

THE
ALDRIDGE
FAMILY

THE NAME "ALDRIDGE" ORIGINATED IN THE HILLS OF WALES. THE PEOPLE LIVING ON AN "AULD RIDGE" WERE CALLED AULDRIDGE AND LATER ALDRIDGE. THERE IS NO RECORD OF AN ALDRIDGE BEING OF NOBILITY. BUT THE DESCENDENTS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN INDUSTRIOUS PEOPLE AND GOOD CITIZENS OF THE COUNTRY OF WHERE THEY LIVED. THEY WERE SOME OF THE FIRST TO COME TO AMERICA.

ROBERT ALDRIDGE SEEMS TO BE FIRST. HE DIED IN JAMESTOWN IN 1624. THERE ARE NO RECORDS THAT HE LEFT DESCENDANTS. WE HAVE YET TO FIND WHO OUR IMMIGRANT ANCESTORS WERE AND WHEN THEY CAME TO AMERICA.

THIS INFORMATION WAS TAKEN FROM FAMILY BIBLES, CEMETERY RECORDS, BIRTH AND DEATH RECORDS AND FAMILY GENEALOGIES. THE PICTURES ARE ALL COPIES OF ONES BELONGING TO ERNEST AND ISABELLE ALDRIDGE.

BY
ANNA BELLE ALDRIDGE EDWARDS

Elijah Aldridge

Elijah was born in North Carolina in 1792. He is believed to be the son of Francis Aldridge and Margret Cole. He grew up in Kentucky and married Jane White on January 26, 1812. Twelve children were born to them. Three of them died in childhood. They spent the last years of their lives with their son in Corralitos, Ca. Elijah was buried in the Watsonville Pioneer Cemetery, May 24, 1878.



Jane White

Jane was born in Kentucky in 1795 to Charles White and Nancy Harper. She married Elijah Aldridge. She had twelve children. She died Christmas Eve, 1884. She was buried by Elijah in the Watsonville Pioneer Cemetery.



Descendants of Francis Aldridge

Generation #1

Francis Aldridge was born in 1764 in Wilkes County, North Carolina, and died May 17, 1845 in Paluska County, Kentucky. He married Margaret Cole, October 19, 1789 in Rutherford Co. North Carolina.

Notes from Annabelle Edwards on Francis Aldridge, Marjorie Aldridge Tholen's Sister.

Francis served in the Revolutionary War as a Private.

The information for this was taken from family records and Bible records and family genealogy.

The Aldridge originated in the Hills of Wales. The people living on an "Auld Ridge" were called Auldridge and later Aldridge.

There is no record of Aldridge being of nobility. But the descendants have always been have always been industrious people and good citizens of the countries where they live.

They were some of the first to come to America. Robert Aldridge seems to be the first. He died in Jamestown in 1624.

There are no records that he left descendants. We have yet to find who our immigrant ancestors were and when they came to America.

The earliest Aldridge ancestor that was found was Francis Aldridge. His wife was Margaret Cole. Francis was born in Wilkes Co. N.C. in 1764 and died in Paluska Co. Kentucky in 1845. Margaret was born in Rutherford Co. N.C. and died in Paluska Co, Kentucky. They were the parents of 7 children.

We are descendants of Francis Aldridge and Margaret Cole

Their 3rd child Elijah Aldridge married Jane White and they had about 13 children.

Frank Aldridge was their 6th child and he married 3 times and his third wife was Anna Margaret Fallene and they had 7 children.

Ernest Aldridge was their second Child and he married Christina Isabelle Watson and they had 5 children.

Marjorie Wilma Aldridge was their 5th child and she married Frank Leslie Tholen and they had 3 children

1st-Wilma Lee Tholen who married Robert Lee Riley and they had 3 children.

Steven Lee Riley, who married Ann Williams and they had 2 children,

Jennifer Rose Riley

Scott Corbit Riley who married Elizabeth Ashman, and they have 1 child

Eleanor Corbit Riley

Kenneth Robert Riley- unmarried

Wendy Sue Riley, married William Edward Cranston and they had 2 children

Kellee Jean Cranston

Robert William Cranston

2nd- Dennis Leslie Tholen, who married Patricia Shannon and they had 3 children

Tricia Denise Tholen, adopted at 3 days old and is unmarried

Leslie Gale Tholen, and she passed away at 14 months

Fayanne Leslie Tholen, who married Erick Fernandez and they have 2 children

Nicholas Erick

Andrew Charles

3rd- Laurie Frances Tholen, who married and divorced Nicholas Irving and they had one child.

Alicia Nichole Irving who married Ryan Phillips, no children at this time

Laurie also married and divorced Kevin Fischer, no children from this marriage

Laurie is now using the Tholen name and has a wonderful life partner, Timothy Krehbiel.

Notes from the Aldridge Roots

By

Annabelle Aldridge Edwards (Marjorie Aldridge Tholen's sister)

The earliest Aldridge ancestor that I know of is Francis Aldridge. His wife was Margaret Cole. They were my Great Great Grandparents. Francis was born in Wilkes Co. N.C. in 1764 and died in Paluska Co. Kentucky in 1845. Francis and Margaret had seven children. There could have been more, but these were the ones mentioned in his will.

Children of Francis Aldridge and Margaret Cole.

Elijah Aldridge- born February 18,1792, Rutherford Co, N.C.-died May 24,1878, Watsonville, Ca.

David Aldridge-born 1790-married Rebecca Davis

Francis Aldridge –born April 3,1800, married Polly Mary Harper, May 24, 1827

Lars and Anna Fallene

Lars and Anna Fallene were born in Sweden.

Lars was born December 23, 1820. He died May 20, 1908.

Anna was born August 12, 1818 and died December 1908.

They were buried in Stratsford, Iowa.

They came to the United States in 1856, with their four little children,

Anna, Katherine, Lewis and Joe.



Nancy Aldridge- born 1794, died 1871, married Alexander Hudson, 1814

Thomas Aldridge-born 1796

Margaret Aldridge- born 1798

Rebecca Aldridge- born1802, married Joseph Jones

Generation #2

We are descendants of Elijah Aldridge and Jane White

Elijah Aldridge-born February 18,1792 in Rutherford Co, N.C. and died May 24,1878 in Watsonville, Ca.

He married Jane White, January 26, 1812, daughter of Charles White and Nancy Harper

"Notes from the Aldridge Roots"

Elijah Aldridge, my (Annabelle Aldridge Edwards) Great Grandfather, was born February 18, 1792 in Rutherford Co., Kentucky. There he grew up. He worked for Charles White in the brewery as an overseer of the slaves. While working there he met his boss's daughter, Jane White. They were married in January of 1812. Their son Frank, moved them to Watsonville, Ca. to live with him and his family. Elijah died in Watsonville, in 1878, age 86. Jane died in 1884, age 89. They were buried in Pioneer Cemetery, Watsonville. They were the parents of twelve children.

Children of Elijah Aldridge and Jane White:

Franklin Aldridge- Born- May 20, 1826, Louisville, Kentucky, died December 23,1900, Corralitos ,Ca.

Caroline Aldridge, Hamilton Aldridge, Alvin Aldridge, William Aldridge, Mary Aldridge, David Aldridge, Charles Aldridge, Nancy Jane Aldridge, Margaret Aldridge, Wesley Aldridge and Rebecca Ann Aldridge.

