

# The Williams – Myers Family

## Preface:

To my children,

I have so many times wished that I had more information about my ancestors; that I had asked more questions of my grandparents and my father, and had written out the answers; so I am writing what I know about our ancestors for your future use. I wish the history were more full, but such as it is, I give it to you with all my love, and my wish that you may be able to add to it, in your generations, much finer things than I have here written

--Maud Myers Williams

## The Williams

Jeremiah Francis Williams was born in Caernarvonshire, North Wales, April 26, 1835. I do not know the names of his father and mother. I imagine his father died when Jeremiah was quite young. Your grandmother Williams told of their taking Evan, when he was a little baby, up a high mountain in Wales, to show him to his grandmother Williams. Jeremiah had seven uncles, and each had Francis for a middle name, as he had. Jeremiah Francis Williams married Anne Davies. She was born in Denbighshire, North Wales, on April 12, 1836. They were married in Liverpool, England. Evan Davies was Anne's father, a farmer. I do not know her mother's name. Anne was the seventh and youngest daughter. Then a little brother was born, and the mother and her baby boy died. When Anne was still a young girl, she kept house for her father. She said they had sanded floors. She had different coloured sands and she made patterns on the floor. She was a little blonde lady with blue eyes. She told that she would have friends in and dance, and when her father danced with her, he would kick his foot over her head. He was six feet tall. Anne wasn't able to go to school very long, but she said her teacher told her to practice writing and figuring every day. She did, and that it bore fruit was proved by her ability in later years, to carry on business. Anne and Jeremiah both went to Liverpool, England to find work when they were grown, where they met, and later married in church with their friends around them. Anne wore a brown silk dress and Jeremiah wore his top hat and called a cab to come for her. She told that the first cab he came in was not so nice as she liked, so she insisted that he dismiss it and get a nicer, more stylish one. Jeremiah was quite tall with very dark hair, large dark blue eyes and a very fair skin. She said that the girls called him "The Lily Man". Jeremiah was a cabinet maker. They lived in a two-story house that Anne kept immaculate and helped by keeping roomers. They had a baby boy, who died. Then, on October 29, 1866, Evan Francis was born. His mother said he was a tiny blonde baby and people thought he was a little girl. He was christened at the proper time. They were very religious, especially Jeremiah, who, with a friend or two, would hunt men to take to church with them. He would gather friends to sing at their home. Anne had a beautiful high voice, even when quite an old lady. Baby Evan would sleep in his crib while they were singing but when they stopped, he would wake. Evan learned to speak Welsh and English at the same time. When a Welsh friend came, he spoke in Welsh; an English lady, he spoke to in English. He would meet each roomer at the door with his slippers, which the man would put on after removing his shoes at the door. A little brother christened Jeremiah Francis was born, and in 1869, the family of four sailed for America in the hope that Jeremiah's health would be better out of England's fog. He was so sick the whole voyage. Anne was a good sailor and the little boys played as happily as if at home. Their plan had been to buy a farm in America, but for some reason, they stopped in Kansas City and Jeremiah found work as a carpenter, but he soon fell off a high ladder and was injured, so he was incapacitated for some time. The little Jeremiah died soon after. Jeremiah Sr. began working as a carpenter for Union Pacific Railroad and continued for years.

William Francis was born October 18, 1873 in Kansas City, Kansas, where they had bought a home. Evan Francis attended a country school just out of Kansas City, Kansas, where he had some distance to walk, at Central School, then where the public library is now, and for a while at St. Mary's Parish School. Though not a Catholic, Anne liked the Sisters and thought her boy safer with them. When Evan was 15, his father had a job offered by a Welshman at Emporia, Kansas and they moved there; but as the job didn't materialize, the family remained there and the boys attended school there, and Jeremiah went to New Mexico to work. He liked it very much there and would have liked to establish his family there, but as the country was so new, he thought his boys would have better school advantages in Kansas, so they returned to Kansas City, Kansas and bought a new house. Jeremiah continued with the Union Pacific Railroad and Anne started a grocery store at 5<sup>th</sup> and Jauomee(?), where their home was. Afterward, they bought property at 10<sup>th</sup> and Riverview and built a store, which Jeremiah operated and Will helped him while Evan helped Anne at the other store. In 1889, Evan married Laura Clementine Thro, at St. Louis, Missouri, where they lived several months, then returned to Kansas City, Kansas to live. Evan was soon working as bookkeeper for the Butler Produce Company. A son, Willie was born in June 1891 and died in 1893. Teeny died in 1897. Will Williams was married in 1903 to Mary Alma Jones (Mollie). They lived with Wills parents till 1914. One son was born to them; Ralph Oliver, who was married 19(?) to Dorothy Pearson. Ralph, after graduating from high school, worked for Union Pacific Railroad and was transferred to Nampa, Idaho where he and Dorothy still live. Will and Mollie bought a home at 804 N. 17<sup>th</sup> St. in Kansas City, Kansas until in 19(?), they moved to Nampa, Idaho, then to Modesto, California, where they now live.

## Myers

Jacob Myers and his wife, Catherine Jane Lewis Myers came to Ohio from Germany. They raised a large family, among them a son John, who married a Miss Smith. They had a large family of boys and girls. I do not know how many but there were: John, Samuel, Isaac, Augustus, Polly and Adeline. Isaac Smith Myers married Elizabeth Vance. They are the parents of Jacob Lewis Myers, who was named after his great grandfather, with his great grandmother's sir name for a middle name. His twin sister was named for the great grandmother Catherine Jane. This grandmother lived to be 104 years old. Jacob Lewis Myers was her favourite of all the grandchildren, and when he went to visit her, she always had a special treat for "Yokie" as she called him. Though his twin was named for her, they called her "Kate" so she didn't claim her for a namesake. This grandmother had her own little log house near her son John's house, after her husband died, where she had all her treasures. She rode her white horse when she was 100 years old.

## Vance

James Vance's parents were born in Ireland, but neither of them was a Roman Catholic. James was a handsome man, six feet tall. He was married twice. His first wife died, leaving several children. His second wife was Polly Scott, a very splendid young Scottish lady. When her father insisted on her marriage to a wealthy man she didn't fancy, she stole away on her faithful riding horse, leaving her father a note: "If little Grey holds out, I'll be 40 miles away in the morning." So she didn't marry that man but James Vance; raised his children, and gave him four more: Catherine, Elizabeth, Martha and Harrison (Harry). Elizabeth Vance was a tall, straight, slender woman with black hair and almost black eyes. She told me that when she was twelve years old, she was sick with some fever, and when it left her she grew quite fat, but was spiritless and droopy. Her mother's brother, Dr. Thompson Scott, came from Kentucky to visit them. He saw her condition and insisted she ride horseback. She said at first it was agony, but her uncle kept her at it day after day till she grew stronger and thoroughly enjoyed it. She grew taller and changed entirely and was well again. She learned to spin and weave, both woolen and linen. She wove enough linen tablecloth to buy herself a fine sidesaddle, which was a necessity for young ladies of that day. I remember an incident she told: She was going on a trip. The roads were muddy. Her brother brought her horse, a tall one, to the riding block for her to mount. He said: "Jump. This is a tall horse." She did, and over the horse and into the mud on the other side. She always regretted not being able to go to school

more. There was always so much work to do at home, and anyhow, women didn't need much education. She said she used to wish she might cut or burn a hand badly so she couldn't work and go to school. She didn't want an accident on a foot for then she couldn't walk to school. She made good use of what education she got, however, and added to it by much reading, so when I knew her she was a good conversationalist on most any subject, keeping herself up to date. Her mother, Polly Scott Vance was a very interesting woman. She used to tell great stories about her girlhood, and claimed her family were descendents of the Duke of Buccleuch (Buccluah she called him) **\*\* See special note on the very last page of the narrative of Maud Myers Williams for information on the Duke's ancestry.** She was first cousin to the mother of Lucy Webb Hayes, wife of President Hayes. Mrs. Webb and Lucy frequently visited Polly Scott Vance at her home, and Mrs. Webb was there during her last illness and helped care for her. Elizabeth Vance was 22 years old when she became Mrs. Isaac Smith Myers. Her sister Catherine had married John Myers previously and her brother Harry married Adeline Myers later. Elizabeth Vance Myers was born on February 28, 1810. Isaac Myers was a year younger than she. Isaac and Elizabeth owned a farm and a log cabin when they began life together. There was a fireplace inside and one outside. In the summer, they used the outside one and Grandma decorated the inner one with fresh flowers and foliage. They had ten children: Mary Alice, Jacob Lewis (Jake), and Catherine Jane (Kate), William Vance (Will or Bill), Harrison Smith (Hal), John Joseph (Joe), Hamilton Rogers (Ham), James Augustus (Jim) and twins again: Lizzie and Mattie. All but little Mattie grew up and were married. Mary married Samuel Vance, the son of one of Elizabeth's half brothers. They left Ohio when married and moved to Greenfield, Iowa. They had several children. Their only daughter, Kate Littleton Vance, who married Clarence Lee, and they lived for years in Monterey, Mexico. Two brothers, Ralph and Thad, followed her there, and she and they died there. Another brother, Rhett, died when 12 years old. Kate and Clarence had two sons, Leland and Kenneth, who were educated in the U.S.; Leland at Columbus University, N.Y., an engineer, and Kenneth in some University in the south, an architect. They were both in South America when I last heard. Aunt Mary Vance, in 1874 or 5, when her last son, Thad, was born, the older children brought measles home from school and gave them to her and the baby. From this, she developed what they then called quick consumption, and was an invalid for a year or two. She was tall and slender and dark eyed like her mother. I remember her wearing a dark dress and a little black and white checked shawl over her shoulders. One little personal thing I remember and cherish. At her funeral I thought: " God is good to let me keep my mother." My father's twin sister, Kate, was married to Abner Pancoast Littleton, soon after arriving in Greenfield, Iowa, for he followed her right away. While no relation to Aunt Kate, his uncle, a Mr. Pancoast married Aunt Kate's Aunt Polly Myers. Uncle Abner's mother was a sister of Mr. Pancoast and married a Mr. Littleton. They both died of T.B. when their two sons were quite small and the Pancoasts raised them. The Littletons left their sons quite a bit of money. The younger son, Adam, spent his on education. Abner invested his to make more. One of his first investments was in a pair of young oxen that he trained and sold for a profit. When he came to Greenfield, he had a store building constructed and started the first general store there. He built a house for Aunt Kate, the nicest there at that time. A little daughter, Ida, was born to them, who died when 2 \_ years old. Much later, a son, Verner Charles, was born. He married Dora Scott (Dollie) and they moved to California. Vern died after his father and mother, leaving Dollie and his two daughters, Mariam and Katherine. Dollie and Mariam live on the family orange ranch at Fullerton and Katherine and her husband have a furniture store in a nearby town. Will Myers went west when quite young. He worked in the mines in Colorado; then had a large store in Montana; then a large cattle ranch there. He was one of the nicest, most polite, clean, kindly men I ever knew. 6 ft. 3 \_ inches tall, broad shouldered, lean, well proportioned, he was a striking looking young man, and so thoughtful of others. He was away from home for 25 years, and when he came on a visit, he did so many lovely things for everyone. He took his mother, his oldest niece and youngest nephew to Ohio, where they visited all the relations and friends there. Then he went to Philadelphia to look up Lulu Myers, the daughter of Hal Myers, the next brother, who had gone to California with his wife and Lulu in about 1873. His wife had taken Lue and gone to visit an uncle of hers in Philadelphia, and Hal was killed by some desperados in California. Uncle Will found the mother had put Lue in an orphan's home. He brought her home with him to Greenfield. She lived with grandma a year; then Uncle Will married, and his wife visited us and took Lue to live with them in Montana. After some time his wife died and Lue was in school at Helena till she was 17, when she came back to Greenfield, where she married Arthur Gaines. They had three girls and a boy; were divorced and Lue lived with her oldest daughter Ruth in Los Angeles, California till her death, Aug. 9, 1946 at her daughter Catherine's in Montana. The second daughter died in Omaha, Nebraska. Arthur, her son, also lives in Los Angeles. Uncle Will married again. He died in 1901. John

