



# **The Life and Times of Jeremiah Grady**

**By James Wood**

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## PREFACE

One day, a man named Jerry Fay took me into his barn and with a smile picked up a large painting of the Grady farm. He said it was done by a well-known artist, and that a second painting hung in a museum somewhere in Manchester. But to this day I cannot locate it. The farm was built by his grandfather, Jeremiah Grady, in the mid-1800s. It appears to have been given to or bought by Jerry Fay sometime after he finished high school.

The large painting of the farm was destroyed in a fire, along with all the personal property belonging to the Gradys, as well as Jerry's sports memorabilia. This included his pigskin helmet, shoulder pads, shoes, newspaper articles about him, letters, and so much more. Jerry had played professional baseball and professional football, shortly after the war had ended. But because of this fire, all of his sports photos are gone. What a shame that someone would set a fire to such a historic place. Still, I will always have those memories of an old friend and of the time we had spent together.

It was my friendship with Jerry Fay that encouraged me to write this short, yet powerful story. At first, I had no idea who Jerry Fay's grandfather was. As I began my research, I found myself drawn back in time to a more practical way of living. Work was all these people knew. Through their hard work they had achieved the ultimate prize, the American dream. This dream, however, was never free; it had to be earned. When it was, a man could leave this world, knowing he had done his best, and had left something worth its weight in gold -- a good reputation and a family history worth noting.

Another reason I wanted to write this story was because no one else has told it. The men and women of the current generation could learn a thing or two from men like Jeremiah "Jerry" Grady. The immigrants who helped shape the State of Connecticut all had a story to tell. The Grady story is just one of them. We have all come from immigrants who wanted nothing more than to provide for their families and to practice their faith openly. The immigrant families were escaping persecution or the Irish famine, but their goals were all the same. America was that one place where dreams could come true.

The Grady story is now an American story, one that will forever be remembered by those who read this book.

Jim Wood



### **Author's Biography**

James H. Wood

I was born in Hartford Connecticut on a cold January day in 1960. My parents had moved to Hartford from Old Town, Maine in 1956. Eventually they would have four children, including myself. I was taught by the Connecticut educational system but had dropped out my first year of high school. I was going to Rockville High School at that time. My family moved to Maine in 1977.

Eventually I studied for and received my G.E.D. Then in 1992, I earned an Associates Degree in Biblical Studies from the Harvest Christian Seminary and College in Florida. Since then I have become a Genealogist and a writer. I now live in Maine with my wife and two boys.

## **Acknowledgment and Dedication**

This nation was settled by immigrant pioneers like Jeremiah Grady. He was a man of perseverance, humility, and integrity. But he was not alone in this endeavor; he was just one out of thousands who left Ireland to pursue the American dream. This book is dedicated to those emigrants. Our great country has been a safe haven for emigrants ever since God led the Pilgrims to its shores. Early in its history, this nation had become a light upon a hill for all to see.

Although they had little, people coming here left behind a heritage that cannot be measured by worth. Their toils have brought us to this place on the world stage, a place of global recognition and respect. The Grady family took hold of the American dream and never looked back.

The life and times of Jeremiah Grady is a book that captures the ups and the downs of Irish immigration. Historical information has been added to help the reader understand the times in which this family lived. It can also be used by genealogists to further their research regarding the Grady family.

A special thank you to Genealogist Noreen Palladino Cullen who has helped me put this interesting story together. She has been a blessing in this endeavor and a pleasure to work with. Noreen Palladino Cullen has contributed her time as a Genealogist, making this project possible. She has assisted this author with time-consuming research, uncovering information and vital records important to this work. She has also worked as Editor for this project.

Thank you also to Tricia Lee Mileska, who generously shared her family's photographs and knowledge of the Lee family.

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## Chapter One: Background

The United States was founded on Christian values. It had become a safe haven for those seeking religious freedom. Many of our country's founders were English emigrants who came here to escape persecution. America seemed to be chosen for them, a place where dreams could be realized. Soon other emigrants, also seeking religious freedom, arrived from various parts of the world. In those early days, the British were in control of the Colonies here, but in 1776 that would change. The American Revolution set this nation free from England's grasp, and allowed its people to serve God without persecution or fear of retaliation from their former king. America had become a lighthouse in the midst of a dark, corrupt world. Our nation's first document, the Mayflower Compact, clearly reveals the newly freed Americans' faith and their plans for this country. Their very being centered on the word of God and His promise to bless those nations who served Him. As a result, we have been blessed, perhaps more so than any other nation, with the exception of Israel. Catholicism arrived in the Colonial era, but most of the Spanish and French influences had faded by 1800. The Catholic Church grew through immigration, especially from Europe, Germany and Ireland at first, and in 1890-1914 from Italy, Poland and Eastern Europe. The Gradys were members of the Catholic Church, as many of the Irish were. The Irish had experienced periods of religious tensions, greedy landlords, and famine in their home country.

In Ireland during the 1800's, the poor of that country were hit the hardest when the potato famine destroyed their crops. But that was just the beginning of their troubles. Many landlords were mistreating their tenants, slowly forcing thousands to seek a better life elsewhere. The Gradys, along with other Irish emigrants, left their homeland because of the situation there, some landing at the port in Boston's Harbor, others in Canada. The difference between Ireland and Massachusetts had to intimidate the emigrants as they stepped off the ship and saw the big city for the first time. In some cases, they would stay in small dirty rooms, or in whatever they could find that was available at that time. Seeking employment would be next on their list, which, as one can imagine, was hard in itself, as more emigrants followed behind them and began competing for the same jobs. Whether or not the Gradys had

money back in Ireland or when they arrived in New England is still unknown.

Jeremiah Grady was a hard-working farmer who obviously took whatever work he could find. But he may have landed a job cutting stone for the quarries, as others did. In time he would find work as a mason, perhaps while he and his wife Honora were still in Boston. They would eventually find themselves in Keene, New Hampshire, where Jeremiah worked for the railroad. Although we do not know a great deal about this family, we can safely say they were steadfast in their endeavors, never giving up. As Irish Catholics, they were not always welcomed and may have experienced various forms of discrimination. That was a common reality for many Irish emigrants then. Because Jeremiah was a large, muscular man, they probably were not as hard on him, if he endured such treatment at all, which, at this point is uncertain. All that is truly known about him is his work ethic. Jeremiah helped build the tunnel in Vernon, Connecticut and left his name inscribed inside on the tunnel wall. Where he lived while working on that tunnel is unknown. He either lived in New Hampshire or perhaps he knew someone in Rockville or Vernon, and stayed there until he could buy a piece of land and build a home for himself in town.

Connecticut was a farming community when the Grady family came to work their land. Lake Street, where the Grady family lived, is still one of the prettiest places in all of Tolland County in the fall season. There would have been places to hunt and fish and swim on hot summer days. The soil was just right for growing. The winters in New England would have been pretty cold at night, especially if a home was not insulated, and most homes back then were not.

The Gradys managed, and probably made adjustments as needs arose. Owning a farm could be costly; animals would have to be bought or bartered for. Fields needed to be plowed, and later harvested. A farmer's life was tiring and lasted most of the day. While in Vernon, Jeremiah probably knew most of the people on Lake Street and in surrounding towns. They were farmers as well and had to run into each other from time to time. He seems to have worked for his neighbors the Bucklands in their quarry out in Manchester. He may have bought his land from them, but this has not been proven. He probably helped Wells Risley

build his dam, located right before the Bolton town line. But again, this is just speculation. We do know however, that Mr. Grady traveled on a regular basis to Bolton to visit friends as well as to do some business.

Most of the information regarding the Grady farm came from Jerry Fay, born Leo Jeremiah Fay, the grandson of Jeremiah and Honora Grady. Mr. Fay's mother was Abigail Grady (daughter of Jeremiah and Honora Grady). Jerry Fay lived with his family in Manchester, but just before being drafted into World War I, Jerry owned and operated the Grady farm. When the military asked him what he did for a living, he answered that he worked as a clerk for a few years, then began working on a farm before enlisting. The Grady farm is most likely what he was referring to. Leo Jeremiah Fay went to college and became an all Star athlete. He would eventually go into a professional baseball league and is mentioned in the Manchester Sports Hall of Fame.



## Chapter Two: Jeremiah Grady

*A man who escaped Ireland's potato famine to pursue the America dream*

Jeremiah Grady was born in County Kerry, Ireland on January 9, 1815. He was the son of John Grady and Bridget Sullivan. They were farmers, as was most of the population at that time. The surname Grady has been recorded in various documents as O'Grady, Gready, O'Gready, Graddy, and Brady. In fact, Jeremiah used the surname Gready when signing up for the Army during the Civil War. He met and fell in love with a young lady by the name of Honora Myers (Myer, or Maher). She was born May 6, 1825, in County Killarney, Ireland, the daughter of Edward and Honora Myers. Her marriage to Jeremiah took place in Barleymont, County Kerry, Ireland, in June 1844. They probably moved in with his parents after their wedding, a common practice then. While in Ireland, they realized their country was no longer a place to raise a family. Perhaps it was time to settle somewhere else.



Honora Grady

One note on Honora's surname, Myers: this is clearly a corruption of the Irish name Maher or Mahr. It is recorded as "Myers" or "Myer" in documents in Connecticut. However, Honora lists Ireland as her country of birth. No recording of the German name "Myer" appears in any of the

Irish records in the 1800s in the Roots Ireland data, a notable resource for that time period.

From 1845 to about 1851, the potato famine in Ireland took the lives of over a million men, women, and children. It was truly a dark time in Ireland's history. At least two million fled the country during these years. Eventually, Jeremiah and his new bride would leave the land of their birth. It was not what they wanted, but they had no choice.

In the 1800s, Ireland had about eight million people who according to historians were among the poorest in the Western World. They were farmers with families to care for. Farming was all these people knew. Most of them were lacking in the area of education. In fact, according to studies, only a quarter of the population could read and write.

Most Irish men during that time died by age forty. They married while very young, age seventeen or eighteen. Their brides were girls as young as sixteen. These young couples tended to have large families, although infant mortality was also quite high. Large families were much needed for two reasons. The more kids you had, the more manpower you had to work your farm. Then when you reached old age, your children were expected to care for you. Just imagine how it must have been for Jeremiah and Honora. They were in love, and wanted a large family and a farm of their own. But because of the situation in Ireland, they would have to consider leaving.

Most of the Irish knew at least one person who had left Ireland, and who was living in the United States. As word returned home, friends and family would gather around to hear the news. It was perhaps the only communication they had with the rest of the world. They loved their country and wished they could stay and raise their families in the land of their forefathers, but they knew farming was a hopeless way to feed a family until a cure for the potato blight was found. It is possible that Jerry had relatives who had already left for America. If that was the case, they might have helped Jeremiah and Honora once they arrived, but this has not been proven at this point.

In 1835, half of the rural families in Ireland were living in single-room, mud shanties without windows to provide light and warmth, or

chimneys to allow smoke to escape. They lived in small communities, known to the Irish as clachans, spread out across the countryside. They often housed twelve people inside a single mud shack. Oftentimes the poor would sleep on top of some hay for warmth and comfort, rather than on the cold bare ground.

The rural Irish would also share their homes with their pigs and chickens. Potatoes were their main food source, given that the English were taking the rest of their produce. According to experts, the most fertile farmland was found in the north and east of Ireland. The south and west however, were comprised mostly of large, wet areas with rocky soil.

Potatoes are not native to Ireland but originated in the Andes Mountains of Peru. In the early 1500s, the Spanish first learned of the potato from the Incas, who taught them how to grow the vegetable. The Spanish called this vegetable “patata.”

The potato was first introduced to Ireland around 1590. Farmers found that the potato thrived in soil that was cool and moist. What made the potato a favorite in Ireland, was that the crop required very little land or labor, which meant a single family could grow a large amount on a small piece of land. An acre of fertilized potato field could yield up to 12 tons of potatoes. This amount would easily feed any family of six for at least a year. Their leftovers were never wasted, but would be fed to the family's animals.

By the 1800s, the potato had become a staple crop in the poorest regions of Ireland. They kept well during the colder months, which helped them survive the winter season. Jeremiah and Honora were not strangers to farming. They understood the importance of a healthy crop and the consequences if their crop failed.

During this time in Irish history, more than three million Irish peasants survived solely on the potato. And as a result, they were found to be fairly healthy. The potato is rich in protein, carbohydrates, minerals, and vitamins including riboflavin, niacin and Vitamin C. The people of

Ireland were living proof that anyone could survive on a diet of potatoes alone.

Besides potatoes, the Irish would sometimes drink a little buttermilk with their meal. They also used salt, cabbage, and fish as seasoning when available. Although their diet centered on the potato, Irish peasants were healthier than peasants in England or Europe where bread was the staple food. Eventually, the English took the potato to Europe, along with the other vegetables the Irish had been growing and harvesting.

With this in mind, we should have no problem understanding the destructive power the potato famine had and how it affected the people of Ireland. They were a people of determination and of strong will. Many shared a faith in God and trusted Him to see them through this time of trouble.

Another reason so many left Ireland, including the Grady family, was because of an English and Anglo-Irish hereditary ruling class that owned most of the countryside. Many of them lived elsewhere and only stopped by once or twice a year, if at all. Most of these landlords were members of the Church of England, holding titles to very large pieces of land, much of which had been confiscated from the native Irish by the British. These landlords would usually hire local agents to manage their estates while they lived carefree lives off the rents paid by the Irish for land once owned by their ancestors. Whether or not the Gradys owned or leased land cannot be proven, but most likely they were farming leased land.

The average tenant farmer in Ireland lived on less than ten acres of land. They were often referred to as tenants-at-will, who could be evicted on short notice by the landlord, his agent, or middleman. By law, any improvements the tenants made on that property, such as building a stone house or shed, became the property of the landlord. Because of this, there was never any incentive to add to their homes, or to build any additional structures on a piece of leased land.

The tenant farmers often allowed landless laborers, known as cottiers, to live on their farms. The cottiers performed daily chores and helped

bring in the annual harvest as a way to pay for their boarding. In return, the boarders were allowed to build small cabins and to keep their own potato gardens to feed their families. Others rented small, fertilized plots from farmers, with a portion of their harvest being used as a payment for rent. Poor Irish laborers, more than anyone, became totally dependent on the potato for their very existence. They also lived in a state of insecurity with the possibility of being thrown off their plots by the English or their agents.

Between the years 1815-1845, one million left their homeland to seek a better life. Ireland was still a part of Britain, so travel to or from the mainland was not a problem. Experts say that 80% of those immigrants who left during this period were between the ages of eighteen and thirty years old. There were no deepwater ports in Ireland. Cork would become the last port of call in Europe, placing ships into calmer waters and sending them on their way from Plymouth, England and other English ports to the New World.

Irish emigration could be split between two groups of people. Many of the earliest emigrants were Presbyterian Scots-Irish, largely from Ulster in the north. They were often farmers or tradesmen who were seeking a better future, often with the money needed to establish themselves in the New World. In contrast, the Irish Catholic population in the more southern counties did not leave in large numbers until the Potato Famine struck Ireland in the 1840s.

Though there had been other regional famines, none were as damaging as the blight that hit the 1845 potato crop. That famine would start a massive, continuous stream of emigration. Perhaps this is why the Grady's left in 1844. What other choice did they have? But even then, no one left joyfully. They knew they would never see their families again.

Gatherings would take place in which families would come together to show their love and affection for one another before family members emigrated. In his book, *Emigrants and Exiles*, Kerby Miller explains the history of this event and even describes the emotions expressed by those involved. The majority of emigrants who left were not leaving just because they were looking for a better life for themselves and their

families, but because they did not see a way to build that same life in Ireland.

The Irish were discriminated against in their own country because of their native heritage and religion, and as a result were restricted in the areas of education and economic success. For these reasons they left Ireland. The emigrants and their descendants held on to memories of what was good about their heritage and lives in Ireland. Those memories live on today, even in the souls of those who never had the opportunity to visit their ancestral homeland.

Even after Ireland was independent from Great Britain, the Irish economy wasn't strong and many young Irish men and women left in search of a better life. To many emigrants, the United States was the land of opportunity and religious freedom. For others, Canada would become their home, at least for a while.

When people left Ireland, they carried with them whatever they could, which in some cases was simply the clothes on their backs.

In June of 1844, Jeremiah and Honora Grady embarked for America. The decision to leave Ireland was only the beginning of a long and difficult journey. Once aboard the ship that would bring them to America, the passengers would often endure conditions that were close to intolerable. The trip took about six weeks.

The ships usually had steerage compartments about five feet high, which provided just enough room for two tiers of beds. It was far from the cruise ships we have today. As many as 700-900 men, women, and children were placed together in tight quarters, with barely enough room for themselves or whatever belongings they had. If they did bring other items, they were usually rolled up and kept next to them. Narrow cots were often provided when available, but these were hardly wide enough to allow a person to turn over from one side to the other. Beds and bedding were not aired out or washed until the day before arrival and the inspection by government officials.

Ship's passengers did not have the use of candles or lanterns to help them see. The only air and light available was through a hatchway,

which was kept closed during occasional storms or rough waters. As one can imagine with so many people crammed in together, the air became increasingly filthy, with foul odors surrounding them as the journey progressed. Uneasiness and distress would often get the best of some, as would seasickness.

Food was often insufficient and under-cooked on voyages. Grain, hardened and served as a lump, was commonplace on these ships. Clean drinking water was not always available. Since one cannot drink sea water, passengers would drink whatever was given to them. Toilets were usually buckets, which had to be dumped overboard. The stench had to be unbearable at times.

Emigrants must have eagerly searched for any signs of land. When land was finally in sight, their hearts must have been filled with joy. The sheer relief from the stress they had been feeling over the previous month and a half had to have been intense.

Once they arrived in the United States, the majority of Irish immigrants remained in the port cities where they landed. Often they were sick and weak from the lack of food and the rigors of the long, ocean journey. Most immigrants had very little money if any, and because of this had no choice but to find shelter around the seaports. Others mistrusted farming since the land had caused so many problems in Ireland and chose not to live in the less populated farm areas.

As one can imagine, many immigrants were crowded together, resulting in limited job opportunities and terrible living conditions. When the newly arriving Irish immigrants looked for work, they found only the lowest, unskilled jobs available to them. Men were hired for low-paying jobs, which were usually physically demanding and dangerous.

Unskilled laborers during the 1840s were paid under seventy-five cents a day for ten to twelve hours of work. The men built canals, railroads, streets, houses, and sewer systems. Others worked on the docks or canals. There were two main types of work available for Irish women. Some became domestic servants or worked in one of the factories there. Domestic work was secure and dependable and lasted the entire year.

This type of work was often long and tiring. It was not unusual for one maid to cook, clean, and care for children sixteen hours a day or more.

The domestic servants became part of the household in which they were employed, and some would even live with their employers. Women who worked in factories found the work to be dirty, low paying, and dangerous. In 1833, Irish women who worked in the mills making cotton shirts were paid by a piecework system in such cities as Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. They made between six to ten cents a shirt. These women worked thirteen to fourteen hours a day. Since they could only make nine shirts a week, they brought home ninety cents or less a week.

How long was the Grady family in Boston? The answer is still uncertain, but there is a great deal of data available that helps track their steps *after* they left Boston. It is possible that John, their first child, was born there in Boston (1845-6). This would mean the Gradys may have been there for one or more years before relocating. It could have been longer, perhaps five or more years.

Jeremiah, like any Irishman of that time period, took whatever work he could find. He appears to have been a mason and stonecutter before coming to Massachusetts, which, if true, would increase his chances of employment. Over time, he became a talented stonemason, who was known for both his skills and his work ethic. He may have been told about jobs in New Hampshire and Connecticut while he was in Boston.

During the Gradys' stay in Boston, Jeremiah probably picked up old newspapers to find work, as many were doing. Honora may have worked in one of the mills; this was what most emigrant women did. They did their share, and then some. Where the Gradys stayed is presently unknown, but they probably did what other emigrants did, which was to take any available space, often just large enough for two people. It is highly possible that friends or family had come to New England before them and gave them a place to stay. This has not been proven and cannot be stated as fact.

Some emigrants looked for work in Vermont and New Hampshire, where construction jobs were available, especially since the railroad



was laying down tracks and building new bridges. The Irish were used by the railroad as laborers, working long hours for little pay. After Boston, the Gradys moved to New Hampshire where Jeremiah landed a job with the railroad there, building bridges and other structures. He may have worked in the quarries there for a while as well. This seems to be a possibility, since he would work in the quarries in Vernon and Manchester, Connecticut years later. Their daughter, Mary, was born March 24, 1848, in Keene, New Hampshire. She was very young when the Gradys finally moved to Connecticut.

Jeremiah may have joined the crew that built the tunnel in Vernon while living in New Hampshire. The one-hundred-eight-foot keystone arch tunnel on Tunnel Road, is the longest in Connecticut and is an outstanding example of the stonemason's talent and skills. The tunnel was built between 1846 and 1849 by masons and stonecutters, many newly arrived from Ireland, with only the help of oxen and hand tools. Jeremiah's name appears on a property map dated 1853, showing he bought his property a year prior to moving there. However, the exact date of this purchase is uncertain.



The Vernon Tunnel, which Jeremiah Grady helped to build

## Chapter Three: The Grady Homestead in Vernon

*A hard yet simple way of life*

Thomas Hooker and his men traveled through Vernon in 1636 to start a new settlement to the north of the Dutch, who had a settlement in the area we now call Hartford. Hooker's settlements would eventually become the towns of Hartford, Wethersfield, and Windsor. Hooker and his followers wanted to establish a colony for their Puritan faith, free from the Church of England's ritual and hierarchy.

Connecticut was founded with a strong connection between church and government. As Connecticut's towns formed their own municipal governments, laws were established for their municipalities. Each town was required by law to support the public worship of God. When a settlement had enough taxpayers to support the finances required for a meetinghouse and minister, it could petition the General Assembly to become an ecclesiastical society. This allowed them to have a house of worship in their own town instead of having to travel to another town for services.

The Settlement of South Coventry was founded around 1707. New settlers began their journey from Hartford and Windsor, Connecticut, and from Northampton, Massachusetts. Shortly after, the Town of Coventry was established in 1712. Sixteen families saw how fertile the soil was, bought land, and settled there. Early buildings in Coventry were set up around the Green and along Lake Street, with others scattered down the length of Main Street. Eventually, locals settled throughout various sections of Tolland County.

As more people built their homes and established farms in Vernon, the setting of boundaries became a priority. Large trees, brooks, and stonewalls were used as property lines. One such marker was known as the T Ditch. It was simply the legal landmark for town boundaries. A man of the time named Mr. Kellogg left some writings, which are valuable to us today. He wrote: "The territory of North Bolton Society was the same as that of the present town of Vernon. It was taken from four different ecclesiastical societies. Much of the largest part of it was taken from Bolton, the Southern boundary being a line running nearly

East, from a point one mile South of the 'T Ditch.' The inhabitants of this section numbered a little less than three hundred." (Reference: [www.tankerhoosen.info/history](http://www.tankerhoosen.info/history).)

The line of Windsor, later becoming East Windsor, used to pass within about a quarter of a mile of the site of the famous meeting house at Vernon Center. The Risley, Buckland, and Grady families owned land in this area, which is documented on early maps. Local Indians camped behind what is now the Lake Street School and also near the Grady's road. They stayed there during the summer months. It is possible that these Indians had dug out this T ditch to drain their fields for corn. In the modern era, children have played in this area without understanding its rich history.

The village grew as businesses and homes were added to the area. Main Street slowly replaced the Green as the heart of South Coventry. While the Dr. Samuel Rose House on High Street continued to serve as an inn, the post office moved from Martin Lyman's house on Lake Street to the Bidwell Hotel in about 1822. Shops opened in Main Street homes and in new or remodeled commercial buildings, such as the Wellwood Store. The Wellwood Store was established much earlier than most Main Street businesses, having started in 1784.

The towns of Vernon and Bolton separated from East Windsor in 1726. Vernon separated from North Bolton thirty-four years later, in 1760. Since no churches existed in the new settlement, Vernon settlers had to walk or ride over the rock formation called the Notch to Bolton to attend church services until 1762. Bolton Notch is still the name for this location, to this day.

Vernon's first pastor was Ebenezer Kellogg, born right in Vernon in 1789. He was a direct descendant of the Kellogg family who invented cornflakes cereal. Once the people in Vernon asked him to be their pastor, Ebenezer moved into a house at the corner of Hartford Turnpike and South Street. Besides serving as pastor, he also farmed the land around his home. Ebenezer Kellogg served the people of Vernon as their pastor for an extraordinary length of time -- fifty-five years.

Vernon began as an agricultural community establishing farms around an old Indian trail that would become Hartford Turnpike and later Route 30. It should be noted that most Indian trails were originally deer paths that the natives also used for their travels. The old Indian trail, Hartford Turnpike, passed through a field that still exists in Vernon Center. This field is currently owned by the Strong family. The early Vernon congregation chose to build their church atop what would be known as Meetinghouse Hill. It is located east of Vernon Center where the current First Congregational Church was erected and continues to be used today.

