

## Items in genealogy files of Ann Arnold Hennings

Correspondence between Robert Roy Moline and Ann Arnold Hennings 1999-2001. Photocopies of Moline and Cayler family members; autobiography of Myrtle Grace Cayler Moline; obituary of Myrtle Moline.

Robert Stoy 10 Nov 2020



"Robert R. Moline" <molinerr@mwt.net> on 06/24/99 02:46:01 PM

Please respond to molinerr@mwt.net

To: Ann Hennings/henings/Staff/OIT/Provost/AmericanU  
cc:  
Subject: Re: Hi

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Ann, I am sending you a phot of my grandparents, Therman Cayler (son of William Robert) and Laura Mitchell Cayler. I am getting ready to go to the Historical society in Madison. What counties an PA and NJ should I be looking for Kalers, Oatlyers, etc.?

cousin Bob Moline



- Thermon&Laura, Jpeg



From Bot Moline  
1/12/2000

## **Auto biography of Myrtle Grace Cayler Moline**

My father Allen G. Thurman Cayler, was born 7, Feb 7, 1876 in Appannose County Iowa to William Robert Cayler (a Civil War veteran of the 3<sup>rd</sup> Iowa Cavalry), and Nancy Burgess Cayler. He came to the famous Red River Valley of the North as a young man in 1903 with a team of horses pulling a covered wagon which was leading his saddle horse. He began farming in Parnell Township, Polk County, Minnesota, where he met and married Laura Mitchell Cayler on 1909. She was a rural schoolteacher who was born June 6, 1885 to Melvina Hickerson Mitchell and Henry Gordon Mitchell (a Civil War veteran of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Connecticut Heavy Artillery).<sup>1</sup>

I was their first born Child and the first grandchild of the Mitchells,<sup>2</sup> born April 20, 1910 in a snowstorm on the prairie of Polk County. To get assistance in my delivery, my father drove 11 miles to Crookston, Minnesota with a bobsled and horses to fetch Dr. Nelson. I remember Papa saying, "The snow banks were as high as the telephone wires!" Papa's favorite horses were named Nancy and George; they were totally black in color. His riding horse was a sorrel named Mable.

My father was a farmer, a blacksmith, a well digger, and ran threshing rigs during grain harvest time. He loved working with gas engines and steam threshing rigs. Papa dug out fox cubs, bringing them home in gunnysacks; he kept them in little houses and fed them bread and milk. I don't know what happened to them because I was no more than four years old at the time.

I remember the hunters of Prairie Chickens stopping at our place and giving a Prairie Chicken to Mama. Mama was an excellent cook. She made butter and packed it in little crocks and traded it for groceries. I remember one time snitching a taste of butter and sugar mix for cake or cookies. One day after my mother had made a lot of butter, she took it to Crookston and took my brother Allen and me along. We didn't have a car yet in those days, so we drove the 11 miles to Crookston in a horse and buggy. As we were trotting along, a car come up behind us which frightened the horse so she jumped toward the water filled ditch, but fortunately we didn't tip over and were able to continue our trip to town.

Willis and John Moline (older brothers of my husband to be J. Russell Moline) batched a couple of miles from us and I remember both of those young men standing outside our house and asking if we had seen their "white horses?" They ate Sunday dinner at our place often. Our place was called the "love place."

Later, Willis enlisted in the Army and became a member of the Allied Expeditionary force in France. Rather than returning to Crookston after WWI, he bought a farm about 5 miles south of Waukon Iowa in Allamakee County and settled there. Meanwhile, John Moline married his childhood sweetheart, Rosina Schoop, from Lamonte, Iowa, and continued to farm



there. Because we were close and good neighbors, I did babysitting and other work for them. I remember the birth of most of their children. Both of our families attended the same Lutheran Church in Crookston, and would have dinner often at each other's homes after church.

We lived in the country until the Armistice was signed, and then moved to Crookston where I and my brothers Allen, Russell, and Donald went to grade school. Papa was employed there by the Great Northern Rail Road; he worked in the Round House repairing steam locomotives. He was very mechanical and could fix anything. He used to walk down the Rail Road Tracks on his way home from work.

Once my Uncle Guy Mitchell said my Dad was a "scab." I don't know if they were friends after that or not. My father was not one to take abuse from others; he was over 6 feet tall and could beat the dickens out of anyone who messed with him.

