

DERBY FAMILY



Photos & Genealogy Contributed by

Karen Bookout and Richard Swart



**Roswell Derby &
Mary Ann Whitcomb (Derby)**

Including

Tribute to Roswell

by his first grandchild, Ruth Hart Hively

"Friends of my Heart, Adieu"

A poem written by Roswell Derby Sr.

"FATHER AND MOTHER"

A poem by Roswell Derby Jr.



**The Roswell Derby
Family**

**Darwin - Joel - Frank-
Roswell Jr. - Mariel
Roswell - wife Mary - Hiram
60th Wedding Anniversary in
1909 in Wakeman, Ohio**



Frank Derby Family

Maribel - Clara - Lillie

Frank - Mabel - Earl - Margaret

Frank is the son of Roswell Derby
and Mary Whitcomb



**Frank Derby &
Margaret Ann McDole (Derby)**



Mabel Alene Derby

*born August 30, 1896
died September 12, 1977*

**She married Vern Frank Buyer
May 12, 1917 in Fulton Co. OH**



Lillie S. Derby

born 1887- died 1974



Ray Waldo Derby
*born 1906, former Mayor of
Swanton, Ohio*



Mariel Derby (Lozier)
*born May 30, 1881
died July 09, 1927*



**Earl Harvey Derby & wife
Marie Zug (Derby).** Earl is the son of
Margaret and Frank Derby

born 1899



**Clara Derby (Sturtevant)
and
Elwood Sturtevant**

born 1883



DERBY FAMILY



Descendants of James Darby



Generation No. 1

1. **James¹ Darby** He married **Mary ???**.

Child of James Darby and Mary ??? is:

+ 2 i. David Sr.² Derby.



Generation No. 2

2. David Sr.² Derby (James¹ Darby) He married **Susan Dutcher**, daughter of Cornelius Dutcher and Mary Buck.

Child of David Derby and Susan Dutcher is:

+ 3 i. Roswell³ Derby, born August 16, 1823 in Cherry Valley, Otsego Co. NY; died October 31, 1915 in Wakeman, OH.



Generation No. 3

3. Roswell³ Derby (David Sr.², James¹ Darby) was born August 16, 1823 in Cherry Valley, Otsego Co. NY, and died October 31, 1915 in Wakeman, OH. He married **Mary Ann Whitcomb** June 27, 1849 in East Townsend Huron Co., OH, daughter of Hiram Whitcomb and Hannah Butler. She was born December 17, 1829 in Frankfort, Herkimer Co. NY, and died January 29, 1916 in Wakeman, OH.

Notes for Roswell Derby:

Burial: Wakeman, OH Cemetery

Notes for Mary Ann Whitcomb:

She was a strong believer in herbal medicines. Beham for fever, horehound for colds, skunk cabbage for whooping cough, curly dock for the blood, boneset and culver root for a bitter tea and grease. Both Mary Ann and Roswell lived past 90 years.

Children of Roswell Derby and Mary Whitcomb are:

+ 4 i. Hiram Walter Derby, born April 30, 1850 in Townsend Twp. Huron Co., OH; died March 11, 1941 in Lima, OH.

+ 5 ii. Mariel R. Derby, born April 29, 1851 in Fulton Co. OH; died February 24, 1939 in

Elkhart IN.

+ 6 iii. [Roswell Jr. Derby](#), born February 04, 1854 in Pike Twp, Fulton Co, Winameg, OH; died October 27, 1927 in Huron, Erie Co. OH.

+ 7 iv. [Frank Derby](#), born September 12, 1857 in Pike Twp, Fulton Co, Winameg, OH; died November 17, 1953 in Swanton OH.

+ 8 v. [Joel Elton Derby](#), born November 07, 1864 in Pike Twp, Fulton Co, Winameg, OH; died May 28, 1957 in Norwalk, OH.

+ 9 vi. [Darwin Andrus Derby](#), born April 15, 1867 in Pike Twp, Fulton Co, Winameg, OH; died August 06, 1938 in Birmingham, OH.



Generation No. 4

4. Hiram Walter⁴ Derby (Roswell³, David Sr.², James¹ Darby) was born April 30, 1850 in Townsend Twp. Huron Co., OH, and died March 11, 1941 in Lima, OH. He married **(1) Fidelia Jeanette Elwood** March 02, 1872 in Norwalk, OH, daughter of Walter Elwood and Emily Munson. She was born October 21, 1838 in Geneseo, Livingston Co. NY, and died November 23, 1910 in Cincinnati, OH. He married **(2) Sarah Nichols** November 05, 1915 in Toledo, OH, daughter of Robert Nichols and Sarah Stewart. She was born March 13, 1873 in Ottawa Co, OH, and died August 05, 1921 in Toledo, OH. He married **(3) Emma Belle Raymond** August 27, 1927 in Covington, KY, daughter of Merrit Raymond and Harriet Boyer. She was born September 28, 1874 in Fulton Co. OH, and died March 13, 1937 in Fulton Co. OH.

More About Hiram Walter Derby:

Burial: Winameg Cemetery, Pike Twp. OH

More About Emma Belle Raymond:

Burial: Winameg Cemetery, Pike Twp. OH

Children of Hiram Derby and Fidelia Elwood are:

10 i. Elwood Walter⁵ Derby, born March 01, 1873 in Pike Twp, Fulton Co, Winameg, OH; died December 17, 1947 in Cincinnati, OH. He married Mary Ellen Booth April 24, 1894 in Cincinnati, OH; born February 07, 1877 in Cincinnati, OH; died January 31, 1942 in Cincinnati, OH.

More About Elwood Walter Derby:
Burial: Spring Grove Cemetery

11 ii. Grace Emily Derby, born September 16, 1874 in Fulton Co. OH; died March 29, 1894 in Cincinnati, OH.

5. Mariel R.⁴ Derby (Roswell³, David Sr.², James¹ Darby) was born April 29, 1851 in Fulton Co. OH, and died February 24, 1939 in Elkhart IN. She married **Elmore Smith Hart** April 24, 1870 in Elkhart, IN, son of Judah Hart and Rebecca Smith. He was born October 16, 1841 in Ashland Co., OH, and died March 16, 1915 in Elkhart IN.

More About Mariel R. Derby:
Burial: Gracelawn Cemetery, Elkhart, IN

More About Elmore Smith Hart:
Burial: Gracelawn Cemetery, Elkhart, IN

Children of Mariel Derby and Elmore Hart are:

12 i. Ruth Derby⁵ Hart, born January 04, 1872 in Fulton Co. OH; died August 18, 1936 in Elkhart, IN. She married John Lewis Hively December 25, 1892; born February 04, 1866 in Elkhart, IN; died June 10, 1928 in Chicago, IL.

More About Ruth Derby Hart:
Burial: Gracelawn Cemetery, Elkhart, IN

13 ii. Elton Coomer Hart, born November 13, 1874 in Fulton Co. OH; died July 20, 1970 in Hallandale, FL. He married Elsie Hobson; born November 05, 1882 in England; died June 08, 1975 in Hollywood, FL.

14 iii. Cora May Hart, born January 24, 1883; died May 01, 1883 in Elkhart IN.

15 iv. Baby Hart, born 1898.

6. Roswell Jr.⁴ Derby (Roswell³, David Sr.², James¹ Darby) was born February 04, 1854

in Pike Twp, Fulton Co, Winameg, OH, and died October 27, 1927 in Huron, Erie Co. OH. He married **Ella Frances Grumman** October 01, 1880 in Berlinville, OH, daughter of Jerome Grumman and Deborah Potter. She was born July 10, 1853 in Berlinville, OH, and died April 09, 1929 in Huron, OH.

More About Roswell Jr. Derby:

Occupation: Lawyer in Huron Co. OH

Burial: in Florence, Ohio Cemetery

Children of Roswell Derby and Ella Grumman are:

16 i. Hollis J.⁵ Derby, born July 19, 1881 in Florence, OH; died February 24, 1946 in Henrietta, OH.

More About Hollis J. Derby:

Burial: Brown Helm Cemetery

17 ii. Barbara Derby, born Abt. 1882; died Abt. 1895.

18 iii. Lulu May Derby, born November 15, 1883; died May 13, 1973 in OH.

19 iv. Kenneth Ray Derby, born January 08, 1885 in Wakeman, OH; died August 04, 1975 in Norwalk, OH. He married (1) Edith Ward; born Abt. 1890. He married (2) Alice May Ferguson March 11, 1913 in Milan, OH; born November 22, 1889 in Alma, MI; died March 31, 1950 in Norwalk, OH.

More About Kenneth Ray Derby:

Burial: Milan Cemetery, Norwalk, OH

More About Alice May Ferguson:

Burial: Milan Cemetery, Norwalk, OH

20 v. Bruce B. Derby, born March 05, 1892 in Florence, OH; died December 20, 1979 in Norwalk, OH. He married (1) Dorothy Knittle Abt. 1915; born March 15, 1901 in North Fairfield, OH; died April 1982. He married (2) Elizabeth ??? 1925; born Abt. 1896 in Penn Yan NY; died 1952 in FL.

21 vi. Bernice Derby, born 1897; died 1897 in OH.

22 vii. Blanche Derby, born August 04, 1897 in Milan, OH; died February 27, 1962 in

Milan, OH. She married Christian Peter Gatts August 23, 1918 in Lorain Co., OH; born December 18, 1896 in Moundsville, WV; died April 25, 1976 in Milan, OH.

7. Frank⁴ Derby (Roswell³, David Sr.², James¹ Darby) was born September 12, 1857 in Pike Twp, Fulton Co, Winameg, OH, and died November 17, 1953 in Swanton OH. He married **Margaret Ann McDole** July 21, 1880 in Five Points, MI, daughter of Henry McDole and Mary Gier. She was born August 05, 1864 in near Ridgeville in Henry Co, OH, and died October 09, 1955 in Pike Twp, Fulton Co, Winameg, OH.

More About Frank Derby:

Burial: Winameg Cemetery, Pike Twp. OH

More About Margaret Ann McDole:

Burial: Winameg Cemetery, Pike Twp. OH

Children of Frank Derby and Margaret McDole are:

23 i. Mariel⁵ Derby, born May 30, 1881 in Fulton Co. OH; died July 09, 1927 in Fulton Co. OH. She married John Jacob Lozier January 31, 1923 in Fulton Co. OH; born April 30, 1877 in Fulton Co. OH; died 1955 in Fulton Co. OH.

More About Mariel Derby:

Burial: Winameg Cemetery, Pike Twp. OH

More About John Jacob Lozier:

Burial: Wauseon Union Cemetery, Clinton Twp.Fulton Co. OH

24 ii. Clara Helen Derby, born January 07, 1883 in Fulton Co. OH; died December 23, 1912 in Napoleon, OH in Henry Co.. She married Elwood Sturtevant September 20, 1907 in Fulton Co. OH; born November 07, 1884; died April 13, 1968 in Lyons, OH.

More About Clara Helen Derby:

Burial: Winameg Cemetery, Pike Twp. OH

+ 25 iii. [Lillie Sophia Derby](#), born September 28, 1887 in Fulton Co. OH; died April 14, 1974 in Apache Junction, AZ.

26 iv. Harley Derby, born March 22, 1890; died September 21, 1891 in Fulton Co. OH.

More About Harley Derby:

Burial: Winameg Cemetery, Pike Twp. OH

27 v. Mabel Alene Derby, born August 30, 1896; died September 12, 1977 in Napoleon, OH in Henry Co.. She married Vern Frank Buyer May 12, 1917 in Fulton Co. OH; born January 13, 1890 in Winameg, in Pike Twp, Fulton Co. OH; died October 31, 1979 in Glendale, CA.

More About Mabel Alene Derby:

Burial: Winameg Cemetery, Pike Twp. OH

28 vi. Earl Harvey Derby, born December 24, 1899 in Fulton Co. OH; died February 08, 1968 in Lyons, OH. He married Marie C. (Gertrude) Zug November 27, 1919 in Fulton Co. OH; born November 26, 1902 in Paulding Co. OH; died October 09, 1992 in Wauseon, OH.

More About Earl Harvey Derby:

Burial: Royalton Cemetery, Lyons, OH

29 vii. Ray Waldo Derby, born March 02, 1906 in Fulton Co. OH; died September 09, 1983 in Swanton, OH. He married Helen Kolbe; born December 14, 1907; died April 07, 1957 in Swanton OH.

More About Ray Waldo Derby:

Burial: Winameg Cemetery, Pike Twp. OH

More About Helen Kolbe:

Burial: Winameg Cemetery, Pike Twp. OH

8. Joel Elton⁴ Derby (Roswell³, David Sr.², James¹ Darby) was born November 07, 1864 in Pike Twp, Fulton Co, Winameg, OH, and died May 28, 1957 in Norwalk, OH. He married **Mary Jane Parker** March 14, 1888 in Wakeman, OH, daughter of Dexter Parker and Armarelia Bailey. She was born February 14, 1870 in Wakeman, OH, and died May 03, 1947 in Norwalk, OH.

More About Joel Elton Derby:
Burial: Wakeman Cemetery, Norwalk, OH

Children of Joel Derby and Mary Parker are:

30 i. Vivian⁵ Derby, born September 1888; died September 1888.

31 ii. Lily Elmyra Derby, born November 10, 1889 in Wakeman, OH; died September 10, 1977 in Wakeman, OH. She married George Christopher Green March 18, 1913 in Florence, OH; born January 12, 1891 in Berlin Heights, OH; died April 26, 1968 in Norwalk, OH.

More About George Christopher Green:
Burial: Wakeman Cemetery, Norwalk, OH

32 iii. Eva Derby, born June 01, 1893 in Wakeman, OH; died March 04, 1894.

33 iv. Jay Elton Derby, born April 16, 1899 in Elkhart IN; died January 08, 1974 in Tryon, NC. He married Cleo May Funk August 06, 1921; born May 04, 1897; died November 30, 1978 in Tryon, NC.

34 v. Marian Violet Derby, born April 24, 1902 in Birmingham, OH; died March 16, 1976 in Leesburg, FL. She married Clarence Lee Felshaw July 18, 1923 in Cleveland, OH; born December 20, 1900; died November 06, 1966 in Leesburg, FL.

9. Darwin Andrus⁴ Derby (Roswell³, David Sr.², James¹ Darby) was born April 15, 1867 in Pike Twp, Fulton Co, Winameg, OH, and died August 06, 1938 in Birmingham, OH. He married **Martha Ann Whitney** November 23, 1887 in Senaca, Lenawee Co. MI, daughter of William Whitney and Elizabeth Mileham. She was born March 07, 1872 in Camden, Lorain Co. OH, and died November 09, 1956 in Winameg, in Pike Twp, Fulton Co. OH.

More About Darwin Andrus Derby:
Burial: Wakeman Cemetery, Norwalk, OH

More About Martha Ann Whitney:
Burial: Wakeman Cemetery, Norwalk, OH

Children of Darwin Derby and Martha Whitney are:

35 i. Rozelle Elwood⁵ Derby, born November 27, 1888 in Wakeman, OH; died January 07, 1977 in Ft. Wayne IN.

36 ii. Roy Walter Derby, born February 19, 1891 in Camden twp, Lorain Co. OH; died July 30, 1958 in Vermillion, OH.

37 iii. Orville T. Derby, born December 09, 1893 in Florence, OH; died January 15, 1987 in Elkhart, IN.

38 iv. Clifford Hiram Derby, born August 18, 1897 in Florence, OH; died April 09, 1978 in Lorain, OH.

39 v. Wyllis William Derby, born December 26, 1900 in Berlin, Erie Co, OH; died June 28, 1978 in Vermillion, OH.

40 vi. Lyle Edwin Derby, born March 18, 1903 in Berlin, Erie Co, OH; died August 10, 1971 in Norwalk, OH. 1st wife Myrtle L. Derby, born 1904; died 1935 and 2nd wife Eva M. Derby, born 1903; died 1945.

More About Lyle Edwin Derby:

Burial: Wakeman Cemetery, Norwalk, OH

41 vii. Theodore Newton Derby, born December 21, 1904 in Brownheim, Lorain Co. OH; died March 25, 1970 in Ft. Lauderdale, FL.

42 viii. Mildred Minota Derby, born August 15, 1914 in Henrietta, OH; died August 23, 1914 in Wakeman, OH.



Generation No. 5

25. Lillie Sophia⁵ Derby (Frank⁴, Roswell³, David Sr.², James¹ Darby) was born September 28, 1887 in Fulton Co. OH, and died April 14, 1974 in Apache Junction, AZ. She married **(1) William Nicholas McLain** May 29, 1912 in Fulton Co. OH, son of Oliver McLain and Rebecca Bowlus. He was born October 27, 1882 in Chesterfield Twp. OH, and died February 23, 1957 in Frey Convalescent Home, Delta, OH. She met **(2) Karl Lee** July 28, 1944. He was born 1896, and died March 18, 1947 in OH. She married **(3)**

Calvin Brice Englehart June 05, 1954. He was born Abt. 1885, and died May 25, 1964 in Tucson, AZ.

