In Loving Memory of

Avanell Conner Stambaugh

1873 - 1972

Published by Family and Friends
Foreword

When Samuel and Jane Patterson came to Hardin County, Ohio, in 1836 and settled on 240 acres, it was “right in the woods, not a stick amiss.”

Meanwhile, Patrick Conner, a veteran of the War of 1812, was pioneering in Ross County with his family.

These were the grandparents of Avanell Conner Stambaugh.

Grandfather Sam was known as a man of great industry and financial ability, deserving the esteem and respect of his fellow citizens. He was a local and itinerant preacher for about forty years.

John P. Conner, son of Patrick Conner, came to Hardin County after serving in the Civil War. He married Elizabeth Patterson Branstitter, a Civil War widow with two small children. John and Elizabeth were the parents of Avanell, together with two other daughters and three sons.

The eight children grew up in a gracious and hospitable farm home. Mr. Conner was not only a successful farmer, but served for many years as a school director and held other public offices.

With this background it was small wonder that Avanell was blessed with vigor of both mind and body; with incentive for a good and generous life. She lived almost a century and saw great changes taking place, but her alert mind was ever ready to meet the challenges of the times. Her sturdy character and gracious spirit are attested by the following tributes and remembrances.
Tributes Paid at Service

Thoughtful tributes were paid to Avanell Conner Stambaugh, widely known and loved resident of the Ada community, at services held here April 21. Word of Mrs. Stambaugh's death early Wednesday morning, April 19, saddened all who knew her and were aware of her many years of kindness and generosity.

A native of this area, Mrs. Stambaugh was a daughter of John and Elizabeth (Patterson) Conner, and the last of four brothers and three sisters. Her husband, George Fowler Stambaugh, whom she married in 1902, died Nov. 22, 1939. Among the surviving nephews and nieces are Col. George F. Conner, USA (Ret), Arlington, Va., and J. Ries Conner, Lauderdale-by-the-Sea, Florida.

Mrs. Stambaugh had been named "Woman of the Year" by the Town and Gown Association in 1960, the first woman to receive the honor.

She was the first president of the area Red Cross Chapter, and continued to support that organization during war and peace. She was a charter member and past president of Chapter O, PEO Sisterhood; past president of the Twice Ten Art Club; and past president of the Ada Federation of Women's Clubs. She was long a member of the Methodist church.

Mrs. Stambaugh had been president of the Board of Trustees of the Ada Public Library since 1936, and had given major sums for construction and maintenance of the library. She was a regular contributor to Ohio Northern University; benefactor of many needy students; donor toward the music, library and athletic needs of the local schools; patron of Theta Phi Delta sorority; donor in development of Memorial Park; supporter of the Girl Scouts, Boy Scouts and Methodist Children's Home in Worthington.

The Avanell C. Stambaugh residence hall for women at Ohio Northern University is named in recognition of her many years of generosity toward the institution and its students.

Many relatives and friends from distant places were among those who attended the service held amid a profusion of flowers April 21 at the Hanson Funeral Home. They heard thoughtful and comforting words by Dr. Thomas G. Hoffman, ONU director of religious life, and by Dr. Samuel L. Meyer, president of Ohio Northern University.

Nieces and nephews who came from a distance to attend the services included Col. (Ret) George F. Conner, Arlington, Va.; Mr. and Mrs. Ries Conner, Lauderdale-by-the-Sea, Fla.; Mr. and Mrs. George W. Conner, Rumson, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Freshwater, St. Petersburg, Fla.; Mrs. Boyden Underwood, Ft. Worth, Texas; and Mrs. Ralph Lescohier, Holland, Mich.

Cremation followed the Friday service, and interment was in the family plot at Preston Cemetery near Alger, on the afternoon of April 22.

--Ada Herald, April 27, 1972
Words of Comfort

Spoken at the Funeral Service April 21, 1972

Participants—Dr. Thomas G. Hoffman, officiating minister, and Dr. Samuel L. Meyer, president of Ohio Northern University

By Dr. Hoffman:

We have gathered this day to pay our last earthly honor and respect to Avanell C. Stambaugh, born nearby some time ago and who lived a long and vigorous life and has died on a recent day past amongst the people with whom she shared so heartily. A woman who is remembered by those close to her in the words of Karle Baker:

Let me grow lovely growing old
So many fine things do:
Laces and ivory and gold
And silks need not be new
There is healing in old trees
Old streets a glamour hold.
Why may not I, as well as these
Grow lovely, growing old.