Crookston was a very exciting place. There were many interesting things happening. I watched with wonder as the electric cars glided soundlessly by. Beautifully groomed, galloping horses pulling fine wagons made a magnificent sight. I can still remember the eerie sound of the fire siren the first time it was blown. What fun it was to ride on a hand sled that pulled us back and forth behind the ice sleigh that was carrying ice from the river to the ice house. Ice was cut into blocks, and hauled to the icehouse where it was packed in sawdust and stored for delivery to customers throughout Crookston during the warmer months. In the summer months I worked on the Moline Farm, often doing fieldwork as well as taking care of their kids.<sup>3</sup>

My mother taught me how to drive a car. I remember her standing outside the car waving her arms giving me directions. Later, she got into the car with me when I drove around. I don't know how my mother learned to drive, but I remember the time she was going down the hill next to our house and she hit a tree!

I graduated from Crookston Public High School in 1928. Before I graduated, my parents moved to a farm near Beltrami, Minnesota, just south of Crookston. In the mean time, I lived with Dr. Sharpes in Crookston. They had a maid that I had a lot of fun with. We used to make ice cream after church on Sundays.

John Moline died of influenza on the 27<sup>th</sup> of Dec 1928, leaving his widow, Rosina, and 5 children. Rosina bought a car, but could not drive it. I became her scoffer on a trip to the Swan Moline homestead in Allamakee County Iowa. It was there that I was introduced to John Moline's youngest brother, J. Russell.<sup>4</sup> We got there late at night, and Russell had fallen asleep at the kitchen table reading the Bible.<sup>5</sup> He was the eleventh of 12 children born Sep 8, 1899, in Delaware County, Iowa to Swedish immigrant Swan Moline and Lillian Phillips Moline. J. Russell graduated from Independence, Iowa high school, and Lenox College, Hopkinton, Iowa in 1926. After a short teaching career, he commenced farming with his father, Swan in Lafayette Township, Allamakee County, Iowa.

In the fall of 1929, I attended Bemiji State College for one semester. I stayed with my Mother's cousin Mrs. Jean Lovel. My bed was a cot with pillows on it. I had to walk more than

two miles around the lake to get to School. I got a blister on my foot, which turned into blood poisoning in my leg, so I had to quit school. For a time, I helped my mother raise turkeys on the farm. Near Beltrami.

In the spring, I answered an add in the paper and moved to Mitchell, South Dakota where I worked for two lawyers by the name of Fellows, one of whom became Governor of South Dakota. They liked to drink, and one night there was a big fight, after which I went down and cleaned up the entire mess, the blood, broken glass and everything. They were so pleased, that they let me drive their Ford Coup, which I used to visit my friend Rosina Moline in Kimball. She had sold her farm near Crookston and moved to another farm near Kimball, South Dakota.

Russell Moline came to visit me in Mitchell, driving his car from Allamakee County. He had a Whippet, which had no fenders, but it could do the miles. We were married June 20, 1931 in the Old German Church, Lansing, Iowa. My father was hopping mad that the wedding did not occur in Minnesota. My parents did not attend the wedding. We went to Washington DC by train for our honeymoon. We were given a shower by the other tour members on the way back home.

I began married life washing clothes by hand with a washing board. Later I had a wooden washing machine with a handle that was pushed back and forth by hand. Wash water was carried in and carried out. We had kerosene lamps and lanterns. After WWII, we purchased a "light Plant," that charged 400 batteries with a gas engine. We didn't have running water until 1947.

Farming was not easy in those days. Every thing was done by hand: we had threshing bees, wood-sawing bees, and shredded corn for fodder. Cream sold for 15 cents a pound, and eggs for 7 cents a dozen. We took wheat to Caledonia, Minnesota to be ground into flour. We ground wheat in the coffee grinder to make breakfast cereal.

Bank closings were common in the early 30's. Russell had money in two banks that closed. In one case, he had sold a load of hogs. He took his check to the Bank of Harpers Ferry, Iowa, owned by T.W. Melivin. He asked Mr. Melivin if the bank was going to close. Mr. Melivin replied, "We have a sound bank." Russell deposited the hog check. Then he went to the General Store, also owned by Mr. Melivin and bought some groceries and supplies, paying for them with a check on the Bank of Harpers Ferry. The very next day the bank closed! After the bank closed, Russell had to make restitution on the Check. After that Swan lost the farm, and we bought a farm in Village Creek.