More About Lillie Sophia Derby:
Burial: Winameg Cemetery, Pike Twp. OH

More About Karl Lee:
Burial: Winameg Cemetery, Pike Twp. OH

More About Calvin Brice Englehart:
Burial: Sylvania, OH cemetery

Children of Lillie Derby and William McLain are:

+ 45 i. [Hazel Maurine McLain](#), born September 13, 1913 in Royalton Twp, Fulton Co. OH; died January 22, 1990 in Apache Junction, AZ.

+ 46 ii. [Reva Lucille McLain](#), born January 10, 1915 in Manns Corners, Fulton Co. OH; died September 19, 1968 in Cleveland, OH.

+ 47 iii. [Carol Joy McLain](#), born December 05, 1916 in Fulton Co. OH.

+ 48 iv. [Ivan Derby McLain](#), born June 06, 1918 in Fulton Co. OH.

+ 49 v. [Ila Margaret McLain](#), born June 06, 1921 in Fulton Co. OH.

+ 50 vi. [Wilma Arlene McLain](#), born January 06, 1923 in Fulton Co. OH; died March 23, 1983 in Anderson, IN.



Generation No. 6

45. Hazel Maurine⁶ McLain (Lillie Sophia⁵ Derby, Frank⁴, Roswell³, David Sr.², James¹ Darby) was born September 13, 1913 in Royalton Twp, Fulton Co. OH, and died January 22, 1990 in Apache Junction, AZ. She married **Paul Edwin Swart** September 14, 1932 in

Lagrange, IN.

More About Hazel Maurine McLain:
Burial: Wauseon Union Cemetery

Children of Hazel McLain and Paul Swart are:

51 i. Richard Dale⁷ Swart.

52 ii. Leslie Wayne Swart.

46. Reva Lucille⁶ McLain (Lillie Sophia⁵ Derby, Frank⁴, Roswell³, David Sr.², James¹ Darby) was born January 10, 1915 in Manns Corners, Fulton Co. OH, and died September 19, 1968 in Cleveland, OH. She married **Leroy Murray Bratton** June 22, 1940 in Lyons, OH in Fulton Co..

Children of Reva McLain and Leroy Bratton are:

53 i. Suzanne⁷ Bratton.

54 ii. Roger Leroy Bratton.

47. Carol Joy⁶ McLain (Lillie Sophia⁵ Derby, Frank⁴, Roswell³, David Sr.², James¹ Darby) was born December 05, 1916 in Fulton Co. OH. She married **(1) George L. Powers** April 15, 1939. She married **(2) Kenneth Bates**.

Children of Carol McLain and George Powers are:

55 i. Gary Lynn⁷ Powers.

56 ii. Cheryl Ann Powers.

57 iii. William Fremont Powers.

58 iv. Sandra Kay Powers.

48. Ivan Derby⁶ McLain (Lillie Sophia⁵ Derby, Frank⁴, Roswell³, David Sr.², James¹

Darby) was born June 06, 1918 in Fulton Co. OH. He married **Georgia Wolfer** November 28, 1943.

Children of Ivan McLain and Georgia Wolfer are:

59 i. Debra Lynn⁷ McLain.

60 ii. Terry David McLain.

61 iii. Michael Allen McLain.

62 iv. George Kevin McLain.

49.Ila Margaret⁶ McLain (Lillie Sophia⁵ Derby, Frank⁴, Roswell³, David Sr.², James¹ Darby) was born June 06, 1921 in Fulton Co. OH. She married **(1)Ernest Ceasar Ramsey** September 20, 1939 in Anderson, IN at the Christian Church. She married **(2) Virgil Vance Simmonds**. She married **(3) Richard Ross Buser**.

Child of Ila McLain and Ernest Ramsey is:

63 i. Karen Sue⁷ Ramsey.

50. Wilma Arlene⁶ McLain (Lillie Sophia⁵ Derby, Frank⁴, Roswell³, David Sr.², James¹ Darby) was born January 06, 1923 in Fulton Co. OH, and died March 23, 1983 in Anderson, IN. She married **(1) Richard Dale Gehrke** May 29, 1947 in Toledo, OH. . She married **(2) Daniel Ingram**. She married **(3)Clifton Lewis**

More About Wilma Arlene McLain:

Burial: Frankton IOOF Cemetery

Children of Wilma McLain and Richard Gehrke are:

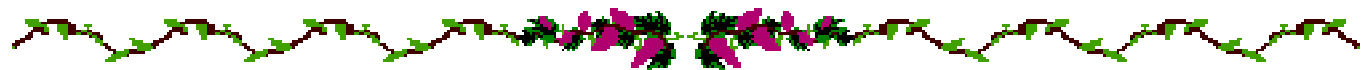
64 i. Steven Lee⁷ Gehrke.

65 ii. Dale Allen Gehrke

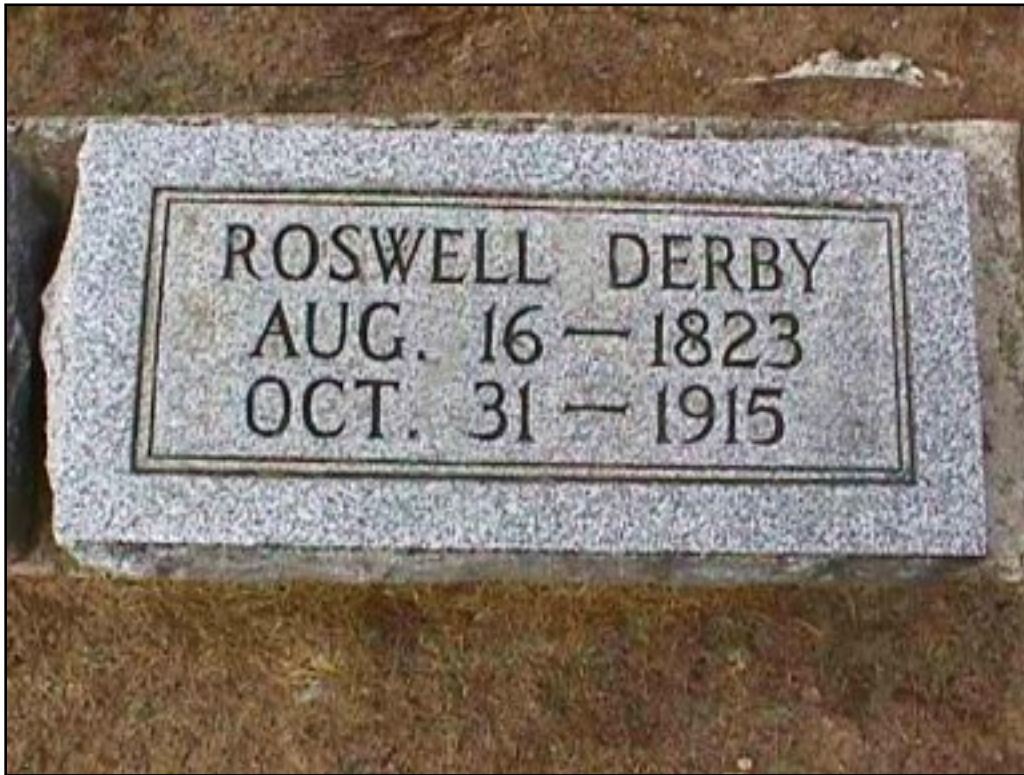




Roswell & Mary Ann Whitcomb Derby



Burial: Wakeman, OH Cemetery



"FRIENDS OF MY HEART, ADIEU"

A poem written by Roswell Derby Sr.

Friend of my heart, adieu!
God keep you in his care
Believe this parting sigh
Receive this parting pray'r
And don't forget the few
Bright hours that we have seen, Adieu! Adieu!

Remember vanished hours,
Let mem'ry softly dwell

On one who thinks of thee
With thoughts too deep to tell;
On one who steadfast grew,
Mid thickest clouds and tears, adieu! adieu!

Let gentle dreams arise
When I am far from thee,
Of all the counsel sweet
That thou hast shared with me;
As when our mem'ries flew
To mingle sweetest thoughts, adieu! adieu!

Think of the heart of love
That ever sprang to meet
Thy slightest wish and dreamed
No earthly joy so sweet
As when on wings it flew
To speak for me with thee, adieu! adieu!

Think of the heart of faith
That watched with anxious pain,
For tidings of thy love
O'er the divided main;
Think of the loving heart
And true, that writes with tears adieu! adieu!

Though dark with many faults
This self-same heart may be,
It has one spot unstained
It never erred to thee;
No idle words nor new
Thou knowest they are true, adieu! adieu!



Roswell Derby Sr.

A Tribute by his first grandchild, Ruth Hart Hively

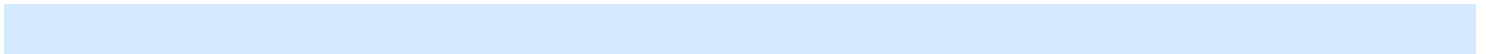
Roswell Derby Sr. was born August 16, 1823 on a farm about 2 miles south of Cherry Valley, New York. His father was of New England stock; his mother English and Scotch. At the time of the massacre of Cherry Valley, there was a Scotch settlement near: all of the inhabitants except a baby boy, hid in one of the cellars were killed. He was found afterward and adopted by a Mr. Dutcher and since his rightful name was not known, his posterity goes by the name of Dutcher. He married an English woman by the name of Buck. Their daughter married David Derby, father of Roswell Derby Sr. Both lie buried in Cherry Valley, New York, about two miles south of the village. David Derby's father lies buried at Old Granville, New York, where they came from Massachusetts. The mother of Roswell Derby died when he was eleven years old and his father when he was twelve. His relatives were poor so he was cast forth upon his own resources, a boy in a big world. His genius was of the first; he saw but to know. He managed to acquire a good education for his day and spent some time as a teacher. He studied first medicine then the law, but became disgusted both professions.

He was too robust to stand confinement and must follow where he could use more physical force. He delighted to hunt and loved to follow the advance line of western civilization. He took up black smithing, then shifted to farming. He was married to Mary Ann Whitcomb June 27, 1849 at East Townsend, Ohio and spent the rest of his days for the good of home and posterity. His education fitted him to be an encyclopedia for the community in which he lived. If in trouble he was their counsel; if sick; their doctor. He will be remembered for the good he has done. He was an athlete, a strong speaker and an original writer, with only a few pieces written in his youth preserved. What care he for wealth and fame while his wife and children could remain? And they all lived to follow him to his grave Oct. 30, 1915. His wife Mary Ann Whitcomb followed him three months later and as they had lived so side by side they sleep in the cemetery at Wakeman, Ohio. I see his coffin now covered with white flowers. I chose the white flowers as typical of the purity of grandfather's life he always showed. To love ones friends, to bathe in life's sunshine, to preserve a right mental attitude, the receptive attitude and to do ones work; these make the ideal life. This was the life he lived; for him we have nothing to fear. He loved life and basked in the sunshine of his home. He knew the value of a home by the loss he had once endured. He was always a champion for right ; regardless of what opposed. He sacrificed much in the interest of right but was always happy in the sacrifice.. His motto was "Let this life be one grand plan for Eternity" What matters what you suffer or what you sacrifice, if done for God and Humanity! Most of his literary works for the most part were done before his marriage and were lost. The only ones he saved were those that lay close to his heart.

"And what, in tribute, can I say?"

His works and life will far out shine;
He trod the just and Holy way
That leads unto the life, Divine'

Submitted by his great- great granddaughter
Karen S. Ramsey Bookout





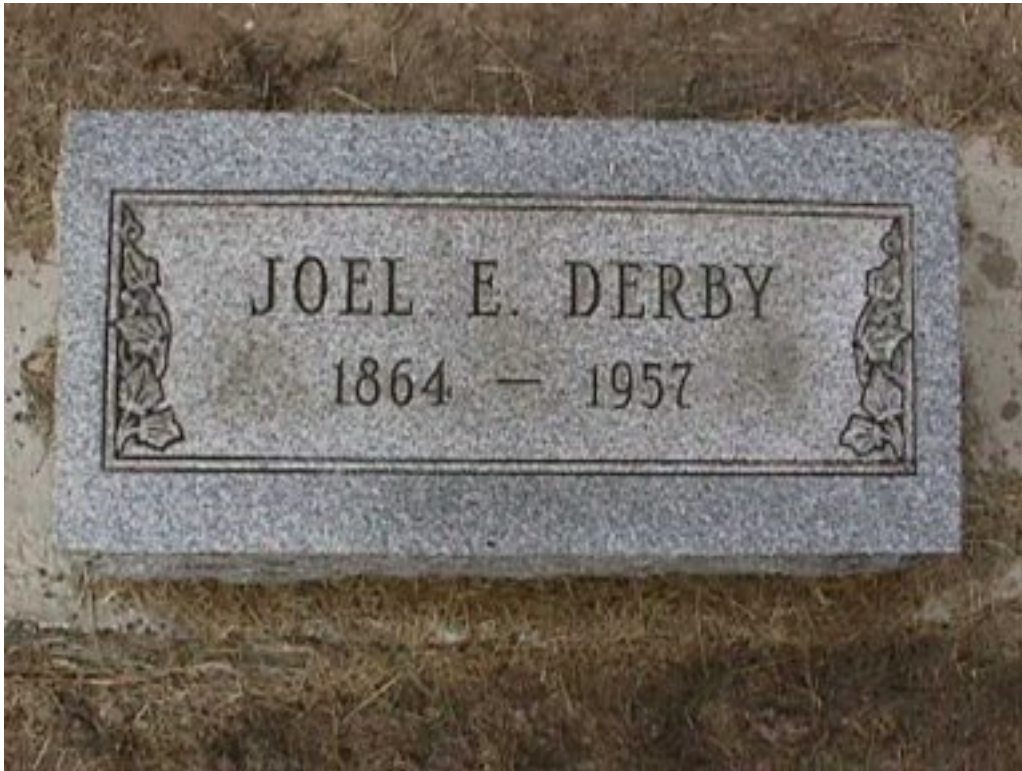
Roswell & Mary Derby Family

Darwin - Joel - Frank - Roswell Jr. - Mariel

Roswell - wife Mary - Hiram

60th Wedding Anniversary in 1909 in Wakeman, Ohio

Joel Elton Derby
Burial in Wakeman, Ohio Cemetery



Roswell R. Jr & Ella Derby
Burial in Florence, Ohio Cemetery





FATHER AND MOTHER

FROM -POEMS OF FRIENDSHIP LOVE And HOPE

by Roswell Derby Jr

Where hast thou gone? I miss thee here!
The love I shared so many years
Has left me now; a lonely fear
And hope is blinded with my tears

Could but a message come from thee
That I might know thee safely there,
My sadness would so quickly flee
And I would wait, thy love to share.

Tis but the silence makes this pain
I ne'er would grieve if I did know
The beauty of thy life and gain
I, patiently, would wait to go

I know God's law has been fulfilled,
You've paid the tribute of all sin;
Thy life has run just as He willed
And all its honors, you did win

You lived, you loved, your race was sweet
When viewed the blighting of this earth;
And,thy reward is made complete
By One who tests and knows your worth.

And I must plod life's weary way
Without a father and mother's care;
I may not hear them kindly say,
Courage and yeild not to despair.

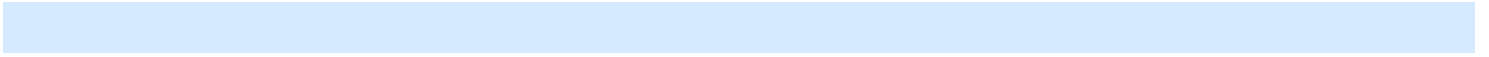
They were the magnet of my life,
Their goodness charged my very soul;
I could not yeild howe'er the strife
When they and right, I saw the goal.

And what in tribute can I say?
Their works and life will far out shine;
They trod the just and holy way
That leads unto the life Divine.

And yet, thy love will fill me still
E'en though thy form I cannot see;
And sweet thy blessings, ever fill
With thoughts of love and faith and thee.

And so, I bow unto His will

And lay my treasures at His feet
And ask but faith to serve me still
Till I can make my life complete.





Frank Derby Family

Mariel - Clara - Lillie

Frank - Mabel - Earl - Margaret

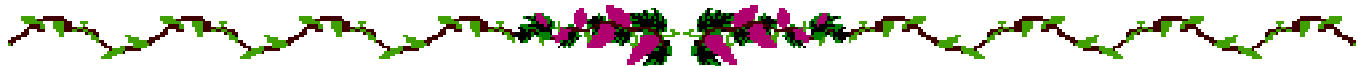


Frank & Margaret Ann McDole Derby

Frank & Margaret Ann McDole Derby

Burials: Winameg Cemetery, Pike Twp. OH





"MARGARET AND FRANK DERBY FAMILY...."

as written by Lillie Derby McLain

I was caring for my aged parents and their minds kept wandering to the years of early life and so I made the decision to copy as much as I could recall of that, to me, at least, very interesting life history.