And she did! A woman who was honored by those with whom she chose to live and serve.

As I sat with relative and friend the other evening; as I followed from room to room in a most stately house, I heard and saw evidences of one who loved life, whose artistic touch and tastes spoke of an alert mind . . .

But the thing I was most impressed by was that though of great stature and social standing, this one was never too great to "don the servant's towel." I heard how she personally cared for the sick, the anxious, and the needy. She truly followed in our Lord's footsteps.

By Dr. Meyer:

This is a sad hour, but in no way is it an hour of tragedy. The hearts of all of those who knew Avanell C. Stambaugh are heavy with a sense of loss, for she loved them and they returned that love. Yet there is something strangely appropriate about the going of this one who lived such a long, unselfish, useful and beautiful life; who put so much of goodness, and generosity, and kindness, and love, and service for others into her years. Yet this is not a time of darkness, but of light. This is not a time of grief but of deepest gratitude to God for a life that was, and is, and shall ever continue to be.
Words of Comfort by Dr. Meyer (Continued)

Avanell C. Stambaugh subordinated her personal desires and interests for the good of those about her. She thought in terms of those about her; she tried to do for those about her. She gave of her time, her energy, her abilities, her talents and her resources, often doing far more, and in more different ways, than the general public realized. She knew, full well, the meaning of the influence of one human life upon another, an influence which some unnamed poet has described in this fashion:

"My life shall touch a dozen lives before this day is done,
Leave countless marks for good or ill ere sets the evening sun,
This is the wish I always wish, the prayer I always pray:
Lord, may my life help other lives it touches by the way."

I read, not long ago, that those who walk, facing the light, walk in a lighted pathway. Those who turn their backs to the source of the light obscure their paths and stumble in their own shadows. Long ago, Avanell C. Stambaugh turned her face toward the light that came through service to individuals and to her community. Yes, she could have said:

"I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the Heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do."

To all who are gathered here this April day, we say of Avanell C. Stambaugh: remember her devotion and her dedication; remember her love of flowers and her sensitivity to need; remember it was she who made it possible for the young to learn and the old to read; remember her patience and her kindness; remember her goodness and her love. Remember, too, the path she walked, the God she honored, the Christ she served.

In this northwestern Ohio where we live, some of the most spectacularly beautiful displays of Nature are at the time of the setting of the sun. Long after that celestial body has sunk below the horizon, the sky is lighted by gorgeous colors that, sometimes, defy description. They compose what many call the "afterglow." As long as there is memory, those who knew and loved Avanell C. Stambaugh will feel the influence of her life. Like the colors in the western sky, its "afterglow" will linger and abide—forever and forever.
Here Guests Were Welcomed...
Tribute by the Library Board

The following RESOLUTION was adopted by the Board of the Ada Public Library at its meeting May 25, 1972:

WHEREAS, members of the Board and Staff of the Ada Public Library feel a deep sense of personal loss in the death on April 19, 1972, of Mrs. Avanell C. Stambaugh, for many years a devoted friend and generous supporter of this Library, and

WHEREAS, we remember that she had provided housing and other financial and personal aid for the Library long before it became a tax-supported institution, and

WHEREAS, she had served as President of this Library Board from 1936 until the time of her death, and

WHEREAS, construction of the new library building dedicated in 1953 was made possible by her generosity, and

WHEREAS, the library addition and remodeling completed in 1965 were financed thru another large gift by Mrs. Stambaugh, and

WHEREAS, she has shown her love for children by making substantial annual gifts to the library for latest and best children’s books and equipment, and

WHEREAS, she has provided in her last will and testament that this library is to share in a Trust Fund, therefore

BE IT RESOLVED, that we go on record expressing our thankfulness that we have had the privilege of knowing and working with such a kind, thoughtful and generous person; and that we hereby pledge our best efforts toward carrying out her wishes and maintaining a high standard of service by the Ada Public Library for this community.

