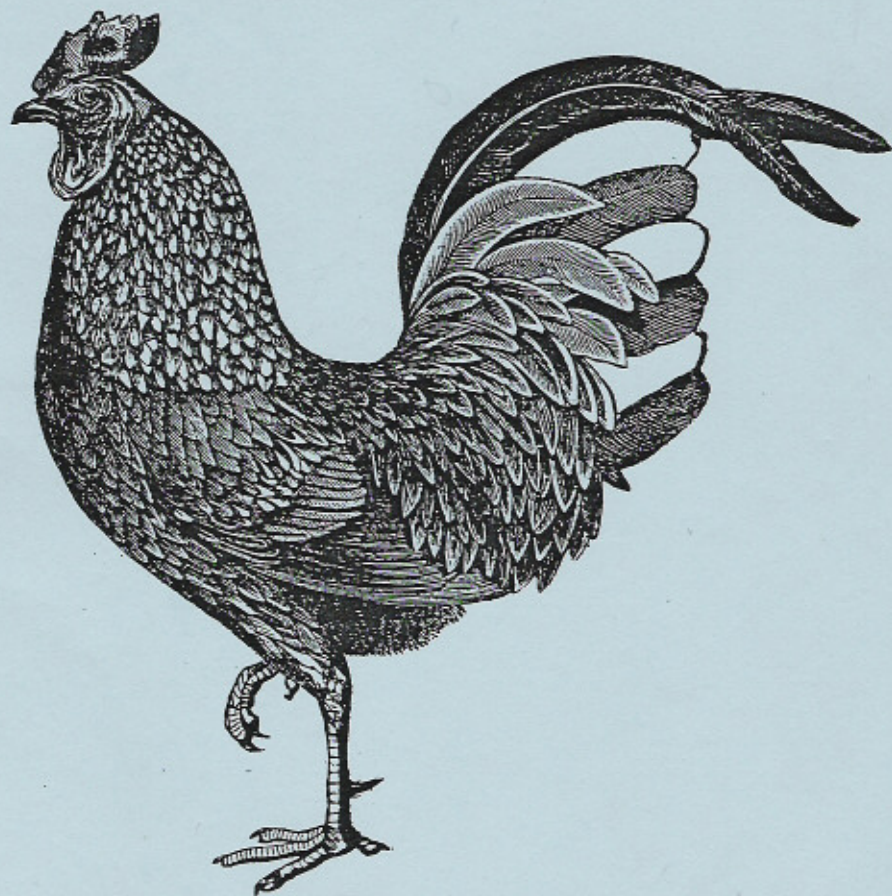


Maplebrook Farm

1832-1932



- Davis First Cousins:

The five brothers and five sisters at Maplebrook were sixth generation of the Davis Family in America which makes their twenty five children of the seventh generation.

My sisters in law Janet B. and Theresa " with my wife Gladys and I all who are left of the sixth generation.

As a result Father Time has decreed that our generation has about run and your generation should take over.

Nearly a quarter of a century ago after I had Aunt Mary's Davis family history that each of your families have, I started a weekly family letter. There are more than twice as many of you as I faced but I wish you could be a Round Robin to keep in closer touch with each other.

That is the reason why I compiled this list of home addresses of the sixth generation so that you may carry on one of the most worth while parts of my life. All but the last three are first cousins and they are first cousins by marriage.

Your old 6th generation Uncle

F. Leavellyn

This Book
is dedicated to my three youngest
grandchildren, David, Polly, and
Melissa who left it under the 1975
Christmas Tree with the admonition
that it be used - 'For your life
memoirs or for words of wisdom.'

The book itself is beautifully bound
but with blank pages which I found too
much for my clumsy old fingers to fill
with a pen and ink. In the end I had a
lot of help from Jim and Mason for I
resorted to a portable typewriter, vintage
1940 which Jim gave me after he had used
it during four years in Syracuse University.

Mason helped immeasurably by zeroxing
enough copies of what I had written so that
the eldest of each of my brother's and
sister's families will get a copy.

What I have written delves into memory
of three quarters of a century ago and is
dedicated to all of the grandchildren of
Gladys and myself. Starting with Gay, Anne,
and Roy Llewellyn, followed by Sue and Pamela
the youngest of them all David, Polly, and
Melissa, I dedicate what I have written.

May they in years to come find in it
pride and incentive to carry on the hopes
and dreams of those who lived at Maplebrook.
May they and their children look back on
those days of simple living as a guide for
future generations.

MAPLEBROOK FARM

My memory goes back into the other century and being the last of the Maplebrook Davises I regret deeply that what I am about to write wasnt done in collaboration with Isabel for of all my brothers and sisters she and my sister Polly were Mother's little helpers and watched over me in my infancy and early childhood.

I shall confine myself to happenings in which I had a part and which are still etched on my memory after four score years but at the start I shall simply state that I was told that when Charlie was six years old, Sue five, Eliza 3, and Jessie but an infant, Our family moved from the old Cherry Hill Farm just outside the north west corner of Auburn, to a farm just south of Powers Corners in the town of Springport. It would be ten years before I was born but what I shall relate comes from my own memory and of things in which I had a part.

It has never occurred to me to wonder who named the old farm Maplebrook nor does it matter for I shall describe it to you and you will see that is a logical name for it.

Back in the other century when Uncle Sam was giving away farms under the Homestead Act out there in the prairie states the land was surveyed and laid out in mile square sections the sides running due east and west and north and south. A section contained 640 acres but most farms were of quarter sections of 160 acres. It was not so of New York State nor of Maplebrook for the old farm had a total of 156 acres of which 106 acres were on the north east side of what is now known as the Davis Road and fifty acres were on the south west part west of the road. The main part of the farm on the east side was bordered on the north by the town road running east from Powers Corners, and on the east by the Schenck farm. On the south line it was bordered by the old O'Hara farm.



Layout of
Maplebrook
farm

Rt 316 to Auburn

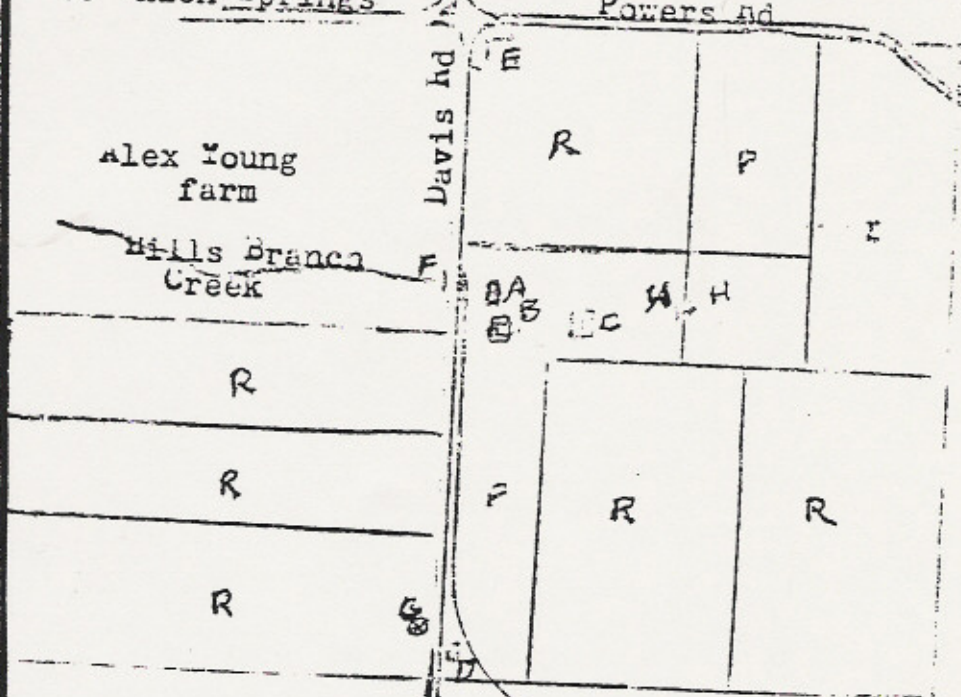
State Rt 316
to Union Springs

Powers Rd

Davis Rd

Alex Young
farm

Hills Branch
Creek



- A site of old house
- B " of old barn
- and new house
- C new barns
- D tenant house
- E dist school
- F arch bridge
- G upper well
- H apple and plum orchards
- I wood lot
- P Pastures
- R fields in crop rotation

At Powers Corners long before the family had moved there, three building lots were set aside and sold, two on the Davis road and one on the road going east. The latter was the site of District School #5. When Charlie Sue and Eliza went there it was a building made of thick walled limestone blocks but by the time I attended it had been torn down and a larger wooden building put up. What became of the stone I do not know but I recall Sue telling of climbing up and sitting in the window embrasures to eat her lunch. You will hear more of District #5 in later pages.

