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### The Family History of Taylor Brecheisen

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#### Recommended Citation

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**The Family History of  
Taylor Brecheisen  
April 24, 2019**

Taylor Brecheisen authored this family history as part of the course requirements for HIST 550/700 Your Family in History offered online in Spring 2019 and was submitted to the Pittsburg State University **Digital Commons**. Please contact the author directly with any questions or comments: Tbrecheisen@gus.pittstate.edu

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## GENERATION ONE

**Taylor Ann Brecheisen (1997- )** was born at St. Francis Hospital in Topeka, Kansas, to **Curtis Alan Brecheisen (1969- )** and **Candy Ann Mitchell (1969- )**. After four hours of easy labor, Candy only had to push four times for Taylor to come into the world. A day and a half went by before they could take Taylor Home to the small town of Rossville, Kansas. Rossville at that time had a population around one thousand and thirty.<sup>1</sup> This is where she will live until she goes to college at age eighteen.

Taylor is the second child of three that Curt and Candy have together. She is also the first granddaughter of, **Daryl Theodore Mitchell (1947- )** and **Shirley Ann Mitchell (1947- )**. Shirley has always told Taylor that she was the first baby that she had seen being born. Taylor has always had a special bond with her grandparents. Growing up, Taylor was babysat by her grandmother who lived right down the road from her house, while her mother went to work as a cosmetologist and her father as a physical education teacher at the grade school in town. She would spend her days playing outside, exploring the creek that runs beside her grandparent's house, making mud pies, and finding ways to get into some trouble with her brother Cole. These are some of the best memories Taylor has of her childhood because it sparked imagination and made her love nature and being outdoors.

Taylor Brecheisen was baptized when she was just a few months old in the Catholic Church in Rossville, Kansas. She was given two godparents, her aunt Randi and uncle Monte, these would be the people that would take care of her if anything ever were to happen to her biological parents. Taylor would grow up in the same church and complete the steps necessary to fully be a part of the Catholic church like First Communion and Confirmation. She still to this day is fully a part of the church and enjoys going when she is home with her family. The Catholic

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<sup>1</sup> "Rossville, Kansas." *Wikipedia*, Wikimedia Foundation, 24 Jan. 2019, en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rossville, Kansas.

religion has made a huge impact on Taylor's life from the memories she has made, the people she has met, her views on the world and life, and how she lives her day to day life. In Figure 8.1 "Current Religious Preferences of American Adults Age Twenty-Five to Seventy-Four" the authors show us how people categorize themselves into religions, or no religion. The questions that the participants were asked were "What is your religious preference? Is Protestant, Catholic, Jewish, some other religion, or no religion?" The majority of participants answered with Protestant (56%), the next highest was Catholics (25%), and then No religion as the third highest (15%). The other religions that were accounted for were Orthodox Christian, "Christian", Jewish, Buddhist, Hindu, Muslim, Interdenominational, and other religions. Under the Protestant category there are many, many different denominations, like sub-categories, of this one religion.<sup>2</sup>

Taylor's family on her mother's side was all raised in the Catholic church also, it was, and still is, very important to her grandparents that everyone follows the faith, even if they do not always attend mass every Sunday. But it is one thing that brings the whole family together, especially for holidays. Christmas is the main holiday that brings the whole family to church and then Easter. Taylor's father's side is a part of the Presbyterian church, but Taylor's father goes to Catholic mass on Holidays because it is important to Taylor's mother. The Town of Rossville has a Catholic Church, Christian Church, Presbyterian Church, Methodist Church, and a Bible Church. For a town with less than 1,500 this is quite a bit of churches. Taylor has actually attended mass in the Catholic and Christian church once with a friend when she was young.

Morning Preschool started in two thousand and one at Miss Karen's Tot-Time Preschool, she would go there until two thousand and two. Then, in two thousand and three, she moved right across the street to Rossville Grade School where she would start Kindergarten. Taylor's class was always one of the biggest that had gone through the Rossville schools, with around sixty kids in the whole class. School was always fun for Taylor because she loved seeing her friends and

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<sup>2</sup> 1. Claude S. Fischer and Michael Hout, *Century of Difference; How America Changed in the Last One Hundred Years* (New York: Russell Sage Foundation, 2006), 189.

learning new things every day. Being in a small school, she got to know her teachers and classmates very well. This made living in a small town fun because the people who were in her kindergarten class, were mostly the ones who she would graduate with in twelve short years.

Growing up, sports played a huge part in Taylor's life. Her mother went to college to play basketball and volleyball and her father was a very good wrestler in high school. This being said, Taylor started playing Tee Ball when she was six, in the recreation league in Rossville. As she started to grow and become more coordinated, she started playing basketball and volleyball. At the age of eight, Taylor's parents thought it would benefit her more to go play on travel sports teams. This helped Taylor make friends with people from other towns and helped make her a better athlete in the long run. Sports helped shape Taylor into the person she is presently and is very thankful that her parents decided to introduce them to her. Another thing Taylor was involved in as a child, was 4H. This taught Taylor many life skills like responsibility, leadership, communication, and social skills. She did many events in the five years that she was in the organization like; swine, rabbits, table setting, baking, and sewing. One of her favorite memories is spending hours upon hours with her grandmother, **Shirley Ann Mitchell (1947- )** making her biggest sewing project yet, making a quilt. Their quilt making journey started by them going to a quilt store in Holton, Kansas, called Quilting on the Square. The pattern was a rodeo theme with cowgirls, ropes, red paisleys, horses, everything Taylor was into at that time in her life. They then went back to Shirley's house and started to follow the pattern and cut out all of the pieces of the quilt one by one. Piecing together to quilt, Taylor started to see that making a quilt was very tedious and required tremendous amounts of patience. Shirley had to always remind her to slow down and make sure every stitch was done right so the quilt would last for many years to come. Taylor started to get each square done, one by one, and after a month she had the top of the quilt almost done. The final row of the quilt really made Taylor see that all the work she had been putting in, was paying off. The next month, Shirley took Taylor back to the quilt store and had her pick out a backing fabric. Taylor picked out a beautiful mustard yellow material that looked

rustic and went well with the patterns on the front. The quilt was then sent off to a Quilter in Ottawa, Kansas, where intricate details are sewed into the body of the quilt by a machine. When Taylor got her quilt back, she was so amazed by the immense change that had happened in just a week. Her thin, colorful, piece of fabric, was now a thick, warm, piece of art that holds so many amazing memories for Taylor and Shirley that she will hold in her heart forever. The week after Taylor got her quilt back, fair time was here. She took her Quilt to the judging area and patiently waited her turn. She was nervous but excited to show off all of her hard work. Finally, it was her turn, she walked confidently up to the judge and introduced herself. The judge then asked her a series of questions about her, the quilt, the process, and where she learned how to do this amazing skill. Then, after judging, the waiting game began for the results to be posted. Taylor kept checking back, what seemed like every thirty minutes. Finally, the time came. Taylor got to her quilt and saw the big dark purple ribbon with the pleats around the top, and the words “Grand Champion” on the button. Taylor was so incredibly excited that all of her hard work, tears, and even a pin prick of blood here and there, had paid off! She called her grandmother and told her the amazing news, Shirley was so incredibly proud of Taylor and congratulated her.<sup>3</sup> This memory has always stuck with Taylor because she and her grandmother have always shared a tight bond.

Taylor attended Rossville High School, which has a total of two hundred and fifty three students.<sup>4</sup> Her graduating class was one of the biggest to ever go through Rossville High School with sixty students. High school for Taylor was some of the most fun, but also some of the harder times of her life so far. She spent this time playing Volleyball, Softball, Cheerleading, and Powerlifting. But also participated in Future Farmers of America, Future Business Leaders of

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<sup>3</sup> Personal knowledge of the author, Taylor Brecheisen

<sup>4</sup> “How Does Rossville Jr.-Sr. High School Rank Among America's Best High Schools?” U.S. News & World Report, U.S. News & World Report, 2015, [www.usnews.com/education/best-high-schools/kansas/districts/kaw-valley/rossville-jr-sr-high-school-8042](http://www.usnews.com/education/best-high-schools/kansas/districts/kaw-valley/rossville-jr-sr-high-school-8042).



America, National Honors Society (which she was the secretary of), TASMAD (Take A Second Make A Difference)<sup>5</sup> and was on the Prom committee. Claude S. Fischer states in his book *Made in America* that “More Americans participated in more groups of more kinds, including relatively new kinds of groups, such as clubs, work teams, and free-floating friendships.”<sup>6</sup> Being involved was always such a big thing to Taylor because she got to make new friends, gain experience with many different organizations, and help so many people through those organizations. During Taylor’s sophomore year, she got to experience winning regional softball, this was the first time in thirteen years for a Rossville softball team to go to state. This was one of the biggest highlights in her high school sports career. Senior year brought lots of lasts, but some of the most special moments were; being nominated for Homecoming Queen, Prom, signing her letter of intent to play softball at Fort Scott Community College, and ending her high school softball career with her dad as her coach and her last at bat on her home field was a homerun over the right field fence. In February of two thousand and fifteen, Taylor and her parents traveled two and a half hours to the town of Fort Scott, Kansas. They then took a tour of the college and met with the softball coach. Taylor fell in love with the quaint community college, the small class sizes, and the softball program. After a visit to Allen County Community College, Taylor knew that she belonged in Fort Scott. She sat down with her parents and told them that she had come to her decision, and that very day she emailed the coach and told her the great news.

In May 2015, Taylor graduated high school in the same town that she had always lived in, with the same faces she had grown up with, this was one of the best and scariest feelings for her at that time. Not knowing how life after high school would be, being on her own in a new town, and being two and a half hours away from her family who had always been so close to her. That summer, Taylor started to work for her uncle painting houses. This was her first job so she

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<sup>5</sup> “Take A Second Make A Difference.” Rossville Community Foundation, 2016, [www.rossvillecommunityfoundation.org/take-a-second-make-a-difference/](http://www.rossvillecommunityfoundation.org/take-a-second-make-a-difference/).

