Lest we forget : a history of a family in Grafton, Wisconsin since early pioneer days. 1976

Horton, Virginia Harms
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Lest we forget....

by

Virginia Harms Horton


FOND DU LAC R.
FOND DU LAC CO.
DODGE CO.
WEST BR.
NORTH BR.
ONION R.
SHEBOYGAN CO.
OZAUKEE CO.
MICHIGAN
ROCK R.
KEWASKUM
MILWAUKEE R.
WAUBEKA RESERVOIR SITE
WAUBEKA
WEST BEND
MILWAUKEE R.
SAUK CR.
SAUKVILLE
CEDAR CR.
CEDAR CR.
CEDAR CREEK RESERVOIR SITE
CEDAR CR.
CRAYTON
CEDARBURG
DIVERSION TUNNEL
DIVERSION CANAL
THIENSVILLE
RUBICON R.
WASHINGTON CO.
WAUKESHA CO.
ASHIPUN R.
OCONOMOWOC R.
BARK R.
MENOMONEE R.
FOX R.
MILWAUKEE CO.
LAKE
THE MILWAUKEE RIVER BASIN
MILWAUKEE
SCALE 1" = 6 MILE
B.F.H. 1940

Lest we forget....

a history of a family in Grafton, Wisconsin

since early pioneer days

by Virginia Harms Horton

To my daughter, Mary,

and grandchildren,

Julie and Jenny.

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FAMILY TREE

Early Coulsons

It was a bright beautiful day in October, 1960. Dad closed the back door, checked nob with his hand to be sure it was secure – a gesture I had observed many times over the years. He turned, walked down the cement steps to the car where I was sitting. We were going to Kirkwood, Missouri – my home. Mother died a couple of weeks before. She was raking leaves on a golden day, savoring every moment in the out of doors. On her way to the back steps she was fatally stricken. Dad was overcome with shock and grief. He had been in failing health for several years. The previous July he and Mother celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary. Mother was a bride when she came to the new, chocolate colored, broad eaved, redwood bungalow on Green Bay Road. It was the first house in Grafton with this different architecture. Dad had lived in California and liked the one story bungalow popular in the San Mateo area. Grandpa Coulson gave them a piece of cleared land directly north of his house on which to build. The property had been in the Coulson family since William H. Coulson bought it from Timothy Wooden back in 1843-44. The original bungalow had six rooms, an attic, a basement, a back porch and a wide front porch but as the family grew, the house grew and when Dad turned the key for the last time – and it was the last time – it had 10 rooms, 1½ baths, a finished second floor and a full basement. There was a detached one car garage and a small shed. The towering hard maple and elm on front lawn were mere saplings when the house was new. A high dense cedar hedge protected the north side of house from icy winter wind. A brown stained wide board fence spanned the front lawn and bridal wreath pushed its way through the spaces enhancing the rustic appearance. A white pebble driveway curved along the south lawn. There were several pine trees, four or five apple trees, a tall flag pole, Mother's beautiful flower garden, a rock garden and a variety of bushes close to the house which was barely visible from the road. A weathered, brown, wooden plaque outlined in shape of the United States had B. F. HARMS printed in satiny silver letters and hung on a wooden lamp post at entrance to driveway. Farther south was what was left of the Coulson apple-pear orchard. The old Coulson homestead had new owners.

Dad was born in Grafton and lived there most of his life but he was willing to "give Missouri a try". We left the house much as it was. We did take valuable papers from basement safe leaving it empty and removed Dad's paintings from the walls, wrapped them in Mother's embroidered and tatted pillow-cases and packed them in the car. Dad, an untrained artist, finished some handsome oils and watercolors before he was married but when business and family pressures laid heavily on him, he never touched a brush. He resumed his painting after he retired and the results were pictures of Moles Creek, the Old Covered Bridge, Grafton Lime Kilns, Badger Worsted Mill, house where he was born and others. Local industries wanted to buy his paintings but he wanted to save them for his children.

At the north village limits I asked Dad if he wanted to stop at the cemetery. He said he had the "picture" in his mind. He had been back to Woodlawn-Union Cemetery once after the funeral to see if everything was the way he wanted it to be. For three fourths of a century members of the Coulson and Harms families had been buried in Woodlawn-Union Cemetery.

A couple of months after Dad came to Kirkwood he took ill and never fully recovered. He spent much of his remaining two years in bed and was never equal to making the trip back to Grafton – a great disappointment for him.

Mary, my 12 year old daughter, and I drove to Grafton in the summer and sorted things. The yard looked beautiful. Pat Hoffman continued to take meticulous care of it. Everything appeared the same – only it was not the same. It never had been since Mother died. Mary and I walked along the Milwaukee Road Railroad track up to Mole's Creek – a favorite haunt for many, many years. One evening as I sat in my Grandfather's Morris chair, ghosts of the past floated through my mind – I came to terms with myself. I felt close to Grafton – the family homestead – the land – and all the history associated with it. It was years since I had lived in Grafton but I had come home often to see the folks. I hated to make the final break, but my home was elsewhere and always would be.

When Dad died in Kirkwood on May 6, 1962, he left me one fourth of his estate, some of his paintings and a legacy of family history – pictures, albums, records and Woodlawn-Union Cemetery notes.

The years have passed. I have been back to Grafton but like every other place it has changed. However the Grafton where I grew up is still with me.

The earliest records of the Coulson family in our possession date back to Thomas, a Quaker, born in Ashbourne, Derbyshire, England in 1650. He was buried in Ashbourne in 1700. Three years later his son, Joseph, age 34, wife Margaret and infant son, Thomas, born in Ashbourne on April 15th, 1703, sailed to the New World and settled in the Allentown-Germantown area outside Philadelphia.

Ashbourne is about 10 miles northwest of Derby, the county parliamentary borough. It is about 135 miles northwest of London – a green fertile area suitable for growing wheat and corn. To-day there is dairy farming. Derby is an old town with a grammar school that dates back to 1159.

The first half of the 17th century in England and on the continent was turbulent and nurtured great unrest. Charles I, a Stuart king (1625-1649) was on the throne of England and Louis XIII (1601-1643) was king of France. Tyranical Richelieu was prime minister of France. He crushed the Huguenot – French Protestant – rebellion – and England had a war with France and two civil wars. To support his wars King Charles resorted to illegal means of raising money. He attempted to institute a High Church ritual similar to the Catholic in all of England. England broke away from the Catholic Church at time of Henry VIII and the Anglican church was established during reign of Queen Elizabeth. In 1649 Charles I was beheaded and Cromwell, a Puritan, became the Lord Protector (1653-1658). His leadership was a triumph for the middle classes. There was a growing number of religious sects and he instituted freedom for all of them. But he was an absolute ruler and made many enemies. When he died the Catholic Stuarts were restored to the throne. Charles II (1660-1685) and James II (1685-1688). Charles II was a cousin of Louis XIV of France. By means of a series of wars Louis XIV tried to impose Catholic dominence on the continent. Protestant Sweden, Holland and England became fearfull and allied themselves against the French. Charles II could not finance this war so he made a secret treaty with his cousin Louis XIV. For peace, the price was high. Louis demanded that Charles promote Catholocism in all of England which he proceeded to do. Factions developed. The Tories who had supported the crown now aligned themselves with the Whigs in their defense of Protestant toleration. In 1673 the Test Act was passed excluding from public office all Catholics and non-conformists to the Church of England, the Anglican faith. James ignored the Test Act and gave Catholics important positions in the Universities, army and royal council. The Tories were incensed. Seven of the most influential men in England got together and invited Mary, the Protestant daughter of James II, and her husband, William, a Stadholder in Holland and the leading Protestant in Europe, to become king and queen of England. James II fled to France. The reign of William and Mary (1689-1702) was noted for the establishment of the English Bill of Rights, a document which ended Catholic power and established law over royal decree.

The English war with France was highly unpopular and astronomically expensive. It was hard to sell to the people. In 1694 the Bank of England was established by a group of merchants to help raise funds to support it.

In spite of legislation favorable to Protestants, the Catholic supporters of James remained active. The French supported rebellions in Scotland and Ireland. James died in France in 1701 and Louis XIV declared that his Catholic son who was in exile in France to be King of England. This was more than the people could take and the Whig controlled parliament prepared for all out war with France in 1702.

From all this religious strife the Quakers emerged. George Fox, the founder, never intended to start still another Protestant sect. In 1647 he went around the English countryside talking about the "inner light". He said that any man could perceive the revelation of God in his soul and that divine revelation is individual and immediate. He saw no need for a formal creed nor an ordained ministry. People gathered around to listen. Soon the gathering took on the semblance of an organization which called itself by such names as Children of Light, Friends of the Truth. Eventually they called themselves the Society of Friends. Outsiders called them Quakers because George Fox bade them tremble at the word of God.

The Society of Friends interpreted much of the Scripture literally, like "Swear not at all" (Matt. 5:24), "Resist not Evil" (Matt. 5:39) (turn the other cheek), "Judge not that ye be not judged" (Matt. 7:1). They refused to take oaths, preached against war and refused to resist attack. They were opposed to the authoritarianism of church or the state. They refused to pay tithes to the Church of England. They met publically to worship which automatically brought them in conflict with the law. The Conventicle Act of 1664 forbade any religious group to meet other than the Church of England. The rules the Friends adopted for themselves were essentially democratic. There was no sex discrimination – women were equal when it came to priveleges administered by the Society. Adherance to a high moral code was the only requirement

for membership. Friends were obliged to raise and educate their children properly, avoid intoxicating beverages, care for the needy, be tolerant toward others even if they were of a different religion and to treat all offenders in the spirit of love rather than punishment. Living according to Christian principles was more important to them than preparing for the afterlife. Every Quaker believed he alone was responsible for his religion and he alone was free to judge. Truth and sincerity were trademarks. During the 17th century Quakers were known for their religious zeal and missionary work. Disenchanted with the religious turmoil in England many Quakers emigrated to Pennsylvania where William Penn had established a refuge for them.

Joseph and Margaret Coulson and baby Thomas lived in the Philadelphia area briefly then moved to West Nottingham in Cecil County, Maryland, near Chesapeake Bay. Joseph died in 1707 at age of 38 and was buried in Friends burying ground in West Nottingham. Later Margaret was buried along side him.

Joseph's and Margaret's son, Thomas, married Martha Wiley in 1721 when he was 18 and she was 22. Martha's father, Allen Wiley, came from Ireland. Thomas and Martha were blessed with Samuel on August 16, 1729 when Thomas was 26 and Martha 30. Thomas died at age 60 and Martha lived to be 76. Both were buried next to Joseph and Margaret in the Friends Burying Ground in West Nottingham, Cecil County, Maryland.

When Samuel was 22 he married 18 year old Tamar Allen. Tamar was the daughter of John Allen and Hester Woolman from Mt. Holly, New Jersey. Hester's Mother was Elizabeth Borton, daughter of John Borton from Ayreshire, Northhamptonshire, England, an adjoining county to Derbyshire where the Coulsons came from. Hester's father, John Woolman (1655-1718) was the son of John Woolman who was the son of William Woolman who came from England to the colonies and where he died in 1692. We do not know if Hester's father, John, was related to the Quaker preacher John (1702-1792). John Woolman, the preacher, travelled throughout the colonies preaching and conducting classes. He lived the simple religious life he preached. A great humanitarian, he sympathized with the American Indian, opposed Negro slavery and was concerned about the working conditions of the poor white laborer. He wrote one of the first abolitionist documents in America and was responsible for persuading the Quakers to abandon slaveholding.

On October 1, 1774 Jabez was born to Samuel and Tamar Coulson when Samuel was 45 and Tamer 41. They had 15 other children – 14 boys and one girl. When Jabez was two years old his father, Samuel, died on August 10, 1776. As far as we know he was buried in Cecil County, Maryland along with the other Coulsons. Tamar lived to be 85 – died on March 29th, 1846.

When Jabez was a young man he went into New Jersey as a commissioned surveyor where he met Anna Van Horn. The story goes that he boarded and roomed at the Van Horns. On May 31st 1798, 24 year old Jabez Coulson married 20 year old Anna Van Horn. Anna's parents were William Van Horn and Sarah Rudderow. We do not know when the Van Horns came to America but we do know that the Dutch settled in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware after Henry Hudson's exploratory voyage in 1609. Anna Van Horn's mother was the daughter of John Rudderow and Lucy Stiles. John Rudderow was a Welsh lawyer commissioned as a surveyor by the Crown to accompany William Penn to America. After John finished his work he decided to return to England on the next boat but when the ship arrived his own family and Lucy Stiles and her family were aboard. He had known the Stiles family in Wales. He did an about face, married Lucy Stiles and settled on a large piece of land which his father and other members of the Welsh colony bought outside Philadelphia. They called the place Bryn Mawr after the place by that name in Wales. Later the Rudderows sold their share in Bryn Mawr and moved to Trenton, New Jersey. Young John eventually became a judge. The Rudderows were Episcopalians – their home a church meeting place.

Jabez Coulson and Anna Van Horn (granddaughter of John Rudderow and Lucy Stiles) moved from New Jersey to Fayette County, Pennsylvania in the southwestern tip of the state. Later they moved north to Mercer County and it was here on March 22, 1807 that William H. was born. Jabez was 33 and Anna 29 at the time. Jabez and Anna were blessed with 11 sons and one daughter whom they raised to maturity – Job, Anson, Isaac, Saul, Samuel, Lot, Hervey, William, Jabez, Jehu, John, and daughter, Tamar. When William was five years old his 38 year old father, Jabez, served as a private in the War of 1812. After the war, in 1814, Jabez and Anna moved to Columbia County, Ohio west of Mercer County, Pennsylvania. Jabez was a Justice of the Peace in Columbia County. He lived to be 79. Anna died at 66 and both are buried in cemetery in Hanoverton not far from Canton.

When Jabez was 60 and Anna 56, son William H., age 36, decided to move westward. It is possible that William and brother John left together or maybe John was already in Indiana and William followed. John

settled in Portland, Indiana and his descendants prospered. William pressed onward into the Northwest Territory finally putting up his "tent" in what is now known as Grafton, in the County of Ozaukee in the State of Wisconsin. He bought property which has remained in part in the Coulson family to this year (1976). Naomi Harms Robinson, Brookville, New York and Laura Harms Murphy, Bettendorf, Iowa, daughters of Jennie Coulson Harms, own strips of the remaining original land.

William H. Coulson, it seems, was not the family scribe. His brother Job who continued to live in Fertile Valley, Columbia County, Ohio wrote to him and urged him to reply promptly. We have excerpts from some of Job's letters which William saved. William's replies are lost to his heirs.

Letters: Fertile Valley, Columbia County, Ohio, Feb. 28, 1843

"Money is very scarce here but we have plenty of the common necessities of life without having to resort to the use of sandhil-cranes, prairie snipes or fish hawks. I engaged a horse to help with the plowing and farm work for three months. I must pay 75 dollars for the rental of it."

January 1, 1845

"We have just emerged from a great political battle; although thee may live without the bounds of continental United States and therefor can take no part directly in making presidents, yet I trust thee has patriotism enough to rejoice at the success of democracy; the limits of my letter will not admit of giving a detailed account of the whole affair, but the short of it is this: James K. Polk and Henry Clay were the prominent candidates; each party exerted themselves to the utmost in rallying their forces and finally brought out their whole strength which resulted in electing James K. Polk as president of the United States, and in rowing Henry Clay up to the headwaters of Salt River; perhaps thee ask where that is? I answer in the Wisconsin Territory. Whenever we hear of a place we are apt to imagine where it lies and my fancy led me to think it was in Wisconsin and to corroborate this notion, when I was in Lisbon last fall at the Democratic mass meeting I saw a representative of Henry Clay sitting in a canoe, with his face turned toward Wisconsin apparently rowing with all his might and immediately over his head on a placard was inscribed, "My fourth trip up Salt River". But now the battle is over and I hope we may have an intermission of a few years, and that aspiring demagogue, Henry Clay, may repose in silence forever."

"For twenty years his soul was bent
On being raised to President
Of this United Government,
But Democrats have said he 'shant'
And rowed him up Salt River-
Where he in solitude may stay
And never more be in our way,
For surely he has had his day;
So let him mingle with his clay
And rest in peace forever."

November 1, 1852

"October 12th was election in Ohio and the Democrats carried the state by 18,000 majority, so you see the coon is down. (Confound this steel pen; first time I ever used one and I can make a better one out of quill, blind as I am.)

"October 24th Daniel Webster of Massachusetts died; also on the 28th Adam Finch of Hanover Township. Both were notorious characters and one a great Whig statesman, the other a human devil – peace to their ashes."

May 13, 1855

"We had a very hard winter; my family are literally shedding and look a little shaggy but their appetites are good. This country has never experienced such a cleaning up of provender since the War of 1812. There has been considerable loss of cattle by death in Carrol County, south of this. I am told that it was not altogether the want of food that occasioned their deaths but rather the scarcity of water in the fall and forepart of winter which brought on some kind of dry murain.

Flour is selling at five dollars per hundred, corn at a dollar per bushel, oats 50 cents and potatoes $1.50.

Nathan and I are getting along very slow in our administration business on account of hard times and the scarcity of money. There is very little paid in yet for the heirs and it is impossible to collect before the harvest. However I take pleasure in informing you how matters stand. The whole amount of sale bills, not the book account amount to

Paid out funeral expenses	$29.00
Cost of administration	36.55
All other debts	44.91
Administration percentage	64.86
	$175.32

Suppose I brag a little. I measured off 20 square rods and raised on it 63 bushels long red potatoes. Now this is at the rate of 630 bushels to the acre. Can Wisconsin beat that?

April 12, 1863

"Now William, I don't know your opinion concerning this war, but I will tell you mine frankly. I want Freedom for all mankind, white and black. I always was a Democrat and a Democrat still. The democracy of the north and the democracy of the south proved true to each other till the Charleston convention where S. A. Douglas got a large majority of the votes for the nomination for president and a damned sneaking southern majority that wished to rule or ruin opened my eyes.

"I did not vote for old Abe Lincoln but he is our President constitutionally and his freedom for the Negro is alright. These are the sentiments of a large majority of the people here and they are fast gaining ground. There are some Democrats here they call Copperheads, who are strong for southern sympathy and are very pro-slavery, but I don't belong to this class of Democrats; I am on the side of Generals Butler, Hooker, Rosecrans, McClellan and others of the same cloth – Freedom for all."

"I have about 50 acres of cleared land which is as much as I can well manage myself – my stock consists of two horses, three milch cows and three heifers, 19 sheep, seven goats, 18 geese, six guinea fowl, 30 or 40 chickens, one cat, some rats and mice, and thousands of bees. Now what is to hinder me from being happy? Well, for ought I know I am as happy as Queen Victoria. Now when thee gets this letter don't do as I do but do as I tell thee, and that is, immediately after reading it procure a large sheet of paper, make two or three pens, fill thy stand with ink, and write until thee can think of no more to write, then put on thy studying cap and write again and when thy fund of knowledge is exhausted, get thy wife to assist thee (two heads are better than one) and then if the sheet is not filled up, write nonsense. Remember it costs no more to send a fat letter than a lean one.

"There are many things I should like to know. First, what sort of country is Wisconsin? Is it level or hilly? Woodland or prairie? What are its best products? What sort of people have settled there? How much game and of what kinds? What chance fishing and what kinds of fish? Whether thee has land of thy own and how much? What kind of house did thee put up? Log, stone, frame or brick? How much stock has thee and what kind? and a thousand other things too numerous to enumerate."

"After thee has answered the above questions, if there is a nook or corner in thy letter not filled up, may thee (if so disposed) tell us what sort of a wife thee has got; rich, poor, large or small, fat or lean, low or tall? Is she homely or handsome? "Pshaw," says thee, "Handsome, you may be sure." I fancy I see her, a tall, slender, Yankee woman, with dark eyes and black hair, tolerable handsome and very loquacious.

"Allen Coulson has moved to Salem and works in a tanyard at the rate of 19 dollars a month. Rachel Cooper is still single and is a fine little girl, why she doesn't get married I can't tell unless Calvin's old shotgun still guards her. Old Susy Rhodes is still living and has become very hard of hearing which is a great inconvenience to her in collecting the news.

