work to help his father pay indebtedness at home. It is more than likely that cash was not very plentiful and James kept buying more property. At any rate there was plenty of work and plenty of adventure on the Clarion river, where the logs, cut from the vast, virgin forests, were fastened into rafts and floated down the Clarion or Clear Creek to the Allegheny River and then on down to Pittsburgh.

When Robert first came to Emerickville, he was employed as bookkeeper for a well-to-do farmer and lumberman - one James Moore, and from the experience he gained he bought property of his own. From his diaries we know that he made trips down to Pittsburgh. The auger he used for boring holes in the logs is still in the family. For 15 years Robert worked on the river and in the lumbering business.

In Jefferson County at Emerickville lived James and Tabitha Moore and their 2 boys and 4 girls, William, James, Emeline, Laura, Sarah and Hannah, a family of pioneering New Englanders. James had decided to give up the rugged life of the high seas - he was Captain of a whaling vessel - and try some adventuring on land, so he and his young wife, Tabitha Crosby Moore, brought their possessions over the mountains and rivers from New London, Connecticut, to the wilds of Jefferson County. James carved a respectable sized farm out of the woods, and he and Tabitha settled down to the job at hand of making a home and raising a family in a proper Christian manner.

Church services were held in the home of the Moores until the little congregation decided they were strong enough to build a church for themselves. Grandfather Moore donated the land for the church and the cemetery, and in October, 1964 the Emerickville church commemorated their hundredth anniversary. There were 13 descendants of the original congregation in attendance. Ten who traced their ancestry to the Moore family were 6 great grandchildren, Mildred Mourey Syphret, Martha Mourey Watson, Ellis Reed Mourey, Vere Reed Shaffer, Berneta Heyl Ackerman, Louise Heyl Reed; 3 great great grandchildren, Shirley Reed Mellring, Frances Berkhouse Shaffer and Audrey Moore Brooks; and to represent the 6th generation was Mark Anthony Mellring. Members of the Zetler family who were present were Howard Deemer, George Zetler and Rosalie Zimmerman. The Zetler family were charter members of the church and Hetty Kelley Zetler was a granddaughter of Peter and Rosannah Dempsey.

It might well have been in the original church where Robert met Hannah Moore, daughter of James and Tabitha, because we know Grandpa was a church goer. However it was, they decided to share their lot and they were married October 11, 1860.

The first years of their married life were spent in the "big woods" in Warsaw Township around Sigel.

Robert served in the Union Army. He went in the place of a neighbor who had several small children. Robert and Hannah had a couple of children also, but that didn't seem to make any difference. Also, he went to war in opposition to his father's wishes. In some of his letters to Robert, James stated very positively that he thought, "we should not get mixed up in any war. Let them settle their own troubles."

The memory my mother had of the big woods was of the time she and sister Ida ran away. By some miracle they found the house of their neighbor, (I wish I could remember the name - was it Ishman?), which was the only other house within miles. When their mother caught up with them they were eating a treat of brown sugar off a chair. Then Mother liked to tell of another time they ran away. Grandmother Hannah started after them and as long as they saw her coming they kept on running. After a while she stepped behind a bush so the 2 little girls, probably 3 and 5 years old, decided it was safe to return, but alas! as they passed Grandma's hiding place, she stepped out with a wicked switch, a goldenrod stalk! In telling it afterward she said she "switched them all the way home" and older sister Ida said, "Yes and farther than that".

Robert spent about 15 years in Jefferson County. Then his father 70 years old wanted him to come home. So Robert and Hannah packed up their goods and chattels behind their faithful team of oxen, Buck and Berry, started west to Oakland Township which was a 2 days journey. The old stone house east of Clarion at Corners, known as the Halfway House, and which is still standing was where they spent the night. And That was their stopping place on subsequent trips when Hannah went back to visit her family.

In his will James left the farm to his youngest son, John, who had evidently married and lived at home with his wife and small son. Farming was not John's chosen vocation and on the arrival of Robert and Hannah he moved to Elk County. James left approximately \$100 to each of his children. Also in his will, "To Rosannah Reed I bequeath the room of my house known as her room, for her use, while she is single. The room is in the northwest corner of the house", and I'm sure we remember the little bedroom off the downstairs hall that was Aunt Rose's room. She did not marry until late in life and she visited among her sisters helping out where she was needed. She was an extremely bossy old soul; had a sharp tongue and did not hesitate to call a spade a spade. One of her favorite names for her grand neices was, "a dirty little heifer", if we weren't toeing the mark according to her liking; but we all loved her and during her last illness in her home in Dempseytown (which stood 3 doors above Henderson's store) she was cared for by loving neices. She died on a snowy Thanksgiving Day in 1922.

