

THE FOUR SCHOENINGS

Around the middle of the nineteenth century, seven children were born to a family by the name of Schoening; four of these seven were to grow up to become the parents, grand-parents, great-grandparents, and great-great-grandparents of many of the present-day (1951) inhabitants of Clearfield County, Pennsylvania. This is the ancestry and historical background of the four Schoening children who were born on a farm in Jordan Township, Clearfield County, Pennsylvania, and spent their early childhood there. At the time prior to the birth of these children, the present Clearfield County was then part of Center County. Most of this data and information was taken from the scrapbook of the youngest Schoening child, Ella (Mrs. Perry Norris). Wherever possible, direct quotes are taken from the scrapbook.

It seems that about three generations before these Schoening children were born, a family by the name of "Lowry" decided to leave the European Continent and seek their fortune in the new world, America. They were either from England or Scotland, leaving their home there and starting for America sometime prior to the Revolutionary War. This is about all the information the scrapbook material reveals concerning the history of these "Lowrys." From the available records, this family consisted of the parents and two children, a boy, Charles, and a girl, Mary. It appears to be impossible to determine the names of the parents of these two children, especially since the parents both died, aboard ship, enroute to America. These children were quite small and on the ship's arrival in Philadelphia, were no doubt turned over to some welfare society. That they were separated and cared for by two different families, and lost all contact with each other, is brought out by the very interesting incident of their meeting years later.

This orphan, Mary Lowry, along with some friends (no doubt her foster parents) was viewing a parade of Revolutionary soldiers and suddenly became attracted to this one particular soldier. The details of how they got acquainted as a result of Mary seeing this boy in the parade is not known, but the scrapbook states that they became very much interested in each other, almost to the point of love. However, the boy, being a soldier, had to go back to war, but they corresponded all during the remainder of the war; and at the close of the war he returned to this beautiful young girl towards whom he had such a strong feeling. They seemed to have so many things in common, one of which amazed them both, that of being orphans whose parents died enroute to this country. This led to many discussions and finally by questioning their foster parents and many others, discovered they were really brother and sister, the same Charles and Mary Lowry who left the European continent as mere children. This is the last that is known of this Charles Lowry. He was never mentioned again in the scrapbook notes. It was his sister, Mary Lowry, who influenced these Schoening children's lives. She was later to become their maternal great-grandmother.

How this Mary Lowry met and married a David Weaver is not known. It is also not known how many children were born to this union, but it is known that they had a daughter born January 24, 1790, who was named for her mother. This was another "Mary" but of course her last name was Weaver. She, being the grandmother of these four Schoening children, was the one who became blind and was such a care before her death. Here again the scrapbook notes do not state how, when, or where she met her husband, Thomas Moore. It is known that he was born in 1783 and came to Clearfield from Bellefonte. He was a carpenter by trade and came from Bellefonte to get work as a carpenter in building the town of Clearfield. Whether he met and married this Mary Weaver before or after he came to Clearfield is not known. They were married January 10, 1809. They made their home in Clearfield and raised their children there. He lived to be 55, dying in 1838; his wife lived much longer, dying at the age of 81, on April 24, 1871.

To the above union at least four children were born. Their first son was born May 13, 1810. He was christened William Lowry Moore. His ability seemed to lean toward the literary. He was the editor and founder of the first newspaper in Clearfield County, called The Clearfield Republican. He spent his entire life in Clearfield, and married a girl by the name of Hannah Leonard in October, 1833. "This Hannah Leonard was a sister of Judge Leonard." William Lowry Moore planned and built the home which is located on Second Street in Clearfield and is now owned and occupied by the Waterworths. Records say that the Schoening children visited this uncle and aunt many times. The scrapbook author says she remembers quite vividly of their mother driving them from Jordan Township, by horse and buggy one day, and returning the next.

The second child born to this union was a girl about whom little seems to be known. She was born January 22, 1812, and named Sarah Engles Moore. Her middle name "Engles" sounds like a family name but no explanation is mentioned concerning it. She married a John Lynch and died at the birth of her third child. She left motherless two small daughters and one son. Nothing more is mentioned concerning this family.

The third child, a boy, was born July 11, 1815, and was named Daniel Weaver Moore. He married Ellen Magee Rhey and remained in Clearfield the rest of his life. He was a printer by trade and was associated with his older brother, the above mentioned William, in establishing and printing Clearfield County's first newspaper, The Clearfield Republican. No mention is made of children born of this union but the graves of Daniel and his wife are marked and located in the Old Cemetery in Clearfield.