"With feelings of fraternal friendship I bid thee farewell."

Job Coulson

Coulson-Willett

As the United States launches into the bicentennial year, interest in beginnings is everywhere. Grafton is recollecting its past. Old stone buildings made from the original lime-stone are sandblasted to take on a new look and converted into wineries or restaurants. Old wood is stripped of its many coats of paint and beautifully refinished. House tours sponsored by the Ozaukee County Historical Society feature pioneer

stone houses which have been transformed over the years. So great is the interest in the old that Stonecraft, a Williamsburg type development, is a reality. It is on the east side of the Milwaukee River northeast of center of Grafton. It is a 70 acre tract built up in reminiscence of the past – shops, residences, a couple of restaurants and a clock tower. Busloads of tourists come out from Milwaukee on a 55 mile per hour expressway and walk the nostalgic old-new streets. At Mill Creek Park back in the center of town, a free rock revival spotlights Fourth of July activities. Two participating rock groups are the "Wanted" and the "Pudding". A far cry – or is it – from the few tent religious revivals I recall from my earliest childhood in Grafton which is a little more than 50 years ago. The newest Grafton landmark is a tall glazed structure that resembles a Babylonian ziggurat – the Grafton State Bank – located on Falls Road.

Grafton, platted in 1843 and so named officially in 1850, called itself in the first half of 1970, the industrial center of Ozaukee County and the fastest growing town. It is a commuter town with 200 people leaving each day for jobs in Milwaukee or elsewhere and another 600 coming to Grafton each day to work in the plastic, leather, mink ranch equipment, veterinary products, shoe polisher industries and others. There are at least three dozen industrial plants providing an estimated 2000 jobs with an annual pay roll of 20 million dollars. The population in 1975 was 7,781 – 6225 living in their own homes and 1556 in rented houses or apartments. It is a community of neatly landscaped lawns on both sides of the Milwaukee River. Graftonites own one or more automobiles per family and drive them on paved roads. Their houses have thermostatically controlled heat, telephones, hot and cold water from the tap, garbage disposals, push button lighting, automatic gas and electric ranges, no-frost refrigerators packed with frozen and fresh foods the year round. They have electric flat irons to smooth clothes that are not drip-dry, automatic washers and dryers, electric vacuum cleaners, food mixers, blenders, coffee makers, waffle irons, skillets, carving knives, toasters, can-openers. They have electric door-bells that chime – even some electric toothbrushes. Trash is collected regularly. $50,000 to $60,000 houses are not unique. The village has had sanitary storm sewers for years. Television and radio bring the world to Grafton everyday. There are newspapers and magazines galore. Birth control pills are prescribed. An affluent few own airplanes. There is a new $350,000 school, a shopping plaza, library, medical clinic and several churches. The high school boasts a 117 piece band. There is a municipal swimming pool and in the winter an ice carnival.

It is 133 years (1843) since William H. Coulson settled in Grafton after his long trek from Columbia County, Ohio. We do not know the route he followed. It seems likely he came overland around the tip of Lake Michigan then north from Chicago. He stopped in Elkhorn first but decided against staying there. He moved east toward the Lake and settled in Ozaukee County – Ozaukee an Indian name meaning "Yellow earth or clay". Wisconsin did not achieve statehood until 1848. This section of Wisconsin in Town 10 was three miles inland from Lake Michigan on the banks of the Milwaukee River in the greater area of Washington and Ozaukee Counties. Later these two counties established separate boundaries. Milwaukee, 20 miles to the south, was a growing settlement and a port. Immigrants poured into Milwaukee by the hundreds each week – mostly from Germany. Many stayed in Milwaukee and pursued the trades and skills they brought with them but the more venturesome moved north and northwest. In the early 1800's this part of Wisconsin was densely forested, the growth separated only by a few Indian trails. Pioneers followed the trails, selected their sites and put up crude tents or shanties where they lived until they could clear a space and build a log cabin. There were some Indian villages scattered around. The Indians liked spots near water where they could hold Counsel. At one time there may have been several hundred wigwams in the area but by the time the white man came, the majority of the red men had moved elsewhere into the vast wilderness. Waukeka was the last chief to linger. He lived on a small clearing near the Milwaukee River with a remnant of the Menomonies, Pottawamanies, Siouxx, Chippewas and Foxes who used to inhabit the area. They were friendly to the white settlers.

Recent archeological findings dating back to 410 A.D. turned up stone arrowheads, knives, scrapers, butchering stones, hammer stones, bone and antler tools, stone and copper ornaments and pottery used by the Indians. Most of the bones excavated were parts of deer skeletons – no fish bones. This leads scholars to believe that these camps were used only in the wintertime. The rivers and streams were frozen. They burned wood to keep warm. Since they were small camps it is believed the Indians broke up into smaller groups in the winter to survive.

Freistadt, still a viable community in Ozaukee County, was settled by a group of 40 families in 1849. They were part of a devout religious group that left Germany seeking freedom of worship in the new world.

After landing in Milwaukee they supplied themselves with food and other necessities which they strapped on their backs, and with a single pair of oxen stalked their way north and west through the forest. About 16 miles from Milwaukee they set up camp and decided to stay. They bought 1200 acres of land for $1.25 per acre and named the place Freistadt, "free city". That first winter 111 died. 80 sons and daughters of Trinity Lutheran Church, Freistadt, have gone into teaching and preaching Ministry (1976).

In 1839 an English family, Bonniwell, settled in the Mequon area in the southern tip of Ozaukee County. Thiensville was founded by Henry Thien, ancestor of Lenore Scott Harms, wife of Alex Harms. The first election in Ozaukee County was held in the home of Henry Thien in 1846. Since Wisconsin was not a state the question on the ballot was: Should we have state government? The voters said YES by 128 votes. Nine NAYS. They also asked the voters if colored folks should have suffrage and the results were 219 NAY votes to 4 YES votes. The office of fence viewer was established – to check on lot lines.

In 1840 a handfull of Irish settled on a half section of land northwest of Mequon – Thiensville area and called it New Dublin. This small area marked the spot where the agents for the Green Bay Road made their log cabin headquarters in 1834.

Today, Dublin is Hamilton, a landmark named after son of Alexander Hamilton who spent a night there after returning from a cattle selling trip to Green Bay.

One of the early settlers in the Mequon-Thiensville area was James Woodworth. In his recollections he said,

"My father and I landed from a steamboat at the village of Milwaukee on the 16th of June in 1837 and the following day struck into the dense forest on an Indian trail in a northwest direction in search of Isaac Bigelow and the Daniel Stricklands who had moved in the winter before.

"We followed the trail some 15 miles, calling at two shanties on our way, the only ones we saw all the way. The next shanty was on the left of the trail, between Mequon and Thiensville, occupied by Isham Day and family. Two miles north we found a tree blazed and writing showing the course and distance to Isaac Bigelows.

"There was just enough daylight left to read the writing. This was a blind trail, but we felt it with our feet, and made our way through before it was entirely dark. My brother did not fare so well, as he had to lay out in the woods the night before, crawling out on a tree which leaned over Cedar Creek to escape the wolves.

"The Strickland and Bigelow families, first settlers along the River suffered many hardships. Strickland was burned out the first winter. – he grubbed away among the corn stumps and raised a little corn – they burned a hole in the end of a stump for a mortar, got stone from lakeshore and pounded up corn into a sort of a meal and made it into cakes and pudding.

"In the summer of 1838 my first wife and I reaped our first wheat crop with case knives and in the fall I borrowed an Ox and light wagon and set for Kilbournetown in Milwaukee where they had a mill. That same year Peter Turk got up his sawmill and in the spring of 1839 he brought me a load of lumber for the roof of my log house and afterward some flooring.

"We had as yet no road cut out but wound our way through the woods, on a line where we had hacked out saplings and chopped logs so a team could get through. I think this is the same summer they began chopping out the Green Bay Road as far as Port Washington. (In 1839 a contract was awarded to cut the Green Bay Road as far as Port Washington but it had been chopped through the wilderness in 1834. Road building is one of the first signs of advancing civilization.)

"Quite a few Americans and Irish began to settle in 1838-1839 but part of them became sick of so much toil and hardship and having no money left, sold out to the Germans when they came in 1840. Others with more grit and endurance, stuck to it as it began to look brighter in 1841-1842. In 1845 I hauled nice spring wheat to Milwaukee and sold it for 40 cents a bushel. Those moving into the country then found plenty of provisions, raised by the toil of the first settlers and tolerably good roads."

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When William H. Coulson arrived in what is now known as Grafton there were only two other white men – Timothy Wooden and Mr. Holmes. Timothy Wooden (1805-1849) had acquired much land from the United States Government. His cabin was on what was known in more recent years as the Walter Ahlers

farm. A huge elm tree marked the spot until the Milwaukee Northern Electric line constructed its viaduct in 1906. The elm tree, 30 feet from its right of way obstructed the view so it was cut down thus erasing the only tangible landmark associated with Grafton's first white settler. William H. Coulson bought land from Timothy Wooden on Green Bay Road. Timothy was Grafton's first Justice of the Peace.

Timothy Wooden was a colorful character and William often reminisced about him. Timothy incurred many gambling debts which he paid off in land. He borrowed tools which he forgot to return. One time Timothy borrowed an axe from William and solemnly swore that this time he would return the axe on a specific day or he would be a "dead man". The day came and went but William did not see Timothy nor the axe. William got a group of friends together who had also loaned tools to Tim and went to his wake. When they arrived Tim was very much alive but mystified how word of his demise could have started. William reminded him of his promise to return the axe or he was a "dead man". Tim was not without a sense of humor. He returned the axe and reveled with his friends.

Timothy's land assets dwindled as his debts increased. Faced with ultimate bankruptcy he deeded his remaining property to William. In 1849, Timothy, age 45, was on his death bed with cholera. He asked William if he still had the land and William assured him he did. Timothy breathed heavily and whispered "good". His widow, Harriet Willett Wooden, came sobbing to William – Timothy had left her without a square foot and no money. William declared no widow should go to the poorhouse and promised Harriet he would quit claim the land and give it back to her. Over the years Harriet sold off land piece by piece to keep body and soul together.

Harriet and Timothy had two children who survived childbirth – a son, Edward, who died at age four and a daughter, Henrietta (1848-1922), who married Dennis Tibbits (1847-1925). We do not know where Dennis came from. The Tibbits lived in Chicago and visited Grafton in their seven passenger touring car, suitably attired. They had one son, George, who became a dentist and practiced in Chicago. He had a son, Albert, who graduated in engineering from Armour Institute and a daughter, Frances.

Harriet (1806-1822) and Timothy (1805-1849), their grandson, George (1871-1934) and his wife, Jane Newell (1879-1954) are buried in Woodlawn-Union cemetery on the lot adjoining the Coulson lot. Now in the year 1976 Grafton has a beautiful new Timothy Wooden school commemorating him.

After William Coulson made a clearing on his property, he built a frame house and on April 14th, 1844, brought his bride, Emmeline Willett Harvey, to live there. Emmeline was a widow, age 31, with three children ages twelve, nine and six. William was 39. Emmeline had been living in Mequon with her uncle, John Willett, his wife and a couple of his sisters. The John Willetts had moved to Mequon from Flushing, Long Island in 1840. Harriet Willett Wooden, Timothy's wife, was Emmeline Willett Harvey's aunt. We do not know how William met Emmeline. It is likely that the Woodens took William to Mequon where Harriet introduced him to her niece. We can only conjecture why a segment of the Willett family moved into Northwest Territory. John Willett was the fourth child and third son of William Willett of Flushing, a man of means.

The Willetts had lived on Long Island since the middle 1600's. William Willett was a slaveholder and owned much property which had been willed to him by Lawrence Willett, the grandson of an earlier John Willett. Lawrence was willed by his grandfather all the property within a two mile radius of the house which he shared with John Willett's great-grandson, John. The remainder of the property was divided equally among heirs. John had stipulated in his will that slaves, when sold, would have the option of choosing a master should more than one buyer meet the figure established by the executor of the will. Emmeline's great, great, grandfather, Thomas Willett, was summoned by Lord Cornbury in 1702 to help establish Grace Episcopal Church in Flushing.

John Willett, Emmeline's uncle, who settled in Mequon, married his cousin and they had two daughters, Margaret (Mrs. John Whitford) and Harriet (Hallie) who never married, three sons, John, Aaron Burr and Charles. Hallie, a school teacher, had a small wooden house on the Milwaukee River where Mrs. Amalia Schmidt now lives. John Whitford was a school master who became superintendent of Ozaukee County Schools. The Whitfords lived on south Main street, Grafton, next door to Frederick and Caroline Harms (my grandparents). The Whitford's daughter, Margaret, grandniece of Timothy Wooden, was my father's first teacher and all her life she cherished the relationship with well-behaved, bright, loveable, brown eyed Benjamin. Margaret was educated in the convent in Prairie du Chien. In later years when she was an

established teacher in Indianapolis (taught there 40 years) she spent her summers in our home in Grafton. One summer she and I drove to Prairie du Chien to visit her old school which had changed little over the years.

All of us children looked forward to "Aunt" Margaret's long visits in the summertime. We tuned in on the reminiscing about "old times". There were the perennial calls on the old families in Grafton, Cedarburg and Port Washington – the Ahlers, Gannons and Eccles (Mrs. Eccles was a descendant of Harvey Turner) – Aunt Margaret and Mother in their calling clothes. I was the chauffeur. We were received in the parlors and I sat quietly by while Aunt Margaret and her hostesses relived the past with humor and anecdote.

Aunt Margaret helped us children to cultivate an interest in the heavenly bodies. On a warm, mid-summer night we went out on the south lawn, peered into the black sky and Aunt Margaret pointed out the big and little dippers and other constellations. She showed us how to find the North Star by looking at the Big Dipper. Come Christmas she indulged us with luxuries from L. S. Ayers Department Store in Indianapolis. She sent Roy NATURE MAGAZINE. She sent us girls lovely silk scarves, beautiful beaded and satin bags suitable for debutante balls. Since I did not use these lovelies at the high school dances, I kept them wrapped in tissue in my dresser drawer. When I was 13 Aunt Margaret took me to Chicago to see the sights. We stayed at the home of her cousin, Dr. George Tibbits (grandson of Timothy Wooden) in Morgan Park. Each day the two of us took the train into the "loop". We toured the Field Museum, Art Institute, made all the floors of Marshall Field's, visited Hull House, Jewish Ghetto on Maxwell Street and considered an excursion on Lake Michigan but were talked out of this by Dr. Tibbits. Good thing, too. The day we had thought about taking the excursion the boat had an accident and passengers were plunged into the icy lake. We went to the Balaban and Katz theaters, with movie, vaudiville and organ. One day we were briefly exposed to a "talkie" – crude and loud. I preferred the more romantic, silent movies. On our last day in Chicago Aunt Margaret asked me which I preferred to do – take another walk around the exquisite china and crystal department at Marshall Field's or go to the Oriental Theater which had a new show. I hesitated – my taste for fine china was undeveloped – and chose the movie. Aunt Margaret smiled and said we would have lunch first in Field's Tearoom. NOW I know that Aunt Margaret's feet ached.

One summer our family drove to Indianapolis in the Chrysler and visited Aunt Margaret in her apartment. She had been to Europe the year before and there was much to talk about. While there we visited Coulson kin living in Indianapolis – the Lawrence Cartrights. Lawrence was a grandson of John Coulson who had settled in Portland, Indiana. Aunt Margaret's apartment was small for a family our size. Indianapolis was hot and muggy in July. We missed the cool Lake Michigan breeze. When the Cartwrights invited some of us children to stay at their place with its big sleeping porches, that suited us fine.

Margaret Whitford (1868-1951) is buried in Woodlawn-Union Cemetery along with her mother, Margaret, her aunt, Harriet Willett and Aaron Burr Willett. The Willett lot is south of the Coulson lot and above the Harms lot. Before my father, Benjamin Harms, died he bought and had installed a granite marker for Margaret Whitford's grave.

The Aunt Margaret I knew and lovingly remember was a distinguished looking little woman – did not weigh a hundred pounds. She had a long, fair face with regular features, bright blue eyes and snow white hair pulled up and back and pouffed lightly. She was a redhead in her youth. She wore lovely becoming clothes which I audibly admired.

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The house on Green Bay Road that William H. Coulson built for Emmeline was of frame construction with lathing and plaster walls – no insulating sheathing. The initial house was two stories with second floor overhanging in front to protect the "stoop" that spanned the front of building. Later two wings were added – one a flat roofed, one story addition and the other a one story lean to. The finished house had a kitchen, sitting room, parlor, three bedrooms downstairs, a cubby hole about the size of the smallest bedroom and a stairway from the kitchen leading to the two upstairs bedrooms. Early in their marriage William and Emmeline slept in one of the upstairs bedrooms and the children in the other. Years later after son, William Willett, married and lived with them, Emmeline and William slept in the lean to bedroom on the far side of the "stoop". Come bedtime they blew out the candle in the sitting room (later it was a kerosene lamp) went out on the open stoop and walked its length to their bedroom – romantic for young people in the

spring but arduous for old people in the winter – climbed into bed and snuggled between straw filled ticks. Each fall ticks were emptied, washed by hand with homemade soap and refilled with fresh corn husks. The carpets were pulled up each fall, beaten outside, powdered straw swept off the floor, new straw put down, carpets relaid and tacked – properly turned to insure even wear. There was no basement. Kitchen floor was low and water seeped in after heavy rains. William painted the front of house yellow and left back unpainted and it weathered over the years. The wood-turning shop was some yards from the house but joined to it by a Concord grape arbor. They drew water from the well near the kitchen by a hand pump. In winter they had to break the ice first. One grandchild described the winter "cold as the north pole".

Note: There were wood burning stoves in the kitchen, sitting room and parlor and a fireplace in the bedroom on the near side of the "stoop". The heated kitchen helped warm the upstairs bedrooms. The Grandfather Clock was on the shelf in sitting room.

Emmeline and William started a family of their own. Louisa was born on April 29th, 1845 - the year after they were married. The next year, Charlotte Harvey, age 11 - Emmeline's daughter by her first marriage - died in the cold of February. Three years later Louisa died on February 27th. William dug graves for his children out of the frozen, snow covered ground in the front yard of his house and planted a purple lilac. Years later their bones were disinterred and buried with Emmeline in Woodlawn-Union Cemetery. When I was a child I had a quiet reverence for the huge lilac bush that marked the spot where the dear children had been buried. Emmeline was five months pregnant with William Willett when Louisa died. William Willett was born on June 16th, 1848. Three years later Walter Anson was born - February 8th, 1851. On February 29th, 1860, Walter Anson, age nine, died. He was buried with the two girls in the front yard. Charles Harvey, one of Emmeline's sons by her first marriage lived to be 23 years old and James Harvey, another son, became a Civil War veteran and lived to be 55. He is buried in Woodlawn-Union Cemetery.

When James Harvey was with the 24th Wisconsin in the Civil War he was injured in an accident. The Chaplain, John P. Roe, wrote Emmeline and William a reassuring letter. It was hand-written on lined stationery with a picture of a dove bearing a letter with the following quotation: "The U.S. Christian Commission sends this sheet as a messenger between the soldier and his home. Let it hasten to those who wait tiding."

April 1, 1865
Bulls Gap, Tennessee

Mr. William Coulson
Madam

Our regiment in Co.E of which your son James Harvey has left the camp at Huntsville last Tuesday, the 28th of March by road for this place. Soon after noon yesterday one of the cars ran off the track your son was sitting on top with the others and was blown off with the concussion, was cut some but not severely on the face. And also injured in his right ankle. Our surgeon not being with the Co. E, the Dr. of the 30th attended him, placed him in the officer's car where I cared for him as tenderly as possible. We disembarked from the cars at midnight, had him taken to the hospital, where I stayed with him until morning. Dr. Hassee of our Regmt. has examined him this morning and pronounced his injuries but slight.

My object in writing is lest you might hear from other sources that your son was injured and be apprehensive on his account. He has been a very steady exemplary soldier during the series of meetings I have been holding in camp and has been deeply interested. I trust the Lord is leading him. I hope he will be able to write to you in a few days when the swelling on his face abates.

