

The Life of Hannah Norman

One cold day the 19th of January, 1846, a baby girl came to the home of Lucy and Jones Norman. They were then living in Hamilton Co. Ill. They loved the child very much and thought no name good enough. But at last turning to the Bible they sought the goodly name of Hannah.

The path that lay before this child was not strewn with roses as you will soon see.

At the early age of ten the angles called her mother home leaving seven children one of which was an infant. The shock came on Father with great force I can see him now as he walked the floor with my tinny broher in his arms, asking God what to do. At the same time vowing he would never bring another woman over his children And his vow he kept to his dying day. Mitilda being the eldest it was up to her to take charge of the house, while I had a study job caring for the baby.

In the spring of 57 we moved to Kans which was but a territory. Wild indians roamed the woods and camped a long the creek banks. Father leased some ground and built a house where we lived a year and a half. We loved to watch the indians work they did so much different from us, for instance the squaw would pour the milk in the mouth of the sack of flour to mix the bread they did all their work acordingly but were always friendly as long as you didn't bother them.

Father then took a notion to go back to Ill. and leave us children with aunt and grandmother They lived on a farm and had lots of good things to eat. Each of us had certain things to do and had to do it, and although grandmother was very strict she was always kind. Our work was the same as on any other farm with the exeption of carding and spinning wool. But when play time came we made up for lost time we generally had Saturday afternoon off this we spent horsebackriding or making sider, we had our own press and thought it great fun.

I'll never forget one day we had company and carried the chairs to the upper balcony. When supper was called auntie old me to bring them down I gabbed up a couple and stated down one of them cought in the banistrade and down I went chairs and all I guess I hit the bottom all right but the next I remember it was morning and the kind face of grandmother was bending over me. I soon forgot my fall save the knot on my head.

Our time here was short only a little better than a year then Father got the roaming fever again and we started to ST Louis. Don't laugh when I tell you how we went, in a log-wagon with six head of oxen, you can emagine about how fast we traveled. We played out and in at our leasure Father never paid any attention to us, once when I was about to jump out one of the girls cought my dress and it threw me under the wheel, it ran over me about the middle and I didn't get up, I was carried to one side of the road and there we camped for three days. I sure was a sick baby and a DR that was clear out of the question they did all they could for me and as soon as I was abe to travel we started again.

At last we were in St Lous. We stayed there about two years, nothing of importance happened.

In 1861 we came to West-Port took another lease and farmed that year. I was 15 then and had my first beau. I also had a wart on my nose that my brother Joe didn't like, so one day while Father was away he got Matilda to hold me while he cut it off with the razor. I thought it never would stop bleeding but it did and thanks to my brother it never came back. But the beau his name was Allen Smith he was good looking and I thought a lot of him we went togather about a year and were engaged to be married when the war broke out. He inlisted and although we corosponded for a while I soon forgot him when I met Martin Stover.

My cousin brought him to the house also a big dutchman of course we girls both wanted to go with Stover and it was nip and tuck who won out. We were both tall and slender with dark hair and blue eyes, we generally dressed alike and in fact had been taken for twins on several occasions. It happened that after noon we were invited to one of the neighbors for water-mellon and as we passed through the garden I picked a big red rose and gave it to him that was enough as we reached the style he gave me his hand and helped me over. I could see my sister was vexed but didn't dare show it so she walked along as nice as you please with the dutchman. I went with Mr. Stover several months and we were also engaged, but father never liked him and when it came to a show down he objected seriously, any how I didn't marry him. Soon after this Father and Joe inlisted leaving us children alone, we watched them as they marched away we were still standing on the bridge when a rain came up. Jane Pucket that was Joe's girl was with us. We went home with her but couldn't stay all night on occount of the other children. So we drew straws to see who would wade the mud home and of course I drew the unlucky straw. I borrowed a wrap which proved to be a soldiers over-coat I slipped into it threw the cape over my head and started out. You can emagine my surprise as I came in sight of the house and saw a wagon loaded with soldiers comming my way. Not knowing what else to do I let the cape fall from my head revealing a mass of wet hair which also came tumbling down. They looked me over then one of them spoke, we'er looking for the Norman girls could you tell us where they live. Right over there I answered indecating the cabin. and I pass for one of them. They laughed at their good luck and went back to the house with me, they explained they were getting up a dance and wanted us to go. I told them sister wasn't there and I couldn't go alone but they wouldn't take no for an answer when one of the neighbor women said she would go with me we went and I never had so much fun in my life, but alas for me next morning I got the law laid down and didn't get any breakfast but I didn't mind that but I could of sleep a few hours longer but sister wouldn't let me but sher wasn't through with the boys yet for they came back not once but lots and lots of times for we married two of them.