<sup>6</sup> 4 Claude S. Fischer, *Made in America* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2010), 9.

wanted to do it the best she could, while gaining experience that would help her for the rest of her life. During her first summer as a painter, Taylor remembers the first house she started on. It was an A-frame lake house in a cove at Lake Wabaunsee, five point eight miles from the tiny town of Eskridge, Kansas. This beautiful cedar house overlooked two boat docks and its own piece of paradise. Here, Taylor learned how to properly stain the wood of the deck by not getting too much stain on her brush, if she did, it would run and make streaks. Her uncle taught her to take her time and make sure the job was done right, this was great bonding time for them.

On August 13, 2019, Taylor packed up all of her belongings and the items that had been bought over time for college and started the two and a half hour drive with her parents in tow. This day was the day that Taylor had been patiently waiting for and working for, since she started playing softball. During the drive, Taylor and her mother talked about what college will be like, what college sports is like, memories that had been made up until that point, and how much they would miss one another. When they finally got there and unpacked all of her stuff, it finally hit Taylor that she would soon be alone for the very first time in her life. This scared her but also excited her at the same time. Later that day, Taylor met with her new softball team, which soon became family to her, and she learned about how a college athlete was supposed to act, team rules, school rules, schedules, and everyone's names and where they were from. Needless to say, Taylor was very overwhelmed and a little worried how her first year would go. In the days to come, Taylor would soon figure out that being a college athlete was a never ending cycle of being tired, hungry, having sore muscles, all while balancing school work and life itself. One of the first memories that Taylor has of the first month of college is having to run a mile under ten minutes for team fitness testing. This was one thing that Taylor had never been good at or enjoyed, running. The time came and she was the most nervous she has every been for anything, her stomach was in knots, she could feel the lump in her throat start to form but she pushed it back down, her heart rate was already sky high and she had not even started to run. This is when coach yelled "GO!", Taylor started to run down the road in between her teammates, at a steady pace.

She got to the halfway point and was at a good time, but she knew she had to get a move on if she wanted to make her time. As she got near the end, Taylor could feel her body start to slow down, her lungs were burning, chest was on fire too, legs numb, eyes watering, but she knew if she wanted to practice and play, she would have to press on. Taylor kicked her body into high gear and made her legs run faster, she finished her first mile in nine minutes and thirty seven seconds. She felt so tired, but she accomplished what she had been worried about since the first time she had met her coach and she told her about the mile. Now, she had to make her time better each week.<sup>7</sup> February 10, 2016 was the day Taylor had been waiting for since she was a little girl, her first college game day. She was so excited and nervous all at the same time. How would she do? Would she make her family and team proud? Coach announced the lineup and she had made it. She was a starter on a college team. That day, Taylor hit her first, of many, homeruns in college and the team swept Ottawa university. That season, Taylor would go on to hit six homeruns, appear in fifty one games, make all-conference, become an academic all-American, and break multiple school records. Her freshman year was one to remember. The next year, Taylor was still a good player but did not do as great at the year before. She still made all conference, and was again an academic all-American, but the highlight of her season was her last game of her career. The day was May 3, 2016, they were playing the game that would decide who would go to Topeka, Kansas, for regionals. Fort Scott had already beat Highland Community College in the second game, something that Taylor had never done before, and this game was it, if they lost, they were done. Taylor played lights out that game. She had two doubles and ended her softball career on a homerun over the left field fence. During that last at bat, Taylor had the confidence she needed to get the job done for her team. She walked up to the plate, put one foot into the box, held her bat in front of her and took a big, calming breath. Taylor stepped into the box and touched the end of her bat to each side of the plate, then got into her stance. The first pitch came,

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<sup>7</sup> Personal knowledge of the author, Taylor Brecheisen

and it was a high ball, then strike inside, followed by two more balls, and a strike. With the count at three balls and one strike, Taylor knew she had the advantage and knew that the Highland pitcher was about to throw a high and outside pitch, this was her tendency all season, and Taylor took her knowledge of this and swung away. As soon as the ball hit her bat, Taylor could feel that the hit was a good one, she sprinted down the first baseline and went to round the bag when she heard her first base coach yelling that it was out. Taylor felt the lump in her throat form, she knew that would be her last hit of her career, as she got to third her head coach had the biggest smile on her face. Fort Scott ended up losing the game, and Taylor's softball career was over, just like that.<sup>8</sup> But she knew it had been such a great ride and she would take so many things from growing up with this amazing sport in her life. Friends, family, confidence, a strong body and mentality, respect for all, responsibility, and the love for the game, just to name a few. As her time drew near at Fort Scott Community College, Taylor would be nominated for Player of the Year, breaking more records, and having the time of her life.

Taylor did more than just softball at Fort Scott, she was apart of Phi Theta Kappa, which she got into because of her good grades. Taylor and her teammates were very close, you have to be if you want a team to function at such a high caliber, they would go to the Fort Scott Lake and hang out, have dinners together, bonfires, go on drives around the country side, and make lifelong memories. On May 19, 2017 Taylor Graduated from Fort Scott Community College with her Associate of Science and hugged all of her teammates and coaches for what seemed like the last time. But Taylor would be wrong, they would all see each other very often over the years to come.

In August of 2017, Taylor would move thirty more minutes south and attend Pittsburg State University. She had fallen in love with the school and town after her brother started to go to school and play baseball there and wanted to get a bachelor's degree before she went to Dental

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<sup>8</sup> "Fort Scott Community vs. Highland Community C - Box Score - 5/3/2017." *NJCAA*, 2016, [www.njcaa.org/sports/sball/2016-17/div2/boxscores/20170503\\_5aj9.xml](http://www.njcaa.org/sports/sball/2016-17/div2/boxscores/20170503_5aj9.xml).

Hygiene school. She moved into a house with her Brother and four other baseball players, this was a whole different adventure since Taylor had been living in tiny dorms the last two years with girls. But Taylor soon found out that her new roommates would be brothers to her. Taylor's first year at Pitt State was rough for her. She did not know how to cope with the bigger class sizes, the bigger campus, or the fact that she was a "regular" student now and not a student athlete. Taylor's major when she started at Pitt State was Biology with a minor in Coaching. Which meant that the classes were extensive, and time consuming. Taylor decided it was time that she did something drastic and adopted a puppy, even though her father was not a supporter of the idea at the time. This little black Labrador/Border Collie puppy with the white blaze on his chest would soon fill Taylor's life with so much joy, a little stress, laughter, tears, and a lot of love. He would teach her the responsibility to take care of another life, the patience to teach him new things, how to be kind even when you are stressed, how to research every little thing, and so much more. The first time Taylor took her new fur baby home, her father fell in love, they would soon be best buddies and even hunting partners. At the end of her second semester there, Taylor decided to change her major to General Studies after she realized that her path down the Biology road was not working out for her. This new degree would work out better for her because she could study in many different areas and gain more than just one field of knowledge. Taylor thought this would work out much better for her in her Dental Hygiene field because she would need to be a well rounded person. Taylor's third semester at Pittsburg State, was her best one yet, she worked very hard and received all A's and would be on the "All A Scholastic Honors" list for the college. Taylor took her chance at her next chapter of her life and applied to dental hygiene school at Flint Hills Technical College in Emporia, Kansas. She filled out all the paperwork necessary, went to her dentist office and one other to shadow her hygienist for her required forty hours, and then patiently waited for the call that told her if she would even get an interview. The day finally came, January 22, Taylor was on her way back to Pittsburg from Fort Scott when her phone rang. She noticed the number was from Emporia, so she knew she had to answer, the voice

on the other end told her the good news she had been waiting on for the last 2 months. Taylor had gotten a chance to interview for a spot in the dental hygiene program at Flint Hills Technical College. A week later, Taylor went to Flint Hills Technical College for her interview, she was nervous, but she had prepared with her father the night before and had on a new outfit. After the interview, Taylor felt like she rocked it, she answered all the questions to the best of her abilities, smiled, and acted as she normally would, now it was time to play the waiting game. A month and a half later, Taylor got a text message from her friend that had also applied that said the acceptance letters were being delivered. Taylor was very nervous because she had her home address on her information, which meant that her parents would get the letter and know the verdict first. Taylor's father got home first, he checked the mail and called Taylor immediately. He opens the letter and acts a little sad and says, "Well T, I'm sorry" and Taylor thought the worst, but then he said "You're going to have to move to Emporia next year!". Taylor was immediately so thrilled and excited that she got accepted. All the stress on her shoulders was lifted and she started to tear up, which made her father also choke up. Taylor immediately called her anxious mother, who was at work, and told her the great news, and then the rest of her family. Taylor cannot wait to start her new journey, she knows it will be a tough one, but she knows it will be worth it in the end.

## **GENERATION TWO**

**A1a. Candy Ann Mitchell (1969- )**

**A1b. Curt Allen Brecheisen (1969- )**

**Candy Ann Mitchell (1969- )**, Taylor's mother, was born on the sixteenth of April in nineteen sixty nine to **Shirley Ann Mitchell (1947- )** and **Daryl Theodore Mitchell (1947- )**. Candy was born in Topeka, Kansas at Forbs Airforce Base and is the second oldest of five children; **Ronda Mitchell (1967- )**, **Jody Mitchell (1973- )**, **Monte Mitchell (1980- )**, and **Randi Mitchell (1982- )**.

Candy was brought home to Rossville, Kansas to a very small two bedroom house, where she lived until nineteen seventy. This is when her parents, sister Ronda, and her moved to Delia, Kansas into a three bedroom, two story home next to the Catholic church in town, after three years in the house, Candy's brother Jody, was born in nineteen seventy three. In nineteen seventy nine, the family moved to their current house, a medium size ranch house with three bedrooms. This is the home that Candy has the most memories in since she was older at the time that they moved. The house was crowded when the whole family arrived, but thinking back, Candy would not have it any other way. She says, "that is why we are such a tight knit family now".