Generations #3

We are descentants of Franklin Aldridge and Anne Margaret Fallene

Franklin Aldridge was born May 20, 1826, in Louisville, Kentucky, died December 23, 1900 in Corralitos, Ca. He married Elizabeth Young (1st wife) in 1846. He married Sarah Jane Bradley (2nd wife) March 12, 1864 in Woodland, Ca. He married Anne Margaret Fallene (3rd wife) January 17, 1871, daughter of Lars Fallene and Anna.

Notes from the Aldridge Roots by Annabelle Aldridge Edwards, Marjorie Aldridge Tholen's sister.

Frank Aldridge, my Grandfather, was born April 20, 1826 near Louisville, Kentucky. He was the sixth child of Elijah and Jane Aldridge. He had three younger brothers and three younger sisters and three older brothers and two older sisters. He was two years old when his parents moved the family to Indiana. His education was that of the pioneer boy, attending school three months and working on the farm nine months. The family attended the Disciples of Christ Church which later became the Christian Church. At an early age Frank began to study the Bible. At the time, if a minister misquoted a scripture, anyone in the church could stand up and correct him. This was the goal of young Frank.

At the age of 20, he married Elizabeth Young of his immediate neighborhood. For five years he remained in Indiana, farming and teaching school. In spring of 1845 he moved his family to Illinois. There he farmed and taught school. In 1850 he moved his family to Boone Co, Iowa. His parents and some of his brothers and sisters had moved there earlier. There he farmed and taught school and served the people as Township Clerk and Justice of the Peace for three years.

In the spring of 1853, he and his younger brother, Wesley, joined a wagon train for California. By this time he had three little daughters: Elmina, Mary and Nancy. The wagon train left from Council Bluffs, Iowa. There were 200 wagons, all pulled by ox teams, 40 men on horseback and two scouts. Frank was a scout. One of his jobs, was to swim the rivers underwater and find safe places for wagons to ford the rivers. It was a long, hard trip. They arrived in the Sacramento Valley in late September. Frank and his family settled in the Suisun area. There he spent his time farming and harvesting grain with much success. He was united with the Disciples of Christ Church of Woodland. Soon afterward he began to use his talent as a speaker and became a very useful minister of the Gospel. He was ordained as a minister, evangelist and teacher. He rode a horse as far as 20 miles to preach a sermon. After his ordination in Vacaville in 1862, he preached there and in many parts of the state. His preaching was marked by originality and thought, force and boldness. While he lacked an easy flow of language, his sermons were filled with thought. He impressed his listeners with the truths he presented and his sincerity in presenting them. If he had given his own time to preaching, he would have been numbered among the great ministers of the day. His mind was strong and clear and he sought for truths, causes and reason for things. He dared to speak his mind, and condemn wrong, and approve right. He was liberal to all good work, generous, kind of heart, bore not malice, frank as his name, so was his character. He also had a fine business head.

On December 31, 1862 his wife Elizabeth died. She had bore him seven children: six daughters and one son. On March 12, 1864, he married his second wife, Sarah Jane Bradley, in Woodland, Ca. In November of 1865 he moved his family to Watsonville, Ca. His oldest daughter, Elmina, and her husband, John Bradshaw, moved with them. They settled in Corralitos, about ten miles north of Watsonville. He bought an interest in the Corralitos flour mill. The mill was run by water power from the creek. Much wheat was grown in the Pajaro Valley at that time. His second wife, Sarah, died in November from scarlet fever. She bore his three children. One son and two daughters.

In 1871 he returned to Boone Co, Iowa to bring his aging parents to California to live with him and his children. While there he met and married his third wife, Anna Margaret Falline, a Swedish Girl. She was 20 years old and he was 44. They knew each other just three weeks when they were married. He

Frank Aldridge

Frank was born in Kentucky on April 20, 1826. He was the son of Elijah and Jane Aldridge. The family moved to Indiana when he was two. He grew up there and married his first wife, Elizabeth Young. They lived in Iowa awhile and then joined a wagon train in 1853 and migrated to California. There were 200 wagons pulled by oxen and 40 men on horseback and two scouts.

Frank was a scout. His job was to find safe places for the wagons to cross the rivers and streams. They were 8 months on the way. They settled in the Susuin Valley. There he harvested wheat for farmers and preached on Sundays. They had seven children. Then Elizabeth died. He then married Sarah Bradley and they moved to Corralitos, California. Sarah bore him three babies and she too, died. Frank owned and operated a flour mill in Corralitos.

In 1871 on a trip to Iowa, he met and married Anna Margret Fallene. She bore his seven children. In 1884 he quit the milling business and went to farming. He died in 1900. He was the first ordained minister of the Watsonville Christian Church. He is buried in the Watsonville Pioneer Cemetery.

We are descendents of Frank Aldridge and Anna Margret Fallene.

Picture below: Cleon, Ernest, Lafe, Kate, Frank, Anna and Cecil. Neva was born later.

We are descendents of Ernest Aldridge.



brought Anna and his parents home to Corralitos to a houseful of children. Life was not easy for poor Anna. The older girls resented a stepmother, younger than some of them, telling them what to do. Many times she had to call their father from work at the mill to settle things. But some of them loved her very much. Anna and Frank had seven children: five sons and two daughters. (That makes 17 children from 3 wives) Their oldest child, Charles, died on his fourth birthday. Anna refused to allow him to be buried in Corralitos cemetery where she could look out the window and see it. So Frank bought a plot in the Pioneer Cemetery near Watsonville. At that time he also had the remains of his second wife, Sarah, moved to the Pioneer Cemetery.

In 1878 the Corralitos mill was sold. It was purchased by a man named Brown and he converted it to a paper mill. A few years later it burned down. After the sale of the Corralitos mill, Frank had a much larger and better mill built in Watsonville on the corner of Main Street and Ford Street. His son in law, Mike O'Brien of San Francisco, built it. Their first home in Watsonville stood where Mehl's Funeral Home is today. The house had been moved to center Street. Later he purchased the big house on Ford Street. It is the second house from Pajaro Valley Bank and has a large redwood in front. For a few years the mill did well. Then disaster fell. About 1884 Golden Sheaf Mill shipped 10,000 barrels of flour to England. They received part of their money when the flour was loaded on the ship in San Francisco and were to receive the rest when it arrived in London. Before the flour even arrived in England, they were notified that they would not receive any more pay for it. This was far more loss than the mill could handle. They were thrown into bankruptcy and the mill was sold. This affected the wheat growing in Pajaro Valley. It declined and soon was no more.

The loss of the mill was a great blow to Frank. After everything was settled he came out with \$1,800.00. He was nearly 60 years old and had a wife and three small children, two of three teenage daughters, and his parents to support. He took the money and bought a mountain ranch above Corralitos, the ranch which later became Uncle Lafe's and Aunt Kate's. He farmed, cut and sold wood and worked for the saw mills. There were several in the mountains at that time. Three more children were born to them in the mountains. While operating the flour mill in Watsonville, he was the very first ordained minister of the Christian Church. He preached for them for five years and never accepted any pay. The little church stood on the corner of West Lake Ave and Rodriguez Street. (Long's Drug is built on that spot) After he moved to the mountains he continued to preach some and work in the church. He was called upon many, many times to perform marriages, some of which he had to travel by horseback many miles to reach, back in the mountains. Many people did not pay him, so he never had their marriages recorded...