The main part of the farm stretched on the east side of the road a distance of some 2000 feet south from Powers Corners. There was a considerable rise there and that was where the tenant house stood. It was a two story frame building some 25feet square facing west and across the road was a very good dug well.

The part of the farm on the west side of the road was in three fields bordered on the south by the Lockwood farm and stretching north along the road to border on the Alex Young farm some 1300 feet away.

All this has been leading up to the reason for the name Maplebrook for some 200 feet east of the tenant house a stream entered the farm coming from the south east. It came at an angle until some 70 feet from the road when it turned sharply to continue straight north. On my map of Cayuga County it still bears the name Hills Branch. Just north of where it turned north was our old swimming hole and north of that was an immense elm tree alongside the road. Its trunk was all of 6 feet in diameter and its shade span was easily 80 feet across. It is long gone but for years it was a landmark.

A hundred feet farther on we are close to the present house and farm buildings. It is the site of a plank and log dam which Dad built back in the other century to impound water and activate a hydrolic ram which lifted the creek water to the barns and stables. The road and bridge leading to the present house and barns is within a stones throw.

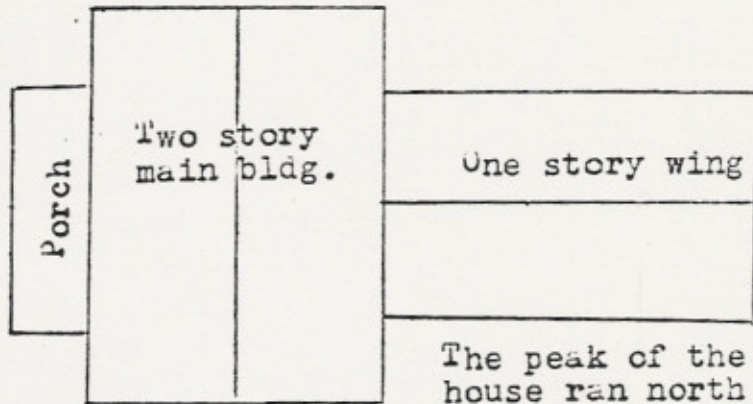
Just north of the present bridge, between the creek and the town road was the beginning of a beautiful grove of sugar maple trees set out in rows probably by the owner from whom Dad bought the farm. They were beautiful large trees seventy years ago and I do not know if all are still standing or not but they alone were the answer to why? Maplebrook. They stood on that strip of land for several hundred feet to where a mammoth yellow willow tree stood and just beyond that the creek took a full left turn and crossed under the road through an arch bridge made of hewn limestone block, running straight west across the Alex Young farm and eventually finding its way to the lake near Cayuga junction.

The site of the bridge leading to the old house where I was born was about the middle of the grove. That bridge was abandoned when we moved into the new house in 1900.

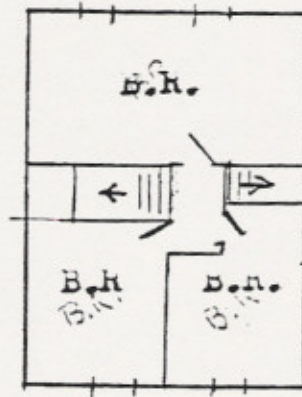
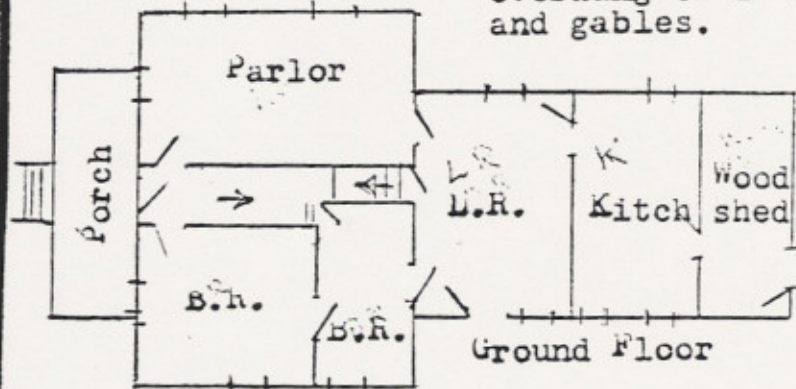
It was a typical plank bridge of the times with squared oak logs laid across the stream resting on walls of immense sandstone or granite which the glacier had left centuries before. The planks too were of oak spiked to the logs. Below the log dam south of the maple grove the stream followed a pretty straight course. In the summer the water was pretty low but the bed of the stream was so deep that a man could walk under the bridge safely. It was a raging torrent with the spring run off or after a cloud burst. We who lived on the east side of it never called it a brook or a stream it wasn't even a creek but a plain crick. You shall hear more of it later.

All but six acres of the farm were in crop rotation, the other six were in woodland at the north east corner of the farm. Those six were to play a big part in our lives in later years. Geology and the artifacts of ancient peoples who roamed those hillsides make a later chapter as I grew from little boy to manhood. Memory is either a blank or an infinite thing and I hope to lead you from my infancy to the present day.

Home at Maplebrook from 1882
to fall of 1901.



The peak of the main house ran north and south. All roofs had overhang of 1' in eaves and gables.



The driveway across the bridge came in at right angles to both the road and the stream. Fifty feet east of the bridge it made a right hand turn alongside an immense sandstone boulder which was used as a means of climbing aboard the high wagons or other horse drawn vehicles of the day. It kept on south for some distance and made a left turn toward the carriage house and barns.

The great stone stepping stone was right in front of the front steps of the house where I was born. To the right of the stone was an ancient butternut tree and to the left some thirty feet away was a much larger horse-chestnut tree. The house itself was parallel with the brook and the trees each stood at respectful distances from the front corners.

You must remember that I was only nine years old when we moved into the new house and though the house and every room in it is etched in my memory, the exact measurements were never there. However those pictures in my mind have been compared again and again with rooms in which we live today.

The main part of the house was some thirty feet long and twenty two feet wide. It was what we would term a story and a half building with the peak running straight north and south and parallel with the creek and main road.

My memory is of a clapboard building, painted brown which had become weatherworn. Across the whole front was a front porch with steps at the center leading up to the front door and a window either side of it, one opening into the front parlor on the left and the one on the right being the bedroom of Dad and Mother. At the north end were two windows on the ground floor and two above on the second floor of a bedroom which stretched across the house. On the south end was a window in the front bedroom and another in a smaller bedroom in the south east corner of the house adjoining our parents bedroom. On the second floor were two windows, one in each of the small bedrooms which took up the width of the house, at the south end.

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at the south end in the foundation was the outside cellarway with a small window at either side. There were also two cellar windows in the north foundation.

As you entered the front hall you faced the stairway leading to the upper floor and on the left was a doorway leading to the front parlor. The door on the right led to Mother's bedroom. There was no clothes closet or place to hang clothes as the stair took up all the width to the upper floor. There was a chimney in the peak at each end of the main house which took care of a base burner coal stove in the front parlor and a smaller stove in Mother's room. That front parlor was seldom used and that may be the reason I can recall it so well. It was well carpeted with the best carpet in the house and that was where the choicest pieces of furniture could be found. Every spring the carpet was untacked and the whole was taken out to the clothesline for a thorough beating. Then the stretcher was called into duty to stretch it back on the floor and tack it into place. In the summertime however a straw matting was laid in place of the carpet and that waited its turn to be relaid ready for winter.

I have little memory of Mother's bedroom except that it had a very beautiful suite of dark walnut furniture, a bed, a dresser and a wash stand. I never knew but I think they had been a wedding present from Mother's parents- Peter and Susan Ann Russell. When our parents estates were settled Jerry and Mattie were given that suite and I presume they are in Mattie's possession yet.

I should digress here and remind you that that bed was the hospital bed where all ten of us children were born- four at the Cherry Hill farm and six at Maplebrook. That is a fact which Isabel once told me.

The small bedroom in the southeast corner of the main house was a room in which Jerry and Alex slept and after Fred was born where I also slept some of the time. In the west wall was a door opening into Mother's room and another in the northeast corner opening into

the living room which was in a wing of the house and which I will describe a bit later.