It was April 27th 1863 we had set for the grand event a double wedding. The boys were stationed at West-Port at the time and in order to do this we would have to beak up the home and take two of the children apiece but we didn't let that stop us. The night was

made to order spring in all her glory and budding forth. We had no motor cars or texas then our only way of conveyance was know as the omnibus. There were ten of us rode in one and didn't know the difference. Our dresses were of a thin white material made low neck and short sleeves, a wreath of flowers on each head and a satin ribbon sash hung to the floor, while our skirts stood out balloon fashion. Emagine one hundred dresses like that in one bunch, we required more room than the girls of today with skirts so tight they can hardly walk and no petticoats at all. We marched in while the band played and the ceremony started I never knew how it ended but it was over and congratulations were in order. Supper was served every one stood but Father and the clergyman one at each end of the table that reached the length of the hall it was a pretty sight. We danced till three o'clock in the morning then no one seemed in a hurry to go. But alas all too soon the honey-moon came to an end. We were only married four short months when the boys were ordered south. This was the beginning of my troubles I thought I would die of loneliness when he first went away. But I was rewarded for my long weary wait by a baby girl that came the 31st of January and although I still longed for her father she helped me to get a new lease on life.

When we read of the battle of Mazarand Prairie we went to see kernel Johnson who got all the war news. We held our breath while the dead list was read then the wounded then the missing. Dave and Sam were among the missing. That was temporary relief and that's all we knew for six long months, when one day as sister and I sat rocking the babies for of course she had one too. A man came to the door and inquired if Allen or Belvail lived there, we both ran to meet him at mention of their names. It was sergent Lockard smiling the boys are both well but in prison, we laughed and cried both at the same time. I can best explain his prison life by a piece he wrote.

Come friend and fellow soldiers brave and listen to my song.
 'Tis about the rebel prison and our sufferings there so long
 Our wretched state of hardships great no one can understand,
 Except those who endured the fate in Dixie sunny land.
 When captured by old Gones men they stripped us to the skin,
 And failed to give us back again the value of a pin,
 Except those lousy rags of gray discarded by their band,
 And this commenced our prison life in Dixie sunny land.
 With hosts of guards surrounding us each with a loaded gun,
 We were stationed in an open field exposed to rain and sun,
 No tent or tree to shelter us we lay upon the sand,
 Where side by side great numbers died in Dixie sunny land.
 This was the daily bill of fare in that secluded saloon,
 No sugar, tea, or coffee there at morning, night, or noon,
 But a pint of meal ground cob and all was served to every man,
 For want of fire we ate it raw in Dixie sunny land.
 By these poor rations we were soon reduced to skin and bone
 A lingering starvation, worse than death you can but own,
 There hundreds lay both night and day by far too weak to stand,
 Till God relieved our sufferings in Dixie sunny land.
 D.H.A.

There never was a night so long that didn't have a dawning. There never was a cloud so dark but had a silver lining.

The war was over at last and the day we had longed for was at hand the boys were coming home. I'll never forget the day that brought my husband safe to my arms. It was Sunday morning and I was on my way to church when I heard some one calling me to wait. It was two of my neighbor women they told me the boys were home although I heard them I couldn't move I seemed rooted to the spot. They took hold of me one on each side and we started down the street. My knees gave way they half carried half dragged me along urging me to hurry, when we reached the spot I gazed in amazement at the poor sunburned creatures trying to see a face that even looked like Dave, when he saw I didn't recognize him he came to me and called me Hannah. I didn't rush into his arms as I had always pictured I would I only stood and looked at him, could it be possible this was the same rosy cheeked boy weighing two hundred lbs that had left me one year and six months before there he was burned black weighing about 90 lbs. with heavy beard, when he had convinced me he was the same old Dave then it was his turn to look at me, when he had left I was a child bride of four mts. Now I was a mother with a baby a year old in my arms. So you see the home coming was a sad as well as a glad one but time

heals every thing and we gradually out lived the troubled past. It's a year now sence he came home he is looking his old self again and whats more we have another youngster at our house. In the fall of 66 we went to northern Iowa to see his folks, they didn't know him but the old family dog did and you should of seen him cut the caper. It was so cold there that many familys lived in what was known as sod houses or doby. Dave built one and we stayed there that winter. His brother John lived several miles down the river so one day he came after us to go home with him he only had a row boat and when he got all of us in it was about full. It was dark when we started and I didn't feel very safe but the boys laughed my fears away we hadn't gone far how ever when the boat sprang a leak, we had to bail water with a quart cup at last we came to a sandbar and to our surprise there was an old conue the boys pulled it into the water and found it sound and dry, we threw in the buffalo robes and climed in. I was just settling my self for the rest of the trip when we came in contact with a big steamer. The lights almost blinded us we steered as near the bank as possible and but for a bend in the river we would of lost our lives, the waves were terrible and for me I promised my self if I ever got out of that boat alive I'd never get in another and I've kept my word.

