

PRESIDENT'S PAGE

Dear Rice Family Members,

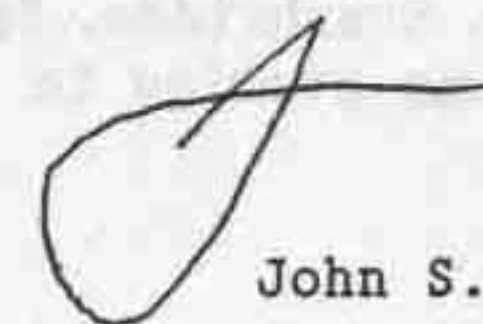
Hello again, and best wishes!

As I had hoped, the choice of the historic Salem Cross Inn in West Brookfield, Massachusetts as a site for our 1991 reunion was received with enthusiasm by the Board of Directors; so that's where it will be. Particulars of the event are mentioned elsewhere in this issue, with more in a later issue.

I'd like to tell you now about an idea that's been rattling around in my mind for some time. As some of you know, I've been interested in bringing out the theme of Rice Family Values. There are many reasons for this, and one of the most compelling is the fact that the Rice Family --- one of America's first families --- laid the groundwork for the legal, economic and cultural structures which make modern America such a proud and strong nation. The Rices, led by Edmund Rice himself, started the sociological and demographic changes which transformed the New England Puritan monolith into the dynamic surge of energy which became known as the American Frontier! The special values of Industry, Moderation and Reverence guided them during these early days, and should be with us today.

The rattling idea? Oh, yes. Why not modify the name of our group to be the EDMUND RICE (1638) FAMILY ASSOCIATION?

Best regards,



John S. Bates

A reminder about dues:

Dues are payable as early as possible in the fiscal year, which runs from September 1 to the next September 1.

The basic dues are \$5.00 per person. Interested spouses of descendants are welcome to join as full members simply by paying another \$5.00.

For those of us who are Seniors, the dues are; between 70 and 75, \$3.00 for those over 75, simply a note expressing continuing interest.

Failure to pay dues or express interest may result in your being removed from the Newsletter mailing list.

All membership renewal checks should be sent to the treasurer,

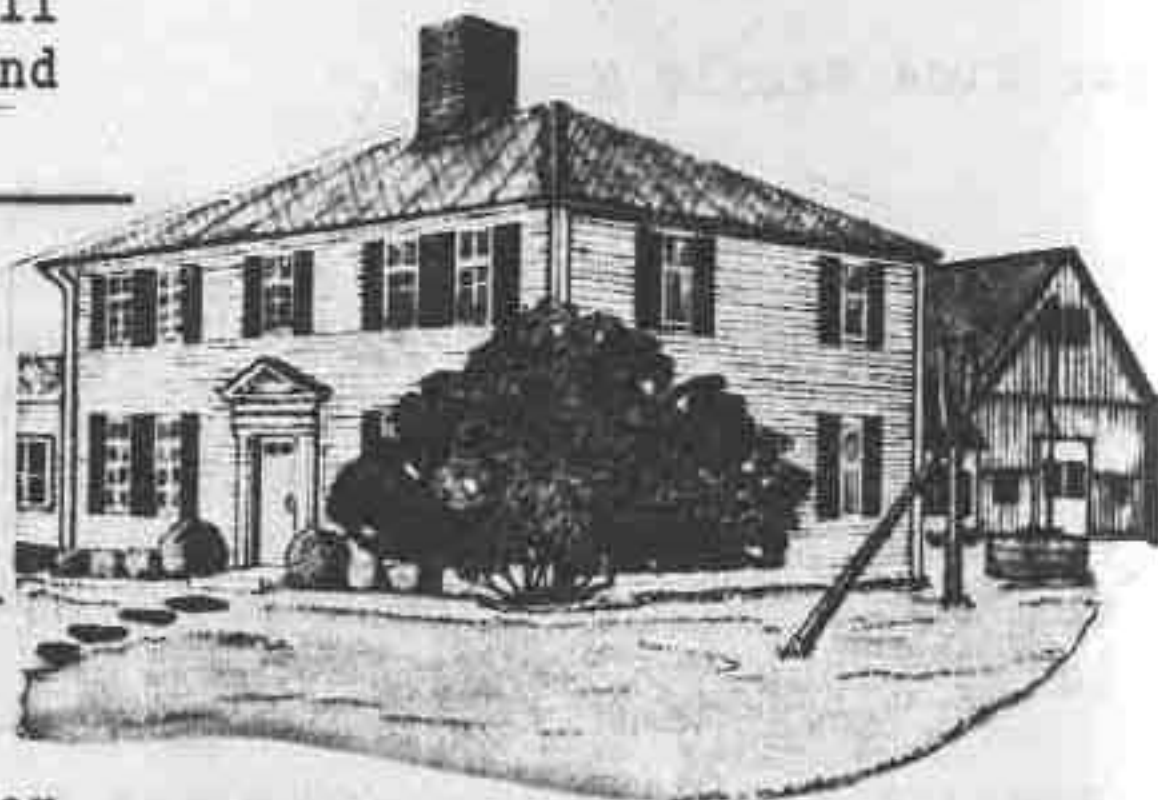
William H. Drury
24 Buckman Dr.
Chelmsford, MA 01824

