

Jacob

HOPP-JACOB WEDDING.

An elaborate and beautiful wedding took place Wednesday afternoon, July 23, 1919, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Hopp of Riley Township, when their third son, John, was married to Bernice Jacob. The marriage ceremony was performed at three o'clock at the Lutheran parsonage of the Riley Lutheran Church, by the Rev. Edward Heinecke. The couple was attended by Marie Hopp, sister of the groom, Chas. Jacob, brother of the bride, Otto Jacob, cousin of the bride and Clair Hahn, cousin of the groom. On their return from the parsonage they were greeted by a large company of relatives and friends, about four hundred in number, who awaited their coming with plenty of

Jacob

OBITUARY

Lena Mae, oldest daughter of the late Augustus and Luoma Jacobs was born Dec. 20, 1878 in Riley township, Clinton county, Michigan, and departed this life Sept. 25, 1942, at Lansing, Mich.

She lived with her parents and obtained her education from the public schools. She was engaged as teacher in the rural schools for a few terms.

At St. Johns in 1902 she was united in marriage with Charles Ike of Edley township, and to this union was born one daughter.

They began home making in Riley township. In 1905 Mr. and Mrs. Ike with her parents went to Oklahoma and lived in the western states until 1915 when they came back to Michigan.

In 1920 they purchased their farm in Eagle township where they lived until March 5, 1926, when Mr. Ike preceded her to the better land. Soon after Mrs. Ike began practical nursing and has followed that career the greater part of the time. Her ability to care for the sick and invalid endeared her to her patients.

Because of her cheerful disposition and thoughtfulness for others, no one realized her health was failing until about six months ago. During that time she has been confined in a hospital.

She was a kind wife, a loving mother, a true friend and much appreciated neighbor. She never sought the honor of public life but with her ambition to help those with whom she came in contact she went about doing good.

She leaves one daughter, Mrs. Mildred Barnes, who with her husband and three children, Aleitha, Dan and Carl, reside on the homestead in Eagle township; a nephew, Harold Johnson of Jackson; besides many other relatives and a host of friends. A sister, Mrs. Bessie Johnson preceded her some few years previous.

Then be content, poor heart
God's plans like lilies pure and white
unfold.

We must not tear the close-shut leaves
apart.

Time will reveal the chalices of gold.
And when with patient toil we reach the
land,

Where tired feet, with sandals loosed may
rest,

There we shall clearly see and understand.
O, be content, poor heart, God knoweth
best.

Funeral services were held at the Robison-Babier funeral home in Lansing, conducted by Rev. Win. McKay. Interment in Wacousta cemetery. Pallbearers were Floyd Jason, Jack Jason, John Jacobs, Howard Pope, Harry Haines, and Carl Hammond.

AGED PIONEER DIES MONDAY

Wilhelmina (Mary) Jacob,
86, Had Been Resident of
Riley Since 1857

Wilhelmina Christina (Mary) Jacob was born in Saxony, Germany, October 14, 1843. She was the daughter of Christian and Regina Jacob, who emigrated to America in the spring of 1857, landing in Canada. In the fall of 1857, they came to Michigan and settled on the southeast quarter of section 10, in Riley township, Clinton county, where she had lived continuously ever since. Here she endured the hardships of the early pioneers. While many of her trials were common with all the other pioneers, yet hers differed materially in that her mother was an invalid for many years. She tenderly cared for her mother until she was called into the Beyond. Her father, too, was sickly. This, added to the other hardships, made life an uphill business for her and her sister, the late Pauline Barnhart. They both tenderly cared for their parents and carried on the farm work.

In the early days they did not have the earthly comforts that they enjoyed in later years. Their home was one outstanding above all others. Very few are found to even compare with their hospitality. It was their greatest pleasure to open their home and share their labors and prosperity with others less fortunate. The latchstring was always out, and a welcome hand extended to their many friends.

After she became more bent with age, she met with several misfortunes. First, fire destroyed the house. It was rebuilt. Then the barn burned. Another one with all the modern improvements was erected in its place. It was a monument to her sturdy courage. Later this barn burned. With the aid of her niece and her husband another one was erected where this one had burned. She also suffered several severe falls which resulted in physical injuries, yet in spite of all these handicaps she remained cheerful and looked upon the brighter side of life.

She was the oldest of a family of six children. She survived them all, bringing her age to 86 years and 22 days. About two months ago she suffered a stroke from which she never recovered, although she seemed to feel better at times, but gradually she failed until Monday morning, November 4, 1929, when she fell asleep and her spirit went to Him who gave it.

After her sister died, she was tenderly cared for by her niece, Bernice, and her husband, John Hopp, who cared for her almost exclusively, with the exception of the last few days. This was quite a task as she was a large person and had much of the ruggedness of the old pioneers. All that loving hands could do was done for her.

She is survived by only nephews and nieces. The funeral was held Wednesday afternoon from her late home with Rev. G. S. Northrup officiating. The remains were placed in the mausoleum in Mt. Rest, St. Johns.

Card of Thanks

We desire to show our appreciation and extend many thanks to the neighbors and friends who so liberally and unselfishly aided us in the last hours of our dear one.

—Bernice Jacob Hopp, John Hopp.

Jacob

June 21
1964

JANZ



MRS. JAMES E. GWILT

Janz-Gwilt

DEWITT—Sweetheart roses and white carnations were carried atop a white Bible by Miss Carolee Janz as she became the bride of James E. Gwilt Saturday afternoon in the Valley Farms Baptist Church.

Parents of the pair are Mr. and Mrs. Russell E. Janz and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest H. Gwilt, all of DeWitt.

Appliques of re-embroidered Alencon lace distinguished the bride's gown of silk organza, designed with a detachable chapel train. A Swedish crown held her veil.

Mrs. Richard Arthur of Lansing, sister of the bride, was matron of honor wearing a dress of light blue and carrying a nosegay of white carnations tipped in blue.

In identical costumes were the bridesmaids, Miss Barbara Trudeau of Lansing and Miss Dorothy Polakiewicz of Flint, cousin of the bride.

Brent Newman of DeWitt served as best man. Ushers were Larry Mull of Lansing, Douglas Holstein of DeWitt, Gary Janz of DeWitt, brother of the bride, and Sam Barnett of DeWitt.

Carol and Cheryl Gwilt, twin sisters of the bridegroom, were flowergirls. Kirk Armstrong of DeWitt carried the rings.

A reception in the church parlors followed the ceremony. That evening, another reception was held at the DeWitt Memorial Hall.



MRS JAMES E. GWILT

Carolee Janz bride of J.E. Gwilt

VALLEY FARMS— Sweet-heart roses and white carnations were carried atop a white Bible by Miss Carolee Janz as she became the bride of James E. Gwilt, Saturday at 4 p.m. in the Valley Farms Baptist church.

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A reception in the church parlors followed the ceremony. The same evening, another reception was held at the DeWitt Memorial hall.

Mrs Woodrow Armstrong served the cake. Miss Sandra McCrum served punch and Miss Judith Phillips presided at the coffee service. Miss Dawn Johnson and Miss Lela Wardell were in charge of the gift table and Mrs Brent Newman registered the guests.

SPECIAL guests were the bride's grandmother, Mrs Natalie Stevens of Flint and the bridegroom's grandparents, Mr and Mrs Irwin Gwilt of Mackinaw City.

The bride is a 1962 graduate of DeWitt high school and graduated from Rachelle Beauty College. Her husband is a 1961

JANZ

JASON

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Jason celebrated their fifth wedding anniversary at their home in Riley, July 4th, about fifty guests being present. They were presented with many beautiful presents among which were a sewing machine, china closet, parlor table, and an enlarged picture of Mr. Jason's mother, Mrs. S. Jason. A bountiful dinner and supper were served. The guests were entertained with music and after supper all returned to their homes declaring Mr. and Mrs. Jason to be royal entertainers.

Chilton Rep.

