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The  
Platt-Cottrell-Smith

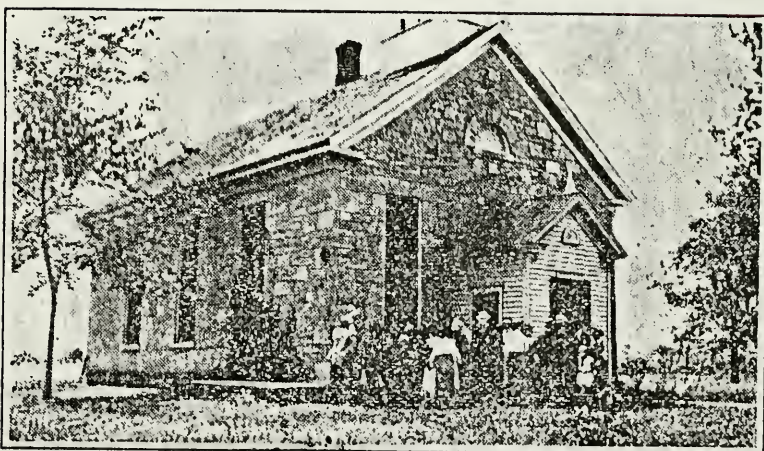
Reunion association

Held at

Wabamsee, Kansas,

Saturday, Sunday and Monday,

August 25, 26 and 27, 1917.



THE PLATT-COTTRELL-SMITHS JUST ENTERING THE CHURCH

This is the Third Congregational Church organized in Kansas, the Churches at Lawrence and Manhattan being older. Our Fathers were Charter Members and helped to erect this building, the inside wood work of which is of solid black walnut.





THE PLATT-COTTRELL-SMITH REUNION  
ASSOCIATION

Officers

President, F. L. Platt.....Kirwin, Kansas

Secretary, Frank Harshbarger.....Topeka, Kansas

Treasurer, E. L. Platt.....St. Joseph, Missouri

The next Reunion will occur at Wabaunsee, Kansas,  
not later than 1922.

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THE SET OF THE SOUL

"One ship drives east; another drives west,  
While the selfsame breezes blow,  
'Tis the set of the sails, and not the gales,  
That bids them where to go.

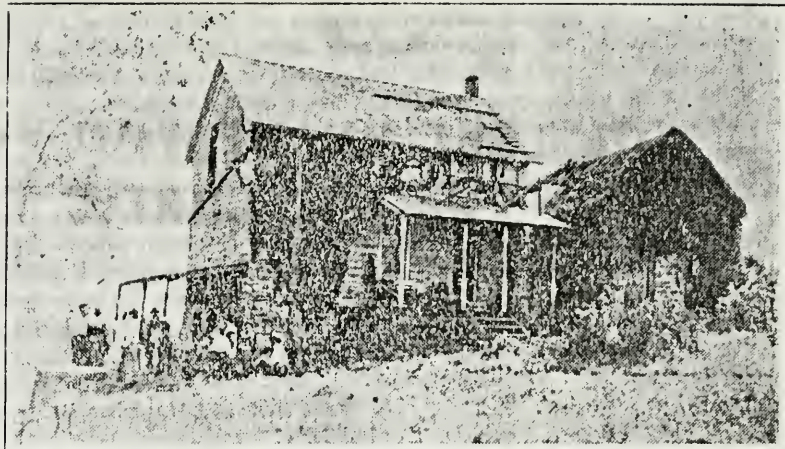
Like the winds of the sea, are the ways of the fates,  
As we voyage along through life:  
'Tis the set of the soul that decides the goal,  
And not the storm or the strife."

H. M. Lender 12

1026385

No 25 40





### THE COTTRELL FARMHOUSE

Where Our Grandmother died and where Ernest, Lucy, Amos and Jennie Cottrell were born, and where the Reunion was held.

## The Platt-Cottrell-Smith Reunion,

at Wabaunsee, Kansas,

Saturday, Sunday and Monday; August 25, 26 and 27, 1917.

It was some thirty five years ago, when the writer was a mere lad, that a big Platt-Smith-Cottrell reunion was held at the home of Uncle Evarts and Aunt Jennie Platt at Manhattan. Henry Platt, Enoch Platt, Evarts Platt, Luther Platt, Martha Cottrell, and several of the Smith families were present at that most happy occasion. All the Platts of that generation were never together again. The writer will never forget how near he came being drowned in the Big Blue that day, neither will he ever fail to remember Cousin Zack Kemper for rescuing him from the water.

For the past six or eight years when ever Ernest Cottrell, Ed and Mell Platt, the writer and his brother Dwight came together they always discussed holding another reunion. We always favored it, but it remained for Ernest and Martha Cottrell to make this reunion the success it has been. Their careful plan, hard work and hearty hospitality has certainly given the rest of us three most enjoyable days or rest and recreation. Hats off to Ernest and Martha!

Some of the rest of us got "cold feet" on the deal because of poor crops and War Prices, but Ernest and Martha soon put the "pep" back into us all, and the invitations we joined in sending resulted in all the first cousins of the Platts and Cottrells being present except Henry Cottrell of Memphis, Tennessee, who was represented by his wife, and Mrs. Bertha Platt McMillan of Santa Ana, California. Uncle Enoch's family was represented by Mrs. Jennie Baldwin (Platt) Krieger of Peoria, Illinois. She is a second cousin



and grew from babyhood until her marriage in Uncle Enoch's home. William F., Isbell of Council Grove, Kansas, the youngest member of the Beecher Bible and Rifle Co. sent out by Henry Ward Beecher from New Haven, in 1856 to help make Kansas a Free State was also present. As a lad he spent several years in Uncle Enoch's home. He carries his seventy two years with more ease than some of us carry our forty five. He entered heartily into the spirit of the occasion and any one unacquainted with the facts would guess that he was considerably younger than he is.

Marietta Smith Reed and husband and family of Holton, and Mrs. Kitty Myrtle Smith Wheeler and husband and two of her children, represented the Smith Cousins of the same generation.

The following is a copy of the Autograph Roll taken at the happy occasion. This Roll was preceded by the following request: "Please give your name in full and date of birth and marriage, if married." We have added the post office address after each name.

### ROLL

- F. L. Platt, April 19, 1872; December 25, 1900. Kirwin, Kansas.  
C. H. Stiles, October 1, 1859, June 30, 1887, McFarland, California.  
Nellie E. Stiles, September 22, 1865, June 30, 1887, McFarland, California.  
E. Heman Platt, November 13, 1863, December 25, 1889, Franklin, Nebraska.  
James E. Payne, October 11, 1862, May 7, 1897, Manhattan, Kansas.  
Nellie M. Payne, December 11, 1900, Manhattan, Kansas.  
James E. Payne, Jr., June 10, 1903, Manhattan, Kansas.  
Mary E. (Cottrell) Payne, March 11, 1868, May 7, 1897, Manhattan, Kansas.  
Roy Nelson, January 17, 1901, "Sometime." Wabaunsee, Kansas.  
Rachel, Wright, August 17, 1906, Welsh, Louisiana.  
Esther Wright, November 19, 1899, Welsh, Louisiana.  
Martha Amelia Cottrell, February 21, 1870, Wabaunsee, Kansas.  
Ernest Leonard Cottrell, December 14, 1876, Wabaunsee, Kansas, Our Hosts.  
Nelle Campbell Platt, September 25, 1873, December 25, 1900, Kirwin, Kansas.  
Sarah E. Cottrell Wright, April 24, 1872, June 21, 1894.  
Rhoda E. Beitel Platt, September 5, 1863, December 25, 1889, Franklin, Neb.  
Ferry Luther Platt, Jr., May 11, 1903, Kirwin, Kansas.  
Arthur H. Platt, July 30, 1891, Franklin, Nebraska.  
Paul . Platt, February 16, 1905, Kirwin, Kansas.  
Howard J. Platt, November 10, 1896, Franklin, Nebraska.  
Jennie Smith Baldwin (Platt) Kreiger, December 3, 1861, September 4, 1883, Peoria, Illinois.  
A. J. Pottorf, August 1, 1874, October 26, 1899, Riley, Kansas.  
Lucy Maria Cottrell Pottorf, November 11, 1878, October 26, 1899, Riley Kan.  
Florence J. Cottrell, July 27, 1884, October 22, 1907, Elgin, Illinois.  
Amos Luther Cottrell, August 23, 1881, October 22, 1907, Elgin, Illinois.  
Lucy S. Platt Harshbarger, August 16, 1866, June 22, 1888, Topeka, Kansas.  
Frank Victor Harshbarger, October 23, 1892, Topeka, Kansas.  
Eugene L. Harshbarger, December 12, 1889, Topeka, Kansas. Lieutenant at Fort Leavenworth.  
Emily Lois Sanford Platt, April 11, 1870, October 12, 1898, Topeka, Kansas.  
Lois Platt, November 4, 1899, Topeka, Kansas.