The first church on Meetinghouse Hill was built on a hill for two reasons. The first was to make sure it could be seen from miles around. The second was to have it serve as a lookout post such that approaching Indians could be seen long before they arrived in town. On Sundays, the area farmers had to travel with their families over five miles by wagon from Vernon Center to the church in Bolton. Once there, they would spend the entire day participating in church events and would return home later in the evening.

The routes taken back then are known today as Bolton Road, which followed the ridge, Tunnel Road, and Phoenix Street to Lake Street where the Gradys lived. As one can imagine, traveling along those old dirt roads could become difficult due to rocks, mud, rain, and snow. As a result, the villagers petitioned the General Assembly in 1749, suggesting that services be held in Vernon Center rather than in Bolton.

The people of Vernon could now take a trip down Lake Street to their church, which would certainly be easier for them, but it would not change the condition of the roads or prevent bad weather from spoiling their journey. Dirt roads required occasional repairs, as do modern roads today. Each New England town was responsible for building and maintaining all roads within its town limits. Colonial laws originally required that all able-bodied adult males work a certain number of days each year on their town roads.

Farmers would often travel down the roads to their wood lots, then haul their firewood back to their farms. Eventually this would pack the roads down and make travel easier. However, during the mud season after the

snow melted, the roads would be full of ditches and bumps, making travel somewhat unpleasant until the men packed it back down.

For over two hundred years, farming was a way of life in Connecticut. Families grew their own food and raised their own animals. Dairy farming has always been a way to support one's family in the Nutmeg State. Butter and cheese were reliable commodities in the State's early years.

Milk, on the other hand, was a perishable product. In Connecticut, the milking season began in April and ended in November. Most farms were family run, except for a few that could afford laborers. All the milking was done by hand and then the milk was hauled to market in ox- or horse-drawn carts or wagons.

Jeremiah Grady had a large dairy farm and brought what his own family did not consume to market. There he sold his products to the highest bidders. His grandson, Jerry Fay, once claimed that the Grady farm was one of the largest in the Vernon area.

In most Connecticut towns, the animal of choice was the ox. There were many practical reasons why this was true for most Connecticut farmers. In fact, the ox was the animal of choice outside of New England as well, especially in the western colonies. Oxen were cheaper to care for and were usually healthier than horses.

Unlike a horse, oxen had a longer useful life. In addition, when an ox had outlived his carrying capacity or his pulling capacity, he was still useful. Just about everything on this animal could be made into a product to be sold or to be used by the farmer. Their hides, their meat, and even their horns were useful. Nothing on this animal was wasted. Ox tail continues to be the meat of choice for many, especially with Jamaican restaurants.

Vernon was and is a beautiful place to behold during the fall. Lake Street was full of deer, moose, pheasant, turkey and other wild game, becoming a favorite hunting spot for locals. Some believe that the name of this town was meant to pay tribute to General Washington's home in Virginia. The truth is that no one is certain. When the Grady family drove up in their horse and wagon, they chose a spot directly below Box

Mountain. There was a slit at the bottom of the road leading to the quarry. It was shaped like a Y, allowing residents to enter from either direction. Such a location for a farm would make travel easier when working in the quarry.

It was the quarry near Box Mountain that held the sandstone used to build the tunnel on Tunnel Road. Jerry Grady was a tall, muscular Irishman, a man who was not afraid of hard work. In fact, his work ethic seems to have been ingrained in his DNA. His size was most likely a result of tough farm work and perhaps from his days hauling rock out of the quarry. Most of the males who were descendants of Jeremiah Grady were unusually tall and muscular. Even his grandson, Jerry Fay, was six feet, four inches tall.

In 1849, the Hartford, Providence and Fishkill Railroad workers began to construct a line of tracks from Manchester to Willimantic. Railroads would usually be laid along the sides of streams, but Valley Falls presented a completely new problem. Since Box Mountain had a steep incline, a shelf or terrace for the tracks had to be carved out of the side of the hill. This was accomplished by using manpower, since modern machinery did not exist yet.

To create a gradual ascent, a huge amount of earth had to be hauled in and laid down. After it was dumped on the roadbed, it would be leveled. This man-made hill covered the one-hundred-and-eight-foot tunnel on Tunnel Road. In its day, this tunnel was truly a great accomplishment of engineering.

The men who made the tunnel were the first masons to use a strong, yet temporary wooden frame, referred to as a "central." All the work on this project was done by hand. Now, talk about hard work! These men used pickaxes and shovels and horse- or ox-drawn carts to get the job done.

Newly arrived immigrants from Ireland worked on this project, including Jerry Grady. The sandstone blocks used in building the tunnel were cut and laid up in the form of thirty keystone arches. The workers laid each piece carefully into place, but first the surface of each block had to be textured by hand. They used a hammer and chisel to achieve that effect. Jerry Grady and other immigrants who worked on that

project left their mark. The tunnel is still used today, and people still talk about what a marvel it is.

The tunnel was originally built for farmers and townspeople, so they could get their wagons and coaches to the other side of town. If you stand back a distance from the tunnel, you can see the shape of a covered wagon in both the front and rear entrances. Jerry Grady carved his name inside that tunnel, leaving with it a legacy marker of a great Irish-American.

As he was building this tunnel, Jerry spotted a piece of land he liked on Lake Street, not far from the Risley Dam. Jeremiah moved his family to that property by 1854 and built his family a farmhouse and a barn. His property line seems to have begun at Box Mountain Road and continued on to Grady Road. Where the original buildings were back in the 1800's is unknown at this time.

It is possible that Jerry continued to live in New Hampshire until the buildings on his property were fully built. He would have had to clear cut the trees in the area where his home would be constructed, dig a cellar for root vegetables complete with a dirt floor and rock foundation. He had to dig a well, and construct an outhouse. Hay would have to be cut and stored, and feed bought. There was a lot of hard work involved, but in the end there is nothing that makes a man more proud than to know he has done all he could for his family. Jeremiah Grady was not the type of man to give up easily. He was a stonemason, stonecutter, and farmer, three noteworthy occupations in any era.

The first train passed over the tunnel in Vernon around 1850. It was a lot of weight for stones on the side of the mountain above the tracks, and as a result they were often jarred loose, falling down on the tracks. The Railroad Company thought it necessary to hire someone to go over this section of track each time a train passed to check for fallen stones.

It was a hard, uphill pull for the heavy steam locomotives to get to Bolton Station, then called "Quarryville." The train seemed to just crawl along the manmade shelf cut in the side of Box Mountain. Trains have made many passes over the years since then.

The Grady's may have used the train in Vernon from time to time, as did others in their community. It was faster than a horse and wagon, and it would allow passengers to see more of the countryside. Some farmers used the train to transport their livestock and other farm goods.

Jeremiah probably worked in other quarries over the years, including the Risley Quarry in Bolton and the Wolcott Quarry in Manchester. The Wolcott Quarry, once owned by the Buckland family, was the talk of the day as strange markings were found on some of the stones. Prehistoric bones and footprints were also discovered there.

Expert archaeologists were able to put the cut stones together in such a way that the impression of the back half of a small dinosaur was clearly visible. Later, two more dinosaur skeletons were found, one of which was almost complete. These bones were taken to New Haven and assembled into the complete skeleton of a dinosaur.

Jeremiah Grady had such a stone lying on the ground in front of his house on Lake Street. It measured around three feet across and had a prehistoric bird print on it. He may have picked it up when he worked there or had it given to him by his friends at the quarry. The stone remained in front of his farm until a fire destroyed the house and barn in the late 1970s.

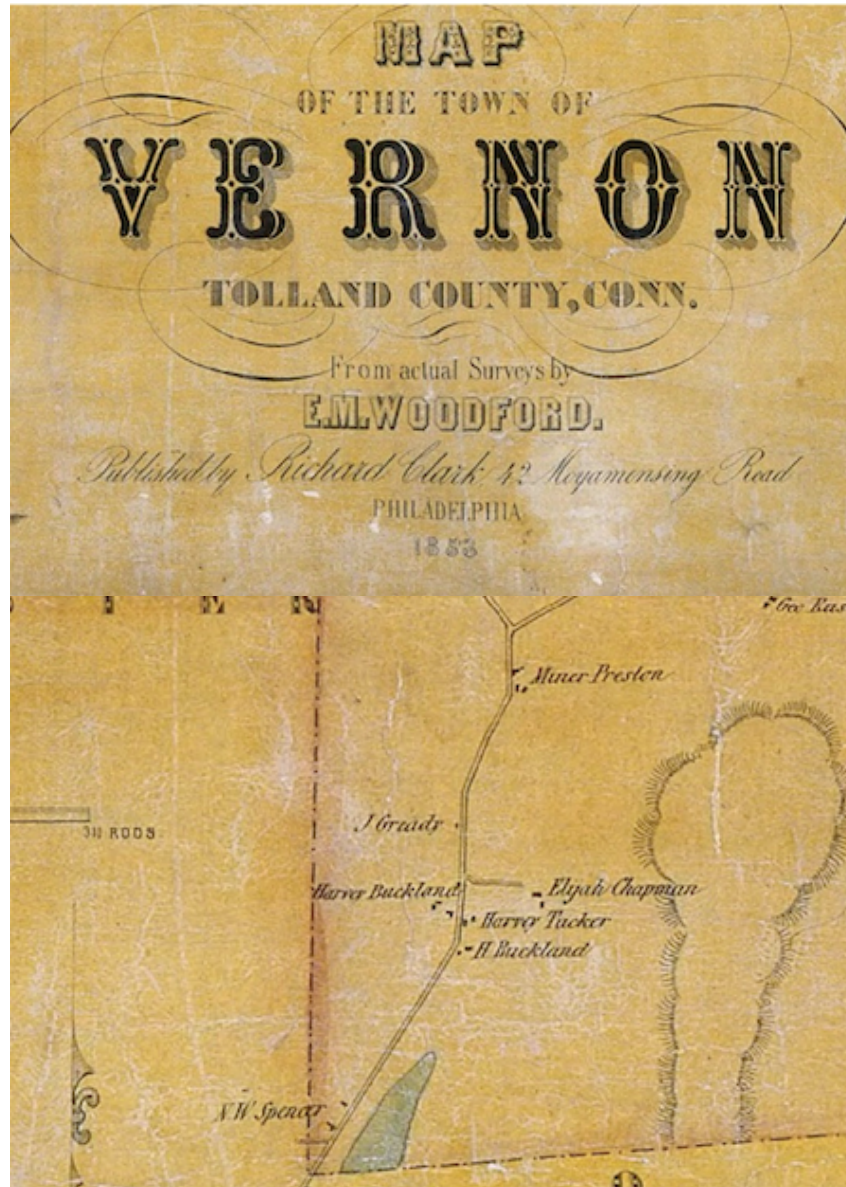
Once Jeremiah and his wife Honorah moved onto their farm in Vernon, they began plowing the fields, raising livestock, and canning a variety of vegetables and fruits. By 1855, the Gradys had five children living with them. Large families were common then, especially for farming families.

Only two of the Grady children were born outside the state of Connecticut. Lake Street was also home to such families as the Bucklands, Lymans, Porters, and Risleys. Some of them were wealthy businessmen while others were farmers like the Gradys. Thomas Porter settled on Lake Street in 1716. The Lyman's were there by 1772.

On Box Mountain, there lived the Chapmans, another prominent family. Henry Lydall (1831- 1907) lent his name to Lydall Street, Lydall Brook, and Lydallville, a section of northeast Manchester. In fact, Henry Lydall was a well-known paper manufacturer when he died, but he had come



to Manchester from New Britain in the 1860s, and began the manufacture of knitting-machine needles in a factory near the intersection of today's Lydall and Vernon Streets.



Map showing Chapman, Buckland, and Tucker properties

The Risleys were spread out in Manchester, with a few moving to Lake Street in the early 1800s. Those Risleys built a dam to provide water for their farms in 1853. It may be that Jerry Grady helped them with this project, but in truth we are not sure.

Wells N. Risley and his wife Lucy Lee Strong were owners of the Lake Side Farm, and lived on the corner of Lydall Street and Lake Street with their family. It is possible that Wells Risley owned both sides of Lydall Street, just before Lake Street. Lucy was the daughter of Elijah Strong and Eunice Betsey Lee. Wells left this property to his son, John Strong Risley.

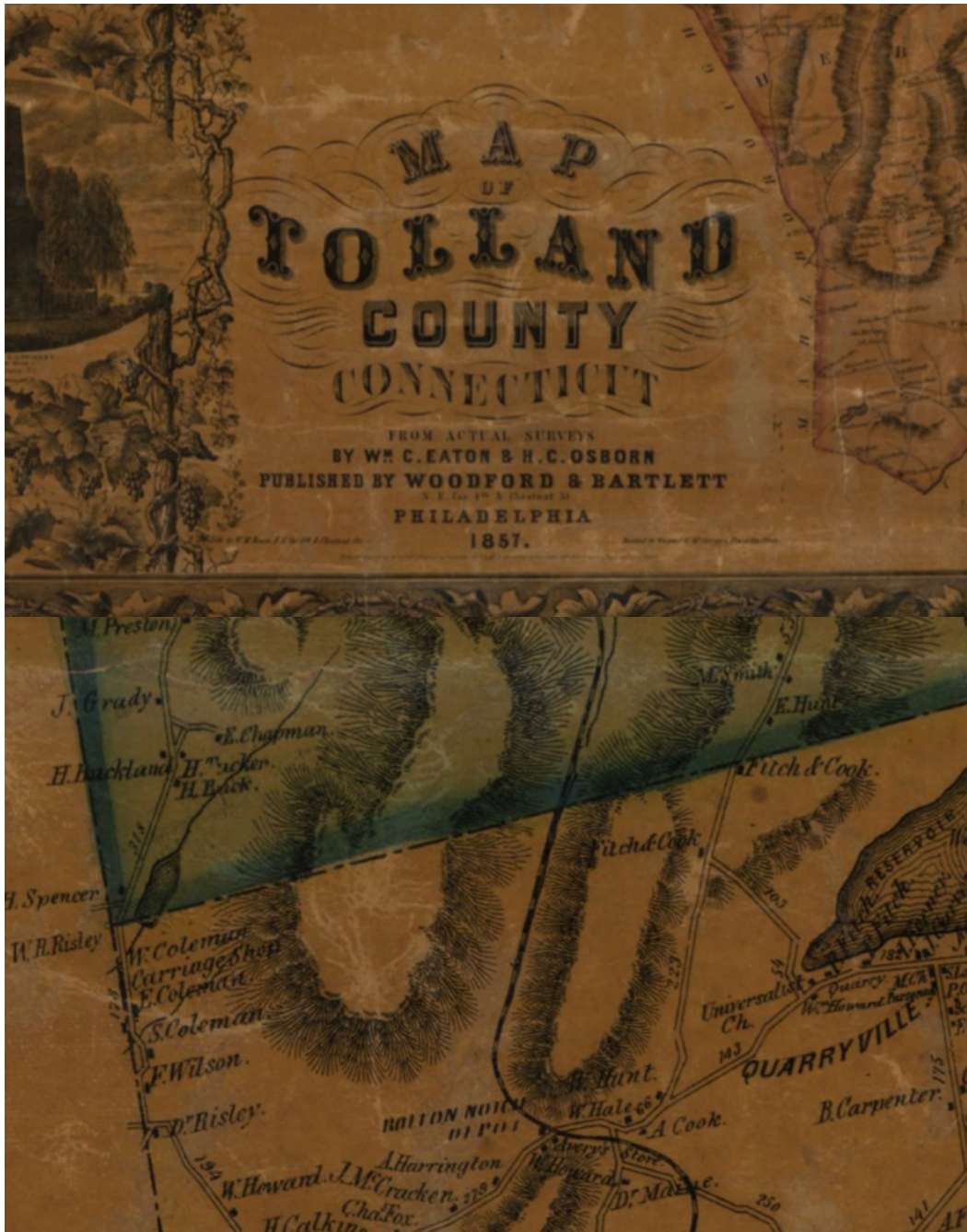


John Strong Risley, on his farm

John held many town offices during his lifetime. During WWI, he was a Sergeant in the infantry. Before the war, he worked as a telegrapher for the railroad. The property he owned included the Risley Reservoir, which was partly in Bolton and partly in Vernon. Lydall Brook flows out of the reservoir west into the Hockanum River.

Over the years many Risleys have lived on the property bought by Wells Risley. When I was a young boy, John Risley walked along the reservoir

every day, when he was able. I was friends with his grandson, Clifford Hall, and lived with his family for a short time. John S. Risley gave his land on the corner to his daughter Gladys, wife of Norman Hall. He lived next door in another house he had built. I had been inside his home on more than one occasion and found him to be a very pleasant man to be around.



He once gave his grandson, Clifford Hall, a pair of deerskin boots he had made as a young man. He was somewhat of a pioneer in his younger days. Old pictures of his family were on the walls around the house and stacks of newspapers were laying on a table in the living room. His hearing was failing him then, so I had to talk a bit louder than normal whenever having a conversation with him. He never seemed to mind. John S. Risley was a direct descendant of Richard Risley, one of the men who founded Hartford Connecticut, and of John Adams, the second President of the United States.

Manchester had begun to take shape during the 1800s. There were blacksmiths, flour mills, barber shops, places to stay the night and enjoy a good meal, and even places to have wagons repaired. Buckland and Jones had a store in town that sold supplies to local farmers and other residents. They bought dairy products and homemade goods as well from the locals and resold them. Local farmers eagerly took advantage of this opportunity.

One of the Buckland and Jones advertisements in 1814 offered such items as salt, fish, brown sugar, coffee, tea, pepper pimento, cassia, nutmeg, starch, men's and childcare's shoes of various kinds, cotton shirting and sheeting. They also carried American woolen clothes. Another advertisement read: Buckland & Jones want rye, corn, flax seed, butter, cheese and good posts and rails in exchange for the above articles.

Farmers such as Jerry Grady would go to Buckland and Jones to trade milk, butter, and other goods for whatever they needed at the time. Jerry also grew tobacco and sold it in Hartford, or to whomever offered the best prices. Mr. Grady was a pipe smoker himself, and would probably grow some for his own personal use. He and his sons would take trips out to Bolton from time to time to do business or to visit his good friend, Charles Lyman.

Charles Lyman was a man who was born April 10, 1843 to Jacob and Dorcas Lyman of Bolton. Charles attended a one-room schoolhouse in Bolton during the winter months and worked as a farmhand during the summer. He was an accomplished fellow and at the young age of sixteen he was already a teacher at the Bolton Birch Mountain Schoolhouse. By

the age of nineteen he finished his formal education at Rockville High School and later volunteered to fight in President Lincoln's army on July 21, 1862.

During the 1800s, travel was a bit different than it is today. If a farmer drove a horse and wagon, he had to provide his horse with food and water. Food was a nosebag full of oats that was carried along in the wagon. Water was not always readily available. In the early days, water might be a brook or a pond, but later on there was what was called the horse trough, a round tank high enough for a horse hitched to a wagon to reach easily.

Aaron Buckland's family owned two farms on Lake Street. One was directly across from the Gradys, and one was on the same side of the road as theirs. Aaron planted all the maple trees on the Jones farm and those on either side of the road from the corner of Buckland Street and Tolland Turnpike to the new cemetery. He also kept the road in repair from the corner to the cemetery, laying large foundation stones topped with smaller ones in much the same manner as roads are built today.

Aaron later built a watering trough for horses. It was opposite Buckland Street in Manchester. The water to fill the trough came through lead pipes from a spring on Buckland Street near the old tavern. Charles O. Wolcott was paid three dollars a year for "maintaining" the water trough in Buckland from 1884 to 1900. Part of the job probably was chopping a hole in the ice when the horse trough froze over during the cold winter months.

Winter was hard on everyone then. Before there were trucks and snowplows, roads were "broken out" by driving oxen or horses through the snow followed by men and boys with shovels. Each neighbor would clear a stretch of road along the way. Jeremiah Grady used these water bins as he traveled into Buckland for supplies or to sell something from his farm. Surely the Gradys did their fair share of shoveling and road clearing.

When the United States Congress awarded the mail contract for all of New England to Levi Pease in 1789, Levi wisely used money he received from the government to establish a hub in Boston. He went on to expand

his operations into the upper end of New England and also westward to Albany, New York. Pease established an express business, with his stages carrying bundles, bank notes, and other documents, all for a reasonable commission.

As more roads were created, stagecoach routes within Connecticut increased. Shortly after this, other stagecoach owners began providing passenger and mail service to towns throughout the state.

In 1872, on average, horses cost \$60, pigs \$5, milking cows just over \$20, and goats only \$2. A farm worker earned \$23 per month, a place to sleep, and meals.

More 1872 prices were as follows:

Wheat flour — \$12.75/barrel  
Corn meal — 1 cent/pound  
Rice — 11 cents/pound  
Beans — 9 cents/quart  
Roasted coffee — 42 cents/pound  
Brown sugar — 10 cents/pound  
Granulated sugar — 10 cents/pound  
Molasses — 70 cents/gallon  
Soap — 8 cents/pound  
Starch — 12 cents/pound  
Roasting beef — 19 cents/pound  
Soup beef — 7 cents/pound  
Beef rump steak — 29 cents/pound  
Corned beef — 10 cents/pound  
Mutton chops — 15 cents/pound  
Pork (fresh) — 12 cents/pound  
Pork (salted) — 11 cents/pound  
Smoked hams — 13 cents/pound  
Sausage — 12 cents/pound  
Lard — 13 cents/pound  
Butter — 39 cents/pound  
Cheese — 17 cents/pound  
Potatoes — \$1.02/bushel  
Milk — 8 cents/quart

Eggs — 30 cents/dozen  
Hard wood — \$10.19/cord  
Pine wood — \$7.00/cord  
Room and board for men — \$5.69/month  
Room and board for women — \$3.75/month

Harvey King was the first to take his stagecoaches between Rockville and Vernon Depot. He kept twenty to thirty horses for his different stage routes. One of these routes extended from Rockville to "Warehouse Point," which was at this time the nearest railroad center. Thomas Blake was the driver on this line.

Among other routes, was one from Rockville to Hartford; there was also a line from Norwich to Springfield through Rockville and one from Rockville to Tolland. It took from two and a half to three hours to drive into Hartford. The trip in and out was made in the same day. Usually the stage left about 8:30 in the morning and got into Hartford before noon. The start from Hartford on the return trip was made about four o'clock in the afternoon. The daily mail and paper came by stagecoach as far back as the 1830's.

The Hartford Courant was one of favorite papers, even then. This newspaper was perhaps one of the only pleasures people had to look forward to as they waited for their mail each day. News did not travel as fast in those days as it does now. There was an eagerness back then to read about local and world events. In most homes, one would find a Sears catalog, a family bible, and perhaps a few old newspapers.

The stagecoach in each town would make stops at the local tavern. They were often managed by a man of some standing in the community. Tavern stops were typically twelve to eighteen miles apart, with the trip between sometimes lasting forty-five minutes. The stage owner would usually have a financial interest in the locations where passengers were to stop to eat or to spend the night.

As the coaches drew close to a town, the driver often signaled his arrival by blowing on an English-style trumpet. The drivers would sometimes eat their meals with their passengers. This was commonplace during

this time in Connecticut history. In 1820 and 1840, the stagecoach was a huge enterprise, as was the ferry, which took coaches and wagons from one side of a river to the other. Coaches were a source of livelihood for a significant number of individuals: owners, drivers, and ticket agents, coach manufacturers and blacksmiths, tavern owners and stable hands, and the farmers who raised the horses and grew the oats, corn, and hay that they grew.

For the year 1872, a road wagon (canopy top with rubber side and back curtains, \$8 extra)

Here are some prices you might be expected to pay out in 1880.

A colt metallic cartridge revolver or "peacemaker" costs 12.00 dollars

a box of .45 colt cartridges, 50 cents

a Winchester (in 1873) costs 24 dollars

a steer costs 9 dollars a cow; with its calf, the two cost 16.50

a meal at a train station costs 1 dollar

a pair of Levi's costs 1.46

a week's board in a house costs 6 dollars, rent for a store 25x60 feet is

80/100 dollars a month

Below is a list of comparisons between the prices from 1880 and 1890 for farm equipment. The United States went from the Gilded Age to a depression by 1890. Thus, prices dropped dramatically.

Self-binder in 1880, \$800, in 1890, \$130;

mower, \$90 in 1880, \$40 in 1890;

corn planter, \$70 in 1880, \$40 in 1890;

plows, \$21 in 1880, \$15 in 1890;

pump, \$15 in 1880, \$6 in 1890;

wagon, \$85 in 1880, \$50 in 1890;

spring wagon, \$140 in 1890. \$75 in 1880;

nails, \$5 in 1880, \$3 in 1890;

cook stove, \$35 in 1880, \$24 in 1890;

walnut chairs, \$15 in 1880, \$9 in 1890;

milk pans, per dozen: \$2.25 in 1880, \$1 in 1890;

spring mattresses, \$3 in 1880, \$1.50 in 1890;

salt, \$2.25 in 1880, \$1 in 1890;

barbed wire, per pound, 10 cents in 1880, 5 cents in 1890;



granulated sugar, per pound, 124c. in 1880, 7 cents in 1890;  
kerosene, 25 cents in 1880, 18 cents in 1890;  
muslin, per yard, 8 cents in 1880, 4 cents in 1890;  
calico, per yard, 7 cents in 1880, 4 cents in 1890;  
gingham, per yard, 12 cents in 1880, 10 cents in 1890;  
ready-made clothing, 30 to 50 percent, lower;  
boots and shoes, a 33 per cent drop;  
tea, a 30 per cent drop;  
crockery ware of all kinds, not less than 25 percent, lower prices from  
1880 to 1890.