7-13-1905

Leonard Jastram and Virginia Marten United

Jastram

By Doris Pratt

The Riley Lutheran church was the scene of the wedding last Wednesday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock of Miss Virginia Marten, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Marten of Bengal township, to Leonard E. Jastram, son of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Jastram of Riley. Rev. F. Coelmer performed the double ring ceremony before 150 guests. The altar was decorated with baskets of chrysanthemums. Appropriate wedding music was played by Merle Radke and Mrs. Lewis Stiffler and Mrs. Edwin Boettger sang "Jesus My Truth My Way."

The bride, given in marriage by her father, wore a gown of white satin with a sweetheart neckline accented with seed pearls, stirred bodice and full skirt. Her fingertip length veil was edged with lace and fell from a beaded tiara. She carried a shower bouquet of white roses, carnations and snapdragons.

Miss Neva Marten was maid of honor for her sister, and the Misses Edna Mae Jastram, sister of the groom and Jean Miller, cousin of the bride, were bridesmaids. They wore gowns of blue, aqua and pink respectively, made like the bride's and on their heads was an arrangement of flowers. They each wore a corsage of roses and baby mums.

Albert Plak was best man and the ushers were Charles Boak and Gerald Jastram.

The bride's mother wore a black crepe dress and Mrs. Jastram, mother of the bridegroom, wore soldier blue. Both had corsages of roses and white baby mums.

Following the ceremony a wedding supper was served the guests at the home of the bride's parents. A three-tiered wedding cake made by the bride's grandmother, Mrs. Augusta Marten, centered the bride's table. Later in the evening a reception was given in the Olive Grange hall for about 500 relatives and friends.

One of the guests present at the wedding was the bride's great-grandfather, Fred Mohrke, who will be 91-years old his next birthday.

Jastram

**Lewis Jastram And
Esther Bandt Wed**

¹⁹³²
Wacousta—Lewis Jastram, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Jastram, and Miss Esther Bandt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bandt, Dewitt R-3, were united in marriage at the parsonage in Wacousta Wednesday, Oct. 26, at 2:30. Rev. F. G. Wright officiated.

Jayne

JUNES, Michigan

Former Resident of Dewitt Passes Away At Lansing

(By Abbie E. Dills)

Dewitt—Quite a number of the friends of Mrs. Lottie Arksey attended her funeral held at the Wood-Peck funeral home in Lansing Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Merle Kraus played several numbers and Rev. Toy officiated. The burial was in Dewitt cemetery. Mrs. Arksey, formerly Miss Lottie Jayne, was a former Dewitt girl and a sister of Mrs. Gerda Rogerson. The family have the deep sympathy of their many friends in this community.

gust 9th, 1890, Mrs. Henry Jayne. The deceased was born in New Jersey, July 11, 1810. In the year 1836 she, with her husband, came to Michigan. They first settled in Jackson county, then came to DeWitt township and settled on a farm. From there they went to Lansing and stayed about two years, then went back to the farm; from there they came to DeWitt village where they resided two years and then went back to the farm where she resided until her death. A year ago last March she was taken sick with dropsy and has been a great sufferer until death came to her release. She leaves an aged husband who is totally blind, and three children, John Jayne, of DeWitt, Mrs. Ellen Lawrence, of DeWitt, and Mrs. Halbert, of Indiana. She was a devoted wife and mother, always ready to take her share of life's burdens. To enumerate her many good qualities would take too much time and space so we will simply say "She has done what she could and done it well." Her funeral was held at the old home, Elder Ward officiating. Her remains now rest in DeWitt cemetery.

"Will she miss, I wonder, our earthly care
In the home of the Angels over there?
Or long in that home above
To leave, for a moment, that land of bliss?
Will she not sometimes look back to this
And wish for our earthly love?"

CLINARIUM.

Have we any truly great men at the present day? Some doubt it, and ask to be shown the modern Washington, Franklin, or Webster. However this may be, of one thing we are sure, there never was a greater blood-purifier than Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Our Show Rooms!

No. 140 Woodward Ave.,
(Opera House Block,

Contain { A LARGE ASSORTMENT of
the Choicest Foreign Goods

AND ARE

Not Second in Interest to

THE EXPOSITION.

OUR STOCK OF

Diamonds and Other Precious Stones

IMPORTED SILVER WARE,
WATCHES OF ALL GRADES,

and

FINE PORCELAINS,

Is one of the Largest

and Most Complete

in this Country.

Wright, Kay & Co.,

IMPORTERS,

JEWELERS,

DESIGNERS,

AND

AND

ENGRAVERS,

OPTICIANS.

DETROIT.

THE BUREAU.

Died, in the township of DeWitt, Au-

Jayne

ELIZABETH N. JAYNE

Pioneer of Clinton County, Died in
Lansing April 16.

Mrs. Elizabeth N. Jayne, well known to Lansing residents of the older generation and a pioneer of Clinton county, expired at the home of her daughter, Mrs. William Arksey, in Lansing, April 16, after an illness of two months a part of which time she had been confined to her bed. Mrs. Jayne, who was the widow of the late Dr. Jayne, of Dewitt, was born at Leone, Michigan, 75 years ago.

At an early age she was united in marriage to Dr. J. E. Jayne at Grass Lake. Over 50 years ago Dr. and Mrs. Jayne moved to Clinton county, settling in Dewitt township. Twenty years later they moved to the village of Dewitt where the husband opened a drug store. Mrs. Jayne lived continuously at Dewitt until about three years ago when she went to Lansing to make her home with her daughter. Mrs. Jayne is survived by the daughter at whose home death took place and another daughter, Mrs. Gerda B. Dean, of Grand Rapids.

Mrs. Jayne had been a member of the Eastern Star of Dewitt for years and that organization had charge of the services at the grave. The funeral was held Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the Dewitt Baptist church, Rev. W. H. Thompson, of Lansing officiating. Interment beside the husband in Dewitt cemetery.

Jayne

Henry Jayne, aged 85 years, died Thursday, January 21st, at his home east of DeWitt village, of the infirmities attending old age. The funeral was held Sunday at his late residence, and the remains interred in the DeWitt cemetery, the Rev. D. M. Ward, of Okemos, officiating. Deceased was born 1806 in the town of Bollona, state of New York. Moved to Michigan in 1836 and settled at Grass Lake, Jackson county, where he successfully carried on the business of druggist. After a few years he moved to DeWitt and purchased a farm where he lived a short time, when he moved to Lansing, and carried on the grocery business for some years, then sold out and moved back onto his farm. About eight or nine years ago, when too old to work his farm, he moved with his good wife to this village, where he built up two stores, one a grocery store where he carried on the business until about four years ago, when through the loss of his eyesight, he was obliged to give up business and return to his farm to end their days with their daughter, Mrs. Lawrence. Grandma Jayne, as she was so familiarly known and beloved by everybody, preceded her husband to that better land (that she had looked for many years) nearly two years ago. Grandpa Jayne has been admired all through life for his honesty and upright dealings with his fellow man. He leaves one son and two daughters, Mr. J. E. Jayne, druggist of this village; Mrs. H. Halbert, of Indiana, and Mrs. Elon Lawrence, who now lives on the farm, besides a host of friends to mourn his loss.

1892

MERCURY.

Jenkins

JENKINS, ELIZABETH JEANNE

DeWitt

Age 69, went to be with the Lord on May 3, 1994 in Holt, Michigan. Born April 28, 1925 in Detroit, Michigan. Jeanne lived in DeWitt for the past 28 years. Jeanne received a Bachelors Degree from Wayne State University and a Masters in Counseling from Michigan State University. She taught fourth grade in DeWitt for 19 years, retiring in 1987. Jeanne was an active member of the DeWitt Community Church. She was a Volunteer for Meals On Wheels and Hospice. She also belonged to the Retired Teachers Association. Jeanne was loved by many and will be greatly missed, but has gone on to a better place. She was preceded in death by her oldest son, Jerry, in 1981. Surviving are 2 sons, Steve (Peg) of Holt and Terry of Louisville, KY; 4 grandchildren, John, Jerry, Steven and Jennifer; 3 sisters, Joy (John) Gonzales, Phyllis Chenoweth and Carol (Gordie) Macdonald. Jeanne has donated her body to Michigan State University. A memorial service will be held on Thursday at 1:30 p.m. at the DeWitt Community Church. In lieu of flowers, donations can be made to the DeWitt Community Church.