In the spring we moved to Sou Cty Iowa. Where Dave got a job as head sawyer. I had 12 men to cook for besides their washing and ironing but I didn't mind for it kept me from thinking so much of the baby we had just lost.

In 68 we came to Kansas where Minnie was born we built a house and stayed there two years. Dave worked at plastering. He went out with the boys quite a bit and also played the violin for lots of the dances.

We then bought a farm in Edregville where we both joined church and were bapitized this made life worth living, but it only lasted a short time till he took to drinking again and all good resolutions were forgotten, here the stork visited us again, it was a boy and we name him David after his father We stayed there another year then Dave got the going fever again, and let me state here how we did all of our taveing not on the train, or in an automobile, but in a covered wagon. Not so good when you have a house full of youngsters and more comming, but we went and I lay sick for five weeks then another baby boy came but didn't live but a few days, we burried him in Mt Vernin then came back to Kansas again.

Then came grasshopper year they were so bad they even eat the clothes off the line. They mowed the crops and grass to the ground and the leaves from the trees and every thing in their way. It was sure hard times in Kansas, but no matter how hard the times or how often we moved the stork never lost track of us, here another boy was born only to live a short time.

In the sping we moved to Iowa times were good there penty of every thing they were auctially burning ears of corn instead of wood It made me sick to think of it when there was so much suffering in Kansas, we tayed there a year and Bill was born. This was in 76 , we then moved to Glasco Mo we were there about two years and little Freddie came. I think he was the smartest baby I ever had he only lived a year and a half and died with scarlet fever. Then we moved again this time to Golena Kans. where Kate the eldest daughter was married, we didn't stay there very long, we went to Berry Co MO. and took up a claim we were there about a year when a baby girl came, we called her Bertha, when she was six months old we went back to Golena and there was Kate with a great big baby. My first grand-son. Dave went to prospecting there in the lead-mines where he struct big lead and if it hadn't of been for his roaming disposition he might of been a rich man.

But we had to move again this time to North Mo here we built another house and farmed that year, two of the children were sick at the same time for about a month. The baby had eyersiplis that was Bertha and Bill had typhoid fever.

Expecting the stork in the spring and so was my daughter Kate when they came mine was another girl we called her Maud. Kate's was a boy that made her two, her husband died that fall leaving her with us for abut a year.

Minnie the next oldest girl got married the following year then we came to Kansas City. When we first came to Kc Dave went to work on the brick yard and in the fall he took a contract to take the dirt from the rock in a big quarry in the canyon just off the cliff drive. I'll never forget the day he was killed, he was so well and harty that morning when he started to work I watched him as he walked down the path, he stopped when he reached the little gate and called me I went out he told me good-by again and said he was going to leave town right away and sure enough he did but not in the way he'd planned on going, for before noon he was killed it seems some of the men had put in a blast up above that had loosened the rock and while Dave was under neath working it fell the two boys were hauling the dirt away and wasn't there at the time but came in a few minutes, but it was to late when he was taken out he had every bone in his body broken how I ever lived then I never knew I wanted to die. I prayed to die but my time was not yet for I've lived many years sence then, which proves that a fellow can't die every time they want to and besides I had some thing to think about and to live for after all for besides my house full of children there was another one comming. It was the sweetest little girl you ever saw, she was so presious to me I named her Pearl she was the Pearl of great price she has been a blessing always.

Here is where a new life begin in the fall of 87 I took my children that was all I had and moved to the country, this was a little burg the nearest trading post about a mile and a half from where we lived by the name of Clinton Kans, how ever they had school and church there and I wanted the children to have the advantage of them, my older ones didn't get much education on the occount of moving so much, now things would be different for I didn't like moving as you will see when I tell you I've lived in and around Clinton ever sence that's 38 years ago I came there in fact I've lived in one house thirty years of that time and am still living there and expect to as long as I live.

