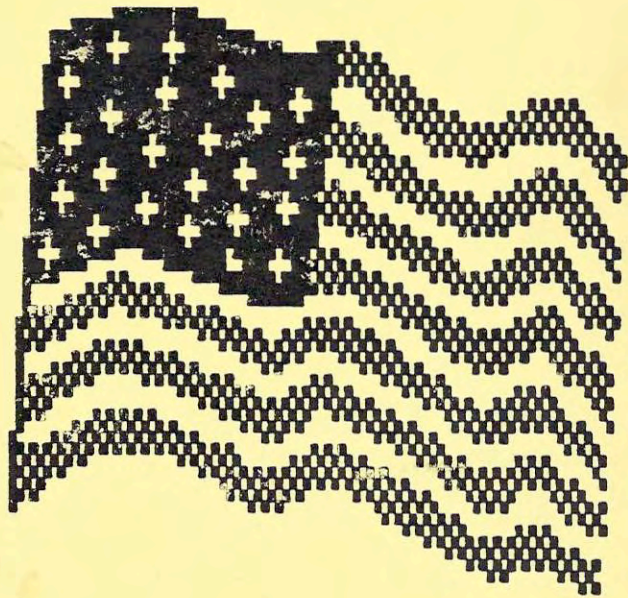


OUR

FAMILY



INTRODUCTION

My name is Jacqueline Joan Fullington Butterfield; I am 63 years old; it is May 17, 1987. (Correction--it is now Aug. 20, 1989 and the ensuing information has been updated). I am being tantalized by the smell of baking bread and consumed with natural beauty as I sit in my working area overlooking Hilo Bay, Hilo, Hawaii. The 180 degree sweep of vision includes a small palm-fringed cove with a half dozen white long-tailed tropicbirds darting about; a firm straight line of demarcation between sea and sky which is broken by the southern tip of coastline making Hilo Bay. The Bay is shaped like a crescent moon and indeed the Hawaiian word "Hilo" translates as the "first phase of the crescent moon". The breakwater juts out to mid-Bay and navigation buoys mark the course for the visiting vessel, large or small. The present low-lying skyline is broken only by a few church spires and the 7 story condominium, Bayshore Towers, which became a reality before height restrictions were imposed. The Honoli'i surfing area with its ever onrushing waves is enjoyed from daybreak to dusk.

I recently attended a daylong seminar on Oral History. And it was that very act which motivated me to begin the assembling of the cluttered folder named FAMILY into some sort of records. Not that this is Oral History--I only wish that I had taken the initiative and preserved some of the recollections of my Mother, my Aunts, Tom's family on tape. What I have now are scribbled notes, my own imperfect memories of family conversations, some erudite typewritten records; but if I don't get them written down they too will be lost. There are still 2 fairly close relatives in their 80s and I hope to contrive a way to be able to share some reminiscences with them. They are Muriel Rogers Parkening of Irvine, CA, my mother's first cousin on the maternal side and Katherine Henderson Wollitz of Oakland, CA, my mother's first cousin on the paternal side.

I am not an ardent genealogical sleuth and probably would have found it frustrating to try to trace Nellie Smith of Ireland, probable arrival date at Ellis Island, early 1850s.

And for the skeptics in our midst with the So What attitude I can only say the very fiber of my being along with that of my children and other family members has been woven with the threads of our History. I am a Butterfield by marriage and of course include what I can. There is also a very fine report by a fifth grader (graded A+) about John Butterfield, proprietor of the historic Butterfield Overland Mail; an anecdote about General Daniel Butterfield during the Civil War. I honestly do not know if the threads of our Butterfield family extend back to either of those gentlemen but why not?

And so we begin-----

*To my son, Scott -
Always with affection
Jacqueline Butterfield*

**THE
AMES
CONNECTION**

THE AMES CONNECTION

For as long as I can remember "The Ames Hotel", or I was later to learn the "The Ames House", was a focal point of family heritage. Family treasures and oldtime stories were intertwined with the historical old place. I have indeed visited there in the company of my mother and two of her sisters at the tender age of 10 months. Unfortunately all I have of recollection are 6 old snapshots.

But let's hear of its proprietors and some of the early history....and we need to go to Ireland. Helen (Nellie) Smith was born in 1847 in Ireland and along with two sisters, Nettie and Maggie, came to the United States as a young child. The story is told that Mrs. Smith was lame and gathered her children about her skirts to hide her disability fearing that she would be rejected at Ellis Island. One more child was born in America, Elida.

The threads of the Irish Smith family were carried on by young Nellie. Nettie Smith, a feisty lady, married a gentleman named Payne who was mayor of Kansas City at one time. They never had children. Maggie Smith never married and became somewhat of a recluse. She maintained her home in what became a rather questionable part of Kansas City called "The Bottoms". Elida married a Mr. Bancroft and likewise never had children--try though they might--all in all she had seven miscarriages, according to my Mother.

As a young child, Nellie, was a foster child to a prominent family in Kansas City, the McGees. In Hawaii, this was a very common practice in olden times, wherein a child was given to a grandmother, an uncle, another family, to raise; Nellie would be called a 'hanai' child. Nellie met a young Civil War veteran, John W. Ames, following the Battle of Westport and they were married in January, 1866 in Kansas City.

John W. Ames, son of William Ames, was from Mexico, New York. He had a brother, Homer, and a sister, Frankie. John left the family farm at the age of 22 to seek his fortune 'out west'. His experiences as a cattle feeder, a teacher, and a gold seeker are chronicled in the transcribed letters at the end of this document. Also included are letters relating his experiences in the Civil War as a member of the 2nd Colorado Volunteers.

John and Nellie moved to Wamego, Kansas where he had a position as an assistant agent for the railroad. The impetus for their settling in Wamego apparently came from his friendship with a war buddy, George Simpson, one of the founders of Wamego. The young couple actually had to take accommodations in the small town of Louisville, 3 miles north for a few months. John and Nellie opened a boarding house in partnership with a Mr. Dewese; subsequently the partnership was dissolved and the Ames operated their establishment on a mill site until their own hostelry was built and opened in 1870. The Kansas City McGee family assisted in the building of the Ames House as a wedding gift for the young couple.

The hotel opened for business Feb. 1, 1871 and its first registered guest was J. S. Kerr. A significant factor in the popularity of the establishment was its BATHTUB--purportedly the first such piece of equipment in the state of Kansas. Since the hotel was on the Kansas Pacific RR line traveling salesmen made it a point to include the Ames House on their itinerary and sign up early for the 20 minute splash. It

has been told that men would get off the train with the specific purpose of taking a bath! The tub was imported from Cincinnati and was made of cedar boards and lined with zinc. Excitement waned after about 5 years as a hotel in Kansas City boasted a bathtub in every room.

Wamego was still very much a frontier town and its chief pretensions to class were the Ames House and Leach's Opera House. The hotel had its own water supply, a large tank on the roof, to which water was pumped. The hotel was 800 feet from the Kansas river and Ames put in his own sewer system. A gas plant first served as lighting followed by acetylene equipment and finally, electricity. Inside plumbing and running water were luxuries that even few homes enjoyed.

It is told that Nellie Ames, herself, became quite a drawing card. Quick of wit and always ready for a hot political discussion Nellie was frequently the center of attention. The popularity of Nellie was corroborated in a recent interview with one of her granddaughters, Muriel Rogers Parkening. Though she was unable to read or write Nell insisted that her husband read the newspaper to her from cover to cover.

Another story revolved around the antics of Colonel Ames' pet crow. Guests at the hotel began to complain of items missing from their rooms--coins, jewelry, and the like. It was later discovered that the crow had secreted many shiny objects in his nest in a nearby tree. And let us hasten to mention that Grandpa Ames was not a Colonel but bore the title as a note of affection.

John and Nellie had three daughters, Blanche Gertrude (Gertrude after Mrs. McGee), Florence, and Nell. Blanche was born on Aug. 22, 1874; Florence a year or so later on May 11; and Nell, much later in 1886. As the girls grew up they developed musical talents; Blanche with the guitar and as a vocalist; Florence with mandolin and as a vocalist; Nell with the piano. It is said that the Ames girls had much to do with the funding of the Episcopal Church in Wamego as they participated in many fund-raising affairs. St. Luke's was organized in May, 1870 but did not have a proper building until 1894. There is a stained glass window dedicated to the Ames family.

Blanche attended Bethany College and studied music. One family anecdote tells of the letter she received from her young sister, Nell, where she had added an afterthought on the outside of the envelope stating, "Grandma's in jail". Blanche hastened to explain that Grandma was the name of the family cat and was being punished for having eaten the canary. Blanche became engaged to Tom Palmer, son of the president of the railroad. Tom worked on the daily train to Kansas City called The Plug and as they passed the Ames House he would pull the whistle-cord three times (I Love You). Blanche would wait on the love seat in the parlor each evening for her lover's call and would then pull down the windowshade in acknowledgement. However, a young lumber salesman who frequented the hotel, began to gain her attention. They would go walking along the banks of the Kaw River but each evening she would hurry home to listen for her whistle. As time went on and as Fred McGavic became more attentive Blanche's affections took a turn. One evening Blanche and Fred were seated on the love seat and he made his ardent feelings known and proposed; the Plug whistled in the distance but the windowshade remained untouched. Fred's letter dated May 8, 1894 to Mr. and Mrs. Ames asking for approval of their engagement is appended. Also appended is a letter of congratulations from Fred's

mother, Juline Grantham McGavic written May 9, 1894. The rest of Blanche and Fred's story will be told in the McGavic pages.

Florence Ames suffered a disfiguring accident when she was about two years old from her dress being set afire. She also was an asthmatic child. She had a beautiful contralto voice which captivated one of the handsome young bachelors of the town, Duke Rogers, son of a leading merchant of Wamego, J. C. Rogers. Florence like her sister, Blanche attended Bethany College and studied music; Duke graduated from Shattuck Military Academy, an Episcopal institution in Faribault, Minnesota. Florence and Duke were married in Wamego and became the parents of a daughter, Muriel, Jan. 31, 1901 and John, Dec. 13, 1906. The family lived in Caney, Kansas where Duke was in the oil business.

Daughter Muriel remembers her mother's long and luxuriant hair--long enough to sit on and also that she was a very good cook! Her scars though not prominent were nonetheless noticeable on her face and neck but more especially in her crippled hand. The disabled hand most assuredly did not detract from her skill with the mandolin. Muriel also remembers that her mother insisted that she wear a sunbonnet to protect her fair skin from the burning rays of the Kansas summers.

Muriel attended St. Mary's boarding school for high school and college, also in Faribault, Minnesota and also an Episcopal school. She was studying voice and was a promising lyric soprano. She married a lad from Shattuck, Fred Coe and had a son, Duke, born Dec. 20, 1921. The marriage was later dissolved; Muriel got a job at Emery Bird Thayer in the ready-to-wear (it did not hurt her job opportunities to find her father, J. C. Rogers, equally well-known and respected in Kansas City). Subsequently Muriel met a friend of her father's, O. H. "Park" Parkening, an oil broker. They married and Park's small daughter, Lucille, and Muriel's son, Duke, established a warm and loving relationship. The family moved to the Los Angeles area in 1932 where Park established himself in real estate. He died in 1960 (diabetic) and Muriel took a job as an apartment manager which she kept for 16 years. Muriel now lives in Irvine, California with her daughter, Lucille. Muriel is considered legally blind from a condition of deterioration of the retina but she has a fulfilling life with her activities as volunteer receptionist at the Irvine Senior Center.

Muriel's son, Duke Parkening, was a clarinetist at one point with Horace Heidt's orchestra. The musical talent has found its way down the family chain to Duke's son, Christopher Parkening, classical guitarist, student of Segovia. Chris recently received an award from his alma mater, University of Southern California, reading: "In recognition of his outstanding international achievement and in tribute to his stature throughout the world as America's pre-eminent virtuosos of the classical guitar." Chris and wife, Barbara, have no children and live near Burbank, CA.

A year younger at age 36, Terry Parkening has enjoyed a modeling career and is currently married to Dennis Dugan, son of a prominent Southern California family. They have 2 adopted children, a boy and a girl. Dennis works in real estate and they live near Pacific Palisades.

Lucille Parkening Mortenson has one daughter, Melanie, married to Jeff Kisse, a contractor. They have 2 daughters, Jenny, age 4 and Jill, age 2 and live near El Toro.

Nell Ames married John Crawford who had the livery stable in Wamego. He prospered during World War I selling mules to the army. They later moved to California where he was in real estate. Nell and John had two sons, Ames and Bob. They would have been born about 1917 or 1918. John Crawford died young as did both of his sons. Ames graduated from U.S.C. and was the recipient of the esteemed Diamond Medal as the outstanding scholar of his class. Bob also was a graduate of U.S.C. and both were attorneys. Ames' wife, Ruth, currently lives in Laguna Niguel and one son, John Crawford is an attorney in San Diego and the other son is a teacher in the Reno area. Bob's wife, Marjorie, lives in Southern California and there is one daughter.

Of the three Ames' daughters, Nell was the only redhead. They all had allergic sensitivities but Florence's asthma was apparently the worst.

There was an adopted son of the Ames family names John William but the adoption did not work out.

A quote from a Wamego old-timer, Neville Larson, in a letter written in 1976 says "John Ames was always such a stylish dressed, distinguished looking gentlemen as he walked down the street carrying a fancy cane." Mr. Larson's grandfather, Howard Johnstone, is listed in the old Ames House register in 1870.

The Ames House operated for 57 years (1871 to 1927). It was torn down in 1937 but a few of its furnishings were preserved for family members. The famous love seat, 3 marble top tables, Mr. Ames portrait and frame, 3 magazine racks which were fashioned from little Nell's walnut cradle and 2 Ames' pitchers which were part of the dining room furnishings. There is also a collection of silver spoons with various inscriptions.

Nellie Ames died in 1925 at the age of 78; John W. Ames moved to California in 1926 at the age of 90 to live with his daughter, Nell. He lived to approximately 95 years of age and was almost blind.

I have not been to Wamego since I was an infant but it has always had a bit of the romantic about it. We had a calendar many years ago with a lovely Indian maiden as the cover picture--she was called Wamego. There are a half dozen or so legends concerning the town's name from an Indian word meaning "running water" to a Mr. Wamego of Tulsa claiming it was named after his grandfather. I liked the Indian maiden and when I became a Camp Fire girl in the early 1930s I adopted Wamego for my Indian name and fashioned my beaded headband to reflect my interpretation. In the 1960s when I was a Camp Fire leader I again chose Wamego as my Indian name and daughter, Carol, a member of the group chose Wamego-Koki (the diminutive form).

THE
McGAVIC
CONNECTION

THE MCGAVIC CONNECTION

A tattered piece of brown wrapping paper has a rather complete family lineage chart in my Grandfather McGavic's handwriting. It, however, is from the maternal side of his family and hence not, McGavic. (Since writing the foregoing I have had the opportunity of reviewing many handwritten notes, letters, yellowed clippings, etc. gleaned from the mementos of my recently deceased 2nd cousin. I now have considerably more information of our early family and even discovered that the brown wrapping paper skipped one whole generation in Wales! I can also now include the McGavic-Huber-Boerstler line.)

The document begins with John Jenkins born in Carmarthershire, Wales on Sept. 26, 1718 marrying Elizabeth Phillips born on June 10, 1716 and also of Carmarthershire. One of their sons, Philip was born on Oct. 8, 1744 and emigrated to America in 1763 landing in New York and subsequently moved to Pennsylvania. His mother, now a widow, and 5 sisters accompanied him. Philip married Jane Allison (born 1747 in Philadelphia) and had 11 children. The eighth child, Jehu Jenkins, born in 1785, moved to Kentucky late in the century and there married Hannah Buzan (born in 1787), daughter of William and Phoebe LaRue Buzan, of Virginia in 1804. The name of LaRue County seemed to baffle local folks and the name was changed to Hardin County. Jehu and Hannah also had 11 children. The name "LaRue" appears many times throughout the various generations.

The sixth Jenkins' daughter was Narcissa, born Feb. 4, 1816, in Hodgeville, KY, also noted as the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln. She married John Posey Grantham from Henderson County, Kentucky. Three Grantham brothers had come from England long prior to the American Revolution and settled in different colonies, Massachusetts, Virginia and Georgia. Our family traces back to the Georgia brother. John Grantham was born in Cobb Co., Georgia on July 27, 1773. He married Elizabeth Harrison (born Buncomb Co., North Carolina on July 11, 1776) in North Carolina in 1796. They crossed the mountains to Kentucky in 1802 with three small children and settled in Henderson Co. where their family grew to 13 children. John Posey Grantham, born Oct. 25, 1812, was the 9th child of this family. The family moved to Illinois in 1827.

John Posey Grantham and Narcissa Jenkins were married in Hillsboro Co., Illinois on Aug. 28, 1834 and became the parents of ten children. This family moved to Iowa in 1837 and Mr. Grantham became a well-known citizen--was elected mayor of Mt. Pleasant; held a seat in the Iowa legislature; made a fortune-seeking trip to California in 1849. Their fifth child, Juline Elmira, was born Mar. 29, 1844 and married William J. McGavic on Aug. 16, 1865.

The McGavic line can be traced back to a family by the name of Huber. Henry Huber and two brothers came to this country from Switzerland and settled in Philadelphia in June of 1749. John Huber was born Jan. 10, 1751 and married Christina Brinkle born in 1759. One of their children, Jacob, born Feb. 13, 1777 married Phoebe Boerstler, born July 31, 1776 in Bavaria. (There is a 32 page autobiography of her father, Dr. Christian Boerstler, appended at the end of this document.) One of their daughters, another Phoebe (born June 29, 1808), married Samuel McGavic in 1830. They had six children, five sons and a

daughter. One of their sons, William J. McGavic, born on July 28, 1836 in Clermont Co., Ohio, married Juline Grantham. Other children were Charles O., Hamilton Stafford, E. J., Martha P., wife of Theodore F. Baldwin.

There are many more details of these families including children, careers, war service, but this document would become too ponderous if it isn't already!

William J. McGavic owned the McGavic Lumber Company in Keokuk, Iowa having moved there in about 1870. About 1895 the family moved to Decatur, Illinois where he once again engaged in the lumber business. Juline and William had 7 children, the first of which was my grandfather, Frederick Otto McGavic, born in 1866 in Eddyville, Iowa. I know little about the early life of Frederick Otto but do have a botany project from the University of Chicago bearing a date of 1890.

To now join the two stories together, Blanche Gertrude Ames and Frederick Otto McGavic were married on June 6, 1895 in Wamego, Kansas. Mr. McGavic continued with his work with the McGavic Lumber Company. They lived at the Ames House and their first three daughters were born there. Blanche Ames (my mother) was born April 19, 1896 (there is appended a copy of a letter of congratulations sent from Fred's mother, Juline, on the occasion of the first grandchild); Marion Ames was born Aug. 22, 1897; and Dorothy Ames was born in January, 1899. The young family moved to Decatur, Illinois where the McGavic lumber company was headquartered in 1900 and a year later to Cloquet, Minnesota. Memories include the excitement engendered by the seamstress employed each spring and fall to fashion clothing for the young family.

The family was sent west in 1903 where Fred worked for the McCloud River Lumber Company at their offices in San Francisco. They lived on Delaware Street in Berkeley and the children attended Whittier Elementary School. Two more daughters were born in Berkeley, Ruth Ames Sept. 5, 1906 and Naomi Ames, on July 11, 1908. The next family move was triggered by other than business considerations--The Great San Francisco Earthquake on April 18, 1906 caused the lumber headquarters to be moved from San Francisco to the mill in McCloud, California. My mother's recollections of the earthquake centered around the fact that the neighbor's chimney on Delaware St. fell over AND was she still going to receive her much desired roller skates for her birthday the next day!

The family's life in McCloud has been the source of many joyous recollections. The now superintendent of the mill, Fred McGavic, and his family enjoyed a certain amount of 'status' in the upper echelons of McCloud society. There were two homes built on the "hill" patterned after their well-liked Berkeley home. One was occupied by the McGavics and the other by the Heiningers family. The beautiful Mt. Shasta provided a glorious sight from the family's backyard. On a less inspiring level was the family tennis court. There was also the Queal home which had a rotunda in the center of the home and which thrilled the young McGavic ladies when they were allowed to visit.

Memories included the tatting and embroidery lessons meted out by the Swedish housemaids; the artistry of Mother Blanche at the piano and which was enjoyed by the community when she was frequently the accompanist at the visiting Chautauqua presentations.

McCloud was a company town. All your wants and needs were supplied by the company. One time in an effort to improve the sanitary conditions of "Tucci Camp"--the housing area of the laborers, many of Italian descent--bathtubs were provided to each home. Officials were disturbed when they discovered the bathtubs being used for vegetable storage or even worse, winemaking. The big white house on the hill was a company house.

On a more personal level Blanche and Marion would report a constant chafing with regard to sister, Dorothy. Dorothy was a conservative child and tended to 'hang back' whereas the other two were lively and popular young ladies. Blanche and Marion would discover that if they could convince Dorothy to join them in whatever their sprightly adventure might be it was more likely that permission would be granted.

Recreational activities might include ski trips wherein they would 'hitch' a ride from the local lumber train to the skiing areas; picnics along the McCloud river; visits to the Hearst castle (forerunner of the now famous castle at San Simeon) on the McCloud river where the McGavic girls were guests of the Hearst boys. Cultural opportunities came with visiting troupes of actors and even the renowned pianist, Paderewski.

Family visits were looked upon with great pleasure. Grandpa Ames loved to visit and there is one story wherein he was sent to the store to purchase some lemons. The family began to worry when hours went by and Grandpa had not reappeared. He ultimately came strolling up the hill clutching his bag of lemons after having taken a little train ride out to the lumber camp which consumed the better part of the day.

The children attended grade school in McCloud and then were tutored for the first year of high school. Blanche went to Yreka, California then to attend Siskiyou County Union High School and she boarded with the Steele family. She graduated in the class of 1915 and received for a graduation present from her parents a trip to Wamego to visit the grandparents. Grandma Ames busily sought out attractive young men to attend on her granddaughter. One of the stories attached to Blanche's school days has to do with her surreptitiously unbuttoning her seatmate's skirt (little blouse and skirt which was buttoned all the way around) so that when called upon to recite the poor young thing's skirt fell to the ground. Off to the principal's office for Blanche!

Blanche entered the University of California at Berkeley in the fall of 1915 and while there resided with Lucille Beaughan and her daughter in an apartment on Channing Way (Mr. Beaughan was the principal of the high school in Dunsuir). The academic world at Berkeley was not her milieu and she returned to McCloud where she taught music and worked in Mr. McGavic's office. The following semester she enrolled at the Holy Rosary Academy in Woodland, California and completed a course of study in music. Once again Dorothy was sent to the Academy as well, somewhat to the disgruntlement of Blanche. After graduation from Holy Rosary Blanche returned to McCloud and gave music lessons. She also was taught to be a capable fill-in for the ladies' afternoon bridge sessions.

Suitors for the attractive, red-haired girls cluttered the front porch in McCloud. Picture albums show one young man after another and

all with equal intensity. The albums gradually begin to show the young men in uniform as World War I became a part of everyone's life. There was Curly who was sent to France and who sent home small flannel squares depicting flags of the nations. The squares came in packages of cigarettes which Blanche eventually fashioned them into a small coverlet. There was Bill Dennison from Crab Orchard, Nebraska and later Idaho; there was the long-suffering local swain, Bill Lawrence, 11 years older than Blanche. Then there was the young man who had come out to work in the lumber mill from Kansas after serving in the Lafayette Escadrille during the war, Dewey Mason Fullington.

The McGavic family moved back to Berkeley in 1919 and Fred became a lumber broker with his daughter, Marion as his secretary. They purchased a home near the Claremont Hotel on Parkside Drive and lived there for the next 20 years. When the family made its move the children under their chaperone, Bill Lawrence, stayed at the Claremont Hotel until they could move into their new home. Mr. and Mrs. McGavic stayed at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco.

During the years in McCloud the family traveled a great deal, sometimes Mr. and Mrs., sometimes Father and one or two or his daughters on his business trips. The whole family would go to San Francisco for shopping purposes and usually stayed at the Palace Hotel.

McCloud ceased being a company town with the sale of the mill in 1963. Two subsequent owners could not keep the mill profitable and it was closed permanently on Nov. 21, 1979.

Blanche married Dewey Fullington on Mar. 9, 1922 and moved to Kansas City Missouri. Their story will be taken up in the Fullington chapter. (For those family members who would not be interested in a lot of Fullington detail I will include an insert on the Fullington progeny).

Marion married Paul Irving Geary formerly of Milaca, Minnesota. Paul was in the lumbering industry and worked for the McCloud River Lumber Company. They had one daughter, Suzanne Ames, born Apr. 18, 1930 in Berkeley, CA. The young family then lived in Burns, Oregon but suffered domestic distress and Marion and Suzanne returned to Berkeley to live with her parents at the 130 Parkside Drive address. Marion was a long-time employee of the Smith Lumber Company in Oakland and Suzanne completed her early education at Berkeley schools, John Muir elementary and Willard Jr. High.

In 1942 Marion and Paul remarried and the family moved to Klamath Falls, Oregon. Fred O. McGavic had died in April, 1939 and when Marion moved she persuaded her mother, Blanche McGavic to join them and make her home in Klamath Falls. Blanche continued a life of loving care by her daughter until her death from the results of a stroke in October, 1946. Marion and Paul eventually moved to Yakima, WA. After Paul's death Marion, Suzanne, and daughter, Kim, moved to the Bay Area to be near the rest of the McGavic sisters.

Suzanne attended Klamath Union High School and registered at the University of Oregon but opted for the working world instead and had a long and successful career in banking. Domestic strife followed Sue as she had several unsuccessful marriages; Jack Worley in 1951, Bill Dawson in 1956, Roger Montreuil in 1958, Bob Thompson and finally Jack Collier in 1969. Roger is the father of Sue's only daughter, Kim Rene

Montreuil born May 19, 1960 in Yakima, WA. Kim married Robert H. Larson on Sept. 10, 1988; lives near Portland, OR and is also in banking. Suzanne lives in Long Beach, CA and works for a plumbing contractor.

Dorothy Ames McGavic worked as a legal secretary for many years in San Francisco. After the 2 older sisters married and left home Dorothy once again became the focal point around which the younger sisters must revolve. Outings and excursions must include Dorothy and it was on one such excursion that youngest sister, Naomi, and Dorothy found themselves dockside of a U.S. Navy submarine. Naomi quickly became acquainted with a handsome petty officer, Walter C. Lange, and his friend Andrew J. Gleeson. As friendships developed Andy became extremely fond of the McGavic family and ultimately proposed marriage to the spinster-minded, Dorothy.

Dorothy and Andy followed a Navy life until his retirement after a 30 year stint of duty. He was a Chief Gunner's Mate and deep-sea diver as well. In retirement the childless couple occupied several homes in the Bay Area. With the advent of World War II Andy reentered the Navy and served aboard a British corvette in its escort duties for the hazardous Atlantic convoys. Following a second retirement the couple took up residence in countrylike settings near Shingle Springs, CA and near Sacramento, CA. Andy died quietly from a heart attack in the late 1960's and Dorothy then moved to the Bay Area. Dorothy, always the misfit, moved 7 to 10 times during her 15 years in Contra Costa County. An attempted suicide early in these years was thwarted but questions will remain unanswered as to her final demise on Labor Day, 1977.

Ruth Ames McGavic spent her childhood in McCloud as one of the Superintendent's kids. When the family returned to Berkeley she graduated from Anna Head's School for Girls and then attended the California School of Arts and Crafts for a brief period. She met Melville P. Pinnella (born Aug. 25, 1901), part of the Simi family, well known vintners. The family had lived in San Francisco until the San Francisco earthquake at which time they moved to Healdsburg. Ultimately they returned to the Bay Area and settled in Oakland. Ruth and Mel were married June 9, 1928 and lived in the Oakland area until 1942 when they moved to Contra Costa County, Orinda and Lafayette.

Ruth and Mel had one son, Gary Peter, born Mar. 10, 1934. Gary attended school in Orinda and Lafayette and following graduation from Acalanes High School spent one year at Washington State University at Pullman, WA. Gary, like his father, has spent his business life in various phases of the oil business. He married Ann Barrick on July 4, 1959 and they have two children, Karen, born Aug. 7, 1960 in Sacramento and Mark, born, Feb. 11, 1964 in Walnut Creek. Karen married Bruce Polley in 1987 and they live in Chino, CA; Karen works for AT&T; after a four year stint in the U.S. Navy Mark now works with his father in the family towing business and married Jeannette Morris on Aug. 19, 1989; they live in Pleasanton, CA.

Mel died in May,, 1973 in Santa Rosa where they had gone for retirement. Ruth returned to the Bay Area and lived in Pleasanton until her death in 1982.

Naomi Ames McGavic, the maverick of the McGavic girls, dropped out of Anna Head's School for Girls because of a complete disdain for

married at the age of 33 to a dentist, Dr. Alfred Wollitz. They maintained their home of more than 40 years in Montclair. Alfred died about 5 years ago. Katharine died on Jan. 26, 1989 in Oakland, CA and it was from her treasures that all the McGavic family information has been gleaned.

The fourth child of William and Juline, Fannie Grace, died at the age of 4 years. The 5th child, Florence Pearl married Charles Bell Rucker and they lived in Los Angeles. Ralph Grantham never married and died quite young in 1917. Carita Madeline married Ambrose C. McArty and they had a daughter, Eleanor who married Dan Marston in 1930. They had a daughter Juline Annette and another child.

In summary the Frederick Otto McGavic family was as diverse as one could find and yet had the cohesive qualities that glue families together. I would have characterized Fred McGavic as somewhat of a martinet considering the behavior patterns of his offsprings yet someone who loved and pampered his wife with all sorts of services and gifts. The generation that is left usually refers to Blanche McGavic as one on a pedestal and none of us could remember her having done any work, either inside or outside the home. Fred showered Blanche with expensive jewelry from Tiffany's or Shreve's; provided her with Swedish maids and Chinese cooks. In turn Blanche was the hostess supreme and gave of her musical talents on the piano with family and community concerts. An interesting anecdote concerns the jade jewelry which Blanche always wore. After Blanche Sr. died Blanche Jr. became the owner of the jade and also always wore the very distinctive bracelet and rings. At a Siskiyou County picnic held in Mosswood Park in Oakland in the 1940s someone came up to Blanche and said he didn't recognize her for the moment but would know the bracelet anywhere-- therefore you must be a McGavic!

Interesting is the contrasting appearances of the 5 offspring. The first two, Blanche and Marion, were very fair of skin and both with flaming red hair and bluish eyes. Dorothy had brown hair; not quite such fair skin and brown eyes. The 2nd group, Ruth and Naomi, both had olive complexions and brown eyes. Blanche and Naomi, #1 and #5 were left-handed, although Blanche was switched by knuckle-rapping, a common practice in earlier days.

Blanche was generally good-natured, musical, artistic, and tended to the plump side. Marion was domineering, sometimes caustic, very efficient and impatient with inefficiency; Dorothy was methodical, quiet, very serious and quite slender; Ruth was practical, easy-going, and good-natured; Naomi was opinionated, adventuresome, very musical. Each of the remaining generation will give different personality assessments and as the relationships aged assessments changed too.

The sisters in middle years fought a lot--would ultimately smooth over the wounds--fight some more--but the glue was always there. I seldom recall much in the way of demonstrative affection--but you always knew they were Family!

**THE
SCOTT
CONNECTION**

THE SCOTT CONNECTION

Weaving a story of the Scotts has its problems. There is more than adequate printed information in a small book published in October, 1951 entitled FAMILY HISTORY of John Bishop of Whitburn, Scotland, Robert Hamilton Bishop of Oxford, Ohio, Ebenezer Bishop of McDonough County, Illinois and John Scott of Ireland. But as far as relating tales of personal interest or of personal connection there are none. As mentioned in the context of the FULLINGTON story a separation took place in 1933 which severed the relationships and prevented further growth and development. Also mentioned was the fact that Grandfather Fullington died 20 years before I was born and Grandmother Fullington (Margaret Rebecca Scott) died when I was 1 year old. Be all that as it may we can trace the Scotts through the book and can also get a feel for the family.

A fisherman named Crawford lived in County Down, Ireland. He had a daughter, Elizabeth, born 1759 (died 1853) who married John Scott, born 1762 (died 1844). Two children were born in Ireland albeit beginning when Elizabeth was 35 years of age. Story has it that John was imprisoned as a result of religious persecution, circumstances of which unknown. Elizabeth and the 2 children came to Baltimore and the husband joined them a year later having been exiled to America. Two more children were born in this country.

William Scott, first child of John and Elizabeth was born in 1794 or 1795. He enlisted in the War of 1812 but was not called into active service. He married in 1819; had 9 children the third of which was our immediate ancestor, James S. Scott, birthdate not given, but interpolation would put it at 1822 or 1823; Beaver County, PA.

James S. Scott worked at the blacksmith trade until he was about 21 years and then became a student at the University of Western Pennsylvania at Pittsburgh graduating in 1848. He then spent 3 years at a Theological Seminary and became a Presbyterian preacher. He had 11 children, one by his first wife, Prudence, and 10 by his 2nd wife, Margaret Hamilton Bishop. Margaret Rebecca Scott was the first child from the second marriage and was born Sept. 27, 1855 in Illinois. The family moved around to serve different congregations--Beaver, Pennsylvania, St. Lawrence County, N. Y., back to Beaver thence to homestead in Kansas. In October of 1870 they located at the Four Mile Corner southwest of the present county seat, Clay Center. In 1870 there was no railroad and no Clay Center--a little town called Republican City was on the south side of the river. Here Rev. Scott helped establish a church where he preached until 1886 just 3 years before he died.

Rev. Scott was a scholar and a writer--writing much on the question of slavery--was even turned out by one congregation because of his sentiments regarding that question. With urging from his wife and others he became a strong proponent of Prohibition and drew up the petition for Clay County to become "dry"---this undoubtedly was a factor in later action by the State Legislature for adoption of the prohibition amendment in the State Constitution.

As one reads through the references to all the other branches of the family I find several references to the Presbyterian Church including several ministers; also many teachers. Our family story ties to Margaret Rebecca Scott, 2nd child of Rev. James S. Scott, and is the

grandmother whom I really did not know. Snapshots show that she visited us in Kansas City when I was a baby.

Previously we mentioned Margaret Hamilton Bishop and there are many threads of this family, the Bishops, beginning in Whitburn, Linlithgowshire, Scotland. Once again many men of the cloth--almost all of the Presbyterian persuasion. Margaret Hamilton Bishop was born in Scotland and was 2 years old when the family came to America settling in Lexington, KY. Margaret attended the Rushville Seminary and taught school for a number of years, probably in her nearby counties.

Margaret met a young minister of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, the Rev. James Scott, whose wife has recently died leaving a little baby, Elizabeth. In November, 1854, the Rev. Scott and Margaret were married and she raised Elizabeth as her own daughter.

Please see Appendix II for a detailed account of the Scott's.

**THE
FULLINGTON
CONNECTION**

THE FULLINGTON CONNECTION

On the Isle of Arran between Scotland and Ireland you will find the notation, FULLARTON, on a clan map of Scotland. A family known as Fitz Louis, or Mac Louis, otherwise known as Fullarton, had come to these shores from France. When Robert Bruce began his struggle for the Scottish crown the Fullartons sheltered him on the Isle of Arran and the grateful monarch bestowed upon them a charter dated Nov. 26, 1307 for the lands of Kilmichael or Kilbride. The island is 20 miles long and 11 miles wide. The entire island belongs to the Duke of Hamilton who occasionally resides at Brodick Castle with the exception of Kilmichael up Glen Cloy.