The last of these four children of Thomas Moore and Mary Weaver was a girl born July 7, 1821, and called Mary Jane Moore. This is the child who later married and became the mother of the four Schoening children. Records stated that she was a niece of

Judge Moore of Clearfield County. Her father, Thomas Moore, must have had a brother, hence this Judge Moore -- no explanation or ancestral linkage is given in any of the notes, but this one statement saying, "Mary Jane Moore was a niece of Judge Moore of Clearfield County, Pa."

Up to this point just the maternal side of these four Schoening children has been traced. In order to bring the paternal side of this family-tree up to the time this Mary Jane Moore married a Frederick Schoening, many years must be retraced.

A family by the name of Schoening consisting of four married brothers lived within the same locality of Germany. Religion seemed to have caused friction among these brothers, and one of them, Nicholas, and his wife, Lenore, decided to leave the other three brothers and cross the ocean to America. None of the details are known concerning the family conflict with the exception that it was over religion. It is believed that the family were Catholics while they were in Germany, but on coming to this country attended the Protestant church. That this was the basis of the family conflict can only be surmised.

This Nicholas Schoening was born in 1786 and his wife Lenore in 1787. They did not come to America as a young married couple but stayed in Germany until after all their children were born. In fact, their two oldest children, both boys, Julius and Charles, were married and had families of their own before their parents decided to leave for America. As a result they stayed behind and little is known of them after that -- a few notes refer to letters received from these two older children throughout the scrap book, but as far as is known, none of the rest of the family of this Nicholas and Lenore Schoening ever left Germany.

The parents and three children made the trip from Germany to America. It took six weeks to make the crossing and the scrapbook mentions the mother being so terribly sick on the entire voyage, probably seasickness.

Scrapbook notes state that the author is amazed that this German family worked its way so far inland to settle in Jordan Township, Clearfield County, Pennsylvania. Their three children were quite small, Frederick being the oldest, then Ferdinand, and the youngest, a baby girl named Amelia.

Frederick, born in 1816, died June 9, 1854. This Frederick was the first husband of Mary Jane Moore. Ferdinand was born in 1829 and died in 1864. Ferdinand was the second husband of Mary Jane Moore, marrying his brother's widow eighteen months after his brother's death.

The scrapbook states very little about the sister Amelia. In fact two lines are given to mentioning her. It says she married a Mr. Naran. Also that their daughter, Lenore, married a man by the name of Miller and that they had a child who is now (1948) Mrs. G. W. Shaffer of Altoona.

This incident concerning the above Amelia would probably be best forgotten, but, after all, a family history should include the whole and true story. The writer of the scrapbook on being questioned by a very inquisitive grandson about this Amelia had this to say: (and it should be said the information was very difficult to withdraw from one who was so prone to see the "good" in a person and believed in the adage of -- "If you can't say anything good about a person, say nothing). It seems this Amelia had a "wild" streak in her makeup and deserted her husband and small child for reasons which will never be known. After not hearing from her for many years, her parents, old Nicholas and Lenore, prevailed on their son, Frederick, to go and see if he could locate her. It is not certain whether he located her in Chicago or Pittsburgh but when he returned, he reported to his parents that she was alive and well, but intimated to his wife that it was best to forget her and would never discuss her after that. (Now, if you or any of your children, carrying the Schoening blood in your veins, seem to possess a wild streak and want to "kick up" your heels a little, it can all be blamed on your Schoening blood from this old Schoening ancestor, Amelia.)

Nicholas Schoening purchased land in Jordan Township and he and his family cleared the land and built a log house. The notes say the log house was very comfortable. It was made of logs which were hewed flat on both sides and had a piece of wood or strip of board in between the logs. No doubt this board aided in holding the "chinking" material, usually clay or "mud" of some kind. It was kept whitewashed as were most houses in those days. At that time paint or wall paper seemed to be little heard of in the sparsely settled inland sections of Pennsylvania. Downstairs was a large kitchen, a small living room and two small bedrooms. A stairway from the kitchen led to three bedrooms on the second floor and over these an attic.