**Mrs May Jepson
Is Nonagenarian
On March 26**

3/24/64

Jepson

DeWitt— One of the "Grand Old Ladies" of DeWitt, Mrs May Jepson, is observing her 90th birthday on Thursday, March 26. Mrs Jepson still lives alone in her own home and keeps busy crocheting afghans.

Every baby of a few years back in the village wasn't anyone unless it had at least one sweater set made by Mrs Jepson.

Living next door to the old school, now the high school, she was always called upon when there was a bloody nose or someone needed a rip sewn up in his trousers. She had always maintained an interest in children although she never had any children of her own.

She came to DeWitt from Lansing in 1932 and her husband died 18 years ago. She spent many years caring for an invalid nephew, Nelson Lloyd, who died a few years ago.

Being the youngest of a family of 11 children Mrs Jepson has few relatives left.

JOHNSON

Medal winner honored

Secretary of State Richard Austin presented Oscar Johnson (standing) with his special license plate, Monday, one of eight issued to the state's medal of honor recipients. Johnson, of 2130 N. Chadwick Rd., DeWitt, who received the medal of honor for World War II action in Italy, was issued plate number two.



Sgt. Johnson Likes Farm



THE CONGRESSIONAL Medal of Honor awarded to the nation's top war heroes. The medal above is used by the army and air force. The medal for navy, marines and coast guard differs slightly.

By Don Ball

M/Sgt. Oscar G. Johnson wears proudly the star-spangled blue ribbon of the Medal of Honor on his Michigan National Guard uniform but yearns to be a farmer.

Now 39, he lives with his wife Lawanna, 37, and their five children in a farmhouse on 40 acres outside Lansing, but it's not a farm to the country-bred Johnson.

HE IS EMPLOYED as a full-time mechanic in the headquarters armory of the guard in Lansing. A slow-speaking, deliberate man, no one has ever heard him refer voluntarily to his decoration.

Johnson was a mortar gunner with the single stripe of a Pfc. on Sept. 16, 1944, when an ammunition shortage catapulted him to fame. Handed a rifle and promotion to acting squad leader, he was assigned seven riflemen and the mission of protecting his company's left flank.

During the next two days, his men were killed or wounded but Johnson held the combat post, perched 50 yards outside the company's perimeter, against repeated

attacks by German paratroopers.

Two men sent as reinforcements were wounded en route, and he rescued them. On the second day, 25 German soldiers surrendered to him. When he was relieved, 20 enemy dead were sprawled around the outpost.

HAS THE medal brought Johnson any benefits?

"I haven't received any financial reward, just more consideration and a little special attention here and there," he said.

"I'm a mighty fortunate man to have gotten the medal. I was just doing my job."

Johnson took some agricultural courses at Michigan State University after the war and works his farm on off-duty hours. He earns about \$400 a month in his state military job.

"I'm pretty well off right now," he said. "We own our home and there are plenty of fruit trees, berries and vegetables. We've got a big freezer and put up a lot of food for winter."

"MY KIDS (Linda, 11; David, 9; Edwin, 7; Larry,

4, and Nancy, 2) have plenty of room to grow up in.

"I'd like to be a fulltime farmer but it takes a lot of money and I'm getting on in years."

Do people approach him often to make appearances or to ask questions about the medal?

"A lot of people were waiting at the train depot when I came home and there were a lot of requests for appearances in the early years after the war, but hardly anyone bothers me now."

"The kids get kind of curious sometimes, but they aren't really old enough to know much about the war."

What about the future?

"I've got nine years in with the national guard, but I don't know if I'll stay too long. We're happy and life has been good."

"If I had it to do over I wouldn't make any changes. I think military service is good for every young man."

"And maybe I'll get that farm yet, who knows?"

Monday: Robert E. Simanek, who earned his Medal of Honor by risking his life to save others in Korea.

Johnson

Likes Farm

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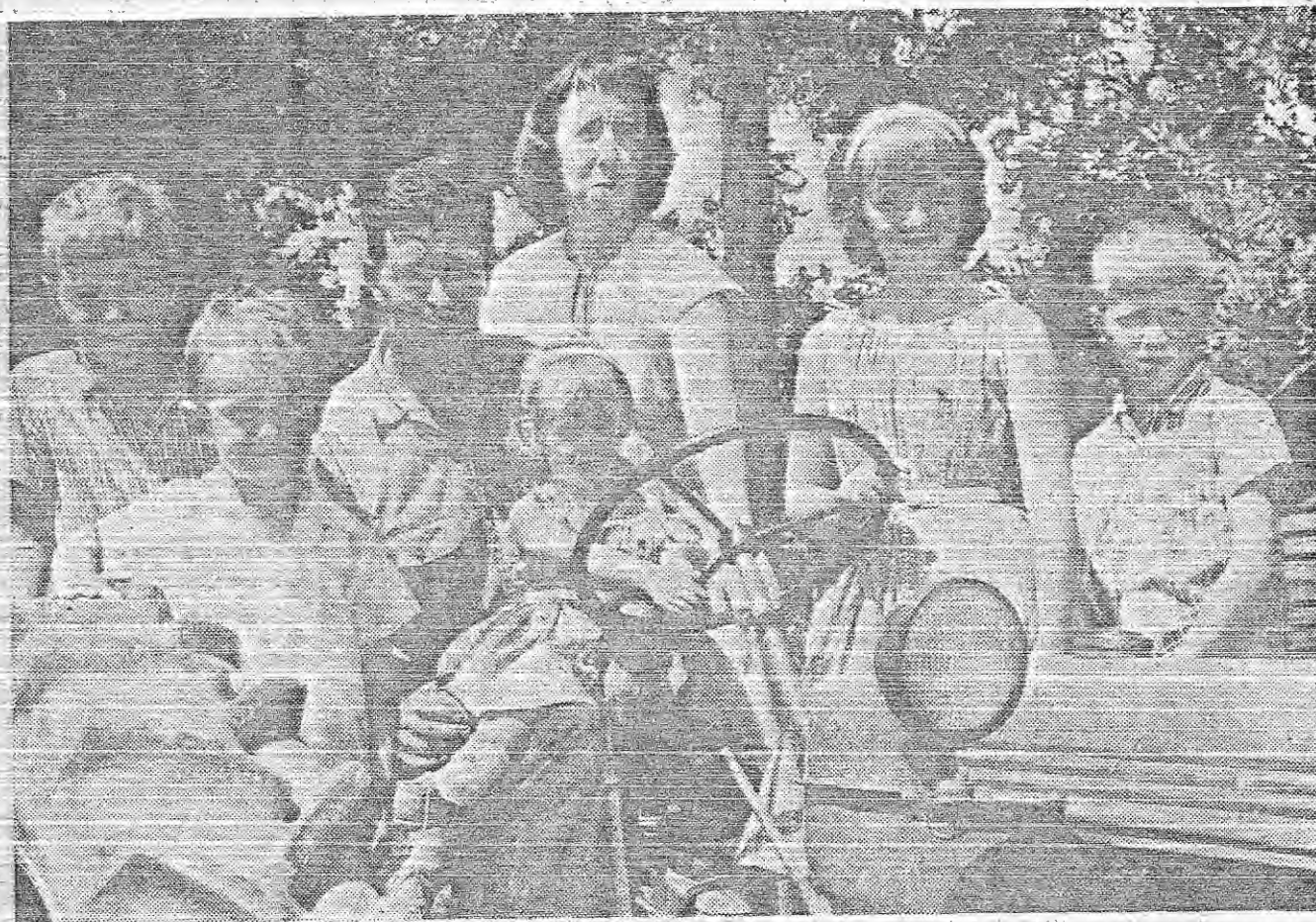
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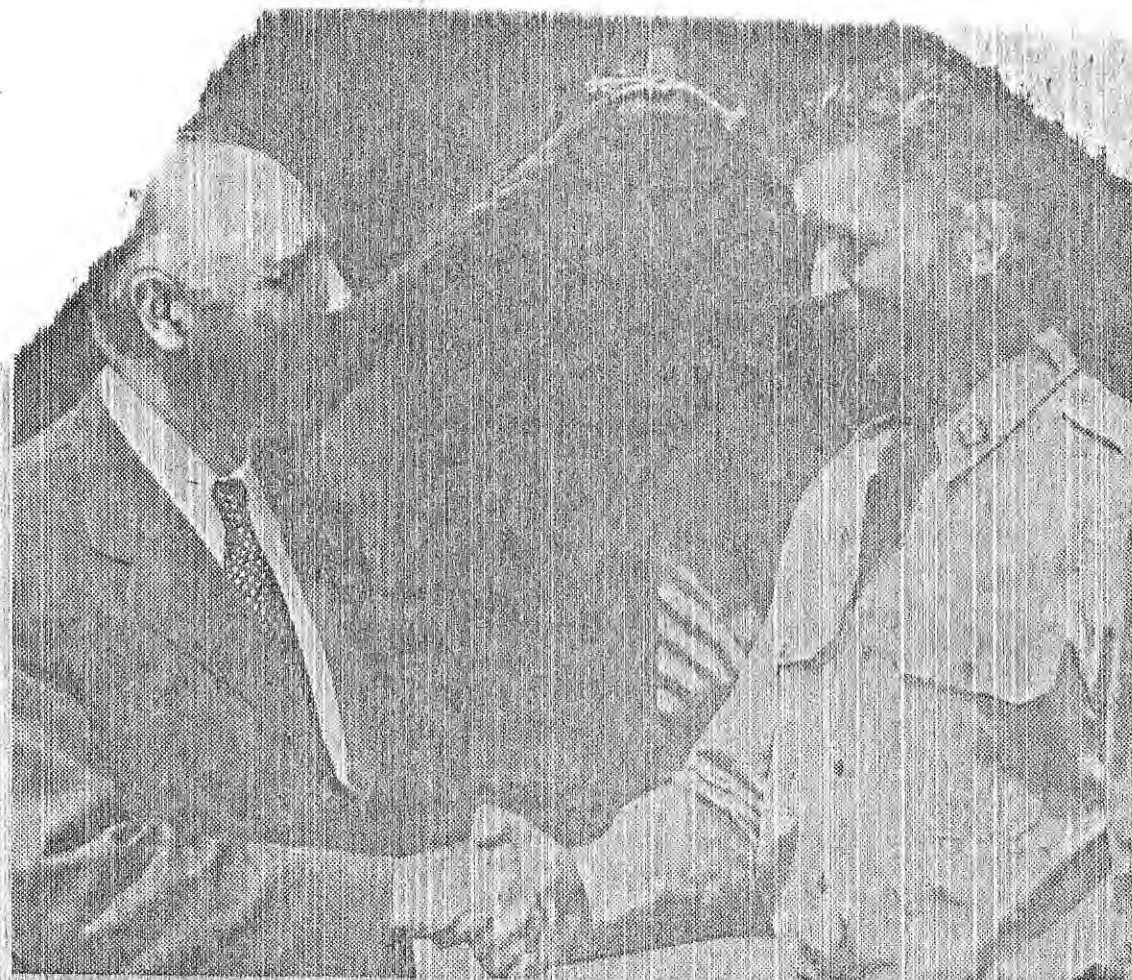
MEDAL OF HONOR WINNER JOHNSON WITH HIS FAMILY ON THEIR 40-ACRE FARM NEAR LANSING