If you fail to hear from him I will endeavor to answer any inquiries you may make of me by letter.

He appears to be quite easy now where I leave him to follow the Regt. which has marched on into the gap.

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There is a full length portrait photograph of Emmeline in an oval wooden frame hanging in our bedroom in Kirkwood. It is a picture of a serene looking woman with soft, kind eyes - blue? Most likely. She sits erectly on a satin striped curved wooden chair. Her dark straight hair is parted in the middle and pulled tightly back showing about three fourths of each ear. She has a mature figure but is not an old

woman. She is wearing a black silk alpaca with long narrow tapered sleeves, very full skirt and a fitted bodice. The high neck is finished with a narrow white collar with a bar shaped pin at the throat. The sleeves are trimmed at the wrist with three unevenly spaced rows of black velvet ribbon. A dozen white crystal centered jet buttons trim the center opening of the bodice. Was this the dress Emmeline wore when she married William?

The tin type head and shoulder picture of William was taken when he had white hair. He was a stocky looking, square faced man with a deep brow. He wore a short, neatly trimmed white beard that extended from ear to ear and a moderately short haircut. I am reminded of a Rembrandt. He must have favored his mother's folks, the Van Horns. He is wearing a white shirt, a black ribbon tie and a black tailored suit coat.

When William was 69 and living in the same house with his son, William Willett and daughter-in-law, Jane and their growing family, he penned some lines which he gave to Janie as he fondly called her.

To Janie:

From low pursuits expel my mind
From every vice of every kind
Nor let my conduct ever tend
To wound the feeling of a friend.

Remember well and bear in mind
A constant friend is hard to find
And when you've found one just and true
Change not the old one for the new.

Have communion with -
Be intimate with one
Deal justly with all
Speak evil of none.

I once had money and a friend
On which I set great store
I lent my money to my friend
And took his word therefor.

And naught but words got
I lost my money and my friend
For sue him I would not.

If I had money and a friend
As I had once before
I would keep my money and my friend
And play the fool no more.

by, William H. Coulson born in Cool Spring, Mercer County, Pa. March 22nd, 1807. Now resident of Grafton Ozaukee Co. Wis. My age is 69 years. A present to Janie Coulson, January 7, 1876.

On November 25th, 1884, William H. Coulson died - age 77 years and eight months. The obituary printed in the Cedarburg Enterprise was headed "Another old Settler Gone to Join the Silent Majority."

"One of the oldest settlers of our neighboring village of Grafton, Mr. William Coulson, died yesterday at his residence in the 78th year of his age after a short illness of disease of the heart.

"The deceased settled in Grafton as a carpenter and joiner in the year 1843 and was married one year later to Mrs. Harvey, a widow and niece of the late John Willett of Mequon with whom she resided and of whom the few remaining settlers will remember; she died some six years ago. (see note) Of the three children from this marriage, but one remains, Mr. William Coulson, who was born at Grafton and lives there now. The deceased was a good citizen and well liked by all his neighbors. The funeral will

take place tomorrow at 1 o'clock P.M. from his late residence. Thus one after another of the old settlers that have seen, and went through all the hardship incident to the early settlement of the wilderness, passes from us. May he rest in peace.".

Note: Emmeline Willett Harvey Coulson died on June 12, 1878 at the age of 62 years and eight months. She and William and the bones of their small children are buried in Woodlawn-Union Cemetery.

Holt-Stuart

In the 1850's Grafton was a thriving town - an oasis in the wilderness. The Green Bay Road was finished. Mr. Bonniwell, a pioneer in the Thiensville-Mequon area, was influential in building a courthouse (old stone block) in 1844-1845 and a hotel in 1849.

When the dam and sawmill were built, big projects, there was much rejoicing - young and old danced to the fiddler's tunes. In 1856 a large grist mill was built and in the same year John Steinmetz built the first brewery. The remaining - now Landmark - lime kilns were not built until the 1890's but lime was prime source of revenue as early as 1846 when the first kiln was built. The Ormsby Lime Company started another kiln in 1874 along the river.

The first medical practitioner was Dr. Peter Moore. He covered a broad area and his fee, established by the residents, was 50 cents per mile for all visits within a two mile radius - medicine extra. Pioneer ministers were happy to get 10 or 12 dollars a month. Old settlers said that a lawyer would walk 30 miles to try a case before a justice of the peace for a two dollar fee.

The county court house was on the first floor of the "stone block" - so called because it was constructed from the native limestone. The jail was upstairs. The building had 36 windows up and down on the two fronts facing Main and Bridge Streets - with windows on the other sides also and at least four chimneys. The walls were 32 inches thick. The block was the site of the county court house until 1853 when the state legislature split the area into two counties - Washington and Ozaukee. The decision was challenged because the state constitution stated that no county could have an area less than 900 square miles and the new Ozaukee did not meet the requirements. The case went to the Supreme Court and was settled in favor of Ozaukee County. The Court decided that the boundaries ended in the middle of Lake Michigan making Ozaukee a legal unit. Now Ozaukee County has the distinction of being the smallest county in the state. A struggle for the location of the county seat ensued. West Bend became county seat for Washington and Grafton lost to Port Washington. It was during this period of struggle for the county seat that Leland Stanford came to the county of Ozaukee from New York state. He ran for county prosecutor and was defeated by Eugene Turner, son of Harvey Turner, early settler. He packed his bags and went west and the rest is history.

After the county government moved to Port Washington the stone block was occupied by saloons, livery stable, black smith shop, bowling alley and a store - my grandfather's. It was located in the front in 1875. In 1878 he moved to the west end of the stone block and there HARMS STORE remained until the 1940's. Before the Lutheran's built St. Paul's Church, formally organized July 28, 1851, they held meetings in the Stone Block.

Eugene Turner owned land along the Milwaukee River in the south end of Grafton which he gave to the Methodists on which they erected the Methodist Episcopal Church. It was a one room white frame building with vaulted ceiling. It had a front vestry hall and belfry. The long narrow Tudor windows were tinted rose. Olga Harms MacBean played the organ for the Sunday service and later when I was taking piano lessons, I played the organ for Sunday School. There was a pot belly wood stove near the vestry door and my brother, Roy, started the fire on winter Sunday mornings. It was a rustic setting - woods in back, rose bushes and wild flowers. Vestry men took up the collection in scarlet velour pouched bags which were on the end of long rods. I dreamed of being married in the little church in the month of May but when that time came I was married in the Methodist Church in Cedarburg in August.

Eugene Turner's mother, Miss Emmeline Teall (Mrs. Harvey Turner) was the first school ma'am in Grafton.

St. Joseph's Catholic Church was built in 1847. Before that the Jesuit circuit riders made their headquarters at St. John's Cathedral in Milwaukee, rode the Ozaukee circuit on their horses with their

prayer books, food and clothing in saddle bags. Many was the time they slept on the ground fully clothed on a bed made of boughs and branches.

The Civil War aroused divided loyalties. Germans and Luxoumburgers who had left the old country to get away from war were actively opposed. The draft was imposed to meet the quota. Riots ensued on the front lawn of the New Courthouse in Port Washington. Authorities quelled the rioters and clubs were organized to raise conscriptions and county met its quota.

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William Willett Coulson, age 26, married Eliza Jane Holt, age 22 in Port Washington on the 28th of July 1874. Eliza Jane came to Grafton when she was a baby along with parents and older brother, Mark. She was born in Coffee Creek, Indiana on September 20th, 1852 in a covered wagon. The Holts had migrated to Wisconsin from Canada. James Holt was born in Kingston, Canada West of an English, Anglican father born in Sheffield, England. His mother, Ann Lancaster, was an Irish Catholic. When she tried to rear him a Catholic, he rebelled and ran away from home. At age 20 he married Eliza Stuart, age 16. Eliza was a south Highland Scot born in northern Ireland. Eliza's mother told the children how a wheel rolled off their carriage as they were making their escape from Scotland and they feared they would be overtaken.

The Stuart clan stems from a common ancestor - the steward to William the Conquerer. The Stuart clan tartan is mostly red bars on a white background.

Eliza Stuart Holt's brothers and sisters travelled with her and James from Canada to Wisconsin in their covered wagon. Eliza's sister, Lute, never married but kept house for the family. Sister Ada was the school principal in Grafton for many years. Brother James was a captain on the Great Lakes. Brother Charles was a landowner and the first superintendent of the Grafton Lime Kilns when they were built in 1890. Sister Jane was my grandmother's godmother. She married Marquis de Lafayette Gillett and lived in the town of Gillett near Green Bay. When I was a child we visited the Gillett's descendants in their elegant home in Des Pere. Previously the Gilletts had visited the Coulsons in Grafton.

Eliza Stuart Holt had an oval face with regular features slightly arched, pencil thin eyebrows, sharp bright eyes, heavy dark hair parted in the middle, pulled back softly with a braided coronet and over each ear a four inch curl framing the lovely face. In her upper torso tintype she is wearing a black silk alpaca, braid trim on sleeves and an Irish crocheted collar. She and James Holt had eight children in their 18 years of marriage. At 39 she contracted spinal meningitis and died along with her youngest child, Louella. This shattered James. He lived to be 82 and a Civil War veteran. Jane Holt was 21 when her mother died. She took over the management of the household. Before her mother's death, Jane had enjoyed a comfortable childhood in Grafton. She and brother Mark attended the dancing academy. In a tintype of the children, Jane and Mark, Jane is wearing a long full skirted dress with fitted bodice and puffed sleeves. Her hair is parted in the middle and she has shoulder length curls. Mark is wearing white, mid-calf, ruffled pantaloons and a short sleeved dark top. He is wearing single strap black slippers. The two of them look like a couple of adorable midgets. Jane's mother, Eliza, owned the first sewing machine in Grafton - she was a fine seamstress making all her children's clothes.

Jane never fully recovered from the extreme grief felt when her mother and baby sister died. When I was a child Grandma Coulson (Jane Holt) had her "crying spells" which I shared. She would corner me in the parlor and tell me once again, sobbing all the while, how her beloved mother died of spinal meningitis at 39. Outside the day was warm and bright but I sat quietly and listened to grandma vent her grief in the shaded ascetic parlor. Her crying spell over, she became her old jolly self, laughing heartily, loving all of us.

The James Holts lived in a simple pitched roof, unadorned house - stone and plaster on the first level and frame on the second. It was nestled in the woods near the street among the wild flowers on the west bank of the Milwaukee River and across the River from brother Charles Stuart. Long after James Holt died and his daughters had homes of their own, the old house continued to be a mecca. The furniture was left in place, pieces of display china in the corner cupboard. On a warm Sunday afternoon a trip to the "old house" was a pilgrimage the relatives indulged in when they came out from the city (Milwaukee) on the inter-urban. When it was torn down the occasion was like losing a member of the family. Vandals were breaking in and no member of the family ever intended to occupy it again.

The Grafton Hotel was a center of life and gayety in the 1850's and '60's. Young and old danced the Virginia reel, money musk and tripped the light fantastic. The hotel was built on the site of the first hostelry built by Colonel Benjamin Moore, who also had first store, son of Major General Benjamin Moore. Young Ben was on his father's staff. His hostelry was a haven for the wayfarer who was always fed, sheltered, never questioned and bade God speed. The hostelry was 25 feet square built of planks - no plaster. Grafton was called Hamburg then but Colonel Moore liked the name Grafton and Grafton it became - perhaps his ancestors came from Dublin. The name Grafton was officially adopted in 1850. In 1846 a Pennsylvanian, Benjamin Sebring, built a "tarvern" on the spot where Colonel Moore's hostelry had been and called it the Grafton Hotel. It was a stone-plaster structure facing north. The front "stoop" had an overhanging balcony called a piazza with rail and banisters. There were small paned windows on all sides. It had three rooms down stairs and four up - hard oak floors throughout. The ceilings were seven feet high. Additions were added during the first three years after it was built. For a couple of decades it was the hub of the town - political caucuses and conventions were held there. Forty gold rushers in 1849, headed by William Bonniwell, headquartered there while they prepared their wagons, cared for their horses, acquired harnesses and other supplies for the great expedition to California for gold. During the 1860's the hotel was, along with the old stone block, a recruiting station for Civil War volunteers. Captain Spehn of the 9th Wisconsin Infantry and Captain Cove of the First Wisconsin Cavalry enlisted Graftonites from this village square. James (Grandpa) Holt recalled that during the "War of the Rebellion" as he referred to it the proprietor's wife of the stone block saloon sang the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" and got nine men - one of them himself - James Holt. Every Memorial Day for years afterwards James put flags on the graves of the other eight.

In later years the Grafton Hotel that had reflected so much of the vigor of pioneer life fell into decadance. It became the county home for the poor. In 1892 it was torn down and a new, modern hotel was subsequently erected in its place.

The Holt children with the exception of Jane, who remained in Grafton, moved elsewhere. Leota married a newspaper reporter and lived in California; Carrie married Phillip Pfeiffer' and lived in Cedarburg, then moved to Milwaukee where three of her daughters taught in the Milwaukee school system and the fourth became a private secretary and an Altrusan; Mattie married Otto Phillips and her children were absorbed in the Milwaukee business community. Ida was a nurse and never married. When we were born, Aunt Ida came to live with us and stayed until mother recuperated. Mark was a marine engineer and lived in Sturgeon Bay. He helped build the Sturgeon Bay Canal.

Note: Phillip Pfeiffer had a cheese factory in Cedarburg.

When we were children, the five of us, Dad, Mother and Grandma Coulson (Eliza Jane Holt) drove to Sturgeon Bay in our Ford sedan. The Green Bay Road, though passable, was not an expressway and the road beyond Green Bay was such that we mired in the sand. The Mark Holts had a big place on the Bay and separated from it by an extensive cherry orchard. They had a couple of motorized boats in their slips which we were invited to use. Dad's recognized skill with an oar and a row boat had never been critically challenged. One time he ran the upper rapids of the Milwaukee River in his canoe. He took Mother and three of us children for a row boat ride early in the morning. Never mechanically inclined, he did not use the motor. He avoided the car-ferry channel but never anticipated the tremendous waves the ferries produced - nor was he familiar with their schedule. We were caught in the billowing waves of a car-ferry without life jackets. Our boat bobbed up and down in the deep water. We sat frozen with fear and let Dad use all the youthful vigor and know how he possessed to bring us safely to shore.

James Holt (1830-1913) died in his 82nd year. Eliza Stuart Holt (1834-1873) is buried beside him in Woodlawn-Union Cemetery.

During the Civil War James Holt was in the 15th Wisconsin Regiment, Co. K. He spent three years in the South after which his Regiment was sent to Minnesota to quell possible Indian rebellions. He was there two years during which time he developed an interest in herb medicine. He thought the Indians were "more sinned against than sinning". By trade he was a cabinet maker and was employed by James Hilgen in Cedarburg. He walked to and from work each day.

Frick

In 1863, Francis Frick, age 65, sold a store in Germantown, Wisconsin and moved to Grafton where he established a dry goods and grocery store. Francis Frick was born in Berne, Switzerland into a deeply religious Catholic family. He was a square jawed, rugged looking man with a high brow, deep set dark eyes, heavy dark brown hair combed down straight to the tips of his ears, then slightly curled at the ends. On his tin-type he is wearing a white shirt, patterned vest, tailored suit and soft bow tie. We do not know the year he emigrated from Switzerland. He had been married over there and his wife died or he was separated from her. He met Elizabeth Herman in Germantown who, like himself, was born in Berne. Elizabeth was four years younger. They had one child, Caroline, age 11, when they moved to Grafton. Those who remembered her then, recalled her beauty. She helped her father in the store when she was barely tall enough to peer over the high counter.

The Fricks lived in a frame house on the north side of town in what was known as "Kauffig's Eck". Caroline was timid by nature. Indians who stopped by frightened her even though they were friendly. All her life she was extremely careful about keeping doors locked day and night.

The Francis Frick store was a two story stone rectangular building with a pitched roof, wide double door entrance flanked by two sash windows with six small panes. There were three similar front windows on the second floor. Francis moved his family from "Kauffig's Eck" to the upstairs of the store. When Caroline married Fred Harms, they lived with the Fricks and their two oldest children, Agnes and Will, were born there.

Caroline and Fred moved to a house on south Main Street, Francis sold his store and retired and moved in with Caroline and her family. But he and Elizabeth wanted a house of their own so he bought a house across the street from Caroline. He made a trip back to Berne before he died. In February, 1882, at age 84 he died and was buried in the Catholic Cemetery in Grafton. The immediate cause of death was kidney and heart failure. He had suffered long from "dropsy" or edema.

Elizabeth moved back with daughter Caroline and family. She taught granddaughter, Agnes, to read German. In February, 1890, she died, age 78 and was buried in the Lutheran Cemetery in Grafton. She never adopted the Catholic faith of her husband. Although they were buried in different cemeteries they are separated only by a fence. Ben Harms, my father, covered the graves with cement topping that he had mixed and spread himself, and marked them.

F. L. Harms

It was the 16th of April, 1870, when Frederick Louis Harms, age 22, and Caroline Eva Frick, age 18, walked hand in hand across the Milwaukee River bridge in Grafton and up the hill to St. Joseph's Catholic Church and were married in the presence of two witnesses. (All their children were baptised Catholic but attended the Methodist Church).

Frederick was a newcomer to Grafton. He was a clerk for the established merchant, C.L. Dickerman - had been with him a year. It was two years since he graduated from Bryan and Stratton Chicago Business University. He worked briefly for Earnest Frankenberg in his pioneer store in West Bend, then moved to Grafton. At Frankenbergers he went out into the territory selling clothes lines.

Fred was age one year when he came to Washington County with his young parents, Fred and Augusta, ages ~~28~~ 44 and ~~24~~ 37 respectively. They had emigrated from Wolfenbüttel, Germany in 1849 - some of the many Germans who came to the new world after the 1848 revolution failed. They considered going to England but because of Irish potato famine decided on the long trip to the United States.

Today Wolfenbüttel has a population between 10,000 and 20,000 and looks much like it did 100 years ago. Many buildings are three and four hundred years old and the rose tinted brick "schloz" in the central plaza dates back to at least the 15th century. As far as we know, Frederick's grandfather was a miller in Wolfenbüttel. His father, Fred, was born in Wolfenbüttel ~~in 1822~~ and married Augusta Gueder in 1824 who was also born in Wolfenbüttel. Augusta's mother was a Koch - all high German - so called because of the geographic demarcation of Germany. After Luther, the language of the high German people became the literary language of the country. Today Wolfenbüttel has one of the finest collections of Luther's writings

in its library. Ulric, my husband, and Mary, my daughter, and I visited Wolfenbüttel in 1963. We dined in the 300 year old Alte Residentzstadt, walked down the wide streets flanked by narrow wooden and stone row houses with orange tile pitched roofs. The housefronts had many small paned white curtained windows with bright window boxes. There were sturdy stone churches and a stone bank building. We wandered around the square at market time - visited places of business. The major department store displayed yard goods on its mezzanine.

My mind flashed back to stories my father told how grandfather displayed yard goods in a similar way in Grafton. The schlosz which is now a museum and finishing school for girls was where Marie Therese played as a child. We went into the elegant light palace with its many clear glass windows, were given covers for our feet that looked like snowshoes. They were made of cloth and we slid around from room to room on highly polished parquet floors. We were awed by the magnificent ceilings, intricate wood carved walls, tapestries, paintings, precious artifacts in metal and glass. I kept asking myself - why did they leave? But of course I knew - they wanted freedom - of speech - of press - freedom from war and the burden of excessive taxation imposed by war - and to worship as they pleased.

Note: Lessing, Gotthold Ephrain, German writer, was librarian in local library in Wolfenbüttel in 1770.