She started Preschool in Delia at Delia Grade School when she was four and remained there until her second grade year was over, this is when she moved to Rossville Grade School. Candy's best memory she has from grade school was when she was in fifth grade, they had a professional football player come to their school and speak to them. She remembers being in awe of this man that she had only seen on T.V.<sup>9</sup> Candy would go to Rossville Grade School even in junior high, as Rossville was, and still is, a very small town. She was always a very athletic girl, during her junior high years she played volleyball, basketball, and track. All three sports would carry over to her high school career and even college. Candy got to move across the highway to Rossville High School in nineteen eighty three. This is where she would really start to blossom into the woman she would become today. Her first job was during her sophomore year, when she worked at the nursing home in Rossville. She started out in housekeeping and then she got her Certified Nursing Assistant (CNA) license and worked there as a CNA part time until her Senior year. She was a part of Letterman's Club in high school, she explains this as "A Club that you got in by lettering in all the sports and then you would have gatherings and play games". Candy was a great athlete, in high school she played volleyball, basketball, and ran track. Candy has always been a taller person, she has been five foot nine since her eighth grade year, which gave her a

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<sup>9</sup> Candy Brecheisen, Interview with Taylor Brecheisen, 19 February 2019.

great advantage in her sports career. She took all of her sport very seriously, but her favorite sport was basketball. This is because she was good at it, she had an attitude that was meant for the court. She remembers people not wanting to guard her during games which made her feel great. Candy was also very good at Track, she ran the four by one hundred, four by two hundred, did high jump and long jump. She remembers bringing home medals from every meet in the running events and long jump and even went to the state track meet for long jump her junior and senior year. During her Senior year, Candy took a college visit to Allen County Community College to tour the college and meet with the basketball coach and volleyball coach. Being a dual athlete at that time was not heard of. Candy loved both sports and was very good at both. After her visit, Candy was offered scholarships for both sports and she decided that she wanted to attend Allen County. This was a huge thing for her because her parents did not make a lot of money at the time. This gave her a way to go to college and it paid a huge chunk of the expenses. She graduated from Rossville High School in May of nineteen eighty seven.

Candy's first year of college she decided to get her Associate of Business degree. In the fall, Candy played volleyball, and in the winter, she played basketball. She found it hard to adjust to the life of a college athlete with the practices, classwork, and traveling all the time for games, but she managed to make it work through determination and hard work. She knew she had to work hard on the court and in the classroom to keep her scholarships. Basketball season was her favorite because that was her sport of choice. During her two years at Allen County, she was on the all-conference team for basketball her second year. Candy had always wanted to follow in her mothers' footsteps and go into Cosmetology, but her want to play sports came first. So, after she graduated from Allen County, she moved forty eight minutes East to Fort Scott Community College and joined the School of Cosmetology in nineteen ninety. Candy would babysit after her classes to earn money while she was in school. Living in the dorms helped the money situation a little while she was in school at Fort Scott, but she was still in need of a small income. Candy



graduated from Fort Scott School of Cosmetology in nineteen ninety one and went back home to work at a hair salon called Attractions in Topeka, Kansas.

In nineteen ninety two, two of Candy's friends thought she would be a good match for one of their guy friends. One weekend, all three girls decided to go to Emporia, Kansas, to a bar called The Dugout, they were going to meet this guy friend who they were going to set Candy up with. When Candy and Curt met that night, they instantly hit it off. After the upcoming spring break, Candy got a call from Curt asking her on their first date. She accepted the invitation and they went to a movie and dinner at a Mexican restaurant, afterwards they stopped by Wendy's to get a frosty. After this first date, they saw each other every Wednesday and did the same thing, this was something that started to be "their thing". They would each take turns driving to one another's towns to visit each other and would write each other letters, Candy says that she still has every letter Curt wrote her.<sup>10</sup> After nine months of dating, Curt asked Candy's father if he could marry her and Daryl replied with "That would be great!"<sup>11</sup> Curt proposed to Candy in her bedroom on Christmas Eve nineteen ninety two. They planned their wedding for ten months before getting married on the ninth of October in nineteen ninety two in Delia, Kansas, at the little white Catholic church beside the house Candy spent nine years of her life in. They had to wait six months to go on their honeymoon because Curt had just started teaching, they traveled to Colorado to go skiing.

The couple decided to start a family in July of nineteen ninety four then, in nineteen ninety five, they had their first child, a boy, who they named Cole, after Candy's grandmother **Freda Cole (1917-1998)**. With their new addition to the family, Candy and Curt bought twenty acres right next to Candy's parents and they started to build their first actual home together in April nineteen ninety six. They hired a construction company to come frame their home for them and then Curt built the rest. The three thousand square foot house was completed in May and the

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<sup>10</sup> Ibid

<sup>11</sup> Curt Brecheisen, Interview with Taylor Brecheisen, 19 February 2019.

three of them moved in. Candy and Curt decided it was time to try for another child, after a miscarriage, they finally got the great news that they were pregnant with their second child in June. That next March, they had a girl and named her Taylor. Curt had thought they were done having children until the summer of nineteen ninety nine, when Candy told him she wanted to try for one more. he next March in two thousand, on St. Patrick's Day, they had their final child, Rylee.

Taylor's father, **Curtis Alan Brecheisen (1969- )**, or Curt as he goes by, was born in Wichita, Kansas in St. Francis Hospital on the twenty eight of April in nineteen sixty, to **Betty Lou Schick (1943- )** and **Terry Rodger Brecheisen (1943- )**. He is the oldest of two children, his sister **Marci Ann Brecheisen (1972- )**. Curt was brought home to a two bedroom home in Wellington, Kansas, where he remembers having a dog named Poncho, who bit the nose off his rocking horse, and a black cat named Chico. They always had pets with Spanish names because his dad was a Spanish teacher at Wellington High School for thirty three years and Mulvane High School for fifteen years. Growing up, Curt remembers going on trips every summer to the Southwestern states of the United States and visiting all of the Native American Ruins. He particularly remembers one summer when him and his family drove all the way across Mexico in a nineteen seventy nine Volkswagen Rabbit, which was a very hot trip to say the least.<sup>12</sup>

Curt started Preschool when he was five years old, at the Presbyterian church. After one years there, he moved up to Kindergarten at Washington Grade school where he stayed until sixth grade when all of the sixth graders would then go to Roosevelt, a school only for the sixth graders. Curt remembers having to walk a block and a half, every day to go eat lunch at the High school, along with the seventh through ninth graders, no matter what the weather was. After sixth grade, Curt moved to Wellington Junior High, Home of the Blue Knights, where he would stay

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<sup>12</sup> Ibid.

until his freshmen year. Curt was a very athletic kid growing up, starting in junior high, he played football, wrestling, and tennis. After the ninth grade he would move to Wellington High School. In high school, Curt was one of two in his class to be awarded a varsity letter for all four years in wrestling and cross country. He was very good at wrestling at this time and his fondest memory is that he was the team captain of the first team in Wellington High School history to bring home a state trophy. During his high school wrestling career, he made a record pin of seven seconds, which he believes is still the record at the school.

In high school Curt was not a part of any of the other groups besides his sports teams, this is because he was always working to earn money. In the Spring time, he would work at the baseball fields, he would mow the grass, drag the fields, paint, and generally take care of the field. He enjoyed working here but he also enjoyed school. He says, "I liked school because it beat working all the time". During his Junior year, Curt decided he wanted to attend Emporia State University after he graduated from high school. He chose this school because it was close to his grandparents and he enjoyed the city of Emporia and the school itself. In nineteen eighty seven, Curt graduated from Wellington High School, he then spent that summer working at the ball park that he had been working at, to save up more money for college the following fall.

When Curt started at Emporia in nineteen eighty seven, his major was Undecided, but he was leaning towards business. After his freshmen year, he decided on education, where he would major in Physical Education with a minor in Social Sciences. During his first semester, Curt worked as a janitor at the union hall to make some extra cash but then, after that semester he started to work at The Big Cheese pizza restaurant as a delivery boy. Curt's sophomore and junior year went by fast and he did his best in his classes so he could start his teaching career. The summers in between, he worked at the Airplane Parts factory in Wellington to help pay for college. In nineteen ninety two, Curt started to substitute teach and Coach football and cross country at Rossville high, he did that until he graduated in December of nineteen ninety two. He got his first actual teaching job at Delia Grade school where he taught all of the classes at some

point in his five years there. He then moved to St. Mary's grade school where he taught science, history, Reading and Physical Education. He then moved over to St. Mary's high school where he taught the at risk students, which were the students that were at risk of failing out of school. He was also the football and head cross country coach at St. Mary's. He then moved to Rossville Grade School to be the Physical Education teacher. In two thousand and one, Curt decided to get his master's degree in K through twelve Education Administration. He would work at Rossville Grade and Rossville Junior high until twenty fifteen when he would apply for the Assistant Principal/Athletic Director job at Rossville high school, obtaining the job in twenty sixteen. While at Rossville, Curt was the head coach for cross country, wrestling, and softball, and was an assistant coach for the baseball team for a few years. He gave up his coaching duties when he took the roles of the Athletic Director and Assistant Principal. He says "I have always loved teaching. It is a very rewarding job to teach children and see them grow over the years. Coaching has also always been a passion of mine since I was done playing sports. I like to help kids get active and have fun while they are doing it."<sup>13</sup>

### GENERATION THREE

- A1a1. **Shirley Ann Mitchell (1947- )**
- A1a2. **Daryl Theodore Mitchell (1947- )**
  
- A1b1. **Betty Lou Schick (1943- )**
- A1b2. **Terry Rodger Brecheisen (1943- )**

Taylor's maternal grandmother, **Shirley Ann Mitchell (1947- )**, was born in Holton, Kansas, on the second of August in nineteen forty seven, to **Freda Cole (1917-1998)** and **William Mitchell (1915-2006)**. She is the middle child of the three children that Freda and William had, the oldest being a boy, **Jim Mitchell (1940-)**, and the youngest a girl, **Susan**

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<sup>13</sup> Ibid.