Our grandfather Robert was very much loved by all of his grandchildren, 66 of them he had. He seemed, at least to those of us who were younger, to be a gentle man. I don't know that he ever scolded us. I think perhaps he left that up to Grandma and she was equal to the situation. And well she needed to be because few were the times that she and Grandpa had to themselves. There were always others.

Grandma's birthday was Jan. 17 and sometime near that date some of the family, Seyler's, Tracy's, and Heyl's would go home to help celebrate. Seyler's and Tracy's had their own transportation. Grandpa would often come for our family in the bob-sleds.

Grandpa's birthday was the 27th of April and that was another day for the family to come to visit Pap and Mother. Maybe even Aunt Minnie's family from Oil City or Uncle Jim's from Franklin would be able to join the rest of them. Grandma's dinners were not baked beans and potato salad served on paper plates. They were real meals! The good white linen table cloth

no whining and fussing among the children because that was only showing respect to older people and kids back then thought they were supposed to be respectful. One of the regular activities on Grandpa's birthday was going for a walk to hunt trailing arbutus, either down in the pasture or out the old lane.

The last of August was really homecoming time for the whole family. Then we had a chance to get acquainted with our Maurey cousins, Aunt Ida and Uncle John from Reynoldsville and Aunt Viola and Uncle Ellis from Emerickville with their families.

The Dempseytown Harvest Home picnic was held the last Saturday in August and families all came home for that event if it were at all possible. Aunt Ida and Aunt Viola would come home and stay a week or two with at least part of their ~~happy~~ brood, and all the family still gets a lot of pleasure when we have a chance to recall the good time we had -- way back there at Grandpa's.

You never heard anybody say, "I just can't have anyone come to stay over night because I don't have an extra bed." After the beds were filled you made beds on the floor. There were always those brave, daring boys who took their blankets out to the hay-mow. They always had tales to share of wandering rats, bats or other wild animals and the ducks were a good alarm clock. It was more than likely that Grandma and the family mothers at hand would make a breakfast of pancakes and sausage.

Then came Picnic Day. If all the Franklin and Oil City people hadn't come before hand, they would arrive at the Harves Home Grounds in a nice livery rig. The high light of the day was, of course, the big picnic dinner with the whole family around the table.

These were just the special occasions that Grandpa and Grandma shared with others. There were others, too, Sara Frost and her brother Jim who worked for them. When Jim froze his toes until they turned black, he went out to the chopping block and whacked them off. Grandma asked, "Did it hurt you much Jim?", and he replied, "Oh, not so werry much." There was Grandpa's cousin John who was a little "off". He would stop for a while then one day he would come stamping into the house. Grandma would say, "What's the matter John?" He would say, "I'm mad, Hannah", and away he would go to visit some of the other cousins.

And there were always grandchildren. Sometimes they weren't getting along so well at home and Grandpa's place was a haven. Sometimes they stayed and went to school, a quarter mile from the farm when you took the short cut thru Neely's grove. (Before it was Neely's it was McClintocks and after Neely's it was Beers) Sometimes they were there to help with work; and it was a good place for a town boy to spend a vacation.

It wasn't the big holiday dinners that proved Grandma's dominion of her kitchen. With fresh vegetables from her garden and a piece of ham or bacon her everyday meals were to be remembered. Did you ever eat any of her hominy which she made herself. She even leached her own lye from wood ashes, then the grains of corn were soaked in the lye water.

Housewives made their own soap using left over grease and lye and it not only took the dirt out of the clothes; it took the skin off your knuckles with a little assistance from the wash board.

Grandma was not the coddling type. When you came bawling into the house she would look at the skinned knee or cut finger and say, "Does it hurt you much?". If you had a stomach ache or a cold you would very likely get a dose of bone set tea.

She had some very pungent sayings. Life never slowed her down very much and until the end she could very likely have worked circles around any of her granddaughters.

When she came from Jefferson County she brought a few family treasures with her, the "hand made" corner cupboard in the kitchen, the woven coverlet and who among us does not remember the grandfather's clock which stood in the corner of the parlor and behind the glass you could see the real feathers from the peacocks on Grandfather Moore's farm and a few choice sea shells that her father had bro't home from some of his voyages.

One of the most marvelous things about the old farm is the spring under the house. For many years all the water that was used in the house was carried up the stone steps from the spring. You can just shut your eyes and see the long row of milk cans and crocks setting to cool in the running water in the milk room. I wonder if there is another place in the whole country that had the milk house right under the house! The running water kept the whole cellar cool in summer and warm in winter. It sure was dark in that canned fruit cellar! Think of the crocks of green tomato pickle and apple butter stored away in there. At the top of the inside cellar steps was the big old cookie jar.