Joseph (Joe) was in the Civil war, as was Hal. The Grand Army Post in Greenfield is the Hal Myers post. Uncle Joe learned the carpenter trade, worked for Uncle Abner in his store; then he, Uncle Ham and Jim, with grandma Myers, entered the lumber business, which they conducted for years. He was married to Dotha Ann Mears, and they had three boys, Claude, Clare and Hal. Clare was the only one who lived to manhood, and he died at 30. He was married to Blanche Burrell and had one son, Rolland, who lives in Des Moines, Iowa. Claude died when a year old and Hal at six. Uncle Joe was such a pal to Rolland. After his father died when he was 8, Rolland called him his foxy grandpa, and named his first child, a daughter, Jo Ann, and after Uncle Joe died, they had a son that they named John Joseph, and call Joe. Uncle Joe lived to be 87. A fine man with the most contagious laugh I ever heard. At any outdoor gathering, in Greenfield, he would laugh and you would hear someone say: "Hear Joe Myers laugh!" Aunt Dotha, a fine wife for a fine man, followed him in death, after several years. Uncle Ham was a loveable fellow too. He married Jemima Redman, late in life. She had been married and divorced. I do not remember the name. She had a son, Dwight, who took the Myers name. One beautiful little daughter, Ruby, was born to them, but died at 6. Uncle ham was 6 ft. 3 in. tall. He was 84 when he died. Aunt Jemima is in the Eastern Star Home at Boone, Iowa. Everyone loved Uncle Ham. James A. was very hard of hearing from early childhood, and had a queer way of talking, because of it. He was married late in life to Jeva Hall, and she died, leaving their daughter, Elizabeth, who died at 7. He married again and that wife left him taking all he possessed, which was quite valuable. He died the last of the family of Myers. Lizzie Myers married Newton Mears, Aunt Dotha's brother, and after some years, they moved to Kansas. She died at about 30, childless. Well, to get back to Jacob Lewis Myers, who is our ancestor in direct descent, he was born on a large farm in Ohio, as already stated, not so many miles from Dayton. He and my grandmother have told me about this house. It was a log cabin; then when they wanted more room, they built another log cabin with an enclosed porch connecting the two, and so on. I imagine they had to do quite a bit of enlarging, as their family grew. The school building was also of logs, and the seats and desks too. They used quill pens. Traveling was done mostly on horseback. Grandma used to tell of going to her mother's with two or three of the little children with her on her horses' back. As soon as a child grew old enough, he was taught to ride, and had his own horse. Father learned to chop wood and farm, to hunt and fish and swim. His father raised a great many cattle and they drove those they wished to sell to Cincinnati. That was a great trip for the boys. Father told me he saw Uncle Tom's Cabin at a theatre there; about the first presentation of the play, I imagine. When he and his twin sister were 21, some time after their sister Mary Vance and her husband had gone to Iowa, Grandfather Isaac S. Myers traded his farm in Ohio for a tract of land on Iowa. They packed their belongings in wagons, took their cattle, horses and other livestock, and with their large family, drove to the Ohio River and took a boat. I do not know just where they embarked. The boat trip took quite awhile. They must have been a jolly boat load; that large family, 8 children and all their livestock. I remember father telling about fishing off the boat, and one of the dogs swallowing bait with a fishhook in it and they had a bad time saving the dogs life. I do not remember the names of any of their riding horses except Aunt Kate's little pacing mare: "Cronk". After leaving the boat (I don't know where), they drove the rest of the way to Greenfield. There, grandfather built a house and they farmed on a large scale. This house still stood in Greenfield when I last heard, though it had been moved from its first location. Grandfather gave each of his children two lots in Greenfield on which to build a house. When Grandfather and Uncles Hal and Joe joined the Army, Father kept the home fires burning, or rather, he kept the farm going so there would be something to cook on the home fires. Later, he went to Colorado, where his brother Will was. He went out with a man and his wife, who had a large covered wagon stored with provisions and household goods, drawn by oxen. I do not remember how many yokes of oxen there were, but Father drove them and the man and his wife rode in a light wagon drawn by a team of horses. He used to tell some interesting stories about this trip. There were bands of Indians to encounter on the way. They never had any trouble with them, though they were quite badly frightened sometimes. He told about once they were watering the horses and oxen at a stream when quite a large band of Indians came up. The other men quickly drove away with the horses, but the oxen were so slow. The Indians looked very fierce, but he tried to act very brave and cracked the big ox whip, and the Indians laughed and let him go by. Father said when they arrived in Colorado, and he saw the Rocky Mountains, he walked along looking up so long, he got a "Crick" in his neck. He worked in the gold mines in Leadville and Central City for some time. Then he took rheumatic fever and was very sick all one winter. The boarding home where he lived was very crude and cold. His pals would tell him as they left for work in the mine: "Jake, you'll be as stiff as a wagon tire before morning." and he didn't know but what he would, but in the spring, he was better and the dr. advised him to go to the valley. So, one morning, they

carried him out to a wagon and put him in. When they started down the mountain, he said it felt like he was being torn into pieces, but when they stopped for lunch, he got out of the wagon by himself. He found a boarding place in the valley with a nice couple. The lady was a fine cook. He was soon going hunting and fishing and bringing in game and fish for her to cook. There was a camp of friendly Indians near and he greatly enjoyed seeing the children play. They played some very interesting games on the ground and in the water. He could never tell the boys and girls apart, as they all dressed alike. He didn't go back into the mines, but he and a couple of his friends began prospecting and staking out mines. Many didn't "Pan out", but some did, and though his Dr. and board bills took all the wages he earned in the mines, he did make enough from his prospecting to buy a farm in Iowa. On the way back to Iowa from Colorado, the Indians were on the warpath. The soldiers at the military posts through which they passed, would stop them and require them to wait till a certain number had gathered before they would let them go on. They couldn't make the fire to cook for fear the Indians would see their smoke. However, they got home in safety.

## Waggener

James Shippe Waggener, my grandfather, wrote me a letter telling me of his family, but the letter was lost, so I am depending on my memory in telling about them, as I am on other points. His ancestors on his father's side were born and reared in Holland. One of them came to America in the settling of Charleston, Virginia. Two of his ancestors fought in the Revolutionary War. His mother's family, the Shippes, were with Daniel Boone in the settling of Kentucky, he wrote: "When it was indeed dark and bloody ground." Grandfather was a blue-eyed man, and when I knew him was bald with only a fringe of white hair. I remember they had a wood stove in the living room, that was rectangular, with posts at each corner, with globes on top, and I used to compare those shiny globes with Grandfather's head. My Grandmother was of a Welsh family. Her name was Melinda Alan, Linda at home. She was a tall, large woman with brown eyes and hair, and so quick about her work, though she never seemed to hurry. My father said she was at our house several times when Mother was sick. He would make the kitchen fire in the morning for her and hurry out to do his morning chores, hurrying as fast as he could, hoping to find her with breakfast not ready, but he never did. Grandfather was 21 and she 16 when they were married. They lived in Waynesville, Indiana and raised a large family. The oldest son, Joseph, was in the Civil War, as was Grandfather, and Joseph died in Libby Prison. Rufus, the second son, married Belle Bailey. They had a large family. They moved to Oregon in the early 1870's. They kept an inn at Hillsboro for years. He has a daughter and a family there yet, I think and several in Oregon, Washington and California. Aunt Belle died quite awhile before he. He lived to be over 90. Willis, the next one, was also in the Civil War as Secretary to the General Prentiss. He taught school in Oregon; then was County Secretary a long time. He married a wonderful Canadian woman, who came to Hillsboro to teach in the schools there and who boarded at Uncle Rufus' inn. They later had a lovely little home and raised chickens and had a prune orchard. Uncle Willis died several years before his wife, Aunt Blanche. She left me \$500.00 in her will when she died. My mother, Vilena, was next, then Hurston, who ran away from home and joined the army as drummer boy at 14. He went through the war without a scratch, but was ever after of a roving disposition, and though energetic, a good worker at almost anything, always able to get a job, he seemed always impelled by an inward urge to roam. He always paid his way, never begged. He saw most of this country and even shipped as a sailor and crossed the ocean. He gave an assumed name and if he had fallen overboard and drowned, his family would never have known what became of him. He would come home occasionally, get a job near home, visit his people, get enough pay for his work to buy a nice outfit of clothing, have some money in his pocket, then, though his employers would beg him to stay, be off again. Finally, though, he took up a claim in Oregon, had made some improvements on it, and remained there for some time and was prospecting. His people were so happy about it, when, one Sunday morning in winter, he decided to go visit his father and mother on the other side of the mountain. He was warned it might snow, but he went on and was caught in a bad snow storm and next morning a postman making his route on snow shoes found him sitting with his back against a pine tree, frozen to death. Eliza, the next, married Dorr Forbes in Iowa, and they went west into Oregon, then Washington. They had 4 boys, Ray, Leon, Allen and Leslie. Uncle Dorr had a sawmill for some time. He was an old soldier, too. They had a nice home at Junita, Washington. Uncle Dorr died before Aunt Eliza. Ray married and had a daughter, Eunice. His wife died and he married a widow with some children. He is now or was a florist. Leon was a farmer in