**Mitchell (1951-).** Shirley does not know about the day that she was born because she was never told by either of her parents and she never asked.<sup>14</sup>

They brought Shirley to their home on Soldier Creek, about five miles West of Delia, Kansas, on Mud Road, where they were living with their first child Jim. A memory that Shirley has at this house is, “The bedrooms were upstairs, there was two bedrooms, a long living room and a kitchen. My brother and I, we used to make up plays. We would hang up blankets across the living room and then we would come out and have a play and mom and dad would sit there and just watch and clap.”<sup>15</sup> Shirley and her brother would always find ways to pass the time while they were at that house and sometimes, they would help their mother out while doing so. Shirley says “my brother and I also used to go pick gooseberries on our white horse named Sugar. And we would ride over with our little pail to Dutch Creek where there was lots of gooseberry bushes and we would pick a pail full. Then when we would be ready to head back, I know there was quite a fight between me and him about getting back up on the horse with a bucket of gooseberries. I do not remember whether he got on the horse first, of course there was no saddle, we were riding bareback. And I think he would hold the gooseberries and I was supposed to step on his foot then he was to pull me back up on the horse, there was quite a few fights over that.”. Then in nineteen fifty one, the family bought a house and started to remodel it so that they could safely move into it. At that time, Shirley was four years old and contracted the Measles. When Taylor asked if they were given the vaccine for illnesses like this, Shirley said “we were given it in school on a sugar cube. I remember the cube being pink and we would just pop it into our mouths and that is how we received vaccines”. The memory Shirley has about getting the Measles is “when I was four years old, my parents were remodeling the house that we were supposed to move in to in nineteen fifty one. I had the measles and I had to stay in the car with

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<sup>14</sup> "United States Public Records, 1970-2009," database, FamilySearch (<https://familysearch.org/ark:/61903/1:1:QJLR-WX3Z> : 16 May 2014), Shirley Mitchell, Residence, Rossville, Kansas, United States; a third party aggregator of publicly available information.

<sup>15</sup> Shirley Mitchell, interview with Taylor Brecheisen, 16 March 2019.

sunglasses on and I was threatened not to take them off because I would go blind. Now maybe they just told me that, I do not know, but I kept them on!”. Shirley was raised a Presbyterian by her parents but would later convert to at the Catholic church.

School started for Shirley when she was in the first grade at Stach School, which was just down the hill from where Shirley and her family lived. This was a one-room school house that housed grades one through eight. In Shirley’s first grade class there was herself and another boy. Classes were very small at that time. She was a very shy child when she first went to school, her most vivid memory as a child comes from this school. She says “I was really shy and sitting in the front row, and I had to go to the bathroom really bad. Our bathrooms were out houses that were way out behind the school and it was not long after I started school so I was not very used to it and I really had to go bad, but I was afraid to ask my teacher if I could go. That is when I thought to myself “if I just go a little bit, I will feel so much better”. But once I went a little bit, it did not stop!” Shirley says she can still picture it, she was so embarrassed. In nineteen fifty six, Stach School was closed and now sits on the grounds of the Kansas Historical Museum in Topeka, Kansas. Shirley moved to Delia Grade School where she would attend until she graduated in nineteen sixty five. Shirley’s graduating class consisted of three girls and two boys.

After high school, Shirley knew exactly what she wanted to do with her life. She says “from the time I was a young, young girl I always wanted to be a cosmetologist. So, mother took me to look at several different schools. There was one in Topeka and one in Shawnee Mission, which was the one I chose. I started Beauty school two weeks after I graduated from High School. I went down and I lived with an older lady that lived just a block from the school. She had a two bedroom apartment and I rented one of the rooms for ten dollars a week. After graduating from Beauty school, Shirley worked in Kansas City, Kansas, for Rufus Hays. He

owned two or three salons there and I worked there until I was homesick. I then came back to Topeka and worked at a salon in Brookwood shopping center, until I was married.”<sup>16</sup>

Shirley met her, now husband, **Daryl Theodore Mitchell (1947- )** when she was a junior in high school. She recalls the first time she met him as “My very best friend, called me up one night and she said that a boy called her and wanted her to go out with him and she told him that she would not go out with him, unless he got a date for you. Daryl Mitchell was the name of the boy and I was totally confused because that was my last name. I said okay, but I went home and asked my mom if we had any relation in Rossville that would have a son named Daryl Mitchell, and she told me no. The date was a blind date and we went to a Rossville school play and it had a hayrack ride afterwards. He had been out to an FFA party the night before and had not had any sleep. We went on this hayrack ride and he leaned over to kiss me for the very first time and he fell asleep! I was mortified, I did not know what to do! I went home that night and had bad thoughts about him. But he was very persistent, and he kept calling me and kept coming back. He said that the first time that he had seen me he knew he was going to marry me, and he did!”

Taylor’s Maternal grandfather, **Daryl Theodore Mitchell (1947- )**, was born on the twenty third of August in nineteen forty seven in Topeka, Kansas. His parents are **Honora Agnes Karnowski (1927-1991)** and **Theodore Orville Mitchell (1924-2006)** and he is the first born of four children, he was never told of the day he was born.<sup>17</sup> Taylor and Daryl have always had the best relationship ever since she was born. Some of Taylor’s best memories with her grandpa are the times that they would go mushroom hunting together when she was younger, checking on and feeding the cows, going to the sale barn with him, sleeping in between him and

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<sup>16</sup> Ibid

<sup>17</sup> "United States Public Records, 1970-2009," database, FamilySearch (<https://familysearch.org/ark:/61903/1:1:QJLR-WX3S> : 16 May 2014), Daryl Mitchell, Residence, Rossville, Kansas, United States; a third party aggregator of publicly available information.

Shirley when she would stay over night and the numerous amount of time that she spends visiting with him and Shirley at their home in Rossville over the last twenty two years.

Daryl was brought home to his family's home just a couple blocks from St. Francis Hospital, where he was born, in Topeka, Kansas. The family stayed there for two more years and they decided to move back closer to home, so they moved to Silver Lake, Kansas, just twenty minutes West of Topeka. The family of three soon grew to a family of six with the addition of Daryl's two sisters, **Diana Mitchell (1949- )**, and **Debra Mitchell (1951- )**, and his little brother **Darwin Mitchell (1953-2016)**. They lived in the house in Silver Lake for another two years when they decided to move to a home outside of Rossville, Kansas, in the country. They stayed here for four years until they moved into the town of Rossville where Daryl lived until he graduated high school.

One of Daryl's most vivid memories he has of his childhood is when he got Polio at the age of five years old. He recalls "They put us all in a hospital, you were basically quarantined. I was paralyzed from the shoulders down, but I was one of the lucky ones. I came out of it and could walk. Even though, my back is a mess now and I have had a knee replaced. I had an aunt that was crippled by it."<sup>18</sup> Claude S. Fischer and Michael Hout, authors of *Century of Difference; How America Changed in the Last One Hundred Years*, inform us that "Twentieth-century progress in longevity came in three phases. First, improved sanitation, especially municipal water and sewage treatment, and public health controls, such as meat and milk inspection, reduced the infections and diseases that targeted children. Second, inoculations and drugs like penicillin effectively eradicated smallpox, polio, measles, and deadly infections, again, largely extending children's survival."<sup>19</sup>

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<sup>18</sup> Daryl Mitchell, Interview with Taylor Brecheisen, 17 March 2019

<sup>19</sup> Claude S. Fischer and Michael Hout, *Century of Difference; How America Changed in the Last One Hundred Years* (New York: Russell Sage Foundation, 2006), 63.



Daryl has always been into playing sports for as long as he can remember. He says “We lived in town growing up, so we had a vacant lot. It was literally like what you see in old pictures of people who played, it was just like that. We played everything there; football, baseball, basketball, anything we could play. We would play teams from one side of the town to the other. It was a small town, but everyone lived outside, we learned how to make our own fun.”<sup>20</sup> Daryl’s family was a large one, that would spend a lot of time together each week. Some of his fondest memories about the family time is “All my relatives on the Mitchell side and the Karnowski side have big families. We visited every single Sunday, we went to somebody’s house for dinner. So, there was what seemed like hundreds of kids there when we would get together. This was the time we got to play together and really grow up together.” For Daryl’s family, the aspect of “family” was, and still is, the most important thing. He recalls that his dad and aunts would play pitch and poker on Saturday nights, this was just yet another, way that the family spent their time together.

Daryl started school at Rossville Grade School when he was old enough to go to first grade. Being a country kid, Daryl did not have many friends before he went to school. For him school was a big adjustment. He describes school as “Just meeting friends and recess was a thrill! You just did not know there were that many people until you actually got to school and saw it for yourself.”<sup>21</sup> Later on when the family moved into the town of Rossville, they started to play ball and make more friends, who Daryl says he still has presently. The biggest highlight of grade school for Daryl was “when you got into seventh and eighth grade, you got to play softball. But you had to keep your grades up and I hated school. So, one of my teachers one day told me I had to make good grades and pass my classes, so from then on I made my grades.” During that time, basketball was the other sport that was offered for the junior high. Football was not for the younger grades, only for the high schoolers. Daryl remembers the transition from his eighth grade

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<sup>20</sup> Ibid

<sup>21</sup> Ibid

year to freshman year with the memory of, “you went from eighth grade to being a freshman and the only football experience you had was playing in your back yard. So, you had to be really good to even think about playing. Freshmen were to carry the water jugs, footballs, and practices were a disaster. You were used as tackling dummy’s, but I would not change it for anything.” Daryl’s real love for sports though, was basketball. He was the type of kid that “had a great shot but hated defense.” His sophomore year, he started to feel the wrath of the Polio that he had when he was five. His back would go in and out of place, causing him to go to the doctor a lot. This is where he would find out that he had weak bones and rounded off vertebrae that were basically chipped. He was placed in a back brace and told the news that he could not play sports. Until his senior year, the doctor finally released him to play sports. Football was off the list, but basketball was okay for him to go back to for his senior year. This was one of the highlights of his senior year. Daryl recalls “I have lots of memories from high school because we had a great bunch of guys and we got into a lot of trouble and did things for the school. But we all stayed together, and we were all buddies.” Graduation was what Daryl looked forward to the most because he “hated school and could not wait to go work”. Daryl Graduated with twenty five students in nineteen sixty five and there were approximately one hundred and ten students in the whole high school at that time. Unfortunately, the labor laws changed right before he turned eighteen. Fischer and Hout explain in *Century of Difference* that “the banning of child labor shrank the proportion of young workers” “These changes combined to concentrate working in the ages between the late teens and the early sixties”<sup>22</sup>

With a late August birthday, he had to wait to get a higher paying job and settled for laying sewer pipes in ditches, working as an orderly at Santa Fe nursing home in Topeka, Kansas, until he was of legal age to go work. He then got a job at the Goodyear tire plant in North

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<sup>22</sup> Claude S. Fischer and Michael Hout, *Century of Difference; How America Changed in the Last One Hundred Years* (New York: Russell Sage Foundation, 2006), 97.