Opposite that door on the west side of the room was another door opening on the inside cellar stairs of which you will hear later.

You may well wonder how ten children and two parents could sleep comfortably in such quarters as I have described. Actually there was one large bedroom upstairs, and two small ones. There were two beds downstairs but we must take into consideration that all of us children were born about two years apart so that two of the youngest slept in our parents room, one in a crib and the other in a small bed or cradle. Across the whole of the north end upstairs was one bedroom where Eliza, Jessie, Isabel, and Polly slept.

At the south end upstairs were two bedrooms the one in the south west corner was Susie's and in the other corner was Charlies. I have very little recollection of any of these rooms except one winter when I slept with Charlie. I suspect that was the winter Fred was a baby for I was five then and too large to sleep in the crib in mother's room and as for the girls rooms they were all young ladies by then for Polly the youngest was six years older than I.

One other thing which I do recall was the fact that there was a wall about four feet high on both the east and west sides before the roof slant merged with the ceiling. That made plenty of room in the north bedroom for two beds against a wall for each and the same in the two smaller rooms. The two south rooms were smaller for there had to be room to get past the stair well to Sue's room.

The front stairs were seldom used for coming out of the living room in the other part of the house was a very steep narrow stairway, so steep that it was more like a ladder but the landing above gave a space of about five feet from the front stair landing.

There was a low window under the eaves above that steep stairs which looked down upon the peak of the one-story addition running to the east from the main building.

Connected to the main house on the east side was a one story wing 20' wide and some 100 feet long containing three rooms. The room next to the main house was the combined living room and dining room. It was a room 10 by 15 feet with two windows in the north end. On the west side a door led into the front parlor, another narrower door opened on the ladder like stairway leading upstairs, and a third gave access to the inside cellarway and the boys bedroom. There was one window in the south side beside the glass framed door leading into the side porch. On the east was a door leading to the kitchen.

That room was the combined dining and living room and held so much needful things that I can't sort them out in my mind. I do remember the old walnut book case-desk between the two windows at the north, dining table running parallel with the main house, and a jumbo oval hunk stove at the east side. That room and the kitchen were the only rooms in the house anywhere near comfortable in the winter time.

It was the center of all the diversified interests of the big family and I couldn't begin to itemize them.

The kitchen also took up the width of the building but wasn't much more than ten feet wide. There was also a dining table on the north end of the room, the kitchen range was along the south wall and of all things an innovation for farm houses in the whole area was a tin lined copper bath tub about the size of our modern tubs. It was concealed in a wooden box, placed against the west wall, and was concealed by a wooden cover and used as a bench when not in use. Under the window in the south wall near the bath tub was the kitchen sink with its pitcher pump.

The kitchen range of course had a hot water reservoir attached at the right end so there was almost always hot water. That kitchen was a busy place on a Saturday afternoon. There were no Sunday baths for everybody went to church and that was two miles away.

East of the kitchen was the woodshed where a diversity of things beside wood was stored.

Inside toilets had not been introduced anywhere in the area and would not be until the new house was built at the turn of the century. So naturally the outside toilet was placed just outside the woodshed with a walkway between. A path led from the back door, overhung by two ancient red cedars one on either side of the gate which was hung between them. They were the true red cedars for they bore the blue berries which mark them and the wood itself was red and had the unmistakable scent which it alone bears.

Either side of the trees was a fence which to the right joined a two story building where the carpenter shop and all sorts of tools were kept. To the left or north the fence soon turned toward the creek to shut the house site from the winter vegetable garden-- the garden where potatoes and other root crops were grown.

Dad was a resourceful man as most farmers had to be at that time. The shop held tools to repair almost any machine then in use or to meet any need except shoes for the horses.

Among those tools was one which I did not recognize at the time but have regretted ever since. It was a heavy saw blade at least a quarter inch thick, 7 or 8 inches wide and about seven feet long. I know now that it was what in pioneer days was known as a pit saw, a saw used with water power to square logs or to saw planks. I have often marveled at the ingenuity of it but that was too late.

My great grandfather Jesse Davis came to the Springport area about 1797 but later returned to his father's house near Valley Forge where he collected tools and material to build a saw mill. He returned to the Cayuga lake region bringing those things by horseback through the wilderness and in due time built a dam on the west branch of Yawgers Creek at a place known as Greenbush. There he built his saw mill.

When I was in Oswego Normal in 1917 taking manual training course I learned of those primitive tools. I went back to Maplebrook but was too late, the old shop was gone and no sign of the saw. It had been sold for scrap iron.

The path leading between the cedar trees led toward the apple orchard and to several hives of bees which were one of Dad's pet projects. There was a big apiary up the road to the south of us but Dad wanted hives of his own to insure proper pollinization of the fruit trees. It worked and we also had an ample supply of comb honey.

From the old shop a fence led west even with the S W corner of the house where it turned toward the barns. There was a gate in it opposite the porch of the living room and a path leading to mothers flower and vegetable garden. Charlie had a bed of tuberose there.

Before going farther there are some things which Isabel and Polly told me which are still clear in my memory. The first involved both Isabel and Polly as well as myself.

To quote her: "It was Dad's practice in the summer to move two week old calves to a pen under the maple trees to wean them. It was easy to do for all you need to do was let them suck on your finger as you pulled a pail of warm milk up over your hand. It took patience but in no time at all they would start to drink all by themselves. It was our chore to feed them Mewellyn and the night you were born Polly and I hustled over to feed them as a thunderstorm was approaching. We tried to feed each one but only one would drink so we fed it all to him. The next morning he was found dead but you had arrived and we were never blamed for the loss of one calf."

We three boys were just two years apart and I guess the two girls were Mother's little helpers for Isabel was 8 years older than I and Polly was six but I couldn't realize those things until years later.

Another story which Isabel told was about the old chestnut tree which stood at the corner of the house. A flying squirrel lived there which would glide from the top of the tree for a considerable distance. It would climb back to the top only to glide again.

One day it glided too far from the tree and

the cat pounced on the poor squirrel and killed it but they shooed the cat away and the next day had a very solem funeral, burying the poor thing under the old tree. They showed me a long time later just where the grave was.

These are of my own memory. Probably about 1898 our cousin Bob Davis was at Maplebrook on a visit from his home in Kansas. He was a very unique figure for those day for men taller than six feet were seldom seen. Bob was six feet and several inches. My mind can still visualize the astonishing experience of being whisked off the ground to perch on his shoulder.

Another time without rhyme or reason I can visualize myself running along the fence toward the barn screaming at the top of my voice, "Well what did he do it for." just because Alex had slapped me for something. Trivial yes but I can still feel that slap.

It was before I had started school at Dist. No 5 and I can recall visiting the school one afternoon. The teacher at that time was Henry Mosher, a tall lanky young man whom the older pupils had nicknamed 'Gander' but they were careful not to let him hear that. Charlie had come by with the lumber wagon and waited to carry us home. I was clamoring to get aboard but the older ones ignored me. Finally one of the Cavanaugh boys whispered to me saying "Go up to Mr Mosher and say 'Hey Gander lift me aboard will You'". I did as he said and Gander did lift me aboard with a spank but he followed it up with a hug.

I can recall clearly sleeping with Jerry and Alex in the small bedroom next to Mother's. I hadn't learned to read yet but Jerry and Alex would take turns reading from a book. I don't know what the book was but it was something about a beautiful garden filled with unknown flowers. Alex detested reading aloud anyway but when he got to that passage he read it out: "a garden filled with unken flowers" All his life we never let him forget that one.

These things don't seem half as interesting set down on paper as they did when they happened.

When I spoke of the door leading to the south porch I meant that it was the only one in the house with a glass in the upper part. What happened to that glass has been in my mind for nearly four score years.

I got a store bought bow and arrow for one of my birthdays. I don't know who gave it to me but Grandpa Russell, Mother's only sister Aunt Eli and her husband Eugene Barrott were there.

I remember arguing with myself as to how effective the bow was and whether it was stout enough to break a big pane of glass like the one in the door. It did alright and that was one of the few times I can remember being taken across the knee for a good spanking.

Another thing which got us three boys in bad graces with our older sisters was welcoming their beaux by hiding back of the bushes and squirting them with water from one of Dad's horse syringes. I wasn't the ring leader but I carried the pail of water and I was the one who got caught. We didn't do any damage but I can still recall the consternation of those young men who were attired in ice cream pants and hard sailor hats.

An episode which involved all the family in the late 90s occurred in the fall when I was sleeping with Jerry and Alex.

