

10 March 1988
Annandale, VA.

Dear Alice,

This sounds like a pretty good project, and I think everyone will be interested in getting a copy!

The Hendrickson reunion will be July 26 (2 PM) to August 1 (2 PM) at Springbrook State Park lake, 9 miles north of Guthrie Center, IA. We know this is very close to John Adair's cabin. Thought everyone could come to Springbrook Park on Saturday, July 30 and bring a cover dish for the picnic dinner at "noonish". There will be plenty of beds in the cabins at Springbrook or people may want to go on to John's cabin. They need to bring their own blankets & sheets at Springbrook Park. Hope we can see people, and they, our family, at this time. I plan to send out letters to everyone soon.

Whenever I remember, Grandma Adair, (Margaret Jane Miller), I think "Where there's a will there's a way", you remember her grandchildren all grew up during the "Deep Depression" and she encouraged all of us to get educations and do the things we really wanted to do in our lives by constantly telling us we could do anything and be anything we wanted by ending her talks with "Where there's a will, there's a way! This has been a great moving power in my life as I started college, not knowing how I could pay for it, & not even registered!, But I graduated. It meant knocking on lots of sorority & fraternity & neighbors doors selling home made candy to do this, and Daddy traded a vacuum cleaner to finish paying my tuition that first semester. My parents then took me to visit the Hoffman family east of Reading, and they gave me their Hoffman scholarship for my second year at college.

For my 3rd & 4th year at Simpson College, I had made good enough grades that I was given the Gardner Cowles scholarship, and I graduated in June 1939 from Simpson College with a B.S. degree majoring in home economics. Having this degree has given me confidence in my home making, and raising a children, and knowing at any time I could support my family if the need arose.

Three or four years ago (1984) I planned a Hendrickson Reunion for us & our eight children and wives and husbands and our 29 grandchildren to be held at Boulder, Colorado. As we all were scattered around the coasts of the U.S.A., and many had been out of work, or just getting into jobs and having big families, they all were struggling financially. I realized how important it was that each member feel a part of a larger family, then their own small unit, I again said to myself "Where is there's a will there's a

way!” and I began thinking of how many could me raised to accomplish this Reunion. Although about everyone said I was a “dreamer”, this it couldn’t be done, I started taking care of 4 babies in my home daily earning over \$1000 a month. I was able to contribute \$6000 toward the expenses of getting the family together for a week at Boulder, Colorado, 1985, making it possible for every member to attend. So again I proved what Grandma Adair firmly espoused - “Where there’s a will there’s a way!!”

Another thing I can hear her saying is “Eat it! It’s good for your digestion!” or “It’s good for your bowels”, or, “If you don’t have your health you don’t have anything.” She used to set me and my brothers and sister down at our round oak dining room table (I wonder where that table is today!! Would love to have it.) and hand each one of us kids a qt fruit jar filled with cold water and tell us we couldn't get up and play until we had drank

the whole quart of water! I would be so full of water by the end of drinking I never quite knew whether it was going to stay down or come up! Ha! But it was good for my bowels! Ha. One day after a week of her working cleaning houses in Des Moines (she was in her 60's) she came to Indianola to visit with us, and she asked "Naomi, do you drink beer? "I was shocked! "No grandma I'd never drink beer!" She said, "Well, Naomi, I never go out and buy beer, but if anyone offers me some I drink it! I hear it's good for your digestion."

She always said, "When I can't work I want to die." Now that I'm 70 years old I feel the same way. Luckily, I've had fairly good health so I can work: As you know Grandpa & Grandma did work until only a few months before they died - both being in their mid-80's.

Grandma believed in learning something every day. So at age 72 she and grandpa got bulletins from the county agent which told him to raise turkeys. After studying them, and talking to Hiatt's, who were turkey raising neighbors, they ordered 500 baby turkeys. They did quite well for 2 or three years, and gradually enlarged their orders until they got 5000 turkey chicks. The turkeys were grown, but just waiting for Thanksgiving to sell, when a terrible storm arose and the hard wind and rains pounded the turkeys right down to the mud and they were drowning. Earl and Mary called Fred and Gladys up, 80 miles north, to come help save the turkeys. Most of them had drowned, so they spent day and night, plunging them in hot water and plucking those turkeys in order to save the meat, and sell the cleaned turkeys. After that, at age 75 or 76, they decided they didn't want to raise any more turkeys! They lived in the little farm house during those days – the house, where I was born, and I

think Maurice & Orin, also. Not sure where Ruth was born, however.