Fred, Augusta and baby Frederick came to Milwaukee. They wanted to buy land and were shown property that is now site of Schlitz Brewing Company but decided against settling there because it was too swampy! They pushed northwest and bought land in Newburgh in town of Cedarburg. It was wooded, stony and there were Indians. They made a clearing and built a crude log cabin. Until his dying day my grandfather recalled the cold winter nights and how he could see the stars through the roof of the log cabin. Indians stopped by to warm up and Augusta gave them food. They were always friendly. Fred went to public school - also a log cabin. There were three other children - two sons and a daughter. The daughter became "Aunt Kohlwey" and started the line of a couple of generations of farmers and dairymen in Ozaukee County. When land was cleared around the log cabin, they built a stone house from the field stone. It was a rectangular one story building with an A shaped roof - windows on side and back. The small front porch had a pitched roof and was supported by wooden posts. It was a sturdy, austere isolated house - so unlike the prim, colorful, neighborly houses in Wolfenbüttel. Young Fred helped his father on the land until he was 16 then set out for greener pastures. He got a clerking job in Frankenberg's store in Newburgh - walked through the woods along the Indian trails to get there. He liked the work and decided he wanted his own business but first he needed more education so off to business college in Chicago.

The rules and regulations of the college were a part of Fred's business conduct throughout his career:

Rules and Regulations

I. No student is allowed to open the drawer or disturb the books of another without permission of the occupant of the drawer or from the teacher.

II. Students will not remain in the rooms unless they are engaged in the business for which they entered.

III. Students are not permitted to carry out of the room any article belonging to the College.

IV. No talking, laughing or improper noise, lounging or collecting in groups is permitted. Strict attention to business is required of each student.

V. Students using tobacco must provide themselves with spittoons and arrange with the janitor to take care of them to prevent the unnecessary filth they would otherwise create.

VI. Students are expected to be present at all the lectures.

VII. Any student who is defacing manuscript by writing on it or otherwise will be subject to a fine of five dollars for each offense.

VIII. Students are requested to go up and down stairs quietly so as not to disturb the occupants of the rooms and office below.

IX. When a student discontinues his studies it is expected that he will vacate his drawer that it may be allotted to another in actual attendance.

X. A very important part of business education is "gentlemanly deportment", it is capital in trade and must be cultivated here.

Note: Fred and Augusta Harms had 4 children - Fred, Henry, Christian and "Aunt Kohlwey" –(Sophie?)

****

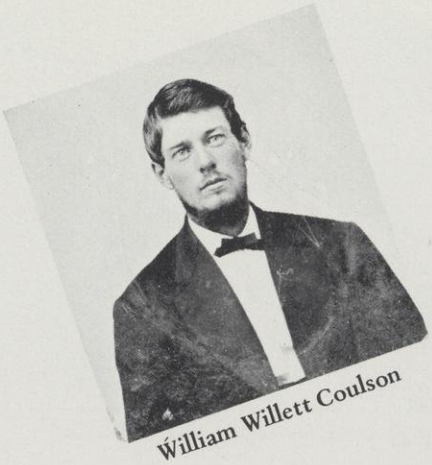
A year after marriage, Fred went into partnership with John Fitzgerald under the firm name of HARMS and FITZGERALD. The next year in 1871, Fred bought out Fitzgerald and the store became the FRED L. HARMS STORE. In 1875 Fred moved his store to the front of the stone block and three years later in 1878 he moved it to the west side of the stone block where it remained until B. F. Harms sold half of the building to Richard C. Bonner in the 1940's. Bonner converted it into a law office and an upstairs apartment. Subsequently he bought the remaining half. In 1876 Fred L. Harms was appointed Postmaster, an office he held for 40 years. The Post Office was in the grocery side of the store. In later years all the old Post Office fixtures complete with letter holes were stored on the second floor over the grocery side. A fire wiped out that section in 1961 completely destroying everything.

Clearing the land was rugged but the life of a merchant in the early days also demanded physical stamina. Before the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul RR cut through Grafton in 1871 Fred hitched his horse to his wagon and drove 20 miles to Milwaukee and back in the same day over the rough Green Bay Road on his frequent buying trips. Fred was an agent for the Northwestern Life Insurance Co. for 40 years. He traded in real estate, was notary public. He took an active interest in local affairs and was elected the first president of the Village of Grafton when it was incorporated. He promoted good schools. When his children completed common school – there was no high school in Grafton – he sent them to Valporaiso University in Indiana. Agnes was a kindergarten teacher and taught in Port Washington; Will taught country school – later studied law and until his retirement was employed by state of Minnesota in legal department in St. Paul; Olga taught piano lessons in Grafton before and after her marriage. Ben took a commercial course at "Valpo", succeeded his father in HARMS STORE; Fred was a civil engineer employed by the city of Milwaukee until his retirement. Alex and Clara did not choose college but their children did.

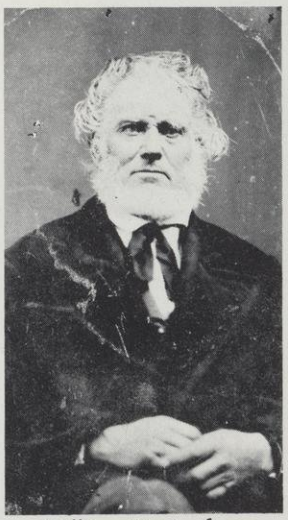
Market Day in Grafton, the first Monday of the month was a busy one for merchants and traders. Saukville had the first Market Day in 1833. It became popular almost immediately and the entire state had market days. Grafton continued to have Market Day through my early childhood. In the 1870's traders set up wares in wide open spaces in front of the old "Tarvern",Grafton Hotel. They laid planks on saw horses and heaped their wares on top – some arranged shoes in neat rows but others jumbled them together. Chickens and animals were traded as well as goods. The traders wore white shirts, jackets and hats. The buyers, men and women, wore work clothes and hats – women in long calico dresses and bonnets. Here and there was a dandy wearing a vest and carrying a cane. Patent medicine posters were tacked on the posts of the hotel piazza. The postures and expressions of the collection of humanity at the fair resembled a Caleb Bingham painting of a Missouri election. Horses, wagons and black buggies were tethered to hitching posts on Main Street away from the central square.

In 1887 the River bank had a miscellaneous assortment of sheds and small buildings – an ice house – beginning of a lime kiln. Cutting river ice and storing it in sawdust was a continuing business until modern refrigeration. The 12-18 inch blocks were stored in the ice house from which they were sold and delivered.

By the turn of the century Main Street was an attractive road with trees on both sides, houses and markets, small stores and shops – all close to the sidewalk path. Horse hitching posts were lined up along the grassy parkway like so many parking meters. Some business places had neat awnings. The sign: WEBER GRAFTON LAGER BEER – dominated the area near the "new" hotel. The annual firemen's tournament drew standing crowds to watch the parade and the volunteer firemen demonstrate their skill with a ladder. Red, white and blue bunting was strung in front of the hotel. Men, Women and children, dressed in their best lined both sides of Main Street to watch half a dozen firemen in suits, white shirts and hats pull the fire wagon through town. The parade was in summer – the sun was hot. Women carried parosols or black umbrellas.



William Willett Coulson



William H. Coulson

Eliza Jane Holt

Benjamin Harms
1909

Eliza Stuart Holt
holding Eliza Jane

Jennie Coulson
1910

Margaret Whitford
Timothy Wooden's grand niece

Olga Harms – early 1900's

James Holt Homestead
Grafton

Ben Harms in front of Newburgh home
of Fred and Augusta Harms

William Willett Coulson Homestead
Grafton

Typical Architecture in Wolfenbüttel, Germany

1929

F. L. Harms Homestead – Grafton

Henry Salle – 1898.
Carving Limestone Lion

Caroline and Fred Harms
Wed 50 years
1920

Grafton, Wis _____ 187

M. _____

Bought of **F. FRICK,**

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, NOTIONS,

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, &c.,

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United States Postoffice

GRAFTON, WISCONSIN.

Postal Savings Depository

F. L. Harms, Postmaster B. F. Harms, Ass't Postmaster

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F. L HARMS. J. FITZGERALD.

Grafton Wis., _____ 187 .

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..DEALERS IN..

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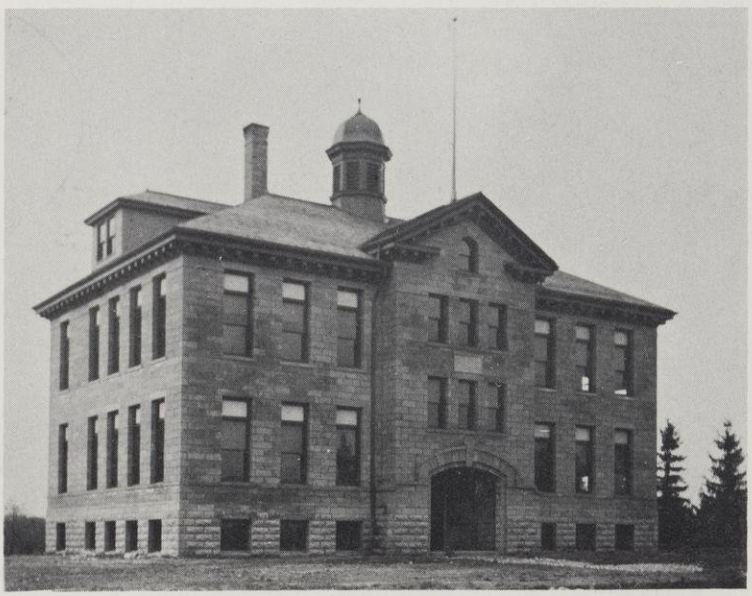
Grafton, Wis., Aug 5 1909

Old School House – 1895



New Public School – 1906
Razed during 1960's

School Picnic at Bienline's Park – 1907

Coulson Parlor – 1910
Left to right: Ben Harms, Ida Holt, Emmeline Coulson, unknown, Clara Harms, Jennie Coulson, Ray Coulson.

Mole's Woods May 17, 1910
Right front: Jennie and Emmeline Coulson
Right back: Ben Harms, others unknown

Ben and Jennies Brown Bungalow

1911

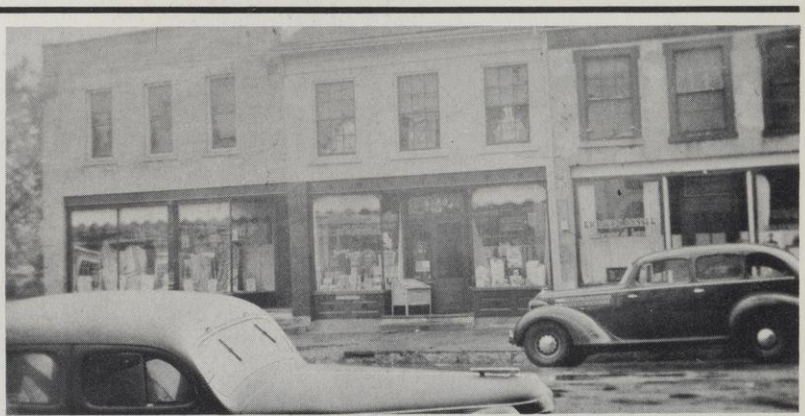
1948

1941

1954

The Store

F. L. Harms Store – early 1900's



B. F. Harms Store – 1930's

Ford Sedan

On a Sunday afternoon

Chrysler

Lake Michigan

Hudson

Tent

Annual report of the Village board of the Village of Grafton. We the undersigned members of the Village board. Respectfully submit the following report ending March 31st 1877

	Money Received by the Village Treasurer are as follows	$	cts.
Bal	Balance from Town	60	00
"	Saloon Licence	1699	98
"	Borrowed money	1500	00
"	Money from County for transient paupers	18	30
"	State Tax	239	25
"	County "	252	70
"	" School "	97	81
"	Dist " "	535	75
"	Village Tax Raised	500	00
"	Delinquent Road Tax	14	91
"	Peddlars Licence	3	00
"	Dog Tax	69	00
"	Poll Tax	61	50
"	From Gov. Ketchum towards his family	9	00
"	As per Road Warrent	299	33
	Total amount Received	$ 5360	59

	The said amount was expended as follows	$	cts.
Pd.	State Tax	239	25
"	County "	252	70
"	" School "	97	81
"	Dist. " "	535	75
"	Overcharged Taxes	6	23
"	Taxes returned	39	72
"	Treasurers fees	41	10
"	Uncollected Road and Poll Taxes	56	23

Page 2

	$	cts.
Orders cancelled by the board	3658	17
Total expended	4926	96
Bal. in Treasury	$ 433	63

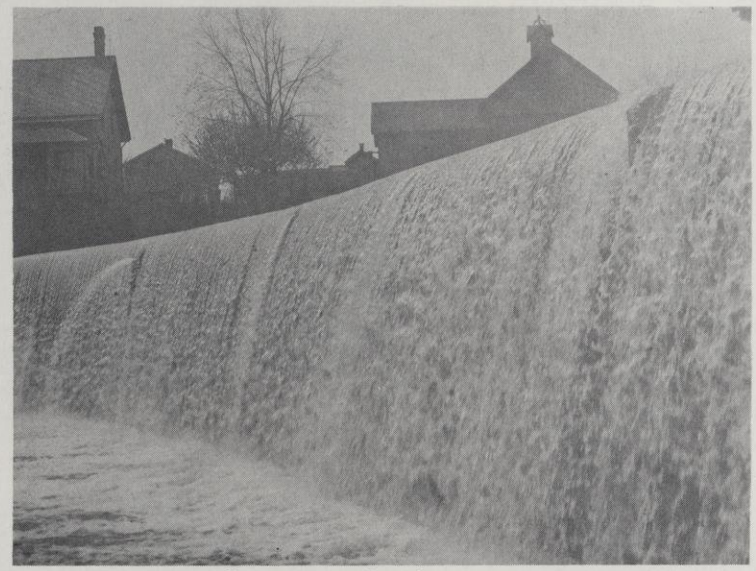
The present condition of the Village is as follows. Bal. in Treasury $ 427.13
Out standing orders 6.50
$ 433.63

		cts.
Makes a Total in Treasury	$ 433	63

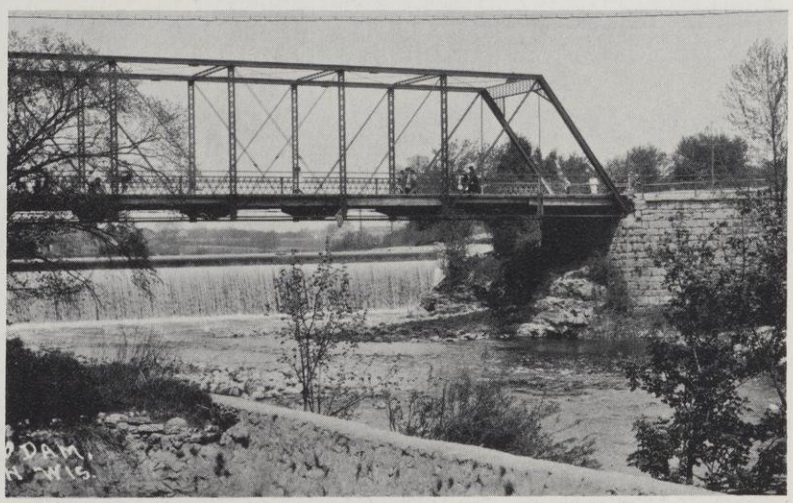
Borrowed money at Six per cent and payable in One, Two, and Three Years. $ 1500 00

F. L. Stearns fees
Nic Ahles
Hubert Wolfinger
Andrew Biedeis
Robert Schnabel

Stone Block
Built 1844-45



Mill Dam on Milwaukee River
Built in 1850's

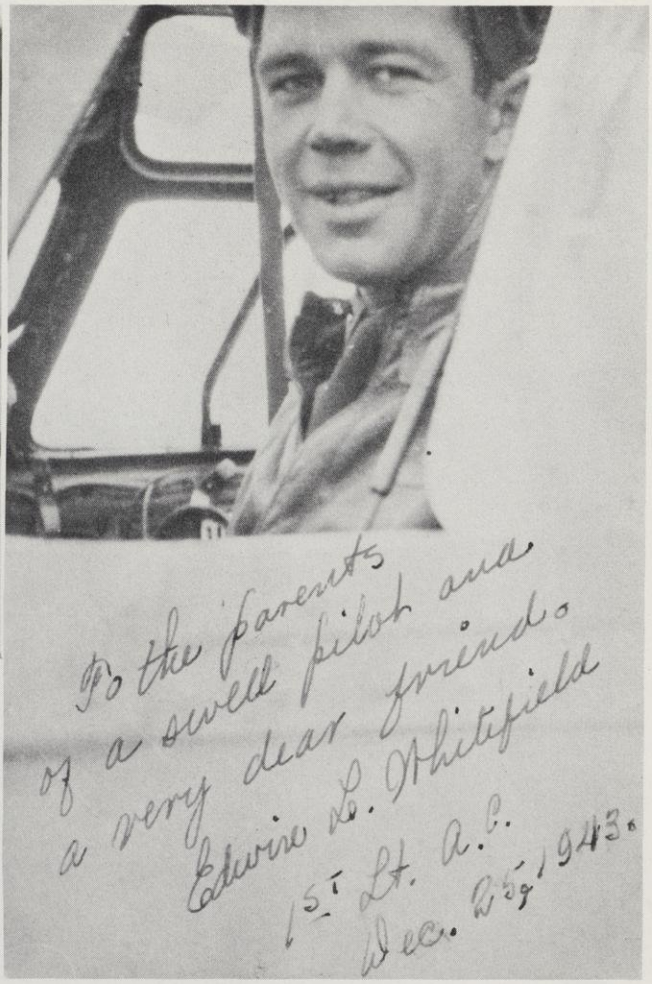


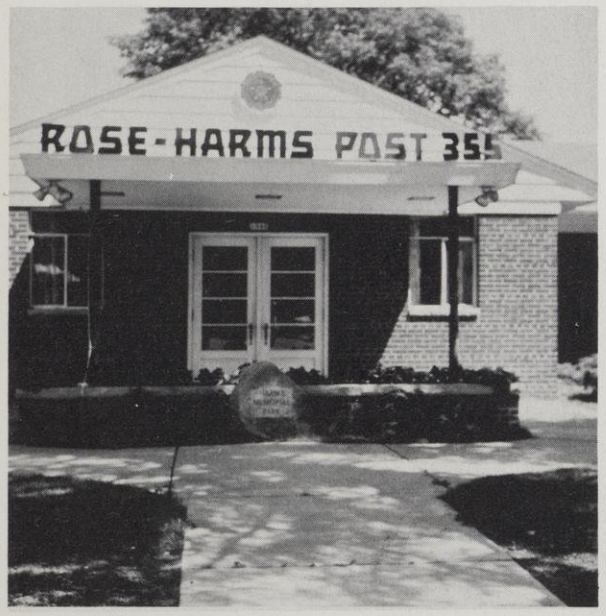
Iron Bridge spanning Milwaukee River
Built in 1888

