

Part I: Generation One

More Briggs' Information

Page of Myrtie's Autobiography and Some Briggs' History

I was born in Nebr. on my father's homestead farm, in a sod house, Nov. 17, 1891. They named me Amanda Myrtie. Our nearest town was Norden, a very small town. The Dr. lived there. A little farther away was Springview. It was a very small place too at that time. In the spring of that year, they tell me, my father had a corn field and my mother a good garden. One of those sandstorms came up and covered the cornfield and the garden. They moved to Borcsted S. D. to a beginning town and my father was the postmaster. The Rosebud Indian reservation was close by and Indians as well as other people came for their mail. The Indians were of the Sioux Tribe. I remember they called me *napooie*. My mother got a squaw, Indian woman, to make me a pair of moccasins when I was still a baby. Next time she came to town she had them with her. They were made of soft skin and covered with red white and blue beads. My little brother finally wore them out. I was about nine years old when he was born. My playthings were dolls but mostly animals - cats, dog, 2 horses and 2 cows, chickens. The folk had

One and a half pages of Grandma Amanda Myrtie Crabtree Briggs' handwritten biography. Most of the pages were typed.

The Briggs Family

The Briggs family possibly arrived in Pennsylvania from England, around 1682. In the 1840s, they moved to Wabash County, Indiana.

Benjamin Briggs 1784-1863

Benjamin Briggs was born in Pennsylvania. He migrated to Ohio, then to Indiana, with his sister Mary and her husband, John Moore. Ben married Sarah Jefferies, who was also born in Pennsylvania.

Children of Benjamin and Sarah:

Anna Briggs
Watson Briggs
Catharine Briggs
Jonathan W Briggs
Elizabeth L Briggs
Margaret Jane Briggs
Teressa Briggs

James Thompson Briggs

John S. Briggs
Mary Briggs
Wesley Wilson Briggs

James Thompson Briggs

Irwin's grandfather, James, was born in Huntingdon County, Pennsylvania, in October of 1829.

In the early 1840s, James moved with his parents, Benjamin and Sarah Briggs to Indiana and grew up near the city of Wabash.

James Thompson Briggs married Catharine Elizabeth Thrush in Wabash County, Indiana, in 1854. In 1869, James settled in Vermillion County, Illinois, just across the state line. Eventually, he owned 200 acres of prime Illinois farm land.

Clint Briggs: His Parents, Siblings, Wife, and Children



My great grandparents: Clint and Indy.



The Clinton Briggs' Home.

In 1880, James and Catherine, their eight sons, and James' brother, traveled to Nebraska by covered wagons. They settled south of the present site of Ainsworth, before there was any town or railroad. Each took up three quarter sections of land. James built a home and planted many cottonwood trees to help control the soil erosion caused by the winds and dust storms.

At that time the town consisted of only a few buildings. James Briggs helped to build the railroad that now runs through the town and was also county commissioner. When he turned 50, he sold most of his cattle and horses, moved to town and lived from the rent of income of his land.

Children of James and Catherine: Alfred Fremont BRIGGS (1856) was a farmer in Illinois.

Clinton Lane BRIGGS was born in 1857. You can read more about my great grandpa Briggs in Part I, Chapter 2.

Lorrain Alfonso Briggs (1859) married Lizzie A. Lee and was a farmer in Illinois.

John Levi BRIGGS (1860) was a farmer in Chico, California, and preached some.

Charles Andrew BRIGGS (1862) was a butcher and at one

time an agent for wholesale groceries. He married Rosa Hughes.

Minnie Belle BRIGGS (1867) married Louis A. Rodwell who had a Post Office at one time and at another time, was station agent in Ainsworth, Nebraska. Minnie Belle Rodwell was 90 years old in 1957, and lived in Scott's Bluff, Nebraska, after her husband's death.

Effie Ann BRIGGS (1869) married William Davison who was in the stock business. She died in 1971, at the age of 102.

James Wilson BRIGGS (1871) was a farmer and never married. He lived in Wray, Colorado.

