

# A FAMILY HISTORY

BERTRAM GORDON VALENTINE AND MARGARET HELEN JAPP

FROM PROGENITORS TO PROGENY

## VOLUME I THE NARRATIVE HISTORY

(See Volume II for Appendices)

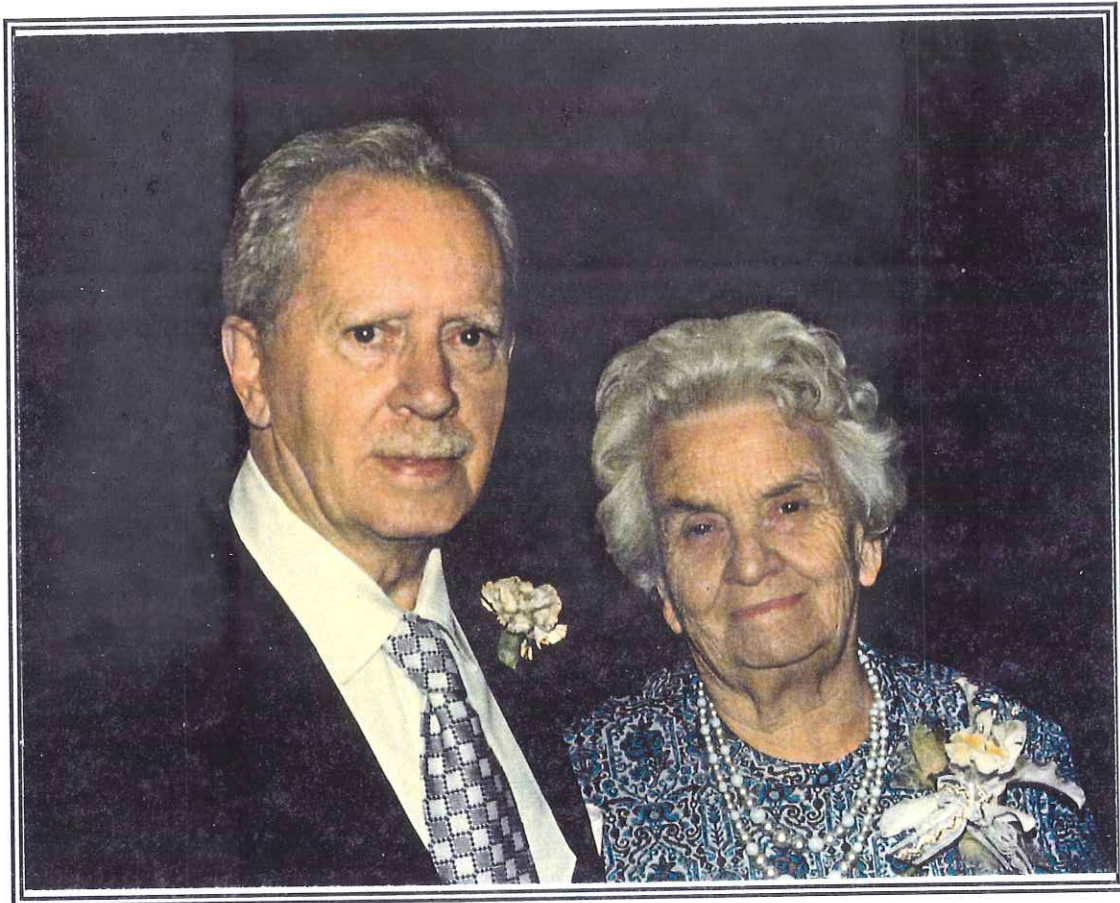
Compiled by Gordon Alexander Valentine

1994-1999

*Society is a partnership,  
not only between those who are living,  
but between those who are living  
and those who are dead  
and those who are to be born*

Edmund Burke (1727-97)





Our Parents on Their 50th Wedding Anniversary, 1973

DEDICATION:

This Family History is dedicated to the memory of our parents, Bertram Gordon Valentine and Margaret Helen Valentine. Not long after their marriage in Scotland in 1923, they left their homeland to come to America and built a new life together. Overcoming many obstacles with hard work and a determination to succeed, they raised four children and earned the admiration and respect of all who knew them. True to the traditions of their Scottish heritage, they were devout and active church members and contributed in many ways to their communities. During the Great Depression they lived on the edge of financial hardship but never let their children share their worries and concerns. Family vacations were always given priority. Birthdays and Christmases never lacked for generous presents, even when they meant parental sacrifice. When I look back, I marvel at the fortitude and resilience they displayed during those trying times. Father's intelligence, drive, and fine engineering education finally brought them financial security in later years and they enjoyed the rewards they had earned and richly deserved. We, their children, who benefited from their hard work, sacrifice, and, above all, their example, remember them with gratitude, admiration, and love.





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## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS:

It is with some trepidation that I attempt to acknowledge and thank those who have provided information and assistance during the preparation of this family history. Without their help this project would have been impossible. These sources are so many that I fear I may have overlooked some. My apologies to those I may have inadvertently omitted from this list.

First place on the honor roll of contributors to this history must go to Mrs. Rachel Jeanie Webb, a niece of our paternal grandfather. I first met Rachel in Invergowrie in 1954. (I was then visiting our Aunts Jessie and Nellie while they were on holiday in Blair Atholl.) This was my first contact with an avid genealogist. I met Rachel again in 1960 during a visit to Aunt Jessie at her retirement home in Dunkeld. Rachel was obviously dedicated to recording all available information on her ancestors and their descendants, including our branch of the Valentines. In 1965, she sent me a complete Valentine family tree. Her enthusiasm and her dedication to family history greatly impressed me. I regret that I did not let her example motivate me to start recording our own family history 30 years ago when our parents and other relatives were still alive. Rachel Webb died in 1972 at age 79. I am grateful for all the information she gave me—and sorry that I did nothing with it for so many years.

Next, I thank Margaret Ann Patterson, a Valentine second cousin living in Broughty Ferry, with whom we share our great-grandfather, James Valentine. Ann wrote me in March 1994 to ask if the American branch of the family would be interested in contributing to the cost of installing a new memorial stone and tablet next to the deteriorating original stone placed in the Howff by our great-great-grandparents, John and Mary Valentine, around 1813. [The Howff is an ancient Dundee burial ground, granted to the town by Mary, Queen of Scots, in 1564. It was used by The Incorporated Trades as a meeting place (a Howff) until 1776 and for burials until 1857. Prior to 1547 it was the garden of the Grey Friars Monastery, destroyed in that year.]

Although our modest contribution toward the new memorial did not warrant her eternal gratitude, Ann has been kind enough to correspond with me and provide much information on the families of both our parents. In May 1994 Ann sent me copies of two family trees. The first covers the Valentine family from our earliest known ancestor to our children's generation. The second is a more detailed tree of her own branch of the family, descended from her grandfather, George Dobson Valentine, one of our grandfather's brothers. Ann credits her late brother, Robert Leslie Valentine, for doing most of the research on these family trees. She also put me in touch with two other Valentine second cousins who also live in the Dundee area.

These cousins are Jean (Margaret) Williams, Rachel Webb's daughter, living in Blairgowrie, and (William) Sydney Scroggie, living in Kirkton of Strathmartine. I also met Sydney's twin brother, Jack. Jean, like Ann, has been most generous with photographs, clippings, articles, letters written by our grandfather, and other Valentine memorabilia.

Sydney Scroggie told me of his recollections of our grandfather whom he often visited when he was a boy. (I was interested to learn that Jean Williams and Sydney and Jack Scroggie share a grandmother who bore the familiar name, Margaret Helen Valentine, before she married William Scroggie. Margaret was an older sister of our grandfather, Easton.) In October 1994, Ann Patterson sent me the photograph shown on the next page. It includes some of the Dundee area descendants of our great-grandparents, James and Rachel Valentine.

Now, moving over to our mother's side of the family, I would like to thank Jane, Lady Gibson, now living in Edinburgh, for the great help and encouragement she has given me as I searched for our mother's ancestors. I took the photograph of Jane on the next page in June 1995 during a visit to Edinburgh. Jane is also a second cousin, related to us through one pair of our maternal great-grandparents, Robert and Helen Japp. Jane and her parents, Arthur James (Jim) and Jessie Watt, lived in Connecticut in the late 1920's when our parents lived in New Jersey. The two families enjoyed occasional get-togethers. The Watts took care of two-year-old me when Mother was delivering Donald. I renewed my acquaintance with Jane, and met her husband, Jack, and their children, Michael and Elizabeth, in London in 1954. At the time, they were living in Wimbledon, part of greater London, but on the opposite side from Woodford Green where Mother's mother, Isabella Japp, had her flat. Despite the distance, Jane was very kind and attentive to 'Granny,' visiting her occasionally and watching over her in her declining years until Isabella's death in 1961.

Jane also corresponded with Mother, keeping her informed of grandmother's condition and sharing their mutual interest in Japp family history. I met Jane again in 1960 at Grandmother's flat in Woodford Green. After Mother's death and my late-life conversion to family historian sparked by Ann Patterson's letter, I managed to reestablish contact with Jane through her son, Michael. His name was on a family tree that Jane had sent to Mother some years ago and that Mother had given to me. I found Michael's address in the Edinburgh telephone directory at the Denver Public Library and wrote to him, asking him to pass the letter along to his mother. I was glad to learn that she was still very much alive when Jane wrote me in July 1994. I was also delighted to find that she was still very interested in the Japp family history. In our continuing correspondence, she has been most helpful in my research into our mother's ancestors. In February 1995, she sent me a most interesting and informative book, *Tracing Your Scottish Ancestry*, by Kathleen B. Cory.

Next, I would like to acknowledge the help I got from Major G. R. Akhurst, MBE RA, of the British Army Staff at the British Embassy in Washington. I wrote the Military Attaché at the Embassy in July 1994, enclosing a color photograph of Father's World War I service medals, and asking him to identify them. I also asked where I could obtain a copy of Father's citation for his Military Cross medal. Within two weeks, I received a complete answer to my questions about the medals. Major Ackhurst suggested that I write the Black Watch Regimental Museum in Perth for information on Father's service record and citation. I wrote to the Black Watch Museum and, within two weeks, received a summary of Father's service record, a copy of his Military Cross citation, a copy of excerpts from the official World War I history of the Black Watch (which mentions Father), and a Museum brochure. For this quick response I am indebted to Thomas B. Smyth, Assistant Curator.





Some of the descendants of James and Rachel Valentine at the Howff, 1994  
 Jack Scroggie, Ann and Lucy Patterson, Sydney Scroggie and his daughter, Mary,  
 and Judith and Jean Williams



Jane, Lady Gibson,  
 3, Tipperlinn Road  
 1995

In November 1994, I saw an item in the *Denver Post* announcing a meeting of the Foothills Genealogical Society of Colorado, Inc., featuring a seminar, *Scotland Here and There*. It was at this seminar that I learned about the genealogical information available through the Family History Centers (FHC's) of the Mormon Church. I also obtained a book, *Scotland—A Genealogical Research Guide*, published by the Genealogical Library of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Salt Lake City, and a booklet, *Genealogy—Beginners Guide*, published by the Denver Public Library. Since that seminar, I have been a frequent visitor to the closest of the several FHC's in the Denver area.

This FHC, about 10 minutes from our house, contains a huge amount of genealogical information from around the world on laser discs, microfiche, and microfilms, and in books in their large library. The FHC's also have access to the much larger store of data kept at the Church's main library in Salt Lake City. The Mormons' motivation for collecting all this data lies in their religious belief that families here on Earth will be united with their ancestors in Heaven if they can trace their ancestors and become 'bonded' to them by a religious ceremony. Also, ancestors who were not baptized in the Mormon faith can be posthumously baptized by proxy. The FHC's do not limit access to their resources to members of the Mormon Church—the volunteers who staff the FHC's welcome 'guests' and go out of their way to be helpful to all who visit. The millions of pieces of data held by the Mormon Church are the result of years of tracking down and microfilming public and church records all over the world by Mormon volunteers. For example, all the records held in the Scottish Records Office in Edinburgh—Old Parish Records, census records, tax rolls, land title transfers, birth, marriage and death certificates, and many more—are available on microfilm or microfiche. Because of all this work, I have a more convenient and less expensive access to these records than do our Scottish relatives, so they tell me. I have taken the space and my readers' time to explain this in the hope that it may help some future family historian among our descendants who might want to add detail to our past or extend the history in years to come. My heartfelt thanks to all the dedicated Mormons who have made the task of the would-be family historian much easier. [In 1999, the Mormon Church announced that much of their genealogical information would be 'on line.']

My work has also been made easier by the assistance of the Genealogical Department of the Denver Public Library—to their staff, my thanks. Another librarian who deserves our thanks is Fiona Scharlau, Local Studies Librarian/Archivist at the Montrose Library. During my brief visit to Montrose in June 1995, she looked up several items of interest about our mother's early ancestors who lived in that town on the east coast of Scotland. A year later, she sent me additional information about these ancestors.

Contributors to the story of our Valentine great-great-grandparents and those of their family who emigrated to San Francisco in the mid-nineteenth century and their descendants include: Kathy Beals, Researcher, and Frederick Sherman, Director of Research, at the California Genealogical Society in San Francisco; A. S. Christie, Secretary of the Masonic Lodge Ancient No. 49, in Dundee; photography historians Peter Palmquist of Arcata, California, and Lynn Ann Davis of Kaneohe, Hawaii; and, Margaret Lovett, Collections Manager of the Kauai Museum in Lihue.

I also acknowledge the assistance I received during my search for information about our maternal grandparents. The following individuals provided valuable help: Reverend Kevin Swaine, Minister of the Woodford Green United Free Church, who told me where our mother's parents are buried; and J. Billson, Superintendent Registrar of the Chingford Mount Cemetery in the London Borough of Waltham Forest, the site of their graves. Mr. Billson sent a photograph of the grave and also helped us arrange for repairs to the memorial that had suffered damage from vandalism and soil subsidence. Information about our Japp ancestors who lived in the great nineteenth century seaport of Liverpool came from: the Merseyside Maritime Museum; Miss Eileen Organ, Supervisor of the Liverpool Records Office at the Liverpool Central Library, who sent me copies of nineteenth century newspaper articles and obituaries about several descendants of our Great-grandfather Robert Japp; Stephen Freeth, Keeper of Manuscripts at the Guildhall Library in London; and the Maritime Museum in Greenwich, which sent information about the maritime career of our Grandfather Alexander Japp.

Mrs. Mary Davies of the United Reformed Church History Society, Gordon Dykes, Treasurer of the Leytonstone United Free Church, Ms. J. Parker, Archivist of the Vestry House Museum in the Borough of Waltham Forest, and Mrs. Patricia Moore, Superintendent Registrar of the Borough of Redbridge, all provided information about our maternal grandparents after they had moved from Liverpool to London around the turn of the century.

I would like to thank Bill Tomasi, husband of my niece, Valerie Ruth. Bill is a computer systems designer. Bill had an extra computer, with a word processing program installed, that he generously volunteered to lend me to ease my task of writing this history. I had started to write the history on an electric typewriter but soon found that my typing skills were very rusty. I was consuming correction ribbon as fast as I was using ink ribbon and could rectify many of my mistakes only by retyping the page. Although my typing mistakes are no fewer now, they are much more easily corrected using this computer. (I highly recommend one to those who, like me, are digitally challenged when using a keyboard.) Bill has also been quick to come to my rescue when I have been faced with self-inflicted computer mysteries. To him, also, my thanks for printing drafts of my early efforts. Thanks, also, to my son, Bruce, and his employer, the Jimmy Huega MS Center, and my brother-in-law, Bill Rattenborg, for printing other interim drafts and to my former employer, Stanley Aviation Corporation, for the final printing.

Another niece, sister Meg's daughter, Valerie Leigh Gehl, was very close to Mother and Father during their final years. Valerie inherited many of their photographs and slides as well as Mother's nursing certificates, art books and journals. Some of Mother's journals date from the time of their marriage in 1923. I thank Valerie Leigh for being a faithful custodian of these items and for sharing them with me and other family members. Our daughter, Vanessa, a nurse, especially treasures the mementos of her grandmother's nursing career that Valerie sent her.

My brother, Donald, my sisters, Margaret (Meg), and Christine, and our cousin Dorothy Van Cleef Booth have all contributed to this history—thank you, siblings and thank you, cousin Dorothy.

I am indebted to the authors of the many books I have read on subjects such as Scotland's geography and history and the history of World War I—'The Great War'—that ravaged our parent's generation. These authors are too many to list here but I will mention some of them in the history where I think some of my readers may be interested in learning more about their subjects than I can cover in this history.

In September 1996, Ann Patterson sent me a copy of the initial draft of a biography of her grandfather, George Dobson Valentine, written by Ken Hall of Christchurch, New Zealand. Mr. Hall recorded the life and photographic career of this pioneer landscape photographer who spent the last few years of a tragically short life in New Zealand. Mr. Hall achieved his objective with a well-written and beautifully-illustrated biography of our Great-Uncle George Dobson Valentine. Mr. Hall also researched others of our ancestors. For this we owe him our sincere gratitude. With his permission, I have included the first fifteen pages of his draft in an Appendix to this family history.

Jeremy Brook lives on a farm named Dunvorist near Aberfeldy. This farm was the eighteenth century home of some of our maternal grandmother's Thomson ancestors. My thanks to Jeremy for showing Rosamund and me around Dunvorist during our 1997 tour of Scotland; also for sending us photographs and historical notes of the village near Dunvorist where other Thomson ancestors lived. Thanks also to Miss Violet Jardine, one of our third cousins, who provided much information about the Thomson and Wylie ancestors we share with her.

I thank our daughter, Kathryn Rusher, for her generous 1995 birthday gift, the computer program, 'Family Tree Maker.' I hope to use this program someday to put all the family tree information I have received into one format after I have completed this narrative history of our family.

When my wife, Rosamund, and I visited Scotland in 1997, I took preliminary drafts of this history and asked our Scottish cousins to review the drafts and give me their comments. This they did very diligently. I thank them but assume all responsibility for any remaining errors.

Finally, my sincere thanks to Rosamund, for her patience and understanding during the many hours I have spent over the years researching and writing this history when I should have been helping her with household and garden chores.

## INTRODUCTION:

Since this section is the Introduction, I will start it by introducing myself to the readers of this Family History. Some of you may not know who I am or where I fit into the history.

My name is Gordon Alexander Valentine. I am the oldest of the four children of Bertram Gordon Valentine and Margaret Helen Valentine. (Throughout this history the terms 'we' and 'our' refer to my brother, Donald, my sisters, Margaret (Meg) and Christine, and me.) The history starts with the ancestors of our parents as far back as the records and the family legends that I could find take us and proceeds through the generations to those of our parents' great-grandchildren who have been born prior to the year 2000.

In preparing this history, I have drawn on information from many contributors. I have, to the best of my ability, acknowledged them in the previous section. Since my own contribution has been mainly to seek and set down the available information, I do not claim to be an author, only a collector and presenter of that information that has been available to me. Nor do I claim the title of Genealogist. That would imply far more knowledge, diligence, and perseverance than I have displayed in preparing this history. This Family History may not meet the high standards of a formal and complete genealogy but I hope I have achieved my goal of providing the family members of my generation and our living and future descendants some knowledge and appreciation of our parents and those who preceded them in their respective family lines.

The primary subjects of this history are the direct-line ancestors of our parents (i.e., their progenitors). However, I also list all the known siblings of these direct line ancestors. Where I believe it would be of interest, I have included information about these other branches of the family. This history takes us up two main 'rivers'—the Valentine and the Japp—but we will occasionally also explore up 'tributaries' to learn about ancestors in related family lines.

It would be impossible to identify all our parents' antecedents. If we go back only a few generations from ours, the number of just our direct ancestors becomes very large. For example, when we go back just seven generations from our own (which we do in this history), we have two raised to the power of seven, or 128, great-great-great-great-great-grandparents! Since, in this history, we do find ancestors back at least that far, I will use a shorter way to refer to these early ancestors: as greatx5-grandparents, greatx4-grandparents, etc. I hope that the 124 or 125 greatx5-grandparents not mentioned here will understand why! Most of our ancestors, even those back only seven generations, must remain undiscovered by this history. However, we should acknowledge that they contributed fully as much to our complement of genes (and our inherited attributes and shortcomings) as did those ancestors I have been able to identify.

Lest I be accused of sexist chauvinism for concentrating on our male ancestors, I should point out that, in our society and that of our more recent ancestors, usually only the husband's surname survives with the children. It is easier to trace back a family name through the male line. However, in Scotland, the land of our ancestors, even that convention becomes unreliable when we get back into the 1600's and earlier. In those days, a father named David Johnson might, for example, name his son James Davidson (James, son of

David). James, in turn, might name his son Samuel Jamieson. This was the custom in the Lowlands—more common in the Highlands was the use of ‘Mac’ as a prefix to the father’s first name to give the son a surname. Thus, Donald Davidson’s son would be James MacDonald. These practices complicated the task of the family historian!

Another complication arises from the tendency of the parish kirk (church) clerks who recorded marriages, births, baptisms, and deaths in the early days to exhibit more imagination than accuracy in spelling when they wrote down names. Often, the principals, or their survivors, in these ceremonies were illiterate and the clerk did the best he could with just the sound of the name. Thus, for example, our mother’s family name, Japp, appears, at times, as Jap and Jape in early records. (In the clerks’ defense, we should remember Mark Twain’s observation that it is a poor intellect that can think of only one way to spell a word!)

We should be grateful that so many records still exist. There were periods in Scottish history when records were not kept and many more when existing records were destroyed. Wars between England and Scotland and strife among competing religions, with many kirks being plundered and razed, hindered record-keeping and resulted in the loss of many records. Epidemics also took a toll. The bubonic plague struck Scotland with seven epidemics between 1349 and 1648. Later years saw several epidemics of cholera, typhus, and smallpox. Many victims of these epidemics were buried in common graves with no formal records kept by the clerk of the kirk (assuming that the clerk was not a victim). Economic conditions affected record-keeping. Even the small fees charged by the parish to record a marriage or a baptism or to rent the ‘mortclothe’ used to drape a coffin for a funeral were often more than a poor parishioner could afford and so the event went unrecorded. Also, from 1783 to 1793, the government imposed a tax on every christening, marriage, and burial recorded by a kirk. Not until 1820 were new register books required to be kept by parishes and the first organized census in Scotland was not taken until 1841.

I am going to take several pages and some of my readers’ time here to give a summary of the events in Scotland’s history that probably affected our ancestors over the past few centuries. This I do to help our parents’ descendants—Americans all—to visualize the conditions in which our Scottish ancestors lived out their lives. [Warning: if you suffer from ‘historyphobia’, escape now to page 25!] In attempting to condense centuries of a rich and complex history into a few pages, I will, no doubt, be guilty of many omissions and errors. For these, I apologize to my Scottish readers. Those interested in learning more should read one of the many excellent books on the history of Scotland. *The History of Scotland* by Peter and Fiona Somerset Fry is concise and well written. Tom Steel’s *Scotland’s Story* (available in a paperback edition) gives more detail and is beautifully illustrated. Another well-illustrated book is *Scotland—A Concise History* by Fitzroy Maclean. T. J. Smoot’s book, *The History of the Scottish People, 1560-1830*, discusses the social and economic factors that affected the lives of our ancestors. For a small country, Scotland has had more than its share of trouble—despite that, it has made greater contributions to science, medicine, engineering, literature and art than have countries with many times its size and population.

In his book, Tom Steel says, ‘*Scotland’s story has been for the most part a bloody one, always lively and never dull.*’ Scotland’s warlike history goes back before Roman times.



Julius Caesar first invaded southern Britain in 55 BC. About 140 years passed before a Roman army under Julius Agricola, Roman governor of Britain, invaded the region, Caledonia, we now know as Scotland. In 84 AD, Agricola, with an army of 13,000, faced 30,000 Caledonians at the battle of Mons Graupius. The highly disciplined Roman infantry and cavalry defeated the Caledonians, slaughtering 10,000 with only 400 Romans killed (this according to the Roman historian, Tacitus). The Caledonians became known as the Picti to the Romans because of their custom of tattooing and painting their bodies and faces ('picti' is Latin for 'the painted ones'). Historians refer to them as the Picts. Mons Graupius was the opening battle of a long struggle between the Romans and the indigenous tribes of northern Britain. Between 121 and 127 AD Emperor Hadrian's legions built a wall, over 15 feet high by 8 feet thick, and 73 miles long, from the east to west coasts to deter incursions by the Picts. A historian writes that Roman Emperor Severus lost 50,000 soldiers during his third century campaigns to subdue the Picts in northeast Scotland. This was Rome's last major effort to conquer Scotland.

