

To Dave,
from Your Uncle Bill
Hope you enjoy reading
about some of your ancestors.

The Williams - Myers Family.

Preface.

To my Children.

I have so many times wished I had more information about my ancestors; that I had asked more questions of my grandparents and my father, and had written it out; so I am writing what I know about our ancestors for your future use. I wish it 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 herein set forth.

Williams.

Jeremiah Francis Williams was born in Carnarvonshire, North Wales. April 26th, 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 mountain in Wales, to see his Grandmother Williams. Jeremiah Williams had seven uncles, and each had Francis as a middle name.

Jeremiah Francis Williams married Anne Davies. She was born in Denbyshire, North Wales, April 12, 1836

They were married in Liverpool, England.

Evan Davies was Anne's father. I think he was a stone mason, and his father a farmer. I do not know her mother's name. Anne was the seventh daughter, then a little brother was born into the family and

the mother and her baby boy died.

When Anne was still a girl, she left her father's house. She said they had sanded floors; that she had different colored sand and she made patterns of it on the floor. She was a little blond lady, with blue eyes. She told that they used to have friends in and dance, and when her father would dance with her, (he was six feet tall) he would kick his foot over her head. Anne wasn't able to go to school very long, but she said her teacher told her to practice her writing and her figuring, every day, if she had only pieces of brown paper and a pencil. She did, and advanced in learning.

Anne and Jeremiah both went to Liverpool, England to find work, where they met, and were married, in a Church, with their friends around them. Anne had a brown silk dress and Jeremiah wore a silk top hat and called for her in a cab. I remember she told that the first cab he came in was not as nice a

one as she liked, so she insisted he dismiss it and go get a nicer, more stylish one. Jeremiah was quite tall, with very dark hair, large dark blue eyes, but with a very fair skin. She said the girls called him "The lily man". Jeremiah was a cabinet maker. They had a two story house, which Anne kept immaculate, and helped out by keeping some roomers. They had a little baby who died, then on October 29, 1866, Evan Francis was born. His mother said he was a tiny blond baby and people thought him to be a girl. He was christened at the proper time. They were very religious, Especially Jeremiah, who, with a friend or two, would hunt out men to take to church with them. He would gather up friends to sing at their house. Anne had a beautiful high voice, even when a quite old lady. Baby Evan would sleep in his crib, while they were singing, but when the singing stopped he would wake. Evan learned to talk in Welsh and English at the same time. When a Welsh friend

would come in, he would speak to her in Welsh; an English lady, he spoke to in English. He would meet each roomer at the door with his slippers, which he was supposed to put on at the door, after removing his shoes.

A little brother was born, and christened Jeremiah Francis, and in the Spring of 1869, the family of four sailed for America, in the hope that Jeremiah Sr. might have better health out of England's forge. On the voyage, the father was sick the whole time, Anne was a good sailor and the little boys played as happily as if at home. Their plan had been to buy a farm when they arrived in America, but for some reason, they stopped in Kansas City, and Jeremiah found work as a carpenter, but soon after starting his he fell off a high ladder and was hurt so that he was incapacitated for some time. The little Jeremiah died soon afterward. Jeremiah, Sr. began working as a carpenter for the Union Pacific R.R. and continued for years. William Francis was born Oct. 18, 1873.

in Kansas City, Kansas, where they had bought a home. Evan Francis Williams attended school in Kansas City, Kansas, at a Country School when he had some distance to walk; at Central School, then where the K.C. Ks. Library is located now, and for a while at St Mary's Parocial School. Tho not catholics, Anne liked the sisters, and imagined her boy was safer with them. When Evan was 15, his father had a job offered him by a Wholesman in Emporia, Kans, and they moved there, but as the job didn't materialize, the family remained there and the boys attended school there, while the father went into New Mexico to work. He liked it there very much, and would have liked to establish his family there, but as the country there was new, he thought his boys would have better school advantages in Kansas, so they returned to Kansas City, Kans. and bought a new home there. He continued with the U.P. R.R and Anne started a grocery store, at 5th & Tarome, where their home was.

Afterwards, they bought property at 10th & Riverview and built a store there, which Jeremiah operated, and Will helped him, while Evan helped his mother.

In 1899, Evan Francis Williams and Laura Clementine Thro were married in St Louis, Mo. where they lived several months, then returned to K. C. Ks. to live. Evan soon was working as bookkeeper for The Butler Produce Co. A son, Willie, was born ~~out~~ in June, 1901, and he died in 1903. Jenny, as she was called, died in 1897.

Myers. Catherine

Jacob Myers, and his wife, Jane Lewis Myers, came to Ohio from Germany. They raised quite a family, among them, a son John, who married a Miss Smith, and they raised quite a family of boys and girls. I do not know exactly how many, but I know there were John, Samuel, Isaac, Augustus, Polly and Adeline.

Isaac Smith Myers married Elizabeth Vance, and is our special ancestor of the Myers family. They were the parents of Jacob Lewis Myers, who was named for his great grandfather, with his great grandmother's sir name for his middle name. His twin sister was named for the grandmother Catherine Jane. This grandmother lived to be one hundred and four years old. She had her own little log cabin near her son John's home; after her husband died, where she had all her treasures. She rode her white horse when she was One Hundred years old. Jacob Lewis Myers was her favorite of all her

numerous grandchildren, and when he want to visit her, she always had some special treat for "Yockie" as she called him. Though his twin sister was named for her, they called her Kate, so she didn't claim her as a namesake.

Vance.