### THE PLATT-COTTRELL FIRST COUSINS

All but two were present, Henry Cottrell, of Memphis, Tennessee, was represented by his wife. Mrs. Bertha Platt McMillan, of Santa Anna, California was not present.

Reading from left to right, Top Row; Mrs. Lucy Harshbarger, Topeka, Kansas; Heman Platt, Franklin, Nebraska; F. L. Platt, Kirwin, Kansas; E. L. Platt, St. Joseph, Missouri; E. M. Platt, St. Joseph, Missouri. Bottom Row; Mrs. Nellie Stiles, McFarland, California; Mrs. Mary Payne, Manhattan, Kansas; Miss Martha Cottrell (Our Hostess), Wabaunsee, Kansas; Mrs. Sarah Wright, Welsh, Louisiana; Ernest Cottrell (Our Host), Wabaunsee, Kansas; Mrs. Lucy Pottorf, Riley, Kansas; Amos L. Cottrell, Elgin, Illinois; Mrs. Jennie Nelson, Riley, Kansas

Ruth Platt, May 12, 1905, Topeka, Kansas.

George C. Wheeler, February 1, 1872, May 18, 1898, Topeka, Kansas.

Ray Harshbarger, July 24, 1903, Topeka, Kansas.

Gladys Kircaid Platt, April 30, 1873, November 16, 1898, St. Joseph, Mo.

Marietta Smith Reed, September 28, 1875, November 1, 1905, Holton, Kansas.

Harriet Reed, February 19, 1912, Holton, Kansas.

Elizabeth Reed, June 21, 1914, Holton, Kansas.

Kitty Myrtle Smith Wheeler, March 14, 1876, May 18, 1898, Topeka, Kansas.

Elizabeth Landon Platt, August 19, 1865, August 8, 1891, St. Joseph, Mo.

Emory Melzar Platt, November 4, 1865, August 8, 1891, St. Joseph, Mo.

J. Evarts Platt, July 2, 1901, St. Joseph, Mo.

Helen Virginia Wheeler, February 23, 1909, Topeka, Kansas.

Louise Frances Reed, August 5, 1908, Holton, Kansas.

Mary Frances Wheeler, December 29, 1911, Topeka, Kansas.

Esther Desire Platt, September 28, 1904, St. Joseph, Mo.

Allison Platt, November 24, 1909, St. Joseph, Mo.

E. W. Reed, February 1, 1870, November 1, 1905, Holton, Kansas.

W. A. Harshbarger, September 1, 1862, same day as Mrs. H., Topeka, Kansas.

Fannie Dorman Cottrell, December 5, 1866, March 4, 1887, Memphis, Tenn.

Jennie Cottrell Nelson, December 6, 1883, April 7, 1909, Riley, Kansas.

Joy Nelson, January 28, 1910, Riley, Kansas.





Phillip Nelson, December 4, 1912, Riley, Kansas.

Harold Nelson, March 27, 1916, Riley, Kansas.

E. V. Nelson, August 24, 1881, April 7, 1909, Riley, Kansas.

W. F. Isbell, November 4, 1845, Member of Beecher Bible and Rifle Co., and  
Uncle of Henry Isbell.

Edward Leon Platt, May 27, 1869, November 16, 1898, St. Joseph, Mo.

Mary Reed, October 27, 1906, Holton, Kansas.

Sterling Judson Cottrell, July 8, 1914.

The Kirwin, Kansas and Franklin, Nebraska Platts arrived at the Cottrell home at a late hour on the night of Friday, August 24, after a most pleasant auto ride of almost two hundred miles. We found the Louisianians and Californians had already arrived and we began enjoying ourselves from the very first.

Breakfast the next morning was the only meal at which we sat at the table in the big kitchen. All other meals were served "cafeteria," each person being furnished with a metal tray, paper plate, knife, fork, spoon and cup. Three times a day we "formed the bread line" and passed around the big table and helped ourselves to what we wished. Almost seventy were thus served on Sunday noon. There was plenty to eat and some of us, who are regular occupants of "swivel chairs," ate like harvest hands. Mrs. Jennie Beroth and her daughter, Miss Josie, had charge of the culinary department under the direction of Cousin Martha, and with the help of many willing hands the labor of preparing the meals and washing dishes was not a great task for anybody. The meals themselves were just one round of pleasure punctured with many a quip and jibe. Whenever silence impended, Cousins Ed or Amos would invariably "start something". "Tubby" Harshbarger was the only one who suffered from over eating, and his trouble arose from drinking a pint of pure separated cream. The way the table was laden with good things to eat did not exactly harmonize with Hoover's plan of food conservation.

Some of the men slept in a tent. Most of them were couched in the second story of "Hotel DeStable". Our beds were soft, and our slumber sound, until the roosters began to crow. After the first announcement of approaching dawn by one Chanticleer, two score and ten others joined in the responsive service which made further slumber impossible. The rain one night drove those in from the tent to the hay mow, and some of the women and children who were sleeping in hay wagons under stack covers took refuge on the floor of the big sitting room. Through it all we did not hear a cross or petulant word, and there was not a quarrel among the youngsters, although there were so many of them.

Saturday night a big heap of drift wood and logs down by the creek bank was made into a great bonfire to greet the arrival of the autos bringing the families of Dr. Reed and Cousins Ed and Mel from Horton and St. Joseph. When they rolled in there was a regular war dance. Ed Platt's hearty embraces and osculatory performances will not soon be forgotten by any who were either witnesses or parties to them.

Sunday was a day filled with many tender memories and happy reminiscences. The programme called for an informal service at the Old Stone





### THE PLATT-COTTRELL-SMITH BUNCH WITH THEIR FAMILIES

W. T. Isbell in the center between Cousins, Ernest and Martha.

Church at Wabaunsee, which our fathers had helped to organize and build. This is the third Congregational Church ever organized in Kansas, the churches at Lawrence and Manhattan being the only ones that preceded it in organization. Our fathers had done much of the actual work in connection with the erection of this building. The finishing lumber used in this structure is of solid black walnut, and nowadays it would be worth a small fortune. The history of this church from 1856 to the present has been one, rich in service and sacrifice. For forty years or more Uncle Amos and Aunt Martha were faithful members and workers in this church. Both of them had charge of Sunday School Classes until the very close of their lives. Aunt Martha's musical talent was freely given to the good of the church and Sunday school. She was always ready to preside at the organ, if occasion demanded, or she would step aside for another without any of that jealous feeling so commonly supposed to exist in church choirs.

After much hustle and hurry, the whole bunch was loaded in two big hay wagons and two or three automobiles and rode over hilly rocky roads to this place of worship which holds so many precious memories to most of us. Our service that morning was very informal. The rain of the night before prevented the arrival of the regular minister from Manhattan, so the Cousins just took charge. Cousin Mel directed the music led by a choir composed of a bunch of the others, and there certainly was something of the Spirit of Uncle Evarts in that singing. Mel has some of his father's ability to get music out of a crowd. Short talks were made by Mr. M. L. Stone of Wamego and Mr. George Burt of Wabaunsee and another old gentleman whose name we do not remember. When the writer tried to make a few remarks, the old stone walls seemed filled with such a flood of sacred memories that he did not dare to trust his tongue to speak what was in his heart.





While this service was especially touching to those of our generation, we dare say none of the younger ones will ever entirely forget it.