Marjorie Aldridge Tholen added this info on Franklin Aldridge:

The Corralitos School was the oldest of rural school of the Pajaro Valley, Corralitos, Ca. It was formed in 1859. In 1870 the school was moved to new property donated by Franklin Aldridge. The new school was to be used for school purposes only. The property is still owned today and is located on Aldridge Lane. It is used as a public park and it is called Aldridge Park.

Franklin Aldridge also donated the property for the first Christian Church of Watsonville, and he was the 1st minister of this church, this property was sold and the church is now on East Lake and Madison. It celebrated its 100 anniversary in 1980- both Marjorie and Annabelle were there.

A few years after moving to the mountains, Anna received some money from her parents in Iowa. They used the money to purchase the adjoining one hundred acres. This property eventually became Ernest Aldridge's, where the ranches were divided. In 1898 Anna received some more money from her parents. This they used to make a down payment on the property in Brown's Valley which later became Uncle Bill's and Aunt Neva's. The family moved there to live.

In 1897 Franklin was elected to California Legislature. He served the people as an assembleman and was elected by the People's Party.

Then some wanted him to run for governor, but his health was failing and he declined. He died in 1900 at the age of 75.

Children of Franklin Aldridge and Elizabeth:

Elmina, Mary, Nancy, 4th, 5th, 6th, were daughters and son Orville

Children of Franklin Aldridge and Sarah Bradley:

Wesly, 1st daughter, and Susie Aldridge

Children of Franklin Aldridge and Anna Fallene had about 13 children

This is our line

Ernest Alexander, Anna Katherine, Lafayette F, Charles L, William, Martha Geneva, Cleon

Generation #4

We are descentants of Ernest Alexander Aldridge and Isabelle Watson

Ernest Alexander Aldridge, was Marjorie's Tholen's Father, and Wilma Riley's grandfather.

Born April 25, 1874, Corralitos, CA. Died February 28, 1962, Redwood City, Ca. Married Christina Isabelle Watson, July 2, 1904, Brickmore house, Redwood Rd. Watsonville Ca.

Notes from the "Aldridge Roots"

By

Annabelle Aldridge Edwards (Marjorie's sister)

Ernest Aldridge

Ernest was born April 25, 1874 in Corralitos, California. He was the second child of Frank and Anna Fallene Aldridge. He grew up in the mountains above Corralitos. He attended Browns Valley School. On July 2, 1904 he married Isabelle Watson. They raised five children, three sons and two daughters. The oldest son was killed in a car accident in Browns Valley Canyon in 1928. Ernest was a farmer all of his life. He died in Redwood City, California, on February 28, 1962. He is buried in the Watsonville Pioneer Cemetery.

We are descendents of Ernest and Isabelle Aldridge

Their last child was Marjorie Wilma Aldridge Tholen



Ernest Aldridge, my father, was born April 25, 1874 in Corralitos. He was the second child of Frank and Anna Fallene. The house where he was born is across the road from the old Forestry Station. There are big redwood trees in front. The flour mill was where the old Forestry Station is. The first school he attended was on East Lake Ave. close to Main Street. There were four rooms downstairs. This was the grammar school for all of Watsonville at that time. When they finished the ninth grade they could go to classes upstairs and become a school teacher. There was no high school at that time in Watsonville. Two of his older half sisters attended those classes.

Ernest was ten years old when the family moved to the mountains. His brother, Cleon, was seven and Lafe was one. The boys attended Hazel Del School. The spring he was fourteen and in the ninth grade, his father needed someone to drive team for him. So Ernest dropped out of school and became his father's teamster. He was up at 3 am each morning, fed and harnessed the horses and ate, and was on the road by 4 am. He did not return until dark. The work was hard for a boy and the hours were long. He became one of the best teamsters in the country. He drove six horses, hitched to wagon, loaded with logs to saw mills on those narrow, winding mountain roads. His brother Cleon, worked on the ranch and rode horseback to Corralitos at night and took his high school lessons from old Doctor Burbank.

The year of 1894 was a good year for crops in the mountains. They had a very good hay crop and planned to sell part of it. The two big barns were loaded to the top. But someone a few miles away burned some brush. Some of the sparks flew and landed on the shake roofs of the barns. The men were all away working and even Anna, his mother, was gone for that day. Ida Filmore, Ernest's cousin who lived with the family, was home with his sister Neva. When she saw the smoke she ran and got all the animals out of the barn, but there was no way she could put the fire out. Both Barns burned and all the hay was gone. They had to buy hay for all the horses that winter. It was a great loss.

The winter of 1895 was a very wet winter. When there were lots of storms in the mountains the roads washed out and bridges were rammed by big logs that were washed down the creeks. On Christmas day, 1895, Ernest grandmother, Jane, died. She was 90 years old. She died upstairs in the old house on the ranch. Someone made her coffin and they took it upstairs and put her in it. The stairway was narrow and had a turn in it. So the coffin had to be stood on the end to get it downstairs. They loaded the coffin on a wagon and drove down the mountain to the canyon. The bridge in Brown's Valley Canyon was out so they had to go down Hazel Del. Quite a way down they came to a place where the road was partly washed out. As they worked the horses and wagon around the washed out place, they nearly lost the coffin off the wagon and into the creek. They finally got to the cemetery and got his grandmother buried..

After Ernest's Father died in 1900, he continued to farm the mountain ranch and to work out, to earn money to pay all the taxed on the three ranches. His brother, Cleon was going to Berkeley College and taking correspondence courses on the Bible. Cleon was studying for the Ministry. His brother, Lafe, had been riding a bicycle into Wastonville to high school. But he was skipping school and going to Palm Beach with some other boys. Ernest took him out of school and put him to driving the sprinkling wagon to help earn money to pay the bills. The roads were all very dusty and had to be sprinkled.

Ernest was seventeen, Kate was fifteen, Cecil (Bill) was twelve and Neva was ten. Times were hard but by them all working together they made it.

On July 2, 1904, Ernest married Isabelle Watson. The Watson family was from Idaho. They lived up the Redwood Canyon on the old Bickmore place. Later the Batniches bought the place. Ernest built a new house on the mountain ranch. The old house was in poor repair. They only lived there a few years. In September of 1905, they rented a cabin across from the old Free Methodish Church in Brown's Valley, to be closer to the doctor when their first child was born. Creston was born September 19, 1905. He was a beautiful baby boy with big dark blue eyes and golden brown curls all over his head. They moved back home soon. Spellman was born April 19, 1908 at the Watson's house. He was still quite small when Ernest left the mountains. It was just too hard to make a living. He worked on a big ranch in Monterey County for a while. Then he moved his family to Blythe, California. He bought some land and farmed cotton. In July of 1912, Isabelle, took the two little boys on a train to Flagstaff, Arizona to be with her parents when Annabelle was born on July 2, 1912. Ernest came and took them all home in a wagon, three weeks later. Ernest and Isabelle, worked long hours in the cotton fields. But they did well. The war broke out in 1915 and Ernest thought the price of cotton would drop to nothing, so he sold out and came back to Corralitos. Isabelle did not want to come. But Ernest insisted. His mother, Anna, had divided the ranches and was begging him to come home and take care of his ranch. Ernest and Isabelle were not happy with the ranch they got. It was the farthest one up on the mountain. There was only a small cabin there and it was a long way for the children to go to school. Well, he built a kitchen and one bedroom onto the cabin. They worked very hard to feed and clothe the family and pay taxes. Life was hard. But everyone was happy. Franklin (October 21, 1915) was born the fall after we returned from Blythe and little Marjorie two years after (March 24, 1918). The children attended Redwood School and then it was closed and they went to Corralitos School.