Oregon, was married and had several children. Allen was, after marrying and having a son and daughter, a cook on a steamer running from Seattle to Alaska, and died of acute indigestion on one of his trips. Leslie and his wife, Alicia, have a summer resort at Junita with bathing, swimming, boating, etc. They have a family of 5: 3 daughters were grown when their only son was born March 22, 1933, James Dorr, followed in about two years, by a little sister. The older girls are married and have children of their own. Aunt Eliza lived to be 93. After Uncle Dorr's death, she had a three room cottage built and lived alone in it until 3 months before her death, in spite of insistence that she live with her children. She was unusually active all that time, taking part in religious, social and political events in her neighbourhood, doing her housework, cooking, sewing, buying and going to Seattle alone by boat. Aunt Emma was 7 years younger than Aunt Eliza and had 2 boys, Roscoe and Lloyd. Uncle George was in the printing business. She, after finishing school, taught school in Iowa, Oregon and Washington. Roscoe took up his father's business. Lloyd and family lived at Orange, California the last time I heard. Aunt Emma and Uncle George were very active in the Methodist Church. Aunt Emma taught music and painting, helped her husband in the printing office and was very proficient in sewing and millenary(?), and was a model wife and mother. Then she became and invalid for several years before she died. James Shippe Waggener Jr. was as were nearly every one of his brothers and sisters, a teacher, after finishing his education. He, like his brother Willis, married a teacher from Canada, who came to Hillsboro to teach and boarded at Uncle Rufus' inn. They had several daughters and one son. Uncle Jim was very musical and also very fond of art. He had an art display along with his musical instrument store in Vancouver, Washington. He visited us one summer in Greenfield when I was in my early 20's, and gave us an organ. His wife died quite awhile before he did. So now, after introducing my mother's family, I return to my father Jacob Lewis Myers. Soon after getting back to Iowa, he met Vilena Waggener, fell in love with her, won her heart and on December 24, 1867, they were married and went to housekeeping in a small white house built on the lots Grandfather Myers gave him. My dear mother Vilena was a tiny woman, under five feet tall and weighing less than a hundred pounds with brown eyes and very heavy, long black hair. She parted her hair in the middle, and combed it down smoothly and wore it in a soft coil low down. I remember how white her part looked, and there was a small crescent shaped scar at the beginning of the part that I used to look at and think so pretty. On January 24, 1869, I, Maud, was born. My father said it was Sunday, just as the people were coming from church in a snowstorm. Before the next baby was born, we left Greenfield and rented a farm about two miles from our own, and father farmed his own and part of this farm. Taylor Sexsmith, the owner, lived with us. It was a lovely place with many large trees. Mabel was born April 24, 1871. My very first memory is of my mother mixing a bowl of meal and water and giving it to me to feed to the chickens. I thought it looked good to eat, so I sat on the grass and took a taste of it and the big white chickens came all around me wanting their food. I can yet see them away above me look down at me. There was a little white lamb that father brought into the kitchen to keep it warm, and he let me pat it. We kept it in the kitchen till it was strong enough to be taken back to it's mother. There was a man who came to our house, named Mack Packer. I liked him but got his name mixed with that of the red headed wood peckers of which there were so many in the trees and would say Mack Pecker and wood packer, then would be so embarrassed when they laughed. Best of all, one day father took me to town with him and left me with Grandma Myers while he did his trading. She took me to the back porch, saying: "I have something for you, Maud." She took a tiny black and white kitten from a basket, and put it into my hands. He had a white face and breast, like a white shirt front, a black cap and coat, white hands, black hind feet and tail. I was so happy and proud. I held Tom in my lap all the way home as I sat by father on the high wagon seat and called out to a man we met: "We have a cat." When we got home, I ran into the kitchen to show him to mother and little sister Mabel, sitting on a quilt on the floor. He was a nice cat. When he was about grown, he climbed one night onto the top of the stable, which had a straw(?) roof, and stepped into a trap Father had set for rats. He pulled free, but left one poor toe in the trap. Mother tenderly bandaged the injured paw, and we petted and fed him. There was an old trapper who came to our house every year and stayed with us a few nights while he was trapping along the Nodaway River. He was at our house the Christmas before I was 4 years old, and gave Father a dime to buy me a slate. I hung up my stocking on Christmas Eve, and on Christmas morning, I pulled out many gifts, which I do not remember and said: "That's all." Father said: "Reach down into the toe." I did and pulled out the dime. How thrilled he was! Father bought me a slate and pencil and I had great fun with them. The next Spring, we moved into our own house that Uncle Joe helped build on our farm. The house wasn't quite finished. The ceiling wasn't put in, and the roof and rafters could be seen. Father got a rope and made Mabel and me a swing right in the kitchen. When we moved, Mother put Tom into a pillow slip so he couldn't see the way we went, but the next morning he was gone.

He stayed away three nights and days; then came back. When we lived at the Sexsmith house, he played with a yellow cat who lived in the woods near there. Father said they went hunting together at night. He would see Tom in the mornings with the yellow cat; then he would disappear in the woods. Well, when Tom came back home, Father began seeing the yellow cat in the mornings again. Tom had gone back to get him. On July 14, 1873, we had a new little sister and I was so excited! When Mabel woke that morning, I ran to the trendle bed where we both slept, and Mabel sat up and opened her big blue eyes in surprise, for she had heard a tiny cry. I can see, yet, the little golden curls on her forehead. I hurried and told her about Edith, as they named her. She had brown eyes like Mother and fair hair like Mabel. I had gray eyes like Father and black hair like Mother. Mabel had blue eyes. We often went to Grandfather and Grandmother Waggener's home. I was always glad to go there. Aunt Emma was a young lady, very pretty and she loved her little nieces and played with us and read and sang to us. She had her work to do around the house, but I was happy just to tag along. Quite often she would have girl friends come to visit her, and would I be jealous! I thought she belonged to me. Uncle Jim was younger than Aunt Emma and was very proud of his little nieces, and would play with us too, unless a boy friend came to take him away. He was still in school, and one p.m., Father and Mother, Mabel and I went to visit his school. (This was before we moved.) It was Friday and the pupils were speaking pieces and singing. Uncle Jim told his teacher I had a piece to speak, so he called on me. I went up to the front and spoke my little 4 verse piece, made a bow and started back to Uncle Jim's seat. They all clapped and laughed, and I was embarrassed and I remember I thought it was because of the way I walked, so I tried to walk a different way, so they laughed more. But I was comforted when I got to Uncle Jim for he looked so happy and so proud of me. Uncle Rufus, Aunt Belle and their two girls came from some place far away. They were on their way to Oregon and stopped at Grandfather and Grandmother Waggener's to visit, so we all went there too and stayed several days. A big housefull, we all made. There was Luna, a year older than I, and Della, a year younger. We had such fun playing house upstairs; dressing up in Aunt Emma's dresses, then taking them off, playing it was night and getting into Grandmother's bed. I remember one night we children had really gone off to bed, and I woke up thirsty and went downstairs in the dark to get a drink of water. The big folks were all still up and they remarked how brave I was, and Mother took me on her lap and looked so proud. I had such a nice warm feeling inside. Another story I want to tell about the winter before we moved. Uncle Hal and his wife had a beautiful little boy, Prentis, a year and a half old who died. They lived in town and someone came to tell us about it. So we went into Grandma Myers'. On the way to town, Mother told me about death. I have always wished I could remember just how she explained it to me, because of the beautiful feelings I had about it. All that day I thought about it and looked at the beautiful dead body. I remember a friend of Grandma's who was there saying about me: "What a quiet little girl!" My mind was so busy with the new lesson. Cousin Lue, Prentis' sister, was at Aunt Kate's house. She was so noisy. On February 26, 1875, Karl Bernard Myers was born, and so we had a little brother. He was a dark eyed baby with black hair like Mother's and mine. We were all so proud of him. In September following, all Mother's people in Iowa, Grandfather and Grandmother Waggener, Aunt Emma and Uncle Jim, started to Oregon. Before they left, they visited us, and I remember Aunt Emma and Uncle Jim singing new songs they had just learned, and Mother and Father joining in. Poor Mother, she had always been so happy and contented, but for awhile, she was so sad. Then letters began to come from the west, full of interest to us all. I want you to see our little home as it was when we moved into it. Father named it "Oak Knob" and a true name it was. The house was built on a hill, and all around it were scrub oaks. They have broad, dark, shiny leaves, white underneath, so when the wind blows, the trees first look dark, then white. I always enjoyed watching them in a storm. When we moved there, the oaks were so tiny that when Mother washed our clothes, Father just spread them on the oaks to dry, instead of on a clothesline. It seems to me we used to count five other hills around us. Also, with the oaks, were crab apple bushes, plums and wild cherry trees, and farther back, hazel bushes. So, in the Spring, the white plum blossoms, so lacy and fragrant, came first, with the tassels of the oaks and hazels, but the most looked for and enjoyed, were the pink crab apple blossoms, so fragrant that the whole farm was sweet with them. The wild cherry trees were tall, and the thrush liked to sit among the cone shaped blossoms and sing his wonderful song. But, before these blossoms on the hills, down by the Nodaway and the Little creek that flowed through the farm, we would find crowsfeet and Dutchman's breeches and violets and sweet williams. Later, came the wild roses and field lilies, and many other flowers. There were the horses: Nell, the black mother horse and her daughter, Jenny. Nell had a white star in her forehead, but Jenny had no white on her. Then there were the little colts. Susan was the white cow and Rose her red and white calf, that became a cow, too. Then lots of little calves and pigs, black and so cunning when little, and chickens and turkeys, the new ones so soft and tiny. Once Father had