James Vance's parents were born in Ireland. Neither of them, however, were Roman Catholics. James was a handsome man, 6 ft tall. He was married twice, his first wife died, leaving several children. His second wife was Polly Scott, and a very spirited young Scotch lady, for 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 Gray holds out, I'll be forty miles away in the morning." So she didn't marry that man, but James Vance, and raised his motherless children and gave him four more children: Cathrine, 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 about twelve, I think, she was sick with some fever and when she got better she grew quite fat, but was spiritless, and droopy, and her mother's brother, Dr. Shanklon Scott, came from Kentucky to their home on a visit. He saw her condition, and recommended horse back riding. She said at first it was agony for her to ride, but her uncle insisted and kept her at it, day after day till she began to be stronger, and finally to thoroughly enjoy it. She began to grow taller, changed entirely, and was well again. She learned to spin and weave. She wove enough linen table cloth to buy herself a fine side-saddle, which was a necessity for all young ladies. She had her own horse and rode well. I remember her telling of a funny incident. She had to go on a trip some place, and a tall horse was brought for her to ride. Her brother, or at least some man brought it to the riding block. It was a very muddy time. He said to her "jump This is a tall horse. She jumped clear over

the horse and lit in the mud on the other side. She always regretted not being able to go to school more. There was so much work to do at home, and anyway, women didn't much need education. She said she used to wish she would burn or cut a hand badly (not a foot, for then she couldn't walk to school) so she couldn't work and could go to school. She made good use of what learning she got, however, and read, so when I knew her, she was quite able to converse on any subject that came up. She was twenty-two years old when she became Mrs. Isaac S. Myers. She was born Feb. 28, 1810. They had a farm and a log cabin when they began life together. There was a fireplace inside the house and one on the outside, and in summer the one outside was used and she would decorate the indoors one with flowers and foliage. They had ten children: Mary Ann (Polly) Jacob Lewis (Jake) and Catherine Jane (Kate), twins William Vance (Will), Harrison (Hal), John Joseph (Joe) Hamilton Rogers (Ham) James Augustus (Jim) and

last, twins again: Lizzie and Mattie. All but the last one little Mattie, grew up and were married. Mattie died at two years. 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. The oldest girl was Kate Littleton Vance. She and her family lived for some years in Monterey, Mexico. Her oldest and youngest brothers, Ralph and Thad followed her there, and she and they died there. She and Clarence Lee, her husband, had two sons who were educated in the United States. Leland the elder, a engineer, Kenneth, the younger, " architect attended some Southern colleges. They were both in South America when last I heard. Mary Alice Myers Vance died about 187* or 5, of measles; when her last son, Thad was born, the other children brought measles home and both she and her baby had the disease " she took what they then called Church

Consumption and lived as an invalid for a year or so. She was tall and slender and dark eyed and had black hair like Grandma Myers, and was very slender. She always, in my childish memory, wore dark dresses and a little checked black and white shawl over her shoulders. One little personal thing I remember, and cherish; At her funeral, I thought: "God is so good to let me keep my Mother."

My Father's twin Sister, Kate, was married to Abner Littleton soon after arriving in Greenfield, for he followed them right away. While no relation to Aunt Kate, his uncle, a Mr. Pancoast, married Aunt Kate's Aunt Polly Myers. His Mother was a sister of Mr. Pancoast and was married to a Mr. Littleton. I don't know the first names, but they both died with (or of) T.B. when their two sons were quite young. Their Uncle Pancoast raised them. Their people left them quite a bit of money. The younger son spent his in going to College. But Abner invested his, among other things, bought two calves, when he was quite a young boy, that he trained as oxen, and

sold at a proffit, etc. When he come to Green-field, he built a store building and started a general store, and for years it was the only store there. They had a nice house built, too, the nicest, at that time, there. They had a little daughter, Ida, who died at 2½ or three, and then much later, a son, Vernor Charles, who married Dollie Scott, and they moved to California and Vernor died after his father & mother, leaving Dollie and the two daughters, Mariann & Katherine. At this time, Dollie & Mariann live on the family orange ranch at Fullerton and Katherine, married, somewhere not far away. Will, Hal, Sam, Jim & Lizzie

Waggener.

James Shippe Waggener, my Grand-father, wrote me a letter telling me of his family, but it was lost, so I am depending on my memory in telling about it, as I am on other points. His ancestors on the Fathers side were born and reared in Holland, and one of them came to America in the settling of Charleston, Sa. Two of his ancestors fought in the Revolutionary War. His Mothers family were with Daniel Boone, in the settling of Kentucky. He got his middle name from the family. His wife, my Grandmother Waggener was of a Welsh family. Her name was Melinda Allen, Linda at home. They lived at Waynesville, Indiana and had a large family. The oldest son, Joseph, died at Libby Prison in the Civil War. Rufus, the second son, married Belle Baily and they had quite a large family. They moved to Oregon in the early 1800's. He left an inn at some small town there, and he has daughters in Oregon

and Washington still, with their families. Willis was secretary to Gen. Prentiss in the Civil War. He also went to Oregon and was a teacher, then retired with his wife, who was also a teacher to a small fruit farm. My Mother come next. Vilena Waggener.

The Waggener family moved to Greenfield, Ia., and my Father, Jacob L. Myers, fell in love with Vilena, and won her heart and on Dec. 24th, 1867, they were married.

Houston ran away from home and enlisted in the Army (He was only 14 years old) as a drummer boy. He went all through the war with never a scratch, but he was ever after of a roving disposition, and though energetic, a good worker and always able to get a job at almost any work, he seemed impelled by an inward urge to leave and roam. He always paid his way - never begged. He saw most all of this country and even shipped as a sailor and crossed

the ocean. He gave an assumed name and he said afterward if he had fallen overboard and drowned, his family would never have known what become of him. He would come home occasionally, probably get work near his family, visit with them, get enough pay for his work to buy a nice outfit of clothes, have some money in his pockets, then, though his employers would beg him to stay, off he would go again. Finally, though, he did take up a claim in Oregon, and had made some improvements on it and remained there some time and was prospering, when one Sunday morning in winter time he decided to go visit his Father and Mother and other relatives who lived 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 the postman, making his route on snow shoes, found him sitting with his back against a pine tree,

frozen to death.