From left: David, 9; Larry, 4; Johnson, holding Nancy, 2; Mrs. Johnson; Linda, 11; Eddie, 7

Detroit Times Photo by Hy Paul

Johnson

JOHNSON



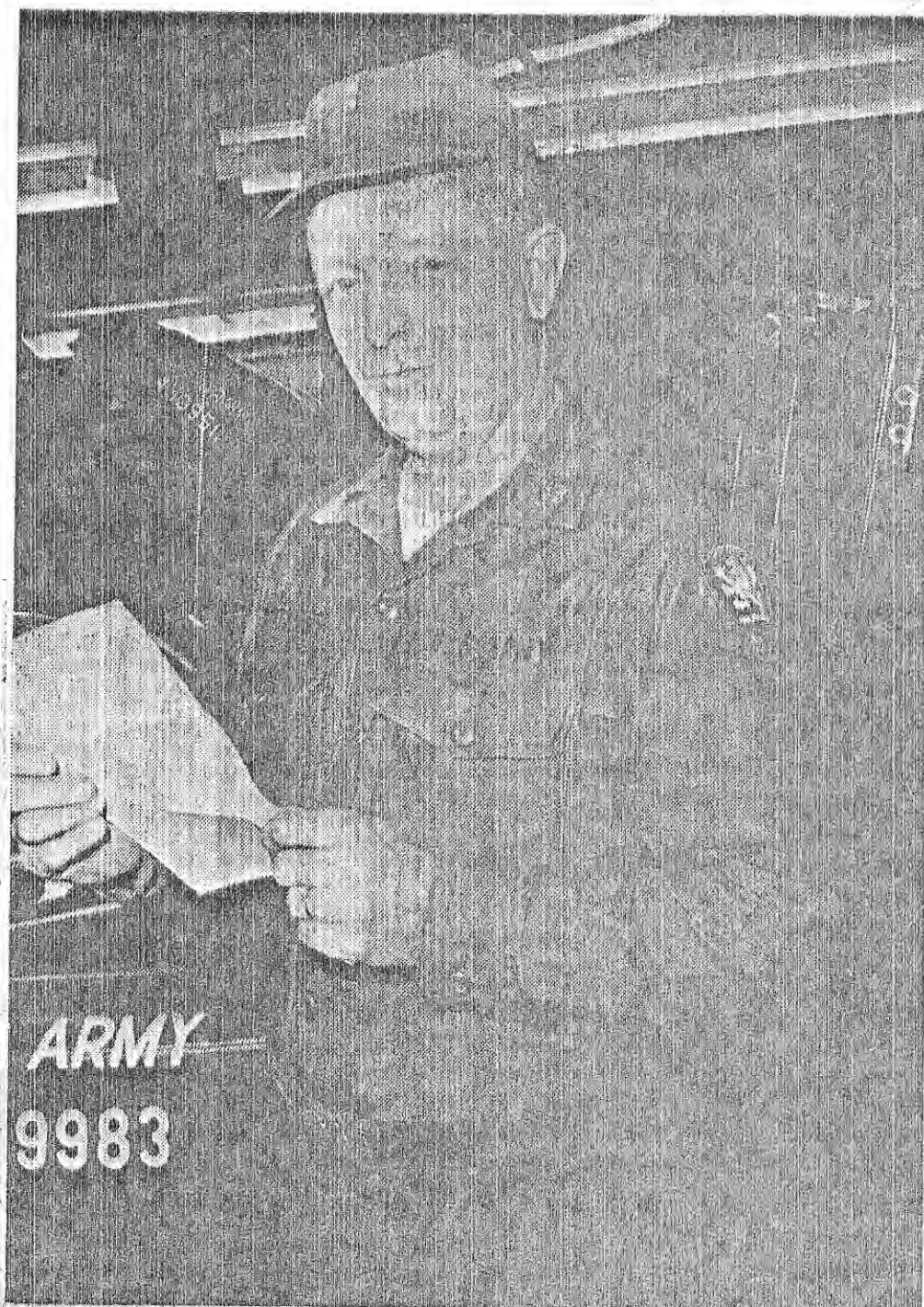
BRUCKER GREETES DeWITT MAN—US Secretary of the Army Wilber M. Brucker took time out on his five hour visit to Camp Grayling to greet Sgt. Oscar Johnson, DeWitt, of headquarters and headquarters detachment, Michigan National Guard. Brucker made a short tour of the camp last Friday. Johnson is holder of the Congressional Medal of Honor which he received for heroic action during the second World War in Italy. The Johnsons make their home on west Chadwick Road, DeWitt.