(Reference: [www.choosingvoluntarysimplicity.com](http://www.choosingvoluntarysimplicity.com))

Connecticut was more of a rural state back in 1860 -1870. Cities then tended to be much smaller with fewer people. Factories with a tall smoking chimney would indicate they were using steam power. Electricity was not available then. Even when it became available, not everyone could afford it.

The people were largely dependent on water, wind, or animal power. Streets were unpaved, with very little traffic except in the cities. In some areas, streets were covered with gravel and were often two lanes. How people behaved and treated others in those days was also done differently. People were paid with cash, since paychecks were not available at that time.

A man's wife, with the help of her older daughters, would often make what they wore. Most farmers barely got by, while others managed to increase the amount of land they owned and the number of livestock they had.

When the Gradys first landed in Boston, they dressed as people did back in Ireland. Over time, they most likely dressed like those around them did in the United States, their adopted country. As for life on the Grady farm, during the 1800's it was a far cry from the way we live today. Women did more than their share of the work around the farm in those days. The wife and mother would often be the one milking the cow the first thing each day. She might have placed a few eggs in her basket on the way back to the house.

It was also the women of the house who weeded the family garden and planted the seeds. All clothes had to be scrubbed by hand over a washboard, rinsed, and hung out to dry, even during the winter months. Honora Grady had no doubt trained her daughters to acquire all the skills they needed to know, including how to cook and mend clothes. There was no bathroom; they would go outside to the privy or outhouse. The Grady outhouse was to the right side of the house right before the barn. During the colder months, they would have to wear their heavy coats before going out.

The Gradys used candles or lanterns if they needed to go to out after dark. Besides beef and pork, Jerry probably shot some wild game from time to time, as other farmers did. Jerry would hunt behind his house where wild game was plentiful, perhaps shooting a turkey for Thanksgiving each year. His weapon of choice may have been a Sharps rifle. These rifles were made with a large bore. They were single-shot firearms, designed by Christian Sharps in 1848. Sharps rifles were taken out of production in 1881.

Sharps rifles were renowned for being accurate at long ranges, unlike other rifles of that time. By 1874, there were a variety of calibers available. Various armies around the world purchased them for their armies. A Sharps rifle was one of the few successfully designed to transition to metallic cartridge use. The rifle was a favorite for many at that time. The much-admired Berdan's 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>nd</sup> U.S. Sharpshooters used them in the Civil War. The rifles were made right there in Connecticut, which made them readily available to the Union soldiers during the Civil War.

Making sure they had enough firewood stored up for the coming winter was a priority for farmers like Jeremiah Grady. This was essential because wood was the fuel of choice for both cooking and heating their homes. The Grady children would complete their daily chores before playing outside. Although children in the 1800s did have ways to entertain themselves, reading was a favorite pastime for many. Sometimes mothers would read the scriptures to their children, training them in the way of the Lord.

But then came the fair in Rockville, which was set up just once a year. It was perhaps the only time to relax and enjoy oneself, and then it was back to work as usual. Each fall, the famous, three-day Rockville Fair was held on the Fair Grounds on Hyde Avenue. All of the schools, mills, and stores in town closed for the day so that all might attend. The fair originated in 1854 and was put on by the Tolland County Agricultural Society. It continued as a yearly event until 1929. People would come to watch the famous horse races, the ox pulls, and perhaps win a prize or two.

In the northeast end of town, thirty-five acres of land was purchased and named Hyde Park in honor of its first president. The main structure was tall, having a grandstand, fully covered, and a large hall underneath it. There were bleachers in the front and on both sides of the building. Spectators would watch the horse races on this oval half-mile long stand. There was also a bandstand and a stage directly across the track from the center of the grandstand. Everything was carefully designed, and set in place.

This fair would attract large crowds from miles around. A series of barns for the horses, cattle, and poultry were also structures built to last for many a year. The midway ran from the East Street gate, forming a promenade from the Hyde Avenue entrance to the grandstand. Both were lined with tents of concessionaires. The Thompsons Eating Tent, the fortuneteller, the weight-guesser, and wheels-of-chance were usually there.

For many years, the fair was primarily an agricultural one. Farmers from all surrounding towns brought their oxen to compete in the ox-pulling competition. It is possible that Jeremiah had entered the ox-pulling contest and we know he showed off his prize stallion at least at one of these fairs. The Hartford Courant published on September 21, 1888 mentioned Jeremiah Grady from Vernon and the Clydesdale stallion he owned. Jeremiah's horse weighed well over 1,000 pounds that year. He may have gone to the fair to find the best deals on milk cows and oxen, besides participating in other ways.

The Rockville Fairs were a way for men like Mr. Grady to socialize with other farmers in the community. There he would talk about farming and

family life. His wife would have had a chance to visit friends in Rockville and maybe share a new recipe or two.

When the fair was over, Jeremiah would return to his daily schedule, which usually began at daybreak and ended at sundown. The occasional breakdown of farm equipment would require fixing, and then the fields would need tending. When his horses needed shoes, he would bring them to the blacksmith in Manchester. While there, he could trade dairy products or tobacco for whatever goods he needed.

As a tobacco grower, Jeremiah may have built another barn just for drying his tobacco. All of the Gradys' drinking water came from a well they had dug and lined with rocks. When Mr. Grady's grandson owned the farmhouse, the well had a wooden structure around it with four support beams for the roof. It was shaped and painted like the farmhouse. How it looked in the 1800s is unknown.

In the Grady barn, there were haylofts with a door to pull the hay up and inside. Life on the farm included exhausting work, but it was all they had and all the Gradys seemed to want, especially since they did this all their lives. Jeremiah and Honora had eleven children in all: Hannah, Jeremiah, James, Mary, Ellen, Edmund, Abbigail, William, Thomas, Daniel, and John.

In the Census for the year 1870, Hannah and Ellen are listed as workers for a cotton mill at ages eleven and twelve. Child labor laws were not in effect back then. All members of the family had a job or chore to do, including the younger children. Older children would help on the farm, while the younger children helped their mother with chores around the house. (Please see the 1870 Census image on the next page.)

Page No. 136 Inquiries numbered 7, 16, and 17 are not to be asked in respect to infants. Inquiries numbered 11, 12, 15, 16, 17, 19, and 20 are to be answered (if at all) merely by an affirmative mark, as /.

SCHEDULE I.—Inhabitants in Vernon, in the County of Tolland, State of Conn., enumerated by me on the 27<sup>th</sup> day of August, 1870.

Post Office: Tolland Lucius Fuller, Ass't Marshal.

| 1 | 2 | 3             | DESCRIPTION. |    |                      | 7 | VALUE OF REAL ESTATE OWNED. |   | 10    | PARENTAGE. |    | 13 | 14 | EDUCATION. |    |    | 18 | 19 | 20 |
|---|---|---------------|--------------|----|----------------------|---|-----------------------------|---|-------|------------|----|----|----|------------|----|----|----|----|----|
|   |   |               | 4            | 5  | 6                    |   | 8                           | 9 |       | 11         | 12 |    |    | 15         | 16 | 17 |    |    |    |
| 1 |   | Grady, Hengra | 12           | M. | Works in Cotton mill |   |                             |   | Conn. | /          | /  |    |    |            |    |    |    |    |    |
| 2 |   | Ellen         | 11           | F. | Works in Cotton mill |   |                             |   | Conn. | /          | /  |    |    |            |    |    |    |    |    |
| 3 |   | Jeremiah      | 9            | M. | At home              |   |                             |   | Conn. | /          | /  |    |    |            |    |    |    |    |    |
| 4 |   | Abby          | 7            | F. | At home              |   |                             |   | Conn. | /          | /  |    |    |            |    |    |    |    |    |
| 5 |   | James         | 5            | M. | At home              |   |                             |   | Conn. | /          | /  |    |    |            |    |    |    |    |    |
| 6 |   | Willie        | 4            | M. | At home              |   |                             |   | Conn. | /          | /  |    |    |            |    |    |    |    |    |
| 7 |   | Thos.         | 1            | M. | At home              |   |                             |   | Conn. | /          | /  |    |    |            |    |    |    |    |    |

In both Rockville and Manchester, children worked in the woolen mills, both young boys and young girls. Children of immigrants, especially Irish and German children, were put to work in the mills around the age of eleven to fourteen. Until that age they attended school, or were taught at home by their mothers. No child over fifteen was in school, since there wasn't any high school existing in Rockville at this time. Manchester did not have a high school until the end of the 1800s.

Woolen mills in Manchester also employed children. Where Hannah and Ellen Grady worked is unknown. All we have to go by is an old Census record that fails to reveal the exact location of their employment. Since transportation was limited, they most likely worked in the Rockville mills.

The Grady boys worked on the farm as early as age eleven. Those of the Grady household who were too young to work in the mills, had to help around the farm. In some homes, mothers would also serve as teachers. This seems to be the case with the Gradys. Some of the wealthier families were able to send their children to Vernon Center for school.

A school society was established in North Bolton on October 31, 1796. The formation of a society was the method used for the promotion and regulation of all school matters. In the early days of the three original towns, common education was a priority topic at town meetings. In

those days, there was usually one church or ecclesiastical society in each town. As the population increased, a division became necessary and two or more parishes began to occupy the same general territory. With this division into parishes came the gradual transfer of school supervision from the town authorities to the leaders in each church.

The first meetings of the society in North Bolton were held in the old meetinghouse. The parish was immediately divided into districts and the erection of the small but historic schoolhouses soon followed. The school system was already in working order when Vernon first became a town in 1808. With a rural landscape, travel to areas outside of local districts became difficult. In fact, by 1836, residents of Rockville thought the trip to Vernon's center, where the town church, meetinghouse, and school were, was a inconvenience. That inspired them to build their own edifices in Rockville. Basic learning was the goal then and up to 1839 the townspeople only built one-room schoolhouses in which children of various ages were taught.

By 1856, residents began alternating between Vernon center and Rockville for town meetings, which contributed to less interaction among residents of the same town. By the mid-1800s, as technology improved and the desire to travel more efficiently grew, a railway ran through Vernon, connecting it to larger cities such as Hartford and Providence.

The way residents traveled in those days was about to change. More people were using the train rather than their own horses and buggies. The train allowed farmers to ship product much faster than moving it by coach or wagon.

According to a Census taken in 1870, those in the Grady household under the age of eleven, are listed as being at home. It could be that Mrs. Grady taught them herself, a common practice for local farmers. In some cases, boys would learn the basics of reading, writing, and math; then they would leave school to help out on the farm.

It is possible that the Grady children were attending one of the schools in their area, but it was not recorded in that Census. A Census taken in 1880 describes William Grady, son of Jeremiah and Honora, as a fourteen-year-old boy who worked on the family farm. Thomas was also

listed as working on the farm at age eleven. Abbigail, who was seventeen at the time, was listed as working in the woolen mill. The older boys were usually recorded as working with their father by the age of eleven. Sometimes boys would begin work with their fathers at younger ages, depending on the family circumstances.

Jeremiah Grady did leave a record of his thoughts in a letter to the editor of The Hartford Courant in 1872. It gives some insight into his thoughts and character:

The Harford Daily Courant Feb, 28, 1872

The East Hartford Row

To the Editor of the Courant

“The facts as stated in your paper in regard to the row at the Farmer's Hotel in East Hartford were substantially correct. I am the man represented as coming from Bolton. The facts were then: I together with my son was passing the above named Hotel on the afternoon of the 17<sup>th</sup>, when one of the Kimball's hailed me and wished me to go into the Hotel as he said he wanted to buy my tobacco. He (Kimball) asked me my price. I told him I had been offered Twenty-seven cents all round. Kimball then offered me eight cents. I made a short and curt remark. Kimball then struck and kicked me in a most shameful manner, the proprietor of the Hotel not interfering in the least in my behalf or trying to quell the disturbance. The reason of my making this statement is in consequence of an article in last Saturday's Times, from Fields, contradicting the article you had previously published.”

Jeremiah Grady, Vernon, Feb, 27, 1872

## Chapter Four: The Fighting Irish

### The 14th Regiment, D Company of Connecticut

As the call for volunteers echoed through Tolland County, men of every walk of life started coming, one after another. No one wanted war, but felt it was their duty as freemen to defend the rights of all Americans, slave or free. Jeremiah Grady, the tough Irishman from Vernon, was one of them who answered the call to arms. He was a man who had worked in the quarries for many years, built huge bridges in more than one state, and worked as a farmer on his own land. He has been described by those who knew him as a large, muscular Irishman. His size was a result of years of hard work, and perhaps a touch of genetics.

Jeremiah left Ireland when he was twenty-nine years old. His first big job was when he worked for the railroad in New Hampshire. He was thirty-three when his daughter Mary was born in 1848. Six years later in 1854 at age thirty-nine, he moved to Vernon. He joined the Army in 1861 or 1862 at age forty-six or forty-seven. He may have been born in Ireland, but now he was an American pioneer, a man who believed it was his patriotic duty to defend this nation, and he did so with courage and conviction. He fought for his family and for his new country.

The Government was offering free land in Nebraska to those who joined the Union cause, which may have been another reason he signed up. His boys, though very young, would no doubt help around the farm while Jeremiah was away. Honora would be left in charge, and probably had help from family and friends. Letters from Jerry would always be greeted with tears of joy, as these priceless letters assured them he was okay. It had to be hard on the whole family. The children missed their father, but they knew he was doing the right thing. Surely they prayed for him, at home and at their church. Jerry, Benjamin Hirst, and other brave Irish Americans gave their all, and asked for very little in return.

In a book about the Civil War entitled, *The Volunteer Sons of Connecticut*, written by Blaikie Hines, there is a collection of statistics and information regarding the soldiers from Connecticut. He interviewed men who had experienced this war firsthand and then wrote a book



about it. The following statistics and information were taken from his research.

In 1860, the population of the town of Vernon was 3,838 including the village of Rockville. 336 men from Vernon served in a number of military units ranging from heavy artillery to cavalry to light batteries, but the bulk of the men were in the infantry. Some soldiers were fortunate enough at the war's end to return home unharmed, but a number were not.

Total of Vernon Casualties: Died - 36; Killed or Missing - 14; Wounded - 72; Captured - 39; Deserted - 42.

The men from Vernon served in a number of different regiments, each regiment having its own history of marches and battles. The 14th regiment of the Connecticut Volunteer Infantry must be mentioned here, because the number of Vernon residents who served in this unit was many. Jeremiah was right there, ready to go and serve his country.

The 14th Connecticut Infantry (Nutmeg Regiment) was an infantry regiment that participated in many battles during the American Civil War. It participated in the Battle of Gettysburg, helping to repulse the Confederate attack on the third day. This attack was known as Pickett's Charge. The 14th organized at Hartford, Connecticut on August 23, 1862, and mustered into the volunteer army. Jeremiah may have ridden his wagon there, or perhaps ridden the train. All we really know is that he went to Hartford to be mustered in the Armed Services, and that he was later wounded.

The organization of the 14th Regiment began under the order promulgated May 22, 1862, to furnish Connecticut's contingent of the fifty thousand men called for by the War Department in Washington, D.C. The men of Vernon, Rockville, and Bolton had answered President Lincoln's call and were willing to leave their families and farms to defend their country, and to defeat slavery. Many of them did not make it back home.

Jeremiah Grady was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant prior to being wounded. He survived many battles, earning his way up the ranks; he achieved five promotions, to be exact.

A company was the basic unit in a Civil War army. It consisted of about 100 men and was commanded by a Captain. Companies were named with the letters A–K (J was not used because it looked too much like I.). Jerry served in D Company, 14th regiment. A regiment usually contained ten companies. Thus a regiment in the Civil War had approximately 1,000 men and was commanded by a Colonel. If the unit had only four to eight companies, it was called a battalion rather than a regiment.

The ranks usually began with Private, Corporal, Sergeant, Sergeant Major, and then Lieutenant. During the Civil War, Lieutenants were second in command of infantry and cavalry companies and artillery batteries. Infantry Lieutenants assisted the Captains in their positions behind the line of battle by guiding the troops in their movements and firing.

Jeremiah Grady would have led the men under him, as he moved up in the ranks. He seemed to be a natural-born leader. He had set an example for his fellow soldiers to follow.

Jeremiah often told of the historically famous battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac, which he had viewed from the shore. It was also called Battle of Hampton Roads and occurred on March 9, 1862 during the American Civil War. This naval engagement at Hampton Roads, Virginia, was at the harbor at the mouth of the James River. It is remembered as the first duel between ironclad warships and the beginning of a new era of naval warfare.

The way ships were built would never be the same after the American Civil War. Jeremiah Grady and Charles Lyman were friends before, during, and after the war. It is from the journals of Charles Lyman that we know anything about Jeremiah Grady during the war, and how he was shot in Fredericksburg. Other than that, there is not much more written about him.

Major battles in which the 14th Connecticut Regiment fought included these places in Virginia; Fredericksburg; Chancellorsville; Falling Waters; Auburn; Bristoe Station; Blackburn's Ford; Mine Run; Morton's Ford; Wilderness; Laurel Hill; Spotsylvania; North Anna River; Tolopotomy; Cold Harbor; Petersburg; Deep Bottom; Ream's Station; Boydton Plank Road; Hatchers Run; Highbridge; and Farmville; also Antietam, Maryland; Gettysburg, Pennsylvania; and the Surrender of Lee's Army from March 30 to April 10, 1865.

As this war began, the 14th Regiment did not replace their dead or wounded with fresh troops as other regiments did. In fact, when they arrived at Gettysburg on July 2, 1863, they were reduced to 165 men, including officers. They fought bravely as the war proceeded. After the Battle of Gettysburg, they were down to 100 men. So many had risked it all to make equality for all possible, even sacrificing their own lives.

Some units refused to replace dead soldiers, but because of the intensity of this war, the 14th became one of the first exceptions to this rule and in late July 1863 following the battle of Gettysburg, a great number of men were recruited in New Haven County to replace the heavily depleted ranks. The 14th Regiment was pushing onward despite their heavy losses during this war. To fight one's own countrymen was difficult to do, but at this point they had no choice.

On August 25, 1862, the 14th Regiment broke camp and headed toward Washington. The Regiment was assigned to the 2nd Brigade of the 3rd Division, Second Army Corps under Dwight Morris; with Lieutenant Colonel S.H. Perkins in charge of the Regiment. On September 7, it was ordered to move out with the army, passing through Rockville, Maryland to the Rockville Camp.

The first casualty, James McVay, died of exhaustion from the march as the regiment approached the camp. Then on September 11, the regiment marched to Clarksburg, Maryland and reached Frederick City, Maryland on September 13. It marched to South Mountain and arrived on September 14, just after Battle of South Mountain's end.

On September 17, 1862, the regiment's first action was at the Battle of Antietam. The regiment traveled along the flank and entered the East

Woods, passing through Mumma's orchard and cornfield toward the Confederate line. The green troops performed well, but casualties came from Confederate fire and accident; including a case of an exploding shell of Company D which killed three and wounded others. In total, twenty-one men were killed and eighty-eight wounded and twenty-eight missing. The death of Company F's Captain Blinn was filled by Samuel Moore.

Jerry Grady fought beside his brothers-in-arms, with shots flying in every direction. His courage intensified as he heard the war cry of others echo around him. The Vernon and Rockville boys were giving it their all. Their bravery would not soon be forgotten.

On September 22, the 14th Regiment started to march to Harper's Ferry. Crossing the Shenandoah on October 30, the regiment marched on to Warrenton, Virginia. They arrived on November 7. On November 15th, the regiment moved out yet again; they made camp at Belle Plain before marching to Fredericksburg on December 10. During the battle, ten men were killed, twenty were listed as missing and ninety-two were wounded, including Jerry Grady.

During the high point of Pickett's charge on July 3, 1863, the colors of the 14th Tennessee Infantry C.S.A. were planted fifty yards in front of the center of Sergeant Major Hincks' regiment. There were no Confederates standing by it, but several were lying on the ground around it. As soon as the order by Major Ellis to capture the flag was issued, this soldier and two others leaped over the wall. One companion was instantly shot. Sergeant Major Hincks out-ran his remaining companion running straight and swift for the colors amid a storm of shot. Swinging his saber over the prostrate Confederates and uttering a terrific yell, he seized the flag and hastily returned to his lines.

The 14th Tennessee carried twelve battle honors on its flag. The devotion to duty shown by Sergeant Major Hincks gave encouragement to many of his comrades at a crucial moment of the battle. The General Orders' Date of Issue: December 1, 1864.

The following contribution was made by Major Hincks to the Minutes of the Regimental Society at its meeting at Hartford September 17, 1879,

"The regiment was badly cut up in the charge upon Marye's Heights, and Sergeant Charles E. Dart, of Rockville, who carried the State flag, was mortally wounded. Sergeant George Augustus Foote attempted to fill his place, but was shot in the leg and fell. His biographer, Captain Goddard, says: — 'After lying on the field a short time, he tried to rise, but was instantly fired upon again by the rebels, wounding him slightly in the head and in the hip. All the rest of that awful day, he lay still where he had fallen. Three times our men charged over him, of course trampling on his wounded leg, while he, half-delirious, begged them to kill him, to end his sufferings.

But no one had time then to attend to one poor, wounded fellow. That night he managed to crawl off to a little hut near the field, where some other wounded men had hung out a yellow flag. Here they lay with a little hardtack, and still less water, till the third day after the fight, when they were visited by a Rebel officer with a few men. He spoke roughly to them, asking, "What they were here for?" and two or three began whining and saying they "did not want to fight the South but were drafted and obliged to come,' when Foote coolly lifted his head and said, "I came to fight Rebels, and I have fought them, and if ever I get well I will come back and fight them again." 'Bully for you' said the officer, 'you are a boy that I like,' and at once gave him some water out of his own canteen, sent one of his men for more water, washed his leg and foot and bound it up as well as he could, paroled him, and helped him across the river to the Lacey-house hospital. In fact, he and his men gave him a blanket, and cheered him as the wagon drove off."

Source:

[http://military.wikia.com/wiki/14th\\_Connecticut\\_Infantry\\_Regiment](http://military.wikia.com/wiki/14th_Connecticut_Infantry_Regiment)

The State flag was picked up, not far from the famous sunken road held by the Rebel infantry, by William B. Hincks and Frederick B. Doten of Bridgeport. It remained in their keeping through the day and they brought it safe from the field at the close of the engagement. Sergeant Dart died at St. Mary's Hospital, Washington, D. C, January 6, 1863. Note: Charley Lyman's story began with some original research that Bolton resident John Maston did at Bentley Library about Charley's good luck. There is also a New York Times article from May 13, 1883, the papers of

Booker T. Washington, a book on Teddy Roosevelt, and finally a 1906 book titled "Men of Mark in America." All fill in the incredible life of this once nationally known Bolton Civil War hero.

Charles Lyman was Born April 10, 1843, to Jacob and Dorcas Lyman of Bolton. Charles attended a one-room schoolhouse in Bolton during the winter and worked as a farmhand during the summer. By age sixteen he was a teacher at the Bolton Birch Mountain Schoolhouse. At age nineteen he finished his formal education, taking one term at Rockville High School and then volunteering to fight in President Lincoln's army July 21, 1862.

Forty-eight young men from Bolton, roughly seven percent of Bolton's population, marched off as parts of four regiments. The 16th was the Hard Luck Regiment; the others were just luckless. There were no lucky divisions, just survivors. Charles was in the 14th and they were called to duty on August 20, 1861, just four days before the Hard Luck Regiment. They had almost no training when they arrived for the battle of Antietam (Sharpsburg), Maryland, the bloodiest single-day battle in American history. Fortunately, the Bolton soldiers, with their education, hard farm work, self-reliance, survival skills, and hunting skills, were somewhat prepared to survive the war.

Corporal, (later becoming Second Lieutenant), Charles Lyman of Company K, wrote about their experience in the battle of Fredericksburg: "Our regiment went upon the field by way of Caroline Street, the railroad depot and railroad causeway turning sharply to the right under a most galling fire, as soon as we were over the canal, which runs between the town and the plateau, which was the scene of conflict. After reaching our proper position in the line, W'C were ordered to lie down.

"On our way to this position, we passed three haystacks, and I mention the fact here because they will figure prominently in my story later on. While occupying the position just mentioned, waiting our turn to 'charge,' we suffered much from the enfilading fire of a Confederate battery posted on the high ground far to our right. It was at this point that John Symonds and Oliver Dart received their serious wounds, and not at the far front, as stated by Chaplain Stevens in his souvenir

volume. Symonds and Dart and I were lying side by side, Symonds on the right, Dart next, and I next, with a fencepost about four inches square between Dart's head and mine, not a huge fencepost as stated in Souvenir.