By the time Frederick was past fourteen the farm was well cleared of timber, and the stumps were removed to allow for easy cultivation of the fields. There did not seem to be enough work for the two growing boys and their father on this small farm. It must be remembered that a surplus of agricultural products in those days could not be sold as a cash crop. The only cash crop was timber, which was made into rafts and floated down the river each spring to be sold for cash in either Williamsport or Harrisburg. A farm family was self-supporting but no more. They farmed and raised enough for their own use and to winter the livestock.

Since there was not enough work for the boys on the farm they decided to learn a trade as was customary in those days. This was in addition to farming in the summer and logging in the winter. Frederick went to Clearfield as an apprentice in a tailor shop and Ferdinand learned the shoemaking trade. It does not state where Ferdinand did his apprentice work, but it is believed he worked with a cobbler in Ansonville rather than Clearfield.

While Frederick was learning the tailoring trade he became acquainted with a young girl, Mary Jane Moore, who was learning the dressmaking trade. It is believed that they were not apprenticing in the same shop. At that time tailoring and dressmaking were two entirely separate professions learned under different instructors. However, as a result of their apprenticeships they met each other, fell in love, and married. Little is known about where they went to housekeeping or their early marriage. It is believed that they came home to the family farm and lived in a small house on the Schoening farm.

To this first marriage of Mary Jane Moore, even though quite short, five children were born in the course of thirteen years. Her husband, Frederick Schoening, died in 1854, leaving her with five small children. These children were:

Weaver Schoening -- born 1841, died 1882.
Robert Alfred Schoening -- born 1843, died 1860.
William Moore Schoening -- born 1845, died 1934.
David W. Schoening -- born 1847, died 1860.
Mary Elizabeth Schoening -- born 1850, died 1951.

The notes contain interesting incidents concerning each of the above children of Mary Jane and Frederick.

Weaver Schoening, the first born, seemed to have some of the "wanderlust" in his makeup. When quite a young man he left Pennsylvania and went to Wisconsin. He obtained work in Wisconsin as a lumberman and was considered a resident of that State when he enlisted as a soldier in the Civil War. While in the service, he became terribly ill with "fever," as they called it (probably typhoid fever), and was very slow in recovering. His letters home were from a hospital in Waterloo, Iowa, and kept repeating his desire to come home to Pennsylvania if he ever got strong enough to make the trip. His father, Frederick, went from Pennsylvania to Waterloo, Iowa, and brought him home. He seemed to respond to the good food and care of his mother and was soon well enough to consider returning to Wisconsin. On his way back to Wisconsin, he was traveling in civilian clothes and was arrested as a deserter. As punishment for this (notes do not state why he could not prove his identity as a soldier who had already served one enlistment) he was tied in an open boat and left in the hot sun on the Mississippi River. While tied in the open boat he was fed only bread and water. How long this period of

punishment lasted is not known. His mother wrote to General Sheridan explaining everything and he was finally released. He reenlisted and made the famous march with General Sherman from "Atlanta to the Sea." During this second enlistment he was taken prisoner by the South and imprisoned in the Libby Prison. His sufferings and torture were quite severe in this prison. He returned home to Pennsylvania with an honorable discharge but again was not satisfied and returned to the west. He later married a Kate Baker whose home was in Kansas. He has a government marker on his grave and is buried in the Town of Roscoe, Missouri.

The next child, Robert, born in 1843, and his younger brother, David, born in 1847, both died quite young, Robert at the age of 17 and David when just 13. Robert had gone with a raft of timber to Williamsport in March of 1860. Even though the spring was early that year and the weather warm, he took a heavy cold and was very sick when he arrived back at the farm from the trip to Williamsport. He never seemed to recover from this. It left him quite weak and with a terrible cough. During the summer of this same year, Robert's younger brother, David, suddenly became quite ill with what the doctor (a Dr. Fitzer of Lumber City) diagnosed as intestinal flue, or inflammation of the bowels. The notes state that his right side swelled and became quite rigid and today would probably be diagnosed as appendicitis. The night before David died he insisted his mother sleep with him. During the night he told his mother he would die before the sun set the next day. Much to his mother's surprise, he seemed better the next morning and felt well enough to try on a new pair of pants his mother had just made for him. Thinking over what he had told her the night before about dying, she decided he was slightly delirious from a high fever. The doctor stopped in the morning to see him and, upon asking him how he felt, received this reply: "God has called me and I must go; I will not live until the sun goes down." Strange as it may seem, David became quite ill about 3:00 o'clock and died by 4:30, just as he predicted, "I will not live until the sun goes down."