(Signed) THE LIBRARY BOARD AND STAFF
Here Friends Were Made To Feel At Home
From the Board of Education

The Ada Exempted Village Board of Education, meeting in special session on April 27, 1972, unanimously agreed to adopt the following resolution:

RESOLVED, That the Ada Board of Education extends its deepest sympathy to the family of Avanell C. Stambaugh and expresses its sincere appreciation for her gracious contributions to the Ada Public Library and the Ada Exempted Village Schools. The lives of students attending the Ada Schools in the future, will most certainly be enriched by her interest and generosity in the past.

(Signed) ADA EXEMPTED VILLAGE BOARD OF EDUCATION

From the First United Methodist Church

Dear Col. George Conner,

We want to express to you the gratefulness of this congregation for the life and the giving of Mrs. Avanell Stambaugh.

She has indeed been a remarkable person over so many years that it seems as if she somehow should always be there graciously giving and caring.

I have never in my experience known of a person who gave so wisely and quietly to so many highly worthwhile causes. This church has been the recipient of many gracious and helpful gifts. They have been of enormous help in the life of this congregation, often coming as a complete surprise and always coming at a significant time.

Now, her time for earth's journey is complete; but we will not soon forget her staunch support of the Ada First United Methodist Church over many years.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) Elford Hoff, Pastor
First United Methodist Church
THE TOWN AND GOWN CLUB

Presents to

Mrs. George Stambaugh

This Fourth Annual Citation And Award

As The

Woman Of The Year

Ada, Ohio

In recognition of her generous and gracious contributions to all, regardless of race, religion or creed, particularly in the area of education; her having done for this community far more than the general public realizes; her being one of Ada’s great boosters; and when in good health not only contributing material goods but giving freely of her time, energy, and service for the common good of mankind.

Signed by the Presidents of these Sponsoring Organizations: Kiwanis Club, Rotary Club, Lions Club, O.N.U. Faculty Club, Chamber of Commerce, Business and Professional Women’s Club.

Presented this 8th day of November, 1960
Remembrances

A great many remembrances there are of Ada's "First Lady," Avanell Conner Stambaugh (Mrs. George Fowler Stambaugh).

Remembrance of her as a concerned, loyal citizen of the Ada community. She was born on a farm south of Ada, a daughter of John and Elizabeth Patterson Conner. (A genealogical chart appears on page 27). She attended the local schools and spent her long active life in this area. She loved the land and would say with a sparkle in her eyes, "We're farmers, you know." One knew then her earthiness coupled with pride and dignity. Her concern for her community was translated into active participation in community life and by generous support of its various activities, especially as it affected the children and young people.

Remembrance by hundreds of persons—men and women, who received a college education, or other training, because of her financial assistance and personal encouragement. Her philosophy of education was demonstrated in her interest and aid to the public school for its band, its library and athletic program. While an avid "pro" baseball fan, her interest in "our high school teams" and in the standing of the band continued through her last years. She has provided "an extra lift" for them through a trust fund.

In grateful appreciation for her numerous responses to calls for help, Ohio Northern University has named the senior women's residence "The Avanell C. Stambaugh Hall." Countless times she "came to the rescue"—whether it was a piano that was needed; the pipe organ completely rebuilt; students in need; or financial aid for operation.

Remembrance for aid to the Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Memorial Park, the Methodist church, Red Cross and many other groups and causes. Her personal help and financial aid have helped make her town a good place in which to live and grow.

Remembrance that perhaps the center of her widespread interests and generosity was the Ada Public Library, to which she lent her good thinking, her time and benevolence. She made it possible for the community to have a building and service of which it can be proud. For over fifty years she was closely associated with the development of the entire library, and particularly the children's and young people's division. Practically the entire collections of books in these two divisions are her contribution. Equipment for motion pictures, display cases, and many other "extras" are among her gifts.

Equally appreciated is her long service on the library's board of trustees and her inspiration for better service to the residents of this district.

The Stambaugh's extensive library of classics, many in fine and rare bindings, is housed in the public library.
Remembrances (Continued)

**Remembrance** by family and friends of Mrs. Stambaugh as a gracious hostess presiding in the stately home she and her husband built a half-mile east of Ada. The beautiful entrance flanked on either side by marble statuary was typical of lovely, artistic appointments throughout. (Pictures of the home and extensive grounds are reproduced in this booklet).

**Remembrance.** Generosity, kindness, sparkling wit, a keen mind, dignity and strength of character marked Avanell Conner Stambaugh. She was beloved by her family and a host of friends and fellow citizens. She was a true humanitarian.