“A shell from the battery on our right burst near us, and an irregularly shaped fragment, probably about three inches long and two inches wide, struck the ground in front of Symonds, throwing sand in his eyes and permanently destroying his sight; lifting from its contact with the ground it tore away part of Dart's upper jaw and nose and struck the post directly opposite my head. But for the post it would have struck me in the right side of my head and probably produced instant death.

“When our time came to charge, and we moved forward, we had gone but a short distance when John Julian received his wound at my side. A little later Irving M. Charter was also wounded at my side. These are the only ones I recall who were wounded while touching elbows with me after the wounding of Symonds and Dart.

“When we had reached our farthest advance and our charge had spent its force, and the remnant was falling back, our fire, in my vicinity at least, having wholly ceased, I observed an officer come out of the Stevens house immediately in our front, which was the headquarters of General Cobb, who commanded the Confederate brigade occupying the road behind the stone wall against which we had charged, and apparently survey the field now covered with our dead and wounded.

*Note: The Stephens House was built prior to the war and lived in by Edward Stephens and his common-law wife, Martha Stephens, who interchangeably used three last names in written records. During the Battle of Fredericksburg, the house was used as a headquarters by General Thomas Cobb and General Joseph Kershaw.*

“My rifle was loaded and I took aim and fired without apparent result. I immediately began reloading for a second shot, but before I was ready the man passed out of sight, either into or beside the house, but almost immediately reappeared. I was ready and fired a second shot, without effect. A sawed fence-post about four inches square at the top was standing immediately in front of me, and as I was firing my second shot

a bullet from the enemy struck the corner of the post, knocked a splinter off it, was deflected, and just passed my right side. But for the post it would have struck me just about in the stomach. My man remained in sight and I loaded for a third shot. By this time a number of bullets came uncomfortably near me.

“To get a steady aim I decided to rest my rifle on the top of the post, and as I drougt it to my shoulder a bullet struck the stock just back of the hammer, was deflected and passed over my right shoulder. Had the ball not been deflected it would have entered my breast. Notwithstanding the incident I rested my rifle on the top of the post, took as deliberate aim as possible and fired. The man fell, and others immediately gathered about him.

“I turned and started to the rear, noticing as I did so that not a man was on his feet within many yards, probably two or three rods of me, and what was left of my regiment was at least a hundred yards away, bullets were flying very thick about me and I had no expectation of getting off the field alive, as it was fully three hundred yards to the nearest cover.

“I had not gone far when a bullet went through my haversack, which was hanging on my left hip, breaking up the few hard-tack I had and punching a hole through my coffee and sugar bags. I kept moving at a fast walk, but had gone but a few yards further when a shell burst over me and I felt a heavy blow between my shoulders on my blanket roll, (six or eight inches in diameter), which, I supposed, came from a fragment of the shell.

“A little further on I was conscious that a bullet passed between my legs about six inches above my knees and a hole in the skirt of my overcoat was confirmation of the fact. Nothing further happened to me until I reached the edge of the plateau near the canal. Here I found an excavation into the side of a bank evidently intended for an ice house which had not been finished, only one side, that toward the enemy, having been planked up.

“This excavation, as I recall it, was thirty or forty feet square and afforded a complete protection from the enemy's rifle fire. I had scarcely reached the place when I noticed Jerry Grady, a large muscular Irishman



of my company (D), crawling in on his hands and knees and noticing me at the same time, he said "Thank God, Charles, you are here." I said to him "Jerry, what's the matter?" He replied 'I've got it.'" "Where?" said I. "In my foot," said he.

"I removed his shoe and found in it a minnie ball, which had entered at the heel, passed through the entire length of the foot and come out between the toes. The wound was a severe one, the bones of the foot, being badly broken and crushed. I bound it up with his handkerchief as well as I could, and at his request filled his clay pipe with plug tobacco and lighted it for him.



A minnie ball

"While caring for Jerry, some one remarked to me "Your blanket saved your life." "How so," I said. "There is a hole in it," he replied. He removed it, and sure enough there was a hole, the extent of which I could not measure with my finger, so unrolled the blanket, and found in it a minnie ball, which had passed through fourteen folds of it. This then was the cause of the blow I had felt between my shoulders when coming off the field and evidently the ball had velocity enough to have carried it completely through my body but for the blanket. I put it in my pocket, and now have it, more than forty-three years after I "caught it on the fly."

"During the remainder of the afternoon and until quite dark I remained in this excavation, rendering such assistance to the wounded, of whom there were probably a hundred before the day was over, as the extremely limited facilities at hand permitted. In binding up wounds and stopping the flow of blood I used handkerchiefs, pieces of blankets, which I cut up for the purpose, and even the shirts of the wounded. I have always looked back upon the time spent in that place with great satisfaction, because of the comfort I was able to minister to the poor

fellows who were wounded in all degrees, from simple scratches to the most ghastly lacerations. I may have saved the lives of some, probably did. Though a boy of nineteen, I tried to do a man's and surgeon's work that day.

“As the night came on and the fighting ceased, I determined to get Jerry Grady to a hospital in the city, if possible. I therefore got him on my back, with his arms around my neck, taking a leg under each of my arms, and started by way of the railroad station, the route by which we had come on the field. By the time I had reached the hay stacks. I was so nearly exhausted that I was sure I would not be able to get him into town without help, and as there was no help to be had, decided to get up as near to a haystack as possible, placing it between us and the enemy, and make the night of it there.

“On reaching the place I found the ground literally covered with corpses, with not a space among them large enough to accommodate two men, so I laid Jerry down and went within fifteen or twenty feet of the first stack and moved several bodies, making a clear space about six feet square, then went back on the field and picked up several blankets any number of which could be found scattered about, and made as comfortable a bed as possible in the space I had cleared. Into this bed I put Jerry, and then lay down beside him. Here we spent the night, and both slept some, I, more than he, because I was without pain, while he suffered intensely.

“Early in the morning I started for town by way of Hanover Street to get help, and as there was yet no truce for burying the dead, the sharpshooters of the enemy gave me a pretty warm reception while exposed to their fire. None of them, however, made a hit. I first applied for help at a temporary hospital, located in a wagon shop, just in the edge of the town, but found no one there willing to go back on the field with me. Continuing the search further, for perhaps an hour, I finally found a man who was willing to take the risks involved and go with me. I felt then that this man had the true spirit of a soldier and comrade, and told him so, and thanked him as warmly as I could for his willingness to render a service of humanity, which involved real danger from the sharpshooters' fire.

“Through the protecting care of a kind Providence, or the bad marksmanship of the sharp-shooters, we went to the haystack and returned with our burden without harm, though many bullets came uncomfortably near us. We left Jerry in the wagon shop where I had first gone for help, and after he had been made as comfortable as possible, I started off in search of my regiment, which after some time, I found near where it was bivouacked the night before the battle, and was welcomed as one come back from the dead.

“The next night I was detailed for service at our Division hospital, which had been established at a house on the street nearest the river, with large grounds about it, and several very large trees in the grounds back of and at the side of the house. The wounded officers were mostly cared for in the house, and the non-commissioned officers and privates in the grounds outside. When I reached the hospital I found my friend Grady there, and up to that time his wound had received absolutely no attention whatever since the very rude and inadequate dressing I had given it on the field. It was now my privilege to cleanse it with soap and water and aid the surgeon in giving it such attention as the circumstances permitted.”

The building of log huts for winter shelter was the first priority of the men of the 14th Connecticut when they marched dejectedly into camp early on the morning of Tuesday, December 16. Much work with the axe and spade was required—the felling of trees for timber, cutting the timber to length, notching both ends so they would interlock, and the excavation of the foundation. They also cut shorter logs to build a fireplace and when the log construction was finished, they filled the narrow gaps between the logs with mud to keep the cold wind out. They also covered the inside of the fireplace with a liberal coating of mud to keep the logs from catching fire and sending up the entire cabin along with it. Furnishings, such as bunks, a table, and a couple of stools, were made from whatever was available: saplings,hardtack crates, staves of salt-pork barrels.

On occasion, women slipped notes into boxes or garments. Ellen M. Sprague of Andover stuffed the following into a sock: “My dear Friend and brother in our Country’s cause: To your care and keeping I commit these socks, and trust they may never be disgraced by any conduct of

their wearer. Loyal fingers fashioned them, and may a patriot's tread, whose very step shall tell against our rebel foes, wear them threadbare (if need be) in crushing the wicked rebellion. In every stitch is knit a prayer for our nation's weal, and the hope that peace may smile upon our land long ere these be unfit for use." Her letter was published in The Courant in March 1863.

Women also traveled to battlefields; before the cannons had cooled they cared for the sick and wounded. They met troop trains arriving in Connecticut and helped set up hospitals to care for the men. Connecticut did not escape the brutalities of war. They attended many funerals as the war continued.

The home front did more than just provide medical and material help for the troops. They also helped supply them with much-needed weaponry and ammunition. The state of Connecticut had now become home to a remarkable array of arms and munition companies. This gave Connecticut an upper hand, and prevented the South from blocking efforts to rearm the Union.

Once the war began, the Nutmeg State was a virtual arsenal. By the mid-19th century, Connecticut manufacturers had mastered the complexities of innovation, capital, labor, and raw materials for machine-based, precision mass production of intricate metal parts and, with a collective and deeply rooted firearms production heritage going back a half century, were ideally poised to make arms for the Union. By the war's end, Connecticut makers had supplied some 43% of the grand total of all rifle muskets, breech-loading rifles and carbines (lighter rifles with a shorter barrel), and revolvers bought by the War Department, along with staggering quantities of small arms and artillery ammunition.

The most well known manufacturers were Colt's Patent Fire-Arms Manufacturing Company in Hartford, Eli Whitney Jr. Company in New Haven, Sharps Rifle Manufacturing Company in Hartford, and Savage Revolving Fire Arms in Middletown. Yet, there were others in the state, such as the Connecticut Arms Company in Norfolk, William Muir in Windsor Locks, and the Norwich Arms Company.

There were also a host of smaller subcontractors. Additionally, firms like Collins & Company in Collinsville produced swords and bayonets. Collins was the company that had made a portion of John Brown's infamous pikes for his raid on the federal armory in Harper's Ferry, Virginia, in 1859. Hotchkiss & Sons in Sharon manufactured all sorts of newly designed artillery shells. Arms historian David J. Naumec wrote, "Connecticut's firearms industry achieved an unrivaled degree of success during the Civil War, manufacturing enough firearms to equip a large portion of the Union armies." Many of the state's manufacturers were also innovators. Between 1862 and 1863, more than seventy patents were issued to Connecticut inventors; the vast majority, some 75%, were for weaponry.

After the Battle of Fredericksburg, only about 100 men were fit for duty. Lieutenant Colonel Perkins had been seriously wounded and it was not known if he would return to duty. Command of the regiment was passed back and forth among a few of the company captains. Captain Samuel Fiske, too ill to take part in the battle, wrote the following to his readers in the Springfield Republican newspaper: "Oh, Republican! My heart is sick and sad. Blood and wounds and death are before my eyes; of those who are my friends, comrades, brothers; of those who have marched into the very mouth of destruction as coolly and cheerfully as to any ordinary duty. Another tremendous, terrible, murderous butchery of brave men has made Saturday, the 13th of December, a memorable day in the annals of this war."

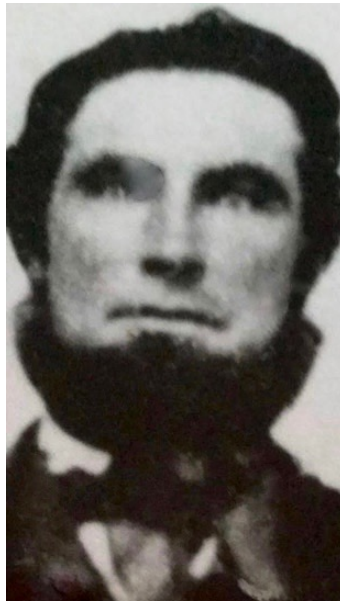
On April 9, 1865, General Robert E. Lee met with General Ulysses S. Grant at Appomattox, Virginia, to surrender his army, bringing a conclusion to the Civil War. The Courant reported: "The news of the surrender of Lee's army was received by the Courant through a special dispatch fifteen minutes before the official announcement came and our flag was at once given to the breeze. Messengers were immediately dispatched to notify the police, and have the bells of the city rung."

Books that mention Jeremiah Grady:

1. *Catalogue of Connecticut Volunteer Organizations*, by Connecticut. "Adjutant-General's Office Grady Jeremiah (he was discharged) Dec 28 1863 Vernon."

2. *Heroes for All Time: Connecticut Civil War Soldiers Tell Their Stories*, by Dione Longley, Buck Zaidel. "Henry Wing, and Frederick Burr, and Jerry Grady, all survived."

Note: This book gives a bit more detail about Jerry Grady, than others, "As Charles retreated after the battle, he found Jerry, a large muscular Irishman in his late forties, crawling along. Lyman, Jerry Grady, and perhaps a hundred other wounded soldiers took shelter in an unfinished ice house or cellar dug into a hill."



Grady, Jeremiah

BATTLE UNIT NAME: 14th Regiment, Connecticut Infantry SIDE: Union  
COMPANY: D  
ALTERNATE NAME: Jeremiah/Gready

NOTES: General Note - Original filed under Jeremiah/Gready  
*A Complete Military History and Record of the 108th Regiment N.Y.* by George H. Washburn "ROSTER OF THE SURVIVORS OF THE 14th CONNECTICUT VOLUNTEERS: Grady Jeremiah Vernon Depot Conn"

3. *History of the Fourteenth Regiment, Connecticut Vol. Infantry: Company D*: "Jeremiah Gready, Vernon, private, enlisted July 30, 1862, mustered August 20, 1862; wounded December 13, 1862, Fredericksburg, Va.; discharged on account of disability December 28, 1863. Killed: Private Edward McMann, wounded: Sergeant Oliver Dart in face severely, Corporal John Symonds in face severely, Privates Charles E Dart in leg,

Joseph Hirst in legs severely, Jeremiah Gready in foot severely, Solomon Richardson in leg, Martin McShane in hand, August Gross in side slightly, John Julian in foot slightly, Irving M Charter in thigh slightly, missing Privates: Martin VB Metcalf, Albert Town, John McPherson, Charles Fletcher.”

When Jeremiah was wounded, it ended his career as a soldier. The damage done to his foot would require surgery and some time to heal. Nevertheless, Jeremiah went about his business as soon as he was able. About nine years later, he would take advantage of President Lincoln’s Homestead Act, issued in 1862. Nebraska was offering thousands of acres to veterans and once there, Jeremiah chose land in Colfax County.

Jerry was accompanied by his daughter, Mary, and his sons, Jeremiah and James. They helped their father build a house and barn, and later helped him farm the land. After some years, he would leave this land to his children. Mr. Grady appears to have settled that land for his children, rather than for himself. By 1880, his boys were running it without their father’s help or guidance.

The Grady boys did well for themselves and even increased the amount of land they owned. Many of their descendents are still there today. Those who stayed back in Vernon would assist their parents until the day the Lord called them home.

(8-11-9)

|                    |                 |                 |                 |                         |
|--------------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-------------------------|
| NAME OF SOLDIER:   | Grady, Jeremiah |                 |                 |                         |
| NAME OF DEPENDENT: | Widow,          | Grady, Honora   |                 |                         |
|                    | Minor,          |                 |                 |                         |
| SERVICE:           | D, 14 Conn Inf. |                 |                 |                         |
| DATE OF FILING.    | CLASS.          | APPLICATION NO. | CERTIFICATE NO. | STATE FROM WHICH FILED. |
| 1864 Jan. 22       | Invalid,        | 39263           | 25209           | Conn                    |
| 1877 Dec. 31       | Widow,          | 668140          | 460779          |                         |
|                    | Minor,          |                 |                 |                         |
| ATTORNEY:          |                 |                 |                 |                         |
| REMARKS:           |                 |                 |                 |                         |

Jeremiah Grady died May 30, 1897. His cause of death was twofold: "Constant discharge from his foot, followed by heart disease." He was recorded as being around 82 years old. As for his wife, Honora Myer, her surname as found in existing documents, was spelled with no "s" on the end. It is very possible her name was "Maher" in Ireland and the big German influence in Rockville, and Connecticut generally, caused it to be misspelled. In fact, at one point in Connecticut's history, there were more newspapers being printed in German than in English.

Honora died on August 2, 1899. The cause of death is listed as "Sunstroke, dysentery". She is buried in St. Bridget's Cemetery in Vernon, Connecticut. Her father's name is listed as Edward Myer, born in Ireland. Her mother's name is listed as Honora; no birth surname is recorded for the mother.



## Chapter Five: Homesteading in Nebraska

*The Grady story continues through the children of Jeremiah and Honora*

In 1872, Jeremiah and three of his children drove their wagon down Lake Street to the train depot in Vernon Center, Connecticut. From there they caught a train to Nebraska. Once there, they farmed some land in Colfax County and built themselves a house and a barn. Honora stayed back with the other children in Vernon and took charge of the farm while her husband and the older children were away. The Gradys may have had relatives in Vernon. If this were the case, they probably would have helped around the farm.

Jeremiah was fifty-seven years old now and still had problems with his foot. Taking a small ball in the foot was no joking matter, especially given that he made a living on his feet as a mason and dairy farmer. He was truly a living example of what real men are made of.

Once Jeremiah was able to get his Nebraska farm up and running the way a farm should be managed, perhaps taking a few years, he let his children take charge of it and traveled by train back to Vernon, Connecticut. His children continued to work the land, raise livestock, and raise their families there. The surname Grady had multiplied throughout Colfax and other parts of Nebraska.

Getting free land from the government was amazingly simple. The first thing a homesteader had to do was fill out an application form that stated several facts:

You were twenty-one years of age or the head of a family.

You were a U.S. citizen, or had declared your intention to become a citizen, and had never borne arms against the United States. This meant that Confederate soldiers could not apply.

You acknowledged that you did not already own over 320 acres of land within the United States, or that you had not quit or abandoned other land in the same state or territory.

You told the government the homestead would be for your exclusive use.

Finally, you paid a \$10 fee and told the land office which quarter section of land you wanted.

That was it for the first step. Next, you had to move onto the land, and live on it for five years, unless you were a Union veteran, in which case you could just farm it, and make "improvements" such as erecting a house, barn, or fences. Finally, after five years, the homesteader had to file a form labeled "Final Proof" indicating that they had resided upon and cultivated the land for five years, and had made some improvements.

Certain special acts extended the residency period in the event of grasshopper devastation or drought. One of the major provisions for the Homestead Act is that it provided special treatment for Union veterans of the Civil War. After the war, a soldier would be allowed to deduct the number of years that he served in the Union Army from the five-year residency requirement. Any person who had borne arms against the Union was not eligible. So the Homestead Act was passed, in small part, as a recruiting inducement for the Army.

In some cases, those who fought in the war could claim free land as long as they met the requirements. Usually, they had to build a livable structure, till the land, and remain there for at least five years. It is possible that Mr. Grady worked his farm in Nebraska for three to four years before leaving for his home in Vernon, Connecticut. Perhaps he traveled back and forth to see his wife and children.

The Kansas-Nebraska Act of 1854 established the 40th parallel north as the dividing line between the territories of Kansas and Nebraska. The original territorial boundaries of Nebraska were much larger than they are today. The original territory was bounded on the west by the Continental Divide; on the north by the 49th parallel north (the boundary between the United States and Canada); and on the east by the White Earth and Missouri rivers. As new territories were established by Congress, the size of Nebraska Territory was reduced. The Continental Divide is the geographical north and south line in the United States, from which the rivers on the west ultimately flow to the Pacific Ocean and the rivers on the east eventually flow to the Atlantic Ocean.

Many of the Nebraska Territory's pioneers were already skilled farmers, coming out to Nebraska to settle land as the Grady family had. The Missouri River towns became important loading and shipping docks for a number of freighting corporations. They carried goods brought up the river in steamboats to trading posts and Army forts in the mountains. Stagecoaches provided passenger, mail, and express service, and for a few months in 1860 and 1861, the famous Pony Express provided mail service.

It was not unusual to see wagon trains rolling through the Nebraska Territory on their way west. Soldiers at Fort Kearny often rode with them. Fort commanders assisted destitute civilians by providing them with food and other supplies, while those who could afford it purchased supplies from post sutlers. Sutlers sold their goods from the back of a wagon or from a temporary tent.

Travelers received medical care from military personnel, had access to blacksmithing and carpentry services for a fee, and could rely on fort commanders to act as law enforcement officials. Fort Kearny also provided settlers with mail services. Telegraph services were available by the year 1861. Having the military close by proved to be beneficial for those first pioneers. The soldiers actually made travel better for these people by making regular improvements on roads, bridges, and ferries. Over time these forts gave birth to new towns along the Platte River route.

As transportation technologies improved, wagon trains were replaced by the steam train. The Union Pacific Railroad, the first transcontinental railroad, was constructed west from Omaha through the Platte Valley. In 1867, Colorado was split off as its own territory and Nebraska, reduced in size to its modern boundaries, was admitted to the Union as a state.

Nebraska became a state after the war between the North and South was over, the hostile Indians had been defeated along the frontier, and thousands of immigrants traveled west in search of land to build their homes. They came in all possible ways; some came up the Missouri River in steamboats, some took a train across Iowa. But it appears that more settlers came in covered wagons, or "prairie schooners" as they were called. These wagons were drawn by horses, mules, or oxen. In

these came the pioneers and their children, often with a box of chickens tied onto the back of the wagon. These wagons often had a few cattle and perhaps the family dog following directly behind them.

All the roads leading into and across Nebraska were white with these land ships, which had white canvas covers over the bent wood to protect the travelers from the hot sun. Soon the valleys and prairies of the eastern half of Nebraska were dotted with developments where they had settled, building homes and farms for themselves.

There were thousands of families just like the Gradys in Nebraska. The houses these people lived in were very different from the homes you see in Nebraska today. The earliest of these pioneers settled along the streams where there were plenty of trees. They would build log houses to protect themselves from the elements. However, for those forced to settle in the prairies, there was nothing to work with but sod. They would pile it in rows to form walls, covering the top with poles, grass, sod, and clay. They left openings for the windows and a door. Some homesteaders were very creative.

There were more sod houses in Nebraska than there were structures made of wood. Surprisingly, they were fairly comfortable as shelters. They were warm in winter and cool in summer. These types of shelter were sometimes called "dobbies."

Others made their houses by digging into the side of a hill, making a hole in the top to vent the smoke from cooking fires. They built a roof by covering the top of the hole with some poles, grass and dirt. The settlers usually left a space opened in one end for a door. These shelters were called "dug-outs." The floors were often the bare ground.

No matter what kind of home people had built for themselves, these early settlers worked very hard to break land and plant seeds, keep their homes intact, and dig wells. All they had to work with was the good Nebraska soil and whatever else nature could provide. They used the soil to make their houses and barns and from it they raised all that they had to eat and sell. Very kind to these pioneers was this good, warm, rich Nebraska soil, for out of it came the farms, homes and all that makes Nebraska what it is today.

There were no railroads in the South Platte region when the capital was moved there, and only the Union Pacific Railroad was building north of the Platte. In order to encourage railroad companies to build, Congress granted half the land on either side of the track for a number of miles to the company building through it. The other half was left for the settlers, but the homesteads inside of this land grant were cut down from 160 to 80 acres. Later on in 1869, the Nebraska legislature gave 2,000 acres of state lands for each mile of railroad.

The Burlington crossed the Missouri River at Plattsmouth in July of that year. It was the first railroad to reach Lincoln, and in 1872 the railroad workers continued that route to a junction, joining the Union Pacific at Kearney. The Midland Pacific was built in 1871. It made its way from Nebraska City to Lincoln and later continued west through Seward, York, and Aurora to Central City. Today the Midland Pacific belongs to the Burlington Railroad Company.

The St. Joseph and Denver City Railroad was laid down, going into Nebraska in 1870 and reached Hastings in 1872, the same year the Gradys arrived. All these lines were in the South Platte region of Nebraska. In North Platte, the Omaha & Northwestern Railroad reached as far as Blair. The Sioux City & Pacific Railroad was built from Missouri valley to Fremont, and branches of the Union Pacific Railroad were laid down shortly after.

Many hardships and discouraging events were experienced by the newcomers. There were prairie fires, grasshoppers, droughts, and Indian raids. Then there were some extremely hard times for these settlers, referred to as the panic of 1873, which hit the whole country.

Most Nebraskans were farmers, whether they wanted to be or not. The prices of everything the farmer had to sell went down very low, so low in fact, that it would hardly pay to haul their product to market by 1873. As railroads were very few and far between, most of the Nebraska farmers had to haul their produce a long distance, some of them fifty to a hundred miles, just to reach a market at a railroad town. Wheat sold as low as forty cents a bushel, corn as low as eight cents, eggs were five cents a dozen, butter was eight cents a pound, cattle and hogs were two cents a pound. For several years, the settlers burned twisted hay and

corn for fuel. Some grew discouraged and moved back east, but others stayed, worked harder, saved, and kept their homes.