Sometime in the early morning hours someone awakened us whispering that there was someone in the cellar. No one ventured into the cellar or out of the house but a watch was stationed at each of the upstairs windows and everyone spoke in whispers.

It started getting daylight when Polly came timidly in from the living room. She hadn't been feeling well the night before and Mother had fixed her up on the livingroom sofa. She must have walked in her sleep for she came in our room looking for Mother and had mistaken the door and was part way down the cellar stairs when she bumped her head and awoke. Realizing where she was she had gone back to the sofa and fallen sound asleep.

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A deep pond was formed but by the next morning it would have disappeared. There was apparently a fissure in the limestone underlay which carried it off.

Uncle Charlie was convinced that if they could reach bed rock on the south side of the road near the pond he could dynamite the ledge of limestone to open a fissure. The spare time all that summer was spent in digging a pit near an ancient shagbark hickory which ever after was known as the Tunnel Tree.

He procured a supply of dynamite, fuse, and fulminate caps to do the job and brought them out to the farm. The blasting was to be done the following monday.

That saturday afternoon all the older ones of our family went to Auburn but Polly and her faithful followers were left.

I can remember being helped to the roof of the old tool shed which sloped from south to north. The shed doors had been locked and Uncle Charles had hidden the blasting material on the inside under the eaves at the north side. How Polly knew where to look I do not know but she with the help of Jerry and Alex pried up a roof board just room enough for me to crawl through. They all pecked through but Polly insisted that I hand up the pretty copper colored pencils so they could all examine them. Luckily we were all satisfied and put everything back as we had found them.

I have handled dynamite and fulminate caps a good many times since but I still shudder at the thought of what might have happened that day for in those early days they were as touchy as you could imagine, often detonating just from the heat of a persons hands.

The following monday Uncle Charles fired the charges of dynamite and was able to open a fissure in the rock so that the woodlot was fairly drained from then on.

I can still see Alex climbing the old Tunnel tree to shake down the prize nuts. One time he climbed too far and we had to have a ladder brought from the barn to rescue him.

There is nothing in today's life on a farm to compare with life at Maplebrook when I was a boy.

There were twelve hungry mouths to feed and the only income came from hard labor of planting and harvesting crops of hay and grain which could be sold during the fall and winter months.

In 1893 the year after I was born the whole nation was suffering a depression and both city and farm life was feeling the pinch of hard times.

Farmers had little chance of selling such things as eggs, milk, butter, or vegetables in the villages for most of the residents there had a cow or chickens and a small garden which took care of their own needs.

Mother did trade surplus eggs at ten or twelve cents a dozen for groceries but most farms had only a cow or so for milk for their own use. If there was surplus milk it was placed in big pans in the cellar for the cream to rise. That was then skimmed off and left to sour to be out in the barrel shaped wooden churn to be turned into butter. That was quite a chore turning the crank of the churn for sometimes up to an hour before the sour cream would turn to butter.

Even the family doctor's fee for bringing a baby into the world was a small amount of cash plus a few bushels of apples or potatoes, or perhaps some oats to feed his horse.

I recall Mother telling Alex and me that his advent into the world had cost ten dollars and a seasons supply of oats. Mine two years later had cost \$15 plus apples and potatoes.

Dad's credit was always good but he never borrowed at the bank unless it was dire necessity. The sale of this years crops took care of paying the merchants for last winters groceries, shoes and boots, and clothing. Smaller outlays such as having the horses shod were paid with farm products.

Buttermilk and the clobber or sour milk left from skimming the cream wasnt wasted but it with the buttermilk was fed to the hogs and chickens as was potato peelings and all food refuse. Some use was always found for everything on the farm.

The first freezing nights were the signal for the preparation of the winters supply of meat. Some one was sent to the next farm to borrow the huge cast iron kettle which was placed on three stones to raise it off the ground, it was filled with a couple of barrels of water and a brisk fire waslighted under it.

Like threshing hog butchering was often a neighborhood affair each farmer bringing a hog or two to bedressed and to help dress ours.

When the water came to a boil the carcass of the hog was slid into the scalding water to loosen the bristles just as chickens are put in boiling water to loosen the feathers for plucking. The carcass was rolled out on a platform alongside the kettle and the quick work of removing the bristles was begun. In those days when kerosene lamps or candles furnished the only light at night, the common iron or tin candlestick came in handy to remove the bristles. Many of them had a bottom or base like an inverted saucer the edge of which was quite sharp. The stick was grasped in the hand and the bottom edge was pulled in a downward stroke scraping the bristles loose and leaving the hide nice and clean.

As fast as the carcasses were dressed out they were hung head down by a gambrel stretched between the hind legs. The gambrel was simply a piece of stout hickory some two feet long tapered toward each end. The ends were inserted between the leg bone and the tendon and the carcass was hung on a stout pole high enough above the ground to be safe from prowlers. By morning they would be frozen hard which made them much easier to cut into hams, bacon, spareribs etc.

The next morning everyone in the family would be pressed into service preparing the meat for winter use. Dad and the boys would set to work cutting the carcasses into the different parts such as hams, shoulders, side bacon etc. The rest of the family would be busy cutting the fatty parts which would be put in kettles to try out the lard. All the smaller pieces of meat were placed apart to be made into sausage. The rib sections were left intact to be roasted as spare ribs. The loins would also be roasted intact.

We never pickled the feet as some people did but the meat was saved to be ground with any small portions in the head. These later were boiled and made into head cheese by grinding after being properly seasoned. The ground meat was pressed into bread pans and covered with melted lard to keep out the air and would keep all winter long that way.

The sausage was ground, seasoned and stored in the same manner but in earthen crocks.

The next morning Dad would mix what he called a pickle from a time tried recipe consisting of salt peter, brown sugar water, and other ingredients in which the hams, shoulders, and bacon would be covered in a tub to lie soaking before hanging in the smoke house for final curing. This was always planned to be done before warm days came.

The smoke house had a dirt floor on the middle of which a fire was started piled high with corncobs and green hickory chunks were added to them. For perhaps two weeks the house was filled with smoke before the meat was considered properly smoked. Care had to be taken to keep a smoldering fire to give the most smoke with the least heat.

My first memory of the famous old prison in Auburn came when Alex and I went with Dad to deliver a load of our hog carcasses and a few belonging to neighbors to the prison. We were met at the gates and accompanied by guards were allowed to drive through the inner gate where we turned the load over to them.

While our wagon was being unloaded we were taken on a tour of the prison. I might add here on the nickname which Alex carried all of his life which was Cop or Copper John. He was fascinated by the tall copper clad statue of a continental soldier which has stood guard high on the roof of the prison looking out across the front wall toward the city. It has stood there since 1817 when the prison was first erected. Copper John was on Alex's lips for days after that and the name stuck for life.

Another use to which the heavy iron kettle was put in those early days at Maplebrook was to break a path for sleighs after a heavy snowfall. Snow plows and motor driven vehicles had not been thought of so a long log chain would be hooked to the lugs or handles that were on either side of the top of the kettle. Our two heaviest horses were hitched to this chain to pull the kettle on its rounded bottom up one side of the road where the wheel track would be and back down the other. A good deal of the snow would be pushed aside but what remained would be packed so hard the horses could not break their way through. Most cutters drawn by one horse had the thills offset so that the horse would walk in front of one runner instead of in the middle of the road as there was a ridge in the middle of the road which the cutter straddled. Every so often the team pulling the kettle would make a bypass to allow oncoming sleighs to get out of the traveled way.

We had a flock of sheep for several years at Maplebrook. Dad took the train to somewhere near Flint Michigan and purchased the sheep and rode with them in a boxcar on the way home. One morning they were bound badly mauled by dogs so the remaining sheep were sold and that venture was ended. In those days the blacksmith shop in the village was in the building just west of the present Methodist Church. It too had been a church but I do not know what denomination. The two blacksmiths were whose names were Coral and I think Walter Austin.

Coral was a six foot giant of a man and his brother, almost as heavy was short and stocky. In the spring they went from farm to farm wherever sheep were being raised and took over the task of shearing. I can still see Coral pick a sheep up under his left arm and hold her while he sheared her with a hand shear with his right. The fleece would come off in almost a compact mass when carefully sheared and be rolled in a bundle and tied for sale.

About seven acres in the north east corner of the farm in those days was in woodlot. The trees were mostly elms but at the north end along the road were several hickory trees. It was a busy time for us children after the first frost in the fall to harvest those nuts. Alex was an active boy and would climb those trees to shake down the nuts which still held in the outer branches. The rest of us would be busy picking up what was on the ground shucking them as we went along. Alex went too far up a tree once and I can remember Jerry and me going back to the barn to get a ladder to help him down.