REUNION 1991:

A place out of the past; full of Massachusetts history, and of Rice history as well,

The Salem Cross INN

Rte. 9, Ware Rd.
West Brookfield, Mass^{ts}



is on the National Register of Historic Places, and is a fascinating place which, incidentally, serves delicious food.

The Edmund Rice (1638) Association will hold its Annual Meeting on Sunday, September 22, 1991, at the Salem Cross Inn, Rte. 9, Ware Rd. West Brookfield, MA 01585

All members and those interested in the Association are warmly invited to attend.

* * *

The formal program will begin with luncheon at noon, preceded by a social hour and a Directors' Meeting. The program will feature a talk by our President John Bates, weaving tales of our forebears who first settled in this part of Massachusetts. If you have ancestors who lived in this area (Brookfield, Sturbridge, Spencer, Hardwick, etc.), feel free to bring along stories to share.

REUNION, cont.:

A detailed program, a registration blank and directions to the Inn will be in the next issue. If you are coming from a distance, you may wish to arrive on Friday night and spend Saturday sampling the many places of interest in the area.

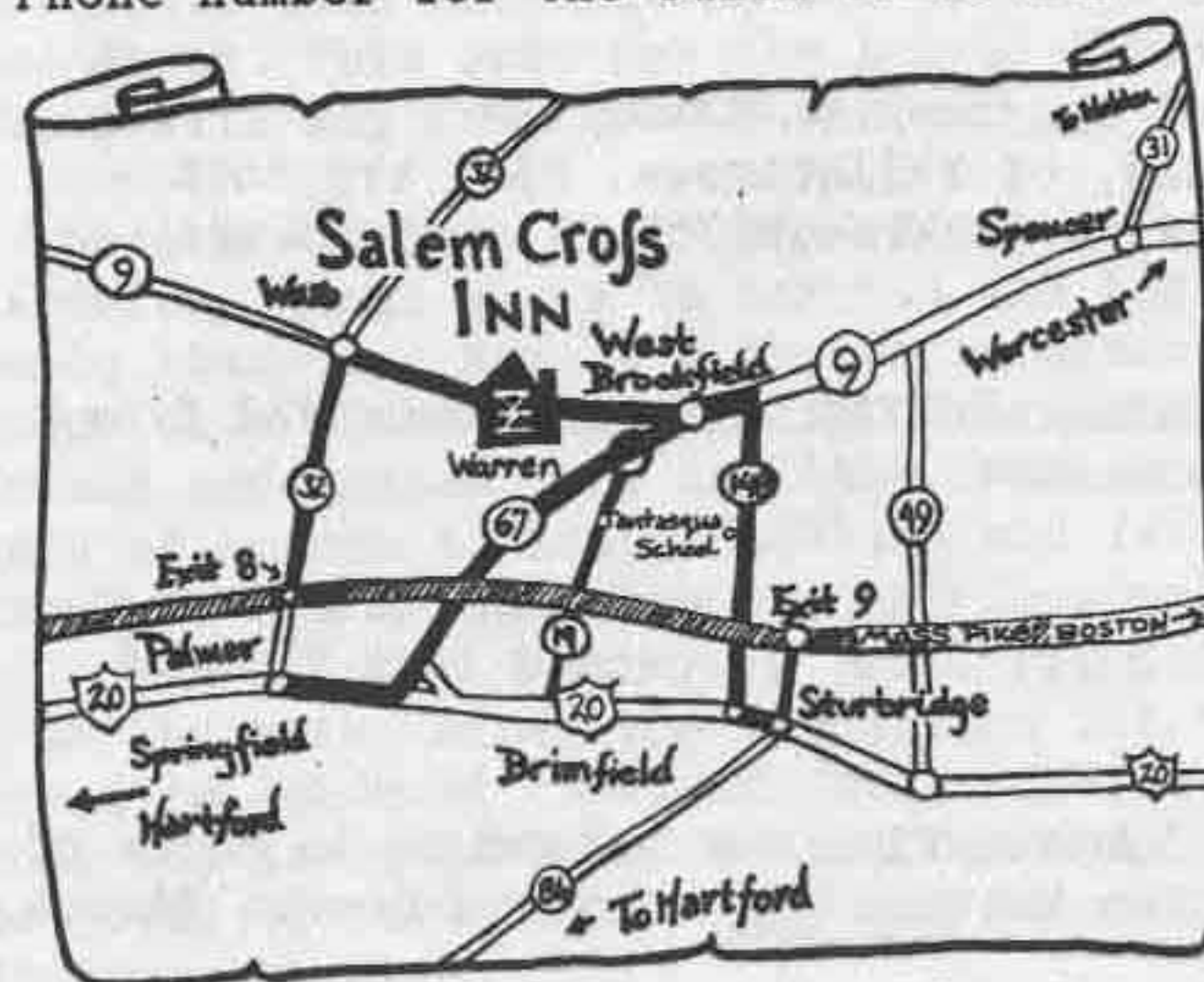
Chief among these is Sturbridge Village, where, on Saturday, September 21, you may witness "Fall Militia Day".

