

The Killian Family Newsletter

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OUR PAST PRESENT & FUTURE

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SARAH JANE GROSS RANSOM PATRICK₁₂₁₈₂ 1855–1940

Sallie Killian₁₁₅₂, a granddaughter of Andreas' through Samuel C Killian married John Gross₁₁₆₇. Some of the family names of their descendants include: Patrick, Welsh & Fonley. In 1974 a descendant, Edith Evalyn Welsh₁₁₈₄ provided considerable information and included some fascinating stories. See how the world has changed in a few generations.

Text from a 1974 letter from Edith Welsh (minor editing):

Sarah Jane Gross₁₂₁₈₂, a daughter of Asa Gross was born 25 Feb 1855. Sarah married James Ransom and after his death married Arch Patrick and had another family including a daughter born in 1898 when Sarah was 43.

When William Jefferson Ransom, (Sarah's fifth, and last child by James Ransom), was a small baby the entire family (James Ransom [the father], Sarah Jane, Mollie [abt 12], Lucy [abt 9], Sarah Elizabeth [abt 7] and William Jefferson, an infant, had been living where all the children were born i.e. Scot Hill, TN. On that fateful day they had all been visiting somewhere, in the wagon, and were returning home when a storm blew up. William Jefferson ("Jeff") was on his mother's lap, and she was sitting on the seat beside her husband, James Ransom. The storm caused a tree to fall across them; all were uninjured except James Ransom. Grandma found him pinned under the tree; and she said it was raining so hard she could hardly see; when help arrived he was dead. They buried him by their home "back of the house, down the hill". He almost certainly was buried beside their infant son who had died in 1875. His grave was marked with a white cross which was clearly visible on moonlight nights "from the back porch of the house". Poor dear! I can just imagine how many times she looked at the cross before going to bed on moonlight nights; how many times she sat by the grave when she had the four children in bed; and how, when her father came after her and

the children and when all their things were loaded in the wagon, she and the children went to the grave for one last visit because she knew she would never see it again. And she never did. She always said he was a good man; a good husband, father and provider.

She lived in a little log house, with her Ransom children, behind the home of her parents, in Gross' Cove, Grundy Co., TN. The little house was built by her father, Asa Gross. In 1885 her father died; in 1887 she met and married Arch Patrick, a good looking redheaded, blue eyed Irishman; a real contrast to her dark complexioned German background. He was born 13 Jan 1862 in Grundy Co., TN, died 11 Nov 1936 and buried in Oak Hill Cemetery, McAlester, OK. The Irish were a happy lot, and very family oriented, loving, and hard workers. Sarah Jane and Arch married and their first born was Ace, who was delivered by his Grandmother, Sarah Louis Bost [Asa Gross' wife], an accomplished Midwife, or "Granny" as they were then called.

When Ace (Angelized form of Asa, namesake of his Grandfather Asa Gross) was still a small baby they decided to try their luck in the "West"; and joined a wagon train and headed for Texas and Indian Territory. Sarah Elizabeth was especially close to her Grandmother Gross and it was decided, and rightly so, that she would be better off with her Grandmother. But can you imagine the heart wrenching agony it was to drive off in the wagon, leaving a child behind, and not knowing when, or if, you would ever see her again? It really was for the best for Sarah Elizabeth. The trip in the wagon was a cruelly hard one. Many times she had to put her children to bed in the wagon with nothing to eat (Maybe it had been raining or storming and they couldn't build a fire to cook anything) maybe there was nothing to cook, even with the best of weather; and then too, in a really severe storm the bedding got

damp and she had to put them all to bed under damp covers and with nothing to eat. They were strong courageous people, and we can very justly point to them with pride.

When they reached Indian Terr., and Potawatamie County (near Shawnee) Bertie Frances was born. Sarah Jane said that at some time during the journey there was a young couple in the wagon train, expecting their first child. This girl went into labor but it seemed impossible to deliver the baby, even with the help of others who had already had children born to them. The wagons stopped to let the women help the girl in labor. She died the next morning and they held a short service and buried her and the

**The 1994 Killian
Association Reunion
will be held:
Sunday 11 September 1994
at the
Castanea Presbyterian Church
Route 1, Box 546, Stanley, NC
NC Highway 16 at Lucia
(15 miles northwest of Charlotte)
Business Meeting and Program at 3 p.m.
Picnic follows Please bring a picnic supper
Drinks, cups, plates etc. will be provided
This is the Only Notice of the Meeting
Separate Invitations will NOT be
Mailed.**

unborn child by the wayside, and continued on their journey. The trails from North Carolina to California must be lined with such graves, if only they were known to us now.