By 400 AD, the Romans had retreated south to their main base of Eboracum (modern York) and, by the middle of the fifth century, they had left Britain altogether. This left the Picts as the predominant tribe in Scotland. They began to move south against the Britons while Danes began to move into eastern England. Having lost their Roman protectors, the Britons invited Angles, Jutes, and Saxons from northern Germany to come to England to help hold back the Picts and Danes. Another tribe, called the Scotti by the Romans, had also been moving into western Scotland from northern Ireland. Conflict among these various ethnic groups, complicated by the introduction of Christianity into the region, dominated the evolution of the Scottish nation for the next fourteen centuries.

A crucial battle in this evolution was the battle of Nechtansmere in 685 when the Picts soundly defeated the Angles. This battle ended the Angles' attempt to make Scotland part of 'Angleland'—England—although it did not discourage future English kings from trying. In 980 AD, marauding Danes ravaged the east coast of Scotland. Domination of northern Scotland by Norway was ended by the decisive Battle of Largs in 1263. [Legend has it that the thistle was chosen as the national emblem of Scotland after the defending Scots were alerted to a surprise attack that started this battle by the scream of an attacking Norseman who stepped on a thistle.]

In 1066, William, Duke of Normandy, invaded and conquered England. Only six years later, William, now William I of England, sent an army and fleet to the Firth of Tay to impress on the Scottish king, Malcolm III, that subservience to Norman England would be advisable. Undaunted, Malcom launched several raids into northern England. He was eventually killed during such a raid in 1093. Malcom's wife, Margaret, was instrumental in bringing Anglo-Norman influence to Scotland. She became Saint Margaret of Scotland. Later Scottish kings were more Norman than Scottish—Norman-French was the language of their courts and many Scottish nobles were of Norman descent.

In 1286, the Scots found themselves without a clear successor to their king, Alexander III, killed when thrown from his horse. The next in line to his throne, the three-year-old daughter of the king of Norway, died at sea as she was being brought to Scotland. This resulted in a

power struggle among many Scottish nobles. Finally, in 1291, to avoid a major civil war, the Scots invited King Edward I of England to choose one of the Scottish contenders to be Alexander's successor. This proved to be a big mistake. Edward chose a man, John Balliol, who he thought he could control but, as it turned out, could not. Balliol renounced his allegiance to Edward, formed an alliance with France (to be known as the Auld Alliance), and attempted an invasion of England. Infuriated by Balliol's treachery, Edward launched a brutal invasion of Scotland, crushed Balliol's army, and set up an oppressive occupation of much of the country. Edward is remembered as the 'Hammer of the Scots' after his depredations in Scotland.

In 1297, some Scottish nobles, led by William Wallace, rebelled against Edward's onerous rule. Wallace won a major battle at Stirling Bridge on September 11, 1297 and ruled, as Guardian of Scotland, for about a year. However, Edward I was not through with Scotland. He again invaded Scotland and won a victory at the Battle of Falkirk in July 1298. This defeat did not end Wallace's resistance or Edward's depredations. It was not until Edward's siege and recapture of Stirling Castle in 1304 that Scottish resistance faltered. The betrayal, capture, and the barbaric torture and execution of Wallace took place in 1306. [Hollywood's version of these events was depicted in the 1995 film, *Braveheart*, with Mel Gibson as the Scots hero.]

It was during this period, in 1296, that the English also absconded with the '*Stone of Destiny*' on which Pictish and Scottish kings, including Macbeth, had been crowned for 500 years. The English took this ancient relic from the Abbey of Scone and placed it beneath the English Coronation Chair where it remained, as the '*Stone of Scone*', until 1996. (It did return to Scottish soil for a brief period in 1950 when it was 'stone-napped' by some University of Glasgow students in a demonstration of Scottish nationalism.) On July 3, 1996, Prime Minister John Major announced to the House of Commons that, after 700 years, the stone would be removed from beneath the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey and returned to Scotland, thus ending the most enduring of the many grievances the Scots have held against the English. [The motivation for this decision probably had more to do with politics than conscience—John Major's Conservatives had been losing support in Scottish elections and hoped to regain it before a general election scheduled for 1997! In November 1996, the relic was finally returned to Scotland and was placed on display in Edinburgh Castle. The Conservatives lost the election anyway!]

Wallace was succeeded as the leader of the Scots by Robert the Bruce. Robert, after murdering a rival for the throne, proclaimed himself King Robert I of Scotland at Scone in 1306. By this act, Robert incurred the wrath of Edward I. After an initial defeat in 1306, followed by two victories in 1307, the Scots, under Robert, finally and decisively defeated the English, now under the questionable leadership of Edward II, at the Battle of Bannockburn in 1314. One historian wrote that, by winning this one battle, Scotland became instantly rich from captured arms and the ransoms received for captured English nobles. However, it was not until 1328 that England recognized Scottish sovereignty by the Treaty of Northampton—an agreement that did not last long. Scotland was invaded again in 1332 by John Balliol's son, Edward. Balliol was soon driven south only to be restored to the Scottish

throne by Edward III of England who invaded in 1333. Edward III was forced to withdraw from Scotland after he became embroiled in the Hundred Years War with France. The Scottish king, David II, who had been driven into exile in France by Edward Balliol, returned to Scotland. The French, holding David to the terms of the Auld Alliance, forced him to invade England. There, in a battle at Durham in 1346, he was defeated, captured, and held prisoner by the English for eleven years. Before David was ransomed back to Scotland, Edward III again took his armies to southeastern Scotland and ravaged the area with savage brutality (a reign of terror known as The Burnt Candlemas). David II, who died in 1371, was the last of the line that started with Robert the Bruce.

David II was succeeded by Robert the Steward, also known as Robert II. His position, Steward of the Royal Household, led to the name of a new dynasty, the Stewarts. [They were later to be known as the Stuarts in England. The Stewarts who fled to France in the sixteenth century adopted the name Stuart since the French alphabet had no 'w'.] It was said of Robert's family that few of them were legitimate but all of them were troublesome!

Robert II was not a great success as a king. For one thing, he could not ride a horse! That meant he could not easily travel around his kingdom and meet his important nobles. His son, Robert III, who succeeded him in 1390, was not much of an improvement. Robert III decided to send his son, James, to France for safety but, with typical Stewart luck, James was captured by the English on his way to France and held for eighteen years as a 'guest' at the English court. At last, he was allowed to return to Scotland in 1424 to become James I. In 1411, before James' return, the bloodiest battle ever fought among Scots took place at Harlaw. It was a confrontation between the Gaelic Highlanders of northwestern Scotland and the Scottish monarchy centered in the southeastern Lowlands. In this battle the Highlanders came off second best but were not yet conquered.

Seventeen years later, James invited forty Highland chiefs to meet him at Inverness. As the chiefs presented themselves to him, one by one, he had them thrown into the dungeon. This treacherous act spelled the end of the Highlanders' independence of the monarch except for some Scots in western Scotland and the Western Isles who remained under the rule of the 'Lord of the Isles.' After a partially successful attempt to rid himself of some powerful nobles, this first James of the Stewart line was murdered by some of the surviving barons in 1437. His son, James II, was killed by an exploding cannon during an ill-fated attempt to drive the English out of two Scottish towns and his son, James III, was murdered in 1488 by some disgruntled nobles.

The next Stewart, James IV, was a great improvement over the first three. He was a superb horseman, was well educated, and did much to further education in Scotland. He also found the time to sire many illegitimate children. For political reasons he married Margaret Tudor, one of the daughters of King Henry VII of England. In 1512, his brother-in-law, Henry, by now Henry VIII of England, went to war with France. Again the French called on the Scots to honor the Auld Alliance and attack England. Reluctantly, James IV took a large army of 35,000 men across the border. He was met by an English army of 25,000 men at Flodden Field on September 9, 1513. James ordered an ill-conceived charge with disastrous results.

The Scots were defeated with the loss of 10,000 killed, including James. The Scottish aristocracy was almost annihilated. Although this battle made it clear that Scotland could never successfully invade England, it did not end the strife between them.

The next James, the fifth of that name, was crowned king surrounded and controlled by Englishmen sent by his uncle, Henry VIII. It was not until 1528 that young James V was rescued from his English handlers and became a truly Scottish king. Both of James' marriages were motivated by politics and the great need for the money that would come as dowries. First, he married Madeleine, daughter of King François I of France but she died within seven months after being brought to Scotland. The French king next offered James the hand, and the huge dowry, of a young widow, Mary, daughter of the powerful Duke of Guise. Mary of Guise and James V were married in 1537. James had sired eight illegitimate children. With Mary he had two sons who died in infancy and a daughter, also named Mary, born in December 1542, who was to become famous as Mary, Queen of Scots.

Even this brief outline of Scottish history would be incomplete without relating the tragic story of Mary Queen of Scots. One week after Mary was born, her father, the Catholic King James V of Scotland, died soon after the defeat of his forces by the army of the excommunicated English King Henry VIII. The infant Mary, next in line for the Scottish throne, immediately became a politically desirable marriage partner. Henry VIII reasoned that a marriage of Mary to his son, Edward, age 5, would encourage the many Scottish Protestants to rise up against the ruling Catholics. His efforts to 'persuade' the Scots to accept this marriage proposal involved widespread and violent raids into southern Scotland, resulting in much bloodshed and destruction. Many of the great Border abbeys were destroyed. Scots ruefully refer to this period as the 'Rough Wooing.' Despite his strong-arm tactics, Henry was unable to arrange the marriage. Even after his death in 1547, with his son, the sickly Edward VI, on the throne until he died in 1553, English armies and Scottish Protestants harried the young Mary and her followers. Finally, in 1548, Mary escaped to France. There, in 1558, she married the French king's son and heir, Dauphin François. When François became King François II, Mary became queen of France, as well as queen of Scotland, for a brief eighteen months until her husband died. Meanwhile, in England, Edward VI had been succeeded by his fanatically Catholic sister, Mary I who earned the name, 'Bloody Mary' by her ruthless persecution of Protestants. She was succeeded in 1558 by her sister, Elizabeth I. who reigned until 1603. The House of Tudor ended with Elizabeth.

During this period, the Scots, who had previously sought French help to drive out the English, began to fear French domination. They turned to the English queen, Elizabeth I, for help in driving out the French! Elizabeth sent her troops north but, by 1560, it was agreed that both French and English troops would leave Scotland. It was also agreed that Scotland would renounce papal authority and become Protestant. Despite this radical change, Mary returned to Scotland in August 1561 as a French Catholic teen-ager to rule over a fractious and troubled land. During her reign she tried to treat both her Catholic and Protestant subjects fairly with the inevitable result that she antagonized both groups. Although celebration of Mass was prohibited, she celebrated it in private. Pressured by John Knox, the Protestant zealot, she fostered legislation favorable to Protestants and put down a Catholic revolt.

She further alienated her Protestant subjects when she married a cousin, Henry Stewart, Lord Darnley, in a Catholic ceremony. (Their son, born in Edinburgh Castle in 1566, was destined to become James VI of Scotland and James I of England.)

Lord Darnley, suspected of plotting to overthrow his wife, was murdered six months later. The circumstances of the crime brought suspicion both on Mary and a loyal supporter, Earl Bothwell. A few months after Darnley's murder, Mary enraged many of her subjects by marrying Bothwell, the man widely suspected of being the murderer, in a Protestant ceremony. Within a month she was imprisoned in a castle on an island in Loch Leven, then forced to abdicate and convey the crown to her son. In 1568, she escaped and raised a small army. With this she attempted to regain her throne but was defeated by her half-brother, James Murray, Earl of Moray, and had to flee to England.

Elizabeth I allowed Mary to stay in England, refusing to turn her over to the Scots. Although Elizabeth was outwardly friendly to Mary, she recognized that Mary was a threat. Many, mostly Catholics, claimed Mary had a more legitimate claim to the English throne than did Elizabeth. (Catholics considered Elizabeth to be an illegitimate child of Henry VIII since her mother, Ann Boleyn, had married Henry while his previous wife, Catherine of Aragon, was still living.) Mary was destined to spend the rest of her days as a royal prisoner of the English. For twenty years she was moved from castle to castle, always under the surveillance of Elizabeth's agents. Despite this surveillance, Mary allowed herself to become implicated in plots to overthrow Elizabeth. Finally, Elizabeth, urged by her councilors, agreed to eliminate Mary. Mary's son, James VI of Scotland, begged Elizabeth to spare his mother's life but Elizabeth ignored his pleas, reasoning that, in view of James' aspiration to the English throne, he would not cause trouble. Elizabeth signed Mary's death warrant and the headman's ax fell at Fotheringay Castle on February 8, 1587. [This is a greatly simplified story of Mary's tragic life. It does not begin to describe the complex struggles that were going on in Scotland and England between the Protestant Reformation and the Catholic Counter-reformation.]

The predominant church in Scotland since the time of John Knox in the late sixteenth century was the Presbyterian denomination. This, known as The Church of Scotland, had, with the usual Christian bloodshed and destruction, replaced the Roman Catholic church as the state religion. The Church of Scotland, in its turn, suffered a setback in 1610 when the first Stuart king, James VI of Scotland (who was also James I of England after 1603) established the Episcopal Church in Scotland. Thus began a period of 28 years in which Presbyterians were persecuted and many of their kirk records were lost. [James' reign was also infamous for persecution of Catholics following the Gunpowder Plot of November 5, 1605. Catholic extremists were accused of hiring an agent, Guy Fawkes, to blow up the king and Parliament. The plot failed but it is still commemorated annually by fireworks and bonfires on Guy Fawkes Day.] James I/VI died in 1625 to be succeeded by his son, Charles I. Besides this heir to the throne, James left two legacies: the King James Version of the Bible and the colonization of Ulster by Scottish Protestants whose descendants continue to dominate the Irish Catholics. The turn of the Episcopalians for persecution came in 1638 when a General Assembly of Presbyterians signed the *National Covenant*.

The *Covenant* abolished church rule by a hierarchy of bishops (episcopacy) and disputed the right of the English king, Charles I, son of James I, to make laws, reserving that right for Parliament. During this period, the Presbyterians destroyed many Episcopal church records.

The 'Covenanters' (those who had signed the *Covenant*) formed an army and, in 1640, occupied the English town of Newcastle. Charles, unable to raise an army to resist the Covenanters, signed a treaty with them in 1641. By this treaty, Charles acknowledged the predominance of the Presbyterian Church (the Kirk) in Scotland. Under the Covenanters, Scotland was essentially governed by the Kirk. This had both good and bad aspects. Education became a priority, church attendance was mandatory, the Sabbath was to be spent in prayer, and dancing and singing were proscribed. Women convicted of (or only accused of) being witches were burned at the stake and severe punishments were dealt out to those who deviated from the strict rules of the Kirk.

Around 1642, Charles I managed to antagonize the English Parliament to the point that both the King and Parliament raised their own armies and went to war. During the Civil War between the King's Royalist army and that of Parliament under Oliver Cromwell, some Covenanters fought for the king and some allied themselves with Cromwell. Soon after the Royalists lost the war (and Charles lost his head) in 1649, Cromwell invaded Scotland and defeated the Royalist faction of the Covenanters decisively in 1650. Cromwell and his military leader, General George Monck, were responsible for the destruction of many castles and abbeys in Scotland (and in England and Ireland) when they took revenge on those who had supported the king. Our father's hometown, Dundee, for example, suffered siege and pillage by General Monck in 1651 (as it had 350 years before by Edward I). Monck's men slaughtered 1200 civilians and looted the town. Dundee did not fully recover until after 1730. England, Scotland, and Ireland were under the dictatorial rule of Cromwell for about ten years, a period known as the Interregnum.

The monarchy was restored in 1660 with Charles II and Episcopalianism was reestablished in Scotland. Following the death of Charles II in 1685, James II ascended the throne of England (he also became James VII of Scotland). Rebellion broke out in both England and Scotland against this Roman Catholic king. He was forced to flee to France. Parliament stripped him of his crown and then put the Protestants, Mary, the daughter of James II, and her Dutch husband, Prince Willem II of Orange, on the throne in 1689 as William III and Mary II. [Four years later, the royal couple were honored by the founding of William and Mary College in far off Williamsburg, Virginia.] This change in monarchs, known as the Glorious Revolution, saw a significant increase in Parliament's control over the throne. It also resulted in the reestablishment of Presbyterianism as the state religion in Scotland. This, in turn, incited rebellion in Scotland by Highlanders loyal to their Catholic James VII. A major battle of this rebellion was the Battle of Killiecrankie near Dunkeld in 1689. The Highlanders defeated King William's troops despite losing their leader, Viscount ('Bonnie') Dundee. The Highlanders then marched into Dunkeld. They were soon driven out by the King's reinforced army but not before burning down the town.

This uprising signaled the start of the Jacobite movement that was to cause trouble between England and Scotland for the next fifty six years. [The term, Jacobite, comes from



Jacobus, Latin for James.] William's reign was also marked by an atrocity, the infamous massacre of Glencoe, and by a military victory in Ireland over Catholic James II and his Irish followers. This, the Battle of the Boyne in 1690, is still celebrated with parades by Protestant Irishmen, members of the 'Orange Order.' [The Orange Order took its name from William's family name that went back to the Principality of Orange in southeast France. Because of royal inheritance, this Principality was traditionally ruled by Dutch princes, such as Willem of Orange had been. The Dutch royal family is still the House of Orange.] The annual Orange Order parades have been one of the many continuing causes of animosity and violence between Protestants and Catholics in Ulster. Mary died, childless, in 1694. In 1702, William died and was succeeded by Mary's younger sister, Anne, who reigned until 1714.

England and Scotland had become less antagonistic for a while after James VI, the son of Mary, Queen of Scots, had also become James I of England in 1603 ('The Union of the Crowns') when Elizabeth I died without an heir, thus ending the House of Tudor. James I/VI began the House of Stuart. [The separate kingdoms of England and Scotland did not become The United Kingdom of Great Britain until the two countries signed the Act of Union in 1707. This Act was partially nullified on September 11, 1997, the 700th anniversary of Wallace's victory at Stirling Bridge when Scots decided, in a referendum, that Scotland was again to have its own Parliament.]

When Anne died in 1714, her younger brother, James, felt the throne should be his. Instead, the British Parliament imported a German Protestant from Hanover who became George I of Great Britain. Not willing to accept this, the would-be James III of England (VIII of Scotland), to be known as the 'The Old Pretender,' raised a rebellion in Scotland and sent his army into England. This military adventure, known as the Jacobite Rebellion of 1715, met with defeat. To escape punishment, thousands of his soldiers fled to America. James returned to exile in France where he died in 1766. Much of the 18<sup>th</sup> century strife was not so much between England and Scotland as it was between the Hanoverian Protestants and the Jacobean Catholics in both countries.

Following this rebellion and a second attempt in 1719, Parliament decided to build a network of military roads and forts through the Highlands so they could better control the clans. This task was assigned in 1726 to an Irishman, General George Wade, who was appointed as Commander-in-Chief in Scotland. General Wade enlisted several hundred loyal Highlanders into a road and bridge building organization that he named the Black Watch. In addition to its civil engineering tasks, the Black Watch was responsible for disarming rebellious clansmen, discouraging cattle rustling, and acting as guides for the Hanoverian redcoats and dragoons. In 1739, after the major roads and bridges had been completed, this construction corps was expanded and formally constituted as the Black Watch Regiment. Before General Wade, there were essentially no roads in the Highlands. Today many of the roads he built have served as the foundation of modern roads. Traces of others are still visible as tracks crossing the high passes of this mountainous region. One of his bridges, a strikingly beautiful stone arch structure, spans the Tay at Aberfeldy. General Wade opened up the Highlands south of Inverness and the Great Glen to the outside world. One of the forts he built evolved into the modern town of Fort Augustus.

As an administrator and a road builder, General Wade kept the Highlands comparatively peaceful for almost twenty years. The peace ended in 1745 when Charles Stewart, the son of the 'Old Pretender,' decided to try again where his father had failed. Thirty years after the 1715 Jacobite Rebellion, Charles Edward Stewart, the grandson of James II, secretly left France and landed on the island of Eriskay off the west coast of Scotland. Known as 'The Young Pretender' and also as 'Bonnie Prince Charlie,' he became the leader of the Jacobite Uprising of 1745.

After Charles' initial victory at Prestonpans and his army's dashing foray into England as far south as Derby, it became obvious that support from English Jacobites and the assistance promised by the French would not be forthcoming. Charles' army of Highlanders was forced to retreat to Scotland. Here, near Inverness in 1746, it suffered a crushing defeat at the Battle of Culloden by a larger Hanoverian army led by William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, a son of George II. This battle was a slaughter of the Highland clansmen who had rallied around the banner of their Bonnie Prince Charlie. The Highlanders, armed with swords and spears, marched in closed ranks into the concentrated cannon and musket fire of the Duke's forces. Many Highlanders were later bayoneted as they lay wounded on the field and others, including civilians, were cut down by Cumberland's cavalry as they fled back to Inverness—after this the Duke of Cumberland was known as 'Cumberland the Butcher.' Charles had fled from the field. Although the King placed a price of £30,000 on his head, the loyalty and affection of the Highlanders were so great for their Bonnie Prince that not one ever sought the reward. Charles was spirited away back to France after five months of evading the Hanoverian patrols. Here he ended his days in alcoholic dissipation.

To discourage further Scottish nationalism and destroy the clan system, Parliament banned many Scottish customs. Parliament passed the 'Proscription Act of 1746,' banning Scots from carrying swords or firearms, wearing the tartan, and playing the bagpipes. This ban was in effect until 1782. It was not until 1822, when Sir Walter Scott persuaded King George IV to visit Edinburgh, that wearing of tartan again became widely accepted. Parliament also banned use of the Gaelic language—as recently as 1939 children were disciplined for speaking it in schools. Despite these efforts, Gaelic is still, 250 years later, the primary language of over 65,000 people living in the Highlands and Western Isles. The BBC broadcasts programs in Gaelic and it is now taught as a second language in many schools.

Within a few decades after Culloden, the Industrial Revolution began in England and Scotland. With it came an increasing demand for wool to supply the new steam-powered textile mills. In Scotland, this, as well as overpopulation and several crop failures, resulted in the 'Clearances' of the Highlands. Large landowners ousted their small tenant farmers, known as crofters, so that the land could be more efficiently used for raising sheep. Later, even the sheep were cleared off many large estates to establish grouse and deer hunting preserves for wealthy men. This, and depressed socio-economic conditions, resulted in mass emigration from Scotland to North America, Australia, and New Zealand in the century after Culloden. Those unable to arrange overseas passage moved to the teeming slums surrounding the mills in the growing urban areas.

It can be seen from this historical summary that the small country of our ancestors suffered almost continuously from religious strife, wars, and economic depressions well into the eighteenth century. How much this turmoil affected our ancestors I cannot say but history shows that the comparatively flat and fertile coastal plain of east central Scotland where they lived in the eighteenth century was a preferred route for marching (and hungry) armies. The Duke of Cumberland's Hanoverian redcoats filed through the village of Fettercairn (where some of our ancestors then lived) on their way to battle the Highlanders at Culloden.

In addition to the wars on Scottish soil, our ancestors would also have been affected by the almost continuous wars between Britain and various European countries. Agriculture and commerce would have been disrupted by blockades of Continental ports. Special taxes were usually levied to finance the wars. Men between the ages of 18 and 55 would have been subject to the Royal Navy's impressment gangs. These 'press' gangs roamed the countryside and could, with few exceptions, legally seize any man and take him to serve in the Navy whenever it needed more manpower. All this military activity must have, at the very least, affected the commerce and farming activities of the region in which our ancestors lived. We should be grateful that any records survived those many years of tumult and trauma.