As was mentioned before, David's older brother, Robert, had been sick from March of that same year as a result of a rafting trip to Williamsport. He had seemed somewhat better and was gaining strength, but David's death seemed too much for him to overcome. The morning after David's death, as his mother awakened him and inquired concerning his health, he said: "There is Jesus on the cross and he is smiling at me, I am going to die, too." From this day he grew weaker and died just ten days from the time his younger brother died.

One son was born between this Robert and David. This was William Moore Schoening, born May 9, 1845, and he died in 1934. This was the "Uncle Will" whom so many of the grandchildren and great grandchildren of Mary Jane so vividly remember.

The last child to be born to Mary Jane and Frederick was a little girl named Mary Elizabeth. She was born August 11, 1850, and died

March 13, 1951, living to be over one hundred years old. She is "Aunt Mary Erhard" who will be spoken of later.

Before this little Mary Elizabeth was four years old, her father, Frederick, died after a short illness and left his widow with five small children. Little Mary Elizabeth or "Aunt Mary," as most people remember her, said she could remember watching her father sew in his tailor shop. (Remember he was the tailor). Also, her sitting on his work bench and his trying to teach her to make "button holes." Upon his deathbed, Frederick asked his brother to help take care of his family which consisted of the widow and five small children, the oldest child being thirteen years old and the youngest three years old. After the younger brother had made this promise, he found it was going to be difficult to fulfill without causing gossip. The notes state that this problem weighed quite heavily on his mind (quite a responsibility for a young man of twenty-six to undertake). It seems he discussed this with a mutual friend and the friend suggested that the best way he could carry out his promise to his brother was to marry the widow. Even though he was eight years younger than Mary Jane, the widow, he married her December 20, 1855, and assumed the responsibility of raising his brother's family.

Just prior to the death of Frederick, old Nicholas and Lenore Schoening moved from the farm in Jordan Township to Ansonville. It is believed they ran a small store of some kind while living in Ansonville.

When Mary Jane Schoening married her first husband's younger brother, she was 34, and the younger brother, Ferdinand, was 26. After Frederick's death, Ferdinand continued to farm during the summer and cut logs during the winter. In addition to the children born of Mary Jane's first marriage, she and Ferdinand had three children of their own, three little girls.

The oldest girl, born 1857, was named Martha Lenore. The name, Lenore, came from this little girl's grandmother. It seems strange that she was never called by either of these given names. Most people will remember her as "Aunt Lolie."

Four years later, another little girl was born on August 18, 1861. She was named Hannah Ellen. She was named for her two aunts, Hannah Lenore Moore and Ellen Magee Moore. Here again, she, like her older sister, never was called anything but "Ellie" or "Ella."

The last child of Mary Jane's was born in 1864. She was christened Josephine and lived only a short time, dying at the age of seven months.

Shortly after Mary Jane's young teen-age sons, David and Robert, died, old Nicholas Schoening, who at this time was living in Ansonville, became quite ill and died. This left

Ferdinand's mother alone, and since she was past 70, Mary Jane and Ferdinand thought it best to move her from Ansonville to the farm where they would be closer if she needed them. This grandmother, Lenore, was quite well but still spoke only the German language, and with her husband and one son dead, Ferdinand was the only one with whom she could converse.

The years 1860 and 61 were trying years on Mary Jane. In these years her two teen-age sons and her father-in-law died; and her only surviving son, William, went to the Civil War as a substitute for Aaron Wise. During the Civil War it was possible for a drafted person to pay a substitute to go in his place. The customary price was \$500 to have a substitute take one's place. However, this Aaron Wise paid William Schoening only \$300 to go as his substitute. The notes state that William (Uncle Will) was 17 at the time and quite anxious to go. He kept \$100 and gave his mother the remaining \$200. The notes also state, and in the scrapbook writer's own words, "Years later when the Civil War Veterans were paid pensions, Aaron Wise (the dirty pup) thought he should receive the pension instead of poor Brother Will."

The years 1864-65 were also heartbreaking years for Mary Jane. In the spring of 1864 Ferdinand was hard at work getting a raft of timber ready to send down the river to Williamsport, As soon as the spring floods started. He took a heavy cold and was confined to the house a few days, but feeling better, went back to the woods to supervise the men working for him. The notes state he was not satisfied with the men's work and proceeded to show them how he wanted the logs hewed on all four sides. This exercise seemed to cause a relapse, and he was again bedfast for weeks before being able to be around.