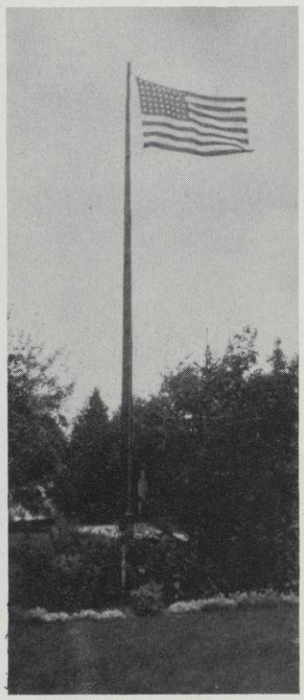
Ice House and Lime Kiln – 1887

Fair Day – 1887
On square in front of Old Hotel

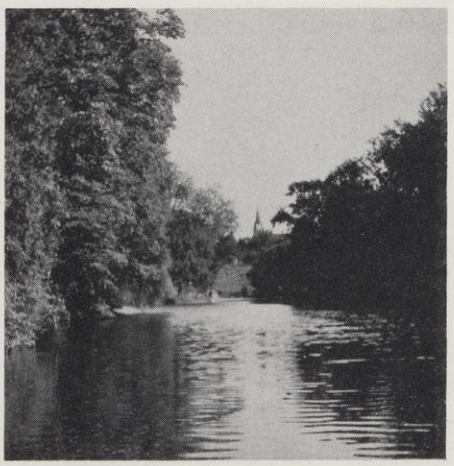
Roy's Crew – 93rd Bomber Group







B. F. Harms Lawn

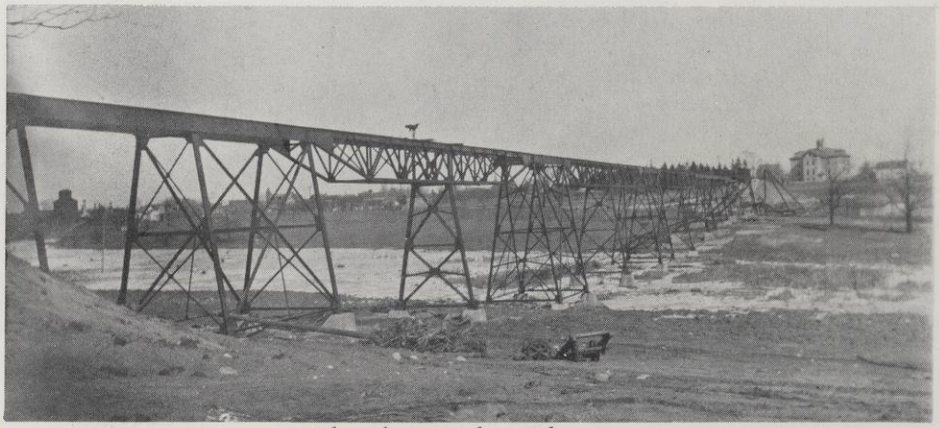


Milwaukee River
in back of Memorial Park

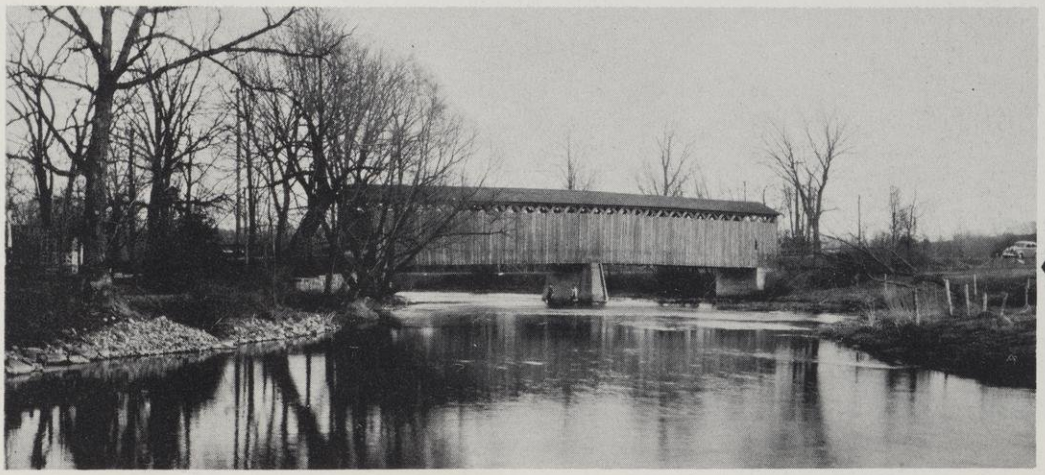
1954

Roy and Bonnie
Green Bay Road

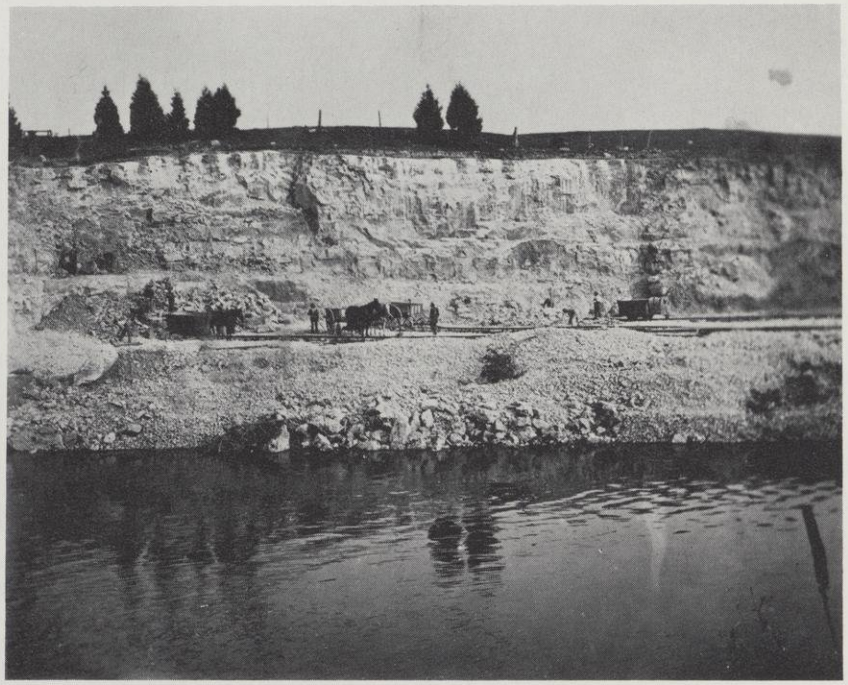
View of Grafton
1906



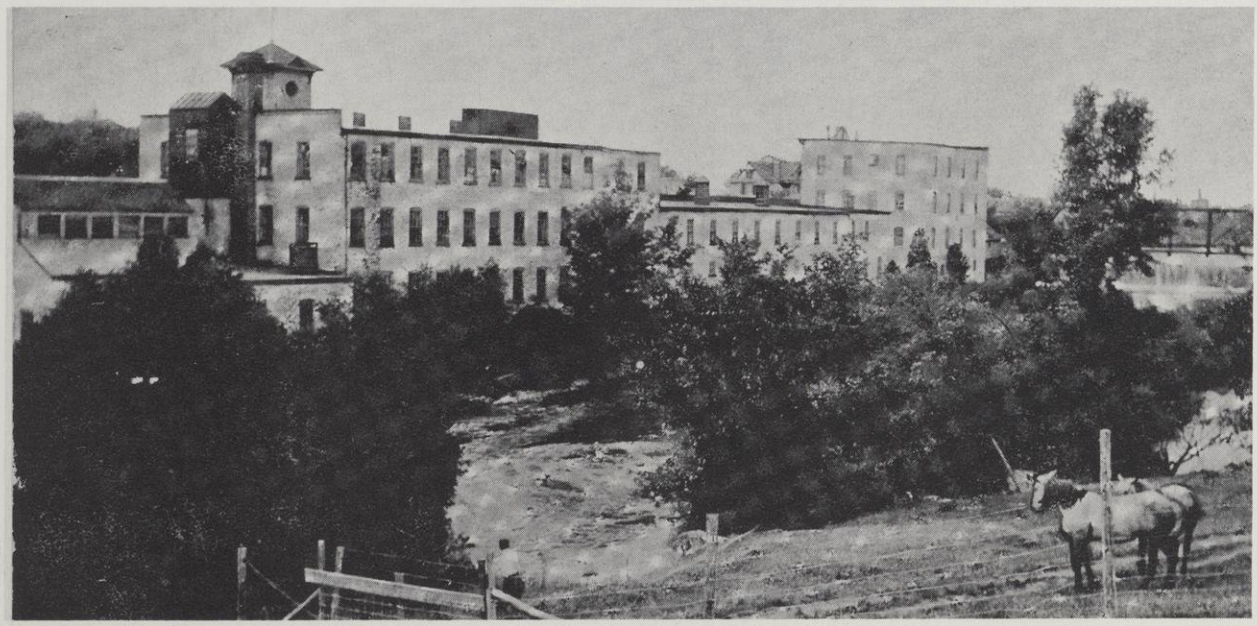
Milwaukee Northern Electric
Interurban Trestle 1907



The Old Covered Bridge
Built in 1876



Lime Quarry



Woolen and Flour Mills
1908

Lower Falls on Milwaukee River

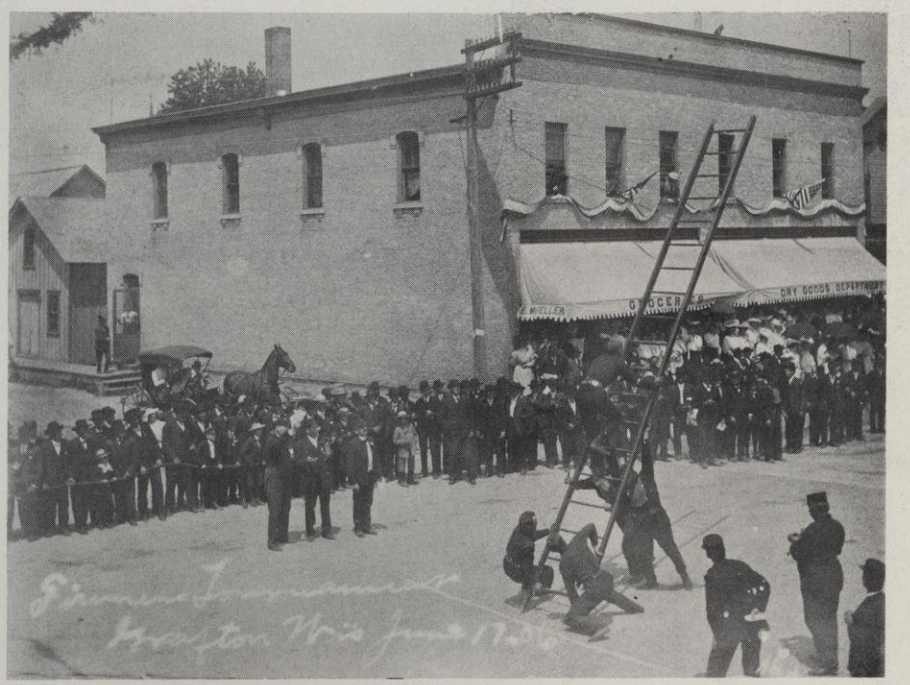
1905

1907

1908

New Hotel
1906

Fire Fighters



Ed Mueller Store
1906

During December 1888 and January 1889 Fred Harms kept a diary which adds a bit of local color to the Grafton of the era:

Grafton, Wisconsin, 1888

December pleasant dry weather. Therm 16 degrees.

Dec. 15 Rain which was much needed.

Dec. 16 10 A.M. Foggy – therm 40

Dec. 17 Fair day – have busy day – fair business customers from Saukville – Nip McCarton and others – weather brisk and cold – therm 20 – looks like snow – even-after supper Mr. Rannin comes over for game of skat – we go to play – stay out until midnight.

Dec. 18 cloudy day – looks like snow, of which a little is sprinkling – therm 26 – poor business all day – evening Frank (employee) goes to Cedarburg. I sit in store talking with Hempel until midnight – intend to go to Milwaukee to-morrow.

Dec. 19 Wednesday – bright clear morning – I do not go to Milwaukee – business tolerable good – go home early.

Dec. 20 Go to Milwaukee on train – buy few dry goods – some clothing – very windy – terribly dusty – in city streets sprinklers out – come home in afternoon – evening go down to river skating – Storey and W. Rannin out with their ice boat – Bach had ride in same and tipped over.

Dec. 21 Pleasant weather – business good – Sauer for Storm and Hill Chicago here.

Dec. 22 Pleasant weather – business good – evening went up river and ran ice boat – staid out until midnight – had pleasant time.

Dec. 23 Sunday afternoon in store – business good – went down to look at ice – there is water on same – Storey Hempel and Weber out with ice boat – weather soft – therm 52 at noon – south wind in afternoon – plant grape cuttings and flower seeds on river bank – evening staid home reading – afternoon clean sunshine – evening cloudy.

Dec. 24 Monday morning – therm 43 – raining but not much at noon – clearing up – 50 degrees – pleasant weather – roads muddy – evening folks coming to go to church at 10 – take basketfull of presents for the kids – go home.

Dec. 25 Cloudy – therm 36 – wind from west, clearing partly and slightly warmer in afternoon – go down to store and sit around talking to Weber and Hempel – in evening fix up Maggie Lauternuffers ten kids then go down to Siebon where we play a game of skat – the boys having a dance at Kreutzers – we hear them swearing and fighting all evening – all in all a hell of a time – go home late – it was very dark.

Dec. 26 snowed at night – raining, nasty weather. Benie Barnet's wedding. Mr. Stell being to drunk to sing at the church – Maggie Whitford has to do this for Barnet – man to build iron bridge arrived – Hampel comes up and tells us that Mr. Thorp has got the G.B. (Grafton Bridge) at 4 o'clock. clean up – therm 40 – looks like freezing evening Rannin comes up and we have a skat until midnight – a snow storm raging – appears to be getting colder.

Dec. 27 clear cold day – teams hauling the bridge over from depot – William Mossman comes from Milwaukee and goes to supper with me after we have a "skat".

Dec. 28 clear bright day – commence tearing up bridge – weather very nice – therm 20 – Mossman goes off on the 3 P.M. train – business slack – am postin' up my books – evening make monthly report for insurance.

Dec. 29 Cloudy weather – therm 20 – MacBean comes in evening – go early home.

Dec. 30 Cloudy weather therm 40 – not many people in town on account of bridge being broke up – afternoon try to take up pump but can't get it loose – fix up the henhouse and put tar paper on front trees – commences to snow very hard – evening go down to store to do some insurance writing – Frank goes to party at Meyers – business quiet – weather fair.

Jan. 1
1889 A happy new year to start but not so as it might be – Bennie sick – looks like diptheria – give him turpentine and sugar – helps him – therm 40 – evening feels worse with fever.

Jan. 2 Weather clear and nice, therm about 40 – not much business – go home early in evening.

Jan. 3 Weather nice – therm 40 – Bennie better – not so much fever – evening Kohlwey brings me fat hog – 320 lbs.

Jan. 4 Frank takes cow down to butcher to kill – splendid weather – therm 40 – business slack – sell Hempel one fourth of cow beef – looks good – go have a drink on this with Dr. Harting and Gerlach – weather moderate evening Weber, Hempel, Toll and myself go to play skat – play until 1:30 in morning – bill $2.55 – Simon insults us – agree not to play there for some time.

Jan. 6 feel bad – got a big head afternoon – lay on lounge to home – weather soft.

Jan. 7 Nip Holton comes to help my wife to make sausage and cut up the beef and pork – weather soft.

Jan. 8 Frank gets lumber from Cedarburg to build smoke house – about noon it commences to rain – keeps on all day and all night – Wed. morning it changes to snow – let Frank start smoke house – therm at noon 34 – grows colder – finished smoke house in evening.

Jan. 9 Nice fresh weather – Storey and I start the ice boat but it won't work – go to house and fix smoke house and put sausage in – start smoking same – therm at noon 20 – goes down in PM to 16 – moderate at night.

Jan. 10 Get up at 7:30 but too fresh to start to smoke until after breakfast – sunshine bright at noon – therm 18.

Jan. 11 Start taking inventory – weather moderate – keep to work until late – commences to snow toward evening. Hempel comes to help.

Jan. 13 Business fair in afternoon – work late at inventory.

Jan. 14 Weather soft – get letter from Bankead, Ala. keep busy at inventory.

Jan. 15 Weather softer – therm dips to 35.

Jan. 16 Foggy weather – rains all day – therm 44. Burhop here with Clausing asking about fixing up their mill books at 5 P.M. rains heavy – then stormy and clears up – very bright moonlight – go up with MacBean – talk about buying the lots of E. Mole – close store at 10 – therm down to 34 – figure making change in store shelves.

Jan. 17 Cold weather – everything frozen hard – therm down to 12 evening go skating and run ice boat – have fine time – Friday send Frank to Cedarburg for lumber for shelves – stranger very drunk – fell off walk in front of store – hurts his face and head.

Jan. 19 Get Meyer to build shelves and cut off desk – feel very sore in shoulder of rheumatism on account of snow storm – coming evening – 11 o'clock quit – got wood back out to shelves – go to Simons and take some beer and go home.

Sun.

Jan. 20 Snowing – therm 26 at 11 o'clock – keep snowing – not much business – afternoon go down to store – fix up a little in office – evening stay at home – Mac Bean and wife come over for a short visit – gets colder.

Jan. 21 Therm in morning zero – at 10 o'clock 6 above – fair day but not much business – no good sleighing – at noon have a talk with Leonard and Gotschalk about meeting in Cedarburg to-night regarding W– Fair – clear all day – evening write some insurance – go home. Note: (The W– Fair is incomplete – perhaps it referred to St. Louis World's Fair which F. L. Harms attended.)

Jan. 23 Get up early – get breakfast and go to store – Frank goes to wedding at Cramers, Caroline and M. Barth get married (Note: Cramer had a photographic studio) – sweep out and clean up – Aggie (daughter) relieves me for dinner – splendid bright day – therm 30 – not much business all day – after noon my wife and Aggie go to wedding also – evening Aggie relieves me for supper – later sit and talk with Hempel about Fleischman's financial situation being slow to pay his dues – close store and go home – late at night wife comes home from wedding.

Jan. 24 Get Meyer to fix shelves for me – weather moderate – therm 20.

Jan. 25 Very nice day – therm 30 – bright sunshine – Heuer brings lumber for hat case and cornish.

Jan. 26 Get shelf to fit glass case for hats and caps and finish shelves for glass.

Jan. 26 Aggie and Willie (daughter and son) go down to store and help us to get along with inventory – start on grocery side – evening masquerade at Simons – several come in store to let us see how foolish they look – about 11 o'clock close – Frank goes to ball – I go home.

Sunday Cloudy – looks like snow – therm 20, afternoon go down to store and do some writing – go home at dark.

Caroline and Fred moved from the Frick store to south Main Street after births of Agnes and Will. They bought a house the Methodists had used for a meeting place. It was a frame, square, one story structure with a pitched roof, long front porch, supported by posts and a wooden fretwork border. The windows were big and deep. A neat, board fence spanned the front and a picket fence ran the length of the north side of house. My father was very fond of the architecture of the old house and in later life painted it in oil and exhibited it at the Rural Art Show in Madison in 1955. The 17th Rural Art Show was sponsored by the Blue Shield 4-H Club of the Department of Agricluture and Extension Divisions of the College of Agriculture in cooperation with the Wisconsin Union Gallery Committee. There were 103 exhibitors from all over the State.

F.L.'s growing family and hired help outgrew the small house so they moved into a bigger one on south Main Street. This was a gabled, Victorian type frame house set back from the street and facing west. The property extended all the way back to the River. The south lawn was a wide expanse of grass and trees. It was a six bedroom house. It had large two pane sash windows. The parlor window and bedroom above it had stained glass borders on top. The front entrance, to right of center, had an overhanging second story piazza or balcony that extended across one third of the second story. Up through my 13th year, Fred and Caroline lived in the big house. There was a small vestibule, and a long hall that went to the kitchen. To left of hall as you entered was an open stairway to bedrooms. A short hallway to the left led to the parlor in front – always closed. It was a bright sunny room simply furnished in the fashion of the time. The only pieces of furniture that attracted my attention were a marble topped ornamental plant stand and the upright elaborately embossed black piano. Across from the parlor was Grandpa's study lined with books and encyclopedia. In later years Grandpa spent much time here, reading, contemplating and smoking. The crooked merschaum on the pipe rack impressed me. The long dining room to right of entrance hall was used for Sunday night suppers when our family or young Fred's family came, or special occasions. Grandma got out the white linen damask. Off the dining room was an unused bedroom but it was here where Fred's parents, Fred and Augusta, spent their last years. It was complete with facilities for making their own coffee. The big, light airy kitchen had an east-south exposure. The cuckoo clock was on a shelf above the table. A large enclosed back porch was on south side of kitchen. Grandma always had a freshly starched white apron hanging there so she could change quickly when someone came to the door. A common door on the north side of kitchen led to basement and the bathroom which was on same level as kitchen. Fred had the first bathroom in Grafton – tub on legs, marble wash-basin and seat with a pull chain. The bedrooms are vague in my memory but I do recall the wine cellar. Come Sunday or holiday when the relatives gathered, the men went to the wine cellar. None of the women and certainly none of the children could indulge in this recreation. Several sheds for horse and buggy and tools were in back of house – also a coop for chickens. One shed was for drying tobacco. Grandma had a large vegetable garden and there were currant and raspberry bushes. In the summertime Grandma and I sat under the clothes reel and shelled peas.