brought a hat full of little quail he found, that had lost their mother. He made a tiny pen for them and made old Tom understand he was to let them alone, but a greedy old hen ate them. Mother had a flowerbed with pretty tame flowers. In the morning, I used to go outdoors and listen to the prairie chickens. I wish you could hear them. But on February 25, 1876, our great tragedy came. All the Myers family were to take part in a surprise birthday dinner party for Grandma at her house. Grandma had been taken out into the country by an old neighbour to spend the night before. Mrs. Etinger had promised to have her at home promptly and 12 noon, as dinner was to be on the table and her family all present to welcome her at that time. Mother had baked a cake, among the eatables she was taking for the dinner. We children were all excited. It was a cold, frosty morning. Father had put straw on the floor of the wagon, behind the high seat, and a comfort over it. Mabel, Edith and I, all bundled in warm clothing and wraps, were put back there, with another comfort spread over us. Mother sat on the high seat by Father, holding baby boy Karl in her arms, all warm. Father had hitched old Jenny, big, broad and black, and a bay filly, Gail, to the wagon. He was breaking Gail. It was the first time he had driven her away from the farm. She became frightened at something and started to run. Jenny always loved to run, so ran with her. Father put his feet on the dashboard to brace himself to hold them. The dashboard gave way; he was pulled out of the wagon, between the horses onto the ground. This frightened both horses more. He missed their heels and the wagon wheels, and called to Mother to jump, but she seized the lines and was pulled out – one of the horses striking her on the temple with a hoof. Father jumped up as quickly as he could, ran to her and she looked up at him and smiled, then drew her last breath. He picked her and baby up in his arms and carried her to the nearest house, not very far away. He met Mabel on the road. She had jumped out at the back of the wagon. After laying Mother on a bed, and the good woman of the house taking charge of Karl and Mabel, he started to find Edith and me. I held Edith in the wagon but soon the horses turned into a plowed field and we were both jolted out. Then the horses ran into the river and could go no further. Edith and I were not very far from the highway and the stage that ran between Fontanelle and Greenfield, was passing by, and the driver and passengers saw us and ran to us, picked us up and put us in the stage. I tried to tell them what happened, but of course I didn't know the worst part. Then Father came up and I called out: "Was the baby hurt?" I shall never forget his face as he told us Mother was dead. The stage driver told Father he would hurry to Greenfield and send Uncle Sam Vance with his wagon to get us. He did, and when Grandma got home, that was her surprise! She cautioned us all never to mention her birthday again and we didn't for many years. None of us were hurt but Karl, whose little cheeks were scratched on the frozen ground. Poor little baby, he took his loss much harder than either of his sisters. For a long time, he would look at every woman who came where he was, then look sadly away. He then gave his heart to Grandma and wouldn't let her out of his sight. Father engaged a young woman who had often helped out at our house and Grandma's, Charlotte Wilson, to come and do the heaviest part of the housework, and we children all stayed. Father had to go back to the farm to look after things. Aunt Lizzie and Uncle Newt Mears soon took Edith home with them and I stayed with Aunt Kate Littleton the next winter. Mabel and I started to school. Mother had been teaching me, so in a few weeks, I was put up into the second class, much to the disgust of Verne(?) Littleton, who was a year older than I and had been going to school more than a year. Mabel was so young, not quite 5 and so very bashful that she didn't make much progress. She was always the pretty one, Edith was quick and bright, cute and sassy. I remember once, after she had gone to live with Aunt Lizzie, when she was visiting at Grandma's, Grandma corrected her for something and she said: "You're not my boss." Everything was so new to us. We had never played with other children much, and enjoyed school and our schoolmates. We went to Sunday school too, but about all I remember about it is a chart with the picture of a glass of wine, with a snake in it, and all I remember about church is a Hell fire sermon I heard one night. The minister described sinners in the fire, and thumping his big fist on the table, said: "(Shouted) they will burn forever and forever and forever." It was awful to me. After I went to bed, I kept thinking "Forever, forever and forever." And God would do that to people? "No, I wouldn't do it, and I know God is much better than I. It isn't so." Then I comfortably fell asleep, and have never since doubted that my decision was right, aged less than 8 years. In the spring of 1877, Father took Mabel and me out to the farm to live with him. He had a family living with him the winter before, but from now on, the farm was our home again. Of course at first, Father did the cooking and most of the housework, but we washed the dishes and swept a bit, and were soon frying bacon and eggs, making coffee, cooking potatoes and corn meal mush. Karl, our handsome, dark dreamy eyed brother was definitely Grandma's boy, and Edith lived another year with Aunt Lizzie. We had no school yet, near us in the country, but in the spring of 1878, the spring Edith came home, a school was started in the kitchen of a neighbour, Eli Hadley and family. There were a few desks and seats for the pupils, a chair and table for the

teacher and a small blackboard. Mrs. Hadley had papered the walls with newspaper. I remember I used to read a story on the wall by my desk, as far as it went, and was so sorry I couldn't turn the page and read the rest. We had a good time at recess, playing among the hay stacks and the piles of pumpkins, etc. I spent two winters at Grandma's, at the Greenfield school with Aunt Rachie(?) and Uncle Bert Dews(?). We afterward had a new schoolhouse in the country and better accommodations. I also attended the Adair County Normal School for teachers for 4 weeks each year for 4 years, from which I graduated. At 17, I began teaching in the country schools. Mabel also taught two terms of 3 months each, but gave it up and stayed home and kept house. Edith was always Father's boy around the farm helping him with the chores, bringing in wood, chips and cobs for the fire. We had timber on the farm, and as long as I was at home, we burned nothing but wood for cooking and warmth. In the spring of 1891, Mabel and I started to Business College in Criston, Iowa and the next spring, we went to Lincoln, Nebraska, starting our stenographic careers. Father's cousin, Sally McKay and her husband, John and little Howard, their son, lived there and we boarded at their home awhile. Mabel finally attached herself to a group of book agents and traveled with them to Lawrence, Kansas; then to Kansas City, Mo. I stayed on in Lincoln, and took a job with the Prohibition Society of Nebraska, and when the presidential election was over and Grover Cleveland elected for his second term, I came to Kansas City. Mabel was living at the YWCA home, and working for the Butler Produce Co. I joined her at the home on Wednesday evening and went to work the next Monday morning at a temporary job. In January, I began work for the Church Board of Extension of the Christian church, on the 6<sup>th</sup> floor of the water works building, 6<sup>th</sup> and Walnut. I also worked for the law firm of Bacon and Hamaberger, who had offices in the same suite, as their stenographer. I also did a little book keeping, answered telephones, greeted comers, etc. etc. Father and Edith continued at the farm. Mabel and I joined the Universalist Church and made many life-long friends. Karl was married to Hattie Launder and Hal Vance Myers was born in Illinois. In 1894, Father bought 100 ft. at 41<sup>st</sup> and Campbell, extending through to Charlotte, and we built a home at 41<sup>st</sup> and Campbell and moved there. Mabel was married to Evan F. Williams, July 18, 1899, and moved to Kansas City, Kansas. Hattie and Karl were divorced, and Hal lived with us and Karl part of the time. Ruth Muriel Williams was born February 15, 1901. Edith and Roscoe A. Bacheller were married February 14, 1901; lived next door to us about a month, then moved to their farm near Gerard, Kansas. On November 17, 1901, Esther Elizabeth Bacheller was born. I had spent my two weeks vacation preceding June with Edith at Gerard, taking Hal with me. Father, Mabel, Muriel and Hal visited them in September; then in June, Hal and I visited them again seeing Esther for the first time. Then in September, I made my last hurry-up visit to Edith in her Gerard home. She died September 6, 1902. I came home with little Esther, who clung to me as her mother was gone, Roscoe and Edith's body in the coffin. Esther lived next door to us with her Bacheller grandparents, Daddy and Aunt Bertha; then they moved to Holmes Park; then to Willow Springs, Mo., then back to Kansas City. Esther was married in October 1921 to Arthur Ray Bareus. Billy was born September 2, 1922. They moved to Chicago before he was a year old and Edith, Harold, Elaine and Mabel were born there. Bill joined the Navy in World War II; was in the camera fleet stationed at Bermuda; then Cuba. He was honorably discharged; was married in 1946, and was in Chicago the last I heard, as were Esther, Arthur and the girls. Bill's wife is Margie. Ruth Muriel Williams was such a blossom of a baby with her big blue eyes and fair complexion. Her hair was white. Of course we all loved her extravagantly. She was a very fanciful little lady. She had an imaginary playmate – Eva – who had to lie by her in bed, or sit by her, when she came to visit her. Her home, however, was in the "Bottle house", a house Muriel could see from her front window. There were three windows in the first floor of the house, in a sort of row, and one on the second floor, directly above them which made the bottle. She and her mother often spent several days with her Grandpa Myers and me, and she tagged her Grandpa around all day. She kept busy picking "Cover bossons" on the lawn. One morning, the wind was blowing and she said: "Hear the wind? What is it saying? I guess it is calling it's Grandfodder." One day she was watching the rain out of the window and said to her mother: "See the dimples in the rain." She would say "Momma kiss Baby's ebbo. Baby can't, too fat." On March 29, 1904, Mabel Maurine was born. She, like Muriel, was a tiny, plump baby with blue eyes but dark hair and the darkest, heavy eyebrows. The mother lived just one week after the birth. Father and I stayed at the house a short time, caring for Muriel. Grandma Williams and Mollie, Will's wife, cared for little Mabel at their house. We all tried to find a woman to take charge and care for the two little ones, but unsuccessfully. So Evan's mother and father moved into the little new house, just completed before little Mabel was born. Grandma Williams walked with one crutch, as she had broken a hip sometime before and the work was hard for her. She had a girl come in to help her, several different ones, in fact. Karl, who had remarried Hattie, and they with Hal, had gone to Los Angeles, California to live was writing Father to visit them, so