They continued on to Texas, and near Lexington, Texas another son, Cooper, was born. Apparently they then doubled back into Indian Territory and near Fort Sill is where the oxen died and they camped while Arch worked at a nearby ranch. There were wild Indian everywhere, and Sarah Jane was very much afraid of them. The canon could be heard to fire every evening at Fort Sill, and all the settlers thought it was to scare the Indians, and to show their authority and power. (Actually it was the 5 o'clock retreat when the flag was lowered). Once each

They buried him by their home "back of the house, down the hill". ...she and the children went to the grave for one last visit because she knew she would never see it again.

month the Indians trooped into Fort Sill for their ration of commodities (flour, for one thing). They very sedately walked their horses out of the Fort, and when out of sight of the soldiers they got off, tied the sack of flour by a rope, then went "hell bent for election" yelling "Snow, Snow". The Indians soon learned when it was mealtime, and they would come up to the front of the tent and simply sit there with an unblinking stare. Grandma would motion them to eat and they piled off their horses in one mass motion and go to the table and eat until there was nothing left. I suppose then she would try to rustle up something for the children to eat. She soon learned to watch for them, and when they appeared on the horizon she would hide the food and everyone sit down and act like nothing was going on. The Indians (I never learned which tribe) buried their dead by piling rocks on them, and many times a corner of the blanket was showing through the rocks. The dead one's knives, etc. were thrown into the nearby creek. Woe be unto anyone who tried to take the knives and things out of the creek! Soon after was when she took diphtheria; they moved in with Charlie Tork. Charlie and Lucy married; Arch went to work in the coal mines as blacksmith and sent a man and wagon and they went to Krebs to live where Grandpa had built a one room log house.

It seemed like pure heaven to Grandma. Grandpa wanted to push on to Calif. (he had the right idea, actually. Land was cheap and things were opening up in the Golden State). Grandma announced she had all the travelling she wanted and if he wanted to go, then go, and she and the children would be right there when he got back. Of course he wouldn't go without them.

Then in 1898, a very big surprise. Grandmother Sarah Jane said she "felt just like" she was pregnant, even though she knew she couldn't be. Sure enough - a few months later my mother made her appearance, a hefty five-pounder and the healthiest of the lot and the least trouble (possibly because she had only older brothers and sister to play with and take care of her). She entered this world in the log house which her father had built, on 15 March 1898, in Indian Territory of Tobucksey County (now Pittsburg Co., OK). She was named by the Baptist Minister, and he decided to name her after his wife and himself - hence the Edith Daniel Patrick.

One of her earliest girl friends was Ollie Brent, who was a little older than she. They stayed overnight with each other and were the best of friends, and still are, now in 1974. Therefore, it

was a happy time when Cooper and Ollie started dating and married in 1915.

There is an incident in connection with the Civil War which I have not been able to prove; even though I know it is true because my Grandmother, Sarah Jane Gross Ransom Patrick, was not one given to fantasy or making up stories. She wasn't much of a talker - but heard and remembered, all. She was old enough to remember much of the Civil War, and said my Gr Grandmother would sneak food out to the hills, to two men, who were in hiding from the Union troops. These two men were found by the Federal troops, and hanged on the spot and left there. I have been unable to find out who these two men were.

McMinville was one of the most strategic small towns in the south during the Civil War. It changed hands seven times, and when the Union troops held it, it was heavily fortified. (source of this info: "McMinville at a Milestone" by Walter Womack, a member of another very old family, and he died this year, 1974). McMinville was also a resting place for the Cherokees on their infamous "Trail of Tears" in 1839.

My Grandmother, Sarah Jane Gross Ransom Patrick, also insisted that we have Cherokee blood; but to date I have been unable to pinpoint it. I'm sure it is true; otherwise she would not have said so.

IS THE MYSTERY SOLVED?

In 1972 an Otis J. Killian wrote (to George W. Killian, the editor) with a puzzle. Is it solved? Can you shed any light on it? He said:

"Unfortunately I have vague and little Killian ancestry knowledge prior to my great-grandmother. I do not know her first name or her maiden name. She brought four sons to Hot Springs, AR in 1870 from Atlanta, GA. Reasons for her bringing them there was never known the sons would not reveal to their children why she brought them to Arkansas and neither would they reveal anything about their father (my great-greatgrandfather). Thus this leaves a blank at this point of the family."

The line is now known from Otis [RIN 5737] back as follows: James Oscar (father) [RIN 4250], Ephraim Louis (grandfather) [RIN 4086], Logan (great-greatgrandfather) [RIN 4001], David [RIN 1153], Samuel C [RIN 61] and Andreas [RIN 51].