I have divided the rest of this Family History into several sections in the hope that it will be easier for the reader to follow. Section I will 'set the scene' by describing the region of Scotland that our parents' ancestors called home. Next, since our family name is Valentine, I first tell the story of our father's antecedents in Section II. Section III tells the story of our father until his marriage to our mother in 1923. Section IV relates the history of our mother's family as far back as I found records and family lore. Following this, in Section V, I tell the all-too-little I know of our mother's life until she married. Section VI follows the life of our parents from their marriage and their emigration to America through the years they raised their family until they died. Section VI concludes with the story of their descendants and a summary of the family background of my wife, Rosamund.

Accompanying the Volume I Narrative History are several Appendices (A through F) in a separate Volume II. These Appendices contain material that may be of interest but could not be easily fitted into the main text. References to material in these Appendices appear in Volume I as: (A-1), (B-1), etc., referring to the Appendix **letter** and the page **number**. Some late entries are given intermediate page numbers such as (A-2.1); it would follow (A-2). Each Appendix is preceded by its own Table of Contents. Having the Appendices in a separate volume should make it more convenient to move back and forth between the main text and the referenced material.

I had visited Scotland in 1954, 1960, and 1968. Early in 1995, as I was working on this history and keeping up a lively correspondence with new-found Scottish second cousins, I decided I would like to see the land of our ancestors again, meet these cousins, and learn more about our ancestors. In addition, I wanted to fulfill a long-standing ambition to tour Scotland by bicycle. So, on June 11, 1995, I flew to Aberdeen, rented ('hired') a car and embarked on a two-week, 1200 mile, sightseeing, cousin-meeting, and ancestor-searching tour. It was a great pleasure for me (and I hope for them) to meet our closest surviving Scottish relatives.

Upon arriving in Aberdeen, I was greeted by a gale wind and horizontal rain. Fortunately, this was followed by several weeks of almost uninterrupted warm weather and sun. I spent the first night at the Aberdeen Scottish Youth Hostel. There I unpacked and reassembled my bicycle and took it to the bike shop where I left it while I was car touring. I saw some of the sights of Aberdeen on the second day. That evening I drove down to the little village of Fettercairn where I stayed at a B&B called Tillytoghills Farmhouse. The third day I spent looking around Fettercairn and in the nearby town of Montrose before returning to Fettercairn for the night. (It will become clear why I spent time in Fettercairn and Montrose.)

After more sightseeing around Fettercairn on the fourth day, I drove down to Broughty Ferry to spend a few days with the George and Ann Patterson. I was able to spend several days each with George and Ann Patterson in Broughty Ferry, Jane Gibson in Edinburgh, and John and Jean Williams in Blairgowrie. The Pattersons took me to meet Sydney and Margaret Scroggie and Sydney's twin brother, Jack, at Sydney's and Margaret's home in the village of Kirkton of Strathmartine. All met me with welcoming hospitality, an enthusiastic desire to show me the historical and scenic highlights of their part of Scotland, and good-natured tolerance of my requests to visit libraries and other sources of family history.

The Pattersons spent many hours showing me around Dundee. They also took me to historic St. Andrews, the 'holy shrine' of golf, where preparations were then underway for the 1995 British Open Tournament. Ann and I visited the Howff, the ancient burial ground in the center of Dundee, to see the memorial stone placed there by our great-great grandfather, John Valentine. Next to it is the new stone bearing a bronze plaque inscribed with the words of the now nearly illegible inscription on the original memorial. 'Valentine Descendants' (including us) funded the new stone and plaque in 1994 but all credit must go to Ann Patterson and Jean Williams for organizing this effort. I visited the family plot and memorial stone of our great-grandfather, James Valentine, in Dundee's Balgay Cemetery. This plot contains the graves of our great-grandparents and six other members of their family. I also saw James' house at 19, Thomson St. where our grandfather, Easton Valentine, was raised and the house at 6, Glamis Drive where Easton spent his last years. Ann and I visited the Dundee Central Library to look over three books that Easton wrote and see what else we could find in old city directories about John, James, and Easton Valentine.

After saying goodbye to the Pattersons on the seventh day, I drove down to Edinburgh. There I was the guest of Jane Gibson in her ground floor flat in a grand old Victorian mansion with parquet floors and 14 foot ceilings. Although Jane suffers from MS and Parkinson's (neither apparently incapacitating) she, with the help of her son, Michael, and his wife, Christian, who live a few miles away, entertained me royally. Michael spent his Sunday showing me around Edinburgh and the surrounding area in his Morgan sports car. We then had supper at his and Christian's flat, also in an attractive Victorian townhouse, that they were renovating. Jane and I spent Monday touring around the scenic countryside in the Borders Region southwest of Edinburgh visiting several ancient ruins of abbeys and other historical sites. Jane no longer drives so she navigated while I attempted to negotiate Edinburgh traffic without causing her, or others, too much anxiety.

After leaving Edinburgh, I drove north to Blair Atholl where I had stayed in 1954 and Dunkeld, where Rosamund, Vanessa, and I stayed with Aunt Jessie in 1960. The next day, I drove down to Blairgowrie and a warm welcome by John and Jean Williams. John Williams, an avid golfer, invited me to accompany him on a round at one of his three golf clubs. He even let me take a few shots, none of which I care to describe! They also took me on several tours of the very attractive town of Blairgowrie and the beautiful countryside around it.

After several days with them, I then headed back to Aberdeen to join the bicycle tour group at the Aberdeen Youth Hostel on June 24. The bicycle tour group, organized by the British Cyclists Touring Club, consisted of eleven riders plus a man and his wife who drove the support van. I thought that I would be the oldest rider but found there was another 70-year-old man and one 73 so I did not feel too conspicuous in the 'Youth' hostels! The group included five English men, three English ladies, one Scot (the 73-year-old), one Canadian, and one American (me). The tour covered between 650 and 700 miles (depending on which of several optional side trips were taken) over 11 days. It took us from Aberdeen on the North Sea north and west to the Hebridean coast, over to the islands of Skye and Raasay, then south and east back to Aberdeen. As had been the case during my car travels, the weather was unusually good—we had only two days of some rain during the whole tour. Most of the route was on secondary roads with little traffic; many of these were 'minor' roads, narrow single-lane roads, with occasional turnouts to allow oncoming traffic to pass by.

Several of the optional routes were off-road on forest or mountain tracks and footpaths through wild and majestic glens. (This is why I took my mountain bike, rather than my road bike.) Some sections of the route were over roads built by General Wade 260 years before and maintained (sort of) for use by hikers and mountain bikers. Hostel accommodations varied from the almost luxurious to the primitive. We were well fed, taking most of our evening meals in local hotels and enjoying frequent 'tea stops' during the day. I enjoyed the tour very much; the scenery was spectacular, the weather was mostly excellent, and my fellow cyclists were friendly. All had a fine time. I have included this brief (?) summary of my 1995 Scottish holiday because, in the forthcoming history, I will, from time-to-time, refer to things I learned and saw during this trip that are relevant to the history of our family.

I will also refer to a three week automobile tour of Scotland, Wales, and England that Rosamund and I enjoyed in the autumn of 1997. We visited relatives and friends, toured castles and great houses, and saw some beautiful countryside. We also visited some sites of ancestral interest that I had learned about during my research between 1995 and 1997. We also returned to England the following year, mainly to visit Rosamund's sister, Audrey.

I will end this Introduction by inviting all who read this family history to send me suggestions for additions, deletions, and corrections. The two volumes of the history have been bound in a way that will permit pages to be removed and revised pages to be inserted. Please send comments to me at 225 S. Birch Street, Denver, CO 80246-1018—do not wait too long or the historian may have become history and the address will have changed to Fairmount Cemetery!





## SECTION I: THE LAND OF OUR FOREFATHERS

Before I introduce our earliest known ancestors, I would like to tell something about their homeland, Scotland, and describe the section of that rugged and beautiful country that they called home in the early eighteenth century. Here I am drawing on two books: *The Story of Scotland*, by F. Fraser Darling, a 1943 Christmas gift from my Valentine aunts; and Fodor's *1994 Travel Guide to Scotland*.

Scotland is not a large country. It is only about 275 miles from the border with England to the northernmost tip of the mainland, Dunnet Head, and about 170 miles from the easternmost point on the North Sea to the west coast of the mainland on the Sea of the Hebrides. To the west lie the Western Isles, including the Isle of Skye and the Inner and Outer Hebrides. To the north are the islands of Orkney, and still further north, the Shetland Islands, all part of Scotland. The west coast, touched by the Gulf Stream, is, in some places, almost semitropical with flourishing palm trees. With this mildness comes much rain in a climate similar to that of Washington State's Olympic Peninsula. Eastern Scotland has a drier, but cooler, climate subject in the winter to North Sea storms and frigid air masses flowing out of Siberia. Between the two coasts rise the mountainous Highlands of Scotland. The highest mountain in Scotland (and in Great Britain), Ben Nevis, is 1343 meters, or 4406 feet, above sea level. This is not high compared to the Alps or the Rockies, but still very impressive since Ben Nevis rises abruptly to its summit within a few miles from its base near sea level. Remember also that Scotland is much further north than the Colorado Rockies or the Alps; it lies between the same parallels of latitude as the northern half of the Canadian province of Manitoba. The weather atop Ben Nevis and other Scottish peaks can be as severe, as treacherous, and as deadly as that on much higher Colorado mountains.

Our parents' early eighteenth century ancestors were 'Lowland Scots' who lived on, or near, the central east coast of Scotland. (The area known as the Scottish Highlands lies northwest of a line extending from Glasgow on the west coast to Aberdeen on the east coast.) Our earliest ancestors in the Lowlands probably spoke Gaelic, the language of the inhabitants of western Scotland and the Highlands. However, by the eighteenth century, our later ancestors spoke Scots, a language based on Middle English but that borrowed heavily from Scandinavian, Dutch, French, and Gaelic. The Lowland Scots did not wear kilts and would have resented being called Highlanders. They looked on Highlanders as wild and lawless people who made moonshine whisky, ran off with other people's daughters, sheep, and cattle and, in their spare time, fought each other, clan against clan.

Our father's ancestors lived near, but not in, the Highlands—near the foothills of the Grampian Mountains in a region called the Howe of the Mearns. (Howe is an old Scots word meaning a wide plain bounded by hills.) Centered in this area was (and is) the village of Fettercairn (derived from the 10th century names, Fethyrkerne and Fotherkern). Fettercairn was also the name given to the surrounding parish, with an area of 13,000 acres. Fettercairn Parish was at the southwest corner of the county then called Kincardineshire. In 1975 this parish became part of the Kincardine and Deeside District of the Grampian Region when the

government formed twelve regions from the original thirty-four counties. (See maps, A-1 & A-2.) A further change in 1996 placed Fettercairn in Aberdeenshire (see map, A-2.1).

Descriptions of the village and parish are given in the 1846 *Topographical Dictionary of Scotland*, (A-3), found in the Denver Library, and in the 1883 *Ordnance Gazetteer of Scotland* (A-4), obtained on microfiche at the Mormon FHC. A-3 also includes a 1995 photograph of the village square showing the Town Market Cross and a 'Triumphal Arch' commemorating an 1861 visit by Queen Victoria and Prince Albert.

The land of this coastal plain parish was mostly tilled with some grazing and woodland. (Since only about 25% of Scotland's area is arable this was, no doubt, prime agricultural land.) In 1841, the population of the village was 280 and that of the parish about 1800; it was probably not much different 120 years before that when our earliest recorded Valentine ancestors lived on farms near Fettercairn. Fettercairn's claims to fame are few: an early Scottish king, Kenneth III, was murdered nearby; one of the older licensed distilleries in Scotland, opened in 1824, is still operating; favorable comments (A-4) by Queen Victoria after her overnight stay in Fettercairn at the Ramsay Arms Hotel (still operating); the Queen's 'Triumphal Arch'; historic Balbegno Castle; and Fasque, the 170-year-old family home of William Gladstone, one of Victoria's Prime Ministers. I found Fettercairn to be a very quiet and attractive farm village during my two days there. I visited it again with Rosamund in 1997 when we enjoyed tours of the distillery and Fasque House and had lunch at the Ramsay Arms Hotel which had received a favorable review by Queen Victoria in 1861.

About 12 miles SSE of Fettercairn is the larger town of Montrose (see map of the North Sea coast on A-5). Our mother's earliest known ancestors lived in Montrose as early as the 17<sup>th</sup> century. Montrose was (and is) a seaport opening onto the North Sea (then also known as the German Ocean). According to the 1846 *Topographical Dictionary of Scotland* (A-8 & A-9), it had a population of 13,402. It was a 'Royal Burgh' in the parish of Montrose with an area of only 4722 acres and, in 1846, a population of 15,096, most of whom lived in the town. (The designation, 'Royal Burgh,' showed that a king had given it a charter to conduct trade with foreign countries—of course, the king profited from the tariffs on this trade.) Montrose was in the county of Forfarshire, later named Angus. In the 1975 redistricting, the county of Angus became the Angus District in the new Tayside Region and, in 1996, reverted back to just Angus. (See maps on A-1, A-2, & A-2.1.)

Modern guide books describe Montrose as ' . . . a handsome, unpretentious town . . . ' and as, ' . . . a spacious market town with many fine buildings . . . ' The 1884 *Ordnance Gazetteer of Scotland* (A-8/A-15) gives a more glowing picture of Montrose. It describes a bustling port with hundreds of British and foreign ships visiting annually, a £27,000 suspension bridge built in 1829 across the River Esk, five hotels, two railway stations, nine churches, and, nearby, the Sunnyside Lunatic Asylum, established in 1782. [An ancestor of Jane Gibson, Alexander Watt, a retired sea captain, was one of the Governors (Directors) of the institution. The Asylum was considered to be very advanced in the treatment of the insane and one of the better hospitals of its type in Scotland. A modern guide book recommends a visit to the Sunnyside Museum saying, 'The name belies an unusual exhibition of artifacts from the building's working past, as this is Scotland's oldest asylum, with a 200-year history. ']

The origins of the town predate historical records but it is known that, when the Danish marauders of the 10th century used the estuary of the River Esk as an anchorage, there was already a settlement here. The town became firmly established and began to flourish when trade with the Low Countries and Scandinavia started and prosperous ship owners and merchants built homes, churches, and public buildings. During my visit to Montrose I observed a busy market town, obviously quite prosperous, with many handsome churches, public buildings, and homes. However, I passed up my opportunity to visit the Sunnyside Lunatic Asylum! Instead, I spent most of my limited time at the town library and the Kirk graveyard.

Now, having set the scene, let us proceed to meet some of our ancestors.



## SECTION II: THE ANTECEDENTS OF BERTRAM GORDON VALENTINE

The earliest record of our father's progenitors I was able to find appeared in 1728. It is an entry in the Old Parish Records (OPR's) of the Parish of Fettercairn. I found these OPR's copied on a microfilm made by The Genealogical Society of Utah (a unit of the Mormon Church) at the General Records Office for Scotland in Edinburgh. I got this microfilm on loan from the Mormon Genealogical Library in Salt Lake City. The entry records a Proclamation of Banns (a public contract of marriage pledged before the congregation—a necessary preliminary to a marriage ceremony) and the subsequent marriage. It states, '*Aprile 25th, James Valentine and Jean Croll both in this parish gave up their names in order to marriage &c: Married June 11th.*' (The year of the entry, 1728, was determined from a preceding page where the year was given.) The marriage is also recorded in the Mormon Index of Fettercairn Parish Records, obtained on a microfiche. It lists all marriages for the periods 1669-1675, 1721-1743, and 1820-1854. Two other microfiches list all births and christenings for the periods 1720-1743 and 1747-1855. Unfortunately, there are long periods for which the records have not been found—if they ever existed.

A copy of the Old Parish Records page on which the entry quoted above appears is shown on **B-1**. Note that one edge of the page appears charred. I believe it was burned in a fire set by Jacobite raiders on 12 February 1747. (Jacobites were supporters of 'The Old Pretender, James III,' and his son, Bonnie Prince Charlie, whose army had been defeated at Culloden in 1746.) The Jacobites were seeking revenge against the parishioners of Fettercairn who had supported the Hanoverian King George II of the United Kingdom during the 1745 uprising. The raiders torched the schoolhouse, the repository of the Parish Records, and destroyed many early records (see **B-5**). Fortunately for this family history, the villagers rescued these later records, slightly singed but still legible.

On the Mormon Index list of marriages for Fettercairn, that of our greatx5-grandparents, **James Valentine and Jean Croll**, is the fourth one in the Valentine entries. The first entry is for the marriage of an Alexander Valentine to an Issabel Mill in 1671. The Index lists 26 Valentine marriages in the Fettercairn Parish from 1671 through 1854 and 183 Valentine (and Vallentine) births and christenings from 1721 through 1854. When we consider that many more of both took place during the periods of missing records, it can be seen that the Fettercairn Parish was well populated with Valentines in the eighteenth century and well into the nineteenth. However, apparently that changed toward the end of the nineteenth century.

In 1899, Archibald Cowie Cameron, a retired Fettercairn schoolmaster, wrote a book, *The History of Fettercairn*. In it, he says, '*The Valentines, whose progenitor was Valentine of Thornton, a favourite of Robert the Bruce, were, till of late, numerous and influential in the parish, but so few are now left that, ere long, the name will become extinct.*' This quotation from Cameron's book (obtained on microfilm from the Mormon Genealogical Library) appeared in another book, *The Surnames of Scotland: Their Origins, Meaning, and History*, by Dr. George Frazer Black. Ann Patterson sent me a copy of the section of Dr. Black's book

that covers the names '*Valentine, Vallantine, and Vallentine*'. In it Dr. Black tells us that, "*The Latin name comes from valens, the participle of valeo, 'to be strong, healthy.'*" He also notes that the Valentines of Fettercairn were descended from one Valentine of Thornton who, in the reign of Robert I (Robert the Bruce, 1306-1329), "*. . . had a charter of the lands of Thorntoun 'in lie Kincardin-Mernes.'*"

The records of **James Valentine's and Jean Croll's** births (assuming their births were recorded in the Fettercairn Parish) may have been lost in the Jacobite raid. In any case, I was unable to find their parents' names and had to be content with starting this recorded history of our Valentines only seven generations before our own. The Church of Scotland graveyard in Fettercairn contains several Valentine graves dating from the 1700's but none that I recognized as those of our ancestors.

Seven generations includes many people so the format shown on the next page will be used to present information as concisely as possible. Names of our **direct-line** ancestors are shown in **bold** type in the initial parent/children listing for each generation, also in the text when needed for emphasis or clarity, such as to differentiate between direct ancestors and relatives with the same given name. The children's names will omit the family name. (Abbreviations: b.=born; c.=baptized or christened; d.=died; m.=married; ~.=estimated; ?=unknown, RWFT=Rachel Webb's Family Tree, LVFT=Leslie Valentine's Family Tree.) The number of \* above the parents shows by how many generations they preceded our own generation.

A family tree and history should record the dates of births and deaths but it is the little dashes between these dates that represent people's lives—the time, long or short, that they spent on this earth. In compiling this family history it was my goal to give some insight into those little dashes wherever I could.

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**James Valentine (b.?-d.?) m. Jean Croll (b.?-d.?)** in Fettercairn on 11 Jun 1728.

Children: Isobell (c.8 Jun 1729-d.?), Mary (c.20 Sep 1730-d.?),

**David (c.3 Oct 1731-d.1782)**, and Elizabeth (c.7 Jan 1733-d.?).

(All children were baptized in Fettercairn.)

The 1731 Parish Record for **David's** christening reads, '*Oct. 3d., James Valentine, husband to Jean Croll in Low of Balbegno had a son, baptized David.*' (This did not seem to give Jean much credit!) Ann Patterson sent me a 1988 1:50,000 scale Ordnance Survey Map of the Fettercairn area (**B-2**) that shows a Balbegno Castle about a mile SW of the village. The word 'Low' in a place name meant a stretch of low-lying land according to *The Concise Scots Dictionary*. It is my guess that our greatx5-grandparents, **James and Jean**, lived near Balbegno Castle on a farm, called the Low of Balbegno, belonging to the castle estate. The Ordnance Map also shows a 'Balmain Fm' and a 'Cairnton of Balbegno' near the castle.

During my 1995 visit to Fettercairn, I stayed at a B&B quaintly named Tillytoghills Farmhouse about 2 miles SW of the village and about a mile from Balbegno Farm. I drove into the farm to find Balbegno Castle. I took the photograph on A-2.2 when I visited it again with Rosamund in 1997. The gardener we met there said that the tall tower on the left was built in 1569 by a James Wood. The L-plan tower with its thick stone walls was designed to be easily defended—an essential feature in those troubled times. The second level (the ‘first floor’ in the UK) contains a 29 foot by 19 foot ‘*Great Hall*’ with a vaulted stone ceiling decorated with the coats of arms of fifteen of the sixteen Scottish ‘*erles*’ (earls) who formed a faction that ‘. . . took over the running of Scotland in January 1581. . .’ (This information was taken from histories of the castle written by J. Sutherland and Ian Bryce.)

There were originally sixteen coats of arms on the ceiling. However, that of Ruthven, Earl of Gowrie, was quickly and prudently whitewashed over when it was learned he had been executed for the treasonous act of kidnapping the teen-age King James VI and usurping power in 1582. Historian Sutherland, in an article in the *Aberdeen University Review*, describes the ‘*Great Hall*’ as ‘. . . one of the most remarkable rooms in Scotland.’ The ground level of the tower house held some farm equipment and was occupied by pigeons.

The lower structure with the peaked roof, a residence, was added, probably by Andrew Middleton. He bought the property from the Wood family in 1687. Until 1996 it had been occupied by Middletons but was vacant when we visited. The property is now owned by the Fasque & Glen Dye Estates. I telephoned Adam Wallace, the Factor (Manager) of the Estates, to see if there was still a Low of Balbegno Farm. He was not able to find a farm of that name but he did send me several interesting articles giving the history of the castle, described as an ‘*ancient and spacious building*’ in *The Topographical Dictionary of Scotland* on A-3. Ann thinks that **James** might have been a tenant farmer but thinks it more likely that he was an employee of the estate. If James ever visited the castle or manor house it was probably just to deliver his crop share or his rent to the Laird of the Manor, Middleton, or his estate manager, or to collect his wages.

A copy of the OPR page, also singed, showing the entry for David’s baptism is on B-3. Pages B-4/B-12 are excerpts from Archibald Cowie Cameron’s 1899 book, *The History of Fettercairn*. Excerpted pages 53 & 54 tell of an execution in Fettercairn in 1743 that James and Jean may have witnessed. The gallows was made by a wright named Alexander Croll—a relative of **Jean Croll**. Pages 55 & 56 tell about the Jacobite raid of 1747 in which many records were burned. Pages 262-269 present a grim picture of farm life in the Fettercairn Parish in the eighteenth century. Pages 270-272 explain the origin and meaning of some Fettercairn Parish estate and farm names (including those of Balbegno Castle and my B&B, Tillytoghills Farmhouse).

Now, we will move on to the next generation to meet **David**, the only son of **James** and **Jean Valentine**.

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**David Valentine (c.3 Oct 1731-d.?) m. Elizabeth Grub (or Grubb) (b.?-d.?)**

Children: **James (c.1 Apr 1753-d. 8 Aug 1816)**, David (c.28 Aug 1755-d.),  
Mary (c.6 Feb 1763-d.), Alexander (c.30 Jul 1765-d.),  
Anne (c.23 Aug 1767-d.1814), and John (c.1 Jun 1770-d.3 Nov 1836).  
(All children were baptized in Fettercairn.)

I found no listing for the marriage of our greatx4-grandparents, **David** and **Elizabeth**, in the Fettercairn marriage Index. Possibly they were married in another parish (or could not, or would not, pay the clerk's fee). *The History of Fettercairn* points out that Proclamations of Banns were not regularly entered until 1816. It is most unlikely that they neglected to get married. The Church of Scotland made life rather unpleasant for couples who were even suspected of engaging in premarital relations! The offending couple was required by their local parish to sit before the congregation on 'Repentance Stools' while the minister castigated them for their transgression. Another possible, but unlikely, reason for no record was the custom, then recognized by Scottish law, called '*handfesting*'. If a couple held hands over water, such as on a bridge, they could declare themselves husband and wife! Although it was legal, the Kirk definitely frowned on this rural custom—for one thing, the Kirk got no fee for this 'ceremony'!

