

**District of Ross Mills**

*Ross Mills Newsletter*

**July 2017**

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The garden has begun to grow. Potatoes, squash, pumpkins, tomatoes, cucumbers, and beans in the Holmquist Garden.

## 6th Generation in Same House

Emily Rose Holmquist has come to live with us — right where so many of us have lived in the last 150 years. Emily Rose Holmquist was born to Andrew and Jessica Holmquist on June 5, 2017, weighing 7 lbs 15 oz and 21 inches long. She makes the 6th generation continuously that have come to the homestead and made it their home.

The house was about 20 years old when Swan and Augusta Holmquist bought the farm in the 1870's and started a large family there. My dad was one of them - he lived there all his life. He didn't start his own family until many years because he helped his dad and some of the rest to get along. But when he was in his 40's he got married and my sister and I was born, which made the 3rd generation. Then Sylvia and I had Dede and Jay, the 4th generation. And then Jay and Kelly had Sherry and Andrew, the 5th generation. And now Andrew and Jessica have Emily, the 6th generation come home to live in that house. Home Sweet Home!

~Emory Holmquist



the oldest Holmquist and the youngest



INTRODUCTION  
EMORY ARMSTRONG ROSS  
ROSS MILLS, N.Y. JANUARY 1885  
OF BOOK

All matter of history connected with the early life of those hardy pioneers, who made the first inroads into the unbroken and dense wilderness, and made the giants of the forest bow to the will of man, must be of interest to their descendants as well as to the general public.

In ages hence, when these beautiful valleys, sloping hill-sides and table-lands, are stripped of their forests, are shorn of their majesty; when the larger streams have diminished in size and volume, and the smaller ones have nearly or quite disappeared, the evidence of which we already see by the destruction

made in the sheltering forests by the husbandman in the interests of agriculture—whereby the scorching sun of the summer days drink up the moisture of the exposed earth, that in primeval times was the wellspring of the supply, that gave to our forest streams and mountain brooks their abundance of water, which contributed to swell the increasing volume of the Alleghany, Ohio and the Father of Waters in their majestic course to the Gulf. Then will the coming generations deplore the wanton destruction of the original forests—that might have been saved in part—to protect the sources of supply of forest streams, and add beauty and freshness which nature has so bountifully provided.

Where once these valleys and uplands, that are already thickly dotted with farm houses, hamlets and villages, teeming with life, and threaded and crossed all over their length and breadth with public highways and pleasant drives; where once roamed the red man in peaceful possession of the domains that were his by inheritance—undisturbed as yet by the intrusion of white man—while he stealthily followed the wild beasts that supplied his wigwams with food, or arrayed in gaudy paint and feathers, he followed the trail of his rival to drive him from his hunting ground and adorn his belt with the crimson scalp of a vanquished foe; where once the bear with his shambling gait, the cougar or panther with their stealthy or cat-like tread, or the graceful deer as it bounded away in its timid flight—what have we now?

Where once the Indian trail wound in its serpentine course through our wooded valleys, whose stillness was broken only by the whoop of the savage or the howls of the wild beasts, there now courses the iron horse, whose neigh is not the whoop

of the savage, but is the trumpet blast of civilization and science, heralding its advance in its onward march to subdue new wilds and found new empires. Where once roamed the wild beasts at will in an unbroken wilderness, there now graze the sleek herds of domestic animals of the thrifty husbandman, whose green pastures and furrowed fields show no relic of a giant forest, no trace of the beast is sheltered, or the red man who gave them chase.

Where once stood the majestic pines, the queen of the forest, towering above their neighbors, their spire-like forms standing sentinel over the smaller and weaker members of the tree family, now stand here and there, the country and village churches, their tall spires pointing heavenward, seemingly a monument to the Creator, erected by man to take the place of those by him destroyed. When, in the not distant future if the despoilers of our forests are as persevering in its destruction for the next half of a century as they have been in the past, the child is now born, who might in his old age, from some eminence of observation, cast his eye over this beautiful stretch of landscape of hill and valley, of plain and upland, without perhaps one cluster of the original forest trees to obstruct the view. Then will the happy possessor of the domains, the probable descendants of the far back pioneers, amazed at the transformation, treasure these records and appreciate the interest shown by the writer to preserve

THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE PIONEERS OF CASSA-  
DAGA AND ITS TRIBUTARIES.

Duncan L. Swartz Sr., 79, of Frewsburg passed away Tuesday (April 11, 2017) in UPMC/ Chautauqua/ WCA Hospital.

He was born Oct. 29, 1937, in Portville, N.Y., the son of the late Jerome B. and Sarah Howard Swartz.

Duncan attended high school in Portville and served in the U.S. Navy during the Korean War. Prior to retirement he worked for MRC/SKF. He enjoyed hunting and fishing, and loved to camp in his younger years, and especially loved hanging with his family. Duncan was a member of the American Legion in Frewsburg, N.Y.

~ The family lived in lower Ross Mills for a number of years. Several kids were raised here .

Sister's Restaurant on Rt. 380

Sunday thru Saturday 7am - 2pm

Fridays 7am - 2pm and again later for dinner 4pm - 8pm