PICTURES BY
BOB FEDEWA

Republican-News
Farm Editor

Who is participating in the
Grayling Encampment of The
Michigan National Guard.

Johnson



INVITED TO INAUGURATION—Chief Warrant Officer Oscar G. Johnson, DeWitt, examines his invitation to attend the inauguration of Richard M. Nixon. Johnson has been invited to attend all presidential inaugurations since he was awarded the Medal of Honor in 1944. Though he was never able to attend an inaugural in the past, Johnson reports he is seriously considering attending Nixon's inaugural. A full-time employee of the National Guard, Johnson is the only member of the Michigan Guard who holds the nation's highest medal. (State Journal Photo)

Medal of Honor winner gets his due recognition

Johnson

By PETER W. BRONSON

It was an even 80 degrees, so Oscar Johnson agreed to sit at a picnic table in the shade of a large black walnut tree in his backyard. He talked about his travels since his retirement three years ago, about his children, now grown and "spread out all over the place," and about farming 80 acres on Chadwick Road north of DeWitt for the last 30 years.

Then he told a war story.

It was like any World War II story, filled with names of far off places, battalion and regiment numbers, names of weapons and war buddies — facts which once filled the front pages of newspapers, movies and newsreels, but which now are remembered only by the men who were there, like Johnson.

His story is different. You wouldn't know it by his matter-of-fact tone of voice and almost automatic answers, like the abbreviated explanation you hear from someone who has been wearing a cast for a long time. Then again, it's been almost 40 years.

"I'd built up a pretty rough and tough reputation coming up through Italy," he chuckled. "But I was young then, and when you're young...Well, I'd never say war is fun, but when you're there and you have to make the best of it..."

Johnson, a private first class in charge of a mortar crew, was north of Florence, Italy, with the 5th Army, attempting to break through a fortified German position known as the Gothic Line.

"We took one of the first hills and we had to hold that bugger. The Germans had hills on either side of us, and we had to hold our position for about three days while the other guys took those hills.

"I was out on the hill by myself most

of the time holding off the enemy," Johnson recalled. "There were a lot of dead people on that hill from both sides when it was over."

According to the history of his battalion, there was more to the story than that. "Despite mortar fire and machine gun bullets which whipped the crest of his shallow trench, Pvt. Johnson stood erect and repulsed the

(Continued on page 10)



Oscar Johnson: Medal of Honor winner.

Medal winner

(Continued from page 1)

attack with grenades and small arms fire," it says.

He also risked his life to assist two men wounded on their way to reinforce his position, helping to carry them to safety before returning to the spot where he resisted repeated grenade and machine gun attacks. When it was over, 20 dead German soldiers were scattered in front of his trench, and 25 of the enemy had surrendered to him.

"You ain't up there for the fun of it," he said wryly. "You're up there to do a job."

Johnson and his wife Lawanna were traveling in the West when he was invited to Washington D.C. for the introduction of a new series of U.S. Postal Service stamps picturing the Medal of Honor, so he couldn't be there.

Instead, he was honored during a recent ceremony at DeWitt Post Office when Postmaster Al Wickersham presented him with a special commemorative edition.

He keeps the light blue star-spangled ribbon and bronze-colored medal in a suitcase with maps, books and pictures of his comrades in Italy. "I still dream all the time about being up on that hill and getting shelled," he said.

During World War II, 16,353,659 men served in the U.S. Armed Forces. Only 434 won a medal like Johnson's.

"A guy told me I just happened to be in the right place at the right time to get a medal," he said. But he stayed there.

He's still in uniform

WW II hero says Vietnam vete

By JERRY MOSKAL
Capitol Bureau



Oscar Johnson

It seems a lifetime ago that Oscar Johnson climbed that hill in northern Italy to display a brand of heroics few men have equaled.

He was 23 then, a carrot-topped G.I. with one stripe on his sleeve, lost in a crowd of thousands of faceless American infantrymen locked in a bloody struggle called World War II.

Thirty-five years later, he's still in uniform. Officially, he's Chief Warrant Officer Oscar G. Johnson Jr., foreman of a Michigan National Guard vehicle maintenance shop.

HIS RED HAIR has turned mostly grey. His freckles are gone. But his memories of Sept. 16-17, 1944, of a battle in the Appennine Mountains near the tiny town of Scarperia in northern Italy, are still vivid. He earned the Congressional Medal of Honor there.

Only reluctantly does the 6-foot-1, 195-pound Johnson recall the grim battle that earned him his nation's highest

honor for valor. He's even modest about his role.

The Army isn't. Official records say that Johnson for 2½ days almost singlehandedly held off five German paratroop companies, killed 20 enemy soldiers, captured 25 others and helped rescue two of his comrades.

"He remained awake, on the alert throughout the night, frustrating all attempts by the enemy to infiltrate," the Army citation states.

Despite the fierce fighting for the key hill, Johnson remarkably escaped unhurt. In another battle a month later, however, shrapnel from a German .88-millimeter shell tore into his right arm.

"**WE BROKE** through their fortified line," Johnson recalls. "We took the first hill. We had to hold it till the rest of the guys got through. It left us in a kind of exposed position. They could attack on all sides."

Johnson led his seven-man squad to hold the left flank. By the time all the

shooting ended, Johnson was on the hill. German artillery repeatedly

"I used machine guns, things that were guns who were

By the time the 91st through German ranks had battles. We on the hill killed or w

"We were there," the

"**THINGS** worse. The times during the day. I ended line by my to hold.

"There in on the

LOCAL HISTORY
COLLECTION
BOX FILE

Johnson

ays Vietnam veteran not treated very well

RY MOSKAL
of Bureau

time ago that Oscar
that hill in northern
brand of heroics few
a carrot-topped G.I.
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y, he's Chief Warrant
Johnson Jr., foreman
ational Guard vehicle

R has turned mostly
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t. 16-17, 1944, of a bat-
nine Mountains near
Scarperia in northern
ivid. He earned the
dal of Honor there.
ly does the 6-foot-1,
recall the grim bat-
his nation's highest

honor for valor. He's even modest
about his role.

The Army isn't. Official records say
that Johnson for 2½ days almost sin-
glehandedly held off five German
paratroop companies, killed 20 enemy
soldiers, captured 25 others and helped
rescue two of his comrades.

"He remained awake, on the alert
throughout the night, frustrating all at-
tempts by the enemy to infiltrate," the
Army citation states.

Despite the fierce fighting for the
key hill, Johnson remarkably escaped
unhurt. In another battle a month lat-
er, however, shrapnel from a German
.88-millimeter shell tore into his right
arm.

"WE BROKE through their forti-
fied line," Johnson recalls. "We took
the first hill. We had to hold it till the
rest of the guys got through. It left us
in a kind of exposed position. They
could attack on all sides."

Johnson led his seven-man squad to
hold the left flank. By the time all the

shooting ended, he was alone. German
artillery and mortar fire seared the
hill. German troops counterattacked
repeatedly. Johnson wouldn't give in.

"I used my M-1 rifle, pistol, subma-
chine guns," he recalled. "I used any-
thing that was lying around. There
were guns laying all around from guys
who were wounded."

By the time his 200-man company of
the 91st Infantry Division broke
through German lines to the hill, its
ranks had been depleted by previous
battles. When reinforcements arrived
on the hill, only 35-40 escaped being
killed or wounded.

"We were getting less people all the
time," the soft-spoken Johnson said.

"THINGS WERE getting worse and
worse. They counterattacked several
times during the night and during the
day. I ended up on the left side of the
line by myself for quite awhile. We had
to hold.

"There was a lot of artillery coming
in on the hill. Mortars and all that

stuff. We had problems with American
stuff (shells) coming in short, too. Of
course, it was a big hill."

He was awarded the Congressional
Medal of Honor in June 1945 by Gen.
Mark Clark, commander of the Fifth
Army. Six other winners of the medal
also live in Michigan. There are about
280 in the country.

Johnson, a dairy farm boy from For-
est City in the Upper Peninsula who
settled in Lansing after the war, was
drafted in October 1942. He graduated
from high school three years earlier.