One day Dad went with us and as we neared the trees we surprised a man who had left his horse and buggy on the road and had picked up a couple of sacks full of the nuts. He lived down in the village but I do not know what his name was. I don't know what Dad said to him but he waved his arms and shouted "Taint stealing in broad daylight". But he emptied the bags and hustled back to his buggy without them.

Hickory nuts held an unforgettable place in our old home especially on cold Sunday evening suppers or rather lunches. We always had them in some form or other. Usually it was a bowl of cracked nuts which each of us had to pick out for ourselves to eat with a pinch of salt. Or it might be hickory nut cookies that mother had made or a layer cake with her tasty hickory nut filling. Of course there were other things like crackers or bread and milk, meat sandwiches or even a platter of scrambled eggs but the nuts were always a part of it.

In those tight income days I suspect 19 that the money contribution to the old church where we went was quite limited. It was the church which my Grandfather Lewellyn H Davis had helped build in 1825 I think for I can recall Janet being a candlebearer in 1925 for the centennial service. I remember clutching a penny as we went to church to be put in the Sunday school collection. Dad had been an Elder I think from the time the family first moved to Maplebrook and Jerry was to take his place years later.

We never missed going to church unless because of sickness so there were few Sundays that the Pastor and his family were not invited to Sunday dinner. I suspect that may have been one of our contributions although Dad always put something in the plate.

Almost without exception they could expect a chicken dinner at Maplebrook.

For a family our size there was always a big winter supply of apples stored in one part of the cellar as well as winter squash, Hubbard and others. Bushels of potatoes were there stored in crates. These were for more immediate use as the greater part of the root vegetables were piled in a conical heap on a bed of straw handy by in the garden. Straw was piled on top and the whole cone covered with about six inches of soil. A trench was dug around the base to prevent water from accumulating inside. When a new supply was needed we would burrow into the cone and bring some back to the cellar, carefully filling the hole again.

Fred Guiles bakery in the village might supply a few loaves of bread but the grocery stores of those days never carried it. Every housewife made her own.

I can still picture Mother mixing a batch of bread at night, letting it stand to rise during the night and kneading it the next morning to be put in bread pans ready to bake. The usual amount was five double loaves twice a week and was it good!

I was only eight years old when the year 1900 rolled around but I could write a book of the things which happened in the eight years living in the house where I was born.

Actually it wasn't until after my ninth birthday in 1901 that we left the old house and moved into the new one.

It is a human failing to procrastinate and go the long way round before we face up to telling of one of the most terrifying events of our lives.

It is so with me for so far I have told of things leading up to the turning point of all our lives.

Fred was born in 1897 which seemed to be the signal for an easier life and more modern ways of making a living. A farmer's search for a better life was in the offing in the forming of a cooperative milk station at Oakwood which was a station on the Lehigh Valley railroad. Looking toward this Dad modernized the cow stable in the south end of the main barn. The nucleus of a registered Jersey herd with a thoroughbred sire became reality. In the south east wing of the barn the first silo in all that part of the county was built and put into use, and living on the whole was beginning to be much easier.

By that time I had become one of the working force and helped with the daily chores.

And then one day not long before Thanksgiving day a tremendous wind started blowing from the west. Darkness came early and the wind seemed to increase in force when Charlie and I started for the barn to help with the chores. In spite of his holding on to my hand while he carried the lighted lantern with the other I could hardly keep my feet. Dad and Jerry and Alex were already busy milking when Charlie and I fed silage to the cows and then went into the main drive floor of the barn to get down hay from the mow for the horses. Before climbing into the mow Charlie carefully placed the lantern in a cleared space on the floor. We had just finished throwing down enough hay when a tremendous gust of wind made the whole barn shake and one of the doors leading the barnyard blew open. We never knew just what happened next whether the lantern was blown over or just exploded but before we could slide down from the mow the loose hay on the whole floor was

NO
PAGE 21
IN MY
COPY

There was always a nice flock of domestic mallard ducks, turkeys and white leghorn chickens at Maplebrook but that year Alex had hunted stray duck eggs that had been laid in the creek or garnered them from nests. Anyway he had been able to slip an egg or two in under setting hens and had grossed all that flock. But they were gone for he had kept them in a pen under the plank slope leading to the drive floor of the barn, and they were forgotten that night.

Another thing which I have recalled was the population of rats which we never seemed to be able to eliminate. All my life any mention of rats has grated on my sensibilities but now I am thinking of Jerry's rat terrier. I don't know who gave him to Jerry but he went a long way toward solving the rat problem.

Dad finally suggested a way to get rid of a lot of them. Grain of course what had first attracted them to the barn. Our granary was in one corner of the drive floor, practically rat proof. The door was a good solid one and he suggested that we might leave the door ajar with a stick propped against it on one side and on the other a piece of log heavy enough so that when the prop was removed it would force the door shut. They tried it one night with a long cord attached to the prop so it could be pulled loose from outside the barn.

Some of the Gaston boys who lived in the tenant house were in on this venture and Alex and I were allowed to go along. The trap was set before dark and a couple of hours later we all went out and pulled the prop. We had several lanterns so there was plenty of light and everybody was armed with a stout club. Jerry and Jean Gaston carefully opened the door wide enough to let the terrier into the granary and then slammed it shut. I was so scared that they would harm the little dog that I was afraid to look when they opened the door but he was miraculously unharmed but the floor was covered by dead rats. Even writing this gives me the creeps after all those years.

Those things all happened more than three quarters of a century ago and were I think the turning points in all our lives. The next morning after the fire immediate plans were made to start work on a new barn and that night which was a clear one after the terrible storm the air was clear and crisp and all of us boys helped Dad lay out the site for the new barn. Jerry and Alex each carried a pole and a lantern and Dad using them as guides to lay out the foundation, sighted them by lining them up with the North Star. Once that was done Charlie and I stretched Dad's surveyors chain on the line between the two poles and measured 98 feet which was to be the west wall of the barn. A chain if you will recall is four rods or sixty six feet long. That was all that was done that night but the next morning the rest of the foundation was laid out and staked for a foundation forty by ninety six feet.

Plans had already been made to have Bill Waldron move his portable sawmill into the woodlot and start sawing the elm trees into two inch planks of varying lengths as well as one inch boards. The barn was to be a hip roofed building 40'x 98' and 45' high in the peak. The timbers were made of 2" plank spiked together all were still rough sawn. The siding was of matched pine and the roof was covered with cedar shingles.

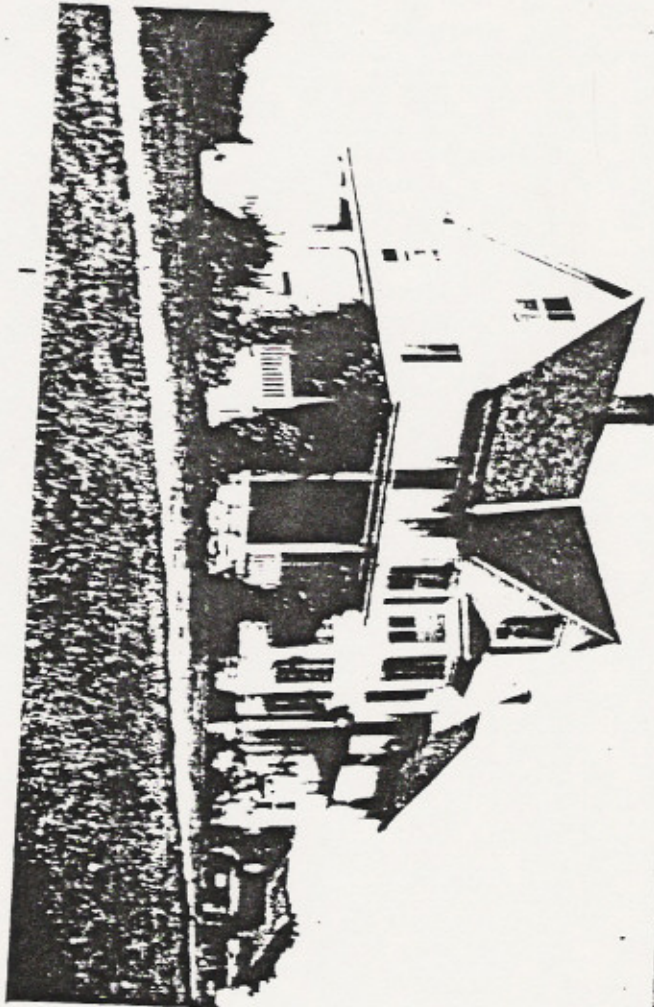
Isabel told me long afterward that Dad had been planning to build a new house and she and Jessie had helped during two winters to draw up plans for it. Years later I found those plans in the attic of the new house. They were carefully drawn in ink on sheets of wrapping paper and showed every detail of the house. I do not know where Dad planned to locate it but with the new barn construction well under way he decided to go ahead with the house too and chose the site of the old barn for it.