The spring was the source of supply for the duck pond below the house, which was also the watering place for the horses and cows. Wouldn't it be fun to know how many kids had waded in it (with or without shoes) and had been chased out when they were caught. Often during the day the ducks, 8 or 12 of them, would come to the pond for their swim.

For many years the spring also supplied water. A pipe would be laid from the spring out the lane to the upper corner of the picnic ground. You looked out the window and saw the beautiful dark pink honeysuckle bush along the bank of the spring run, which was one of Grandma's delights along with the rose bush and pink hyacinths which had come with her Mother from Connecticut.

Our grandfather was an avid reader and he could remember and tell what he read. He was an expert at grafting fruit trees; just recently Audley Hasson told me how, when he was a boy, Grandpa used to drive over to Utica to do grafting for Mr. Hasson's uncle, and he would sit for hours and listen to them talk. The orchard, on the farm, was above the house. It held nearly every variety of apple that was known -- lots of good eating for long winter evenings.

He was ordained a minister in the Evangelical Association in 1877 at Franklin. I don't know whether he had a regular charge or not, but he held Bible study and prayer meeting while he was in Jefferson County. "Uncle" Perry Britton was a living testimony of Grandfather's concern for souls when he (Uncle Perry) used to come to our Reunion and recite whole chapters from the Bible. He could not read but he remembered the Bible from the time of Grandpa's prayer-meetings. After they came to Dempseytown he often filled the pulpit of the Evangelical church there and also at the Lamey Evangelical Church, which was then the Zion Church. Different groups used to hold camp meetings in the picnic grove, especially "comeouter" groups and Free Will Baptists, and they were given a warm welcome and very likely more substantial nourishment from the Reed's garden and dairy. Maybe Grandpa didn't always agree with all points of their doctrines but he always supported them in their efforts to spread the gospel.

To those who knew the homestead in later years, Aunt Kate was as much a part of it as Grandpa and Grandma.

She taught school at Hickory for a while, maybe only one term. Back-country schools usually had at least one bully with a reputation for

-10-

running the teacher out and Hickory was no exception. Aunt Kate met the challenge with the announcement that she was there to teach the school and she backed up her statement with a big stick of fire wood; but she never found it necessary to use her weapon.

She left school teaching when her Moore grandparents needed someone to stay with them and look after them in their old age. After their death she stayed with Aunt Sarah Moore for many years. When Aunt Sarah died she returned to the farm.

Someone said her life was spent with old folks but that did not lessen her depth of sympathy for and understanding of young people. She was Aunt Kate, not only to her own family, but to nearly all of Dempseytown, both old and young. One of the nicest things we could wish for any family is that they might have an Aunt Kate.

There was another "daughter" in the family. When Grandpa's sister, Margery Arthurs, died in 1887 the task of keeping house for a family of 9 fell on the shoulders of 17 year old Rachel. So to ease her burden a little, Grandpa and Grandma took the baby Della Mae into their home and brought her up as their own. As we write this in 1966, Della Mae Arthurs Hall is the last member of both of her families. She was married to the Rev. Willis Hall. Despite the difference in their years Willis and Grandpa were close to each other and Grandpa passed on his theological book to Willis who made much use of them.

* * * * *

On October 11, 1910 the old farm was the scene of a festive occasion when Robert and Hannah Moore Reed celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary. Robert was 72 that fall and Hannah was 67, but they weren't old. Grandma was flitting here and there to see that every thing was in order and that everybody was having a good time; and Grandpa was also being the perfect host. To join them for the event were Grandma's brother, William Moore and Hettie Zetler, a cousin of Grandpa's, who had both been at their wedding; Also Michael Mourey (the father of John and Ellis) who had helped serenade them. All of their 11 children, including Mae Hall, were there, 39 or their 56 grandchildren and 9 great grandchildren.

It was around 1917-1919 (someone can set us straight on that date) that we had really a patriotic gathering. The "boys" of World War I were there in uniform. They included: Captain Willis Hall, Chaplain of the 112th Regiment; First Lieutenant, Victor Reed; First Lieutenant Robert Stormer; Sergeants Amer Stormer and Frederick Heyl; Corporal Wayne Stormer and Private Paul Stormer and Warren Arthurs. Representing the Civil War were: Robert Reed, Frederick Heyl and Jefferson Dempsey. Lloyd Reed was a member of Co. E, 16th Regiment and served with his Company through the Spanish-American War and Crawford Burton, veteran of the same war was there. Merl Reed was with the 16th Regiment during its sojourn on the Mexican Border holding the rank of Sergeant. Herman Cauvel, grandson of Rebecca Reed Cauvel died during World War I. The next war exacted a greater toll from the family ranks. Among those who did not come home were Ernest Huff, Wayne Reed, Lloyd Reed and Harold Martz. Severely wounded, although able to return home, were John Martz, James Graff and John Beightol. Elsewhere will be found a list of those who have served their country. In 1919 they organized as the Reed-Dempsey Reunion and Ross Reed was the first President. At the second Reunion we really "went to town".

with 450 persons attending and Charley Reed of Ripley was chosen President. During that year the first great-great grandchild, Robert Graff, was born. Among the names on committees for that year were Fred Cauvel, Warren Arthurs, Kitty Berkhouse, Clara Appleby, Tempa Hartman, Joe Ludwis and Harry Renninger. If you check your list you will find the family of James and Maria Reed pretty well represented.