"The war started in 1941," he said.
"We had a lot of work on the farm so I
just waited for them to draft me. I
knew they were going to get me. So I
just waited."

HIS OLDEST son, David, 28, spent
four years in the Navy, serving in the
Vietnam War. His youngest brother,
Wesley, 48, served in the Korean War.
Johnson and his wife, Lawwana, have
five children and three grandchildren.

"It does look like they're (Vietnam

veterans) not going to get all the atten-
tion we got," Johnson said. "I suppose
it was because a lot of people didn't
think the Vietnam War was too import-
ant and a lot of them were against it.

"We're dealing with them (Vietnam
vets) here in the Guard. We'd like to
have more of them if we could get
them."

After his discharge July 14, 1945,
Johnson enrolled in an agriculture
short course in what now is Michigan
State University. He met his wife and
stayed. He enlisted in the Guard in
March 1950 and by that fall was on full-
time duty.

ALTHOUGH JOHNSON likes to put
memories of the war behind him, he
doesn't entirely. He spent last Memo-
rial Day weekend visiting patients in
veterans hospitals instead of picnick-
ing.

With almost 29 years on active duty
with the Guard, Johnson says that he's
beginning to think of retirement. But
he's not sure when.

Johnson

Johnson displays his medal of honor

Off the road

Oscar Johnson a quiet hero

By MARK NIXON
Staff Writer

DEWITT — The dreams recur every now and then, 36 years after it ended. "About a month ago, I had another one," says Oscar Johnson. "Artillery was going off all around us. We were taking another hill."

The war medal lay on the kitchen table a hair-breadth from his fingertips. He paused — eyes never straying from the five-pointed star with the word "valor" stamped above it — and offered an ironic smile. "After all this time... You can never forget it altogether."

They may not be the inspirational words one would expect from a World War II hero and winner of the Congressional Medal of Honor. They are, however, in keeping with Johnson's attitude toward hero-worship.

"A GUY works hard on the front lines for two days, and gets killed the third," he explained. "He doesn't get a line in the papers. Me, I got lucky. I hold this medal for the other guys, the ones who never made the headlines."

Thirty-six years have passed since those bloody days on a battle-torn ridge in northern Italy. Oscar Johnson never quite accustomed himself to the praise and publicity, never felt comfortable with some versions of his story, which he likens to "Paul Bunyan tales."

Maybe now the hero can stand at ease. After 30 years service in the Michigan National Guard, Johnson hung up his uniform last week. He retired as a chief warrant officer in charge of a vehicle maintenance shop.

A retirement dinner held in Lansing last Friday may have been the last hurrah for this one-time Upper Peninsula farm boy who would just as soon forget the attention, and the dreams. The history books, of course, will not forget. And while reluctant to detail his own brand of heroics in September of 1944, Johnson confirms their accuracy with a nod.

IT BEGAN this way. In mid-September, the U.S. Fifth Army ran into heavy German defenses in the Apennine Mountains north of Florence. Only two mountain passes could allow the American advance to continue. The Americans moved on toward Il Glogio Pass, a two-lane road bordered by high ridges fortified with German gunners. To the left of the pass was the 3,000-foot Monticelli Ridge, where an American assault was led by 200 men of Company B of the 363rd Regiment, 91st Infantry Division.

From here, an account written in Time-Life's

Concluded on page A-5



Staff photo by BRIAN BURD

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Sun April 13, 1980

Johnson

A hero's medal for all the guys

Concluded from page one

"The Italian Campaign" provides a dramatic glimpse of Pvt. Oscar Johnson's acts of heroism:

"For two days these men crawled and clawed their way toward the crest. When they reached it in a bayonet charge, only 70 of them remained. The Germans made repeated counterattacks, reducing their number to 50, but the Americans hung on. Their position became so desperate that their left flank was being held by a solitary man, Pfc. Oscar G. Johnson, who was cut off from his comrades.

"ATTACKED BY dozens of the enemy who came at him in waves, Johnson steadfastly drove them back. During lulls in the fighting he collected weapons and ammunition from the dead and wounded, arranging the guns around him so that he could keep up a steady stream of fire. He fought alone from late afternoon all through the night and into the next morning before help finally reached him."

According to the Army's official citation, Johnson held the left flank for more than 2½ days, from Sept. 16-18, after losing all seven men in his mortar squad who were either killed or wounded. He repeatedly defended the left flank against five German paratroop companies. Estimates of the Germans he killed range from 20 to 40. Twenty-five more enemy soldiers surrendered to him on Sept. 17.

Finally, on that afternoon, Johnson rushed to the aid of two men caught in a devastating mortar and artillery barrage. The two were half-buried and seriously wounded, and while a medical corpsman treated them, Johnson covered the shellhole with his fire. That night he secured the wounded men's removal to the rear, and remained on watch until he was relieved.

FAILING TO turn the exposed left flank on Monticelli Ridge, the Germans were pushed back, and the Fifth Army eventually gained control of Il Giogo Pass which allowed the northern advance to continue.

It is the stuff of a John Wayne movie, or more appropriately, akin to the Medal of Honor exploits of Audie Murphy and Alvin York.

"You had to do what you had to do," Johnson recalled. "You always wondered what the next day was going to bring. But after you go so long without sleep, it doesn't

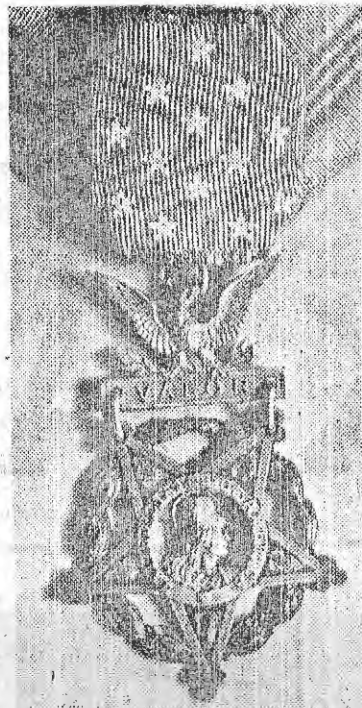


Johnson wearing medal in 1945

seem to bother you. You become a machine."

He remembers sitting in the shallow trenches on Monticelli Ridge, eating K-rations, taking catnaps when the fighting lulled, and wondering what to do next. The mortar rounds had run out long ago. He used grenades, M-1 rifles, a pistol — anything he could find.

He barely knew some of the wounded and dead men in his squad. "We kept losing the new guys. They just didn't have the luck."



Close up of the medal

SOMEHOW, INCREDIBLY, his luck held out. Johnson was never wounded in the fierce battle on Monticelli Ridge. He was 23 at the time. An old man by war standards.

Afterwards, he was recommended by his commanding officers for the Medal of Honor and was pulled out of action. He was also promoted to sergeant, and was awarded the medal in June 1945 by Gen. Mark Clark, commander of the Fifth Army.

The Italian Campaign was worlds apart from Foster City, a Scandinavian farming community in the western U.P. where Oscar G. Johnson Jr. was born and raised. He grew to be a strapping, freckle-faced youth whose ambitions rarely ventured beyond the farming life.

After the war, he returned home to pick up where he had left off. His interest in dairy farming led him to agricultural schooling at Michigan State University. He found work on a farm north of Lansing. His first night on the job, he attended a Grange meeting and there met his future wife, Lawwana.

THEY MOVED into a rambling farmhouse north of DeWitt soon after their marriage. Thirty years and five children later, the Johnsons are still tending a small farm from the old house. "Maybe I'll have the time to do some remodeling," he mused.

Every two years he attends conventions for Medal of Honor winners, and has made friends with several of the nation's military heroes. He feels comfortable in their presence, he says. They understand what it means. Boastful reminiscences are practically unheard of.

"Most of us don't like living in the past," said the soft-spoken, 59-year-old Johnson. "When you have the medal, you don't bring it down to where you stand. You try to live up to it."