The progenitor of this family in this country was John Fullonton, said to have come from England to that part of Exeter now called Epping, New Hampshire. The Fullontons, the Fullertons, the Fullartons, and Fullingtons seemed to have come from a common ancestry. The name Fullonton comes from Fuller (a cloth dresser) and ton (a town).

John Fullonton had 5 children the first of which was John born in 1730. He married 3 times: first to Delia Locke by whom he had 9 children; second to Mollie Cram by whom he had 6 more children; and third to Rachel French by whom he had 3 children. The first time that the alternate spelling of Fullington appears is with Ephraim Fullington born Jan. 10, 1770, 2nd child of John and Mollie Cram. Ephraim settled in Cambridge, Vermont and was married twice. His second wife was Sarah Foster by whom he had 7 children. John True Fullington was born Apr. 28, 1808 and on Dec. 25, 1841 married Betsy Balch.

John True and Betsy had one son, George Henry Fullington, born July 12, 1846. George moved to Kansas in 1866, probably Clay Center, where he was a merchant. He and his first wife, Emma Walbridge had no children. George Henry then married Margaret Rebecca Scott on Sept. 15, 1875. Eight children resulted from their union the 8th of which was my father, Dewey Mason Fullington, born April 24, 1898. The family moved to Idana where Mr. Fullington went into the feed and grain business in partnership with Rudolph Trechsel.

Let's meet the other children: John and Viola both died as babies; James Scott was born Oct. 2, 1878; Clayton Bernard, born Dec. 11, 1880; Augusta Morse, born Feb. 2, 1885; George Lynne, born July 21, 1888; Florence Virginia, born Apr. 30, 1891 and Dewey Mason.

Dewey attended Kansas State College studying engineering and excelling in tennis. He flew for France in World War I as part of the Lafayette Escadrille which was later incorporated into the A.E.F. (American Expeditionary Forces). He was discharged at Ft. Riley, Kansas in 1919. His brother Lynne encouraged Dewey to come to California and work at the McCloud River Lumber Company and there the die was cast. Dewey met the vivacious redhaired daughter of the superintendent, Blanche Ames McGavic. Courtship resulted in a wedding at St. Clement's Episcopal Church in Berkeley, CA on Mar. 8, 1922. Blanche's mother, an accomplished pianist, played the wedding march for the small wedding.

Dewey and his bride left for a honeymoon in Kansas wherein Blanche was introduced to the Fullington relatives. They settled in Kansas City where Dewey eventually worked for the Lehigh Portland

Cement Company. A series of apartments, the birth of a child on Dec. 6, 1923, a bungalow in a newer residential area, set the scene for a happy family. Jacqueline Joan Fullington (Butterfield) is the compiler of this booklet.

She attended Frances Willard Grade School, K through 7, and then entered Paseo High School. Following a move to California there was a one semester stint at Claremont Junior High (H9) followed by 3 years at University High School in Oakland. She graduated in January, 1940 and went to business school (McKinley Continuation School) for a semester before entering the University of California, Berkeley in August, 1940. Part-time work at the American Trust Co. helped to foot the university bills.

Following graduation in January, 1944 (an accelerated graduation due to the wartime conditions on campus) Joan continued working for the bank and then took a government job as a junior physicist for the U.S. Navy in the Degaussing Section with stints at Treasure Island, the Ferry Building, Pier 33, and the Golden Gate Bridge.

In the meantime Joan had met a young Marine, Thomas P. Butterfield, in October, 1940 and upon his return from service with the First Marine Division on Oct. 1, 1944 their marriage at St. Clement's Church in Berkeley took place. More of their story in the Butterfield connection.

I do not remember Grandfather or Grandmother Fullington; pictures show me that Grandmother Fullington visited us in Kansas City early in 1924 when I was but 3 months old but that she died in May of that year. Grandfather had died in 1903 twenty years before I was born.

I do remember the aunts and uncles--Uncle Scott (James Scott) lived in a fine house in Idana. Uncle Clayton and Aunt Mary lived in a BIG (well, it seemed Big) house in Clay Center--they had a wonderful music box. Aunt Augusta and Uncle Elmer lived on a farm and with 4 sons--'twas my only exposure to the rural life. Uncle Lynne and Mary (we called her Mary Lynne to differentiate from the other Mary) lived in Kansas City and were the focus of much of our social life. I used to consider their neighborhood as my neighborhood and played with the children and knew the families over there probably better than on my own street. I do not remember Aunt Florence but remember great tales of their hero son, Morrill Cook, who was lost at sea from the USS Hornet in the Battle of Santa Cruz, World War II. He had previously been awarded the Navy Cross after the Battle of Midway.

Clayton and Mary had 2 children, George and Eleanor; Augusta had the 4 boys, and Florence had Morrill--but all these, my cousins, were much older than I was, from 5 to 16 years. As you can notice my father, Dewey, was the last child and born when his mother was 43 years of age.....so brothers and sisters married much earlier and had their families much earlier.

I remember Holiday occasions rather particularly. The gathering of the clan seemed to take place in regular fashion--New Year's in Clay Center at Clayton's home; Thanksgiving at our house in Kansas City with my mother and Mary Lynne as joint hostesses; Christmas found everyone in their own home for festivities but then gathered at Aunt Agnes' in Kansas City (Aunt Agnes was sister to Grandmother Fullington).

Throughout written information that I have I find strong and repeated references to church activities frequently in the Presbyterian church. The Fullington men were all very tall with my father, Dewey, topping them all at 6'4". I have the feeling that they were a solemn group--staunch, business-like, midwestern Republicans.

My Fullington narrative suffers greatly for substance since the relationships were severed with the separation of my Mother and Father in June, 1933. Emotional times followed and once close friendships, such as between my Mother and Mary Lynne, were no more.

Dewey and Blanche had a son born Oct. 21, 1933. Fredric Ames Fullington was raised by a single parent and as a child suffered from asthma. A move to California in August, 1936 was precipitated in part by a need to improve the health of Fredric. Blanche's parents, Fred and Blanche McGavic, then of Berkeley, CA, invited her and her 2 children to return to the family home.

Fred attended John Muir Elementary, Willard Junior High, and Berkeley High School--all in Berkeley, CA. He began a course of study at U.C. Berkeley but with the draft breathing hot upon his heels he opted for enlistment in the U.S. Air Force. He qualified for pilot training and after a series of flight instruction schools in various parts of the United States he received his wings in February, 1955 in San Angelo, TX. Assignment followed at Wheelus Air Base, Tripoli, Libya. His return to the United States and a visit to the family homestead resulted in a social crisis wherein sister Joan, best friend, Anne, engineered some social activity involving Joan's brother Fred and Anne's cousin, Suzanne. Crises were surmounted however as a strong relationship began to develop and on May 18, 1957 a lovely wedding took place in Denver, CO between Fredric Fullington and Suzanne Beresford.

The young Fullington couple lived in some 20 odd places as they pursued the life of the military. Overseas stints included Wiesbaden, Germany with the family and strictly wartime engagements over Viet Nam while stationed in Thailand. During his 20 year military career he flew Saber jets, tanker planes, worked in missile silos, and flew Constellations converted for jungle surveillance. Children include Cynthia Beth born Nov. 1, 1958; Dana Lynn born Feb. 21, 1961; Andrea Kay born Nov. 3, 1964. Cynthia is married to Daniel Krenning, a building contractor; recently received her master's degree in Nursing; has a home in Denver and a young son, Phillip Porter born Apr. 23, 1989. Dana is a clothes designer and lives in West Hollywood, CA; Andrea has completed a double major in Business and Music at U.C., Santa Barbara.

Following Fred's retirement from the Air Force he went to work for Burger King and was Director of Training and Development, Western Region. Suzanne works with an allergist and Fred and Suzy maintain a home in Pleasanton, CA.

I saw Dewey on the occasion of my graduation from the University of California at Berkeley and once again when he and his second wife, Ora, visited us in Pleasant Hill, CA in 1954. Dewey died on Jan. 23, 1979 at the age of 83.

Blanche continued her care of her two children in the Berkeley setting of the family home; spent a year in Napa, CA house managing; and then rented a large home in Berkeley which had roomers and

boarders. It was in this way that she supported her family along with modest alimony and child support. The rental home became unavailable and she was able to purchase with help a large home on Regent St. in Oakland which could house her roomers. There she remained from 1943 to 1965; both chicks having flown the coop. She supplemented her roomer rent with child care. She sold the house for which she had paid \$7750 for \$22000 (in later years we heard it had sold for over \$150,000) and moved into a roomy apartment nearby.

Blanche remained in the North Oakland area until her sister Marion, daughter Sue and her daughter Kim, decided to move to the Bay Area in 1970. The 4 of them rented a house just a few blocks from us in Pleasant Hill and they stayed there for about a year when the house was put on the market. Blanche then moved to an apartment a couple of miles away and remained there living alone until her final illness in 1986. Blanche died April 7, 1986 just two weeks short of her 90th birthday.

ADDENDA: FULLINGTON NOTES

Dewey and Blanche Fullington traveled east after their marriage on Mar. 22, 1922 at St. Clement's Church in Berkeley, CA. They visited many of the Fullington relatives in Clay Center and Idana enroute to Kansas City, MO where Dewey was a salesman for the Lehigh Portland Cement Co.

Jacqueline Joan Fullington was their first child born on Dec. 6, 1923. She was never called by the long first-name--it is said that the name had a French influence and was arranged in said manner to form a more lyrical phrase. She was called Jo-an and lived a comfortable life in 3 different apartments then followed by a rented bungalow in the developing residential areas of Kansas City.

She attended Frances Willard Elementary School, grades K through 7 and did well having been skipped in the second half of the 1st grade and again in the 1st half of the 3rd grade (she never got to learn how to write with ink!). She attended 6 months of the freshman year at Paseo High School and then in August, 1936 made a permanent move to California with her mother and baby brother. The move came as a result of the dissolution of the marital relationship between Blanche and Dewey.

Joan finished high school at University High in Oakland and then on to the University of California graduating on February 26, 1944 in the first war-time accelerated graduating class. She went to work fulltime at the American Trust Co. (later Wells Fargo) having worked part-time during the last two years of college. In June, 1944 she went to work for the U.S. Navy as a physicist in the Degaussing Section and worked at Treasure Island, Golden Gate Bridge, Pier 33, and the Ferry Building.

She married her first love, Thomas P. Butterfield, when he returned from 29 months of Pacific action, on Oct. 29, 1944 also at St. Clement's Church in Berkeley. They had two sons, Grant Thomas born on Mar. 13, 1947, and Bruce Phillip born on July 25, 1949, while living in Oakland. They then took advantage of the G.I. Bill and purchased a home in one of the newly developing areas in the Diablo Valley. Two more children were born, Scott Fredric on July 2, 1953 and Carol Joan on Mar. 10, 1956. A city was also born along with its growing services--schools, churches, roads, community centers, shopping centers, PTAs, Scouts--and what had been a very rural area is now part of a mega-population center of more than half a million people.

The Butterfields completed their education in Pleasant Hill; Grant had a four year stint in the Navy including a year in Viet Nam; also Diablo Valley College; now has his own contracting business; lives in Alameda, CA. Bruce graduated from the California Maritime Academy and is with the Military Sealift Command currently Captain of an ammunition carrier operating with the U.S. Navy; maintains his home in Honolulu, HI with wife, Monique; daughter, Maire; adopted children, Titaina, Hemoana, and Vetea; also grandson, Spencer, son of Hemoana and Audra. Scott also saw four years in the Navy and further studies at Diablo Valley College; has 2 sons, Benjamin and Tomas; lives in Sacramento with Bobbi Lemlich and both are in middle management with Baxter Healthcare Corp. Carol graduated from University of California, Davis; is married to Mark Briant; has a son Colin born Apr. 24, 1986; is an assistant property manager for a large development company; lives in

Seattle, WA.

Thirty five years later, after retirement (Thomas P. 22 years with an oil refinery and J. Joan 30 years with a pediatric office and 22 years as City Treasurer) they opted for a new Adventure and relocated to the Hawaiian Islands. Five years into their Adventure they find themselves in a small Hawaiian house overlooking Hilo Bay watching weather formations, boating activities, volcanic eruptions, breaching whales and spinning dolphins. Home and garden maintenance and volunteer activities plus the always pleasant stream of visitors enhance their life in Paradise.

**THE
BUTTERFIELD
CONNECTION**

THE BUTTERFIELD CONNECTION

The earliest mention I find of the name Butterfield is in daughter Carol's A+ report on John Butterfield (1803 to 1869), pioneer with the Overland Stage lines. Herewith are excerpts from her report:

"On November 1803 John Butterfield was born on his father's farm in Albany, New York. He lived right on the route of Parker Lines Stage coaches and took great delight in the passing of the stagecoaches. He was fascinated and learned the importance of the horses and their care. He left the farm when he was 17 and went to work for the Parker Lines. He ultimately became manager of the lines; he married Malinda Baker and they had 4 sons and 3 daughters. When railroads threatened the demise of the stagecoach business he went to work for the railroad in Utica, New York. He prospered owning land, hotels and business blocks; he became mayor of Utica; and was the organizer of the American Express Company. He signed a contract with the Post Office Department to carry mail from St. Louis to San Francisco by way of the Oklahoma Territory, El Paso and San Francisco and began a semi-weekly service on Sept. 15, 1858. The route was 2800 miles long--112 miles per day had to be covered in order to live up to the terms of the contract." The stagecoaches also carried passengers and thus it became the first transcontinental passenger service. A passenger could take the Baltimore & Ohio railroad to St. Louis, the railroad train to Tipton, Missouri and then travel the remaining 2800 miles by stagecoach. The Butterfield Overland Mail had problems from the outset because the schedule was a "killer" and it went through the South. Operations came to a halt soon after the firing on Ft. Sumter in March of 1861. The last through mail over the route arrived on April 6, 1861. The bibliography for the report included "The First Overland Mail" by Robert Pinkerton; "Stagecoach Days" by Vickie Hunter and Elizabeth Hamma; and "Stage Lines and Express Companies in California" by Waddell F. Smith.

The next Butterfield is mentioned on the legend of a monument at Berkeley Plantation in Virginia. The story goes----"During the Civil War in July, 1862, when the Army of the Potomac was in camp on this site, Brigadier General Daniel Butterfield summoned Private Oliver Willcox Norton, his brigade bugler, to his tent. He whistled some new tune and asked the bugler to sound it for him. After repeated trials and changing some notes which were scribbled on the back of an envelope, the call was finally arranged to suit General Butterfield and used the first time that night. From that time it became and remains to this day the official call for TAPS." The quotation is from an article in the June, 1969 edition of a magazine called COMMONWEALTH, which is apparently a magazine concerning the state of Virginia.

There is also a pirate story! A ship bound for the colonies was boarded by ruffians or pirates. All passengers were bound and robbed; women and children were banished to the ship's hold. The pirate captain went below and grabbed a baby with a demand to name the Baby. He wanted it called Mary. The pirates sailed away but turned around and brought gifts, including some brocade, for Mary. It was later used to make her wedding gown. This is called the "Ocean Mary" story and a piece of the brocade found its way into the treasures of Mary Grace Sitler Butterfield.

Our Butterfields, we are told, probably came from Scotland to Vermont in 1724 and ultimately trekked west to the Mississippi. Frank-

lin Butterfield would have been born around 1860 and was an attorney in Clinton County, Iowa. He had a strong interest in racehorses and owned Bluebelle, a trotter.

Franklin and Butterfield had 5 sons and 1 daughter. Tom was in liquor control; Dewey was a state legislator, George; Carolyn married a band leader; and John Campbell Butterfield was a telephone lineman. John Campbell Butterfield married Mary Grace Sitler on June 20, 1915.

Mary Grace, born April 16, 1894 was the daughter of Charles Harvey Sitler and Thursa Jeannette Croneweth Sitler, all of Sigourney, Iowa. Thursa's background is unclear as she had been adopted. She was a very creative person and used these talents as a milliner. She died of pneumonia at the age of 30. Charles and Harvey had one other child, John, who died at the age of 16 of spinal meningitis. An interesting note: the Sitlers were particular friends of the famed Buffalo Bill to the point that he brought his show to their tiny town.

Mary Grace attended nursing classes (only 3 ladies in the classes) at the University of Iowa School of Medicine. Her education sponsor was the doctor who attended the Croneweth family. Mary received her R.N. in the class of 1912 at which time she was engaged to be married to one of the doctors. His family was disapproving and Mary broke the engagement. She had also been engaged to the captain of the football team!

Mary took a job in Jennings, Louisiana as a private nurse to an elderly person. After he died she returned to Des Moines and lived with her best friend, Avis Heckman who had married a doctor. Mary met John Campbell Butterfield while working in Des Moines. There is a Campbell plaid--blue, green and yellow.

Mr. Butterfield died in Ames, Iowa in August, 1921 of peritonitis; his grave is in the cemetery in DeWitt, Iowa and is marked with a glacial boulder. Mary was left a widow with 3 small children: Virginia Melba born June 3, 1916; Charles Franklin born, Mar. 20, 1918; and Thomas Phillip born July 7, 1921. In the fall of 1921 Mary's father invited her and the young family to come to Stanwood, Iowa and make their home with him. He was a blacksmith and had a small shop in town. Mary designed clothes for friends and neighbors, kept house, and raised the 3 children. At one point, about 1927, she attempted to return to nursing but was unable to tolerate boarding out the children.

Virginia Butterfield married Ted Lee on June 3, 1938 and they moved to West Palm Beach, Florida. Their son Richard was born on July 10, 1939. Mary Grace spent her later years in Florida and died on June 5, 1975.

Charles Butterfield married _____ and was subsequently divorced. He probably lives in Panama City, Florida.

Thomas Phillip Butterfield married Jacqueline Joan Fullington in Berkeley, California on Oct. 29, 1944. They have 4 children, Grant Thomas born Mar. 13, 1947; Bruce Phillip born July 25, 1949; Scott Fredric born July 2, 1953; and Carol Joan born Mar. 10, 1956. They spent over 35 years of their married life in a growing suburban community, Pleasant Hill, California. They are now retired in Hilo, Hawai'i.

ADDENDA: BUTTERFIELD

I succumbed to a magazine advertisement and sent \$25.00 for a family history of BUTTERFIELD since my information was so sparse. The booklet arrived many months later and proved to be a treatise on how to do genealogy. It did have a few references to some early Butterfield arrivals but no mention of descendants nor from whence they cometh. There are also 13 pages of present-day Butterfields arranged by zip code. It is interesting to note that there are two Hawaiian entries, Thomas P. and Bruce P., Scott in Sacramento, CA but no mention of Grant in Alameda, CA.

I also went to the local Ward of the Mormon Church and looked at their micro-fiche entries for Iowa. I found mention of Franklin Noble Butterfield, born 8-4-1870, born in Indianola, Warren County and married to Sarah Catherine Cady. I also found Dewey Sampson Butterfield of Black Hawk County, born 3-10-1898. I found no mention of the other Franklin Butterfield family members. I then thought I would check out other surnames such as Sitler, Fullington, Ames, Scott, and found no names that I recognized. So, apparently, information is somewhat limited--at least in Hilo.

jb

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

The following attachments are long and detailed and arranged chronologically. The abbreviated autobiography of Christian Boerstler, the detailed autobiography of Christian Boerstler, and the letters transcribed as written by John W. Ames all contain what we might construe as errors--spelling, punctuation, capitalization or lack of it, paragraphing, sentence structure. I confess that I have corrected some, left others, and left many blanks (particularly with regard to the Ames' letters) being unable to decipher due to disintegration of the document or total unfamiliarity with handwriting.

The Boerstler documents were typewritten and the derivation is unknown. The papers were among the effects of Katharine Henderson Wollitz. The figure of Christian Boerstler emerges as a firm, resolute, brave man. He was armed with a religious faith and self-worth willing to undergo many hardships for the sake of his principles. The period in which he writes invites us to review a slice of European history wherein the common man suffered under a yoke of servitude to the aristocracy. He undertakes his journey for liberation at the age of 34 years with a wife and six children to a country only recently formed into a Union of States with the greatest of underlying principles, Freedom. The strong German characteristics of devotion to principle and strength of character come down to us through the McGavic strain in our family connections.

The letters to his family from John W. Ames come from a 22 year old who has set out for his adventures. We find him marking time in the state of Iowa with a restless urge for California. He occasionally exhibits homesickness but is fretful about what his family (particularly his mother) feels about his journeys---he worries about his mother's worries. At times he is very droll and uses a splendid vocabulary. He is literally speechless (i.e., wordless) at the sight of the Rockies. This is, of course, when his goal changes from California to Pike's Peak and he becomes one of the gold seekers known as the Peakers (gold discovered in Colorado in 1858). We'll never know if Grandpa Ames struck it rich--there is an 18 month gap in the letters and we next find him as a Civil War soldier with the Colorado Volunteers.

I also tried to transcribe a small diary written spasmodically between 1889 and 1892 by Blanche Gertrude Ames when she was a student at the College of the Sisters of Bethany, Topeka, Kansas. Many of the notations seem to take place at the Ames House in Wamego; others at the college. Transcription proved to be too tedious but one of the last entries captured my interest: "Fourth of July, '92. Mr. Risser and Mr. McGavic here. Had fine time. Took horses and carriage in evening and went to . . . Came back by moonlight. Where are the Peanuts? (?). Oh my. It was one of the loveliest days of the season." Also "Fourth '93. Mr. McGavic here. Went driving in eve."

So the last transcriptions include an engagement announcement and acknowledgement from both sets of parents and lastly, the first grandchild for John W. and Nellie Ames, my mother, Blanche Ames McGavic Fullington.

CONDENSED BIOGRAPHY
OF
DR. CHRISTIAN BOERSTLER

CONDENSED BIOGRAPHY OF DR. CHRISTIAN BOERSTLER

Funkstown, Washington Co., Maryland, Sept. 24, 1817

I was born in the year 1750, on the left shore of the Rhine, at Glanmuenchweiler, two hours from Kusel, seven hours from Zweibruecken and six hours from Kaiserslautern. My father, Jacob Boerstler, was school teacher at that place. In my youth, against my own desire, I was forced to take up the trade of a tailor. In 1771, I married the daughter of a peasant on the Huber farm, situated between Zweibruecken and Pirmasens, where I also kept school for sometime and at last acquired the knowledge of medicine and surgery, mostly however from books. I afterwards removed to the parish in which I was born, kept school there and also practised medicine and at last received instructions in medicines from Dr. Becking in Kuel.

In the year 1784, on the 24th of May, I started on my journey to America, with my wife and six children. Seventy others left from the same vicinity at the same time. In Rotterdam, one hundred and eighty passengers came aboard our ship, not including the children, besides two other ships with Germans, one with one hundred and thirty six and the other with three hundred sailed from here. I was appointed physician on board our ship with put to sea on the 19th of June and arrived at Baltimore on the 22nd of September, where after a few days the two others also arrived. Aboard my ship, eight children died of the whooping cough while crossing the sea and three were born.

After landing at Baltimore, there died yet one woman recently confined, one old man and a young fellow. On one of the other ships thirty-five succumbed and some seventy passengers on the other. Some of them paid their freight (passage) while the most of them, however, had to work it out, which my two elder daughters of eleven and thirteen years were also forced to do. When I arrived twelve from here on the 9th of October, where I temporarily engaged as school master, I still had one English shilling (30 kr.) while I was one guinea in debt. In the spring of 1785, I moved to this place, bought a cow and necessary furniture. Here I also kept school but practised medicine at the same time. In the following year, I bought two lots, each one half acre in size and upon them built a house into which I moved the following year.

Many of my travelling companions served in this vicinity and they all prospered and many of them became wealthy and now have handsome plantations. Prosperity, however, did not agree with some of them. They took to drinking, lost their good name and became shiftless fellows. This, I am sorry to say, is frequently the doleful case among Germans and Irish.

In the year 1791, my eldest daughter married a rich merchant here, a native of Brandenburg, Henry Schrader and in 1792, my other daughter, a wealthy hat manufacturer, Andrew Herre.

In the year 1795, I removed to Berlin, Somerset Landing, Pennsylvania, one hundred miles from here; in the year 1796 to Cumberland; in 1797 back here, after I lost everything through misfortune and adverse circumstances, thus being forced to begin again anew.

Now, I possess besides my dwelling, twelve acres of land, a powder mill which yields me an income from five to six to seven hundred dollars per annum; besides this, a wool factory, which belongs to my

third and youngest son and to my son-in-law (of the fourth daughter) which cost from four to five thousand dollars, which however is not in operation this year because the English have inundated our country with goods for less than real market value. My oldest son (fourth child) served his apprenticeship with a merchant, lived in Baltimore for a time, had accumulated ten thousand dollars by maritime commerce which he lost again through the British.

When our last war broke out, he was appointed a colonel. He raised a regiment, went to the Canadian frontier and among other incidents happening to him, he was captured in a skirmish and taken to Quebec. After the termination of the war, he obtained from a merchant several ships in commission and went to Cartagena in South America with the same from whence he returned without mishap and he then obtained two other ships with which he went to Amsterdam and Bremen. Sending back one, he continued with the other to Lisbon in Portugal from where he returned on the sixteenth of April, 1816. Then he went with another ship to New Orleans, where he founded a mercantile firm in copartnership and there he is at the present time. He speaks German, English, French and now also Spanish. My second son, who had removed to the state of Ohio with his second and third sister, went to Detroit with General Hull as captain of a company of sharpshooters and was killed in a skirmish near Brownstown. My fourth son was lieutenant in the Battle of Baltimore and is now in copartnership with a merchant, twenty-four miles from here. My third son who resides with me, served as an ensign on the march to Washington when the city was burned and is now a captain in the militia.

Since coming to this country, I have vaccinated over twelve hundred people with humanized lymph and over three hundred with bovine lymph, have cured many a lunatic, have healed a great number of broken limbs and have assisted many a woman in the pains of child birth to great advantage. Besides this, I have contributed to almanacs and newspapers for twelve years, writing under the name of "People's Friend" without anyone knowing that it was I. But now I am old and infirm.

The son of my oldest daughter, Jacob Schrader, studied medicine in Philadelphia and Baltimore and is at the present time in Paris partly on account of his health and partly to gain greater knowledge in his science. His father, who came to this country during the Revolutionary War with the Streiter (?) Corps, has accumulated a fortune of over twenty thousand dollars as a merchant and is at the present living off his income, and thus I know many a German who came over with the troops and who is now a wealthy man, or who left to his children a large inheritance.

One thing however, is lamentable, that the German language and customs are dying out among us, mostly because the younger generation learns the English language on account of the laws and neglects the German tongue. I have grandchildren who do not know my mother tongue and this occurs frequently that in many families, where the parents speak German, the children speak nothing but English, and if it were not on account of many German emigrants, the German language would be forgotten within a few years, because even our own preachers are in many cases beginning to preach and instruct in the English language.

Notes

1. Glanmuenchweiler, or more properly speaking, Muenchweiler on the Glan (a small river into which empties Kusel). A village in the Bavarian Rhenish-Palatinate of 615 inhabitants. The reference to the river is made and is necessary because there are three other Muenchweiler in the Palatinate.
2. Kusel, a town in the Bavarian Rhenish-Palatinate of 3004 inhabitants in 1885. It was destroyed twice by the French, in 1677 and 1794.
3. Zweibruecken, a city in the Palatinate, formerly the capital of the Duchy of Zweibruecken. It has 12,000 inhabitants.
4. Kaiserslautern, an important city in the Palatinate. In 1890 it had 37,004 inhabitants.
5. Huber Hof (Hof. lit., a farmyard). Houses and farms in Germany frequently were given a name. Sometimes that of the owner, but in other instances, the name of some former owner clings to them and is even transferred to a new owner.
6. The emigrants from the Palatinate in those days went down the Rhine by water and sailed from Rotterdam. The treatment accorded these by Dutch captains was frequently most shameful, hence the large death rate. These conditions prevailed for many years. (Conf. Kapp. Aus u. Uber Amerika, I.P. 223, Der Fall des Schiffes Leibniz--The case of the ship Leibniz).
7. Regarding Baltimore as the landing place of emigrants in the latter part of the 18th and the beginning of the 19th century, Koernen et supra says: "In the beginning of this century Baltimore, the harbor of Maryland, was of vital importance to German emigration, more so than New York, because the macadamized "national road" built by the government served as the first and best connection with the Ohio River, which it reached at Wheeling.
8. In relation to the Germans in Maryland, Conf. Koerner, G., Das Deutsche Element in den Vereinigten Staaten.
9. The same author, p. 393, says, referring to the section of the state of which Chr. Boerstler settled: "There are parts this State, which show at a glance that they originally were German settlements. In the cities of Frederickstown, Hagerstown, Cumberland there reside although with altered German names, the descendants of Germans."
10. Of Hagerstown, Prince Bernhard of Welmer, General in the Dutch Army, who travelled in the United States in 1826-27 says in his book: "This City is one of the finest in the State of Maryland, situated in a well cultivated region and surrounded by hills. It has about 5000 inhabitants.
11. Berlin, Somerset County, Pennsylvania
12. Cumberland, county seat of Alleghany County, on the Potomac.
13. Regarding Colonel Chas. G. Boerstler, ref. to Lossing, Pict. Field Book of War of 1812, pg. 428-29, where Colonel Boerstler's conduct at Black Rock is highly commended.

14. He was captured at Beaver Dams, June 24, 1815, Conf. Lossing 619-622. In a footnote on pg. 622 Lossing says: "Chas. Boerstler was a native of Maryland." This evidently is erroneous. He was more likely one of the six children brought over from Germany. Furthermore Conf. Fay, Coll. of the Official Accts., in detail, of all the battles, etc., New York, 1817, were p. 112, Gen. H. Dearborn's report to the Secretary of War on the surrender of General Boerstler is reprinted. It is dated "Headquarters, Fort George, June 25, 1813."

15. With regard to the skirmish at Brownstown, it should be remembered that there occurred two separate actions there a few days apart. In the first, the Americans were entirely defeated; in the second, they gained victory but did not follow up their success. Of the first day's encounter, General Hull in his: Memoirs of the Campaign on the North Western Army, p. 72 says, "Before I left the enemy's country, having received information that some beef cattle had arrived at or near the Raisin River, escorted by a company of militia from the state of Ohio, I made a detachment of two hundred men under the command of Maj. Van Horn, with orders to proceed to the Raisin River and guard these cattle safely to camp." "At Brownstown, this detachment was attacked by a body of savages and entirely defeated. According to Maj. Van Horn's report, eighteen men were killed, twelve wounded and seventy missing." According to Fay, Coll. of the Official Accts, etc. P. 10, Brownstown is situated about twenty-five miles from Detroit. Hull, Memoires, p. 73, calls it "the Indian village of Brownsntown," while Clarke, Life of Gen. William Hull refers to the place as "Maguago."--see pg. 356-57. Conf. also Lossing, Pictorial Field Book, etc. p. 276-77, notice especially foot note 3, Hull's letter to the Secretary of War which mentioned among the colonels killed, "Jacob Boerstler."

AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF
DR. CHRISTIAN BOERSTLER

To the Rev. Mr. Schmoeder in Hagerstown, who was born in Furstenau in the Grafschaft Erback

- My Sir -

You wish to know the history of my life and here it is as I have written it down in a hurry.

Funkstown, Washington Co., Maryland
1801

CHRISTIAN EHRLICH (also called) Germany or the Peoples Friend

I had written this history for a resident clergyman, who returned same to me and desired that it might be preserved for my European Friends, who also know that my real name is Boerstler.

If I think the history of my life over and compare my occupations, mistakes and blunders of my youth with my present condition, I find that it is not alone my duty to beg forgiveness but also to thank our Almighty for the great kindness and mercy he has shown me from the beginning of my life up to this hour for me and mine. Neither myself nor my parents had any idea that I should travel to such distant country far away from my fatherland and do the work I am doing at present. But Providence had made its own plans and had settled to my future notwithstanding my father as well as myself made our plans. Our Lord had his own plans made and carried them through as he wished, and I must say am very grateful to Him for this.

I was born in Europe on the left bank of the Rhine about 20 English miles from Zweibrucken, in a village named Muenchweiler, in the year 1750. My father, Jacob Ehrlich, who died in 1795 at the age of 83, lived here as school teacher for more than forty years. Although he was sickly all through his life, he managed to get along very well and in fact distinguished himself from many others through his many good deeds. He was not alone the rendezvous for the sick, needy or unfortunate, but he was also very often called upon as judge in existing quarrels among his fellow citizens of different religions.

My brother, his oldest son, received the best possible education and was taught German, Latin, Mathematics, organ playing and some surveying. He looked upon him as his only future benefactor and was indeed not mistaken in this. He did not only look after his father's business in church and school, but also he did a great deal for the education of his younger brothers and sisters. I received all of my lessons from him. He tried to give me a good education, but I acted very foolishly and impudent towards him. Sometimes he lost his temper and tried to force me by severe punishment which made me very indignant, as I did not think he had the right to do that, as a brother. Naturally he became disgusted sometimes and I regret to say that I lost many a lesson through this.

As I said before my father had been sick a great deal, and

consequently came very often together with the doctor and as he used for himself so much medicine, herbs, etc. he became quite an expert in medicine himself. By and by he collected a good many herbs and roots and also read books and did the doctoring in our house himself, especially as there was no doctor near by. Other people heard about it and came to seek his advice and help which he gladly gave free of charge as far as his health could stand it. All this made him appear a great man in the eyes of the people and soon became famous.

Everyone talked about him and he often was called out to attend the sick which he did to the best of his ability, although he encountered some cases where he did not know what to do and had to send for a regular doctor. The latter he liked to do as he expected to enlarge his own experience by it. By and by he became quite a doctor and he was especially good in the treatment of melancholy and hydrophobia and people from near and far came to seek his advice and he really cured many cases of the severest kind.

In the summer I had to go out and collect herbs and roots which father taught me. I never expected to make practical use of this knowledge, although in my latter career it came quite handy and I made many a dollar by it. My father's conclusion was that I should learn a trade and of that nature, that I could, besides practising it, also teach school, as his plans were that I would get more freedom and more privileges, as the ordinary subject to the crown had to do hard labor and pay enormous taxes. In fact he was more like a slave than anything else. The school teacher, who stood always in good grace, was excluded from all this hardship and also had the liberty to practise some kind of a trade, as his salary alone was not sufficient to keep him.

So my father concluded that I should learn the knitting of stockings. An old trembling school teacher, who was also a stocking knitter, came to my father and plans were arranged in my presence. He praised this professor very much and also made the remark that he had a daughter of my age (about 14 years) and it would be my luck to met her. The bargain was made and a few days later I was on the way to this old schoolteacher, who lived in Reinsweiler, expecting great things of my new career. I was received very cordially on my arrival, but when I came face to face with the daughter and she walked up to me and gave me a hearty welcome, I really trembled for fear.

I had to eat with her and the old man on the same table, which always took my appetite, and I decided to run away from this place. The old man was kind to me and praised my work, but I was sad and downcast and did not want to hear or see anyone for what reason I cannot relate. I hurried back to my father. And assured him that I did not find any pleasure in this trade, although I still believed that had I stuck to it if the old man had not acted so imprudent and silly. His daughter had never done me any harm, yet I could not bear the sight of her and even in my later years I hated to think of her.