My mother was a woman who gave her life whole-heartedly to her home and family. Married when but a girl, who was approaching her sixteenth birthday, she entered a pioneer home where much strength and capable hands were needed to cope with the hardships of the early pioneer days. The year was 1880. The marriage date, July 21.

Much of the land in Fulton County, Ohio was then covered in woods and swamps. Bear, deer, wild cats and even puma were

seen. Ague was a prevailing illness. Also, scarlet fever and black diphtheria often took their toll. But her girlhood had already prepared her and given her much helpful training.

Her father, Henry McDole, born in northwestern Ireland in the year 1818, was of typical Irish ancestry and sternly taught his children very early in life to make their own way.

She was one of the younger of a family of three boys and six girls, most of whom died rather early in life, leaving few descendants, while she became the last of the family to die at the age of ninety-two years. She was born in Henry County, Ohio, lived all her married life in Fulton County, except for a very brief migration to Erie County, Ohio, where my father's people had returned and lived their later married years.

Mother was born near Ridgeville, Henry County, Ohio where her father owned a good eighty acre farm at that time. Though married so young, she had already worked as a hired girl for at least a couple of years in the Meeker home and also in the home of Rev. Valentine, whose descendants for three generations have become well known ministers of Fulton County, Ohio.

This gentleman wore stiffly starched white bosom shirts, requiring a skilled hand to launder and one accomplishment of which she was justly proud was her ability to launder these garments in a manner to merit praise.

She received the high wage of that day - \$1.50 a week.

Going back to her girlhood, I can recall of her talking of visiting her Grandmother Guyer who, I believe, lived in Ashland County, Ohio. She went with her mother and youngest sister, Lucy.

Let me add here that this sister married George Bracy and three of her small children suddenly died and are buried in the old part of the Winameg Cemetery back near the fence in or near the northeast corner. There are no markers and while they died, likely before I was born, I can recall, as a child, going with my mother to place flowers on the three little graves.

Theirs was a hard life with often not enough food and I recall being told that the father brought home a sack of peanuts which they ate, shucks and all, causing their death. I think perhaps the father was a drunkard and it was not uncommon in those days for such fathers to treat their families brutally hard and often a lack of food and clothing was prevalent. Perhaps luckily, this family all died very young, and I believe are all buried in that same plot of ground. I can see my mother standing, sadly gazing down at that plot of ground and saying sadly, "Poor Lucy." She was her favorite sister. My mind seems to wander, but to get back to the journey of which I started to tell you.

Mother said they went by train and stayed all night in Oberlin, Ohio. When they reached their destination they were met by a man named Yocum...(I assume this man to be an uncle). He was driving a horse drawn covered wagon, containing three seats...two big seats in the back and a smaller seat for the driver. It was driven by a beautiful span of big bay horses.

I can still remember the beautiful span of big, fat, iron grey horses owned by my Grandfather McDole at the time of his death and the gentle fat cherry red cow my grandmother milked and the golden homemade butter and almost ice cold milk, kept in the spring house through which flowed a cool stream of running fresh spring water. When she died, dad sold the cow. Entering that spring house and drinking that cool milk and

buttermilk with little islands of golden rich butter floating on top, gave me a thrill no deep freeze or refrigerator can ever equal. But again my mind wanders. I must get back to my story.

I laughed at being met by a covered wagon and mother said, in a surprised tone at my misunderstanding, "Oh, no, it was new, very nice and the standard driving equipment for that day".

While there, they received a letter from home telling of the killing of a big black bear in a hollow tree, close by the path where the children went to and from school. I asked, "Were you not afraid to go to school?", and she replied, "Oh, no! The country was all woods then, but there were clearings with cornfields and the bears never bothered the children." She said they had a wonderful visit with relatives, all Germans with large families. I have always thought my Grandmother Mary Ann Guyer McDole was of Pennsylvania Dutch extraction, but I guess, though, they were sometimes called German. Grandma Guyer and Aunt Barbara, who never married, lived alone at that time.

When about to return home, Grandma Guyer took her new double woolen shawl, cut it in half, and gave her daughter, my grandmother, the half to take home. The single or double shawl, usually black or grey, was the standard wrap of those days. They were all fine cashmere wool and very warm.

I also remember my great aunt and Grandmother Derby's paisley shawl. These were beautiful and it may have well been one of these, as I have no description, except that it was new.

This closes the tale of the only trip I ever heard my mother mention. It was, perhaps, the only trip ever taken by her, as

travel was not frequent in those days as it is now. This short journey that took two days by train then, would now be taken in a few hours. Such are the changes in one generation.

When my mother and dad were married, his father and brothers helped him build a clap-board house, consisting of a kitchen, living room, or as it was then called, front room, two small bedrooms, pantry, a large closet, and an unfinished attic.

They had purchased 40 acres of swampy land from my uncle for \$1.50 an acre. Interest was at 6%, compound interest. Compound interest was legal in those days. This small debt mounted rapidly into an increasingly large debt. It was a land contract, purchased from my father's only sister's husband, (Elmore S. Hart), and he cagily told my father not to worry about payments, just to give him whatever he could spare, after providing for his increasingly large family.

Very little reckoning was made regarding payments. Uncle always insisted not to worry about it, so dad seemingly did just that, sending a bushel of popcorn, five bushel of potatoes, apples, etc. But each year, at the close of school in the city, each relative sent their children to the country to spend the summer with good Uncle Frank and Aunt Maggie.

There was Kenneth & Hollis, Uncle Roswell's children from Cleveland. There was Grace & Elwood, Uncle Hiram's children from Cincinnati. Elton & Ruth, Aunt Muriel and Uncle Elmore's children from Elkhart. And, also my cousin Lily, Uncle Joel's daughter and Rozelle, Uncle Darwin's eldest son.

There was always a barrel of salt pork and these pigs I remember well for one of our daily chores was to pull big baskets of pursley and what we called pig weed to feed and fatten these

same porkers.

Our revenge came later, but I just never could understand dad's liking for that fried salt pork. The fatter it was, the better for him. But the hard physical labor which he did made that diet very acceptable to him. And the rich brown gravy made by browning flour in the pork grease, then pouring in rich milk, stirring and boiling to smoothness, made a delicious accompaniment to freshly dug potatoes, boiled in their jackets.

Mother's good homemade bread, famous sugar cookies with big scallops, a big garden and truck patch to provide fresh melons, sweet corn, and other vegetables and three or four cows to furnish fresh milk and cream for fresh homemade butter and a big pitcher full to pour over the big blue berries, gathered from the woods and the luscious fresh peaches and black berries from our garden, to say nothing of the freshly churned buttermilk with dabs of butter floating on top --- well, few tables were better spread than was our own.

Pies were baked in batches as often it would take two or three to go around the long stretched table, for at vacation time in came the parents to feast on good country living and enjoy, especially the fine ripe watermelons and musk melons. We did not call them cantelopes.

After a visit of two weeks, they would gather their well-fed robust childred and go home to enter them in the fine city schools while they contgempuously stated, "Poor Uncle Frank's children would never amount to anything, being raised away out there in the sticks and attending only a one room country school".

For all this hospitality, my parents were given absolutely no recompense, but were told "You raise your living. It does not cost you anything, you should see what our grocery bills are!" But each year, the compound interest was religiously added to the debt (6%), until it assumed great growth. My parents' only recompense was a yearly box at Christmas time and the old clothes discarded by my city cousins, which mother made over to provide our clothing.

My greatest treasure, in which I had my picture taken (a family group), was a dress made from an older cousin's discarded wedding gown. It was made from two materials of fine cashmere, navy blue and a multi-colored striped material trimmed in fancy braid. I wore it very proudly.

After I grew up and from that scoffed at country school, I became a teacher and was told it was my duty to pay off the mortgage on that 40 acre farm that had been nearly a lifetime source of income for my uncle and aunt. This early clapboard house was to be only a temporary home, but its remains may still be seen on that same 40 acre farm in Fulton Co, Ohio, and a great many of the seventy three years of my parents' married life were spent there, living within those same walls with only few changes made. The red rambler rose still climbs above its sagging doorway.

Dad worked in the Hank Miles Sawmill for many years, did day labor from .50 cents to \$1.00 a day and was also road supervisor for Fulton County for many years, building many of the gravel roads of his day. For him, at that time, farming was mostly a side issue.

School debates, neighborhood dances and occasionally a Pedro

card game provided entertainment, but I think his greatest joy was to hitch up his horses to the old boat sled (he cared but little for the bob sled, but always took a log to the mill to be sawed into a plentiful supply of boat sleds) and gathered up the neighbors to attend the revival meetings held at various churches during the winter.

He loved to leave the tongue off the boat sled and swing it off the graded road to the side and hear the occupants scream at the thrill of being almost swept overboard. Sweeping through the frosty air, sitting cross-kneed on a bed of straw with blankets smelling of the sweat of the horses, over which they had been placed while we were in the church, and with the horses hooves throwing the hard-packed snow our way, occasionally we watched the glittering stars and raised our voices above the jingle of the sleigh bells to sing good old gospel hymns of long ago.

Those days are gone forever, but their memory brings a rich glow to my heart. I forgot to add that a temporary home was also built on this farm for my grandparents. This later became our barn.

On the eighty acres adjoining our forty was an eighty acres owned by my grandparents and given, or sold, to their Eldest son, Roswell, a school teacher, who later became an attorney, living in Huron County, Ohio. When I started teaching, my first school was the Edgar or Robinson, as it was also called, in Royalton Twp., Fulton Co, Ohio and my uncle Roswell had also been a teacher in this same school.

Older residents who recalled those days gave me interesting highlights of the doings of the young Whitcomb and Derby boys and

I clearly recall one old timer saying, "Those Whitcombs had Indian blood."

That brings to mind an old book of my father's that I remember reading. It told of an Indian uprising in New York State, in which all the settlers were killed, except one small boy who hid in a brush patch. The settlement was burned and the boy found and taken to be raised by a tribe of Mohawk Indians and I was taught, or rather told, that his boy who grew up and married an Indian girl was our ancestor and that my Great-Grandmother Butler was a half-blood Mohawk Indian. This would have been my Grandmother Derby's grandmother, no doubt as her name was Whitcomb.

Some deny, others affirm this belief, but to my remembrance, they bore Indian characteristics with their prominent high foreheads, high cheek bones, etc. One cousin in college fully acted the part and was called an Indian by all his classmates. It seemed to give him a great thrill.

But to get back to the eighty acre farm. My uncle and the family built a permanent home on this farm which is still inhabited and the two farms are now united, so I never saw my dreams realized, for from my youth I had visions of seeing the old forty acre farm tilled, farmed and adorned by a small neat home with neat white fences and buildings, green growing crops, and orchard filled with choicest fruits, etc. Perhaps because there, on that forty acre farm, my childhood days were spent and where love seemed to flourish and abound, in spite of what was, shall we say, modest poverty.

So many memories come surging to my mind as I write, some gay and humorous, some filled with tragedy, such as an early

birthday party when I was four years old. I recall the long table in the front door yard, filled with mother's good delicacies, her white frosted cake, top covered with red cinnamon candies, fried chicken, homemade ice cream, her sugar cookies, etc. (eggs pickled in beet juice) and the girl who filled her large skirt pocket with goodies to take home to her mother. Mother saw her, but said nothing.

The worst tragedy was the sudden death of my baby brother, eighteen months old. He died of cholera-in-fantum, as it was called in those days. I recall his lying on an improvised bed, made by placing pillows and comforters on two chairs, placed with backs at opposite ends, his flushed face, the burning fever, the horse white with foam that dad had rode so fast to Lyons, Ohio, to call old Dr. Brown who gravely shook his head saying, "Too late. Nothing can be done to save him." But when he was still alive the next morning, dad again made the trip, but after a two day illness, he was gone.

I was too young to know, or to realize it all. I thought he looked so beautiful, dressed so prettily and sleeping so sweetly in the pretty white crib with its silken lining, so much better than those two chairs, I thought. The house was filled, a bountiful dinner was served, the minister was there and a beautiful white coach, drawn by two beautiful white horses was standing out in front. Yet mother held me tightly in her arms, sitting in the old rocker and crying. I thought it was all so gay and beautiful and I could not comprehend why she was crying. I think I was three or four years. I can recall playing together, but have no recollection of missing him after he was gone.

Though all my life I have had a feeling of aloneness, and I have so many times thought, "If Harley had lived, I would not have

lived so alone" as I think it must be a subconscious missing of the little brother with whom I was a constant companion.

Later, in my teens, Clara, a sister five years my senior, became so close to me, but her death, at the age of twenty-nine, was again a great shock to me and again, the aloneness was with me, greater than before. At the death of my eldest sister, age forty-six, I can recall mother standing by the open grave looking sadly at dad and saying, "Three out of seven". But the four left are all surviving.

A brighter memory is the big eighty acre woods across from our home. This was owned by Dwight Stoddard, a very successful pioneer farmer. He owned a two hundred and forty acre farm and his family consisted of all girls. He often hired my father to do day work such as hoeing corn or helping make hay. He addressed my father in this manner. "Frank, I want you to take your hoe and go over there in my corn field." Dad often went and proudly came home showing mother the shining silver dollar he received for his day's labor.

But this woods was a delightful playground for us children. We had a play house near its entrance. This was shared with the neighbor children, the Miller family, and roaming the woods, gathering wild flowers, wild fruits, especially wild plums and huckleberries and cow-slip greens, from the swamp edge, also huge milk pails filled with sponge mushrooms gave us delightful thrills. Also, going with my Grandfather Derby to gather the yearly supply of herbs for our winter's medicine was a thrilling experience.

I also recall seeing Dr. Finney's one horse wagon busily occupied in the same manner and at night heading toward Delta,

Ohio,
the wagon filled to overflowing with the many herbs used for medicines in those days. Some were Bebam for fever, horehound for colds, skunks cabbage for whooping cough, curly dock for the blood, boneset and a host of others, but the one I hated most of all was culver root. This my Grandmother Derby steeped to a thick vile bitter tasting tea and kept almost constantly on the back of our wood burning range and as often as I ventured near the area I would meet her outstretched hand holding a huge tablespoonful of the black bitter potion and be told, "Swallow it, It's good for you."

Another time, I think I had whooping cough, mother tried to give me a spoonful of skunks grease. I placed my hand over my mouth in protest. A young man who was calling on my sister helped mother by saying, "Oh, take it. It's good. I eat it on my bread and butter." I thought him a pretty fine fellow and very quickly opened up and tried to swallow, but disillusioned, gasping and choking, I spat out all I could. I can still hear him laughing at the trick he had played on me. Later in life, he became a preacher, but I never forgot the lie he had told me.

Mother always insisted we carry a hoe when we went back in the woods to hunt turkey nests or to play. We often saw snakes, blue racers, spotted adders, and sometimes rattle snakes, but the little harmless garter snakes which seemed most numerous made us run just as fast as any. Our hoe was seldom used, and we were never bitten. Perhaps we could run faster than they.

Once mother scared us by making a noise like a cat. We were deep in the woods swinging from trees. We thought a wild cat was after us. Did we ever run. Once more fond memories cause my mind to wander from the story that my mother told us. But, I

will return.....

Tending the home, cooking for my grandparents, uncles and the builders of that home was my mother's introduction to married life. She said my uncle did bring a sack of beans and a slab of salt pork...otherwise, they never could have managed. Also, my uncle paid them a small amount of cash, no doubt to buy the staple groceries.

Then babies came in somewhat rapid succession, but not yearly, as in some homes. Her expression in telling me of those early days of married life was, "Oh, God, it was a hard life."

Remember, she was a girl of less than sixteen years, but being young, strong, capable, she was determined to succeed in the task allotted to her. That it was a hard life, I can well believe. But love was there and it lasted all through the seventy-three years of married life. My parents remained lovers till the end of life.

Father, at ninety-six, told me, When I married, my mother said, 'Frank, you have brought me just a little girl'," but with eyes sparkling, he added, "But she found out differently and grew to love her and admire her ability." My aunt paid her tribute in saying she was a very good mother. At first they all just laughed at dad for wedding...just a little girl. But the hardships of those early years took their toll and dwarfed her spirit. She seldom was seen outside her home, except during the days of the Model T Ford. Henry Ford succeeded in lifting the care-worn house wives from their mire of hard work and despair.

When they acquired their Model T Ford, both of my parents fully enjoyed the thrilling adventures it afforded. And it pleases me to remember that one of the first things they did was to go to

the little Winameg Christian Church and proclaim Christ as their Savior and attempt living a Christian life. Mother had already, before her marriage, become a member of the Christian Church at Tedrow, Ohio and was immersed in baptism there.

She was a good mother. Her home was always neat and always her table was wide spread and bountifully furnished. I can recall assisting her, about the year 1910, when we were living on a rented farm east of Ottokee, Ohio, cooking for a large barn raising. It was before the days of electric power. All the men of the neighborhood would gather and help lift the heavy timbers in place. Time was donated. It was very exciting, also much hard work.