Grandma encouraged Ruth in her painting and when Ruth painted while still at home it very often was in the middle of the night. Grandma would bring a tray of grapes, fruits and beverages for her to have to keep up her strength as she painted for hours until she would be finished.

Grandma wanted her grandchildren to be warm, and when Naomi had no winter coat to wear in college in the bitter Iowa winters, she took her out and bought her a cloth coat for \$12 – which represented 12 days work for her!! She also bought Naomi a woolen knitted dress for 9\$. These kept Naomi warm for 2 years. Then Naomi dyed the knitted suit, and wore the suit the second color for the last two years of college. She also brought old men's suits and clothes from people she worked for in Des Moines, down

to my mother, to remodel and recycle for clothes for me. So the clothes I wore in college were from that source. When I graduated from college, they put my picture in the yearbook with a statement about me as "Having that distinctive Adair charm for her neatness and cleanliness." Ha! So guess the clothes not only kept me warm and covered my body modestly, but must have been liked by others.

I remember how frugal grandma Adair was, and how she not only patched table cloths, and clothes, but she patched the patches, when the original patches wore out! I've saved some examples of them as they are precious to me.

One day I was visiting grandma in her home in Indianola. It was 1924 and I was 6 years old and had just arrive from my home in the "little house" on the farm. I was rubbing the arm of the chair which I had, which had a plush covering. She was

very kind, but said “Naomi, don't rub the material. You're wearing it out”. That's the first time I realized material wore out and I never forgot it. I've always been conscious of things much more since then - & been careful not to give them rough treatment.

Grandma believed in being prepared for her funeral, and from time to time would set aside a black crepe dress to be buried in, letting her grandchildren or children know where it was in case she died. As time would go on, she'd pick out another black dress to put aside, and wear the old one. I was unable to be at grandma's funeral as I lived in Wyoming, and she died in Redding, Iowa, but no doubt she was dressed in a black crepe dress. And about 15 years later, Margaret, Alice and Dorothy Adair were down in the farm at the big home sorting through all of the many boxes of grandma's things, and decided to send me one of those black crepe dresses, set

aside wrapped in tissue paper, tied up in a white dress box. I guess Grandma forgot where she put it so never wore it.

Although Grandma and Grandpa (“Wes” and “Maggie” Adair) never talked to me about their beliefs of God and religion, they both showed me that they did believe there was an almighty God, and they believed in praying to Him for help and guidance. Grandma never wrote a letter, or even a card, to me, or my family that she didn't end by "thanking God for his blessings" and stating she "prayed for me or us." Grandpa worked for years in the Redding, Iowa Methodist church, keeping the records and the money in good order. I heard my Dad say once that if the books didn't balance, Grandpa would put in enough money to make it balance. I can't verify that that was true, however.

Grandmas father Horatio Thompson Miller, on one of his last visits to his native home south of

Lexington, Rockbridge Co, VA gave \$1000 grant to A.R.P. (Associate Reformed Presbyterian) Broad Creek Church. This fund is still in the Lexington Bank drawing interest which the church uses to help keep it up, to this very day. This shows he had a great love for his old Virginia church, which is the main church for those Millers, who still live there in Virginia. Almost all members are Millers and their descendants. Horatio's grandfather William Miller had donated the land for that church when he was a young man. It's about 7 miles west and north of Horatio's great grandfathers plantation. The Emigrant Henry Miller came from Londonderry, Ireland, since no religious freedom could be found in Ireland, and his grandfather before him had fled Scotland to Londonderry, along with many others of our forefathers, because they were covenantors of the Presbyterian faith, and would not recognize Henry VIII, or the Pope, as the head of Gods church on earth. So our

ancestors have always been very independent, religious, God-fearing people who loved the Lord.

I think the Adair's were a family who loved God, too, and made church socials, a center of their life as well.

Grandpa John Wesley Adair, – just by his very name given him by his parents, indicates that his parents were Methodists and admired Charles and John Wesley, founders of the Methodist Church.

Grandpa could tell more jokes than about anyone I ever knew! We start to do something, and he say “this reminds me of a joke!” and he’d tell a joke. He kept me laughing all the time.