In 1990 a Nora Henry, a descendant of Logan Killian said that Logan had a second wife, Eliza of TN. This might account for the wife leaving Atlanta and refusing to talk. Does anyone know more? I have also been given the name Shancy for Logan's wife.

WHY USE RIN NUMBERS?

The RIN numbers (Record Identification Numbers) are a little bit like Social Security Numbers. They uniquely identify a particular individual. There are 405 Williams in my computer and 43 of them are William Killian. The RIN number helps identify each individual and eliminates confusion. There are 1,717 people with the last name Killian; 726 with Killion and 41 with Kilian. Catawba Co., NC is cited 342 times. There are 6,367 direct descendants of the oldest known Kilian; 9,650 if the spouses are counted. The RIN numbers keep all this information organized. Please know that the RIN numbers I cite are from my computer.

They will not be found in the copies of my data in the *Family History Center Libraries*.

Are There any YOUNTs out There?

The nearly 50 year old papers of Cletus H. Killian include a folder of correspondence on the YOUNT line. If any one is interested George W. Killian would be glad to share the data.

CARL EVEREST KILLION₁₁₀₄₇

1899 – 1979

by Eugene Killion₁₁₂₆₆

My father, Carl Everest Killion was born 2 Sep 1899 in Diamond, Parke Co., IN. He was a descendant of Andreas Killian₅₁ (1702–1788). The line downward being: Leonard Killian₅₄ (1723–1795), Adam Killion₇₄₇₁ (d 1821), Mathias Killion₇₄₇₄ (1804–1888), William Jasper Killion₉₄₈₅ (1836–1868), Sylvester Killion₁₀₆₅₂ (1862–1944) to Carl. He was just after the middle of 12 children born to Sylvester and his wife Laura Bell Crawley. Through no fault of his own, his formal education was limited to the completion of grade school. He entered the coal mines at the age of fifteen, where he continued working until a serious injury forced him to quit in 1935.

When Carl was seven years old he became interested in honey bees, and from that time onward he dreamed of beekeeping as his life's work. In summer he was eager to leave the mines to spend as much time as possible in the bee yard. In winter, when it was too cold to open the bee hives, he spent many hours reading about bees and attending beekeepers' meetings. Though it was often said, "Once a coal miner, always a coal miner", this was not to be true in his case.

On 4 Sep 1920 he was married to Elizabeth Hayes, born 3 Aug 1902 in Clay Co., IN. While living in Libertyville, IN, their two sons were born: Carl Edward, Jr. on 27 Nov 1921 and Eugene₁₁₂₆₆ on 12 Oct 1923. Just across the state line the black prairie of IL beckoned Carl as an ideal place to operate his apiaries, and in October of 1930 he moved his family to Paris, IL. Soon recognized as an authority with unusual skills, he was invited to teach classes in beekeeping during Farm and Home Week at both Purdue University and University of Illinois.

In 1937 he accepted a position as Deputy Apiary Inspector in the Illinois Department of Agriculture. The following year he was selected to serve as Superintendent of the Division of Inspection in that Department, a post he held for thirty-two years. When he retired on 1 Jul 1970, his son, Eugene, was appointed to fill the vacancy.

Shortly after the end of World War II, the firm of Killion and Sons Apiaries was established with Carl Sr. and his son Eugene as partners. They operated approximately one thousand colonies of bees in five counties specializing in comb honey for many years. In 1951 the father-son team established a new world record of 336 sections of comb honey per colony. Their apiary products have earned four sweepstakes and 14 first place awards in the National Honey Show competition.

Numerous honors came to Carl Killion. He was Vice-President of the American Beekeeping Federation two years, was named to several organizations committees, the most important of which was the Honey Grades Committee, whose recommendations were adopted by the federal government as standards for grading liquid honey. He was chosen to receive the first Beekeeper of the Year Award in Illinois. For his assistance to Kentucky beekeepers, Governor Edward T. Breathitt of that state commissioned him a Kentucky Colonel. Honey ice cream is sold each year at the Illinois State Fair from the idea and recipe of Carl Killion.

Carl Killion's writing include dozens of technical articles on beekeeping for bee journals and agricultural publications in this country, Argentina and Cuba. His first book, *Honey in the Comb* published in 1951, is considered one of the finest on the topic, and has now become a collector's item. His autobiography, *The Covered Bridge* was published in 1966.

My father surmised that the Indiana Killions spelled their name with "o" because of an error when written in some birth certificate or record of deeds. They mistook the "a" for an "o" which is the way some people write it today.