Now it was all over with the stocking business and tailoring should be my future fortune, as something had to be done with me. My father persuaded me to learn the tailoring trade, which I did not like at all, as I hated to sit still all day long and preferred to be outside in the fresh air. But it was my father's wish and I had to consent to it. I was very industrious and attentive and learned in a short time a good deal. But this steady sitting from morning till evening was injurious to my health. Severe and continuous pain in my

shoulders made me hate the trade and in fact made me tired of life and three times in two years I ran away from my master and also went through several spells of severe sickness. The last time I ran away, I went to Vogelbach, about two hours away, where I knew a hunter named Reinhard, who had a good reputation. I made arrangements with him to become a hunter, and as I had no money had to promise to give him compensation by staying for a certain time till I was of service to him. I made these arrangements without the knowledge of my father and of course could not expect any support from him and had to rely upon my own ability alone. The hunter did not want to enter this contract without the consent of my father and further wanted me to get my clothes which I had left behind. So I had to go home and in my estimation was happy finally to have found my fortune. However my happiness was of short duration as I found on my return my father sick in bed and his sad looks and trembling voice went through me like a flash of lightning and made me shiver and tremble, and presently I promised myself never to do anything again with the will of my father. The clergyman was at once summoned and I had to relate to both what I had done, which I did openly, and tried everything to persuade these gentlemen to give their consent to my newly chosen plans. Both used their persuading power and pictured the hunting trade as one of the most cruel full of sins, etc. of which I had never heard before and I willfully dropped my plans and considered myself saved from hell. In my estimation all of my hopes were now gone to live a life of pleasure. As I had to return to the tailor trade I knew that I would never be contented. I now reached the sixteenth year of my life which had been full of sorrow and pains. I had to learn the trade for another year, but in order to make me feel a little better my father bought me out, expecting this would inspire me. In fact it did brace me up a good deal and when I was told that I was not a mere boy anymore but a man, I felt quite big and carried my nose several inches higher. I worked for several masters around our neighborhood and as I did not have the desired success, decided to pack my bundle and go tramping without knowing where to go. I had been away from home about a month going to Zweibrucken over to Alsace and back to the Palatinate and I had met many of my comrades all in the same fix as myself without money and without work. This made me disgusted with my trade and as I did not have any idea what in the world I could do, I decided to enter the army. I went for this purpose to Manheim and at once met several friends that were soldiers in the Churfurst lichen Libregiment, to who I told what my intentions were. However it was hard to secure their assistance because it was against the wish of my father, and he had done them many a favor they feared to lose my father's friendship. They told me they thought I was too small and in fact wanted me to drop the idea. I insisted and finally they took me to the officer where they put me under the measure and found me to be one inch too small, although I had stuffed my heels with felt and playing cards to appear a little taller. The officer noticed that I was very anxious to join the army and as I was only 17 years thought that the beer and exercise would make me grow another inch. He requested me to return in a few days and speak to the captain and allowed me to sleep in the meantime in the armory. I went around everywhere and my attention was called to several things. I happened to see the recruits drill several times and here noticed that they were not treated like men but like cattle and there was no end to maltreating, swearing, cursing, etc. I stopped to think and said to myself, "Is this the reward the brave soldier is getting for risking his life in battle and enduring many hardships of all kinds?" When the evening came and I retired I found it impossible to say my prayers as the swearing and cursing, use of vile language,

and other absurdities found no end. "Oh!" I thought to myself,, "If my father knew what company I was, it would mean sure death to him." I prayed to God and asked His mercy and begged Him for assistance, as I would have been lost if I had stayed there. I was weeping and my bedmate who noticed that there was something wrong with me, pointed out to me that it was not too late to run off, although he would not have anything to do with it, but would assist me to the best of his ability. I arose very early, sneaked out and went to the tavern to get my bundle and hence direct to my father to tell him everything. He was very kind to me and thanked the Lord in warm prayers that He had returned his son to him. He then took me to the nearest town, C., to a tailor, who promised him that he would make a man out of me. He tried my patience to the utmost and gave me work to do suited for a beginner, and after being with him for three days, I told him that I did not like that and would leave on the following Sunday. He changed his tactics, and gave me better work, and I stayed and was industrious and attentive and the master was soon full of praise of my work. After about three months of hard work from four in the morning till seven in the evening my health gave out and I often wished that death might come to me as a redeemer. I had to consult a doctor, who assured me that if I did not quit this occupation my health would be ruined forever. With this news I went back to my father hoping that he would give up the idea now that I would stick to the tailor business. A severe illness kept me in bed for a long time and nobody expected me to live. When I recovered my father had nothing more to say in regard to the tailor business and I again took to my books and organ-playing, mathematics, etc. I also copied little medical books (written) and prescriptions of herbs and roots. I studied hard although I did not have any purpose in view and simply did it for a pastime and waited for a chance to find some kind of occupation. After waiting a long time my father received a letter from a gentleman telling that the Countess von G.C. looked for a servant and he believed that I would make a good man for the place and it might possibly be my fortune. He advised me to try to get the position and enclosed a recommendation for me. Myself and brother went to the place mentioned and I was introduced to the Countess by one of her ladies-in-waiting, who by the way told me that the vacancy was already filled. The man engaged had gone home to get his clothes and she expressed her regrets that I was too late as she liked my appearance better than the other man's.

The Countess received me with the greatest kindness and entertained me for some time by telling me how nice her last servant had been in the beginning and how bad he had grown through an unworthy association. He finally left in the most shameful manner and I could plainly see, when she had finished, that at court as well as in the army the door to hell stood wide open. So I was again without any place and had to wait for another chance.

I went to stay with a clergyman, who was my godfather, where I could study and learn something. As compensation here, I fed and cleaned the horse, ran on little errands, and waited on the table when we had company. There were many nice books and I studied in them very much in the beginning. To my disadvantage he was a great hunter and kept me busy from morning till evening, so that I did not get any chance to use the books. I was here about one year when my father received a letter from the Superintendent of Schools in Zweibrucken telling him that he was in need of a young school teacher for a winter school and told him to send me to him. My father took me down himself and after I had examined I was stationed in a beautiful schoolhouse

about two hours from town. The proprietor happened to be away and we were asked to come and have something to eat.

A young seamstress was sitting at the same table as we were eating did some beautiful work without concerning herself or speaking to us a single word. Her fine work and especially her beautiful and charming features attracted finally my attention and for the first time in my life my heart was beating faster and louder than usual and I was restless. I became frightened and really wished I had never entered this house, for I was a changed and entirely different man.

After we had finished our meal my father started on his homeward trip. I accompanied him for about an hour and he did not forget to give me all kinds of advice and reminded me of my duties to men and God and how to manage my new position. He also spoke of the seamstress, admired her beauty and fine work, and was wondering if she belonged to the house. My heart began to beat faster when he touched this subject and I did not know what to answer. When we had taken leave of each other I walked back to the school hoping for the best. I prayed that night the Almighty to give me strength and wisdom that I might perform my new duties faithfully. Now as my business not alone permitted me but also forced me to read books I put all my spare time in reading and soon found out how much there was to learn in this world in order to become a good and respectable citizen, and I realized how many hours I had lost through idleness.

I put all my strength and energy to make up for lost time and read, wrote and studied wherever and whenever I could find an opportunity. Whenever I could find something in the medical line I was doubly rejoiced and especially attentive. I had made up my mind, that I would go through life as a tailor/school teacher, as it was in those days absolutely necessary to know a trade besides teaching in order to make a living and during the examination generally the first question was, "Does he understand a trade of any kind?" "Well that is good, he will be able to make a living," was the answer. I devoted all my time to schools and books, but the seamstress, Dorothea, who was the oldest daughter of the house, again attracted my attention and made me restless, by being very kind to me and bestowing many little favors upon me. I tried everything and every possible way to get away from her and avoided her as much as I could. I was only 20 years of age and my position was not such as to afford me to get married and the little money I would receive from my father some day would not amount to very much either. Her parents had spoken to me and told me about some young farmer that should marry Dorothea, as they had to have a son-in-law to support the old people, and take good care of the farm some day. I approved of this myself, although secretly I wished I could be this farmer's boy myself. The parents made the mistake to appoint me guardian over their two daughters and whenever the girls went to church I had to take care of them and see them home, fearing that some of the young men might persuade them to go with them to a cafe, etc. which really had happened before. This was a dangerous job for me, as the young men thought it was too much honor for me and were jealous. I politely refused to do this any more, but the parents insisted, which made me believe that they had changed their original plans in regard to Dorothea and me which placed me in an embarrassing position. Dorothea became more and more attentive and told me herself that she loved me dearly, which did not astonish me as I myself was deeply in love, but had not courage to tell her so. But future was black as the night and I told Dorothea that if I was in a position to marry and could fulfill

the wishes of her parents, I would sooner marry her today than tomorrow. My prospects of making her my wife were very poor which made me restless and discontented, as I felt that life without her was worth nothing to me. Many a time we sat together trying to forget our sorrows, and wept, and wept, and wept.

One day Dorothea made the proposition that she was willing to wait four years for me, hoping that my luck would have changed by that time and I could marry her. We both agreed to this and promised each other under oath to live up to our agreement.

In the meantime, Dorothea had several offers to get married, but she always found some excuse, notwithstanding the urging of her parents. She often told me her troubles and I was unable to do her any good. Besides all this I had to give up my place and leave my dearest Dorothea. This worried me very much and I thought myself helpless, for to think for a moment to live without her was simply terrible for me and we both felt very miserable about it. When the time for my departure came we both were heartbroken and promised to write each other often. Our sad looks and queer actions soon made our parents guess our sickness and this made Dorothea's position very much more disagreeable, as her parents insisted now to carry out their plans. Poor Dorothea was helpless and found no rest at day or night and she knew of no way to better her situation. Finally she wrote a letter to me, which was forwarded to me by a old poor woman. She explained her situation to me and told me that the only thing that was left to her was to choose between me and her dear home. After repeating to me again and again her troubles and worries she proposed that she was perfectly willing to give up her home for me and as some friends of hers were going to America she was willing to go with them to the new world providing I would go with her. In what position this letter put me is needless to say to anyone that has loved with sincere affection. Well I was determined to take this imprudent step with her and wrote her the same time to come the following Sunday to Zweibrucken, where we could arrange the details of our escape.

Most fortunately the old woman, who carried our letters, had become aware of our plans and had spoken to Dorothea's father as well as mine. So when the appointed time came my best clothes were locked up and I could do nothing to get them in my possession.

Nobody told me the reason, and I went in my old clothes into the town, as I did not care how I looked as long as I saw Dorothea. I came to town and looked around for her, but was greatly alarmed and astonished to see her in company with her father, the man who alone could make me happy. I was almost ready to run away, for I feared him, if not the bewitching features of my dearest Dorothea had kept me back. She looked at me timid and shy, but her father looked kind, walked up to me and grasped me by the hand and holding it looked me in the eye and smiling made me a warning gesture with his finger, while I stood like a poor sinner in front of my master. Then he asked me where I had stopped and if I had eaten my breakfast.

I told him that I stopped at the Adler and had not eaten any breakfast as yet. He then invited me to have breakfast together with him. During the breakfast he spoke of insignificant matters and after we had finished eating asked of both of us, Dorothea and myself, if we would like to go with him to church. We both answered, "No!" "Well," the old man said, "I shall go alone then and you stay here till I

return." This was just what we liked, as up to this time we had not had a chance to speak a single word, except with our eyes. What we had to tell each other after her father left us is hardly necessary to relate. At once Dorothea told me that our letter carrier had given our secret away to her father and that her father had insisted on going with her to town. He told her that he was going to see my father and if he had no objections to our marriage he would also give his consent. "For joy!" I exclaimed, "God in Heaven I shall have my Dorothea." The next thing to do was to get his consent, but this was unnecessary, for he walked into the room where we were sitting. "Well children," he commenced, smiling, "have you told your troubles to each other?" We looked at him, blushed, and did not say one word. "You godless children, what folly were you going to commit and make yourselves forever unhappy, just think, yourselves, over your great foolish plans and think what would have become of you."

Everything was talked over again and again and when we had the consent of both of our parents we were the happiest people on earth. Now, when everything was over, we realized how foolish we had been and how unfortunate we would have been if we had carried out our original plans. As compensation for the kindness of our parents they had the pleasure to see us live happy and contented together and saved where we could help our dear parents wherever we could.

Although I was not used to the work on the farm or field, I worked hard for over a year on my father-in-law's farm and really did this with the greatest of pleasure, and soon there was not a farm in the neighborhood that could compare with mine. But to my sorrow I soon found out that the peasant was not a free man, but a slave and had to work himself to death for the crown. This did not suit me and I thought and thought how I could better my position and get more liberty, which I always loved. I applied for the position of school master in our neighborhood and as there just happened to be a vacancy I got the position and so was a little more free than the rest of the people. Again I took up my medical career and also studied surgery. Furthermore I collected herbs, roots and bought other medicines and whenever I got the chance practised medicine. If I look back to those days it is the greatest pleasure to me to know that through my kindness to my fellow citizens they all felt good toward me and even some well known doctors took great liking to me, as they were impressed by my upright and earnest manners.

During all this time the state of affairs among the peasants became worse and worse as the crown made them work like slaves and it was nothing unusual in the capital to see 30 to 40 of these unfortunate peasants put in chains and handcuffs because they did not work enough for the crown. It was a pitiable state of affairs and my conscience revolted as I could not see any longer these cruelties performed on my fellow citizens. Finally I concluded to move away from the capital for I could not witness any more of these cruelties, and moved to my father's birthplace, where he had a few little possessions, and what was one hour distance from my own birthplace.

Again I accepted a position as school teacher, as I loved personal liberty above all and to be a peasant meant to be a slave. I reserved for use the right to be allowed to visit the sick within a radius of one hour and have the school while doing so. I taught school only in the winter and as there was no other doctor in our neighborhood I was kept busy. In some instances I was called to wealthy people and

not knowing the real cause of the sickness I made a detailed report and sent them with it to the nearest doctor in the city. Soon I attracted the attention of this man, who wanted to get acquainted with me and this happened very soon. I take great pleasure in writing down the man's name as he was a greatly respected and earnest and honest gentleman. His name was Bokung and a son of a clergyman. This man encouraged me in every way and gave a good advice in the medical line. He urged me to stick to this business as he thought myself qualified. The people in those days were very ignorant and also very poor and thousands of them died every year because they did not have the proper care. He pointed out to me that many could be saved and told me that it was my duty to God and men to use the ability our Lord had given me. I respected him very much for this and thought to myself that I would do all within my power to follow his advice and do my duty. I began to enjoy life more and more and whenever I had treated a case successfully or had done otherwise good to my fellowmen it made me happy and my dear wife Dorothea was happy with me. Everything seemed to be easier for me in this world and there was seldom a day that I did not experience something new and became better posted. To my honest Dr. Bokung I told everything true and earnest and was exceedingly happy if he praised my work. When he pointed out to me my mistakes and carelessness I was not less thankful to him as it was only to my advantage. This did not alone enlarge my knowledge but also increased my business and made me quite prosperous. I became acquainted with many nice people through him and met several well known clergymen, who gave many a good advice and offered me many of their nice books to read. In fact many believed in me and came to me for medical advice. I became famous all over and one day I was ordered to appear before the Duke of Zweibrucken where I should cure one of his coachman who had lost his senses and was in a pitiable state, as he was trying to take his own life in order to escape the horrors of this life. The Duke's own brother, R.B.B., as well as the known city Doctor K. had been treating this man for more than 16 weeks but without success. His Highness, the Duke, had been influenced by the coachman's friends and urged to send for me, the school teacher, many miles away, who had about 12 years ago as a tailor tramped through His Highness's city poor and without anything; yes, who had 9 years ago stood as a poor sinner in the street in front of his father-in-law trembling for fear. I had treated cases of this kind during the past two years with the best of success which distressed the Doctor K. very much. I was presented to his excellency, the minister, who gave me a chilly reception and treated me mean. He did not even offer me something to eat or a place to sleep and answered me that I should go and look for a hotel. I was highly indignant and told the Excellency that I had not come to town to spend my own money and regretted very much that I could not stay any longer and was going to return to my home first thing in the morning and he could do with his patient what he pleased. I walked toward the door but he commanded me to stay. He was astonished and looked at me. I looked at him and expected instantly to be caned which was in use in those days, but he did nothing of the kind and simply asked me to return the next morning. Next morning I received an order from him and was quartered in the hospital where I also found my patient. Fortunately I cured this man within three weeks but was forced to stay with him for two more in order to see if the cure was of duration. When the time was up I took the man to his excellency the minister, and as he found the man alright I was allowed to return to my home without compensation of any kind except the honor to treat a servant of his highness. The only benefit I had out of this case was that I had helped a fellow man and had told the minister my opinion. Not to tell a lie, I received, after a year

of running back and forth, the immense amount of two Luisdor.

To be vaccinated was fully unknown in our neighborhood till I vaccinated three of my own and twelve other children with the best success. A young Catholic priest thought this was something terrible and against the religion. He went to the mayor of the town to have me punished for this, but this man was informed of the good of vaccination. He reprehended the priest and gave me praise.

One terrible commission, which I shall never forget, was given to me by my good friend Doctor Boking. I promised him to fulfill what he asked, although it was terrible for me to think of it and against my feelings. The oldest of my two living sisters was pregnant eight months, when a severe fever spread over our part of the country. She attended to my brother, who was very sick of the fever without the knowledge of her husband and when she contracted this devilish disease herself, she tried to hide it and waited until it was too late and help in vain. I called upon Doctor Boking, who came at once and after giving me instructions of all kinds asked me to meet him at the Clergyman's house.

As soon as I could find a spare moment I ran over to the clergyman's house. He grasped me by the hand and told me that my sister could not live much longer, and as the child appeared to be strong and healthy and the thought of burying the child still alive after the mother had died, was cruel and terrible. He believed that if the child was born it could live, and it is our duty to save every man's life we possibly could. He admitted that it was not a very pleasant task but I had to promise him that I would remove the child immediately after the mother's death. To my great relief my sister lived long enough to give birth to the child. She died two hours afterward and the baby lived but seven hours after and was buried in the arms of his mother.

Another little story of my medical career I like to put down here. The wife of my clergyman, who was rather sensitive and stubborn, had a tumor on the heart and had to suffer at times very much. Boking, who was liked by her as well as her whole family, must have hurt her feelings some way, by not flattering her enough or not paying enough attention to her. The consequences were that she did not want him any longer as a doctor, and when she got those spells, did not want anyone but me around. Her husband and I tried to talk this out of her head, but she did not want to listen and said that I was better than any other doctor and she insisted on me treating her. I admitted finally and told her that I had to go to town to get a certain medicine. We did this about a week and nobody knew anything about it. So when she was recovered I got all the credit and she praised me that I was a better doctor than any of the others.

Boking and two clergymen, P. and W., who were good friends of the doctor, made me acquainted with a certain Baron von R. He was traveling around in our country and wanted me to enter his services. As I did not have anything to do just then, I accepted his offer and was to be appointed manager of one of his possessions. I met him quite frequently and was surprised to find him so nice and gentle a man, as I always imagined these people to be coarse and harsh. Well I had accepted and could not back out, although I had my thoughts, working for those kind of people for he might seem to be a nice man, and yet deceive me and be one of those hard to get along with people, especially where I was honest in everything and could not see anybody, no

matter who he was, to do any wrong. Possibly the Baron von R. expected more of me than I was able to do, and I thought to myself that the old proverb might come true: "Master-services and bird's song, sound nice but don't last long." Although the Baron tried to make it nice for me, I was too much of a liberty-loving man, and now I made up my mind to emigrate with my six small children to America. I told the Baron of my plans and told him that I regretted to leave him, as he had always been kind to me. When I took leave from him he wished me the best luck in the new world and as a souvenir presented me with a map of America and also two Luisdor. The conditions in general in Europe in those days were anything but good and many of the intelligent people were secretly thinking of changes in the administration. The morals and characters of many of those small crowned heads were bad, and the tyranny and hardships of the people grew day by day. Religion was neglected in every way, yes, in fact condemned. The conditions of the country became worse and worse when Emperor Joseph started a general reformation of present conditions and wanted to better his states, by giving them more freedom, good religion, etc. Thousands of people moved away from the German states on the Rhine from Alsace, Lorraine, etc. to this land, where they could enjoy more freedom. Many people went to Polen, which had attracted many peoples' attention in those days and many people, who prepared to leave for Polen, went with me to America instead. As to announce this publicly would have meant prevention to our plans, as nobody was allowed to emigrate to America. I was the first, and as I afterwards heard, the last, to tell our mayor that I intended to leave for America. Being a schoolteacher I had more freedom than the others and by paying 1/10th of my possessions I could move where I pleased, while the other people were only allowed to move from one state to another, but not to emigrate to America. The reason of this was that all our princes, emperors, etc. had become Catholics, and as the British ruled in America and made every arrival in the new world throw his allegiance to the Pope overboard, they hated them bitterly and permitted no one to go there, although they themselves did not live up to the Catholic religion. So people that wanted to go to America had to do this under the pretext to go to Polen and then steal themselves away to America. I left my fatherland on the 24th of May, 1784, in the company of 70 others and 50 more who had left the night before already and were mostly young men. We could not take the regular route, for fear that the soldiers might stop us, and I was chosen leader of our mob to bring them through safe. This departure from my fatherland, from our home made a deep impression on me. The place of rendezvous was in my town and no one except those who went along knew the exact day of our departure, as we had to avoid the authorities as much as possible, then many went along that were too poor to buy themselves free from the crown. Notwithstanding our precautions, the streets were weeping; taking leave and wishing good luck could be heard everywhere. Before daybreak I awoke my sleeping children and together with my wife and a few other friends put them in a covered wagon and quietly started to avoid a demonstration. For more than half a mile away I could hear the weeping, crying, etc., and my heart began to tremble. Several times I prayed to the Almighty to have mercy on these people, as many parents and children left their homes and country without knowing what awaited them in the new world and what would become of them. I was downcast all day and felt sad in my heart.

As we came to the cross-streets between Grunbach and Lanbrucken in the afternoon the Duke von Grunbach with a young gentleman rode up to us. I recognized the Duke at once, as I had seen him once before on a hunting expedition, but did not show it, as I wanted to have a little

confidential chat with him. So I did and had the following conversation:

"Where are you people going?"

"To Polen."

"So, you are going to Polen, and where do you come from?"

"We come from the Munchweiler county, which belongs to the Duchess von der Leyden."

"No, but why did your mistress let you go away?"

"Well, even if she did not want us to, what could she do? The people are so poor that they lose nothing either way and she cannot put them all in jail."

"No, that cannot be done, but tell me, is your mistress so hard with her subjects?"

"Yes, she is, probably without her will and knowing."

"Why so?"

"She has instituted a new government and a new minister, and since that time the condition has become worse and worse every day."

"Tell me why?"

"The people, or her adviser make all kinds of projects in order to make the poor people pay their high salaries."

"But how do they do that?"

"I will tell you. Just imagine the Munchweiler county is about two hours long and one and one-half hours wide. Within this area are seven villages that are occupied by about 300 families. These people have fourteen herds of cattle as well as hogs, cows, etc. Now take off the meadows, fields, and the mistress' possessions, and how much is left?"

"Not very much."

"Now think of the injustice of these ministers. They keep in this little spot 1300 sheep grazing all the time for the benefit of the administration, and of course what is left for the poor peasant does not amount to very much. Besides this, he has to give 1/10 of all his harvests to the administration, and if he cannot keep cattle how shall he pay the enormous and numerous taxes, and what is there left for him?"

"Not much. But it wonders me that the people don't do anything for their relief."

"Yes, what can they do? One petition after another has been submitted, and I myself have worked hard for the cause of our people without avail. The ministers and the servants deceive Duchess and don't tell her the truth. They build palatial buildings for themselves and the poor peasant is so poor that he has to lace his shoes with willows. The peasants cannot go to court with their mistress, as they have no means and are too stupid themselves. So they finally get discouraged and do the same as we are doing."

"Yes, but if I was a great man I would let nobody go out of my country."

"What else could you do? Would you put them in jail?"

"No, I would not do that, but I would start factories and kinds of industries in order to give my servants work."

"Yes, my dear sir, our Lord in Heaven would thank you for that. Look here, I leave with these 70 people our dear homesteads, our parents, children, our fatherland to go into the world not knowing where and what we shall find. Do you think, sir, we are doing this just for the love of adventures?"

His eyes filled with tears and he said,

"Yes, but my dear people do you believe Polen to be so good a

country?"

"It is certainly better than the country we are leaving."

"Oh, I don't know, it is a cold and rough country."

"Dear sir, the Germans can make a living anywhere, providing he has his freedom. Of course we are not already there and really don't know where we are going to do."

"Possibly it would be a good idea to go to America."

"Yes, we may go there."

"That would be a good plan, as America is a fine country."

He finally took leave of us, wishing us good luck and returned home. When he was gone I told my travelling companions, that he was the Graf von G. and I believed that I had done a great service for the last time for my country. Because I hoped that he would tell all that he had heard to the Duchess and that the people might benefit from it. Sure enough, I was not mistaken then about six weeks later she came to the Munchweiler county, went with her subjects to church, and improved their condition considerably. The same time she gave orders that nobody should be allowed to leave her country for either Polen or America by severe punishment.

We then arrived in a village named Mettert all tired out and hungry. Here I went to a respectable looking farmhouse to procure a little milk for my family. When the peasant woman saw the crowd in front of her door, she started to cry bitterly. "Are you going to America," she asked. and when we told her yes, she told us that we could have all the milk we wanted, as she had a daughter on the way going to America, and the Lord knew how she was getting along. A young man, a rascal, had eloped with her a few days before and in the company of his company was going to America with her. "You may have occasion to meet her and do her a favor," she said sadly. "Her name is Elizabeth Bernhart and the young man, that rascal, God forgive me, is named Johannes Sheere," My heart started to beat faster and I looked at my wife and said, "Did you hear, what mistakes the youth makes?"

The rest of our journey went pretty smooth without any incidents except that I was chosen quartermaster general, adviser and great God and in the end made a general of our army. This happened when I contracted with the ship captain to take us to Rotterdam and he tried to sell us somewhere as slaves. He had, besides his regular sailors a man with him on the rudder that looked to me suspicious and attracted my attention. I noticed out of their queer actions that they wanted to do some underhand work and I watched them very closely. I looked my men over and selected 45 strong men, which I knew would do their best when it should come to a fight.

Eleven o'clock that night we passed Rotterdam, and the long row of lights on both sides made me ask the captain if that was not Rotterdam. He answered, "yes" and upon my questioning why he did not land us there, said it was too late and that the harbor was closed. As I did not know any better I had to believe this, but told him to land us right in the open air till morning. He answered that that would be much hardship for the poor women and children and proposed that he take us a little farther down the river where he knew to be a hotel where we could stay and await the next day. I could not reply anything. When I walked away, I overheard that companion of his make a remark in the Holland language that we would all be his guests in a short while. Fortunately, I understood this and went right to my fellow friends and told some of them what I had heard and soon they all knew about it.

Exactly at twelve o'clock (midnight) we entered the harbor of Delft. The high buildings and walls on both sides of the river, the many ships and the great darkness made me shiver and tremble and seemed to me like being in one of the harbors of Algiers where there were thousands of pirates and no man's life was safe. I thought it was time now to prepare my men for battle. I informed them all what I had heard and seen and what I expected.

They were all filled with fear and discouragement and I had trouble to quiet them down. I asked if they would stand with me and do as I told them? "Yes, yes, yes," they all cried, and I then promised them they should be saved. I instructed them to keep quiet and assemble in the center of the boat their backs together. In the meantime we neared another big black ship, on which I noticed three or four men and also a woman. They seemed to await us and let down a rope which was fastened to our boat. On this moment I walked up to the captain and asked what all this meant and pointed to the big ship.

"That is where you have to go," he answered. I told him that we would do nothing of the kind and as I had suspected him all day long of some devilish trick and that he was a wretch, and that I would treat him as such. I called to my people and as quick as lightning they were standing around us, armed with all kinds of weapons, as sticks, knives, bats, etc. Then I gave him a punch under the nose and pointed to my little army. "Now, do you see, you wretch--take us presently to a safe landing place or we will break your bones and throw you into the water. Another word and it will be all over with you." My people stood there and looked at me in astonishment while the women and children started to cry below and I did not know how to quiet them down. In the meantime I argued with my captain and he finally took us to a stone stairway and landed the boat. We threw a few boards from the boat to the land and made the women and children go on land first. I stationed a guard on land and with a few others walked through the ship in order to get all my belongings on land. Then I told our captain how bad and cruel a man he was and left him. On my landing I found women and children lying on the hard ground with empty stomachs. My own children I did not know until I heard some of the women call, to come to them and crawl under their skirts to keep warm, as I had saved all their lives. Just like after all battles my men got excited and wild in the streets for joy. I hurried to them fearing they might cause more trouble, when fortunately the noise had awakened a German hotel-keeper who wanted to know what the matter was out in the street. He opened his house, gave us coffee and something to eat, and soon all our misery was forgotten.

We returned to Rotterdam the next day where we found our friends who had left home a day ahead of us. We were altogether, 180 passengers, without children. Among them were Elizabeth and Johannes, who had taken her from home. I was chosen doctor of our ship. About a week ago a ship with over 400 Germans had left Rotterdam for America and another ship with 150 was lying in the harbor. The first Sunday on our ship, I conducted church and the crowd that came to listen to me was so large that I could hardly find room to stand. So was it, that I was chosen preacher and had to promise to preach oftener, which I have done every morning and evening on our trip across the ocean. The people behaved themselves very nicely and were impressed by my sermon and went often. Especially a nice looking young man, clothed in black, was there standing behind me was singing very heartily and seemed to be affected very much.

After laying in the harbor of Rotterdam for about 14 days we started on our journey. We stopped at Giltfurth to take in water. Here a young Catholic priest boarded our ship, named Rignatz, a born Wurzbürger. He had been in America before as clergyman of one of the French regiments and was on his way back there. He was a nice looking, brave and intelligent man, and I enjoyed his company very much crossing the ocean. He asked for permission to use my books, which I readily granted, and on Sunday he held church for us.

I noticed that between Elizabeth and Johannes the relations were strained, as they slept below my feet. I thought to myself, "Here is a good occasion to repay her mother for the milk she gave us at her house." I asked Elizabeth the reason for her being so sad and why she was weeping so much. She could hardly answer. Finally she told me that Johannes had promised her long ago to marry her and as such was impossible at home she concluded to run away with him and he had promised to make her his wife in Holland. But he did not live up to his promises and when I reminded him of this he did not want to listen to me as he did not know yet how things would go in the new world. This took all her hopes and she had no rest day or night and could not find any consolation.

I admit that I felt like crying with her if Johannes action had made me angry. "You rascal," I thought to myself, "the old mother was perfectly right and I will teach him a lesson or two." I told the poor girl to be quiet; I would fix everything. I called Johannes alone and confronted him with his bad behavior, his black heart, and the pitiable position of the girl, and he grew pale and trembled in his whole body. I asked him if he was ready to marry the girl right now or if I should employ more drastic measures. He answered me that he would talk to Elizabeth. He called her on one side and spoke to her about it in great earnestness, while I went to tell the rest of the people on the ship what had happened. They were all of the same opinion that he should marry her at once, and before an hour had passed away they were made man and wife and when I left them in Baltimore, they were both in good humor and lived there yet when I wrote this book.

On the 14th of June we came into the high sea and the night following was the worst we experienced. The wind started to blow in the afternoon and when night broke in the storm became terrible and the waves passed over our ship as high as a house. The storm threw the ship from one side to the other and everything that was loose flew around. Plates, spoons, cups and barrels were flying around the ship everywhere. Children and women were crying and everybody expected to see the ship go under. I went among them and cried with all my strength of my voice to be quiet and listen. Everything was quiet at once. I told them that there was no danger, as the ship was a new one and the storm would soon be over. I told them to be quiet, hold on to their children, so that they would not be thrown out of their beds, as God would lead us through alright. The people followed my advice and were quiet although the storm lasted till morning. This was soon forgotten and when we had finished the first half of our journey there were several sick among us. I did all I could and had the ship cleaned as often as possible. Notwithstanding our precautions, it started to smell bad on the ship. This was caused through all kinds of dust and dirt that accumulated under the beds and rotted, yes, in fact worms formed there. I asked permission from the captain to take out the beds on a still day and have the ship washed throughout, which was granted.

I am sorry to say that the women and many imprudent men did not like this idea, as everything had to be carried on deck and lots of work to be done. I was called all kinds of names and considered foolish for instigating such a thing and I had to take many a bitter pill till we were finished. But in the evening I received my thanks, when everybody remarked how clean and nice it was and there was no more of this sickly smell. Well, this little unpleasantness was soon forgotten and everything was happy and jolly.

Our journey was very pleasant and without any special incident. It took us eight weeks and three days from land to land, and although we had some sick, did not lose any grown person by death. Eight children under two years of age died on the way over, of which one six month old baby belonged to me.

On the 22nd of September we arrived in Baltimore after living for ten or twelve days on nothing but beans, rice and some flour, as our bread and meat was gone at that time. We had thirteen sick on board who desired something else to eat than that but were like the rest of us, too poor to buy anything. Furthermore, no one was allowed to land, as the captain was afraid that they might run away and he would not get the money for bringing them over.

The poverty and misery among many of our passengers was fully known to me, but I was short on means myself and did not know what I could do. The little money I possessed was not enough to buy for my wife and children, and as I wished to do something for my sick traveling companions before I left them I waited for a chance to go on land. This chance was given me soon. I went to town, where I looked up some friends from the old country and soon several men and women had come there to hear something from the old world. The first thing I told was about the poor sick on board. They all listened to me with tears in their eyes. The ladies put their heads together and when I had finished asked me if I would go on board with them in about two hours. I answered that I was willing with all my heart. They all went away and in a short while returned with baskets filled with food and also bundles of clothing. When we neared our boat they requested me to lead them and point out the needy ones. I did as I was told and the poor sick were given all kinds of food, clothing and other comforts of life. It was most impressive to see these poor people, and I shall never in my life forget this moment. Pale faces and skinny bones seemed to liven up at once and they were so full of joy that I cannot find words to relate the impression it made upon me.

We soon left the boat and returned to land and had taken great pleasure in doing a little good for our fellowmen that I forgot all about my condition which was not much better. A few days later the other two boats from Rotterdam arrived and I was astonished to learn that 87 people on one and 40 on the other had died. Of course this was not a great surprise to me, as the ships were so filthy and smelled so bad that I could not stand the odor for five minutes. The passengers were very filthy and looked like they had been lying in the yard together with hogs. Notwithstanding the people believed themselves fortunate to have a doctor on board who was all dressed up. His clothes were all trimmed with gold and laces, but he did not care very much about the welfare of his passengers. He lived in the cabin and the passengers considered themselves lucky to see his highness once in every three or four days. Yes, in fact he was so bad, that he refused to go to the sick when he was sent for, under the pretext of being sick

himself.

The captain of our ship after seeing the condition of this ship praised me for my rigid order and out of thankfulness presented me with some little thing out of the ship's apothecary. When we finally landed, the American people paid our captain from 12 to 18 Gineen a person according to his strength and also to his debts. They also took children and paid money for them and as compensation the children had to work for them several years. I was forced to sell my two eldest daughters, which nearly broke my heart, but I was poor and it was the only thing left for me to do, although it looked to me cruel and barbarous.

I sold the eldest one for the length of four, and the second one for three years. The outcome of this was exactly the opposite from what I had expected. My daughters were fortunate enough to come together with nice families where they were taught housekeeping, cooking, etc. and besides were sent to good schools. In fact it was their luck to get away from me, as I was not in position to give them an education of any kind. I was very fortunate to sell my children to people who lived in the same neighborhood where I expected to settle down. I would have liked to stay in Baltimore, but the living and expenses were too high for me and I was forced to leave.

I left Baltimore on the 5th of October and arrived on the 9th with wife and three children in good health at the little Antietam (river) 80 miles from Baltimore and 12 miles from Hagerstown in Washington County. Before I left Baltimore I secured for myself the position as school teacher for the winter, as this was the only thing to do for me in my present position. All I had was one shilling (30 keuzer) besides I was in debt one gineen. We occupied an empty house and were sitting there hungry, tired and thirsty in a foreign country. My dear wife was very sad and downcast, as she could not find anything to comfort us and the children.