Leola (Lee) Moses BRIGGS (1872) lived in California, and was a butcher in Iowa at one time.

Jesse Lang BRIGGS (1875) was a farmer in Oregon and at one time was also a butcher in Iowa. Elizabeth Irene BRIGGS (1876) also known as Lizzie, married Marion J. Potter, who was first a barber, and then an undertaker in Long pine, Nebraska.

Ova Jane BRIGGS (1879) married Arthur E. Stubbs who was a rancher and also into real estate in Ainsworth, Nebraska.

Note: The information on the children of James and Catherine Briggs' was given to me by Grandma Myrtle Crabtree Briggs.—Louise Smith ❀



Indy Briggs in the middle with children and grandchildren. Myrtle is on the right.

Marium Indianola Clark Briggs



Great Grandma Briggs feeding her chickens.



Indy Briggs with her son Irwin.



Irwin Briggs, son John, mother Indy, daughter Mary, wife Myrtle.



Letter from Indy Briggs to her son, Irwin.



I love this photo of my great grandma Briggs laughing.

Mary Briggs, Her Great Grandma Clark, The Briggs' Farm



Birth announcement of Mary Rosamond Briggs and envelope addressed to her Grandma Indy Briggs.



My Great Great Grandma Charlotte Griffith Clark, mother of Mariam Indianola Clark Briggs. From left: Myrtie Briggs, Irwin Briggs, and three brothers. Mildred Briggs on left, Laura Briggs on right and Mary Briggs sitting on her Great Grandma's lap.

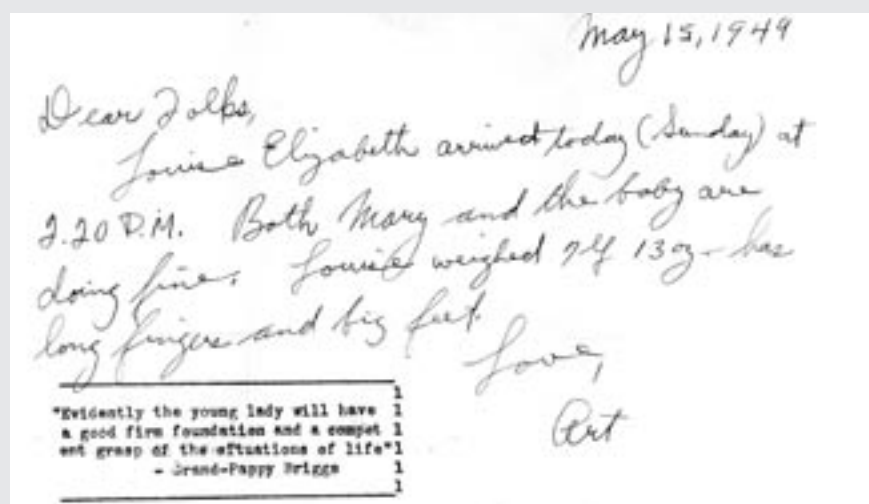


It must be at Grandpa Briggs' farm in Ainsworth, Nebraska, when we went out at the time of his death. On left horse, Mildred. On right horse, Laura. On the wagon: Uncle Lewis, Johnnie (curly top), Mary is one of the tow-heads. I think the other three are Aunt Verna's (Flowerdew): Luverne, the boy, Phyllis the blonde, and Louise darker hair.—Mildred Briggs Lufburrow



The same crew at the Briggs farm on the poor old horse! Assuming the others are Aunt Verna's, left to right are: Luverne, Johnnie, Mary, Louise, Laura, Mildred, Phyllis, and Uncle Lewis. (In Briggs Heritage p.37 is a picture of those three.)—Mildred Briggs Lufburrow

Louise Elizabeth Austin and Her Briggs' Grandparents



My Dad's announcement when I was born and Grandpa Briggs' comment.



Grandpa Briggs holding the mirror and me (Louise) in South Dakota.