The "home-town militia" will practice marching and gunfiring drills, and also stage a mock battle: from 11:00 A.M. to 3:00 P.M.

There are many motels in the area - phone numbers for the Sturbridge Area Tourist Association are:

1-800-628-8379 and 1-508-347-7594

Phone number for the Salem Cross Inn is: 1-508-867-2345.



Map, showing location of the Salem Cross Inn.

NEW MEMBERS:

We begin with an apology to Ann Wareham Driller, for inadvertently giving her her mother's first name in this column of the last issue. We welcome you to our membership twice, Ann, this time correctly, and possibly even more warmly.

Also, Junelle T. Brandt has sent us her genealogy. She is descended from Henry, through his daughter, Lydia, who married Samuel Wheelock.

Now we continue with another delightfully long list of names of cousins who have joined us since the last issue:

Judith Vandegriff, of Rockville, Md.

Richard Capen, of Avila Beach, Cal.

Norma J. Fox, of Wapakoneta, Ohio.

Daniel S. Curtis, of Manchester, Mass. and Susan Rice Osteryoung, of Tallahassee, Fla. are both descended from Edward³, through John²² and his son Edward⁸⁰.

Juliana Cole, of Bradenton, Fla. is also descended from Edward³, through Jacob²⁵.

Jonathan Lee Plunkett, of Bath, Maine, is a grandson of Burton H. (Cousin Burt) Rice, descended from Thomas⁴ through Gershom³³.

Kenneth Yaeger, of Apopka, Fla. has joined us in hopes of finding a connection between his John and Deacon Edmund. (see QUERIES)

We welcome you all and hope you will enjoy your membership.

QUERIES:John - Who?

Maj. Kenneth Yaeger,
2931 Ponkan Pines Dr.
Apopka, FL 32712

is trying to identify a John Rice. This man was born in 1830 in Greene Co., Ohio, and died in 1892 in Pleasanton, Linn Co., Kansas.

He married Cyrene E. Canaday in 1850, in Illinois. She was born in 1826 in Randolph, Ill., and died in 1891 in Pleasanton.

If anyone knows this couple, please write to Major Yeager.

* * *

Cousin Peggy Grosser,
1004 Hillcrest
Kerrville, TX 78028

is also looking for a certain John Rice; more precisely, she would like information and proof of his dates of birth and death. This John was the son of Ephraim⁴⁻²⁸⁻¹⁰⁸⁻⁶⁵⁶, whose wife may have been Susannah ____.

Ephraim was born in 1729 in Westboro, and lived in Hardwick, Mass. where he married and had five children, among them your scribe's ancestor, Daniel, born 1755, and John, date of birth uncertain. Ephraim served in the French and Indian War, and then "was supposed to take a herd of horses to South Carolina and (was) never heard from. It was assumed that he had been murdered."

At any rate, after the Revolution all of the children moved to Somerset, Vermont, where Ephraim had been granted some 500 acres of land. Daniel married Sally Ball, daughter of David Ball and Sarah Badcock of New Bedford (Dartmouth) Mass.