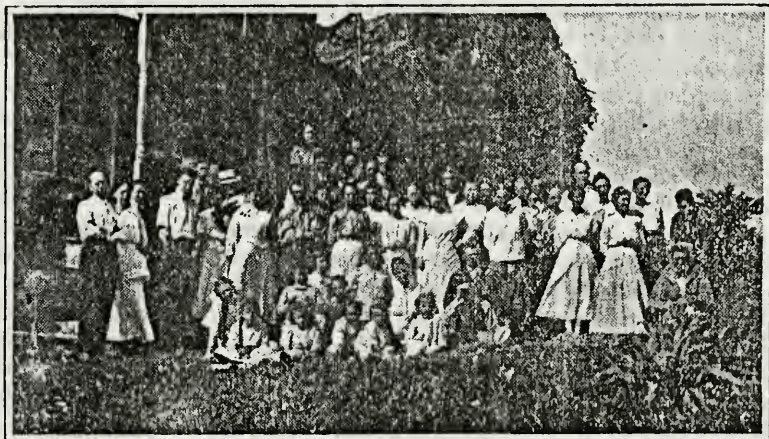
Sunday afternoon there was more visiting and many heart to heart talks. Out under the trees the bunch of first cousins gathered and a picture was taken. Later another picture of the "In-Laws" was taken, but we regret that this picture failed to come out in the development.

During the afternoon a permanent organization was formed under the name, "The Platt-Cottrell-Smith Reunion Association," by the choice of the following officers: F. L. Platt, Kirwin, Kansas, President; Frank Harshbarger, Topeka, Kansas, Secretary; and E. L. Platt, St. Joseph, Missouri, Treasurer. It was voted that another reunion be held not later than 1922, and that each and every one of us endeavor to attend that one and make it as great a success as this one had been.

F. L. Platt was instructed to make arrangements to have the names of Henry Platt, Evarts Platt, Luther Platt and Martha Cottrell with proper dates engraved upon the family stone in the Cemetery at Mendon, Illinois, in accordance with the expressed desire of our Grandmother who had the stone erected over Grandfather's grave. He was also instructed to look after the general care of the Cemetery lot and make the necessary assessment to defray the expense of the same.

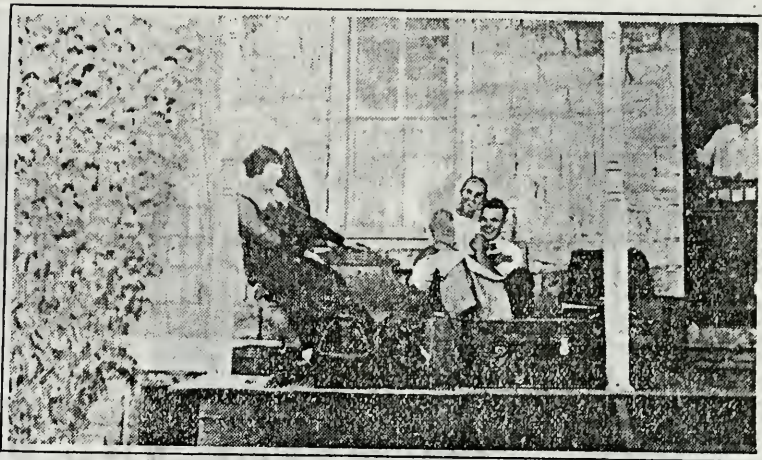
The writer was also instructed to prepare copy and publish a little booklet in commemoration of this reunion, expense of the same to be shared by all the interested parties. This little booklet is the result of this vote.

Monday morning rain threatened to spoil the plans for the big Old Settler's Picnic in the Cottrell Woods. By ten o'clock plans were resumed for this event. In the meantime Cousin Ernest was making himself "solid" with the little "city cousins" by furnishing a safe old nag on which they could ride by twos, by quartettes or by dozens. They enjoyed it hugely



JUST BEFORE WE STARTED TO CHURCH SUNDAY MORNING





## THE SPOON AND SPOONHOLDER

Cousins Martha and Frank, Wilma looking on and Nellie Payne in the door

whether the horse did or not. By the way through the entire event Ernest seemed to get his most hearty pleasure in making it possible for everybody else to have a good time.

By eleven o'clock the autos began to arrive bringing the old settlers from Wamego, Manhattan, Alma and the surrounding country. Notwithstanding the threatening weather fully 250 or more old friends and neighbors gathered and made merry and partook of the sumptuous picnic dinner which was served in cafeteria style.

A programme had been arranged for after dinner. This was somewhat shortened and interrupted by the rain which began at four or five o'clock. This programme was opened by singing "America" led by Cousin Mel, after which Cousin Heman engaged in a fervent word of prayer and after another song the writer read an historical sketch of the Platt-Cottrell families, full text of which is found in subsequent pages of this booklet. This was followed by a bass solo by Mr. M. L. Stone of Wamego, an old friend of the families. The title of his song was "My Father's Half Bushel." Mr. Stone was heartily encored and introduced Editor Danforth of the Wamego Times who rendered that most beautiful selection, "The Perfect Day." Superintendent E. B. Gift of the Manhattan Schools spoke for a few minutes on the question, "Does this generation live up to the ideals of our fathers?" His address was cut short by the falling rain, and Misses Otilie Schmitz and Nellie Grant of Alma rendered a duet under umbrellas with conditions not the best for them or their hearers. This was followed by the downpour, the mud making putting on of the chains, and the "honking" of the auto horns as the crowd dispersed across the creek and over the rocky hills home again.

Who can forget that night of song and mirth which followed in the sitting room? Ed Platt at the organ. An old copy of "College Songs" be-







### THE KIRWIN-FRANKLIN PLATTS JUST READY TO START HOME

Reading from Left to Right; Heman, Howard, Rhoda, Arthur, Ferry, Ferry, Jr., Nelle and Paul

fore him—he rambled through the pages, while the rest of us joined with perhaps more of zest than genuine harmony in the singing again of “Solomon Levi”, “Bohunkus,” “Clemintine”, “Bonnie” and “Good Night Ladies.” What memories these old songs brought to our minds? Then finally Cousin Lucy Harshbarger took the organ stool. Without ostentation or show, how she played! Her music was that of one who loves it and whose years of training have developed the artistic instinct.

It was a late hour when the men waded through the mud and rain to the barn to seek slumber in the hay to “the patter of the rain drops on the roof.” The roosters again began to crow, and daylight was soon followed by effulgent sunlight, and after breakfast and another most touching season of genuine “Family Worship” the party soon began to break up, and the Platt-Cottrell-Smith Reunion of 1917 had passed into history.

### THE PLATT-COTTRELL SPIRIT

By F. L. Platt

Fellow Cousins and friends, I am especially glad to be here and to speak a few words at this occasion which means so much to most of us. I have given this paper the title “The Platt-Cottrell Spirit.” I am talking to Platts and Cottrells about Platts and Cottrells. The same kind of words might be spoken about many of the other noble pioneers of this and other communities, but they are not my subject, so please do not accuse me of egotism.



Our forebears we think are worthy of our honor and respect. We are glad to voice this tribute. I believe that heredity and environment are potent forces in determining human inspirations, aspirations, accomplishments and actions. I also believe that often the best of ancestry and surroundings the most desirable fail to reproduce their likes. Self control and self esteem play as important a part in human destiny as do heredity and environment.

"One ship drives east; another drives west,  
While the selfsame breezes blow,  
'Tis the set of the sails, and not the gales,  
That bids them where to go.

Like the winds of the sea, are the ways of the fates,  
As we voyage along through life:  
'Tis the set of the soul that decides the goal,  
And not the storm or the strife."

So while we may all be proud of our ancestry, it behooves each of us to see that the "set of his soul" leads to the "goal."

The earliest date I can find in the Platt family history is March 21, 1760, the birthday of Thomas Dutton, who on September 5, 1781 was married to Thankful Punderson, whose birthday was October 5, 1763. To Thomas and Thankful were born ten children; Mathew, Chester, Anna, Betsey, Daniel, Henry, "Sally" or Sarah, Lucy, Laura and Alma. "Sally" or Sarah, the seventh of these was born May 4, 1798, almost 120 years ago.