[A commentary on Scottish law covering 'irregular marriages' can be found in Ian McIntyre's book, *Dirt & Deity: A Life of Robert Burns*, where he quotes an earlier Burns biographer, F. B. Snyder, regarding a 1785 incident (one of several) where Burns fathered a child out of formal wedlock: '*. . . a promise to marry, sealed by anticipatory consummation, constitutes in Scots law a true and valid marriage . . .*' Apparently, this girl's father considered it 'true and valid' because he hired a lawyer to have the 'marriage' annulled! I recommend McIntyre's book to those who would like to get a general picture of rural Scotland in the eighteenth century—the customs, the language, agricultural practices, religious upheavals, and the strong influence of the Kirk on every aspect of Scottish life.]

The children of David and Elizabeth named above were all found listed in the Fettercairn Index. The Family Tree prepared by Ann Patterson's brother, Leslie, also lists a Rose, born after James, but I did not find her listed in the Index; possibly she died before she could be baptized. **B-13** is a copy of the 1753 Fettercairn Parish Record listing **James'** baptism: '*David Valentine & Eliz'th. Grub in Drumhendrie had a son. Baptized James, Aprile 1st.*' (The RWFT shows that James was born on 18 March 1753 and died on 8 August 1816. It also says that the youngest son, John, died at Drumhendrie Farm.) The 1988 Ordnance Map on **B-2** shows a farm, 'Mains of Drumhendry,' about 2.5 miles south of Fettercairn village. In this context, 'Mains' means that this was the main farm of an estate. It would have been operated by, or for, the estate owner, with several nearby subsidiary farms run by tenant farmers. I drove by this farm that is now growing potatoes. Several farm buildings looked as though they might have been there in David's time!



I found no record of David's occupation but he probably worked as a servant or laborer on the farm. I telephoned the owners of the farm in Dundee to see if they had estate records that went back to our David's time. They were friendly and interested in the research but knew of no old estate records. **David** and **Elizabeth** were two of our thirty-two paternal greatx4-grandparents.

There was a calendar change in September of 1752 (see article on **B-12**) that may have affected David and Elizabeth. Before September 2, 1752, the official calendar in England (but not in Scotland) was the Julian calendar. In this calendar, named for Julius Caesar, the year began on March 25th. In 1582 Pope Gregory XII was advised of a discrepancy of 11 minutes and 14 seconds between the Julian year and astronomical observations. To correct the error he established the Gregorian calendar with January 1st as the first day of the new year. By 1752, when Britain and its American colonies got around to accepting the Gregorian calendar, the discrepancy had increased to 11 days. To make up for this error, the British government decreed that September 2, 1752 would be followed by September 14, 1752. Thus, birth dates from September 3rd through the 13th of 1752 did not exist! [Among the many confused by this calendar change and the apparent loss of eleven days was our first president, George Washington. George was born on February 11, 1732, but, after 1752, had to celebrate his birthday on February 22nd!] Since Scotland had accepted the Gregorian calendar in 1600, there must have been considerable confusion during the 152 years that the English and the Scots were using different calendars.

Next, we will meet two of our sixteen greatx3-grandparents in our Father's line.

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**James Valentine (b.18 Mar 1753-d.8 Aug 1816) m. Margaret Rae (b.1761-d.8 Aug 1816)** in Inverarity & Methy on 12 Aug 1786. (From Mormon Index for County of Angus, no OPR.)

Children: Alexander (b.16 Jul 1787-d.?), James (b.26 Feb 1789-d.),  
David (b.2 Feb 1791-d.), and **John (b.1 Feb 1792-d.8 Nov 1868)**.  
(Dates of birth are from the RWFT)

By the time of his marriage at age 33, **James** had left his family home at Drumhendrie. His reason for leaving I do not know. He and **Margaret** were married in Inverarity, a town in Angus (then called Forfarshire) about 15 miles southwest of Fettercairn. The Parish Records Index shows that their first child, Alexander, was baptized in Forfar, a larger town a few miles north of Inverarity, on 19 July 1787; their second son, James, was also baptized in Forfar on 27 February 1789. However, by 1791, they had apparently moved to Dundee, about 12 miles south of Forfar, where David was baptized on 6 February 1791. Again, we do not know what prompted the move. The Dundee church record of David's baptism states that **James** was a '*Meal Seller*' by occupation.

Sadly, their first three sons died in infancy according to the RWFT. Despite suffering this triple loss, **James** and **Margaret** went on to have a fourth son, **John**, thus continuing our direct Valentine line. **John**, who survived to become one of our great-great-grandfathers, was baptized in Dundee on 5 February 1792. He was named after his maternal grandfather, **John Rea**. [In the Dundee church records, Margaret's family name is consistently spelled (or misspelled) as Rea; Rachel Webb also spelled it Rea. However, the Angus records for the births of their first two sons show Margaret's family name as Rae, as does the memorial stone placed by her son, John, in the Howff. so I have accepted that spelling.] In the church record of John's baptism, James' occupation is now '*Merchant*.'

Another source told me that James was, by occupation, a '*maltster*.' A maltster prepares barley for the brewing process by a controlled germination process that changes the starch into sugar, producing malt. This is the first step in making Scotland's best known export, whisky, or Scotch as it known in the US (Scotch is not whiskey!). When considered together, James' recorded occupations show that he was a merchant (a meal seller), who bought barley, processed (malted, dried, and ground) it, and sold the grist to distilleries and breweries.

Here I will digress to describe the rest of the processes started by the maltster. The germination process is stopped by drying and smoking the malt over peat fires. The distinctive flavors of single malt and blended Scotch whiskies result from this step. The dried malt is then ground into grist and mixed with water that also adds its unique flavor to the end product. The grist/water mixture, called wort, is fermented to make a strong ale. This is filtered and distilled in a copper pot still, the '*wash still*,' that increases the alcohol concentration from about 8% to 20%. A second still, the '*spirit still*,' brings the alcohol content up to 80%. The clear distillate is then aged in oak casks for several years to remove toxins and produce the final product. [I picked up this vital knowledge during a tour of the Edradour Distillery, '*the smallest distillery in Scotland*' (no doubt meaning the smallest *legal, licensed*, distillery!). I visited Edradour as I pedaled out of Pitlochry one fine morning on the bike tour. Not one to risk a charge of BUI (biking under the influence), I declined the generous sample offered by the kilted host. Edradour single malt whisky sells for \$40/fifth (one-fifth of a US gallon or .76 liter) in this country.]

It is interesting, but also sad, to note that our greatx3-grandparents, **James** and **Margaret**, died on the same day, only four days before their 30th wedding anniversary. The date of James' death came from Rachel Webb. (Rachel gives 12 August 1816 as the date of Margaret's death but the date given on the Howff memorial stone is 8 August 1816.) It would be my guess that they were killed or fatally injured in an accident (perhaps in a house fire, Sydney Scroggie suggested). However, we will never know since statistics on the cause of deaths were not officially kept in Scotland before 1855.

Now, on to their son, **John**.

[Note: Occasionally there will be short pages such as this in this history to allow family groupings to be kept together on one page.]

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**John Valentine (b.1 Feb 1792-d.8 Nov 1868) m. Mary Watson (c.10 May 1790-d.15 Apr 1866)** in 1811 in Dundee. (Both died in San Francisco)

Children: William (b.1811-d.1867), Margaret (c.4 Jul 1813-d.? in San Francisco),

**James (b.12 Jun 1815-d.19 Jun 1879** in Dundee),

Elizabeth (c.24 Aug 1817-d.15 Aug 1887), and

Andrew (c.18 Jul 1819-d.~1906 in San Francisco)

I was able to draw on several sources for information about our great-great-grandparents, **John** and **Mary**, and their family, but there is much we do not know. Besides the Valentine Family Trees supplied by Rachel Webb and Ann Patterson, I have a sketch of a family tree drawn up by our grandfather, Easton Valentine. (Unfortunately, it is not legible enough to be copied for this history.) Also, Ann Patterson sent me a copy of article, dated 1988, with the title, *'Famous Throughout the World': Valentine & Sons Ltd., Dundee*, by Robert Smart, that tells the story of the firm founded by **John Valentine**.

In 1994 Ann Patterson told me that Robert Smart held the title, *'Keeper of the Muniments'*, at the University of St. Andrews, meaning he was a librarian/archivist. (Ann also said that the University has a *Valentine Collection*—a large collection of photographs and other material obtained from the photographic business, Valentines of Dundee, started by John's son, James.) Dr. Smart's article appeared in a publication, *Review of Scottish Culture*, Issue No. 4, in 1988. It gave the year of John's marriage and told me that John's father, James, was a maltster.

The RWFT and the LVFT show only children William, Elizabeth, and James. The RWFT states that William died in San Francisco in 1867, leaving a daughter, Margaret, who died there, unmarried, in 1924. (As we will see, Margaret was actually the daughter of Andrew.) Easton's tree does not list William but does show the other four children. He also notes that John's daughter, Margaret, and her husband, William Martin, were early settlers, first in New Zealand and later in California. Easton says that Andrew was a baker in Dundee and later in San Francisco. In the Mormon records for births and christenings in Angus, I found no William, only Margaret, James, Elizabeth, and Andrew, with the birth or christening dates shown above. In my opinion, William Martin, John's son-in-law, may have been mistakenly identified in the family trees as a son—or there may have been a William, born in 1811, who died as an infant.

**B-14** is an 1815 Dundee Kirk Session Record of the birth and baptism of our great-grandfather, **James**, showing that he was named after his grandfather. It was Scottish custom to name the first son after the paternal grandfather (casting even more doubt on a first son named William). However, in spite of these doubts, I have shown that John and Mary had all five of the children listed above.

Robert Smart's article tells us that John Valentine started as a weaver. He established himself in an independent business until he ran into financial problems around 1820.

According to the article, this was due to his co-signing a friend's loan with more generosity than prudence. His problems were probably also made worse by the advent of the power loom and the importation of cheap cotton that were the death knells for traditional handloom weavers of linen. However, in a few years John worked his way out of the hole and, in 1825, started a new business, carving wood blocks used for printing patterns on linen. According to some, this was the genesis of the family firm whose motto was '*Famous Throughout the World*,' as described in Dr. Smart's article. However, Easton says that the firm that was to become famous as James Valentine & Sons and Valentines of Dundee was started by John's son, James. (This opinion is supported by the biographical caption under James' picture included later in this Section.)

James did join his father in the business in 1832 at age seventeen but, by 1840, had left to start his own business as a steel engraver and printer. Based on his review of the Dundee business directories, Dr. Smart says that John was still listed in the directory in 1850 but did not appear in the 1853 directory. He cites family tradition as saying that John may have gone to California to join the gold rush. In support of this, Easton Valentine's list of Valentine family members (B-22) does say that John died in San Francisco. (Records confirming this will be discussed later in this section.) [Another Scottish weaver, William Carnegie, emigrated from Dunfermline to America (Pittsburgh in this case) in 1848 with his family that included his son, Andrew. Andrew Carnegie was to make his fortune in railroads and steel and became known as the richest man in the world. John Valentine's children did not, alas, become as wealthy as Andrew Carnegie.]

Rachel Webb tells us that John's son (or son-in-law?), William, married and ended up in San Francisco where he died. Margaret married William Martin on May 15, 1838, in Dundee. Elizabeth married Alexander Smith on June 21, 1839. In their marriage records their surname is spelled Vallantine. (On Easton's family tree he refers to Margaret as Aunt Martin and Elizabeth as Aunt Smith.) Easton's family tree tells us that the Martins emigrated, first to New Zealand and later to San Francisco where they were '*early settlers*.' On his list of family members, Easton goes on to say that the Martins were '*One of the first three families in San Francisco*.' I must assume that Easton meant that they were early *Anglo* settlers since the Spanish had established a settlement near the Mission de San Francisco de Asís in 1776. Even that modified claim might be stretching it a bit. There had been a large influx of Americans even before the 'Californios' (citizens of the Mexican province of Alta California) declared their independence from Mexico in 1836 and drove out the last Mexican governor in 1845. In 1846, American immigrants, with US military backing, established the California 'Bear Flag' Republic at Sonoma. Twenty-four days later, news of the start of the Mexican War reached California. On July 7, 1846, American Marines raised the US flag over the California capital, Monterey, and claimed California as American territory. Californios in southern California were defeated in 1847. California finally joined the Union as a free (non-slave) state, the 41<sup>st</sup>, in 1850. [For more on this read Dale Walker's book, *Bear Flag Rising—The Conquest of California, 1846*.] **John's** son, Andrew, also moved to San Francisco. Easton said Andrew had two children, Mary and John. and John became '*A successful U. S. dyer*.'

The memorial stone shown in the photograph on page 11 was placed by John and Mary in the ancient Dundee burial ground, The Howff, in 1813 by '*John Valentine (revised), Manufacturer, Dundee*' and assigned stone number 998. (From a '*Register of Tombs in Dundee Burial Ground, 1832*', obtained from the Dundee City Archives). Under the *Register* heading '*Present Claimant*' is written '*John Valentine, Engraver, Murraygate.*' (I have been unable to learn the meaning of 'revised' in this context or on the stone.) The stone and the recent bronze tablet are inscribed as follows ( / indicates a new line):

*'REVISED IN 1813 / JOHN VALENTINE, MANUFACTURER, DUNDEE / MARY WATSON HIS SPOUSE / IN MEMORY OF / ANDREW WATSON, BAKER, DUNDEE / DIED 20TH FEB 1780, AGED 81 YEARS / ALSO HER FATHER / ANDREW WATSON, SHIPMASTER, DUNDEE / WHO WAS LOST ON HIS PASSAGE / FROM LONDON IN A GREAT STORM / 26TH JAN 1794, AGED 53 YEARS / ALSO TWO OF HIS CHILDREN / DAVID AND JOHN WATSON INTERRED HERE / AND THEIR CHILD WHO DIED IN INFANCY / ALSO HIS MOTHER MARGARET RAE / WHO DIED 8<sup>TH</sup> AUGUST 1816 AGED 55 YEARS / RESTORED BY HIS GRANDSON W D VALENTINE IN 1894'*

Who (and whose) was the '*child who died in infancy*'? It was obviously not Margaret, born in 1813, who married William Martin. Speculation: maybe there *was* a son, William, born in 1811, who, contrary to the family trees, had died by 1813 when the stone was 'revised' and not in 1867 (1867 may have been the date of William Martin's death). Another mystery!

From the dates of their deaths and their ages when they died, I found **Mary Watson**, her parents, her paternal grandparents, and her paternal great-grandparents on the microfiche of Kirk Records for the Dundee Parish. Mary's parents were **Andrew Watson** and **Elizabeth Elder**. Her father, the unfortunate shipmaster, was baptized on 5 July 1741 by his parents, **Andrew Watson** and **Janet Graham**. Mary's paternal grandfather, **Andrew Watson**, the Dundee baker, was baptized on 17 June 1698 by **David Watson** and **Elizabeth Blair**, two more of our 128 greatx5-grandparents.

On his Valentine family tree, Easton wrote under the name of his grandfather, John Valentine, the note, '*(For some time a successful manufacturer in Dundee but hailing from the Mearns)*' It is not clear why Easton considered John as being from the Mearns (near Fettercairn) when the records show he was born in Dundee. However, '*successful manufacturer*' seems credible since John and Mary had the means to purchase the burial plot in the Howff and the expensive memorial/grave stone. (Also, as we will see, John held a responsible position in his Masonic lodge, not likely for one of modest finances.) Why did this apparently prosperous Dundee businessman and his wife, both about 60 years old, decide, sometime around 1850, to emigrate to far-off California? We will probably never know. Their daughter, Margaret, with her husband, William Martin, and their children, went first to New Zealand. However, all these eventually ended up in San Francisco (as did **John's** son Andrew and his family and **John's** grandson, John, son of **James**, as we will see). Whatever their reasons, their decision to emigrate to California could not have been reached lightly. By one route, it involved an expensive sea voyage of over 15,000 miles and many

months duration around notoriously dangerous Cape Horn with the attendant hazards of seasickness, shipwreck and disease and the certainty of boredom, poor food, and cramped and uncomfortable living conditions.

Other options were not much more appealing. Sea voyages to and from a land crossing of the Panama Isthmus added the risks of yellow fever, malaria, and other tropical diseases to those faced on board a ship. Crossing North America by rail from the east coast to St. Louis, by river boat up the Missouri to St. Joseph, and then by wagon to California was another option. However, the perils of the several-month wagon journey were many and well known. The tragedy that had befallen the Donner party the winter of 1846-47 in the Sierra Nevada west of present-day Reno had been widely reported. [Such a transcontinental journey was endured by Horace ('*Go west young man*') Greeley when he decided to take his own advice. He reported his adventure in his journal, *An Overland Journey from New York to San Francisco in the Summer of 1859*.] The Martins, who, according to Easton, went first to New Zealand, had much longer sea voyages to reach San Francisco than did John and Mary.

A book, *San Francisco Passenger Lists*, by Rasmussen, found in the Genealogy Section of the Denver Public Library, claims to list all those who arrived in San Francisco by ship between 1850 and 1875. The only Valentines that I found listed who *might* have been 'ours' (but probably were not) were an A. Valentine who arrived from Panama (then a Colombian Pacific coast port) on the steamer *Golden Gate* on 9 January 1852. Two J. Valentines arrived in April 1852: one arrived on the steamer *Oregon* on the 1st and another on the steamer *Panama* on the 7th. A '*Martin, Mr. (wife and children)*' also arrived in 1852.

By 1852, the favored (or least intolerable) route to California from Europe or the American east coast involved a land crossing of the Panama Isthmus. By then, about half the forty-mile width of the isthmus could be traveled on '*the cars*' (a new railroad), leaving the rest to wagons and mule trains. Many travelers contracted tropical diseases during this crossing. [The Panama railroad, completed in 1855, was, technically, the first transcontinental railroad—the more celebrated Union Pacific and Central Pacific railroads across the western United States were joined by a golden spike at Promontory, Utah, but not until May 10, 1869. Like the Panama Canal, completed in 1914, the Panama railroad traversed the Isthmus from the Atlantic to the Pacific in a paradoxically southeasterly direction.]

Those who survived this trans-isthmus trek still had to face two to three weeks in an over-crowded, hot, and poorly ventilated paddle wheel steamer before reaching San Francisco. Even that was true only for those who could afford the premium fare for a steamer—those who could not had to take their chances on one of the sailing ships running from Panama to San Francisco. A sense of the ordeal suffered by sailing ship passengers can be realized from the following Captain's log account, found in Rasmussen's book, of the voyage of the ship, *Sir Charles Napier*. This ship left Panama in February 1852, with about 200 passengers and a cargo of 200 tons of coal. It arrived in San Francisco on May 21, 1852. The log reads: '*90 days from Panama. Thirty-six passengers died on the passage. When one week out of Panama the measles, dysentery, and fever broke out. Disease continued for about 3 weeks. A succession of calms, common near the Equator, and the excessive heat may have been responsible for the toll. For 30 days no wind to keep the sails full.*'

The Captain's account then lists the names of the dead. One of the surviving passengers was named William Martin but he was probably not John Valentine's son-in-law. If William first went to New Zealand, he probably would have come to San Francisco via Hawaii, not Panama.

I wanted to learn more about our highly motivated and adventurous nineteenth century California relatives so, in July 1996, I wrote to the California Genealogical Society, requesting their help. A CGS Researcher, Kathy Beals, responded, offering to do some research—an offer I accepted. In a week I received the results of her three hours of research.

In her letter Ms. Beals included her transcription of the July 5<sup>th</sup>, 1860, San Francisco census report listing the occupants of the household of John Valentine. As Ms. Beals transcribed the census report, the household headed by John and Mary included the following (age and occupation, if given, in parentheses): *'John (68, gardener), Mary (68, keeping house), Andrew (40), Anne (11), John (10), Margaret (8), and Mary (5) Valentine, all born in Scotland.'* She also included in this household: *'William Martin (41, carpenter), Margaret Martin (40), and John Martin (18), all born in Scotland, plus George Kingsberry (22, drayman), Mary Kingsberry (21), and Margaret Kingsberry (1),'* showing that George Kingsberry was born in Massachusetts but listing no birthplace for Mary or Margaret.

I asked Ms. Beals for an actual copy of the original 1860 census report. This I received a week later and found that her transcription contained several errors and omissions. The census (B-15) shows that Andrew's occupation was *'baker'* as it had been in Dundee, and that his daughter, Mary, had been born in California, not Scotland. Therefore, Andrew Watson Valentine, his wife, and their first three children had emigrated between 1852, when Margaret was born in Scotland, and 1855, when Mary was born in California. It does show John Valentine's occupation as *'gardener'* but shows none for Mary (although Ms. Beals' *'keeping house'* is probably an understatement!). The census report also shows that the seven Valentines were one household and the six Martins and Kingsburys (not Kingsberrys) were a separate household. (The consecutive 'visitation' numbers in the census indicated separate, but adjacent, dwellings—probably apartments in the same building.) In addition, the census did show that Mary Kingsbury had been born in Scotland and that Margaret Kingsbury had been born in California in 1859.

We might conclude from this census report that our Great-great-grandfather John had slipped several rungs down the socio-economic ladder in going from a successful Dundee manufacturer to a San Francisco gardener. However, it is possible that he had the means and the desire to spend his retirement years enjoying gardening as an avocation. His son, Andrew, had the children, John and Margaret, mentioned by Easton, but Anne and Mary apparently were also his. Andrew's wife was no longer with them by 1860. The Census Report raised as many questions as it answered.

Where is John's son, William, who appears on the RWFT and the LVFT but not on Easton's tree or in the Angus records? Who was Andrew's wife and what happened to her? How were the Kingsburys related to the Martins? I decided to look in the Angus records of marriages to see if I could find Andrew and his wife. I found no marriage record for an



Andrew Watson Valentine (as he had been christened). However, persevering into the variant spellings of his surname, I found that an Andrew Watson Vallantine had married a Mary Sibbald in Dundee on 2 June 1848. Moving over to the birth/christening records, I found that this couple christened Ann (no 'e') Fyffe Vallantine on 18 July 1849 and John Vallantine on 15 June 1850, both in Dundee. These birth dates match the ages of the Anne and John Valentine listed in the 1860 San Francisco census.

I am sure that A. W. Vallantine was A. W. Valentine, son of our great-great-grandparents. However I cannot explain why he chose to adopt the different spelling of his family name (and then change back again when he lived with his parents in 1860). Here we have another mystery! Was John Valentine's apparently irrational departure from Dundee driven by a business scandal? Did Andrew, as well as his sisters, modify their surname to distance themselves from their father's problems? More questions looking for answers.

To determine the relationship of the Kingsburys to the Martins, I again went back to the Mormon records of births and christenings in Angus. I found that William Martin and Margaret Vallantine had two children in Dundee: Mary, born 9 June 1839 and John, born 5 July 1841. These birth dates agree with the ages for Mary Kingsbury and John Martin recorded in the July 5, 1860 census. It is my conclusion that Mary Martin married George Kingsbury in California and they and their infant daughter, Margaret, were living with Mary's parents and her brother, John. Following Scottish custom, Margaret was probably named after her maternal grandmother.

At this point, it seemed possible that we might have third cousins in California descended from John and Mary Valentine's San Francisco grandchildren—if they were not among the over three thousand victims of the great San Francisco earthquake and fire of 1906. (I found no Valentines, Martins or Kingsburys on the list of *identified* victims of that disaster.)

Included with Ms. Beals' letter were copies of death notices in three issues of the San Francisco Call newspaper (Capitalized words and blanks are as shown in the notices):

The Tuesday, April 17, 1866, issue reported the death, *'In this city, April 15th, Mary, wife of John Valentine, a native of Dundee, Scotland, aged 75 years.'*

On Sunday, December 22, 1867, the paper contained the following death notice: *'In this city, December \_\_, [sic] John Valentine, native of Dundee, Scotland, aged 26 years. [Honolulu (S. I.) papers please copy]. The funeral will take place THIS (Sunday) AFTERNOON at 1½ o'clock, from the residence of his grandfather, John Valentine, Harrison and Twentieth Streets.'*

The Tuesday, November 10, 1868, issue noted the death, *'In this city, November 8, John Valintine [sic], a native of Dundee, Scotland, aged 76 years. Friends and acquaintances of the family, and those of the family of his son-in-law, William Martin, are respectfully invited to attend the funeral, THIS (Tuesday) AFTERNOON, at 2 o'clock, from the Masonic Hall, without further notice.'*

The first and third notices recorded the passing of our great-great-grandparents. The second notice noted the untimely death of their grandson who had recently returned from the Hawaiian Islands (then called the Sandwich Islands). Young John had been a landscape

photographer on Kauai. (We will learn more about him in the next generation section.) Ms. Beals also sent copies of the *Indexes of Vital Records* published in the *Sacramento Bee*, apparently a quasi-official state journal still being published. The *Index* reported that Mary had died on April 13. Like the *Call*, the *Index* gave no date for young John's death. It confirmed that old John (with his last name spelled correctly) had died on November 8th.