John married Sarah Woods in 1789, and died between 1802 and 1804. He and Sarah had three children; Perez, who married Emily Pike in 1822; Susanna; and Willard, who married "Bathsha" Kelley in 1825. Willard, the "only

cont.

QUERIES, cont.:

Democrat in town", (see STORIES) was Cousin Peggy's great grandfather.

We hope that someone who shares the Ball or the Pike lines may have more information about John and Sarah than we do. Please write directly to Cousin Peggy, and send a copy to me also.

* * *

Anyone for Music?

Go back a hundred years or so, come up to northern New York State, and you may attend Byron Rice's

SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

Here you may learn Voice Culture, Singing, Piano, Organ and Harmony. (See Cover)

The query, of course, is "does anyone know anything more about Byron Rice?"

Cousin Barbara J. O'Neil,
R.D.#2, Box 308
Delanson, NY 12053

believes that he may be her grandmother's uncle. A Byron Rice is listed in Ward's book (pg.319), born in 1847 in Conway, Mass, the son of Rhodolphus and Charlotte (Bond) Rice. Barbara's great-grandfather was this Byron's older brother, Daniel, born in 1834.

In 1885, Barbara's grandmother, (Daniel's daughter) Charlotte (Lottie) Rice was married and received a note of congratulations from Byron Rice in Rome, N.Y. Enclosed was the original of the flier on our cover. The letter, written in a hand less legible than most of its era, is transcribed verbatim on the opposite page.

It would seem fairly certain from this that Lottie's uncle, Byron, and the musician in Rome are the same person. Cousin Barbara is curious about him, however, and would like to correspond with anyone who knows more about him - his wife, his children, if any?

* * *

Rome, N.Y. June 25, 85.

Miss Lottie

There is a very old adage that reads Better late, than never So I will make use of it and Pile up a Cart Load of Congratulations on your Beginning of "Double Life" They often try and use flowery language on such occasions. I won't write in too eloquent a manner, but just be plain and sort of homely, like my face. I trust you commenced a useful and agreeable life, and that it won't be all Briars and no Roses, all clouds and no sunshine. Can't get in the sunlight all the time, as you will find, but a sprinkling of clouds makes sunshine brighter. So Mrs. Rice and I join in a stack of "good wishes" for you and your better one third.

It hardly seems possible that you are grown up. Haven't seen you in many many years. Can't you come and see us. We are only 4 hours ride from North Adams, in a Beautiful city.

How are your parents. I never hear from them and seldom of them; long time since I have been east, or in Savoy. Assume you notice some difference between S. and New York City; don't see how you can stand it there, but perhaps your new life will make it lively enough for a whole city.

Propitiously yours,

Byron Rice

BOOKS of the RICE ASSOCIATION

Due to space considerations, we are omitting the full list of books from this issue.

However, anyone who has not yet purchased a copy of Ward's book as reprinted by the Association in 1958 (the centennial of its original publication) should check out the following:

Ward's book, *The Rice Family* is the basis for all of the other books. Although it contains errors, many of which have been corrected in its "Supplement" and in subsequent publications, it is indispensable for tracing any line completely back to its origins.

The original 1958 edition of this book has been sold out. However, because of its basic importance, the Rice Association has caused the publication of another, identical edition of the Ward book.

(Errors and all - but the cover is blue instead of red)

To obtain this indispensable book, drop a line to our Book Custodian,

William H. Drury
24 Buckman Dr.
Chelmsford, MA 01824

enclosing a check for \$20.00

made out to the Edmund Rice (1638) Association.

You will receive your copy of Ward, plus its Supplement, for completeness and accuracy.

* * *

Copies of speeches given at various Reunions by Association members are available for \$1.00 each.

"You are Heir to Millions" by Margaret S. Rice, may be obtained from Bill Drury.

A "Rice Family History Lesson" by Ethel Rice, and "Who are We and What are we Doing Here?" by your scribe, may be obtained from me, Corinne Snow, P.O.Box 440,
West Dover, VT 05356.

STORIES: SOME NEW ENGLAND TALES

In the last issue we published one of two stories contributed by Cousin Joan Labrie, of Manchester, New Hampshire. In this issue we present the other story, a more light-hearted, fictional-type piece, which nevertheless gives an excellent sample of the flavor of New England life a generation ago.

THE SPELL OF THE BLEEDING HEART

by Doris Rice, daughter of Leon Harold Rice

Dedicated to my two grandmothers - Dooley and Nana

Psalm 119:34 "Give me understanding, and I shall keep thy law; yea, I shall observe it with my whole heart."