He must have realized he would never again be strong enough for the hard work of farming and logging because he moved his family to Ansonville and opened a cobbler shop. He rented the farm to Cortez and Matilda Bell. It was while the Bells lived on the Schoening farm that their son, Singleton, was born. This was the Singleton that later became a Clearfield County Judge, and also the father of Clearfield County's present judge, Cortez Bell.

Ferdinand was a good cobbler and made a "good-fitted shoe." His business seemed to thrive and improve, but his health went the opposite. During the late fall of 1864 he became worse and finally was able to be up and around only a few hours each day. At this same time Ferdinand's mother, Old Lenore, who was now living with her son and his family, became ill and Mary Jane had both of them to care for. Ferdinand realized he could not get better but prayed that he would be spared until after his mother died. He worried because of her inability to speak English, wondered how her desires could be understood if he died

before she did. These are direct quotations from the scrapbook concerning Mary Jane's great burden of caring for her husband and mother-in-law: "My mother had these two sick people in bed at the same time. She cared for us little children and did the outside work also. God in his great Mercy, took Grandmother Schoening just two weeks before my father died. Poor mother had many trials and much work to raise us."

At this point it might be well to mention one incident that the writer of the scrapbook mentioned many times to her children and grandchildren. It was the vividly remembered picture of her father "bleeding" his mother in an endeavor to overcome her illness. Even though the scrapbook author was less than four years old, she remembered of her father "bleeding" his mother, and then taking her, as a young child, in his arms and walking a distance out through their garden and disposing of the blood under some current bushes. She recalled that the blood was collected in a white porcelain bowl. No doubt this hastened the grandmother's death, but at that time bleeding a person for any and all illnesses was a common practice. These "bleeding" instruments seemed to be a part of all household medical kits in those days. This particular set of "bleeding" instruments is still in the possession of one of the scrapbook writer's sons (Thomas Norris).

Just two months after Mary Jane buried her second husband and her mother-in-law, her youngest daughter, Josephine, took sick and died at the age of 7 months.

After all these sorrows, Mary Jane took her three small daughters and returned to the family farm. When she returned to the farm, she added another burden, that of caring for her own mother, the Mary Weaver Moore who was spoken of earlier. This grandmother Moore, as she is called in the notes, was totally blind and, although quite well, took extra care because of her blindness. The writer of the scrapbook remembers of her and her two sisters, their mother, and their blind grandmother, spending the long winter evenings knitting socks. She also said that this was a continuous job, because knitting socks and trading them to the peddlers, who traveled from farm to farm during the summer months, was the only way they could get material for clothes, cooking utensils, thread, buttons, and the many other small articles that were impossible to produce on the farm.

Mary Jane kept fifteen to twenty sheep. The wool from these sheep was washed, carded, spun into yarn, and then knitted into socks by these small girls and their blind grandmother. The writer of the notes often told her grandchildren of the three girls helping their mother to clip these sheep. Mary, the oldest of the three girls, would help her mother with the actual clipping of the animals. The two little girls, being small, kept taking the wool away and held down the head of the animal being clipped.

Little Mary, the oldest of the girls, had to assume more and more responsibility as the blind grandmother became an increasing burden and required more attention.

Little Mary was around 11 years of age but had to be the "boy" as well as the farmer for her mother. By this time the post office had been established in New Millport and each day saw Little Mary riding horseback to Millport for the mail. This being the year 1862, and their older brother William away fighting the Civil War, left Little Mary with the job of caring for her older brother's sorrel saddle mare. This horse was known as a "wild" creature, an outlaw, a killer, and feared by everyone but "Little Mary." She seemed to have that knack of understanding animals and could do almost anything with the horse. The horse was noted for its swiftness. The neighbors along the route to the post office marveled at the way this young girl rode, as if she were part of the animal. One particular ride this little girl made should be mentioned here - it was the time that her baby sister, Elizabeth, became suddenly ill with membranous croup and needed a doctor at once. The child became quite ill in the middle of the night. The mother was frantic, knowing she needed a doctor but having no one to send but Little Mary, and afraid to start this young girl on a fifteen mile ride at 2:00 o'clock in the morning. The baby kept getting worse and the frantic mother finally started her little girl, Mary, off on this lonely ride to Glenn Hope for the doctor at 3:30 A.M. She made the trip in less than three hours, arriving at the doctor's house just at daybreak, a very tired little girl and a horse covered with "foam." The doctor started immediately, arriving at the farm by noon, but he was too late to help the baby. She died a short time after the doctor arrived.