Ms. Beals' research results included copies of two official San Francisco death records. The first, of December 22, 1867, is for Scottish-born *George Valentine*, age 26 years, who died on December 20, 1867 at *Harrison near 20th St.* (I am sure this was actually our young John Valentine—George may have been his middle name.) The cause of death is given as *Phthisis*, the nineteenth century term for pulmonary tuberculosis. The second record, of November 9, 1868, notes the death of Scottish-born *John Vallentine* [sic], age 76, who died on November 8, 1868, at *20 Harrison St.* (This was probably clerical shorthand for 20th & Harrison since the address would have been 2300 or 2301 Harrison according to the 1868 San Francisco Street Directory.) The cause of death is listed as *Apoplexy*—today it would be called a CVA (cerebra-vascular accident) or stroke.

These records show that both Johns, grandson and grandfather, were buried in the Masonic Cemetery in San Francisco, a cemetery for members of Masonic Orders and their families. Ms. Beals said that the remains in this cemetery and other early San Francisco cemeteries were later moved to the Woodlawn Cemetery in Colma (a town just south of San Francisco and California's only official necropolis) when San Francisco land became too valuable to be occupied by the dead.

Later, in a second letter, Ms. Beals sent me a copy of our great-great-grandmother's official death record. It says that Mary Valentine died of *General Debility* and that the place of death was *20th St. Mission Dolores*. I think she probably died at the family home at 20th & Harrison Street in the Mission Dolores District (now just the Mission District). She was buried in the Masonic Cemetery, to be joined there later by her grandson and husband.

The fourth set of enclosures from Ms. Beals included several issues of the *San Francisco City Directory*. The December 1865 issue listed nineteen Valentines. Among them was a John Valentine, dwelling at the corner of 20th and Harrison. The *Directory* gave no occupation for him. It also listed an Andrew W. Valentine, a teamster with John Center at the NW corner of 16th & Folsom (about eight blocks from 20th & Harrison). The 1868 issue of the *Directory* listed only nine Valentines. These included Andrew, now a watchman at the Mission Woolen Mills, dwelling on the SW corner of Harrison and Twentieth, and John, a dyer at the same firm, dwelling on the SE corner of Twentieth and Harrison. The *Directory* had Andrew and John living on opposite sides of the north-south oriented Harrison Street. This may have been a typographical error—John, then age 18, probably lived with his father. The 1871 issue listed seventeen Valentines and again showed Andrew, a watchman, and John, a dyer, still working at the mill, now called the Mission and Pacific Woolen Mills. John was still dwelling at the same intersection but no address is given for Andrew. The John in the 1865 issue was our great-great-grandfather; he did not live long enough to be listed in the 1868 issue. Andrew's son, John, was to become the '*successful U S dyer*' mentioned by Easton's family tree.

It is difficult to imagine the culture shock that our great-great-grandparents, their children and grandchildren must have experienced when they arrived in boom town San Francisco from staid Dundee not long after the great gold rush had begun in 1848. Between 1848 and 1850 the population had grown from about 800 to 25,000 and, by 1860, to 72,000. (In 1852 alone, 20,000 Chinese arrived in San Francisco! Most of them moved on to the gold fields.) San Francisco was a raw, rough, town with lawlessness combated only by the 'Vigilante Committee.' Ethnic conflict was ongoing among the many foreign immigrants: Anglos, Italians, Mexicans, Russians, and Chinese. It was also a town with many wooden buildings that suffered frequent catastrophic fires. The rebuilding following the fires in 1848 and in 1850 must have offered ready employment for William Martin, the carpenter.

[Irving Stone's book, *Men to Match My Mountains*, describes in detail the San Francisco that greeted our Valentine immigrants. Also see Richard Dana's book, *Two Years Before the Mast*, (1964 edition) for his impressions of San Francisco (then called Yerba Buena) in 1835 and again in 1859 (with photographs). Another interesting book, by Wm. Benemann, is *A Year of Mud and Gold: San Francisco in Letters and Diaries, 1849-1850*.]

Our California Valentines also survived a 'strong' earthquake in 1865 that did significant damage. The book, *Magnitude 8—Earthquakes and Life Along the San Andreas Fault*, by P. L. Fradkin, includes Mark Twain's eyewitness account of this 'first great San Francisco quake.' [Reporter Samuel Clemens (Twain) had just been fired by the *San Francisco Call*. He later expressed great satisfaction when the *Call's* building was wrecked by the 1906 quake!] During the 1865 quake our Scottish immigrant ancestors must have regretted ever leaving relatively stable Dundee. They probably would not have been reassured even if they had known that the primary geological fault, source of many California quakes, was to be named after San Andreas (St. Andrew), the patron saint of Scotland.

In August 1996, I wrote to the Woodlawn Cemetery in Colma, California, in which **John** and **Mary** and their grandson, John, had been reinterred, according to Ms. Beals. The cemetery acknowledged that these three were recorded in an old ledger of disinterments from San Francisco cemeteries that listed the plot numbers from the Masonic Cemetery. However, Woodlawn Cemetery could not tell me when the bodies had been transferred nor did they have any records of their location in Woodlawn. They did say that Ann F. Valentine (Andrew's oldest daughter) had also been transferred from the Masonic Cemetery. The San Francisco Historical Society later told me that the bodies from the Masonic Cemetery had been moved to the Woodlawn Cemetery in the 1920's and reinterred in a common grave under a large marker. (Woodlawn is just one of 17 cemeteries, containing over 1.5 million graves, in Colma.) The Woodlawn Cemetery's letter also noted that the 'most recent' Valentine buried in Woodlawn was a John Valentine who had died, age 66, on June 22, 1916. His age and the date of his death indicated that this was probably Andrew's son, the dyer at the woolen mill. I passed this information along to Ms. Beals. She soon sent me John's death notice from the *San Francisco Chronicle*. It stated that John, a native of Dundee, was mourned by his wife, Emma J., his daughters, Berta H. Dickey and Ethel A. Owen, and the members of the several lodges to which he had belonged in Massachusetts. (More on John and Emma later.)

Andrew's daughter Margaret, who was eight in the 1860 Census Report, was still living in 1920 according to Rachel Webb's note written on the back of the anti-slavery envelope (B-24). Rachel noted that her mother, Mrs. W. T. Scroggie (Margaret Helen Valentine before her marriage), had corresponded with her cousin, Margaret Valentine, in San Francisco and had a snapshot of her taken in 1920. The RWFT says Margaret died in 1924.

Seeking answers to the questions of why and when our great-great-grandparents, John and Mary Valentine, emigrated, I wrote to the Research Section of the Tay Valley Family History Centre in Dundee in October, 1996. I suggested that, perhaps, newspapers covering commercial activity in Dundee might have noted the closing of John's business and the reasons for its closing. I also asked them to look for death notices in the Dundee papers that might have appeared a month or so after Mary and John had died in San Francisco. In her October 16, 1996, letter, Mrs. Mann, the TVFHC researcher, reported that she found no Dundee newspaper accounts about John's business or their deaths. However, she did express the opinion that John and Mary had emigrated in the 1840's after his business of carving wooden blocks had fallen on hard times (contradicting Dr. Smart's statement that John was still listed in the *City Directory* in 1850).

Mrs. Mann also sent a transcription of the 1841 Dundee census (Scotland's first) that showed that John and Mary lived at 123 Murraygate in Dundee with their son, Andrew, their daughter, Elizabeth, and her husband, Alexander Smith, a grocer. John's occupation is recorded as 'stamp cutter.' (The family did not appear in the 1851 census.) I wrote again to Mrs. Mann asking her for more details about the why and the when of their emigration.

In her November 20, 1996, letter, Mrs. Mann enclosed a copy of pages 2 & 3 of a book, *Valentines of Dundee: Photographs, Postcards, and Greetings Cards from the 1850's to the Present Day*, by Tessa Sidey (see B-16 & B-17). It begins: 'John Valentine (1792-1868) worked as a linen manufacturer in Dundee until 1825 when, after a financial set back, he changed his career and became an engraver of woodblocks used for linen printing. This new business does not appear to have been particularly successful and in the 1840's he emigrated to California leaving his son James to run the business and become the true founder of Valentines.' Tessa Sidey's 'book' was actually a catalog and guide for an exhibition of Valentine photographs and postcards held at Dundee's Central Museum and Art Gallery in 1979. (The 1979 exhibition is described further in the next generation section. In April 1997 I got a copy of the Exhibition Catalog. It lists 185 Valentine photographs and postcards and contains copies of sixteen of them.)

The obituary of Great-great-grandfather John Valentine indicates he was a Mason. In August 1997 I decided, belatedly, to see what I could learn through this affiliation. My letter to the 'Grand Secretary' of 'The Grand Lodge of Scotland of Ancient, Free, and Accepted Masons,' at Freemasons' Hall in Edinburgh asked for information on John Valentine and his possible membership in one of the Dundee Masonic lodges. The Grand Secretary's reply was interesting. Grand Lodge records did show that John's son, Andrew Watson Valentine, had joined the Lodge Ancient No. 49 in Dundee in 1850 but the Grand Secretary found no record of John being a member of any Dundee lodge. While in Edinburgh in September 1997 I

telephoned the Grand Secretary, got the address of the Lodge Ancient No. 49 in Dundee, and wrote to the Lodge in October. The reply from Mr. Christie, Secretary of the Lodge Ancient, arrived in December 1997.

Mr. Christie's letter (B-15.1) tells us that John Valentine joined the Lodge Ancient in 1813 and served as Steward of the lodge from 1826 until December 1850, when he emigrated. (John's installation as Steward suggests that he was a man of integrity and means.) Mr. Christie notes that John wrote his Dundee lodge brothers that he had been elected a full member of Golden Gate Lodge No. 30 in San Francisco in 1855. John was credited with '*rescuing*' his new lodge which, in gratitude, sent his former lodge in Dundee an engraved silver mason's trowel. (Mr. Christie enclosed a photograph of the trowel.)

In 1863, John again wrote the Lodge Ancient, this time to ask for financial assistance to return to Dundee—why he wanted to return is not explained. In any case, John remained in San Francisco—either he changed his mind or his Lodge Ancient brothers failed to provide the funds. Mr. Christie's letter notes that the San Francisco Masonic Board of Relief wrote the Lodge Ancient in 1887 asking for repayment of money granted to '*a former member*' of the Lodge Ancient. Mr. Christie thought this would have been John; a possibility, but, since John had died over eighteen years earlier, it seems unlikely that the Board of Relief would have waited so long to seek repayment for money advanced to him. Perhaps the '*former member*' was '*br. Lewis*' who assisted John in the '*Chair Degree*,' according to Mr. Christie's letter. Mr. Christie's research came up with nothing about John's son, Andrew, being a member of the Lodge Ancient. (The Grand Secretary in Edinburgh was sure that Andrew had been a member of the Dundee lodge but had concluded that, '*From all available evidence it would appear that John Valentine was not a Freemason.*')

Based on later information I received about Andrew, I do not believe he, either, was the '*former member*' who owed the San Francisco Board of Relief. In the 1900 census, Andrew, age 80, was living with his unmarried daughter Margaret in a building he owned at 3213 20<sup>th</sup> Street in San Francisco. (This address is at, or very near, the intersection of Twentieth and Harrison Streets—it may have been the house referred to in the 1866, 1867, and 1868 Valentine obituaries.) If the Board of Relief had advanced funds either to John or to Andrew it seems more likely that they would have sought repayment from Andrew, a local property owner, than from the Dundee lodge. I did write to the Secretary of the Golden Gate Lodge No. 30 in San Francisco to see if their records would have any more information about John, Andrew, or the Board of Relief debt. He told me that any such records would have been lost in the 1906 earthquake and fires.

Earlier I mentioned the possibility that our great-great-grandparents, John and Mary, might have direct descendants through their San Francisco children: Andrew and Andrew's sister, Margaret (Mrs. W. Martin). [There are American and Canadian descendants of our Great-grandfather James Valentine through his daughters, Mary, Margaret, and Helen and his sons, George and Easton (and possibly others of his children). All of Easton's living descendants are American.] However, I decided to limit my initial search to the San Francisco Valentines descended from Andrew's son, John Valentine. Again, I turned (in March 1998) to the California Genealogical Society (CGS). An April letter from Frederick Sherman, Director of

Research for the CGS, told me that Andrew and his son John continued to be listed in the City Directories through 1886, living together at 20<sup>th</sup> & Harrison Streets. Andrew was variously listed as a watchman and a teamster, and John always as a dyer, for the Mission and Pacific Woolen Mills. John was not listed in the Directories between 1887 and 1901.

Andrew continued to be listed as a teamster through 1896 when, at age 77, he apparently decided to retire. He is listed in the Directories as living at 3213 20<sup>th</sup> Street through 1905. As noted earlier, the 1900 census shows him and his daughter Margaret, age 49, living at this address. Andrew is not listed in the Directories after 1905—Mr. Sherman thinks he died about 1906, although not necessarily as a direct result of the 1906 earthquake and fires. As noted earlier, Margaret was still living, unmarried, in 1920 (see B-24) and died in 1924.

Mr. Sherman also found that the 1910 San Francisco census showed that John Valentine, 59, and his wife Emma, 48, were living in a house he owned at 2733 Folsom Street. The census states that John came to the US in 1854 from Scotland and had become naturalized and that Emma was born in Massachusetts. John married Emma in 1900—his first marriage, her second. The census confirms that John, his sister and his parents, Andrew and Mary, emigrated about four years after Andrew's parents, John and Mary Valentine.

Living with John and Emma Valentine were Emma's daughter, Ethel A. Owen, 25, divorced, and Marjorie V. Owen, age 4. Emma also had another daughter, the Berta H. Dickey mentioned in John's 1916 obituary. The census listed the 4-year-old Marjorie V. Owen as '*d-i-l*'—Mr. Sherman interpreted this as '*daughter-in-law*' but thinks the census taker was confused. Obviously, the 4-year-old was not John's daughter-in-law—Ethel was John's step-daughter and Marjorie was his step-granddaughter. There is no record of John and Emma having any children of their own so that ended my search for San Francisco Valentines descended from our great-great-grandparents, John and Mary, through their son, Andrew, and his son, John.

John did not appear in the San Francisco Directories between 1887 and 1901 but did reappear in the 1902 Directory. He was then living in Fruitvale, an Oakland suburb, but commuting across the bay to his work as a woolen dyer in San Francisco. In 1903 he moved to 2733 Folsom Street in San Francisco and there he remained until his death in 1916 (age '*66 years, 1 month, and 15 days*,' according to his obituary). John's obituary listed five organizations to which he had belonged: Pentucket Lodge, F. & A. M., of Massachusetts; Pilgrim Commandery, Knights Templar; Aleppo Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S., of Boston (Shriners); Massachusetts Consistory, S. P. R. S., 32<sup>nd</sup> Degree (Scottish Rite Masons); and, Lowell Lodge No. 87, B. P. O. E. (Elks). Obviously John was a 'joiner' and must have been fairly prosperous in order to afford the initiation fees, dues, and regalia for all these lodges.

I made several telephone calls to these various lodges but all I was able to learn from existing records was that John joined the Pentucket Lodge on October 17, 1889. Several of the people I spoke to suggested that I contact Richard Leach, Director of the Lowell Family Research Center. I sent Mr. Leach a copy of John's obituary and a brief summary of the information about him that I had received from the CGS. I asked him to check Lowell city directories and newspapers of the period for any mention of John Valentine.

In June 1998, Mr. Leach gave me the results of his research. John's wife, Emma (Judkins) Dickey, was listed as a widow in Lowell City Directories from 1880 until 1900 when she married John. The Lowell Marriage Register for 1900 shows that *John Valentine, Overseer, age 50, born in Scotland, son of Andrew and Mary (Sibbald) Valentine, married Emma Dickey, Housewife and widow, age 40.* (If Emma's age is correct here, she became a widow with two daughters before she was 20!) Mr. Leach found no obituaries for John either in Lowell newspapers or in lodge records. The 1901 Lowell City Directory listed him as a dyer.

Now, having seen that John gave his father no grandchildren, let us move on to see how well his sisters did in this regard. Andrew's two older daughters, Anne and Margaret, did not marry but his youngest daughter, Mary, did marry. Rachel Webb's comments (B-24) refer to a photograph of Mary's sister, Margaret Valentine, with Margaret's niece, Mrs. Leslie, and great-niece Charlotte. These would have been Mary's daughter and granddaughter. With the help of the CGS, I learned that Mary had married John C. Nicol, in 1877. John Nicol, born in Scotland in 1850, came to America in 1874. John Nicol was a carpenter and, according to Directories from 1878 through 1881, he and Mary lived with her father, Andrew, at 20<sup>th</sup> & Harrison. They had eight children of whom five were still living with them in 1900 according to the census of that year—the other three had died. The five children listed in the 1900 census, all unmarried, were: Margaret (b. Jan 1881), Andrew (b. July 1883), Elizabeth (b. Sep 1886), Charles (b. Aug 1888), and William (b. Mar 1893).

Mary Nicol, their mother, died on July 9<sup>th</sup> 1900 following an accident on June 29<sup>th</sup>. An article in the San Francisco Morning Call of 12 July 1900, reporting this 'peculiar' accident, said that Mary, who was not well, had arisen in the night to heat some water on a small gas burner. This sat on a high shelf that required her to stand on a stool. After turning on the gas, but before lighting it, she fell from the stool, was rendered unconscious by the fall, and breathed the toxic gas for fifteen minutes before being discovered. In critical condition, she was taken to her father's home to be cared for by her sister, Margaret. Her obituary in the same issue of the Call, notes that she was survived by her husband and five children, identified as Maggie, Andrew, Lizzie, Charles, and Willie. Mary was buried in the Masonic cemetery and presumably now lies in Woodlawn Cemetery in Colma with her grandparents, her oldest sister, Ann(e), her brother John, and other Valentine relatives.

In September 1998 the CGS sent me information taken from the 1910 San Francisco census. Margaret (or Maggie) Nicol, now calling herself May, was married to Charles Kuhlemann. They had no children but did have living with them at 806 York Street her unmarried brothers Charles and William. May's sister Elizabeth (Lizzie), her husband, Frank Leslie, and their daughter, Charlotte, age 2, lived next door at 808 York Street. Brother Andrew, a butcher and still single, was a lodger at another address.

The 1920 census shows that May and Charles Kuhlemann, a butcher, now had a son, Charles, age 5. They were still lodging her youngest brother, William Nicol, age 27, who worked as a 'furniture packer'. Andrew Nicol was now married to Bessie, a lady of Scottish descent born in California, and they had two sons, Donald, age 4, and Russell, age 2. Elizabeth and Frank Leslie, a grocery clerk, still had only one child, Charlotte, age 12.



Charles Nicol had married a lady named Pauline and they had a daughter, Gladys, age 6, and a son, Charles, age 4. All these children, Great-great-grandchildren of our Great-great-grandparents, John and Mary Valentine, are (or were) our third cousins. If still living, their ages (in 1999) would range from 91 (Charlotte) to 81 (Russell). Their children, if any, would be our children's fourth cousins.

The 1940 *San Francisco City Directory* shows that all the children of John and Mary Nicol were still living in San Francisco. However, sometime later, as indicated by death records, they had moved to outlying areas. May Kulemann died in Kern County on 4 Apr 1965, a widow for fourteen years after Charles died in San Mateo County on 25 Mar 1951. Andrew V. (for Valentine?) Nicol died in San Mateo County on 6 Apr 1967, twenty-three years after Bessie died in San Francisco on 27 Mar 1944. Elizabeth Leslie died in Santa Clara County in Sep 1976, almost eight years after Frank died in San Mateo County on 19 Mar 1969. Charles Nicol died in Marin County on 1 Jun 1974—Pauline had died there on 2 Dec 1957. The youngest child, William Nicol, died in San Mateo County on 23 Jun 1951, age 58. William never married—the fact that he lived with his sister, May, and apparently moved with her to San Mateo County suggests that he may have been mentally impaired.

With the foregoing listing I end my saga of California descendants of our Great-great-grandparents **John and Mary Valentine**. Perhaps a later family historian will take on the task of tracing the descendants of John and Mary Valentine through their daughter, Margaret and her husband, William Martin, and their children, Mary Kingsbury and John Martin.

Now, we will return to Scotland and follow the fortunes of **James Valentine** who was, I believe, the eldest son of **John and Mary** with only one brother, Andrew.

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**James Valentine (b.12 Jun 1815-d.19 Jun 1879)** married twice:

First wife: Christina Marshall (b.?-d.1842) m. in Edinburgh, 28 Aug 1837

Children: Elizabeth (b.1840-d.1861), Mary (b.1841-d.1883), John (b.1842-d.1867)

Second wife: **Rachel Dobson (b.1817-d.7 Aug 1879)** m. 5 Dec 1843 in Dundee

Children: William Dobson (b.23 Sep 1844-d.1907),

James Morrison Hannay (b.22 May 1846-d.28 Nov 1913),

Margaret Helen (b.30 Jun 1848-d.1916),

Rachel Isabella (b.31 Mar 1850-d.5 Oct 1859),

George Dobson (b.3 Jun 1852-d.26 Feb 1890),

Helen Dobson (b.21 May 1854-d.1922),

**Easton Smith (b.23 Feb 1858-d.19 Sep 1940)**

In this section I will first tell about our Great-grandfather **James Valentine**, and then about his two families: Christina and her three children and **Rachel** and her seven children. (In Easton's list of Rachel's children, he shows an eighth, unnamed, child being born in 1856 with the notation, '*Did not survive.*')

I will then tell the little I know of our Great-grandmother Rachel's predecessors.

based on information from her granddaughter, Rachel Webb, and her youngest son, our grandfather, Easton Valentine, who was also interested in his ancestry. Finally, I will attempt to summarize the history of the company James founded, Valentine & Sons of Dundee.

James Valentine, one of our four great-grandfathers, is the earliest Valentine ancestor for whom I have found extensive biographical information. In addition to the family trees, I have James' and Rachel's Family Bible (on loan from Donald) and a copy of James' obituary that appeared in the *Dundee Advertiser* of Friday, June 20, 1879 (see **B-27**).

However, it is the article, "'Famous Throughout the World': Valentine & Sons Ltd., Dundee," by Robert Smart that contains the most detailed description of James and his accomplishments. Along with this article, Ann Patterson sent me a page from a picture postcard collectors' newspaper, *Postcard Mail*, announcing a 'Valentines of Dundee' Exhibition to be held at the Central Museum and Art Gallery in Dundee from 16 June through 14 July 1979 (see **B-23**). The article and the exhibition catalog (both mentioned in the previous generation section) also describe James' career. These various sources do not always agree on such details as the dates of birth and death of James, his two wives, and their children. The dates I have shown are from the sources I judged to be the most reliable, such as James' Family Bible (for the birth dates of Rachel's children) and his obituary for the date of James' death (**B-18** and **B-27**, respectively).

Tessa Sidey's 1979 Exhibition Catalog (**B-16/17**) tells us that James started to study portrait painting in Edinburgh but, in 1832 at age seventeen, he was called home to help in his father's business. He soon became interested in steel engraving and, by age twenty, had acquired the equipment and developed the skill to engrave the Lord's Prayer inside a 1/16 inch diameter circle! The Exhibition Catalog, James' obituary, and the *Postcard Mail* article all describe James' early interest in photography. Photography was a rapidly evolving technology at the time. James recognized it as a better way to make plates to reproduce pictures than the steel engraving process then used. So, the enterprising young man went to Paris around 1850 to study photography under M. Bulow, 'one of the most skilled photographers in that city.' By 1856, he had established himself in Dundee as a professional portrait and landscape photographer. **B-20** is an advertisement for James' business from the *Dundee Courier* that Ann Patterson sent me.