in January 1905, he went. I got a room with Mrs. Reynolds, one of our Universalist friends. Miss Andrews, our minister, and Dr. Rummell, lived there too. It was but a short way to church and we all went but Mr. Reynolds, who was a Baptist. I had been Sunday school superintendent for a long time. It was very pleasant at Mrs. Reynolds'. I still worked at my old office. On October 1<sup>st</sup>, I resigned. On November 1, 1905 Evan F. Williams and I, Maud Myers, were married in the study of the Universalist Church, by the pastor, Mary E. Andrews, and Muriel was present. She never called me Auntie Maud again, but Momma. Evan kept the grocery store at 10<sup>th</sup> and Riverview, K.C., Ks. and we lived in the cottage next door. My father, who had been away a year and a half in Los Angeles and other places in California, and on a trip to Oregon and Washington, where he visited my mother's father (Her mother having died before I left Iowa) her three brothers and two sisters, came home to us in K.C., Ks. and lived with us until his death, June 18, 1920; spending several months of each year visiting in Greenfield, Iowa. He spaded the 73-feet between our house and the alley, north, and each year till his last, had a magnificent garden there. Almost every vegetable that grows here, except potatoes, which didn't produce as he wished, sweet corn, beans (Several varieties) peas, carrots, onions, sweet potatoes, turnips, kohlrabi, radishes, lettuce, tomatoes, etc. etc. Mabel didn't begin to talk for a long time. She had been very ill about the time she should have commenced. When she began, she sure made up for it. She wouldn't try to say Muriel, so I tried to teach her to say sister. She finally called her Chickie or Chick. She called her Uncle Will Wukie Wee and Karl Ukka Ka. A dog was a wow. One day she said to me: "Me faw down in big hole, me see my de Momma any mo. Momma, Daddy, Chickie, Gampa, Ukka Ka, any mo." She was always fond of old people and one day brought an old blind man from across the street into the store. She would stand under the stock of bananas in the store and call out: "M'lam m'lam" till she got one and she ate many. Karl came to K.C. and stayed with us part time that autumn and winter and spring, working, helping Evan in the store. He rented a type writer and practiced on it. Hattie had gone to Greenfield, Iowa with Hal and started a millenary store there. Her parents, brothers and sisters lived there. While Karl was with us, the two little girls enjoyed him a great deal. Mabel had a habit when there was something she wanted and didn't have, of saying: "Me (Whatever it was) uh uh." We had small blue and pink plates we used at breakfast. For some reason the children preferred the blue. If Mabel had a pink plate, she would say: "Me bu pate uh uh." So they would give their Uncle Karl a pink plate to hear him whine, "Me bu pate uh uh", and the girls would both laugh. He was a great person to rock. We had a small rocking chair without arms that he would sit in with a leg on each side and Muriel and Mabel would run to see which would get there first to sit on the front of the chair a get a fine rock. On the first of June, after making new screens for our windows and doors, Karl left for the "West", and we heard nothing more of him for three years. When Muriel was six years old, her father didn't want her to start to school, for Mabel would be too lonesome, but Mrs. Allen cane soliciting pupils for her kindergarten, and he let her go. It was a very good school and Muriel learned a great deal. For one thing, she learned to sing, and brought her songs home and Mabel was soon singing them too. Muriel learned the beginnings of the 3 R's too, and when she started to public school, was put in the 1A(?) – given credit for a half years work. Mabel and Ralph started to Mrs. Allen's school the next spring. On July 24, 1908, Elizabeth Anne was born, Muriel and Mabel had a new little sister. She didn't look much like them, though she had blue eyes and dark hair like Mabel, but she was taller and had long fingers and a small mouth. We all loved her dearly. Muriel and Mabel each wanted to push her buggy and wait on her first. Elizabeth said Mamma before she was six months old, and soon would take each of the consonants adding the "A" sound. She used little beginnings of words, as di for drink, ba for bacon, etc. Before she was a year old, and could make herself understood. On July 4, we had a little fire works display for the three children in our front yard – roman candles, etc. which they enjoyed very much. Next morning when Elizabeth woke, she sat up, and raising her hands, saying pi pi. Mabel had a doll, Polly, that wasn't as big as the others, which Elizabeth loved to hold, which she called Po. On her first birthday, her daddy brought her a small doll and gave it to her. She smiled, and taking it in her hands, tucked it up under her chin saying: "My Po!" In the spring, before Elizabeth was two, Mrs. Allen gave an entertainment. Mabel and Ralph were in it and Muriel too. Elizabeth heard them going over their songs and recitations, and learned parts. Mabel had a little recitation beginning: "Of course you know, I love my Mamma," and whenever she said it, Elizabeth would say: "No! I love my Mamma." Esther came quite often to see us with her daddy, and we went out to the farm to see her. Esther says now she used to think it was dreadful that she couldn't live with us, as she was so lonely at home, and could have so much fun at our house. Jeremiah Williams had died September 1<sup>st</sup>, 1907, after a fall he had the spring before when a shoulder and collarbone were fractured. They never healed and he was very feeble. He was in bed for quite awhile. Evan and I sat up with him quite a bit at the last, going over after our store was closed, leaving Muriel and Mabel asleep.

Their Grandpa Myers was with them, and we would come back after breakfast. The evening before he died, he asked Evan and Will to take him into the living room, and they and their mother sing Welsh songs and play them on the organ. They did and he was so happy to hear them. On February 14, 1911, our little King Arthur was born. His eyes were large and blue, his hair fair and crinkly. He had a dimple in each cheek. He was a much larger baby than either of his sisters at birth. He was such a smiling baby. Everyone noticed him. We were all so proud of him and loved him so much. He left us on August 1<sup>st</sup>. It was a great blow to us all. Evan was sick for several days, grieving. Elizabeth, 3 years old, was so shocked she said: "Brother's dying makes my stomach ache", and she had to be put on a diet, her digestion was so upset. We spent several days with Esther, her father and the Bacheller grandparents. Mabel started to Irving School that fall. The next important event was the birth of Francis Edward Williams on April 17, 1912. Mrs. Paul, a good neighbour, came to see me and the new baby soon after his arrival, and said: "God has sent you another son to take the place of little Arthur." He was also a big baby with blue eyes and fair hair and seemed to be such a strong baby and healthy, but when he was three weeks old, he became sick and all that summer it was a struggle to keep him. I had to carry him on a pillow to the Dr. three times a week for a long time. People would look at him, then at me with such a pitying expression, and I would answer them in my mind: "I know you think I'll lose him, but I have him today." Slowly, he mended and when he was 6 months old, he weighed what he did when he was born. Ten pounds. From that time on, he gained fast and we were all so happy and thankful. Evan had given up the store and was working as bookkeeper in the produce house he had worked for before, and Will Williams delivered us groceries from their store. I would be holding Francis on my lap and he would begin to dance his feet and look pleased. I would listen and hear a wagon and horses coming, and sure enough, it would be Will. When he was so delicate, we would place him in his chair by the table, with one of the girl's toy pianos on it within his reach and he would strike the keys with his tiny fingers and so play contentedly for a long time. When he began to stand and walk, he would go up to one of us sitting in a chair and say: "Upta", wanting to be taken up. Later, he would say: "I a tumma ache. I ie down." His daddy smoked cigars and he would get a clothes pin and a burnt match, put the clothes pin in his mouth, strike the match and play light his cigar. Mrs. Butter, the coloured wash woman, would laugh and say: "I see where my clothes pins go." On February 14<sup>th</sup>, 1914, Cathryn Margaret was born. She was quite a tiny baby especially in comparison with her big brothers. She was also fair haired and blue eyed, with a dimple in each cheek, and she would always give a sigh of contentment when the nurse gave her to me. She was a very healthy, good little baby. No wonder, for Muriel, Mabel and Grandpa were always ready to take and amuse her. Francis was not yet two years old when she was born but was never jealous of her, but used to say when anyone came: "Come tee titta my." He called her "Capera boo eyed". Ralph Williams still calls her "Capera". That spring Grandma Williams, who had always lived with Wills (The business they had been conducting so long, had been sold with the property) decided to start up a store in the building by our house, and live in the back part by herself. Her sons didn't want her to, but of course, she did. In the fall, she took a cold and they moved her to Will's. She took bronchitis and just as the bells were ringing in the new year of 1915, she died and was buried by Jeremiah. That spring, we rented the store building to a man, who with his wife and little daughter, lived in the back. It burned in a few months and then we sold what was left of the frame and it was moved off the lot. We filled in the hole and had a nice side yard. In the spring of 1914, Mabel, who hadn't been well all winter, developed pneumonia, and the Dr. had her in the hospital for observation, but she was able to go back to school in the fall. Cathryn's first words were: "We Dad." She was so tiny. I always brought her into the dining room before Evan left for work but this morning, he had gone. Muriel finished grade school and entered high. She took first aid and had a book with pictures of men with bandages, etc. and Cathryn called it the "Pere Book". She would look at the pictures and say: "Pere man." When she was just a baby but could walk she could say "Elizabeth" quite plain. One day she was in the back of our yard when a group of some foreign children were going down the alley, talking in their native language, and Cathryn said to them: "Bosh ka baby bolly". She was surprised they didn't seem to understand her and answer her. And so the children grew in our little home. Evan had a sweet baritone voice and loved to sing. The children and I joined in, and we were all happy. I remember how delighted we were when Francis joined in for the first time. We were singing Old Black Joe and his sweet little voice joined in "I'm comine". Mabel had been singing ever since. Muriel learned at kindergarten. Elizabeth hummed tunes before she could walk or talk, and Cathryn, before we knew it was singing as well as the others. She learned all the World War I songs, words and tunes, as soon as they came out. Her daddy would ask: "How does she learn them?" Muriel was in high school and Francis joined Mabel and Elizabeth in Irving School. Cathryn was at home alone with her grandpa and me. She used to play with her paper