Ernest planted an apricot orchard a couple of years later. The trees grew fast and there was big promise of a good orchard. There was a small, old apricot and apple orchard on the ranch. The apricots on the old trees were very good. But brown rot struck the trees and they never got a crop. They were disappointed. Christmas of 1918 was spent in our big, new house. Ernest built it all by himself. The family was very proud of it. All the family came. It was great. It was our last Christmas together.

In the Fall of 1919, a big fire broke out in the mountains. It burned many acres of trees and brush before it was stopped. One night the fire was very close to our house. The roof and sides were shingles so all sparks had to be put out quickly. Creston and Spellman, spent the whole night on top of the house putting out sparks. Ernest and Isabelle, carried a lot of things out of the house and put them in the middle of a small alfalfa patch. Isabelle made beds for the small children on the front porch. She stayed up all night and poor Ernest worked all night making fire trails and putting out any fire that edge up towards our house. He sat down a few minutes to rest. He was wet with perspiration. The next day the fire was out near the house and soon out all over. The beautiful redwood trees were all blackened and the underbrush was gone. What a mess!

Ernest came down with a hard cold and it soon developed into pneumonia. He was very ill. Then little Marjorie became ill. She had pneumonia, too. The doctor came and did what he could, which was not much. Anna, Ernest mother, came to help Isabelle. They did not know from one day to the next if Ernest or Marjorie would make it. Anna went home on Saturday afternoon to cook up some food for her son, Bill. She was to come back on Sunday afternoon. But she didn't. By Monday morning Isabelle was worried. She sent Creston on horseback to see why Anna did not come back. He found her in a coma. Kate, her daughter was there caring for her. She had picked up the germs from Ernest and had a bad case of pneumonia. She had gotten up Monday morning and fallen on the floor. Bill had come home and found her on the floor. He had put her into bed, covered her good and sent someone for the doctor and Kate. On Tuesday Isabelle left Ernest and Marjorie and went down to see Anna. She never came out of the coma. She died on Thursday. She was only 69. Ernest was too sick to get out of bed. None went to the funeral.

In Spring, Ernest bought a Maxwell truck to haul wood into Watsonville to his customers. He bought it at Ford's in Watsonville.

Creston asked him who was going to drive it? He said he was. But he never, ever, learned to drive. Creston was not yet fifteen years old, but Uncle Bill taught him how to drive the truck. He learned quickly and became an expert driver. He drove the truck up and down those narrow mountains roads with no trouble. In the Fall of 1920, Ernest built a frame work on the truck and covered it with canvas. Then the whole family traveled to Flagstaff, Arizona and spent the winter with Isabelle's parents the Watson's. Creston was just fifteen and Ernest and Isabelle could not drive and knew nothing about a car. They camped along the way. On Thanksgiving day they ate lunch on the beach in Los Angeles. They got stuck in the sand a few times in the desert. They crossed the Colorado River at Needles. One railroad trestle was too low for the truck to go under. Ernest got out his tools and dug the roadbed deeper. At another place they got stuck on a hill. They unloaded the truck and everyone pushed while Creston drove. Spellman's job was to put rocks behind the wheels when it stopped. Well, the rock did not hold and his fingers were smashed. A car come along and fortunately there was a doctor in it. He took care of the smashed fingers and helped get the truck over the hill. Finally they arrived at the Watson's ranch. They had homesteaded it and built all the buildings. They had a very nice house and two big barns. There were no nails in the barn. He had drilled holes in the timber by hand and driven wooded pegs in to hold them together. The land was very fertile, but rocky. He had picked up rocks to clear the land for farming and built many rock fences with them. He raised grain and potatoes and pigs. Ernest and the boys helped him butcher a lot of pigs for market. They spent Christmas there. It snowed but Isabelle would not let Frank, Marjorie or Annabelle play in it. Of course they touched it when she was not looking. Creston and Spellman made snowmen and learned to ice skate on the pond with the neighbor kids.

Ernest and the boys worked in a wood camp to earn money for our trip home. They left for home in March. Isabelle had planned to send Spellman and Annabelle to school there. But the schools had closed for the winter. They opened about the time they left. Spellman was in the 8th grade. So he had to take it the next year. Annabelle was in the 3rd grade. She was able to go into the 4th grade that

Fall. Creston had not started high school that Fall. He had stayed out to help Ernest. He was suppose to go the following Fall, but refused.

Ernest finally traded the mountain ranch off and wound up with 160 acres in British Columbia, Canada. He and Spellman went up there and stayed a couple months. They loved it. But the closest high school was 55 miles away. So the family never moved up there. There were three that would have to go to high school. Many years later Ernest sold the property. He farmed in various places in the Pajaro Valley and retired at 65. He returned to work briefly during World War II. He was a caretaker of the ground of a CCC camp at Arroyo Seco. He had a house furnished for them to live in. He loved that work. The last seven years of his life were spent at Redwood City, California. At age 87 he became ill with TB. He spent five months in a sanitarium in Redwood City. Then he was home 2 and ½ months when he had a stroke and pneumonia set in. So he was put back in the sanitarium. He lived two more months. He died on the 28th of February 1963, just two months before his 88th birthday. He always wanted to live to be 90.

(notes from Wilma Riley, Granddaughter to Ernest. What I remember best about my Grandfather, was he was the best story teller, and I only wish he had put his stories down on paper. I remember sitting on the floor, by his knees, just listening to his stories. He had great dog stories. He was also self taught, he had the most beautiful hand writing, and he read the National Geographic Magazine, and maybe Reader's Digest and the Bible. He was a kind man and so gentle with everything. He was the best Grandfather, ever!

Generation #5

We are descentants of Marjorie Wilma Aldridge and Frank Leslie Tholen

Notes from Wilma Lee Tholen Riley

October 2015

I started this years ago in Truckee, and have lost it several times on the computer, but did do paper copies, and have typed it several times, and as I do, I am so thankful to my Aunt Annabelle, who did so much research on our roots. I enjoy reading the stories of my family, and how they lived and survived in the days without much of anything.

So living here in Reno, I hope to complete my job and get this done and give it to my family for them to pass on to theirs. It is so hard to try and find this information, the stories are priceless. I have written notes on the ones I knew, and added notes and stories. My Mom, Marjorie, is still living and she is 97, and still has a sharp mine, and has helped me fill in a few notes.. We also visited the "Aldridge Park" and where the old Church stood. When we go out for rides in the Watsonville area, she points out where they had lived. I remember picking berries on the ranch that my Grandfather had, when I was a little girl. We use to spend a few weeks in the summer at Annabelle's farm, and then we would pick berries. Loved the Farm visits, as they had all kinds of animals..

DESCENDANTS OF R.H. WATSON

Generation #1

R.H Watson was born 1778 in Scotland. He married Marjorie Kelly.

Notes on RH Watson by Annabelle Aldridge Edwards from her book "My Watson Roots"

(Marjorie Aldridge Tholen's sister)

"The Watson's were my mother's people. I do not know a great deal about them. I feel very badly that I did not ask my mother more questions. Now there is no one left to ask. But a few years back I contacted an elderly cousin of my mother's who lived in Oregon. She sent me what she had. She visited her father, George Watson, who lived in Washington before he died. She sent me all the records she had copied out of his Bible. "

The first ones to come to America changed their name from "Wotson" to "Watson". That is the story that was handed down in the family. I have no records of the family in Scotland.