The tributes which appear in the pages of this memorial booklet attest to the inspiration of her life and the imprint she has left for the benefit of all.

—Marie B. Snyder
“Aunt Nannie”

Later—In The Garden
Memories of Aunt Nannie

By Joanna Freshwater

Most of my memories about Nannie are like little cameos—of her wearing a Red Cross cap and awarding me a live woolly, baaing lamb someone had won for me at a Red Cross money-raising function to help the soldiers of World War I. That is definitely my earliest memory of her! I was about three at the time.

Mental snapshots from numerous angles are of Nannie steering a white sports car around the turn and down the drive to my grandparents' (Emma Conner and Allen Edwards) big house at McGuffey, and then giving me a brand new book. It was always a good book, fascinating reading. And the books didn't wait for birthdays or Christmas, but came at the dull times when they were really appreciated.

Aunt Nannie was the "young aunt" who went swimming with us great-nieces at Welcome Park in the old quarry. And who square danced with us in the dance hall there.

I remember her standing at the foot of the stairs in the marble entrance hall at Highway Farm to greet guests who had come to meet the Governor of Ohio. He had spent the night in the northwest bedroom there. I think this was between 1928 and 1932 and I'm sure he was a Republican!

It was fun to visit at Aunt Nannie's. I was there for rather long periods during several summers. Each meal was signalled by the soft tones of a small square xylophone. We had breakfast in the little breakfast nook in the kitchen hallway, with a fresh white linen tablecloth and napkins, the sparkling silver and beautiful china Nannie always used.

In the mornings Uncle George went to the barn, where he had an office. Aunt Nannie, if she wasn't driving to some far-flung place like Lima to shop, was busy at her own desk in their bedroom. In the upstairs linen closet the big center bottom drawer held toys—a Raggedy Ann, a baby doll with its little wardrobe and bottle in a box, a number of small elephants of graduated size, a box of checkers, and other things. Every visiting child was free to go to the drawer and get playthings at any time.

On a bright day, I generally wandered into the garden. Sometimes the gardener was there trimming plants. He was never talkative. Goldfish glittered in the little pool. Down by the garage, Harold the chauffeur was cheerful and friendly. He drove to town early for the mail and somehow always brought excitement home with it. After Uncle Lyman Conner began work there, he welcomed a visit.

I asked permission if I wanted to go to the barn. It was a busy place. "Boston" Graham and assorted helpers kept the horses meticulously groomed. Sometimes the old Oriental rugs used out there were hanging up to air. I took for granted the use of old Oriental rugs in a stable until the time of my own marriage.

The horses were exercised and trotted around the race track, sometimes with sulky and driver behind them and Uncle George, stop-watch in hand, at the railing.
I wandered back to the house before lunch time and it was then that Nannie read a story to me. We heard one each day, often about Br'er Rabbit. Uncle Remus himself couldn't have done a better job of reading it than Nannie. For one thing, she loved animals and could somehow impart this tender sense of understanding. Then she read with relish. There was a different kind of voice for each animal, there were near-shouts and whispers, the contrast of gentleness and mounting excitement. For a while you were in the Brier Patch and the whole story was very real.

Then the houseman turned the handle of the wall telephone for three rings, the signal on Uncle George's phone in the barn that lunch was ready. Uncle George came home, washed his hands in the spotless lavatory whose towel bars were always hung with about a dozen crisply ironed white monogrammed linen hand towels, and then we went in to lunch. No matter how simple the meal, it was served with elegance.

In the afternoon Uncle George went back to the barn or drove away on business. Aunt Nannie took a nap and then was ready, too, to go out. We might visit Aunt Mamie or Aunt Laura Conner, or occasionally Uncle Lyman's Bernice. Sometimes one of the students Aunt Nannie was helping came to call.

In the late afternoon when Uncle George came home he would get out his trumpet and Aunt Nannie would accompany him on the piano for a lively session of popular music. If someone else who could play the piano (like my mother) were there, Aunt Nannie would play the saxophone. Anybody standing around was supposed to sing.

After dinner we often went to the little movie theater in Ada. Every summer a stock company set up a big tent in the vacant lots behind Aunt Mamie's house and performed a series of plays. We never missed if the players were there. We went to the fireworks on the Fourth of July, and to any band concert or other excitement in town.