dolls, arranging them on the couch, and not making a sound, happily play. Christmas was a great time at out house, with a tree, under which were heaps of presents for all. I am sure no children enjoyed Christmas more than ours. The Christ story and songs and the story and songs of Santa Claus were blended, and the turkey and plum pudding, nuts candies and fruits were there. The children would make trips to the Avenue, and there was a great mystery and secrecy. Francis always managed to find out everything he was to receive before Christmas, and he used to try to tell me everything he had for me. I remember one Christmas, he bought me a dust pan, and he would put it out where I couldn't help seeing it. Esther came one Christmas eve and stayed over Christmas and the girls enjoyed it together. Esther had said since she grew up and has a family, they have tried to give their children a Christmas like ours. In January 1920, Father kept getting weaker, then he had trouble getting dressed, and forgetting. We called in our Dr. and he gave him a going over. Then Father said: "The old machine has about worn out hasn't it, Doc?" Tears were in the Dr.'s eyes as he nodded his head. He said there was nothing the matter but old age. Father's brothers Ham and Jim came from Iowa to see him the next Sunday. Uncle Joe was in California, but he came after he got home, and stayed several days. The spring that year was late and cold. If it had got warm earlier, the Dr. said, he might get stronger. He was in bed 14 weeks. So queer to see him so helpless, who had always been so active. We all did all we could for him. He had never called me Maudie, even when I was a tiny child, but he did now. Elizabeth was Libby, Francis Cappy, and Cathryn Kitty, and he called us at all times. He said: "Libby is the flower of the flock." He used funny words that made us laugh and keep back the tears. He would ask me "Any more news from Europe?" I knew it was a farther away land he meant. He kept thinking he was going, and was so disappointed when he didn't. At last, on June 18<sup>th</sup> he looked at me with a twinkle in his beautiful grey eyes, and nodded his head and was gone. His three brothers came and helped put his body away, beside Mabel and Little King Arthur. Muriel had graduated from high school a year before and was working at Unity. Cathryn started to school in September. Mabel graduated from Junior High and started to High. She didn't finish, but went to work at Unity for nearly a year and on May 3, 1924 was married to Emery Arthur Carpenter and left the old home. That summer, Uncle Joe wrote me, asking: "Are you coming to visit us this summer? If not, why not?" So we decided I must go. I did and was always so glad I did. Three brothers of my father, John Joseph, Hamilton Rogers and James Augustus, all past 80 years old in Greenfield, Iowa. I had a nice, restful, reminiscent visit of 2 weeks with them and their wives: Dotha, Jemima and Louise. I stayed at Uncle Joe's right across the street from the grounds where the first school I attended had been. It was now the play ground for the high school children. The old elm trees under which sister Mabel and I played with our school mates, were still there, so tall and big. I saw a teacher I had when a little girl, and several of my old school mates, and one who had been my pupil, and her sister who had been only a small child in a home where I boarded as teacher. May 3, 1925, Wilfred Arthur Carpenter was born, just one year after Mabel and Emery were married. Francis was so proud that now there was another boy in the family. He was such a good, sweet little chap and we all loved him so much. In September 1926, Muriel took a vacation trip to Colorado. This was the first trip any of the family had taken, purely for travel. Muriel had gone to Baldwin, Ks. on a church convention, soon after graduation. She came home from Colorado the evening of September 8, and the next morning, early, Robert Lee Carpenter was born. Muriel and I hurried over in Muriel's Ford, with a flat tire. Bobby was a beautiful baby. Elizabeth kept house at home, while I helped care for Mabel and Bobby. I would wash and dress him and take him to his mother and she would say: "How did you get his hair so nice? He looks like he had been to the barber shop." I would say: "Just washed it and dried it on the towel." Wilfred would bring his mother's slippers and set them by the bed, hoping she would get up. He was lots of fun. I had been hearing from Karl regularly for several years. He had become very religious. First he was with the Day Adventist, then the Salvation Army, then the 4 Square Gospel. He would work in the lemon orchards at or near San Diego and other work where he went back and forth over the border into Mexico. There he was in the colpetura(?) work for a large bible publishing house. He would ride a burro and lead a pack burro loaded with bibles. He went into the mountains of Mexico, where he would hear of some lovely old lady or other Christian who wanted to hear the "Good tidings". I had a letter from him in January 1926. He would tell me in his letters, where to address him on a certain date, and I did; answering that last letter. As I didn't hear from him in reply, I wrote to a friend of his in California, whose name and address he had given me, inquiring if he had heard, and received an answer by return mail, saying he was glad I had written as he hadn't heard either. He had written to the American Consul for that part of Mexico, but had received no reply, but if I should write, being Karl's sister, I might. I wrote to the address he had given me, and received a most sympathetic and encouraging answer. They had traced him to July. He was then going down the peninsula of Lower California. We got no farther,

though I wrote many more letters to authorities in Mexico and to Karl's friend, who continued the search, but to no avail. Elizabeth graduated from high school one evening and the next Monday, went to work at Unity. Francis graduated from junior high at the same time. Francis went to high school part of a year but begged to quit and go to work for awhile and then finish school later. We started buying a house at 4804 Terrace, K.C., Mo. And moved there August 23, 1928. It was a lovely new house in a nice location and we were very happy there, though Francis did go back to the old neighbourhood, and stay at the house of some of his boy friends the first night. Cathryn started to Southwest High School in September, such a forlorn, lonely little girl, for she knew no one there, and before, she had known everyone in her school; but she soon had many good new friends and Francis soon had a yardfull of pals; and we had a jolly housefull. Francis went to S.W. High School the next year. He didn't ask for credits at the K.C., Ks. high school, but started as a Sophomore, and though he had more than enough points to graduate, he didn't take a foreign language which was required, and he couldn't graduate and he left before the close of the school. He always regretted not having a diploma. Although, at a little past two, Elizabeth said: "I'll not thlip away and get murried", she did that very thing. With Virgil Lee Churchill, on November 15, 1930, and didn't tell us about it till the next June. Then they told only me and asked me to "Tell Dad". The rest of the family didn't know till August. In the winter of '30 - '31, Evan had a heart attack and was very ill for months. He had been working too hard and too long hours. He was so proud in the summer of '31 to be able to go to work again, but at not so hard a job. B--- J--- Carpenter was born ---. Mabel and the children were with us from November till the next March. Betty Jo was such a pretty baby. Wilfred had started to school in K.C., Ks., transferred back there after being in the Mo. school for 4 months and had good grades all along. Bobby went to kindergarten in the Mo. school. Cathryn graduated in 1932. Francis began working for Friedman that spring. Cathryn and I joined Unity. We attended services on the plaza. We decided we couldn't go on with the payments on the home place, as Elizabeth and Virgil went to themselves, and Evan didn't have as big a salary, so we left it after a little over 4 years. We moved to Independence, Mo. Elizabeth and Virgil were to live with us. Elizabeth was expecting a baby in three months. Virgil had an insurance debit in Independence and could be home for lunch, so we moved there on Dec. 28. It was a large old house with a beautiful big yard, all landscaped. There were large electric light globes on the gate posts to the drive, but the house was very cold and Muriel and Francis had a great distance to go to work. Virgil drove in each morning, so Muriel had a ride in, but not back. We had some good times there though, and J--- L--- Churchill was born ---. She was such a sweet baby and we all loved and spoiled her. When she was 10 weeks old, Elizabeth, Virgil and Janice drove in their Ford coupe, with a trailer containing their effects, to Codizo, Ohio, to live with Margaret and Harry Dennis, Virgil's mother and her husband. Virgil was to have a good job there. We moved from Independence July 3. Mabel's boys had stayed with us three weeks, convalescing from whooping cough. We had a nice time with them. Cathryn had a job at a wholesale house. We lived at Riverside for two years. Evan was very ill there, but slowly recuperated. Cathryn took up a job her dad had been doing, soliciting for a supply house. The Churchills came back from Ohio. Janice and Betty Jo were trotting around; no longer just babies. Francis was married to Mildred Geraldine Underhill (Jerry) on August 30, 1935, at her parents church in Parsons, Ks. We had moved into our first apartment 2 weeks before. Francis had an apartment ready for them to move into when they came from Parsons. They lived there 4 months, then moved into a house. Francis was still working at Friedmans and Cathryn had been on a job there for some time, too. Janice was very ill in a hospital, and Jerry, who is a graduate nurse, took care of her. Francis was ill, went to a hospital and had an operation on his nose and his tonsils out. The Dr. advised a drier climate. Kraft had a convention in K.C. Mr. Friedman, who had their place here, told them about Francis, and he was transferred to Denver. He and Jerry moved there in November. The next May 1<sup>st</sup>, Evan and I had an opportunity to go to Denver by auto. We stayed three weeks with Francis and Jerry; had nice trips into the mountains; our first, and came home by bus. Jean Ann Churchill was born June 7<sup>th</sup>, 1939, at K.U. Hospital. She was such a big fat baby, with cheeks like two red apples. In the hospital nursery, they had her right in front, next to the window. On May 20, 1939, Muriel was married to George Bancroft Harrell. 4 years to the day, after we moved into the apartment, we moved out and into a duplex. George and Muriel had their first home together there, with Evan, Cathryn and me. Cathryn took Wilfred on a trip to Colorado, his first, and the third or 4<sup>th</sup> for her. On November 25, 1939, Cathryn was married to John B. Yoakum, and they lived at the duplex till spring, then moved to an apartment. Virgil, Elizabeth and family had been living with Margaret and Harry in apartments, and one summer in a house. Ever since their return to K.C., when Janice was 6 months old. In October 1940, Virgil went to San Diego, California to work in an airplane factory. In December, Elizabeth, Janice, Jean, Margaret and Harry went to him, driving Virgil's car. As they could find no place