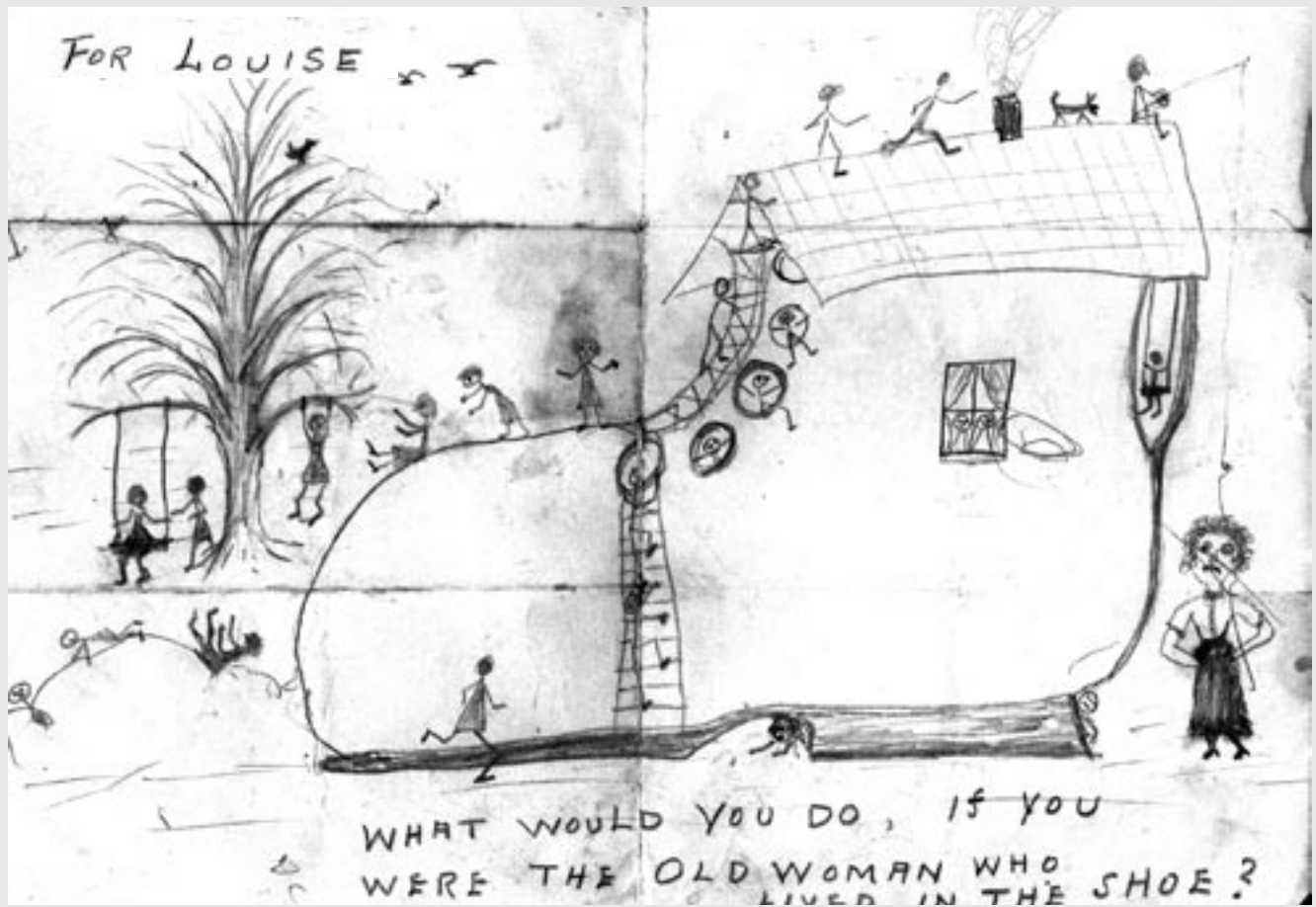
Grandma Myrtie Crabtree Briggs, Mary Briggs Austin (my mom) holding my sister Carol, Arthur L. Austin (my dad) holding me (Louise), Great Grandma Marium Clark Briggs, Grandpa Briggs in back.



