

## WHO WE ARE



Dewey & Margaret, Fred & Gladys, Mary & Earl, Jessie & Sam

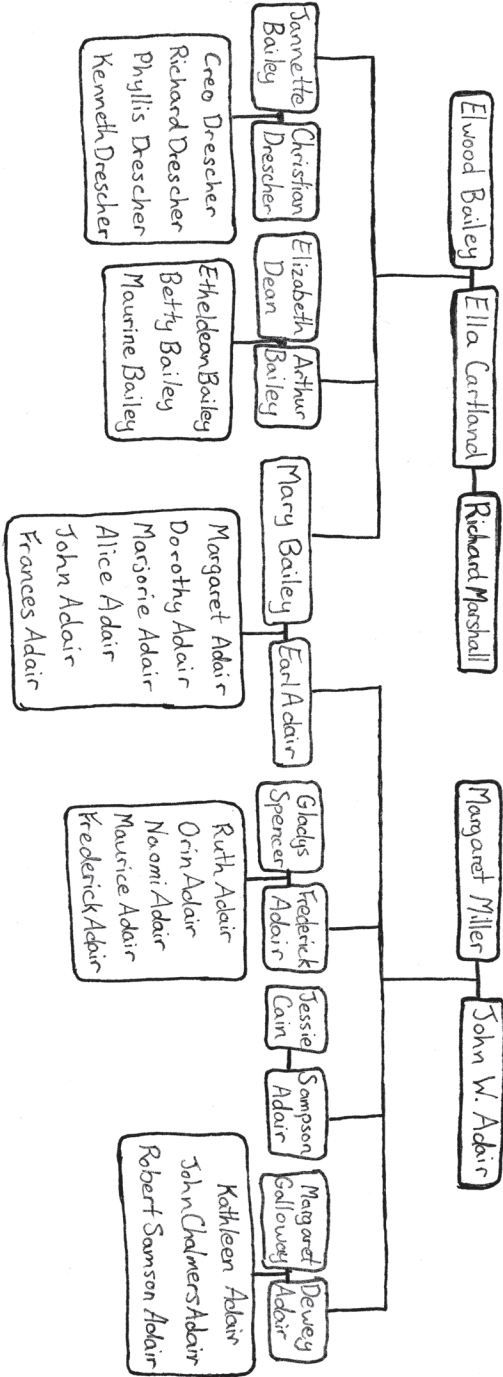


J.W. and Mararet Jane Adair



Grandpa and Grandma Marshall  
and Grand Kids

# Our Family



## Ella Cartland, Elwood Bailey, and Richard Marshall

In the late 1880's, Ella Cartland married Elwood Bailey in Maine. Their children were Arthur, Jennette and Mary. Soon after Mary was born, Elwood lost his life in a woolen mill accident. His obituary tells of his high standing in the community. Ella and the children moved to her parent's home. Dress-making provided her livelihood.

Some years later Ella moved to Des Moines, Iowa and married Richard Marshall. They lived in the house that had formerly been the home of Iowa's first governor. She always had cookies ready for neighborhood children who came to hear the Bible stories she loved to share with them.

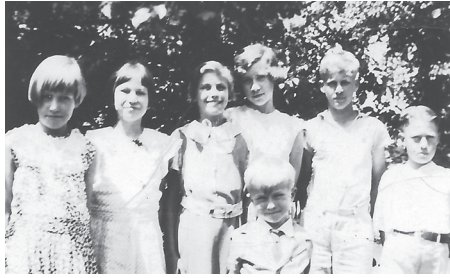
## Margaret Jane Miller & John Wesley Adair

Margaret, better known as Maggie, attended a prep school in Toledo, Iowa to learn about the arts. There she took piano and painting classes among other studies. She was a hard worker and often quoted the saying "Cleanliness is next to Godliness." She had us digging dandelions, scrubbing floors, washing the walls, and other jobs to 'tidy' up the home. While bedridden, two days before her death, Grandma pointed meaningfully to a corner of the room and said "Spiders."

John Wesley was called either J.W. or Wes. I don't recall anyone ever calling him John. He held the respect of everyone. His favorite poem "Let me live in a house by the side of the road and be a friend to man" depicted his way of life, and that of many neighboring farmers. He loved to joke with visitors; greeting them with "Make yourself at home. I'm at home and wish you were too" and "Next time you get within a mile of our place, stop." These were always said with a straight face and a twinkle in his eye.