All water was carried from a well outside, usually pumped by hand or drawn from the well with a bucket. A coal or wood range graced the kitchen. All baking was done in the home. I can still see and smell the huge loaves of homemade bread and see the rows of freshly baked pies, cakes, and cookies. While the kitchen gave out its fragrant odors, our bodies were also bathed in perspiration. We knew nothing of the dainty toiletries of the present. A clean towel was used to wipe the beads of perspiration from our face and often our clothing was soaked with perspiration, but it was accepted as inevitable. No one paid it any attention.

Mother and I did all the cooking and baking for this occasion. The first day we had fifty men for dinner. The next day, thirty-five, and the next day the threshing crew came and we had only fourteen men for both dinner and supper. But that same evening, our city relatives did not forget us, for after the evening chores were done and father had gone after a load of lumber for the next

day's building, the phone rang and a telephone call announced that a train had just pulled in and would we come and get them.

Mother told them they would have to hire a hack, so they did, and about nine o'clock a three seated hack drove up, the tired travelers announcing they had had no supper and were about famished after the long train ride, etc. It was my Grandfather and Grandmother Derby, Uncle Hiram and two of his daughters, Aunt Mariel Hart and Aunt Jane Benjamin, my father's aunt and my great aunt.

We were a family of seven at that time, also had a hired man living with us and in addition to feeding them, we also had to supply sleeping accommodations. Fortunately, at that time we were living in a large spacious house with four large bedrooms, but even so, adjustments and improvised beds were necessarily made. And in those days, there were no super markets. We used farm products, fresh vegetables from our own garden and truck patch and as I before stated we did all our own baking.

The grandparents stayed on for an extended visit and grandmother contracted pneumonia, but would not let us call our family doctor. Instead, sent dad to Delta after Finney Powders from old Doctor Finney, who was then still living. Yes, she recovered. The pioneers had very strong constitutions.

It was not until the year 1918 that we were able to buy bakery bread for home use. Then trucks started delivery and our local grocer was able to supply us.

It would take volumes to describe the hardships, toil, and often the bleak poverty of the pioneers early day living.

I like the scripture text...I Thess., 11-12. Taken literally and

applied to my mother. "And that ye study to be quiet, and to do your own business, and to work with your own hands, as we commanded you. That ye may walk honestly toward them that are without, and that ye have lack of nothing."

This admonition seemed beautifully exemplified in my mother's life. Her devotion to her home and family was complete. Her hands were never idle. Her later years, though lived in what many might consider very humble circumstances, were to one who had faced so much hardship, as she expressed it..."The best I have ever known."

Income to meet necessities. The modern comforts of life. Time for hands to be folded in repose. "...work with your own hands. That ye may have need of nothing".

"Enter thou into my rest."

"I have lived long enough: my way of life
Has fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf.
And that which should accompany old age
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have."

"There are hours long departed that memory brings
Like blossoms of Eden to twine round the heart.
And as time rushes by on the wings of his might
They may darken awhile, but they never depart".

But life, with its paradox of living, its mingling of joy and sorrow, hope and despair, leisure and toil, still is in retrospect, a very pleasant memory. And ever in my memory loving thoughts will ever linger about that swampy wilderness home, where lusty, strong-hearted pioneers so bravely fought and won. The clapboard house, with its unpainted, weathered siding, so

sturdily resisting the inroads of time, so filled with the joy of living, the red rose climbing above the doors and windows...who can forget...

THE HOME WHERE CHILDHOOD WAS SPENT

Dear country home: Can I forget
The least of thy sweet trifles
The red rose vines that clamor yet
Whose bloom the bee stile rifles.
The huge sweet black berries, growing-ripe-
And in the woods --- The Indian Pipe.

Dearer that little country home
In land with trees beside it
Some peach trees with their luscious fruit
A well, with weeds to hide it.
Some flowers, only such as rise,
When from love's sweet hand are guided.

Happy the one who tills their field
Content with rustic labor
Earth does to him its fullness yield
Come what may to his neighbor.
Well days. Sound nights, oh, can there be -
A life more rational and free.

Thus ends my tale of a happily married pair whose lives were so closely intertwined through out their seventy-three years of married life, and whose descendants filled the little country chapel when last earthly rites were given. What a monument of love, faith, and integrity for young people today, who have so much, yet lack so much, to gaze upon. Well done! Good and Faithful servants! Enter into rest! With hands still clasped in

unity, march on, throughout Eternity, in happiness and peace.

My mother's hands labored for me long before I could provide for myself. Up through the long lean years those loving hands toiled early and late for the sake of her home and family. They are now wreathed in lines and marked with wear. Some of the love marks she carries for us. Never did she spare herself. In helpless infancy, or in growing youth, and neither shall I deny myself the pleasure for caring for her now.

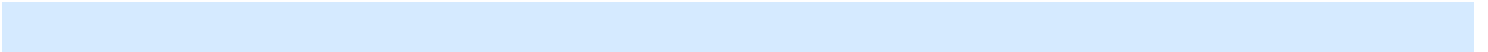
**"Oh, mother, when I think of Thee
'Tis but a step to Calvary
Thy gentle hand is resting now
As Jesus soothes They tired brow."**

She was a woman of whom we can say, "She had so little, yet had so much. We can forgive her weaknesses, yet admire her strength." The strength of a woman who in her early teens, pledged her life to love, honor, and obey the man of her choice and who had the courage and integrity to be true to that vow, all through the long seventy-three years of wedded life in the midst of pioneer hardships, the raising of a large family and the rugged toil of the age in which she lived. The careworn toil of the age in which she lived, even at times a struggle to eke out a bare existence. Yet her loyalty and courage was ever firm. Truly a heritage of which to be proud. She faced poverty, toil, weariness and pain and at times a broken spirit, yet she faithfully carried on, loyally and ever firm.

Her purpose in life could well be expressed by these lines ...

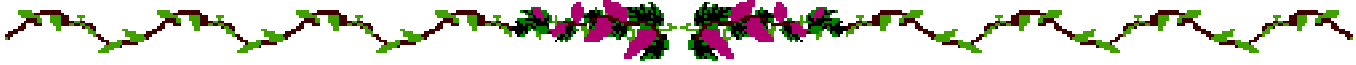
**"I live for those who love me
Whose hearts are kind and true**

For the Heaven that smiles above me
And awaits by Spirit too
For all human ties that bind me
For the task my God assigned me
And the good that I can do.





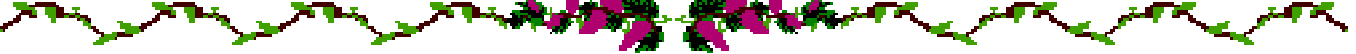
Lillie Derby - born 1887- died 1974



Lillie S. Derby Burial:
Winameg Cemetery, Pike Twp. OH



AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LILLIE DERBY



Many years ago, Fulton County, Ohio was a newly settled region, known as the Oak Openings and consisting of scrub oak timber on seemingly worthless sandy soil, interspersed with swamps. Wild life was abundant, bears, deer, wild cats and the smaller animal life roamed unmolested. The wintergreen, and hazelnut flourished. The patches of blueberries were plentiful...wild flowers, the cowslip, the violet, fringed gentian, the lady slipper, the sweet william, dogwood, the goldenrod, and many others bordered the crooked Indian trails.

The early settlers saw with regret, the moving of the Indians with whom they had lived and associated with, and some had intermarried, moved by the government to their new homes in Oklahoma. This paved the way for more settlers and the cheap land was a lure. Courageous hearts seeking adventure and fortune came. Youthful marriages were common and there young couples, with the courage of youth, built crude shacks which they called homes, raised oxen teams, built churches and schools, cleared and drained the land, and most of them had large families.

I was born in one of these primitive homes, September 28, 1887, a wee might of a child, not premature, but weighing only 4 -1/2lbs. Third in a family of six living children, not counting the stillborn and aborted, which in those days was not an uncommon happening. My Father had 40 acres of poor land, a crude house with clapboard siding and a mortgage, though land could be bought for \$15.00 an acre at that time. There was a cow to furnish milk, a few hens for eggs. These were

sheltered in a rude hut, but roosted mostly in trees, for poultry raising then, had not reached its present scientific level.

The animals were sheltered in a crude barn, which matched the house in appearance. The land furnished food and vegetables for the family and food for the stock, though often I remember, there was a great shortage of grain.

I recall my Father telling how white bread was unknown in his childhood, and cake was a treat reserved for special occasions. Usually in a tight little pen, one or two pigs were confined for winter meat and I can still hear the re-echoing of their squeals of hunger. One of my most dreaded and hated chores was pulling pigweeds and purslane from the potato patch and feeding them. And one of my greatest delights was following our hen turkeys, keeping closely hidden back of trees and finally discovering their nests, usually in a brush pile in the woods.

The chances in this life seemingly always carry a sting. It was the snakes! Big blue racers, short chubby spotted adders, and even the feared rattler abounded. So that on these excursions, a sharp hoe was usually carried, but coming suddenly upon one, I would forget to use the hoe, and make a mad dash for the house, screaming and my heart pounding, as legs flew faster and faster. The search for the turkey nests forgotten. The handful of wild flowers scattered among the brush as I ran.

For cash money my Father worked among the more well-to-do farmers receiving 50 cents, 75 cents, and in more prosperous times \$1.00 a day. And my wardrobe, how well I recall it. One red and one blue calico dress for everyday wear and a pink one for Sunday and special occasions, and shoes made of cowhide, seldom more than one pair. In winter, a heavy wool dress was usually worn underneath long sleeved tight fitting sack aprons. In summer there was the proverbial pink or blue sunbonnet stiffly starched and bare feet in which sandburs were often deeply imbedded.

This was my childhood background. We attended the one room rural school with it's readin and writin and hickory stick. I loved school and was of a very studious nature, so became a so-called teachers pet. I gloried in the introduction of new subjects to the curriculum such as history, english, physiology, and geography, and while my older sisters left school saying they hated it and would not study history and physiology, I gloried in them and felt a superiority over them because of this acquired knowledge. The few books I owned or could borrow were read and re-read and when an occasional teacher introduced us to the five and ten cent supplementary classics, I felt that heaven had descended to my door. I loved poetry and spent hours composing rhymes which greatly amused my friends as I wrote about them and interesting events in their lives.

My childhood, though lived in a primitive manner, was not unhappy, and I grew to womanhood acquainted with companionship with nature, the bees, the birds,

the flowers, but shy and silent when among strangers. When I was about sixteen a new church was built near us and I became a regular member and later for many years a teacher in various classes. My close application to books and my love of study made it easy for me to pass, first the Boxell Exam, and then later the Teachers Exam.

I remember the coming of free delivery and the walking of 1-1/2 miles to reach the mail box in which mail was deposited daily. This gave us access to a daily paper. Before that, we had only a paper called the Weekly Toledo Blade. So gradually, changes were made, land cleared, swamps drained and the country became more prosperous with better homes, better schools, and a greater wealth among its citizens.

My parents moved on to more prosperous land and I became The teacher of our local school, receiving at first the princely sum of \$20 a month. After teaching several years, advancing to \$45 a month with extra payment for janitorial fees and attendance at our weekly summer institute.

This was my earlier life. Later came marriage and the start of my own new wonderful family.



Collection of Poetry

by Lillie Derby McLain



Contributed by [Karen Bookout](#)





Some Poems

by Lillie Derby McLain

Click on title to view poem and some
of Lillie's "Beautiful Words of Life"

"A Watchful Hand"

"My Country Home"

"WHEN SHE WAS A GIRL AT HOME"

"Memories Can't Be Purchased"

"Ode To Mother"

"CHRISTMAS"




A Watchful Hand

By Lillie Derby

McLain



**Long , long ago! Long years fore I was born
God fashioned me, and knew the bitter storm
And heart worn perils of the way
Before e're I could enter Heaven'
My parents watched the day I was born
So tiny, weak and helpless was that form
But they despaired, earth's trials they could face
They prayed, "Oh Lord, to raise that tiny child
Give us both grace and strength."
To do Thy will
It surely will be climbing up
A steep and rugged hill
And I recall of youth, the loving care
And Mother carefully curling that dark hair
Which hung in ringlets and the deep blue eyes**



**Which showed the Irish in the family. A surprise!
But deep within that shy and silent form there gleaned
A sturdiness and strength that none had deemed
A form so tiny could possess
I entered all of life with vim and zest
It was as tho God had answered their prayer
And said I'll stay close by her everywhere
As soon as I had learned to read
I gleaned the Bible through to find a seed
Of hope and faith and prayer to lead me on
Just through the present day, I could not see beyond
But somehow I felt there was something great
A work for me to do, but it could wait
I roamed the woods and loved God's towering trees
And all that nature gave the different shape of leaves
The murmur of the brook , the croak of a frog
Somehow it brought me closer to God
But the joy within the pages of a book
While seated in a tree or by a running brook**

**It opened fairylands, unknown to me
Created longing, all this great wide world to see
And I wanted oh so much to stand
And help the starving souls in India's far off land
But as impossible that seemed to me
I closed the door and let it be
And then instead of India's hungering fold
I taught a country school with lads and lassie's bold
And though far off lands I cannot roam
There is much to teach so close to home
And so I've helped in some small way**



My Country Home

Tis but a clap-board house with windows small
And weather beaten boards which formed its wall
So unpretentious still it stands
Upon the old oak openings sand
It's timbers fallen to decay
Show little to detect a long lost precious day
Where love and laughter rang within the walls
And childish yells and whoops resound with calls

To me it's sacred ground of yesterday
For of it's sand was formed my house of clay
The garden gave the food that I did eat
And summer heated sand off burning feet
The clustered memories of bygone days
And hosts of long lost loved ones
Ever sang its praise

The picket -fence where it's hollow post
The robins gay were nesting
The apple tree whose copious shade
Held weary forms while resting
The grapevine where the busy bee
Its sweet nectar was choosing
Oh city dwellers come with me
And see what you are losing

The huckleberries in the woods
The wintergreen upon the hill
In spring the lovely mushrooms
Grow lowly covered still
Just the other side of yonder rill

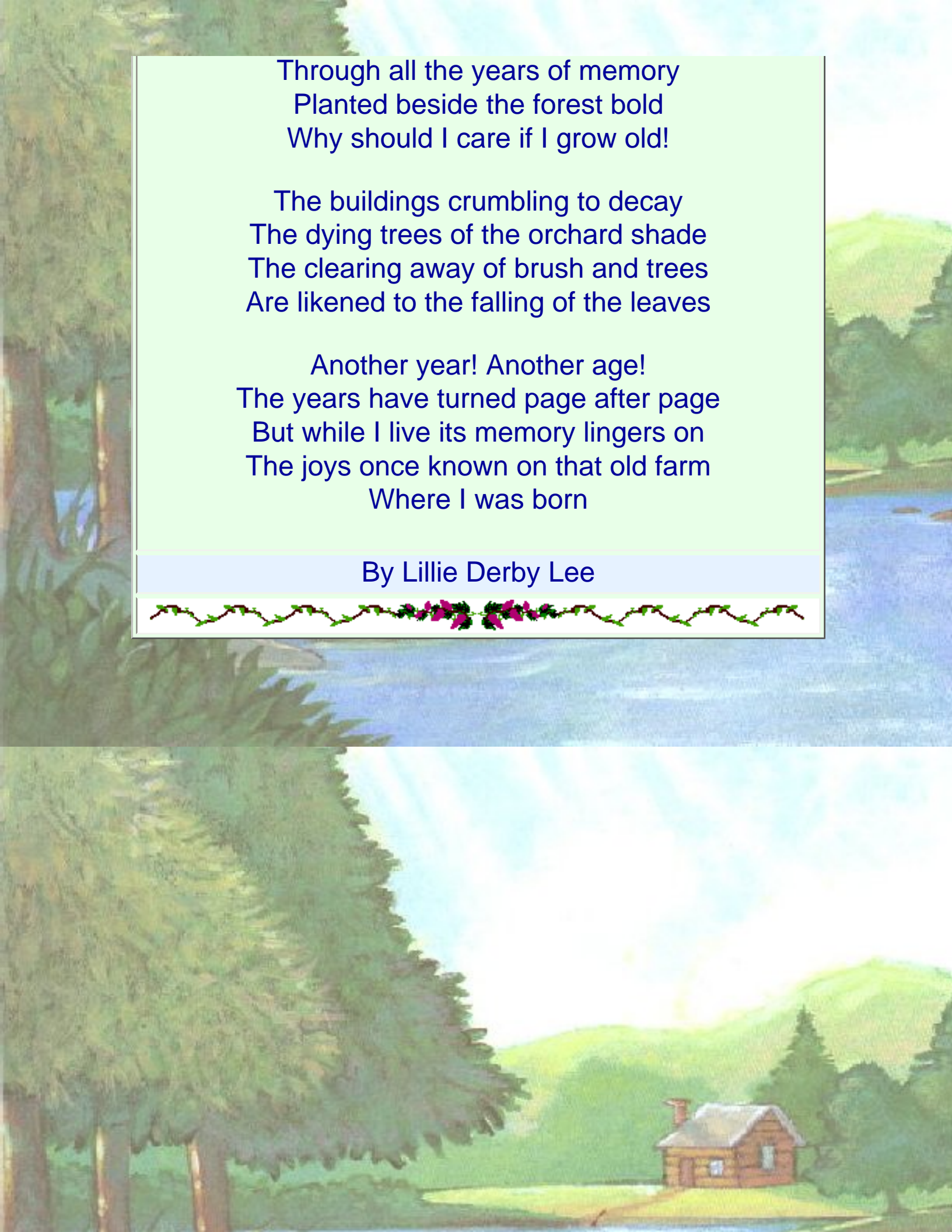
Dear country home! So dear to me

Through all the years of memory
Planted beside the forest bold
Why should I care if I grow old!