Eliza married Don Forbes in Iowa. but they had gone West before the rest of the family. They had four boys; Ray, Leon, Allen, and Leslie. Don ran a saw mill for some time. They had a nice home at Juniata, Washington. Don died years before Eliza. Ray married and they had one daughter; Eunice. Afterwards his wife died and he married, I think, a widow with some children. He was a florist, I think. Leon was a farmer in Oregon and married and had several children. Allen was finally, after marrying and having a son and daughter, a cook on a steamer running between Seattle and Alaska, and died of acute indegestion. Leslie and his wife Alicia have a summer resort at Juniata, with boating and swimming, etc. They have a family of 5. Three girls were grown when the only son

was born Utah. 22, 1933, James Don, followed in about 2 years by a little sister.

Eliza Forbes lived to be 93 years old, and after her husband died. She lived in a little cottage she had built for herself, alone until 3 months before her death, in spite of the insistance of her children that she come and live with them. She was unusually active all that time, taking part in social, religious and political events in her neighborhood.

Emma was 7 years younger than Eliza, and like her, after finishing her schooling, taught school in Iowa. She married George Hitchcock in Washington. They had two sons, Roscoe and Lloyd. George was in the printing business and also had a dairy. Roscoe continued in the publishing business in Seattle. Lloyd, the last I heard was in Orange, California. Aunt Emma was an active member of the

Methodist Church, as was her husband. She taught music, painted a good deal, and helped in the printing office, was very apt at sewing. She was an invalid, however, for several years before her death.

James Shippe Waggener, Jr. was, as nearly every one of his brothers and sisters, a teacher, after finishing school. He, like his brother Willis, married a teacher from Canada. They had several daughters and one son. He was a very musical man. He had an art shop in connection with his musical instrument store in Vancouver, Washington. His wife died quite a while before he did.

So now, after introducing my Mother's family, I go back to my Father, Jacob Lewis Myers. He was born in Ohio, as I have before, herein, stated. Their farm was quite a large one, not so many miles from Dayton. It was the nearest town of any size. He and my Grandma have told me about their home. It was a log cabin; then when they wanted to enlarge it, they built another log cabin with an inclosed porch between 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 were made of logs, too, and desks. They had quill pens.

Traveling was done on horseback, mostly. Grandma used to tell about going to her Mother's with two or three of the little children on horse back with her. As soon as the child grew old enough, ~~they~~ he was taught to ride and had his own horse. Father learned to chop wood

and to farm, and to hunt and fish and swim. His Father raised a great many cattle and they drove those they wished to sell to Cincinnatti. That was a great trip. Father told about seeing Uncle Tom's Cabin at a theatre there, about the first presentation of the play, I imagine.

When he was 21, and of course his Sister Kate the same age, some little time after his Sister Mary Vance and her husband had gone to Iowa, Grandfather Isaac Myers traded his Ohio farm for a tract in Iowa. They packed their belongings in wagons and took their cattle horses and other stock and with the large family, drove to the Ohio River where they took a boat. I don't know just where they embarked. It took quite a while. They must have been a jolly boat load, with that large family - 9 children and all their live stock. I remember his telling about fishing off the boat, for one of the dogs got hold of the bait and swallowed it with a fish hook, and they had a hard

time saving the dog's life. I do not remember the name of his riding horse but Aunt Kate had a little pacing mare named Crook. After leaving the boat - (I don't know where) they drove .. rest of the way to Greenfield. There Grandfather built a large house and they farmed on a large scale. Grandfather gave each of his children two lots on which to build a house.

William Vance Myers went west when quite young and was there when the war broke out. Grandfather, Uncle Hall, 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 big wagon stored with provisions and house hold goods drawn by oxen. I do not remember how many yokes of oxen there were,

but Father drove them and the man drove a team of horses attached to a light wagon in which he and his wife rode. He used to tell some very interesting stories about this trip. There were bands of Indians to encounter on the way. They never had any trouble with them, though he was quite badly frightened sometimes. He told that once when they were watering the oxen and horses at a stream, quite a band came up and the other man quickly drove away with his horses, but the oxen were so slow. The Indians looked very fierce but he tried to act very brave, and cracked his big ox whip and they laughed and let him get by. He said when they came to the mountains, he walked along by them looking up at them and got a crick in his neck.

He worked in the mines in Leadville and Central City, Colorado for

sometime. Then he took rheumatic fever and was very sick all one winter. The boarding house where he lived was very crude and cold. His friends would tell him, as they want to work at the mine; "You'll be as stiff as a wagon tire before morning." He didn't know but what he would. In the Spring he was better and the Dr. advised him to go to the valley. So they carried him out to a wagon and put him in a wagon. When they started down the mountain, it felt like he was being torn in pieces but when they stopped for lunch, he got out of the wagon, himself, with only a little help. He found a boarding place in the valley, with some nice friendly people and he fished and hunted and rested. They were near a camp of friendly Indians and he greatly enjoyed watching the children play. They played some quite interesting games, on the ground and in the

water. He could never tell the boys and girls apart, as they dressed just alike.

~~On the~~ 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 doctor and board bills took all of his wages he had earned, he did make enough in his prospecting to buy a farm in Iowa.