Since the Congressional Medal of Honor was first authorized during the Civil War, only 3,346 persons have received it. Of that number, 431 were awarded in World War II, many of them posthumously. There are about 280 in the country today. Seven of those live in Michigan. Oscar Johnson, a quiet hero if there ever was one, still tries living up to the medal he rarely wears nowadays.

It's for the other guys, he says. The guys who didn't make the headlines. The guys whose luck ran out.

Yesterday's Hero

By Sue Martin

September, 1944. One more year and the war in Europe would be over. One more year and PFC Oscar Johnson, then just another dogtag number among the millions shipped overseas, could go home to Michigan.

He didn't like war much. The dying was a painful loss to absorb, day after day. But there were no gray areas in war: only black and white. You fought because you had to. You fought for your country, your honor — and your life.

September, 1944, changed things for Oscar Johnson. He never set out to be a hero. Perhaps no one ever does. Yet war fashions heroes in fractions of seconds, and they emerge from that unique combination of time, place and attitude as a special breed. They win medals, applause and ticker tape parades. But some, like Oscar Johnson, would just as soon be forgotten.

Life had never been easy for Johnson. He had worked on his father's dairy farm in Foster City since he was a small boy. The work was tough and demanding, but it was his life, his heritage. Even after Pearl Harbor, he felt he was needed more on the farm, so he made no attempt to join. He simply worked and waited for the inevitable. The army needed him too, and Johnson left for war in September, 1942.

During the next two years he settled into the expected and unexpected routine of men at war. He came to know the dry taste of fear, the whistle of a bomb about to rip up the world around you, the whimpering cries of a gutshot buddy, hands clumsily bandaging a belly squirting blood. Dropped into this panorama of life stripped to its raw core, Johnson fought to survive.

In the fall of 1944, Johnson and his company from the 91st Infantry Division had maneuvered into position near Scarperia, Italy — a small northern town tucked into the Appennine Mountains, now mangled by war.

Johnson, the leader of a seven-man squad, was ordered to stake out a combat post 50 yards to the left of his company's position, to cover the exposed flank. The squad scrambled for cover behind an embankment, but by the afternoon of September 16, German artillery fire and counterattacks had killed or wounded all of Johnson's men.

He was alone now, cut off from the rest of his company; alone with his thoughts, the wheezing coughs and cries of men crumpled and dying, thousands of miles from home. Momentarily, his mind dallied with the past. He shook it off. "We had to hold," he says. He knows it even now, and knew it then, 35 years ago on a bleak Italian hillside. And so he fought. Fought until that last German stopped trying to pry him loose from that single piece of black earth he was determined to hang onto. Fought until the silence.



Oscar Johnson: Left a boy . . .



. . . and returned a hero

Night slipped in quietly, but there was no time to sleep. He knew they would overrun the position the first moment he faltered. And so he fought, turning back the Germans time and again. Two men, sent to help Johnson, were cut down in a murderous artillery fire. Johnson, half-crouching, ran to where the pair lay, nearly buried and seriously wounded. He covered their position, holding the Germans at bay until the two could be evacuated. He stayed, alone again, until relief finally ended his long and courageous vigil.

It is said that during those two days, the Germans had committed five paratroop companies against Johnson's company. After the battle, some 20 dead Germans were found in front of Johnson's position, and he had captured 25 others. Johnson would have just as soon been dispatched with a thanks and a handshake. But his superiors recognized that in Johnson, there was that special breed of soldier. Consequently, the simple Michigan dairy farmer received the Medal of Honor. It is the nation's most revered military honor. It is the badge of courage, a symbol of unselfish devotion to duty and country. But for PFC

Oscar Johnson, it became almost a bitter resentment.

Discharged a sergeant in July of 1945, Johnson returned to his home on the Upper Peninsula. He winced at the sight of family and friends gathered around the train station, offering the hero's welcome. He didn't want to be singled out. But the crowd's cheers died quickly, which suited him just fine. In time, normalcy settled back into Oscar Johnson's life.

Johnson eventually moved to Lansing, where he studied agriculture at Michigan State College for two years. Afterwards, he worked a construction job in the welcomed shadows of anonymity. He married, and in the spring of 1950, joined the National Guard. It wasn't long before people started to learn of Johnson's past.

He had little to say about the honor then, and even today says only that he feels the military had to give credit to someone, so they picked him.

"It probably should have been someone else," he says, his voice nearly a whisper when he adds, "a lot of guys died up there."

It's hard to pry Johnson loose from his reticence about the past, about those fall nights in Italy. But he does say the medal has changed things, and he's not very proud of it. "The medal gets to be a factor in everything. It becomes old stuff. If people live in the past, they become stale. When I started working that construction job, people didn't know I had won the medal. I liked that. I was able to do things on my own."

Today, Johnson lives a modest life in DeWitt, working as a Chief Warrant Officer for the Guard. He and his wife raised five children, all gone now, in a home beset with age. It hardly seems fitting for a Medal of Honor winner.

Johnson says he guesses he's stuck with it now, "but the medal changes everything. People pay attention to the medal, but I wonder what I could have done without it." Strange. He talks as if the medal robbed him of some unfulfilled dream or passion, as if he knew, from the moment he received it, he would never be free to chart his own destiny. The question seems to linger behind eyes etched with regret.

Still, he doesn't completely regret the time he spent in uniform. "Sure, I think it helps shape a person's life. And I don't think a year or so in the military would hurt a young person today. I was in for three years and there wasn't any luxury. Being drafted would make a lot of boys appreciate what they get later in life."

Funny he should say that. For a Medal of Honor winner, Johnson seems to have run out of appreciation. Now, yesterday's hero just wants to be left alone.

Sue Martin is a free-lance writer and a journalism major at Michigan State University.

Johnson

JOHNSON, DAVID L.

Holt

Formerly of DeWitt

Age 38, died April 28, 1988. He was born September 12, 1949 in Lansing. Mr. Johnson was employed as a press operator at B.O.C. Graduated from St. Johns Schools and was a Vietnam veteran, serving in the U.S. Navy. He is survived by his father, Oscar G. Johnson of DeWitt; 2 brothers, Edwin of Lansing and Larry of Haslett; 2 sisters, Mrs. James (Linda) Kovar of Eaton Rapids and Mrs. Steve (Nancy) Johgart of Ann Arbor. He was preceded in death by his mother, Lawanna Johnson in 1987. Funeral services will be held Tuesday at 1 p.m. at the Gorsline-Runciman DeWitt Chapel with the Rev. Frederick C. Nose, Pastor of DeWitt Community Church, officiating. Interment in DeWitt Cemetery. The family will receive friends Monday from 2-4 and 7-9 p.m. at the Chapel.

Feb 21 - 1946

Succumbs



A. G. JONES

A. G. Jones Dies Feb. 14

Services Held Monday
For St. Johns Grocer
Who Was in Business
Here for Fifty Years

Almearon G. Jones, 81, former St. Johns grocer and one of the city's most respected citizens, died at Clinton Memorial hospital last Thursday afternoon. He had been in poor health for some time and his death followed by little more than a month the passing of his wife on Jan. 10.

Mr. Jones spent more than 50 years as a business man on St. Johns' Clinton avenue. As a boy in his teens he came here from his Riley township farm home to work in the O. P. Dewitt grocery. He learned the business there and in 1901, in partnership with Carl LeBaron, he bought the Lou VanCon-sant store at the corner of Clinton avenue and Higham street.

Retired in 1934

Mr. LeBaron retired from the partnership 1½ years later but Mr. Jones continued to operate the grocery store in the same location until December of 1934 when he sold to Lester Smith and retired from business. The store was later sold to the Wings and this past year it was bought by Lynn Bradley.

One of the city's most prominent business men, Mr. Jones was known by people throughout Clinton coun-

served as president and a member of the board of directors of the St. Johns Building and Loan Association. He was a vice-president and a member of the board of directors of the State Bank of St. Johns.

He was always active in Masonic orders and was one of the first commanders of the St. Johns Commandery of Knights Templar. He was also a member of the Shrine.

