

BRUSNAHAN
MEMOIRS

divided into farm lands, where men rear and educate their children, is to feel at last a sense of justifiable pride in the courage of our fathers who laid this foundation.

Yet, even the years cannot rob me of memories that recall to my fancy the long tramps through snow-covered woods to the Literary Societies, Debating Clubs and the Spelling Bees, or the homely joys of pioneer folks, with the formation of friendships that cling forever.

—S. A. Brusnahan.

THE THIRD GENERATION

AFTER READING the description of the country surrounding the log cabin where my father lived with my grandparents, and my uncles and aunts, I might add some notes of interest concerning the same part of the country that are more recent.

The town of Parr with its depot, stores, etc., as I first remember it, includes Edd Price as station agent. The family also ran a small restaurant on the south side of the street next to the railroad. Mr. Price owned one of the first automobiles of the later series, a 1909 model Ford, this was my first ride.

Uncle "Billie" Myers had a soft drink and pool room that always had a good patronage when the weather was inclement and we could not perform chores on the farm. The old red ice house stood just back of "Uncle Billie's" place and was the source of all ice used around town to make ice cream in the summer. Almost everyone around Parr was hired by "Uncle Billie" to help fill it

when the Stephenson ice pond had been frozen to 6 or 7 inches or more.

W. L. Wood had a large general store which also housed the post office. He sold harness, buggies, wagons, plows and other implements as well as groceries, shoes and work clothes. Most of us remember the bloodhounds used when this store was robbed. He also owned the hitch barn and had rigs to hire for livery.

John Price did the blacksmithing for the town. He also was included in most of the pranks played. Jay Wilcox managed the G. M. Wilcox store and was in the habit of giving school boys a bag of candy for helping carry the freight from the depot to the store. After giving them the candy he often had to use a buggy whip to keep them from stealing oranges. The freight was usually carried during the noon hour of intermission from school duties.

It was in the back of the Wilcox store that my father started his butcher shop which he conducted for eight years. Many of the boys at Fair Oaks used to ride with him

as he delivered meat there with a team and meat wagon. Long after my father had quit the butcher shop he continued to butcher beeves for the neighbors and for the barbecues held in Parr. Some of we brothers usually accompanied him and became quite familiar with meat cutting.

The two-room schoolhouse that formerly stood on the site where the brick schoolhouse stands now was taught by W. E. Benbow, Victor Comer teaching the higher grades. Lulu Rowen Heimlich, Paul Longstreth and I started to school here and continued through the eight grades and graduated together with Luvia Gunyon Adair as teacher. Later I helped dig the basement for the new brick schoolhouse and my brother, Stan, worked for the contractor that built the building.

The schoolmates of that time could be easily named by giving the families on the four roads leading from Parr. South was:

Aries, T. F. Brusnahan, our family, and Harshbarger, Elders and Chupps; west: Porters, W. L. Woods, Babcocks, Culls, and Gariotts; north: Cavender, Piatt, Warne, McCurtain, Shaffer, Rowens, Healy, Iliff and Schultz; east: Longstreth, Myers, Cox, Gant, Sanders, Jenkins, Lakins, Gunyons, Davidsons, Smith and Hermansons.

The baseball games that Parr had then and some of the ice skating parties will never be forgotten. The members of the first baseball team I can remember included "Nub" Warne, Estel Price, "Tude" Brusnahan, "Peck" Porter, "Ed" Gilmore, "Bawley" Myers, Ed Longstreth, Floyd Elder, and Menno Chupp. Most of these double in skating in the winter, with "Tude" and "Bawley" being two of the fastest skaters and best at figure skating and jumping on the ice.

As I gaze back in my memory to the twenty years spent on Oak Grove farm it is

certainly with a feeling of pleasure. The buildings on the farm, the fields, all bring back to me incidents that I cherish. The pond near the farm where I shot my first wild duck, the ditch that I tried to jump over and fell into, the lane where I was thrown and kicked by a horse, the tennis court where we played, all remind me of my happy days on the farm at Parr.

E. Paul Brusnahan.

THE FOURTH GENERATION

HAPPY HOLIDAYS

To me, the oldest grand-daughter in the S. A. Brusnahan family, the holidays in our family have always been the most interesting and happiest events of the year.