My father waged a one-man campaign for over 25 years to have the honey bee honored on a commemorative stamp. He was even mentioned in *Sports Illustrated* for raising "hell" when they honored a "bowling ball" showing President Nixon bowling. When his health failed, I took over for him and luckily approached the right people. The advisory stamp board made the final decision and I was called in 1979 and was told that the U.S. Postal Service was issuing an embossed envelope honoring the honey bee. I received the call from Washington just two days before my father died. He was happy about it. I then persuaded them to have the first day ceremony here in Paris. Eight years later the U.S. Postal Service issued the stamp with the Honey Bee in Omaha, NE. I was invited to attend and sit on the stage in Dad's honor.

The historical society is making a Christmas ornament, here at Paris, honoring Dad. It will be a collector's item. Below is the artist's sketch that

was in Dad's book, *The Covered Bridge*, and will also be on the ornament.



Carl Everest Killion

The original Newsletter included a sketch of a little boy, wearing high shoes, sitting on a box and observing bees flying about a beehive comprising a section of a tree stump with bees entering and leaving via a knothole

Unfortunately I can not duplicate sketches with my computer.

The address of the Historical Society is:
Edgar County Historical Society • Paris, IL 61944.

Additional Notes by William D. Killian

Carl Killian was a masterful story teller and his autobiography, *The Covered Bridge* is an interesting and unusual story of his growing up in Parke Co., IN. He tells of his life-long interest in bees in an easy-going homespun style.

Some years ago Carl Killian gave us several copies of *The Covered Bridge*. One copy was given to the person who traveled the farthest to attend the North Carolina Andreas Killian Reunion. I believe Lucille Ringer of Cedar Bluff, AL was awarded the prize in 1978. We also placed one copy in the library of Blue Ridge Community College at Flat Rock, NC and have retained one copy for personal use.

Carl also gave us a beehive shaped music box which he made. The box plays "Edelweiss."

Additional Note by George W. Killian

Carl Killian and I started exchanging letters about our genealogy before 1972. At that time we were uncertain about the exact relationship of the Killians to Andreas. In 1969 I had published my first book on *Andreas Killian, his ancestors and descendants* and Carl and I traded books. He also sent me one of his little white homemade beehive music boxes.

George W. Killian expects to attend the 1994 Killian Association Reunion and will bring a copy of his new edition of *The Killian Family and Particularly the Progenitors and Posterity of Andreas Killian* for you to see.

BIRTH

Mark Thomas Killian was born (8 days late) on 25 Apr 1994 weighing in at 7 pounds 11 ounces. His paternal ancestry to Andreas Killian is: Thomas George; George W; Cletus H; James W; John M.A; George M; Philip; John; and finally Andreas Killian. Mark is the first child of his parents, Tom & Kimberly Larsson Killian. They are both finding great joy in this new adventure and seem just as comfortable with Mark as if they had several prior children.

WRITING A PERSONAL AND FAMILY HISTORY

Do you wish you could read about the lives of your progenitors? Be sure your posterity does not have the same longing! How do you write a history? Do it!

Some use tape recorders and then write and edit it. Others just write it. Make an appointment with older relatives and ask

them to tell you interesting stories about your common ancestors. Make notes or a recording.

After she was well into her 70s my mother typed 107 pages of her personal history. We learned things we had not known, or had forgotten. She used a good memory, old letters, diaries and corresponded with relatives. Her history is a precious possession.

Here is what I am doing. I started years ago with loose leaf pages and placed successive years at the top of each page. From time to time, when I thought of something interesting, I would jot a few notes on the appropriate page. I didn't write the whole story, just enough to jog my memory later. I learned I could NOT think of an event and say "I don't have to make a note of that, I will not forget." My notes relate to a variety of events. I don't use all of them.

Writing styles vary. My mother wrote things in chronological order. My writings include essays and carry a theme through years of development. For example, in one essay I wrote about how I used to "bang" on mother's typewriter before I could read. I continued with high school days and how I got my own portable typewriter. I added that in the 1960s I got an electric IBM Selectric typewriter and finally a series of computers. I like to mention important current events; my mother seldom did.

Write in your style. No one else knows the things you would like to have written about you. Write chronologically, write essays, write it as letters to your children and grandchildren. The vital thing is: DO IT. Tell the facts, tell the good and uplifting, but don't hide problems, discouragement and errors. Don't make yourself saint or sinner. Your life story should not be a confessional. Don't write something that you don't want known. Protect the manuscript. With today's computers and copiers it is easy to make multiple copies to assure that your work will not be lost. Keep it up to date. Edit as appropriate. Make inserts. Be sure you have a current copy in your file of important papers — perhaps with your will. Your history will be precious to your posterity. They will know you as a real person and It will influence their lives. DO IT.

Contributions of both funds and text for The Killian Family Newsletter are respectfully solicited. Please write to any of:

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