The buildings crumbling to decay
The dying trees of the orchard shade
The clearing away of brush and trees
Are likened to the falling of the leaves

Another year! Another age!
The years have turned page after page
But while I live its memory lingers on
The joys once known on that old farm
Where I was born

By Lillie Derby Lee



WHEN SHE WAS A GIRL AT HOME

Dedicated To The Memory of Margaret McDole Derby
"When I was a girl at home," she said

We slept at night in a trundle bed.

We got up early, before the sun,
To get all the hoeing and sewing done;
And milk the cows, and the chickens feed,
And churn the cream, and the garden weed.

And then we could rest, while we shelled the peas,
Under the shade of the maple trees
We sat on the porch, in the evening cool
And when we went to school
We walked through the dust, mud or snow
Down the country lane, no ride you know

The teacher came early, on his horse
And built us a fire of wood, of course
He rapped our knuckles if we were late
And taught us to cipher on our slates

When I was a girl we learned to sew
We made our dresses of calico
With ruffles and bustles, tucks and pleats
And saved all our scrapes, our quilts to piece
We pieced our quilts that whole year through
It was the summer of eighty - two

And that, she said with a wistful sigh,
Was years ago, how time does fly !
On Sundays we plaited our hair
And dressed in our calico all starched and pressed
At our country church, on benches cold
Sang those hymns of long ago

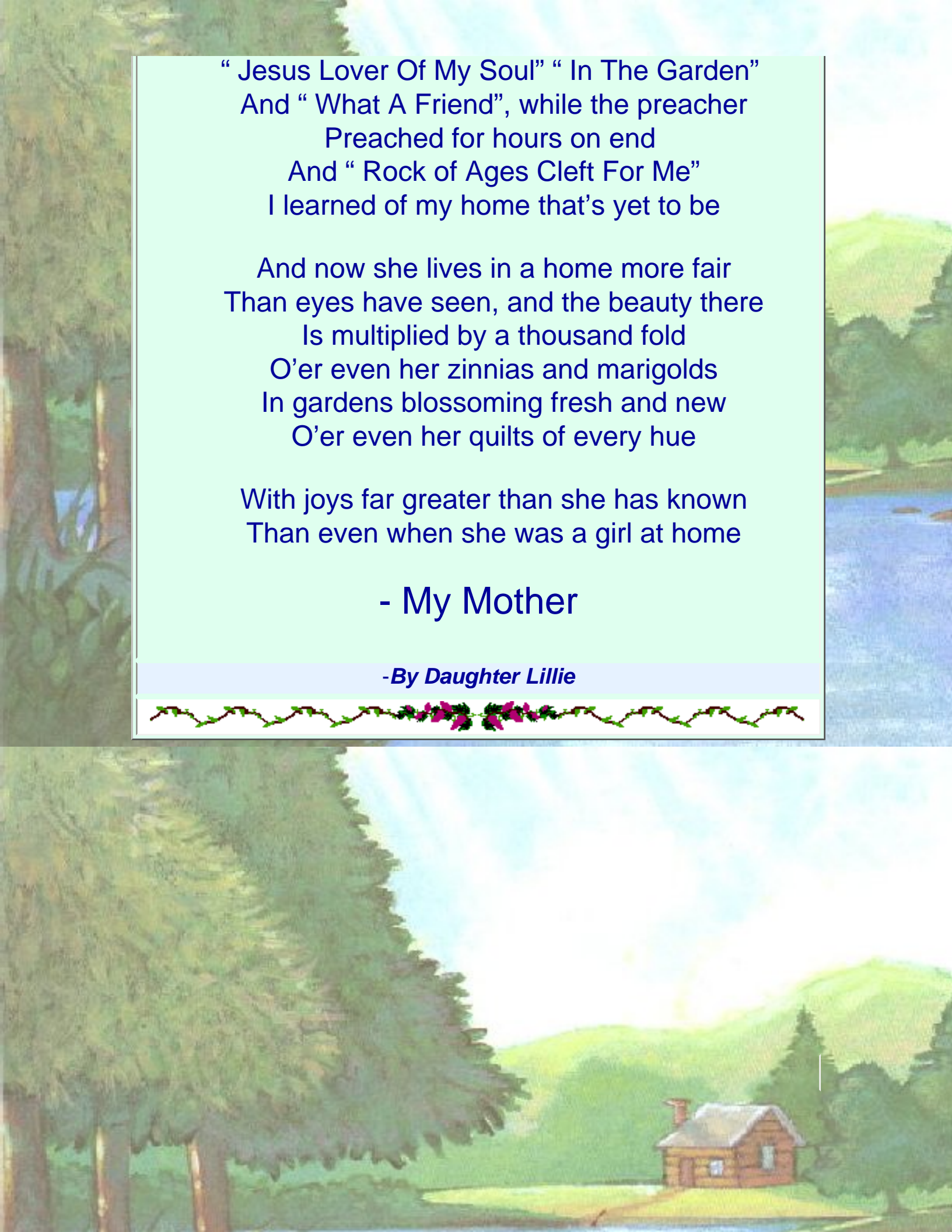
“ Jesus Lover Of My Soul” “ In The Garden”
And “ What A Friend”, while the preacher
Preached for hours on end
And “ Rock of Ages Cleft For Me”
I learned of my home that’s yet to be

And now she lives in a home more fair
Than eyes have seen, and the beauty there
Is multiplied by a thousand fold
O’er even her zinnias and marigolds
In gardens blossoming fresh and new
O’er even her quilts of every hue

With joys far greater than she has known
Than even when she was a girl at home

- My Mother

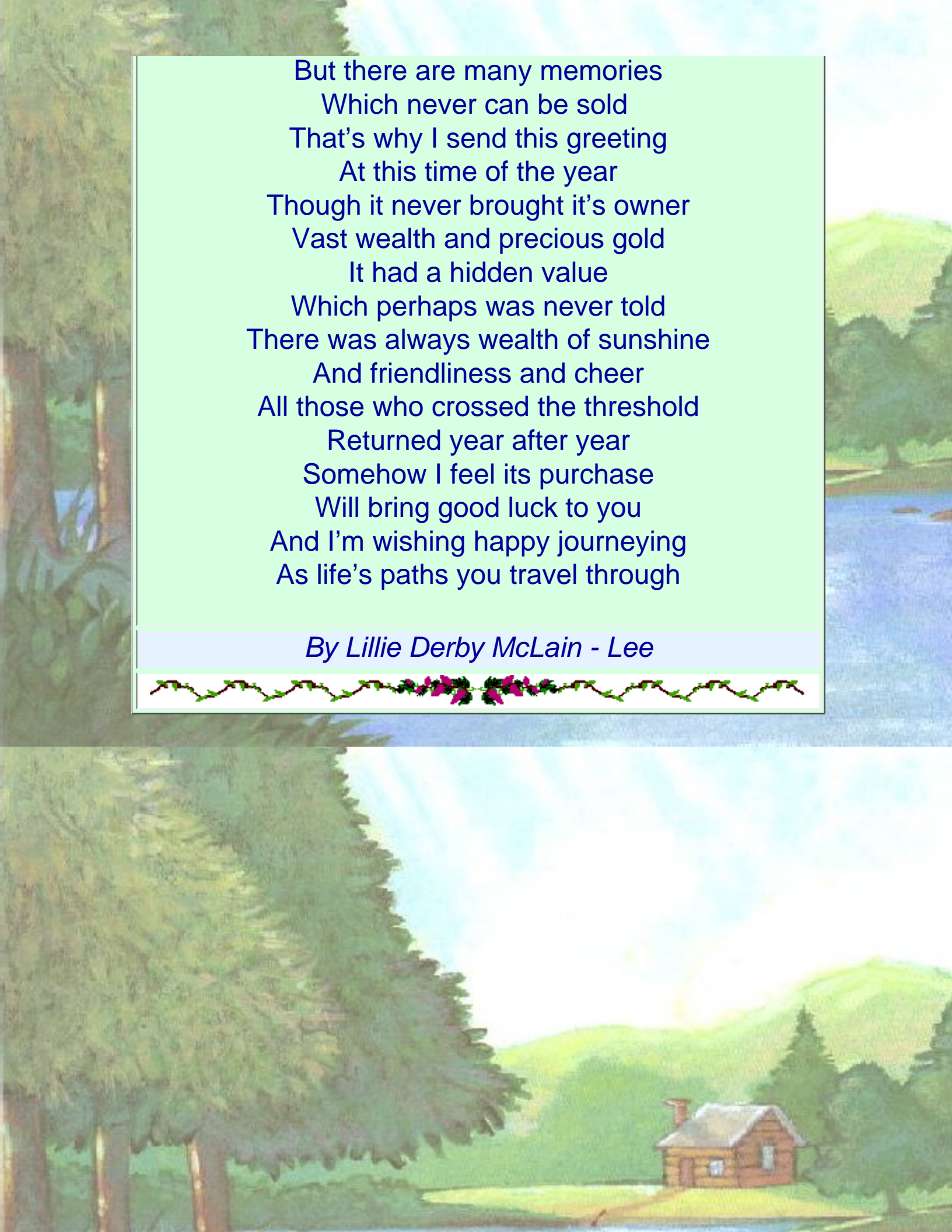
-By Daughter Lillie



Memories Can't Be Purchased

Because you have purchased my childhood home.
I send this greeting to you:

Tis just a forty acre farm
Bought many years ago
By those whose steps are feeble now
Whose hair is white above wrinkled brow
Once they were young their hopes were high
They built a modest house
Wee lads and lassies nestled there
To all t'was home sweet home
The door was always open wide
And many passed therein
The welcome shouts and festive hoard
Created quite a din
When all the aunts and uncles
And cousins by the score
We found each nook and cranny filled
It just could hold no more
But time moves on the children grown
Are scattered far and wide
While some within the church yard
Are sleeping side by side
And Father-Time has left his trace
On all who gathered there
The house is old. The trees most dead
There is silver in the hair
Of these two aged pioneers
And now the farm is sold
For soon the Lord may claim them
To be gathered to His fold
And you in faith, hath purchased
The land and buildings old



But there are many memories
Which never can be sold
That's why I send this greeting
At this time of the year
Though it never brought it's owner
Vast wealth and precious gold
It had a hidden value
Which perhaps was never told
There was always wealth of sunshine
And friendliness and cheer
All those who crossed the threshold
Returned year after year
Somehow I feel its purchase
Will bring good luck to you
And I'm wishing happy journeying
As life's paths you travel through

By Lillie Derby McLain - Lee



Ode To Mother

There were babies, Oh God bless them !

1-2-3-4-5 and more

And for ways to feed and clothe them

Oft her brow was furrowed o'er

At the long and outstretched table

There was set a goodly hoard

And the uncles, aunts and cousins

Ever gathered at that board

Uncle Frank and dear Aunt Maggie

Were the names we often heard

But the cost and hard work garnered

To these guests, it never occurred

They enjoyed the simple living

Far away from city din

And each year when came vacation

All their children tumbled in

Cousins came from Cincinnati

And Toledo, Elkhart too

And a bunch of them from Cleveland

More prolific each branch grew

But dear good old Aunt Maggie

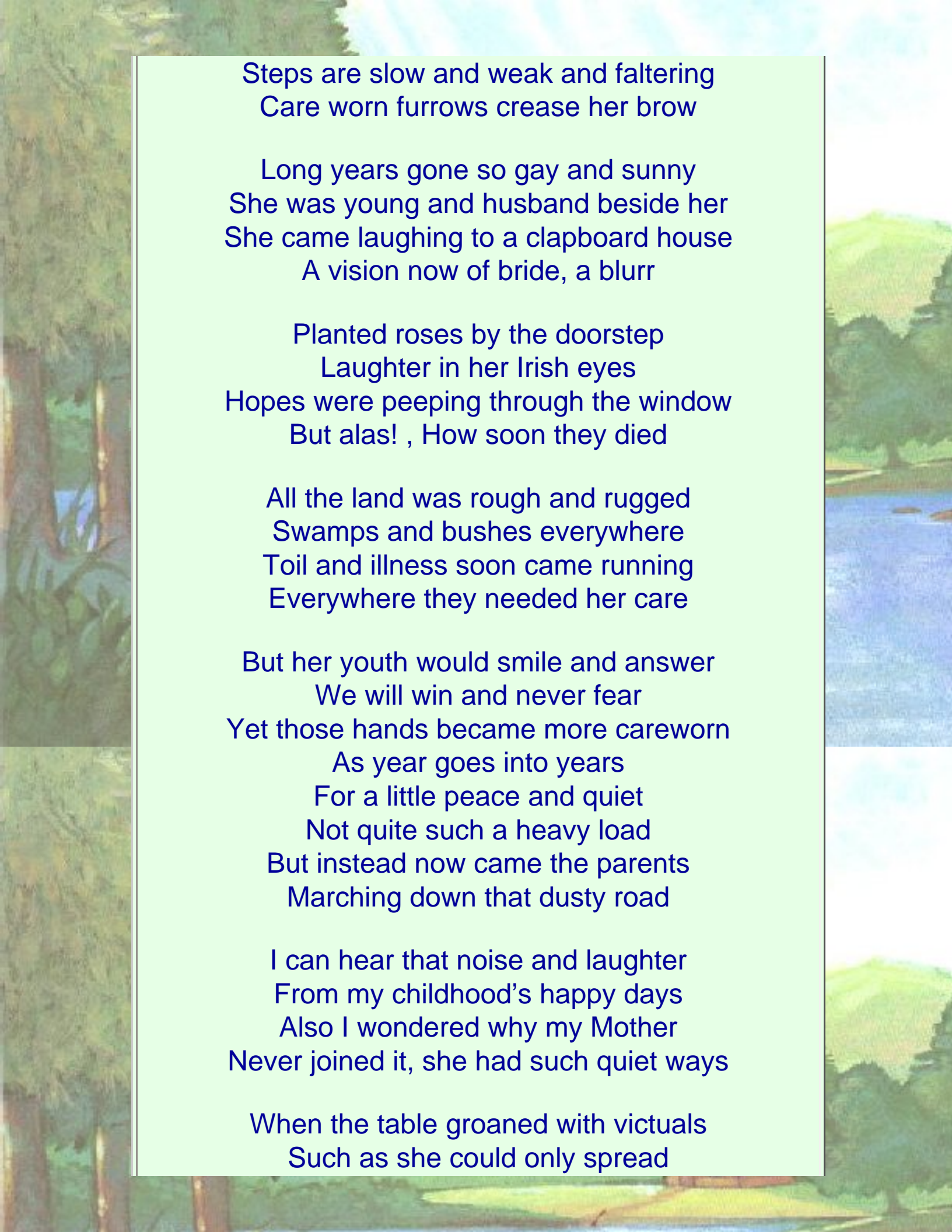
With her cookies, filled her churn

Made that sweet good homemade butter

Baked her bread, but e'er did yearn

Eyes are dim now, lovely waiting

Tired hands are folded now



Steps are slow and weak and faltering
Care worn furrows crease her brow

Long years gone so gay and sunny
She was young and husband beside her
She came laughing to a clapboard house
A vision now of bride, a blurr