As far back as I can remember we have always spent the season's holidays with my grandparents. At Christmas, Easter, and Mother's Day, the children and grandchildren spent the day with them at their home in Rensselaer or at Oak Grove Farm, while Thanksgiving and other holidays were celebrated in the country at one of my uncles, namely, Lou Lane, in Newton, Omar Waymire in Barkley or Charles Brusnahan on the home farm in Union. These days were always a happy get-together and were enjoyed by the oldest as well as the youngest.

Grandpa and grandma were always delighted to have their children and grandchildren with them and were very entertaining to all, when present in their home. My

grandparents never showed any partiality toward any of us and thus we have remained one big happy family.

On the tenth day of August, nineteen thirty-four, grandmother passed on into the heavenly sleep of the Lord. The loss of such a dear one from our midst has made a sad but deep impression on each and everyone of us; but we all realize that a greater world was in store for her.

Although grandmother has passed into another world, there is still many more dear ones in our family and I sincerely hope that the family name of Brusnahan and their happy get-together days will be carried on for many more generations.

Martha E. Brusnahan.

OAK GROVE FARM THEN AND NOW

My mother has often told me about her first visit to the place that is now Oak Grove Farm and I will write the facts as I remember them.

One Sunday afternoon grandpa took my grandmother, Uncle Ray, Uncle Charlie and my mother in the spring wagon and drove over to show them the farm they would soon call home.

It was a small clearing near the narrow dirt road one mile south of Parr. A small three-room house had been moved to it. There was no foundation under the house and grandpa had built a small straw shed to the south of the house as shelter for the livestock.

The land was covered with timber and brush, and it was not safe for the children to play far from the house, there being so many snakes.

Later another room was added and as the

family increased, so also, did the house until it contained seven rooms and a cellar.

Now the straw shed has changed to a large barn, surrounded with machine sheds, and double cribs. The brush and timber is no more except for two small groves of trees. The narrow dirt road is now of stone and all the fields are enclosed with netting fences.

Across the road from the house, where once all was a marsh, is now fertile land growing alfalfa, blue grass, corn and wheat.

When, in 1921, my grandparents moved to Rensselaer, they had every reason to be proud of the home they had built for their family and named Oak Grove Farm.

Lois Ruth Waymire

A BRUSNAHAN FAMILY

ON NOVEMBER 8, 1864, a boy was born to Margret Brusnahan in a little log cabin situated on Nubbin Ridge. The child's father, Michael, named the boy Stephen A.

When six years old Michael moved his family to the Nowels farm and from there in 1874 they moved to the wilderness around about what is now Parr, Indiana. The son of Michael, together with his brothers, were a rugged lot, immensely free, resisting hardship and enjoying the pleasures of this life.

Here is an instance which seems well worth recalling. It was in the fall of 1880 that there was to be held in the old Burnstown school-house a Republican rally. Alfred Thompson, father of Delos Thompson, was to deliver the principal address of the evening. Steve, a boy of sixteen years, rode with Uncle Henry Hinkle in his wagon a distance of ten miles to attend the meeting. Jim, his brother, was there also; he had come with Barney Comer.

When Alfred Thompson finished his speech he invited anyone to take the floor and con-

tinue either in behalf of his own belief or to express those that were of a different nature. Led by Uncle Henry Hinkle, the crowd urged Jim Brusnahan to stand up. Jim, a shy, sturdy lad of twenty years, took the floor with his face slightly flushed with embarrassment. But he spoke so clearly, so earnestly, that upon sitting down there was a wild burst of applause. Even Mr. Thompson expressed his appreciation for the boy's ability to speak and present an argument.

At the age of twenty-two, in the year 1886, Steve was married to Ida M. Pettit, who had come, as a little girl, from Ohio with her parents in a wagon train. The old black iron kettle in which the meals were cooked has to this very day been a treasured possession of the family, and now occupies a prominent position on the pantry shelf. Steve began to make a living by farming with his father. By his marriage there came a third generation of

Brusnahan's to America. They were: Ray, Clara, Charles, James V., Stan, Lucy, and Paul, Kenneth, the youngest died in infancy in 1904.