Topeka. He ended up hating to work there, but money was good along with very good health insurance and a pension program. He worked there for a year, until he got his notice in the mail for the draft. He says “I went to take my physical and passed it, so then I had to make a big decision. Do nothing and go to the Army or do what I did and go to the Navy. A buddy and I went together.” At the same time, Shirley was at her school in Kansas City, so they got to see each other on the weekends. On the twenty sixth of July in nineteen sixty six, Daryl left his home of eighteen years and left for Navy bootcamp in San Diego, California. He spent twelve weeks there. He says “We rode a bus to Kansas City, got on a train, and I cried all the way there. Cause I did not want to go, but you had to, your country called you and you had to go. Daryl got out of bootcamp in October of nineteen sixty six and came home.

“The biggest highlight of high school was meeting grandma. She saved my life” Daryl says about his now wife, Shirley. The night he met Shirley, Daryl recalls her wearing “A green dress with black shoes” and he has never forgotten this night and says he never will, because it was one of the most pivotal points in his life. The two got married on October twenty second, nineteen sixty six in Delia, Kansas. It is important to note, that Daryl was raised in the Catholic church and Shirley in the Presbyterian church. In Figure 8.7, Fischer and Hout illustrate that there was a trend going on from the nineteen twenties’ until after nineteen sixty, with people from different religions getting married. “Over the twentieth century, then, and especially during the “long 1960s,” Americans became much more accepting of diversity in general and of religious diversity in particular, even within their own marriages.”<sup>23</sup> Shirley would later convert to Catholicism after her third child was born. This was because Daryl was a Catholic and she felt it was right for her to convert.

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<sup>23</sup> Claude S. Fischer and Michael Hout, *Century of Difference; How America Changed in the Last One Hundred Years* (New York: Russell Sage Foundation, 2006), 201-202

Two weeks later the couple started on their new lives by moving to Fallon, Nevada. Fallon is a town in Nevada that in the two thousand and ted census, had eight thousand six hundred and six residents. It is an agricultural area in the Lahontan Valley, the main crops are alfalfa, for the livestock that is raised there and cantaloupe, that is sent all over the nation. “The largest single employer in Fallon and Churchill County is Naval Air Station Fallon, a training airfield that has been the home of the U.S. Navy's Naval Strike and Air Warfare Center including the TOPGUN training program since 1996, when it was moved here from Naval Air Station Miramar with that Air Station transferred to the U.S. Marine Corps.”<sup>24</sup> This was Daryl’s first duty station for the Navy, he started out as flight support, working on the flight line. He would do different tasks like landing aircrafts, loading cargo ships, all of which was being sent over to Vietnam. Daryl says “We loaded all kinds of stuff. Barrels full of stuff that we did not know what it was, and they were leaking half the time. So, it was hard telling what we were sending over there.”<sup>25</sup> Daryl soon started to take tests that would allow him to move up in rank. After speaking to some of his friends about what he should be doing, they informed him he needed to get into a profession that would allow him to be with his wife. So, Daryl took the photographer test and passed, making third class, he was then sent to the photo lab. Daryl explains his job as, “It was not an easy job as everyone would think it was. You took pictures at a secret clearance. You took pictures if an aircraft had a crack in it, if a wheel fell off, if there was a plain crash, you went to the crash site and took pictures of the crash site and if anyone died you took extensive pictures of the bodies. If there was a wreck involving a military person, no matter where it was, they would fly you to have photo identity of everything.” The photographers, like Daryl, were being trained to take the pictures you now see, in books and on television today. “When you see all these pictures in war, someone had to take those. That’s what we did, we got trained how to take pictures out of helicopters and big planes. It was not easy to be a photographer.” Daryl says he

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<sup>24</sup> [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Fallon,\\_Nevada](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Fallon,_Nevada)

<sup>25</sup> Daryl Mitchell, interview with Taylor Brecheisen, 17 March 2019.

had the most fun living in Fallon, he made so many lifelong friends, some that they still have to this day. He learned how to race motorcycles in the desert, where in later years he would come home and race motorcycles as well.<sup>26</sup>

Daryl and Shirley got pregnant with their first child **Ronda Mitchell (1967- )** when they were in Nevada and on the eighth of December nineteen sixty seven. Shirley recalls “They did not have a hospital on the base, so a pregnant woman had to go to a local doctor in town and then we had to go to the local hospital in Fallon. We had to pay twenty five dollars to have her and they would not admit me until we had the money. We had been saving our money in a jar and when I started having labor pains, Daryl ran home to get our jar full of change and brought it back to the hospital, so we could have a room.”<sup>27</sup> Ronda was born at six the next morning, Shirley really wanted a boy, but she was just happy her baby was healthy. Shirley remembers the labor being very scary because “They would not let the husband in the delivery room. I was alone and sixteen hundred miles from home, away from my parents at nineteen years old. I did not know what was going on, I did not know what it was supposed to feel like when I was going to have a baby”. During the birth, the doctors gave Shirley a saddle block, what we would call an epidural today, and they told her after the delivery to lay flat on her back and to not move for twenty four hours. For Shirley, a woman who was and still is on the go, this was not an option. Shirley says “I ended up with really bad headaches for years afterwards. The doctors told me it was because I did not lay still for the amount of time I was supposed to.” Shirley and Daryl got pregnant with their second child shortly after Ronda was born. Daryl’s time in the service came to an end and they decided to move back home to Rossville, Kansas, so that they could raise their children around family. On the sixteenth of April nineteen sixty nine, Taylor’s mother Candy was born, making the two girls sixteen months apart. For Candy’s delivery, it was a rainy night and Daryl was working third shift at Goodyear from eleven to seven. Since Shirley had gotten pregnant on a

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<sup>26</sup> Personal Knowledge of the Author, Taylor Brecheisen

<sup>27</sup> Shirley Mitchell, interview with Taylor Brecheisen, 17 March 2019.

military base, she had to have the baby at Forbes Field Air Base in Topeka, Kansas. Shirley was very depressed when she realized she had a girl instead of a boy. She says “I went into a depression for a very long time because I wanted a boy so bad. I did not even want to see her. I had to go back to the hospital a few weeks later because of it.” In January of nineteen seventy three, Shirley and Daryl learned they were pregnant with their third child. Shirley reminisces on this time because “she had these two girls, and just really wanted a boy.” At this time, Daryl was at Goodyear, so they had good health insurance again which meant this baby got to be born at a regular hospital of their choosing. On the tenth of October nineteen seventy three, **Jody Mitchell (1973- )** was born at St. Francis Hospital in Topeka, Kansas. Shirley finally had her boy. She recalls this day: “I was working in my beauty shop in the basement of our home in Delia, and my client had come in. She knew I was having labor pains and she stayed with me after her appointment, she was very upset because I did not stop working. Daryl finally came home, and she told him “You need to get this girl to the hospital right now!” and he took me right then. It was raining so hard that day, it was actually the ‘seventy three flood’. The labor was very quick, and Daryl got to be in the delivery room with me for this kid, he stayed at my head, he would not go look! Jody was born, and I was so happy!” The family of five then moved to where they currently live right outside of Rossville, Kansas. Seven years went by before Shirley said she wanted to have another child, and on April eleventh, nineteen eighty, **Monte Mitchell (1980- )** was born. Daryl was not working at Goodyear anymore, so they did not have the health insurance that they had before. Shirley says “I went back to St. Francis to find out how much it would cost to have a baby there and one of my friends told me that the hospital in Wamego, Kansas, was a lot cheaper. So, before I even got pregnant, we started to save our money.”<sup>28</sup> Shirley remembers having leg cramps when she had labor pains, she did not even remember her labor pains. She says “Monte had blonde hair with a white streak down the middle. And I remember telling Daryl that,

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<sup>28</sup> Shirley Mitchell, interview with Taylor Brecheisen, 17 March 2019

that was his trophy right there. I was so happy I had another boy!” Two years later, Shirley decided to have another child so that Monte would not grow up alone with no one to play with. With the age difference between the first three children, she thought another child would be great. On July eleventh nineteen eighty two, **Randi Mitchell (1982- )** was born. Shirley recalls “It was a really hot day; my parents were at our house helping with a sow that was going to have piglets that day and Daryl was at a softball game in town.” Shirley does not really remember the labor too well; besides it was quick and when the baby was out Daryl had a horrible look on his face. The baby was not crying and was blue, the cord was wrapped around her neck. After the doctor got the cord unwrapped and got her breathing again, Daryl looked at Shirley and said “That is it. No more.” They now live in the same house and Daryl helps out a local farmer and family friend, tends to his own cattle, Shirley is a housewife that helps watch her grandchildren. Both love being able to watch their grandchildren grow up right before their eyes and being able to watch them succeed in the sports that they play and in life.