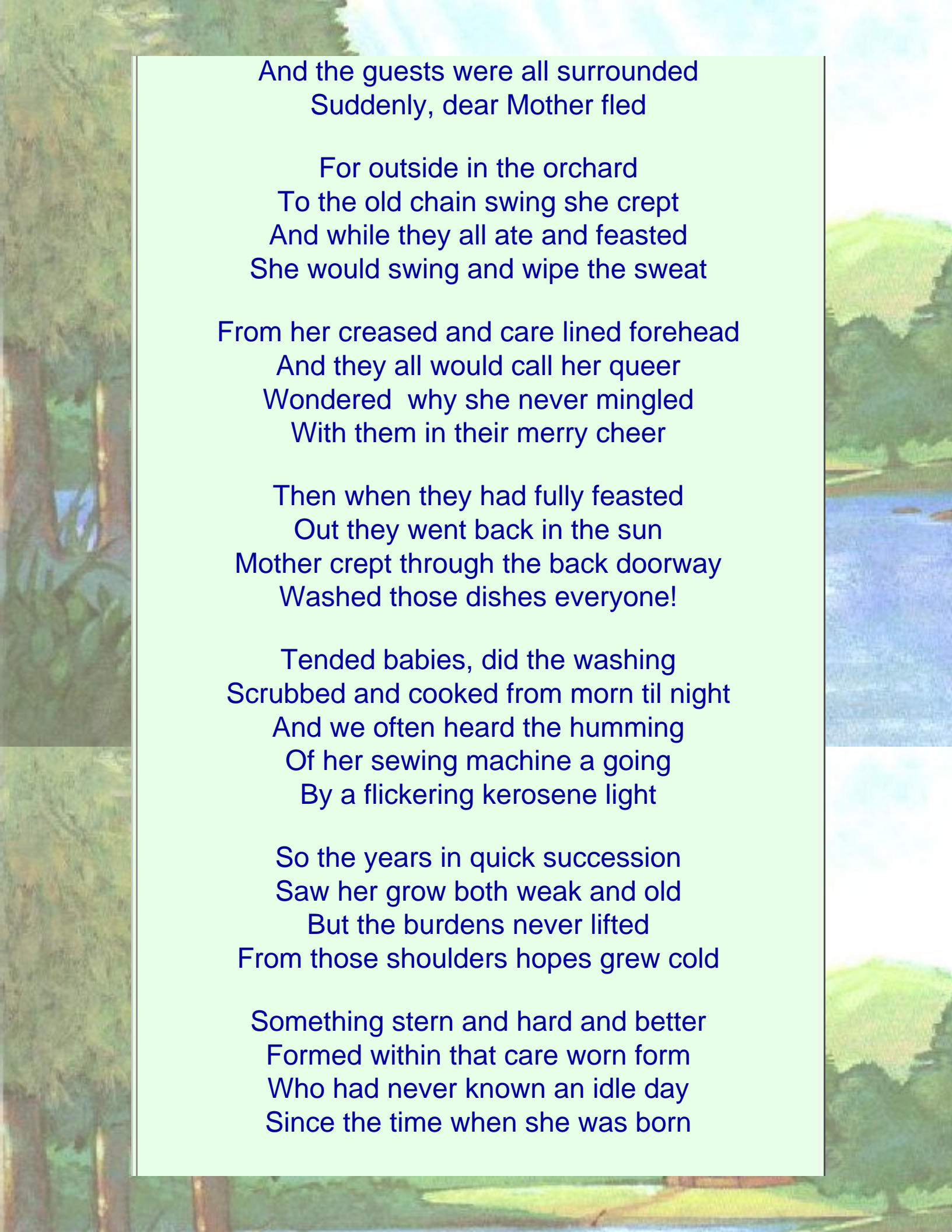
Planted roses by the doorstep
Laughter in her Irish eyes
Hopes were peeping through the window
But alas! , How soon they died

All the land was rough and rugged
Swamps and bushes everywhere
Toil and illness soon came running
Everywhere they needed her care

But her youth would smile and answer
We will win and never fear
Yet those hands became more careworn
As year goes into years
For a little peace and quiet
Not quite such a heavy load
But instead now came the parents
Marching down that dusty road

I can hear that noise and laughter
From my childhood's happy days
Also I wondered why my Mother
Never joined it, she had such quiet ways

When the table groaned with victuals
Such as she could only spread



And the guests were all surrounded
Suddenly, dear Mother fled

For outside in the orchard
To the old chain swing she crept
And while they all ate and feasted
She would swing and wipe the sweat

From her creased and care lined forehead
And they all would call her queer
Wondered why she never mingled
With them in their merry cheer

Then when they had fully feasted
Out they went back in the sun
Mother crept through the back doorway
Washed those dishes everyone!

Tended babies, did the washing
Scrubbed and cooked from morn til night
And we often heard the humming
Of her sewing machine a going
By a flickering kerosene light

So the years in quick succession
Saw her grow both weak and old
But the burdens never lifted
From those shoulders hopes grew cold

Something stern and hard and better
Formed within that care worn form
Who had never known an idle day
Since the time when she was born

Now she's old and worn and fragile
As a weak and tender flower
But I'd love to gather roses
Place her in a leafy bower

She's my Mother. May God Bless Her!
And her worried care worn brow
Bless the scars that she has garnered
From the toil that's over now

Please restore to her the love light
In those dancing Irish eyes
Fill her heart with love and laughter
Let her smile with sweet surprise

There are long lost hopes long buried
Dig them up and let them grow
Please restore the inky blackness
To that hair now white with snow

Give back youth and merry laughter
All the bright dreams she once had
Send her down another pathway
Where's there's naught to make her sad.

I Love You Mother, Lillie



CHRISTMAS

By Lillie S. Derby



Bring back the Christmas that I used to know
The gleaming windows piled high with snow
The sleigh bells jingling in the frosty air
The smell and feel of Christmas everywhere

The golden straw heaped high within the sleigh
The blankets with the smell of new mown hay
The horses stamping, prancing in the cold
Who can recall those dear sweet days of old ?

Within the house the smell of hickory wood
Giving out warmth where Grandpa stood
Rubbing his hands above the ruddy glow
While standing in a pool of melted snow

Just off the kitchen is the pantry so cold
But I loved in there to sneak, in days of old





To steal a cookie from the old stone jar
And gaze on pies and cakes for relatives,
coming from afar

The sausage hung in rings up o'er my head
And on the shelves were loaves of
golden home made bread
The turkeys gobbled outside in their pen
The goose was hanging from a rafter beam

And over in the corner in a pan
Molasses candy made you drool again
And popcorn balls were also heaped up high
We children ate and ate, till Mother said -“ you'll die!”

And every evening all winter long
Her knitting needles flew while she hummed a song
About the shepherds in a far off day
And the little baby born ,within a bed of hay

And then on Christmas Eve, out came the sleigh
With good old Maude and Ned we whisked away
Off to the schoolhouse where a gleaming tree
Stood straight and tall for everyone to see

On Friday it had been a bleak schoolroom
Which oftentimes you felt was most like a tomb
So bleak and bare, it's cracked and dirty walls
While cold seeped in and made you pause

And shiver while you tried to memorize
And wipe the smoke and grime from out your eyes
But now what magic change has Christmas wrought !
The old box stove is gleaming red and hot !

The great tree stands a challenge to us all
We gasp and catch our breath and gaze in awe !
So bright so gay it's tinsel gleams There's apples,
oranges, popcorn balls and children's dreams

How could such a change be wrought in one short day?
And then we hear a shout - and jingle bells !



**The answer comes, It's Santa Claus ! - but no one tells
Us why dear Grandpa - stayed home today**

**Said he thought he just would sleep
and rest throughout the day
How could he miss - a gala time like this ?
In all our life, we never knew such bliss**

**The home knitted gloves, hoods, sweaters
and mittens all held tight
The china dolls so beautiful to see
Are all held dear in childhood's book of memory
Oh bye gone days ! We old folks hold you dear**

**And sometimes memory brings a silent tear
Then Grandson comes with voice so loud and clear
Says Grandma, why did you shed that great big tear ?
Just see what Santa Claus has brought to me !**

**Space helmet, rocket, bike, an electric train and see !
I found this too - upon the Christmas Tree.
He holds a tinsel angel old and worn
And says, " I like this best!" - because you see**

**Christ the child was born and that
gave us our Christmas Tree
And every year us children, everyone
Sing carols about the day when He was born**

**Oh Lord ! my eyes are dim with tears
for you can see Both young and old
appreciate the real true worth of
Christmas and our tree**

Lillie S. Derby



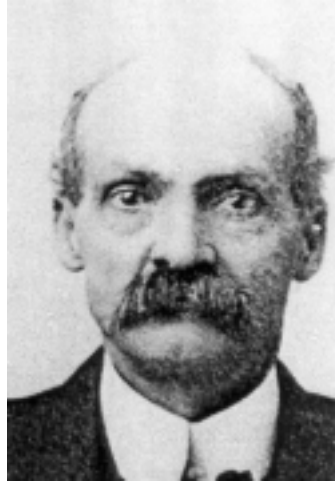
HIRAM WALTER DERBY AND FAMILY



Fidelia and Hiram Derby

Fidelia was the 6th child of Walter M. Elwood (1802-1871) and Emily Munson of Avon, NY (1811-1871) who were married in Jan. 23, 1827 in Livingston Co., New York.

On March 2, 1872, at the age of 20, Fidelia married Hiram Walter Derby, the first child of Roswell W. Derby Sr. (1823-1915) and Mary Ann Whitcomb (1829-1916). Hiram was 22 when they were married in Norwalk, OH.



Hiram Walter Derby

Born: April 30, 1850

Died: February 25, 1941

Hiram was born April 30, 1850, in Townsend Twp, Huron Co., OH, and died February 25, 1941, in Lima, OH. Their first child, Elwood Walter Derby was born in Fulton Co., OH, March 1, 1873. Their second child, Grace Emily Derby was born September 16, 1874. During the years 1874-1875 Hiram operated a stage coach and carried mail between Lyons, OH, and Adrian, MI. In one year he earned \$475 carrying mail, and \$1140 while simultaneously operating the stage. He owned both the stage and the horses.

In about 1880, Hiram moved his family to Cincinnati, OH, where he worked as a brakeman for the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton Railroad Co. In 1886 they purchased a home in Fidelia's name on Williamson Place for \$750.

On March 29, 1894, their unmarried daughter, Grace, died of peritonitis and a month later their son Elwood married Mary Ellen Booth. She was the daughter of Amos Smith Booth and Lenia Ertel. Amos played baseball for the Cincinnati Red Stockings.

Hiram, Fidelia, Elwood and Mary Ellen lived at the Williamson Place address until Fidelia died of Brights disease. During the years between 1880 and 1917 Hiram worked continuously for the railroad, and when he retired, he was the Baggage Master for the railroad in Cincinnati.

After Fidelia's death in 1910, Hiram continued to live in the house on Williamson Place, and on November 5, 1915, he married Sarah Nichols Smith in Toledo, OH. He was 65 and she was 42. When he retired in 1917, he and Sarah moved to Toledo, and on May 21, 1917, Hiram sold the Williamson Place home to his son, Elwood. Sarah had a beauty shop in Toledo and they lived above the shop until she died on August 5, 1921.

August 27, 1927 Hiram married Emma Belle Raymond Whitcomb (his cousin's widow) in Covington, KY. They purchased a 40 acre farm from her father in Pike Township, OH, where they lived until she died of cancer March 13, 1937.

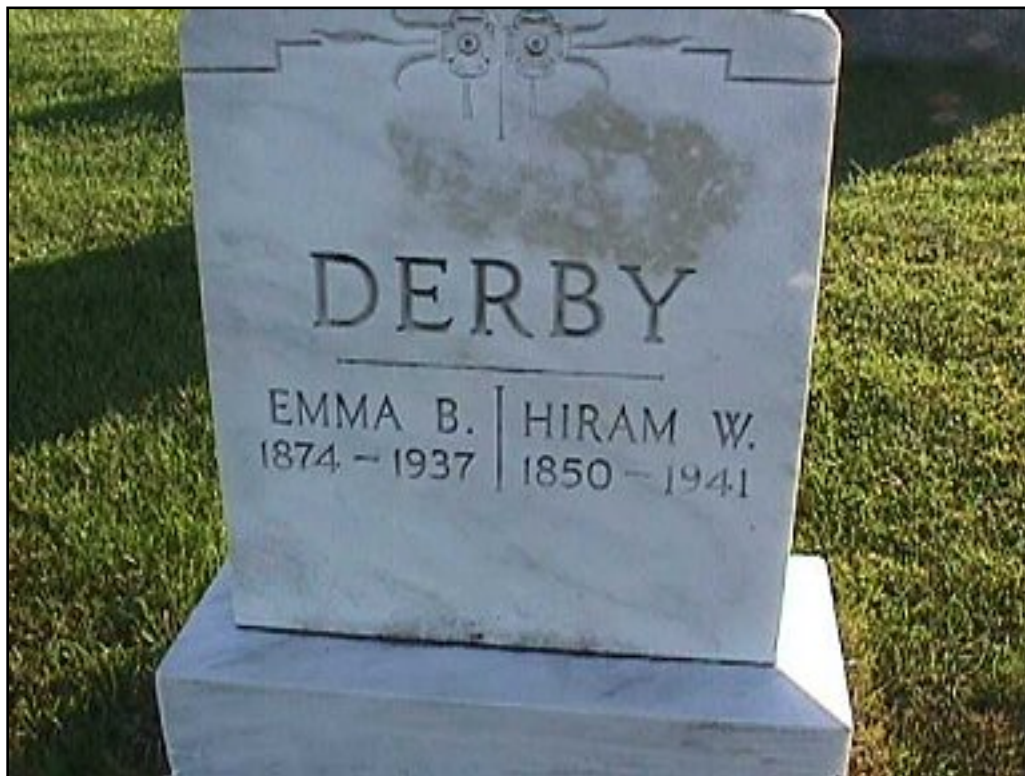
Hiram, at the age of 90 fell off a porch at his stepdaughter's home and broke three ribs. After that accident, he was in very poor physical condition. He died in Lima, OH, of general debilitation and pneumonia on 25 February 1941 and is buried with Emma Belle in Winameg Cemetery in Winameg, OH.

He was held in high regard by his blood relatives. He was especially loved by his nieces and nephews, for he always carried candy in his pockets for them. He did not trust paper money, and it was rumored that he had a "milk can full of gold." He was hard working and industrious, and when he and Emma were farming, he had a flock of over 500 chickens. He loved to hunt and often brought pheasants home for dinner.

Hiram purchased for a 237 sq. ft. burial lot for \$118.50 in Spring Grove Cemetery in Cincinnati (Section 112, Lot 284) when their daughter, Grace Emily Derby, died of peritonitis March 29, 1894. Also buried on this lot are Hiram's 1st wife, Fidelia; Elwood Walter Derby, his son, and Mary Ellen Booth Derby, his daughter-in-law; Elwood Munson Derby, his grandson; Doris Deitsch Derby, his granddaughter-in-law (wife of Robert); Rosalia M. Nolen, Fidelia's sister; Ivar Gloria Finn and her father, Julius Radke Finn, the daughter and ex-husband of Hiram's granddaughter, Esther Derby Finn Rhoads Reynolds.

Hiram Walter Derby

Burial: Winameg Cemetery, Pike Twp. Ohio



Source: "Descendants of Roswell W. Derby of Cherry Valley, New York"
by Wallene R. Derby, March 1992



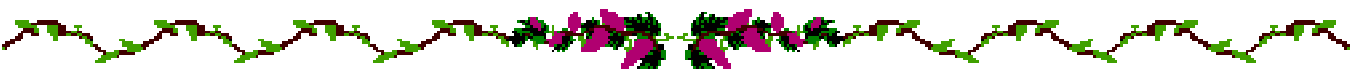


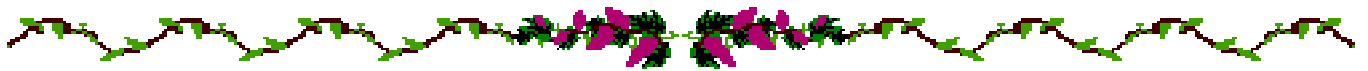
Hiram's son Elwood and his wife Mary



Mary Ellen (Booth) & Elwood Walter Derby

Were married April 24, 1894 in Cincinnati, OH; Elwood Walter Derby was born March 01, 1873 in Pike Township, Fulton County, Winameg, Ohio and died December 17, 1947 in Cincinnati, OH Mary Ellen Booth born February 07, 1877 ; died January 31, 1942 in Cincinnati, Ohio





Elwood, Roswell, G'ma Grace, Hiram
(photo taken about 1890)



--Five Generations--

Hiram Derby, son Elwood W. Derby, granddaughter Grace E. (Derby)
Hayes, great granddaughter Doris Hayes Wetterstroem, great great
granddaughter Jacquelyn Sue Wetterstroem DeWitt

The stories and most of the photos above are compliments of

Jacquelyn Sue Wetterstroem DeWitt





Descendants of Hiram Walter Derby

Genealogy Information Contributed
by Judith Hughes Email at: CASJU@aol.com

Generation No. 1

1. **Hiram Walter¹ Derby** was born April 30, 1850 in Townsend Twp, Huron Co., OH, and died March 11, 1941 in Lima, OH (Winameg Cemetery). He married **Fidelia Jeanette Elwood** March 02, 1872 in Norwalk, OH, daughter of Walter Elwood and Emily Munson. She was born October 21, 1838 in Geneseo, Livingston Co., NY, and died November 23, 1910 in Spring Grove Cem., Cincinnati, OH.

Notes for Hiram Walter Derby:

See more about spouses. Record shows Hiram and his wife had two children, Grace and Elwood. Hiram worked for the Cincinnati, Hamilton, and Dayton Railroad and lived in Cincinnati, OH. Not sure of wife's name. Also, found a record of a H. W. Derby living in Columbus, Franklin Cnty, OH in 1880 Census.