She became homesick and wished she was back in Germany. I thanked the Lord for being here and tried to cheer her up by telling her, that America was a great country. "Yes, but what good does it do us, we have nothing to call our own," she answered. "Don't lose hope dear Elizabeth, God forgets no German," was my answer. At this instant an old settler, who was a German, stepped into the room with a basket of berries and sweet bread. He put them down and encouraged us by saying that it would soon be better. We cooked the berries and using a little salt, which we had left from the ship, had out first meal.

The next meal I had sent out my shilling to buy some bread, but fortunately I got it back two or three times because the neighbors could not change it. The next day, I made four shillings for attending to some sick. In about a week, I had to preach, as someone in our neighborhood had died, and for this I received a Spanish dollar. At first I refused to accept the dollar, thinking it was too much, but the man insisted and told me that I could make good use of it. We got along very nicely that winter and our condition improved day by day. The next spring we moved to Jerusalem, now called Funkstown, where I am now writing this book. I taught school here for a year and a half and saved enough money to build my own home. Now I considered myself a free man, for which I had hoped so many years.

I vaccinated the first 70 children with the best of success and

as this made me famous, I vaccinated up to this time (1801) 1050, and only three of these died. I had been living now for more than a year in Funkstown and I was quite prosperous. I had ten children at this time, of whom two died, one on the ocean and one in Funkstown.

Both of my daughters came home when their time was up. They were both fortunate in their marriages. This caused jealousy among my neighbors and it made my stay here rather unpleasant. Especially the oldest one, who had married a man named Wittman. He was very rich and also the Mayor of the town, and as his first wife's relatives lived near us, it made it very unpleasant for me. The unpleasantness grew more day by day and finally grew so bad that I made up my mind to move from this town. I sold my property for about 200 pounds and moved 90 miles away to Berlin where many of my friends and countrymen lived. Sorry to say, the same conditions prevailed here, and in fact it was worse and seemed to me that I was chosen to have lots of trouble and hardships before I had a little joy, although I employed all care and wisdom, I could not hinder it. When I arrived with my family in Berlin on the 31st of August, 1794, everything was in an uproar on account of the new Allies law. I tried to keep out of politics and kept quiet and neutral, but it was impossible. I had to join some party and my wisdom told me to join the party of the government. I was the first man, who spoke to the ignorant people and explained to them, in what great danger they were, and warned them.

The more intelligent people listened to me and had their eyes opened, but many were blind and became my bitter enemies. An army was marching on to our country to suppress the revolt, but on their arrival everything was quiet. Many of the men did not like this, as they wished to find some reason to make the people hate the republican government. I was taken away to Bettfurth, thirty miles away, before the army judges and was asked to make a statement of all that had happened. I was sworn in and examined. When I got through the judges asked me why I had, as a stranger in the country, risked my life and opposed so big a crowd of people who thought different.

"My duties as man, is to do the right thing," was my answer, "and to act as an earnest citizen even if my life is in danger. I knew I had nothing to fear in this direction, as I knew the people and knew their character and that they would do nothing cruel I had no fear. I can assure you, judge, by my honor, that the people are quiet and peace-loving, and the only thing against them is, that they are ignorant and do not know much of their own language and still less of the English. The way it is that they are told all kinds of lies and aroused by them and rebel. That is the reason, why I tried to teach them different and to open their eyes and to prevent them from ruining themselves and many did really listen to me and changed their minds." When I had finished the judge thanked me in the name of the United States of America, for my trouble and work for their party.

He further said that they knew the character of the people well and knew that they were ignorant. He wanted me to tell them that they need not fear the government, as they did not come to maltreat them, but to restore order. The leader should have known better and we cannot help to have them punished, although I could not find that they had done any great wrong. When the army arrived in Berlin, the Governor established his headquarters in my house, although there were much nicer and larger houses. He sent for several magistrates and lectured them for not working enough for their party and told them how brave I

had acted. When the army left I was given all the sick to care for.

The following Spring I and many others about 250 miles to travel, as we were summoned as witnesses to Philadelphia in the cases against the leaders of the mob who were accused of high treason. During this little time I had discovered how much one party hated the other and in order to gain a political victory most unjust means were employed. I remained here about six weeks and heard many things that enlightened me and sometimes I did not know what to think. The same people who had been kind to me turned the other way now and the promises made me to pay for the caring of the sick and other expenses were not fulfilled by anyone, and many others besides me, who had furnished this or that, went unrewarded. I heard someone say that no one would get anything and I surmised that all this was done by the aristocratic party. When I left home I took with me \$70.00 and expected to receive for my services another \$60.00 which I had wanted to buy my medicines with in Philadelphia. But I did not get those \$63.00 and after paying traveling expenses I had but two dollars left from my \$70.00. Living expenses in Philadelphia were quite high and I had to pay about ten shillings per day. All I received from the government for my services as witness for about six weeks was \$16.00 which I received after a year's waiting. Philadelphia did not agree with me very well and furthermore I was disgusted with the way the trial was conducted. Two of the prisoners were liberated but two of them were hanged for high treason, although they knew very little about the uprising and really did not know how much the trouble had started and what would be the outcome of it. Both men were poor and had a number of small children at home. To employ a lawyer they were too poor and as they were too ignorant to plead their own cases they were sentenced whether they were guilty or not. Yes, in fact the real traitors were among the spectators and even among the men who were to pass sentence on these men. All this made me feel very sad and I believed if I had not been fortunate enough to have with me a real good friend, Mr. Lange, a clergyman from Busweiler in Alsace, I would never have returned to my home. To this man I told all my secrets and asked him to treat me accordingly, which he has done faithfully.

I requested him not to walk with me anymore down the Delaware, as I did not feel at all safe around there. On the way home I often got the idea to run away from this friend into the wide world, without knowing where to and why. Afterwards, when I thought these foolish illusions over, I had to laugh and sometimes I wept bitterly. Under such circumstances I arrived home miserable and tired. The first thing I did after my return was to seek the restoration of my health which took me a long while.

I hardly was well recovered when the most terrible accident of all I had experienced happened to me. It is very unpleasant for me to think about now, as the mere thought makes me feel miserable and dizzy. In the beginning of September I was bitten by a mad dog whose sickness I did not know anything about, till I noticed the first signs of this awful sickness. Fear, terror and almost despair overtook me on this discovery and I could hardly collect my thoughts to do something to save myself. Although I did not care very much to live I hated to die such a terrible death and tried everything in my power to save myself. In fact I had made up my mind to die and had picked out a place myself where I wanted to be locked on a chain like a dog and die. But my conscience revolted against such imaginations and I took all my courage together to get through this all right. I made an attempt with the

assistance of my son and found that a man can stand many things if he is forced to. To assure and guarantee a cure, I took an iron which was used in attending the stove, made it real hot, and burnt the wound between the thumb and forefinger, which was inflamed again, and all the flesh down to the bone. I then picked with my other hand the burned part to see if I had burned deep enough. I used kinds of internal and external medicines to relieve the pain and after three days of intense suffering and sleepless nights I felt a little better. Once more I had hopes of recuperating and this thought made me happy. I could rest and sleep quite well in a short time and I thanked our Lord for his mercy.

Soon after this I began to hate my house, my neighborhood, and in fact the whole state, in which I had experienced so many hardships and troubles. I sold my house and moved away about 30 miles to live with my second daughter in Cumberland, after my third daughter had married in Berlin. I felt pretty good by this time and as I had quite a little work to do, it seemed to me that I should enjoy life once more. But my hopes were of short duration as a fast-spreading sickness visited this country and many people were affected. In our house almost everyone was down with this sickness except the little children, and often one could not assist the other. In spite of all I was the strongest of the weak and of all the well. I often managed to crawl along to give medicine to the others. I had an everlasting thirst and nothing but water would help me. But the water here did not agree with me and as often as I drank it I was taken sick and had to go to bed. Finally I made up my mind to leave this place on this account and weak as I was I started to ride to my oldest daughter in this town and satisfied there my thirst. The first day I drank and ate nothing but a biscuit and a few apples. The second day while horseback riding, I passed a spring and as I was very thirsty took a drink of water. I had hardly ridden a mile when I was overtaken with a cold fever and I had to stop at a house on the road to warm up near the fire. I soon felt better and started again on my homeward trip, but soon was taken with fever again.

I felt pretty bad and as I did not know where I was and what I was doing had to leave it to my horse to take me home. Unfortunately the horse failed to find the right way and took a road leading to the mountains. After riding about three or four miles without passing a house I discovered that I had lost the right road. I heard the ringing of a cowbell and noticed a little path, followed it and finally landed at a hut. Here I found a man who for a little money showed me to the main road. The next noon I arrived at my daughter's house just when another attack of fever was befalling me. I stayed here three weeks and having cured my fever I was soon feeling quite well again. Now I began to get homesick and wanted to see my family again. I started on my homeward trip but after half a day's ride was taken sick again and after lying a few hours on the ground thought it best to return to my daughter where I arrived again in the evening. Next day my son-in-law sent two teams with his eldest son to Cumberland with all kinds of merchandise and making use of this opportunity had my family and all my belongings brought back here. The moving cost me \$34.00 which was about all I possessed.

I had quite a little money standing out around Cumberland but most of it I could not collect and so had to start again anew. I was astonished to find my old friends so changed and instead of treating me cool as before were kind to me and in fact told me they were glad to see me back and had missed me very much. Yes, their kindness went so far as to elect me the oldest of their community (believe this means

mayor), which was a great honor. This was quite a contrast to the way I was treated before, as I was pictured as a man who did not believe in God and the Bible. I suppose this was caused through my preaching against witches and superstition, in whom the people were strong believers in those days. I made it a point to seize every opportunity to preach against these evils and to show them how wrong they were. My patients and especially children, which I could have helped, were taken away from me and the people said, "Ehrlich does not believe in the witches and does not know anything about them and does not believe in the Tischbrucken either. My mother and grandmother have told me wonderful things about this and the witches, well, he could find something about them written in the Bible, if he would only believe it." This was the way people talked about me and I regret to say that many a child died because the people were so superstitious and would not let them be treated by a doctor.

Among hundreds others I knew a woman who was suffering from rheumatism and hysterics. The people believed that the witches were the cause of this and no advice was accepted from a doctor; the poor woman had to die very soon. These were my reasons for working against such follies, as it was demoralizing to the people as well as to religion. But no matter what the people said, I stood by it and my religion and my heart told me that I did my duty. I was a great believer in religion, but greater hatred of superstition and hypocrisy. I did not pretend to be religious simply by showing it to people, no, I lived up to my religion and my motto was "Everything that you want that the people should do to you do to them also." Now if I have failed with these principles to do justice to the religion it is not my fault, as it did not lack on the good will but on the meager education I had had. The swindlers who tried to benefit by ignorance and superstition of the people were hated by me and I watched every opportunity to punish them. To my delight, I saved many people from these swindlers as I considered it my duty even at the sacrifice of my own good. I wrote on this subject secretly many articles for the newspaper. I understood the habit and the language of my fellow citizens and time has taught me that my articles have done a great deal of good. To save me from conveying these articles in this book, I enclosed several of them in print. They are as follows: First--The superstition and swindle of Tischbrucken (moving of the tables): Second--A Witch Story: Third--All about the bad habits and the drinking: Fourth--The faithlessness of the young man and his unfortunate and betrayed girl. This was a piece of poetry, which was so good a piece of work that another printer had it published as a true story under an anonymous name: Fifth--The Conceit: Sixth--Complaint of scarcity of money: Seventh--Monthly remarks in the calendar for the farmer on the field and garden: Good housekeeping, economy and fulfilling of his duties as man to his fellow men.

These are only a few of the articles I have written. I often had the pleasure of people telling me how nice those articles in the paper or calendar were written, without their knowing that I was the writer of them. I did not brag about it as I did not write it for my own but for my fellow citizens' benefit. These were always my principles, even in my medical career. I always thought of the suffering people's welfare first and then of my own and often I was unthanked and forgotten for my kindness. The character of the people in these days was coarse, stingy, and ungrateful, and as a man of my disposition it made me feel sad to see these people live the way they did. Of course a man of my principles could not make any money and a man that had no money

did not amount to anything no matter how much good he had done and this was my fate. My services to the community, as for instance, vaccinating 1050 people with only the loss of three lives or curing out of 150 people that were insane, did not count, and I got little credit for it.

One particular case I would like to relate here. When I lived in Berlin many people moved farther to the west on account of the uproar and many teams moved westward from Winchester, Virginia. Some of these arrived in our neighborhood on the 9th of December, 1794, and had to stop over in the woods near by. While they were lying around the fire sleeping a big tree was thrown down by the storm and five of these men were more or less injured. Three of them were slightly wounded, the fourth had his hipbone broken, and the man whose leg was so smashed that the skin was torn off several places, without injuring the bone otherwise. The fifth man was struck by the full length of the tree and both of his legs were broken just below the knee. He had to lie here on the cold ground under the heavy tree from one o'clock at night till morning when the rest of the party could remove the tree. Both the injured ones were put on a wagon and it was 12 miles before they found a house where they could put him. The other had to be carried three miles farther over the Alleghenies to a mill where they arrived at night. The miller saddled his horse and rode for me, 15 miles distance, and arrived here eleven o'clock at night. I saddled my own horse at once and we came to the mill at dawn. The poor man was lying on the floor with his legs swollen black and blue. He stood all his pain heroically and he prayed me not to amputate his legs as he would rather die than be without them. I did all I could for both of these men and in a few weeks both of them were well enough to be transported. The first one never paid me a cent (yes, in fact he cheated me out of a dollar besides), and the second one paid me \$14.00 after I had waited more than a year.

Furthermore, I relieved ten patients of the troubles of a tapeworm--the last one, the one of a woman, is still in my possession and is thirty feet long.

Now as I look back over my life I find that I have done a great deal of good and that I have earned my clothes, food, and pleasant days, fully I admit that I have spent many a pleasant day in my life and especially in this country, and that I had all the comforts I could wish for. I had the necessities of my life and that was enough for me. I enjoyed especially the freedom of being an American citizen. If I felt like eating fish I went out and caught some, or if I felt like hunting, I went out hunting and seldom returned with empty hands. But besides the little joy of my life, I had lots of trouble and I hated to think of all I had gone through and I would often have considered death a redeemer. The worst I experienced was hydrophobia, from which I have suffered very much. Four years after the original sickness and the wound on my finger broke open again and I became melancholy and really wished I was dead, as I thought I would never recover. I secretly went to the churchyard and stood beside the grave of my son, where I had preserved a place for myself long ago. Here I stood thinking over the life of my son and where his soul might be now. I then laid down thinking to go to sleep never to awake again. After I had been lying here for some time and had thought over my own life I felt easier and stronger and the desire to live on overcame me. I looked around me and quietly went away, took care of my hand, and soon was fully recovered. In the year 1800 I was taken sick with jaundice but fortunately got over it.

But the greatest joy was preserved for me by the Providence and it gives me great pleasure to think of it now, as it outdoes all my sorrows and troubles. Of course I had worked with great ambition toward this point and all my wisdom and means were expended on this object. Thanks to Providence my lifelong work was crowned with success. This is the farewell to my children, for whom I left my fatherland, hoping to find freedom and success for them here in America.

My oldest daughter has been richly rewarded for her three years of hard labor and if wealth makes people happy, she ought to be the happiest woman on earth as her husband has a yearly income of four hundred pounds. My second daughter although not quite as rich has plenty of everything to be happy and she really is happy. She is liked by everyone for her pleasant disposition. The third one is not less happy, as she and her husband enjoy complete happiness. The fourth, my eldest son, is without bragging about it, worth to be looked upon as an example for the other people. He has not alone a spotless character, but he loves his parents and sisters and brothers almost without comparison. Here is one example of his love to me--I received a letter from him not long ago and also an enclosure which was an answer from my young son. The letter reads like this:

Dear Father:-

Read and enjoy yourself with me over the statement and resolution of your child, my brother. I wrote to him in your words the advice you have given me and added a brotherly advice, and the enclosed letter is his answer. Accept my and his thanks for your true and fatherly vigilance over our welfare. I sincerely hope that the near future will enable us to thank you with more than mere words.

Farewell,

Your Carl

Here follows the translation of the enclosed letter:

Dearest Brother:-

I received your letter all right and I regret that you worried so much about my welfare, as we (his sister) are perfectly happy and enjoying good health. I enjoy very much to hear from you, what good advice father has given you and hope that you will follow the same to the letter. I am convinced that father's advice to avoid bad company and low women is a good one, as I have seen many a young man to go to ruin through them. I have not always paid attention to father's advice and I also found out that it would have been disastrous for me to live on the way I did. My principles are now to love God with all my heart and serve Him to the best of my ability.

Farewell,

Your brother, Jacob

Those that were never a father, will not be able to understand what a pleasure it is for me to read this. From the earliest youth I tried to bring up my children right and have no secrets before them whatever. When they made a mistake, I did not serve them with severe

punishment, but I approved them their mistakes and also pointed out to them what the consequences would be. Whenever I made a mistake myself in their presence, I did not hesitate to acknowledge it and told them that I was but a man and criticized my own mistakes as well as I would criticize their own. Through this my children became confidential with me and never tried to deceive me. They never failed to tell me their mistakes and troubles, and I always gave them good advice and a new lesson with each wrong. My principal object in the education of my children was not how to accumulate a great fortune, but how to live a respectable life and to serve our God. I am glad to see that they have followed my advice and I am also glad to see, that they are getting along nicely and have everything that happiness requires.

These are the most important happenings of the life of Christian Ehrlich up to his fiftieth year of age, and what will happen after this is impossible for me to say at this date. He is sure that there is not much left for him to experience and that nothing of great importance will happen any more, as he will finally become sick and die, and to do this he does not dread.

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Postscript up to the end of the year, 1812

I gave up the medical profession because of old age and the hardship to make a living. I bought a powder mill which power was supplied by one horse. My third son, Daniel assisted me in this business. This powder mill was located on the river Antietam, and I made good profits out of this business. I soon was in possession of ten acres around the mill and grew fruit, clover, and wine. Notwithstanding that everything went my way the misfortune hunted me again and in May, 1805, my powder mill by fire and son, Daniel, was so badly burned that I did not expect him to live. Thank the Lord he recovered very quickly and in about four weeks he was able to go to church and thank our Lord that he was saved. I was forced to buy a negro for \$300 who attended to the mill as my son bought the saltpeter, sulphur, and coal. The following year, in the beginning of April, my second daughter in Cumberland lost two houses by fire that were worth about \$2000. They lost pretty near everything and my second son, Jacob, was arranging an expedition to Ohio with all kinds of merchandise and my daughter decided to go with him and in a few years they were getting along very nicely. The hostilities with the British spoiled everything finally. My oldest son was situated in Baltimore and had at least \$10,000 by trading all kinds of products from Europe, West India, and South American ports. He lost several boats and had other great losses and he was poor again. The second son went twice thousand miles down the Mississippi with merchandise and came to New Orleans after nearly losing his life. The Indians, instigated by the English, killed the Americans in great numbers whenever they got a chance, and this caused of course, war and many men enlisted. My son, Jacob was captain of a company of sharpshooters in the militia and went with General Hull of Detroit. On the 8th of August, 1812, Jacob was wounded and thrown off his horse in a battle with the British and the Indians. Thomas Foster, George Hunt, Jacob Cotter, and John Ockmann gave him the first attendance. As Thomas Foster was stooping down to lift Jacob up, a bullet passed through his canteen but he was not hurt otherwise. Allen Frebel took my son on his horse and rode with him 18 miles to Detroit. My son's skull was shot through with a bullet and after four days, he died and

was buried with military honors. Two days later Detroit was surrendered to the British by the rascal, General Hull, including all the soldiers.

My eldest son, who had served in the militia several years, was made a colonel in the regular army and went to Niagara and I expected daily a hiobs-post from there. But my other boys had other commissions in the army and only God knows how they will get through the war. Jacob was a brave man and left a widow and three children and a debt of a thousand dollars, which I had to pay because I had signed a note. It was hard for me to pay this debt but I did it. The profits of my powder netted me about \$5000 a year and I was perfectly satisfied. But troubles followed me home. An old miser made me trouble in regard to waterpower I used from the river, went to court, and the case, which will come off next April, will at least cost me \$500.00

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September, 1813

Some events of the life of my eldest son, Charles, which may be of use some day.

Charles' birth and peculiarities connected with it. My father who was known as a peculiar man had only two living sons. As my brother had no children at all, our friends and relations wished that we might have a son in our family so that our name would not die out. The prospect for having a son in our family was very poor as we had during the first six years of our marriage three daughters. The fourth time my wife was pregnant I noticed a great change in her which made me think that we would get a boy this time. I was so positive in my expectations that I named the godfathers, etc. long before the child was born. The day soon came that I should be a father again and to my greatest joy it was a boy. I never saw my friends and neighbors enjoy the arrival of a new citizen more than at this instance. He could hardly walk and talk when my brother wanted the boy at his house for he was such good company, and in fact all the neighbors were after him and took him away from our house.

In the sixth year of his age he was able to read the German Bible. He spent much of his time at the Clergyman's house where he was well liked, and many of the people coming to the Clergyman's house made him all kinds of presents or gave him small coins. When he played with other boys he was always chosen leader and called commander. On our way across the ocean I often did not see the boy for a whole day as everybody tried to get a hold of him for he was very entertaining. The captain of our ship called him, "My little sailor" and the sailors took him often to their quarters and told him stories of their experiences on the ocean. One day he was climbing around on the front deck when a great wave washed him overboard and soaked him through and through. He, however was not frightened and stayed there till I came and got him. Everybody was surprised at his courage. After we arrived in America, I sent him to a German and English school and gave him the best possible education. Through his industry and good behavior he made himself liked by his teachers and they soon used him for teaching in the lower grades, which of course caused jealousy among his friends. I concluded to let him study medicine, which he did. But he soon got tired of it and preferred to go into the mercantile business. He was very successful in this and soon accumulated a nice fortune, but lost

it during the rebellion and war. Business being practically at a standstill he made up his mind to join the army and was soon made a lieutenant colonel. At present he is on the Canadian frontier with a force of about 600 men under his command and how he is at this time, only God knows.

The 20th of April, 1812, he returned, and as Lieutenant-Colonel started to recruit in our neighborhood and on the fifth of August he left Carlisle for Niagara with about 500 men. He arrived in Buffalo on the Canadian frontier on the 10th of October. He defended about 30 miles and one night he crossed the frontier with 30 men and destroyed the enemy's magazines, a bridge and took four prisoners. In 1815 he assisted in taking Fort George where General Winden and Charles were captured. Finally General Dearborn sent him 500 men 70 miles away to destroy one of the enemy's depots. The enemy was informed of this expedition and surrounded his troops. He fought among British regulars and Indians for more than three hours killing about 300 of them. He lost of his force 40 men killed and surrendered the rest after he had been shot through the hip and disabled. His soldiers were allowed to keep their private property and the officers kept their arms. He was sent by water to Quebec where he met several of his friends among the other prisoners. He acted as agent of our government and distributed money among the prisoners. I received several letters from him during the time of his imprisonment. I sent him a newspaper from home giving the details of his capture which he read with great interest as he told me afterwards. After he had capitulated he noticed one of the Indians loading his gun and was positive that the load was meant for him. He called the British officer in command, drew his sword and said, "Will you lose your head or prevent that Indian from shooting me." The officer motioned to the Indian and he dropped his gun. Then he turned around and told my son that he could not understand that he was still alive as there was at least 300 shots aimed at him. My son answered that he was under God's protection and the British bullets could not kill him. On the 18th of November he and an officer of the Navy were sent to our government and arrived here on the 30th of December after travelling 870 miles through snow and cold. On the 5th of August, 1814, he joined the army again and went to Niagara but came back on the 23rd of October.

The 26th of August my youngest son, George, entered the army as lieutenant and went to Baltimore because Washington had been destroyed by fire by the British a few days before. On the 27th my son, Daniel, and my daughter's husband, Jacob, entered the army as lieutenants. My son, George, was in the fights around Baltimore and suffered six months of cold and rain. He was promoted to adjutant and later was made regimental paymaster. We old people formed a company at home and did patrol duty at night. Finally in March, 1815, we received the glad news that peace was declared.

On the first of April, my son Charles went with two ships to Cartagena in South America and returned on the 23rd of August. He told me that the country down there was full of dumb, poor and lazy people. He spent the Fourth of July in Cartagena and with about 20 more Americans celebrated the day. He invited several of the people, as the governor, the general and his staff, and the president, who was an old priest, and they all had a glorious time. On the 26th of September he sailed with a full shipload for Amsterdam, where he arrived on the 23rd of October. On the 28th of December, I received a letter from there telling about his safe arrival and I was very glad indeed to hear from

him, soon after he left this port we had fearful storms and I feared that he had perished in the waves. I did not have a regular occupation and more in these days and whenever I felt like working I went into my children's woolen factory and did a little work till they sent me out, as they did not want me to work anymore. My son Charles returned from Lisbon in April, 1816, after a week of terrible storms in the British channel where many ships were lost. In Lisbon he experienced a great earthquake where many people were killed and injured.

For about 12 years I had written for the Hagerstown Calendar and some other papers under the name "Der alte Volksfreund" (the old people's friend). This really belongs to the history of my life and I shall add as much as my European friends can stand as I wish to have this sent to my friends in Europe some day. I should make some explanation in regard to some places which will not be understood by my European friends, but I cannot do it anymore now and it has to remain as it is. One thing I wish to add, that is that the articles in the papers and calendars have done a great deal to the development of our German settlement. As soon as it was found out that I was writing these articles I had to stop, as many of my articles were against the aristocrats and of course they did not like it at all and were going to prosecute me.

The greatest mistake I made was to urge the people to grow wine. The labor was quite high and it was hard work and furthermore the people had no proper protection and the wine was stolen by the birds and men. All this added to make the wine growing a failure. In the state of Ohio some people from Switzerland are growing wine and are making a great success of it. The aristocrats were very indignant toward me because I always defended the republican party strongly in my articles in the different papers and in fact made them lose many elections because my people had confidence in me and voted as I told them. The aristocrats tried all kinds of schemes to hurt me and they finally made the miller a little above my powder mill sue me for putting my powder mill near the river. This cost me a lot of money and will likely cost me a lot more, before I get through with them. If God gives me strength enough I shall write a book and get even with the aristocrats. This book shall explain to the people their rights and warn them because so many are ignorant and vote as they are told notwithstanding it cost them their liberty. The aristocrats are the greatest rascals I have ever seen. Although our state treasury had lots of money coming right along we had never anything to show for it and the money was gone all the time. The aristocrats spent this money very freely bribing the people in order to buy their votes, etc. One year we had a severe winter and when the people asked for help from the state or county they were told that there was nothing to give. Now, some republicans distributed money, food, wood, etc. and many people had their eyes opened and will never vote for the aristocratic party again.

Before I conclude this book I would like to add two of my dreams which came true. The first one was when I slept with Clergyman Lange in Cumberland one night. I dreamed that I was bitten by a mad dog and in my dream tossed around the bed and awoke Lange. After I had told him he told me not to pay any attention to it and we went to sleep. The next day we rode to Berlin and it was on our arrival that I was bitten by a mad dog. We were both astonished that my dreams came true and if I had paid more attention to it I might have avoided it. My next dream was in regard to the suit I had with the miller involving

the powder mill. I pushed my suit right along and did all I could and finally came out ahead and won the suit. Now this sheet is full and in eleven days I will finish my 80th year. I leave to our God to lead me to the end of my life who has done great things for me.

Christian Boerstler

January 20, 1830

LETTERS
BY
JOHN W. AMES

Calamine, June 16/58

Dear Mother

I have neglected writing you about long enough I think--tonight while on my way to the office I said to myself I will write to Ma. I hope you will forgive me for being so tardy about writing you--you the best friend probably I have on earth--I don't want you to attribute my silence to a want of for you, for its not so---I have much affection for my mother. Then you may think I have a great way of showing it--you are probably aware of my situation as I wrote to Homer last Monday in regards to it. I do not enjoy myself much in this place. They are all strangers to me and a harder looking set I never saw--I was sorry to leave Dubuque. It seemed like going away from home again. Helen said she would come and see me. I hope she will--it would be a great pleasure to see a familiar countenance in this God forsaken hole. The people of this place are an ignorant, drunken, nasty set and most all Irish--I sometimes think of Robinson Crusoe on his desolate island, in some cases my situation is like his. For the sound of the church gong bell these hills and these valleys never heard--there is no church in this place so you will have to excuse me from attending. I read the bible you gave me often. I read four chapters this morning--to see if it would not drive away my dismal feelings. I have been very busy today. Mr. Morey has gone off so I have the store and station both to attend to. Mr. Morey seems to have a good deal of confidence in me. Leaves all his business in my hands--I shall have to stop writing as the are coming. The have passed and it is once more quiet. I must draw to a close as it is getting late and I'm pretty tired. I trust you are well and doing well. Tell Toot and Homer to write. Good night.

Your affc son John

Mrs. William Ames.

M.P.R.R. CO.
Jun 27
1858
CALAMINE,
Wis.

Dear Mother

I again find myself writing to you. I guess you will think I'm trying to make up for past neglect. I received a letter from Helen last night. She writes nothing in particular, says it's very hot and as much as she can do to keep cool. I never experienced such hot weather in York State as we have here. My shanty is just like an oven. Helen says you are better. I am glad to hear that. I was afraid you were going to be seriously ill. I dreamt about you last night. Thought I came home and found you dead, woke up crying. Thought I would write today and see how it was. Helen tells me if you are going to be sick that she was going home to see you. I don't know but you will play sick for the sake of getting her home. I feel much better in spirits now than I did when last I wrote. I enjoy myself very well. We had a meeting here today. It was backwards
I could not help but laugh at some of their proceedings.
and 3 prices all in the same time. Well I've been biting my pen some time trying to think of something worth writing. I just had my dinner and my inspirations don't seem to flow very well on a full stomach. I would like to be at home today. It seems like a long while since I went off that bright morning on the Express. I guess you thought the girls have gone off too as they went to Oswego with me. Well I have out to get the sheet so full. I guess I will let it go. Next time I hope I shall be able to write something more interesting. My respects to Toot and Homer. I would be pleased to receive a billydeux from you as soon as you are able to write so Goodbye for the present. I'll write you again soon.

From you aff. son John

Mrs. Wm. Ames, Mexico, N. Y.

Dubuque, Feb. 11, 1859

Dear Homer:

I think I can pass a few moments very pleasantly in writing to someone, accordingly I have selected you to be the personage addressed. It is at the close of a rather cold day about 11 o'clock. I have just been cleaning myself by the application of warm water and soap and a hair brush to rub it in with. The brush is rather stiff to be used as a flesh brush. While applying it was forcibly reminded of a story I had read about the celebrated baths of Damascus but notwithstanding the thing was rather unpleasant to take. The sensation created by its application is very agreeable and I think beneficial. Am not in the least sorry to undergo such excruciating torture. I have been at the house all night playing whist with Will and Butler. I then came to the store, built a fire and went through the operation of which I have kindly gave you a limited description. This brings the hour very near that time of night where both hands of the correct time piece point directly to the zenith. The hour that finds the quantity of sensible people comfortably and cozily stowed away in a comfortable or uncomfortable bed as the case may happen to be. The hour too that the great majority of eyes both human and inhuman grow dim, tired and sleepy but my eyes are directly the reverse to this sleepy and languishing condition and I attribute this unnatural wakefulness to the virtues of the bath. Our Jim went out in the country some two weeks ago and has not returned yet. We expect his honor will make his lordly appearance in a few days. We keep up the dignity of the establishment by having Butler wear his stovepipe hat and I do my part by occupying his bed at the store as they don't consider it safe to leave it alone all night. Bill and Butler were considerably excited this morning on account of the mysterious disappearance of a dollar draft on New York. Ransacked everything but found it not. Has given it up as gone when they thought of the sweepings in the back yard. Went out and examined and found it. They were somewhat relieved and had a great jollification. Skating is the chief source of amusement here or has been since skating was good and is very popular with young and old of both sexes. Rich and poor are down at the river every pleasant day in great numbers. Gen Jones daughter is considered most expert in the art of skating. As yet haven't taken any part in this amusement. I am attending a Commercial College which takes up all my time. Were it not for this I should go in for my share of sports. Helen I think must have the skating as she was out in the back yard the other day practising. Mrs. skates with a man on each side to hold her up. That is the way you'll manage to do it. Before I close I will say a word about the state of my health which is good, very good indeed. I never was in quite so good a condition before. Bowels move regular once a week which is very important. You know my avoirdupois is greater than it ever was before. When I first got here I weighed 149#. I now weigh 159, can you beat that figure. I told you I was all right but I was mistaken. I have one serious trouble of which I have never told you or anyone else about and now is without doubt the one and the only one in whose care I should trust my secret. But knowing you as well as I do I have sufficient confidence in you to feel assured you will not prove a subject of misplaced confidence. The difficulty, Homer, is this. I have 2 small protuberances of a hard horny substances. I have a learned doctor of this place examine them. He called them corns. They are situated on my right and left foot respectively and unless apply a razor weekly are a source of great annoyance. I have one more serious difficulty of which I am disposed to acquaint you of. This last all-

ment of which I am speaking is a small aperture in the center of my underlip which I can assure you my dear sir very troublesome. And I can sympathize with all my heart with the girl that was similarly situated and saw her opened every time she laughed for its my situation exactly. I pity all those that are this unhappily situated and trust you will bestow a due amount of your sympathy while you rejoice in your heart that you are not with this affliction. The rich notes of Mother Thomases cock just this moment reverberated from wall to wall of this spacious hen coop warning me that it is high time to retire. Am sorry to leave you so much blank paper but can't consistently write any more.

Your affectionate John

Write soon.

Worthington, Apr. 5, 1859

Dear Homer and all the rest of you:

I guess you begin to think I'm dead or else I've forgot you all. This will prove that I'm among the living, still further, that the folks on the hill are not forgotten. I have been very negligent about writing. Have no excuse to offer but for want of disposition to write. You have probably heard by this of my departure from Dubuque. I came out here about 2 weeks ago. I have a very good situation. I hire out for 1 month at \$25; if I stay longer I am to have \$35 per mo. This my prospects look some better than they did last year. I am very well pleased with my present situation making tolerable good wages and don't have much to do. Worthington, my employer, has gone to Cincinnati to buy goods. He has the best store in the place. Willard's shanty is about 111 rods from me, thus you see we are not far apart. Will has hired out to Pearsall for another year. He blows around here about a fortnight expressing it as his determination to leave but as I expected stays another year. We sell 3 times as many goods as he does. We take in a great many eggs last week. We shipped \$50 worth of CMCB. We have the advantage of Pearsalls in having everything a person can wish for; while they have nothing but soap and sugar and some other little things in the grocery line. Pigeons are very plenty here. Yesterday I took a gun, went, out, and didn't have the pleasure of shooting any but had the fun of getting lost. Found myself in a few hours. Came home pretty tired other ways was all right. I would like my gun up here. I want you to keep it for me and take good care of it. If my memory serves me right I sat up many nights cutting apples for said gun. I would like to see you up here this afternoon. You had better make us a visit between now and next winter.

I shall have to close as I can't think of anything worth writing. I want you to write me on the receipt of this. Get up a long letter. Tell Old Ros to write me and Amanda Gregory. Ask her how she likes my picture and when she wants another one. Tell Miss Toot can write. Mrs. William Ames and Miss Ames also. I graduated at Baylor Commercial College with high honors. I think I know enough to keep book for all kinds of business. Mr. Taylor of St. Louis is trying to get a situation for me as bookkeeper in a commission house. That is why I am uncertain about staying here. With the exception of a bad cold my health is good. I haven't been sick a day since I left Mexico. Hoping to hear from you very soon I close and a fine goodbye.
Best respects to Ma, Pa and Toot.