**Betty Lou Schick (1943-)**, Taylor’s paternal grandmother, was born on the fifteenth of July in nineteen forty three around seven in the evening. She was born to **Ruth Raaf (1909-2006)** and **Joseph Schick (1909-2001)**. Betty was born in the farm house that her family lived in, which was located about four miles from Gridley, Kansas. She is the fourth child that Ruth and Joe had together, they had three girls and one boy in all, **Louis (Sis) Schick (1934- )**, **Donald Schick (1937-2008)**, **Judy Schick (1942- )** and **Peggy Schick (1945- )**. Taylor has great memories with her grandma Betty, but the one that sticks out the most is taking “nature walks”, as they called them, around the property where Taylor lives. She recalls Betty telling her about the different parts of nature, stories about things that happened in history, making “tattoos” with the liquid in milkweed plants and dirt, and squishing mud between their toes. Everything that a country kid loves. Taylor also has very fond memories of Betty taking her and her sister horseback riding in Dover, Kansas, at a small farm. This made a big impact on Taylor because

she has always had a love for horses and horseback riding. Taylor has always admired her grandmother because of how smart and knowledgeable she is about many different areas. She can always count on leaning when she is around Betty and that is something that cannot be taken away.<sup>29</sup> Betty grew up in the Apostolic Christian in Gridley until she was in first grade, when they switched to the Methodist church. Betty recalls “We attended Sunday school and church every Sunday, Summers we had bible school. I participated in youth group, sang in the choir and took turns playing piano for church during the summers to give the regular pianist a break.”<sup>30</sup>

Betty grew up on the same farm that she was born on and recalls “We all helped with chores: feeding chickens, gathering eggs, cleaning chickens for the freezer, gardening, picking and processing vegetables like; peas, green beans, corn, potatoes, tomatoes, lettuce, radishes, asparagus and cantaloupe.” By the time that Betty was ten, her brother, Don, and sister, Sis, were six and nine years older than her and were already in college. So, her father needed help on the farm and Betty had to help bring the dairy cows in from the pasture and milk them. She also learned to drive the tractor by the age of eleven, she would help her father complete tasks like feed cows, haul hay from the fields, drive the bailer and rack the hay. Betty says, “I would have much rather helped outside, than do dishes and clean inside!”<sup>31</sup> Betty was active in different activities growing up, from the age of six, she and her sisters learned how to play the piano, when she got into high school, she played the trumpet in the band and sang in the choir. One thing that Betty and her siblings really enjoyed was participating in 4-H. They would take baked goods and sewing projects to the county fair every year. Betty says “If we won a purple at the county fair, then we got to take those projects to the State Fair in Topeka. There was two held in the 1950s and 1960s.”

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<sup>29</sup> Personal Knowledge of Author

<sup>30</sup> Ibid

<sup>31</sup> Betty Brecheisen, Interview with Taylor Brecheisen, 7 April 2019.



Betty went to school in Gridley her entire grade school and high school career. Since they did not have kindergarten, she started in the first grade. She really enjoyed school growing up, her favorite subjects were math, biology and chemistry. Betty was the salutatorian of her class of twenty one and graduated in nineteen sixty one. Betty then attended Emporia State University and would major in Biology with an emphasis in Medical Technology in nineteen sixty five. She spent her intern year at St. Francis Hospital in Wichita, Kansas. Betty tells of her journey to her career after college as “Following graduation, I took and passed the registry. Earning the title of MT(ASCP), Medical Technologist (American Society of Clinical Pathologists), The title has since been changed to Medical Laboratory Scientist. I worked in a hospital lab for fifty years, retiring in December of two thousand sixteen. My last thirty years I was the primary Microbiologist at Sumner Regional Hospital.”

In nineteen sixty four, while Betty was working at her internship at St. Francis Hospital in Wichita, she met **Terry Rodger Brecheisen (1943- )**. They were actually neighbors in the apartment complex that they were living in at the time, Terry was going to college at Wichita State. They got married that next year on the twenty first of August in Gridley, Kansas, at the Methodists Church in town. The couple remained in Wichita while Terry finished his degree then, in nineteen sixty seven, they moved to Wellington, Kansas, when Terry got a teaching job.

**Terry Rodger Brecheisen (1943- )** is Taylor’s paternal grandfather was born on the fifteenth of February nineteen forty three in Garden City, Kansas to **Marguerite Roggenbuck (1914-1993)** and **Howard Brecheisen (1908-1958)**. Terry is the fourth child of Marguerite and Howard, they had five all together; **Shirley Brecheisen (1934- )**, **Janet Brecheisen (1935-2010)**, **Howard Brecheisen, Jr. (1939-1975)** and **Connie Brecheisen (1951-2009)**. Terry remembers being poor growing up, he says “Up until I was born in 1943, the family was fairly well off. My mother never worked outside the home, as was the norm in those days. My dad was self-employed as a CONOCO jobber, he had a gas service station as well as

delivering gas to other stations in the area. My older sisters said they don't remember being poor when they were little, but I sure do! My dad had lost his business due to drinking and health issues."<sup>32</sup> A memory that Terry had from his childhood comes from when he was four years old, he recalls "My mom was doing laundry in the basement using her wringer type washing machine. While she was unloading some clothes and had her back turned to me, I was intrigued with the wringer apparatus, so I reached toward it. Unfortunately, I was wearing a hand-me-down long sleeve shirt which caught up in the wringer and drew my small arm rapidly into and through the wringer. It tore the flesh and some of the muscles from my left arm. The doctors weren't sure if I would ever have full use of that arm. They put it back together to the best of their ability. I was told that my only therapy was squeezing soft rubber ball for almost the entire healing time."

School for Terry started in first grade at Catholic school, he remembers the nuns that taught him were very demanding and required the students to be on their best behavior at all times. Terry went to the Catholic school until he finished eighth grade, then he transferred to the public school. Since he went to the Catholic school before public school, he was ahead of his classmates when it came to what they were learning in school. Terry recalls getting lazy when it came to school. Because of this, he did not really start to study until his junior or senior year of high school. In May of nineteen sixty one he graduated from high school and decided to go the community college directly after high school and in nineteen sixty four, he obtained his Associate of Arts degree. He then decided to go to Wichita State University and moved in with his sister and brother in-law in June. He found a job at an electric retail store so he could pay for college and move into an apartment complex with some of his friends. Where he would meet Betty, his soon to be wife. Terry says "In December of nineteen sixty four, Betty and a roommate moved into the apartment next door. I guess we met because we were having a get-together and were making too much noise, when your grandma and roommate started banging on the wall, telling us

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<sup>32</sup> Terry Brecheisen, Interview with Taylor Brecheisen, 8 April 2019

to "quiet down". A few weeks later, we started dating."<sup>33</sup> Terry graduated from Wichita State University in May of nineteen sixty seven with a Bachelor of Arts along with majors in education and Spanish and minors in French and English. He then started his master's degree two weeks later in Puebla, Mexico. He and Betty spent six weeks that summer and the next summer in Puebla. They are both fluent in Spanish and have tried teaching Taylor and her siblings as they have grown up. He finished his Masters in May of nineteen seventy three and began teaching Spanish at Wellington Junior and Senior High School in nineteen sixty seven. Until May of nineteen ninety eight when he would then, move to Mulvane High School in August nineteen ninety eight and taught there until his retirement in May of two thousand and seven. He spent forty years teaching total and loved it.

Betty and Terry had two children, Taylor's Father, Curt and his Sister **Marci Brecheisen (1972- )**. Fischer and Hout show us in Figure 4.11 that "Excepting the baby boom, Americans had fewer children as the century progressed. Americans' preferred number of children- the answers respondents gave when asked, "What do you think is the ideal number of children for a family to have?"- also went down, dropping suddenly between the mid-1960s and mid-1970s"<sup>34</sup> This was very true for the time period that Betty and Terry decided to have children.

#### GENERATION FOUR

**A1a1a. Freda Cole (1917-1998)**

**A1a1b. William Mitchell (1915-2006)**

**A1a2a. Honora Agnes Karnowski (1927-1991)**

**A1a2b. Theodore Orville Mitchell (1924-2006)**

**A1b1a. Ruth Raaf (1909-2006)**

**A1b1b. Joseph Schick (1909-2001)**

**A1b2a. Marguerite Roggenbuck (1914-1993)**

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<sup>33</sup> Ibid

<sup>34</sup> Claude S. Fischer and Michael Hout, *Century of Difference: How America Changed in the Last One Hundred Years* (New York: Russell Sage Foundation, 2006), 88-89

**A1b2b. Howard Brecheisen (1908-1958)**

Taylor's maternal great-grandmother **Freda Cole (1917-1998)**, was born on the third of December in nineteen seventeen. Freda was born at the family home in Circleville, Kansas to **Eva Stauffer Cole (1888-1941)** and **Timothy Cole (1884-1947)**. She went to school in Circleville from first grade until she graduated and was valedictorian of her class. She then went to clean houses for work in Holton, Kansas. Which is a town north of Topeka, Kansas.<sup>35</sup> She then met **William Mitchell (1915-2006)** at a barn dance one night, there was one about every weekend out in the country during this time period. William was born two years before Freda on the fifth of January in nineteen fifteen at the family's home on Soldier Creek, East of Delia, Kansas. William was the youngest child of five of **Anna Brown (1877-1957)** and **William Mitchell (1869-1956)**. William was two pounds at birth, the doctor put him in a shoe box that was lined with cotton and his oldest brother, Ernie told his mother that he looked like a little bunny. William from then on, was known as "Bun" Mitchell. He was not actually named for a couple of weeks because his parents and doctor did not think he would live past a couple of days. William only attended school through the sixth grade and then went to work in the fields with his family.

At the time that Freda and William met, the Dust Bowl was going on and they lived in an area where the dust was so bad that farming was almost non-existent. So, many people started to head west to find work. In Claude S. Fischer's book *Made in America*, he tells about the Dust bowl by saying "Often, what crops emerged were not worth harvesting and just rotted in the fields." "Many farmers in the upper plains walked away from acreage which they had, responding to high prices, just started tilling. Windstorms blew the loose soil across the country- six tons landed in Chicago one night in 1934- and destroyed much of the remaining farmland (and health

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<sup>35</sup> Shirley Mitchell, Interview with Taylor Brecheisen, 11 April 2019.

of many farmers) in the lower plains”<sup>36</sup> William decided he would go with his brother and sister in-law to Oxnard, California, to find work to earn some money and Freda wanted to go also. They were not married at this time, but her parents allowed her to go with William. They got there and soon found jobs, William as a farm hand, walnut picker, and mushroom planter and Freda was a lemon packer at a factory. The couple got married while they were there on the thirtieth of April in nineteen thirty seven in Ventura, California. They soon came home after three years because Freda’s mother had leukemia and she was homesick. They moved back to Delia, Kansas, and William started working back on the farm with his family, Freda stayed at home and was a housewife. They started their family in nineteen forty with a son named Jim then Shirley in nineteen forty seven, and finally Susan. When Shirley was in seventh grade, Freda started working at Jostens Yearbook Company at nights for seasonal help and a few years later, she was hired on full time. Freda got bladder cancer and passed in nineteen ninety eight, Shirley then moved William into a trailer home beside her and Daryl’s home just north of Rossville. This is where William would live until two thousand and six when he passed. Freda was eighty years old when she passed, and William was ninety one.