On the way back to Iowa from Colorado, the Indians were on the war path and they had to stop at Military posts and wait till so many had gathered together, before the soldiers would let them go on. They couldn't make a fire to cook anything to eat, as the Indians would see their smoke and attack them. They got home in safety. Soon after, Jacob met Vilena Waggener, and as I have stated, fell in love

with her, won her heart and on Dec. 24, 1867, they were married. Vilena, my Dear Mother, was a tiny woman, several inches under five feet, weighing less than one 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 at the back of her neck. I remember how white the part was, and there was a tiny scar at the beginning of the part in the shape of a crescent, that I thought looked so pretty.

Father had a small white house built on his lots Grandfather had given him, and they kept house there. On January 24th, 1869, I, Mamie was born. My Father said that it was Sunday, just as the people were coming homes from church, in a snow storm. Before the next baby was born, they rented their home, and moved out on

a farm about two miles from their own, and Father farmed this place and part of this farm. Taylor Sexsmith, the owner, lived with us. It was quite a lovely place, with many large trees. Mabel was born here, on April 24, 1871.

My very first memory is of my Mother mixing a bowl full of meal and water and giving it to me to take out and feed to the chickens. I thought it looked good to eat, so I sat down on the grass and took a taste of it. The big white chickens came around me, wanting their feed. I can yet see them away up above me looking down. Then there was a little white lamb that Father brought into the kitchen to keep it warm and let me pet it. He kept it there till it was strong enough to go back to the flock and its mother.

There was a man who came to our house that I liked, named Mack

Packer, and as there were many red headed woodpeckers in the trees, and I had a hard time saying the names Mack Becker & Wood Packer; then I would be so embarrassed when everyone would laugh. Best of all, one day when Father went to town he took me to see Grandma Myers. She said, as she took me to the back porch, "I have something for you Maud," and got a tiny little black and white kitten from a basket and gave it to me into my hands. He had a white face and breast, like a white shirt, a black cap and coat, white hands, black hind paws and a black tail. I was so happy and proud. I held Tom in my lap all the way home, as I sat on the high wagon seat by Father, and called out to a man we met on the road: "We have a cat." When we got home, I ran with Tom into the kitchen to show him to Mother and little Sister Mabel, who sat on a quilt on the

floor. He was a nice cat. When he was about grown he climbed, one night on top of the stable, which had a hay roof, and stepped into a trap Father had set there for rats. He pulled free but left one poor little toe in the trap. Mother tenderly bandaged up the injured paw and we all petted and fed him.

There was an old trapper who came along the Nodaway River with his traps and always came to our house a few nights each winter. He was there the Christmas before I was 4 years old and he gave my 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 now remember, but I said: "That's all." Father said: "Reach your hand in again." I did, and I found the dime. How thrilled I was. Father bought me a slate and pencil

and I had great fun with them.

The next spring we moved into our new house on our own farm. The house wasn't quite finished. The ceiling wasn't put in yet and the roof could be seen and the rafters. My Father got a rope and made Mabel and me a swing right in the kitchen.

On July 14, 1873, we had a new little sister, and I was so excited. When Mabel woke, I ran to the trundle bed we both slept in and she opened her big blue eyes, and I can yet see the little golden curls on her forehead and see the surprise in her eyes as she heard the new little sister cry, and I told her about Edith, as they had named her. She had brown eyes like Mother's. I had gray eyes like Father's and Mabel blue.

We often went to Grandmother and Grandfather Waggener's home. I

was always so glad to go there. Aunt Emma was a young lady and very pretty. She loved her little nieces, played with us and sang songs to us. She had her work to do, helping about the house, but I was happy just to tag along with her. Quite often, though, some girl friend of hers would come to visit her, and would I be jealous. I thought she just 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 of his came and took him away.

Once Uncle Rufus and his family came from quite far away. There was Uncle Rufus and Aunt Belle, Lura, a year older than I, and Della, a year younger than I. We had <u>such</u> fun playing house upstairs, dressing up in Aunt

Emma's clothes, then taking them off, playing it was night and getting into Grandmother's bed. I remember one night we had really gone to bed, and I was thirsty and went down stairs in the dark and all the folks said how brave I was, and my Mother took me on her lap and looked so proud. I had such a nice warm feeling inside. This ~~white~~ was before we moved to our own house. Another story I want to tell about the winter before we moved. Uncle Hal Myers and his wife had a beautiful little boy a year and a half old, who died. They lived in town and some one came to tell us of it. So we went in to Grandma's. On the way to town, my 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 just thought about it, and looked at the beautiful little 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, the baby's sister was at Aunt Kate's house because she was so noisy.

On February 26th, 1875, Karl Bernard Myers was born, and we had a little brother. He was a dark eyed baby, with black hair like mine and Mother's. We were all so proud of him.

Then in the September following, all Mother's people in Iowa, Grandfather and Grandmother Waggener, Aunt Emma and Uncle Jim started to Oregon. Poor Mother! She had always been so hap-

joy and contented, but for a while she was so sad. Letters began coming 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 round it were little scrub oaks. They have broad, very dark green leaves, with white underneath, so when the wind blows, the trees look first 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 top of them, instead of on a clothes line, and they dried beautifully. 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 so fragrant came first, with the tassels of the oaks and hazel, but

the most looked for and enjoyed were ... pink crab apple blossoms, so fragrant that the air of the whole farm was sweet with them. The wild cherrys were tall and the thrush liked to perch among the cone like white blooms and sing his wonderful song.

On February 26th, 1876, our great tragedy came. All the Ulyers family was going to take part in a surprise birthday party for Grandma Ulyers, at her home. Grandma had been taken out into the country the evening before, by an old friend, to spend the night at her home. Mrs. Eatinger was to have her back home promptly at 12 o'clock, noon, as the dinner was to be on the table and her family all present to welcome her at that time.