Upon William's return from the Civil War, he sold this horse, which Little Mary had ridden so many times and learned to love. He could do nothing with the horse and had to be careful every time he worked around the mare for fear that she would bite or kick him. It was quite tragic because this very horse, which seemed as gentle as a lamb under the hands of an 11 year old girl, cornered her new owner in the stall and kicked him, knocking him unconscious, and continued to kick him until driven off by members of the family who heard the noise and came to investigate. He had been kicked so many times that he died without ever regaining consciousness.

The same "Little Mary," who handled the "killer" mare as though she were a lamb, lived to be the oldest of any of the Schoening children. She was married on the old home farm to Phillip Erhard by Rev. J.R. Williams on March 18, 1869. She and Phillip were the parents of the following children:

Ernest Louis - born June 30, 1870 - married Laura Patchin
Martha Viola - born March 9, 1872 - married Sulvester High
Alma Loretta - born January 11, 1874 - married Harry Strunk
Nellie Jane - born January 7, 1878 - married George Vance
Cecil Jesse - born March 14, 1883 - died May 5, 1900

Arthur W. - born April 27, 1886 - married Bell Fleegle
 Lynn V. - born January 13, 1890-married Margaret Hoffman
 Leta Rachel - born November 12, 1894-married Miles Gurick

The mother of these children, "Little Mary," was born August 11, 1850, and died March 9, 1951. She lived to be over 100 years of age.

After Williams (Uncle Will) return from the Civil War, he married, and later built a small house on the other end of the Schoening farm. With the exception of short visits, he never left the farm after this - dying there in 1934, living to be 89 years of age. He married Lizzie Bloom, a daughter of William T. Bloom. Two children were born as a result of this marriage, a boy, Lowry, named for his maternal great-grandmother, Mary Lowry Weaver. The second child was a baby girl named Lydia.

The above son, Lowry, later married Mary Snyder, daughter of Henry Snyder. To this union the following children were born:

Raymond	Ethel	
Eula	Edith	
Alton	Woodrow	} twins
Ernest	Wilson	
Myra	Ruth	
William		

The other child of William and Lizzie's, the girl, Lydia, married Burchfield Bloom, son of William A. Bloom, and was the mother of the following children:

Grace	Lowry
Pearl	Denton
Elizabeth	Hazel
William	Velma

After Mary's marriage to Phillip Erhard, Mary Jane, her blind mother, and her two small daughters continued to stay on the old family farm. Along in the early fall of 1870, Mary Jane's blind mother took a stroke and lay helpless all winter. On April 24, 1871, she finally died. It now left Mary Jane alone with her two small girls, "Lollie" and "Ellie."

It was quite difficult for Mary Jane to make a living for herself and her two small daughters. When a cousin, Joseph Moore, came and asked Mary Jane to work for him, she took her two small daughters and moved to the Moore farm. (The farm is the one presently owned and farmed by K.F. Anderson, located at the top of Lumber City Hill).

It was at this farm that Lollie met her husband Emory E. Owens. The scrapbook author recalls of Lollie and Emory meeting for the first time. Shortly after moving to the Moore farm, the

two girls (then around ten to twelve years old) were playing along the road close to the house. Along came these neighbor boys, Emory being one of them, and started kidding them. Lollie had long, beautiful, black hair. This Emory, later her husband, grabbed her by the hair saying, "You're beautiful, when you are old enough I am going to marry you." Strange as it may seem, he did just this. They were married a few years later and were the parents of the following children:

Lottie - married James Nolan
Alfred Warren - died at 16 years of pneumonia
Ella Maud - died at 14 years of pneumonia
Nora - retired school teacher living in New York City
Chester - died in 1937, was married to Addie Goldthread.
Ralph Lawrence - died during Flu epidemic of 1917, was married to an Ethel Metz of Ohio, now remarried
Leonard - married Alcile Rielly
Stanley - married Cora Beers
Ardie - married William Riddle
Edward - killed in automobile accident in 1920
Pauline - married James Harter.

The following is directly quoted from the scrapbook...