The very first one to come to America was R.H. Watson. He was born in Scotland in 1778. There is no record of the year he came to America or where in Scotland he came from.

He married Marjorie Kelly and she was born in 1779 in Ireland. I do not know whether they met and married before they arrived in America or after.

They were the parents of two children: Daniel H. and Marjorie.

R.H. Watson born 1778 in Scotland married Marjorie Kelly born 1779 in Ireland.

They had a son: Daniel Watson born 1804 in Rhode Island, married Louise Ballenger born 1807 in Rhode Island.

They had a son: Robert George Watson born 1829, in New Hampshire, married Christine Langford from Massachusetts.

They had a son: Robert Willis Watson, born July 23,1854, in Elmire, New York, married Pheobe Anna Carey, born May 2, 1861, in Oak Creek Indiana.

They had a daughter: Christina Isabelle Watson, born December 7,1884, in Woodriver Idaho, married Ernest Alexander Aldridge, born April 25,1874, in Corralitos California.

WE ARE DESCENDANT OF THE ABOVE:

MARJORIE ALDRIDGE THOLEN'S PARENTS AND WILMA THOLEN'S RILEY'S GRANDPARENTS.

Christina and Ernest Aldridge had a daughter: Marjorie Wilma Aldridge, born March 24,1918, in Watsonville, Calif, married Frank Leslie Tholen ,born April 15, 1917, in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Marjorie and Frank Tholen had 3 children:

#1- Daughter:

**Wilma Lee Tholen, born November 12, 1940, San Francisco,
married Robert Lee Riley, born November 18, 1937.**

Wilma and Robert had 3 children:

Steven Lee Riley, who married Ann Williams

and they have 2 children,

Jennifer Rose and Scott Corbitt.

Kenneth Robert Riley, unmarried.

Wendy Sue Riley, who married William Cranston

and they have 2 children,

Kellee Jean, and Robert William.

#2- Son:

**Dennis Leslie Tholen, born October 26, 1943, San Francisco, married Patricia Shannon
and they have 3 children.**

Tricia Denise Tholen, adopted at 3 days old, unmarried.

Leslie Gale Tholen, who passed away at 14 months.

Fayanna Leslie Tholen, who married Erick Fernandez , and they have two children,

Nicholas Erick and Andrew Charles.

#3-Daughter:

**Laurie Francis Tholen, born January 21, 1957, San Francisco, she married and divorced Nicholas
Theodore Irving and they had one child.**

Alicia Nichole Irving, who married Ryan Phillips

Laurie also married and divorced Kevin Fischer, and they had no children.

Laurie is now using the Tholen name. She also had a wonderful life- partner, Timothy Krehbiel

CHILD OF R.H. WATSON AND MARJORIE KELLY:

DANIEL H. WATSON, BORN 1804, RHODE ISLAND.

Daniel H. Watson, married Louise Ballenger, who was born in Rhode Island

They were the parents of three children: Robert George, Mary and Minnie

We are the descendants of Robert George Watson:

ROBERT GEORGE WATSON

BORN 1829 IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

ROBERT MARRIED CHRISTINE LANGFORD

Notes from the "My Watson Roots" by Annabelle Edwards

Robert George Watson was the son of Daniel H. Watson and Louise Ballenger. He was born in 1829, in New Hampshire. He was born with a full set of teeth! He lost only one of them in his lifetime. One began to ache so he took a chisel and put it against it and knocked it out with a hammer.

He married Christine Langford, who was born in Massachusetts.

They had four children: George A, Robert Willis, Florence and Ida.

WE ARE DESCENDANTS OF ROBERT WILLIS WATSON

Notes from the George A Watson's Bible records:

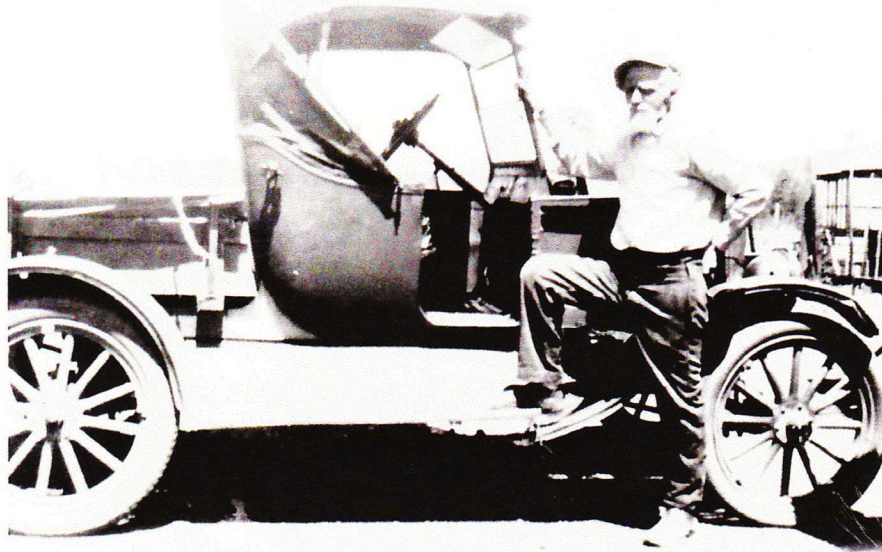
The family moved to Minnesota when the children were small. In the winter of 1866 a large river near them flooded. Robert George, hurriedly built a raft. His wife and oldest daughter got blankets, clothes and food to put on the raft. The children all helped. Robert Willis, grabbed a little pitcher of maple syrup off the table. (Annabelle still had this little pitcher) Little Ida was only five. She got her puppy. Robert George tied the things onto the raft and even tied the family on it. But he was not tied on. After a while the raft hit a submerged tree and he fell into deep water. His body was never found. He could not swim. He was just 37 years old. I do not know how long the family was on the raft. The oldest boy, George A. was fifteen. He got a job and supported the family. Christine eventually married a man named Chandler, but when they were old they separated. Christine died in Idaho in 1890's.

Robert Willis Watson

Robert Willis was born July 23, 1854 in Elmira, New York. He was the third child of Robert George Watson and Christine Langford Watson. He had one brother and two sisters. His father was drowned in a flood in Minnesota while trying to save his family. His body was never found. The oldest son got a job and supported the family. He was only 15. On July 2, 1871 he married Anna Carey of Indiana. They were the parents of five children, but only two lived to adulthood.

He died at the age of 75 of cancer of the stomach and was buried at Williams, Arizona.

The Watson records go back to Scotland and Ireland. R.H. Watson of Scotland married Marjorie Kelley of Ireland. R. H. was born 1778 and Marjorie 1779. They had two children, Daniel and Marjorie. Daniel, born 1804, married Louise Ballenger, born 1807. They are the parents of our Robert George who married Christine Langford.



GENERATION #4

ROBERT WILLIS WATSON

BORN July 23, 1854, in Elmira, New York, and died 1931 in Williams, Arizona.

He married Pheobe Anna Carey, July 2, 1879, in Minnesota,

(daughter of John and Sara Carey)

Notes from "My Watson Roots" by Annabelle Edwards.

Robert Willis Watson was the son of Robert George Watson and Christine Langford.

He was born July 23, 1854, in Elmire, New York. He grew up in Minnesota. He was one of four children, having one brother George and two sisters. Florence and Ida. His father drowned in a flood when he was twelve. So he grew up without a father to guide. From the stories my mother and her cousin told me, he gave his poor mother many worries. His older brother said he was a miserable, ornery kid.