In the center of the front lawn was a life size stone lion. This cherished piece of sculpture is now the tombstone of Fred and Caroline in Woodlawn-Union Cemetery. In 1898 Henry Salle, a German relative of Fred's was visiting in the United States. He called on the Grafton Harms and stayed a year. Caroline's superb cooking may have influenced him or perhaps it was the challenge of the native lime stone. He chiseled the lion from the limestone in the gorge of the Milwaukee River in back of the Harms property. Why he chose to sculptor a lion instead of a dog or horse may go back to Wolfenbüttel. This part of Germany was the hereditary domain of Henry, The Lion, Duke of Saxony – a political entity as early as 1235.

When I started first grade at age of six (no kindergarten) I stayed with Grandma and Grandpa in bad weather. School was less than a block up the street. We lived a mile from school. Dad brought me on Monday with a change of clothes and picked me up on Friday. Instead of carrying my lunch I had lunch with Grandma and Grandpa in the kitchen. When they wanted to say something not for my ears, they lapsed into German. Grandma and I played cards in the evening and Grandpa went to his study. Grandma was always making delicious kuchens and other goodies. She would cut a piece for me as soon as it came out of the oven. At home we waited until mealtime.

Fred and Caroline sold the big house after their 50th wedding anniversary. That was a great occasion celebrated at home – three generations of relatives were invited. Mother spent a lot of time getting her children dressed for the occasion. She made me a pink silk crepe de chine dress and a beige wool cape. It was not a day for children to shine – attention focused on the couple who had lived together in sickness and health for 50 years and raised seven handsome children to maturity. They were blessed with 14 grandchildren.

The Harms art talent was transmitted to children and grandchildren. Agnes and Ben were talented. Agnes' daughter, Helen Couch, was director of art at Horace Mann School in West Allis until retirement and exhibited her own work at shows. Fred's two daughters, Winnifred and Elizabeth both pursued art careers. Elizabeth placed third in the fabric division of a national contest while she was a student at the Art Institute of Chicago. Ben's daughters Eva and Naomi inherited the talent.

Clara's son, Dallas Steinthorson, PhD Harvard, has been an economic consultant for the United Nations since 1960.

Fred and Caroline moved to West Allis where they bought a house next door to Dr. Ernest Couch, M.D., husband of Agnes. They lived to observe their 60th wedding anniversary. Caroline's health failed and she died on February 22, 1933. Fred lived for almost 12 more years dying at age 97 in December, 1945. He was blind those last years due in part to two unsuccessful cataract operations. He is buried beside Caroline in Woodlawn-Union Cemetery. The lion is their headstone. It is on a cement slab on which their names, birth and death dates are inscribed. Fred's parents, Fred and Augusta, are buried in Cedarburg Cemetery along with son Christian who died in early manhood.

Ben and Jennie

William Willett Coulson and Eliza Jane Holt had seven children – five boys and two girls – Hervey, Edgar, Howard, Emmeline, Raymond, Jennie and William Lee.

Frederick Louis Harms and Eva Caroline Frick had seven children – four boys and three girls – Agnes, William, Olga, Alex, Clara, Benjamin and Frederick.

Benjamin Franklin Harms married Jennie May Coulson on July 26th, 1911 in the Coulson parlor and went to the Wisconsin Dells on their honeymoon. In their 50 years of marriage they begat and reared five children – four girls and one boy – Virginia May, Eva Jane, Roy Coulson, Naomi Belle and Laura Ellen.

The romance between Ben and Jennie began in grade school in the old school building which subsequently became, after 1908, the "old firehouse". In 1896 all grades stood in front of the building and had their picture taken. There were 75 pupils and two teachers one of them, Margaret Whitford. Jennie, auburn hair pulled straight back and plaited in a braid sat in the second row, center front – a third grader, age eight. Benny, a grown-up seventh grader, age 11, stood in the second row from the back in line with Jennie. He wore a neatly buttoned dark suit and a printed wide ribbon tie.

It was a post card romance. Jennie went to high school in Grays Lake, Illinois and sent Ben post cards. Ben went to Valporaiso University in Indiana and sent Jennie post cards. Jennie went to Iowa to take care of brother Howard's wife when his children, Helen and Forest, were born and sent Ben post cards. Ben went to Pierpont, South Dakota to work as a bookkeeper at time of wheat harvest and sent Jennie post cards. Ben went to San Mateo, California where he was a bookkeeper for a lumber company and he sent Jennie post cards. Jennie went to visit the Coulson relatives in Portland, Indiana and sent Ben post cards – on one she said, "Hello! Am sending you a card introducing my cousin, Miss Mildred B. Miller to Mr. B. F. Harms. Would be pleased to get a card from you." And Miss Mildred Miller added a line: "Mr. Harms, glad to meet you, and yes, would be pleased to have a banner card (card with red felt penant with GRAFTON printed on it) but listen, Jennie wants your picture – she is so lonesome you know.". Jennie went to Sturgeon Bay and sent Ben a post card. Ben went to Milwaukee and sent Jennie a post card. Jennie was in Milwaukee visiting relatives and Ben sent her a card from Grafton: "Hello! Just got your letter and will try and be down sometime this P.M. B.F.H." Ben went to Canada and sent Jennie a card. Come Valentine's Day and Ben sent a heart shaped card with a picture of a red headed beauty to "My Fair Valentine". Jennie sent Ben a valentine from Milwaukee with a picture of demure red haired beauty: "To greet my valentine". Jennie was home and got a picture card of an auburn haired beauty: "Hello. Mail was about two hours late

last night. Will see you Friday eve. B." Ben was on jury duty in Milwaukee and sent Jennie a post card. Ben had a birthday and Jennie who was visiting in Waukegan, Illinois sent him a post card with hearts and forget-me-nots: "To greet you on your birthday. Congratulations from Jennie". Then there were the cards they exchanged expressing their politics: "Three cheers for Taft." and "Whose all right? Taft". By October 11th, 1910, Jennie's birthday, plans were under way for a July wedding. Ben sent Jennie a post card with a picture of a little house by the side of the road on the banks of a blue stream and it said: "Many happy returns of the day."

In 1902 Ben graduated from a business course at Valporaiso University. There were 10 in his class. He was 18 – strong and vigorous. "Valpo" was a memorable experience for him. When our family made a trip to Portland, Indiana to a Coulson family reunion we stopped at "Valpo" on our way home. It was Mother's first visit.

The Coulson and Harms children were same ages so there was a great family friendship as well as a romance between Ben and Jennie. Ray and Ben were fast friends. Clara and Emmeline were good friends. The young people socialized and the Coulson parlor was a rendezvous. Jennie played the organ and they all sang. There were parlor games known and enjoyed only by those who lived in that era. Jennie's father, William Willett, an early to bed early to rise man, did not expect young people to keep late hours. When HE thought it was time for a male caller to leave, he pounded loudly on the floor with his cane from his upstairs bedroom. If Ben tarried, Jennie's older sister Emmeline, saw to it that lights were out, doors closed and all visitors on their way at a reasonable hour.

Ben liked it in California and seriously considered staying. The owner of the lumber company where he worked made him a tempting offer but he could not persuade Jennie to leave Grafton and his father proposed he buy the store. This appealed to Jennie. Jennie's father liked the idea too and offered Ben and Jennie a piece of property adjacent to his on Green Bay Road on which to build.

Ben built his brown bungalow in 1911 at a cost of $1800.00 with $400.00 down and a five per cent note. By June 5th, 1919 the balance due was $100.00. In 1917 Mr.Schnable drilled a 55 foot deep well and installed a pump for $102.95. Taxes in 1912 were $6.81 and insurance for three years $9.00 A road tax of $4.50 was added in 1914 and the property tax increased to $11.50. By 1916 the property tax remained stable but road tax was reduced to $3.00. Ben had the house wired for electric lights when it was built at a cost of $12.09. Household items bought in 1911 from Carson Pirie Scott Wholesale Co. included: 1 brass bed, $18.00; 1 box spring, $12.00; 1 felt mattress $6.00; 1 sanitary couch $3.25; 1 oak dresser with mirror $18.75; 1 oak dining table $16.75; 6 oak dining room chairs $12.00; 1 oak bookcase $17.51 and 1 leather seated rocker $8.50. The fee for Dr. Balkwill when Virginia and Eva were born was $10.00; Roy and Naomi $12.00 and Laura $25.00. Live in help for two to six weeks ranged from $10.00 to $25.00.

Ben bought the F. L. Harms store in 1909 and went into partnership with George MacBean, husband of sister Olga. (George MacBean is buried in Woodlawn-Union Cemetery). George MacBean was a salesman for Carson Pirie Scott and Company wholesale store in Chicago. He returned to Grafton as a partner in Harms and MacBean Store, and Olga operated the local telephone office. Later Ben bought out George MacBean and the business became the B. F. HARMS STORE.

Ben rode to the store on his bicycle. It was open on Wednesday and Saturday nights and Sunday mornings. Jennie was lonesome even though they lived next to her parents. Come Wednesday and Saturday nights she put a black cotton apron over her black skirt and white blouse and clerked. This did not last long. On March 25th, 1913, Virginia was born, on November 11, 1914 Eva came followed by Roy on August 24, 1916. Naomi on July 13th, 1918 and Laura on June 12th, 1920.

They were socially active too in the early married years. Come Sunday and the boys – Ben, Rob Zaun, banker, Billy Weber, brewer, Max Mintzlaff, A.C. Cook, school principal, and William Lee Coulson were off on a hike to Moles Creek or the interurban trestle. The interurban electric line linking Milwaukee and Sheboygan was built in 1906. It cut through the western part of the Coulson property parallel to the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul tracks and divided the Green Bay Road frontage property from the five acres on the other side of tracks. In 1918 the group of young men had a last outing together. Billy Weber contracted flu and was buried before the following weekend – a great sadness.

Come wedding anniversary time and Ben and Jennie had an ice cream social for young married friends and relatives. They strung jack-o-lanterns the length and breadth of the front lawn, bought a huge freezer of ice cream and Jennie made lots of other goodies.

Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Years were family get-togethers. Both pairs of grandparents always came for Thanksgiving and frequently for Christmas dinner. During the Christmas holidays there was much visiting back and forth by relatives. The store was open Christmas Eve. Jennie worked up to the wire at home finishing doll clothes, polishing little shoes, waxing floors and bathing little ones. In the very early years a bath was accomplished in a wash tub in front of Junger's coal range in kitchen. Central heating came later. Lee Coulson, Jennie's youngest brother, was as excited about the Santa Claus visit as the children. He could hardly wait to get the kids off to bed so he, Ben and Jennie could begin "hostilities" as he called the tree decorating and all the rest.

The children in bed and store closed – Ben, Jennie and Lee set up the tree, put on the wax candles, ornaments and tinsel, filled the stockings with nuts in the foot, candy in the leg and an orange on top and arranged the dolls, books and toys. When I was five years old I became suspicious of this activity – doubted seriously that old St. Nic came down the chimney and performed that miracle from the pack on his back. Mother took me aside, held me on her knee and told me there was no Santa Claus. Since I was big enough to share a secret I was big enough to keep one and promised not to tell the other children. Christmas morning came all too soon for Ben and Jennie but not for the five children. They may not have dreamed of sugar plums but surely of dolls, games and books and later roller skates, bicycles, Johnson Racers and skiis. Santa never disappointed them – he was always generous.

Ben fitted a sled with a box, put his two little ones, Virginia and Eva in it and pulled them around town on a winter Sunday afternoon. When children were old enough to skate he and Jennie skated with them on the Milwaukee River. By the time of the Ford Sedan it was out to Lake Michigan every Sunday afternoon in summer. Sometimes the W.C. Muellers and Villa went along or one of the boys who worked in the store. Ben jumped the gullies – the children built houses in the sand, waded in the breaking waves, romped up and down the sandy beach. All this was too much for Jennie – she sat quietly by and enjoyed watching. Remnants of the old Ulao port were still visible reminiscent of the time cargo was brought to Grafton from Port Ulao.

Summer brought relatives. Each summer the Edgar Coulson children spent six weeks with Grandpa and Grandma Coulson while their mother visited her mother, Mrs. VerHalen in Saukville. The children were the same ages. There was pairing off and petty conniving but on the whole much healthy fun. They had acres for a playground.

The tent was a fun place too in the summertime. Overnight sleeping was not permitted.

Grandpa Coulson had several cows, a horse, some sows and chickens. When Virginia was a two year old it was her job to carry a pitcher of milk home from Grandpa's without spilling it which she successfully accomplished each day. After Grandpa finished his morning chores he dropped into our place for a visit and to play with his grandchildren. By this time William Willett had white hair, a long white beard and was slightly stooped. He played the fiddle, hugged and kissed Grandma from time to time and called her "wifey". He and Jane looked forward to visits from their children who were away – Hervey a lawyer in Waukegan, Edgar, with Blodgett in the cheese business in Marshfield, Howard, a veterinarian in Elkhorn, Ray a veterinarian with the State of Wisconsin, Lee with the Louisville Courier Journal (subsequently he was executive manager of WHAS in Louisville), and Emmeline, married and living in Grayslake, Illinois.

When Jane was with daughter Emmeline (1910) in Grayslake during her first pregnancy, Will wrote:

My dear wife,

If you are as lonesome as I am you are pretty bad. I have been digging potatoes this morning for a change – dug six bushels of late ones. They are fine. Several new buildings going up since you left – a fine house is being built on Seth Sager's place. Beherens is building near the Lutheran Church. The chair factory is putting on an addition of 90 feet. Have been doctoring with Dr. Balkwill for my throat but little improvement yet. I wish you would drop me a line oftener – just a few lines will do.

With love to Emmeline and Harry and lots to yourself,

Your loving Billy, good bye

William and Jane loved all of their 28 grandchildren but knew Ben and Jennie's children best because they were neighbors. Sometimes we slept overnight at Grandma and Grandpa's and Grandpa talked about old St. Peter and wondered what he would say when he met him at the gate. Grandpa drove us to the cemetery in his horse and buggy. It was a quiet, rustic, wooded spot with grass growing over the grave

markers, wild roses blooming profusely, wild strawberries to be had for the picking. The birds trilled, the breezes were gentle and the sun warm – a pleasant place to walk around and sit in the long grass. My father engaged in a life long struggle to preserve some of the natural beauty of Woodlawn-Union Cemetery and was not completely successful.

On the third of February, 1923 Grandpa plowed through snow on that icy day for his regular visit with his grandchildren. Mother came into the bedroom I shared with Eva and told me ever so gently that Grandpa had died. I was nine. He had a fatal stroke at the foot of the basement stairs in our house. Dr. Balkwill came. He had to tell Grandma Jane. I walked with the doctor across the snow to her house. She was looking out the north kitchen window and saw us coming. When we entered the kitchen she was sitting in a chair very composed. Dr. Balkwill hesitated. She said, "It's Will." The doctor said "Yes". She sat there awhile, then put on her paisley shawl and we walked together to our house.

Grandpa was laid out in the parlor – funeral service was in Methodist Church in Grafton. They said it was hard to dig the grave in the cold and deep snow. William Willett Coulson was buried in Woodlawn-Union Cemetery in front of his father, William H. and his mother, Emmeline Willett Coulson.

A few weeks after the funeral Grandma Jane wrote a letter to youngest son, Lee, who had been recently married:

"I miss Father more everyday – everywhere I look I can see him. It grieves me to look at that vacant rocker. I can't bare to go to church because he was always with me. Roy (age seven) said he didn't believe the Bible because it says that Jesus raised the dead but he did not raise Grandpa. My dear boy I am so very glad to hear that you have united with the church and are working in the Sunday School and set a good example to your class. It is sad that you didn't get home on your wedding trip. Father was so anxious to see Anna Marie. It is comfort to know you are cared for when sick and I hope you will prove yourself worthy of this love and kindness. I have had so many compliments on my boys (after the funeral) – people tell me they have never seen such a fine respectable looking lot of boys in Grafton – you were the only one they knew – a comfort to a mother, and to hear Father spoken of so kindly by everyone who knew him. I am blessed to be so near Jennie. She is good and kind to me and misses Father too."

Mother and Dad insisted grandma come and live with us for the rest of the winter and she did – for that winter and several more. She kept her house and lived there alone in the summer. She forbade card playing and liquor in her house – this behavior belonged in the saloon which she would have none of but she did enjoy a small glass of dandelion tonic on occasion. She would go on baking binges in anticipation of visits from her out of town children which did not always materialize. They had not written they were coming but she vainly hoped they would surprise her. She took short jaunts to Milwaukee to visit her sisters and came back laden with trinkets from the five and ten. We could hardly wait for her to open her bag! Mother insisted she was spoiling us. Dad had a store full of stuff but there was nothing as exciting as a bracelet or wrist watch from Woolworth's. Grandma's grown children pressed her with invitations and from time to time she would take off for a short visit. We never wanted her to leave and could hardly wait until she returned.

One Sunday afternoon in March she visited neighbors. When she came home she did not feel well and went to bed. She was in bed for two weeks. The last week the family came. Jennie was by her side most of the time and with her when she died in the middle of the night on March 30th, 1926. Conscious to the end she said she could see Will coming for her – she was happy to join him. Balmy spring weather prevailed during her illness but winter in its fiercest returned and the road to the cemetery had to be plowed out for the funeral. She was buried next to Will in Woodlawn-Union Cemetery.

William and Jane's grandchildren are spread over the United States. Hervey's son, Robert, Dartmouth 1933 and University of Chicago law school, served several terms as mayor of Waukegan, then as a Senator in Illinois legislature until his retirement. Emmeline's grandaughter, Margaret Williams, a speech therapy major at University of Wisconsin is the celebrated Pelinore, first woman clown in Ringling Brothers Barnum and Bailey Circus in 20 years. Another one of Emmeline's granddaughters is a journalist. Howard's granddaughter is an executive with Jewish Vocational Services in Chicago.

Jennie said she wanted to live long enough to have a 50th wedding anniversary. On July 26th, 1961, Ben and Jennie celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary by giving a lovely dinner at the CHALET on Lake Michigan. There were the children, grandchildren, and surviving brothers and sister (Jennie was only Coulson left). Jennie looked old and tired – Ben somewhat feeble, but it was a joyous occasion

nonetheless. In June Virginia gave them a reception in their home for relatives and longtime friends. Afterwards Jennie threw her arms around Virginia and hugged her tightly in her joy. Virginia compiled a 50th anniversary book with contributions from three generations of family. This Jennie read and re-read.

Evelyn Pfeiffer (Freund), Jennie's cousin, recalled: "The spring before Ben and Jennie were married, they went to Grandfather Holt's birthday party on May 6th where everyone ate fried chicken and strawberry shortcake under the apple trees all in bloom. Instead of joining the rest of the cousins in their customary walk down to "The Falls" to climb down the old quarry as far as possible and probably fall in the river, they elected to stroll off into the woods, starry eyed, hand in hand, "looking for Mayflowers" '.

Helen Coulson (Goldston), Howard's daughter, remembered the "pressed chicken" and cream puffs, served at Ben and Jennie's wedding reception.

B. A. Coulson (Campbell), Lee's daughter, recalled the time Roy drove a host of cousins to a movie in Cedarburg in the panel truck and amazed the theater attendant as "dozens" of assorted cousins tumbled out. And how she and sister Peg and brother Bill, vacated the dining room table when the HIAWATHA train streaked by. Bill remembered the lion on front lawn and fun sitting on it – the old barn with bar to chin, and cherry tree always in fruit when they came from Louisville in summer. Sister Peg recalled wonderful boat rides on river.

Daughter Naomi recalled: "The summers with visiting cousins when we slept on the floor – the year we drove to Indianopolis to visit Aunt Margaret and got hit by a horse a few miles from home on way back. Christmastime – the most exciting holiday – Thanksgiving when Uncle Ray brought the turkey the day before and took Laura and me back to Milwaukee with him for the night – the time Mother took me to Port Washington for my first pair of high heels – the many trips we made to Mole's Creek to picnic or swim – the winters we went skiing in Birch Woods or skating on the river – visits to Grandma and Grandpa in West Allis and coming home a different way each time – of course the store and cemetery played an important part in my early memories."