Slowly the years from 1873 to 1878 with their hard times, Indian wars, grasshoppers, droughts, and great prairie fires, passed and better days came, bringing better crops, better prices, and hope to the hearts of those who had endured so many hardships.

As conditions improved between the years 1870 to 1880, many new settlers moved into the state. Irish immigrants settled Holt County in 1874 and Greeley County in 1877. Germans settled in Madison, Stanton, and Thayer Counties in 1867-1870. The Swedes settled in Polk and Saunders Counties around 1870, and in Phelps and Burt Counties about 1880. Bohemians founded colonies in Knox, Colfax, Saunders, and Saline Counties about 1870.

Jeremiah Grady liked Colfax as well, and built a farm there. Russians and Germans began to settle Jefferson County about 1874 and extended their settlements into Clay and Hamilton Counties. Danish, Swedish, Bohemian, and Polish immigrants found homes in Howard and Valley Counties. French settlements were made in Richardson, Nemaha, Antelope, and other Counties.

Each of these nationalities added a new element to Nebraska life, making the population more varied and interesting. Each did its part in building a great state. In Nebraska, 45 percent of all land was given to homesteaders, the largest percentage of land distributed by any of the thirty states under the Homestead Act of 1862.

## Chapter Six: Children of Jeremiah and Honora Grady

The Grady family had been part of a movement that is still talked about today. The children of Jeremiah and Honora were John, Mary, Edmund, Daniel, Abbigail, James, Honora (Hannah), Ellen, Jeremiah, Thomas, and William. Some of the children stayed behind in Connecticut, while others chose to settle land in Nebraska and elsewhere.

**John Grady** may have been born in Massachusetts (1845-6) while his parents (Jeremiah and Honora Grady) were in Boston. Only one out of three records that I have seen declare Connecticut as John's birthplace. Therefore, it is possible the Gradys were in Boston for at least two to three years, and that John was conceived in Massachusetts. However, nothing has been found to confirm this.

Later on, John was living in Nebraska with his brother Jeremiah, staying there for a couple of years. John was probably named after his grandfather, John Grady, who remained back in Ireland. Is it possible Jeremiah had a middle name? If so, was it John? There is no proof of this but is very possible.

The following census of 1860 in Vernon, Connecticut seems to be the household of Jeremiah and Honora Grady -- but there is a problem. The Census at the time had the name "John" listed as head of household, not Jeremiah, which may have been a mistake of the census taker. The children in this 1860 report appear to be the right children, although birth dates are off some, but that, too, was commonplace then. There are no other documents in which the oldest children are seen together. If "John" and "Hannah" are not Jeremiah and Honora Grady, they are almost identical in many regards, but especially in the naming of their children. Until further evidence is found to back this theory, no final conclusion shall be made at this time.

John Grady Age 52, Born in Ireland, 1808

Hannah Grady Age 42, Born in Ireland, 1818

John Grady Age 14, Born in Connecticut in 1846

Mary Grady Age 12, Born in Connecticut in 1848

Edmund Grady Age 10, Born in Connecticut in 1850

Daniel Grady Age 8, Born in Connecticut in 1852

Hannah Grady Age 4, Born in Connecticut in 1856  
Ellen Grady Age 1, Born in Connecticut in 1859

Below are the names of the Grady children born after 1860, taken from an 1870 census in which Jeremiah Grady and Honora Myers are mentioned. They were living on Lake Street in Vernon, Connecticut at the time.

Jeremiah Grady Age 9, Born in Connecticut in 1861  
Abby Grady Age 7, Born in Connecticut in 1863  
James Grady Age 5, Born in Connecticut in 1865  
Willie Grady Age 4, Born in Connecticut in 1866  
Thomas Grady Age 1, Born in Connecticut in 1869

**Mary Grady** was born March 24, 1848, in Keene, New Hampshire, and came to Platte County from Vernon, Connecticut in 1872 with her father, Jeremiah, and two brothers. Mary came along to help her father on his homestead, five miles north of Richland. A year later, in 1873, Mary married Daniel Foley on September 30, 1873. They had three children: John, Jeremiah and Mary and lived in Platte Center.

It is possible that Jerry Grady stayed on his farm in Nebraska for four or more years, since his sons Jeremiah and James were only eleven and seven years old at the time. Mary, however, was around twenty-four when she first arrived with her father and two brothers. In all honesty, we really do not know anything more at this time. It is possible that Mary took care of her brothers when their father left for Vernon, Connecticut. As a pioneer in Nebraska, Mary would later share many interesting stories about her experiences with the Indians in Platte County. She once told the story of the time Indians came to their homestead and frightened her. This was long before she was married. She was living with her brothers on her father's land. Mary and her younger brother James ran as fast as they could towards the home of a neighbor woman for protection.

The intruders forced their way in the house and at one point, forced Mary and the neighbor woman to go out to the well and pull up enough water for ten horses. On another day, Mary had another encounter with the local Indians. She was in her own home when one caught her unaware and frightened her. To save herself and her small children



from the Indian, she waved her apron at the train that had just pulled out of Richland. She kept waving at it, hoping someone would notice her.

Then the Indian cornered Mary by the doorway, demanding water, and that she pump it for him. He was a large man, which frightened her all the more. She had no choice but to act fast, so she quickly ducked under his arm and ran toward the train. Once she was spotted, help was on its way. The trainmen took care of the Indian. Mary Foley's husband Daniel was section foreman of that branch of Union Pacific, which meant that Mary may have known some of the crew members that day.

Mary's experiences with the Indians were far from over. One evening while she was sitting at her table in the dining room, she heard something in the next room. Mary headed toward the kitchen to investigate, and as she entered the room she found the walls lined with Indian chiefs, their squaws, and families. Suddenly a big Indian, the chief of that tribe, took her by the arm and pulled her toward the others. He wanted to introduced her to them, and to tell her their situation, that they were all hungry and needed some food. Come to find out, they were on their way to Washington, D. C. and had run out of provisions.

In 1876, the Foleys left the Grady homestead and moved to the one hundred and sixty acre farm they had purchased near Platte Center. Daniel Foley died on July 4, 1877. He had been at Columbus on that day. He had left about half-past twelve o'clock at night, seemingly all right in every way. On the morning of July fifth at about sunrise, Mr. C.A. Davis found him in his wheat field, sitting on the seat in his wagon, but apparently not in his right mind. Daniel said to C.A. Davis that he had lost his way, and when the road was shown to him, he told Davis that he needn't go any farther with him. Daniel left believing himself to be all right. Supposing he would be okay, C.A. Davis thought nothing more about it, until his attention was attracted in the evening to a wagon in a ravine on a part of his farm at a distance from where he had last seen Daniel Foley. Getting on a horse, he went to see what was the matter, and found Daniel lying on his back in the wagon, without any covering over his head, and found that he was dead.

The horses had been unhitched, and the harness taken off and put into the wagon, as though the dying man realized that his death was

imminent. The loosened horses, reached home with their halters tied up which apparently Daniel had done, hoping it would attract attention and bring someone to his aid. The horses reached J. Maher's at about ten o'clock Thursday morning.

Daniel Foley lived on Shell Creek, near M. Maher's.

Once the news reached Mary and her children, sadness filled the air, as tears swelled in their eyes. This was a sad event indeed. In time, their hearts would mend and Mary Grady Foley would remarry. Nebraska at this time was not a place for a widowed woman. She needed a man to help her run the farm and to provide the love every women dreams of as a young girl.

On November 23, 1881, Mary Foley married Martin N. Burns. They had six children: Robert W., of Beverly Hills, California; John C., of Columbus, Nebraska; Edmond D., of Platte Center, Nebraska; and Mrs. Anna Fleming, of Irwin, Idaho. Lucy and James Burns preceded their parents in death.

Mary had yet another test to endure. She was taken to court over land she and her husband owned. She eventually won her case and kept her land, which would one day be given to her children.

From *The Columbus Journal*, November 30, 1881

MARRIED BURNS-FOLEY--*We have to announce the marriage of Mr. Martin Burns with Mrs. Mary Foley, as one of the incidents of this neighborhood during the past week; an event which we hope may be conducive to the happiness of them both. (Platte Center.)*

The removal of Sioux, Pawnee, and Ponca Indians was followed by new homesteaders' settlements. In 1876, war with the Sioux Indians broke out on the Nebraska border. The chief cause of this war was the rush of white men into the Black Hills, the Indian country, for gold. The roads most traveled to the Black Hills led from the Union Pacific Railroad across northwestern Nebraska, crossing the North Platte at Camp Clark Bridge. Thousands of people traveled these roads and had frequent fights with the Sioux Indians who claimed all the country north of the Platte.

When peace was finally made, the Sioux gave up all their land in western Nebraska and removed themselves to South Dakota. The Pawnee and Ponca Tribes were moved to Oklahoma in 1875 and 1877. As a result, nearly all of northern Nebraska was opened for new settlers.

**Edmund Grady** was born in 1850 in Connecticut. He was a blacksmith by trade. Edmund enlisted in the Army on November 17, 1873 at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. He was discharged on October 15, 1878. In 1880, he was living with his brother Jeremiah in Nebraska. He married a woman by the name of Emma. Their daughter Hanora P. Grady was born in Idaho on June 18, 1883. They also had a son, Ralph Grady, who was born in Ellensburg, Washington on March 12, 1887.

Edmund joined the Army at a time when the Indian wars with the Sioux in Montana were on going. He was in Company B, 2<sup>nd</sup> Cavalry. Edmund could have been ambushed along with General Custer and his men, but it appears as though God was watching out for him that day.

The following explains the details behind this event: *“One battalion of the Second Regiment nearly joined Custer before his last stand. In June 1876, Lieutenant Colonel George A. Custer of the Seventh Cavalry was offered the use of the “Montana Battalion” of the Second Regiment, but he declined the offer. On 25 June Custer stumbled into a force of 5000 Sioux warriors who killed every officer, soldier, and civilian in Custer’s wing of the Seventh Cavalry. Two days later, the Montana Battalion discovered the evidence of Custer’s fate.*

*By April 1877, most of the cavalry Regiments of the United States was engaged in warfare with several small bands of Indians. The Cheyenne surrendered in December. Although Sitting Bull escaped into Canada, Crazy Horse surrendered in April of 1878. This left only a chief named Lame Deer and his warriors on soil claimed by the U.S. government, but the U.S. Cavalry, including the “Montana Battalion” of the Second Cavalry, was in pursuit. Marching day and night with only short breaks, the cavalrymen reached the area of an Indian encampment near Little Muddy Creek, Montana, on 6 May.”* Taken from: (<http://www.secondcavalry.org/1865-1897.htm>).

In 1893, Edmund, also known as Ed Grady, became something of a hero

in the town in which he lived. Two men who had been arrested for their crimes, McCarthy and Lewis, alias Warner, made a bold break for liberty from the local jail. The robbers succeeded in making their escape into the street, where a battle took place between them and the citizens, including Ed Grady.

“To Matt Warner, however, belongs the unenviable distinction of having the most notorious record of any outlaw since the days of the James boys. He was born about thirty years ago near Manti of Danish parents. His real name is Rasmus Christensen. It seems that his thieving proclivities manifested themselves early, for it is related that when he was only 10 years old he stole a band of cattle.... He next bobbed up under the name of Ras Lewis, near Baker City, Ore. There he met the McCarthy gang and the Roslyn bank robbery was planned. By arrangement the band met at Frank Beezly's ranch, about twenty miles from Coulee City, from which point the start was made. The robbery proved only partly successful, the bandits securing only about \$6,000, which was far short of what had been expected. The officers were led on the wrong trail and finally arrested three innocent cowboys, who were brought to Ellensburg and one of them, Cal Hale, convicted and sentenced to serve seven years in the penitentiary. The others had undoubtedly been convicted also, only that Warner's sister-in-law, who knew all about the planning of the robbery, informed on him.

An exciting chase followed, and Warner and George McCarthy were finally overtaken near Baker City, Ore. They were brought to Ellensburg and tried. Mrs. Warner's sister appeared as principal witness against the gang, but despite the convincing evidence, a hung jury was the result. Shortly after the cases were dismissed. While confined in the Ellensburg jail, McCarthy and Lewis, alias Warner, made a bold break for liberty. The robbers succeeded in making their escape into the street, where a battle took place between them and the citizens, by whom they were recognized, in which both robbers and one citizen were slightly wounded” (Source: The Salt Lake Herald, Sep 9, 1896, Transcribed by J.S).

“Willard Erastus Christianson aka Matt Warner, aka Ras Lewis, aka The Mormon Kid. (1864 – December 21, 1938), was a notable figure from the old west that was a farmer, cowboy, rancher, ferryman, rustler, bank

robber, justice of the peace, lawman, and a bootlegger. He operated in the Robber's Roost area of Utah before teaming up with Butch Cassidy. While on the run from the law, he married Rose Morgan. For a while he operated a cattle ranch in Washington's Big Bend Country. Later he operated a ranch on Diamond Mountain in Utah.

He was the son of a Swedish farmer and a German mother who had come to Utah as Mormon Converts. During a fight as a teen in 1878, he thought he had killed a man and ran away from his parents' home with the intention of becoming a cowboy. He instead became a rustler and earned the name the Mormon Kid. In 1896, he had an argument with a Mexican on Diamond Mountain Utah near the Green River. He was sentenced to 5 years in Utah State Prison for this incident. The other man did survive.

The Roslyn Bank Robbery: He later beat the charges against him and left Ellensburg a free man.

In 1897, in the Uinta Mountains, Utah, he was involved in a gunfight where two men were killed and he was later convicted of manslaughter for this incident. After his release from prison, during which time his wife had died, he remarried and settled in Carbon County, Utah. He ran for public office under his real name, Willard Erastus Christianson, and lost. He then had his name officially changed to alias Matt Warner, the name most people knew him by, and was elected justice of the peace and then served as a deputy sheriff. Later he worked as a night guard and detective in Price, Utah. He died a natural death on December 21, 1938 at the age of seventy-four." (Taken from Wikipedia: [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Willard\\_Erastus\\_Christianson](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Willard_Erastus_Christianson))

In 1900, Edmund was living in a rooming house. He is described in one document as a "widow." According to the Federal Census taken in 1910 and 1920, Edmund was living with his sister Ellen and her husband, Humphrey Monathan, in Washington Territory. He was listed as "brother-in-law" in one Census, and as a "partner" in another. He may have gone into business with Humphrey. Edmund died in Cowiche, Yakima, Washington, on August 25, 1932.

WAR DEPARTMENT  
O. M. G. Form No. 623  
Approved Aug. 12, 1913  
Revised May 15, 1931

## APPLICATION FOR HEADSTONE

(PLEASE MAKE OUT AND RETURN IN DUPLICATE)

**ORIGINAL**

Res. not recorded. Born in Coon. Ehl. in Pa.

|                                     |                           |                                       |   |                                    |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------------|---------------------------------------|---|------------------------------------|
| Name<br><b>Edmund GRADY, Edmund</b> | Rank<br><b>Blacksmith</b> | Company<br><b>Tr'p B, 2nd US Cav.</b> | U. S. Regiment, State Organization, or Vessel | Date of Death<br><b>Aug. 25/32</b> |
| Name of Cemetery<br><b>Takoma</b>   | Located in or near        |                                       | If World War Veteran                          |                                    |
|                                     | City<br><b>Yakima</b>     | State<br><b>Wash.</b>                 | Division                                      | State                              |
| Emblems<br>Christian <b>1777</b>    |                           |                                       |   |                                    |

To be shipped to **American Red Cross** at **N. P., Yakima, Yakima Cty., Wash.**  
(Name of consignee) (Give R. R. station, county, and State)

Whose post-office address is **Box 484 Yakima Wash.**

DO NOT WRITE HERE

To A. G. O. **OCT 31 1932**

Ord. **TATE, GEORGIA SEP 21 1932**

From

B/L **10/20/32 678700**

2-9554

This application is for the UNMARKED grave of a veteran. It is understood the stone will be furnished and delivered at the railroad station or steamboat landing above indicated, at Government expense, freight prepaid. I hereby agree to promptly accept the headstone at destination, remove it and properly place same at decedent's grave at my expense.

*Kathryn Jacobson*, Applicant.

Address **509 Masonic Temple, Yakima Wash.** Date **10/25/32**

Edmund Grady joined the Army at a time when the Indian wars with the Sioux in Montana were on going. He was in Company B, 2<sup>nd</sup> Calvary. Edmund could have been ambushed along with General Custer and his men, but it appears as though God was watching out for him that day. The following explains the details behind this event: *“One battalion of the Second Regiment nearly joined Custer before his last stand. In June 1876, Lieutenant Colonel George A. Custer of the Seventh Cavalry was offered the use of the “Montana Battalion” of the Second Regiment, but he declined the offer. On 25 June Custer stumbled into a force of 5000 Sioux warriors who killed every officer, soldier, and civilian in Custer's wing of the Seventh Cavalry. Two days later, the Montana Battalion discovered the evidence of Custer's fate. By April 1877, most of the cavalry Regiments of the United States was engaged in warfare with several small bands of Indians. The Cheyenne surrendered in December. Although Sitting Bull escaped into Canada, Crazy Horse surrendered in April of 1878. This left only a chief named Lame Deer and his warriors on soil claimed by the U.S. government, but the U.S. Cavalry, including the “Montana Battalion” of the Second Cavalry, was in pursuit. Marching day and night with only short breaks, the cavalymen reached the area of an Indian encampment near Little Muddy Creek, Montana, on 6 May.”*

Taken from: (<http://www.secondcavalry.org/1865-1897.htm>)

(3-11-11)  
4-2271

NAME OF SOLDIER: *Grady, Edmund* INDIAN WARS

NAME AND CLASS OF DEPENDENT:

SERVICE: RANK *B 2 U. S. Cav.* ENLISTED \_\_\_\_\_ DISCHARGED \_\_\_\_\_

ADDITIONAL SERVICE:

| DATE OF FILING.    | CLASS.      | APPLICATION No. | CERTIFICATE NO. | FILE NO. | ACT. | STATE.       |
|--------------------|-------------|-----------------|-----------------|----------|------|--------------|
| <i>1937 Nov 21</i> | <i>J.C.</i> | <i>1029967</i>  |                 |          |      | <i>Wash.</i> |
|                    |             |                 |                 |          |      |              |
|                    |             |                 |                 |          |      |              |

BOUNTY LAND: *Died Aug. 26, 1932 Bowicher, Washin*

Here is another colorful story from the life of Ed Grady from the local newspaper. An image of the full page is below the excerpted section of the front page of *The Dalles Daily Chronicle*.



## ROSLYN BANK ROBBERS.

**After a Short Chase They Were Recaptured.**

ELLENSBURGH, Wash., May 21.—At 3 o'clock this afternoon a bold break for freedom was made by George McCarthy and Ras Lewis, alias "Diamond Dick" the Roslyn bank robbers, who were confined in Ellensburg jail awaiting trial, which takes place tomorrow. The time chosen for the escape was when they were given the freedom of the jail corridors after dinner. They made quick work during the short period, drilling a hole alongside the screen window grating on the west side of the building. A short double-pointed crowbar was used for the purpose of effecting the escape, and as the wall is built of brick and very thin, it readily yielded, and a hole large enough for a man to crawl through was soon made. They then scaled the fence and secured arms which were concealed under the side walk. Their faces were blacked, but they were detected as they were running up an alley on the north of the jail, when Ed Grady and Mose

Bowman, two citizens, shot at them. The fire was returned by McCarthy, who shot Billy Hayes, son of the depot policeman, the shot taking effect in the right arm. Bowman's shot struck McCarthy's wrist, and Lewis was shot in the back, but the wounds were slight. Six shots were exchanged, when the robbers ran into the residence of J. C. Clymer, an engineer on the Northern Pacific. Here they were recaptured by the police. Their trial comes off tomorrow.



# The Dalles Daily Chronicle

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ELECTRIC FLASHES.

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The following is an obituary for Ralph Grady, son of Edmund and Emma Grady and also a news article from his ninety-second birthday.

**Ralph A. Grady**  
Ralph A. Grady, 92, died Saturday morning in a local nursing home.  
Born March 12, 1886, in Ellensburg, he lived there until he was 14 when he came to Okanogan County to work on cattle and sheep ranches.  
Grady served in France during World War I. Following his discharge, he was Deputy Sheriff in Okanogan before buying a ranch in Douglas County. He operated his wheat ranch for 50 years before retiring in 1973. He was a member of the Catholic Church.  
There are no survivors.  
Services were held Tuesday, March 28 at 11:00 a.m. from the Sacred Heart Catholic Church in Brewster with Father George Morbeck\* officiating. Interment in the Bridgeport Cemetery. Arrangements by Barnes Funeral Home, Brewster.



**Note for Grady family:** If Edmund was born in Connecticut in 1850, his parents had to be living there. But where? One account has them on Lake Street in 1854, but I have found a map in which Jeremiah is the landowner of that property in Vernon, dated 1853.

It is possible that Jeremiah was living with some relatives or friends while working on the Tunnel in Vernon. The Tunnel was finished in 1849. Jeremiah Grady may have bought this land earlier on, perhaps as early as 1850, but that is a guess -- nothing more.

**Daniel Grady was born between 1851 and 1853 in Connecticut.** He is living with his brother Jeremiah in 1885. How long he was in Nebraska? The answer? We do not know exactly.

Nebraska Census, 1885

Name: Daniel Grady

Place: Shell Creek, Colfax, Nebraska

Age: 35

Relationship to Head of Household: Brother

Birth Year (Estimated): 1850

Jerenia (sic) Grady, Brother, Age 24

James Grady, Brother, Age 21

John Grady, Brother, Age 38

Daniel Grady, Brother, Age 35

Henry Ingle, Boarder, Age 28

**Abigail R. (Abbie) Grady was born in 1852 in Connecticut.** She was a daughter of Jeremiah and Honora Grady. Abbie stayed behind in Connecticut while some of her siblings were in Nebraska. She was a farm girl, someone who knew how to milk a cow, churn some butter, and probably plucked a chicken or two in her day. Abbie R. Grady married John J. Fay.

John Fay was born in 1863 in Rockville, Connecticut. The Fay's originally emigrated from Ireland to Boston and eventually came to Connecticut.

The Manchester Honor Roll of the World War II Gold Star veterans lists John J. "Jerry" Fay and Leo J. Fay. The Fay brothers served together during World War I, carrying on a family tradition going back to their grandfather, Jeremiah Grady. Jerry Fay was drafted near the end of the war in 1918.

The children of John and Abbie Fay are:

1. Leo Jeremiah Fay, born in 1897 in Rockville, Connecticut.
2. Elizabeth Fay
3. John J. Fay, Jr. He married Mable Linderman Berg, from Putnam New York
4. Joseph Fay

Leo Jeremiah Fay was born in Rockville, Connecticut on July 18, 1897. He was given Jeremiah as his middle name after his grandfather. Leo Jeremiah Fay referred to himself as "Jerry Fay," as did his family and friends. His family home was on 70 Pearl Street in Manchester Connecticut. While not much is known about him or his childhood, we do know what he did while attending Manchester High School; he played sports and was good at it.

Jerry went into the army in 1918 and was released that same year. The war lasted from 1914 to 1918. He played baseball for the New Haven Weissmen in 1919. He entered college around 1920. Jerry Fay was an outstanding athlete who lettered in three sports: baseball, basketball, and, of course, football. Jerry came out of little Grove City College to win starting tackle assignments over All-Americans with the Philadelphia Yellow Jackets around 1925.

Jerry Fay was a sixty-minute, two-way player with the Philadelphia Yellow Jackets. The team often played twice on weekends, when salaries were \$150 to \$200 a game. Superstars such as Red Grange and Jim Thorpe earned more.

At 6 feet 4 inches and 240 pounds, Jerry Fay was a giant in his day. He played several seasons with the Philadelphia Quakers as a two-way tackle. The team is better known today at the Eagles. He lettered in all three sports, all four years in college and had to beat out Yale's All-American Century Millstead for a starting spot with the Quakers. He received All-America mention before turning pro and playing against Red Grange and Jim Thorpe. His top salary was \$175 a game.

Playing with New Haven in the Eastern Baseball League one season, the big first baseman led the league in both home runs and strikeouts with a .329 average. Jerry also played with the Manchester town team in the

1920s. The baseball rivalry between town teams from Manchester, Rockville, and Willimantic during the 1920s will go down in Connecticut history, and may never be matched. It was a time in baseball when these three towns would fill their lineups with major league baseball players. Sometimes these pros were unable to play in Boston because of the blue laws. These laws put an end to all athletic events on Sundays.

Manchester's town team was managed and coached by Lew Breckenridge. Although the majority of the players were Connecticut born, Punk Lamprecht, Jerry Fay, Sam Massey, Bill Dwyer, Breck Wilson, Herman Bronkie and Joe Madden were among the best. Every possible effort was made to bolster the lineup with major leaguers. The players came from the Boston teams, the Red Sox and the Braves, or from players with visiting teams in Boston on weekends.