Taylor did not know Freda because she died when she was only one year old, Shirley tells Taylor that Freda really enjoyed Taylor the short time that she was around her. Taylor does remember her great-grandpa Bun. Her memory that she has with him is that there was a calf that was born at Shirley’s house that had something wrong with it, so Bun and Shirley loaded the calf up in the back of Bun’s old truck that had a topper on the bed and straw laid down for the calf. They then took the calf to the vet in St. Mary’s, Kansas, to get it looked at. Taylor also remembers when Bun lived in Shirley’s house after he had a fall in his trailer home. She remembers Bun sitting in his chair smoking his Marlboro cigarettes, eating wafer cookies and watching the old square box television loudly.

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<sup>36</sup> Claude S. Fischer, *Made in America* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2010), 50.

Continuing with Taylor's maternal side, her great-grandmother **Honora Agnes Karnowski (1927-1991)** was born on the thirtieth of June in nineteen twenty seven in Paxico, Kansas, to **Marybelle Weis (1889-1972)** and **Peter Karnowski (1885-1955)**. She was raised on the family farm and went to grade school and high school in Paxico. She then went to work in Topeka, Kansas, for the Fleming family, who was a very wealthy family in the area. They owned grocery distribution centers. Nora, as she was called by everyone, was a "domestic" for the family and did things like cleaning, cooking, and taking care of the family.<sup>37</sup> Nora met **Theodore Orville Mitchell (1924-2006)** in nineteen forty five on a blind date and they got married in nineteen forty six. Theodore was born on the eighteenth of November in nineteen forty two in Delia, Kansas, to **Ethel Rosemary Lister (1890-1968)** and **George William Mitchell (1884-1972)**. Ted and his family would bounce back and forth from Rossville, Kansas, and Oregon. This was because his parents liked it in Oregon, and they found work there. This meant Ted went to school some of his school career in Rossville and some of the time in Oregon, but he only went until his Junior year of high school and then quit to join the workforce, this was not uncommon for men at this time. He then worked for the railroad to help his parents earn extra money. Ted then joined the Army when World War II started and was on duty until nineteen forty five when he came back and met Nora. The Goodyear Tire and Rubber company opened up as Ted was getting home from the service and they were hiring the men that needed jobs that were just getting out. He was lucky enough to get a job there. In nineteen forty seven, Nora and Ted started their family with a son, Daryl. The family moved from Topeka to Silver Lake and finally to Rossville. Daryl says "My dad taught me all I know about sports. He was a very good athlete himself and he coached us in baseball in the summer time. He also taught me everything about fishing. Fishing was a very big thing in the Mitchell family. Most of my memories were made on the creek bank or at ponds. My mother taught us how to live on our own by making us learn how

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<sup>37</sup> Daryl Mitchell, Interview with Taylor Brecheisen, 11 April 2019.

to clean and cook. She was big on this; we could not go outside to play baseball in the vacant lot until all of our chores were done. The biggest lesson they taught us was how to work and how to work hard.”<sup>38</sup> Both Nora and Ted died from forms of cancer.

Taylor did not know her great-grandma Nora, but she has been told by her grandfather that she would have loved her, and Nora would be very proud of the woman Taylor has become. Taylor did grow up with her great-grandfather Ted in her life until he died when she was thirteen. She has many memories with him. He would take Taylor and her siblings on trips to Wamego, Kansas, to the Oregon Trail park for lunch and to walk around on all the trails. He would teach them about the history and about the different things in nature. They would also go to Wamego to the Park on some days, Taylor remembers the big windmill and the stories that Ted would make up about it being a jail. Taylor has the fondest memories of her grandpa Ted and feels blessed to have had met and gotten to make the memories they did, because many people do not get to know their great-grandparents.

Taylor’s Paternal great-grandmother, **Ruth Raaf (1909-2006)** was born on the second of October in nineteen-o-nine to **Elizabeth Alice Huber (1876-1971)** and **A. Fred Raaf (1870-1936)**. She was born on the family farm just south of Gridley, Kansas.<sup>39</sup> She was the sixth child of nine, and only the second surviving daughter of Elizabeth and Fred, their first daughter only survived one day. Ruth went to grade school at a one room school house that was just west of their home. After this school, she went to high school at Gridley high school and graduated from there. Taylor’s paternal great-grandfather, **Joseph Schick (1909-2001)** was born on the twenty ninth of June in nineteen-o-nine to **Elizabeth Bahr (1875-1945)** and **Charles Schick (1874-1930)**. He was born on the family farm four mile south of Gridley, Kansas. He was the third child born, there was four girls (one girl died when she was two, due to a possible appendicitis), and two boys all together. When Joe was three, the family built a new

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<sup>38</sup> Ibid

<sup>39</sup> [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Gridley,\\_Kansas](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Gridley,_Kansas)

home just north of their old house. Joe went to school at a one room school house until eighth grade. He then decided he wanted to apprentice for the dentist in town, but this got put on the back burner when his father died of Hodgkin's disease. Joe's brother decided to work at the Co-Op in town, so Joe had to live at home and farm the land for his family.

Both Ruth and Joe's families attended the Apostolic Christian Church, which was a branch of the Mennonite church in Gridley, Kansas. On the fourteenth of June in nineteen thirty three they got married at the Methodist church in Gridley and then bought the Schick farm from Joe's mother. They started to raise their family at the farm and switched to the Methodist church in nineteen forty eight. On the thirtieth of June in two thousand and two, Joe died due to pneumonia and prostate cancer. He suffered from numerous respiratory allergies, emphysema (resulting from years of smoking) and frequent nose bleeds most of his life. Betty, their daughter, says that "Ruth was very stoic, never complaining of any ailment. She had a family history of depression but refused to admit she felt "down". Antidepressants would have helped, but it was frowned upon to admit depression. As a result, she lapsed in to a catatonic state approximately age eighty two, due to profound depression. Shock treatment brought her back to us for five years. The second round of shock did not work so well."<sup>40</sup>

Taylor was very young when she met Joe and Ruth, but she does remember going to see "Granny" when she lived in the nursing home. She remembers there was a big bird cage with colorful little birds inside, so she really enjoyed going to there. The memory that she has of Granny was her in her room at the nursing home and Taylor remembers her being very quiet and did not move too much. This was when Ruth was nearing her last days, so she did not have a lot of energy left. Taylor has very vague memories of "Papa" but cannot recall what the memories consist of completely.

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<sup>40</sup> Betty Brecheisen, Interview with Taylor Brecheisen, 7 April 2019



Continuing with Taylor's paternal great-grandparents, her great-grandmother **Marguerite Roggenbuck (1914-1993)** was born on the seventh of September in nineteen fourteen to **Martha A. Immroth (1886-1964)** and **Albert Joseph Roggenbuck (1886-1963)**.<sup>41</sup> Marguerite was born in Garden City, Kansas, and attended Saint Mary's Catholic School through the eighth grade, then high school in Garden City. On the thirteenth of December in nineteen thirty three, she married **Howard Brecheisen (1908-1958)**. Howard was born on the eighteenth of October in nineteen-o-nine at the family farm four miles southwest of Eudora, Kansas, to **Anna Hunzicker (1882-1964)** and **Herbert Brecheisen (1882-1952)**. After his schooling, he moved to Garden City, Kansas, where he got into the oil and fuel distribution business. Terry, his son, says "I found a newspaper clipping in a box of my mothers old documents and there was one clipping from nineteen thirty four that was about my dad playing Ban Johnson baseball. Which was a collegiate league, he was apparently a pretty good pitcher and hitter with a maintained batting average of .400"<sup>42</sup> Howard and Marguerite were well off for their first nine years of marriage until Howard lost his business due to his health and alcohol. He was a very inventive man that could fix almost anything, he also taught his children to hunt and fish, which they then passed down to their children.

Howard had very poor heart health and suffered three heart attacks before the good lord called him home on the first of December in nineteen fifty eight. After that, Marguerite started working at an old, eighteen hundred's hotel as a night manager, which was a fitting because she was always a night owl, before Howards death, she did not work outside of the home. Marguerite was a heavy smoker all her adult life, Terry, her son, recalls her smoking a pack of cigarettes per

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<sup>41</sup> "United States Census, 1930," database with images, FamilySearch (<https://familysearch.org/ark:/61903/1:1:X7Q9-SPP> : accessed 17 April 2019), Margerite Roggerbuck in household of Albert Roggerbuck, Garden, Finney, Kansas, United States; citing enumeration district (ED) ED 3, sheet 13A, line 33, family 337, NARA microfilm publication T626 (Washington D.C.: National Archives and Records Administration, 2002), roll 702; FHL microfilm 2,340,437.

<sup>42</sup> Terry Brecheisen, Interview with Taylor Brecheisen, 7 April 2019

day. This resulted in her getting COPD, which ended up causing her death on the twenty fourth of October in nineteen ninety three at seventy four years old.