"After Lollie and Emory were married, Mother and I stayed on at the Moore farm for a few months. During our stay here, Mother became acquainted with a Mr. Rorabaugh from New Washington, Pa. As he traveled around the country, he was in the habit of stopping at the Moore farm for his meals and sometimes stayed over night. He and Mother became interested in each other and he asked her to marry him. His wife had died and left him with two teen-age sons, Britton and James, two small grand-daughters, whose Mothers had died leaving their parents the job of raising these two little girls. After due consideration, my Mother married Mr. Rorabaugh and we moved to his farm in New Washington. Again my Mother had a family of seven to work for, churning, baking, cooking, sewing and the many other jobs which needed to be done around the farm. As I look back now, she certainly had her share of trouble. She seemed to live each day as best she could, making life pleasant and enjoyable for those around her. My step-father was a good Christian man. Our short stay in New Washington was pleasant; his home was very beautiful, well-built and one of the well-known homes in the New Washington area. Mr. Rorabaugh had driven to the post office in New Washington and on the way back suffered a heart attack. The horse came on home, turned into our barn and stopped to be unhitched as was the usual routine. My Mother noticed there was something wrong and she and I ran to the sleigh and found Mr. Rorabaugh unconscious. We carried him into the house, summoned Dr. Bennett, but he was dead when the doctor arrived.

In settling up their father's affairs, Mr. Rorabaugh's sons decided to have a sale. In March everything was sold and mother and I moved back to New Millport. During that summer we boarded summer normal school students and got along fine. When fall came we moved back to the family farm in Jordan township and lived with Brother Will and his wife, Lizzie, for the rest of the winter.

After a time, my mother and I bought the house Philip Erhard had built in New Millport. It is the house now owned and occupied by Mrs. Stella Brown. We paid \$300 for the property. We lived in the house several years; I attended school at Lumber City Normal in 1879. I took the teacher's examination at the end of the term, passed and was awarded a teaching certificate. As I look back now I wonder what became of it - I certainly wish I had kept it. I applied for a school in Knox Township and was assigned the Boardman School (Cove Run). I was helping my sister Lollie when I got news that I had been accepted as the teacher for the Cove Run school. My, Oh! but I was happy. I borrowed a horse from Alen Ferguson and rode over to Millport to article for my six-month term of school at \$28.00 per month. ("Article" was a term commonly used at that time when a contract was signed.)

During my first term of school, I stayed in Boardman during the week with the John Gants family and walked home to Millport each Friday evening and back again to Boardman Sunday evening. Brother Will's daughter, Lydia, stayed with my mother during the week. During the worst part of the winter, I stayed in Boardman over some of the week-ends, but usually I tried to spend the week-ends with my mother in Millport. I paid the Gants family \$5.00 per month for my room and board.

I began my first term of teaching school October 1, 1879 with 13 scholars. During the six month term a few more pupils enrolled. It seemed to be quite common for the children to smoke pipes, including the girls. Both of my grandmothers smoked pipes but my mother never approved, so we girls were brought up to think this unladylike. You can imagine my surprise when on my first day of school, two of my girl students got out their pipes and smoked at recess. I tried to discourage this but had to be careful of what I said because the parents approved of this pipe-smoking among their children.

When the school term finished, I had saved around \$75.00 and decided I would buy myself a bedroom suit. I went to Curwensville and paid \$25.00 for a six piece bedroom suit and the storekeeper gave me a covered glass dish, which I admired. I still use the bedroom suit here at my daughter, Mary's. The covered glass dish is now in the home of my grandson, Hugh Norris. This covered glass dish was used all through my married life on Sundays and when company came. I always opened canned fruit and used the dish as a serving dish.

My next term of school was at the May Hill School. My mother was not well so I asked for the May Hill school since it would be closer home. I walked to and from school each day, a distance of around two miles, so I could be home at night with my mother.

During the preceding winter, she was riding with my brother, Will, in a sleigh and suffered a bruise to her breast. The horse jumped over a hole in the ice and threw her against the side of the sleigh. At the time, it did not bother her much, but as time went on, it grew worse. About this time, Dr. Park came to the town of Millport as our doctor. He brought his father, who was also a doctor, to see Mother and they said she had a cancerous tumor in her right breast. A cousin of my mother's came from Clearfield and wanted her to have an operation. Mother would not consent to it, and Dr. Park said it would only add to her suffering. She kept getting worse and I could not teach and take care of her so Brother Will and Lizzie moved down from the farm and helped care for Mother so I could finish my school.

Mother was quite a care; the doctor's orders were to keep her comfortable. As I recall, she did not seem to suffer much pain.