Going back again in the chronology, I find that on January 15, 1768, Jireh Platt, was born, and that on September 24, 1772 Keturah Smith first saw the light of day. The date of their marriage we can not find, but their first child, Hannah Smith Platt, was born on her mother's twentieth birthday September 24, 1792. This most worthy family also contained ten children, two Clarrissas, one born in 1794 and one in 1795, Keturah, Jireh, William, Henry, Polly Esther, Minerva, and Smith. The birthday of Jireh was March 23, 1798, or less than two months before that of "Sally" or Sarah Punderson, whom he married in 1822 at Stratford, Connecticut. This bride and groom of 95 years ago became the grandparents of these grayheaded, baldheaded, fat and lean specimens which are here assembled today to make merry and to show our children and grandchildren by precept and example what great advantage it is for every young man and young woman to be born—and to be born of such worthy and prolific parentage as we possess. Every man and every woman in this world has had two grandfathers and two grandmothers, but for our purposes we are discussing only one set of these, namely Grandfather Jireh Platt and Grandmother Sarah Dutton Platt. So not to confuse figures, we want you to remember that these two excellent people if they lived now, would be 119 years of age and that they would have been married 95 years.

Like their parents they begat a large family—eight children in all: Henry Dutton, born July 13, 1823, Enoch, February 9, 1825, Julia Sarah, December 4, 1826, who died in the prime of her young womanhood at about





30 years of age, Mary whose birth was January 23, 1830 died December 11, 1851, Jeremiah Everts, May 23, 1833, Luther Hart, December 10, 1835, an unnamed infant, April 1, 1838 and Martha, May 7, 1839. These now are all gone to their reward, and we are left to tell the story of their lives as best we may, and by our own lives to maintain the ideals and principles, with which, by precept and practice, they endeavored to endow us.

I have no recollection of ever having seen either of my Grandparents. So what I say of them is what I have heard of others. My understanding is that all the children older than my father were born in Connecticut, before the family came west to make Mendon, Illinois one of the pioneer strongholds of Congregationalism in that state. Grandfather was one of the charter members of that church, and for over fifty years or until his death was its Senior Deacon. Coming from Connecticut in those days and of the stock from which he sprang, it is little wonder that he was not only a hard headed Yankee, but that he was also a most uncompromising Puritan. Many of these characteristics which so strongly marked his life and action are to be plainly seen in characteristics of his sons and daughters and their descendants of our own generation. My wife often remarks that she can discern these readily in her husband.

I think Grandfather was a great thinker upon religious, moral and political questions. I do not think he was a bigot, but I do think that when he had thought out a proposition and reached a conclusion, that it took more than a passing gust of opinion to change his mind, and that he would make almost any sacrifice to carry out any purpose which he had formed. I take it that he had enjoyed only moderate educational advantages, but that having become convinced that in education there is power, he made great personal sacrifices that his children might have better advantages than had been his. His children all had good common school training, much better than that usual to their station in life. Uncle Henry and Uncle Evarts enjoyed some measure of higher culture. Grandfather's home contained more of books and papers than were found in most homes of the frontier. These papers and books were probably for the most part of a religious character. Moral, religious, and political topics were of every day discussion in this household. This reading, thinking and discussing we doubt not had much to do with the indisputable fact that his children and grand children were by natural inclination thinkers, students and moulders of public opinion. Can you find another family in Kansas as large as the Cottrell family of which it can be said that every member is a graduate of the State Agricultural College and that those who married, married graduates of the same institution? Most of the other grandchildren also enjoyed more or less of higher scholastic training—a training that was not vouchsafed by wealth but which we secured by self sacrifice and hard work. With all his Puritanism he enjoyed life in a legitimate manner. I never heard more hearty peals of laughter than I have heard come from his children. He was keen to see a joke, but not harsh in cracking it on another's weakness. He recognized duty and derived pleasure in doing it. He and Grandmother were both lovers of music and I have heard my father often speak of the splendid concerts they used to have around the home fireside. Every one of the family had his own private



musical instrument. Father's violin is still a treasure in our household, though F. L. Jr. has only begun to get harmony out of it. All his children except perhaps Uncle Enoch were singers of no mean ability. This musical talent crops out in the inherent ability and cultured skill of Cousins Ed and Mel Platt and Lucy Harshbarger. And most of the rest of them have been known to lift up their voices in song. But on the other hand I doubt if Henry Cottrell or the writer could carry a tune even if furnished with the proverbial basket.

In politics and morals our Grandfather was an uncompromising Abolitionist. The old Mendon homestead was a station on the Underground Railroad and many are the incidents I have heard father relate of experiences with Missouri Slave Drivers. Once Grandfather had \$1000 offered for his capture dead or alive, as a violator of the Fugitive Slave Law. A band of slave drivers had traced some refugees to his door and riding up before the house, they whetted their bowie knives on the rail fence demanding the surrender of the negroes, and swearing terrible vengeance if this demand was refused, but they did not try to enter, for it was common talk that Deacon Platt kept an ax hanging just inside each outside door to brain the man who attempted to force an entrance to his home, and no negro slave was thought valuable enough to risk the life of a white hunter. With the coming daylight this bristling band of braggadocio "vanished like the mist before the sun."

The large family our Grandmother raised together with the household duties of a farm home kept her busy, but the family reared reveals the hand that rocked the cradle. It is a source of regret that in later life her mind was clouded by a pall which took her reason and left her such a burden of care to Aunt Martha in her early married life. Who can render sufficient appreciation to Martha Cottrell for seventeen years of loving and patient sacrifice and toil that she gave to this Grandmother of ours!

I now quote from some letters recently received from some who knew these people personally.

Mendon, Illinois, May 5, 1916

Mr. F. L. Platt,  
Editor "Kansan"  
Kirwin, Kansas.

Dear Sir:—Your letter of April was received and, I assure you, I was very glad to have it for publication as there are many still living here who knew your father, your grandfather, Deacon Jireh Platt, and the Cottrells.

I remember the Cottrells well myself. Over 40 years ago I traded a calf, the first property I possessed to Mr. Cottrell for 5 ewes. When I sold the sheep some years later, the flock had increased to over one hundred head. The Cottrells were then living on the old farm and Henry and Nellie were kids. Nellie was a chum schoolmate of my wife's.

Your grandfather and grandmother Platt's graves are well marked with a substantial family stone and well cared for. We have the best and most beautiful country cemetery in the county and in it are many handsome monuments.

There are a number of old residents here who can tell you much of





Deacon Platt and family. They are—

Mrs. Elizabeth P. Chittenden, my aunt, who came here from Connecticut in 1831.

Deacon R. B. Starr, now in Los Angeles, Cal. 317 S. Uorton, Ave.

Geo. H. Baldwin, Mrs. S. J. Arnold, Miss Ellen Bradley, Miss Louise Frisbie, W. S. Betts, S. F. Chittenden and Mrs. Mary Bray, all of Mendon, Ill.

Mrs. D. A. Bradley, (who lived in McPherson, Kansas)

The old Platt house is still standing little changed from what it was 60 or 70 years ago. It is the most original old house in this township. It would pay you to come here and visit the old place and talk to the old people before any more of them are gone. Respectfully, Joseph B. Frisbie.

A letter which I had addressed to the editor of the Mendon Newspaper prompted the foregoing letter. Mr. Frisbie published my letter and as a result of it I got several other letters. From one of these I quote the following:

"I am the widow of your father's own cousin, George D. Baldwin. We lived about forty rods from them. Our farms joined. We were back and forth every day or so. In regard to your Grandparents' lot in the Cemetery, it has been taken care of, for my husband took care of it until he died ten years ago. Since then I do not know who has had it in charge, but it has been cared for, either by the Association, or your Aunt Martha Cottrell had it cared for, and since her death it has still been cared for, but I do not know by whom. Mr. Baldwin had Enoch's name put on the monument and it was desired by your Grandmother, who bought the monument, to have all her children's names put on it, but your Uncle Henry's, Uncle Evarts' your father's and Martha's have not been put on as yet. I think there are five buried there, your Grandfather and Grandmother, and two of your Aunts, Mary and Julia Platt, who grew to young womanhood, and an adopted daughter Mary Morgan, and there are markers at the head of each grave. It would be well to have the rest of your uncles', your father's and Aunt Martha's names put on. This is only a suggestion.

There was never a more conscientious Christian than your Grandfather. He would always stop work of whatever kind to go to the Thursday afternoon prayer meeting, and take all his family. He was deacon in the church from the time he came from the east, till he died in 1870. No one could say aught against him, and he was always ready to help the poor, and be a true blood Abolitionist.