<sup>1</sup> Henry enlisted at age 16 and was wounded in the arm and the leg at Cold Harbor on the 1<sup>st</sup> of June 1864. He was 17 years old at the time.

<sup>2</sup> My birth was soon followed by the birth of twins to my mother's brother Uncle Guy Mitchell and his wife. There seems to have some sibling rivalry there as Thurman and Laura got a note from Guy and his wife stating, "We beat you, we got two."

<sup>3</sup> It seems that Myrtle was a rather strict taskmaster. One of John and Rosina's daughters, Genevieve Moline Natvig of Kimball, South Dakota, told this story: One night the creamery man brought ice cream bars when he picked up the cream. Myrtle said, "No desert until you finish supper." So naturally the ice cream was soup before they got to it. Kids followed orders in those days!

<sup>4</sup> None of the Moline's were given middle names. In his youth, Russell added the initial J. to his name to make him more distinguished.

<sup>5</sup> Cousin Jamie Moline of Circle, Montana told the author a slightly different version during a visit in Aug. 1998: Evidently there was a large family reunion attended by Jamie as well as others. They all sat down to eat at a long table. Myrtle and Russell were seated next to each other, and as far as Jamie knew, that was the first time they had seen each other.

Here is Mother's obit, written by sister Sharon Moline Smith who is 16 months older than I am. Robert Roy

>From: "Sharon Smith" <sharles@mwt.net>

>Subject: Fw: Myrtle's obit

>Date: Fri, 11 May 2001 20:55:40 -0500

>Here is a copy of the obit that will be in the Waterloo, Cedar Rapids, La

>Crosse, Lansing and Waukon papers.

>Notice the times and locations for funeral and visitation.

>Love, Sharon

>

> Myrtle G. Moline, 91, of La Crosse, WI, formerly of Waukon, IA, died

>Thursday, May 10, 2001 at Bethany St. Joseph Care Center in La Crosse

>following a brief illness. Funeral services will be held Monday, May 14th

>at 11:00 am at Zion United Church of Christ in Waukon with Rev. Richard N.

>Eick officiating. Burial will be in Oakland Cemetery, Waukon. Friends may

>call from 3:00 to 6:00 pm Sunday at Martin Funeral Home in Waukon.

> Myrtle Grace Cayler Moline was born on April 20, 1910 in rural

>Crookston, MN. Her parents were Allen G. "Thurman" and Laura L. (Mitchell)

>Cayler. She graduated from Crookston High School in 1928 and attended

>Bemidji State College. On June 20, 1931 she married Russell Moline Sr. in

>Lansing, IA. They farmed together in the Wexford, Village Creek, and

>Churchtown areas of Allamakee County, IA. In 1960 she moved to Waukon where

>she worked as a nurse's assistant at Veterans Memorial hospital for several

>years. >From 1996-99 she lived in Waterloo and since the fall of 1999 she

>has lived in La Crosse.

> She was a member of Zion United Church of Christ in Waukon and its

>Ladies Circle, as well as formerly serving as a Sunday School and Bible

>School teacher. She was a former 4-H leader and Makee Manor and meals on

>wheels volunteer. She was also a member of the Extension Homemakers Club,

>Allamakee County Farm Bureau Women, and Normandia Study Club. Myrtle

>enjoyed gardening, music, and family history. She was an avid reader, an

>excellent cook and baker, and an accomplished rug weaver. She had a caring

>and sharing spirit toward her many neighbors, family, and friends.

> Myrtle is preceded in death by her parents, her husband, 2 sons,

>Richard and Roger, 3 brothers, Allen, Russell, and Donald Cayler, and a

>son-in-law, Lester Smith. Survivors include 2 sons, Russell Jr. (Marlene)

>Moline of Lansing, IA and Robert (Elizabeth) Moline of Genoa, WI; 4

>daughters, Marjorie (John) Swanson of Pukwana, SD, Evelyn (Don) Nold of

>Waterloo, IA, Sharon Smith of Genoa, WI, and Sue (Terry) Larson of Sun

>Prairie, WI; a daughter-in-law, Mary Ann Moline of Genoa, WI; 19

>grandchildren, Cristiana Moline, Frank (Kim) Moline, James Swanson, David

>(Becky) Swanson, Naomi Swanson, Ramona Swanson, Nancy (David) Lind, Susan

>(Harold) Swindol, Cindy (Norman) Ellefson, Debbie (Lee) Walker, Michael

>(Wei) Moline, Scott Moline (and fiance Rill Brown), Nicole Smith, Mitchell

>Moline, Melissa (Charlie) Burns, Anna Michelle Moline, Ross Moline,

>Jonathan Larson, and Erik Larson; and 14 great-grandchildren.