for the family to live, after sight-seeing for quite awhile, they all drove back to K.C. and Virgil went to work for T.W.A. Just before Christmas, Evan had a heart attack, but rallied, somewhat, especially when the Churchills came back, but in March, Muriel wrote Francis and Jerry (Who had been to K.C. on vacations almost every year, and had been the June before) that Evan was pretty bad, so they drove to K.C. Evan was brightened up quite a bit by their visit, and they returned to Denver; but just one month after this; on April 5<sup>th</sup>, 1941, Evan left us. Francis and Jerry made the trip again. For years, Evan had belonged to the Saint David Society – the Welsh group in and around the Kansas Cities. So at his funeral, a Welsh minister had the first part of the services, in Welsh; then the Unity minister gave an address so good and comforting: then the Odd Fellows, of which he had been a member for years; the members of which visited him regularly during his sickness, had their service. Kenneth Jarman, one of the workers at Unity, sand a solo and little Pat Eagan, the daughter of our landlord and landlady, a lovely young girl with a very sweet voice (Evan would often steal downstairs into their living room and listen to her.) sang at my request: “All Through the Night”. It was a beautiful service, with lovely flowers. Many said it was the very nicest funeral they ever attended. All the children and grandchildren were there, except little Jean, less than 2 years old. Harry kept her. They were very lucky to find 2 graves in a nice spot in Oak Grove Cemetery, where our other graves are. Will and Mollie were with us, and Will was so pleased to have the Welsh take part in the service. Francis asked me to go home with them to Denver, Which I did. Cathryn and John went with us as far as Lawrence, Ks., taking Mr. and Mrs. Underhill, Jerry’s parents, with them. When we left them there, we drove till midnight then slept in a tourist cabin till morning; then went on to Sterling, Colorado, where we met the man from Kraft who had taken Francis’ route while he was gone. This man drove Jerry and me on to Denver, while Francis went on with his work. I stayed with them two months. Cathryn was expecting her baby in July, so I wanted to be in K.C. for that event. She and John moved back with us. J--- B--- Yoakum Jr. was born ---, on the 105 birthday of his great grandpa Jacob L. Myers. He was a pretty, sweet baby boy, greatly loved by us all. They lived with us till after Thanksgiving: then John, Cathryn and Johnny went to some defense work in Indiana. While there, they drove to Chicago, and took dinner one day in Canada. They were back in K.C. for Christmas, then to Tulsa, Oklahoma for a time. John transferred to Parsons, Ks. and as Johnny had a very bad cold, Cathryn and he flew to K.C. by plane. Virgil quit T.W.A. and worked in a munitions factory at Lake City, but T.W.A. wrote him, asking him to return to them at an increase of salary, asking him to go to their Washington, D.C. airport. He accepted and went by plane, returning in April for his family and they drove to Alexandria, Va., where he had rented a house and bought the necessary furniture. T.W.A. moved their K.C. belongings there. John, Cathryn and little Johnny moved to a nice apartment. John worked out of K.C. for awhile at a war plant and I stayed with Cathryn and Johnny. Then they went to Colorado Springs, Colorado for awhile, staying with Francis and Jerry part of the time. Before they returned to K.C., a little daughter, Barbara Jean was born June 23, to Francis and Jerry. The yoakums returned to K.C., and in September, Francis, Jerry and Barbara Jean came to K.C. on a visit and we made the acquaintance of the new member of the family, the sweet, little baby girl. When they returned home, they took me with them for a visit. I stayed 2 months. Just before I returned, Francis had notice to appear before the draft board, and when I left for home, we supposed he would be in the service very soon, but some measure was passed by the Government that all those handling dairy products were deferred, so he wasn’t taken. When I got home by train, I found George was working a North American, a bomber plant at Fairfax, Ks. and James Harrell, George’s’ brother had come to K.C. to work at the Post Office and he lived with George and Muriel. Will and Mollie had moved to Nampa, Idaho, to be with Ralph and Dorothy and Will had a traveling salesman’s job with a tobacco company. Mollie went with him on his long trips, some of which extended into Oregon. Wilfred was 18, May 3, 1943, and in August was drafted into service. He was inducted into the Army and sent to Camp Adair, Oregon. Bobby left school and worked at North American. January 7, 1944, Francis was inducted into the Army, assigned to the Quartermasters Corps. On ---, L--- B--- Churchill was born in the District of Columbia. On January 24<sup>th</sup>, George’s’ brother, Dr. W.W. Harrell of K.C., Ks. died. That morning, Francis called me from the Union Station. He was on his way to Quartermasters Camp in Virginia. His train from Denver was late and so missed connection so he had the day in K.C. Of course I was thankful to be able to see him. I’m a little ahead of my story. In June, 1943, Elizabeth and her 2 daughters came to K.C. from Virginia with some neighbours. We hadn’t seen them for over a year, and were happy to see them. On July 1<sup>st</sup>, 1943, Cathryn and her 2 Johns, left for California, stopping over in Denver till after the 4<sup>th</sup>. They located in Richmond and John worked at the shipyards there. Virgil came by plane to spend his vacation and took his family back. Ralph and Dorothy were here at the same time. In the spring, John and Cathryn sent me money for a trip to their home and back. I spent June and July with them. They took me on lovely

rides in San Francisco; to the sea shore; over the Bay and Golden Gate Bridges, and to see all the sights around the Bay area. I enjoyed my trip and visit very much. Will and Mollie who had moved to Modesto, California, visited us while I was there. I came back a little earlier than I might, for Elizabeth and family were coming and there was a new granddaughter to see. While I was in California, Francis had his furlough and he and Jerry and Barbara Jean were here, and Bobby left for the Navy. I was in K.C. two weeks, and left with Elizabeth and the rest of the Churchills, in their car for Virginia. I had a fine trip and stayed 3 months in their home there, renewing my acquaintance with dear Janice and Jean and making the acquaintance of Linda, sweet little blonde. Jerry and Barbara Jean were in Petersburg, near Camp Lee where Francis was in Quartermaster school. They came up three weekends to Alexandria and visited us. I had a fine time. We visited Mt. Vernon and Arlington Cemetery, and had lovely drives around Virginia and Washington. When Francis' school was out and his teeth attended to, Nov. 1<sup>st</sup>, they came for a last visit; then they and I started for Kansas City, as he had permission to drive his car through on his way to Camp Beale, California. We had a lovely trip and visit on the way; staying one night at Brownsville, Pa. and another at a tourist camp. We arrived at Muriel's, Nov. 6. We had a nice visit with all the family, and Francis left for Camp Beale, Nov. 21. Jerry and Barbara Jean stayed a little longer, then left for Parsons, Ks. Francis visited Cathryn and family at Richmond while at Camp Beale, and spent Christmas on K.P. in Seattle; then went to Oahu, Hawaii for awhile. They had told him he would be foreman of one of the Quartermaster depots – then they put him in the Post Office there. They organized a Postal Unit there, of which he was a member, and they went overseas. They were 40 days on board ship, arriving at Okinawa April 1<sup>st</sup>. Their unit went in on the attack. He and a few others started the Post Office on ? and had a letter of commendation for their work. A General let them use his plane for carrying the mail there from Okinawa. One of their unit had to fly for the mail. He flew his share of times. Back on Okinawa, their unit, being a very small one, for rationing purposes, they were united with the hospital there. For recreation, they picked up shells on the beach and he cleaned his and sent them to Jerry to make into necklaces for Christmas presents. After V.J. Day, he was sent to Korea. His special work was writing money orders. Wilfred visited Francis at Camp Lee just before he went over seas. He went first to Northern Africa, then to Italy. He was once sent to a rest resort because he passed out with fatigue. He had a plane ride to Rome. He was on a mortar. He came home the last of August on a 45 day furlough. He had grown so tall and looked so fine in his uniform, with all his ribbons, etc. His mother was operated on the day he came home. We were all so proud of him. Then he went to a camp in Alabama, coming back in time for Christmas, as Mr. Wilfred A. Carpenter. Bobby was at Alaska in the Aleutians, and his vessel saw action. His ship was with the fleet with the Missouri, at Tokyo; then they went to Oahu; to Panama; through the Panama Canal; up the coast to Boston for Navy Day; then to Philadelphia, and he came home for Christmas too, so Mabel had all her family together. The Harrells and I were there too. After Christmas, he was sent to San Francisco, where he went to the Federal Building in the printing department, becoming Printer's Mate 3/C. Francis was 19 days from Okinawa to Seattle, to Denver, to Kansas City. He was here March 15, 1945 in civilian clothes – his own clothes that Jerry brought in their car, with Barbara Jean, to meet him at Union Station. They visited in Kansas City with Barbara Jean for 11 days; then went to Parsons to collect their belongings; then on to Denver and to his job. They had planned to buy a home, but prices were so high and material and labor so hard to get and so high; he bought an acre with a three room shack with water and electricity and decided to add a room and bath and live there till materials were more reasonable. Elizabeth and family moved from Alexandria to Arlington, Va. Cathryn, John and Johnny came to K.C. from Richmond in Mar. 1945. John expected to be in the draft; then in May, he left for Los Angeles in their car. Elizabeth and the girls were coming by plane for a vacation and Cathryn felt she must stay to see them. They flew in and were with us 3 weeks. Jerry and Barbara Jean came up and all the family was in K.C. except Francis and Wilfred and Bobby, Virgil and John. Linda had grown so much. During the time they were in K.C., the Churchill girls (All 4), Cathryn and Johnny, the Williams girls (3 of us) and Betty Jo went for a week in a cabin at Unity Farm. Then Elizabeth and the girls flew back to Va. Cathryn and Johnny took a Pullman to Los Angeles and Jerry and Betty Jo back to Parsons. That winter, Virgil was sent to L.A. to do some special work on planes and visited the Yoakums a lot. Ralph and Dorothy visited them too. Ralph had a traveling pass with the R.R. In May, 1946, Cathryn and Johnny came again to K.C. That was the latest date she could make the trip. John flew in July 1<sup>st</sup>. On ---, S--- F--- Yoakum was born. On ---, C--- J--- Carpenter was born. Bobby came from San Francisco on a leave. So I have two sweet new little grand daughters. In April, Elizabeth, Virgil, Janice, Jean and Linda came to Kansas City. Virgil was transferred back to K.C. They couldn't find a house to buy at first, but finally bought a home. I have got behind with Muriel and George's' story, so much catch up. We had lived in the

duplex from August 1939, but the landlord and his Mrs. decided they could make more money by taking the second floor and renting the first, so put us out. So, Muriel and George bought a house and we moved Dec. 8, 1943. I was with them and James still stayed, but March 1<sup>st</sup>, 1946, went home to be with his mother, who was 90 in December. Carl, another brother of George's was sick and he and his wife, Stella came to K.C. for treatment and were with us quite awhile. In April, they had word that the mother was very sick and Muriel, George, Carl and Stella went to Barnard, Ks. and were there when she died, Apr. 14. Mabel, Dr. Harrell's widow, came for a visit from her home in New York City, in the summer. George's work at North American was over and he took a salesman's job for awhile, then went into the real estate business. In Nov. '46, Cathryn, John, Johnny, Susan and I drove through to Los Angeles. Cousin Lou Gainie's daughter Ruth visited us. We went to Fullerton to visit Dollie Littleton and Mariam, her eldest daughter, and they with Dollie's sister, Erma Miller, called on us. Many letters passed between L.A. and K.C. (Mo. and Ks.) and Denver to L.A. Bobby visited us here from San Francisco. Will and Mollie visited us on their way to and from K.C. to their home in Modesto, California. Johnny couldn't get into the kindergarten in L.A. till the second semester. He had gone two months in K.C. Connie Carpenter was heavier at 8 mos. than Susan Yoakum at 10, and had 6 teeth to Susan's 4. Mr. Robert L. Carpenter called August 15<sup>th</sup>. He is out of the Navy and on his way home, driving his coupe. He is a man to be proud of; fine figure and so polite and pleasant. Janice and Jean flew to Denver and spent 10 days with Francis, Jerry and Barbara Jean in August. Then Muriel and George drove there and spent their vacation with them. Elizabeth and Virgil flew to Los Angeles and spent a weekend visiting the Yoakums and me. Francis and Jerry sent an invitation to come to them in time to spend Christmas with them, enclosing the fare, and I have a reservation on a plane for Dec 6, 1946.