Robert grew up in the wilds of Minnesota. One day his mother became very sick and needed a doctor. He was sent on foot several miles for the doctor. He always carried a sharp axe with him. About half way through the forest he saw a bear ahead of him in the path. He crept up as close as he could and swung his axe. He split the bear's head wide open, but he never stopped. He ran on through the woods and into town and got the doctor. Later on he told his brother that he had killed a bear. His brother did not believe him. So Robert took him out and showed him. His brother said it was the biggest bear he had ever seen.

On July 2, 1897, Robert Willis Watson married Pheobe Anna Carey. She was born in Oak Creek, Indiana and had several brothers and sisters. The family members were strong Quakers. Robert and Pheobe settled in Hailey, Idaho. Robert ran the stage depot for a few years. They lived several places in the Woodriver area. Five children were born to them, but they only raised two of them. The first baby only lived three weeks, due to a long hard birth. Their second son accidentally shot himself when he was thirteen while hunting rabbits. He died two hours later before a doctor ever got there. Robert made a coffin for his son and Pheobe lined it. The neighbor ladies washed and dressed the body. A few days later Robert went out and found the gun and bent it double over his knee and threw it in the brush.

Christina Isabelle, was their third child. (Christina was Marjorie's Tholen's Mother) Their third son was John Clarence. They called his Clad. He was a nervous child and had a speech problem. The fifth child was little Bessie. She was a very brilliant child and very sweet and loving. She was her parents pride and joy. She died when she was nine years old of spinal meningitis. She was sick for a long time, but never fussed about it. She told her mother a few days before she died that she was soon going to heaven to be with her grandma and brothers.

Isabelle Watson Aldridge

Isabelle was born December 7, 1884 in Hoodriver, Idaho. She was the third child of Robert Willis and Anna Fallene Watson. She grew up in Idaho. She was 18 when the family moved to California. She met Ernest through his sister Kate. They were married July 2, 1904. She had five children. Thought the years she worked as a nurse to help out. She did a great deal of sewing for the missionaries and the poor. She spent her last three years in Pajaro Convalescent Hospital. She died April 4, 1969 and was buried in the Watsonville Pioneer Cemetery.

We are descendents of Isabelle Watson and Ernest Aldridge.

Pictured below is their GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY- JULY 2, 1954

Their last child was Marjorie Wilma Aldridge Tholen



Robert Willis was a painter and paper hanger by trade. For several years they lived in the Long Valley area. They had a big log house with a root cellar to store vegetables and fruits for winter. The winters were long and hard. During the summer he would cut and stack the wild hay. Then in the winter he boarded cattle and horses for other people. When money became short he would go to Boise and get jobs painting and paper hanging. It was quite a long ways to Boise, so he had to stay in town. The family stayed on the ranch.

In 1902, they migrated to California. They spent the first winter in Mariposa, Ca. Robert worked at his trade there. In the spring they moved on to the Los Angeles area where Phoebe's sister lived. (Bessie Elmore) They spent some time there. Then they moved North to Watsonville. I do not know why they chose Watsonville. They rented the old Hickmore place in the mountains above Brown's Valley Road. Later they bought a ranch in the Hazel Dell area. While they were living there they adopted a little boy. He was two years old. They named him George after Robert's brother. He started school when he was four year old. At the Hazel Dell School to keep the school open. They lacked one child of having enough children in the district to keep the school open.

When George was five, Robert decided to move again. This time they moved to Arizona, about thirteen miles out of Flagstaff. They home steaded 160 acres. Robert build a good two bedroom house, dug a well by hand, and built two huge barns. There were no nails in the barns. He drilled holes by hand and drove in wooden pegs. They were sturdy and beautiful. The land was fertile but rocky. He and Clarence picked up rocks and built many rock fences. They raised grain hay, potatoes and pigs. Robert butchered the pigs and sold them to butcher shops in Flagstaff. The last few years he lived he had to give up farming. He raised chickens and sold eggs and chickens. He retired his horses and bought himself a Model T Ford. He drove it ten miles an hour. That was fast enough for him.

Robert died of cancer at age seventy five. His daughter Christina Isabelle went and cared for him for two months. After he died, Pheobe lived with son, Charence, for a while. Then she came to California and lived with daughter Christina Isabelle and Ernest Aldridge. Then when Clarence's wife died, she went back to live with Clarence and his children. Pheobe died when she was eighty-one.

Both Robert and Pheobe are buried at Williams, Arizona.

(note: Christina and Ernest Aldridge were Marjorie Tholen's parents and Wilma Riley's Grandparents)

Notes for Pheobe Anna Carey by Annabelle Edwards- Marjorie's sister.

Pheobe Anna Carey was the daughter of John B. Carey and Sara Isabel NcNess. She was born May 2, 1861, in Oak Creek, Indiana. I (Annabelle) do not know much about her childhood in Indiana. She did tell me about shaking hands with Abraham Lincoln. He passed through the area where she lived, on a train. The train stopped and he got out and shook hands with the people. That was quite a thrill for her. When she was grown the family moved to Minnesota. There she met and married Robert Willis Watson, on July 2 1879. They settled in Idaho. Five children were born to them but they lost three. They lived in Idaho twenty years or more and then moved to California. Later they moved to Arizona.

They Homesteaded 160 acres on government prairie, near Flagstaff. They worked hard and built themselves a good home and were happy there. After Robert Willis died, Pheobe spent a year in California with her daughter Christina Isabelle and Ernest Aldridge. She returned to Arizona when her son's wife died to keep house and care for his children. She died of pneumonia at the age of 81. Pheobe and Robert Watson are buried at Williams, Arizona.

Personal message from Annabelle: I did not have the privilege of growing up near my Watson Grandparents. We did visit them when I was eight years old. But I dearly loved Grandma. She was very sweet and patient. She never complained. We knew life was not easy for her. She enjoyed being with young people more than with people her age. She was always ready to help others and to share with any who had less than she.

GENERATION #5

Third Child of Robert Willis Watson and Pheobe Carey

Christina Isabelle Watson

Born: December 7, 1884, Woodriver, Idaho

Died April 4, 1969, Watsonville, California (age 85)

Married: Ernest Alexander Aldridge, July 2, 1904, Brickmore House, Redwood Rd, Watsonville, Ca.

We are descendants of Christina Isabelle Watson.

She is our Grandmother (Wilma Riley, Dennis Tholen, and Laurie Tholen) and our Mother's (Marjorie Tholen) Mother.

Great Gandmother to Steven, Kenneth, Wendy (Cranston) Riley, Tricia Tholen, Fayann (Fernandez) Tholen, and Alicia (Phillip's) Irving.

Great- Great Grandmother to Jennifer and Scott Riley, Kellee and Robert Cranston and Nicolas and Andrew Fernandez.

Great-Great- Great Grandma to our newest little one Eleanor Corbitt Riley! Born: September 10, 2015

Christina spent her childhood in Idaho. The family was very poor but happy. She and her brother Clarence, went to school in the winter with a horse and sleigh through the tall pines. Many times the hungry timber wolves followed them. Their father made them snowshoes and skis and sleds. In the summer they rode horseback. Christina always rode with a sidesaddle. She worn long skirts and it was not lady like to ride like we do today. They gathered wild berries for their mother to make jams

for the winter. They caught beautiful trout in the Salmon River. Those were happy years for them. Of course there was also lots of work they had to do.