During the summer months, I got a paper for a subscription school in order to add to our income. I got twenty pupils each paying eighty cents a week. These pupils were ones who wanted a little extra schooling or were behind or not able to attend the regular sessions. At the end of seven weeks of this subscription school, my mother took a turn for the worse and I closed the school devoting the next six months to caring for my mother.

Three days before Mother died, she asked my sister, Mary, and I to help her out on a chair. She said, "Now, give me my Bible." She read the entire 14th Chapter of John before she would permit us to get her back into bed. She seemed to get worse and died three or four days later, December 29, 1882. We saw that she was about to die so on the morning of the 29th our kind neighbor, John C. Bloom, went for sister Lolie and she arrived a few hours before our mother died. I have always felt that she is in the spirit land --- at rest. Her life was full of sorrow but with it was mingled some joy and pleasure.

When I was about ten years old and attending Stony Point school, I learned to know a school mate, Perry Norris. I had forgotten about this boy until the year I was teaching at May Hill. During this winter, Perry asked me to accompany him to numerous literary meetings and church affairs. He talked of marriage but with my mother's illness, marriage was out of the question for me. I realized that Mother would not live very long so I asked my boyfriend to let us stop seeing each other for one year and then, at the end of that time, if he was still interested in me, to come back. From then on until my mother's death

I was with her constantly. After her death, I went to Clearfield and stayed with a cousin until March of 1883. At this time my sister Lolie needed help and I went from Clearfield to her home in Ferguson township and helped her. While here, Perry came back to me and never left me after that. We were married May 8, 1883.

Perry and his father were working on a timber job over on Potts Run. We went to Housekeeping in a log cabin over near the logging job on Potts Run. They had five or six men working for them so my first job was cooking for these men. Our log cabin was quite crude, part of the floor was dirt and the beds were really bunks. However, I was happy; I had a home of my own and someone to love me. Our first son, Wayne, was born in this same log cabin two years later, January 30, 1886. After Wayne was born, we moved back to my in-law's farm. This farm is now owned and operated by my son, Harrison. When we came from the log cabin we started housekeeping in what is now the spring house. We lived here until Perry and his father finished our house, the house now owned by Stanley Thurston. All the rest of our children were born in this house. Next to Wayne was Harrison, then Thomas, Mary, Lowry, and Pearl in that order. We had three baby boys who died in infancy, one between Wayne and Harrison, the other two between Lowry and Pearl.

After all the children were born, we moved to the A.J. Smith farm. Perry and the boys operated this farm until the boys all got married and left us. After the boys married and left home, we had a sale at the Smith Farm and later bought the Halton House in New Millport, now owned and occupied by Mrs. Erma Bell. We lived here until 1918 and then bought Wayne's home when he moved his family from Millport to Clearfield. In this home Perry and I spent the remainder of our days together. By now, all our children were married and our whole life seemed to be centered around the church and our children. Each Sunday would see some of our family with us for the noon meal. We never had much money but we always seemed to have plenty to eat and enjoyed good health. Perry was great for company, was always bringing people home with him for meals, sometimes total strangers but they were always welcome at Perry's table. Sometimes this was distracting to me but I came to expect such things and when in the act of preparing my meals always figured on enough for one or two more.

During the disastrous St. Patrick's Day Flood in 1936, Perry had to wade water waist deep to get back home from the post office that day. After drying his clothes, he seemed none the worse from the wading. We worried about the flood through the evening but went to bed at the usual time. Early the next morning, Perry got up saying he was not feeling well and was going downstairs to take a dose of Rawleigh's Linament. When I came downstairs a few minutes later, Perry was unconscious. He

had suffered a severe stroke and died that same afternoon without regaining consciousness.

The next three or four months are not very clear in my mind. I just could not seem to realize that my life's mate had left me alone in this world. My children were wonderful but losing someone whom you have been with for over fifty years is a terrible shock.

I finally came to live with my daughter Mary. I disposed of the furniture and sold the home to Mrs. Alice Gill. The home is now owned by my niece, Mrs. Mary Schoening.

As I write this (1948) here at my daughter, Mary's, I wonder how much longer it will be before I am called to join my loved ones 'up yonder.'"

The scrapbook writer, Ella Schoening Norris, died January 19, 1951, after a very short illness at Ridgway, Pennsylvania, while visiting her youngest daughter Pearl. She was the ideal mother and grandmother, loved by all.

07/14/1995