Mother had baked a cake, among other things 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

up in warm clothing and wraps, were just back there, and another comfort over us. Mother sat in the high seat in front, holding the baby boy, Karl in her arms, all warm, and Father, beside her, drove the horses. He had hitched up old Jennie, big, broad and black and a young bay filley, Gail to the wagon. He was breaking Gail, and it was the first time he had driven " away from the farm. She became frightened at something and started to run and Father put his feet on the dashboard to brace himself to hold them. The dashboard gave way and he was pulled out. This frightened the horses more. He missed their heads. The wagon ran over him. He called to Mother to jump but she seized the lines and was pulled out, one of the horses' hooves striking her on the temple. Father jumped up as quickly as he could, ran to her and she looked at him and smiled, then drew her last breath. He picked her and Baby up in his arms and carried " to the nearest house, not very far away. He met Mabel on the road. She had jumped out at the back of the wagon.

Then he started to look for Edith and me. I held Edith in the wagon, but soon the horses turned into a plowed field and we were jolted out. We were not far from the highway and the stage that ran between Greenfield and Fontanelle passed by and the driver & passengers saw us and ran to us, picked us up and took us to the stage. I tried to tell them what happened but of course 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 said he would hurry to Greenfield and tell Uncle Sam Vance to come with his wagon and get us. So he did and when Grandma got home that was her surprise. She cautioned us all to never mention her birthday again, and we didn't for many years.

None of us were hurt except Carl, whose little cheeks were scratched on the frozen ground. Poor little baby, he took it 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. He was just learning to walk. Father engaged a young woman, Charlotte Wilson to come and help Grandma with the work, and we all stayed there. Father had to go back to the farm by himself to look after things, of course. Aunt Lizzie and Uncle Newt Myers took Edith home with them quite soon, and I stayed at Aunt Kate Littleton's the next winter. I started to school in a few weeks. Mother had been teaching me at home, so in a few weeks I was put up into the second class, much to the disgust of cousin Verner Littleton, who was a year older than I and had been going to school more than a year. Mabel also went to school but she 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 waiting at Grandmas, Grandma corrected her for something and she said: "You are 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. About all I remember distinctly about Sunday School is was 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 that I heard one night. The minister described sinners in the fire and, thumping his big fist on the table said: "They will burn forever and forever and forever." It was awful to me. After I went to bed I kept thinking "Forever, and forever and forever, and God would do that to people. No, I wouldn't do it and I know God is better than I. It isn't so!" Then I comfortably went to sleep and have never doubted since that my decision was right. Aged less than 8.

In the Spring of 1877, Father took Mabel and

me out to the farm to live with him. He had a man and his wife and children living with him the winter before, and Mabel and I had spent the week end with him quite frequently the summer before. But now the farm was our home. Of course Father did the cooking at first, and quite a bit of the housekeeping, but we washed dishes and swept a bit and soon were frying bacon & eggs and making coffee and corn meal mush. Earl was definitely Grandma's boy, and Edith stayed another year with Aunt Lizzie.

We had no school yet in the country, but in 1878, the spring that Edith came home a school was started in the Hadley kitchen. There were a few desks and seats and a table and chair for the teacher, also a small black board. Mrs. Hadley had papered the small room with newspaper. I remember I read a story on the wall by my desk as far as it went many times and was so sorry I couldn't turn the page and read the rest. I spent two winters with Grandma at Greenfield School and one in Fontanelle at Aunt Rachel Dew's. In the Spring each year I attended the Normal

School for teachers at Greenfield for the four weeks it was held, and at 17, I began teaching in the Country schools. Mabel also taught 10 months, but gave it up and kept house. Edith was always Father's boy about the farm, helping him with the chores, bringing in wood and chips for the stove. We had quite a lot of timber on the place, and as long as I was at home, we burned nothing but wood in the stove.

In the Spring of 1891, Mabel and I started to business college in Creston, Ia. and the next Spring we went to Lincoln, Neb. starting our stenographic careers. Father's cousin Sally McNair lived there and we boarded with her awhile. Mabel attached herself to a staff of book agents and traveled with them to Lawrence Kas. and then to Kansas City. I stayed on in Lincoln, and took a job with the Prohibition Party 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 Y.W.C.A. Home and working at the Butler Commission Co.

I joined her at the Home on Wednesday evening and had a temporary job the next Monday morning. In January, I began working for the Board of Church Extension of the Christian Church on the 6th Floor of the Waterworks Bldg., 6th & Walnut, I also worked for the law firm of Bacon and Hannebergen, who had offices in the same suite, as stenographer, with a little book-keeping work, answering telephone, greeting 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 Saunders and Hal Vance Myers was born in Illinois.

In 1894, Father sold the farm and he and Edith came to Kansas City and we had a real home here. Karl and family joined us in about six months and lived with us for a time, then went to themselves. Father bought

Father bought 100 feet of land at 41st & Campbell, extending through to Charlotte, and we built a house at 41st & Campbell, and moved there. Mabel was married to Evan T. Williams in July, 1899, and moved to Kansas City, Kansas.

Hattie and Karl were divorced and Hal came to live with us. Karl lived with us part of the time, too. Ruth Muriel Williams was born Feb. 5, 1901. Edith was married to Roscoe A. Bachelder, on Feb. 14, 1901, and lived next door to us about a month, and then moved to his farm at Girard, Kansas. On Nov. 17th, 1901 Esther Elizabeth Bachelder was born. I had spent my two weeks vacation in June preceding at Girard, with Edith. I took Hal with me. Father and Mabel, Muriel & Hal, visited them in September. Then in June Hal and I visited them again,

meeting Esther for the first time. Edith and I, and Mabel & Edith carried on brisk correspondence all this time. In September, I made my last hurry up visit to Edith in her Girard home. She died September 6th. I came home with little Esther, who clung to me as her Mother was gone, and Roscoe, and Edith's body in her coffin. Esther lived next door to us, with her Bachelder Grandparents, her Father and her Aunt Bertha, then they moved to Holmes Park, Kans., and to Willow Springs and back to Kansas City. Esther was married in October, 1921 to Arthur Ray Barcus. Billie was born in September, 1922. They moved to Chicago before he was a year old and Edith, Harold, Elaine and Mabel were born there. Harold did not live to be a year old. Bill joined the Navy in World War II. Was in the Camara Fleet, Stationed at Bermuda and Cuba.