After her sister, Bessie died, her father was not happy and wanted to try living somewhere else. They moved to Oregon. Her parents ran a boarding house and she helped cook, serve and clean rooms. But they were not happy with that and soon wanted to leave. They went back to Idaho for a short time, then they packed all their possessions and headed for California in a covered wagon. It was a long trip. They camped at night where there was water. One evening Christina went down to the little stream to get some water. As she bent over to dip up a pail of water, a strange man grabbed her and she yelled and her father came running with a gun. The man let her go and disappeared. One place they stopped a lady gave her a canary in a cage. Another place a man gave her a baby pig. They spent the winter in Mariposa, Ca. In the spring they headed out for Los Angeles. Her Aunt Bessie lived there and so did her grandparents. While in Los Angeles, she went to Millinery school and learned how to make ladies hats and to decorate them. She always made her own hats after that. She would start with what she called a hat frame, then she would cover it with silk and decorate it with artificial flowers or ostrich plumes. Then for each season she would change it. They were always very pretty.

After a while they moved North to Watsonville, Ca. They rented the Brickmore Place up Redwood Road. The place later became the Batinich place. Christina walked down to the mail boxes on Brown's Valley Road to get mail. There she met Kate Aldridge. They became lifelong friends. One Sunday, Kate asked her to spend the day with her. This was the day she met Ernest Aldridge. When evening came the two girls started out walking to church, about a mile down the road. They heard some weird noises and Kate ran off and left her. Then out of the bushes stepped Ernest. He walked her to church. Later she learned that it was all planned between Ernest and Kate. Ernest courted her for one year. Then they were married in the Bickmore house with both families present on July 2, 1904, on Christina Isabelle Parent's 25th Wedding Anniversary.

(note from Marjorie Tholen: My mother told me that when she and Dad were walking, he asked her if she liked chicken???. She said, "Oh yes, I love it". He replied as he raised his arm, "Have a wing")

(My Grandpa was such a great guy, and they had 50 years of marriage, and I was there for their 50th, and yes, he could come up with some good ones. I do have to share this one. We were visiting them in Paradise, Ca, one summer, we took a bus up there from Daly City. It was so Hot!! I'm going to say I was about 10 and my brother 7, and Grandpa was showing us how to catch lizards. When we had one he sent my brother in to the house to show Grandma and Mom, and Grandma ran into the bathroom and locked herself in, screaming get that out of the house. Oh, Yes, Grandpa never changed. Love to tease! Will miss them both forever, Wilma)

Ernest built a small house on the ranch and furnished it. Later it became Kate Aldridge's ranch. They were very happy there. In those days after a wedding there was always a shivaree. Friends of the couple would come over after the couple had put out the lights and gone to bed. They would make a lot of noise and the couple was suppose to get up and let them in and serve them refreshments. Well,

Christina had baked a cake for the occasion, as it turned out only one man came, so he and Ernest ate the whole cake.

Christina did not have an easy life. She worked very hard and did everything the hard way. She had five children, three sons and two daughters. She did all kinds of work to help support her family. She worked in the apple packing sheds, packing apples for a few years. She was very fast with her hands and did very well at piece work. In 1926 she started nursing. At first she went into homes and took care of women when they had their babies. In those days a woman stayed in bed ten days after having a baby. Most babies were born in the home. She worked some in Watsonville Hospital as a practical nurse. She took patients into her home and cared for them. Then she opened the first Convalescent Hospital in Watsonville. Most of her patients were on Old Age Pensions. They received \$35.00 per month, so that is all she received for the room, board, and care. She did have a few better paying patients. After a year or so her health became very bad and she had to have surgery. For a while a friend carried on her work, but the convalescent home was finally closed, and later torn down and a big building was built for the new Convalescent Hospital. After she regained her health she took in old ladies to care for in her home for a couple of years. She loved to care for people.

(Marjorie's memory of her Mother nursing: When I was about 6 years old, my mother brought one of her friends to our house to have her baby. My brother, Frank, and I were sent outside. When the doctor arrived with his black bag, Frank and I decided be brought the baby in it.) (love these memories, Mom! So sweet and innocent. Wilma)

Christina had to always have something to do, and she loved to do for others. So she took in sewing for the poor in Redwood City where they lived. People gave her material to work with. Someone wrote an article about her work and put it in the paper. After that she never lacked for sewing material. They were always finding boxes of it on the front porch. Ernest fixed up the garage for her sewing room and built shelves and the clothing was arranged according to size on the shelves. People came there and outfitted their children.

Ernest became ill with T.B. at age 87, and was put in a sanitarium near Redwood City. After 5 months he went home and two months later had a stroke and returned to the sanitarium, where he died 2 and ½ months later.

(Note from Wilma: I remember we all had to have T.B. test on our arms when Grandpa and Grandma were ill. It was scary, to just think about.)

Christina entered the same T.B. sanitarium the day after Ernest's funeral. The doctor knew she had T.B., but was waiting for Ernest to pass on before confining her. She spent 6 months there. She returned home and tried living in her house with a housekeeper. After a while she became sick and spent some time in the hospital. When she was able to leave the hospital she spent some time living in Napa, Ca. with her son Frank and his family. She was there about two years. Then she came to Watsonville and moved into Pajaro Valley Convalescent Hospital. She spent her time visiting the patients who were bedfast. She talked to them and read their mail for them and helped them in many ways. When she became unable to walk, she took herself around to visit in her wheelchair. She

never gave up doing for others. She spent 3 and ½ years there and then moved on to heaven. She was 85.

Notes from Wilma Riley, Granddaughter: I remember my Grandmother as a very loving person. She loved the children. She and my Grandfather celebrated 50 years of marriage, and I was there that day in Redwood City, and it was a very happy day for all. They were both very religious, and never ate a meal without giving thanks, and never went to bed without reading the Bible. I remember when she was in the hospital the last time, and it was the last time I saw her, and she was always busy making something. She made everyone of her great grandchildren a Xmas gift. She made a bib for Wendy with a 49er on it for she was her 49th great grandchild and she had several more after that.

I was her 17th grandchild, and I believe she had 23 grandchildren in all.

I loved my Grandmother and will never forget her.. Wilma

DESCENDANTS OF JOHN CAREY

GENERATION #1

JOHN CAREY married Mary

Notes: Queen Elizabeth of England was the daughter of King Henry VIII. She reigned from 1640-1660. She was unmarried and said to be a relation to the Carey Family.

The Carey Family came from English Government, said to be from England. The farthest back we have been able to trace the Carey name is to one John Carey and Mary his wife. They came to America with three sons or more and perhaps some daughters about the year 1681. In time of Penn's Colony and settled in Bucks Cl. Pennsylvania.

One of the sons was John Carey and he married a wife named Elizabeth.

We are descendants of John and Elizabeth Carey.

GENERATION #2

Child of John and Mary Carey:

John Carey, born in England, died February 20, 1792

The first record we found on the Carey's, is a Warrant survey and patent for 100 acres of Plumstead Township, Buck's County, Pennsylvania, for the sum of fifteen pounds and ten shillings and yearly quit--rent of one-half penny sterling for every acre—January 4, 1737. We do not know who his parents were or when he arrived in the United States. John Carey died an old man on February 20,1792.

His will was proved on August 9,1792. Elizabeth died May 23, 1794. Her will was proved on December 23,1794.

Their eight children: John, Thomas, Elizabeth, Ann, Hannah, Elias, Mary and Samuel.