It appears as though Jerry never married. We do know that he had worked for SKF in Hartford, Connecticut. They are said to have been the leader of the world's roller bearing industry, both then and now. The company also produces seals and lubrication systems for bearings and for other applications. Jerry had worked on his grandfather's farm before being drafted into the U.S. Army in 1918. Jerry Fay died in 1978 in Manchester, Connecticut.

**James Grady** was born in Connecticut in 1853. He married Maggie Killoran, a daughter of Michael Killoran and Anna Golden, in 1886. Maggie was born in Indiana. She died in Colorado. James eventually settled a piece of land in Haigler & Blaine Precincts, Dundy, Nebraska. Their children are: Nellie J. Grady, born in 1897 in Nebraska  
Frank Grady, born in 1889 in Nebraska  
Roy Grady, born in 1892 in Nebraska

James Grady and family in 1900 Census  
James Grady, Head of Household  
Place: Haigler & Blaine Precincts, Dundy, Nebraska, United States  
District  
Age: 47  
Marital Status: Married  
Race: White  
Years Married: 14

Birth Date: Oct 1853

Birthplace: Connecticut

Marriage Year (Estimated): 1886

Father's Birthplace: Ireland

Mother's Birthplace: Ireland

Maggie Grady: Wife; Age 37; born in Indiana

Nellie J. Grady: Daughter, Age 13; born in Nebraska

Frank Grady: Son, Age 11; born in Nebraska

Roy Grady: Son, Age 8; born in Nebraska

**Honora (Hannah) Grady**, came to Nebraska, once her father's farm in Colfax was ready. Hannah was born June 21, 1857 in Connecticut. According to Tricia Lee Mileska, her father, E. Patrick Lee, often retold a story his grandmother Hannah Grady Lee liked to tell. When Hannah was a young girl living in Vernon, Connecticut, her father Jeremiah took her with him to go into town for supplies. They found out that President Lincoln had been shot while they were in town. Hannah said they stopped at every farmhouse on the way home, and she jumped out of the wagon to ran up to every home to tell their neighbors that terrible news. It was quite a memory for her!

*Note:* Please see Chapter Seven for more complete information on Hannah Grady's life.

**Ellen Grady** was born in 1859 in Connecticut. She married Humphrey Monathan. He was born in Wisconsin. They moved to Yakima, Washington. The children of Humphrey and Ellen are: John P. Monathan and James Monathan. Ellen died in Washington 1951. Ellen usually went by her nickname "Nellie."



Photo of Ellen "Nellie" Grady Monahan and her brother, Edmond Grady. Her two children, Jim and John are also pictured. It was taken at their home in Liberty, Washington.

**Jeremiah Grady**, a son of Jeremiah and Honora Grady, was born 1862 in Connecticut. He married Catherine (Kate) Sullivan on November 26, 1887 in Platte, Nebraska. He came to Nebraska with his father and two siblings, Mary and James, sometime in 1872. The following Census was taken in 1880. The misspellings below show the exact way the information was recorded in the 1880 Census.

Name: Jerimiah Grady

Place: Shell Creek, Colfax, Nebraska

Gender: Male

Age: 19

Marital Status: Single

Race: White

Occupation: Farmer

Relationship to Head of Household: Self

Birth Year (Estimated): 1861

Birthplace: Connecticut, United States

Father's Birthplace: Ireland

Mother's Birthplace: Ireland

Hannah Grady, Sister, Age 25; Born in Connecticut

James Grady, Brother, Age 15; Born in Connecticut



Jeremiah Grady, Catherine Sullivan and sons in Nebraska. Jeremiah was the son of Jeremiah and Honora Grady in Connecticut

Jeremiah and Kate Grady would eventually settle on land of their own. He may have inherited his father's land, or perhaps cared for it while his father was in Connecticut. He and Kate lost their son Daniel in 1922. Daniel was just eleven years old when he was thrown from a wagon, causing his death.

Children of Jeremiah and Catherine are:

1. Jeremiah Grady, Jr. was born in 1883 in Nebraska. He married Lillian Lambrecht.
2. Nellie Grady was born in 1896 in Nebraska.
3. Mary Grady was born in 1899 in Nebraska.
4. Agnes Grady was born in 1904 in Nebraska.
5. James H. Grady was born in 1906 in Nebraska.
6. Cecelia Grady was born in 1908 in Nebraska.
7. John James Grady was born in 1891 in Nebraska. He married Vera Babcock in Iowa in 1919. He died in 1934.
8. Abbagail Grady was born in 1879 in Nebraska. She married Joseph Ourada, who was born in 1880 and died in 1966.
9. Daniel Grady was born in 1901 in Nebraska.
10. William C. Grady was born in 1892 in Nebraska. He married Vera



Cecelia Pollard.

11. Nora Grady was born in 1887 in Nebraska.

12. Agness Grady was born in 1903 in Nebraska.



Joseph Ourada and Abigail Grady Wedding, she is the daughter of Jeremiah Grady and Catherine Sullivan. Her Grandparents were Jeremiah and Honora Grady.

Jeremiah Grady, Jr. a son of Jeremiah and Kate Grady, married Lillian Lambrecht. He rented 400 acres from his father or grandfather. The children of Jeremiah and Lillian Grady are:

1. Eileen Grady, born on March 16, 1922, in Colfax County, Nebraska. She attended school in District 7 in the Dublin area of that state and graduated from Schuyler High School in 1935. On May 22, 1943, Eileen Grady married Joseph T. Healy at St. Patrick's Church in Dublin. During WWII, while Joe was overseas, Eileen was employed as a credit manager for Marson's in Fremont, Nebraska. In 1946, following the war, Eileen and Joseph moved to a farm northeast of Schuyler. In 1981, they retired and moved into Schuyler.



Eileen Grady

Eileen Grady died at age 91 in Schuyler, Nebraska on March 19, 2013. Her daughters were, Kathryn (Allen) Cudly, of Aurora and Patricia (Allan) Kassmeier, of Fremont. Her sons were, Thomas Healy, of Schuyler; James Healy, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa; John Healy and Robert Healy; of Schuyler. She was preceded in death by her husband, on April 26, 1999. Her granddaughter, Jessica Healy, predeceased her on June 24, 1983.

When WWI broke out, three Grady brothers from Nebraska enlisted. They were Jeremiah, John, and William. The military got Jeremiah's name wrong on his registration card, spelling it Jeremea. Misspellings seem to have been common then. The Grady brothers' parents were Jeremiah and Catherine Grady.

The information below is from the Grady brothers' World War I registration cards.

WWI Draft Card Registration 1917-1918, Colfax County, Nebraska  
GRADY, JEREMEA 30/03/1893, COLFAX County, Nebraska  
GRADY, JOHN JAMES 9/02/1889, COLFAX County, Nebraska (his birth date could be 1891-1893)  
GRADY, WILLIAM CHARLES 15/06/1892 COLFAX County, Nebraska

### **The Marriage of John James Grady, son of Jeremiah and Catherine Grady, to Vera Babcock**

Note for J.J Grady: He and Vera had a son they named John James Grady, Jr. who was born 1921 in Colfax, Nebraska.

Name: J. J. Grady (John James Grady)  
Event Type: Marriage  
Event Date: Oct, 1, 1919  
Event Place: Council Bluffs, Pottawattamie, Iowa, United States  
Age: 27  
Birthplace: Schuyler, Nebraska  
Born: 1921 in Colfax, Nebraska  
Father's Name: Jeremiah Grady  
Mother's Name: Catherine Sullivan  
Spouse's Name: Vera Babcock  
Spouse's Age: 19  
Spouse's Birth Year (Estimated): 1900  
Spouse's Birthplace: Schuyler, Nebraska  
Spouse's Father's Name: Albert Babcock  
Spouse's Mother's Name: Margaret M. Lewis

***The Columbus Daily Telegram, February 12, 1934***

GRADY--Richland, Feb. 12 (Special to The Telegram)--Funeral services for John J. Grady, 44, who resided on a farm six miles northeast of Richland, and who died early Saturday morning in Schuyler, will be held at 9 a.m. tomorrow at St. Augustine's Catholic church in Schuyler. Burial will be made in the Catholic cemetery there.

Mr. Grady returned Friday from Mayo Brothers' clinic at Rochester, Min., where he had been receiving medical treatment for the last three weeks. He had been suffering with cancer for the last several months, and spent a few weeks in the United States Veterans' hospital in Lincoln this fall. He died at the home of his mother, Mr. Catherine Grady, in Schuyler.

He was born on Feb. 9, 1890 on a farm five miles north of Richland where he spent his boyhood and grew to manhood. He finished school in Schuyler, and then attended Midland College in Fremont for three years. He returned from there at the outbreak of the world war, enlisted in the United States army and was sent to Texas, where he was stationed until the close of the war at which time he was given an honorable discharge.

On Oct. 1, 1919, in Omaha, he was united in marriage to Miss Vera Babcock, of Schuyler, and they located on the farm where he was residing at the time he was taken ill.

He was a popular man in his home community, and was a member of the McCloud Post, No. 47, of the American Legion at Schuyler. He was also a member of St. Augustine's Catholic church in Schuyler.

Surviving are his widow; one son, John, jr.; his mother, Mrs. Catherine Grady, of Schuyler; three brothers, Jerry and Bill Grady, of Rogers, and James Grady, of Schuyler; and five sisters, Mrs. Joseph Ourada, of Clarks, Mrs. Alex Bideaus, of Schuyler, Mrs. Arthur Pollard, of Rogers, and Misses Cecelia and Agnes Grady, of Schuyler. He was preceded in death by his father, one brother and one sister.

**William Charles Grady, son of Jeremiah and Catherine Grady**, Shell Creek, Colfax, Nebraska. Colfax Nebraska marriages: **Grady, William Charles**; 26; married. Vera Cecelia Pollard; September 1918

From the 1930 Census

Name: William Grady (son of Jeremiah and Catherine Grady)

Census Year is 1930 (they had owned a farm in Iowa by 1940)

Place: Shell Creek, Colfax, Nebraska, United States

William Grady, Head, Age 38, Born in Nebraska

Vera Grady, Wife, Age 31, Born in Nebraska

Veronica Grady, Daughter Age 9, Born in Nebraska

William Grady, Jr., Son, Age 3, Born in Nebraska

Bernard Grady, Son, Age 0, Born in Nebraska



Bernard Joseph Grady

Bernard Joseph Grady, the son of William Charles Grady & Vera Cecelia (Pollard) Grady, was born on April 16, 1929 in Schuyler, Nebraska. As an adult, he made his home in Le Mars, and then served in the United States Navy during World War II.

On June 24, 1953, Bernard was united in marriage to Mary Weenink. To this union, four children were born: Margaret, Patty, Cheryl, and Michael. On August 11, 1993, Bernard was united in marriage to Berdena Bleeker at the Little Brown Church in Nashua, Iowa. After his honorable discharge from the Navy, Bernard operated Grady Construction with his brother Bill for several years. From the construction industry, Bernard began employment with Vince Engle and Earl Utesch at McCormick Distributing Company in Le Mars. Bernard later became co-owner of McCormick's with Marv Albers in 1978. Bernard was a longtime member of St. Joseph Catholic Church in Le Mars. He also was a member of the Knights of Columbus and a fifty-year member of the American Legion.

The following Census was taken in 1910. Jeremiah's brother, "John Grady" was staying with him that year. John was 62 years old at the time. At age 21, Abbie was the oldest child in the Grady household. This Census names Massachusetts as John's place of birth, as does another document I have seen. But that is all we have to go on at the moment. Nothing more has been found to prove or disprove the claims made in this document, that John was born in Massachusetts, not Connecticut.

Jeremiah had been in Colfax, Nebraska for over thirty years, first arriving in 1872 with his father. He grew up around farming, and now he would teach his own children. The Grady family members were farmers through and through. It ran in their blood. Jeremiah and Honora did well raising their children, as is evident by the way they lived their individual lives. Jeremiah's name would be passed down to many of his grandchildren and their children after them. Clearly the name "Jeremiah Grady" meant something to this family.

1910 Census

Name: Jeremiah Grady

Place: Shell Creek, Colfax, Nebraska, United States

Age: 49

Marital Status: Married  
Race: White  
Race (Original): White  
Relationship to Head of Household: Head  
Birth Year (Estimated): 1861  
Birthplace: Connecticut  
Father's Birthplace: Ireland  
Mother's Birthplace: Ireland

Jeremiah Grady, Head; Age 49; Born in Connecticut  
Kate Grady, Wife; Age 41; Born in Nebraska  
Abbigal Grady, Daughter; Age 21; Born in Nebraska  
John J Grady, Son; Age 19; Born in Nebraska  
William Grady, Son; Age 18; Born in Nebraska  
Jeremiah Grady, Son; Age 17; Born in Nebraska  
Nellie Grady, Daughter; Age 15; Born in Nebraska  
Nora C Grady, Daughter; Age 13; Born in Nebraska  
Mary Grady, Daughter; Age 11; Born in Nebraska  
Daniel Grady, Son; Age 9; Born in Nebraska  
Agness Grady, Daughter; Age 7; Born in Nebraska  
James Grady, Son; Age 5; Born in Nebraska  
Cecilia Grady, Daughter; Age 2; Born in Nebraska  
John Grady, Brother; Age 62; Born in Massachusetts

In 1930, James (age 25) is living with his mother Catherine (age 61), his sister Cecilia (age 22), and a servant girl named Helen Lee (age 23). They lived in Schuyler, Colfax, Nebraska. Catherine's husband Jeremiah (son of Jeremiah and Honora) is mentioned in the Colfax County Press, Colfax, Nebraska, September 7, 1921 - reprinted April 19, 1989:

The following officers were elected at the Colfax County old settlers' picnic at Schuyler after it was voted to hold the next annual picnic at Howells: President, H.E. Phelps; secretary, Mrs. A.W. Sindelar; treasurer, F.J. Busch. Precinct vice presidents: O.B. Halstead, Rogers; Will Dunn, Colfax; Levi Adams, Maple Creek; J.B. Sindelar, Lincoln; J.M. Mundil, Adams; Frank Dobry, Midland; Otto Jungbluth, Grant; George J. Busch, Schuyler; George Shonka, Richland; Jerry Grady, Shell Creek; John Sucha, Wilson; F.J. Smith, Stanton.

“Peeking Into the Past” (January, 1924), the Colfax County Press Mr. Hipperly, animal husbandry specialist, and Miss Luella Byes, food nutritious specialist, will conduct a butchering, meat canning and soap making demonstration at the farm home of James Mejstrik, seven miles south and one and one-half miles east of Howells and one at Jerry Grady's Sr., place, four and one-half miles north of Richland.

The following farmer's directory gives us a look into their business affairs. The Gradys settled hundreds of acres in Nebraska. Many of their descendents are still there today.

*Farmers' Directory of Shell Creek Precinct COLFAX COUNTY, NEBRASKA* dated 1925

Abbreviations: Wf.: wife; ch.: children; O.: owner; R.: renter; ac.: acres; sec.: section; ( ): years in county.

Grady, Jeremiah. Wf. Kate; ch. Abigail, \_\_, Wm., Jeremiah Jr., Nellie, Katherine, \_\_, Agnes, James and Cecelia. P.O. Schuyler, R. 3. O. 320 ac., sec. 28, O. 240 ac., sec. 21; O. 160 ac., sec. 34; O. 80 ac., sec. 27, and in Richland Prec., O. 274 ac., sec. 34; O. 63.50 ac., sec. 14, and in Colfax Prec., O. 480 ac., sec. 15. (49.)

Wm. C. Wf. Vera; ch. Veronica. P.O. Schuyler, R. 3. R. 160 ac., sec. 34. (34.) Owner, Jeremiah Grady. Grady, Jeremiah Jr. Wf. Lillian; ch. Er\_\_. P.O. Rogers, R. 1. R. 400 ac., sec. 15. (30.) Owner, Jeremiah Grady.

**Thomas Grady**, born 1868 (or 1869) Connecticut (also a son of Jeremiah and Honora Grady). He married Lena C. Roth (born 1879; died 1930). In 1880, he was working on his father's farm in Connecticut at age 11.

Thomas and Lena's children are:

1. Nora Grady
2. Irene May Grady
3. Jeremiah P. Grady.

Nothing more has been found on Thomas except for two Censuses taken in 1900 and 1940. Thomas was living in Bolton in 1897 when his daughter Irene was born. He moved to Rockville/Vernon in 1900, Manchester in 1910, then to Hartford in 1930. He moved to Coventry, Connecticut in 1940. In a 1940 Census, Thomas is listed as being 72 years old, divorced, living in Coventry.

### 1900 Census

Name: Thomas Grady

Place: Vernon township, Tolland, Connecticut

Gender: Male

Age: 31

Marital Status: Married

Race: White

Race (Original): W

Relationship to Head of Household: Head

Years Married: 9

Birth Date: Oct 1869

Birthplace: Connecticut

Marriage Year (Estimated): 1891

Father's Birthplace: Ireland

Mother's Birthplace: Ireland

Thomas Grady, Head; Age 31; Born in Connecticut

Lena C Grady, Wife; Age 29; Born in New York

Nora Grady, Daughter; Age 6; Born in Connecticut

Irene M Grady, Daughter; Age 3; Born in Connecticut

Jerry P Grady, Son; Age 0; Born in Connecticut

### 1910 Census

Name: Thomas Grady

Place: Manchester, Hartford, Connecticut, United States

Gender: Male

Age: 40

Marital Status: Married

Race: White

Relationship to Head of Household: Head

Birth Year (Estimated): 1870

Birthplace: Connecticut

Father's Birthplace: Ireland

Mother's Birthplace: Ireland

Household Members: Thomas Grady, Head, Age 40; Born in Connecticut

Lena Grady, Wife; Age 37; Born in New York

Nora Grady, Daughter; Age 15; Born in Connecticut

Irene Grady, Daughter; Age 12; Born in Connecticut

Jeremiah Grady, Son; Age 9; Born in Connecticut



According to the 1910 Census, Thomas and Lena had been married nine years in 1900. Thomas and Lena are listed as "Teamsters." When asked what nationality he was, Thomas said, "Irish English." Thomas reports that he worked for a trucking company in the Census.

Beginning in Colonial times, the men who drove horse-drawn wagons formed the backbone of North America's wealth and prosperity. Despite their role as guardians of the trade business, they remained unorganized and were often exploited. A teamster's life came with many uncertainties. Work was hard to find, and the jobs available were usually insecure. As a result, poverty was commonplace for many. In 1900, the typical teamster worked 12-18 hours a day, seven days a week for an average wage of \$2 per day. A teamster was expected to haul his load, but he was also expected to assume liability for bad accounts. He was accountable for lost or damaged merchandise. This left teamsters assuming all of the risks with a slim chance of enjoying the rewards. (Source: [www.teamsters.org](http://www.teamsters.org).)

**Jeremiah P. Grady** was born in 1900 in Connecticut, the son of Thomas and Lena. He was named after his grandfather. He married Marjorie Crossack from Massachusetts in 1952 in New Hampshire. She was born around 1909 in Springfield. They lived in Hartford in 1930 and then in Framingham, Massachusetts in 1940. Jeremiah P. Grady died in 1972 in Framingham, Massachusetts. He was a World War II veteran, having joined the Army in 1946.

The children of Jeremiah Paul Grady and Marjorie Crossack are:

1. Jeremiah Grady, born in 1926-28 in Connecticut
2. Patricia Grady, born in 1930 in Connecticut
3. Joan Grady, born in 1935 in Maine

1940 Census

Name: Jeremiah Grady, Jr.

Place: Framingham Town, Middlesex, Massachusetts, United States

Gender: Male

Age: 12

Marital Status: Single

Race (Original): White

Note: He married Lorraine Joyce Stewart in New Hampshire in 1952.

Relationship to Head of Household: Son  
Birthplace: Connecticut  
Birth Year (Estimated): 1928  
Place of Residence in 1935: Maine

Jeremiah Grady, Head; Age 40; Born in Connecticut  
Margery Grady, Wife; Age 31; Born in Springfield (Massachusetts)  
Jeremiah Grady, Son; Age 12; Born in Connecticut  
Patricia Grady, Daughter; Age 10; Born in Connecticut  
Joan Grady, Daughter; Age 5; Born in Maine

**William (Willie) Grady was** born in 1865 (some census have 1866, 1867, or 1868), in Connecticut. A Census taken in 1880 describes Willie as a fourteen-year-old boy who worked on the family farm. His brother Thomas was also working on the farm at age eleven. His sister Abbie worked in a mill and was seventeen years old. The Grady children were hard workers like their father. Perhaps Mrs. Grady taught them at home until they were old enough to help Jeremiah around the farm. Farmers like Jeremiah Grady were serious contenders when it came to farming. They gave it their all, day in and day out. William and his brothers would follow in their father's footsteps. In 1889, brothers Thomas and William were living with their father, Jeremiah Grady. Old Jerry passed away in 1897. Honora's death would follow her husband's in 1899. It is possible the reason Thomas and William continued to stay in Connecticut was to care for their parents. The Grady Farm was passed down to Abbagail, Jerry's daughter. Eventually it was passed on to her children. William lived in Manchester from 1900-1910 and in Vernon around 1920-1930. This information was taken from four different Census Reports. William seems to have moved out of his parents' house sometime after his father's death.

## Chapter Seven: Lineage of Hannah (Honora) Grady Lee and Francis Patrick Lee

*Daughter of Jeremiah and Honora Grady*



Honora Grady was born 1846 in Connecticut, the daughter of Jeremiah Grady and Honora Myers. She was often referred to as “Hannah” and grew up on the family farm in Vernon, Connecticut. As young as eleven to fourteen years of age, she worked in one of the wool mills in Rockville. Her parents were Irish emigrants who came to the United States from Ireland to escape the famine. They wanted to make a better life for themselves and together, took hold of the American dream. Their children seemed to share their work ethics.

Eventually the Grady children went on to have families of their own. In 1872, Honora's father, Jeremiah, her sister, Mary, and brothers, Jeremiah and James, traveled by train to farm some land in Shell Creek, Colfax, Nebraska. In time, Hannah would join them.

Hannah Grady was living in Nebraska by 1880, according to the Census. She may have come out for a visit or two before actually relocating over the years, but this is a guess. She was twenty-five years old when she lived with her brothers. According to the Census taker, Hannah was a housekeeper. Her brother Jeremiah was listed as being a nineteen-year-old male, listed as the Head of that household and a farmer by trade. Their brother James was fifteen at the time and was listed as a farm laborer. Also living with them was John Mulligan, age 12. He is listed as a servant and cattle herder.

A man named Francis Patrick Lee came to the United States from the village of Doon, County Sligo, Ireland in 1866 with his brother Patrick and his sister, Margaret Lee Rogers, and their Irish spouses. He was thirty-four years old at the time of his Naturalization, when he became a citizen of the United States.

Francis Patrick Lee was married to a woman named Letitia Mulligan. They first settled in Sterling, Whiteside County, Illinois. In 1870, Francis was working in Illinois as a laborer for the railroad. Their brother Dominick, on the other hand, decided to live and work in New York.

About 1880, the Lee family moved to Colfax County, Nebraska and farmed some land there. Letitia died of cholera on August 7, 1883. Francis went on to marry Hannah Grady on September 8, 1884 in Nebraska. She was a twenty-eight-year old farm girl and Francis was a widower with seven sons.

The branch of the Lee family tree in the United States that intersects with the Grady family begins with Francis Patrick Lee. He was born in the village of Doon, County Sligo, Ireland, to Patrick Lee and Honora McCoy.

Children of Patrick and Honora are:

1. **Margaret Lee**, born in 1832 in Ireland. She married James Rogers. She died in Nebraska in 1882.
2. **John Lee**, born in 1839 in Ireland. He married Ellen Meehan.
3. **Patrick Lee**, born between 1840 and 1842 in Sligo, Ireland. He married Ann Cryan and died in Ireland.
4. **Francis Patrick Lee**, born in 1846 in Sligo, Ireland; he died in 1884 in Nebraska. He married Honora Grady.
5. **Dominick Lee**, born in 1851 in Ireland. He married Mary McDonough and they settled in New York.

Children of **Patrick Lee** and Anna Crain (Cryin, Cryan) are:

1. Francis Frank Lee, born In April of 1867 in Illinois.
2. Maggie Lee, born March 7, 1870 in Illinois.
3. John Lee, born in about 1873 in Illinois.
4. Edward Francis Lee, born May 22, 1876 in Sterling, Illinois.
5. Honor (Nora Or Onor ) Lee, born in November of 1877 in Illinois.