The new barn was a good two hundred feet east of that location so a new well with a windmill was located half way between and with them a combined creamery and ice house was located.

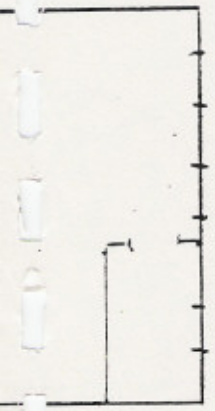
New house at Maplebrook
1901

- A Master bedroom and clothes closet
- B Living room
- C Front hall & stair to second floor
- D Front parlor
- E Enclosed stair to 2nd floor
- F Dining room
- G Pantry & dumb waiter
- H Kitchen
- I Utility & laundry room
- J Cellar stair
- K " to back bedroom (Rams pasture)
- M Front porch
- N Kitchen porch

Note; Scale of plans 10 feet to the inch

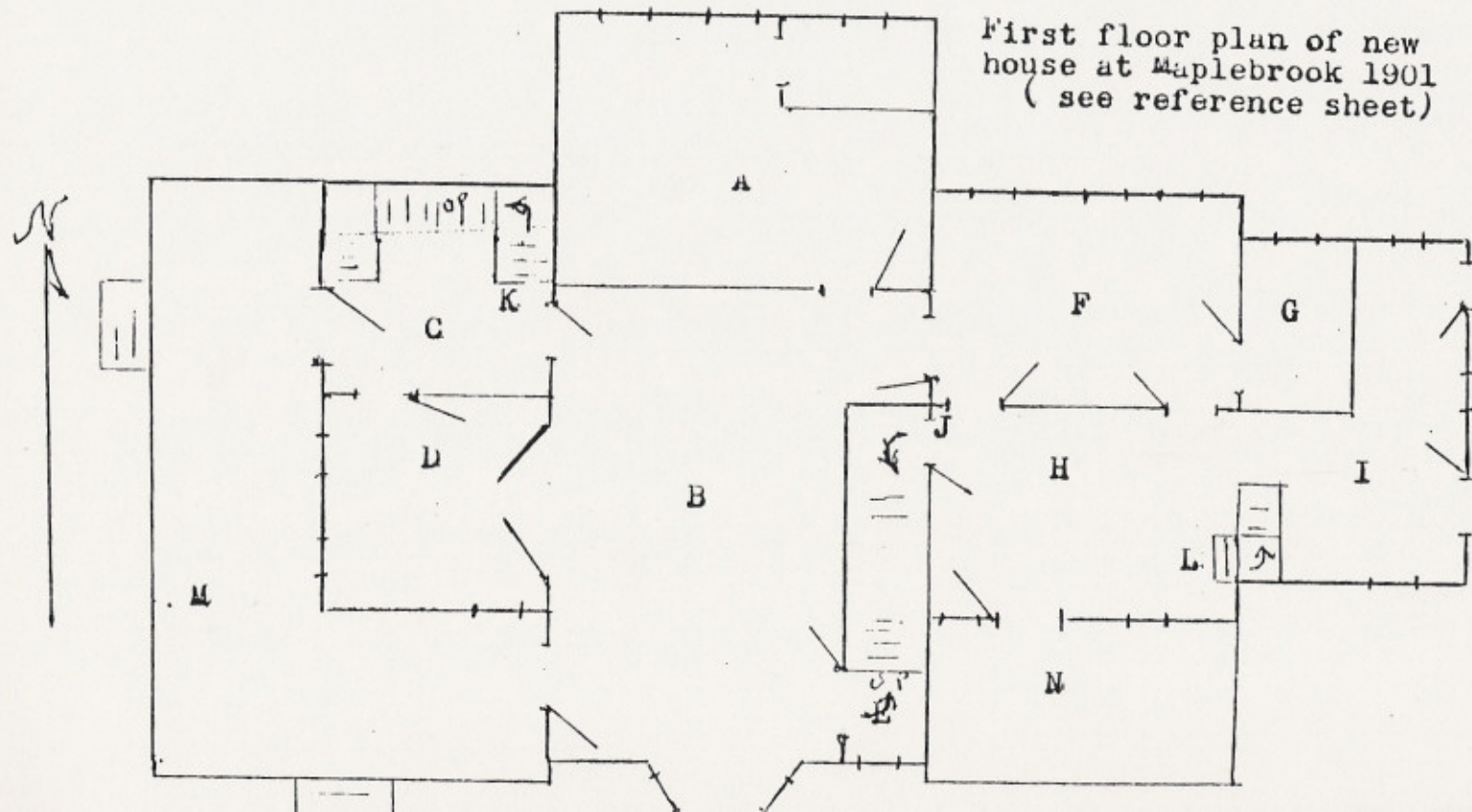


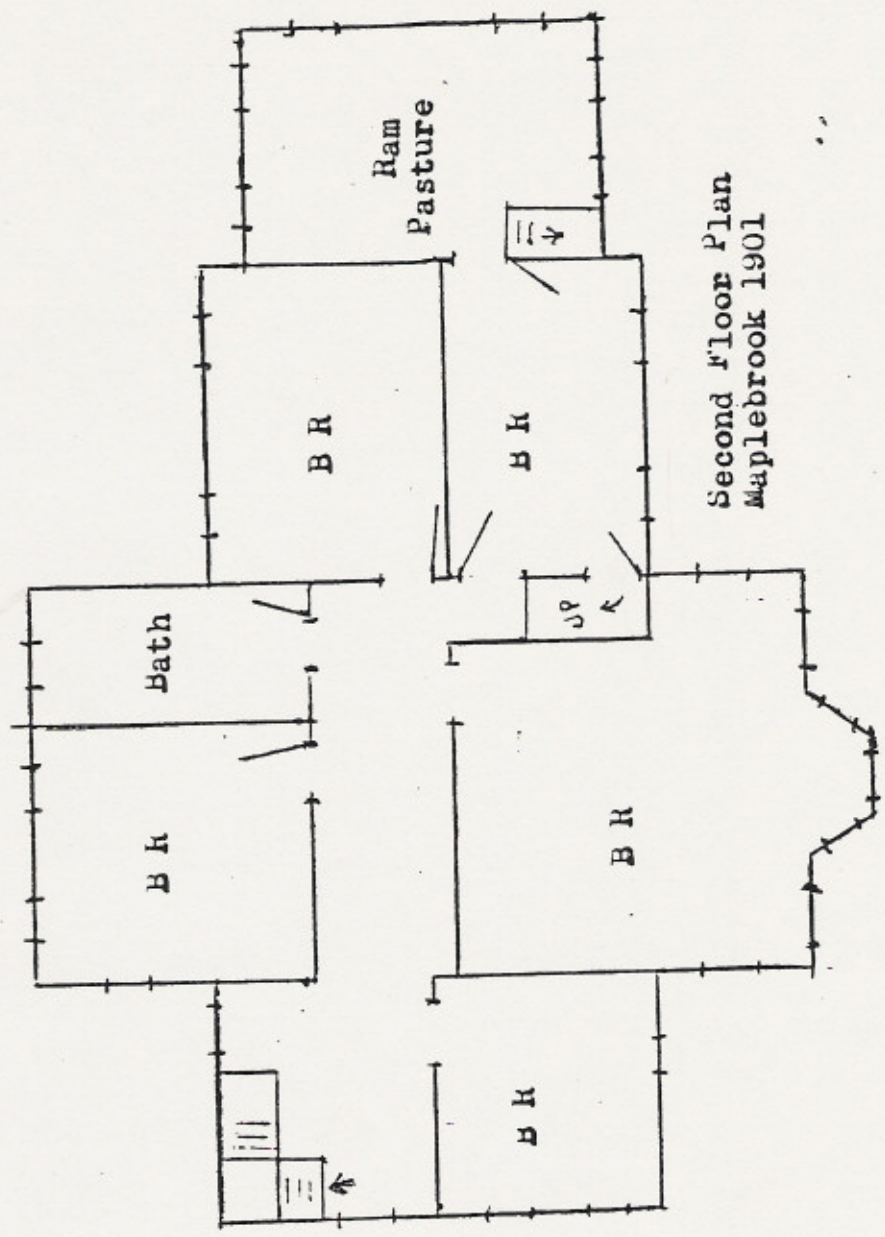
First floor plan of new
house at Maplebrook 1901
(see reference sheet)





First floor plan of new
house at Maplebrook 1901
(see reference sheet)





Second Floor Plan
Maplebrook 1901

The barn was nicely under way when ground was broken for the cellar of the new house and before crops were ready for harvesting the next year both house and barn were well enclosed. The crops would be under cover, the animals safely sheltered and we ourselves would be in the new house before Christmas of 1901 rolled around.