(In after 48) 43-

On November 1, 1905, Evan T Williams and myself, Maud Myers, were married in the study of the Universalist Church by the Pastor, Mary E. Andrews, and Muriel, who was present, never called me Auntie Maud again, but Mama. Evan kept the grocery store at 10th and Riverview, Kansas City, Kansas, and we lived in the cottage next door, which was built just before little Mabel was born. My Father, Jacob L. Myers, who had been for a year in California came back in August and he lived with us until his death, June 20, 1920, spending several months visiting in Greenfield, Iowa, each year. He dug up (spaded) the 75 ft. between our home and the alley, and each year, till his last, had a magnificent garden there. Almost every vegetable that grows in this locality, all but potatoes, which wouldn't grow as luxuriently as he wished. Corn (sweet) beans, (several varieties) peas carrots, onions, sweet potatoes, turnips, Kolrabi, radishes lettuce beets, etc. etc.

On February 5, 1901, Ruth Muriel Williams was born. Such a little blossom of a baby, with her big blue eyes and fair complexion, and her hair was so white that you could not distinguish between the hair and scalp. Of course we all loved her extravigantly. She was a very fanciful little lady. She had an imaginary playmate - Eva - and Eva had to sit by her and lie by her in bed, when she came to visit her. Her home, however was in the "bottle-house", a house Muriel could see from her window. There were three windows on the first floor in a sort of bow, and one window on the second floor, which made the bottle. She and her Mother, often spent several days with her Grandpa Myers and me, and Muriel tagged Grandpa around all day. She kept busy picking "cover boarons" on the lawn. One morning the wind was blowing, and she said: "Hear the wind? What is it saying? I guess it is calling its Grandfadder.

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 "Mamma, kiss my ebbo. I eant, too fat."

On March 29, 1904, Mabel Maurine Williams was born. She, like Muriel, was a tiny, plump, white baby with dark hair, however, and the darkest and heaviest eyebrows, for a little baby, over her big blue eyes. The Mother lived just one week after the birth. Father and I stayed at the home for a while, taking care of Muriel. Grandma Williams and Mollie, Will's wife cared for little Mabel. We all tried to find a woman to take charge and care for the two little ones, but unsuccessfully, so Grandma and Grandpa Williams moved into the new little home, completed just before little Mabel was born. Grandma walked with one crutch, as she had broken a hip some time before this, and

it was hard on her. She had a girl in the neighborhood who came and helped her, however, several different ones. Roscoe Bachelder and Esther, and Mr. and Mrs. Bachelder had moved out on a little farm at Holmes Park, Karl & Hattie had remarried and taken Hal with them to California and Father and I were very lonely in our big house. Karl was writing for Father to visit them in Los Angeles, so, in January, 1905, he went. I got a room with Mrs. Reynolds, one of our Universalist friends. Miss Andrews, our minister and Miss Rummell, - Dr., I should write, lived there, too. It was but a short way to the church and we all went, excepting Mr. Reynolds, who was a Baptist. I had been the Sunday School Superintendant for a long time. It was very pleasant at Mrs. Reynolds. I still worked at my old office, but on October 1st, I resigned.

On July 24, 1908, Elizabeth Anne Williams was born. So Muriel and Mabel had a new little Sister. She didn't look like them. She had blue eyes and rather dark hair, but she was taller than her Sisters were as tiny babies, and had long fingers and such a tiny mouth. We all loved her dearly, and Muriel and Mabel each wanted to push the buggy and attend to her, at first. ↓ ∧ ∧

Mabel didn't begin to talk for so long a time. She had been very ill about the time she should have commenced, but when she did commence, she sure made up for it. She wouldn't try to say Muriel so I tried to have her say "Sister", so she finally called her "Chichie" or "Chich" She called Will, Wukie Wee. Karl, she called "Ukka ka". A dog was a "wow" One day she said to me! "Me faw down in big hole, me see my De Mamma any mor. Daddy, Chichie, Ganpa, Ukka ka - any mo." She always

was so fond of old people, and one day brought an old blind man from across the street into the store. She would stand under the stalk of bananas in our store and call out "M'Lam M'Lam" till she got one and she ate many.
Karl came to K.C. in the autumn, and lived with us part of the time, working for Evan in the store part of the time, and for a short while, on the street car. He rented a typewriter and practiced on it. Hattie had gone to Greenfield with Hal, and started a millinary store. Her parents & brothers & sisters lived there. In June, after making screens for our home, Karl left for the West, and we heard nothing more from him for three years. → While he was with us, the two little girls enjoyed him a great deal. Mabel had a habit of saying "Me (anything) teach her" if there was something she didn't have she wanted. We had small pink and

blue plates that was used for breakfast plates. For some reason, the Children preferred the blue. So they would put a pink plate for their Uncle Karl, just to hear him say: "Me bin pale, huhu." He was a great person to rock. We had a rocking chair without arms that he would sit in and rock with a leg on each side of the chair and Muriel and Mabel would run to see which could get to sit on the front of his chair and get free rocking.