Yet Grandpa was very serious and felt very deeply about his children. Mom & Dad would drive us kids from Indianola to the farm south of

Redding frequently to see him. He'd help us kiddies into the car, kiss us all goodbye, and the tears would start rolling! He'd stand there, waving and crying until we were out of sight. Those days were in the midst of the "Deep Depression" in the 1930s. and I'm sure he was very worried over all his children and grandchildren, but he and grandma always shared the foodstuffs of the farm to help us through the most trying of days. He and grandma showed their love and concern for me and my family in many many, ways. I believe their example of "sharing and caring" has influenced the way I handle my own life today in the way I and John help our children when their load gets so difficult they need help. I believe they've shown us why we are placed upon the earth as families, and that is to guide and support one another through our sojourn on earth. It would be really very difficult to not belong to or love, a family!

While Grandpa and Grandma Adair were helping their brood of sons and grandchildren through the “Great Depression”, my grandma and Grandpa Spencer, in Mount Ayr, Iowa, were helping their seven children. It was mostly help for the Scheumaker family of ten children and Lyle Spencer family of five the others had small families. Both grandparents chose to help their families through this difficult time in the history of our country, and to encourage us in all ways. Uncle Sam would send our family a big gunny sack of Colorado “pinto” beans each fall and I remember sorting out the little red brown rocks from the beans before cooking them, so my teeth wouldn't come cracking down on the rocks. That was one of my jobs in preparing the meals.

One year, Mom and Dad, Mary and Earl, and all the cousins would pick pie cherries off the cherry trees down on the farm all day, and then pit out the stones. Mom & Mary canned them up

cooking on the big kitchen range in the house. We pitted away into the night by the lights of our cars, telling jokes, and having a great time. I think we canned about 300 quarts of cherries that day, and we went home to Indianola (80 miles north) with 45 quarts of cherries.

My Dad, Fred, decided to learn how to make good grape jelly. One weekend I came home from teaching Home Economics in Attica (near Knoxville) and Dad asked me to show him how to make grape jelly. All recipes say make small batches to be sure of getting tender jelly. The next weekend I came home, and he showed me how he had made tender grape jelly in huge batches, using his huge candy-making kettles. He had put it up in half gallon jars, and it lasted for years, I think for the cupboard was full of it. Ha! And yes it was tender!

Grandma Adair got my Dad started in the candy-making business by bringing down a 100 lb sack of sugar, and a can of cocoa. She got fudge & penuche candy recipes and showed him how to make it. It was sugary, but my Dad kept making those recipes until he'd learned to make candy that was creamy and melted in your mouth. He then visited a candy making place in Des Moines to see what they used to make candy in large amounts. He came home and made hats for all the family to wear while working making candy. These hats were made out of brown paper sacks, folded up several times - but they stood tall on the head. He got them boards and measured them carefully and made about an 8' trough in which we lined with wax paper, and then pour the cooked fudges, penuche, or divinity into it to set up in. He got wire to cut the candy into blocks, instead of using knives. He got a porcelain topped table with sort of a raised lip edge on it, wet the table top with cold water, and used that

to pour the cooked candy onto to cool. When cold he beat the candy with 2 spatulas (used by plasterers to smooth seams on walls). When ready to “set up” would quickly put in the long wooden trough he’d made, then he hired a lady who used to dip chocolates for Mars candy company. She came and dipped chocolates. She taught mama how to dip chocolates, and how to put the initial of the filling on the top with the little stream of chocolate last of all. R for raspberry, O for orange, C for coconut, etc. I remember he would go out and buy fresh black, raspberries by the bushel, wash, cook, strain, and can them. This pure juice was used in his raspberry fondant fillings. Dad and mom, (Gladys) would get some steaks and marshmallows, and gather all us kids in the car and sit out for the country in search of black walnut trees when the nuts were falling. We'd find loads of these large green balls on the ground, and would fill the baskets & boxes full. Then we'd have a steak cook out before going

home. We'd put those boxes of green nuts in the garage and wait for them to ripen. When the green balls turned coal-black, they were ripe.

Daddy (Fred) rigged up a wire net across the driveway, backed the car out of the garage a bit, and jack the back wheels up an inch, then start the motor. These wheels would start spinning. He shovel the black walnut under the wheels, and the wheels would crush off the black crunchy covers and throw them hard against the wire fence. Every so often he sort the nuts out of the crushed black outer covers and put the nuts in big baskets to finish drying. What a mess that job was! Your hands and clothes were black! So you never wanted to wear anything you ever wanted to wear again!

During the winter my brothers Orin and Maurice used to crack the nuts into big pans, and bring the pans upstairs to the round oak dining room

table, covered with an oil cloth table cloth, and each of us kids had a canning jar and a nut pick, and we would pick out the black walnut meats & put in the jar. My father was very fussy that no nut hull got in with the nut meats, so after we filled our quart jar, we had to carefully go over it all again to make sure not even a tiny bit of hull was there. Then the jar lid was put on, and the nuts stored in the basement to be used in the candies we made to sell.