J. W. Ames
Worthington
Rockville, P. O.
Delaware County, Iowa

Homer Ames
Mexico

Monroe, Sept. 10, 1859

Dear Mother:

I have been sitting here fighting flies sometime and trying to think what to write you. It seems as though my head was never so blank of ideas as it is at the present time. I am getting entirely out of practice letters and it seems a great task but I think if I can manage to write you a few words I shall feel better and perhaps get another letter soon from some of the folks at home. I am still alive and apparently as well as ever though I have been stopping for the last 4 weeks on Skunk Bottom and camping out. This place is called very unhealthy. Several of my company have been taken sick and obliged to leave but I'm all right yet. It is now crawling along toward winter and I have got to look out for some hole to live in. Perhaps I shall teach school. I have been promised one near Vandalia when I was stopping last summer. Some of the people in that neighborhood are very desirous I should teach there. I saw the director of that district who promised me the school but could not hire me for he couldn't tell yet whether they would have a school there next winter. If I don't get in there I can try other places.

I am going to start for California again next spring and am saving all the monies I can to pay expenses and to enable me to go through in good shape. Government has trains going through to Salt Lake during the summer season. They require a good many hands and pay good wages. I am acquainted with a man who worked one trip. He thinks there is not much doubt about my getting a berth. At all events I shall try it. If you can spare Homer would like to have him come and go with me.

You ask me if you sent some articles up by Helen if there is any way I could get them. They could be brought to me by express. Anything you may see fit to send would be very acceptable but if it would be much trouble or cost to you I would not advise you to send anything. I have been trouble and cost enough to you already. Those stockings you sent me by I put on for the first time last Sunday. I don't know as I am suffering for any clothes in particular. Some few things I shall have to get this winter. I have but one pair of drawers with me but I left some few things with Merriam which I can send for if I want them. I have all the materials for sewing and do all my own mending. Have got so I can do it up in fine style--I enjoy myself very well. It makes no where I am--I feel perfectly easy in my boots in town among strangers, on the plains, or in the woods--it's all the same.

I often wish I could see you and all the rest and sigh for the privilege of ransacking that old and viewing again the haunts of my youth but it is impossible at present. I anticipate an immense amount of pleasure when I come home. I hope you are all enjoying life and doing well. I don't want you to worry about me for I think I have sense enough to take care of myself.

Tell Homer if he was here he would have a pile of fun hunting for game is plenty. This season of the year wild hens geese turkeys and ducks are very plentiful. Some few deer are seen. Some nights I have heard wolves howling around our camp but have never seen one. Tell Homer to write and Francis and accept this from

Your affectionate son,
John W. Ames

Address Monroe, Jasper Co.

Monroe, Oct. 16, 1859

Dear Mother:

Last Friday I received 3 letters from home. One came through direct; the other 2 went to Vandalia and were then some time before I could get them. This morning (Sunday) I have washed and shaved and retired to my room with the intention of writing to some of you. You seem to be generally troubled about me. I think it is unnecessary for I think I am able to take care of myself or at least I ought to be. If I don't I ought to go to pot. As long as I have my health I am not alarmed but what I can make a living. I never was more healthy than I am at present. Since last spring I have not been sick a minute.

As to what I have been doing on Skunk Bottom I am not ashamed to tell. I acted in the capacity of cook and keep account of the amount of hay put up each day. I got through on the Bottom 3 weeks ago. Since then I have been to Newton, County Seat of Jasper Co. attending Teachers Institute. Had a very interesting time there. I have the promise of a school but don't think I shall take it for the reason I think I can do better feeding cattle upon Skunk River. By boarding myself I think I can make \$25 or \$30 per month and by spring pay A. Baylis and have considerable money left.

I suppose I am indebted to Will for the pleasure of perusing a dunning letter from said Baylis but they need not fret themselves for the money is not due until the middle of January. If things work right I can pay it before or by that time.

I anticipate a good deal of pleasure in my winter's job. I shall be all alone some 3 miles from any dwelling; have a dog and gun, a good warm hut and plenty of provisions. I shall probably imagine myself another Daniel Boone. I have plenty of clothes. Tell Pa I am obliged to him for having the will to send me a pair of boots. I think the will is as good as the deed. I have a strong pair of boots with long legs come above the knee; cost \$7.50.

I would like to pull Toot's ears for telling about eating that big Pippin. I have wished a hundred times I had some of those apples. Apples are very scarce here; haven't had for 2 this year. Ma, I don't want you to think I am indifferent about matters and things pertaining to home. For I did not know the value of a home until I left it and I think a great deal more of it now than I did when I was there enjoying it privileges. And I now would prefer to not have Pa sell his farm but to stay upon it and enjoy the good of it. For it is far superior any farm west. Here all or most of the farmers have nothing but a log hut stuck up out on the prairie where the winds blow constantly; no barns; no fruit of any kind. Not half of the farmers have got so much as a backhouse. All corn is worth is 15 cents; potatoes, 15,; wheat, 50; oats, 20; eggs, 4; pork 2 cts; beef 2. But a man can do well here raising stock. It is the best business here I know of.

Well, Ma, I can't think of anything more worth writing. I think I have given you all the particulars this time. I have not said anything about my boarding place though. I am stopping with a man by the name of Estle. He has 3 girls woman grown and 8 or so smaller ones and they are full as noisy as Uncle Ben's family. No, Ma, I don't want you to worry on account of some of your children being off a little ways. Remember they are on this globe somewhere and this Earth isn't very large--as long as we can keep above the soil I think we ought to be thankful. I would like to come home next spring but I don't think I

can. In the course of a few years your son, John, will come around and then we will have a good time. I don't get discouraged and I don't want you to at home. Goodbye, write soon and accept this from your

Affectionate son,
John W. Ames

Mrs. William Ames

I have to write with a pencil as some of the young ones tipped over my ink. Now I am going to write and tell Helen to send those things to me. I would go and see her but 150 miles is most to far to travel in cold weather.

John

Skunk River, Dec. 24, 1859

Dear Mother:

Feeling a little lonesome and homesick also a great desire to see you. I thought perhaps I could derive some satisfaction and pleasure in penning you a few lines. Here I am this evening in a little shanty, 8 x 10, built by my own hands. I am living here all alone some 3 miles to my nearest neighbor. I think you know what I am employed at. I have 123 head of 2 year old steers to feed hay. It's not much work. In 3 hours can do it all and am well paid for it. I had an offer to teach school this winter but declined thinking I should prefer feeding. I have a warm house built upon the banks of Skunk River; plenty of wood, and everything convenient; game is abundant; turkies stalk within 10 feet of my door; rabbits in great numbers are continuously under my feet; wild hens are very numerous--thousands are seen in a flock; some wildcats and wolves but not many. I haven't seen but 3 wolves since I have been here. While walking through some tall grass yesterday I startled up 4 deers. They were the first ones I have seen. As soon as they discovered me they bounded across the prairie in good style. We are having some extremely cold weather up here in Iowa but as I am in the timber the cold blasts don't trouble me but little. When you come to go out upon the prairie my stars it cuts.

I suppose Bill and Helen are enjoying themselves at Monticello. I have not heard from Helen since her return--have wrote her 3 times to send those things to me you sent to her and some clothes I left there but they have not come yet. I hope you are all well at home and will remain so. I should hate to come home and find some of you lying in the village graveyard. We must all die some day but I hope none will go to that long home till we have all been together once more and have a Thanksgiving Supper. Tomorrow I am going to have some beans for my supper which I shall partake of in solitude and think of those at home. Last year I eat turkey with Helen; next year where will I be? Time will solve the question. Next April I start for California. I think I shall make it out this time for I shall be in better fix than I was last spring. I am sick of Iowa. It's a hard place; money is scarce and hard to get. The man in whose employ I am at present has scattered a few dimes through this part of the state. He bought 1600 head of oxen last fall and is feeding them this winer; also 3000 hogs.

Well, Ma, I am getty sleepy and --please write on reception of this. Tell Frank to write me the song commencing with the words, It was one cold December night most chilling blew the blast etc. Don't forget to send them in next letter. I enclose a small portion of a Skunk River muskrat hide to you for a New Year's present. I shot him the other day while walking up the river.

My best respects to all and a good night.

From your affectionate son,

John W. Ames

Mrs. Williams Ames, Mexico

Direct to Monroe, Jasper Co., as usual

Muskkrat Hill, Feb. 15, 1860

Dear Mother:

I am going to write you a few words to assure you I am still well and all right apparently. I received your last letter some time since; was very glad to hear from you but am _____ will present yourself to be uneasy about me. If you could hear me tuning up some of these cold mornings when the thermometer is 31 degrees below zero you would think am the happiest person on Earth. It's no inconvenience to me to be among strangers. I am used to it and enjoy myself quite as well as I would were I among old friends and acquaintances. I have a good many friends here especially among the women. Am indebted to them for many little articles necessary for keeping house.

I don't think I shall go to California this year. Think it more probable I shall go to Pike's Peak. Numbers are going there from this County and I guess I can get in with some of them. I may be among the fortunate and get something to help you at home with. Helen says Will thinks I had better go to the Peak. I am still feeding cattle; have 193 head under my care. I get through here by the 1st of March then I am going to Vandalia to feed them corn until I start for new diggins.

You asked if I make my own bread. I do, I think I am a pretty good cook; can make all kinds of bread and get it up in good style. I would like to send you a sample. I am not alone now; a young man is feeding cows here and boards at my house. He chops the wood and I do the cooking. We live principally upon pancakes and molasses and have plenty of sour milk and can make them first rate. We have had good weather here for feeding. Once and a while it is rather billious but as a general thing it has been fine. The most snow that has fell is about 8 inches.

Well, ma, it is getting late and I feel considerable sleepy. I repeat don't trouble yourself one bit about me. Direct to Vandalia, Jasper Co. My best respects to all. Good night write soon.

From your affectionate son,
John W. Ames

Mrs. Wm. Ames.

Pella, March 21, 1860

Dear Mother:

Again I am seated to address you. I received your last letter last night. I am sorry to find you so downspirited. Your writing had the appearance of having been written with very weak hand. Was afraid you were sick when I just looked at its contents but as you said nothing about being unwell am in hopes you are all right.

You should not bother about me. It's entirely useless. It is no great journey to Pike's Peak and there is no particular hardship or danger going there. News is very favorable from that quarter and I think I can do something there as well as other people. Your account of the financial embarrassment urges me on and stimulates me to make vigorous effort to make something besides a living. I am well and hearty and able to endure as much as any man if necessity requires it. Perhaps I may come home with Tell Homer he had better stay till I come and if matters are favorable for making money at the Peak we will both go. I want you to chin up and look for better days.

I quit feeding the first of April when I expect to start for my new enterprise. It is almost dark and supper is announced.

I have done complete justice to corn bread, meat, potatoes, and other substantial. Feel much refreshed. I must close for lights are scarce and I have got some mending to do tonight. My epistles are short as I have but little to write and a very short space of time to write it in. I hope to hear from you soon and wish the next communication won't have quite so blue a cast to it. Address all letters to Monroe, Jasper Co., Iowa. Will write you in a few days.

Your Son,

John W. Ames.

Mrs. William Ames.

Plattsmouth, Apr. 21, 1860

Dear Homer:

It is most dark and what I write must be done in a hurry. We have tonight of pitching our tents upon the banks of the Missouri opposite Plattsmouth. We have traveled now 200 miles. The most of the time were traveling prairies where you could see 30, 40, and 50 miles around and not see a house and sometimes not a tree. The prairie is not level as good many think, but rolling, and when you are on the ridges can see a great distance. We arrived at Glennwood County Seat of Mills Co. this morning 9 miles from the river. From that town to Pacific City it's the ruffest country I ever see. It's nothing but bluffs and ravines all through them. You can see old Indian trails. When I arrived at the pinnacle of the last bluff which overlooked Plattsmouth City and the broad bottom of the Missouri, the scene was grand. The bottom is 4 miles wide and almost perfectly level. Upon the other side you can see Kansas and Platt river winding around among the bluffs. As far as I can see into Kansas it is covered with timber. We are told there is no grass for 150 miles west on to Fort Kearny. Most of the Peakers lug in meat enough to last them to that place. Meat when I started from Pella could be bought for 20 cents per but it is worth 50 cents here.

Tomorrow morning we bid goodbye to Iowa. I am very anxious to go on from the Peak is of the best kind. I read an account today that was very exciting. About 60 men are camped here tonight. They are a gay set of fellows. I am in hope to find a letter from some of you at Fort Kearny. I must close for I am tired of laying upon my belly which I have to do in order to write. My best respects to all. Good night.

Your Bro.,

John W. Ames.

Fort Kearny May 8, 1860

Dear Homer:

When I wrote you last we were camped by the Missouri River. We crossed over to Plattsmouth next morning, there we finished our outfit. At 12 o'clock all being ready we bid goodbye to Iowa and started. Plattsmouth City is about the size of Mexico one mile below the mouth of Platt River. It's very lively there now on account of the emigration passing through it. Were it not for that it must be rather dull there. The day we left Plattsmouth we drove to 4 mile Creek and camped. Grass is very backward upon the upland prairies; there is none at all. In the and wet places cattle can fill themselves give them time. It was reported at Plattsmouth that there was no feed between there and Fort Kearny. Great numbers were laying over waiting for grass. Our boss wanted to lay over but we all opposed it so he concluded to push on.

From Plattsmouth to Salt Creek 35 it is settled some but very thinly. Nebraska may be a good country but it has one fault. Timber is very scarce. Passed Salt Creek Sunday at noon (Apr 29). Towards night we looked for a camping place. To make a good camping ground three things are necessary: wood, water, and grass. As for wood I did not see enough that afternoon to make a tooth pick nor see any signs of water. Just before dark we discovered a tree about 2 miles to our right. We went to it and found plenty of wood, water, and grass and called that in my memorandum the Lone Tree.

Monday we traveled till noon; found no water or grass. Turned out for dinner. Cattle could find no grass so they lay down and consoled themselves by chewing their cud. While nooning 2 teams passed us. After we had rested sufficiently hitched up and went on. Half an hour travel brought us to plenty of water where we let the cattle have a drink. We then traveled till it was time to turn out but could see no camping place. And were obliged to keep on. There were about 20 teams scouting along the road. Numbers of men were out looking for grass. We had made up our minds to travel all night before we would stop on the barren prairie. But before sundown our eyes were gladdened by the sight of Platt Valley. We were soon down upon the bottom where grass was plenty. This was the first time I had seen the Platt River. At some points of the road I could see the bushes that grow along its banks but it was so far off it would not pay to go to it. The river varies from one half to 2 miles wide and is very shallow and full of sand bars and islands. Can wade it at any place. Most of the islands are covered with red cedar. We stopped at this point 2 nights and one day. I passed the time sleeping and rambling up and down the river. Some of the boys were fishing and some hunting. Saw 2 deer but were not near enough to shoot them. Upon the islands I could see where Indians have hacked down trees and where they had camped and made their wickiups. The road most of the time follows their trails. I have counted running side and side about a foot apart.

Wednesday, May 2 we started out again feeling considerably refreshed. We left the bottom and went up onto the road. In about 6 miles the road came down into the valley. At 12 o'clock came to Skull Creek. 3 miles back passed a hut made out of logs and sod, the first house I had seen since I left Salt Creek. At Skull Creek a man was building a log house. He told me 12 years ago the Pawnees had a village there. He had the ground plowed up and was going to plant it to corn. At night we camped a few miles about Shins Ferry. Thursday I

saw Indians for the first time. They were of the Pawnee tribe; had bows and arrows; some had flintlock guns. They were not dressed; many had an old blanket wound around their ass. I saw some pretty good looking squaws; game one 25 cents for a pair of moccasins. The road follows the river; at some places it runs close to it; at other places it runs close to the bluffs. The valley varies in width from a few rods to 3 or 4 miles and as a general thing is quite level. The road is strung with Pike's Peak men, as far as you can see ahead and behind. In the afternoon we came to a stream called Clear Creek. Close by it is a ranch where whisky is for sale at 10 cents a nip. There is one advantage in traveling up Platt Valley; people can get water when he wants it and as a general thing plenty of wood, though in some places along Platt there is not a twig to be seen on either side. Friday I passed through Pawnee Station--used to be an Indian Village there; the Station consists of a sod house occupied by 2 men, 2 women and some children. They have whisky and some other articles for sale. One of the men was quite old. He told me 5000 Indians were killed there in '47. The Pawnees were wiped out by the Sioux and Shawnees. I saw the grave of the Pawnee Chief. Around his grave is piled the skulls of his ponys that were killed at the time of his death. I did not count them but they say there are 200. Here, their trails are very plain to be seen running in to this, their headquarters from up and down the river and from over the bluffs coming in from their different hunting grounds. The Pawnees were once the most powerful tribe in the west but they are now reduced to about 3000.

Sat. at noon we came to a place where the bluffs come close to the river. The road went over some and around others and finally came back to the river again. There I cut my name upon a big Cottonwood tree standing close to the water. The bluffs here keep pretty close to the river. We climbed some of the highest just for the fun of the thing. Upon the pinnacle of one of the highest stood a pole with a red flag. I carried a big (penciled out) to the top and deposited it to make visitors think a horse had made the ascension. Sunday I saw 3 antelope. A government train passed us from Ft. Lorimer going to Nebraska City. They have 26 of the largest wagons I ever saw. 6 or 8 yoke of cattle to a wagon made a long string. I was so unfortunate as to lose my pipe this day.

Monday we passed the grave of some poor fellow that had died out here where nobody lives. At the head of the grave is a board with the following words written upon:

Remember friends as you pass by
As you are now so once was I
As I am now so you must be
Prepare for death and follow me.

10 miles east of Fr. Kearny the Saint Joseph roads junction with the Platt Valley roads. At this point is a ranch where whisky, tobacco and some few things in the grocery line are for sale. I generally these bottling posts for the sake of seeing what there is to be seen. They are generally crowded with Peakers. Nearly all camp revolves and are ruff looking set by the time they get this far.

Yesterday (Tuesday) we arrived at Fort Kearny. A short time before we passed the Fort it commenced a storm and blowing. I stopped at the Fort and the teams went on to Kearney City, 2 miles farther west. The Fort was all together a different place from what I expected to see. Instead of being one log shanty as I had supposed it was there was a number of large frame buildings built around a square. I passed inside and was surprisid to see such an array of big brass guns and other fixtures of war. I was told there was 400 soldiers there and from the looks of the stables must have been as many horses and mules. Found

the P. O. but found no letters. Left orders if any came to forward them to Denver City where I want you to mail letters hereafter.

I then pulled for Kearney City where I expected to find the team. The wind blew as hard as ever and I found it no easy job to accomplish but I finally got there all . I had the pleasure of seeing their hats taking off for the bluffs never more to behold them. One man's stove got away from him and went rolling off to windward. Another person had 4 oxen blowed away. Kearney City consists of 12 or 15 sod houses. Most of them have whisky and provisions to sell at very high figures. Peakers were very stuck here waiting for the wind to subside. At 2 p.m. we rolled out. Went about 6 miles and camped where I am at the present time in the back end of the wagon doubled up in the shape of a triangle writing. I shall have to quit pretty soon for my back feels as though it was about cracked. We are now getting into the buffalo regions; the valley is strewn with their carcasses. I can't mail this till I get to O'Fowlens Bluffs, 125 miles farther west. I would like to hear how you are getting along at home and what you are about. Does Ma worry about me?

Sunday, May 13th, 11 o'clock a.m. If you could be set down here where I am at this moment you would see something different from old Mexico. I am still on Old Platt but about 100 miles farther west than when I was writing last. We camped last night close by an Indian village; not a deserted one but one that is inhabited. They are Sioux, mostly all squaws and children; a few men here but the most of them have gone down to Loup Fork to give the Pawnees a raking for stealing their Ponys. The Squaws are working women here; ready to anything you give them. They have great hands to beg; give one a piece of bread and the whole gang will be around you in less than no time. The girls and men all wear legins and blankets but the little devils all go naked. Their wickiups are made of buffalo and elk hide sewed together and stretched over poles placed in the form of a cone with the ends of the poles sticking out the top. They have a little hole at one side where they crawl in and out. I went into one of their houses last night, saw them eat. All they had was meat and coffee. I saw their Chief and shook hands with him. He is a big stout fellow; had a white hat on, blue pants that came just above his knees, had no shirt on but wore blue coat and a blanket around him. Had a medle dangling his neck with President Fillmore's name upon it. Carried a stick in his hand off with . Upon its side was his name and standing which was Dog Belly Chief of the Sioux Tribe. None of them can talk English. All the way you can make them understand is by motion.

As it is about dinner time I must close. Expect to be at O'Fowlens Bluff tomorrow or next day. Send some letter to Denver as soon as possible and write all the particulars. I will write again when I get an opportunity.

Goodbye,

John W. Ames

Homer W. Ames
Mexico, N. Y.

Tuesday, May 10th, 4 o'clock p.m.

Just arrived at O'Fowlens Bluff. I with one of the company left the wagon this morning and went out on the bluff to hunt. We came up to the other wagons at this place. My 12 antelope a flock of and one wolf a big one. We are now on South Platte. Have 290 miles farther to travel. We felt it to take us about 2 weeks. O'Fowlens Bluff consists of one ranch. Keep a post office and have quite an assortment of goods. Weather is pleasant. Do us good. Write to Denver City .

In haste

J.W. Ames

John Wm. Ames
Pikes Peak

South Platt, Kansas, May 24, 60

Dear Homer:

As we are going to lay by today I thought I could not find a better time to write you a few words. We are camped by a grove near the river, the best camping ground we have found since passing O'Fallens Bluff. For 150 miles west of above named place there is not a stick of timber. We had no trouble about raising fire enough to do our cooking. Those that don't carry wood with them burn buffalo chips (which when dry burn as well as wood). Some brush can be found in some places but take it through from O'Fallens to where we are now within 30 miles of the mountains. It's the most barren country I was ever through or expect ever to see. Nearly all sand and where it is not, perfectly bare. Is covered with prickly pears or sage brush; but along the river we find better grass than we did in the vicinity of Kearny.

I have seen piles of Indians since I wrote last; seem to get more plenty as we go west. I hear there are 4000 in the vicinity of Denver. Last Thursday I had a stroll through Fremont's Orchard. It's the first timber of any account I see after passing O'Fallens. Consists of a small grove of cottonwood, 3 or 4 acres. I enclose a leaf I picked from one of the trees, that you may say you have seen a leaf that grew on a tree in Fremont's Orchard.

Yesterday we passed 2 old forts; one is called Saint Verano(?); The other I did not learn its name. They are in ruins now; look as though they had not been occupied for a number of years. Well, away in the dim distance I could see the Rocky Mountains. They were about 100 miles off and appeared to me like clouds. Now I can see them very plain. I'm a poor hand at description and can't give you much of an idea how they look. It's a big pile of dirt, that is sure, to stand and look at them it makes a fellow feel, I can't tell exactly how. I wish Ma and Pa could view their lofty peaks. I expect to be climbing them in a day or two then perhaps I can say something more intensifying. From here there appears to be 2 ranges; the first range is mostly covered with timber. Can't tell what kind from here but those that have been through say it is all pine, cedar and fir. The 2nd range is much higher and covered with snow. Can see dark spots among them which I suppose to be rocks or high points which the snow couldn't cover. The boys are talking about going on this afternoon and as I have got a little washing to do must close and attend it. I am in hopes to find some letters at Denver. Write on receipt of this.

Yours,
John W. Ames

Will mail this at Denver and if I have an opportunity will add more.
JWA

Denver City, May 29

Here I am at last in the land of milk and honey. All sound apparently and not a bit discouraged. Have just been perusing a letter you mailed for Fort Kearney. Found one enclosed from Hen. I think I can get the one you want at Fort Laramie. I arrived at Denver about noon today. You would not think there is 3000 houses here already completed and I don't know how many are going up. They are mostly wood--a few brick and some really fine buildings. Flour is worth \$36 a barrel; potatoes \$10 bus and everything else proportion.

The mountains are 15 miles from here. We start for them tomorrow. I think it doubtful about being able to write again very soon. Tell Ma not to worry if she don't here from me in 2 months. All the letter a fellow receives here cost 2 bits a piece and what he mails cost 35 cents a letter. But I don't mind the money, am willing to pay 25 for all good mail. We have been just 6 weeks on the road; our team is oxen. Now I'm for the mountains. Good bye all. Direct all communication to Denver. I don't expect to be able to write again in some time.

JWA

Montgomery Hill, July 15, 1860

Dear Mother:

Seeing a to long silence might cause you some uneasiness have considered it policy to write a few words. At the time I wrote the last letter I was considerably elated with the prospect before me but since then fortune has turned. Our gold mine has run --but my health is good and courage also and I am going to keep trying. My company have all sold out but me. I still hold my interest. We have been running tunnels into the mountain with the hope of coming to pay dirt again. At the back end of the tunnel have come to a bar or high point of bed rock. It is the opinion of all at work in this particular part of the diggings that there is good pay upon the other side this bar. My new partner and I are going to see the other side this bar and if there is gold there get it out and have the benefit of it. At present it looks doubtfull about my seeing Mexico the comming Fall but still I may--can't anything about it.

Tell Homer I think I have received all the letter he has wrote me. The one he mailed for Ft. Kearney was forwarded to Denver where I got it. Another one came to home last Sunday. All the letter I receive and mail cost 45 cents a piece. The U. S. Mail comes to Mountain City now so the figure will be reduced to 3 cents but 50 cents is not valued any higher than 3 in the states. I paid \$4.00 for a gallon of molasses--it went as easy as paying 50 cents in the store. i have not set to a table to eat a meal of victuals or sleep in a bed for 3 mo. When I want to go to sleep I roll up into a blanket and lay down on the ground and away I go to the land of Nod. It's a tip top place to sleep here in the mountains. No musketoes and never to warm for a blanket and for all I lie on the ground I don't take cold. I never was so free from this disorder as I have been for the past 3 mo. The rainy season has set in. We are pretty sure to have a shower every afternoon. The morning will be clear and pleasant afternoon rain will come and sometimes hail.

I am getting short of paper and must close. I want you to write soon and send paper. Goodbye.

From your aff. son, J. W. Ames.

Direct to Mountain City

Montgomery Hill

Sun, July 29, 1860

Dear Homer:

I have just eaten breakfast and brought forth my writing implements to spend a few moments writing. I am (a) little better situated at the present time than I've been for some time back. I have a pretty nice house (for the mountains) to live with bed table chairs and other things to make it comfortable and it seems a great luxury compared with being outdoors with the blue sky for a covering and a soft rock for a pillow. I was just this moment disturbed by a ground squirrel jumping onto the table. He came close to my hand took a short cake then left without even thanking me. They are about the size of a chipmunk and look very much like them. Are very plenty and lawless here--carry off all the bread they can get hold of. My intention now is to winter in the mountains. All my old company have sold out and left. I have bought a 1/3 interest in our Montgomery Hill claim.

I have but one partner, a Wm. Maloney from Iowa--a pretty good sort of fellow. We keep hands enough to work to and are getting along tip top. I think the change a very good one for me as there was 7 of us in company before. It cut the days work into so many parts that unless the figures were quite large each man's share very small. Besides they would not half work. I thought some time ago our gold mine was no account but from what I have learnt since am forced to change my mind. We can work in it all winter get dirt out ready to wash when spring opens.

I was at Mountain City last week. I see the place is growing very fast. Some large wholesale houses are in operation and several are fitting up. Sacramento is a town about 3/4 of a mile above my works on Clear Creek. When I first went through it 2 log shanties composed the whole thing. Now there is no less than a doz. stores and dwelling houses and other buildings in proportion. I have sent home 2 or 3 letters with some gold enclosed. I have not heard as yet whether you received them or not.

One came to hand from you dated some time in June. I also received one from you and Ma forwarded from Kearney. What does Ma think about me. I hope she don't worry for I am just as well off as I would like. awfully to see you all--but it won't do yet. I trust you are all doing well and enjoying life--do all you can to make your father and Mother's life agreeable while you are with them. You don't know how to appreciate them till you have been from home as long as I have. ---write on receipt of this. Tell me all about Mexico and its inhabitants. My old acquaintance in particular, Alonzo Boughton, Net Ames, Uncle Alvin and family, Mason Everts, Old Captain Solomon. Does he and pa agree. Do you still occupy the old room and keep it in order and my old how is that--I am sorry Pa sold his horses. I was in hope to drove them one more--how does the Gregories get along. It is about time Amanda and May had a husband. Girls are very scarce in these parts. I think they would find a good market here among the miners. Amanda is a pretty good girl. I would recommend her to any man.

My partner William has just commenced washing. Makes me think I shall have to wash out a shirt before I can change. That is something I don't suppose you ever done but I do my own wash and cooking. Call myself about as good a cook as runs in these mountains. We bought a stove yesterday. Before that we had to live on pancakes. Now I can bake anything I wish. I must close. Write soon and write a long

letter. I'm in hopes the express man will bring me a letter today.

Your Bro.

John W. Ames

Address letters Idaho
 Clear Creek
 P. P. Gold Mines

Care: Hinkley & Co., Express K.O.
 St. Joseph, Mo.

Idaho, Sun., Aug. 19, 1860

Dear Mother:

I am still able to say I'm all right--health first rate and spirits also. I received a letter from you and Homer last Monday address to Mountain City. I think all the letters you send come to hand for the Express Co. are very particular to send all mail matters that comes into their possession to the owners in order to get the 35 or 40 cent charges. We are going to have the U. S. Mail here now which will lessen the expense of letter writing considerable. It has been 40 cents for all letters received and the same for mailing--but in a country where a man can scrape up a pan of dirt and wash out 50 cents or a dollar in less than a minute he can well afford to pay 40 cents for a letter I think.

Homer says Pa has been to Cleveland twice this season. From what he said about Uncle Harry I conclude it was on account of him he made the trip. What is Uncle Harry doing in Cleveland and what is Ames about. Do you know what part of the Pike Peak gold mines Mr. King is at work in. If you know be sure and tell me for I would like to see him. I think I shall go to Mexico to pass the coming winter. There is 5 of us going to get a mule apiece and go down there to a milder climate. I think I shall enjoy such a tramp as I am possessed of a spirit and like frequent changes and new scenes. The mountains is a gay place to live in during the summer--no musketoes and cool as a cucumber. How it is during the winter I don't know but I expect it is comfortably cool--for now we have frequent showers of snow and hail and a few hours walk will bring a fellow to immense piles of snow which I expect have lain here for years. In the valleys near Denver the weather is about as hot as it can very well be. Cattle can live there all winter upon the grass and do well.

I sent Pa the R-M News. It tells pretty big 'stories'--believe about half it says and you will come pretty near the truth.

I would like you to send me the Oswego Times. Mail a letter to me to Idaho, Clear Creek, K. I. but you need not put on Care Hinkley Co. Ex. as I want them to come by the U. S. Mail. It's about time the Express came.

I am going up to Idaho am in hopes to get a letter in turn--I will send you a little gold to show I ain't and tell you what it is worth. I have some nuggets worth from 2 to 3 dollars. Goodbye--my regards to all and accept this from

Your affec. son

John W. Ames
Idaho
Clear Creek K. I.

Mrs. William Ames
Mexico
N.Y.

Fort Union, New Mexico
Sun., Jan. 4th/62

Dear Mother:

I have just seated myself to do what I ought to have done some time ago but for the life of me I don't know what to say. I am in a very dull place and there is nothing going on worth writing.

But I expect you have been looking and waiting very patiently for a letter from me and I hope my seeming negligence is not causing you any uneasiness. When we left Santa Fe I supposed we were going to Colorado but we were stopped at this Post and put at working in the trenches. Go to work at daylight and keep at it until dark. Allowed but 1/2 an hour at noon for dinner. The cause of this was the reported advance of a large body of Texans on this Post but the excitement has somewhat subsided and I guess there is no Texans coming. Today is Sunday and the first day we have had for rest since we came here but none of us hurt ourselves working. The whole company do not do as much as 10 men ought to do. The non-commissioned officers are not required to touch a tool but stand and look on.

I spoke in my last about sending some money home. I am sorry I am not able to do as I intended. Our company has not received any pay since the 1st of May. I have 10.00 yet in pocket. The balance has gone for clothing and eatables--clothing is very high here. What do you think of 6.00 dollars for a shirt, 10 dollars for a pair of boots, 3.00 for a neckhankiche and everything else correspondingly high. I wear principally government clothing. U.S. gives his men plenty of clothing such as it is but I sometimes want a different shirt from a white woolen thing that U.S. issues. But I have learned one thing since I have been in the service and by it I save some expense. That is I my own clothes which is quite an item. I had the offer of being company tailor but declined as I don't like the business. If I was in the states I think I could save some money but here it seems all most impossible. The greater part of our company was out of money six months ago. Some lost their money gambling but the most of them spent it in flirting with the dark eyed Spanish ladies.

The Mexicans are very fond of dancing. At Santa Fe several are in operation every night. I like to dance but being sick the most of the time I was in Santa Fe I could take no part in that kind of amusement. A soldier's life is very dull at best and I hope I shall not be obliged to be one much longer.

Last Christmas Eve I attended a very good party at this Post. The female part was composed principally of soldier's wives belonging to the 7th Inf. and I guess you would think them a hard set, if you could hear them talk.

We have 4 good musicians in our Company so we have plenty of music both vocal and instrumental. Cate and Custard the two best players are my particular friends. Cate is my bunkie as we call it. He takes care of me when I am sick and I him when he is unwell. But as we are both very hearty we don't have much nursing to do. Cate, in case we go into a fight and I get killed will apprise you of the circumstances and I do the same for him in case he is the unlucky one and I escape. At Valverde we made this agreement but we both escaped. He had a ball pass through his drawers. Custard received one in the back and I one through my cap cutting the top of my head. Ours is a good company and I think a little the best in the Territory.

I can't say much in favor of our officers. The 1st and 2nd Lieut. had to resign to escape a court marcial. Cause--the use of too much whiskey--very different from the rank and file who refuse to drink it much to the astonishment of the regulars who every night at fatigue or recall go for their whiskey. Our Captain, C. W. Hall, don't drink but he has other faults allmost as bad. Hardly a man in the company likes him. He has a way of using company funds that is not all satisfactory to the Company who need it for buying vegetables. I must close as it is getting dark. The weather here is very pleasant no snow but plenty of wind.

Hoping you are all well and comfortable at home I remain your most dutiful

Son John W. Ames
Company B 2nd Inf
Colorado Vol

P.S. write soon and direct to
Fort Union, N.M.