Dinner parties at Highway Farm were sumptuous. Aunt Nannie kept up on the latest things. She often served artichokes with individual crystal cups of Hollandaise sauce into which one dipped the soft end of the spiny leaves. She was the first we knew in the area to use avocados and she liked them with grapefruit for salad. The homemade fresh strawberry ice cream was incomparable.

At the end of the dinner, etched crystal finger bowls were placed before each guest, sometimes with tiny blown glass fish or China frogs in them.

I wish an earlier generation could write of Aunt Nannie, too. My mother remembered the old farm on which the Conner children grew up, for she often stayed with her Grandmother Conner there when she was a child. It was still a busy place.

And she said that at harvest time Aunt Nannie would come back to help her mother cook for the hired hands, and that she worked "hard—very hard."

My generation went with them to the horse races at Louisville, Kentucky. We rode in the long, black Cadillac with its extra seats that folded out from the back of the front one. The chauffeur drove. And the cook packed a lunch in a woven wood hamper lined with a tablecloth. At just the right place on the way there was a school yard with big shade trees. The car turned in there at noon-time and we stood and stretched and rested from riding while we ate from the hamper.
In Louisville Uncle George was edgy and Aunt Nannie was endlessly patient. The horse had already arrived in his hooded trailer and was in his stall in a big barn by the track. Boston was with him, rubbing, patting, calming.

The day of the races, Uncle George was out at the track before I wakened. Aunt Nannie and I shopped in the morning. Then in the afternoon we went to the races. This was when Aunt Nannie became tense. It was exciting to watch the horses come out and to find Highway Farm’s colors.

Afterward, we went back to the track again to see ‘‘Boston’’ walking the horse, under a blanket, to cool him.

The same hamper that rode to Louisville went to the Jazz House on Sundays—that one-room cabin in the woods, with its polished hardwood floor, perfect for dancing, and the long table, benches on each side, that stretched the length of one side. On summer Sundays each family brought large bowls and platters of food. But Aunt Nannie and Aunt Mamie took most of the responsibility. It was Nannie’s idea and her property.

A piano was there, and Uncle Ben was our own caller for square dancing. Someone, probably Nannie, always brought a record player, too, so that much of the afternoon, after a tummy-popping dinner, could be spent dancing. There was room for that as well as for one or two card tables for the older members of the family who dearly loved to play bridge.

The family had its own steady two-table bridge club—Aunt Nannie and Uncle George, Aunt Mamie and Uncle Ralph, Aunt Laura and Uncle Ben, and my grandmother and grandfather. They were all often mad at Uncle Ralph. He was the poorest player, but didn’t seem to know it. They played duplicate bridge in the very early days of that special way of expert players. Sunday was bridge day—all afternoon, all evening, late into the night. It was serious business and dangerous to interrupt for any reason short of fire or flood.

Aunt Nannie loved all generations of her family. When I was expecting our children, Aunt Nannie sent the layettes and I know she did this for others, too. Then the books came regularly for our children—History for Mark, who especially liked that; and good girl-type stories for Sharon. And bonds at Christmas. A year ago, when Mark’s little boy and Sharon’s little girl were about two years old, books arrived for them, too.

Aunt Nannie had many children—at least three generations of them—and each one peculiarly her own, loving her and beloved. But to some of us she was very close, very dear. She was a beautiful woman, exquisitely dressed and groomed. She was a thoroughly good person, acting invariably from the basis of her concept of justice and fairness. Perhaps she always had a quick wit, but according to my memories the flair for expressing it did not develop until after Uncle George’s passing. He had been expert at dry, droll humor. After he was gone, Nannie made the comments he might have made.

Nannie’s sense of duty demanded stamina and courage of herself. Where there was illness, trouble or danger, Nannie came to help. I remember particularly the summer of the strike on the Scioto Land Company farm. It was about 1954 and was the first
major attempt by a union to organize farm labor. There was so much violence that the Governor sent in the National Guard. They were stationed in a building without a telephone, ten miles from our house. Cars were stoned. The mayor’s house was bombed twice.

Every evening Aunt Nannie and Uncle George drove through the uneasy little town of McGuffey to be with our beleaguered family, as my grandfather was manager of the Scioto Land Company. They were there on the night when men began building a big bonfire in the meadow across the ditch from our house. Pickets walked up and down the road. Someone came in the darkness to warn us that we were to be burned out.