#### Generation Five

**Ala1a1. Eva Stauffer Cole (1888-1941)**

**Ala1a2. Timothy Cole (1884-1947)**

**Ala1b1. Anna Brown (1877-1957)**

**Ala1b2. William Mitchell (1869-1956)**

**Ala2a1. Marybelle Weis (1889-1972)**

**Ala2a2. Peter Karnowski (1885-1955)**

**Ala2b1. Ethel Rosemary Lister (1890-1968)**

**Ala2b2. George William Mitchell (1884-1972)**

**Alb1a1. Elizabeth Alice Huber (1876-1971)**

**Alb1a2. A Fred Raaf (1870-1936)**

**Alb1b1. Elizabeth Bahr (1875-1945)**

**Alb1b2. Charles Schick (1874-1930)**

**Alb2a1. Martha A. Immroth (1886-1964)**

**Alb2a2. Albert Joseph Roggenbuck (1886-1963)**

**Alb2b1. Anna Hunzicker (1882-1964)**

**Alb2b2. Herbert Brecheisen (1882-1952)**

**Eva Stauffer Cole (1888-1941)** was born on the nineteenth of March in eighteen eighty eight at the family home in Circleville, Kansas, to **Simon H. and Nancy J. Stauffer**.<sup>43</sup> She was married to **Timothy Cole (1884-1947)** who was born four years earlier on the fourth of November in eighteen eighty four in Almena, Kansas. He was from a very large family who moved to Circleville, Kansas, when he was in his younger years. He then met Eva and they built a home west of Circleville and they raised a family of four children. On the twelfth of September in nineteen eighteen Tim registered for World War I in Jackson County, Kansas, when he was thirty four years old. The registration card says he was a white male, tall, medium build, with brown

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<sup>43</sup> "Eva M. Stauffer Cole." Findagrave.com, 16 Apr. 2019, [www.findagrave.com/memorial/18808771/eva-m\\_-cole](http://www.findagrave.com/memorial/18808771/eva-m_-cole).

eyes and black hair.<sup>44</sup> This was a surprise to Shirley, his granddaughter, when Taylor told her about the find she made. Eva was a stay at home mother because she had leukemia and Tim farmed when he got out of the service. Shirley, their granddaughter, recalls; “Somehow they must have lost the farm, maybe to bankruptcy and either bought the house just south of their farm or rented it, because mother said that is where she remembers growing up.” Tim was killed in a car accident when his brother, Wayne, was killed in the war. He had gone into Holton, Kansas, to make arrangements for his brothers’ body to be buried in Circleville and was killed on the way home. Eva died of the leukemia she had.

**Anna Brown (1877-1957)** and **William Mitchell (1869-1956)** lived five miles east of Delia, Kansas. They lived North of their fourth son, William. Their granddaughter, Shirley remembers walking across a field to get to their house. William was a farmer and with four boys, he had a lot of help. He raised and sold mules and when he had a bunch for sale, he would run them six miles down the road to Grove, Kansas, to a railroad station to load them onto a boxcar where they would be shipped to the buyers. Anna was a housewife; Shirley says that her father told her; “she would go into Delia about once a month by horse and buggy and get onto a train. She would ride the train to Topeka to go shopping.” William had a stroke and the farm was sold. William and Anna moved west of Rossville, Kansas, to the country. Shirley remembers going to their house every Sunday and her father shaving Williams face for him. She also remembers Anna sewing quilts by hand in her rocking chair. They then moved into Rossville. This is where William would die in nineteen fifty six and Anna died the next year in nineteen fifty seven. Shirley told Taylor in their interview that William was from Illinois.<sup>45</sup>

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<sup>44</sup> "United States World War I Draft Registration Cards, 1917-1918," database with images, FamilySearch (<https://familysearch.org/ark:/61903/1:1:K668-TB3> : 13 March 2018), Tim Cole, 1917-1918; citing Jackson County, Kansas, United States, NARA microfilm publication M1509 (Washington D.C.: National Archives and Records Administration, n.d.); FHL microfilm 1,643,521.

<sup>45</sup> Shirley Mitchell, Interview with Taylor Brecheisen, 15 April 2019

**Marybelle Weis (1889-1972)** was born on the fifteenth of March in eighteen eighty nine in Culver, Kansas, to **Phillip Daniel Weis (1864-1954)** and **Mary Lucinda Norris (1867-1901)**.<sup>46</sup> She met **Peter Karnowski (1885-1955)** when he was coming through the Kansas City, Kansas, area looking for work. They got married in February nineteen fourteen. Peter was born on the sixteenth of April in eighteen eight five to **Peter Karnowski (1848-1935)** and **Frances Peska (1857-1927)**.<sup>47</sup> Peter was a hard working farmer that farmed with a team of Belgium horses, raised cattle and sheep in Paxico, Kansas. Peter and Marybelle raised nine children on their farm in Paxico, this meant that they had lots of help. Daryl, their grandson, says "I remember spending a lot of time with them before I was old enough to play sports. I would go over there and spend weeks at a time at their farm. Paxico was a very small community, but once a month we would go to town and grandpa would give me a nickel or a dime, which I found out later was a lot of money at the time, and you could get a paper sack full of candy. Grandma would do her shopping and we would get in our truck and go home. The reason they did not go to town very often is because Mr. Short would come around to the country people with his pick-up with side that dropped down and he had everything on that truck. Fabric, pots and pans, canned goods, flour, sugar, all kinds of stuff. So, they did not need to go to town all the time. I also spent a lot of time with grandpa working out in the field."<sup>48</sup>

**Ethel Rosemary Lister (1890-1968)** was born on the eighth of March in eighteen ninety in Willard, Kansas, to **Charles Marshall Lister (1854-1947)** and **Martha Jane Guthrie (1859-1941)**.<sup>49</sup> She married **George William Mitchell (1884-1972)** who was

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<sup>46</sup> "Marybelle Weis." FamilySearch, 16 Apr. 2019, [www.familysearch.org/tree/person/details/KGCQ-CLW](http://www.familysearch.org/tree/person/details/KGCQ-CLW).

<sup>47</sup> "Peter Boniface Karnowski." FamilySearch, 16 Apr. 2019, [www.familysearch.org/tree/person/details/KGCQ-HYX](http://www.familysearch.org/tree/person/details/KGCQ-HYX).

<sup>48</sup> Daryl Mitchell, Interview with Taylor Brecheisen, 16 April 2019

<sup>49</sup> "United States Census, 1900," database with images, FamilySearch (<https://familysearch.org/ark:/61903/1:1:MMYY-16G> : accessed 17 April 2019), Ethel Lister in household of Charles Lister, Mission Creek Township, Wabaunsee, Kansas, United States; citing enumeration district (ED) 177, sheet 11B, family 224, NARA microfilm publication T623 (Washington, D.C.: National Archives and Records Administration, 1972.); FHL microfilm 1,240,502.

born on the sixth of February in eighteen eighty four to **William Alexander Mitchell (1853-1943)** and **Mary Jane Lemon (1866-1914)**. They were farmers that came through the Depression in the thirties and forties, but George held many jobs during his life. Daryl tells Taylor in an interview, "He worked on ranches and at a feed store where he would load trains with grain."<sup>50</sup> Ethel was like most women in those days, a housewife, she took care of the men and the children. Daryl remembers spending many of his early years in the summer time with them. George and Ethel taught their children and grandchildren their favorite past time, fishing, Daryl remembers them always fishing.

**Elizabeth Alice Huber (1876-1971)** was born on the twenty second of November in eighteen seventy six in Baden Baden, Germany, to **Franz Huber** and **Theodora Hoeffler** who were also born in Germany. Alice, as she was called, came to the United States when she was four years old with her parents and a sibling, who died and was buried at sea. Alice married **A Fred Raaf (1870-1936)** on the seventeenth of March in nineteen-o-one, they were apart of the Mennonite church. Fred was born on the seventh of March in eighteen seventy. Fred was a farmer and Alice was a housewife. At the age of ninety five, Alice died on the second of April in nineteen seventy one<sup>51</sup> and Fred died on the twenty ninth of February in nineteen thirty nine of a heart attack.

**Elizabeth Bahr (1875-1945)** was born on the twenty seventh of December in eighteen seventy five in Illinois to **Christian Bahr (1849-1922)** and **Anna Morf (1855-1933)**. Her parents were born in Bavaria, Germany, and Switzerland, respectively. Anna, as she was called, married **Charles Schick (1874-1930)** on the seventeenth of December in eighteen ninety nine. Charles was born on the twenty ninth of April in eighteen seventy four in Iowa. He and Anna

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<sup>50</sup> Ibid

<sup>51</sup> "United States, Genealogy Bank Obituaries, 1980-2014," database with images, FamilySearch (<https://familysearch.org/ark:/61903/1:1:QKGF-CB76> : accessed 17 April 2019), Elizabeth A Huber Raaf in entry for Miss Esther Raaf, Kansas, United States, 29 Mar 2002; from "Recent Newspaper Obituaries (1977 - Today)," database, GenealogyBank.com (<http://www.genealogybank.com> : 2014); citing Topeka Capital-Journal, The, born-digital text.

were cattle and crop farmers in Gridley, Kansas, and were members of the Apostolic Christian Church. Anna died on the seventeenth of February in nineteen thirty of heart failure. Betty, their granddaughter tells of how her grandmother did not like living in the forest by the creek in Gridley, because Indians would walk by their home near the creek. So, they built a new home on the hill beside it.<sup>52</sup>

**Martha A. Immroth (1886-1964)** was born in Staßfurt, Germany to **Martin Carl Heinrich Immroth (1863-1940)** and **Anna Mutz (1862-1950)**. She married **Albert Joseph Roggenbuck (1886-1963)** on the twentieth of February nineteen twelve. Albert was born on the fourteenth of August in eighteen eighty six in Germany. He was a Pipe fitter, boilermaker and railroad engineer on steam locomotives and diesels, this caused him to be almost completely deaf by the time he retired. Martha was a housewife who loved to garden, cook and bake. Together, they had four children. Terry, their grandson, says he suspects they paid for his catholic school education because his parents were not well off at the time he was attending school. Martha Died on the third of August in nineteen sixty four and Albert on the twenty seventh of September in nineteen sixty three.

**Anna Hunzicker (1882-1964)** was born on the eighteenth of November in eighteen eighty two. She married **Herbert Brecheisen (1882-1952)** in nineteen-o-four and they had ten children and raised nine to adulthood, their son Calvin, died in World War II. Charles was born on the twenty fifth of October in eighteen eighty two. He died on the twenty fifth of November I nineteen fifty two and Anna died on the twenty seventh of July in nineteen sixty four, they are both buried next to each other at the Wellsville Cemetery in Wellsville, Kansas.<sup>53</sup>

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<sup>52</sup> Betty Brecheisen, interview with Taylor Brecheisen, 7 April 2019

<sup>53</sup> "Herbert Nicholas Brecheisen." *Findagrave.com*, 16 Apr. 2019, [www.findagrave.com/memorial/46475804/herbert-nicholas-brecheisen](http://www.findagrave.com/memorial/46475804/herbert-nicholas-brecheisen).