The family graveyard was always discussed at these gathering. In 1923-24 a Cemetery Association was formed. Many days of hard work were put in and hads sprouted many blisters as the men shovelled dirt, mowed grass and weeds, hauled off field stones and dug out thorn bushes and red oak. And for a few years, come spring, it looked like same deplorable, discouraging place and not until the coming of the power mower did we have much hope. In Sept. 1959 at the "new Reunion a work day was set for the next Saturday and a good crew of workers turned out. Several loads of stones which could catch a mower blade were hauled over the hill. A few thorn bushes needed dug out, but most of them fell under those wonderful mowers! Charley Arthurs and Carl Dickey, who were both up in their 80's, swung scythes all afternoon. Charley's and Belle Dickey's Grandmother Arthurs and one Aunt, as well as their parents and a sister are buried there. Charley was always one of the faithful few where the cemetery was concerned. After that day's work we could look out over the cemetery and feel a little thrill of pride and it looks pretty respectable after a few hours work around Decoration day. Don't you sort of wonder what Grandma and Aunt Rose would think to hear all that clattering above them?

It was also at the Reunion in 1929 that the family decided that Grandfather Dempsey should have some recognition as being the founder not only of the family but also of the town. So they made a "Name Quilt", charging 10¢ and 25¢ for each name which was "worked" on the quilt with red thread. After it was finished and quilted it was raffled off, bringing in \$179.00, which with just a few more donations, bought the marker for Peter and Rosannah Dempsey. There were two branches of the clan especially interested in this project. They were the families of Maria Dempsey Reed and Sally Dempsey Kelley. The whole family pitched in as was proven by the 566 names which were on the quilt, but we would like to mention a few names of those who worked hard to see the project completed. Grandma Reed and the Reed girls, Kate, Laura, Della and Minnie put the names on and got ready for the quilting. Then Aunt Nan, Aunt Lib (Kelley), Lucetta, the Kelley girls, Clara Hites, Ethel O'Donnell, Lizzie Burton, Sadie Morrison and Ella Kelley joined the others at Grandma's house and many stitches and pricked fingers finally paid off.

* * * * *

Grandpa died in March (12) of 1922 and Willis Hall performed one of the hardest tasks of his life when he preached Grandpa's funeral sermon. Grandma lived on at the farm with Aunt Kate and one or another of the family until January 22, 1930. One of Grandma's philosophies thru life was, "Well, this needs doing, so lets get it done", and that was about the way of her going. She had a stroke one afternoon and the next day she died, preceding all her children except the baby, Lester, who had died of diphtheria year before.

Aunt Kate continued to live at home. Aunt Minnie Stormer was with her several years until her death in 1940. After a few years Merl Reed, whose wife Velma had died, moved in with Aunt Kate and they became her "family" until she passed away one night, quietly, in her sleep.

After Aunt Kate was gone it seemed the last link was gone and for a time after 1955 we sort of deserted the old homestead. But, family ties being what they are, after a couple of years we felt that we would like to get together again. In 1959 Dad, Mom, and I went to the

Berneta Heyl Ackerman got their heads together and and Berneta and Frank Ackerman asked us to come to Conneaut Lake Park, the second Sunday in September and we have been meeting at various places on that date since then.

Now that we have Progress - with a capital "P" staring at us, maybe we have an incentive to revive our former interest in the Reed homestead. Project 70 is coming up Two Mile Run and we all know what devastation takes place when the Authorities with their bulldozers start out to beautify a locality! The dam water (you may read that either way) is not supposed to come up to the farm. Those hills where we used to gather chestnuts and trailing arbutus, and where we used to drive the cows to the barn at milking time - they would make a lovely picnic area. The old house might be able to be restored as museum. The spring with its clear running water under the house has brought a certain amount of publicity to the "old house at home where our fore fathers dwelt".

We value our treasures - and our heritage - more when we are about to lose them. When we add another page to our history will we still have any interest in the Reed-Dempsey home - or will we be like our brothers up the Allegheny River - the Senecas?

Don't you wonder what Grandpa would say?