My Dad was a very ingenious and far sighted man and I have wondered many times how far he might have gone had not Grandpa Davis died while he was in Cornell. Dad had been there nearly two years when he was called home to take over management of the old Cherry Hill farm. That was in January of 1870 and when the family moved to Auburn Dad and Mother were married in 1875 to live on the farm and be a farmer the rest of his life.

At any rate he was as ingenious as was Uncle Charles who made a fortune with his invention of a grain drill. This showed very plainly with all the new and labor saving devices which went into both the barn and house at Maple Brook.

A new cooperative milk station and butter factory had opened at Oakwood Station which opened the way for an increased dairy so the barn was built with concrete floors in the cow stable, swing stations, and automatic drinking buckets between each two cows, and the start of a herd of thoroughbred cows and a sire.

The house was a full three story with more than ample attic space for storage space. The upper floor had six bedrooms as well as a modern bathroom and was accessible from the first floor by three stairways. The down stairs had an ample front hall and a small reception room at the west end facing the creek and the road. In the center on the south side was a large living room with a bay-window which extended up to the bedroom above. To the north of that was the Master bedroom and adjoining that on the east was the dining room and back of that a pantry with dumbwaiter leading to the cellar where the canned goods

vegetables, and an extra refrigerator were kept. At the south side of the dining room was the the kitchen with a coal range fitted with a water front and range boiler. This was to furnish water to the bathroom, the kitchen sink, and the laundry which was across the east end of the house. A tank in the garret held a supply of soft or rainwater which was pumped from the cistern below the laundry.

The era of rural electricity did not reach Maple Brook until the depression days of the New Deal but Maple Brook broke all records for that whole area for it was piped in every room for at least one acetylene burner. The generator was placed in the cellar near the outside entrance. Well do I know for it was one of the chores of Alex and me to recharge it and clean out the sludge every two weeks or so. Well water was piped into the kitchen and to the toilet in the bathroom upstairs from a supply tank in the upper part of the creamery and the rain water in the attic was pumped from the cistern by an ingenious rocker arm arrangement run by either the gasoline engine in the creamery or by the windmill.

I am not sure of the date but Rural Free Delivery of mail started for our neighborhood either in 1902 or 1903 and rural telephone the following year. The R F D and the phone both originated in Cayuga. The mailman usually reached Maple Brook about the noon hour and was always welcomed to eat dinner with us. The telephone was a ten party line and there was no chance of privacy for if your number was called you could hear click after click as others listened in on the conversation.

Altogether Maple Brook was way ahead of even the wealthiest house in Auburn who would still be struggling along with decrepit plumbing and flickering manufactured gas lamps. Our bathtub was a porcelain lined cast iron one while Uncle Charles still had a copper one like we had used in the old house. On top of that Mother never had to churn butter again.

One thing I neglected to mention when I was describing the new house was the heating plant. The cellar was a good deep one with concrete floor and a separate room for apple, and vegetable storage. In the main part was an extra large Lenox hot air furnace which was piped to every room in the house so there was no more need of feather ticks or extra blankets in the winter time. The fire door was large enough to take wood chunks a foot in diameter although in severe weather hard coal was used.

Before bad weather set in in 1901 the barn was completed and all the live stock was in good warm quarters. The house was practically finishen and most of the things had been moved from the old house so that we could celebrate our first christmas there.

The whole family was home for that, Sue from Cortland Normal and Eliza from hernurses course in Long Island Hospital, in Brooklyn. That was one of our white christmases and everybody piled into the bobsleds to go to the Big Gully for a christmas tree which was set up in the small reception room or parlor which had double doors opening into the living room. It was before the days of electric candles but was well decorated with tinsel and strings of popcorn and an ample number of tiny christmas candles which were unlighted until Christmas eve. When lighted it was a strict rule that the tree be watched closely and never left unguarded. The only thing the new house lacked was a fireplace but we younger folks still hung our stockings in convenient places. If we had been good during the past year we could expect an orange in the toe but if the record was bad we found nothing but a lump of coal.

That first Christmas dinner was all the family present including Uncle Charlie and our three ants and of course a mammoth turkey. The Christmas after the fire a year before had been a subdued one but this was a harbinger of the wonderful years ahead.

Charlie of course was the oldest of us children, then came the five sisters whose birthdays were two years apart. In the years that followed they were becoming young ladies, one by one. And the summer weekends were alive with suitors in their white trousers and straw skimmer hats.

Bicycling was at its peak and in fact there was a cinder path running all the way from Auburn to Cayuga village reserved only for bicyclers. I do not know the number of the present road but it is the extension of West Genessee St. It was on the north side of the road and it ran along side of the fair grounds which were about where the present Hope Works are now. There was a fine for anyone using it other than bicyclers.

Sue had met a young man in Cortland Normal School by the name of Charles M Morse, Eliza was busy in training to be a nurse in Long Jessæ Coburns Hospital, Jessæ had just finished a business course in Auburn Business School. Isabel was about to enter Cortland Normal and Polly was still in High School.

Jessie had an ardent beau named George Roberts who lived with his family on a farm west of Port Byron. He and his father owned a very nice steam propelled yacht which they moored in the widewaters of the Erie Canal near the village. Quite often they would take trips west via canal to Mud Lock where they could enter the Seneca River and on into the outlet of Cayuga Lake. George would have his bicycle aboard and would leave the boat at Cayuga and wheel the six miles to Maple Brook.

One Saturday afternoon the phone rang asking for Dad. The voice at the other end said "This is the police in Cayuga, do you know a young man named George Roberts? We have just had to arrest him for scorching on the village streets. If you can vouch for him we will let him be on his way."

There were no cinderpaths on the six miles up from Cayuga but he made it in fast time and I dont think he ever got over the ribbing we younger folks gave him. Nobody thought to năckname him Scorchier.

So many things happened in those first years of the new century it would take me a long while to recount them.

In the late summer of 1901 Charlie, Sue, Charles Morse and several others of their friends went to the Pan American exposition in Buffalo not long before President McKinley was assassinated there. Those were the days of floppy raffia hats which the girls wore themselves. Charlie came home with an immense Mexican sombrero and I have wondered many times since whatever became of it.

Susie had made many friends in Cortland and during the summer half a dozen or more young couples of them rented a cottage on Hibiscus Beach north of the present Marina. That really was an innovation and I can remember their going swimming with the men in full length bathing suits and the girls in dark suits with skirts hiding their bloomers.

Up at Maplebrook the new house was about completed, the grounds were being graded and seeded. A wisteria vine was growing by the kitchen porch and Charlie had planted a lovely white birch at the bottom of the slope north of the house. A new bridge was built and a gravel driveway constructed leading to the barn and some thirty feet from the house.

For the first time at Maplebrook Dad had a regular monthly check coming in from our milk which was taken every morning in 40 quart cans to the butter factory at Oakwood. Dad had started the beginning of a pure bred jersey herd whose milk averaged better than 5% butter fat and the checks grew as the herd increased. Gone were the days of meeting a winter's bill for groceries or shoes which had piled up during the winter.

I remember that first winter helping fill the new ice house with 18" thick slabs of ice which were cut and hauled from the lake at Union Springs. That was a real innovation and homemade ice cream was always on tap from then on during the hot summers.

Before the turn of the century Dad had planted a large orchard of peach trees north of the old house and a large orchard of prune and plum trees east of the apple orchard. As I am able to recall there were 300 peach trees, 18 hundred plums of several varieties and 300 Italian prune trees.

In 1902 after we had moved into the new house the back part of the old house was torn down and the main building moved to the edge of the apple orchard just north of the new barn. The upstairs was used from then on for storing all sorts of things while the ground floor housed some machinery at one end and the west end was kept for a carpenter and repair shop. A large chicken house was built east of the old house.