Also found a H. W. Derby living in Toledo, OH in 1880 Census....and a Hiram Derby, living in Bryan, OH. This may have been the one living in Toledo when he died, and was buried in Buelah Cem, Winameg, OH. The 1880 census for Bryan, OH also included Adeline and Thomas Derby.??? Need to verify death date...one file reads February 25, 1941.

Notes for Fidelia Jeanette Elwood:

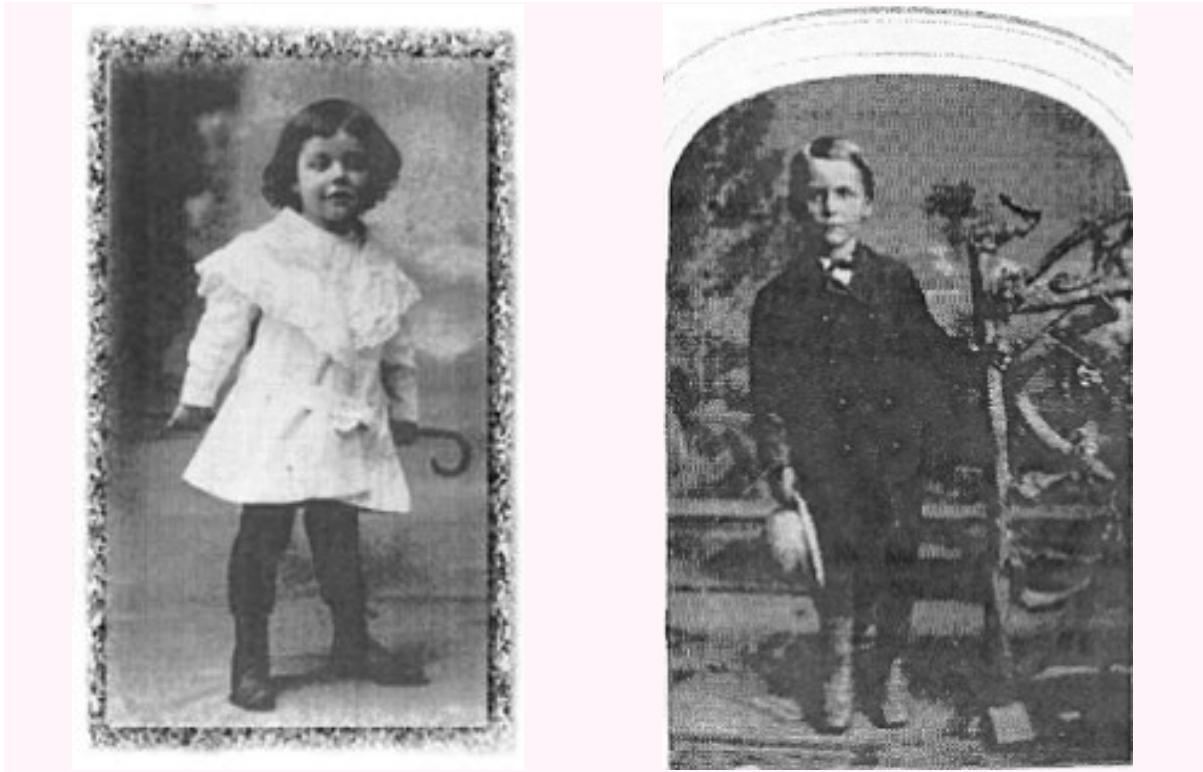
Fidelia and others buried in Spring Grove Cem., Cincinnati, OH, Lot 284, Section 112. At least 11 persons.

Children of Hiram Derby and Fidelia Elwood are:

+2 i. **Elwood Walter² Derby**, born March 01, 1873 in Pike Twp, Fulton County, Ohio; died December 17, 1947 in Cincinnati, Ohio

Notes for Elwood Walter Derby:

Burial in Spring Grove Cemetery



Both pictures above are of Elwood Walter Derby

3 ii. **Grace Emily Derby**, born September 16, 1874; died March 29, 1894 in Cincinnati, OH.

Notes for Grace Emily Derby:

As info only, 1880 census shows a Grace Derby in Dayton, OH.??



Grace Emily Derby



Generation No. 2

2. Elwood Walter² Derby (Hiram Walter¹) was born March 01, 1873 in Pike Twp, Fulton Co., OH, and died December 17, 1947 in Cincinnati, OH (Spring Grove Cemetery). He married **Mary Ellen Booth** April 24, 1894. She was born February 07, 1877 in Cincinnati, OH, and died January 31, 1942 in Cincinnati, OH.

Children of Elwood Derby and Mary Booth are:

4 i. **Grace Elizabeth³ Derby**, born January 08, 1896 in Cincinnati, OH; died September 21, 1950 in Cincinnati, OH. She married Enos Evan Hayes December 08, 1917 in Cincinnati, OH; born December 27, 1886 in Cincinnati, OH; died July 07, 1975 in Cincinnati, OH (Maple Grove Cemetery).

5 ii. **Esther Gloria Derby**, born August 05, 1900 in Cincinnati, OH; died May 29, 1985 in Ft. Walton Beach, FL. She married (1) Julius Radke Finn 1921 in Grand Rapids, MI; born May 03, 1885 in Oknes, Norway; died June 26, 1974 in St. Petersburg, FL(Spring Grove Cemetery). She married (2) Albert Leslie Rhoads December 16, 1929 in Kenton Co., KY; born 1891 in KY; died October 10, 1962 in Washington Court House, OH. She married (3) Otey Charles Reynolds February 21, 1970 in Gibraltar Island; born 1914 in Gibraltar; died January 17, 1974 in Gibraltar, Gibraltar.

Notes for Esther Gloria Derby:

Son number two was born Derby Julius Finn and later changed his name to Charles Allan Finn Rhoads, after Esther had married Albert. Esther is buried in Washington Courthouse, OH cemetery. She loved and raised trotting horses and won many trophies and travelled with the horses to races all over the U.S.

More About Esther Gloria Derby:

Fact 1: July 17, 1929, Divorced Julius

Notes for Albert Leslie Rhoads:

A S.S. record reads born February 12, 1891 to October 1963, in Ohio.???

6 iii. **Elwood Munson Derby**, born June 12, 1903 in Cincinnati, OH; died May 06, 1928 in Cincinnati, OH.

Notes for Elwood Munson Derby:

Elwood never married, but at time of his death he was engaged to Helen Koehler. He worked at Spring Grove Cemetery, Cincinnati as grounds keeper.

7 iv. **Elsie Corrine Derby**, born September 17, 1909 in Cincinnati, OH; died January 05, 1998 in Cincinnati, OH. She married (1) Arthur Ashbill Ward September 22, 1926 in KY; born July 18, 1907 in OH; died March 10, 1979 in Cincinnati, OH. She married (2) Otis A. Schorr September 18, 1986; born August 11, 1905 in Cincinnati, OH; died September 05, 1995 in Cincinnati, OH.

8 v. **Ralph Leslie Derby**, born June 07, 1912 in Cincinnati, OH; died May 24, 1974 in Toms River, NJ. He married Joanna Ann Wolbert July 26, 1932 in Cincinnati, OH; born January 20, 1914 in Cincinnati, OH.

Notes for Joanna Ann Wolbert:

Born in Cincinnati, OH but was raised in Yugoslavia.

9 vi. **Robert Elton Derby**, born August 29, 1915 in Cincinnati, OH; died October 10, 1973 in Cincinnati, OH(Spring Grove Cemetery). He married Doris E. Dietsch March 19, 1935 in Cincinnati, OH; born 1911; died 1965 in Cincinnati, OH.

10 vii. **Mary Jeane Derby**, born February 19, 1917 in Cincinnati, OH; died August 12, 1983 in Cincinnati, OH. She married Ernest Lee Sedam August 31, 1937 in Cincinnati, OH; born 1916 in Indiana.

11 viii. **Martha Jane Derby**, born March 03, 1918 in Cincinnati, OH; died January 27, 1997 in Las Vegas, NV. She married (1) Arthur Tanner December 30, 1936 in Cincinnati, OH; born January 01, 1900 in Cincinnati, OH; died August 27, 1977 in Cincinnati, OH. She married (2) Fred Lowell Morell August 28, 1947 in Newport, KY; born May 27, 1919 in Camden, NJ; died 1997.

Notes for Arthur Tanner:

Arthur was an accountant for the B&O RR from age 14-65.

Genealogy Information Contributed

by Judith Hughes

Email at: CASJU@aol.com



Ancestors of Elwood Walter Derby

Generation No. 1

1. Elwood Walter Derby, born March 01, 1873 in Pike Twp, Fulton Co., OH; died December 17, 1947 in Cincinnati, OH (Spring Grove Cemetery). He was the son of **2. Hiram Walter Derby** and **3. Fidelity Jeanette Elwood**. He married **(1) Mary Ellen Booth** April 24, 1894. She was born February 07, 1877 in Cincinnati, OH, and died January 31, 1942 in Cincinnati, OH.



Generation No. 2

2. Hiram Walter Derby, born April 30, 1850 in Townsend Twp, Huron Co., OH; died March 11, 1941 in Lima, OH (Winameg Cemetery). He married **3. Fidelity Jeanette Elwood** March 02, 1872 in Norwalk, OH.

3. Fidelity Jeanette Elwood, born October 21, 1838 in Geneseo, Livingston Co., NY; died November 23, 1910 in Spring Grove Cem., Cincinnati, OH. She was the daughter of **6. Walter M. Elwood** and **7. Emily Munson**.

Children of Hiram Derby and Fidelity Elwood are:

i. Elwood Walter Derby, born March 01, 1873 in Pike Twp, Fulton Co., OH; died December 17, 1947 in Cincinnati, OH (Spring Grove Cemetery); married Mary Ellen Booth April 24, 1894.

ii. Grace Emily Derby, born September 16, 1874; died March 29, 1894 in Cincinnati, OH.



Generation No. 3

6. Walter M. Elwood, born January 15, 1802 in Bridgewater, Oneida Co., NY; died June 27, 1871. He was the son of **12. John Elwood**. He married **7. Emily Munson** January 23, 1827 in Livingston Co., NY.

7. Emily Munson, born January 29, 1811 in Oxford, Chenango Co., NY; died April 16, 1864. She was the daughter of **14. Nicanor Munson** and **15. Lovica Bartle**.

Notes for Walter M. Elwood:

Land patent State Indiana August 20, 1838 80 acres Sale entry 3 Stat. 566 land office Ft. Wayne Indiana document #19171

Notes for Emily Munson:

Emily Munson wife of Walter M. Elwood is buried along with Charles R. Elwood, Elizabeth Elwood, Emily (Munson) Elwood wife of Walter M. Elwood, and Henry M. Elwood. They are all buried in the "Old Berlin Heights Cemetary" right in the village of Berlin Heights.

Children of Walter Elwood and Emily Munson are:

i. Saphira Elwood, born December 11, 1827 in Sparta, NY; died February 16, 1889 in Lima, OH; married (1) George R. McConnelly August 22, 1847 in Erie Co., OH; born Abt. 1825; married (2) Obed Olney 1866; born 1844 in Ohio; died in Lima Ohio.

Notes for Saphira Elwood:

Name could have originally been spelled Sophia, see WFT Vol. 29, #1289.

ii. Munson Elwood, born March 04, 1829.

Notes for Munson Elwood:

1850 Census shows Munson Elwood living in Fairfield, Fairfield Co, CT.

iii. Lovica Elizabeth Elwood, born December 17, 1832 in Nunda, NY; died Abt. 1835.

iv. Martha Permilia Elwood, born April 07, 1835 in Avon, NY; died February 26, 1859; married Unknown March 05, 1854.

v. Lovicia Elizabeth Elwood, born February 15, 1837 in Avon, NY; died March 17, 1853; married Nickols; born Abt. 1835.

3 vi. Fidelia Jeanette Elwood, born October 21, 1838 in Geneseo, Livingston Co., NY; died November 23, 1910 in Spring Grove Cem., Cincinnati, OH; married Hiram Walter Derby March 02, 1872 in Norwalk, OH.

vii. Martin Henry Elwood, born July 22, 1840 in Osego, Steuben Co., IN; died August 03, 1866.

Notes for Martin Henry Elwood:

Killed in Civil War...one file shows December 10, 1867.

viii. Charles Ransom Elwood, born November 29, 1848 in Florence, OH; died December 10, 1867.

Notes for Charles Ransom Elwood:

A Charles Elwood shows in 1850 Census, in Westport, Fairfield Co, CT. Birth date and census make this a question. One file shows Charles killed in Civil War, August 3, 1866.

ix. Rosalia Malvina Munson Elwood, born November 06, 1849 in Florence, OH; died 1909 in Cincinnati, OH; married Joseph Nolan; born Abt. 1849.

Notes for Rosalia Malvina Munson Elwood:

Family notes show Hiram Derby left instructions that Rosalia was never to be moved from her cemetery plot in Spring Grove Cemetery, Cincinnati, OH.

Notes for Joseph Nolan:

Ohio Census 0114 Joseph Nolan 61 yr W living alone? 02690832 024 Franklin Cty, Columbus Ohio??



Generation No. 4

12. John Elwood

Child of John Elwood is:

6 i. Walter M. Elwood, born January 15, 1802 in Bridgewater, Oneida Co., NY; died June 27, 1871; married Emily Munson January 23, 1827 in Livingston Co., NY.

14. Nicanor Munson, born May 17, 1789 in Southington Ct; died May 12, 1858 in Amherst,

Lorraine, Ohio. He was the son of **28. Wilmont Munson** and **29. Patience Cooper**. He married **15. Lovica Bartle** January 30, 1810.

15. Lovica Bartle, born October 17, 1791 in Nobletown, Ct; died Bet. 1835 - 1886. She was the daughter of **30. Peter Bartle** and **31. Caroline Webb**.

Children of Nicanor Munson and Lovica Bartle are:

7 i. Emily Munson, born January 29, 1811 in Oxford, Chenango Co., NY; died April 16, 1864; married Walter M. Elwood January 23, 1827 in Livingston Co., NY.

ii. Aurelia Munson, born 1816.

iii. Salleann Munson, born 1812.

iv. Charles B. Munson, born 1814.

v. Caroline Munson, born 1818.

vi. Permillia Munson, born 1820.

vii. John Munson, born 1822.

viii. Almina Munson, born 1824.

ix. Filelia Munson, born 1826.

x. Elizabeth Munson, born 1829.

xi. Edgar Munson, born 1833.



Generation No. 5

28. Wilmont Munson, born July 23, 1755 in Wallingford, New Haven, Ct; died October 1845 in Westfield, Ohio. He was the son of **56. Obadiah Munson** and **57. Rachael Tyler**. He married **29. Patience Cooper** 1778.

29. Patience Cooper, born 1741; died 1820 in Oxford, NY.

Notes for Wilmont Munson:

Wilmont Munson became acquainted with Patience Cooper while serving as a soldier in the Revolution War in New Jersey near New York. At age 21 Wilmont was at Pittstown and rec'd a deed Nov 27, 1776 one half proprietors right in Lackawanna Purchase. John Munson & William Cooper witnessed. Ref. Munson Family by MA Munson 1895 other sources Munson Family Org. residence Conn, Penn, New York and Ohio

Children of Wilmont Munson and Patience Cooper are:

14 i. Nicanor Munson, born May 17, 1789 in Southington Ct; died May 12, 1858 in Amherst, Lorraine, Ohio; married Lovica Bartle January 30, 1810.

ii. Rachael Munson, born December 19, 1779.

iii. Mishael Munson, born February 25, 1781.

iv. Almira Munson, born June 26, 1782.

v. Procorus Munson, born June 06, 1784.

vi. Vashti Munson, born January 01, 1786.

vii. Catura Munson, born 1792.

viii. Sarah Munson, born 1794.

ix. Anna Munson, born 1796.

x. Wilmont Munson, born 1798.

30. Peter Bartle, born September 29, 1769 in Oxford, Livingston Cty NY; died March 22, 1831 in Trumbull, Ohio. He was the son of **60. Johannes Barthel**. He married **31. Caroline Webb**.

31. Caroline Webb, born 1751; died 1794.

Children of Peter Bartle and Caroline Webb are:

15 i. Lovica Bartle, born October 17, 1791 in Nobletown, Ct; died Bet. 1835 - 1886; married Nicanor Munson January 30, 1810.

ii. Peter Bartle

iii. John Bartle, married Katy Munson.

iv. Francis Bartle, married Agg Carter.

v. Tabitha Bartle, born June 13, 1780; died March 02, 1860 in Tioga Pa.



Generation No. 6

56. Obadiah Munson He was the son of **112. Obadiah Munson**. He married **57. Rachael Tyler**.

57. Rachael Tyler

Child of Obadiah Munson and Rachael Tyler is:

28 i. Wilmont Munson, born July 23, 1755 in Wallingford, New Haven, Ct; died October 1845 in Westfield, Ohio; married Patience Cooper 1778.