When Muriel was six years old, her Father didn't want her to start to school. He thought Mabel would be too lonesome but Mrs. Allen came along, seeking pupils for her private kindergarten, and he consented for her to go. It was a very good school, and Muriel learned a great deal. For one thing, she learned to sing, and she brought her songs home and Mabel was soon singing them, too. She learned reading, writing and arithmetic, too, so when

she did start to the public school the next year, she was put in the 1A, so she was given credit for a half years work. Mabel and Ralph started to Mrs. Allens kindergarten in the spring.

Elizabeth said "Mamma," before she was six months old and would take most of the constanants in turn, adding a to it. She had little beginnings of words that she used in their place, as dă for drink bă for bacon, etc; by the she was a year old she could make herself understood pretty well by this means. On July 4th, we had little fire works for the children, in the front yard, roman candles, etc which the three little girls enjoyed so much. Next morning when Elizabeth woke, she sat up and raising her hands above her head, and looking upward, waved her hands saying pĭ pŭ. Mabel had a dolly, Polly, that wasn't so big as the other dolls, that Elizabeth loved to hold. On her birthday, her Daddy brought home a small celluloid doll and

gave it to her. She smiled and taking it in her hands, tucked it up under her chin and said "My Ps." In the spring before Elizabeth was 2, 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 herself. Mabel had a little piece beginning "Of course you know I love my Mamma" and whenever she said it, Elizabeth would say: "No I love my Mamma."

Esther came over quite often to see us, and we went over to the farm to see her. She and Muriel had very good times together. Esther says now she used to think it was dreadful that she couldn't come over and live with us as she was so lovely and she could have such good times at our house. after 5/1

Jeremiah Williams died Sept 1st, 1907, after a fall he had in the spring of that year when a shoulder & collar-bone were fractured. They never healed and

he was very feeble. He was in bed for quite a while. Evan and I would sit up with him at night, going over after our store was closed, leaving Muriel & Mabel asleep. Their Grandpa Myers was with them, and we would come home after breakfast.

On Feb. 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 were 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 Aug. 1st. It was a great blow to us all. Evan was sick for several days, grieving. Elizabeth, three 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. Evan had a short vacation. We spent several days in the country with Esther and her Father & Bachelder 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 neighbor 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 healthy baby 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 the street car on a pillow to the Dr. 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, 10 lb. From that time on he gained fast and we were all so happy! He was such a sweet little boy. Evan had given up the store & was working in K.C., Mo. for a Commission Produce House, and Will Williams brought our groceries. I would be holding Francis on

my lap and he would begin to dance his feet, and look so pleased and I would listen and hear a wagon & horses coming and sure enough it was Will. When he was still so delicate, he would sit in his chair by the table and we would put the girls' toy piano near enough to him on the table that he could strike the keys and he would play contentedly for a long time. When he began to stand & walk, he would go up to one of us in a chair and say: "Up ta" wanted to be taken up. Later he would say "I a tomma ache. I ie down," and lie down. Mrs Daddy smoked cigars, and he would get a clothes pin, put it in his mouth, get a burnt match, strike it and light his clothes pin cigar. Mrs. Butler, the colored woman who washed for us would laugh and say: "I see where my clothes pins go."

On Feb. 27, 1914, Cathryn Margaret was born. She was quite a tiny baby, especially after her big brothers. She was also fair haired and blue eyed, and she had a dimple in each cheek, and ..

would always give a sigh of contentment when the nurse gave her to me. She was a very healthy good little baby girl. No wonder, for Muriel and Mabel and Grandpa were always ready to hold her and amuse her. Francis was not two years old when she was born, but he never was jealous of her but used to say when any one came; "Came see titta my. He called her "Capena Boo eyed." Ralph Williams still calls her "Capena". That Spring Grandma Williams, who had always lived with Will, decided she would start up a store in the building by our house and live by herself in the back. The building and business she and Will had run for so long had been sold. Her sons didn't want her to do this, but of course she did. In the fall, she took cold, and they moved her to Wills' and just as the bells were ringing in the New Year of 1915, she died. That spring we rented the building to

a man, who, with his wife & little girl daughter, lived in the back of the it and it burned down, after a few months and then we sold 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, Muriel who hadn't been very well all winter, developed pneumonia and the Dr. had her in a hospital for observation but she was able to go to school in the fall. Cathryn's first words were "Way 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 the grade school and entered High. She took first aid and had a book in which were pictures of bandages on men, and Cathryn called it the "Pera Book" ... would look at the pictures and say "Pera man". When she was still very small she could say Elizabeth quite plain.

And so the children grew up in our little home. Evan had a sweet baritone voice and loved to sing and the children and I joined in, and we were all happy. I remem-

her how happy we were when Francis 3.9 joined us for the first time. We were singing Old Black Joe, and his sweet little voice joined us in "Sin Comene." Mabel began when Muriel did. Elizabeth hummed tunes before she could walk or talk, and Cathryn before we knew it was singing like the others.

Muriel finished and graduated from Irving School and started to High School and Francis joined Mabel & Elizabeth at Irving. Cathryn was alone at home. She used to play with paper dolls, arranging them on a couch, and not making a sound happily played. Christmas was always a great time, with a tree, piled under which were heaps of presents for all. I am sure no children enjoyed Christmas more than ours. Both the Christ story and songs and the Santa Claus story were blended in with songs, and the turkey, plum pudding & candies, nuts and fruit were there. The children would make trips to the "Avenue" shopping and there was great secrecy. Francis always managed to find out every thing he was to receive, and he used to try to tell me everything he had for me. I remember one Christmas he had bought me a dust-pan, and he would put it out so I couldn't help