I knew you and your brother when you were small boys. I also knew Henry's children and Evarts' boys, but never saw Enoch's girl.

I also knew five of Martha's children, for five were born on the old homestead, four born after leaving here I never knew. I am nearly 80 years old. Your Aunt Martha was here three years ago and spent the summer in Mendon, making my home her headquarters.

Your cousin, Anna V. Baldwin."

In a postscript she adds, "I forgot to tell you that your Grandfather's home was a station on the Underground Railroad. It had a place in the cellar where from 1 to 10 people could be hidden. We owned the place after the Platt's left it. The old Platt homestead is still standing."



In another letter written in June 1916 she says that the lot has been neglected and says a fee of \$1.50 per year paid to the Cemetery Association will insure that it have proper care. It seems to me that from this bunch we ought to devise some way of handling this matter and that of having the names of our parents put on the stone.

The following very interesting letter explains itself:

Scribner, Nebraska, February 23, 1917.

F. L. Platt, Kirwin, Kansas.

Dear Sir: A number of months since, my attention was called to a communication from you published in the Mendon Dispatch, in which you expressed a desire to be informed concerning the particulars of your Grandfather's life. As I read your request I thought I would at once offer you a few recollections of my own, but for some reason I have delayed until the present. I am at present a Congregational minister in Nebraska. I am 69 years old. I was born at Mendon and left there in 1864, when I was less than 17 years of age. I lived in the village, and you know doubt know, Mr. Platt lived something more than a mile away. I was well acquainted with the Platt family, that is in the sense in which a boy can be acquainted with older people. I was an invariable attendant at the church of which they were prominent members, and our family pew was perhaps three or four directly behind the Platt's.

Mr. Platt was I think a rather small man in stature, well proportioned, self possessed, fairly active, with as it would seem to me a round head, kindly, dignified, resolute, always ready to express his opinion, but in comparatively few words. He was one of the large givers to the church, and to all of its varied departments. He did not spend money very freely upon himself and did not dress as well as the average man of those days. It seems to me that his over coat in winter was a little yellow with age. However in his home there were more books and papers to be seen than in most homes.

A number of years ago I wrote to Mrs. Cottrell and asked her where her father got the name of Jireh, and whether it implied great faith on his father's part. She replied that she did not know how the name came into the family. That it was his father's name, but his father was not a particularly religious man. Mr. Platt was very hospitable. Any one was welcome at his table. Once when I was at dinner in his home, an Irish tramp asked for something to eat, and was seated at the table. I think he hastily ate two or three potatoes and departed, and your Grandfather's remark was this, "We shall be much poorer for what that man ate."

I recall at one time his selling potatoes, they were then sold at what was at that time a very high price, 60c a bushel. He was selling to a widow woman, though to one who was not especially poor, and I heard him say that he sold to widows and preachers at half price. He was respected because of his character. He was not exactly popular with the church or with the world, because as I remember hearing one woman say, "He was 'Ultre' ". He rebuked sin briefly but distinctly. I do not know of his engaging in argument. He called at the door of a residence on one occasion and as it was opened some men were assembled playing cards. He did not go in. He called



for something which the woman got for him. The only remark he made as he stood at the open door was this, "A bad example for these boys, Mr. Chittenden." to which there was no reply, and in some brief way I have known him to express his disapproval of the use of tobacco.

I think he was in part the product of the "Oberlin Evangelist" a paper published by Mr. Finney and others of Oberlin. On second thought, I hardly think the above statement is warranted, I am not sure but he was a heroic character before the "Evangelist" was founded. He certainly was of a kindred spirit with those men.

One incident more. On a Sunday afternoon, when the second sermon of the day was being preached, if he was troubled with drowsiness, he at once stood up where he was, in a listening attitude, until the dullness had passed by. This was only an occasional experience. I am afraid it may be a long time before we see his like again. With best wishes, Yours sincerely, M. B. Harrison.

With this kind of ancestry there is no cause for us to wonder at the character produced in our parents. With this kind of training, is it any wonder that they belonged to the noble band of Pioneers whom Whittier made to say:

"We cross the prairies as of old  
The Pilgrims crossed the sea,  
To make the West, as they the East,  
The homestead of the free!

We go to rear a wall of men  
On Freedom's southern line,  
And plant beside the cotton-tree  
The rugged Northern pine!

We're flowing from our native hills  
As our free rivers flow;  
The blessing of our Mother-land  
Is on us as we go.

We go to plant her common schools  
On distant prairie swells,  
And give the Sabbaths of the wild  
The music of her bells.

Upbearing, like the Ark of old,  
The Bible in our van,  
We go to test the truth of God  
Against the fraud of man.

No pause, nor rest, save where the streams  
That feed the Kansas run,  
Save where our Pilgrim gonfalon  
Shall flout the setting sun!

We'll tread the prairie as of old





Our fathers sailed the sea,  
And make the West, as they the East,  
The homestead of the free!"

The early training of our parents produced just such "Kansas Emigrants."

This training was educational, religious, and political, and the times developed that fighting instinct, that bared the arm and drew the sword in later political and moral reforms, and acknowledged no defeat. Reason and justice must triumph.

"However the battle is ended,  
Though proudly the victor comes  
With fluttering flags and prancing nags  
And echoing roll of drums,  
Still Truth proclaims this motto  
In letters of living light—  
No question is ever settled  
Until it is settled right.

Though the heel of the strong oppressor  
May grind the weak in the dust,  
And the voices of Fame with one acclaim  
May call him great and just,  
Let those who applaud take warning  
And keep the motto in sight—  
No question is ever settled  
Until it is settled right.

Let those who have failed take courage  
Though the enemy seems to have won,  
Though his ranks are strong, if in the wrong  
The battle is not yet done;  
For sure as the morning follows  
The darkest hour of night,  
No question is ever settled  
Until it is settled right."

This principle was burned into the lives and characters of our parents by better educational advantages than were vouchsafed to all. Uncle Henry, Uncle Enoch, Uncle Evarts and perhaps my father were students for a longer or shorter period in what was known as Mission Institute. This institution, among other things trained a number of Conductors, Engineers, and Trainmen for that most unpopular but at the same time well patronized thoroughfare, "The Underground Railroad." We doubt not that the students of this school in their public and private discussions determined those habits of thought and action which marked the whole struggle for the protection and assistance of the blackman. Later Uncle Henry attended Yale Theological Seminary from which he was graduated in 1851. Uncle Evarts got his advanced education in the Jacksonville College, of Jacksonville, Illinois.





This training enabled him to become a great force in the educational life of Kansas. That this training was thorough and worth while is shown by the influence that he exerted over the youth of Kansas during the nineteen years he was Professor of Mathematics in the State Agricultural College. As I have traveled over Kansas during my life and have been introduced as a "Platt", many times have I been asked if I was a son of "Professor Platt", or the "Sunday School Platt", or the "Singing Platt". I have had to reply, "No," I am only his nephew. These people have then gone on to say what a thorough teacher he was, or what an enthusiastic Sunday School man he was, or how well they remembered that magnificent voice and his ability as a leader in song. For Ed and Mel it is certainly an inspiring memory to know that so many hundreds of people remember their father for these characteristics. He organized the first grade school in Topeka, and played some part in the early planning for Washburn College. His ten years Sunday School work in Oklahoma, I doubt not, were equally fruitful of good influences as were the 15 years he served in a like capacity as State Superintendent of Congregational Sunday Schools for Kansas.

To return to Uncle Henry, we find that in 1850 he was a colporter in Illinois, that he was ordained in 1851, that he was pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Brighton, Illinois, for seven years, followed by 10 years in the Congregational Church at Chesterfield, that he was Superintendent of Missions for Southern Illinois for three years, and later served the Churches at Lincoln and Danvers for one year and five years. Then when he moved to Nebraska in 1886 he carried with him that same Platt religious and educational spirit that made him a power in Nebraska Congregationalism and that made it possible for him to give to Franklin Academy a son, Heman, who for 24 years has been an active member of the Board of Trustees of Franklin Academy, and has served as Superintendent of the Franklin Sunday School for probably 20 of the past 31 years. And what shall we say of Lucy—Lucy Harshbarger? A fine musician, a cultured lady, a Christian Mother and the wife of one of the most erudite Mathematicians in either Kansas or Nebraska. Isn't she true to type?