Every day candy was made, and Daddy took to Des Moines to sell. Daddy picked up hundreds of hosiery boxes from the hosiery stores and brought home after he'd sold all his candy. He brought pretty wrapping paper. We cut a box covers pattern out of cardboard and Ruth and I use this pattern on this pretty wrapping paper, then cut them out, and carefully glued the covers on the hosiery box tops. Then we had to cut the wax paper liners, and fill the boxes full of Mothers

hand dipped chocolates, and Daddy's fudge, penuche, and divinity, I think Dad and Mom made the best candy that could be found anywhere. He made candy for many years, and we all helped.

He bought his pecans from Alabama or Mississippi by the crate, his chocolate from Chicago in 10 lb blocks, and used real butter and real cream.

In 1939 World War II started the United States drafted men into the army in about 1940 or 1941. We cousins were all of the right age to fight that war, but only the boys and men were drafted,. Girls could volunteer in the WACS or WAVES, but was for office work mostly. Those girls who stayed home worked as guards and took over mens jobs left by so many men in the war. My brother was 12 or 13 then and Mama wanted to be a guard and applied to do so. Freddie used to sing her the popular song "Pistol Packin' Mama"

to chide her. My dad took the only ones left at home – he, Mama and Freddie to San Francisco where Orin had gotten Dad a job building “Liberty” ships to transport the soldiers to Europe, and South Pacific. With all his sons and son-in-laws in the armed services, he felt a deep desire to help with the war effort.

He worked in the bottom of the ship with the welders who installed the boilers. A certain rivet made of a certain alloy was to be used as it would not be rigid under heat and stress, and this would not snap. He noticed that the men were stealing these rivets to take home to make jewelry. He came home telling of the beautiful gold looking jewelry they were making. Soon he discovered these welders were putting steel rivets in the boilers, and melting down enough of the gold colored alloy to cover the top of the rivets! That meant the boilers could break apart if the ships had to go fast to evade a U-boat. Now

the oceans, particularly the Atlantic Ocean, was filled with German U-boats (submarines) who tried to fire upon these convoys carrying American soldiers to Europe so as to sink the ships. He could envision perhaps his own son or son-in-laws lives being threatened by their doing this illegal use of rivets. So he reported the welders activities to his & their bosses. After two weeks and no change, he went to his bosses' boss. Still no change, then he went to his bosses 3 levels up the ladder of bosses. Still no change. He used to come home, so upset about it that he decided to go to the Maritime Commission downtown San Francisco. They called all these men and bosses in, plus dad, for a hearing. These men all came up to Dad before going into the hearing, and threatened to kill him if he testified against them. Dad was scared, but his honest character was most powerful, and he testified as to what these men were doing. All were fired immediately. Dad was really afraid to

go back to work the next day. He knew if someone wanted to drop a hammer or something on his head as he did his work on the bottom of the ships, his “hard hat” he wore might not be able to save his life. As it turned out. none of these men ever were seen by Dad again, and no one harmed Dad and the Monet gold alloy rivets were again used as they were intended. You might imagine my surprise, when, after the war, the stores filled with Monet jewelry, and are a popular gold jewelry even today (1988). I believe the story tells of the honesty and integrity of my father, Fred Adair.

He sold washing machines during the depression and Delco Electric plants and took washers to the farm for Grandpa and Grandma, & Earl & Mary. He installed the Delco system on the farm so they could have electricity down there. During the depression when Grandpa couldn't afford to hire men on the farm, Daddy took all 5 kids down to

the farm to pick corn. We had the horses draw the wagon and he gave each child a row of corn to pick, with the littlest given the row closest to the wagon, and the biggest row farthest away. We picked & threw corn into the wagon. Dad picked one row and oversaw the whole thing, making sure no corn was left and all got into the wagon. He tried to help his parents whenever he saw he could.

One July 4th Dad got home from selling vacuums only to find we kids hadn't pulled the weeds in our big garden. So the day of July 4th was spent pulling weeds instead of going on a picnic, our usual practice, or going to visit our cousins. He taught us to work.

Mama used to get old sheets and have us spread them out under the big mulberry trees on Girard Avenue just west of our home along the pasture west of Dr. Ernest Shaw's home. (They lived on

the other side of Girard from us.) Then she'd have the boys, Orin & Maurice, climb the trees and shake off all the ripe black mulberries. Oh, they were so good! Then Ruth & I & Mama would roll up the sheets and carry the mulberry home to cook and can. We learned to seek food.