GENERATION #3

We are descendants of John and Elizabeth Carey, 8th child: Samuel Carey

Samuel Carey was born April 2, 1752, in Plumstead Township, Bucks' Co, Pennsylvania, and died September 6, 1823. He married Rachel Doan on March 18,1776.

Notes from Annabelle: Samuel Carey, the eighth child of John and Elizabeth, was born in Plumstead Township, Buck's Co. Pennsylvania, on April 2, 1732. He served in the Revolutionary War as a "Second Class Private" under Captain Robert Gibson from Plumstead Township, on June 6,1780. As a "Second Class Private" under Militia Law on May 19,1781. He married Rachel Doan, a Quaker, on March 18,1776. Quakers being against war, he did not enlist. If they were drafted, they were disowned, but given protection of prayer. We have no record that Samuel was a Quaker at this time, even though

John B. Carey and Isabel McNess Carey

John Carey was the son of Thomas and Rhoda Ballard Carey.

He was born June 23, 1823.

His first wife was Eliza Matilda Cox. His second wife was Isabel McNess.

They had many children, but only raised five or six.

The Carey records go back quite a long way. The Carey family came from England. Our earliest know ancestor, John Carey and his family came to America about 1681.

They settled in Bucks Co. Pennsylvania.

We are descendents of his son John and wife Mary. Their son John, married Elizabeth. Their Son Samuel married Rachel Doan Carey. They are the parents of Thomas Carey who married Rhoda Ballard Carey, the parents of John B. Carey.



his wife, mother and several brother and sisters were. Many battles of the revolution were fought near their home. The first migration was to Fairfax Co. Virginia. The next move was to Highland Co. Ohio. Samuel died of cholera on September 6, 1823 on his way home from a trip to Virginia. Samuel and Rachel were parents of nine children: Cynthia, Sarah, Jonathon, John, Samuel JR., Elizabeth, Thomas and Elias.

We are descendants of Samuel and Rachel Carey's 8th child, Thomas Carey.

GENERATION #4

Thomas Carey, was born January 13, 1791, and died September 11,1854. He was married Rhoda Ballard, December 20, 1815.

Notes from Annabelle: Thomas Carey was the eighth child of Samuel Carey and Rachel Doan. He was born January 13,1791. He married Rhoda Ballard on December 20,1815. They were the parents of ten children: Elizabeth, Joseph, Rachel, Susanna, Sarah, Samuel, John B. alameda, Rhoda, and Mary Jane Carey. Thomas died September 11,1854.

We are descendants of Thomas and Rhoda Carey's 7th child: John B. Carey

GENERATION #5

John B. Carey was born, July 23,1823, Indiana, died 1911, Los Angeles Ca. He married Sara Isabel McNess (second wife) October 9,1853.

Notes from Annabelle: John B.Carey was the seventh child of Thomas and Rhoda Carey. He married his first wife, Elizabeth Cox on October 10,1850. She died the following year during childbirth. The baby, a girl, lived. He insisted on caring for her himself. When she was about three months old she died in the night of croup. He married his second wife, Sara Isabel McNess. John B. served in the Civil War with the Indiana Irregulars. He never received a pension. He died in 1910 or 1911 in the Los Angeles Area.

We are descendants of John B Carey and Sara Isabel McNess:

They had a daughter, Phoebe Ann Carey and she married Robert Willis Watson.

Phoebe and Robert Watson had a daughter:

Christina Isabelle Watson and she married Ernest Alexander Aldridge.

Christina and Ernest had a daughter, Marjorie Wilma Aldridge and she married Frank Leslie Tholen

Marjorie and Leslie (that is what Marjorie called him) had three children:

Wilma Lee Tholen (Riley), Dennis Leslie Tholen, Laurie Frances Tholen

Anna Carey Watson

Anna was born in Oak Creek Indiana, May 2, 1869. She was the daughter of John Carey and Isabel McNeese. Anna grew up in Indiana. They were devout Quakers. She married Robert Willis Watson, July 2, 1871. She was the mother of five children, but only two of them lived to adulthood. Anna died in March of 1942 in Williams, Arizona and was buried there.

Picture below is: Ernest Aldridge, Isabelle, Clarence, Anna Watson, holding Creston Aldridge. Gorge Watson,(adopted) Anna and Robert Watson.



1961
Holding Steven Riley



Margorie & Jessie Tholen

Mommy

1961
Baby Steven Riley Marjorie Tholen



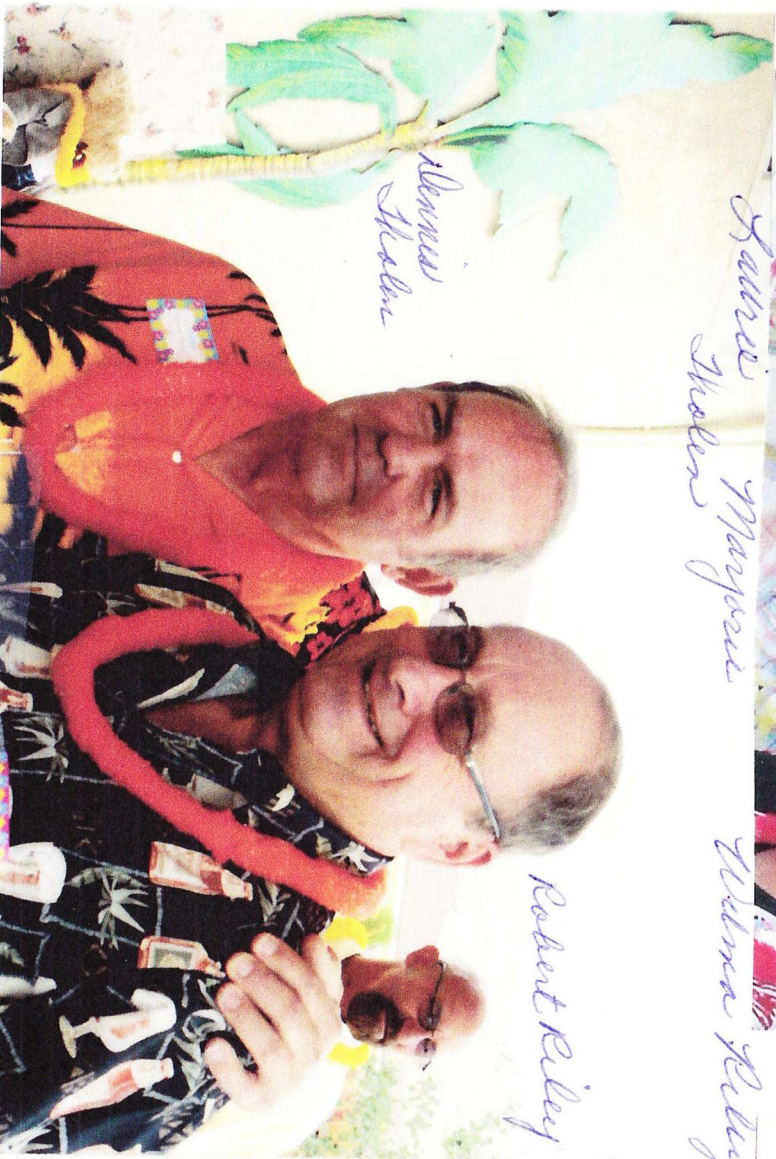
Christina & Ernest Aldridge

Laurie Tholen Annabell Edward



2009

Janece Tholen
Margorie Tholen
Wilma Riley



2009

Steven Tholen
Robert Riley