Daughter Eva recalled "playing in bushel baskets – banana crates – walking on stilts."

Michael Murphy, daughter Laura's son, age 11: "I remember I went to dinner at CHALET on the Lake and Grandpa couldn't finish his dinner so he asked for a sack to put it in to take home and the waiter brought him a sack that said, "For the Dog".

Laura Sue Robinson, grandchild age 10 wrote:

"I love to go to Grandma's house 'cause Grandpa lives there too
They let us pick the vegetables to put in Grandma's stew
They have a barn and lots of trees where lots of apples grow
And its lots of fun to climb these trees though the going's often slow
The attic and the cellar are the most fun of all
To search and prowl for wonders, we really have a ball
I love to sleep in mom's old bed (It's higher than my own)
And once I fell out on the floor and hit my funny bone
The kitchen always smells so good with cookies, cakes and pies
And when I had some gingerbread it really took the prize
My Grandpa paints some lovely scenes which hang upon the walls
I have a favorite in the den and many in the halls
No matter when you go there you have a lot of fun
So here's to your anniversary and have a happy one!"

Mary Elizabeth Horton, grandchild age 11 wrote:

"The thing I liked best of my trips to Grafton was the store even though I only saw the attic. I remember the old boots and shoes lines up against the wall – the long glass candy container – how could it hold so much candy? I remember the derby and the old glasses in a drawer. I was intrigued by the low rocking chair in the living room – the high beds and cubby holes – I also liked the glass jar with green lid where you keep the cookies, Grandma. I had many happy times in the old hammock outside."

H.C. Steinthorson, Ben's brother-in-law wrote:

"For the test of a heart is trouble,
And it always comes with the years,
Yet the joy that is worth,
The praise of the earth,
Is the smile that comes through the tears."

The 50 years went by swiftly – full of joy, sorrow, hard work and much fun. There were the school functions – operettas, plays, dances, proms and graduations. Ben and Jennie, like other parents of their generation in Grafton, attended these functions in which their children either performed or participated. They were not called chaperones at the school dances but that was their function. Ben served as a member of the school board.

Ben and the children built a tennis court in the back yard – a great place for friends to come and many was the time a game of tennis was scheduled so early in the morning that the dew was still on the lawn. Jennie had a beautiful flower garden and for many years a thriving vegetable garden. Ben was not successful on the land. When he planted potatoes they turned out to be size of golf balls. He enjoyed pruning bushes and trees. The lawn, like the house, grew with the family. It took two children to push two mowers on a Saturday and trim around trees and bushes. Ben raised and liberated pheasants.

When Roy went into the Service he bought the remaining Coulson property and willed it to Jennie. The Coulson homestead had been sold years before. The land was in grassland and little by little Ben sold off lots.

Ben was a Mason and both he and Jennie were members of the Eastern Star in Cedarburg. The Star was the social focus of the area. Jennie went through all the "chairs" and became a past worthy matron.

The Great Depression dealt heavy blows to Ben in the store but he managed to survive. There was the War, rationing and OPA with its problems and extra bookkeeping. Operating a retail store became a burden. Reluctantly Ben sold the store and retired to his home on Green Bay Road. He took up his paint brush and painted pictures of Grafton scenes and landmarks. On May 19th, 1954 the Cedarburg News headed a story on its front page: "Ben Harms, Lee Krueger have best local pictures at Art Show."

After Ben retired he served on the Cemetery and Water Boards and did appraisal work for the bank. He and Jennie made trips to Iowa, New York, Connecticut and Arizona to visit their children and grandchildren. They had eight grandchildren. But more and more they declined to travel. On October 19th, 1961, Jennie was fatally stricken – cerebral occlusion. The family came. Friends and acquaintances expressed their sympathy and brought food. It was a big funeral. Out of town old friends who had seen the death notice in the paper came for the funeral. Jennie was buried in Woodlawn-Union Cemetery.

Soon after the funeral the family left and Dad and I were alone. Another page had been turned in the book of life. We spent a couple of weeks "picking up the threads". Dad agreed to return to Kirkwood with me and make it his home at least temporarily. We left it open – if he did not like Missouri he could do something else.

Ben liked Missouri – he took on a new lease on life. Fall was beautiful and he enjoyed sightseeing. After three months he became very ill which resulted in being confined to his bed for much of the remainder of his life. His sisters, Agnes and Olga, and brothers, Will and Fred, came to visit. Friends from Grafton made the trip and others wrote newsy letters. His own children and grandchildren came often. He missed Jennie. So many times he had something he wanted to tell her. I became reacquainted with my father. He reminisced about his childhood – how as a little boy his mother sent him to the interurban station on Sunday to see how many relatives from Milwaukee got off so she would have enough for supper.

While confined, the vigor and talent of old dissipated – with his pencil and ruler he plotted graves at Woodlawn-Union Cemetery. For years old settlers came to our home when they visited the cemetery in Grafton. Ben received requests from afar about where a person was buried. He was the last one who remembered. When I told that my father plotted and identified cemetery lots, the reaction was one of shock at such a morbid preoccupation. For Dad it was not morbid – he enjoyed a reunion in memory with dear departed friends and relatives.

On May 6th, 1963, B. F. Harms died quietly in his own bed in Kirkwood, conscious to the end. Warren Mueller (mortician) came to Kirkwood and took his body back to Grafton in the limousine. It was cold and raw in Grafton the day of the funeral. He was buried next to Jennie in Woodlawn-Union Cemetery.

On January 30th, 1962 Ben wrote a few lines to a Grafton couple making a pencil draft first which was with his papers.

"I am not doing anything much but still the time goes. I have a nice room here in Kirkwood with Virginia – could not ask for anything better. Only wish Jennie were here also – so many times I have something I want to tell her.

"When we have a nice sunny day we go for a drive in the country which is really beautiful. Sunday we drove north and west and crossed the Missouri River. The Mississippi has been flooded with ice south of St. Louis. The main highways have lots of traffic but other good roads are nice to travel on. I enjoy the relaxation of looking at the country and expect to see more of it. Will see you in early summer."

The Store

Ben had hoped the B. F. HARMS STORE would become the Roy Coulson Harms Store but Roy was killed in Ploesti, Roumania on August 1, 1943. – a World War II casualty.

The store I remember faced north, had two entrances – one to the "dry goods side" and the other to the "grocery side". The sides were separated by a 32 inch stone wall (old stone block) but connected midway by an archway. The shoe department and Ben's office were a half flight up from the grocery side. Ben's desk faced south – light coming in on his desk from a wide window above which was a sill full of geraniums and other plants. There was a swivel chair, a couple of adding machines, a typewriter, filing cases and two safes. One safe was for the Town Books. Ben was Town Clerk for 40 years. A short hallway bisected by a door to the second floor led from shoe department to warehouse. In the warehouse there was a stand-on scale to weigh grain, feed and produce and a hand operated freight elevator that went to the basement. A long, narrow loading platform ran the width of the warehouse outside. Fred Port and Tony Wollner pulled up to the platform about 5 P.M. every working day and unloaded orders slugged B. F. HARMS. Sometimes there were customers waiting for the truck from Milwaukee.

Grocery and dry goods sides had huge display windows, changed often to attract attention of customers. At end of business day all doors were locked securely – warehouse barred. In the early days Ben employed two or three clerks and a delivery boy who helped with the heavy work. When his children were old enough Ben employed all of them at one time or another. Eva was a long and faithful employee and much liked by the trade. Naomi and Laura worked during high school and shortly thereafter. I worked there while in high school. Roy took increasing responsibility until he left for the Service.

The store changed with the times. In the early days coffee, sugar (white, brown and powdered), salt, flour, coconut, pickles, cheese, yeast, vinegar, kerosene, cookies and candy were sold in bulk. Perishable fresh fruits and vegetables were available in summer but come winter fresh fruits and vegetables were limited to cabbage, rutabago, potatoes, carrots, parsnips, apples, winter pears, oranges, lemons and bananas. Other fruits and vegetables were on the shelves in cans. A customer ordered two cents worth of yeast and the clerk sliced it off a pound loaf and wrapped it neatly. Wooden tubs of butter and lard were in the butter-cheese cellar in the basement. The clerk scooped the butter out of tub with a wooden paddle and filled a thin wooden or paper dish, brought it upstairs and weighed it in front of customer. An experienced clerk got the "feel" of weight and often brought up an exact pound. Cheese – daisies, longhorn, brick, Swiss – were custom cut, covered with piece of waxed paper, brought upstairs and weighed in front of customer. Cooked cheese was kept on counter upstairs. Eggs were kept in basement. Farmers brought in crates full on Saturday night for which they were paid the current egg price. Egg money bought groceries. Candling eggs was an on going job and Ben did most of this. Choice eggs were saved for the local trade, the rest shipped to Milwaukee market.

Vinegar barrels – white and cider – and kerosene tank were in far part of the basement so their odors would not taint egg, cheese and butter. Ben rolled the 200 pound vinegar barrels from the freight elevator, tapped them and put in a spigot. Kerosene was piped in from the outside. Women brought in empty kerosene cans and vinegar jugs to be filled.

The cooky case with its many varieties of cookies was in front of the china and crockery shelves on grocery side. The National Biscuit Company salesman called twice a week. Cookies, soda, and graham crackers came in 12" x 12" square cardboard boxes, which fitted into glass topped bins. The customer pointed to the cookies and the clerk filled a paper bag. Different kinds had different prices necessitating much computing. Extra boxes were stacked in back of case. Turnover was fast.

Before the electric coffee mill, coffee was ground by turning the big wheel on the grinder by hand. Three favorite blends in glass partitioned case were clearly visible to customer. Clerk scooped coffee into bag, weighed and ground it. Paper packaged name brands also had to be ground.

There was packaged tobacco with names: Bull Durham, Nigger Hair, Duke's Mixture. There were cans of snuff and packages of chewing tobacco. Ben did not stock cigarettes.

The high, long, glass candy case in front of the tobacco shelves had trays filled with hard candy, jelly beans, peanut brittle, licorice, chocolate drops, lemon drops, fondont and other delectables that children and adults bought by the penny's worth. The candy scale was on top of case.

Chores were constant. Ben and the delivery boy dusted and filled shelves, replaced rolls of wrapping paper and balls of string, swept the floors. Periodically the hard wood floors had to be re-stained and shelves painted. The women polished glass cases on dry goods side and kept merchandise replaced in boxes and neatly stacked on shelves. Ben offered credit – there was much bookkeeping.

Before store opened at 7 A.M. the bakery trucks arrived. Cedarburg and Port Washington bakers brought in hearth baked fresh wheat and rye bread – still warm, pans of sweet rolls (schnecken) stollens and ever popular hard rolls and doughnuts. Weekends they brought fruit and cheese kuchens. Only rarely was something left in bread case at end of day.

In summer melons and peaches were trucked out by Milwaukee commission merchants. Farmers brought in cases of freshly picked strawberries which sold for 20-25 cents a quart. There were raspberries, blueberries, grapes, cherries, apricots, peaches, plums and pineapple. If perishable berries were not sold come closing time Saturday night, Ben brought them home for Jennie and the girls to can or make into jam – a chore never pleasantly anticipated by the women folks. A bunch of bananas hung from the ceiling and plucked as sold.

Shelves in the shoe department were filled with men's dress and work shoes, boots, galoshes and children's shoes. Because of fickle fashion, Ben stocked few women's shoes. It was convenient for Graftonites to take the interurban to Milwaukee where they had a wide choice of wearing apparel to choose from.

Bolts of dress cotton, woolens, linen and silk were stacked on dry goods shelves – also Irish linen damask for tablecloths and napkins. There were drawers full of French and Irish laces, silk ribbons and elastic – shelves of Butterick patterns and the DELINEATOR – a fashion magazine that ran romantic serials – shelves of ladies silk hose – spool cabinets full of many colored threads in cotton and silk and button hole twist – needles, pins, knitting needles and crochet hooks, embroidery hoops – drawers of fascinating buttons. The corsets were in a corner near the warehouse. Near front of store was a glass case with filmy ladies nightgowns, slips and underwear. There were men's felt hats, socks, ties, overalls, shirts and underwear – tie clasps, cuff links and garters – children's caps and mittens. Ben took orders for custom made men's suits from Royal Tailors, Chicago. There was a counter full of blankets and bed linens and a rack with rolls of oil cloth sold by the yard. Revolving stools were in front of long oak counter on the dry goods side.

When I was a very little girl, the Carson Pirie Scott and Co. salesman, Mr. Weisenborn, came twice a year with trunksfull of samples. He stayed several days. Ben made his selections between customers and after store was closed in the evening. I liked to touch and look at the beautiful things that came out of Mr. Weisenborn's trunks. Mr. Weisenborn stayed at the Grafton Hotel and his trunks were shipped by RR Express.

I have cherished memories of trips to the Milwaukee wholesale houses. Ben took one child at a time and we made six to eight places in a day barely stopping for lunch. I saw the hustle and bustle of the commission houses, the big uncrowded wholesale dry goods stores, the Frankfurth Hardware store and the wholesale groceries of Louis Dobratz and Son and John Hoffman. We watched the chocolate dippers in the candy factory and went to the wholesale shoe stores. All of this was interesting but I never entertained a secret desire to work in one of the places some day let alone own one!

The Harms girls learned to sew early in life. Jennie was an expert seamstress. Ben let his girls select any material they wanted from stock with the stipulation they "keep a record" of how much they cut off the bolt. Some of the early sewing projects were far from prize worthy but we wore the dresses with pleasure. An undecided customer occasionally asked our adolescent advice on which pattern she should select for herself. We tried to be tactful and helpful.

After Thanksgiving the emphasis was on Christmas. The show windows and center counters on dry goods side were decorated with dolls, books, games, toys. Merchandising gimmicks were employed for effective display. Cedar and pine trees were stored on the second floor and by the time Christmas Eve arrived, Ben and the clerks had made many, many trips to second floor to select Christmas trees to meet customer's tastes. The store was open every night for a month before Christmas. With such long hours and heavy work, Ben always became ill during the season and spent a couple of days in bed with fatigue and nosebleeds.

The store was heated by a big coal burning furnace. The hot air register was in the dry goods department. The furnace, like children, had to be put to bed. When we went to Milwaukee to visit Grandpa and Grandma Harms we always stayed later than planned and were a sleepy bunch as we drove home through small towns of Brown Deer, Thiensville, Mequon – past the lonely fox farm to Cedarburg and finally Grafton. Before we could go home Dad had to stop at the store and "bank the fire".

Left-over Christmas merchandise was stored on the second floor which was also a place for extra dishes, crockery, nails, hardware supplies and other things I have long forgotten. But I do remember wandering around in this interesting place. It had a dry odor with whiffs of pungent spices and French perfume. At one time Ben sold bulk French perfume stored in elaborate bottles on second floor.

On the Fourth of July and other legal holidays Ben went to the store early in the morning and hung the flag from the second story window. (At home he hung a big flag between the posts on front porch before the time of the flagpole).

Ben kept a couple of cats in the basement to catch mice. Sunday nights the cats got family left-overs, the rest of the week Ben gave them saucers of milk and food from store. Each Friday when the Port Washington fish man brought smoked fish, it was carefully protected from the cats.

The customers were steady and devoted. People who had become accustomed to shopping "by Harms" rarely spread their business around.

Saturday nights in summer were always busy and often customers waited a long time for their turn. But the wait was made tolerable by the band concerts performed in the square in the new band-stand in front of the hotel under the outstanding direction of Dr. Frank Mayr, the Grafton dentist. People came early, backed their cars to the curb for a ring side seat. Soon there was standing room only.

World War II brought rationing, painfull regulations – not the least of which was the OPA, Office of Price Administration. In this bicentennial year the initials OPA have nothing to do with government regulations – they are a symbol for belly dancing. Dad, do you hear me?

Owning and operating a small town general store demanded long hours, great dedication, considerable know-how, few vacations and hard work combined with character traits of honesty and sincerity. With this mix a family enjoyed a good comfortable living. Ben survived the recessions, DEPRESSION, two wars, inflation, government intervention and growing competition of the chain stores. He did not make a lot of money but he died solvent and he and Jennie took some nice trips together.

Harms Memorial Park

On December 5, 1973, the News-Graphic printed from its files of 30 years ago:

> November 1943: The awfull tragedy of war was brought home to our community this week when news received of death of First Lt. Roy C. Harms, Grafton, was killed in action in an American Air raid over Ploesti, Roumania oil fields.

Roy was always interested in the Service. Mother said she did not raise her boy to be a soldier. Roy was in CMTC (Citizens Military Training Corps) and later ROTC (Reserve Officers Training Corps). In 1938 he enlisted for five years. He spent summers in training camp. On September 1, 1939, Hitler invaded Poland

and on same day Roy received his commission as 2nd. Lt. in the Cavalry, completing academic requirements by correspondence. The Cavalry was mechanized. On December 3, 1941 Roy completed his course in the armoured force school at Fort Knox and was assigned to Pine Camp, New York. By this time the war in Europe was hot and the future of Britain at stake. Roy applied to the Air Force and was accepted. On December 7, 1941, when Pearl Harbor was bombed, Roy was home on leave before going into flight training. We considered this a reprieve – hoping war would be over by time he had to ship out. He got his pilot's wings in Columbia, Mississippi. He went to Almagordo, New Mexico and flew fighter planes. He went to Nebraska – flew Liberator. It was time to ship out. He wrote that he would make no requests but would go where they sent him. He had put in 100 flying hours during eight hour periods in a little over 20 days. The crews out of Nebraska were to be staggered and he was commissioned to lead one group. They were scheduled for the European theater as replacements. His flight group was the 13th to leave the base and Roy's crew was one of the 13 the Colonel had selected to take with him. He wrote that Grafton was enroute and he would try to fly over. On June 5th, 1943 Roy led three planes in his squadron and flew over the Harms homestead, dipping his wings. Mother ran up the flag and cried. On June 11th the folks received a picture post card from Bangor, Maine – "I'm on my way." After the war, Jack Reed, only surviver on his fatal flight wrote: "The day we flew over your little city was such a thrill to Roy and all of us too. So pleased to find out you got your message and by the expression on Roy's face that day, I knew how much it meant to him to see all of you outside."

They landed in Priswick, Scotland and moved shortly to Norwich, England where they stayed a few weeks. They became part of "Ted's Travelling Circus" so named by a public relations officer who later wrote book, PLOESTI. This 93rd bomb group had first rate pilots, disciplined gunners and flew in tight formation.

During the weeks in England, they started low level rehearsals for ultimate target, Ploesti. Only the brass knew where they were going. Roy wrote: "Lots of things I would like to write and tell you about but will just wait until the war is over." German radio broadcasts impressed him – they would cut in with messages to parents of prisoners of war and tell them their sons were O.K. and well treated. In one letter Roy said that when a crew finished 30 missions it could go home but "few last that long and some crack under the strain and are grounded by doctors." He did not get any mail. "Probably will be sometime before mail catches up with me but drop me a line just the same and let me know how things are." Roy liked England – "Beautiful", he said "Peaceful countryside, green grass, buildings of stone and brick – no wooden buildings – heavy, good looking horses." He had left his horse, Bonnie, under Laura's loving care in Grafton.

They were sent to Benghasi in the Libyan desert. They flew in six raids to Italy and Sicily. One crew member was killed – another wounded. Roy wrote they had their "blood bath". In one printed account of a 9th Air Force plane coming in from a raid flares flying for wounded aboard the writer said, "the inside looked like somebody had been sloshing buckets of red paint around. It was frozen to the metal during the high altitude flight. The top gunner's head had been blown off, and he had become a fountain of blood before his fingers, half frozen to the grips, came loose and let the body fall to the deck. One of the doctors fainted. An old crew chief dismissed the retching men, lifted the body out and cleaned the airplane."