I must tell you how my new life started it was the day we moved to Clinton, my son and I had went to Lawrence that's twelve miles from Clinton the nearest rail road station to get my house hold goods that I had shipped from K.C. It was dark when we drove home and the roads were every thing but good, in fact they were not even graded and as we were almost home the front wheel struck a big

boulder and threw me out it knocked the breath out of me and scared the boy half to death, he managed some how to get me back on the wagon and home. I was carried in the house and laid for eleven weeks and had to be turned in a sheet. I prayed and prayed in earnest. If I was spared to my children I would try to raise them right and I've kept my word. My only support was my son and what little I could do to help out. I had applied for a pension but it takes time for those things but it came at last two years after my husbands death, we got along better now and by saving a little day by day we finally got enough ahead to make the first payment on a little home place in Clinton. It was once a school house built of stone, it had been condemned for school use several years before and sold to a man who partitioned it off into rooms and made a dwelling out of it here we have lived ever since, it is known as the old stone house and although it has been lightning struck and went through many a severe storm it's still standing and in good condition.

When I moved in the old stone house I had three girls going to school. It wasn't long after that my eldest daughter came and brought two more that made five, (something I can't make out) my other daughter lost her husband, and came home with four more, imagine nine children school age in one house I some times wonder how I ever stood the noise, but I loved them all and miss them since they're gone.

In the fall of 96 Father was killed in Kansas City by the train, It seems like that town was always unlucky for me; In 1897 my brother came to Clinton he lived with my daughter six years and helped her with the children, at the end of that time she married and he came to live with me he draws a pension and always helps with the living expences. In 1907 we took the Clinton switch-board my youngest daughter run it till she got married then Cal and I had it for nine more years. That brings the time down to 1916.

This was written by Hannan Norman and I copied it from her typing. The words are spelled the way she spelled them. Judy Christie.

David's poem is about Andersonville Prison.

 **Date:** 1846-1916

 **Place:** Several states

 **Description:** Hannah Normans life

Cont of Hannah Allen's story.

In the fall of 1888, Hannah and her family came to Clinton, K.S. and lived on the John Harrell farm, south of Clinton, 2 years. In 1890 they moved to the Cummings House in the town of Clinton, where two sisters lived. The Allen family lived in the north part of the house. In 1893, they moved to Kanwaka near the Barber School. Pearl's first teacher was Sally Ice in first grade. Feb 21, 1894 they moved back to Clinton and bought the Old Stone House, that was built of stone in 1866. It was the Clinton School. It was condemned and was used as a home. Bought from George W. Hood for \$325.⁰⁰

In 1895 Bill moved to Topeka and worked in the Santa Fe Shop. In 1900, Kate and her two sons moved to Topeka, to keep house for Bill and his partner George W. Jones. Kate married George W. Jones Sr. May 9, 1901. Bill married Mary Ellen Hilner in Dec 25, 1902. Hannah and the girls moved to Topeka 1901, so Pearl could go to Normal School. They lived on Banner Street in Oakland in 1902. They moved back to Clinton and left Pearl at sister Kate's home who lived on Poplar St. in Oakland. George Jones had built the homes in Oakland. Pearl came home in 1903. Bertha was married to Guy St. Rondebusch March 2, 1903. Maude was married to Lou, Griffith, Oct 5, 1905. Brother Cal moved to the Old Stone House in 1903.

Emery Swadley came to Clinton to work on the telephone lines and had room + board at the Old Stone House. Pearl was running the switchboard. She and Emery were married Jan 23, 1907 and they lived at home until their son, Norman Clark

Swadley was born Dec 23, 1907 and they moved to Lawrence. Brother Cal and Hannah had the switchboard. Cal hurt his eyes and then went blind, but he still ran the switchboard. They had the switchboard from 1907 to 1924.

Kate's daughter, Galdie, came to live with Grandma Allen in Jan 1913 and finished that term of school. She stayed until 1918 when her family moved to Clinton from Kansas City, Ks. and she moved with her folks. She married Thomas H. Hout in 1921 and lived around Clinton.

Hannah died Sept. 23, 1927 and is buried at Edwardsville, Ks by her husband David Allen.

Uncle Cal Norman died at the Levensworth V.A. Hospital Sept 16, 1936 and buried in Clinton Cemetery.

After Hannah died her brother Cal bought the house. His daughter Kate, widowed came to take care of them. She lived there another year with son Theodore. The place then sold to Bertha Rondebush, in fall of 1932. She rented the house until she died, then son Richard Rondebush sold it to the Clinton Township. They took the partitions out and made one room. The Clinton Lake Historical Society has lowered the ceilings, paneled the walls, carpeted the floor and put in a kitchen and small rest room. We use it to quilt in every Wed. To help keep the Museum going, ^(Museum) it's only open in summer on weekends also use it for meetings. The township use it for meetings + to vote in. The township built a fire station on the south side.

This an update on Grandma's story by Galdie and Vivian.