In educational and church life it was given Uncle Enoch to be rather than to do. He was a worthy farmer. One who lived the life rather than one who preached and taught others how to live. But who shall say which method reaches the more people, or does the more good? Ask any old settler of this community, what kind of a man was Enoch Platt? and I am sure none of us would need to blush, if the true revelation were given. The regret of us all is that Cousin Bertha is not with us today. We certainly ought to send her greetings.

My father played his part in the church and school history of Kansas too. He taught music in Washburn the first year it opened. There he met Miss Nettie Ferry, a student in that first session of the school. This acquaintance ripened into that friendship and love which resulted in the marriage which made my own parentage. I can not say when father was ordained, but he organized the first Freedman's Church in Topeka, and as late as my own days in Washburn College, I occasionally met old colored "Uncles" and "Aunties" who remembered him and his work for their race, and always



spoke of him with honor and respect. He was serving this church at Topeka when my brother Dwight was born. If father and mother had done no more than to give Dwight Platt to Kansas Congregationalism, they would have performed no mean task. Without egotism I think I can say that he was one of the strongest sermonizers and most forceful preachers the state has ever produced. He was no self advertiser as some men are, but his works do live after him, and I am confident that with his departure Kansas Congregationalism suffered a great loss—a loss for which we can find no reason. Why a man in his prime with such noble qualities of intellect and soul such widening influence and power should be taken when others of us, inferior in type are left, we can not say.

From Topeka father and mother moved to Eureka, where I was born and where he was one of the early pastors and lived for ten years. During this time he organized several outstations which have since become strong churches. While living here, on some missionary trip or other, he preached the first sermon ever delivered in Wichita, in a Saloon with two beer kegs as a pulpit. In these missionary efforts his violin played no small part, and until asthma destroyed its power, his voice, lifted in song, helped gather and hold his audiences. He was the first County Superintendent of Schools in Greenwood county, and helped organize the schools in old Sequoyah now Finney County. He organized and built the first church in Garden City. He was pastor of the Church at Reno Center, now Partridge where he built two parsonages, later he served the Churches at Dover and Auburn and at the last mentioned place built a new church edifice. His last pastorate was at Alton, where he worked in the harness, until from absolute exhaustion he quit, because he could not stand on his feet for the hour necessary to conduct a service and after a few short weeks of intense suffering passed to his reward. Through all the years of my memory to his death he tenderly nursed my invalid mother. How he accomplished so much in so many different lines when for most of that time he was an invalid himself, is something which as a boy I did not consider, but in my later years it has been a source of wonder.

Even if in a more limited zone, not less marked has been the educational and religious influence cast in this community by Uncle Ame and Aunt Martha. For years whenever I came to Wabaunsee, and attended Sunday School in the old Stone Church, Uncle Ame had a large class of young men up there in the gallery. Can any one say that those free and open discussions of political, moral and religious questions, under his direction, were not worth while? Can those who heard them ever forget the prayers he offered at family worship, especially those on the morning of the seven wedding days which came to that household? I also happen to know something of the financial sacrifices which this same Amos Cottrell made for the welfare of the Wabaunsee Church. I think too of his long service on the Wabaunsee School Board. I believe this office has now been passed to our Bachelor Cousin Ernest, but his being a bachelor, I dare say has never worked hardship to the Wabaunsee Public Schools. Uncle Ame and Aunt Martha were the power behind which built that Cottrell House at the College gate in Manhattan, and which still belongs to the estate, where for so many years there





was always one or more Cottrells living and attending the College. The Cottrell Farm did not have a telephone until they were gone, they never saw a substantial barn on the farm, but there were sometimes mortgages upon it, but whether is it better to build barns to house the horses, cattle and hogs or to raise and educate boys and girls, judge ye? A family chain of nine and not a link in the chain broken! What greater blessing than a large family of keen intellects, quick with parry and thrust. Every one of the links in this chain has proven strong enough to bear the strain. They have all made good. Father and mother sacrificed. The children enjoy the blessings of the sacrificial unction.

The struggle for the Abolition of Slavery and the resulting Civil War developed in the Platt Cottrell tribe a fighting spirit, though Uncle Ame and my father were the only ones that were actually in the army. The latter because of broken health and an early furlough was ordered "to go home and die," and saw comparatively little actual service. He went home, but with characteristic Platt stubbornness refused to die and returned and was mustered out with his company, the 127 Illinois Infantry Volunteers. The other brothers had good reasons for not joining the army. Henry and Enoch were both married before the war began, and had their families coming on. In our present military system a wife and babies are considered good and sufficient ground for exemption. Uncle Evarts was married in 1860. He walked across Missouri to get his bride, starting with \$4.60 and reached Mendon with 12 1-2c. But he did not hide behind a petticoat and those who remember Aunt Jennie know she would not have allowed her skirts to protect any man from doing his duty. But he had another cause. It seems that there were only two men on the College faculty at that early day and it seemed wise and best that one of them should stay by the College and its work. The matter was discussed at some length and it was finally decided to put it to a vote of the student body and Uncle Evarts was elected to stay. He stayed and for 19 years remained moulding the plastic minds that came to that institution. Uncle Enoch did serve in the Wabaunsee Home Guard and held the office of Quarter Master in that organization. Service was as needful here as at the front. Some of the old settlers here will remember his fighting characteristics. At one time he engineered a campaign to capture and break up a band of horse thieves. The leader was captured and after being tried, convicted, and sentenced, stood in the court room talking to Enoch. Without warning he drew his fist and struck him a blow that broke his nose, and then remarked that now he could go to the Penitentiary with better grace, since he had punished that Blankety blank, Enoch Platt, who had run him down.

Uncle Ame's pioneer experience began when he drove a freighter's bull team across the plains in 1855. In '56 he helped with the founding of Wabaunsee colony, and when the war broke out he served in the First Illinois Cavalry and was captured and paroled. Believing "that no question is ever settled until it is right" he broke his parole and again entered the army in Co. E 10 Illinois Infantry. In one of these terms of service he was intrusted with valuable military papers with orders to carry them through the enemy lines to New Orleans. This means he was a spy, and capture meant certain





death. He delivered the papers and returned in safety. I have tried to get him to relate some of the experiences of this trip. He seemed loath to talk about it, but I remember his saying that he shot and killed the other fellow, I think it was in a rooming house in St. Louis, because he was sure that he had been spotted and he knew that it was simply a question of killing or being killed.

So we have no reason to blush at the record of our parents in this war. They were not "slackers." Neither were they "Mollycoddles."

After the war these same people became fighters for better things, better schools, better morals, better politics and higher ideals. With my father the great struggle came, in his uncompromising warfare against the Saloon and later for the enforcement of the Prohibitory Law. As late in his life as his last pastorate at Alton I remember once that he made a business trip to Osborne the County seat. His business had nothing to do with law enforcement. He got home late at night but the next morning he found that the most notorious joint keeper of the town had left between days, because that Blankety little Platt had gone to consult the County Attorney and Sheriff. Verily "the Devil fleeth when no man pursueth." The Prohibitory Law in those days was miserably enforced, but thanks to the training of this father of mine, yours truly, has always carried a "snickersnee" as long and as heavy as he could swing for the whole damnable business. This training gave me the nerve and backbone to stand business and financial loss and some social ostracism because the Kirwin Kansan would fight not only with paper and ink, but also with whatever legal weapon came to my hand. The bitterness of this struggle may be guessed when I say that one night the Congregational Parsonage, then occupied by J. E. Kirkpatrick now of Washburn College, was smeared with stale eggs. A few nights later the Church received the same treatment including the breaking of several windows. When I say smeared I do not mean that a few eggs were thrown, I mean literally smeared Eggs were cheaper then than now. Kirkpatrick and Platt were especial objects of hate and venom. The Kansan office then was in a basement. In the midst of a hot political campaign the main issue of which was the election or defeat of the Sheriff and County Attorney who were hand and fist with the joints, I went to the office one morning to find the stairway leading to it filled with two wagon loads of livery stable manure. A few weeks later both Sheriff and County Attorney were defeated. I am proud to say that in this fight the KANSAN never pulled down the flag, and that now after these years, it has the respect and honor of some who most bitterly opposed it in those days. This is a long story, to say more would sound egotistical.