Fort Wise, March 24, 1862

Dear Parents:

I expect my long silence is causing you some trouble but from this zone will very naturally come to the conclusion that I am still an inhabitant of this terrestrial globe. I have had some narrow escapes of late but am glad to be able to say have come out with nearly a whole hide since I (joined) Uncle Sam's standard have been keep on the move from one place to another and was finely brought to a stand at Ft. Craig. Being reported that the Texans were advancing on that Post some 3000 strong and 13 pieces of artillery under Command of General Sibly who formerly belong to the U.S. Army. Colonel Camby in the meantime made preparations to receive him and by the time the Texans made their appearance had about 1500 white men including Regulars and Colorado Vol. and about 4000 Mexicans. Camby placed considerable confidence in the Mexican troops which was somewhat misplaced as it proved in the sequel. The Rebel were hovering about the post for 6 or 7 days offering battle several times but Camby did not seem to want to meet them upon ground of their own choosing and Sibly not thinking it practicable to advance on the Post had resort to another plan to get Camby's forces outside which was to get around the Post and get up the country on the morning of the 21st of Feb. Sibly's forces were seen passing. We were all ordered out and started up the river to head them off. Met the enemy 5 miles above the Post in what is called the Green Valley. The engagement was first opened by the Artillery. Our guns did good work-- in 2 hours completely silenced their battery and knocked one of their guns to pieces. The Infantry was then ordered to cross the River to the enemy's side, the water about 3 feet deep. We got over all right and commenced firing upon the enemy who were partly concealed by trees. Capt. Dodd's company of which I am a member was placed on the left. The firing lasted about one hour and finally wound up with grand charge of 2 Companies of Texan Lancers upon our Co. The Rocky Mountain boys did not run but stood with fixed bayonets ready to receive them and done it so well that only 24 of the 2 companies returned to tell their fate. Several of our Company were wounded in the charge but none killed. The battle thus far was decidedly in our favor. Only 13 of our men killed and the enemy's fire dried up entirely. We could not see what they were doing as they had retired behind some trees and bushes about 3 p.m. They were seen among the trees advancing on us in a long line. The battery was opened upon them and our Company and 3 coms. of Regulars placed to support it. The enemy's battery commenced pouring grape and cannisters at us. We were ordered to lay down and the most of their shots passed over without doing much harm. The men at the guns were going their best and keep up a continual roar but still the Texans advanced. Our bullets and cannon seemed to have no affect on them. As fast as they fell others would take their places. Nearly all the men at the battery were killed. The Mexican Forces were ordered to support us but the way they done it was to fire their guns in the air turn and run. Our men started for the river and the most of them got across. I did not start soon enough and was taken prisoner along with 17 others including Capt. Rossel of the A Co. 10th Inft. Camby returned to the Fort and discharged all his Mexican troops. On our side 65 were killed and about 300 wounded. Could not learn anything definite about the Texans loss but a prisoner that was taken said 700 were killed and wounded. I was a prisoner in their camp 2 days and was released on Parole not to take arms against them until exchanged. As soon as we were released we went back to the Fort. Colonel Camby gave us rations and arms and orders to come to this place. We all arrived here yesterday in good health. At Union we met

some reinforcements going to Camby's assistance and I expect the Texans are whiped out by this time.

I do not know what disposition will be made of us or how long we will remain at this post. I would like to come home and will come as soon as I can.

Hoping you are all well I remain

Your Affectionate Son

Your Affectionate John W. Ames

Fort Union, N.M.

Apr. 25, 1862

Dear Sister Helen:

It is some time since I wrote to you and I guess you begin to think I'm dead or else have forgotten you and Bill. I have been Uncle Sam's soldier about 6 mo. and have seen considerable service, performed considerable traveling and been in one or 2 fights. At Ft. Craig we had quite a severe fight and got whiped. Lost 6 guns and 250 stand of arms. The rebels loss was 600 killed and wounded. On our side 260. I was in the thickest of the fight but escaped allmost unhurt. A ball went through my cap and ripped up the skull a little. Between Santa Fe and this post was another conflict with the Texans in which they were whipped and are now trying to get home as fast as possible. Our troops are following them and doing all they can to help them along. I was taken prisoner and got released on Parole along with some 20 others. I don't know what will be done with us or how soon we will be exchanged. I being a noncommissioned officer am Chief of the Company. We have nothing to do but cook our rations and and take care of ourselves.

I feel as though I would like to see you and Will and Nellie but Lord only knows when I will get out of this accursed Country. I have not heard from home in a long while. Am very anxious to know what kind of a condition they are in. Some hard fighting is going on in the
and I am afraid Homer will get knocked over. The battle-field is a hard place and if I could have my way I would keep a respectful distance from them especially in this Country where there is nothing but black greasers that are too cowardly to fight for themselves. At Ft. Craig Camby had 3 or 4000 of these Mexican volunteers and when the Texans charged on us they fired their guns in the air and ran for the fort. For my part I have not much heart to fight for the homes of such peoples.

Well Helen the sheet is nearly full and I will close. Hoping you are all well and that I will hear from you soon. Goodbye.

Your Bro.

John W. Ames

Co. "A" 2 Colorado
Dodd, Capt.

Santa Fe, N M
Thurs., Sept. 12, 1862

Dear Mother:

I was much pleased this afternoon on receiving a communication with the Mexico stamp upon it right from home. I perused it with great attention, eat the cherries and started immediately for paper to write an answer. I don't wonder at your complaining for my not writing more often. I have no excuse to offer unless it's my great repugnance to writing letters. If I could have my wish you should receive a letter every week. Now Ma don't worry if I don't write. It is not for the want of regard for my parents. I think just as much of home as I ever did and a great deal more. I should be the happiest person in the world were I at home now and at work along with Pa. A person don't know how to appreciate home and friends until he has been separated from them and I don't want you to think my not writing more frequently is on account of my indifferance for home. For I don't think the person ever lived that thinks more of home than I do. I think I have said enough on this point.

My company has been stoping at Ft. Craig for some time. About 6 weeks ago received orders to go up the Country which pleased us very much as it was very hot at Craig and about one third of the company was on sick report myself included. And it was enough to make a man sick to live on what we had to eat at Craig. Nothing but very poor beef, bread and coffee. I would like to live where I could get plenty of butter, milk, and potatoes. I seldom eat only beef, a slice of dry bread and a quart of coffee generally satisfies me. I spoke about being on sick report. I have had a sort of fever for the past 4 or 5 weeks but I am now so far recovered that I am now turned to duty. We have been in Santa Fe about 2 weeks and I am getting a little better living as I can buy milk and vegetables. We have been paid up to the 1st of May and I would send some money home were it not for wanting it to buy something to eat but I would send 40 or 50 dollars notwithstanding if I thought it was wanted. I don't know how Pa is financially but I hope he is not any ways pushed for money. I can buy goat or cow's milk here for 10 cents for quart, eggs 50 cents per doz., no potatoes grow here. U.S. issue some dried potatoes but not enough to amount to much. Of the fruit kind peaches is about the best the Mexicans and Indians raise. Peaches sell at 10 cents per doz. The Mexicans don't make butter. I have not seen any since I left the mountains. Perhaps you think some good butter would not be a luxury to me.

I can't say that I fancy a soldier's life. I am tired ot it and I hope this war will close immediately. And it seems to me that when the new troops are in the field something will be done. Homer was very fortunate in getting through that scrape before Richmond unhurt. And I think we are both destined to see Mexico again. I am very sorry to hear of the mortality amongst my friends but it can't be helped. I am very thankful that our family are all well yet. Old (Natch) stood it out well and deserved to have a gun fired over his grave. I hope Frank will not get mad at me for not writing. I will try and write him in a few days. You tell me some letter of mine was published in the Indipendance. No offence is given but I think these are not worth publishing. I must close. I hope this letter will find you all well and in good spirits.

Good bye.

Your affectionate
Son John W. Ames

Camp Leavenworth near Santa Fe
Monday, October 3, 1862

Dear Parents:

Last night I received a long expected letter from you and one from Homer enclosed. I was aware of Homer's division in the army being engaged in that of last month and as the slaughter was great I had my for his safety. Your letter as well as his own letter he is all right. You have reason to be very thankful.

The news from the States is first rate and it cheers the heart of every soldier in these parts especially my wish for continued success for the Federal army must surely bring this war to a speedy conclusion. And then I'll be free to do as I please which I think would be to make tracks for Mexico. My health is first rate. I'm gaining rapidly. The fever I was troubled with reduced me very low but now my avoirdupois has reached its usual standard or nearly so. I am still gaining in flesh and it would be quite a joke should I not stop increasing in bulk

I have a unnecessary for me to say much of Helen's loss. All must mourn for Willie that knew her and her mother's anguish must be great indeed. It has severed one strong tie that was drawing me to the States. I have thought of Willie often and of the pleasure of again seeing her but that is past.

Our company is camped in the mountains 40 mi. west of Santa Fe. It is a part where Indians are sometimes troublesome and we are here to guard a party that is getting in hay for government. It is very pleasant here to me. I spend our time climbing the mountains, hunting deer, turkies and chickins. I think this way of soldiering much more pleasant than being among the rebel bullits or being in the dirty City of Santa Fe doing nothing but stand guard though I expect we shall be there in a few days as the hay is about all over. It costs government \$70 (?) per ton delivered in Santa Fe.

Frank thinks she will have a good time waiting for my letter to her. I am rather inclined to think on it but I will make the woman's letter and if I had only myself to think about should be in tip top spirits but I know you have trouble not only worrying about the safety of your boys but from other sources. I wish it could be otherwise...don't for heavens sakes let financial matters be a source of . You have enough after paying the debts to live without working yourselves to death. Homer and I can take care of ourselves though I would like very much to have the old farm. It is rendered dear by many a hard day's work and I ask for nothing better than to spend my last days on its soil. If the creditors will give Homer and I half a chance I think in a few years we can clear it of all encumbrance though I don't expect to make money very fast soldiering. If I can learn of a safe way of sending what I have to spare to you (about \$50.00) I will do so. I don't want you to put it in the bank but to use it as you may think best. Perhaps I can send more soon. I have 6 mo. pay due but can't say when it will come to hand. My pay is small consequently my remittances will necessarily be small but every little helps. It is it and agreeing to write as soon as I get settled again in Santa Fe.

As for you Ma you must take things easy and not grow old any farther than you can possibly help. I don't think there is any danger of my not recognizing you should I not return in ten years or more. But don't work hard. Frank did not have much of a passion for labor

when I was at home. How is it now. ()
I think she must be over her girlish notion. I would like to have her
write me and tell me all about my old acquaintances in Mexico.

I must close as our messenger starts for immediately.
Goodbye and accept this from Your Affc. Son

John W. Ames.
Co C 2 Col Vol

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ames
Mexico

Fort L , Kansas

Dear Sister Frank:

Wed., Apr. 28, 1863

Your last letter found me at this Post in a thriving condition, have been here now a week. This is a pleasant post situation on Pawnee Fork 5 miles from the Arkansas. I was glad to get away from Lyon. It is a duty stinking hole and was reducing me at the rate of one pound a day but since my departure from that place have been making up for shrinkage.

The 2(nd) is all here but 2 companies which are soon to follow I suppose, (pencilled insert) under the Command of Colonel Dodd. We are camped about a mile below the Fork close by the creek. I have procured a and writing materials and squatted down under a big tree away from the noise and bustle of the camp which is considerable for the boys will get more or less whiskey. It makes no difference how strict they are some will have it. Tomorrow is Muster day and all hands will have to turn out with their best clothes on and war implements in order. Colonel Dodd reviews all the troops at the post--besides the 2nd there is one Company of Regulars, 9th Wisconsin Battery and 2 Companies of Kansas Volunteers. I supposed when we started from Ft. Lyon were going right through to Leavenworth without delay but it seems there is no such thing of that being our destination. Col. Dodd I hear has reported to Blunt for duty in this department and the next mail may bring some orders. I hope we will not have to go any nearer the states.. We are having a gay time of here--plenty to eat and nothing to do and the finest weather you ever saw--game is plenty of every description. Our hunters have killed several buffalo of which there is great numbers in this vicinity. But the Indians correll the most of them. Some 2000 are camped near here. They ride ponys after the buffalo and kill them with arrows. It is surprising how swift they will throw an arrow. I have seen them send them nearly through a buffalo.

Our march from Fort Lyon here was not very tedious. Were not obliged to travel in ranks and compelled to execute every movement at the sound of the bugle. We eat breakfast when the cooks get it ready and take our time in eating it, then strike tents, load the wagons and start off in parties to suit ourselves. Some with war impliments out move with us. Usually travel until noon then turn in to the river and pitch our tents, make up our bunks and our work is done. The balance of the day we spend sporting. I am sorry I told you to change my address to Leavenworth as it is uncertain about our going there. If you had continued sending them to Lyon they would all meet me on the road. Hereafter you can send my mail to Fort Lyon. Have the Company and Reg. distinctly written and it will come to hand sure--if you have sent any mail to Leavenworth let me know in your next.

I can hear our string band playing. They bought a bass viol at this post which makes a great addition.

My Bunky Cate sends his respects. He has just been enjoyed writing to his sister a very sensible girl I judge from the tone of her letters. She sends me a paper occasionally. I want you to return the compliment by sending me and Cate some Oswego and Mexico papers. I must close as it is getting dark--don't forget to change my address to Lyon and send that picture of yourself. Good night to all. Here I go for camp.

Your Bro' John W. Ames
Co B 2nd Col Vols

Scott House, Fort Scott, Kansas
Sun, June 14, 1863

Dear Mother:

I have just been trying to think how long it was since I wrote home last. The result of my meditation was such as to cause me to start forthwith for writing materials which the landlord very kindly furnished me.

Companies of the 2nd Colorado is now encamped on dry wood 10 miles from this Post. They were stoping close by town but they made so much trouble getting drunk and quarreling with the Kansas Troops that the Lieut. Co. Commd thought best to move camp to dry wood which I think was a very good move.

We are now in the enemy's country or close by its borders. The Secesh have made several raids in these parts killing poor defenseless farmers and driving of their stock and in some cases taking the wimmin clothing. A great many farms are deserted and going to ruin. I was riding out yesterday and stoped at a log house to get a drink. I was surprised and very agreeably to find an old lady and 3 as fine looking girls as you would see in a long day's march. The old lady was very communicative and made me acquainted with all her troubles. The head of the family was killed but a short time ago for being a Union man. Then house plundered and stock drove off. The old woman looked very destitute but the girls were dressed rather gay I thought. They had nothing to eat but bread and milk. Says there is hardly a family here that has seen any for 18 mo. The wimmen bring pies into our camp to sell but they are so poor, so poor that as soon as the boys learn of their many deficiencies none would indulge or run the risk of taking one on his hands.

I am glad you do not live near the borders of the Secesh Country. You would see very different times were you so situated. Fort Scott is about 5 miles from the western line of Missouri so you see we are getting pretty well into the states and a little farther south than I care about. At present it looks as though our next move would be for Fort Blunt in the Indian Terr. and 180 miles south of this place. Secesh are collecting there in considerable numbers and Col. Phillipps Commanding the U.S. forces there is not reported to be in very pleasant circumstances and I believe the Colorado and Kansas troops are ordered to his assistance and are to go down with the next supply train of 300 wagons which is now loading. This same train was attacked on its last trip when one end was in the post but the rebbs were drove off with but little loss on our side. Some think they will try to get this train but I guess they won't. I received a letter from Homer. It seems he is out of danger and I hope it will be his luck to be a safe distance from any more engagements.

I had my picture taken yesterday and will send you. It is not very good but is the best I could do in this place. I want Frank to send me hers immediately. I can say to Pa I would be very glad to exchange my war implements for farming tools and go into the field and work with him as I use to but cant be. The Union must be preserved if it kills us all. Goodbye. Write soon and direct Fort Scott, Kansas.

Your Affc. Son
John W. Ames.

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Scott House, Fort Scott, Kansas
Sun, June 14, 1863

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Your Affc. Son
John W. Ames.

Fort Blunt ()
Sun, July 18, 1863

Dear Mother:

Hearing of a chance to send mail through to Scott I hasten to write a few words as you must be somewhat anxious to hear of my whereabouts.

In my last I said the 2nd Colorados was going to escort a supply train to Fort Blunt. We saw the train through was attacked at Cobin Creek by 2000 Confederates. After about 6 hours fighting whiped them completely.

General Blunt arrived here last week and being a skinny sort of a man. He soon had all the troops at the Post on the march south about 5000 of us, Indians-Blacks-and white men. Started out from this post Friday afternoon, crossed the Arkansas River, traveled all night. About daylight saw indications of the enemy. At 9 oclock came to a large nest of them--had a severe fight of about 6 hours duration--got them to retreating. Infty and Batteries followed them about 5 miles and cavalry 20 miles farther. Our riflemen took 1 cannon, a flag, and 48 prisoners. Our loss was very small--only 5 men of our battallion was killed. I was very fortunate and escaped unhurt--a spent ball struck me on the knee but did no damage. Cate was by my side and was as lucky as myself. The Confederates left all their dead and wounded in our hands. We buried their dead and cared for their wounded. Returned to the post this morning--well satisfied with our trip. We lost one good man and that was the Colonel of the Negro Regiment. He was shot while leading his men on to support our Battallion. The Blacks fought well. They make tip top soldiers.

I must close this immediately or I will lose the chance I have to send it. I don't think we will have any more fighting to do here for some time. They are badly whiped.

Good bye. Write and direct to Fort Blunt ().

John W. Ames

Union and the Constitution

33 star U.S. Flag

Fort Blunt ()
Nov. 1, 1863

The Star Spangled Banner
The Flag We Fight Under

Dear Mother:

I was just informed an express is to start from here at 3 p.m. It is now about 2 p.m. I will write words that you know I am all right. Co. B continues on Provost Duty and is very desirous to remain so but we are looking for a change soon. The commanding officer of the 2nd came up from Ft. Smith after us but Gen. Blunt would not let us go and he has returned without us, but Department Commander has lately taken a shift and Blunt is removed. Therefore we shall not be surprised if we receive order to join the Battallion.

Cooper's Army I hear is in the neighborhood of Fort Smith and reported to be 5000 strong. An express which arrived here last night reports that Col. Clowd went out to fight him with only 2 Regiments of men but the brave Cooper would not stand but retreated to a stronghold of theirs called Bogga Depot. From that () I expect we shall someday have to him. We had a small train taken by them a few days ago. It started from here for Ft. Smith but got only about 20 miles when it was attacked. The escort about 100 men acted very cowardly, ran and left it. I have since learned that the attacking party was only about 90 strong and Indians at that. They did not expect to take the train but thought they would scare them a little and as the escort ran off and left the train they had no trouble but to drive if off to their own camp.

The weather is very fine. I passed the most of this forenoon riding on the river. It is usually very dull here and I am at loss to know now to pass the time but guess I can worry it through some way. We expect a train in from Scott this week and I think we shall get some mail. I trust I shall receive both letters and papers. Good bye.

Your aff. Son

John W. Ames

Benton Barracks, St. Louis, Mo
Dec. 19 63

Dear Mother:

Your letter came to hand last night and having an opportunity I will reply without delay.

I guess you are a little surprised to find me in two days travel of home. I am somewhat startled myself. We arrived here yesterday morning and are now snugly stowed away in Benton Barracks.

We had a very disagreeable time coming from Springfield here. The worst of my experience since I have been a soldier. It was cold and strong members were taken sick and left behind. I stood it through and with the exception of a cold am as as ever. Being in wet blankets upon the wet ground is enough to kill most any man. Cate and I were better off than the most of them as we have a thick rubber blanket to make our bed upon. We have Sibly tents but they have been so long in use that they leak. Besides if the tent is not ditched the water will run right through they way it did one night when we had neglected to cut a ditch and we were acadently wet but Cate and I to sleep on. Tuesday we moved up Rolla Camp about 2 miles from town. Wednesday it stormed all day and we lay in camp. Had orders at night to be ready to start at 4 the next morning for the cars. I carry our bed and knapsack. Cate and I have a big bed and full knapsack and a violin--a load for half a doz men but we managed to get our troops up without carrying them. Men anticipating a good time going from Rolla to St. Louis on the cars. 120 miles but when they put all our cooking utensils and camp and garrison equipage and ourselves in one car and a cattle car at that it did not look so very pleasant and we thought there was grounds for complaint. Our Capt. said his company should not ride in such an outfit. We got out and the whole Battallion followed our example--no passenger cars being present we had to wait untill they could be brought from St. Louis. In the meantime all hands that had any taste for strong drink pitched in and got more or less drunk at 4 p.m. We were all aboard of 2 1st class cars and rolling towards St. Louis. You can better imagine the condition of affairs than I can describe it. If ever I got disgusted with whisky drinkers it was on this occasion. They did not have much to say to the Band for company as they style us--those that were so imprudent got badly hurt and concluded it was best to let us alone--but everything has an end and so did our journey to St. Louis when we arrived at 3 oclock. Had to set and freeze in the cars untill daylight. We were then marched to Benton Barracks situated on the outskirts of the City. They were built by John Cragmont and are very extensive quarters here. I should judge for 20000 men.. We are consolidated with the 3rd Colorado making the 2nd about 1000 strong. We will undoubtedly remain here all winter and then and then I can't say what will happen.

My traveling about on foot I think is about done. We are no longer Infantry. We are mounted on fine horses and carry a long knife.

I have not seen much of the City yet but you can bet it is quite a village.

Tell Frank I receive from her this morning and will answer in a few days.

Your aff. son.

John W. Ames

**OTHER
LETTERS**

Westboro, MO. May 8, 1894

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Ames--

In my numerous trips to Wamego in the past few years I have learned to think very highly of Blanche and that she is the one woman able to complete my happiness.

And on a recent trip, I spoke on this subject to Blanche, and received a reply very favorable to me.

I should have mentioned this to you when I was at Wamego last, and my delay was hardly excusable unless on the grounds of timidity in broaching the subject.

And I now ask your consent to the fulfillment of my hopes at some future date.

And may I hope your decision will be favorable to me?

Trusting to your leniency for pardon for not mentioning this while out I remain

Yours very respectfully

F. O. McGavic

905 Bank St.
Keokuk, Iowa

My dear Miss Ames;

We are in receipt of a letter of recent date from our son Fred, in which he informed us of his engagement to you.

While highly pleased, yet we were not surprised as we knew that Wamego had a special attraction for him, as he so often made that place the objective point. He has often enumerated your good qualities which together with (as we consider) his usual good judgment, assured us that he has chosen wisely. As distance prevents our meeting, we can at least become acquainted through correspondence.

We would wish that you might favor us with your photo, that we may become familiar with your features, until such time as we may see them in reality.

With best wishes, We are Yours Sincerely,

Julene E. McGavic
W. J. McGavic

May 9th 94

HOTEL AMES

Steam Heat, Bath Rooms
and all modern conveniences

J. W. AMES, Proprietor

Wamego, Kas., 5-10-1894

Dear Blanche

The enclosed letter was recd this morning and perused with no little emotion.

We both droped a few tears not from sorrow or joy either but more from the thought that we will have to give you to somebody. That we must lose you and the thought is very distressing. But it would be very selfish in us to try to keep you allways and we rejoice that you are likely to fall into the hands of one for whom we have none but kindly feeling and who seems to have all the qualifications of a gentleman. And I believe will make a good husband.

Goodbye girls. I have a man doing some work here and must look after him. All well including horses, and cats.

Affectionately

Your Father

J. W. Ames

April 19th '96
Keokuk

To Mr. and Mrs. Fred, we send greetings. To our new relation--
granddaughter and neice, we make our best bow. Not surprised that that
the event occurred before the first of May.

I told Fred that he'd better keep near Wamego. Glad you got
through it safely and that you have a daughter instead of a son as I
had made up my mind I wanted you to have a nice healthy girl baby, but
really I was afraid you'd have twins.

LaRue is just getting over an attack of tonsillitis. Your father
just over a headache. I think I'll have an attack of housecleaning
this week. Well, we all want to see the little one. Hope 'twill be
good and not cross likie Fred was when a babe.

It is hard for Carita to realize that a little girl like her can
be an auntie. Now I suspect she'll feel older. No doubt Nelly is
delighted and all of the Ames family also. Well good night and for the
present accept this letter for all the family, for part of them being
ill and others at church I write for all.

Aff'y Mother

APPENDIX II

APPENDIX II

The following are all copied from the many notes and previous compilations of items in the Family Folder. There is a typewritten document written as noted by Stanley R. Scott who was a first cousin of my father, Dewey M. Fullington. He had included two family graphs of both the Scott and the Bishop lines. I opted not to include them since Stanley Scott's narratives are quite inclusive. If one is of a graph-making nature the family lines can be easily constructed using his information. As he notes the date of his entries is August, 1917 so information past that date is not available to me other than as it pertains to the Bishop/Scott/Fullington line.

There are historical notes describing the family in Scotland and a family graph beginning with the Fullarton who emigrated to the United States. And a potpourri of other letters as relatives wrote to one another.

INFORMATION
ON
SCOTT FAMILY

INTRODUCTION by Stanley R. Scott

Because of a letter I received from Grandmother Scott in 1907 I became interested in the family history. I did not get much more information until five or six years later when Grandmother wrote me that she had been visiting a Mrs. Knox, who had a history of the Scott family. In 1915, while I was teaching at Belleville, Grandmother gave me some old papers containing much history of the Bishop family. During this same winter I met my second cousin, Ray Knox, and through him obtained the history which his mother had. However, the history I got was written by her sister, Mrs. Faye Olive. And besides especially indebted to those named, I am indebted to many aunts and uncles for more of the specific facts and details of the history I have been able to gather. The date of this transcription is August, 1917.

* * * * *

My great, great, great grandfather was a fisherman named Crawford who lived in County Down, Ireland. He had some sons and a daughter, Elizabeth (b. 1759, d. 1853). Elizabeth married a man named John Scott (b. 1762, d. 1844) and in Ireland two children were born to them. Then John Scott, who was of the Scotch Presbyterian stock and an earnest Christian, was imprisoned by the Catholics. His wife, with the two children, came to Baltimore where a year later, having been exiled from Ireland to America, the husband joined them. In all there were four children: William, John, Jane, and James.

James Scott married a daughter of the Rev. William Gibson. Of a number of children three lived--William, Lizzie, and Mattie. Jane Scott married David Wallace. They had a family of thirteen children. John Scott married Susan Brooks. They had four children, two of whom died young. There was a son, William, and a daughter who married a James Cunningham living in Beaver County, PA.

* * * * *

William Scott, my great grandfather, was a man of medium height, with light blue eyes and light hair. He enlisted in the War of 1812 but was not called into active service. In 1819 he married Rebecca Young (b. 1801; d. 1837). To them nine children were born: Elizabeth, James, John, John Y., David, Jane, Robert, William and Rebecca.

Elizabeth Scott married Andrew Watterson, a Scotchman. She died Sept. 13, 1907. There were six children: Aleck, William, Lizzie, Belle, Andrew, and Jennie. Aleck was in the Civil War and the last known of him was that he was taken to Libbey Prison. William died young. Lizzie married Ben McGaffie. Belle married Dr. Thomas Blackwood, who was our family physician in Clay Co. Andrew married and became a grandfather. Jennie married a Mr. McCandless but died in about a year.

James Scott (History will follow on another page). John Scott died in infancy. John Y. Scott (d. 3-12-1897) married Mary Leach (d. 1873) of Pittsburgh. They had three children: Lizzie, William and Belle. Lizzie was unmarried and in 1904 lived in Burchard, Nebraska. William was in Colorado. Belle married a Mr. Curry, who died three weeks after their marriage.

David Scott (b. 9-2-1827, d. 2-14-1896) was married 9-21-1854 to Eleanor Edgar (b. 2-27-1836). The Edgars were Scotch-Irish people

living in Down County, Ireland but Eleanor's father came to America in 1818. To David and Eleanor Scott were born nine children: Mary, Cettie (Elcetta she signed her name in writing to me), William, Lou, Ora, Minnie, Robbie, Ada, and Faye.

Mary was married to Harve Robison in 1889. Cettie married James Knox in 1881. In 1916 they were living at Jetmore and the children were Nellie, who died in infancy, Ethel, Eva, Ross, Raymond, Leonard, James, and Williard. Ethel married Irville Arnold (Gerber, OK) and has four children: Lois, Dean, Donald, and Bernice. Eva married Carey McCreight (Lyndon, KS) and had six children: Gladys, Elsie, Rachael, Howard, Ruth, and Mary Lois. Ross lives in Page Co., IA. Raymond, a splendid young man whom I have met, has been in school at Manhattan; Leonard is at home near Jetmore. Williard married Marie Brunts and lived near Jetmore. Willie died in infancy. Lou married William Scott, her cousin (1881). Her children are Roy, Clifford, and Howard. Ora died in infancy. Minnie married Samuel Forsythe. Robbie and Ada died in infancy. Faye married Frank Olive (1900).

Jane Scott married William Calhoun. She died leaving one son, Scott Calhoun, who married and lived near New Brighton, PA.

Robert Scott married Isabelle Walker and lived in Illinois. he died in 1876. There were eight children: Alice, Preston, Florence, Rebecca, Leila, Robert, Andrew, and Maggie. Alice was married to a Mr. Fox. Preston married and lived at Swartz, MO; others settled in McDonough Co., IL. Florence married a Mr. Walters; Rebecca married a Mr. Pennel; Leila married a Mr. Hudson; Robert and Maggie died in infancy. Andrew was running the old homestead for his mother.

William W. Scott married Elizabeth Wells of Pennsylvania. His wife died in 1895 and he died 9-29-1907, age 74 years. A statement from his obituary notice says: "For fourteen years he had been an invalid, unable to leave his chair, yet at all times he was cheerful and happy, rejoicing in the goodness of the Lord to him." He was a charter member of the Burchard (Nebraska) United Presbyterian Church. There were eight children: William, Samuel, Chalmers, Ella, John, Charley, Robert and Frank. William married his cousin, Lou Scott. His children are Roy, Clifford, and Howard who was to graduate from Cooper College (1917). William died 9-26-1901 and his widow eight years later. Samuel is a machinist. Chalmers is a farmer. Ella married Charley Rodgers. John died in 1895. Charley is a machinist. Robert died in infancy. Frank is a carpenter.

Rebecca Scott married David McCague. They lived near Beaver Falls, PA. Both are dead. Their children are William, Ella, Elmer, James, and John Sawyer.

* * * * *

James S. Scott was my grandfather. His name was simply James but he supplied himself with the initial. He was born in Beaver Co., PA on Aug. 4, 1823. He entered a blacksmith shop when seventeen years old and worked at that trade for nearly four years. He then became a student in the University of Western Pennsylvania at Pittsburgh and graduated in July, 1848. The next three years were spent at the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Presbyterian Church at Philadelphia and he was licensed to preach in the spring of 1851. A year was then spent in the home missionary field, during which time he traveled over the greater part of Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, Illinois, and North

Carolina. In November 1852 he married Prudence Morrow and was pastor of the Reformed Presbyterian Church of Monmouth, IL. His wife died about a year later leaving a daughter, Lizzie. In 1854 grandfather married Margaret Bishop and to them ten children were born.

In the last of 1859 or early part of 1860 the family was moved to Beaver Co., PA while grandfather was deciding on a new field and it was here that Father was born. In 1861 they moved to St. Lawrence Co., NY where grandfather took charge of two congregations for eight years. The family then went back to Beaver Co., PA for a short time and in October 1870 came to Clay Co., KS where grandfather had come previously and homesteaded. But though he lived on a farm, three miles south and one mile west of Clay Center, grandfather did not give up the ministry. He organized the Republican City Reformed Presbyterian Church and preached there until 1886, three years before his death. In 1916 it was my privilege to attend the old church where in my boyhood I had gone and in whose cemetery I have a sister buried. Though I could remember none of the congregation, the order of the services and the church itself, was much as it was when grandfather preached there.

Grandfather was a scholar and a writer. Before and during the Civil War he wrote much on the question of slavery and was turned out by one congregation because of his sentiment on slavery. He always took a lively interest in all leading questions of the day and gave much time and thought to the study of them. He was not, however, a strong advocate of prohibition at first, but under the influence of grandmother he came to see the light. There was a neighbor and a member of the congregations, a Mr. Purvis, who had a son-in-law addicted to drink. Mr. Purvis would come to talk the situation over with grandfather. In about the year 1873, grandfather drew up a petition or resolution to the State Legislature asking that Clay County be made dry. It contained many Bible references showing the wrong done by drink. My two aunts, Maggie and Agnes, circulated the paper and, not knowing better, they went to Mr. Rothman, the saloonkeeper, among the first. He signed it because he said it would make the girls happy and it would not hurt him. His friends signed it because they saw his signature and others signed it, of course. As a result the petition carried and resulted eventually in the prohibition amendment to the State Constitution.

Before his death, grandfather completed a psalm book with music and a translation of the Book of Psalms from the Hebrew. For a long time he was a contributor to the "Advocate". His obituary notice said, "A strong unflinching high souled character cannot exist without having a marked effect upon every other character with whom it comes in contact. Through all these years this life has been exerting its influence on this community and who shall measure the result? We may well apply to Mr. Scott those lines of Goldsmith's:

'As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head'"

* * * * *

NOTE: The words in parentheses are from the original papers Grandmother gave me. Much is missing and I have supplied as best I could.

(William Bishop and Agnes Weir) announced--the word looks more

like proclaimed--(the 11th day of June and joined in marriage relation the 4th day of July, 1769. John Bishop born the 10th day of April, 12 afternoon, 1770) John Bishop later married Elizabeth Burns, the only daughter of Robert Burns, the poet. (Helen Bishop born the 5th day of February at 5 o'clock forenoon, 1772. William Bishop born the 12th day of December at 3 o'clock forenoon, 1773. Agnes Weir) died. William Bishop married Margaret Hamilton, for whom Grandmother was named. Thomas Bishop was born about February, 1779. (James Bishop born the 25th day of November at 4 o'clock forenoon, 1780 and baptized by Mr. John Brown, Minister of the Gospel at Whiteburn the 12th day of December. Alexander Bishop born the 8th day of September at 10 o'clock at night, 1782, and baptized by Mr. John Brown, minister of the Gospel, at Whiteburn the 21st) instant--word looks much like currant--(Agnes Bishop born the 18th day of August at 11 o'clock forenoon, 1784, and baptized the 29th) instant (by Mr. John Brown, minister of the Gospel at Whiteburn, at Longridge. Alexander Bishop died Jan. 6, 1785. Agnes Bishop died Jan. 28, 1785. Margaret Bishop)--afterward Mrs. Logan--(born March 9th 1786 and baptized April 20th at Longridge Meetinghouse by Mr. John Brown, minister of the Gospel there. Agnes Bishop was born April 27th at 10 o'clock at night and baptized in Longridge Meetinghouse May 11th by Mr. John Brown, minister of the Gospel then, 1787. George Bishop born 17th of August and baptized the 26th at Western Coult by Mr. John Brown, 1790. Ebenezer Bishop born the 28th of October and baptized at Longridge by Mr. John Brown the 11th of November, 1792. James Bishop died March 5th 1794. Helen Bishop died August 11th, aged 22. Christina Bishop born the 4th of April, 10 o'clock at night baptized by Mr. John Brown at Longridge the 19th) instant (1795. Married to a)--cannot make out the missing part-- (baptized at Longridge by Rev. Mr. John Brown the 23rd) instant (1803. George Bishop died the 21st of January, 1805, aged 14 years and 5 months. Thomas Bishop died April 18th 1805 aged 26 years and 2 months. Margaret Bishop left house August 8th) 1805? (to go to America, aged 19. Janet Bishop died August 16th, aged 5 years.) Think date is 1808 and that she is the one meant in the missing part above. (Agnes Bishop married to Thomas Prentiss April 6th, 1812. They left the house the 13th for America; arrived there the 20th of May, 1812)

(Ebenezer Bishop, aged 27 years and 5 months and 3 weeks, and Margaret Hastie, aged 22 years and 9 weeks and 4 days, joined in marriage April 18th, 1820. Took up housekeeping at Marraygate manse Whiteburn, County of Linlithgon, July 21, 1820. A daughter born in 7 months and lived about 12 hours, December 11th. William Bishop born the 9th of December, 1821, baptized by Mr. John Brown, minister of the Gospel at Longridge, the 30th) instant. (Helen Bishop born the 6th of July, 1823, baptized by Mr. John Brown, minister of the Gospel at Longridge, Aug. 3rd, 1823. Helen Bishop died October 11th, 1823, aged 3 months and 7 days. John H. Bishop born the 30th of August, 1824, baptized by Mr. John Brown at Longridge September 26th, 1824. Removed from Marraygate to Gramstone near Falkirk, County of Stirling, in June 1825. Ebenezer B. Bishop born the 16th of October, 1826, baptized by Dan Belfrage, minister of the Gospel, at Falkirk, May, 1828. Robert H. Bishop born the 15th of November, 1828, baptized by Dan Belfrage, minister of the Gospel, at Falkirk, 28th of December, 1828. Margaret H. Bishop born the 13th day of November, 1831, baptized by Dan Belfrage, minister of the Gospel at Falkirk, 13th of January, 1832.) Then there is a break in the story. (New York 19th day of July 1833 and left New York 3rd of August for Lexington, KY and arrived there the 24th of August, 1833. David P. Bishop born the first day of January, 1835, baptized by Mr. Wincestone, minister of the Gospel, Mount Horeb, Lexington, KY. Agnes A. Bishop born the 19th day of January 1837,

baptized by Mr. Wincestone, minister of the Gospel, Mount Horeb, Lexington, KY. George S. Bishop born the 29th February, 1841.)

