

Lineage From Henry Wilson, Sr.  
To  
K. W. (Kelly) Boesen  
Plus Added Comments & Information

Henry Wilson, Sr. died in 1778, during the American Revolution. His will indicates that he had a plantation, mill and slaves. Children mentioned in his will included sons Henry Wilson, Archibald Wilson, Ru Wilson, Jeremiah Wilson and daughters Elizabeth Wiggington and Agatha Smith. Seven slaves were specifically named to be given to heirs and presumably others were sold. The will also indicates that Henry Wilson, Sr's. Son, Jeremiah, one of the heirs, was in the war at the time, "away at the camps" presumably in the Army of the Continental Congress. This indicates that all direct descendant females of Jeremiah Wilson are "daughters of the American Revolution".

Jeremiah Wilson was born 1762, married Rhoda Sutton (1782?) and was reported to have 13 children including boys Archibald, John, William, James, and David. He was reported to own three slaves. One of Jeremiah's children was Frances "Fannie" Wilson who is reported to have been born in Kentucky.

Frances "Fannie" Wilson, born in Kentucky, married George Smith who had been born in Virginia. George was a shoemaker, farmer and slave owner. They had seven children. James Hensley Smith was the youngest child, born January 25, 1842 in Mortonsville, Kentucky. George Smith died in Illinois in 1844. Frances "Fannie" Smith may have died in Illinois in 1853.

James Hensley Smith, lost his father when he was two years of age and became an orphan at the age of 10. He joined the Union Army during the Civil War on "the eleventh day of May, 1861" according to his discharge papers. He was a private in Lieutenant John Bolton's Company K, Seventh Regiment "Volunteers" of the "Vet Res Corps". The discharge papers appear to say that he was born in Wentrosville, or Wintrosville, Kentucky. While in the Army he served in several major engagements, perhaps some of the bloodiest being in or near the Mississippi River and his service records show him in several locations during the war.

James Hensley Smith' discharge papers describe him as: "...5 feet 4 inches

high, light complexion, light eyes, light hair, and by occupation, when enrolled, a farmer.” After serving three years, he was discharged June 13, 1864 “...by reason of expiration of term of service.” He was paid a bounty of \$100 on May 29, 1867.

James Hensley Smith married Martha New (born 1/26/1845, Scott County, Illinois) on November 10, 1864. They had four children born in Illinois: Lillian (born November 20, 1865, died July 9, 1963 in Nebraska); William New (born May 29, 1867, died July 28, 1936 in Nebraska); James Francis “Frank” (born October 17, 1869, died February 15, 1967 in Nebraska) and David (born November 18, 1872, died October 12, 1968 in Arkansas).

After moving to Nebraska, they had twins: Harriet “Hattie” and Whitfield “Whit” (born August 8, 1876, dying June 24, 1969 and March 5, 1961). Hattie was a spinster who lived with her parents all their lives. I remember visiting her (with my mom) at the house in Aurora and was scared of her. I seem to remember she appeared to be kind of “spooky” looking in the hair and eyes. “Whit” was a farmer south of Aurora, Nebraska and at his farm sale my dad Harry Boesen, probably about 1948 when he resumed farming between Boelus and Dannebrog, Nebraska purchased a Farmall “Regular” tractor, probably made about 1929. We used that tractor for many years. The next child of James Hensley Smith and Martha New was Dollie Alice (always known to me as “Aunt Doll”, born March 29, 1879, died February 17, 1961.) I remember once when I was very young and she was working at a furniture store in Aurora, that I walked from her house where we were visiting, to see her at work.. There she taught me the rhyme: “If the sea were all whiskey and I was a duck, I'd dive to the bottom and drink my way up.” While I didn't have much concept of what this meant, it was naughty at the time, which is probably the reason she taught it to me. The next child of James Hensley and Martha New was Estella (always known as “Stella”, born April 2, 1881, died August 7, 1959). Then came Walter Fay (born February 9, 1884, died April 21, 1946). The last was an unnamed baby born February 7, 1886, died February 13, 1886.) The family “story” is that after moving to Nebraska, James Hensley worked hard and successfully as a farmer and at his death left a “farm” to each of his children. In all actuality the farms were probably 40 or 80 acres in size, yet it was a substantial inheritance in those days.

James Hensley Smith died May 22, 1931 and his gravestone at the Aurora cemetery is one of the more imposing ones. His wife, Martha New Smith preceded him in death on November 18, 1924.

James Francis “Frank” Smith was my grandfather. During his entire life he hated the name Francis and preferred to be called: “Frank”. Born October 17, 1809 in Illinois, he moved with his family to Nebraska about 1875 or 1876. Living to the age of 97 (almost 98) and dying (February 15, 1967) when I was 23 years of age meant that I got to know him fairly well. One of the stories he told me was of the family move from Illinois to Nebraska. He said that he was three years of age (actually probably between three and four) and that he remembered the trip (by horse and wagon) very well because he had to walk the entire way! I'm sure this was because the wagon was full and also was a heavy load for the animals to pull.