**\*\* Special Note on the Duke of Buccleuch:**

The Duke of Buccleuch was the natural son of:

## **King Charles II - The Merry Monarch**

**Born: 29 May 1630**

**Father: Charles I**

**Mother: Henrietta Maria of France**

**Reigned: 1660 - 1685**

**Died: 6 February 1685 of apoplexy**

**Key events:**

1660 - Charles II welcomed on Blackheath on his return from exile.

1660 - Composition of light discovered by Sir Isaac Newton

1661 - Hand-struck postage-stamps first used.

1661-2 Bridge Rooms added to [Queens House](#) by King Charles II.

1662 - Royal Society of London receives Royal Charter

1665 - Great Plague in London

1665-6 - [Samuel Pepys](#) (1633 - 1703), famous diarist, lived in Greenwich.

1666 - 2 June: Samuel Pepy's records gun-fire heard at Greenwich from English-Dutch naval conflict.

1666 - 2-6 September - Great Fire of London

1674 - Knighted Captain Henry Morgan and gave him the title of Lt. Governor of Jamaica

1675 - 22 June: Greenwich Royal Observatory created by Royal Warrant

1675 - 10 August - Building of Royal Observatory commenced

1675 - John Flamsteed appointed first Astronomer Royal.

1676 - [Royal Greenwich Observatory](#) built by [Sir Christopher Wren](#).

1676 - Greenwich ferry starts operating across the River Thames.

1680 - Buccaneers' Raids. John Coxon defeated at Panama

1681 - Oil street lights first used in London

1682 - Appearance of Halley's Comet

King Charles II was the son of:

## King Charles I

**Born: 19 November 1600**

**Father: James I of England (VI of Scotland)**

**Mother: Anne, daughter of King Ferdinand II of Denmark**

**Reigned: 1625 - 1649**

**Died: 30 January 1649 (executed)**

### Time-Line:

1625 - 27 March - death of James I  
1625 - Parliament gave Charles I tonnage & poundage for one year only  
1634 - Ship money demanded by Charles I without Parliament's consent  
1635 - Queens House in Greenwich completed by Inigo Jones (1573 - c1652).  
1635 - Connecticut first settled  
1636 - Hackney carriages in London  
1642 - English Civil War breaks out - Greenwich no longer favoured royal residence.  
1646 – Surrendered to the Scottish Army, who passed Charles to Cromwell's army for £400,000.  
1649 – Beheaded by Puritans led by Oliver Cromwell.

King Charles I was the son of:

## King James I (VI of Scotland)

**Born: 19 June 1566**

**Father: Henry Stuart**

**Mother: Mary, Queen of Scots**

**Reigned: 1603 - 1625**

**Died: 27 March 1625 of kidney failure**

### Key events:

1567 - 1603 – Reigned as King James VI of Scotland  
1603 - 24 March - Death of Elizabeth I - James I became King of England - 1<sup>st</sup> Monarch to unite the kingdoms of Scotland, Ireland, Wales and England, to form the United Kingdom (U.K.)  
1605 - Gunpowder plot - Guy Fawkes attempts to blow-up Parliament  
1606 - 12 April - Union Jack adopted  
1607 - Appearance of Halley's Comet  
1611 - Authorized version of Bible published  
1613 - Trinity Hospital founded in Greenwich.  
1616 - King Charles I (1600 - 1649) commissions [Queens House](#) for his Queen *Henrietta Maria*.  
1617 - Henry Briggs introduces decimal notation.  
1618 - Sir Walter Raleigh put to death  
1620 - 6 September - Pilgrim Fathers set sail in Mayflower to America from Southwark sail past Greenwich.  
1622 - First English newspaper  
1625 - 27 March - death of James I

King James I was the son of:

**Mary, Queen of Scots**  
(1542--87)

Mary was the daughter and only child of James V of Scotland by his second wife, a French woman called Mary of Guise. While James lay on his deathbed at Falkland, Mary was born at Linlithgow Palace, Scotland. She became queen upon his death when she was a week old, and Henry VIII attempted to betroth her to his son, Prince Edward of England, in order to establish control of her and Scotland, (known as 'The Rough Wooing'). The betrothal was annulled by the Scottish parliament, precipitating war with England. After the Scots' defeat at Pinkie (1547) she was sent by her mother to France. There she was brought up at the glittering French court of Henry II, where she excelled at hunting and dancing, and was carefully educated in the manner of a Frenchwoman. She married the Dauphin (1558), later Francis II, but was widowed at 18 (1560), and became the dowager Queen of France with her own estates and a substantial income. Her presence was increasingly called for in Scotland, where the death of her mother (a beautiful but sometimes cruel woman, 1560) had left the country in a highly fluid and dangerous political state. Effective power was in the hands of the Protestant Lords of the Congregation, who had held an illegal parliament to implement the Reformation and ban the authority of the pope. Mary, very Catholic, therefore returned to Scotland in 1561. A Protestant riot threatened the first mass held in her private chapel at Holyrood, and a religious standstill was imposed, which in effect banned the mass to all but the Queen and her household. Ambitious for the English throne, in 1565 she married her cousin, Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, a grandson of Margaret Tudor. However, disgusted by his debauchery, she soon became alienated from him. The vicious murder, in her presence, of Rizzio, her Italian secretary (some say lover as well), by Darnley and a group of Protestant nobles (Mar 1566), confirmed her insecurity. The birth of a son (Jun 1566), the future James VI, failed to reconcile her to Darnley. While ill with what is thought to be smallpox, Darnley was mysteriously killed in an explosion at Kirk o' Field (1567). In actuality, he wasn't killed by the explosion but was thrown, naked, into a yard injured. He was found later, strangled. One of the conspirators no doubt wanted to make sure he was out of the way. The chief suspect was the Earl of Bothwell, who underwent a mock trial and was acquitted. Mary's involvement is unclear, but shortly afterwards she was carried off by Bothwell, who had divorced the wife he had only recently married. Mary publicly pardoned his seizure of her person, created him Duke of Orkney, and three months after her husband's death married the man most people regarded as his murderer. This fatal step united her nobles in arms against her. Her army melted away without striking a blow on the field of Carberry, and nothing was left to her but surrender to the confederate lords. She was constrained at Loch Leven by a minority of the most radical of the Protestant nobles under Morton, and made to sign an act of abdication in favour of her son who, five days afterwards, was crowned as James VI. After escaping, she raised an army, but was defeated again by the confederate lords at Langside (1568). Placing herself under the protection of Queen Elizabeth, she found herself instead in an English prison. She would remain Elizabeth's prisoner for the rest of her life. The presence of Mary in England was a constant source of unease to Elizabeth and her advisers. She had a claim to the English throne through Darnley, and a large Catholic minority naturally looked to Mary as the likely restorer of the old faith. Yet her position as guest or prisoner was always ambiguous. Plot followed plot in England, though after that of Ridolfi (1571), few if any posed any real threat. The last by Anthony Babington in 1586, was known to Walsingham's agents from the outset. Letters from Mary seemingly approving Elizabeth's death passed along a postal route which went via Walsingham, who opened them himself. Mainly on the evidence of copies of these letters, known the "Beer Barrell Letters" for they were discovered in a beer kegs, Mary was brought to trial in 1586. On 8 February, 1587 Elizabeth signed her death warrant, and she was executed at Fotheringay Castle. The execution did not go well for Mary as the executioner was unable to sever her neck with one blow, and was forced to use a grinding motion on her to complete the task. Buried at Peterborough, in 1612 her body was moved to Henry VII's chapel at Westminster, where it still lies. Mary's beauty and personal accomplishments have never been disputed. She spoke or read in six languages, sang well, played various musical instruments, and had a library which included the largest collection of Italian and French poetry in Scotland. The portrayals of her after 1571 largely fall into one of two types: Catholic martyr or papist plotter, making all the more difficult a proper assessment of Mary as Queen of Scots.

Mary, Queen of Scots was a direct descendant of:

**Robert the Bruce, 7<sup>th</sup> Lord of Annandale, 2<sup>nd</sup> Earl of Carrick and King of Scotland**

Robert the Bruce was born in 1274 and Struggled, with the aid of William Wallace, to liberate Scotland from England. He fought to victory in the Battle of Bannockburn in 1314 and won the independence of Scotland after a fierce struggle with England in 1328. He died in 1329 at Cardross in Dunbartonshire. His body was buried in Dunfermline and his heart in Melrose. His brother was the King of Ireland.

Robert the Bruce was a direct descendant of:

**Sir Robert De Brus**

Sir Robert De Brus was a Norman knight who escorted William the Conqueror to England in 1066. He later became companion at arms to Prince David, later to become King David I of Scotland, and received a grant of the Lordship of Annandale. With this bequest, Robert bequeathed his lands to his son when at war with England, and it is said that at the Battle of the Standard in 1138, Robert took his own son prisoner.