The winter had been long and cold. There was lots of ice and snow and freezing weather, typical of New Hampshire. Mommy was always putting on someone's snow-suit, boots or mittens or pulling them off - to hang in the cellar to dry!

Daddy spent a lot of time plowing out our driveway with his big red tractor.

Then came the Spring! But it was cold, too. The sun shone, but the wind seemed jealous of it. It blew so hard that Mommy had a hard time hanging the clothes out to dry. She was afraid that if they blew off the line, they would float to some far-away country and she'd never see them again.

At last June smiled down at us. We were all very happy for lots of reasons.

Mommy was happy because it was warm again and she could open the windows and have nice fresh air in the house. She could dry clothes in the lovely sunshine. The children could go out to play in their little sunsuits with no rubbers. Also, she could work with her pretty flowers.

One day she went to the Annual Flower Show by the ladies of the Bedford Garden Club. It was lovely, and there were some beautiful arrangements. On the porch of the big Town Hall the ladies were selling plants. Mother bought a dear little plant called "Bleeding Heart". She planted it in our indoor flower box, and its little rose petals bloomed for us. But alas, ever since then, each one of the family

had cause for her own bleeding heart. Mother's heart bled for each of us in turn!

At first June made Daddy happy because he could work outdoors and plant his garden. He works all day at his machine shop; so on summer evenings and weekends he was glad to have time to get out and get the land ready. He planted beans, corn, potatoes, strawberries and peas. Also, he has rows and rows of beautiful raspberry bushes. But Daddy's heart was bleeding because his garden was almost turning to dust since there was no rain. We have a home in the country, and a nice deep well, but we need the water for drinking and bathing and washing clothes and watering flowers. So we couldn't water Daddy's beautiful garden.

Next came Sally, my seventeen-year-old sister. She was so happy to see June come! She had just finished her Junior year at High School where she had studied very hard for her good marks; so she wanted a change! She was looking forward to her first real job, helping the librarian at the hospital. Also, she would have time for swimming fun and camp. On the afternoon of her first day out of school, she was riding her bike to deliver a graduation present to a friend, when four dogs surrounded her and frightened her. Poor Sally fell on her knee and broke it. Now she has a bleeding heart and a long white cast on her leg.

Scott, our six-year-old little brother, was glad to see June and summer come because he had just graduated from kindergarten and now was free to romp and play and swim. He is a mischief maker all of the time, but somehow he had stayed well until now!! He was watching the man next door cutting trees with a power saw when up popped Scott's head while the saw was moving. It hit his right ear! Mother rushed him in to the hospital for eight stitches, and that is why Scott has a bleeding heart as well as a bleeding ear!

Donna Lee, our nine-year-old sister, was also happy to see June and summer! No school and lots of playtime - but she sat on some thorny bushes and scratched her leg. Her heart is bleeding too, only faintly.

June is thirteen and a Girl Scout. she and her troop went on an overnight camping trip with their leader. They

were bitten by innumerable mosquitoes and burned quite badly by the sun; so June's heart is bleeding too!

Our littlest sister, Joanie, is a chubby three-year-old. She was very happy to see June come, because everybody would be home from school to play with her. She loves her sisters and brother. In fact, she loves everyone. Then, on Children's Day, when she was going into Sunday School with all of the other little girls and boys, she fell on the stairs and cut her eyebrow. Mother and Dad rushed her to the hospital, and poor baby Joanie had five stitches! So her heart is bleeding along with her black eye.

I am Doris, and at fifteen you would think that I could stay free from trouble. But no, - at our Pioneer Scout Camp I was eagerly hammering in a tent peg when my thumb and the hammer connected. Ohhhh - now my heart is bleeding for my poor thumb!

One night, after all of these misadventures had happened to us, mother had a dream! The bleeding heart plant was weeping. It was weeping so much that its tears filled the room. She asked, "What is the trouble?"

The bleeding heart looked up at Mother and through her tears said, "I'm so sorry I had to cast this spell on your lovely family. I had to let you know I can't be captured indoors like this. I have to be outside with the other flowers, the sunshine, the rain and the fresh air, so that I can breath and grow and live happily."

Bright and early the next morning Mother hopped out of bed and ran to transplant the bleeding heart outside in her garden.

That day we had the first big rainfall in weeks, for Daddy!

And Sally's cast came off.

And Scott's stitches came out.