Still no mail from home. From his desert camp Roy wrote: "Haven't used soap since I left England – doesn't work in salt water." It was warm to hot in the desert but always a breeze. They were pestered with grasshoppers and flies. The Libyan desert was scorpian infested. The men were in an encampment that ran 40 miles north and south along the beach. Their threadbare tents which they had set up using native rugs, were patched with scraps of aluminum salvaged from junk yards of previous wrecks. They drank boiled water and coffee and bathed naked in the Mediterranian – a luxury. They were unshaven and unkempt. The companionship of their fellowmen was their only pleasure. Roy's letter home dated July 30th, "I am writing in pencil to conserve ink. Ink for sale here shows up about as good as lemon juice. – Same old story, just nothing to write about – are my allotments coming to the bank? Keep track of the Liberators." This letter arrived in Grafton on August 13th. In a previous letter Roy said, "You probably are able to follow the progress of the Liberators in the papers." Later we learned there was no coverage of operation PLOESTI – It was top secret – the correspondents were in England.

August 1st. was selected for the day of the raid because the Allies had cracked the German weather code. This changed each month and the next one might be harder to crack. Only extremely bad weather

would justify a cancellation of the operation. The weather report for August 1st was good – over-cast in the Balkans, generally fair in the Danube basin with some thundershowers. At 2 A.M. jeeps tore from tent to tent, the men shouting, "Get up – get up, you guys – roll out of those sacks. This is the Day." The men got up and walked through the dark to their last briefing. Half of them were weak with dysentery but flew regardless. The co-pilots distributed escape kits with a handkerchief map of the Balkans, a 20 dollar gold piece, 10 ten dollar bills, six dollars worth of drachmas and lires (equal to three weeks pay for a Balkan peasant), some pressed dates, water purifying tablets, biscuits, sugar cubes, dessert chocolate that looked like modeling clay and tasted like it, tiny compasses they could hide in hair or on body – one type could be assembled from two suspender buttons, mimiographed vocabularies in Roumanian, Bulgarian, SerCroatian, Turkish and Greek – phrases to cover wounds, hunger, concealment and how to obtain civilian clothes. They were told to avoid wolves and bears in the forest and to cultivate the peasants known to be friendly, honest and hospitable. They were to stick to villages and small towns and avoid if possible the upper classes who in many cases were known to be grafters and friendly to the Germans.

Benghasi is always dusty but on August 1st, 1943, it had not rained in four months. The dust the bombers blew up when they started the engines was blinding. There was a shortage of loaders and many men loaded their own planes. Each plane carried 3100 gallons of gasoline and 4300 pounds of bombs, bullets, thermal sticks – all of which exceeded the maximum allowance. It was a miracle to get off the ground. The planes took off at two minute intervals.

The bombers ran into some cumulus clouds and some unpredicted weather conditions that altered their flight pattern. They finally levelled off at 16,000 and the crews put on oxygen masks. They flew over Sophia and the Bulgarians on alert thought that they were the target. Some B-24 crews saw the "Spotters" on the ground and had the cold fear their mission was known but they could not alert the other crews because they all were committed to silence. What none of them knew – their entire flight was being closely followed by the Germans from the moment of take-off. The bomber groups became separated – there was lack of air discipline – crews had trouble pin pointing their exact location. The "Flying Circus" group made a wrong turn. Because of silence bond, they could not say, "Mistake" – nor could they turn those big bombers, "pregnant cows", around without colliding with each other. The "Flying Circus" was unaware of the spotters.Visibility was six miles. They flew toward the target. Pilots with dust reddened eyes dropped to an altitude not much above ground level. Beneath them everything was green, pretty and clean. Women drove wagons of hay over the harvested plain, they saw naked girls bathing in a stream – peasants looked up at them with smiling faces – all seemed peaceful and right in the beautiful world and the crew's fears abated. They ran for Ploesti across strips of alfalfa, green corn and sheaves of harvested wheat – 50 feet from the ground. Suddenly guns erupted from haystacks, pits opened in fields and spouted deadly guns, false freight cars collapsed and guns shot off. The noise was abysmal. Briefings and rehearsals were useless. Jack Reed, on Roy's plane, fired at two manned guns in haystacks. Shells shattered the nose and tail of their plane, the top-turret man was hit, waist gunner heavily wounded but continued to man gun. Roy was still trying to bring his flaming plane to Ploesti. The plane started to stall – Roy tried to climb. At 300 feet, Jack Reed jumped. Plane fell, crashed and burned with the other nine men aboard. Immediately Reed was taken prisoner. The people in the area made a grave. Roy's name was the only one identified on the plot probably because he was the only one wearing his dog tag.

The foot locker with his few dusty, sand infiltrated possessions was sent to Grafton. The folks did not request that his remains be sent home.

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South of the woolen and flour mills between the two falls, the Milwaukee River in Grafton cuts a gorge through the limestone. The scenic section is called the "Grafton Dells". The Harms property was on east bank of the dell. Often as a child I went on a Sunday afternoon boatride with Dad paddling into the caves and inlets. In 1888 Grandpa Harms had a shooting shed half way up the bank. Here his little club met. Later this shed became a latticed "summer kitchen" where family and guests sat on lazy summer afternoons enjoying cool refreshments. This section was separated from the house on Main Street by a long row of pine trees which in more recent years vandals topped for Christmas trees. There was a pear orchard, apple trees, currant and raspberry bushes.

After Grandpa sold the big house on Main Street he built a cottage on the south side of the River property. It was an unplastered frame building with a long front porch, large living room, dining room – kitchen, two bedrooms, a bath and an attached shed. It was heated by portable kerosene space heaters. Here Fred and Caroline spent the summer and early fall. Ben and Fred's families came on Sundays and stayed for supper – Grandma would have it no other way – none of the children wanted to go home anyway. After Grandma died the cottage was vacant – Grandpa did not come out. The property began to revert to its natural state – grape arbor, currant and raspberry bushes grew wild. The pears and apples were sprayed and picked but market was poor. Sometimes fruit was left to freeze on the trees.

Dad found the old place a peaceful retreat from business worries – he took an hour or so off during the day to walk up and down the bank and bask in the sun. It restored his energy for the market place. We children continued to roam around up there (there were "No Trespassing" signs around) climbed over the growth, swung on the sturdy grape vines, listened to the birds, became enveloped in the peaceful calm interrupted only by the ripple and flow of the river. In time the river became sluggish striped with red and blue dye from the woolen mills.

When Grandpa Harms died the property became Dad's, Uncle Will's and Uncle Fred's. Uncle Fred kept the section where the cottage was built. Dad and Uncle Will, who had no children, mutually decided to give the beloved scenic – not to mention valuable – river property – their inheritance – the Village of Grafton as a memorial park for Roy.

When the legal transactions were completed the property became the HARMS MEMORIAL PARK. The American Legion[1] built a Post on the eastern front. The Post had been titled the Fred Rose Post commemorating Fred Rose, killed in World War I. The name of the Post was officially changed to ROSE-HARMS POST #355. The red brick Post building is an architectural asset to the land and is the center of much activity in Grafton.

In the main hall is a memorial area honoring Roy. When the B.F. Harms estate was settled Virginia Harms Horton gave Roy's Distinguished Flying Cross and Purple Heart to the American Legion. Ralph Zaun, son of Ben Harms long time friend, Robert P. Zaun, bought book PLOESTI by James Dugan and Carroll Stewart which has a paragraph on Roy's last moments in the air recounted by Jack Reed, (page 122). There are clippings and mementos about Roy. Roy's name is inscribed on the Wall of the Missing in Florence, Italy. Seth Liebenstein, Grafton, Postmaster, family friend, had a picture of the Cemetery in Florence framed and suitably hung.

1. The American Legion was founded in the Union Electric building in St. Louis. It is as of this writing being leveled by bull dozers.

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August 1, 1943 was a sunny beautiful day near the Ploesti, Roumania oil refineries. In Grafton, Wisconsin on that fatefull day it was hot, sun shining – kind of a full summer day when the Harms family sat on the tree shaded side lawn enjoying the company of relatives who dropped in, and read the Sunday paper. Uncle Will and Aunt Lida from St. Paul were there for the day. The family group sat on the lawn – talked about Roy – No word recently – regretted he had not been receiving any mail – no one knew precisely where he was – he had left England and had been in battle. Dad suggested a drive to the Carl Schurz camp near the lower falls on the west bank of the river. The camp was controversial. It was an outing place for German-Americans from Milwaukee. The undertones were that they were Nazi sympathisers and possibly subversive – but on the surface they were nice people like every body else – kept to themselves and did not distrub the peace. We strolled along the river in the camp when suddenly I had a vision – I saw a small single engine plane plunge nose first into the Milwaukee River and was completely destroyed. I was shaken – instantly thought – Roy is in danger. I kept my vision and thought to myself. I took the early evening interurban to Milwaukee where I had an apartment (was food editor for the Milwaukee Journal) and come 10 o'clock turned on the radio for news. There had been a Liberator raid on the Ploesti oil refineries – planes frew from North Africa – casualties high – more than half the planes lost. I blanched. In my innermost being I knew Roy had been in that raid – maybe he was killed.

On August 13th, the folks received a long awaited letter from Roy written in pencil, mailed August 2nd, with a return address APO 634 in care of Postmaster, NYC, censored by Lt. Roy C. Harms. His

heading on the letter was 93rd. Bomb Group, Middle East, 30 July, 1943 – "Keep track of the Liberators." He said.

Later a telegram came from Ulio, Adjutant General:

Benjamin Harms
Grafton, Wisconsin
I regret to inform you report received in states your son First Lieutenant Roy C. Harms missing in action in the Middle Eastern area since one August if further details or other information of his status are received you will be promptly notified."

A letter from V.H. Strahm, Brig. General, U.S.A. followed:

"Dear Mr. Harms,

"In recognition of the heroic action of your son, 1st. Lt. Roy C. Harms, reported missing in action on 1st, August, 1943, after the attack on the Roumanian oil refineries, it is with heartfelt gratitude, that I send you a copy of a letter from General H. H. Arnold, Commanding General of The Army Air Forces."

The letter from War Department Headquarters in Washington from General Arnold was mailed on August 20th:

"I have listened with greatest interest to the stirring accounts brought back to me of the details of the attack on the Roumanian oil refineries by heavy bombers of Eighth and Ninth U.S. Air Forces. The destruction of these oil wells will be far reaching in its effect upon the German ability to carry on their operations. In fact, it might be the "straw that broke the camel's back" and cause the dislocation of the German war effort. The dogged determination to reach and destroy each of those vital installations; and an utter disregard for personal safety, characterized the action of officers and men of your striking force and evokes my profound admiration.

"The heroic accomplishments of the combat crews, and the splendid efforts of members of the ground echelons who made the mission possible, are all deserving of the highest praise.

"You were assigned the tremendous task of destroying in one day a target that could have been reached by surface forces only after many months of combat involving great losses both of men and material, and you carried your attack home in spite of the strongest kind of opposition built up by the Axis forces. Some of your comrades fell in the attack – others are now held prisoners of war. Those of you who return to fight again must realize, as I do, that those who gave their lives did so that others might live. The officers and men of the U.S. Army Air Forces all over the world take pride in your achievement."

On October 28, 1943, Western Union delivered another telegram from Ulio, Adjutant General:

"Report received from Roumanian government through the International Red Cross states your son First Lieutenant Roy C. Harms who was previously reported missing in action was killed in action on one August in middle eastern area.

"The Secretary of War extends his deepest sympathy in letter follows."

The long wait was over. It was final.
The letter from Major General Ulio confirmed the telegram and said in part:

"I realize the burden of anxiety that has been yours since he (Roy) was first reported missing in action and deeply regret the sorrow this later report brings to you. May the knowledge that he made the supreme sacrifice in defense of his home and country be a source of sustaining comfort. I extend to you my deep sympathy."

Another letter from John B. Cooley, Colonel and Acting Air Adjutant General said in part:

"The news of the highly successful raid made by our bombers on the Roumanian oil fields thrilled the people of our Country, but brought great sadness to those families whose loved ones did not return with their comrades.

"To the homes of those who were less fortunate, General Arnold's letter expressing his pride in the Army Air Forces and their accomplishment was sent in order that you may share our great pride in this daring exploit."

Roy had made Mother the beneficiary of his G.I. insurance – monthly allotments came to her until she died.

On December 10, 1943 Brigadier General U.S.A., S.W. Fitzgerald, Truax Field, Madison, Wisconsin sent a letter to Mr. Benjamin Harms confirming a direction of President Truman that the Purple Heart and Distinguished Flying Cross were awarded posthumously to First Lieutenant Roy C. Harms, Air Corps, who made the supreme sacrifice in defense of his country. He said the ceremony could be performed at the Truax Field Post if the folks cared to make the trip to Madison or he could arrange to have presentation made at the folk's home or wherever they would designate. Dad and Mother decided to have the ceremony at home on December 26th, 1943. Lt. Col. Scearle M. Brewster, Air Corps, was selected to make the presentation.

Mother had a five o'clock dinner. We sat at the dining room table in a quiet prayerful attitude – Mother, Dad, Eva, Laura, myself, Aunt Mona and Uncle Ray Coulson with Col. Brewster. The ceremony was short and solemn, Col. Brewster sympathetic and kind. Uncle Ray, (Dr. R. C. Coulson,) was State Commander of the Purple Heart. Aunt Mona Hickman Coulson gave Mother and Dad a framed copy of a prayer she had written in 1940 for the wearers of the Purple Heart:

"Today in peace we walk through quiet streets
And note no sign of danger in the air;
The lilting note of childhood laughter greets
The sick, the old, the weary everywhere.
So, if a star of safety casts its spell
Across our lives, and leaves a magic glow
Within our hearts, our thoughts to-day should dwell
Upon the men and deeds that made it so.

"Next to their comrades who are sleeping there
Upon the battlefield where death held sway,
The greatest price was made by men who wear
The Purple Heart above their hearts to-day.
Let all America join in the prayer
That this they brought us to be lasting peace,
A peace that sheds its brilliance everywhere
In splendor, that through time shall never cease.

"O God, forbid that we should count for nought
Those wounds to flesh and soul of men who fought."

Note: The award of the Purple Heart was established by George Washington in 1782 and revived in 1932. It is awarded to members of the Armed Forces or citizens of the U.S. honorably wounded in action against the enemy.

Ben and Jennie gave the Community Methodist Church in Cedarburg $125.00 to purchase a sanctuary pew for the new building in memory of Roy Coulson Harms. The Methodist Church memorial committee wrote: "We want you to know that we, the members of the Community Methodist Church deeply appreciate your Memorial gift, and assure you that appropriate record will be made in our "Book of Remembrance".

After Dad died in 1963, my husband, daughter and myself went to Europe. When I lived in Beirut in 1945-46 I wanted to go to Roumania and see where Roy was buried but there was an "iron curtain". Mother and Dad never received any further information about where Roy was buried during their lifetimes. I wrote the State Department and asked for a visa for Roumania so I could visit Ploesti. I received a prompt reply – we were in the computer age by then. Roy's name, they said, was on the Wall of the Missing in the American Cemetery in Florence, Italy. They also wrote that "there was a colored lithograph of the American Military cemetery in which the name of our deceased relative appears on the Memorial Wall in the company of those comrades who also gave their lives for their country's service and who rest in unknown graves. These photographs have been furnished us by the authority of the American Congress as an expression of the profound sentiment and everlasting gratitude of the American people."

My husband had to return before we got to Italy. Mary and I took the bus to the Cemetery located about seven and one half miles south of Florence on the west side of the main highway connecting Florence

with Sienna and Rome. It was a bright, sunny warm July day. We could not speak Italian but the helpful bus driver looked at us sadly when he understood we had come all the way to visit the Cemetery. The site covers 70 acres on the west side of the Greve River – wooded hills rising several hundred feet from it to the west. In July the Greve River is low but occasionally it causes heavy floods in winter. There is a dam and spillway to protect the buriel grounds from heavy flooding. The grounds were established as a cemetery in 1949 by the Secretary of the American Battle Monuments Commission and construction of the cemetery and memorial completed in 1959. Thirty nine percent of the original buriels made in temporary cemeteries between Rome and the Alps are buried here. They represent 4,402 of our Military dead. The white headstones are symetrically arranged in slightly curved rows. Surrounding the grave area are trees and shrubbery, masses of Italian stone pine, Italian cypress, plane trees and Cedars of Lebanon. The Memorial stands on the topmost of the three broad terraces of head-stones. There are two courts joined by the Wall of the Missing. In front of wall is a 69 foot triangular pylon framed with Roman Travertine and topped by a sculptored granite figure representing the Spirit of Peace which hovers over the fallen, bearing olive branches. Flying beside her out of cloud like forms is the American Eagle, guardian of justice and honor. The pylon bears the dedicatory inscription in English and Italian:

1941-1945

"In proud memory of the achievements of her sons in humble tribute to their sacrifices this memorial has been erected by the United States of America."

The atrium at south end of Memorial is the forecourt to the chapel. The Wall of the Missing is 17 feet, six inches high and shaded by plane trees. On the granite panels are inscribed the names and particulars of our Missing which are 1,397 U.S. Army and Army Air Force. (In WW II, the Army Air Forces still formed part of the U.S. Army) and 12 U.S. Navy men.

"Here are recorded the names of the Americans who gave their lives in the service of their country and who sleep in unknown graves."

Roy's name, inscribed on the central panel of the North Wall, bears this extract from General Eisenhower "Crusade in Europe";

"Freedom from fear and injustice and oppression is ours only in the measure that men who value such freedom are ready to sustain its possession, to defend it against every thrust from within or without."

There were 10 boys in Roy's crew when they left the U.S. Of the original group there was one survivor accounted for, Jack Reed, El Paso, Texas. On the Wall of the Missing, names of three of the other boys are inscribed. Presumeably the remaining five were killed on previous missions or did not fly to Ploesti.

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A memorial marker for Lt. Roy C. Harms, 93rd Bomb Group, is on the Harms lot in Woodlawn-Union Cemetery, Grafton, Wisconsin. Lt. Roy C. Harms (1916-1943)

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FAMILY TREE

Thomas Coulson (1650-1700)
Ashbourne, Derbyshire, England

Joseph Coulson and Margaret
(1669-1709)

Thomas Coulson and Martha Wiley
(1703-1763) (1669-1720)

Samuel Coulson and Tamer Allen
(1729-1776) (1733-1818)

John Borton
Ayershire, Northhamptonshire, England

Elizabeth Borton and John Woolman
(1665-) (1665-1718)

Hester Woolman and John Allen
(-1751) (1736-)

Tamer Allen

****

John Rudderow and Elizabeth Jones
(1694-1769) (-1730)

John Rudderow and Lucy Stiles

Sarah Rudderow and William Van Horn
married May 21, 1757

Jabez Coulson and Anna Van Horn
(1774-1853) (1778-1846)

Anna Van Horn

****

William Willett

William H. Coulson and Emmeline Willett
mar. 22 (1807-1884) (1815-1878)

Emmeline Willett – Mother: Jane Petit

****

William Willett Coulson and
June 16 (1848-1923) Feb. 3
Eliza Jane Holt
Sept 20 (1852-1926) mar. 30

nov. 25
sept. 26 - June 12

James Holt and Eliza Stuart
(1830-1913) (1834-1873)

Eliza Jane Holt

****

Francis Frick and Elizabeth Herman
(1798-1882) (1812-1890)

Caroline Eva Frick

****

Frederick Harms and Augusta Gueder
(1805-1895) (1817-1906)

Frederick Louis Harms and
(1848-1945)
Caroline Eva Frick
(1853-1933)

Jennie May Coulson and
Oct 11 (1887-1961) Oct. 19
Benjamin Franklin Harms
Oct 16 (1883-1963) May 6

Benjamin Franklin Harms

****

John Henry Horton and
(1884-1910)
Frances Elizabeth Batten
(1885-1910)

Virginia May Harms and Ulric Guy Horton
Mar 25 (1913-) (1910-) Mar. 1

Ulric Guy Horton

****

Leon Heinze and Ruth Rodgers
(1915-) (1919- 1976)

Mary Elizabeth Horton and Thomas Leon Heinze
(1949-) (1949-)

Thomas Leon Heinze

Julie Elizabeth Heinze
(1973-)

Jennifer Lynn Heinze
(1976-)