Mother gave me a hand-tinted photograph of James sitting in his studio beside his portrait camera—a copy is on page 54. It is followed by a later photograph of James with a biographical caption that I found at the Dundee Library in a book, *Old Dundee—Picture Postcards*, by Andrew Cronshaw. Another book, *Victorian Life in Photographs*, published by Thames and Hudson, gives an interesting picture of the Victorians and the greatly different life styles of the 'hads' and the 'had-nots'. It also covers the evolution of photography from the Daguerreotypes of 1840 through the 1850 collodion wet-plate process to the 1870 dry-plate process. It contains 181 photographs, including one by James Valentine. I recommend this book to anyone interested in learning more about the world in which our great-grandfather lived and worked and about the development of photography during that period.

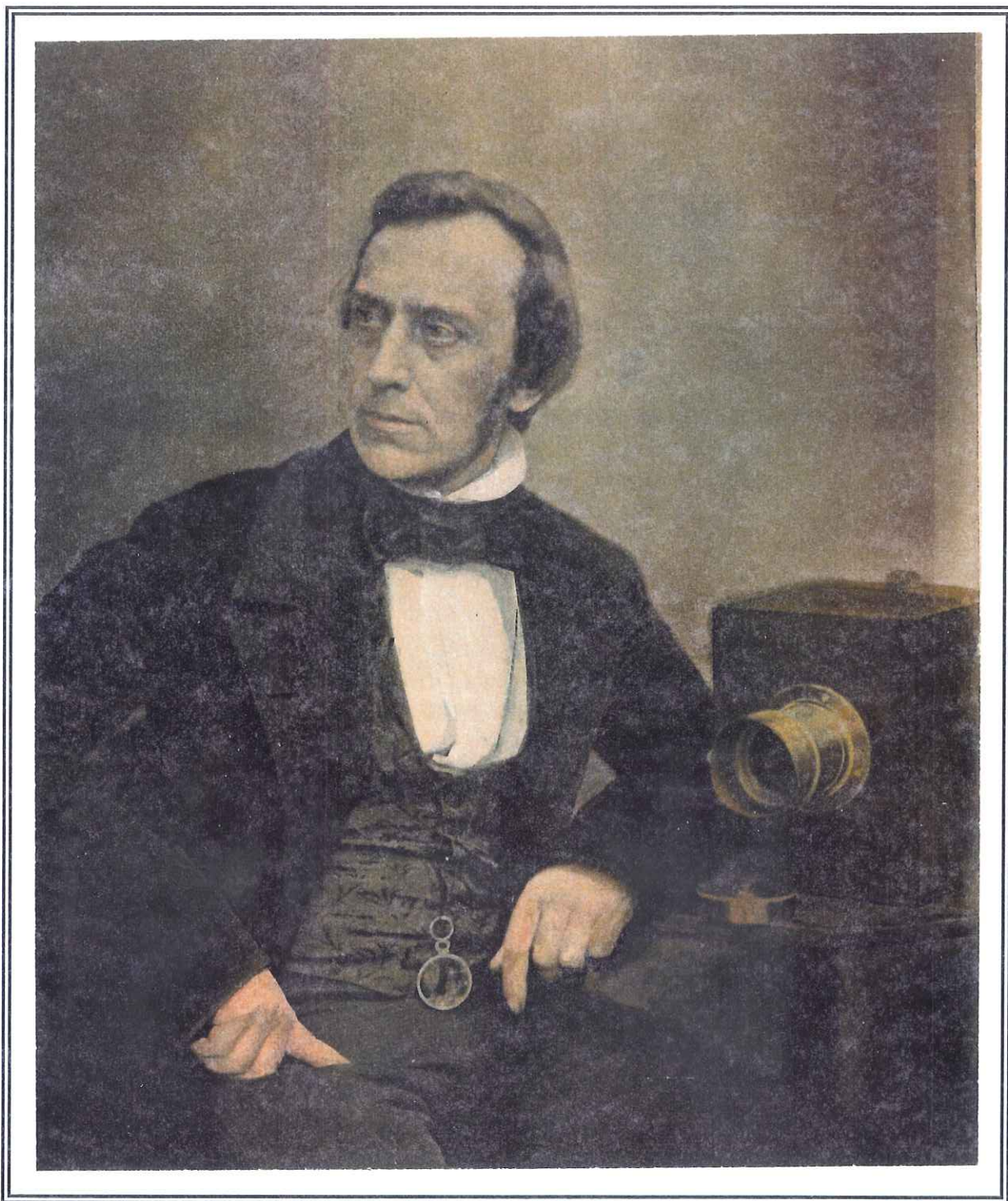
Robert Smart's twelve page article is too long to incorporate into this history but I will quote some portions that give an interesting picture of James: "*James was a thrusting, enterprising, man all his life and the best indication of this is that he never describes himself the same way twice in his entries in the Dundee Directory. In 1853-54, he is 'engraver, lithographer, stationer, printer, and envelope manufacturer'. By 1864-65, he is 'photographer and fancy and commercial stationer'. In 1869-70, he is 'photographer to the Queen', and five years later he is calling himself 'photographer to the Queen, dealer in elegancies for presentation.'*"

However, the article also recognizes James as '*a man with a deep social conscience, which befitted a staunch and active member of the Congregational Church, and he had many opportunities to use his skills for these causes.*' (James and Rachel were charter members of the Castle Street Congregational Church in Dundee. See list on **B-19**.) An expression of James' social conscience is an engraved envelope (**B-24**). On it Britannia shelters an African slave while, across the sea, another slave is being flogged. When Rachel Webb sent it she wrote, "*My Grandmother Valentine was a great worker for the Anti-Slavery Movement and was in communication with Harriet Beecher Stowe in 1853. (Stowe was the author of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' in 1851.) These envelopes were published by the firm (J. Valentine, Dundee) in 1851-53.*" Britain had outlawed slave trade by British ships in 1807 and abolished slavery in the British West Indies in 1833. Great-grandmother Rachel was working to abolish slavery in the rest of the world, especially in America's southern states.

Ken Hall (George Dobson Valentine's biographer) sent me a copy of page 295 of the August 12, 1864, issue of *The British Journal of Photography*. It contains an article praising James' photographic accomplishments. The *Journal's* Editor reported that, "*It is not long since the name of Mr. Valentine of Dundee was introduced in these pages with 'honourable mention.'* On that occasion it was in connection with portraiture; but since that time Mr. Valentine has been turning his attention to landscapes also, and, judging by the specimens before us, with no small measure of success. The series comprises the views of Balmoral and Highland scenery which Her Majesty recently did Mr. Valentine the honour of accepting, at the same time expressing her approval of them as works of art." The Editor goes on to note that 'Mr. Valentine's' 12 x 10 photographs were of excellent quality and the subjects of national interest. One of the photographs reviewed by the Editor is of the '*Queen's Fountain*' (it was also known as the '*Prince's Fountain*' after Victoria's beloved husband Albert died in 1861). This photograph, identified as the '*Queen's Well*,' is shown on page **B-17**.

Robert Smart's article states that, "... in 1867, James Valentine was commissioned by the Queen to produce a series of forty views of Scottish highland scenery between Balmoral and Loch Lubnaig and the very next year, always alive to a good business opportunity, he procured the royal warrant as 'Photographer to the Queen', an honour which the firm held until her death." (Queen Victoria reigned from 1837 until her death in 1901.) James' son, William, who joined his father in the business in the early 1860's, is credited with moving the firm toward landscape photography. Another son by his second marriage, George, joined the firm but he specialized in the portrait studio part of the business.

The next two pages contain photographs of our Great-grandfather James Valentine.



James Valentine



*JAMES VALENTINE, 1815-1879*

James Valentine was the true founder of Valentine & Sons, Dundee, one of the most prominent and prolific postcard publishers. The firm evolved from a business started by his father, John Valentine (1792-1868). John worked as a linen manufacturer in Dundee until 1825. He then changed career and became an engraver of wood blocks used for printing linen. By 1832 James had qualified as a portrait painter and joined the family business. He introduced steel engraving as a replacement for the wood blocks. In the 1840s John emigrated to America. James kept abreast with the new techniques of photography which were developing during this period. In the early 1850s he went to Paris to study photography. He returned to Dundee and by 1856 had established himself as a photographer at 100 Murraygate. In 1858 his business moved to 23 High street. At this time he was involved in engravings, lithographic printing, bookbinding, and picture-framing, as well as photography. In 1863 James' eldest son William entered the firm. He specialised in landscape photography, while his brother, George, concentrated on portrait work. When James died in 1879 his two sons became partners. Around 1886 William was left in sole charge of the firm when George departed due to ill health. In 1896 the firm became a limited company. Valentines produced their first court-size postcards c 1897.



Toward the end of 1878, the business was reorganized and its name changed from James Valentine to James Valentine & Sons. James was already in failing health—he died the following June. His second wife, Rachel, survived him by less than two months. A letter received by Easton in 1933 from the Dundee Public Parks and Cemeteries Office (B-28) informed him that James, Rachel, and six other members of James' family were buried in 'Lairs No's. 616, 617, & 618 in the Western Necropolis'—now Dundee's Balgay Cemetery.

Mormon records show that James and his first wife, Christina, were married in St. Cuthbert's Church in Edinburgh. The Mormon record of his marriage shows James' surname as Valentine; however, the parish records of the births of their three children show it as Vallantine. The dates of their births and deaths shown in the heading to this generation section are from the RWFT and LVFT but Mormon records show slightly different birth dates: Mary, 10 June 1838; Elizabeth, 11 Nov. 1839; and John, 11 Nov. 1841. (So young John, the photographer, died in San Francisco about six weeks before his 26<sup>th</sup> birthday.)

Mary married George Wayman, a lithographer. The RWFT and LVFT both show that they had only three daughters: Christina, Margaret, and Mary. However, Easton's family tree and the letter he received listing the burials in the Western Necropolis includes an Elizabeth Wayman who died on 14 Sep. 1873, age 4. So there were probably four daughters. The same letter shows that a 'Mary Watson Valentine or Wayman,' who died on 8 May 1891 at age 51, is also buried there. Although the year of her death does not agree with that (1883) given by the family tree, she is probably the mother of the four daughters. Leslie Valentine's family tree shows that George and Mary Wayman have three great-great-grandchildren with the surname of Stanfield living in the USA descended through their daughter, Margaret Gardner, her son, Wilfred Gardner, and his daughter, Peggy, whose second marriage was to a George Stanfield. Mary's sister Elizabeth died, unmarried at age 21.

John, James' and Christina's only son worked in James' portrait studio. However, when he learned he had tuberculosis, he decided to emigrate from Dundee to a warmer climate, first to San Francisco, the home of his grandparents, and then to Kauai. Here he became one of the early landscape photographers. Wanting to know more about young John, I wrote to the Hawaiian Historical Society and the Berkeley Library, both repositories of early Western photographers' works. However, neither had any records of John, but Berkeley suggested that I write to a photographic historian, Peter Palmquist in Arcata, California. I did and soon received an interesting reply from him.

Mr. Palmquist's letter enclosed an item he identified as an entry from a researcher working in Tahiti. It read, '*Valentine, John: Photographe amateur en provenance de San Francisco, Valentine prit de nombres clichés de Kauai. Il vendit, avant son retour ses négatifs a Crabbe et Meek.*' ('Valentine, John: Amateur photographer from San Francisco, Valentine took numerous photographs of Kauai. He sold these negatives to Crabbe and Meek before his return [to San Francisco].')

After sending me this information, Mr. Palmquist also sent a copy of my letter to a colleague, Lynn Ann Davis, another photographic historian, living in Kaneohe, Hawaii. Ms. Davis wrote me in June 1996 with still more information about John. She said she has been working on a directory listing of 'Hawai'i' (as she prefers to spell it)

photographers for several years. Her listing for John Valentine notes that he arrived from San Francisco in 1865 and spent about a year-and-a-half photographing landscapes on Kauai. [As noted earlier, the Hawaiian Islands were then known as the Sandwich Islands. They were an independent monarchy, discovered and charted in 1778 by Captain James Cook, the British explorer. He named them in honor of John Montagu, fourth Earl of Sandwich, a sponsor of Cook's voyages. This Earl of Sandwich is credited with inventing the sandwich to facilitate eating with one hand while continuing his card games without interruption.]

In Hawaii, John Valentine was known as the '*haole photographer*.' ['Haole,' Hawaiian for stranger, refers to a person not a native Hawaiian.] John returned to San Francisco in 1867, perhaps discouraged by lack of commercial success and by failing health. There, as noted in the previous generation section, he died on December 20, 1867, less than a year before his grandfather died. The unfortunate young man's obituary appeared in the February 7, 1868, issue of the *British Journal of Photography*: '*Died at Mission Dolores, San Francisco, California, aged twenty-six years, Mr. John Valentine, late of Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, eldest son of James Valentine, Photographer, Dundee.*' [Mission Dolores was the popular name for the original Spanish mission, Mission de San Francisco de Asís, founded in 1776, around which the village of Yerba Buena (later named San Francisco) grew.] According to the official death record, John actually died at the home of his grandfather but, as this was only about a mile from the 'Mission Dolores' and would have been considered to lie in the Mission District, the *Journal's* obituary was not far wrong.

After writing the foregoing story of young John Valentine, the photographer, confident that I had found all there was to tell about him, I received a letter and a package from my friend, Ken Hall, in November 1997. Among the items in the package was a copy of pages 346 and 347 from the September 9, 1864, issue of *The British Journal of Photography* (included as page B-15.2). On these pages is a letter sent to the *Journal* by John from San Francisco the previous July 19<sup>th</sup>. The *Journal's* editor headlined John's letter with, '*Dry Plates in California: An Echo from the Far West.*' In it John tells of his decision, made the previous autumn, to leave his job at his father's photographic establishment in Dundee and go to California in the hope of recovering his failing health. Despite his condition he worked his passage as a seaman, enduring many perils and hardships during the six month voyage around Cape Horn to San Francisco on a small sailing ship. [Richard Dana gives a first-hand description of these perils and hardships in his book, *Two Years Before the Mast*.] Much of John's letter is taken up with enthusiastic accounts of his experiments with the preparation, exposure, and development of photographic plates. [John's letter and other articles on these *Journal* pages show how far photography has advanced in 135 years! Note that it took only about seven weeks for John's letter to reach Scotland and appear in the *Journal*—in spite of the Civil War and the sometimes strained relations between the governments of Queen Victoria and President Lincoln.]

Ken Hall told me that some of the photographs that John took on Kauai were in the collection of the Kauai Museum in Lihue. I wrote to Margaret Lovett, Collections Manager at the museum. She kindly sent me Xerox copies of John's photographs in their collection. She also sent a copy of a placard displayed during an exhibition, '*Kauai Photographers*,' at the



museum. The placard, headed 'J. Valentine,' goes on to say, "*The Kauai Museum is proud to have in its collection 5 very early original albumen prints of Kauai by photographer J. Valentine. They were taken between 1865-68. Not much is known about Valentine's stay on Kauai except there appeared as an April 17, 1867, entry in the Smith journal: 'Mr. V. and Abbie Johnson a.[arrived] at our house.' The newspaper, 'The Friend,' announced to the public that a Mr. Valentine had been engaged in photographing scenes on the island of Kauai. He sold his negatives to Messrs. Crabb [sic] and Meek of Honolulu and sold sets of single views in their photography studio. Valentine moved on to new frontiers as did many photographers apparently stopping in Hawaii.*" Some of John's original photographic plates are also in the Valentine collection at the University of St. Andrews, according to Ken Hall.

Although John's mother, Christina, died the year he was born, it would be sheer speculation to suggest that the events were related. However, since modern concepts of antisepsis were not yet recognized by many doctors and midwives, it is certainly a possibility. Within two years widower **James** married **Rachel Dobson** and started his second family of seven named children, beginning with William in 1844 and ending with our grandfather, Easton, in 1858.

The earliest Valentine family group photograph I have is of James' children. Ann Patterson sent it to me in March 1995. There are seven children in the group, obviously posed in the Valentine studio. It includes Elizabeth from James' first marriage and all of Rachel's seven children except Easton, who, it was noted, was too young to be included. This would date the picture in 1858. A copy of this photograph is on **B-25**. **B-26** has copies of later photographs of James, Rachel and their children, including Easton. James' and Rachel's four adult sons, William, James, George, and Easton are shown on **B-26.1**.

**James' and Rachel's first child**, William, became a skilled and innovative landscape photographer and wrote several instructional articles for photographic publications. In 1882 he wrote an article for the *Photographic Journal*, titled, 'On Submarine Photography.' In it he described his unsuccessful efforts to photograph the wreckage of the bridge and train that had fallen into the Firth of Tay (the Tay River Estuary). The Tay Railway Bridge, opened only the previous May, was blown down in a violent wind storm on Sunday, 28 December 1879. All seventy-five passengers and crew members on a train crossing the bridge at the time died in this disaster. (Twenty workmen had died in accidents during the construction of the bridge.)

I will digress here to tell a bit more about this first bridge to connect Dundee directly to the Fife side of the Firth of Tay. Some readers may be interested in learning more about British railroad and bridge construction in the nineteenth century and specifically about this bridge and its catastrophic failure. To them I recommend two books: *The Fall of the Tay Bridge*, by David Swinfen and John Prebble's *Disaster at Dundee* (published as *High Girders* in the UK).

Prior to the disaster and William's unsuccessful attempt to photograph the underwater wreckage of the bridge and train, the Valentine firm had documented with photographs the progress of the bridge construction. (Construction took about eight years and cost £300,000.) Prebble describes in great detail a VIP tour of the bridge construction site given to Civil War

general and ex-president Ulysses S. Grant in September 1877. Following the tour, General Grant was presented with an album of the Valentine bridge photographs bound in red leather. (It is probably now in the Smithsonian with many of the other gifts he received on his European tour.) An even more elaborate Valentine photo album was given to Queen Victoria on June 20, 1879, when the Royal train stopped for a brief ceremony in Dundee before moving south across the new span. (James Valentine had died the day before.)

The failure of the Tay Bridge stunned the British nation—a nation with a well deserved reputation as world leader in civil engineering. Pious Sabbaterians attributed the disaster to God's retribution on those who had incurred His wrath by traveling on the Sabbath. The superstitious were convinced that it had something to do with the number—thirteen—of the fallen 'high girder' spans. However, the Board of Trade's Court of Inquiry concluded more pragmatically in its report that, *'This bridge was badly designed, badly constructed, and badly maintained.'*

Prebble's book notes that, in January 1880, the Court of Inquiry had requested 'Mr. Valentine' to take underwater photographs of the thirteen 'high girders' in the center of the bridge that had toppled into the river. (The train ran through, rather than atop, these 'high girders'—set high to clear ships' masts.) However, the poor light and the turbid water at the site thwarted all efforts at photography—as reported by William Valentine in his 1882 article. Prebble's book contains no photographs. Swinfen's contains some of the photographs taken by the Valentine firm during the bridge construction and a few taken after the disaster.

The September, 1998, issue of the *Journal of the Tay Valley Family History Society* contained a report of a paper, *The Tay Rail Bridge Disaster*, presented by William M. Dow on March 25<sup>th</sup>, 1998, at Abertay University. Professor Dow's paper adds further damning allegations about the shortcuts taken by the contractor. These included building some of the bridge piers on sand because the bedrock was too far down, acceptance of faulty wind pressure estimates, and the reuse of a salvaged (but still damaged) high girder that had been blown off its piers into the river by a gale in February 1877 before it was properly secured.

Now, returning to **James'** children, William Valentine and his wife, Kate Young, are credited by the LVFT with producing six children from 1872 to 1885: Harben, Katherine, Alastair, Rachel, Emily, and Stanton. All of these, except Rachel and Emily, married and gave William and Kate a grand total of seventeen grandchildren. These, with their descendants, fill a large area of the LVFT. I will not attempt to name them here!

I should mention that I did have contact with one of William's great-grandsons, Andrew Valentine, descended from William through Harben and Harben's son, Dougal. Andrew is the Chairman of Valentine Fine Art, Ltd., in Dundee, a company he established in 1970 after resigning from Valentine & Sons that had, by then, become a publicly-held firm specializing in greeting cards. Ann Patterson had asked him to send me brochures describing the products of Valentine Fine Arts, which he did. Andrew's company is, apparently, a leader in making full-scale photographic reproductions of expensive paintings. In his letter, he offered me the opportunity to make '*a major Family investment*' by purchasing one of these reproductions. After reviewing the price list, I wrote him to say thanks, but no thanks!

Andrew's grandfather, Harben, wrote a history of the firm, Valentines of Dundee, given the rather grand title, *The History of the House of Valentine*. Andrew's father, Dougal, wrote further about the firm in a history, *Continuation of Company History, 1918-1966*. I obtained copies of these from the McManus Gallery in Dundee in April 1997 along with Tessa Sidey's Exhibition Catalog. In his history, Harben notes that his grandfather (our great-grandfather), James, ' . . . who was very interested in the older history of the Family, traced their origin to the original Valentines of Thornton Castle, which was granted to the original Valentine by Robert the Bruce, but passed by a Daughter to the Strachan Family when Sir Robert Valentine and all his five sons were killed at the Battle of Harlaw.' (This was the battle, mentioned in the Introduction, fought between Highland and Lowland Scots in 1411.) These histories are interesting but too long to include in this History.

**The second child of James and Rachel** was James Morrison Hannay Valentine. (His second middle name honored the Rev. A. Hannay who baptized him and all his younger brothers and sisters.) Young James married Georgina Buchanan. They had three children: Muriel (who died at age 2), May, and Hamish. Neither May nor Hamish married, so that ended the Valentine/Buchanan line. James was a minister in the Congregational Church.

**James' and Rachel's third child**, Margaret Helen Valentine, married William Thomson Scroggie. Their grandson Sydney Scroggie told me that William won considerable renown and many trophies as a 'Tay oarsman' in four-man racing shells. He was also a mountain climber and the choir director at James' and Rachel's Castle Street Congregational Church. All this was in addition to his position as Secretary of a jute mill. (Dundee was famous as a center for processing jute into burlap and fruit into jam.)

'Maggie' (as Sydney Scroggie refers to his grandmother) was an accomplished pianist—she had studied at the Leipzig Conservatory. W. T. Scroggie and Maggie had no children during the first fifteen years of their marriage. Loath to be forever cheated of motherhood, Maggie sailed off to New York where she underwent some new gynecological procedure by a surgeon named Austin. Their son, James Austin Scroggie, bearing the name of his mother's surgeon, was conceived soon after her return and was born in 1891. Their daughter, Rachel Jeanie was born in 1892. She was to become the family genealogist.

James Austin Scroggie, following his father's example, distinguished himself in sports—football and swimming—at Dundee High School. J. A. emigrated in 1910 as a young man to become a farmer in British Columbia. When World War I started in 1914, he joined the Canadian Army as a private in the Princess Patricia's Light Infantry. During his service with them he won the prestigious French Medaille Militaire. He ended the war as commanding officer of the 16<sup>th</sup> Canadian Scottish Regiment with numerous military decorations—the Distinguished Service Order and a Military Cross with two bars. He had been wounded three times and had earned a reputation as '*the best raiding officer on the Western Front.*' J. A. married Catherine Bewick while on army leave in 1916. They had three children: another James Austin and twin brothers, (William) Sydney and John (Jack) Clark (arriving in that order Sydney asked me to note). All were born in Canada. Eventually, one of J. A.'s war wounds—shrapnel near his spine—led to his early death at age 33 and Catherine and her three boys returned to Scotland from Canada.

J. A.'s son James had been injured in an automobile accident in Canada at age four. His injury limited his activities throughout his life—a life that ended at age 59. James' twin brothers Sydney and Jack attended the John Watson School in Edinburgh—a free boarding school for the fatherless sons of professional men—where both excelled in sports. Sydney held the school record for the quarter mile and Jack the record for the high jump and both excelled in cricket and rugby. The Scroggie tradition of athletic prowess has continued with their daughters—Sydney's Mary as a mountain climber and she and Jack's daughter, Margaret, as marathoners.

Sydney Scroggie has been a most prolific correspondent during the years I have been working on this history. His letters are filled with stories of his, and our, ancestors. He has regaled me with numerous anecdotes about his many years of hiking and climbing in the Scottish Highlands, starting when he was a teen-ager. Sydney's World War II service began in the Cameronian Regiment but he transferred to the Lovat Scouts—ski/mountaineering troops. Many of his anecdotes are about their training in the Canadian Rockies. Sydney told me of leading a group of Lovat Scouts on the first winter ascent of 12,294 foot Mt. Columbia in temperatures as low as minus 37°F.