60. Johannes Barthel, born February 07, 1734/35 in Germany; died May 17, 1808 in Oxford, Chenago, New York. He was the son of **120. Philip Balthasar Barthel** and **121. Maria Kunigunda Mertz**.

Children of Johannes Barthel are:

30 i. Peter Bartle, born September 29, 1769 in Oxford, Livingston Cty NY; died March 22, 1831 in Trumbill.Ohio; married (1) Sarah; married (2) Tabitha Loomis; married (3) Caroline Webb.

ii. John Bartle, born September 08, 1761.

iii. Hendrick Bartle, born December 20, 1763.

iv. Andrew Bartle, born July 22, 1766.

v. Phillip H Bartle, born April 18, 1772.

vi. Elizabeth Bartle, born May 10, 1774.

vii. David Bartle, born August 19, 1779.



Generation No. 7

112. Obadiah Munson He was the son of **224. Thomas Munson** and **225. Johanna Mew**.

Child of Obadiah Munson is:

56 i. Obadiah Munson, married Rachael Tyler.

120. Philip Balthasar Barthel He was the son of **240. Heinrich Barthel** and **241. Maria Catharina Hack**. He married **121. Maria Kunigunda Mertz**.

121. Maria Kunigunda Mertz

Child of Philip Barthel and Maria Mertz is:

60 i. Johannes Barthel, born February 07, 1734/35 in Germany; died May 17, 1808 in Oxford, Chenago, New York.

Children of Philip Barthel and Margaret Beard are:

i. Hendrick Barthel

ii. Andrew Barthel

iii. Peter Barthel, born September 29, 1769.



Generation No. 8

224. Thomas Munson, born 1612 in Rattlesden England; died 1685 in Hartford, Ct.. He was the son of **448. John Munson**. He married **225. Johanna Mew** 1678 in New Haven Ct.

225. Johanna Mew, born 1610; died December 13, 1685 in Ct.

Notes for Thomas Munson:

At age 25 yrs while living in Hartford Conn, he led a militia of 90 men against tribe of Algonquin Indians during the Pequot War. A battle occurred at daybreak on June 5, 1637 .8 miles northeast of New London Conn. His troops were victorious for which he was awarded 28 acres of cleared land. Two years later he and 62 other free burgesses and or/franchise holders met on June 4,1639 in Mr Newman's barn to limit church memberships to persons of property. There is a monument to him near the First Congressional Church Hartford Ct. He later lived in Wallingford Ct and New Haven Ct. He aided in the resettlement of New Haven residents attempting settlement of Delaware Bay by ship to Salem settlement in Delaware Bay. He served as General ASssemblyman from New Haven in 1665. On March 15th he was foreman of the first jury trial in New Haven to determine damage done to Thomas Nash by hogs. He organized defense against anticipated invasion of the Dutch, and Governor Winthrop appointed him to public office. There is a monument to him at the Commons of New Haven. He was buried on the Green. His estate was 114 acres with value of L500

Ethnicity/Religion Congregationalist

1632 imigrated from England

1637 Resident of Hartford Conn

1637 Captain Pequot Indian War - Rewarded

1641 built home on alloted 100 acres

1640 founded Congregationalist Church Hartford Ct

Statue of him near First Church Hartford

1655 in attempt to establish Delaware Bay

1669 on tax roll as property owner in New H aven Conn

Occupation: Educator,carpenter,civil office, military personality - shrewd, conservative and industrious

More About Thomas Munson:

Burial: New Haven, Ct

Child of Thomas Munson and Johanna Mew is:

112 i. Obadiah Munson.

240. Heinrich Barthel He was the son of **480. Mattheus Barthold**. He married **241. Maria Catharina Hack**.

241. Maria Catharina Hack She was the daughter of **482. Johannes Hack** and **483. Petronella ?**.

Child of Heinrich Barthel and Maria Hack is:

120 i. Philip Balthasar Barthel, married (1) Maria Kunigunda Mertz; married (2) Margaretha Lutt; married (3) Margaret Beard.



Generation No. 9

448. John Munson He was the son of **896. Richard Munson**.

Child of John Munson is:

224 i. Thomas Munson, born 1612 in Rattlesden England; died 1685 in Hartford, Ct; married Johanna Mew 1678 in New Haven Ct.

480. Mattheus Barthold, born 1632 in Lorsbach Germany; died 1672.

Child of Mattheus Barthold is:

240 i. Heinrich Barthel, married Maria Catharina Hack.

482. Johannes Hack He married **483. Petronella ?**.

483. Petronella ?

Child of Johannes Hack and Petronella ? is:

241 i. Maria Catharina Hack, married Heinrich Barthel.



Generation No. 10

896. Richard Munson

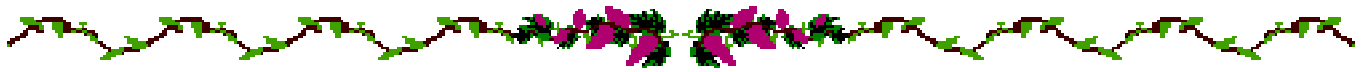
Child of Richard Munson is:

448 i. John Munson.

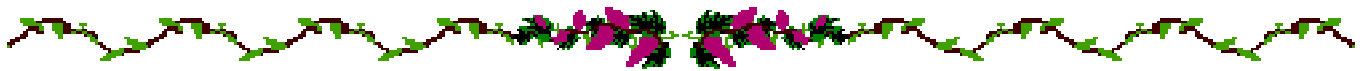




Mariel Derby



Burial: Winameg Cemetery, Pike Twp. OH



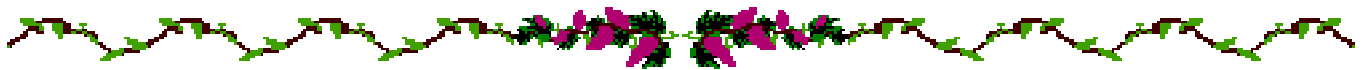
Elwood & Clara Derby Sturtevant





Elwood & Clara Derby Sturtevant

Burial: Winameg Cemetery, Pike Twp. Ohio



Mabel Alene Derby





Mabel Alene Derby

Burial: Winameg Cemetery, Pike Twp. OH



Earl Harvey Derby & wife Marie Zug

Son of Margaret and Frank Derby

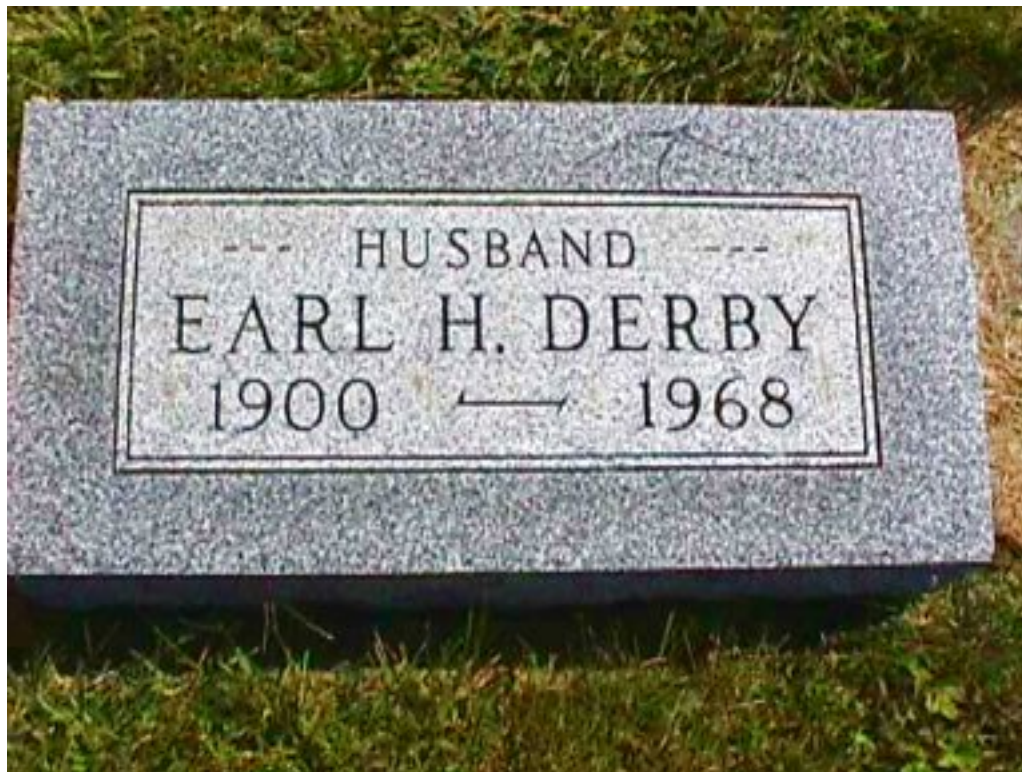




Earl Harvey Derby & wife Marie Zug

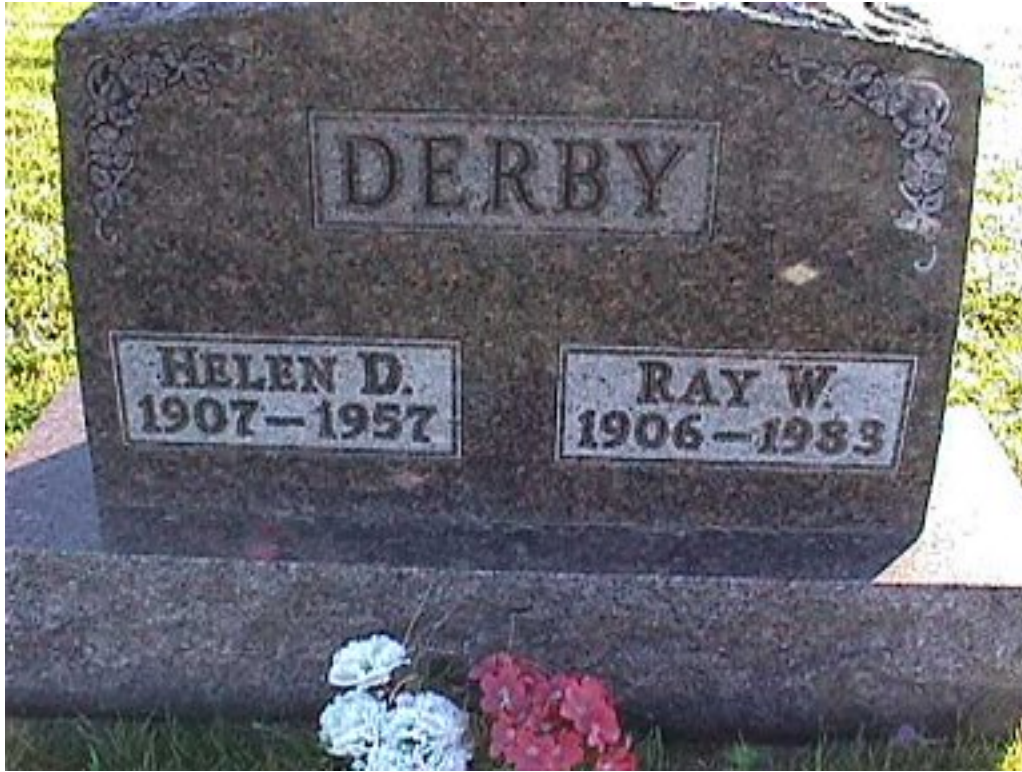
Son of Margaret and Frank Derby

Burial: Royalton Cemetery, Lyons, OH





Ray Derby
former Mayor of Swanton



Ray Derby

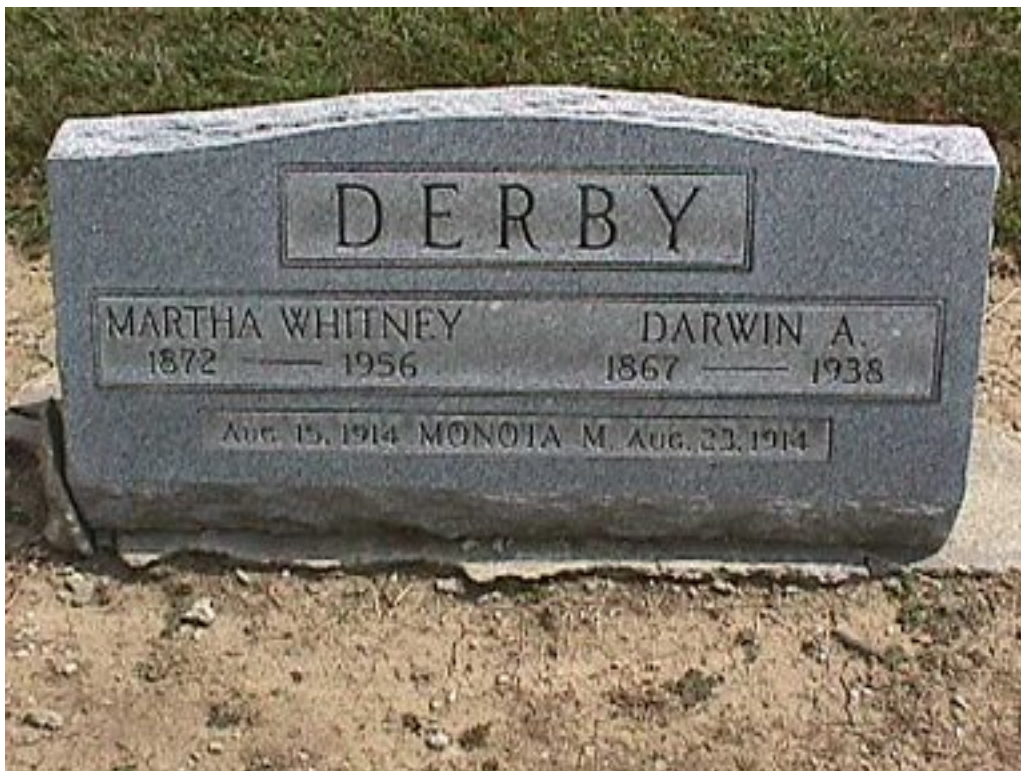
former Mayor of Swanton

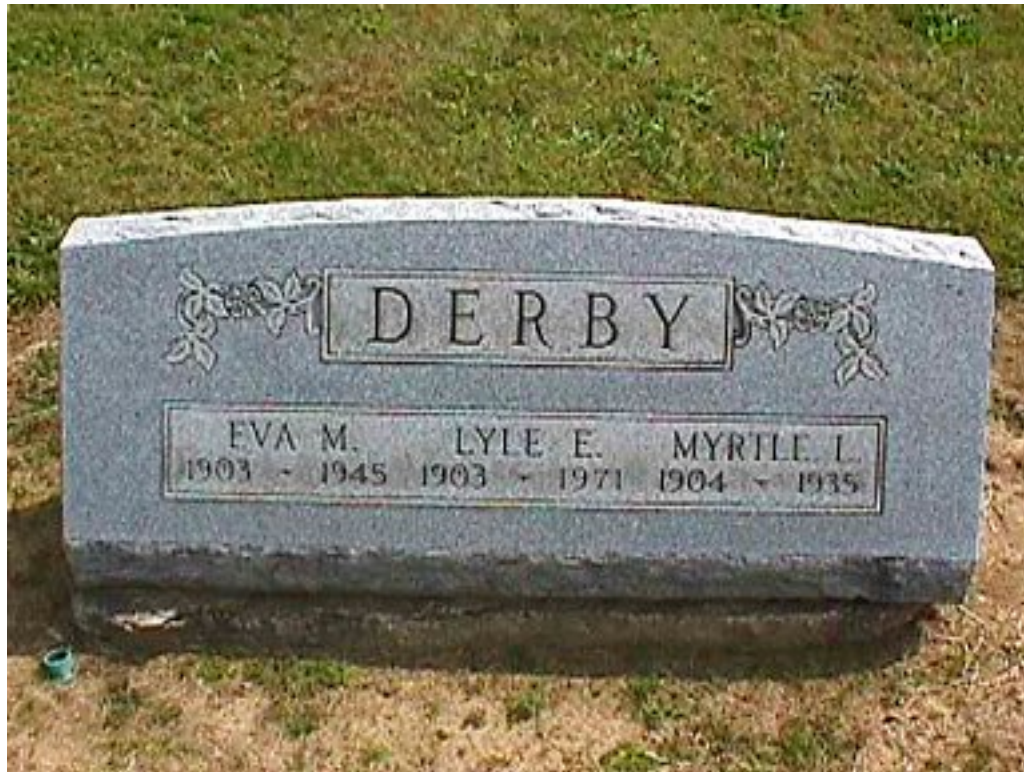
Burial: Winameg Cemetery, Pike Twp. OH



Darwin Andrus Derby

Burial: Wakeman Cemetery, Norwalk, OH





Son of Darwin, Lyle Derby and his two wife's Eva and Myrtle

Burial: Wakeman Cemetery, Norwalk, OH