The third generation of Brusnahans thrived as even did the second. They soon sought their ways into different pursuits of life. But no matter how far distant their endeavors took them, it never had a tendency, so close was the touch, to extinguish the flame of family love.

On the night of August 10, 1934, the mother gathered around her the men and women she had reared—for her life was going fast. And she passed on to its ultimate end in a state of perfect peacefulness.

When Aunt Ida was gone they came closer together than they had been known to do before. And by so strong a courage, and so firm a faith in each other, they were able to dispel the gloom until increasing days brought the light back again.

Steve Brusnahan had little schooling. Men know him, however, as a sound and reliable judge of men and property. His principle of honesty lay, in that, whatever position he recognized, he never hesitated to tell a man, as his judgment prompted, whether the outlook was good or discouraging. It is a policy that sometimes brings discomfort, but in the end it is right and best.

—*J. S. B.*



OUR PRECIOUS LOSS

DEATH CAME shortly after midnight today to Mrs. S. A. Brusnahan at her home on South Cullen street to close a life that for many years had been revered and cherished by all of our people.

Mrs. Brusnahan died at 12:30 o'clock after having been in a semi-conscious state since 8:00 o'clock that morning, at which time she suffered a heart attack. All of the members of her family were at her side when death came to take her to her heavenly home.

The attack which culminated in the beloved citizen's death came without warning and at a time when it seemed she had apparently fully regained her health following an illness that began last February 23, when she was stricken with a blood clot that left her in a serious condition for a period of ten weeks. At the end of that time she began to show steady improvement and practically regained complete health. She had been active for over three months and during that time she fulfilled an oft-expressed desire to

visit relatives and old friends in nearby cities. But the long illness had weakened her and her constitution was unable to withstand the severe heart shock which was so quickly to take her life.

Mrs. Brusnahan's maiden name was Ida Pettit and she was born on an Ohio farm near the town of Kilbourn on December 7, 1862. She was a daughter of Jacob and Sarah Sheetz Pettit. At the age of fifteen years, with her parents, she came to Jasper county, her father establishing a home in Walker township which place remained her residence until her marriage. The trip to Indiana was made by the Pettit family in the most popular overland conveyance of those days, when pioneers were steadily pushing back the nation's frontier, namely, the covered wagon. Mrs. Brusnahan often spoke of that covered wagon journey, recalling many of the incidents of the trip which at that time seemed so wonderful to her. Her father, a veteran of the Civil war, upon reaching Indiana, continued to engage in farming. Mrs. Brusnahan grew to maturity on the farm, and continued to live in Walker township

until her marriage to Stephen A. Brusnahan of Union township on April 1, 1886. The young couple began housekeeping on a farm near Parr which was to remain their home for the next thirty-five years. In 1921, Mr. Brusnahan retired from farm life and with his family moved to Rensselaer and established a real estate and insurance agency.

Jasper county never had a sweeter character than Mrs. Brusnahan. She was typical of true American motherhood. A mother whose chief concern rested in influencing and shaping the lives of her little ones and in serving as a helpmate to her husband. And somehow she found time to give unstintingly of her strength and beauty of character to those outside her family. She was an influence for good that benefited all of those who lived in the communities in which she dwelt. Hers was a fulsome life; a life that was so complete with beauty and good deeds. Her charming personality, her generosity, the kindness which she showered upon all, her concern for the welfare of everyone and the influence for good that she exerted upon all,

made of her a character that will be sorely missed. Not long ago she confided to the members of her family that she was ready to answer the Master's call, now that all of her little ones had reached adult life and have happy homes of their own. She was contented, feeling that life had been so benevolent to her.

—Howard B. Clark.



IN MEMORY
OF
A BRUSNAHAN FAMILY

MICHAEL BRUSNAHAN 1822-1896

MARGRET KAIN BRUSNAHAN . 1822-1896

THOMAS F. BRUSNAHAN 1848-1931

ELIZABETH BRUSNAHAN 1854-1920

MICHAEL KAIN BRUSNAHAN . 1855-1873

JOHN BRUSNAHAN 1857-1873

JAMES D. BRUSNAHAN 1860-

JEREMIAH BRUSNAHAN 1861-1861

CORNELIUS BRUSNAHAN 1862-1905

STEPHEN A. BRUSNAHAN 1864-