The following is a copy of a part of a letter evidently. (but he moved his family. I was at Landkirk on Wensday last I have 3 There is shirts & stockings & other things for you we are in health but your absence is great trouble to us we mend you at a throne of grace hopping you) will not (forgate your people if this comes you writeWilliam Bishop)

* * * * *

The Bishop family came directly from Scotland and the family is traced back to the Bruce clan. They were of the Presbyterian faith and many ministers appear in the family history. William Bishop, brother of my great grandfather, came to America in the early part of the nineteenth century and was the first president of the Miami University in Ohio. Later great grandfather, Ebenezer Bishop, came to America but settled near Lexington, KY where his two sister, Margaret (Mrs. Logan) and Agnes (Mrs. Prentiss) had preceded him. Margaret Hastie (b 1794, d 2-19-1874), my great grandmother, was descended from a long line of pious ancestors, some of whom were living actors in the troublesome times of Scotland when sturdy covenanters fought for "Christ's cross and cause". Two of her brothers were able and efficient ministers of the Gospel. To Ebenezer and Margaret Bishop were born ten children: William, Helen, John, Ebenezer, Robert, Margaret, David, Agnes, George, and Helen.

William Bishop was born at Marrygate, Scotland, Dec. 9, 1821. He was a Presbyterian minister and was the first pastor of the Salina church. He died in Salina leaving no children.

Helen Brown Bishop was born 7-6-1823 and died 10-11-1823.

John Hastie Bishop was born 8-30-1824 in Scotland. He died leaving no children.

Ebenezer Brown Bishop was born 10-16-1826 at Gramstone, Scotland. he died in 1902 at Lincoln, KS leaving no children. His widow is still living in the old home.

Robert Hamilton Bishop was born at Maddastan, Scotland, 11-15-1828. He died in Salina leaving twelve children: Ebenezer, Robert, Thomas, Margaret, William, Mary, John, Gilbert, Richard, David, Norman and Emma. John was much in political and business life in Salina and was an old bachelor when I knew him. But I understand that lately he has gone to California and married a sweetheart of his boyhood days. Mary is dead. She was a stenographer in Salina when I knew her. Emma was also a stenographer in Salina but she is now in California. William, I have never met. He enlisted in the Spanish-American War serving as captain but was promoted to the office of major before the close of his service. He now lives in Salina and has several children.

David Prentiss Bishop was born 1-1-1835 at Lexington, KY. He lived at Gypsum, KS and was a banker. The list of children given me is William, Charles, Robert, Wilbur, Ralph and Earl.

Agnes Ann Bishop (Clark) was born 1-19-1837 at Lexington, KY. Her children are Ella, Alice, John, Robert, and Minne. Further particulars I do not know.

George Schuyler Bishop was born at Lexington, I think, 2-20-1841. He did live at Roxbury, KS but I think he now lives with one of his daughters. His children are John, Anna, Oliver, Margaret, Lewis, Worthy, Mary and Melvin. Margaret married a Mr. Davis and Mary married a Mr. Cook. John H. is a Methodist minister in the northeastern part of the state--Kansas City, KS.

Helen Bishop (Campbell) is a widow living in California at Pacific Grove. I wrote to her but received no reply.

Margaret Hamilton Bishop (Scott), my grandmother, was born in the county of Stirling, Scotland, 11-13-1831. She came to America with her parents in 1833 and lived at Lexington, KY. The family later moved to Illinois where she married grandfather, James Scott, in 1854. She is the mother of a large family of children and knew the hardships of a pastor's wife. The story of different "calls" is told in the account of grandfather's life. When grandfather died in 1888, grandmother continued to live on the farm for a number of years but she is now making her home with my uncle, Stanley Scott, at Clifton.

Grandmother has always been a very active woman and now at the age of almost 86, she travels about and shows as much interest as most women at half her age. Her quilting and fancy work takes prizes at the fairs--always first prizes for old ladies' work. But while grandmother has always been a devout Christian woman and still attends services regularly, she has never been demonstrative but has made her life count by the quiet influence she has had on others. I have already mentioned in part what her influence meant in the life of grandfather. How far that influence has reached no one can say; but I know that her grandchildren feel it and are better men and women because of her long life among them. One evidence is the number of namesakes appearing in the family record.

* * * * *

Elizabeth Prudence Scott was born 9-29-1853 at Monmouth, IL. She was named Prudence, the maiden name of her mother who died soon after her birth. Although she was but a half-sister to father, Aunt Lizzie always seemed to me just like my other aunts. She came to Kansas with the family in 1870 and was married to James Chestnut, Dec. 14, 1871. They lived on a farm southwest of Clay Center until Uncle James' death in 1911, when they moved into Clay Center where Aunt Lizzie died 3-24-1916. Aunt Lizzie was a good Christian woman, was one of the charter members of the Republican City Church, and remained a member until her death. She had a strong personality and typically a Scott in her disposition. I was a young man before I met her to remember her but I was greatly impressed upon that first meeting and I have always liked Aunt Lizzie. Her children give evidence of the kind of life she lived. Mary, the first child, died when she was a little over 2 years old. Emma was born 9-18-1874. June 21, 1893 she married Isaac Nixon of Wakeeney. They live now near Ogallah. Their children are Francis, Hester, Lawrence, Edith, Viola and Alta. Maggie was born 11-17-1876. She was married to Russell Stevenson on 6-4-1913 and they have a baby, James. They live on a farm near Aunt Mima, southwest of Clay Center. Anna was born 2-10-1879. She was sick much of the time and suffered a great deal. She died soon after Easter in 1917. Scott was born 8-15-1881. He married Angie Close. He is in the garage business in Clay Center. Will was born 12-31-1883. He is in the garage business in Rising Sun, IA. Rose was born 7-15-1886. She is a teacher in the Clay Center schools. She and Scott are favorite cousins of mine because

they are so big in soul and body. A school director once went to induce Rose to apply for a school where discipline was a problem. When she rejected the offer he said that if she would only come and walk through the schoolroom he thought it would help matters.

Margaret Scott was born in Monmouth, IL, 9-22-1855. She married George Fullington, 9-15-1875. They lived much of the time in Clay Center but lived also in Idana where Aunt Maggie now lives. Uncle George died in 1903. I have boyhood recollections of Aunt Maggie because she told us bear stories. I think I have liked my other aunts because they seemed so much like Aunt Maggie and father. John was born 11-6-1876 but died the next year. Scott was born 10-2-1878. He is in the lumber business at Idana. In June, 1902 he married Ethel Meek and he has a daughter, Marjorie. Clayton was born 12-11-1880. He graduated from the College of Emporia and married Mary Wilson, a classmate in 1911. Their children are George Wilson and Eleanor Margaret. Clayton is a lumberman at Navarre. He is the only one of Aunt Maggie's children with whom I was much acquainted. I knew both Clayton and his wife and think much of them. Augusta was born 2-2-1885. She married Elmer Meek in 1906 and has four boys, Milo, Frank, Gerald, and Louis. They live in Idana. Lynne was born 7-21-1888. He was traveling for a lumber concern. Florence was born 4-30-1891 and she was married to a Mr. Cook in 1917. They live in Arkansas. Dewey was born 4-24-1898. He was attending school at Manhattan but recently has passed the examination for the aviation corps.

Agnes Jane Scott was born in Illinois 3-8-1857. She was married to Robert Cannon Hall, 9-14-1882. R. C. Hall died 6-1-1900. Aunt Agnes married John H. Brown on 4-18-1917 and is now living at Boyero, CO. I have not seen her since I was a small boy too young to remember her. Robert James Hall was born 11-9-1883. Margaret Mabel Hall was born 12-15-1884. She married Harry Knight, 4-16-1913. She had a son Williard Henry, born 6-12-1914 but he died 6-16-1915. A daughter, Mildred Helen was born 7-12-1915. George Fullington Hall was born 7-7-1886. Mary Ellen Hall was born 1-5-1888. Emma Marcus Hall was born 3-29-1890. Henry Tyler Hall was born 3-11-1892. John Scott Hall was born 2-25-1894. He is a soldier in Co. K, 2nd California Infantry. He has had 18 months of service and is likely to go soon to France.

Mary Emma Scott was born in Warren County, IL, 8-28-1858. On 12-30-1885 she was married to Rudolph B. Treschsel of Idana where she died in June, 1906. I knew Aunt Minnie (the name by which we knew her) quite well because she and grandmother made several visits to western Kansas when I was home with the family. She left an adopted daughter, Bertha, who is a teacher. Bertha is a splendid girl and I like to think of her as my cousin.

William E. Scott (History will appear on a following page).

John Rutherford Scott was born 8-23-1862 in St. Lawrence County, NY. He married Mary Coleman but she died leaving no children. He again married, the second wife being Ida Moxom. Uncle John is a physician and he was formerly located at Garnett, then at Independence, and lately at Newton where he was connected with the hospital there. He is an eye specialist and I have met him on some of his trips to Clay Center and vicinity. Aunt Ida is also a specialist and she makes the trip to Clay Center occasionally. Uncle John is now in the Post Hospital at Fort Riley, a lieutenant in the medical corps. He is without children.

Helen Martha Scott was born 9-22-1864 in St. Lawrence County, NY. She died 3-20-1894. She was never in good health. I do not remember very well Aunt Nellie, as we called her.

James Stanley Scott was born in St. Lawrence County, NY on 8-10-1866. He married Laura Hammond 6-27-1899. He is a physician. For some time he was an attending physician at the State Insane Asylum at Topeka; for a longer time he was with Uncle John at Independence; but now he is at Clifton. Uncle Stanley is an earnest Christian and, like most of the Scott family, is a faithful member of the Presbyterian Church. I like Uncle Stanley immensely. He is very frank and friendly but too kind and generous to ever get rich as a physician. Aunt Laura is a true helpmate and she has a lovely home. Margaret Elizabeth was born 10-31-1902. She is a perfect little lady and we are all proud of her. Hugh Hammond was born 3-23-1905. He is a boy in every respect and there is nothing too much for him.

Mima Scott was born 5-20-1868 in St. Lawrence County, NY. She was married 11-25-1886 to John Chestnut, who is a farmer living southwest of Clay Center. Uncle John Chestnut was not, however, related directly to Uncle James Chestnut. I can scarcely remember Aunt Mima as she was when I was a small boy. But I was agreeably surprised to find her a large, jolly, goodnatured aunt who became a favorite on first sight. One would not suspect that Aunt Mima had had the cares incident with a large family and some burdens which are enough to break most women. Her children are all nice and well mannered and show much respect for the home. I greatly enjoyed my visit at Aunt Mima's. Jennie was born 1-22-1888. She had taught school but has been needed at home. She is a home girl, the kind of girl who sacrifices her pleasures and desires for the sake of theirs. Margaret (Marjory she is called) was born 1-12-1890. She is a school teacher and is a girl one loves as naturally as the sunshine. Nevin was born 1-27-1891. James was born 10-19-1892. He is the only one of the four older boys I have met. He had just come home from Kansas City where he had taken a course in an automobile school. Joseph was born 4-10-1894. Thomas was born 3-20-1896. Dewey was born 4-22-1897. Stanley was born 3-8-1899. Francis was born 2-28-1902. Wylie was born 8-12-1903. I do not know how to distinguish one of the younger boys from another. They had three or four violins--two of which they themselves had made so well that none but a keen observer would know from other violins--and they all played. Jennie or her mother accompanied on the organ if a boy was missing but they could furnish an accompanist from their number. Helen was born 1-25-1910.

Andrew Scott died in infancy.

Adelaide Scott was born on the homestead near Clay Center. She is a graduate of the Clay Center High School. She married Abe Greep 6-27-1901 and lives near Longford. Her family of children is as fine as any in the land. Mildred was born 3-24-1902. David Scott was born 11-19-1903. Rudolph was born 5-7-1905. Margaret was born 2-5-1909.

William Ebenezer Scott was born 4-22-1860 in Beaver Co., PA. He lived for about eight years in St. Lawrence County, NY, was again in Beaver County, PA about a year, and then came to Kansas with his parents in 1870. One 10-5-1881 he married Clara Elizabeth Foote of Oak Hill. They began housekeeping on a farm about five miles southwest of Clay Center, where five children were born. In 1885 the family moved to Ellis County where father, the winter before, had taken a homestead on the Smoky Hill River, about 15 miles southwest of Hayes. On the

homestead my brother, Burton, was born. In 1892 we moved to another farm about six miles down the river. Here Helen and Ruth were born. In 1895 father entered the active ministry and in the spring of 1896 we moved to Grainfield. In 1899 father was sent to Natoma and it was here Myrtle was born. In 1902 the move was to Claflin and three years later to WaKeeney. Five years were spent in WaKeeney and then the family went to Oberlin. Hard time caused poor support and father was compelled to ask for a change so in 1912 he was sent to Oakley; but because of mother's health he was compelled to ask for another change in spite of the protests of his congregation. McCracken, Sylvan Grove and Culver were next in order, the last named being home in 1917.

As a boy, father excelled in sports and games. Old men have told me of his feats and surely he did not hesitate to do his part, whether it was running a footrace, playing baseball, shooting for turkeys, or playing gallant to the young ladies. It took father many years after he was married to quit many of his sports and it was because of his interest in baseball that he won the esteem of the young men at Gove when he was pastor living at Grainfield.

At the age of nineteen father was converted and ever since has taken a very active part in church affairs. In the Republican City Church he was one of the Psalm leaders, of which church he was a member until he moved to Ellis County. There was no Presbyterian church near but the Methodist had an organization and so father became affiliated with the Church which he has served so faithfully. Ever since I can remember, father has been preaching. First it was as an exhorter in the local church and then as a local preacher. As a pastor father has been exceedingly conscientious and faithful. His life has always tallied with his preaching and under his influence his family grew to be an honor to his profession. Mother was converted after her marriage and, although she helped in many ways to temper and steady father in his life, she has been greatly influenced by father's great religious faith. Father can pray as few men pray. He seems to be in the very presence of God and I know that none of his children will forget his prayers for mother in the time of her great affliction.

Father was what may be termed a self-educated man. He went to district school at Four Mile and attended high school at Clay Center. He has a scientific turn of mind and he reasons out many of the problems of life. After marriage he taught several terms of school and this helped him acquire a good speaking vocabulary as well as a logical method of thinking. He is a good Bible student and his preaching has always been safe and sane. He amuses himself some by writing verse. While at Oberlin he regularly contributed a poem to the local paper giving the Sunday School lesson for the following Sunday. Last year I was at Clifton on Mother's Day and heard the Presbyterian pastor read the following poem, which father had sent his mother. She had shown it to Brother Fleming and he asked permission to read it to the congregation.

Clara Elizabeth Foote, my mother, was born in Kings County, Nova Scotia, 12-18-1860 with Robert Foote her twin brother. She moved to Wallworth County, Wisconsin in 1866 with her parents and in 1870 came to Kansas where her father homesteaded near Oak Hill. Her mother died when she was but 11 years old and she made her home much of the time with her sister, "Rue", who lived near her father.

On 10-5-1881 she was married to William E. Scott and a large family with the attendant duties thereof has greatly taxed her

strength. No woman should undergo the hardships and sufferings that mother has endured and especially has it been hard on a woman of mother's temperament. She has always been a hard worker and not at all inclined to take things easy. Overwork and worry has proved too much a strain upon mother and she has suffered much from sickness the last fifteen years. In 1892 she had a severe attack of typhoid fever and she never fully regained her strength and vigor of former years.

She has always been sympathetic and helpful as a friend and mother. When we lived in the "rock house" in Ellis County, we had a neighbor woman who was a little neglected wife of a big careless husband. One Thanksgiving mother had this woman and her babies over for dinner and gave her some needed articles of clothing. There is a girl somewhere who bears mother's name because of this act of neighborly kindness. And many times mother would give away things from the missionary barrel until we children thought there would be nothing left. And we were seemingly as poor and as much in need as any.

Memory of boyhood days recalls to mind the evenings at the family fireside. Mother would read night after night to us children and many of the stories I recall are the ones she read to us. Though I have neglected to state that father was great to tell stories and we children learned to know the Bible largely because of the stories father told us. Then there were the lessons of conduct we learned which will go with us through life. So, while we were denied many privileges and opportunities which money would buy, our heritage has been a very rich one. Though our parents had little opportunity for education, they impressed upon us the need of it and encouraged us to attain to big things. There is no home where better ideals have been held forth and nowhere has child training been better practised.

* * * * *

Stanley Richmond Scott was born 8-23-1882 south of Clay Center on the farm. He was named for his father's brother and his mother's brother. He started to the district school in Clay County, attended school in Ellis County where he went with his parents in 1888, and graduated from the common schools at Grainfield in 1898, having gone there with his parents in 1896. He began teaching and in all taught fourteen terms of school. As a boy he did not have the opportunity to go to high school and, though he planned year after year to go away to school, the demands of the family purse and the hard times of the west made his education somewhat difficult. In 1904 he, in company with his brother, Walter, went to Salina to attend the Kansas Wesleyan University. But they did not have money enough to finish out the year. In 1909 he attended summer school at the State Normal School at Hayes. In 1912 he went to Emporia and entered the State Normal School, graduating from there in 1915 with the degree of Bachelor of Science. Most of his teaching was done at Oakley and neighboring towns but he was principal of the Belleville High School the year after his graduation and last year he taught in the high school of Trinidad, CO. He was reelected at an increase in salary but he made application for appointment and has been ordered to report to Fort Sheridan, IL for training as an army officer. He service begins on Aug. 27.

Walter Everett Scott was born in Clay County on the farm southwest of Clay Center, 5-29-1884. He went to Ellis County with his parents and attended district school. In 1896 he went to Grainfield and attended school there. In 1899 the family went to Natoma and Walter attended one winter the Natoma school. The next two winters he

went to Codell, a neighboring town, to school because he could do some advanced work there although it did not offer a strictly high school course. In 1903 he attended the Kansas Wesleyan Business College at Salina and in 1904, with his brother, Stanley, he attended the Kansas Wesleyan University for most of the year. In the winter and spring of 1909 and the year of 1909-10 he again attended school at the Wesleyan. Mar. 8, 1911 he married Anna Jensen and to them were born three girls: Esther Ernestine, 5-15-1912; Louise Lois, 1-15-1914; and Marie Melba, 12-23-1916. Many of these years Walter was farming much of the time of the farm in which he and Stanley had in partnership. During the winter of 1912-13 he taught school near the farm but in the summer of 1913 the boys sold out their stock and farm equipment and Walter moved to Hays where he entered the Kansas State Normal School, graduating in the summer of 1916 with the degree of Bachelor of Science. He moved to Sharon Springs where he was superintendent of schools last year and where he has been reelected for the coming year at an increase in salary.

Bertha Belle Scott was born 8-21-1885. She died 9-7-1886 being sick but a few hours with cholera infantum. I remember but two incidents connected with her. Once the bottom of the crib fell out as I was rocking her and I remember her as she lay in her crib dead.

Thomas Blackwood Scott--named for our family physician--was born 7-29-1886. He was sickly as a baby and the doctor told mother that she would not raise him. But he grew to be as strong as an ox. He attended school in Ellis County a little, attended at Grainfield, Natoma, and Claflin where he graduated from the common schools. In 1905 he entered the WaKeeney High School when the folks moved there but he stayed out during the winter of 1907-08 to teach. He graduated from the WaKeeney High School in 1909. The next winter he taught school and then he took the examination for appointment as rural carrier and has been carrying mail on Route #3 out of Oakley since. On 1-1-1912 he married Ivah Hyskell and to them three children have been born: Everett Hyskell, 11-14-1913; Carroll and Adele Carrie, 1-22-1915. Carroll died however the day following his birth.

Edith Viola Scott was born in Clay County, 10-29-1887. She attended part of one winter the district school in Ellis County, but began her school career in reality when the family went to Grainfield in 1896. She attended also at Natoma and graduated from the common schools at Claflin. Owing to mother's health condition Edith had to take charge of the home and the first winter at WaKeeney she did not get to attend high school. But she did private work under the instruction of Mrs. Sites, the wife of a Methodist minister living there to regain his health, and during the next three years she completed the course in the WaKeeney High School graduating in 1909 with her brother, Thomas. During the winter of 1909-10 she was principal of the schools at Collyer and the next winter she taught primary work at Grainfield where she and her brother had gone to school and where her brother, Stanley, had been principal of schools. 6-9-1911 she was married to Ernest A. Courtney, a merchant of WaKeeney, where her home now is. To them was born 7-10-1912 Vernon Ernest. Edith has what approaches the ideal home and surely no woman was more worthy of the happiness which is hers.

Burton Foote Scott--named for his Uncle Burton--was born 2-28-1892, on the homestead in Ellis County. He began school while the family were at Grainfield, attended at Natoma, Claflin, WaKeeney and graduated from the Oberlin High School in 1911. He taught school two

years and then in the fall of 1913 entered the University of Washington at Seattle. He belonged to the cadet corps and rose in rank until he held the office of Major. In the meantime he joined the Coast Artillery of the National Guards and rose in rank until in 1917 he was first Lieutenant. In July he was home for a brief furlough and now, in August, he is stationed at Fort Worden.

Helen Martha Scott--named for her Aunt Helen--was born in Ellis County, 9-1-1893. She attended school at Natoma, Claflin, WaKeeney and graduated from the Oberlin High School in 1912. During the winter of 1913-14 she taught school her brother, Walter, had taught the previous winter, south of Oakley. The next three years she taught primary work at Oakley where her brother, Stanley, had been principal of the city schools and had taught in the County High School. On 6-27-1917 she was married to Hurlburt P. Jagger of the First National Bank of Oakley where her home is. Little need to be said in her favor other than that she sustains the Scott reputation and is a general favorite in a community where she is. She selected a most excellent man and I feel certain that her home will be a very pleasant and happy one.

Ruth Lois Scott--named for two of mother's aunts--was born in Ellis County, 2-26-1895. She began school at Natoma, and attended at Claflin, WaKeeney and Oberlin and graduated from the County High School at Oakley in 1914. She taught at Page the year following her graduation and has taught the intermediate work at McCracken the last two years, to which position she is reelected for the coming winter at an increase in salary. Ruth is perhaps the most conscientious and truly spiritual of my sisters. Do not know that she is better than my other sisters but I know that there is none better.

Myrtle Marie Scott was born 10-7-1900 at Natoma. We children thought at first that she was one too many but now we would not know what to do without our baby sister. Because she was the baby, mother would not consent to her starting to school at an early age. But she has had some schooling and now at the age of seventeen she is a junior in high school. I have not been home much so have scarcely known my younger sisters. While at home this summer preparatory to going into training for the camp for officers, I have been pleased to learn that my baby sister is blossoming into a young woman of ability and talent. We are certainly proud of Myrtle and love her as much as any.

FULLINGTON

FAMILY

LINE

THE FULLINGTON FAMILY

Among the adventurous Scots who sided with Robert the Bruce in his struggle for the Scottish Crown was Fergus MacLouis or Fullarton, who received from the grateful monarch a charter dated Nov. 26, 1307, for the lands of Kilmichael or Kilbride and others on the Island of Arran. This property is still held by his descendants to this day. The progenitor of this family in this country was John Fullonton, said to have come from England to the part of Exeter now called Epping, New Hampshire. The Fullontons, the Fullertons, the Fullartons and Fullingtons seemed to come from common ancestry. The name Fullonton comes from Fuller--a cloth dresser--ton means town, so Fullertown or Fullonton.

- A. John Fullonton or Fullarton b 1700 d 1761; came from England probably about 1730; settled near Epping, N.H. m Abigail
 - B1 John Fullonton, Jr. b 1730 came to Raymond, N.H. soon after 1760, m Deliverance "Delia" Locke; was a sea captain, d 6-14-1817
 - C1 John 3d, called Jonathan b 10-2-1751; d Revolutionary War
 - D1 Deborah b 1775 m 1798 Daniel Alden (b 3-31-1773, descendant of John Alden
 - C2 Francis b 8-5-1753 m 1-4-1775 Ednah Ford; went West or to Canada
 - D1 Noah b 1782 m 9-27-1807 Lucy Owen
 - C3 Ezekial b 1758 m Jane McClure (b 1763 d 1846); went to Cambridge, VT, used the name FULLINGTON; served in Revolutionary War; d 10-24-1837
 - D1 Delia b 2-22-1782
 - D2 John (Jonathan) b 10-9-1787 m Ruth Howe
 - E1 Betsey b 1812 m Eli N. Wells 9-9-1832 d 1878
 - E2 Sofar b 1813 m William Brown 5-19-1833
 - E3 Hannah b 1815 m 1-18-1835 John L. Rockwood
 - E4 Jonathan R. b 1817 m 11-18-1840 Mary L. Thompson
 - D3 James F. b 8-19-1789 d 1830
 - D4 Betsy b 8-9-1792 m Jonathon B. Mudgett; d 6-20-1839
 - D5 Alexander b 1797 m Mary
 - E1 Jane Willson b 12-13-1827 d young
 - E2 Harry (Henry) Emerson b 12-7-1833 m Sarah A. Wheeler
 - F1 Henry D. b 10-14-1857
 - F2 George L. b 1-8-1866
 - F3 John A. b 12-14-1867 d young
 - F4 Anna Mary b 10-18-1869
 - D6 Ezekiel Jr. b 8-10-1800 m Julia
 - E1 Fidelia b 6-25-1825 m 9-22-1850 Ezra Kenfield
 - E2 James Deming b 1829 m Eunice M.
 - F1 Julia Maria b 1851 d 1853
 - F2 James Alonzo b 6-16-1858 d 1859
 - E3 Sarah Emiline b 6-13-1834 m 12-8-1862 Corwin Blaisdell
 - E4 Addison b 1837 m 9-11-1863 Addie S. Rice
 - F1 son 1866, died in infancy
 - C4 Joseph B. b 1762 d 7-21-1801 m ; Revol. War vet
 - C5,6,7,8 daughters
- B1 John Fullonton, Jr m Mollie Cram
 - C9 Anna b 11-6-1767 m Ebenezer Osgood; lived London, NH, d 1847
 - C10 EPHRAIM FULLINGTON b Jan. 10, 1770, m Hannah Patten (b 1-17-74 d Apr. 1804); settled in Cambridge, Vermont; d 1-12-1844
 - D1 Moses FULLINGTON; b 10-15-1796; m Hannah Maria Baker, June, 1832
 - E1 Harriet Newell; b 1-11-1833; m 10-12-1857 Stephen Foster (b 12-8-1808 d 10-30-1889) d 10-30-1902

F1 Arthur Foster; b 7-31-1861
 F2 Harriet Foster; b 5-1-1866
 E2 Lindley Murray; b 11-23-1837; m Lydia J. Andrews
 (b 3-29-1847; d 12-17-1898)
 G1 Angeline; b 6-22-1878
 G2 Moses A.; b 5-12-1880; m Florence Williams
 (b 1-8-1880)
 H1 Jean W. b 5-10-1911; m 9-7-1935 David Shep-
 herd (b 1-8-1905)
 I1 John Gordon; b 6-14-1938
 I2 Joan Elizabeth; b 9-22-1941
 I3 Sharon Jean; b 3-15-1942
 H2 Gordon A. b 4-1-1913; m 6-6-1939 Mary Jane
 Purnell (b 11-24-1920)
 I1 William David; b 3-15-1942
 I2 Patricia Ann; b 11-27-1945
 H3 Atwood F. b 4-28-1889; m 11-12-1921 Mar-
 garet McMillan (b 1-27-1890)
 I1 Mary Virginia b 8-17-1923
 E3 Monroe b 2-1- 1846; d 9-9-1849
 D2 Polly b 2-14-1798; m Olen Brush 3-28-1826
 D3 Rachel b 7-22-1800; d 12-19-1831
 D4 Hannah Patten b 8-19-1902; m Alfred Carpenter 4-26-1842
 d Nov. 1867
 D5 Nancy b 4-7-1804; m Henry Brush 3-18-1828
 C10 EPHRAIM FULLINGTON m Sarah Foster (b 1777 d 3-7-1847) 1-11-1807;
 moved to Cambridge, VT 1-27-1807
 D6 John True FULLINGTON b 4-28-1808; m 12-25-1841 Betsy Balch
 (b 1816 d 1848) d 2-23-1899
 E1 George Henry FULLINGTON b 7-12-1846 at Cambridge, VT
 m Emma Walbridge 2-10-1868 (d 1870); moved to Kansas
 1866.
 E1 George Henry FULLINGTON m Margaret Rebecca Scott
 9-15-1875; d 5-1-1903
 F1 John b 11-6-1876; d 1877
 F2 Viola died in infancy
 F3 James Scott b 10-2-1878; m Ethel Meek 1-25-1903
 (d 3-4-1929) d 11-25-1948
 G1 Marjorie Aileen b 5-3-1905
 G2 Dorothy died in infancy
 F3 James Scott m Bertha Trechsel 11-30-1930
 F4 Clayton Bernard b 12-11-1880 m Mary Wilson
 8-31-1911
 G1 George Wilson b 1-10-1913 m Sigrid Salmi
 7-29-1939
 H1 Marc b 4-9-1941
 H2 Susan Mary b 2-3-1947
 G2 Eleanor Margaret b 6-3-1915
 F5 Augusta Morse b 2-2-1885 m 1906 George Elmer Meek
 G1 Milo b 1-30-1907 m Pauline Palmer 11-6-1940
 H1 Margaret Rose b 1-7-1943
 H2 Palmer b 4-18-1945
 H3 Milo Ben b 1-25-1948
 G2 Frank Henry b 9-4-1908 m Harrel Porter
 6-16-1935
 H1 Carolyn b 3-18-1936
 H2 Jo Augusta b 6-16-1937
 H3 Myron b 12-16-1941
 G3 Gerald b 5-28-1911 m Imogene Siemers
 12-31-1940

H1 George Lynn b 6-6-1942
 H2 Maurita Gayle b 20-1946
 H3 Lynean Ann b 4-8-1950
 H4 Marilyn Jean b 3-14-1952
 G4 Louis F. b 5-12-1915 m Roberta Viola Vawter
 5-17-1941
 H1 James b 3-1-1943
 H2 Robert Louis b 11-24-1948
 F6 George Lynne b 7-21-1888 m Mary Freeman 7-12-1919
 d 1-15-1950
 F7 Florence Virginia b 4-30-1891 m Morrill I. Cook
 3-16-1916; d 7-8-1933
 G1 Morrill Irving b 9-30-1918; missing in
 action WWII since Oct. 1942
 F8 Dewey Mason b 4-24-1898 m Blanche McGavic 3-8-1922
 divorced May 1939
 G1 Jacqueline Joan b 12-6-1923 m Thomas P.
 Butterfield 10-29-1944
 H1 Grant Thomas b 3-13-1947 m Janine L.
 Purkheiser June, 1969 annulled 10-1969
 H2 Bruce Phillip b 7-25-1949 m Monique
 Poisbeau 4-3-1976
 I1 Titaina b 1-29-1967; adopted
 I2 Hemoana b 1-26-1968; adopted
 I3 Vetea b 1-21-1970; adopted
 I4 Maire J. b 1-19-1981
 H3 Scott Fredric b 7-2-1953 m Maria D. Torres
 9-30-1972; divorced 1987
 I1 Benjamin A. b 2-4-1978
 I2 Tomas b 2-20-1979
 H4 Carol Joan b 3-10-56 m Mark E. Safarik
 8-19-1978; divorced May 1983; m Mark Briant
 3-19-1985
 I1 Colin T.A. b 4-24-1986
 G2 Fredric Ames b 10-21-1933 m Suzanne Beresford
 5-18-1957
 H1 Cynthia Beth b 11-1-1958 m Daniel
 Krening 10-20-1984
 I1 Phillip P. 4-23-1989
 H2 Dana Lynn b 1-21-1961
 H3 Andrea Kay b 11-3-1964
 F8 Dewey Mason m Ora Porter 12-20-1939 d 1-23-1979
 Ora died in 1984
 D6 John True FULLINGTON m 1850 Sylvia Carpenter (b 1821 d 1899)
 E2 Fred H. b 12-9-1851 m Emma Taylor 3-16-1875 d 11-20-1920
 F1 Fred Earl b 1-30-1876 m 10-23-1915 Ruth Tatro
 (b 2-14-1891 d 1-22-1943)
 G1 Joyce Ruth b 3-3-1917 d 3-28-1945
 G2 Forris Frederick b 2-23-1919 m 5-13-1967
 Marjorie Eldred Tilton (b 7-18-1909)
 G3 Alice Mavis b 7-3-1923 m 3-14-1942 Raymond
 Newton Foote (b 8-1-1918)
 H1,2,3,4,5 (3 sons and 2 daughters)
 G4 Daughter b 11-14-1924 died in infancy
 G5 Infant b Aug. 1926 died in infancy
 F2 Stella Blanche b 3-19-1884 m Edgar Hill
 10-14-1908 (d 6-11-1968) d 2-2-1923
 E3 Augustus b 1855 d 1883
 E4 Forris B. b 9-24-1853 m 3-10-1874 Delia M. Morse
 (b 6-18-1850 d 11-19-1931) d 11-2-1934

- D7 Ruth Moore b 8-11-1809 m Aseph Terrill of Underhill, NH
7-9-1834
- D8 Sarah Jane b 5-24-1811 m Hyrum Morgan 12-16-1831 d Nov. 1847
- D9 Clarissa Osgood b 1-8-1813 d 10-19-1813
- D10 Clarissa Osgood b 9-10-1814 m Amos Hobart 4-28-1840
- D11 Bradbury b 11-11-1815 m 9-27-1839 Electa Adeline Walbridge
(d 4-8-1888); he had 3 farms and was a wealthy and influ-
ential man; d 9-30-1893
- E1 Eugenia m D.W. Green
- E2 Mary
- E3 Birney b 2-16-1845 m 8-9-1871 Helen Chadwick (d 1885)
- F1 Harry C. b 1872 m Maude Swift; veterinarian
- G1 Mary W. b 1895; teacher in Seattle, WA
- G2 Birney b 1897
- F2 Christopher Chadwick b 1875; graduated Dartmouth
class of 1902
- E3 Birney m Carrie M. Freeman 1891
- F1 Walbridge Birney b Aug. 1893; veterinarian WWI
- F2 Helen b 1896
- F3 Hallard b 1898 d 1901
- F4 Lloyd Henry b Apr. 1900 m Clara B.; enlisted
USN 1918
- F5 Mabel Carrie b 1902
- E4 Harrington b 2-13-1847 m 9-23-1879 Hattie E. Foote
(b 1861)
- E4 Harrington m Ella J. Badger (b 1870)
- F1 Genie Evelyn b 1887 d 1891
- E5 Eugenia M. b 10-27-1849 m Daniel W. Green (lawyer);
teacher
- E6 Mary L. b 12-25-1851 d 1896; teacher
- E7 Sarah b 4-9-1855 m Dr. H. B. Jones; moved to Kansas
- F1 Kenlock
- F2
- F3 Henrietta
- D12 Bradley E. b 1-19-1819 m 6-15-1843 Louisa Carpenter (b 1821)
went to Kansas 1855
- E1 Albion B. b 1878 d 1849
- E2 Alice E. b 1851 m Charles Adison Streeter (b 8-22-1851
d 12-4-1928) d 1-25-1901
- F1 Annie Louise b m John G. Haney d 1906
- G1 Philip
- G2 Alice
- F2 John died in infancy
- F3 Lyman Bradley m Catherine
- G1 Gilbert
- G2 Margaret
- B1 John Fullonton Jr. m Rachel French
- C12 Ebenezer b 4-21-1773 m Lydia Purington d Feb. 1842
- D1 Lydia b 1794 d young
- D2 Lydia b 1796 m Winthrop H. Claridge Mar. 1825
- D3 Ebenezer b 1798 d young
- D4 Ebenezer b 3-18-1800 m 8-10-1822 Mary Jane Chase (b 1803
d 4-12-1887)
- D5 Samuel b 1802 d 9-11-1849
- C13 Jeremiah b 12-27-1775 m Hannah Dudley d 7-12-1848 Weighed 300#
all children born Raymond, NH
- D1 Susanna b 2-4-1806 d 5-10-1831
- D2 Joseph Free Baptist Minister
- D3 Jeremiah b 2-3-1810 d 3-19-1864
- E1 George d in army in Washington, DC; was in Civil War

E2 Emma m Lt. J. E. Cram
E3 Francis
E4 John
D4 John b 8-3-1813 Graduate Dartmouth; college professor for
40 years; d April 1896
E1 Ida H.
D5 Hannah b 12-21-1814 m Leonard Pease d 1894
D6 Ezekiel b 1-13-1818 m Adaline Bunker d Boston
D7 Mary D. B 3-30-1820 m George Kimball of Danville, NH
D8 Caroline b 7-4-1822 m Abel Kimball (d 1844) lived
Freeport, NH d Raymond NH
C14 Rachel b 8-23-1778 m David Page d 10-8-1834
B2 William b 1731 m Mary d 1769; descendants used FULLERTON
B3 James b 1733 m Martha (she spelled it Marthew)
B4 David b 1735 m Frances Geyer; d Revolutionary War
B5 Betty b 1737 m Benjamin Fox
C1 David
C2 Sinclair went to Ohio
C3 Girl m John Bachelder
C4 Girl m Samuel Bachelder
B6 Mary b 1739
B7 Sarah b 1741
B8 Katherine b 1744

Compiled from what information I had at hand by
Dewey Mason FULLINGTON
5000 Oak St., Kansas City 2, MO

4-1-1951

Compiled from the foregoing and also information
provided by Genealogist, Gordon W. Fullerton (b
11-22-1925). I updated our immediate family up
to the current date.