Grandma and Grandpa Briggs



Letters to Louise from Grandpa Briggs



A poem for Louise

A little girl whose name is Louise
Likes to play out under the trees,
But when there is snow
And cold north winds blow
She must stay in the house
So she won't freeze.

Never mind, it soon will be spring
And then she can get out and swing
The Sunshine and Showers
Will bring the May flowers
She can go pick them
And hear the Birds Sing.

A Poem for Louise by Grandpa Briggs

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Likes to play out under the trees.
But when there is snow
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She must stay in the house
So she won't freeze

Never mind, it soon will be spring
And then she can get out and
swing;
The sunshine and showers
Will bring the May flowers
She can go pick them
and hear the birds sing.
(Tell daddy not to scrutinize the
metre too closely.)

A Letter from Grandpa Briggs, November 15, 1955

Hazel South Dakota

November 15 th 1955

Miss Louise Austin
12835 Peach Street
Wyandotte , Michigan.

Dear Granddaughter :

that was a real nice letter you wrote to Grandma and Grandpa . We were very much pleased to hear from you . We think that you are getting to be a good writer and a good speller and we are glad that you like school so well. We hope that you will write us again very soon and tell us all the news.

We want to thank you for the nice picture of yourself on the pony . When (each) Grandma and Grandpa were your age we both lived on a farm and ~~we~~ had a pony of our own . Grandpa used to ride his pony to school , and sometimes he would ride to town on an errand for his papa or ~~mama~~ ^{mama} . Your grandma used to ride her pony too. Sometimes she would ride over to the neighbors to visit with her girl friends . She had lots of pets . Sometimes she would sit on the door step or porch and eat her bowl of bread and milk and the kitty and dog would come and beg for a bite . She would share her lunch with her pets . They had to take turns and wait their turn for a bite of bread and milk , but they did not mind waiting for a good bite. Grandpa Crabtree (~~Grandpa~~ Your Grandma's papa) would go out to the barn and milk the cow , then he would bring a nice big pail of rich warm milk to the house . Your Grandma was a little girl then , and she and the kitty and ~~dog~~ ^{dog} would be waiting for their nice drink of fresh milk .

When your Grandpa was a little boy he had to ride his pony out to the pasture and bring the cows home to be milked . Sometimes he had to herd the cows and keep them eating grass instead of getting in the field of corn . Would you like to have a pony?

Well I think it is time for me to close and go to bed . Grandma is already there so good night , God bless you and keep you . Give our love to mamma , Daddy & Carol

With Love from

Grandma and Grandpa Briggs

A Letter from Grandpa Briggs, February 29, 1956

Hazel South Dakota

Feb. 29 th

1 9 5 6

Dear Louise :

Do you know any little girl^s around Wyandotte named "BettyLou" Austin ? That is a "Cute" name , but not as pretty as Louise Elizabeth , is it ? " Chuckie" is a "Cute" name too , but not as pretty as Charles Arthur , but it is quicker to say , isn't it ? Ha. ha. ~~Wish~~ Grandma and I could come and see you while Charles is small and cute , but it will be some time before we can get away .

We were very pleased to get your nice letter this morning , then there was one from your mother this afternoon , so that made two letters from Mich. today. We are glad that baby Charles is growing so nicely and that you are all well again . It is a nice warm day today and the snow is melting so the dead grass and stubble is beginning to peek through . We will be glad when the snow goes away .

Did you get to ride on your sled this winter , or do you have a sled? We have not had a sleigh ride for a long time . Grandpa used to have a sleigh that was pulled by horses . We would put sleigh bells on the horses harness and we would have "Jingle Bells" as the horses trotted along with the sleigh . That was lots of fun . Then we would take our hand sleds up on a hill and slide down hill on the sled the worst thing about that was walking back up the hill again . We rather ice skate.