## Jennette Bailey and Christian Drescher

Aunt Jennette and Uncle Chris had four children: Creo, Richard, Phyllis, and Kenneth. They owned a large apartment building in Des Moines and lived in the basement. They visited us during the summer and occasionally at Christmas time. Phyllis always liked to go with us to the southeast corner of the farm and search for wild flowers. Dad would often invite Kenneth to stay the whole summer, as he was a great help on the farm. Richard puttered with the farm machinery, learning how it all worked. He would later become an engineer for Boeing.



Alice, Dorothy, Phyllis, Margaret, Richard, Kenneth & John

## Elizabeth Dean and Arthur Bailey

Uncle Arthur, Aunt ‘Bess’ Bailey and their three girls, Etheldean, Betty and Maurine, lived in Siam during the 1920’s. During that time, Arthur was teaching Physics classes at Bangkok University. They returned to the States and settled in California. One summer they visited us, and we took them on a tour of our farm. Later, letters kept the family connected.

## Mary Bailey and Earl Adair

Mary was born in Maine. During her youth she lived with either her Aunt Mary and Uncle Frank Cartland, or Cousin Lucy Graham. After graduating from Farmington Normal (now Farmington University) she taught in a one-room school at Skowhegan, Maine. This was known as “the jumping-off place” because the rail line ended there. Mary came to live with her folks in Des Moines and to attend Drake University. After graduating, she accepted a teaching position in Redding where she met Dad. Whenever we grumbled about a bad day we were having, whether a damaged toy or spilled milk, Mom would say, “What’s done is done, now get on with today.” I’ve gratefully carried that saying throughout life.

Earl was born on the farm where he lived all his life. He and his dad, J.W. Adair, worked side by side successfully. He was a good neighbor, lending a hand where necessary, such as rounding up straying cattle. His saying: “If you can’t say something nice, don’t say anything.” was frequently heard. He and Mary were loved and respected members of the community. His nephew Maurice once wrote: “Earl cut through the complexities of life and made every thing sound simple. To milk a few cows at the barn with Earl would do a person more good than a dozen psychiatric treatments.”

Earl and Mary had six children: Margaret, Dorothy, Marjorie, Alice, John and Francis. Sadly, Marjorie and Francis lived only a few weeks.



Margaret (1921) enjoyed life and brought enjoyment wherever she went. A competent one to fix whatever was needed. She was a secretary, beautician, and seamstress. She married Marvin Kruse and they are the parents of four happy, congenial children: Thomas, Linda, Nancy and Richard. They have welcomed six grandchildren.

Dorothy, (1922) That's me. The author of this book! I'm grateful for my life with my family on the farm. Throughout the years I have enjoyed writing, piano playing, and creating artwork; sketching and Chinese Brush Painting in particular. Throughout my 20 years of teaching elementary school, I always loved doing creative projects with the children. My stories have been published in magazines and newspapers. After growing up on the farm, I met and married Walter Gonick and moved to Connecticut. We have three children, Peter, Marie and Diane. They have given us six grandchildren and also three greats, wonderful! I now live with my daughter Diane's family in Massachusetts.

Alice (1926) blended into each group she was a part of, especially in sports. She saw the best in everyone, and wasn't critical. Miss White, her 3<sup>rd</sup> grade teacher wrote in her autograph book "to continue to, as the song says, stay as sweet as you are;" and she has. She is compassionate and thoughtful. When asked about the farm, Alice says "You can take the gal out of the farm, but you can never take the farm out of the gal."



Alice with Horses

## Dorothy Adair Gonick

She taught physical education for a number of years, and then became the health education supervisor of the Milwaukee school system. She married Ralph Johnson, and they have one daughter, Helen. Helen married Michael Cole and became a NASA engineer, and have given Alice three grand children.

John (1929) has always been a deep thinker. Very active as a child, he was promised a nickel if he'd sit quietly for five minutes but never earned it. John married Rosemarie Steffen, and together they have four boys: John Steffen (Steve), Tilman Kai, Axel and Torsten. John and Rosemarie now have six grandchildren. John's greatest passion is the Montessori Method of education. He started his own school when his children came of age, and in the fifty years since, has continued this work. He is now focusing on bringing the Montessori approach to senior centers. Today he recalls many life-lessons in his Toastmasters speeches.



The Dreschers and Adairs

## Frederick Adair and Gladys Spencer

Fred and Gladys lived with their children Ruth, Orin, Naomi, Maurice and Freddie in Indianola, Iowa. Fred was an entrepreneur. He sold washing machines off the back of his car, and even created a candy company in his basement.