While leading a Lovat Scouts patrol in Italy near Cassino two weeks before the war ended Lieutenant Sydney Scroggie was badly wounded by a German land mine, losing a lower leg and his sight. Sydney was then 25 years old. In telling me about this terrible experience, Sydney related some rather amazing coincidences. The nurse who attended to his wounds at the aid station was the sister of one of Sydney's schoolmates and the wife of a doctor who was in practice with our Aunt Jessie. As part of his rehabilitation, Sydney was sent to New College, Oxford ('New'?—Oxford was founded over 600 years ago) to be tutored in history. Here, Sydney says, he learned to read and think. After this, he worked at the National Cash Register Company in Dundee until he retired in 1975. (He walked the two miles to work and back.) In 1955, refusing to be limited by his injuries, Sydney again took up his beloved hill walking with a companion to guide his steps in the Cairngorms (mountains about 35 miles north of Dundee). Sydney was the subject of one of the *'Men of the Mountains'* series of articles in the January 28, 1998, issue of the *Dundee Courier and Advertiser* that Ann Patterson sent me. In the article, 'Syd' estimated that, since 1955 and his return to the hills, he had made six or seven hundred separate overnight trips. The article observes that, *'There is no more popular figure on Tayside's hills than Syd Scroggie of Dundee.'* When I first met him in 1995, he was, at age 76, still active, mowing his lawn and tending his garden. Still, at age 80, he continues to keep up an active correspondence with me. Sydney has an amazing memory and a gift for story telling. In his many letters he has told me much about the descendants of James and Rachel Valentine and his other ancestors. He remembers visiting our grandfather, Easton, as a young boy to pick gooseberries in his garden. Sydney has had two books published: *Give Me the Hills*, a collection of verses; and, *The Cairngorms, Scene and Unseen*, anecdotes of his many years of hiking and climbing in the Highlands.

Sydney and his first wife, Barbara, had three children: James, Sydney, and Mary. Barbara died in 1980. Sydney has three grandchildren: Jason, son of Sydney, and Mary's Ruth and David. Sydney's second wife, Margaret, has accompanied him and served as his eyes on

many of his mountain adventures. Sydney and Margaret have both been very generous with their time in going through a first draft of this history and offering me many useful comments. They also annotated a copy of Sydney's *Cairngorms* book, prepared a glossary of the many Gaelic and Scots terms it contains, and sent me a set of large-scale maps of the Cairngorms so I could trace the many routes Sydney describes in his book. On the flyleaf of Sydney's *Cairngorms* book he wrote the Scots epitaph he has composed for his gravestone: 'Ablaw they steens there lies a lad / Pech't oot an' fairly deen / He gaid his ain gait a' his life / But whiles wi' ithers e'en.' ('Beneath these stones, quite out of breath / A lad now done for lies / He went his own way all his life / At times with others eyes.') Sydney has chosen for his eternal rest a kirkyard at Clova, near Glendoll on a path into the Cairngorms.

Sydney's twin brother, Jack, also served in WWII. He was a captain in the Royal Army Service Corps. Like Sydney, Jack has some impressive mountaineering exploits to his credit. The LVFT shows that he and his wife, Nancy, have three children and three grandchildren. Jack is a retired minister but has, on several occasions, come to the US to take over pulpits while their ministers go on vacations or sabbaticals.

James Austin Scroggie's sister, Rachel Jeanie, married William Webb. They had a son, William, and a daughter, Jean Margaret. William Webb, the father, was Head of the Languages Department at Dundee High School. William's teaching career was interrupted by his Great War service in the Machine Gun Corps—he was awarded the Military Cross for his service. Their son, William, served in WWII in the Royal Corps of Signals, working with the new radar systems. As shown by the LVFT, he and his wife, Kay, had two children and two grandchildren. William died in 1987. Daughter Jean Margaret Webb, now Jean Williams, is mentioned in the Acknowledgments for her generosity in sending me many Valentine photographs and letters. Jean married John Williams—they met during the war when they were both serving in the Royal Navy. The LVFT shows they have a daughter, Judith, and a son, David, who, with his wife, Janet, has a daughter, Sarah Louise. (The Williams/Valentine branch is well represented on Leslie's family tree with over twenty-three descendants.) During my 1995 visit to Scotland I stayed with John and Jean Williams. Later, during my bike tour, stopped in to have lunch with them in Blairgowrie as I passed through on my way to the Youth Hostel at Glendoll. Rosamund and I stayed with John and Jean again in 1997.

Rachel Isabella, who lived less than 10 years, was the **fourth child of James and Rachel**. The Family Bible notes that the Rev. Hannay was at her bedside when she died.

George Dobson was **the fifth child of James and Rachel** to be baptized by Rev. Hannay. As noted earlier, George followed his brother, William, into their father's photography business. In Dundee, George specialized in studio portrait photography while William took care of the landscape photography business that had been flourishing since their father had been awarded the royal warrant as '*Photographer to the Queen*.' However, George became ill and, as Robert Smart's article put it, '*. . . in 1884, when weak lungs took him to New Zealand, he became one of the early landscape photographers in that country and he may have been the reason that the Dundee company after his death in 1890 entered the commercial landscape business in New Zealand.*'

Many photographs made by James and his sons are now collectors' items. In the Denver Public Library I found a publication, *'International Guide to Nineteenth Century Photographers and Their Works.'* It includes listings of auctions of photographs by such prestigious auction houses as Christies and Sothebys of London and New York. It contains several pages listing auction sales since 1970 of photographs by James Valentine and his sons. (See **B-43**, No. 23.)

In 1995, Jane Gibson sent me a clipping from an Edinburgh paper announcing an exhibition of photographs by famous Scottish photographers at the National Gallery. I ordered a copy of the Exhibition Catalog. The catalog, titled *Light From the Dark Room*, includes photographs by George Valentine. It also referred to an article, *'George Dobson Valentine in New Zealand,'* by William Main, that had appeared in the British Quarterly, *History of Photography*, in October 1982.

I found a copy of this issue in the Denver Public Library. William Main's article contains several of George Valentine's New Zealand landscape photographs, including photographs of the then world-famous 'Pink and White Terraces' formed by mineral hot springs (similar to those in Yellowstone National Park). It is fortunate that George recorded these since they were later destroyed by a volcanic eruption. Main's article also says that George died of *'chronic phthisis pulmonis,'* the same pulmonary tuberculosis that had killed his half-brother John twenty-three years earlier. (I think it probable that their lungs had been made susceptible to the airborne TB microbe during their childhood in nineteenth century Dundee with its air polluted by thousands of coal-burning hearths and factories.)

In April 1995, I received a letter from a Ken Hall of Christchurch, New Zealand. Mr. Hall introduced himself as a historian working on a book about George Valentine, whom he considers to be *'an important early New Zealand photographer.'* He wrote to ask if I could provide him with any information about George Valentine. (Ken had been corresponding with George's granddaughter, Ann Patterson, for several years and had done considerable research on his own. He got my name and address from Ann.) In September 1996, Ann Patterson sent me a copy of the draft of Hall's book, *THE PINK AND WHITE TERRACES—George D. Valentine—A Photographer's Journey*. The draft listed, but did not include, many photographs, including early ones of James' family and landscapes taken by George in New Zealand. These photographs will be included in the published book. With Mr. Hall's permission I am including the first 15 pages of his draft on **B-29/B-43**. They contain many interesting details about our great-grandfather, James, and his family. They also show that Mr. Hall has devoted much time to his research on the subject of his biography.

George Dobson Valentine married Williamina Arnot Stirling Smith. They had four children: Margaret Rachel, Mary Smith, James, and Arnot Stirling. Poor little Margaret Rachel died as an infant, age nine months, on 17 March 1879 and is buried in her grandfather James' family plot in Dundee. Mary Smith never married. James married a Norwegian lady, Ragna Amundsen; they had five children and the LVFT shows many grandchildren and great-grandchildren. There are so many descendants of George Dobson Valentine that Leslie Valentine, author of the LVFT, devoted a separate family tree to them.

George and Williamina's youngest child, Arnot Stirling Valentine, was born in New Zealand but he and his Scottish-born brother and sister were brought back to Scotland by Williamina after George died in 1890. Arnot married Violet Fairweather. They had five children: John Ross Mackenzie, Violet Stirling, Emma Irene, Robert Leslie, and Margaret Ann. I remember meeting Arnot when I visited Scotland in 1954.

Before he retired, Arnot had been the Managing Director for the large British construction firm, Balfour Beatty. This company built the Churchill Barrier in the Orkneys. This was a massive anti-submarine barrier, built during WWII at Winston Churchill's order, to control entry to the Royal Navy's Scapa Flow anchorage. The urgent need for such a barrier had become tragically clear after a U-boat entered Scapa Flow early in the war and sank the battleship, *Royal Oak*, with the loss of 833 of her crew. The Churchill Barrier was successful—no other German vessel entered the anchorage.

I stayed with Arnot's son, John, and John's wife, Ursula, at their stately country home in Chalfont St. Giles when I visited England in 1954. John was a Chartered Accountant (a CPA) with Deloitte & Touche. Through his business connections John arranged for me to tour the DeHavilland Aircraft plant, have lunch with the bigwigs, and spend a night in their executive guest house! I saw John and Ursula again in 1968 when they invited our family to their house for dinner. We were able to repay their hospitality when they visited us many years later. After John retired, he and Ursula moved to Sark, one of the Channel Islands. Their retirement home was a made-over artillery emplacement built by the Germans during their occupation of Sark in the Second World War. After Ursula died, John stayed on there for several years. However, in November 1995, his sister, Ann Patterson, told me that his declining health had forced him to move into a care facility on the larger island of Guernsey.

John, a Flight Sergeant in the RAF, was shot down over Germany early in the war. After landing under his parachute, John was saved from being lynched by angry farmers only by the last minute arrival of the polizei. John was a prisoner of war in Germany for three years during which he contracted diphtheria. Complications from the diphtheria resulted in his being completely paralyzed by the time he was repatriated. Although he recovered from that affliction, his health had suffered permanent damage. In July 1996, I received a letter from Ann Patterson with the sad news that John had died on July 12th. The LVFT shows he had four children and eleven grandchildren.

Violet Sterling Valentine married Purves Stewart Watt; they had five children and nine grandchildren. Now widowed, Violet, known as Bunty, lives in Sidney, British Columbia.

Emma Irene married William Birnie; they have four children, ten grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren according to the LVFT. (The surname, Birnie, is one that will appear again when we discuss our mother's ancestors.) Emma Irene lives in Nairn, Scotland.

Robert Leslie (now deceased) married Marjorie Kidd; they had three children and six grandchildren. (He was the researcher of the LVFT; we are in his debt for that legacy.)

The youngest of Arnot's children, (Margaret) Ann Valentine married (Howard) George Patterson; they have two children, Graham and Lucy, and two grandchildren, Derek and Kayleigh. Ann has been a great help in gathering Dundee-area information for this history.

Helen Dobson Valentine, the sixth child of James and Rachel, married William Hopkins. They emigrated from Scotland to British Columbia where they had two children, four grandchildren, six great-grandchildren, ten great-great-grandchildren, and four greatx3-grandchildren. At some point Helen moved to New Haven, Connecticut, where she died in 1922. Sydney Scroggie told me that one of her grandchildren, Lorraine Cameron of Kamloops, BC, is also interested in our family history.

Easton's family tree shows there was seventh child, unnamed, born in 1856 who *'did not survive.'* However, the seventh named child of James and Rachel was our paternal grandfather, **Easton Smith Valentine**.

I will tell the story of Easton and his family in due course, but first I want to tell about his mother, Rachel, and some of her family. (B-21 is a list of our Dobson ancestors prepared by Easton.) Our great-grandmother, Rachel Dobson, was one of several children of **William Dobson** and **Margaret Morrison**. William (b.11 May 1785-d.20 Nov 1834), a stocking weaver in Glasgow, was the son of **Adam Dobson** according to a separate Dobson family tree prepared by Rachel Webb. It shows Adam being born on 9 Mar 1750 and dying *'before 1818.'* (However, this does not agree with an unsigned letter sent to Easton from Harrowgate in 1927 that claimed Adam was born on 9 Mar 1766.)

Easton's listing of the children of William Dobson and Margaret Morrison has five names: William, Margaret, Isabella, **Rachel**, and Helen. Rachel Webb's Dobson family tree claims that William and Margaret had seven children: George (1804-1869), Mary (?-1886), William (1807-1878), Margaret (1809-?), Isabella (1810-188?), **Rachel** (1818-1879), and Helen (1822-1901). However, Mormon birth records list eleven children with names (and birth dates) as follows: William (16 Oct 1807), twins Mary and Margaret (12 Jun 1809), John (6 Sep 1811), Isobella and a second John (21 Aug 1814), **Rachel** (1 Feb 1817), a second set of Mary and Margaret twins (29 Aug 1819), Helen (17 Mar 1822), and a third John (27 Feb 1825). The record shows that all these children were born in *'Barony, Lanark.'* There is a town of Lanark near Glasgow—Barony may have been a parish in Lanark—or Barony was a parish in the part of Glasgow that lay in Lanarkshire. The second and third use of a name would indicate that the earlier child(ren) given that name had died in childhood.

One of William Dobson's great-grandchildren was George Dobson (whose father and paternal grandfather were also named William). We will meet him later as the ill-fated husband of his second cousin, our Aunt Nellie, another great-grandchild of William Dobson.

We will also later meet Rachel Dobson's younger sister, Helen, as Easton's favorite aunt. Helen lived with Easton's parents for many years until they died, two and a half months apart, in 1879. Helen then lived with her sister, Isabella, for a few years until Isabella died and, finally, with Easton and his young family. She died on 4 June 1901, age 79, according to Dundee cemetery records.

Before going on to the story of our paternal grandfather, Easton, I would like to discuss the company that, some say, was started by James' father, John, in 1825. Perhaps that is so, but it was James and his sons, William and George, and, later, William's son, Harben, and his grandson, Dougal, who developed it into the largest greeting and postcard publishing



company in Great Britain. The firm was to become known as Valentines of Dundee, although in 1851 it was '*James Valentine, Photographer,*' with a portrait studio at 100 Murraygate in Dundee. (This was not far from 123 Murraygate, his father's former residence and workshop in the 1841 census.) Later, in 1851, James moved the business, now named '*James Valentine, Photographic Artist, Engraver and Lithographer,*' to the larger and more prestigious quarters at 23 High Street shown in an advertisement from the *Dundee Courier and Advertiser* (B 20).

[Ann Patterson sent me a column from a May 1996 issue of this newspaper that included a reduced copy of this advertisement. In it the columnist tells of getting the advertisement with a letter from a Mr. W. Robertson who worked for the Valentine printing firm in the 1920's. Robertson recalled being sent to a woodturner's shop to fetch a walking stick made from wood salvaged from the Tay Bridge that had collapsed in 1879. Ann Patterson later sent me a full-size copy of the advertisement.]

In 1878, the name of the business was changed to '*James Valentine & Sons*' when William and George took over the business from their ailing father. Apart from their local portrait studio business in Dundee, the company specialized in the mass production of scenic views for travel books and stereo views for use in 'stereoscopes,'—3D viewers, very popular in the late 1800's.

According to Robert Smart's very detailed history of the company, J. Valentine & Sons had, by 1888, published a catalog that offered about 20,000 scenic views of Scotland, Ireland, Wales, England, and Norway. The company entered the picture postcard market in 1897 after the British Post Office allowed printing or writing messages on the address side of post card size photographs. The firm grew rapidly—in 1886 there were about one hundred employees; by 1907 there were almost a thousand and the company had set up branches in the USA, Canada, South Africa, and Australia. Around 1907, the company became publicly owned. In 1928, the Dundee portrait photography studio was closed and the company added greeting cards and calendars to its line of products. However, Valentine family interest, and participation, in the firm waned over the years. Eventually, after a series of changes in management, the company was sold to the Hallmark Greeting Card Company of Kansas City in 1980 (see article on B-44). At that time, Valentine's world-famous collection of 150,000 negatives was given to St. Andrews University. In September 1993, 194 Dundee jobs were lost when Valentine's manufacturing activities were moved to a Hallmark-owned plant near Dublin. Then, on June 8, 1994, an article in the *Dundee Courier and Advertiser* (B-45) reported that the remaining 62 jobs in Valentine's headquarters office in Dundee were being moved to Bath. This followed a merger between Hallmark's UK and Eire subsidiaries and the Andrew Brownsword Group, the UK's leading greeting card publisher. Further mergers and cost-cutting downsizing ended with the company, Valentines of Dundee, disappearing completely in October 1994. (I do not know whether the firm still exists as Valentines of Bath.) As noted earlier, however, one of James' great-great-grandsons, Andrew Valentine, has started a new company, Valentine Fine Arts, Ltd. However, this had no connection to the defunct greeting card company except that Andrew had been their Marketing Director before he left to start his new company.

However, there may be a rosy ending to this corporate saga. In November 1995, Ann Patterson sent me a clipping from a Dundee newspaper (B-46) announcing that Andrew Valentine had reached an agreement with an American greeting card firm, Fravessi Greetings of Springfield, New Jersey, for the exclusive right to print and sell Fravessi's designs in the United Kingdom and Eire. The new company, The Valentine Line, Ltd., will have access to about 65,000 Fravessi greeting card designs.

In January 1997, Ann sent me recent clipping from the *Dundee Courier and Advertiser* (see B-47) reporting that Andrew Valentine, Chairman of Valentine Marketing, Ltd., in an agreement with the University of St. Andrew, was preparing to market prints of the Valentine photographic collection held by the University. The article describes this collection as '*one of the most important archives of its kind in Europe.*' Valentine Marketing and the University will share the proceeds of these sales. The University will use its share to index and digitize this and other collections of early photographs in their archives.

Now that we have seen what may be a resurrection of the company started by **James Valentine**, we will move on to the story of our father's father, **Easton Smith Valentine**.

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**Easton Smith Valentine (b.23 Feb 1858-d.13 Sep 1940) m.**

**Christina Isabella Smith (b.16 Feb 1858-d.30 Aug 1930) in Dundee, date?**

Children: Evangeline (b.1887-d.1983),

Jessie Mary (b.1888-d.1972),

Rachel Helen (b.1891-d.1960),

**Bertram Gordon (b.13 Apr 1896-d.16 Aug 1983).**

**Easton** was born in Dundee, attended Dundee High School, and then the University of St. Andrews. His parents' home was at 19, Thomson Street, near the Perth Road, in Dundee. Three obituaries for Easton, two from Dundee newspapers and one from the Ward Chapel church bulletin, (B-52) tell us that Easton excelled in literary and classical studies. Ken Hall's biography of George Dobson Valentine says that Easton started out to study for the ministry (B-38). Sometime after his graduation from St. Andrews, Easton accepted a position as Assistant Master in the English, Classical, and Modern Languages Department at Dundee High School. The Ward Chapel obituary indicates that Easton started his 40-year career at Dundee High School around 1882 when he was 24 years old. He was subsequently promoted to Second English Master and, in 1901, became English Headmaster, a position he held until his retirement in 1922. Easton also served as Examiner for the Master of Arts degree in English at the University of St. Andrews. We know from the letters and notes he left that he was keenly interested in his ancestry. He also wrote books: '*Wordsworth Country*,' '*Fifeshire*' (the county in which St. Andrews was located), and '*Forfarshire*.' (While I was in Dundee, I visited the library and looked at these books that reveal Easton's love for the countryside around Dundee. Copies of the title pages are on B-51 & B-52.)

Easton was highly regarded, both for his professional achievements and for his character. The Ward Chapel obituary stated, *'He was one of God's gentlemen and bore about him a fine Christian spirit. He was a great lover of nature, and, of the simpler joys of life, and was one of the kindest hosts in his home, where he was at his best and happiest. In later years he endured very serenely constant discomfort and pain, in which he was ministered to by his daughter, Mrs. Dobson.'*

In his letter to me of 5 December 1994, Sydney Scroggie wrote of Easton, *'I remember him as a quiet, benign old character with a thatch of white hair who lay on a sofa all the time with a rug over his legs who was so bad with sciatica that he was pretty well fit for nothing except what he did all the time, read and re-read the classics of English literature.'*

Easton died in Rochdale, Lancashire, at the home of his daughter, Rachel Helen Dobson (our Aunt Nellie). When I was in Dundee, I was unable to locate his gravesite. However, Ann Patterson later made inquiries at the Dundee cemetery office. In February 1996 she learned that cemetery records show that Easton was cremated and that his ashes lie in Lair No. FF471 at the Balgay Cemetery in Dundee along with those of Christina. Ann also learned that the ashes of their daughter Jessie were placed there with those of her parents on June 2, 1972.)

I have been unable to find much information about our paternal grandmother, **Christina**. Mother gave me an envelope, labeled *'Dad's mother's line,'* that contains two sheets in Father's handwriting. They list his mother, and her children, also eight other Smiths and their children. I assume that the other eight Smiths were Christina's brothers and sisters.

An 1881 Census Report (discovered by Jane Gibson) showed that Easton had been living in Ferry-Port-on-Craig in Fife with his sister Nellie and his Aunt Helen. They were partners in a 'Fancy Goods' business but Easton was still attending the University of St. Andrews. When he joined the staff at Dundee High School he may have moved back to Dundee. I did not find the date of Easton's and Christina's marriage but I would guess it was around 1886. Where they first set up house-keeping I do not know but certainly, by 1896, when Father was born there, they lived in the town of Wormit, Fife, on the south coast of the Firth of Tay, across from Dundee.

The only description offered for Wormit in the 1882 *Gazetteer* was, *'Wormit, a small bay and ravine two and a half miles WSW of Newport, Fife.'* This description is evidence that Wormit, as a town, did not yet exist at the south end of the railway bridge that collapsed in 1879. Prebble's book, *Disaster at Dundee*, about that catastrophe describes Wormit Bay as the site of the south end of the bridge and the major construction yard for the bridge project. The contractor built a foundry there to cast the iron beams for the bridge girders. A huge wooden dock was built on which these beams were assembled into the bridge girders. The 200-ton girders were then floated out to the bridge site on barges and hoisted onto their piers. The Wormit works facilities included dormitories and a dining hall for the foundry and bridge workers. During the construction of this bridge and the one that replaced it Wormit was probably not a desirable area for a housing development. The ill-fated bridge, and its replacement (completed on 20 June 1889), were built for the North British Railway. The NBR had promised the landowner who sold it the land for the southern bridge approach and

sidings that they would build a Wormit Station as soon as he had built and sold twenty-five houses—this station was not built until 1889. Easton, Christina, and their daughters probably moved to Wormit within a year or so after that.

As a new suburb, Wormit probably would have offered lower cost housing and a better environment than that available in the city of Dundee. Also, it gave Easton a convenient rail commute to his job as teacher at Dundee High School. The railway's bad luck struck again in 1897 when a train ran into the Wormit station and demolished 40 feet of the platform. However, this accident apparently did not discourage Easton since they stayed on in Wormit at least through 1914 when Father gave '*Ashcliffe, Wormit*' as his address on his army enlistment form (C-3). Sometime during the war Easton moved back to Dundee. (I base this on the address given on various forms (such as C-28) by Father as his home address in 1919 while he attended university.) The last train left Wormit station in 1969.

Evangeline, **the first child of Easton and Christina**, attended Dundee High School, as did her younger sisters and brother. She met her future husband, Thomas Blackadder, in their Latin class. Evangeline apparently had a fine musical education (her daughter, Dorothy, said Evangeline was taken to London by Easton to take an examination in piano at the Royal Academy of Music). She was sent to 'finishing' school in Lausanne and, sometime later, taught school in Germany.

Thomas Blackadder got his undergraduate degree at St. Andrews, went to graduate school at Heidelberg, and got his D. Sc. in Chemistry in Zurich. He came to America in 1911 to take a position as a chemist with a tannery in Virginia. Evangeline followed, with her piano, in 1912 (fortunately not on the *Titanic's* maiden, and last, voyage in that year). They were married in August 1912 in the Bethlehem Chapel of the National Cathedral in Washington, then still under construction. We knew them as Uncle Tom and Aunt Vallie.