However I can not refrain from saying that my feelings now can be guessed, when in the recent struggle for better things, a struggle in which he had an opportunity to go down in history as a great reformer, the President of the United States threw the great weight of his influence on the side of expediency and saved Beer and Wine in the Federal Food bill.

This act, and that other of asking every body to do his part, and then refusing to accept the services of—in my opinion the greatest American that lives, Theodore Roosevelt, however have not caused me to turn against the

<http://stores.ebay.com/Ancestry-Found>

government and its great undertakings. We are in a great War. It must be fought to a finish. Neither will it be "settled until it is settled right." until this world is made a safe place in which to live. Until that is done let us throw aside our politics, whether the President does his or not, and fight! Fight hard and to a finish.

This is not a political speech. We are talking about our parents. What of us? Are we better or worse than our fathers? Have we the moral and religious convictions they had? Are we passing down to our children a heritage as worthy as they gave to us? I shall not answer these questions. Each of us knows in his individual consciousness whether he is or not.

We have but one life to live and but one death to die. After all it does not matter so much, when that death comes.

"So he died for his faith. That is fine,  
More than most of us do.  
But say can you add to that line,  
That he lived for it, too?

In his death he bore witness at last  
As a Martyr to truth.

Did his life do the same in the past  
From the days of his youth?

It is easy to die. Men have died  
For a wish or a whim—

From Bravado, or passion, or pride  
Was it harder for him!

But to live—every day to live out  
All the truth that he dreamt,  
While his friends met his conduct with doubt  
And the world with contempt?

Was it thus that he plodded ahead,  
Never turning aside?

Then we'll talk of the life that he led  
Never mind how he died."

George Platt and my brother Dwight, were the only ones of our generation that followed our fathers' oft expressed desire for Christian ministers. George was cut off before his work began. Dwight lived for his faith, and he died in this same faith.

Gus Platt proved his mettle by his life. You know the story of the Guthrie flood in '97 and how he swam the waters of that cold and raging torrent. He was no craven coward. He did it as a duty. His good wife and mother stood on the bank and saw him carry that rope across the stream, nay they urged him to go and asked God to bless him in doing it. He and they had the Platt-Cottrell Spirit.

This country has and will have great problems of War and peace—greater than perhaps ever before. Have we been true to our sires? Have we inculcated in our children that love of Justice, respect for Honor, devotion for the Flag and fear of God that will make them worthy descendants of those who bore us? Have we given them the Platt-Cottrell Spirit?





## THE PLATT-DUTTON GENEALOGY

Thomas Dutton, b. March 21, 1760.

Thankful Punderson, b. October 5, 1763.

Married September 5, 1781.

Mathew Rice Dutton, b. June 30, 1783.

Chester Dutton, b. July 2, 1785.

Anna Dutton, b. January 2, 1788.

Betsy Dutton, b. August 31, 1790.

Daniel Punderson Dutton, b. January 30, 1793.

Henry Dutton, b. February 12, 1796.

Sally or Sarah Dutton, b. May 4, 1798, Our Grandmother.

Lucy Dutton, b. February 17, 1801.

Laura Dutton, b. March 8, 1803.

Alma Dutton, b. December 20, 1806.

Jireh Platt, b. January 15, 1768.

Keturah Smith, b. September 24, 1772.

Married——

Hannah Smith Platt, b. September 24, 1792.

Clarissa Platt, b. March 9, 1794.

Clarissa Platt, b. July 26, 1795.

Keturah Platt, b. October 16, 1796.

Jireh Platt, b. March 23, 1798, Our Grandfather.

William Platt, b. June 27, 1799.

Henry Platt, b. October 18, 1801.

Polly Esther Platt, b. October 31, 1804.

Minerva Platt, b. November 4, 1806.

Smith Platt, b.——

Jireh Platt, b. March 23, 1798.

Sally or Sarah Dutton Platt, b. May 4, 1798.

Married at Stratford, Connecticut,.....1822.

Henry Dutton Platt, b. July 13, 1823, d. February 3, 1903.

Enoch Platt, b. February 9, 1825, d. April 12, 1891.

Julia Sarah Platt, b. December 4, 1826, d. October 18, 1857.

Mary Platt, b. January 23, 1830, d. December 11, 1851.

Jeremiah Evarts Platt, b. May 28, 1833, d. April 16, 1899.

Luther Hart Platt, b. December 10, 1835, d. January 18, 1896.

An unnamed infant, b. April 1, 1838, died in infancy.

Martha Platt, b. May 7, 1839, d. October 12, 1912.

Henry Dutton Platt, b. July 13, 1823, d. February 3, 1903.

Sarah Eliza Stratton Platt, b. May 15, 1832, d. October 1, 1908.

Married at Brighton, Illinois, February 5, 1852.

Unnamed Infant, b. July 10, 1853, died July 10, 1853.

Mary Ellen Platt, b. September 26, 1854, d. October 18, 1854.

George Henry Platt, b. October 21, 1855, d. October 16, 1856.



Sarah Annie Platt, b. August 11, 1857, d. March 3, 1933.

Married October 22, 1879, to Zacheriah Taylor Kemper.

Unnamed Infant, b. November 4, 1861, d. November 4, 1861.

Edwin Heman Platt, b. November 13, 1863,

Married December 25, 1889, to

Rhoda H. Beitel, b. September 5, 1833.

Arthur Henry Platt, b. July 30, 1891.

Howard Julius Platt, b. November 10, 1896.

Lucy Stratton Platt, b. August 16, 1866.

Married at Franklin, Nebraska, June 22, 1888 to

William Asbury Harshbarger, b. September 1, 1862.

Eugene Lee Harshbarger, b. December 12, 1889, Lieutenant U. S. Army, Ft. Leavenworth.

Frank Victor Harshbarger, b. October 23, 1892,

Ralph Platt Harshbarger, b. November 25, 1900, d. March 12, 1903.

Ray Stratton Harshbarger, b. July 24, 1903.

Enoch Platt, b. February 9, 1825, d. April 12, 1891.

Sarah Ann Chapman, b. July 14, 1828, d. December 12, 1914.

Married October 20, 1852.

Bertha May Platt, b. February 10, 1868.

Married about 1894 to

Donald McMillan.

Jennie Smith Baldwin (Platt), b. December 3, 1861, niece, adopted in infancy by Mr. and Mrs. Enoch Platt,

Married September 4, 1883 to

Lewis William Krieger, b. January 23, 1859, d. October 23, 1910.

Augusta May Krieger, b. August 21, 1884.

Edna Lois Krieger, b. April 4, 1886.

Married June 17, 1911 to

William F. Shanemeyer, b. March 30, 1886.

William F. Shanemeyer, Jr., b. July 30, 1915.

William Enoch Krieger, b. June 16, 1896.

Jeremiah Evarts Platt, b. May 28, 1833, d. April 16, 1899.

Sarah Jane Smith, b. June 28, 1838, d. January 9, 1917.

Married April 3, 1860.

George Lincoln Platt, b. March 4, 1861, d. December 20, 1878.

Henry Augustus Platt, b. June 16, 1862, died January 2, 1903.

Married to

Mollie Smith, b.

Harold Augustus Platt, b. October 31, 1890.

Lucile Platt, b. October 3, 1892.



Emory Melzar Platt, b. November 4, 1865.

Married, August 8, 1891 to

Elizabeth Landon, b. August 19, 1865.

Emory Melzar Platt, Jr., August 16, 1892.

Married June 2, 1913, to

Chloe Morris, b. October 1892.

Emory Melzar Platt, 3rd., June 9, 1914.

Charles Morris Platt, b. June 9, 1915.

J. Evarts Platt, b. July 2, 1901.

Edward Leon Platt, b. May 27, 1869.

Married November 16, 1898 to

Gladys Kincaid, b. April 30, 1873.

Esther Desire Platt, September 28, 1904.

Allison Kincaid Platt, November 24, 1909.

Luther Hart Platt, b. December 10, 1835, d. January 18, 1896.

Martha Angennette Ferry, b. May 19, 1839, d. January 25, 1912.

Married September 5, 1866 at Topeka, Kansas by Rev. Lewis Bodwell.

Dwight Henry Platt, b. May 30, 1867, d. October 2, 1914.

Married October 12, 1898 at Milford, Kansas to

Emily Lois Sanford, b. April 11, 1870.