My grandfather gave pistols to Uncle George, the houseman and Henry Branstitter, the foreman. He was a nephew of Nannie’s and my grandmother’s and lived across the street. Grandfather also took a gun. Each man had his station on one of the four sides of the house.

To me the remarkable thing about Aunt Nannie and Uncle George was that they stayed as a matter of course, when they could have left. My mother and I went upstairs and prayed. After a while we got sleepy. So we decided that we’d take turns praying and sleeping for half-hour intervals, which we did all night. Aunt Nannie stayed downstairs in the unlighted house where the men were watching.

Finally the gray of early morning came and the bonfire had burned out. Uncle George and my grandfather got into my grandfather’s little Ford and drove to see what had happened. As they went down a marsh road they came upon a lynch scene. The workers, during the night, had turned against the agitators. At that moment they had a rope around the neck of the leader and over the limb of a tree. They were ready to pull him up.

My grandfather shouted to them to stop. They dropped the rope, and gathered around my grandfather and Uncle George. Some of them pleaded to go back to work.

A few years ago I read in the Readers’ Digest that after the strike at the Scioto Land Company in Ohio no further attempt had been made to organize farm labor for twenty years.

Whatever diverse opinions of the situation may be held, the steadfast support, the disregard of danger, the dependable affection shown by Aunt Nannie and Uncle George call for admiration. And their actions were typical of them.

I think everyone who knew Nannie sensed that she was an individual of great character and moral fiber. Yet there was a sweetness about her that was never artificial or cloying but was fresh and natural, with a touch of astringency. Nannie was a stimulating person.

As one looks back at the basic soil of the formation of one’s standards, tastes and priorities, it is difficult to discern where distinct influences emanated. But I know that Aunt Nannie has had great effect, always, on me. When I find myself in an impressive house or at a fairly formal dinner, I feel at ease because as a child I learned the fundamentals of correct behavior in Highway Farm and at its well-served table.
The influence of the fine books she gave me is something I could not measure. They were books that stressed moral values and compassion and I know they did much to shape my ideals and standards. And they encouraged me to enjoy good literature—one of the finest gifts anyone can receive.

Politics—I grew up on dinner table discussions and gained a background for comparative judgments. Art—I still don’t know much, but there was help in gaining appreciation of it.

Personal finances—Nannie’s influence here was weaker than she would have wished, but her rules of thumb have some effect. Naturalness—Aunt Nannie’s aspirations were high but she felt pretense was no goal, and that attitude has helped me. In saying all this I don’t want to imply that I’ve gone far at all, but Nannie has done a lot for me in what little measuring up I do.

Nannie was a model of genuine virtues, of honest convictions. She loved beauty, valued utility and brought a bit of grandeur into the ordinary. I owe deep thanks to her for many material blessings, and for much that is even more substantial. Her love was expressed more in actions than in words, but words were important to her, too. And so I repeat, dearest Nannie, I love you very much, very tenderly, and I always will.

—JODY
Genealogy of the Family of

John P. Conner

and

Elizabeth Patterson Branstitter

John P. Conner, son of Mary (1806-1837) and Patrick Conner (d. 1882), born Oct. 27, 1834 in Ross County, Ohio; died in 1920; married

Elizabeth Patterson Branstitter, widow of Henry Branstitter; born in 1840 in Hardin County, to Samuel and Jane (Davis) Patterson; died 1908.

CHILDREN

Mary J., born Dec. 10, 1866; married H. Thompson, later Ralph Bogardus; no children; died July 23, 1939.
Emma E., born July 16, 1868; married Allen Edwards; one child, Kathryn.
Charles Lyman, born Nov. 6, 1870; married Bernice Rice; no children;
Avanell, born Mar. 20, 1873; married George F. Stambaugh; no children;
Ben Rowand, born Feb. 19, 1876; married Laura Ries; children—John Ries and George F.
John Claude, born Mar. 22, 1879

CHILDREN OF Elizabeth P. Branstitter Conner

James W., born Mar. 8, 1860; married in 1881 to Laura Thompson; children—Jessie, Henry, John, Ben and Lyman
Ida Alice, born Apr. 21, 1861; married in 1879 to T. C. G. McGuffey; children—Ethel and Elizabeth