Last Sunday the roads were blocked with snow so that Uncle Ervin ~~could~~ could not get to one of their churches , so they came on here for Sunday Dinner then staid all night with us . They went back home Monday to get ready to move . They expected to move into their new home in Cavour today . They have been painting and getting it ready for several days . Margaret and Colleen will have a big yard in which to play when the snow goes away .

This is Feb. 29 th . There will not be another for four years , so I thought I ~~better~~ write you a letter . Good night , May Jesus bless you and help you to be a good girl . Love to ~~everyone~~ Carol Joy and all the rest . ~~From Grandpa and~~

Grandma Briggs

A Letter from Grandpa Briggs, July 7, 1956

Hazel South Dakota

Saturday Evening

July 7 th 1956

*Louise
Austin*

Dear Louise : ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~

Grandma and I are glad that mamma finally found and mailed your nice letters to us . We are glad that you liked your birthday present and I am sure it will look nice in your pink bedroom when it is finished. We would like to see it.

We hope that you are all over the Chicken pox and feeling fine now. Those diseases are sort of a nuisance , but it seems that most every one must have them at some time in their life . You will not have to worry about having it again .

We have been having a lot of very hot weather but it is quite cool tonight We had a bad storm last night in parts of South Dakota with hurricane winds , rain and hail and that cooled it off some . We did not get hail here , but had a ~~rain~~ nice rain. That will help to make our big garden grow . We have sweet corn and muskmelons in our garden along with tomatoes , and a lot of other things . Come and we will give you some to eat when they are ready . We have been canning beans , peas etc. and Grandma made some very good jam out of rhubarb and cherry jello . Want a taste ?

Aunt Laura , Uncle Ervin & Girls were here over the fourth of July . We had fried Chicken , new potatoes and string beans out of our garden for dinner . In the morning Uncle Ervin , Margaret and Grandpa went fishing on Clear Lake near thomas . We caught 12 fish. In the evening we went for a drive around Lake Kampeska near Watertown , and stayed for the fire-wprks at night we had a nice time .

Wish we could see you folks and little Charles while he is still little but I am afraid we will not be able to come "East" this summer. Hope you all keep well

Tomorrow is Sunday and Grandpa better close this letter and get busy on his Serrmon , I think . So good bye , and God bless you all . Write again soon

Love to you all from Grandma and Grandpa Briggs

A Letter from Grandpa Briggs, January 13, 1957



"The gift of God is eternal life
through Jesus Christ our Lord."
Romans 6:23

Hazel , South Dakota

January 13 th

1 9 5 7

Dear Louise :

I borrowed some of Grandma's Letter paper to write you a little letter . Don't you think it is pretty ? What kind of bird do you think this is ? It may be a Parrakeet . He is a Colorful fellow any way . Maybe you would like to draw and paint him among the flowers .

Love from Grandma and Grandpa Briggs
P.S.
Do you have any pets ? Margaret and Colleen have a yellow kitty . We took care of her while they went to visit you . The Kitty was naughty , because she got into Grandma's flowers and broke several of them. We were glad when she went home . We had to shut her up in the basement when we went to bed at night .

Good night from Grandpa.

Letter from Grandpa Typed on the Church Bulletin



Hazel , South Dakota , January 28 - 1957

Hazel , South Dakota , January 28 - 1957

We give Thee most humble and hearty Thanks
that Thou hast crowned the Autumn with all
its glories; and hast permitted us once more
to Harvest the fruits of the earth. For these
Thy gifts, we Thank Thee, O Lord.

Amen

Dear Louise :

This bulletin was left over from Thanksgiving
But I will use it to write you a letter today . The
apples , squashes and pumpkins look better than snow,
don't you think so ? Do you like to play in the leaves ?

(over)

Page 2 .

You are becoming quite a nice letter writer .
No, Grandma did not break her pencil , but she has lots
of work to do to get meals , wash the dishes , keep the
houseclean and look after Grandpa (ha,ha.) besides this
she has many meetings in the church Women's Society and
the children's Little Temperance Leaguers . Do you get
the paper Grandma subscribed for you ?