The peach trees came into bearing first and Dad won several prizes at the State Fair from their luscious fruit. The plum trees were due for picking in 1903 and Charlie came home one day early in the spring with several hundred 8 pound baskets which had been made in a basket shop over beyond Sherwood. The handles had not been place in them and it was the job of us boys to do that. They were soaked thoriughly in a tub of water so they would bend easily and then placed in the sides of the basket and nailed with two sizes of tacks or nails. I have had an idiosyncrasy all my life since for the touch of such things as the fuzz on a peach or the roughness of a newly sawed board just from handling those rough elm handles. We put handles on all the baskets and there was a big supply left.

With the coming of spring the ice broke up in the creek and it became a raging torrent. Alex and I were ready for that for in our spare time we had shaped a keel and nailed basket handles to it for ribs and covered the whole with canvas to make a canoe. At the height of the run off we sneaked it through the orchard and launched it in the creek. It was a fast and short voyage for just before we reached the turn to the arch bridge we were swept broadside against some willows in a shallow part

and dumped into the icy water. The stream was wide and shallow there and we waded safely to shore and scurried back through the orchard to the house. There was a great hue and cry for for someone had seen us launch the canoe and when they got there neither boys nor canoe was to be seen. We didnt get a whipping for we were scared enough. Later that day the water had subsided and we found the canoe lodged upside down on a boulder just below the arch bridge.

Years later I had a canoe of my own, a 15 foot Oldtown one in which Frank Morse, Elmer Gardner, and I paddled from Union Springs to Ithaca for Spring Day Celebrations at Cornell. We stopped at Taughannock Falls over night on the way up but made it in one day going home.

There was a bumper crop of both plums and prunes that first year and Dad hired all the neighbor help there was to help pick them. I do not know how many baskets were packed and covered covered with thin woods lids but they were finally put aboard a freight car on the Lehigh Valley and shipped to a commission merchant in Philadelphia. In due time Dad got a letter from them saying the market had slumped and t there was only enough profit from them to cover the freight. He never shipped any again but in the years to come the orchard was open to all who would pick their own fruit to come and do so for a small charge. Dad beside being an ingenious man was like Mother a very generous one and to people who drove a long distance to pick the fruit he would refuse any payment and invite them to come another year.

The prunes however ripened much later than did the plums and were really a valuable crop and Dad got fair prices for them. They were delicious if allowed to hang on the tree through the first frost which somehow doubled their sweetness. Mother never bothered with canning or preserving the plums but did can a great many quarts of the frosted prunes and made several jars of prune jam or as she called it "prune duff".

In the center of the plum orchard was a great shag bark hickory whose nuts were large, the shells almost white and very easy to crack. It was one of a very few on the farm and I wonder if it is still standing there. Below it Jerry and Alex and neighbor boys had built a rough boarded shanty which was a rallying spot for a select few. It had a small stove and one lookout window and was haven for a very select few. I can remember their cooking a supper of raised dough fritters in a pot of hot lard and were they good drowned with maple syrup. That I know is long gone and alas I am the only one left to remember it.

In 1906 late in the summer after all the crops were in, Jerry, Alex, and I with several other boys set up a big tent on the beach of Cayuga just south of the mouth of Dills Creek. Campers came and went but after we had been there less than a week Jerry was taken quite ill and was taken home. It turned out to be the dread Infantile Paralysis and Jerry nearly lost the use of both legs. The crippling effect was most often in the knees. Jerry's were both affected but in time he regained their use but was handicapped for the rest of his life. Fred our littlest brother however was stricken in the left knee and went on crutches for twelve years or so when he went to Childrens Hospital in Boston wher Eliza was then supervisor. There he had an operation on the knee which had become locked from lack of use. They fitted him with a brace which extended to a heavy lit shoe and had a locking arrangement at the knee so he was able to walk the rest of his life. A neighbor boy named Eugene Daily was afflicted in both knees. He was never able even to use crutches and it was a pitiful sight to see him going about their yard on his hands and knees. It was a blessing that he lived only a few years.

In 1907 at that exact spot where we had been camping, or just off shore from it, one of the tragic events of my youth took place. The famous old sidewheeler Frontenac which made a daily round trip from Cayuga to Ithaca, caught fire in a terrific west wind. They headed for

shore but grounded quite a ways out and of the more than fifty people aboard eight were not able to reach shore because of the extremely high breakers and were drowned. For years the ironwork wreckage was visible sticking up out of the water as a reminder of the tragedy.

Of us ten children only three were married at Maplebrook. Susie and Charles Morse were married there on July 5th 1906 and Jessie and George Roberts were married the day after Christmas of that same year. Eleven years later Isabel and Bert Taber were married out on the front lawn on the 10th of August 1917. Four year old Cornelia Morse was flower girl while two year Naomi Davis insisted in taking part in that duty. Now they are both grandmothers.

After 1906 the whole family was seldom all together again. After 1911 I myself spent only parts of two years there.

Even Polly who was the last of the girls to leave the nest when she went to Mechanics Institute in Rochester for a course training her as a cafeteria manager.

Jerry and Mattie were married on March 6 1912, a snowy March day in her brother Ben's home on Clark St Auburn. They spent their first years working the old Shannon Davis farm over on the Town Line Road opposite the Patterson farm. The farm belonged to Uncle Charlie at the time and was a real job for Jerry with his lameness to tackle.

Dad was in his late sixties and Maplebrook was getting to be too much for him to manage so Jerry and Mattie came back home and Janet was borne there Aug 16, 1915. In fact all their girls were born while they lived at Maplebrook.

Fred graduated from Cornell Law School in the early twenties and was assistant to Judge Mosher in Auburn as clerk of the Childrens Court. Polly too had come back to Auburn not for work in a cafeteria but in partnership with Mrs Romig in a thriving business canning fruit and making jams and jellies. Dad and Mother went to live with her on Bostwick Avenue near where Glad and I lived on Woodlawn. Our oldest daughter, Jean was born that fall in Crouse Irving Hosp

and took her first steps one evening in her Grandma's living room to the delight of all of us. Mom says she was a chunky baby and was nine months old when that happened.

My mother died in that apartment on May 22, 1922 just eleven days after her 66th birthday. I was in Crouse Irving Hospital recovering from an abdominal operation but five days after the operation I was able to get back to Auburn the night before she died. That and her funeral three days later are the most unforgettable happenings of my life.

She lies beside my Dad in the old Family plot in Fort Hill Cemetery near the grave of the man for whom I was named, my grandfather Llewellyn Howell Davis. He was a great friend of Secretary Seward and their family plots lie along side each other.

That was the first break in the Maplebrook family since Dad and Mother were married a few months over a century ago. The story of their lives together is most exemplary. She was a small town girl of 19 when they married with little knowledge of farm life. To raise ten children and face all the difficulties of life on a farmback in that other century cannot be imagined. But Dad and Mother did it and now their descendents number over a hundred and a half. We of this century can hardly grasp the magnitude of that, we whose families do not average more than three children.

I do not have the date when Jerry and Mattie moved to Union Springs but for some years the farm was in the hands of tenants and rather than pay taxes it was sold.

After Mother's death Dad, Poly, and Fred moved to North Street where they lived until the last of the older generation had died.

Many icy floods have coursed down under the bridges of Maplebrook since Alex and I launched our fragile canoe. Many wars have been fought and won. Countless unbelievable discoveries have been made but the green acres of Maplebrook are as inviting as they were when I first remember it.

Thus ends the saga of Maplebrook. I am the last of the family who came there nearly a century ago and made it their home for nearly a half century.

Would that my parents were alive to enjoy the fruits of their labors. It was a tremendous task to raise a family of ten children back in those years but each of us lived a full life.

We presented our parents with 25 grandchildren of whom 23 are still living and have married which added 60 descendants to the family.

Twenty of the great grand children have married adding 21 to the fourth generation. That makes a total of 114 living descendants of John and Mary.

There is an old saying "All of those who join a family by marriage are as truly a part of it and are as dearly loved as are the brothers and sisters who married them. There could be no progeny without them and the Family Tree would wither and die."

There have been 63 who have joined us that way 50 of whom are still living so if we were to consider ourselves as a clan the Maplebrook Clan would encompass 164 living souls. Through the Davis name alone, our youngest arrivals can trace their ancestors through nine generations here in America. And that is a proud thing in this Bi-Centennial Year.