James “Frank” Smith married (February 15, 1899) Phereby Alice Kirkman (born September 30, 1872, Oak, Nebraska, died October 5, 1950). They had Mary Eula Miller nee Smith (born February 26, 1902, died March 17, 1970); Mildred Emily Boesen nee Smith, my mother, (born December 27, 1904); and an infant boy who survived only a few days. James Frank Smith was always known to our family as “Granddad”. Although probably not tall by today's standards, I still remember him as tall and slim. I also remember him living in a little house in Aurora after moving in from the farm. I vaguely remember my grandmother having died as I spent the day at his house in Aurora, bored, while the rest of the family attended the funeral. So while I don't know when he moved into Aurora or how long he lived there, I know he was living there in 1950. In that house he had cold running water in the house, a portable electric washing machine on the back porch, and a “path” (to the outhouse). The house had two bedrooms, a kitchen, a front room, a tiny, enclosed porch on the back and an unenclosed porch on the front plus a cellar (under only a small part of the house). I also remember gooseberry bushes because I once tried to eat the fruit! Ugh! I remember travelling to his farm (on which his daughter, Eula and her husband Frank Miller lived) in his 1929 Model A Ford tudor. Granddad did not like to drive faster than the speed of a team of horses and so he travelled excruciatingly slow for me, especially as he wasn't a great talker. Curtis has a small “secretary” desk which was in the house in Aurora and I have a china cabinet and three oak chairs. We also have an old (Mission Oak?) rocking chair which is similar to two which I remember in that house.

Mildred Emily Smith married Harry Boesen and they had seven children, Marcus Harlan, Marvin Clifford, Clarke Harry, Mary Jane, Gretchen Alice, Curtis Frank and me, Kelly Ward. Mom graduated from Aurora High School, but did not take the “normal” (teacher preparation) program, so after

graduating from high school, she attended college at Peru one summer and then became a teacher in the fall.

Kelly Boesen, attended Boelus Public School, graduated in 1962; attended Kearney State Teacher's college, graduating in 1966. I taught woodworking and business (typing) at the Nebraska School for the Deaf 1966-1968, plus drove school bus, was boy scout leader, Key Club sponsor, and coached track where I got a high hurdler to the state track meet.

I moved to the Indiana School for the Deaf and taught woodworking from 1968 through December 1970. I also was assistant 7<sup>th</sup>/8<sup>th</sup> grade football coach and head 5<sup>th</sup>/6<sup>th</sup> grade football coach. I also drove school bus and was Explorer Scout leader. My Explorer Scouts were the first deaf Explorer Scouts ever to attend the Explorer Scout Olympics (in Colorado).

I received a scholarship to attend the National Leadership Training Program in Deafness at California State University, Northridge, which I attended in January through August, 1971 receiving my Master's in that special program.

From 1972-1974 I was Assistant for Vocational Education and Vocational Rehabilitation; Director for Vocational Education and finally Director for Vocational Education and Vocational Rehabilitation at the American School for the Deaf, West Hartford, Connecticut. I married Sue Ladner, a teacher at the Governor Baxter School for the Deaf, Portland, Maine in April 1973. From 1974 through December, 1982 I was Superintendent of the Alberta School for the Deaf in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada. Probably my greatest legacies of my tenure there was the establishment of a teacher of the deaf training program at the University of Alberta and the employment of teachers who were trained as teachers of the deaf and who were certified as teachers in the Province. During that time all four of our children were born. In January 1983 I became Superintendent of the South Dakota School for the Deaf in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, serving until August, 1988. I consider my legacies there to have been the expansion of the program serving parents, families and pre-schoolers in their homes throughout the state.

I became Supervising Teacher of Vocational Education at the Texas School for the Deaf in Austin in September 1988. After 10 years, I moved to the position of Vocational Evaluator serving in that position for five years until my official retirement at the end of October 2003. I continued after retirement in that position for the remainder of the 2003-2004 school year. In all I worked with in the education of deaf children for 38 years.

In the fall of 2004, following the old “Western” cattle trail, I drove three horses (abreast”) each and every step of the way from Bandera, Texas to Elk City, Oklahoma, a distance of 475 miles. I was the first person in this century, and perhaps ever, to have done this. From Elk City, OK I drove only two of the three (switching the third horse daily to give each horse extra rest) for the remaining trip to Dodge City, Kansas, one of the original shipping points for the Texas Longhorns to be shipped to the eastern markets via rail. This Western Trail trip was a total of 675 miles and took roughly seven weeks (48 days) having had rest days about once per week. I am the first person and the only person in this century to have made this entire trip driving horses. Only two other persons (Jesse Gandy of Ledbetter, TX and Brad Hill of Everton, MO) made it all the way and they were driving mules. None of the horseback (or mule)riders made it all the way because there were times they put their animals into trailers and hauled them forward, later resuming riding.

In June 2005 my grandson, Gavin Manning, aged seven and I hauled our horses and a covered wagon to Dodge City, KS and resumed following the Western Trail. We drove for approximately 325 miles to our destination at one of the old cattle shipping points or rail-heads at Ogallala, Nebraska, arriving there after about a three week trip. This makes me the only human being in this century to have driven horses the entire distance from Bandera, Texas to Ogallala, Nebraska a distance of a thousand miles, requiring about 10 weeks. Next, I hope to continue up that Western Trail to the Black Hills of South Dakota.

Kelly Boesen, December 2005.