6. Patrick Lee, born February 27, 1879 in Nebraska.
7. James Lee, born in January of 1883 in Nebraska.
8. Dominick Lee, born June 20, 1886 in Nebraska. He died in January of 1963 in Nebraska.
9. Anna (Annie) Lee, born in Illinois.
10. Richard Lee

The Lee genealogy continues with Francis Patrick Lee, who came to the United States in 1866:

**Francis Patrick Lee**, born in 1846 in Sligo, Ireland. He married twice: 1) Letticia Mulligan; 2) Hannah Grady.

Children with Letticia Mulligan:

1. Dominic Joseph Lee, born in 1878 in Nebraska. He married Mary Elizabeth Englen in 1919 and he died in 1950 in Illinois.
2. Francis F. Lee, born between 1867 and 1870 in Illinois. He married Frances Dupsky.
3. John Lee, born in 1874 in Illinois. He married Hannah Mitchell.
4. Marcus Lee, born in 1876.
5. James G. Lee, born in 1869 in Nebraska. He married Emily Hennessey in 1905.
6. Edward Lee, born in 1868 in Nebraska. He married Mary Tighe and he died in 1932.
7. Patrick Lee
8. Margaret (Maggie) Lee, born in 1870 in Illinois. She married Elmer Miller.

Children with Honora (Hannah) Grady:

1. William George Lee, born Dec 25, 1887 in Nebraska.
2. Hanora Lee, born September of 1889 in Nebraska. (She was a teacher, living with her mother, according to the 1910 Census.)
3. Margaretta Lee, born January 22, 1892 in Nebraska.
4. Thomas Francis Lee b. Oct 6, 1893, Nebraska

In 1885, Francis and Hannah moved to Schuler, Colfax, Nebraska. According to a Nebraska Census taken that year, Frank was working as a Saloon Keeper. He was thirty-eight and his wife Hannah (Grady) Lee was twenty-nine-years old. Living with them were their children; Mark

age nine, Dominic age eight, and James age sixteen. Five years later, in 1900, they would relocate to Boone, Nebraska.

Francis was renting a house and some farmland in Boone. He was fifty-two and his wife Hannah was just forty-three at the time. They had been married for sixteen years, according to a Census taken in 1900. In that year, Hannah and her son William were staying with the Johnson Willis family in Lancaster, Lincoln, Nebraska. Frank, however, is not mentioned in the Census for that year. Where he was at this time is unknown. It is possible that he went ahead of his family to Colfax, Nebraska where her father's land was located. Frank may have gotten everything ready for his family, who perhaps moved there shortly after.

Hannah owned eighty acres of farmland in Colfax. Francis Patrick Lee died in 1902, leaving his wife without a husband to help her run the farm and raise their children, but she managed, and her children went on to have families of their own.

In a census taken in 1910, Honora is listed as a farmer who owned her house and land. Living with Hannah were her children: Nora age twenty, Mary age eighteen, and Thomas age sixteen. Hannah had moved to her family's land sometime between 1902 and 1910.

It appears as though Jeremiah Grady had divided his land up among his children. This part of Nebraska would become home to many of his descendants. Hannah had a deed to her farm showing full ownership. She lived there for many years following her husband's death.

Hannah worked the farm with the help of her children. This family likely had cows, pigs, and chickens, so feed for them was required. Hay had to be harvested and stored. Gardens had to be planted, weeded, and picked. Trees had to be cut for firewood. Then the children had to do whatever daily chores were left, whether it be sewing or mending clothes, milking the cow, or stacking firewood.

Each day began before sunrise and usually ended after sunset. Farming back then was hard enough for couples, but imagine how hard it had to be for the widows like Hannah and her sister Mary, another brave pioneer.

Honora (Hannah) Grady Lee, about age 90, was listed as a resident of Seattle, Washington. According to the *Farmers' Directory of Shell Creek Precinct*, dated 1925 for Colfax County, Nebraska, Hannah owned eighty acres of land. **She is recorded as Hannah Lee and her children were listed as** William, Nora, Marjorie, and Thomas. Their address was shown as a post office in Richland.

In a Census taken in 1930, Hannah is described as a "widow woman," age 72, no occupation, living in Shell Creek, Colfax, Nebraska. Another Census taken ten years later, in 1940, tells us she had moved to Seattle, Washington sometime between 1930 and 1940. Hannah was 84 years old, living with her son Thomas, in 1940. He was age 46 at the time and worked in a mill to support himself. Hannah's daughter Nora was living there as well; she was 50 years old, and a teacher by trade. William George Lee, also lived in Seattle, Washington in 1940 with his wife, Ada, and their children. He worked as a patrolman for the police department there. Thus, some of Hannah's children were living close by during her last days, including Thomas, William, and Nora.



Hannah Grady Lee, age 90, Seattle, Washington

Hannah had lived in Nebraska for more than fifty years. She would eventually move to Washington State, where her sister, Ellen and

brother, Edmund had already settled. Sadly, Honora “Hannah” Grady Lee died on March, 7, 1951 in Washington State.

**William George Lee**, the son of Francis Lee and Hannah Grady, was born December 25, 1887 in Omaha, Nebraska. He married his first wife, Blanche Teilden, in 1910. He then married Ada Burdett in Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada on February 17, 1918. She was the daughter of Frederick George Burdett and Mary Shuttleworth. Note: *Frederick George Burdett and Mary Shuttleworth immigrated to Canada from England in 1908. They spent some time in Quebec and then settled in Vancouver. They had five children.*

Ada was born in Richmond, England, but later moved to Canada with her family. On their marriage license, William is listed as a “live stock dealer,” and Ada as a “book binder.” William was a patrolman (police officer) prior to enlisting in World War II. As for religion, William was a Baptist.



William George Lee, Seattle Police Officer

William George Lee, Seattle Police Officer, 1927

Note: *William and Ada moved to the United States in 1919. They had their first son, Robert, in 1920 in Seattle, Washington. In 1922, they had their second son, Terrence. Their daughter Margaret was born in 1926*

William J. Lee

(The Census taker made a mistake by adding a “J.” instead of an “G.” for George, but this was commonplace then.)

Event: First Marriage



Event Date: 22 Jan 1910  
Event Place: Des Moines, Polk, Iowa, United States  
Age: 23  
Birthplace: Richland, Neb.  
Father's Name: Francis P. Lee  
Mother's Name: Hanna Grady  
Spouse's Name: Blanche Teilden  
Spouse's Age: 21  
Spouse's Birth Year (Estimated): 1889  
Spouse's Birthplace: North Dakota  
Spouse's Father's Name: Lawrence Fielden  
Spouse's Mother's Name: Mary Hagerty

William G. Lee married his second wife, Ada Burdett, eight years later and had the following children:

1. Terence Raymond Lee, born in 1919 in Canada.
2. Robert Emmet Lee, born in 1918 in Canada.
3. Edward Patrick Lee, born in 1933 in Washington.
4. Margaret Lee Klein, born in 1926 in Washington.

William George Lee and his family in the 1930 Census in Seattle, King, Washington:

George W Lee, age 40, born in Nebraska.  
Ada E M Lee, age 37, born in England.  
Robert E Lee, age 10, born in Washington.  
Terrance R Lee, age 8, born in Washington.  
Margaret B Lee, age 4, born in Washington.

William George Lee and his family in the 1940 Census:

Tract A-2, Seattle, Seattle Election Precinct, King, Washington

George W Lee, age 50, born in Nebraska  
Ada E Lee, age 47, born in England  
Robert Lee, age 20, born in Canada  
Terrence R Lee, age 18, born in Canada  
Margaret Lee, age 14, born in Washington.  
E Patrick Lee, age 6, born in Washington.

Note: "Two years later he would register for the draft during WWII. He was 52 years old at the time."

World War II Draft Registration for William George Lee:

Name: William George Lee

Event Date: 1942

Event Place: Seattle, Washington, United States

Residence Place: Seattle, Washington, United States

Age: 52

Birth Date: 25 Dec 1889

Birthplace: Colfax County, Nebraska

### **The Children of William and Ada Lee**

**Terrence Raymond Lee** was born in 1922 in Canada, the son of George W. Lee and Ada Burdette Lee. He had two brothers, Bob and Pat Lee. He also had one sister, Margaret Klein, one half-brother, Joe Lee, and two half-sister's, Gladys Schneider and Irene Stanich.

Terence grew up in the Ballard District of Seattle, staying there until he finished high school in 1939. Due to the lack of available jobs during the Great Depression, he joined the Federal Conservation Civilian Corps (CCC) program and became a truck driver for one year. He then was an arc welder in the shipyards.

At age twenty-one, in 1942, Terence enlisted in the Navy and was later assigned to a Navy minesweeper as a signalman and ship lookout. After the Navy in 1946, at age twenty-five, he became a Seattle policeman for one year.

Terence Lee contracted rheumatic fever in 1947 and was sent to Oakland, California where he stayed in the hospital for five months, close to death. After praying to God, he quickly recovered nearly overnight and always considered this his miracle. He was able to get a job as a security officer at the University of California, Berkeley campus for the next two years. Later, he became an Oakland policeman from 1952 to 1955.

From 1955 to 1978, Terence, who was by then known as "Terry", became a California Highway Patrolman, where he finished his CHP career as a Sergeant in Red Bluff, California. For fourteen years, from

1979 to 1992, Terry worked as a security guard at Longacres horse racing track in Seattle, with his brother Bob.

In 1948, Terry met a woman named Vesta Senders at the Ali Baba Dance Club in Oakland, California. They were married on April 15, 1950. They spent over fifty-eight years of their lives married, until Vesta passed away in 2008. Together, they raised three sons; Tom, Ken, and Terry William.

In 1972, Terry finished his Bachelor of Arts Degree in Political Science with a minor in History, while working his full time CHP job. By 1975, he completed his Master of Arts degree in Political Science, along with acquiring his teaching credential.

Terrence R. Lee died December 27, 2012 at the Burien Life Center in Seattle, Washington. This information was taken from the actual obituary as it was written by the family. Terry's sons, Joe, Terry, Bob, and Pat Lee were all police officers, as their father had been before them. He left a remarkable legacy.

**Margaret B. Lee** was born February 2, 1926 in Seattle, to George and Ada Lee. The third of four children, and the only girl, Meg grew up in Seattle with her three brothers, Bob, Terry, and Pat, and graduated from Ballard High School. In 1949, she married William Rees, also of Seattle, and spent most of her early adult years as a homemaker, raising her three children. Meg moved with her family to Olympia in 1964. In 1970, she began a twenty-year career with the Employment Security Department as a supervisor in unemployment insurance services, working both in Olympia and Longview, where she retired. Meg married Sid Klein of Longview in 1990 and spent sixteen very happy years traveling and enjoying their Oregon beach get-away with Sid until his death in 2006. She later returned to Olympia to be near family. Marguerite Klein, age eighty-six, died at St. Peter's Hospital on July 31, 2012, in Olympia.



Margaret "Meg" Lee Klein

Meg's husband Sid had a remarkable background, which is worth relating. Sybren "Sid" Klein was born in 1922 in the Netherlands, in the Province of Friesland, to Johannes and Griet Klein. Sybren "Sid" Klein lived a pretty calm existence for nearly forty years in the Longview-Kelso area, but his intrigue-filled youth in Europe was the stuff of movies. In his late teens and early twenties in the Netherlands, Klein was a member of the Dutch Underground, which worked against the Nazis during the German occupation of the Netherlands in World War II. Membership in the Underground was extremely dangerous, and Klein saw sixteen fellow Underground members killed one day after a double agent exposed them, his widow, Meg Klein, said a week after his January eighth death.

Klein died on his eighty-fourth birthday from complications of lung cancer and pneumonia. "The sixteen, they were all taken at once because this young lady was taking them out dining and dancing and getting information from them," Meg said. Klein never went out with the woman, perhaps saving his life, Meg Klein said. "It was dangerous, but it was quite an exciting life. That was his joy, to think he was helping someone out. So he did all that with great delight."

One of Klein's jobs in the Underground was to make false passports, which Jews used to escape Nazi occupation. He also personally passed Jews through the German lines, his wife said. Klein wasn't Jewish, but also made his own false passport so he'd be too old for the forced labor camps mandatory for all young men in German-occupied countries. He also had a safe house, complete with a secret signal his landlady would use if it became too dangerous on any given day. "It was almost like the

Anne Frank story," said friend and former city of Longview co-worker Chuck Munger. "He'd help people hide out and that sort of thing."

Klein left the Netherlands after the war, and used his civil engineering degree and linguistic skills — he spoke five languages — to travel the globe in various jobs. He worked in Venezuela and Canada before moving to Wenatchee, Washington in 1965. He moved to Longview in 1968, after he was hired as assistant public works director for the city.

Klein joined the Gibbs & Olson consulting firm in 1974, and returned to the public sector in 1980, heading up Kelso's Public Works Department for eight years. He met his second wife, Meg — his first wife was deceased — when she moved in next door to him at the Monticello Hotel. After their 1990 wedding, Klein built his new bride what she calls "the best possible kind of house." She was a bit nervous when he first announced his plans, but Klein's friends knew she had nothing to worry about. "He was a great engineer. I'd ask him questions and he'd always know what to do," said friend Herb Hadley. "He was a really brilliant man." "And was always ready to help," added Munger (Taken from *Longview Daily News*, January 22, 2006, By Barbara LaBoe)

## Chapter Eight: The Red Farmhouse

*Remembering an old friend*



On the Grady homestead, there was a red, two-bedroom house. A third bedroom and a bathroom were added later on, perhaps by one of the Grady boys, or by Jerry Fay, the grandson of Jeremiah and Honora Grady.

When my parents first rented this house back in 1970, it had gas heat. There was a small gas heater next to the refrigerator. It was a light-brown color and measured about two feet tall. My father took that heating system out and replaced it with an old oil furnace. As you walked into the side door you entered the kitchen. Straight ahead was a window facing the back of the barn. To the right was my parents' bedroom, a counter and a sink, then the bathroom. To the right was the entrance to the living room, a refrigerator and gas stove against the wall, followed by a counter with upper and lower cabinets with doors, and finally a door leading to a set of stairs. As you turned right you entered the stair hall. To the right of the stairs was our hot water heater. These stairs led to a large open room on the second floor.

My brother and I shared the room on the second floor. The room had windows at both the front and the back. The chimney was just behind the stove and could be seen coming up through the floor in our room. Behind the stove, a hole had been covered with something that looked like a metal plate with a picture in the center. When the Gradys lived there, they had their woodstove set up in room below, with a stovepipe running up to that hole. The design of that old house was simple yet well thought out. A good woodstove would easily keep a home that size nice and warm all winter.

As you walked into the living room there was a large metal grate on the floor to allow heat into the house. It was located to your right, maybe two feet from the wall. Our floor model TV was in the corner behind the grate. A second, but smaller metal grate was placed on the ceiling, allowing heat to circulate upstairs. My father attached a blower to that old furnace, which blew hot air straight up. Good thing my father did that for a living or it could have cost us much more to heat that old house. My father picked that furnace up for fifty dollars. After a little work, it was running like new.

If you were to look at the house from the street, you would see the red farmhouse, an outhouse to the right, and then a long red dairy barn. A red water well with four white posts and a roof stood directly in front of the barn. The gravel driveway had three entrances. A large Oak tree had grown by the road in front of the house towards the Risleys' place. It was old enough that it must have been there when the Gradys were around.

My parents had placed a picnic table under that old tree. It was great for shade during the summer months. The barn was built the old English way. The timber frame was composed mainly of hand-hewn timbers joined with square-rule framing and wood pegs, with some sawn material used for the diagonal braces. There were around eight-to-ten windows on the front and the back of this barn. Underneath the barn was a rock foundation visible only from the rear. There was a wide entrance built into the foundation wall, allowing farm equipment to be stored. It was placed in the back where the fields once were.

The barn was built on a slight decline, which covered most of the foundation towards the front. As you walked out back, you could see farm equipment just inside the entrance. Most of that equipment had been owned by the Gradys, although some may have belonged to their grandson, Jerry Fay.

The Grady property has changed over the years. All evidence of the Grady farm has been torn down and forgotten by most. Trees have overtaken the old cow pastures and new homes have replaced the Grady house and barn. I knew nothing about this property as a teen, nor did I understand who the Gradys were. A man I knew as a boy once told me about Lake Street during the early 1900s. He said there were not many homes on the street then, except for the Risley, Buckland, and Grady farms. He continued by saying, back then the roads were still dirt, and Lake Street was a favorite place for locals to hunt.

Grady farm was one of the top dairy farms in Vernon during the 1800s. This was confirmed by Jerry Fay. In fact, Jerry Fay once described it as a large dairy farm with many cows. Whenever he spoke of it, a smile appeared on his face. He obviously admired his grandparents' accomplishments, especially his grandfather's. He never had a chance to know his grandfather because Jeremiah Grady died the same year Jerry Fay was born. I am sure that Jerry Fay's mother shared stories and photos with him about his grandparents. The name "Jeremiah" would be passed down as a testament to Jeremiah Grady's character. He was definitely a trustworthy sort who others respected.

Phil Robertson from *Duck Dynasty* comes to mind whenever I think of Jeremiah Grady. Phil presently lives in the country, has a beard, a large family, and belongs to a church. Jeremiah Grady lived the same way back in the 1800s. Old Jerry and Phil lived off the land to provide for their families.

They grew or raised most of their food. Occasionally they bartered with other farmers and stores to get what they needed.

My mother once told me that the original Grady house and barn sat on around seventy acres. She got that information from Jerry Fay. The original boundary line may still be there today. Back in 1985 when I paid a visit to that area, there was a rock wall towards the back of the



property. It was perhaps 200-350 feet from the road, but had been covered over by new growth, including small trees and brush. It was obviously laid down as a property line, either by the Gradys or the Buckland family. As a boy I would play in that area, and I remember asking my father about that rock wall. He told that during the 1800s, homesteaders marked their property lines by building rock walls.

Many of the old rock walls still exist in Connecticut. In fact, wherever you go in New England, you are sure to stumble across at least one. They were once commonplace in this part of the country, especially in areas where people first settled and built farms for themselves.

After living in Vernon a year or so, my father started a garden behind the house. He grew carrots, green peppers, potatoes, stringbeans, spinach, mustard greens, radishes, cucumbers, onions, corn, sunflowers, cabbage, lettuce, pumpkins, cantalopes, and squash. My parents had their children, including me, weed the garden after school whenever it needed it. Mom would make homemade pickles and canned tomatoes every year.

Both of my parents were born in Maine and were raised around farms. To be honest, I never saw them buy canned vegetables when they could grow their own produce. My father would often hunt behind that old house where wild game was plentiful. Most of the time he went back to Maine during hunting season.

My father also loved to fish. His favorite spot to go was Crystal Lake in Ellington, Connecticut. My dad almost always came home with some fish. My parents really did not own much, just my father's fishing rods and four rifles. His favorite possession, however, was a 44-40 Winchester his father gave him. It once belonged to his maternal grandfather, Israel Bois, from Grand Falls, New Brunswick, Canada.

During the summer months, my siblings and I would ride our bikes down Tunnel Road and ride through the tunnel, taking a right on the other side towards Valley Falls. This was a great place to swim. If we weren't up to riding that far, we would walk down Lake Street to Risley's Reservoir.

Towards the back of the pond that was called Risley's Reservoir, there was a rope swing that hung near the place where we swam. I used to hang out with Clifford Hall, the grandson of John Strong Risley, the original owner of the reservoir. Clifford and I used to hike the trails behind the pond, going in the direction of Bolton Notch. On occasion, we would spend the night in a tent, down by the Risley Dam. We used to talk about Lake Street and what house we thought was the oldest. Cliff always believed his grandfather's house was among the oldest, and he was right.

The Risleys first settled on Lake Street in the early 1800s. They lived just down the road from the Gradys and the Bucklands. Lake Street had just a few homes on it back then and it remained that way for many years. Sometimes my friends and I would ride our bikes up Box Mountain Drive towards the quarry and then back down as fast as we could pedal. Young boys love going fast and racing one another and we were no exception to the rule. When no one felt like riding, we would often go into the woods behind my house and build forts and treehouses.

Our parents never allowed us to hang around the house. They made us play outside and I am glad they did. It gave us a chance to expand our imaginations. During the winter months, we would ride our Flexible Flyer Sled behind our house. There was a slight incline to slide on. We never went fast, but we had a lot of fun. Sometimes my parents would take us to Henry Park in Rockville to slide. We loved it there because we could go pretty fast on that hill and there were more children to meet and play with.

My first job was delivering newspapers for the Hartford Courant. I was maybe twelve or thirteen at the time. My route included Lake Street, Box Mountain Drive, Rosewood Drive, and a few houses down on Scott Drive. One day while it was raining, my landlord Jerry Fay, asked if I needed help delivering my papers. I said yes and got into his car. As we drove around, he asked if I had ever broken into his barn. I denied doing it but he could see right through me. The truth is that I had broken into his barn and I should have told him the truth.

Old Jerry Fay was not fooled so easily. He looked at me and said with a slight smile, "I know it was you, but I am not mad. I just want you to ask next time." His kindness and his eagerness to forgive was something I was not used to. He was a member of the Catholic Church and attended services weekly. His upbringing and his relationship to the church made him the man I knew and admired.

The year we met and became friends was the same year Jerry lived in our barn. It was during the summer months. Sometimes he would eat with us and share a story or two. To show his gratitude for the dinner, he gave my mother some dinner plates. They once belonged to either his grandmother Honora, or his mother, Abbie. Sometimes he would share some spring water with me. He said it came from the rocks in Manchester and was perhaps the best water he had ever tasted.

Jerry Fay promised to take me to the Sports Hall of Fame in Manchester someday, but my family moved to Maine in 1977 and I never had the chance to go. Old Jerry died the following year. He had been inducted into the Manchester Sports Hall of Fame and according to him they had a few things from his professional football days on display there.

I never had the chance to go, but I will always have memories of the man himself. I had worn his college football shoulder pads and held the winning ball he had used in his games. I had the opportunity to hear the stories about his football days firsthand. I waited for him whenever he flew out to visit his friend, Wilt Chamberlain. They met maybe once a month. Jerry Fay was a very interesting guy. He loved to talk sports and often listened to sport events on the radio. The radio he had in the barn ran on tubes and took a while to warm up before the radio would work. We had a few radios like that around when I was growing up, as well.

There was so much family history stored up in that barn, it would take a week to look through it all. The Grady and the Fays obviously took good care of personal items connected to their family. There were objects belonging to both the Grady and Fay families stored there. Most of the items were kept on the left side of the barn. In one corner to the right, Jerry Fay had a cot, a radio, an electric heater, and an old-style record player with a stack or two of old records. Old Jerry probably missed the farm and the people who once lived there. Perhaps he felt

their presence as memories of them returned. He enjoyed walking around the barn and looking behind it, where the farm equipment was stored.

Jerry Fay's mother Abbie Grady was raised on that farm. In fact, she was still living there when she married John J. Fay, who was also from Vernon. That old barn had boxes of photographs stored inside. Perhaps there were some pictures of his parents, but this we will never know because it was all lost in a tragic fire.

It is because of this terrible loss of historic items that I felt someone had to write the story of the Gradys and the Fays. It has been difficult at times, but in the end it was worth the effort. The Gradys and the Fays have left behind a great history, one we could all learn from. While living there in the 1970s, I was fascinated by the way the house and barn were built. As I began writing this book, old memories began to return one by one.

For instance, I remember the day I was having a snowball fight with my cousin, Bobby Wilbur. We were on the right side of the barn facing towards Vernon Circle. Bobby hit me in the back of the head with a snowball, knocking me down to my knees. What I did not realize at the time was that something had stuck into my knee as I fell. Later, we found it to be the blade of an old hay sickle with the long handle still attached. It was a reminder of the farm that once stood on Lake Street across from Box Mountain Drive.

I will never forget that old house or let go of the memories I have from having lived there. There was just something special about that farm. Perhaps it was the way it was built that intrigued me. Everything was done by hand back in the 1800s. Structures were made to last a long time. The Grady house and barn did last, until someone burned it all down.

As a boy, I used to wonder about a sign someone had nailed to the front of the house. The sign was on the right-hand side just below a window. It was positioned directly above a piece of sandstone that had sunk into the ground. This stone contained a prehistoric bird print. I believe Jeremiah Grady had dug it up when he worked in the quarries. The

sign above it said “Grady Homestead”, but that is all I can remember. I believe it mentioned the bird print as well, but I can’t be sure.

After the fire, my friend Clifford Hall tried to dig up that sandstone slab with the prints on it, but said it had been broken by the bulldozers that were used to clear the rubble from the fire. I would have loved to have had the slab as memorabilia, but it was not meant to happen.

That old property was full of Grady artifacts, such as old cork bottles, tools, and some rockwalls along the boundary line. We had a good-sized yard to the left side of the house. The land behind the house had become overgrown with small trees and some brush. A small stream ran through the back of the property, but where it led, I'm not sure. I had spent many hours back there, alone or with friends. It was fun just to explore the property.

I used to ask Jerry Fay a lot of questions but he never seemed bothered by them. He would just smile and try to answer the questions the best he could. I once asked him about the field which ran along Lake Street to the Grady’s road. He told me that this field was once their cow pasture. Jerry took pleasure in sharing stories about the farm and his ancestors. Genealogy is important to all of us. It uncovers stories such as the ones in this book and adds more pages to America’s history.

The Grady family left behind a legacy of success and happiness. The life and times of Jeremiah Grady were once a mystery to me, but now I feel as though I have known him most of my life. Many months of researching a family’s history can do that, I suppose. Nevertheless, it has been a pleasure to learn about the Gradys and to write their story for others to enjoy. It was also a pleasure to remember an old friend.