Jacqueline Joan FULLINGTON Butterfield
200 Pauka'a Drive
Hilo, HI 96720

9-13-1989

OTHER LETTERS
AND
HISTORICAL INFORMATION
OF SCOTLAND

The following are excerpts from public documents, copies of letters, and general information which were copied by Dewey Mason Fullington in 1932. I have copied them for inclusion in the Fullington segment of the family history.

* * * * *

Letter from Ida Fullonton, only daughter of Prof. John Fullonton:

Lewiston, Maine, December 21, 1896

Mrs. Stephen Foster (Harriet Fullington):

Dear Madam: I take the liberty to address you as I have discovered your name and address in one of Miss Eugenia (Fullington) Green's letters to my father. She speaks of visiting you often, and you have doubtless heard her speak of my father, Prof. John Fullonton, if not of myself, who am his daughter. I shall of course also take the liberty of claiming a little relationship with you, which perhaps you will not resent.

My object in writing to you is to obtain if possible the full address of our friend Eugenia which I have forgotten.

I was so unfortunate as to lose her last letter which I received soon after my dear Father's death in April, and consequently have not been able to write to her all these months, which I very much regret. She was one of my father's most valued correspondents, as he always prized very highly the ties of family above other relationships. I should be very glad to receive a line from you in addition to the address.

Yours very sincerely,

77 College St., Lewiston, Maine

Ida H. Fullonton

* * * * *

77 College St., Lewiston, Maine
December 27, 1896

Dear Mrs. Foster:

Thank you for your prompt reply to my request and your interesting letter. I could not help thinking as I read it how interested father would have been in you, and how he would have enjoyed corresponding with you. He always talked a great deal about the Vermont relatives, as he had visited them several times.

I shall write Eugenia at once. I shall be very glad to answer your questions as far as I am able. I know myself but very little about the origin of the family. I have a history of the town of Raymond, NH where my father was born, written by his brother, Joseph Fullonton, who was for many years pastor of the village church. Father used to say that his father's family was the only branch which spelled the name "Fullonton." The Fullarton is the Scotch spelling, I suppose. I never saw the spelling before. The account of the family in the book does not seem to be very complete. I give some items. "The progenitor of the family in this country was John Fullonton, said to have come

from England, to that part of Exeter now Epping. His wife's name was Deliverance". My grandfather, his son, Jeremiah, was born on the old homestead in Raymond, Dec. 27, 1775. My father was born in Raymond, and had three brothers and four sisters, of whom Aunt Caroline (Fullonton) Kimball, a widow, living in Raymond is the only one now living. The history says, "Some of John Fullonton's sons adopted the spelling, "Fullington". I think the spelling Fullington and Fullerton is more common, in fact, as father used to say, I never have seen it spelled by any other family as we spell it. Of course, I like our spelling best. The history speaks of Ephraim Fullington, son of John, married Hannah Patten of Candia, NH. They settled in Cambridge, Vermont, and among the children are John True and Ruth M. of whom you write. My father and Eben Fullington were strong friends, (they were cousins) and corresponded until Eben F. could not use his eyes. You would be interested to see the history, I think, although the account of the family is necessarily quite brief. My grandfather married Hannah Dudley, and my father was also greatly interested in the Dudley genealogy. We have a copy of the Dudley Genealogy. They are a great family as you perhaps know, and very proud of their origin, tracing back from Gov. Thomas Dudley, "first Dep. Gov. and second Gov. of Mass. Bay" to Sir Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, who figured so prominently in Queen Elizabeth's court as you will remember. Dean Dudley of Montrose, Mass., has written a family history in 12 volumes.

I shall be very glad to hear from you again.

Very truly yours,

Ida H. Fullonton

* * * * *

This letter is from Caroline (Fullonton) Kimball, daughter of Jeremiah Fullonton and Hannah Dudley, his wife. (Their 8th and youngest child). She is sister to Prof. John Fullonton. It is a reply to a letter from cousin Harriet (Fullington) Foster regarding the genealogy of the Fullington family.

"You ask what Eben Fullington father's name was. It was as you see in names of my father's father's family." His father's name was Ebenezer. (This is not very clear. The Eben Fullington mentioned above was own cousin to my father, Bradbury Fullington. He came to visit us and the other cousins in 1869? His father's name was Eben, or Ebenezer. He left no children. He lives in Amesbury, Mass. I have visited him twice--once in 1877 and once with mother in 1878. Eugenia M. (Fullington) Green.

"His wife died and he came to Raymond, NH and lived with a friend of his, a Mr. Jones, and died here a few years ago. He was a good man and highly respected. Brother John (Prof. John Fullonton) boarded with him when he taught school in Haverhill when he was in Dartmouth College. They thought a great deal of each other.

The day he died I went to see him and he tried to tell me to give his love to John. I wrote to brother John about it. He said it was very touching.

You see I am the last of my father's family. I was 74 last July 4, 1896. We were all born in Raymond, NH at the old homestead. My brother Jeremiah's widow lives there were her daughter and family. She

is 85 years old--quite smart--does lots of fancy work.

I feel the loss of my friends very much. To live to part with all is heart rending but I am looking to a happy reunion hereafter when we shall all meet never to part--happy thought.

I think I have written so you will understand, if not write me and I will try and make it plainer if possible. I think it is difficult to get it all so one can get it just right. If you have any more questions to ask don't be afraid to ask them. I would like to know about your family. Have you children? And about your brother and sister, if any. How far do you live from Boston?

Love

* * * * *

Raymond, NH Jan. 4, 1897

Dear Mrs. Foster:

Yours received. I see by Ida's letter that she told you about John Fullonton who first came to this country. He was my great grandfather--he came from England and settled in what is now Epping, NH. His wife's name (Deliverance) she gave you. The children of whom we have any account are as follows:

1. John, born 1730 died 6-14-1817. He was my grandfather. He died in Raymond, NH
2. David, went into the army of the Revolution and died.
3. James, born 1733, moved to Sanburnton, NH
4. William, settled in Wolfborough, NH. The descendants spelled their name Fullerton.
5. Betty, married Benjamin Fox and lived in Raymond.

Now about my Grandfather. His name was John (2nd or 3rd) (?I say the 3rd). He married Delia Locke for his wife (first). Their children:

1. Mary, married Eliphalet Folsom, lived in Raymond, NH, died there.
2. Ezekiel, married Jane McClure, settled in Cambridge, VT
3. Jonathan, killed in Revolutionary War near Albany, NY
4. Joseph, died while moving to Vermont. Tradition says his death resulted from eating wild turnip. He was buried in a hollow log on the Foote Farm in the town of Johnson, VT. He was the first man to die in this town. I have heard my father say--as they were moving to Vermont they came to some turnips growing--he (Joseph) got one and ate it causing him to have bilious colic and he died before he got there.
5. Francis, went West or to Canada and not heard of.
- 6,7,8,9--four died in infancy. This makes 9 children my grandfather (John Fullonton) had by his first wife who was Delia Locke.

His second wife was Molly Cram. Their children:

10. Anna, born 11-6-1767, married Ebenezer Osgood, lived in London, NH where she died in 1847.
11. Ephraim, born 1-10-1770. Settled in Cambridge, VT, died 1-12-1843 (he was your grandfather), married Hannah Patten, first wife; Sarah Foster, 2nd wife died 3-7-1847.

His third wife was Rachel French. Their children:

12. Ebenezer, born 4-21-1773, lived in Freemont, Epping, Greenland, and died in Annesbury, Mass., Feb. 1842.
13. Jeremiah, born 12-27-1775. He was a farmer and a deacon in the

Free Baptist Church. He was very corpulent, weighing at one time 300 pounds, died 7-12-1848.

14. Rachel, married David Page, lived in Raymond, NH, born 8-23-1778 and died 10-8-1834.

So you see that my father (Jeremiah) had 13 brothers and sisters. His father, John Fullonton, had 9 by his first wife (Delia Locke), 2 by his second wife (Molly Cram), 3 by his third wife (Rachel French) = 14 in all.

Ida says my father (Jeremiah) had 3 brothers and 9 sisters. You ask me where they were settled.

[The next paragraphs have to be a listing of the children of Jeremiah as you reconcile the dates---jjb)

1. Susanna or Susan, born 1-4-1806, died of consumption on 5-10-31, age 25 years.
2. Joseph, he was a Free Baptist Minister (Author of the History of the town of Raymond)
3. Jeremiah, settled on the homestead in Raymond. Was clerk and deacon of the Free Baptist Church, Justice of the Peace and a very useful citizen. He was born 2-3-1810, died 3-19-1964.
4. John, born 8-3-1812, a graduate of Dartmouth College. He is Ida's father. He was a college professor for over 40 years. Died, April, 1896.
5. Hannah, born 12-21-1814, married Leonard Pease and lived in Raymond. Died in 1894.
6. Ezekiel, born 1-13-1818, married Adaline Bunker of Epping. Lived in Boston and died there. Was in the furniture business in Charlestown.
7. Mary D. born 3-30-1820, married George Kimball of Danville, NH and died there.
8. Caroline, born 7-4-1822. I married Abel Kimball and lived in Freeport, NH. My husband died there 13 years ago (1884); now I reside in Raymond, my native town. My parents were Free Baptists. All of us became members of the same denomination, eight of us, all married by my oldest sister Susan.

Caroline Fullonton Kimball

* * * * *

Raymond, Jan. 31, 1897

Dear Mrs. Foster:

Yours received. I will gladly answer your questions. First, was Captain John Fullonton in the army? I do not know. In the history of Raymond that title is not to his name. David lived on the home place in Epping--went into the army of the Revolution and died there. He was my father's uncle. My grandfather, (the 3rd or 2nd John Fullonton) moved from Epping to Raymond and David remained on the home place in Epping, the next town to Raymond. I knew about where it is. You ask who lives where my father was born. John E. Cram: he married the granddaughter of my father. My brother Jeremiah had the home place--he died and left a widow. They had three sons and one daughter. (George, Emma, Francis, and John). George died in the army--in Washington--was a Civil War soldier. The daughter Emma married Lieutenant J. E. Cram. No, the house where my father was born and his eight children burned some fifteen years ago and a new, modern one is built on the spot. The Jonathan you spoke of was my father's brother. He was killed in the

Revolutionary War, near Albany, NY. He was the third child of my grandfather and his first wife, Delia Locke.

You see, your grandfather, Ephraim Fullonton, (or Fullington as he spelled it) was the 11th child of my grandfather and of Molly Cram, his second wife. My father, Jeremiah, was the son of his third wife, Rachel French, so my father and Ephraim (your grandfather) were not own brothers--but half-brothers. The account of that courtship your daughter speaks of was the one that my grandfather married--Molly Cram. She was the mother of Ephraim. I would write the account of it but perhaps your daughter has remembered it so will not write it.* I wrote to Ida Fullonton, my niece, about our correspondence and told her when she went to her cousins in Haverhill to go out to see you. She wrote back that her mother had a niece in Reading and she would be glad to see her, she is a fine Christian lady. Mrs. Foster, how glad he would have been to have written her. I am very glad to answer your questions. Anything at anytime you wish to know or do not understand I will gladly tell you. I am mistaken about saying that Captain John was not called "Captain" in the history of Raymond, it was in that Courtship story; it was an amusing affair. If anyone was going to London could they not find out something about it. I will write to Ida about this.

Yours with love. If we never meet here I hope we shall meet where there are no partings.

C. Kimball
Caroline Fullonton Kimball

*Molly Cram story: Second wife, Molly Cram, a relative of Deacon Cram Easterly from the schoolhouse, where the old road was lived Joseph White. A man up north, Captain John Fullonton lost his wife, Delia Locke, who charged him before her health, not to marry Molly, who lived at Deacon Cram's. The man thus charged had a mind to do so, however; and at dusk the Captain would be seen wending his way to where Molly lived. Mr. White, knowing the case, thought to frighten him out of it. So one night, as the Captain was already in the dooryard, anticipating an interview with his intended bride, White appeared, wrapped in a sheet as if the ghost of the departed wife from the graveyard below. The Captain did not believe in witches, hobgoblins, or ghosts. He was aware the "true love does not run smooth," but will run regardless of difficulties. Molly he meant to have in spite of the devil and all his works, so he gave chase. White fled, carrying the sheet on his arm for fear of a beating.

Recopied January, 1932 by Dewey Fullington

* * * * *

Kilmichael, Brodick, Arran, Scotland

15th February, 1897

Madam:

Your letter about the Fullarton family has been handed to me by the Postmaster at Brodick.

The information you have is correct so far, but out of date. I suppose the book you saw was an old one.

Captain John Fullarton, whom you mention died in 1845, and was succeeded by his brother, Archibald. Archibald died in 1860 and the property has since been held by three of his daughters in succession, the third of of whom (my mother) is the present owner.

Kilmichael is not the name of the Parish, as stated in your letter, the name should be "Kilbride" which is one of the two parishes into which the Island of Arran is divided.

I am Yours Faithfully,

A. Robertson--Fullarton

Mrs. Harriet Foster
Reading, Massachusetts, USA

* * * * *

Notes from the "Lord of the Isles" which was written about 1814; it still remains in this very ancient and respectable family.

Fitz Louis--or Mac Louis, otherwise called Fullarton, is a family of ancient descent in the Isle of Arran. They are said to be of French origin as the name intimates. They attached themselves to Bruce upon his first landing, and Fergus MacLouis or Fullarton received from the grateful monarch a charter dated 26th of November in the second year of his reign (1307) for the lands of Kilmichael and others.

* * * * *

Woodsville, NH Jan. 4, 1900

My dear Sister: [to Harriet Fullington Foster, jjb]

James H. Fullington of Bedford, NH quite near Manchester, is temporarily living in this town and is Superintendent of Bridges and Buildings, Boston and Maine system, Concord to Groton and branches. His age is 49, has a wife, no children--never had. His father is 80; lives in Bedford. Each have considerable property. His father's brother, John, is superintendent of Parks and Shade Trees in Manchester. He is about 60 and resembles me; while the father's photograph closely resembles Uncle Bradley. The father was born on the Isle of Arran, one of ten children; came to America when he was 7 years old. James, the seventh James since 1301 A.D., claims the Isle of Arran property. Both he and his father have been to Edinburgh and Glasgow recently to take possession but failed to secure. I spent the evening of the 3rd at James' house. Are you still interested? If yes, will interview and report to you soon as I can.

He went over the farm on the Island and through the records 1301 to 1897 in Edinburgh.

Hastily and sincerely,

Lindley Fullington

* * * * *

Woodsville, NH, Jan. 12, 1900

My dear Sister:

Called on James H. Fullerton last night and was given statement of a few incidents of his visit to the Isle of Arran. His purpose was to establish his claim to the property on the ground that he was the nearest kin. He looked up and copied the records in the city of Edinburgh, showing the occupants and owners for the past 200 years. During that time the occupants, as a rule, had large families and married rather late in life, about the age of 30. The face of the Island is rough, hilly, and mountainous, and is about 21 miles long and seven miles wide and has 6000 to 7000 people on it. There are villages, churches, schools, telephones and telegraph lines, but no railroads. There is a wharf on the Fullerton property and buildings occupied by the family when they are not in foreign ports spending their money. The estate extends across the Island 7 miles.

The Duke of Hamilton owns the two ends and pays the Fullertons \$2500.00 for the privilege of shooting per year and there are rents paid for portions that are cultivable. It is 50 to 60 miles to Glasgow.

Fullerton's father came to America when 7 years old, 1830. He is one of six brothers and three or four sisters, mostly living. The youngest about sixty, is Superintendent of Parks and Trees in Manchester, NH who J. H. says is a perfect picture of me. The same scowl between the eyes.

The Fullertons in Scotland nearly all drink whiskey, putting it on the table every meal, but were conscientious enough not to do so as soon as they noticed that he did not take any.

J. H. allows that he is a wicked man and thinks he inherited it from an uncle John who was noted.

J. H. has no children, is 49 years old, thinks he is fortunate because he has none. Is a money-getter and very bright--is popular with the R.R. people. He is shocking in his profanity. He plans to catch speckled trout 10 to 12 inches long every Sunday in the open season when the weather is right.

I think, by and by, you can get a loan, the original records of his trip and research.

Lindley

* * * * *

From Imperial Gazetteer of Scotland:

Cambelton, a parish containing a royal burgh of the same name, and also the villages of Dolintober and Drumlemble, in the Kintyre district of Argyleshire. Bounded North by parishes of Killeen and Saddell, East by Firth of Clyde, South by Atlantic Ocean, 12 1/2 miles x 6. It consists of four original parishes united, viz. Kilkerran, Kilkivan, Kilchusland and Kilmichael. It has two parish churches and the Duke of Argyle is patron of both livings. On the Isle of Arran, about one mile distant from the sea in Glen Cloy is Kilmichael the seat of John Fullarton Esq., whose immediate ancestors received this estate

and a farm on the west side of the island from Robert Bruce for services rendered to him while in concealment on this island. Martin, says if tradition be true, this family is said to be of 700 years standing. The present owner showed me his old and new charters, by which he is one of the King's Coroners with this island and he has a halbert peculiar to his office; he has his right of late from the family of Hamilton wherein his title and perquisites are confirmed to him and his heirs. He has three men to attend upon all public emergencies and is bound by office to pursue all malefactors. If anyone refuses to pay rent at usual term he can arrest him, or seize his goods, and if he and his retinue can't do it, he can call on people to help him. The perquisites are a bushel of oats and a lamb from every village in the island. Fergus MacCloy, or MacLouis, or Fullarton's charter dates back to Nov. 26, 1307. (This came from Imperial Gazetteer of Scotland, published by A. Fullarton and Co., London and Edinburgh). On the north side of Brodick Bay is the castle of Brodick and on the opposite side of the bay is Kilmichael.

From Munay's Hand Book of Scotland, 1894

"Glasgow to Arran--twice daily. Saturday three times. About 1 1/2 hours. The train leaves the Central Station and crosses the Clyde. The Island is about 20 miles long and 11 miles wide. For many centuries it was a regal domain, stocked with deer and other animals and used as a hunting ground. Brodick, the name of the principle parish and post office is the best centre for exploring the Isle, and is the place where tourists disembark. It must be remembered however that in going to Arran in summer one must secure accommodations in advance as it is crammed with visitors.

The Duke of Hamilton discourages building cottages and even its smallest cottages are secured months in advance at high rents. With the exception of Kilmichael up Glen Cloy (belonging to the Fullarton family, the oldest proprietors in Arran) and one or two farms, the whole island belongs to the Duke of Hamilton who occasionally resides at Brodick Castle.

From the Imperial Gazetteer, Martin, London, 1809

"The inhabitants of the island of Arran, are composed of several tribes. The most ancient family among them is by the natives reckoned to be MacLouis, which in the ancient signifies the son of Louis. They own themselves to be descended of French parentage. Their surname in English is Fullarton, and their title Kirk Michell, the place of their residence. The present proprietor obliged me with a sight of his old and new charters.

The inhabitants of the island of Arran are well proportioned, generally of a brown complexion. They enjoy a state of good health and have a genius for all callings or employments, though they have but few mechanics. They are very civil, and I did not hear an oath on the island."

From the McCullocks Geographical Dictionary

"The inhabitants of the island of Arran are very poor, continue in rather a primitive state, and speak the Irish language."

From the Gazetteer of the World

"Arran is the very jewel of geologists. The people have traditions of the hero Fingal, and of Ossian who is said to have died there."

From the Memoranda of the Rev. M. Cooper's Interleaved Almanac:

New England Geneological and Historical Register of 1876

- 1715 Married in Roxbury
Alexander Fullerton
and
Elizabeth Belcher
- 1725 Baptized Mehitable Fullerton
1729 Baptized Mary Fullerton
- 1742 Born of Henry and Mary (Fullerton),
first born
- 1744 Married in Pembroke
Arunnah Fullington
and
Lyllis Stetson
- 1760 Stephen Fullerton lost house by a great fire.
- 1770 Baptized in Dover, NH
Jane, daughter of widow, Mary Fullerton
Fullington
- * * * * *

THE PATTEN FAMILY

Thomas Patten, son of Deacon Robert Patten was born in Boston, Sept. 1725. He lives in Boston 15 years very near what is now Commerce St.; went to school on Pemberton's Hill. Moved to Exeter (province of New Hampshire) with his father about the year 1728 and from there to Westchester (now Auburn) about the year 1742; bought 1/2 of lot No. 30, 2nd part of 2nd Division on Patten Hill, of David McClure Jr, April 29, 1754, and moved to Candia. Married Mary McClure, daughter of David McClure, 2-8-1752 and died Nov. 1816, age 91 years. Mary, his wife, died 1815. They lived together on the same farm more than 60 years.

They had 14 children; 2 died young, 12 of them (9 girls and 3 boys) lived to grow up and all were married except one. Elizabeth, born 4-20-1755 married John Varnum, afterward, Moses Clark, of Deerfield. Thomas, born 3-15-1757. Mary, born 1-6-1759 married Simon Norton. Jean, born 1-5-1761, married Joshua Moore. Martha, born 11-26-1762 married Joseph L. Seavery of Rye, NH. Sarah, born 12-23-1764 married Benjamin Wadleigh. Rachel, born 2-5-1767, married Samuel Dimon. Peggy or Margaret, born 1-30-1771 married Jacob Sargent. Hannah, born 1-17-1774 married EPHRAIM FULLINGTON, of Raymond, thence moved to Cambridge, VT. Ruth, born 5-8-1776, married Andrew Moore. Samuel, born 7-8-1780 married Lydia Emerson. Moses, born 3-11-1782 married Hannah Baker.

The children descendents of Mr. Patten and wife were 14 children, 50 grandchildren, 137 great grandchildren, 39 great great grandchildren; making in all 240.

THOMAS P. BUTTERFIELD

1942-1944

DISCLAIMER

This is a true and correct copy of an essay dictated by Thomas Phillip Butterfield and edited and embellished by J. Joan Butterfield written in November, 1947.

We now both agree that it is AWFUL but if you can read through the embellishment you can get somewhat of a sense of jungle warfare; therefore I leave it as is.

J. Joan Butterfield
Feb. 18, 1989

20,000 YEARS OVERSEAS OR THOMAS PHILLIP BUTTERFIELD, 1942-1944

The first two years as one of Uncle Sam's famous Leathernecks were relatively calm and collected. At various stations in the western states including Mare Island, Hunter's Point, Treasure Island, San Diego, Camp Pendleton, and Phoenix nothing more exciting happened than telling my gunnery sergeant just exactly where to go and as a consequence having a nice little room all to myself with my meals served by a personal guard--or going A.W.O.L. over a fence only to discover when I returned that the tide had since come in and made my little fence inaccessible--oh, yes, of course, my wife wouldn't like it if I didn't admit that it was in this period of my young life that I fell in Love. You see--nothing really exciting.

The next two years loom out as something entirely alien to the ordinary person's concept of war. At various times I was so hungry and so thirsty and so filthy and so scared that I wondered if this was really happening to me. No heroism other than that of saving my own precious skin--no brilliant strategic moves--just the plain, tedious, fatiguing, filthy, dirty plodding of a Marine private.

Things started out all wrong. We left Our Country 'Tis of Thee on July 19, 1942 but I didn't blow her a fond farewell kiss due to the fact that my ship accommodations on the yet-to-be converted luxury Matson liner, S. S. Lurline, were what was vulgarly referred to as the Brig. Just prior to departure I had had quite a disagreement with Marine Corps regulations regarding a journey to see my beloved. I could see no point in continuing this prattle and took things into my own hands. She refused to elope with me giving forth with the usual arguments--too young, want to finish school, wait until out of service, etc. I suppose it was just as well because if anything had happened to me--oh well, it would have been fun anyway.

But getting back to the Lurline----the 22nd Provisional Brigade of which I was duly qualified as a member docked at Pago Pago, Samoa about August 19, 1942 and we remained there one week. We spent another day on the Lurline and arrived at Apia, British Samoa on August 17, 1942 and remained until September 10. It was here that I volunteered to join the 7th Regiment of the 1st Division and we boarded the U.S.S. President Jackson (a former passenger liner of the President Lines) enroute to the now famous Guadalcanal Island of the British Solomons. Let me explain briefly here that we were not the first American troops to land. The first Marines to land did so on August 7, 1942--the First Division. The 7th Regiment had been stranded at Samoa and couldn't join the rest of the division which had come from northern Australia, because of an extensive Japanese blockade. Our great Navy finally broke the blockade, not without great losses to the gallant ships, and we were able to join our weary comrades on September 17, 1942.

The next three months are symbolic of my conception of Hell. At daybreak of the 17th we climbed down nets into small boats and landed within the America perimeter already established by our predecessors. In record time the transports were unloaded--the Jackson, President Hayes, President Adams,, Crescent City, and one other that has since slipped my mind. At noon I got my first taste of it--we were dive bombed, high level bombed and strafed. There was something amusing about the incident--in a shell hole in which I sought cover my

companion turned out to be a general although I still don't know his name. The rest of the afternoon was uneventful. Had a grand meal of C rations and Japanese chow. Even used Japanese blankets to snooze. How? The Japs had apparently left this particular part in one big hurry.

The first night on the island had its big moments too. Beginning at 8 p.m. and lasting for 9 1/2 hours our guns put on a mortar and artillery barrage. At 9 p.m. the tropical weather finally began to show its teeth--rain, rain, rain until I was laying in water 2 inches deep with half a pup tent as partial shelter. A plane comes over and calmly drops a flare to signal ships at sea. Said ships lay down barrage after barrage and I thought to myself -- "Boy are we giving them the works tonight!" The next morning I discovered that it had been the Japanese making my sleep difficult. At midnight we started toward the front lines carrying a bedding roll, pack, rifle, 230 rounds of ammo. We marched through the jungle for 45 minutes, stopped, and slept peacefully. Altogether it took about 3 hours to get to the front line positions.

On Bloody Ridge we dug in. Literally too--dug foxholes both standing and sitting positions. It was so hot we like to have melted. It was quite the popular thing to volunteer to make reconnaissance patrols because you went down into the jungle--though dangerous, it was so much cooler and also you got an extra water ration. On these patrols our dinner would often consist of hardtack, coffee, and canned butter. We couldn't just walk along guardedly; we had to cut our way through the dense growth with machetes.

Gradually we advanced the American perimeter shooting when necessary--no huge battles just skirmishes to get them out of our way. Rifles and machine guns took care of this. Every movement was undertaken with the utmost of care--no smoking; no talking. To keep track of one another when advancing you would tap on your rifle butt. After a certain distance decreed by the higher-ups we dug in again and laid barbed wire in front of our positions. During the time we were there I'll wager I helped lay about 200 miles of barbed wire and believe me it's no little chore. We have to be covered carefully by someone else as we can't handle the wire and carry a gun too.

All these operations were characterized by long periods of just waiting. Ragged nerves were further unnerved by constant bombing and the ever-present rain. We continually repulsed small attacks.

Two platoons were sent to a forward observation post on a coral hill. The two nights I spent there were numbered among my more frightening ordeals. Japanese 14 inch shells from ships in the bay came uncomfortably close to our heads. The moon was as bright as day. We were there to calibrate our artillery and mortars. The Japs were all around us at the bottom of the hill and they were easily spotted by the smoke of their campfires. We watched innumerable Japanese replacements land on the island from barges. Nothing we could do about it, however.

Back on the lines after a rugged journey through the jungle at night we continued to make combat and reconnaissance patrols. I remember one particularly exciting battle which I watched from close quarters. The Japanese brought in some heavily armored tanks and trucks in a coconut grove. They broke through our lines at night. We

did the best we could with our light tanks and half-tracks. The hullabaloo was deafening--sirens of the tanks, gunfire, and the hooting and hollering of both Japs and Yanks. The Yanks knocked out all the Jap tanks.

The basic idea behind all this activity was to drive the Japanese off the island or at least to the far corner where they would be bottled up. Of course the Jap's idea was to regain lost ground and to regain control of the strategic airport. One fine day we heard all kinds of equipment coming on us from the rear--we really didn't have the remotest idea what was going on. For once in my life I was never more glad to see the Army than I was to see the 164th Task Force. At this time I owned 1 shirt, 1 pair of pants, 2 pairs of socks, 1 pair of shoes, 1 rifle, and 1 canteen. The Army had infinite amounts of supplies. The Army took over this sector of the fighting area with their heavy equipment and finished this sequence of the fighting in nothing flat. The Marines returned to the perimeter. It was a mighty long walk but a joyous one. We held our positions and on Christmas Eve, 1942 we were relieved. For a long time we held the record for being on unbroken duty in a defensive position--a total of 3 months and 6 days. We went back to the beach and I believe I slept for 10 days and then the whole division left January 5, 1943 bound for Melbourne, Australia aboard our same President Jackson.

Civilization again! And Blimey and Dinky Die, it was good to see girls again. Although I must say for being mid-summer it was mighty cold. After a whopping big liberty from Camp Mt. Martha I was hospitalized in Dandenong, Australia with malaria and jaundice. I was there for 30 days and then spent another 30 days in a Melbourne rest camp. About the middle of March I rejoined my outfit and went through a period of retraining and going to Scout, Sniper, and Intelligence School. Then guess what! Yep--hospitalized again at the Fourth Army Hospital in Melbourne with infectious mononucleosis and say was I a pretty sight! Saw some American celebrities while there--Artie Shaw and Eleanor Roosevelt.

Left the hospital about the 1st of October and off again this time aboard His Majesty's Ship Manura to Milne Bay, Oro Bay, then Sambogo, Papua, New Guinea. We journeyed inland while on New Guinea for further tropical training and during this training we were bombed on Oct. 31, Nov. 2, 9, 11, 15, 22, and 23, and Dec. 5, 11 and 19.

This is more or less the beginning of the end for my part in the Pacific War. But it was a tres rugged end. On Dec. 26, 1943 we left the U.S.S. Crosby (APD) and in company with 62 others in a ramped Higgins boat made a full-scale amphibious landing at Cape Gloucester, New Britain. We advanced about 300 yd. inland with no resistance which was easily understandable. With the jungle as pulverized as it was from navy shelling any humans would either have retired or been pulverized too. I forgot to mention, however, that before we even hit the beach we were strafed and dive-bombed mercilessly. We dug in at our inland position and there ensued a short but bitter battle when a few Japanese broke through our lines right where our artillery was located. The concussion from the guns was really something as we were killing off the Japs.

The next day we returned to the beach in order to reland at a point 1000 yds. away) someone had miscalculated when we made our first landing). Again we moved inland and our advance followed, much the same

pattern as on Guadalcanal except that we were equipped in a far superior fashion--tanks, flame throwers, airplanes, ship to shore control for air power, etc. With this set-up the forward man was the top dog--in other words if he felt that a certain blockhouse or position held by the Japs needed bombing so it was. We held the perimeter in the jungle against Jap attacks while the 1st regiment took the airport on the island. This operation was completed by Dec. 31, 1943.

On Jan. 1 we started out for Hill 660--a hill deemed necessary for the capture of the island. We encountered periodic resistance up to the base of the hill. During one of these encounters I suddenly found myself the proud owner of several pieces of shrapnel in my leg. This took place on Jan. 9, 1944. From hearsay the taking of this hill took its toll. I and L company started up the gentle slope and were repulsed with great losses. They were reinforced with Marines from every company. K company had been in reserve at this time (K was my outfit). The next day they were sent up the steep side of the hill and went over the hump to capture the hill in one day in the face of flame throwers, point blank artillery, and heavy and small arms.

I was evacuated on Jan. 16 to Oro, New Guinea to an Army Field Hospital. I returned to Cape Gloucester aboard the U.S.S. Page, the only ship in the Navy which is camouflaged to give it the appearance of having 3 bows, on Feb. 14. The scrapping was over and the whole division left in April and went to Pavuvu, about 80 miles north of Guadalcanal. At Pavuvu we again went through a period of retraining and those who needed temporary hospitalization were taken care of.

About the 1st of September, 1944, I was evacuated at sea from the LST 19 enroute to Peleliu. I thank my lucky stars to this day that I never had to make that campaign as it was just about the most rugged and we suffered terrific losses. An amphibious tractor took me to a Navy Mobile Hospitalization unit at Guadalcanal where I remained for 2 weeks. The reason for my sudden evacuation was a stroke of luck. I had very bad fungus infection in my feet but due to the fact that every man possible was needed I was sent anyway. A navy doctor happened to come aboard the LST to speak to someone and noticed the condition of my feet and ordered me off. Whew!

I came home on a merchant freighter, the S.S. Cape Bon and arrived in a foggy San Francisco, 8 a.m., Pier 33 North on Oct. 1, 1944. I often wish that Oct. 1 hadn't fallen on a Sunday because you see at the time Joan was working with the Navy at Pier 33 South and she used to always run over to watch the ships come in. Oh well, I was extremely fortunate in being sent to Oak Knoll Hospital which is in Oakland, California--and Joan lives in Oakland.

We now have a beautiful 8 month old son.