Ruth's artistic talent was evident in all she did. I recall watching her sketch a scene of our farm when I was a young girl. I was bothered because she did not include all the knots and blemishes of the fence posts. She wanted to show the structure and beauty she saw in the posts, and I believe she saw the beauty in everyone and things, rather than the "knots and blemishes." I am grateful for Ruth's example of always looking for the beauty in daily life.

Orin was meticulous in everything he did. One summer on the farm, he chipped sections of the former sidewalk blocks to form a walkway from the kitchen to the cellar door. Whenever we were sent to the cellar for a jar of food, we thanked Orin for the dry walkway. Orin flew airplanes in WWII, and went on to become a successful salesman and business owner.

Naomi was a person to emulate, always seeming to know what and how to do the needful thing. As a child I was often in awe of her many talents, self-confidence and industriousness. Her keen eye and ready laughter were part of the projects she pursued. One example was researching the genealogy of our family tree. She has given us a wonderful gift of knowledge of our heritage.

Maurice spent many summers on the farm. He was happiest when helping with the horses and farm work. We had fun with his many tricks and jokes. We thought of him as our brother, and wished he could stay on the farm year-round.

Freddie was the youngest in their family, always following his big brother around the farm. He was a handsome youngster and his curly hair was envied by us girls. On our farm, he especially liked collecting the eggs, but didn't like being pecked by the protective mother hens. While he was still quite young, his mother Gladys became ill with cancer. I recall the attentive care that Freddie lavished on her.

## Sampson Adair and Jessie Cain

Uncle Sam and Aunt Jessie lived in Colorado. Sam was passionate about cars, and owned an auto shop. They had no children of their own, but all of us and our cousins let them claim us as their kids. We'd look forward to their visits. They were always ready to play a game, or tell a tale, or take us for a long drive over the hills. They were a much loved Uncle and Aunt.

## Dewey Adair and Margaret Galloway

Uncle Dewey and Aunt Margaret lived in a suburb of Chicago with their three children, Kathleen, John Chalmers, and Robert Samson. Both Dewey and Margaret were praiseworthy teachers. They came each summer and split the time with their other grandparents, the Galloway's.

Kathleen found a place in my heart when her mom trusted me to cradle her in my arms. Such a precious, dainty little one. A few summers later she gathered clover stems, braided them into lanyards, and twined them in our hair. She showed us how to make hollyhock dolls by turning a full blown hollyhock blossom upside down for a skirt and sticking a bud into its center for its head. We made several dolls that added cheer to our dinner table. Years later I was happy to have Kathleen sing at my wedding to Walter Gonick.



Dorothy Adair Gonick

John Chalmers and our brother John Wesley were great buddies throughout the summer. They spent work time taking care of the turkeys. Feeding, watering, and seeing to their safety kept them busy. While milking the cows, he often joined in on the math and spelling games we played with Dad. He grew up to be a doctor, focusing in anesthesiology.

Robert Samson was called Sammy. He and Grandma Adair often made up funny stories and ended each by shouting: "And the boiler burst!" causing everyone to laugh. Dewey regaled us with stories of his summers on a Dude Ranch which led Sammy to dream of becoming a cowboy. He asked for cowboy boots one Christmas and got them. He wore them everyday. He grew up to become a truck driver.



Robert Samson Adair

*A Kaleidoscope of Memories*



Phyllis, John and Dorothy, 1945



Dad Fishing; early 1960's



Dad and Mom at Ringgold County, Iowa Centennial, 1955

## Acknowledgments

Storytelling has fascinated me since childhood. After years of listening to Mom read books to us kids, it seemed natural to write my own stories and poems as an elementary school teacher. I am grateful that fellow teacher, Mike Gannon, invited me to join his writer's group. Mike's well-written passages inspired me to write thoughtfully. His insightful comments on my efforts were most helpful. Thank you, Mike.

Audrey Linke, a member of Mike's group, became a good friend and we continue to share our writings. It's heartwarming to read her books about the experiences of servicemen in World War II.

Thanks to Andy Reynolds, for publishing my monthly column "Nature as a Mirror," in his newspaper *The Peoples Press* for eleven years. I have always admired Andy's commitment to the community. Through his years while running the paper, he only accepted ads from local Connecticut businesses.

After moving to Massachusetts, I became a member of the *Berkshire Writer's Room*. Its members have critiqued many of the stories in this book. Thanks to those who have shared their wisdom:

W.C. Wampler, for his love of poetry, and as an able facilitator of the Poetry Group.

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Most of all, I am grateful for the recollections of my siblings; Margaret Kruse, Alice Johnson, and John Adair; along with classmate Amah Lou Schreiber. Recalling the many events and happiness that we shared was a joy.

Dorothy Gonick