Daddy taught himself to be a barber, then went out and bought a used barber chair, that pumped up and down, and set it in our big kitchen. We had that chair from about 1930 until Dad & Mom left for San Francisco in 1943. He used to cut college girls hair and give facials. Every Sunday old Mr. Hunsicker used to come for his weekly shave, massage, hair cut, and trimmings. Daddy got him all cleaned up & powdered and combed for church each Sunday morning.

All during the depression no one could afford to paint their houses or barns. Grandpa Adair said "If I paint my barn everyone will think the

mortgage companies got me!” Only the farms or homes lost to the mortgage companies were painted.

So in 1943 when Dad and Mom left for San Francisco Grandma decided she would rent the Indianola house she opened that Dad & Mom lived in. This was located at 711 North D Street (and Grandma bought it early 1920's so she and Dewey could live there, along with other college men from Redding, Iowa. She kept home for them and cooked for them until Dewey graduated in 1924. Although grandma rented his house after that to Professor Lester Serings, we went to live in that house when I was in Jr. High School - about 12 years age in 1930?

After the Wall Street Crash of 1929 and the Great Depression threw so many out of work, and it was impossible for Dad to sell anything to anyone, he could trade things needed, however,

and we somehow made it through those “cash scarce years.” Daddy sold candy to get cash, and traded vacuum cleaners for things we needed. Mama got cancer in 1933, those were very bleak years for all of us with no money and mama so sick. I never heard my mother complain, even once. And Daddy kept his faith in people, and I remember him telling me “he felt most people were honest, and that in all his candy-dealings he only lost one nickel.” You see he made candy bars and would have them on a secretaries desk and everyone just put in a nickel & take their bar. This was all over in offices in Des Moines, and yet over all those years only one nickel was not there. These were depression days and one would think people might have reasoned that they needed their money more than the candy-maker.

Before Dad left for San Francisco he put on a new roof and painted the house, inside and outside, and took what little furniture they had

and stored in one locked upstairs bedroom. Grandma rented the house, until they caught the stairway affire. The renters claimed they had to break into the locked bedroom to get out the fire. Earls' came up with a truck and got the folks things to the farm to store upstairs at the big farm house. We never saw the antique cupboard with glassed doors after the folks went to California. Earls' said it was not among the furniture. Many years later I stopped to see Mr. Schooler (Ruth & Janet's mother) who live up the street in Indianola and she had this beautiful antique cupboard exactly like the one Mother had. I wanted to ask where she got it, but didn't. I was afraid I'd offend her. Now that I'm older, if I had the chance I would ask her!! I think my father did all he could to see the Grandma's property was in good saleable condition before he left. After the fire grandma sold it for \$2900. The realtor that bought it turned right around and sold it for \$3600 the

next week. Dad felt she was “skinned” by the realtor.

I remember the high pitched little giggle that Fred and Dewey had (Didn't Chuck Adair have this giggle? did Sam or Earl have it.) when they were “tickled pink” or amused. “Tickled pink” was one of their sayings and I think Gdma said that, too, when she was happy about something.

Grandma Margaret Jane had a saying she used quite often in these depression years, “We can't afford it!” Fairly often one of us kids would say “We can't afford it!” So even when Gdma was not around and someone started wishing for some little thing they could do something, go somewhere, or get something we'd all chime in together and sorta sing it out together “We can't afford it!!” Then we'd all laugh, and we all knew it was true, and be happy.

One Monday morning after Grandma Margaret Jane had stayed with our family over the weekend at 711 North D St., Indianola, Iowa, she and we kids had breakfast and got ready to go to school, and she to walk over to the highway to “hitch-hike” to Des Moines 18 miles to the north. (The term “Hitch-hike” meant to catch a free ride by standing on the roadside with your thumb up and your arm stretched out so someone knew you wanted a free ride). Gdma was about 65 years old and Orin about 16 or 17, and they went out the front door, across the big porch, and down the steps together. But after only a few steps Orin was far behind. Grandma turned to Orin, and politely said, “Now Orin, if you are going to walk with me, you’re going to have to step out!” With that he stepped out and kept up with her.

“When Grandma did anything it was like she was killing rattlesnakes.” That’s an expression my

Mom & Dad used to express Grandma's energy, or anyones (My husbands says I inherited this quote) energy who worked hard and furiously.