Jerry Fay was in his late seventies when we first met. Being that age never stopped him from going about his daily business as someone younger might have. He was forever on the move. He made a name for himself in football, served his country in the Army in World War I, and took care of the family farm for many years. He certainly used his time on this Earth wisely.

Jerry was a kind man with a love for life and for others. In the Sports Hall of Fame in Manchester, Connecticut, Jerry's sports legacy lives on. In 1926, one newspaper referred Jerry as "Big Fay." It was the year a team called the Quakers played some of the best football this country had to offer. They had beaten everyone in the AFL, but eventually lost to the Philadelphia Yellow Jackets. The Yellow Jackets was Jerry's old team before joining the Quakers.

Jerry Fay was extremely proud of the football he had hanging on a post that you saw as you entered the old Grady barn. It was one of the balls that had been used in 1926. Jerry saved just about everything from those days. He had football schedules, newspapers, photos, and magazines that mentioned him. Jerry was also pretty good at baseball and played for the New Haven Weissmen team in 1919. He may have played football with some of the greats when New Haven played the Hartford Senators.

In addition to football, Jerry Fay played baseball. During Jerry's baseball career, laws were established in Boston, declaring Sundays as the Lord's Day; all sports events were forbidden on that day. However, this did not stop teams from playing baseball. Some of the professional teams would travel over state lines to play against other professional and semi-pro teams. This was a way to improve their skills.

Jerry was a hard hitter, and made the papers a time or two for his baseball skill, but it was football he loved most. Jerry Fay was once considered the oldest living professional football player. He was also regarded as one of the best tackles the Quakers ever had. He had honored his grandfather's name by the life he led. Jerry Fay was a man with a vision. He knew what he wanted, and he worked hard to achieve it.

## Chapter Nine: Jerry Fay's Baseball Years and Sports Career

1919 – 1920, New Haven's, Weissman Baseball team.

In the book, *Baseball's Longest Games: A Comprehensive Worldwide Record Book*, the New Haven newspaper reported that the Weissman team, as it was called, played one of baseball's longest games in 1919. This was one of the years when Jerry Fay played on the Weissman team, adding his athletic skills to that game.

The following was taken from the *Hartford Courant* regarding Jerry Fay: "Many major league ball players, at one point or another, played for the original Manchester town team, coached by Breckenridge. Local talent included infielders Jerry Fay, Herman Bronkie, Sammy Massey and Bill Dwyer. Southpaw Sam Hyman headed the pitching staff. In one stretch, he won 16 straight games. College players played in town on the weekends, some under assumed names to protect their eligibility. They graced the local lineup when games were staged at the long-gone stadiums at the corner of McKee Street and Hartford Road, now a housing development, and Flower and Main Streets. Sunday baseball was banned in Boston, so Manchester, Rockville and Willimantic, in particular, would bring in major leaguers to play that day. The players were usually pitchers who could pick up an additional \$25" (Source: *Hartford Courant* 2001).

"Three of Manchester's best basketball players during the 1920s: George 'Stiffy' Stavnitsky, Henry 'Hank' McCann and Jerry Fay were teammates at Grove City College in Pennsylvania. All were starters. Fay, who also played football, went on to play with the Philadelphia Yellowjackets, better known today as the Eagles in the NFL. All three local men also played baseball at Grove City." (*Hartford Courant* 2003).



Grove City College yearbook photo Football team 1922  
From back to front: Jerry is in the second row, tallest man in the center

### **Leo “Jerry” Fay, Census Reports**

The following was taken from two Census Reports dated 1910 and 1930. Jerry was named Leo Jeremiah Fay at birth and used the nickname “Jerry” as his first name throughout most of his life.

#### 1910 Census

Name: Leo Fay (Leo “Jerry” Fay)

Place: Manchester, Hartford, Connecticut, United States

Gender: Male

Age: 12

Marital Status: Single

Race: White

Race (Original): White

Relationship to Head of Household: Son

Birth Year (Estimated): 1898 (It was actually July 18, 1897)



Birthplace: Connecticut

Father's Birthplace: Connecticut

Mother's Birthplace: Connecticut

Household Members

Abbie Fay, Head; Age 47; Born in Connecticut

Joseph Fay, Son; Age 20; Born in Connecticut

Elizabeth Fay, Daughter; Age 15; Born in Connecticut

Leo Fay, Son; Age 12; Born in Connecticut

They lived at 70 Pearl Street in Manchester, Connecticut. In the 1930 Census Report, Jerry is listed as being single. He was living with his mother at age 33. If he had owned the Grady farm by then, perhaps he was renting it out. This would explain why he was living on Pearl Street. As far as I know, he was still living on Pearl Street when my family rented the farmhouse from him during the 1970s.

1930 Census

Name: Leo Fay

Place: Manchester, Hartford, Connecticut

Gender: Male

Age: 32

Marital Status: Single

Race: White

Race (Original): White

Relationship to Head of Household: Son

Relationship to Head of Household (Original): Son

Birth Year (Estimated): 1898

Birthplace: Connecticut

Father's Birthplace: Connecticut

Mother's Birthplace: Connecticut

Abby Fay, Head; Age 65; Born in Connecticut

Elizabeth Fay, Daughter; Age 31; Born in Connecticut

Leo ("Jerry") Fay, Son; Age 32; Born in Connecticut

The children of John and Abbie Fay are:

1. Leo Jeremiah Fay, born in 1879 in Rockville, Connecticut
2. Elizabeth Fay
3. John J. Fay, Jr. (He married Mable Linderman Berg, from Putnam, New York)

#### 4. Joseph Fay

### **The War; The Sports**

The Fay brothers were subject to the draft during World War I. John J. Fay and Leo J. Fay served together in the Army. They kept alive a family tradition, going back to their grandfather, Jeremiah Grady. Three of their cousins had been drafted as well: Jeremiah Grady, JJ Grady, and William Grady, who were all from Nebraska. Jerry Fay was drafted at age twenty-one. He left the military the same year, in 1918. Jerry apparently went to college a year or so after he got out of the military, according to *The News Herald* issue of November 18, 1925. He was in his twenties during his college years, having entered college around 1920-1921. He was twenty-nine when he played professional football in 1926.

### **Jerry Fay's Baseball Years and Sports Career**

1919 – 1920, New Haven's, Weissman Baseball team.

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1919 - 1920 New Haven Weissman Baseball team. **Bold** indicates they played in the majors

| Name                    | Age  | G   | PA | AB  | R | H   | 2B | 3B | HR | RBI |
|-------------------------|------|-----|----|-----|---|-----|----|----|----|-----|
| <u>Harry Courtney*</u>  | 20   | 56  |    | 139 |   | 32  | 3  | 2  | 1  |     |
| <u>Claude Davidson*</u> | 22   | 106 |    | 417 |   | 109 | 19 | 2  | 0  |     |
| <b>Jack Enright</b>     | 23   | 12  |    | 23  |   | 8   | 0  | 0  | 0  |     |
| Leo Fay                 | 22   | 20  |    | 65  |   | 11  | 2  | 2  | 1  |     |
| <b>Hod Ford</b>         | 21   | 69  |    | 257 |   | 64  | 15 | 3  | 0  |     |
| Hatch?                  | --   | 5   |    | 13  |   | 1   | 0  | 0  | 0  |     |
| <b>Jake Hehl</b>        | 19   | 29  |    | 64  |   | 7   | 0  | 1  | 0  |     |
| <b>Chief Meyers</b>     | 38   | 84  |    | 276 |   | 83  | 18 | 2  | 3  |     |
| John Nagle?             | --   | 70  |    | 196 |   | 50  | 4  | 7  | 0  |     |
| <b>Dizzy Nutter*</b>    | 25   | 108 |    | 425 |   | 127 | 22 | 10 | 1  |     |
| Parker?                 | --   | 46  |    | 149 |   | 33  | 5  | 4  | 0  |     |
| Raymond?                | --   | 41  |    | 144 |   | 39  | 6  | 1  | 0  |     |
| Steinfeldt?             | --   | 24  |    | 86  |   | 16  | 3  | 2  | 0  |     |
| Earl Stimpson?          | 25   | 96  |    | 364 |   | 90  | 12 | 3  | 0  |     |
| Terhune?                | --   | 6   |    | 14  |   | 3   | 2  | 0  | 0  |     |
| <b>Red Torphy</b>       | 27   | 109 |    | 405 |   | 98  | 12 | 2  | 2  |     |
| <b>George Twombly</b>   | 27   | 17  |    | 55  |   | 17  | 3  | 2  | 0  |     |
| William Tyler?          | --   | 32  |    | 69  |   | 5   | 0  | 0  | 0  |     |
| Walker?                 | --   | 9   |    | 20  |   | 5   | 0  | 0  | 0  |     |
| <b>Mule Watson</b>      | 22   | 15  |    | 34  |   | 3   | 0  | 0  | 0  |     |
| 20 Players              | 25.4 |     |    |     |   |     |    |    |    |     |

The following was taken from the *Hartford Courant* regarding Jerry Fay: "Many major league ball players, at one point or another, played for the original Manchester town team, coached by Breckenridge. Local talent included infielders Jerry Fay, Herman Bronkie, Sammy Massey and Bill Dwyer. Southpaw Sam Hyman headed the pitching staff. In one stretch, he won sixteen straight games. College players played in town on the weekends, some under assumed names to protect their eligibility. They graced the local lineup when games were staged at the long-gone stadiums at the corner of McKee Street and Hartford Road, now a housing development, and Flower and Main Streets. Sunday baseball was banned in Boston, so Manchester, Rockville and Willimantic, in particular, would bring in major leaguers to play that day. The players

were usually pitchers who could pick up an additional \$25" (Source: *Hartford Courant* 2001).

"Three of Manchester's best basketball players during the 1920s: George 'Stiffy' Stavnitsky, Henry 'Hank' McCann and Jerry Fay were teammates at Grove City College in Pennsylvania. All were starters. Fay, who also played football, went on to play with the Philadelphia Yellowjackets, better known today as the Eagles in the NFL. All three local men also played baseball at Grove City" (*Hartford Courant* 2003).

**November 19, 1924** *New Castle News* from New Castle, Pennsylvania; Page 21: "Grove City To Play Thiel On Thanksgiving. Dick Sweet and **Jerry Fay**, regular tackles on Cunch Hawser's Grove City College team, will be in fine shape on Thanksgiving."

**November 18, 1925** *The News-Herald* from Franklin, Pennsylvania, Page 10: "The only man who has played four years of college football is Jerry Fay, giant tackle from South Manchester, Conn. The other regular players who started the game last Saturday include, besides Fay, six juniors, two sophomores and two freshmen. The present championship eleven will be almost intact next year. When the six juniors graduate as seniors one year from next spring there will be 10 freshmen who are now on the varsity squad and who will be groomed to take their places. Prospects look good for Grove City and Coach Bowser for several years to come."

**February 17, 1926** *The News-Herald* from Franklin, Pennsylvania, Page 13: "The last half of the Grove City College basketball schedule was begun last night with the second game of the season with Geneva College. The first annual Westminster game of the 1926 season, which takes place next Saturday night at Grove City, will continue the crimson dash down the home stretch. When the present week opened last Monday, Captain Jerry Fay had led his team through nine games, seven of which had been won."

**October 21, 1926** *The News-Herald* from Franklin, Pennsylvania, Page 10:

"Ben Jones, fullback, is with the Philadelphia Yellowjackets. Jerry Fay, tackle, is with the Philadelphia Quakers, and Dave Tallant, tackle, has

played for several, seasons with the Chicago Bears. In speaking of Fay's appearance in Philadelphia against the Wilson Wildcats, Coach Bob Folwell said: 'He's one of the greatest tackles I ever saw.' Fay looked so good against the Wilson Wildcats that he may start the game next Saturday, despite a heavy cold which has been handicapping him in practices. In commenting on Fay's ability two years ago, Coach Sutherland, of Pitt, said that Fay was the 'best tackle' that had played against his team that season. It was this same Fay who was voted the outstanding college athlete last year."

### **Jerry Fay and the Philadelphia Quakers**

The following people played for the Philadelphia Quakers for at least one game in the 1926 AFL regular season. In fact, 1926 was the only season the team and the league existed.

#### **Name - Position - College**

Les Aplundh - Back - Swarthmore  
Bob Beattie - Wingback - Princeton  
Bull Behman - Tackle - Dickenson  
Charlie Carton - Tackle - Holy Cross  
Bill Coleman - Guard - Pennsylvania  
Saville Crowther - Guard - Colgate  
Bob Dinsmore - Back - Princeton  
Doc Elliott - Back - Lafayette  
Jerry Fay - Tackle / Guard / End - Grove City  
Adrian Ford - Wingback - Lafayette  
Lou "Red" Gebhardt - Wingback - Lafayette  
Knut Johnson - End - Muhlenberg  
Glenn Killinger - Tailback - Penn State  
Joe Kostos - End - Bucknell  
Al Kreuz - Fullback - Western Michigan, Pennsylvania  
Joe Marhefka - Tailback - Penn State / Lafayette  
Century Milstead - Tackle - Wabash / Yale  
Karl Robinson - Center - Pennsylvania  
Johnny Scott - Blocking / Back - Lafayette  
Butch Spagna - Guard - Brown / Lehigh  
George Sullivan - Tailback - Pennsylvania

Whitey Thomas - End - Penn State  
George Tully - End - Dartmouth  
Charley Way - Back - Penn State

# QUAKERS ROLL UP 19-0 SCORE TO TRIP CLIFTON HEIGHTS

**"Big" Fay Stars in Victory Over  
Tracey Team Before 12,000  
Suburban Fans**

**BRAD DINSMORE KICKS  
GOAL FROM 45-YARD LINE**

**By JOHN KOLBMAN**

Philadelphia's Quakers, champions of the American Professional Football League, yesterday demonstrated to more than 12,000 gridiron fans at Kent Field, Clifton Heights, that their victory in the race for the title in the circuit formed by Charles C. Pyle, Red Grange's manager, was no fluke, handing the suburban combination a 19-0

Article continues on the next page.

"Big" Fay, at tackle for the Quakers; Adrian Ford, former Lafayette star; Brad Dinsmore, late of Princeton, and George Sullivan, erst-while Penn backfield ace, were the shining lights for the Quakers. It was Fay's work on the defensive that proved the greatest feature of the game, while Dinsmore's running and kicking also were brilliant.

It was Fay who provided the Quakers with their second touchdown of the game and he was also instrumental in the scoring of a safety in the final quarter.

Late in the third period Fay broke through the Clifton line and blocked one of Yarnall's kicks and then chased the ball across the goal line to recover it for a touchdown. He blocked another kick in the final period, but when the ball squirmed away from his teammates and rolled over the Clifton final chalk mark, Dick Snyder, former Penn guard, fell on the ball for a safety.

Dinsmore accounted for five of his team's points, scoring two points after touchdown and booting a pretty field goal in the final minute of play. This three-pointer was made on a drop-kick from the 45-yard line, one of the longest made in professional football this

**The Philadelphia Quakers** were a professional American football team. They competed in the first American Football League back in 1926. They eventually went on to win the league's only championship. Since the team was owned by L. S. Conway, the Quakers played their home games in Sesquicentennial Stadium on Saturdays. This was because of the Pennsylvania's Blue Laws prohibiting any form of work or sports activity on Sundays. The team was coached by Bob Folwell. Some of the players had previously played college football in Pennsylvania, including Jerry Fay.

The Quakers had nine players: Century Milstead, Charlie Way, Butch Spagna, Jerry Fay, and Bull Behman. They had all played for various National Football League teams before joining the Quakers. Jerry Fay had previously played for the Yellow Jackets. Eventually, at age twenty-nine, he was signed by the Quakers. Jerry was a good player with a lot of practice behind him. The combined experience of the men on this team gave the Quakers an upper hand, especially on defense.

The Quakers won only five points per game during the 1926 season. All-American Glenn Killinger clearly added to the defensive line. Glenn had intercepted four passes during his league debut on November 4, 1926, in a 24-0 victory over the tough Rock Island Independents.

Quaker Stadium was later renamed the Municipal Stadium, but the Quakers still drew a large crowd when they beat the New York Yankees 13-7. It was Bob Dinsmore's punt return that decided the game and eventually the league championship on November 27, 1926. During the time of the championship, the AFL had four active teams, the Quakers, the Yankees, the Los Angeles Wildcats, and the Chicago Bulls.

Three of these teams played games in the last two weeks of the season while the Quakers started challenging other teams in the National Football League for a "pro football championship game."

The NFL champions Frankford Yellow Jackets were the first to refuse. Their reasoning? Their postseason schedule had already been set and could not be altered. Challenges by the Quakers were getting nowhere until Tim Mara, owner of the seventh place New York Giants, accepted a challenge. They scheduled a game for December 12, 1926, at the Polo Grounds.

The Yankees and the Bulls were playing the AFL's last official game. The Yankees won by a 7-3 victory in Comiskey Park. The Quakers and the Giants were battling each other around the same time. They gave the game their best in front of 5,000 fans, during a snowstorm. While the score was only 3-0 at halftime, Quaker errors led to the Giants winning the game 31-0. Both the Quakers and the AFL were over.



At the end of the season, Wilfred Smith of the Chicago Tribune presented a combined NFL-AFL All Pro Team in his column. Three Quakers were named to the second team: George Tully, Bull Behman, and Al Kreuz.

Jerry Fay was part of sports history. He loved the game of football and honored the memories he had of his college and pro days. Leo Jeremiah Fay will forever be part of football's golden years. He may be gone, but the game he loved continues to draw in large crowds.

Leo "Jerry" Fay was a man who not only played well, but had a deep respect for the sports he played. He trained hard and made others around him train hard as well. He was a great first baseman, and a hard-hitting tackle on the football field. He led his college basketball team to victory as their team captain when in college. He definitely took after his grandfather, Jeremiah Grady. Both men were hard workers. Laziness was not an option for the members of this family. The Gradys and the Fays were both descendants of Irish immigrants. They knew what it was like to struggle to make a life for themselves.

### **Timeline: Leo Jeremiah Fay**

1917-1918

Jerry Fay served in World War I

1919

After the military, Jerry Fay joined the New Haven Weissman baseball team.

1920-1921

Jerry entered college in Philadelphia around 1920-1921.

1922

Jerry played college basketball in 1922.

1924-1925

Jerry played college football in 1924-1925.

1925

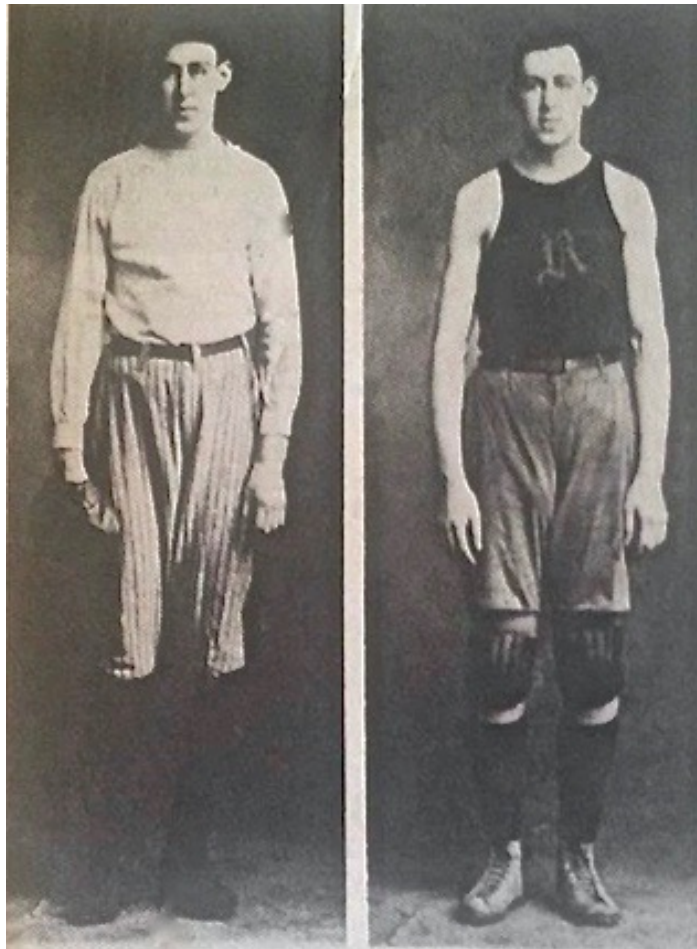
Jerry played for the Yellow Jackets football team in 1925, after his college years were over.

1926

Jerry joined the Philadelphia Quakers in 1926.

1930

In 1930, Jerry was living at his mother's house in Manchester.



### *Uniforms 50 Years Ago*

One of Manchester's greatest athletes, Jerry Fay is shown as he looked 50 years ago in his baseball and basketball uniforms. Fay played pro baseball in the Eastern League as a first baseman with New Haven.

## Chapter Ten: Grady Family Timeline

The following timeline follows the Grady family through the years. Dates have been taken from various documents and other resources.

1815 Jeremiah Grady is born in Ireland  
1825 Honora Myers (Maher) is born in Ireland  
1844 Jeremiah Grady marries Honora Myer(s) in Ireland and emigrates to Boston, Massachusetts  
1845-1846 John Grady is born in Massachusetts, perhaps in Boston  
1845-1846 Jeremiah and Honora move to Keene, New Hampshire. Jeremiah works for the railroad  
1846-1849 Jeremiah helps build Tunnel in Vernon, Connecticut  
1848 Mary Grady is born in Keene, New Hampshire  
1849 Tunnel in Vernon is finished  
1850-1854 The Gradys are living in Vernon, Connecticut. First train passes through Vernon, over the tunnel (1850)  
1850-1860 Edmund Grady is born in Connecticut  
1852 Abigail Grady is born in Connecticut  
1853 James Grady is born in Connecticut.  
1853 Risley Dam is built on Lake Street in Vernon, Connecticut. Risley Dam is owned by Wells N. Risley  
1857 Hannah Grady is born in Connecticut  
1859 Ellen Grady is born in Connecticut  
1861 Jeremiah joins the Army during the Civil War; he joins 14th Regiment, D Company, Connecticut  
1862 John J. Fay is born in Rockville Connecticut. He eventually married Abbigail R. Grady  
1862-1863 Jeremiah is wounded in Fredericksberg, Virginia in the Civil War and is discharged by 1864  
1867 Jeremiah Grady (son of Jeremiah and Honora) is born in Connecticut  
1868-1869 Thomas Grady is born in Connecticut  
1870 Hannah and Ellen are listed as workers for a Cotton Mill at ages 11 and 12 in Rockville, Connecticut  
1872 Jeremiah is in the *Hartford Courant* because of a confrontational situation between him and another man  
1872 Grady children Mary, Jeremiah, and James help their father homestead in Nebraska

1873 Mary Grady marries Daniel Foley in Nebraska  
1874-76 Jeremiah returns to Vernon, Connecticut  
1874-76 William Grady is born in Connecticut  
1877 Daniel Foley dies (found dead in his wagon, horses cut loose).  
1880 Jeremiah, son of Jeremiah and Honora, in Nebraska lives with  
siblings, James, and Hannah  
1880 Jeremiah, Honora, Abbie, Willie, and Thomas are living in Vernon,  
Connecticut. Willie is a farmhand, age 14  
1880 Edmund Grady lives in Platte Center, Platte, Nebraska, listed as  
single  
1881 Mary Grady marries Martin N. Burns in Nebraska. (Her second  
marriage)  
1884 Honora Grady (daughter of Jeremiah and Honora) marries Francis  
Patrick Lee in Nebraska  
1886 James Grady marries Maggie Killoran in Nebraska  
1887 Jeremiah Grady (son of Jeremiah and Honora) marries Catherine  
Sullivan in Nebraska  
1888 Abbie Grady, daughter of Jeremiah and Honora, marries John J. Fay  
on November 14th  
1888 Jeremiah Grady shows his Clydesdale Stallion at the Vernon,  
Connecticut fair (as reported in the *Hartford Courant*)  
1889 William and Thomas Grady are living in Vernon with their parents  
helping with the farm  
1897 Jeremiah dies at 82 years old, after living in the United States for  
about 53 years  
1897 Leo Jeremiah Fay (Jerry Fay) is born to John J. Fay and Abbie  
(Grady) Fay  
1899 Honorah dies at about 74 years old in Vernon, Connecticut  
1900 Edmund Grady is a boarder in Washington State  
1910 John Grady, son of Jeremiah and Honora is living with his brother  
Jerry in Nebraska  
1910 Edmund lives with his sister Ellen Grady Monathan in Washington  
State, listed as widowed  
1917-18 Jerry Fay, Jeremiah and Honora's grandson, joins the Army  
during WWI  
1920 Edmund is living with sister and brother-in-law, Humphrey  
Monathan; he is listed as a partner in Edmund's business  
1932 Edmund Grady dies in Washington State  
1940 Thomas Grady, son of Jeremiah and Honora, lives in Coventry,

Connecticut

1951 Ellen O'Grady Monahan dies in Washington State, daughter of Jeremiah and Honora Grady

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