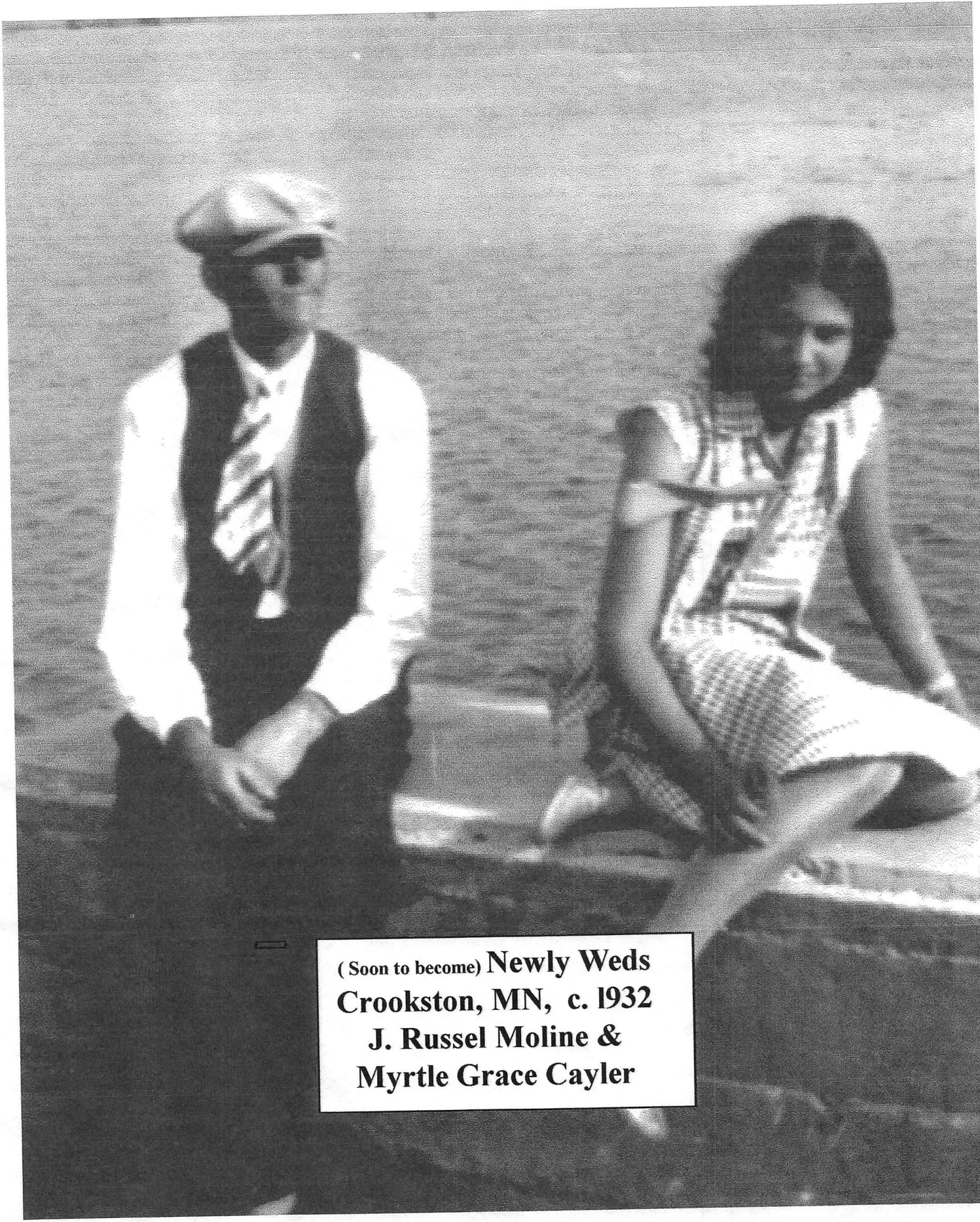
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Myrtle Grace Cayler





(Soon to become) **Newly Weds**  
**Crookston, MN, c. 1932**  
**J. Russel Moline &**  
**Myrtle Grace Cayler**





Donald and Allan Cayler, brothers of Myrtle Grace. Children of Thurman.