"If it were a snake it would have bit you." Gladys Spencer Adair said this quite frequently when someone was near to something they couldn't see or find.

When Alice was about 3 and talked "baby talk" I was watching her on a blanket on the front lawn under the big pine trees down on the farm. Her Mom, Aunt Mary, had gone across the road to get the tomato worms off the tomatoes. We could hear her over these pinching off the fat green worms and squealing. Alice turned to me & said, "Mama's jus' cazy¹ over worms!" Ha!

As Alice said Dewey always was friendly and interested with everyone he met. As the old

¹ CRAZY

saying goes, “A stranger is a friend I’ve never met.” This must have been written especially to describe him. One of his questions most likely would be “How much money are you making?”

Dewey refused to think about, or talk about, anything in his life that wasn’t like he’d like it, and he knew he couldn’t change it. He would change the subject if it were brought up. I think this is a wonderful quality to have and I hope I could someday be more like him in this way. He is interested in his genealogy and relatives and family, and helps wherever he goes. Once he talked of his travels over the world and he said he’d enjoy going to Japan and old Simpson Japanese friend showed he & Margaret the country. I asked if he stayed in Hawaii. He answered “Hell no! I don’t know anyone in Japan!” He is a people person. I believe my Dad was too and so am I.

Me, Naomi, in my home they'd say, "Naomi have you got any work around here we can do to help you? Like clothes to iron, wash, or mend? Or bicycles to fix?" Once he came to visit me in Annandale, VA and we were in the midst of painting daughter Caryl's little home. He said, "If you've got any old clothes for me so I can help paint, we'll stay another day. If not, we'll be going on down the road." Well, we didn't have any clothes he could fit as he was short and fat around the girth, and true to his word he & Margaret left the next day. They didn't go see Washington, DC at all! But I wished he & Margaret had stayed longer. (Dewey we would have changed bedrooms with you as we found out later a cricket in your bedroom kept you awake all night! Ha!) Yes, whenever I & John visited Deweys in Maywood he & Margaret gave us their bed. And from that time on I always thought that a nice thing to do - give your guests the best bedroom in the house.

I don't think Dewey has a fondness for cats, somehow. Perhaps its because I remember that once, when I visited Dewey's in Maywood, I was woke up with his yell! He had gotten up and was dressing to go teach school, when he stuck his foot in his shoes only to find the children's kitten had "pooped" in his shoe during the night!

Once when I visited Deweys' during World War II days they asked me to cover a big rocking chair (or some huge chair) with material which was actually chicken feed sacks from the farm. It was a rust color, and I must say made a good looking chair when completed. That same visit they asked me to make cherry pies. (They knew I was a Home Ec major). At that time in my life I could bake a cherry pie I didn't think anyone could top, and these pies turned out perfectly. But it pleased me even more when little Sammy and John and Kathleen told me they really liked my cherry pie!

Grandma Margaret Jane Miller Adair used to ask Naomi to run get her “poke”, when Naomi was a little girl. Naomi didn't know what to get as that was a strange term in her family then Grandma would then tell her “get my purse,” a big alligator purse. (Do you remember the hard bumps on that purse, and the square design of the skin of the alligator?)

“Poke” is a southern term, and since her parents were both from Rockbridge County, Virginia (south of Lexington), they must have used this term, for her to use it. And, of course, the Adairs came from Virginia, also, but only lived there about 35 years. The Adair's came in there about 1774 and went on to Ohio when that state opened up early 1800's, and from there to Mahaska, Oskaloosa Co, Iowa. The Millers left Virginia after being there from 1760's to 1860, approximately, and they came directly to Ringgold Co., Iowa.

“Have a place for everything and everything in its place!” That was what grandma Margaret Jane Miller Adair said quite often. And I’ve remembered that all my life and tried to do have order in my home.

I, Naomi never heard my mother, Gladys May Spencer Adair, ever say an unkind word about anyone, gossip, or raise her voice in my entire life. I do remember one day when I lived in Indianola one block north of the square, in the Friends Church parsonage, coming in the back door into the kitchen and hearing my mother whisper “O Gosh!” I was so alarmed I asked “What is the matter?” She answered, “I cut my finger.” I don’t remember any “sayings” of hers very much, but I do remember her fine example of patience and long suffering, uncomplaining and angelically sweet nature. I never heard her complain in all the

long years of illness, pain and suffering she went through before she died in 1947 at age 53.

Signed: Naomi Caryle Adair Hendrickson