And Joanie's stitches came out.

And Donna's scratches were healed.

And June's sunburn was healed.

And my thumb was all better.

And Mother could smile again.

And the bleeding heart was happy again, because she was free and didn't ever have to cast another spell!

* * *

STORIES FROM NEW ENGLAND, cont.:

From New Hampshire we cross the river to Brattleboro, Vt. to bring you an item from the *Rutland Herald* of March 9, 1991. The article, written by Susan Smallheer, is partly quoted and in part summarized.

REMEMBERING VERMONT 100 YEARS AGO

"When Gertrude Croker was 9 years old - in 1890 - her favorite uncle dressed her up and made her march in a small parade in Newfane in honor of the Democratic presidential candidate, Grover Cleveland. Small-town Vermont a hundred years ago was a place of Republicans and traditional values, centered on family, farm and school and helping your neighbor in need." Gertrude recalls wading in streams and picking berries in the summer, and making butter to exchange for food at the General Store.



A General Store in Williamsville, a hamlet of Newfane. Ca.1900.

Gertrude, who now lives at a nursing home in Brattleboro, will celebrate her 110th birthday this July. She was born in Iowa in 1881, but upon her father's death the family moved back to her mother's home in Newfane, Vt. to live or near her mother's younger brother, Fred Rice.

"I remember my Uncle Fred, he was very handsome and witty, an interesting man," Miss Croker told the reporter.

"He was a Democrat. I remember one late afternoon he came and made me put on my best dress and at five o'clock we went down to the main square and marched in honor of Grover Cleveland." Then she delivered the punch line. "I think there were eight of us."

Gertrude's family had a simple life. Her few dresses were home-made, and she enjoyed eating pie for breakfast. She attended a one-room school with from 15 to 20 pupils ranging in age from 5 years to 15 or even 18. Here, after brief instructions from the teacher, she was left alone to work on her own lessons. Little Gertrude was more interested in the older students' geography lesson, and eavesdropping got her promoted into the more advanced class.



A Vermont One-Room School, 1902.

She walked to school in the village every day, except after the famous blizzard of 1888, when her grandfather hitched up his oxen and took the 6-year-old to school.

"I remember the snow came up to the windows, the second story in some places," she said.

Another big event in Gertrude's life dealt with another famous politician, this time the Republican President

Theodore Roosevelt. Uncle Fred had done some work for a wealthy gentleman farmer in Grafton (north of Newfane), who was a friend of Roosevelt's, and had told him tales of his employee. Roosevelt wanted to meet the witty Vermonter.

"I remember sitting on the front steps of my grandfather's house in Newfane, and Teddy waved his hand to me," said the still-impressed Miss Croker, adding that Roosevelt's driver slowed down so that the president could wave to Fred Rice's family.

When Gertrude reached high-school age the family moved to Brattleboro so that she could attend school there. Among her friends were the daughters of one Harry Emerson, who owned one of the four automobiles in Brattleboro.



Brattleboro High School, built 1884

One day the Emersons invited her for a ride to Londonderry, some 20 miles up the West River. The girls were furnished with long tan dusters to keep the road dust off their dresses, and a long floating veil completed the outfit.

"It was a very, very exciting thing," Miss Croker recalled. "We started out at 10 o'clock, and went up the West River. All the horses were very much frightened by the automobile, and Harry Emerson had to draw the car over to the side of the road every time a horse approached, and then crank it up again. He had a great deal of hopping in and out of the car to do. It took more than two hours to get to Londonderry."

The Emersons had brought a full picnic basket, and in a small park in Londonderry they enjoyed a real feast. They returned to Brattleboro by 5 o'clock. "So you see, progress was slow," Gertrude Croker said.



Three young ladies in South Londonderry

Gertrude's grandfather, Nelson Washburn Rice, was also the grandfather of George Nelson Rice, whose daughter, Cousin Winona Rice Flood, now lives in Missouri. Thanks ever so much, Winona, for sending us the clipping. (Pictures from *Vermont Album*, pub. 1974 by the Stephen Greene Press, Brattleboro, Vermont.)

* * *

Gertrude's experiences were rare, but not unique. The grandfather of Cousin Peggy Grosser, Willard Rice of Wilmington/Dover, Vt. (just west of Newfane), was known to boast that he was the "only man in Town who voted Democrat!" (see *QUERIES*) and my Dover great-great grandmother, Eliza Rice, wrote in her diary of personally bringing home-made cheese to President and Mrs. Grover Cleveland while she was in Baltimore, Maryland, visiting her children. Also, a cousin-twice-removed of your scribe moved to Brattleboro from Dover in the 1880's in order to go to high school. Uncle Harvey and Uncle Kenneth, you have interesting memories of childhood summers spent in southern Vermont - would you be willing to share them with us?