Lois Platt, b. November 4, 1899.

Henry William Platt, b. July 8, 1903, d. July 12, 1903.

Ruth Platt, b. May 12, 1905.

Ferry Luther Platt, b. April 19, 1872.

Married December 25, 1900, at St Francis, Kansas, by Rev. Dwight H. Platt, to

Nelle Campbell, b. September 25, 1873.

Ferry Luther Platt, Jr., b. May 11, 1903.

Paul Campbell Platt, b. February 16, 1905.

Three Infant sons, b. July 10, 1879, died same day.

Martha Platt, b. May 7, 1839, d. October 12, 1912.

Amos Adams Cottrell, b. November 15, 1835, d. February 8, 1909.

Married October 8, 1862.

Henry Mortimer Cottrell, b. July 29, 1863, at Mendon, Illinois.

Married March 4, 1887 to

Fannie May Dorman, b. December 5, 1866.

Paul Henry Cottrell, b. December 21, 1888, at Manhattan, Kansas.

Married, March 28, 1917 to

Hermia Cash, b.

Frank Dorman Cottrell, b. September 22, 1890 at Manhattan, Kan.

Married April 26, 1916 at Chicago, Illinois to

Irene Bodett, b.

Henry Mortimer Cottrell, b. August 19, 1917 at Memphis, Tenn.

Roy Hudson Cottrell, b. July 17, 1892, at Rhinecliff, New York.





Nellie Elizabeth Cottrell, b. September 22, 1865,  
Married June 30, 1887 by Luther Hart Platt at Wabamunsee to  
Charles Hiram Stiles, b. October 1, 1859.

Frank Marion Stiles, b. July 27, 1889

Married August 1, 1914 to

Sadie A. Heard, b. May 27, 1893

Paul Marion Stiles, b. May 11, 1916.

Margaret Mary Stiles, b. June 8, 1892

Married June 8, 1914, to

Chester R. DeMasters, b. December 11, 1889.

Nellie Elaine DeMasters, b. April 6, 1915.

Agnes Martha Stiles, b. October 30, 1893.

Married, November 28, 1912 to

Lloyd N. Cookson, b. May 31, 1887.

Nellie Lucile Stiles, b. February 27, 1898.

Mary Emmaline Cottrell, b. March 11, 1868.

Married May 7, 1897 to

James Edward Payne, b. October 11, 1862.

Amos Oliver Payne, b. March 22, 1898, Now with Gen. Pershing  
"Somewhere in France."

Nellie Maria Payne, b. December 11, 1900.

Martha Payne, b. December 11, 1900, died in infancy.

James Ernest Payne, b. June 10, 1903.

Martha Amelia Cottrell, b. February 21, 1870.

Sarah Esther Cottrell, b. April 24, 1872.

Married June 21, 1894 to

Willis Malcolm Wright, b. November 8, 1864.

Ernest Malcolm Wright, b. June 8, 1896.

Esther Wright, b. November 9, 1898.

Henry Amos Wright, b. January 31, 1903.

Rachel Wright, b. August 17, 1906.

Ernest Leonard Cottrell, b. December 14, 1876.

Lucy Maria Cottrell, b. November 11, 1878,

Married October 26, 1899 to

Andrew Jackson Pottorf, b. August 4, 1874.

Amos Luther Cottrell, b. August 23, 1881,

Married October 22, 1907 to

Florence Margaret Judson, b. July 27, 1884.

Sterling Judson Cottrell, b. July 8, 1914.

Florence Lucile Cottrell, b. November 26, 1915.



Jennie Pearl Cottrell, b. December 6, 1883,

Married April 7, 1909 to

E. Victor Nelson, b. August 24, 1881.

Jennie Joy Nelson, b. January 28, 1910.

Phillip Edward Nelson, b. December 4, 1912.

Harold Eugene Nelson, b. March 27, 1916.

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## THE SMITH GENEALOGY

(The writer has been unable to get a very complete record of the Smith family. What is here given is furnished by Mrs. Myrtle Smith Reed and Mrs. George C. Wheeler.

Not being conversant with the family tree, I give below simple extracts from their letters which mean more to the Smith Families than they do to me. They will be able to understand them. When we hold the next Reunion we will hope to have a fuller and more complete record.—F. L. P.)

“Grandfather Smith, Jennie Smith Platt’s father, was my father’s brother. Mrs. Wheeler’s father, William Smith was Mrs. Platt’s brother. They were first cousins of mine so while Ed and Mel are first cousins to Mrs. Wheeler, they are my 2nd cousins or “1st cousins once removed” as Cousin Jennie used to say. I’m unable to send you data of Samuel Smith’s wife. But there were in that family:

**1950182**

John, never married, died in 1905, at Manhattan.

Sarah Jane, born June 28, 1838; married Jeremiah Evarts Platt, April 3, 1860; Died January 9, 1917.

Alfred, married Hannah Norris, (a widow); lived in Baltimore, Maryland.

Margaret, married Palmer; lived at Branford, Conn.

William, married Emma Bisby; died 1916 (about 80 years old); Children: Ernest, Jane Ruth (Jennie Strong), Kitty Myrtle (Wheeler), Oliver. Lived in Manhattan.

Perry, married Annie — — —, lived at New Haven, Conn.

This data is quite incomplete but adding it to Mrs. Wheeler’s you may get a few items for which you might care.

To show my connection:

Thomas Smith, married Desire Thompson, 1792; children: Stephen, Samuel born 1795, Warren, Willard, Alvin, Alfred born 1805, Sarah, Thomas, Charlotte, Nancy.

The children of Samuel were William, and Sarah Jane (Platt), and Marietta Smith (Reed) is the daughter of Alfred.

You see from this I should be about 75 or 80 years old?”





Mrs. Wheeler sends the following:

Emma Bisbey Smith born June 27, 1847; married April 29, 1868; Died May 31, 1916.

William Harrison Smith born April 3, 1855, married April 29, 1868; died January 10, 1916.

Ernest Parker Smith born December 31, 1870; married Mabel Cotton, May 18, 1896,

Jennie Ruth Smith Strong born Nov. 6, 1872; married Frank Strong, summer 1900.

Kitty Myrtle Smith Wheeler born March 14, 1876; married George C. Wheeler, May 18, 1898.

Oliver Russell Smith born January 8, 1878; married Minnie McCleary, summer 1901.

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## THE PLATT-COTTRELL-SMITH REUNION ASSOCIATION

At a meeting held out under the trees on the Cottrell farm on Sunday afternoon, August 26, 1917, it was voted to organize a permanent Platt-Cottrell-Smith Reunion Association. The following officers were chosen: F. L. Platt, Kirwin, Kansas, President; Frank Harshbarger, Topeka, Kansas, Secretary; E. L. Platt, St. Joseph, Missouri, Treasurer.

It was voted to hold another reunion at this place not later than 1922.

It was voted that F. L. Platt be directed to prepare a little Memorial Booklet of this Reunion and publish the same and that the various members of the several families pay the expense of this publication.

It was voted that F. L. Platt be instructed to inquire as to the expense of having the additional names of the family placed upon the Family Stone in the Mendon, Illinois Cemetery and that he make a levy large enough to pay this and have the work done. He was also directed to make a levy large enough to pay the expense of the up-keep of the cemetery lot at Mendon.

Meeting then adjourned.

F. L. PLATT, Secretary, Pro Tempore.



## THE KANSAS PIONEERS

By John Greenleaf Whittier

"We cross the prairies as of old  
The Pilgrims crossed the sea,  
To make the West, as they the East,  
The homestead of the free!

We go to rear a wall of men  
On Freedom's southern line,  
And plant beside the cotton-tree  
The rugged Northern pine!

We're flowing from our native hills  
As our free rivers flow;  
The blessing of our Mother-land  
Is on us as we go.

We go to plant her common schools  
On distant prairie swells,  
And give the Sabbaths of the wild  
The music of her bells.

Upbearing, like the Ark of old,  
The Bible in our van,  
We go to test the truth of God  
Against the fraud of man.

No pause, nor rest, save where the streams  
That feed the Kansas run,  
Save where our Pilgrim gonfalon  
Shall flout the setting sun!

We'll tread the prairie as of old  
Our fathers sailed the sea,  
And make the West, as they the East,  
The homestead of the free!"













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