

The White House at the End of the Road

By Barbara Mooney Myers

Recently dear family friends of mine and about half of Grundy County's sold their family estate in Tracy City. The home itself was close to almost two centuries old owned by four generations of Anderson descendants.

Peter Anderson claimed the land in the early 1800's. He and his wife Rebecca started their family there after they moved here from Marion County. Their son William "Bill" Anderson and his wife Martha Knight Anderson raised all their family there as well. Their quite large family consisted of Willie Mae, Claude, Madge Madeline, Emily June, Alvin, and Doris.

Madge Anderson Baggenstoss, the 3rd generation, and Robert, her husband, took over the family homeplace and remained there until their deaths. Their two children, Martha and Jimmy, the 4th generation, were raised there and were the last to take care of the estate.

Madge's father, Bill, had kept the house in excellent condition. There were large fields with cultivated crops or hay for their livestock on every side of their property. To the left side of the home was the most beautiful view that many know as Raven's Point. I considered this my hidden corner of Heaven, for here was a place I spent lots of chosen hours gazing at its beautiful view from every side. My oldest brother, Joe, also chose it as his special place to go. He would sit for hours and enjoy these special times of his because here you could escape from about everything and enter a new world.

I started writing poetry here at about age 8 or 9 years of age. My brother Joe requested his ashes be tossed over Raven's Point at his death. This request was honored by our family.

To this day I'd say unless you knew this Anderson family, you missed out on a lot of wonderful memories and a group of great friends. Now as I gazed among Madge and Robert's treasures they collected through the years, some probably her mom's and dad's as well, it brings me back to earlier times over sixty years ago to the many times I played in this front yard and in the fields with Martha while Jimmy was at our feet. I remember the times when we carried water from Mr. Bill's spring where we all got water to drink and use in our home before Dad got us a well dug for our own use.

The Anderson house, to many of us as we grew up, was considered the prettiest and finest home in this neck of the neighborhood. It was the last white house at the end of the road. Ours was on the corner of the road before the turnoff to the Conry house, which belonged to Mrs. Willie Mae Anderson Conry, Bill and Martha's oldest daughter. She married Eugene Conry and had three children: Don, Carl and Mary. They were also our neighbors. Mrs. Willie Mae taught school and did some home teaching if we were not able to attend school. I had rheumatic fever at age 10, so she brought my lessons to my home. Such a kind and wonderful lady, she always helped when I needed her. She was a wonderful poetry writer too. In later years I read a lot of her work myself. *That her*

The White House at the End of the Road
By Barbara Mooney Myers

Recently dear family friends of mine and about half of Grundy County's sold their family estate in Tracy City. The home itself was close to almost two centuries old owned by four generations of Anderson descendants.

Peter Anderson claimed the land in the early 1800's. He and his wife Rebecca started their family there after they moved here from Marion County. Their son William "Bill" Anderson and his wife Martha Knight Anderson raised all their family there as well. Their quite large family consisted of Willie Mae, Claude, Madge Madeline, Emily June, Alvin, and Doris.

Madge Anderson Baggenstoss, the 3rd generation, and Robert, her husband, took over the family homeplace and remained there until their deaths. Their two children, Martha and Jimmy, the 4th generation, were raised there and were the last to take care of the estate.

Madge's father, Bill, had kept the house in excellent condition. There were large fields with cultivated crops or hay for their livestock on every side of their property. To the left side of the home was the most beautiful view that many know as Raven's Point. I considered this my hidden corner of Heaven, for here was a place I spent lots of chosen hours gazing at its beautiful view from every side. My oldest brother, Joe, also chose it as his special place to go. He would sit for hours and enjoy these special times of his because here you could escape from about everything and enter a new world. I started writing poetry here at about age 8 or 9 years of age. My brother Joe requested his ashes be tossed over Raven's Point at his death. This request was honored by our family.

To this day I'd say unless you knew this Anderson family, you missed out on a lot of wonderful memories and a group of great friends. Now as I gazed among Madge and Robert's treasures they collected through the years, some probably her mom's and dad's as well, it brings me back to earlier times over sixty years ago to the many times I played in this front yard and in the fields with Martha while Jimmy was at our feet. I remember the times when we carried water from Mr. Bill's spring where we all got water to drink and use in our home before Dad got us a well dug for our own use.

The Anderson house, to many of us as we grew up, was considered the prettiest and finest home in this neck of the neighborhood. It was the last white house at the end of the road. Ours was on the corner of the road before the turnoff to the Conry house, which belonged to Mrs. Willie Mae Anderson Conry, Bill and Martha's oldest daughter. She married Eugene Conry and had three children: Don, Carl and Mary. They were also our neighbors. Mrs. Willie Mae taught school and did some home teaching if we were not able to attend school. I had rheumatic fever at age 10, so she brought my lessons to my home. Such a kind and wonderful lady, she always helped when I needed her. She was a wonderful poetry writer too. In later years I read a lot of her work myself. *That her*

granddaughter ^{has} ~~said~~ it had never entered ^{my} ~~her~~ mind that ^{William} ~~Madge~~ was the one who wrote the poetry. Maybe it was this chance of living near Raven's Point that enhanced our writing skills, both hers and mine. Gazing at the walls, the floors and many other sights, now, I know many years have taken me places far away from here. I married, had my own family, grand children and great grand children, yet through they years I still feel intrigued to walk these trails of my youth that are ~~no longer~~ ^{still} well traveled. Times, places and people all change, and the past is gone. We're to live for tomorrow, not yesterday, but pleasant memories are a lifelong blessing.

All I can do is recall these moments and good times and write them down on paper for others to read. For like all the past, they'll soon be erased from our minds. My recollections are for the younger generations to remember and talk about and for them to somehow to know the Andersons and hold them dear to their hearts as I do.

I'll miss knowing that the Anderson descendants are no longer there, but there will always be a touch of the former owners' hands for they were the first. New owners will come, and the house will be filled with new life, ^{my} this white house at the end of the road.