seeing it. Father came over one Christmas
Eve and the girls enjoyed it together.
In January, 1920, My father kept getting
weaker, and then he had trouble getting his breath.
We called our Dr. on Sunday morning, and
he gave father a going over. Then Father said:
"The old machine has about worn out, hasn't
it Doc?" Tears were in the Dr's. eyes and
he nodded his head. He said there was
nothing the matter but old age. His broth-
ers Hans & Jim came from Iowa to see
him the next Sunday. Uncle Joe was in
California, but he came after he got
home. The Spring that year was late and
cold. If it had gotten warm earlier, the Dr.
said, he might get stronger. He was in bed
14 weeks. So queer to see him so helpless. He
had always been so active. We all did all we could
for him. He had never called me Mandie, even when I
was a tiny child, but he did now. Elizabeth was Libby,
Francis, Cappy, and Cathryn, Kitty, and he called
us, one of us at all times. He said "Libby is the flow-
er of the flock." He had funny words, he used. We
laughed to keep back the tears. He would ask me:
"Any news from Europe?" I knew it was a far-
ther-away-land, he meant. He kept thinking he
was going and was so disappointed he didn't go.
At last, June 18th, he looked at me with a
twinkle in his beautiful grey eyes & nodded his

heard, and was gone. His three brothers came 61
and helped us put his body away beside
Mabel & little King Arthur.

Muriel was working at Unity now, Cathryn started to school that coming fall. Mabel graduated from Junior High & went to High. but didn't finish but went to work at Unity for nearly a year and on May 3, 1924, she was married to Emery Arthur Carpenter, and left the old home. That summer, Uncle Joe wrote me and asked: "Are you coming to make us a visit this summer? If not, why not?" So we decided I must go. I did and was always so thankful that I did. Three brothers of my Father, John Joseph, Hamilton Rogers, and James Augustus, all past 80 years old, in Greenfield, Ia. I had a nice restful, reminescent two weeks with them and their wives, Dotha, Jemima and Louie. I staid at Uncle Joe's right across the street from the grounds where the first school I attended had been. It was now a play ground for the school children. The old elm trees under which Sister Mabel and I played were still there - so tall and big. I saw a teacher I had when a little girl and several of my old schoolmates and one girl who had been my pupil.

This summer, I was blessed to get this trip. 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, and we were all so happy and proud. He was such a good sweet little chap, and we loved him so much.

In Sept., 1926, Muriel took a vacation trip to Colorado. This is the first trip any of the family had taken, purely for travel. Muriel had gone to Baldwin, Kans. on a Convention soon after her graduation from high school. She came home from Colorado the evening of Sept. 8, and the next morning early, Robert Lee Carpenter was born. Muriel and I hurried over in Muriel's ford sedan, with a flat tire. Bobbie was a beautiful baby boy. Elizabeth kept house while I helped care for Mabel and Bobbie. I would wash or 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'd say just washed it and dried it with a towel." It would look so nicely parted. Wilfred used to 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 Brother [illegible] regularly for several years. He had been a [illegible] very religious. First he was with the 7th Day Adventists, then the Salvation Army then the Nazarines, or 4 Square Gospels. He would work in the lemon orchards in or near San Diego, and other work where he went over the border into Mexico, then would sell & give away Bibles for a large Bible House. He had a burrow that he rode and led a pack burrow loaded with Bibles. He would go up into the mountains in Mexico where he would hear of some lonely old lady or other Christian who wanted to hear "the good tidings". I had a letter from him, the last one, in January 1926. He would tell me where he would be on a certain date and ask me to be sure to get a letter there for him. I would, and did, answering the last letter. As I didn't hear from him, I wrote a friend of his, whose name and address he had given me, inquiring if he had heard and got an answer by return mail, saying he had'nt heard either, and giving me the name of a consul in Mexico. He said he could get no attention paid to his letters but if I, his sister, were to write, they might answer me. I did write, and received a most sympa-

there answered, and they had traveled 64 up to July. He was then going down the peninsula of California. We got no further, though I wrote many letters to the authorities in Mexico and to Kals friend.

Elizabeth graduated from High School one evening and went to work at Unity the next morning. Francis graduated from Junior High at the same time. Cathryn was in Junior High. Francis went to High School part of a year but begged to go to work for a while then finish later on. We started buying a house at 4804 Terrace, Kansas City, Mo. and moved there on Aug. 25, 1928. It was a lovely new house, in a nice location and we were very happy, though Francis did go back to the old neighborhood that first night and stay at the home of some of his boy friends. Cathryn started to Southwest High when school began in September, such a forlorn, lonely little girl, for she knew nobody there, and before this knew everyone in her schools, but she soon had many good friends, and Francis soon had a yard full of playmates, and we had a jolly household. Francis went to school the next year. He didn't get his credits from the Kansas School, but

started as a Sophomore, and though he had more than enough points to graduate, he & he didn't take a foreign language so wouldn't graduate, so left before the end of school. He always regretted not having a diploma.

Although at a little past 2, Elizabeth had said she wasn't going to "slip away and get married" .. did that very thing, with Virgil Lee Churchill, on Nov. 15th, 1930, and they did not tell us about it until June, 1931. Then they told only me, and asked me to "tell Dad." The family didn't really know of it till August.

In the winter of '30-31, Evan had a heart attack, and was ill for some time - very ill. He had been working long hours, and too hard. He was so proud this summer of 1931, to be able to go to work again, but not at such a hard job.

Betty Jo Carpenter was born Jan. 6, 1932. Mabel and the children were with us on Terrace from November till the next March. Betty Jo was such a pretty little baby. Wilford had started to school in K.C. Ks., transferred back there, after being in a .. Mo. school four months, and had good grades all along. Bobbie went to kindergarten in the Mo. School.

Cathryn graduated from Southwest High in 1932. Francis began working for Friedman that Spring.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Barcus

announce the marriage of their daughter

Esther Elaine

to

Mr. David F. Hunt

on Wednesday, the third of December

Nineteen hundred and forty-seven

Chicago, Illinois