Born in Riley

He was born on Jan. 18, 1865, in Riley township, the son of Nathan E. Jones and Susan Hildreth Jones. He was married in St. Johns on Oct. 15, 1890, to Miss Cella A. Gardner. After her death in November

of 1937, he married Mrs. Glenn Horton Ward on Feb. 6, 1939. Mrs. Jones died on Jan. 10 of this year.

Surviving are two daughters, Mrs. W. I. Lillie, of Philadelphia, Pa., and Mrs. Louis Bula, of Rochester, Minn.; and three grandchildren.

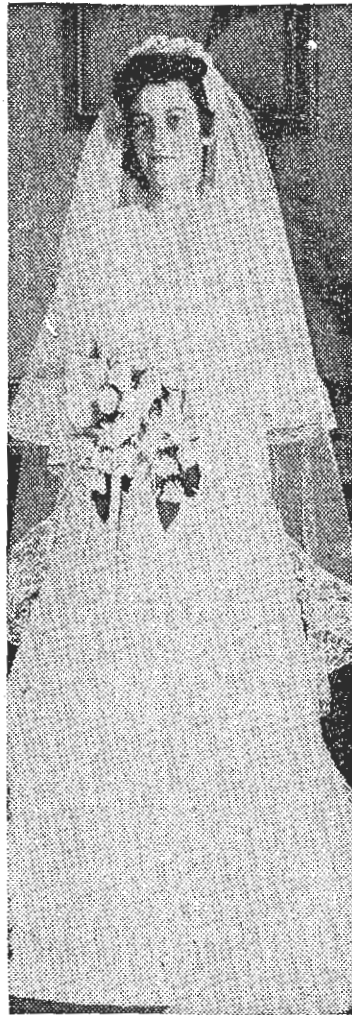
Funeral services were held Monday at 2 p. m. from The Eberis with Rev. Ray T. Caldwell, of the St. Johns Congregational church, officiating. Burial was in Mt. Rest cemetery.

Active pall bearers at the funeral included L. W. Wolf, Asa Gillson, Ellsworth Tallmadge, Arden Cook, Thomas E. Gorkin and Guy Dutcher. Honorary pall bearers were Arthur E. Wilson, Walter Wykoff, E. W. Fehling, Vern Walker, George G. Hunter, Jess Bancroft, Dr. H. M. Gohn, Fred Bunday, Lyman Parr, Glenn Steel, George Schoep-hals and Earl LeBaron.

Jones

Jones

Married



MRS. ROBERT E. STENZEL

Miss Marrietta Jones, daughter of Benton Jones DeWitt, was wed Aug. 26 in a candlelight ceremony in DeWitt Community church to Robert E. Stenzel, son of Mr. and Mrs. Dan Stenzel of DeWitt. A reception followed the nuptials.



Jones

W. R. Jones. Earl Jones.
Mrs. Vienna Cutler. Veda Jones. Mrs. Persis Jones.
MRS. VIENNA CUTLER AND DESCENDANTS.

In the present age of hustle, hurry and worry, representatives of five generations, all living and enjoying good health, is a particularly rare thing, yet Mrs. Vienna Cutler, one of the oldest residents of South Riley, is at the head of five generations and of two others from which, however, some of the younger members have died.

Mrs. Cutler is 91 years of age and her daughter, Mrs. Persis Jones, 70, Mrs. Jones' son, W. R. Jones, and his son, Earl Jones, and the young man's daughter, Veda, aged two years, complete the five generations. The Jones' members all reside in Osceola county.

Mrs. Cutler was born in Massachusetts and came with her husband when they were both quite young, to Michigan, settling on some land Mr. Cutler took up at South Riley. Here they underwent all the hardships and toils of early land breakers, and with but few neighbors except Indians, boyed a home out of the great Michigan wilderness.

Six children, four daughters and two sons were born to them. The husband and two daughters are now deceased.

Mrs. Cutler still resides on the old homestead, but sleeps nights at the home of her son, E. W. Cutler, who lives just across the road. Her love for the old home that she and her husband labored so hard for in their early wedded life becomes dearer to her each year, and she spends all the time she can in it.

until a year or so ago, and she took long walks after berries, or in fact did any thing almost that she wished, taking long railway journeys to visit relatives and was just as independent in getting about as women 50 years her junior.

She often amuses the younger members of the Cutler generation by her stories of early days, and she is an authority on Indian lore of the old tribes that roamed through this portion of the state.

The aged woman is a grandmother of Marcus C. Cutler, letter carrier at station A, of this city, and frequently visits him, taking great delight in two healthy little great grandsons in the letter carrier's family.

Mrs. Cutler is still very cheerful and happy. She retains all her faculties, but is now slightly lame. Perfectly contented, she is waiting for the end when the reward which she has always had faith in awaits those who have feared God and tried to keep his commandments.

MARRIED.

William Ellwanger of Olive township and Miss Cora M. Jones, daughter of Charles Jones of Bengal were married Wednesday morning at the Methodist Episcopal parsonage. They were accompanied by Daniel Ellwanger of Olive and Miss Emma Seeger of DeWitt. Since the death of her mother three years ago Miss Jones has been housekeeper for her father in Bengal. After a few days spent with relatives in Grand Rapids, they will reside on the groom's farm east of DeWitt.

TWO MARRIAGES MAKE RELATIONSHIP TANGLE

PROMINENT BENGAL AND DEWITT
PEOPLE ARE THE PRINCIPALS.

There is a marriage tangle with Bengal and DeWitt well known residents as the principals in which a father becomes the brother-in-law of his daughter; a sister becomes the mother-in-law of her brother; one man's father-in-law becomes his brother-in-law; a woman's sister-in-law becomes her mother and if each couple has children one man's grandchildren will be his nephews and nieces and—but, whew! what's the use of prophesying on the future—good night!

The tangle was brought about through the marriage of Charles Jones of Bengal township and Miss Emma E. Ellwanger, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ellwanger of DeWitt, and the marriage of her brother, William Ellwanger, and Mr. Jones' daughter, Miss Cora Jones.

Mr. Ellwanger and Miss Jones were married December 24, and reside on a farm in DeWitt township.

The marriage of Charles Jones of Bengal and Miss Emma E. Ellwanger and which brought about the tangle in relationship, took place Thursday, January 15, at the Methodist Episcopal parsonage in St. Johns, Rev. J. H. Wilcox officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Halsey of Olive were present, Mr. Halsey and Mr. Jones being brother and sister. Mr. and Mrs. Jones are residing on his farm, section 22, Bengal, where Mr. Jones was born in 1862, and where he has always lived. His parents were Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Jones, who came to that section in 1856. His bride has a pleasing manner and is a competent trained nurse.

All the parties are well-known in the communities where they reside and the best wishes of their many friends are extended to them in their new relationships.

MID Michigan NEWS

JONES



MISS SADIE JONES

Teacher for 45 Years To Retire at Grand Ledge

(Special to The State Journal)

GRAND LEDGE, May 16—Retiring at the end of this school year after teaching for 45 years is Miss Sadie Jones, elementary school teacher here at the Neff school.

Miss Jones has taught in the Grand Ledge schools since 1933, coming here from Clinton county, where she taught for 16 years. She has been a fourth grade teacher here at Greenwood, Union, West and Neff schools.

She first began teaching at the Brown one room school north of DeWitt and then in the village of DeWitt before coming here.

She also has helped teach driver training and worked with the summer recreation program. She is a past president of the ABC club, active in the Garden club

here and past worthy matron of Wacousta chapter, Eastern Star.

Miss Jones, along with Mrs. Albert Arnold, sixth grade teacher, and Miss Vine Chaplin, second grade teacher, who also are retiring, will be guest of honor at a tea Thursday afternoon at 3:30 p. m. at the high school. The tea is being sponsored by the Grand Ledge Teachers association. Present and former staff members, former students and their parents and friends of the retiring teachers are invited to attend.

Mrs. Arnold began teaching here in 1953 after teaching in other Eaton county schools for 26 years. Mrs. Chaplin came to Grand Ledge after teaching in Kalamazoo and other Eaton county schools. Both Mrs. Arnold and Miss Chaplin have been on leaves of absence during the current school year and have decided not to return to teaching.