* * *

STORIES FROM NEW ENGLAND, cont.:

Cousin Carroll Rice, a fairly new member, sends us some comments which are appropriate here.

A VERMONT POST SCRIPT

"Lastly, I must tell you that I am really a Vermonter, having been born and raised in Brattleboro. I lived in my grandmother's home on 20 Elm Street for 18 years, then joined the Air Force and have forever since been residing here and there all over the world, finally settling down in California. Last year I paid a visit to the Elm Street address while visiting relatives, only to discover that the old homestead is now a VFW Post. Coincidentally, I am a member of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, having served in Korea and Vietnam. However, I was not prepared for what had been done to my birthplace, which is now basically a Country/Western beer hall. What's more the beautiful grounds, which once boasted tall, stately elm trees with Baltimore oriole nests swaying in the breeze is now an asphalt parking lot. An elderly lady asked me as I entered if I was the Taxi Driver she had called! Still, I relish many memories of 'home' and I guarantee you that I will always be a Vermonter at heart!"

Sic transit gloria, Cousin Carroll, and perhaps that is one reason why Associations like ours are important - to keep alive the memories that do not change, and to nurture the values that can not be paved over with asphalt.

* * *

POST SCRIPTS:

The debate about Deacon Edmund Rice's ancestry continues. Cousin Carl Ulrich, who started it all by sending us copies of LDS files (see Winter, 1990, issue) showing that Edmund's father was Thomas Rice, and that his father was a William Rice, now sends us a copy of an article from the *The American Genealogist* (Vol 11; 1936) by Donald L. Jacobus. The article disputes the claims made by Charles Elmer Rice in *By the Name of Rice* that William Rice "of Boemer" existed as the grandson of Sir Griffith Rice or grandfather of Edmund, and claims that the "coat of arms" is spurious, made by a 19th century con-artist. This Newsletter is not taking sides in this dispute, but your scribe shares Cousin Carl's thought that the LDS may still find material that was not available in 1936.

To add fuel to the controversy, we have also received, from Cousin Walter Reed, a copy of a reprint from "American Families" in the 16th Edition of Burke's *Landed Gentry of Great Britain*. Unfortunately, the copy is not dated, but items in other entries in the copy show births and deaths in 1937, indicating a date slightly more recent than that of Jacobus. Under "RICE formerly of BERKHAMSTEAD", the following is found, under "Lineage:

"- WILLIAM RICE, of Boemer, Bucks, received a grant of arms in 1555. He was descended it is said, (underline mine - ed.) from Rhys ap Griffith FitzUryan...ancestor of the Barons Dynevor (see Burke's *Peerage*), and was father of "THOMAS RICE, of Bucks, who d. leaving twin sons, Robert and Edmund, of whom

"EDMUND RICE, of Berkhamstead, Herts, emigrated to America, 1638..."

The rest we know.

Apparently Burke's editors did not read *The American Genealogist*! Note, however, that they did insert "it is said" about old William's ancestry, showing that they were not certain of it, either. Both of these sources are highly respectable, but 50 years old. The challenge, then, is to find evidence uncovered in the past fifty years giving positive information about the identity of the

cont.

William Rice who was Edmund's grandfather. For example, if William were positively identified as a simple farmer, with no direct connection to Sir Griffith, and no coat of arms, spurious or otherwise, the "myth" could be laid to rest once and for all. If the existence of "William of Boemer" could be established from other reliable sources, - who knows? Anyone willing to put in the time and effort is invited to take up the challenge!

* * *

More on WILLIAM MARSH RICE, founder of Rice University:

Cousin Eleanor Rice Stearns,
65 Algonquin Ave.
Saranac Lake, NY 12983,

a long-standing member of the Association, sends us more information about William Marsh's family. William's brother, Caleb Hall Rice, b.Springfield, Mass., 1825, d.1865 in the Civil War, was Eleanor's great grandfather.

The parents, David Rice and Patty Hall, were both born in 1790, in Weymouth and Walpole, Mass. respectively. David's father was also named David, and married Sarah _____. This David Rice's father was also named David.
(Three generations)

This is all that Cousin Eleanor gave us - in fact she joined the Rice Association in hopes of proving her link to Edmund. Perhaps someone can identify these Davids, and help Eleanor as well as those who are curious about William Marsh. The new bit of information is that they lived in Weymouth, Mass., in the 1700's.