Margaret , Colleen and their parents came to
see us Friday night and went home Saturday afternoon .
Margaret has a new pair of ice skates , but it was so
cold and stormy that she did not get to use them here.
She has learned to skate on a pond they made by the church
and school in Cavour . They flooded the ground with the
use of a fire-truck . The Children enjoy it very much.

They all have colds and coughs, but nothing
serious I think . Grandma & Grandpa ~~was~~ both have had
colds , and Grandpa was in bed for a week with the "Flu"
abscessed ears & gathering in his head , but both are
feeling better now . Hope you are all well .

Write us again when you have time , and tell us how
things are going at school . Maybe Grandma will find time
to write you later . Give our love to all the others.

Love from Grandpa & Grandma Briggs

Himself

by A. B. Simpson

Once it was the blessing,
 Now it is the Lord;
 Once it was the feeling,
 Now it is His Word.
 Once His gifts I wanted,
 Now the Giver own:
 Once I sought for healing,
 Now Himself alone.

Once 'twas painful trying,
 Now 'tis perfect trust;
 Once a half salvation,
 Now the uttermost;
 Once 'twas ceaseless holding,
 Now He holds me fast'
 Once 'twas constant drifting,
 Now my anchor's cast.

Once 'twas busy planning.
 Now 'tis trustful prayer;
 Once 'twas anxious caring,
 Now he has the care,
 Once 'twas what I wanted,
 Now what Jesus says;
 Once 'twas constant asking,
 Now 'tis ceaseless praise.

Once it was my working,
 His it hence shall be;
 Once I tried to use Him,
 Now He uses me.
 Once the power I wanted,
 Now the Mighty One;
 Once for self I labored,
 Now for Him alone.

Once I hoped in Jesus,
 Now I know He's mine;
 Once my lamps were dying,
 Now they brightly shine;
 Once for death I waited,
 Now His coming hail;
 And my hopes are anchored,
 Safe within the vail.

*I found this poem among
 Grandma's papers.*

Harry Irwin Briggs Gravesite

Grandpa Briggs' gravesite in Missouri. His son John is standing by the tree.

Cards to Louise and Gary from Grandma Myrtie



♥ Dear Louise + Gary ♥
I am slow in telling
you that we all spoke
about what a good time
we had at your house
the Sunday we were there.
We all liked your new
home and grounds so
much! ♥
I am sending a "blue bird
of happiness", to you on my
new paper. ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ ♥
Mary + I pray for you
both and that Gary's leg
will be healed + normal
again and we pray for
his father to be healed too.
I am learning or memorizing
the 46th psalm and reading
the Bible through this year.
We appreciate your prayers
for us too. ♥ Some hearts for
Valentine's Day. Love from Grandma.



I couldn't let all
this good paper
go to waste, so
I will write some.
That dear little
boy of yours and
Gary's, I expected
to see long ago.
Well keep him
well and growing
and some day
I may get well.
So far I just get 1

Grandma's Birthday Letter (cont'd)

2 in the hospital
or nursing home.
And then I got
back in hospital
with pneumonia.
I thought I was
well when I came
home but not so.
I had to come
down on doctors
pills. Your mother
will tell you so.
It was a bad
process but the
kills are dwiling

3 How is Gary's
leg? I know now
how to suffer Pain,
a lot of it.

My bed sore is
not healed but
almost. Sure hurts
when I get ^{on} it at
times.

This is not happy
birthday talk!

Remember when
you visited me

4 in Ore. They were
tearing up the alley
to get to a leak in
the water line. What
a noise they made
with their machinery.
Well we had good
times anyway, going
grocery shopping etc.
Those good black
+ red raspberries I
bought by the
crate to eat all
we wanted and

5 froze the rest to
eat when we wanted
to. I'm so glad
you came to visit
me that time!

I am glad you
and Gary have
that sweet little
boy to love and
raise for the
Lord. Daniel Benjamin
Happy Birthday
to YOU! LOVE