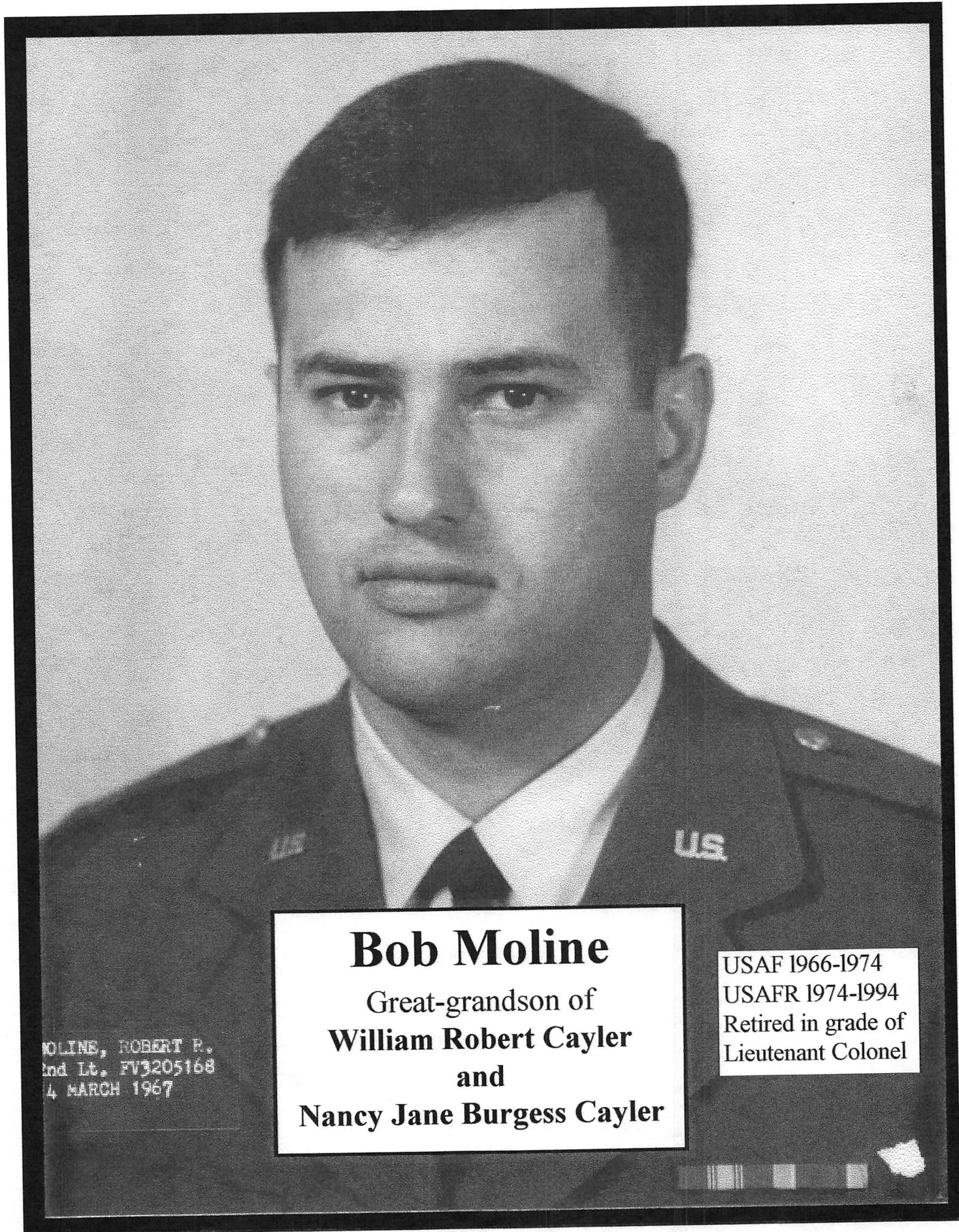


Nancy Burgess and  
William Robert Cayler  
3rd Iowa Cavalry



Thurman Cayler





MOLINE, ROBERT P.  
2nd Lt. FV3205168  
4 MARCH 1967

**Bob Moline**  
Great-grandson of  
**William Robert Cayler**  
and  
**Nancy Jane Burgess Cayler**

USAF 1966-1974  
USAFR 1974-1994  
Retired in grade of  
Lieutenant Colonel