Eleanor also encloses a copy of a letter, written in 1925, by one of Wm. Marsh Rice's nephews, also named William Marsh Rice (son of Frederick A. Rice). Parts of this letter follow:

" W. M. RICE
2402 Crawford Street
Houston, Texas

Miss Anna B. Rice Mch 16th/25
Saranac Lake, N.Y.

Dear Cousin,

I am late in answering your letter, but I am sending you a clipping that may be of interest - My sister, Mrs. Loomis, is a Colonial Dame, and I understand our descent is from Deacon Edmund Rice who came to America in 1638... Mrs. B(enjamin).B.Rice my sister-in-law has taken much interest in family history and I believe she has complete data. - I presume you know that my Great-great grandfather fought in the Revolutionary War - was wounded twice at the battle of Lexington and lived 101 years and 6 mos. - It is nice to know that our Ancestors were people worthwhile and it should stimulate those entering the threshold of life to emulate their example -

Sincerely Yrs.
W.M.Rice"

The clipping mentioned was a lengthy obituary of Fred L. Blinn (1863-1925), a grandson of Louise Rice Blinn, sister of the original Wm. Marsh Rice. Proprietor, when he died, of the Eagle Hotel in Brunswick, Maine, Mr. Blinn had at one time been proprietor of the Rice Hotel in Houston, Texas.

It is unfortunate that W.M.Rice, in this letter, does not name his Revolutionary War ancestor.

Thank you, Cousin Eleanor -

* * *

Musings beside a Vermont pond:

Three hundred and fifty years is a long time. That many years ago Edmund Rice was in Sudbury, settling into a way of life that was completely different from anything he had known. Add another hundred years, to go back to when William Rice was a young man, before he did or did not receive a grant of a coat-of-arms, and it is almost impossible to visualize the entire span as a continuum. But it is a continuum - one generation grows up, marries and creates a family and, sooner or later, dies. Each generation overlaps the last, and the next. Trying to visualize it all as a whole is like looking at a pond when a slight breeze ripples the water. How many ripples are there? Where did they come from? And where are they going?

We are now well into the fourteenth generation from Edmund - that's a lot of people, probably more than the ripples I am gazing at on our pond. We know something of where we came from, and something of where we have gone in the meantime. Keeping track of a family such as this is almost as difficult as counting ripples, but infinitely more worth while. This, to me, is the ultimate goal of our genealogy; to keep a record of every discoverable member of our family through the past 350 years, and as far into the future as someone is available to continue it. We are thus creating an image, not of a pond, but of a microcosm of one part of humanity.

If each ripple represents a nuclear family, that is a father, mother and one or more children, it can be identified. But no ripple exists alone. It is in rhythm with the previous and the succeeding ripples, and also mixes with the ripples on either side. Rain, and water from brooks and springs constantly add new droplets to the rippling water, imperceptibly but truly changing its makeup.

To make sense out of this conglomeration of people for whom the pond is a metaphor, we need to know more than just their names. At the very least we need to know when

they were born and when they died, when they married and when their children were born. Was the individual who is being considered the first-born, or the last, or somewhere in between - where exactly? Whom did that individual marry? Who were that person's parents?

Dates are important, for they distinguish one individual from others of the same name, (John, for example) and place that individual in his rightful place in the overall picture. It also helps to name places; it adds life to the scene, and helps to distinguish someone in Massachusetts from someone who migrated to Ohio and points west! Spouses are valuable, for not only do some reveal interrelationships, but also others show the special character that each new "drop of water" adds to the whole "pond". All of the children in a family are important, for most of them go on to create new "ripples", a new generation, in which each individual is an important, yes, essential part of the whole pond.

All of this is prologue to asking those of you who have sent in an outline of your genealogy, but have more information about individuals who are not already in one or another of our publications, to send in whatever information you have. (Some people don't include their own or their children's dates of birth, or their own spouses, or their own non-descendant parent, all of which should be easily available.) We need as much information as you can give us on every new individual, so that the next "Supplement" will be as complete and valuable as those which have already been compiled.

Thank you,



P.O.Box 440
West Dover, VT 05356

Edmund Rice (1638)

Association

ESTABLISHED 1851

INCORPORATED 1934

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EDMUND RICE (1638) ASSOCIATION

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