My first memories of them were when they lived in St. Davids, an exclusive 'Mainline' suburb of Philadelphia. Uncle Tom was then working for the big chemical company, Rohm & Haas, where he was in charge of developing synthetic tanning chemicals. They had a large beautiful home to which we were invited several times for Thanksgiving holidays when we lived in eastern Pennsylvania and, later, in New Jersey. I remember Aunt Vallie had a maid who let me help her roll butter into little balls for dinner; I was also impressed by the electric ironing machine used to iron sheets and towels! At that time, our parents were still struggling to make ends meet and our humble abode fell somewhat short of the elegance of the Blackadder mansion. I was definitely impressed by their grand home. They had three daughters: Christine (b.1914-d.1944), Mary (b.1917-d.1987), and Dorothy (b.1919-), all born in Damascus, Virginia.

Christine inherited her mother's love of music but studied voice rather than piano. She attended the same Lausanne school that her mother had attended, returned to study at the Philadelphia Conservatory of Music and then, after getting her music degree, went to England to study voice. She also studied Russian so she could properly sing Russian opera. Christine was called back to America in 1939 when war was imminent. However, she could not rest until she could return to England so she joined the American Red Cross as a multilingual secretary. She met and married an American officer, Harold Weston, during this

service but, soon after her wedding, she became ill and was brought back to Walter Reed Hospital. Tragically, she never recovered and died in 1944, only 30 years old. One of my earliest memories is of Aunt Vallie playing accompaniment on her grand piano for Christine singing for us in her beautiful soprano voice after Thanksgiving dinner. Christine lies in Arlington National Cemetery.

Mary married D. C. Decker and they had six children: Thomas Edmund, Nancy Gould, Robert Easton, Nancy, Deborah, and Peter. All these children live in the eastern United States. Mary died in 1987.

Dorothy married Mynderse Van Cleef Booth and they had four children: Arthur, Robert, Janet, and Richard. Arthur and Richard live in the Denver area. Robert and Janet live near their mother in Ithaca, New York. Dorothy kindly has sent me much information on her parents and her childhood. She remembers that she and Mary were brought to stay with our parents when their parents went on trips together. She and Mary were very close, she says, but they did not share their older sister's musical talents. Dorothy admitted that, while Christine was sent to the prestigious Philadelphia Conservatory, her two younger sisters had to be content with the Girl Scouts' Drum and Bugle Corps!

Jessie Mary was **the second child of Easton and Christina**. We knew her as Aunt Jessie. She never married but devoted her life to her medical profession. Jessie visited America several times. The last time was around 1971 when she and Aunt Vallie visited our parents at their retirement home in Sarasota. In 1954, I visited Aunts Jessie and Nellie at their home in Rochdale, Lancashire, and again during their holiday in Blair Atholl. During that visit Jessie kindly arranged for me to get a VIP tour of the Rolls-Royce Motor Car plant at Derby. (One of her patients was the mother of the Managing Director of Rolls-Royce.) It was a memorable experience. I was met at the railway station by a chauffeured R-R limousine and treated to lunch in the Directors' Dining Room after the plant tour—I was *impressed*!

Aunt Jessie later (around 1956) retired to Dunkeld. Rosamund, Vanessa, and I visited her there in September 1960. We saw her for the last time when our whole family visited Scotland in 1968, four years before she died. I have a grandfather clock that she had inherited, probably from Easton. A clockmaker said that it dates from the 1700's. While I was in Dunkeld in June 1995, I talked to some of the townsfolk who remembered her as a kind, generous, and civic-minded member of the community. The Dunkeld Town Clerk told me that Jessie had left a trust fund that supports an annual trophy and cash prize, awarded by the Scottish Women's Rural Institute to a woman who has best furthered the cause of Scottish country women. Among the family documents that Mother gave to Christine (and she loaned to me in August, 1995) is a copy of the prayer read at Jessie's memorial service, probably in Dunkeld, that praised her dedication to her profession, her service to the community, and her support of the church. As noted earlier, her ashes are with those of her parents in the Balgay Cemetery in Dundee.

**The third child of Easton and Christina**, Rachel Helen, our Aunt Nellie, had a tragic life. She married one of her second cousins, George Dobson, another great-grandchild of William Dobson, in April 1918 when she was 27. I have a picture of George Dobson wearing the uniform of the 5th West Yorkshire Regiment, taken in 1911 (C-26). It shows a handsome

man of about 34 with a very impressive waxed mustache. He later transferred to the 4th Battalion (and, still later, the 5th Battalion) of the Black Watch Regiment. Sadly, he was killed in France on 18 April 1918, seven months before the Armistice and only two weeks after he married Nellie. I believe he was killed during the Battle of The Lys (River) that started with a massive German offensive on April 9<sup>th</sup>. It ended on April 29<sup>th</sup> after 20,000 Allied and 30,000 German soldiers had been killed. During my 1995 tour of Scotland, I visited the Black Watch Museum in Perth. In one of the rooms I noticed a polished brass artillery round casing that had been donated as a memorial to Lt. George Dobson. Beside it was a placard noting that the casing had been given to the donor by Captain B. Gordon Valentine. (A copy of this placard is included on **C-26** with the picture of George Dobson.) To be sure, Nellie's loss was certainly not unique—tens of thousands of young Scottish women lost their young men during that insane and bloody conflict. Nellie never remarried. She was a nurse and during the Second World War was the Matron (Head Nurse) at Rossie Priory, a hospital for Polish officers. My last memory of Nellie is a ruddy-faced, tweed-clad, lady walking briskly along a Dunkeld path in 1954.

Fortunately for us and our descendants, **Easton** and **Christina** went on to have a **fourth child, a son, Bertram Gordon**. Before I tell the story of our father's life up to the time of his marriage in 1923 in Section III, there is more to tell about our Grandfather Easton. I have inherited several photographs of Easton and Christina (shown on **B-48 & B-49**). The earliest, dated 1861, shows three-year-old Easton, wearing a smock (as was then customary for little boys) and holding a Buster Brown hat, standing beside an ornate throne-like chair. The following year he had his picture taken astride his rocking horse with his devoted Aunt Helen Dobson at his side. (In the previous section on Easton's mother's family I mentioned Helen. She lived for many years with James and Rachel and helped raise their children. She was like a second mother to Easton and, for several years, acted in his mother's stead when Rachel had a protracted illness.) An 1876 photograph shows Easton as a serious young university student. Next to it is a portrait of our paternal grandmother, Christina, taken by Valentine & Sons at 152-154 Perth Road, Dundee, probably about 1885.

My favorite is a family portrait, taken at the studio of Valentine & Sons, and shown on the next page. It is not date marked but I believe it was taken in early 1919 since Father is wearing his Black Watch Regiment uniform, complete with all his service ribbons. Nellie (still in mourning black for her soldier husband, George), Christina, Easton, and Jessie are seated, with Vallie and Father standing behind them. A stamp on the photograph gives the firm's address as Royal Bank Building, High Street, Dundee. I do not know whether this location was still the 23 High Street address shown in the 1851 advertisement (**B-20**).

The photograph on **B-50** of Easton and Christina was taken in 1928 when they visited America to see Vallie, Tom and their three daughters and our parents and their two sons. The snapshot, taken at our home, includes our parents and grandparents, with Donald, lying in Christina's lap, and me standing beside her, looking rather sulky because baby brother was getting too much attention! There is also a young girl of about six who I have concluded is our cousin, Dorothy Blackadder. **B-50** includes another photograph of Christina and one of Easton relaxing in his garden with his dog.



Easton and Christina Valentine and Family  
Taken at Valentine & Sons Studio, Dundee, 1919  
Standing: Evangeline and Bertram Gordon  
Seated: Rachel Helen, Christina, Easton, and Jessie Mary

In January 1995, Jean Williams kindly sent me several letters and postcards written by Easton to his parents and his Aunt Helen, and two letters to him from Aunt Helen, all when Easton was a student at the University of St. Andrews in 1877 and 1878. These letters reveal a loving, respectful, and solicitous son and nephew and a serious and conscientious university student. Later, in March 1997, Jean sent me two earlier notes that Easton had written to his half-brother, John, the photographer in Hawaii. I will transcribe these two earlier notes since they reveal much about the character and kind heart of our grandfather as a boy.

Easton's first note is dated April 28, 1866, when he was 8 years old (and obviously just learning to master pen and ink and the formalities of punctuation and capitalization): *'My Dear John I am glad to hear that you are a little better I am wearying to see you I am in at aunt smith every Sabbath almost I am your affectionate brother Easton Smith Valentine.'*

He wrote the second note the following year: *'My Dear John, I am sorry to hear that you are so ill. I am at the High School and learning writing and Arithmetic, Your loving Brother, E S Valentine.'* Written on the back of this note, in a different and barely decipherable handwriting is: *'Easton S Valentine, 19 Thomson St., Dundee, 1867, he the young and Strong. How cherished noble longings for the Strife, by the Broadside fell and perished, Weary with the March of life! John V.'*

These two notes were accompanied by a small 2x3 inch unstamped envelope addressed in still a third handwriting to *'John Valentine Esq., Sandwich Islands.'* As I reconstruct this correspondence, Easton's second note, in the small envelope, was enclosed with a letter to John from his father, James, or his stepmother, Rachel. John carried the notes to his grandfather's home in San Francisco where went to spend his final days before he died in December 1867. I believe that John, dying of tuberculosis, understandably deeply depressed and perhaps delirious, wrote his final, barely coherent, message to his young half-brother on the back of Easton's second note. After John died, his grandfather sent the correspondence back to Dundee.

In reading Easton's later letters to his parents and Aunt Helen we must remember that this was before the telephone, patented in 1877 by Scotsman Alexander Graham Bell, was available. The service provided by Her Majesty's Royal Mail was much better than the mail service we are now accustomed to. A letter mailed by Easton from St. Andrews in the morning would be delivered to his parent's home in Dundee by early the same afternoon. Sometimes he would write twice on the same day, the first letter expressing dread and apprehension about an examination coming up that day and the second telling of his elation when he knew he had done well in the test. Where our generation would have picked up the telephone (or, more recently, tapped out an e-mail) his generation picked up a pen! In writing to his parents, Easton always signed himself, *'I remain, Your affectionate son, Easton Smith Valentine.'* In his letters to his mother there are frequent inquiries about her health that, apparently, was not good at the time. He also refers to his brother James' accomplishments as a lecturer and expresses concern about his brother George's cough. (George had tuberculosis, the cause of his death in 1890.)



In July 1878, Easton and his Aunt Helen enjoyed a holiday in London. In a letter to his mother, Easton describes, with youthful enthusiasm, all their activities and adventures in the big city. Aunt Helen stayed with Sophie and George Mantle. Sophie was daughter of Helen's brother William Dobson. Easton stayed with his brother James and his wife, Georgina (referred to as Georgie by Easton). James apparently was a minister at a chapel in London. Both George Mantle and James spent much time escorting Easton and Helen to tourist highlights, such as the Tower, the Guildhall, and the Zoo. Easton even managed to persuade his 56-year-old aunt to climb to the top of St. Paul's dome to take in a *'most splendid view of London.'*

Easton gives us a hilarious picture of trying to escort his aunt across a busy street. *"Aunt says to me, 'Now, Easton, we needn't try to act London for we don't know it.' I say, 'Now, Aunt, keep cool, don't run!' She says, 'This is perfect ridiculous nonsense. I'm not going to stand here and be run over.' She then makes a dive and has the good fortune to step on a young man's toes. He objects and cries, 'I say, mind my corns!' 'Oh, I beg your pardon, sir!' We then get into a bus and drive off. This is but a specimen. I don't say to dispraise, you know, only to let you know."* He also describes going with James by bus and ferry to meet the Dundee-to-London steamer to collect James' dog that had been sent down. *'Poor little thing. It was very dirty but, when James got it home and Georgie washed it, it looked much better!'*

Another amusing and touching letter is one from Aunt Helen to Easton when he was still at St. Andrews. Completely serious, she wrote, *'My ever dear Easton, I have got such a fright tonight through hearing about Jamie Robertson being chased with a Bull while away on his holiday last week that Mother and I are sending this off at once to warn you.* [She then described in hair-raising detail the close escape of J. Robertson.] *Now will you take this as a warning? Don't go near where these dreadful creatures are. It was where you are now that George had to stone one back off Maggie and Scroggie. I sent you a letter this forenoon and now commend you to the gracious care of our Heavenly Father, Your loving Aunt Helen.'* In another letter, apparently after Easton had broken a golf club, Helen wrote, *"Father says, 'O yes! Let him get the club mended' . . . Don't disappoint us of our Saturday letter. With much love, Aunt H."*

I wish I had the room to include all these letters in this history since they show our grandfather to be a young man of intelligence, high moral character, and engaging personality. I wonder if he will be considered too demonstrative, too enthusiastic, and too conscientious a student by the members of the younger generation who place so much importance on being 'cool.' I think the students at Dundee High School were very fortunate to have Easton as a teacher. I wish fate had let me know him personally and not just through his letters.

One of the books left to me by one of our parents is *Memories of the Old High School (1880-1889), Some of the Grand Old Masters*, written by Jessie A. Norrie, one of Easton's pupils, in 1924. It contains her reminiscences of her school days at Dundee High School and of the many teachers she knew there. (Since she entered the 'High' school in 1880 at age eight in the 'second class' and stayed through graduation as a teen-ager, she came to know many teachers.) The section she wrote about Easton reveals the respect and affection he was given by his students and fellow faculty members. A copy of this section is on **B-53/B-57** along with a photograph showing the 'old' and the 'new' (in 1924) High Schools where Easton taught and our parents attended. (The 'Old High School' is the beautiful classical building on the right in the photograph with the 'new' Victorian high school behind it.)

I must add one more bit of information about Easton that Jane Gibson sent me in December 1995. Although Jane's interest in our family is on our mother's side, she came across the information about Easton while she was in the library searching for information on her Watt relatives. In the 1881 Census Report for the Fifeshire parish of Ferryport-on-Craig she came across an entry that recorded that Easton Smith Valentine, age 23 and unmarried, an Arts student at St. Andrews University and a partner in a fancy goods business, was living at Tay Terrace (no number given). Also living at that address were his sister, Nellie [Helen] D. Valentine, age 26 and unmarried and also a partner in the business, and their aunt, Helen Dobson, annuitant, unmarried, age 59, born in Glasgow. Apparently James had left his sister-in-law, Helen Dobson, an annuity for her support. Helen Dobson was Easton's favorite aunt (see P. 65).

I relayed Jane Gibson's information about Easton on to Ann Patterson. She checked *Dundee City Directories* and wrote back to say that, apparently, Easton's and Nellie's partner in the fancy goods business had been their father, James, until he died in 1879. Besides the family photography and postcard businesses, James had a sideline business. This was '*James Valentine, Ltd., Dealers in Art Manufactures and British & Foreign Fancy Goods*' at 59, Reform Street, Dundee. Ann did not learn when James started the business, but had found that the last entry for it was in the 1911-1912 *Directory*.

That is all I can tell you about our paternal grandparents. The next section tells the story of our father as a young man.



### SECTION III: BERTRAM GORDON VALENTINE, THE EARLY YEARS

In this section I will tell you what I have learned about our father's life from the time of his birth in 1896 to 1923, the year he married his high school sweetheart.

Father was born in Wormit, a town on the south shore of the Firth of Tay directly across the estuary from Dundee, on April 13, 1896. At that time, his Great-Aunt Helen was living with her beloved nephew, Easton, and his family. (She had lived with Easton's parents until they died in 1879, only three months apart, then with her sister, Isabella, for a while. Later, according to the census report mentioned earlier, she lived with Easton and Nellie until Easton married. At that point, Easton apparently invited her to live with him and Christina, where, presumably, she helped raise another generation of Valentine children until she died in 1901, five years after Father was born.) Like his older sisters, Father attended Dundee High School where he excelled both in his studies and in athletics. I was told that he was on the swim team. It was in High School that he met Mother. (Whether it was love at first sight I do not know but, fortunately for us, love it turned out to be! The happy consequences of this romance will be covered in Section VI.)

Father probably developed his love of fishing as a boy. I remember him telling me how he would ride his bicycle out into the countryside and spend the day fishing whenever he had the chance. He probably also took up the Scottish national pastime, golf, as his father had done.

He left High School at the age of 17 in 1913. In his résumé, Father says that he completed full courses of primary and secondary education at Dundee High School between 1902 and 1913. (Apparently 'High School' included all the grades we divide between Elementary, Middle, and High Schools.) His High School *Leaving Certificate* (C-1) records that he took English, History, Mathematics, German, and Science. He got passing grades in all these subjects and 'higher' grades in English, Mathematics, and Science. He was held in high esteem by both his teachers and fellow students. In August, 1913, his Mathematics Master, J. B. Meiklejohn, wrote a very complimentary letter (C-2) recommending Father for a university scholarship, noting that he had '*passed successfully through nine classes in the High School and he leaves now in order to proceed to the University, after having obtained a full leaving certificate.*' Whether he was unsuccessful in obtaining the scholarship or he just decided to get some practical engineering experience before he entered university, is not clear. In any event, after leaving high school, Father signed on as an apprentice at Yeaman & Bagessen, a Dundee engineering firm specializing in marine engine and pump repairs. He stayed with them until the start of the Great War in August 1914.

According to his résumé, Father enlisted in the British army as a private on August 17th, 1914, four months and four days after his eighteenth birthday and thirteen days after Great Britain declared war on Germany. He may have tried to enlist earlier but the enlistment offices were overwhelmed by volunteers and told many to return later. A copy of his enlistment form (*Certified Copy of Attestation*), included on C-3, shows that his address was Ashcliffe, Wormit, Fife. He enlisted in the Dundee Fortress Company of the Royal Engineers. However, in a letter of 15th Oct. 1915, B. B. Cubitt of the War Office advised

Captain Richardson, Officer Commanding, City of Dundee (A T Company), that 'No. 295, Sapper B. G. Valentine' of his command had been nominated for a commission in the 3/4th Battalion of the Black Watch Regiment. The Black Watch Regiment was also known as the Royal Highland Regiment and the Royal Highlanders. This letter requested that Sapper Valentine be ordered to report to the War Office in London. Copies of this letter and of Captain Richardson's subsequent order to Father are on C-4 & C-5. (The term 'Sapper' referred to Royal Engineer troops who dug trenches and built roads and fortifications. A sap is a zigzag trench dug toward enemy lines.) I first learned of his initial service in the Royal Engineers from the placard (C-26) I saw when I visited the Black Watch Museum in Perth during my 1995 tour. I later found his enlistment form and the War Office letter among papers I had inherited from Mother.

The 4th Bn. of the Black Watch was called the 'City of Dundee Battalion' since it was formed primarily of recruits from that city. It was a 'Territorial' unit (as opposed to a 'Regular,' professional army, battalion)—probably analogous to our National Guard. The Territorial Battalions were formed for training and for home defense with the understanding that they would not be put into combat until they were fully trained. For about six months this understanding kept the 4th Bn. on duty in the Dundee area, training and guarding installations such as the Tay bridge. However, in February 1915, heavy losses in the early battles in Belgium and France forced the War Office to change the rules. By the end of 1914 most of Britain's professional soldiers who had been sent to France in August as the 100,000-man British Expeditionary Force had been killed or wounded. So, on 23 February 1915, the 4th Bn. was shipped off to France. C-9/C-16 give a description of the trench warfare they were soon to experience and descriptions of the weapons they were to use and those they were to face.

The service record supplied by the Black Watch Museum states that on October 21, 1915, Father, now age 19½, was commissioned as a 2nd Lieutenant in the 4th Bn. A copy of his appointment as a 2nd Lieutenant in the Territorial Force is on C-7 & C-8. The record does not say when Father was sent to join his battalion in France but it was probably not long after he had reported to the War Office in London. The losses of men in France had far exceeded the War Office's projections. Especially severe was the rate of casualties among young officers. These were expected to lead their troops in nineteenth century style massed charges against the entrenched Germans and were the primary targets of machine gunners and snipers. (Like our Civil War commanders, the WWI generals were using outdated tactics against new weapons, resulting in the same horrendous casualty rates.) This was the situation that persuaded the War Office it was necessary to commission teen-age boys, such as our father. A book found in the Dundee Library, *The Life and Times of Dundee* by Whatley, Swinfen, and Smith, states: *'The city had been profoundly affected by the war, and not least by the Battles of Neuve Chapelle, Aubers Ridge, and Loos in the summer and early autumn of 1915, during which half of 'Dundee's Ain [Own], the 4th Bn. of the Black Watch, had been slaughtered.'*

A photograph of Father in his Black Watch uniform and a color photograph of his medals, identified, is on the next page together with a brief history of the Black Watch Regiment.



Decorations awarded to B. G. Valentine

Military Cross	1914-15 Star	1914-19 British War Medal	1918 Victory Medal
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Lt. B. G. Valentine, Black Watch Regiment

### The Black Watch Regiment

The Black Watch was originally formed of Scots loyal to Hanoverian King George I as a military construction battalion in 1726. Its original mission was to build military roads and bridges in the Scottish Highlands. It also helped the King's troops disarm unruly clansmen and acted as their guides. In 1739 it was reorganized as a fighting unit, The Black Watch Regiment.

It became one of the elite units of the British Army, serving in all corners of the world. At the Battle of Ticonderoga in 1757 against the French and Iroquois, the Regiment fought so bravely that the King honored it with the designation, Royal Highland Regiment. Nineteen years later in the American Revolution it fought the colonists in the battles of Brooklyn and Brandywine. In the Boer War battle of Magersfontein, it was almost wiped out but its ranks were soon refilled by young Scots eager to join the renown regiment. It fought in many of the bloodiest battles of World War I, suffering appalling casualty rates. The Regiment was much feared by the Germans who, observing their kilts and their ferocity, called them the Ladies from Hell. They were the last British troops to leave Hong Kong in June 1997.

By November 1915, the 4th Bn. had lost so much of its original strength that the survivors were combined into the 2nd Bn. Four months later, after further losses, the 2nd Bn. was amalgamated into the 5th Bn. of Regulars. On January 10, 1917, Father was transferred to the 1st Bn. of Regulars and, on July 1, 1917, was promoted to 1st Lieutenant. He was now 21 years old. In the 1st Bn. he saw action in the following battles: Nieuport and Third Ypres in 1917 and The Lys, Hindenburg Line, Selle, and Sambre in 1918. It is impossible to describe the conditions under which the soldiers of the Great War lived, fought, suffered, and died. The slaughter was almost beyond comprehension. In the first British offensive at Neuve Chapelle on 10 March 1915, the British lost about 12,000 men, killed, wounded, or captured, a toll that shocked the British public. For this price, the gain was the rubble of one shattered village. However, this was just the beginning of the appalling carnage.

On 25 September 1915, British infantry advanced in massed formations on the village of Loos against German entrenchments strongly defended with machine gun emplacements. So horrified were the Germans at the slaughter done by their machine guns that they named the battle the Field of Corpses. Of the approximately 15,000 British troops making the initial attack at Loos, 385 officers and 7,681 men were killed or wounded. Over the next three weeks of the battle British casualties increased to 16,000 killed and 25,000 wounded.

At the Battle of The Somme (River), that lasted from July 1 to November 18, 1916, the British casualties *on the first day alone* were 57,470 men, including 19,240 killed, without any ground being gained. The final toll of this one eighteen-week-long battle was 794,000 British and 538,000 Germans, killed, wounded, or missing. When the endless casualty lists for The Somme began to be published, the British public was still reeling from the losses suffered in the great naval Battle of Jutland on May 31<sup>st</sup>. At Jutland the Royal Navy lost over 6,000 sailors as well as 3 battleships, 3 cruisers, and 8 destroyers. (Despite these losses, Jutland was a strategic victory for the Royal Navy—the German High Seas Fleet, badly mauled, was finished as a major factor in the war.) The British nation, with an adult male population of about 20 million, was staggered by the immensity of these losses but worse was yet to come. By the end of 1916, the combatant nations had suffered 7 million casualties, including 2.5 million dead. Through the four years of the war the combatants lost men at an average rate of 5600 killed per day. Britain lost more men in 1918 alone than in the whole of World War II! About 745,000 Britons were killed in this insane war.

The losses were not only on the battlefields, in the air, and on the sea. Air raids by Zeppelin airships had started in January 1915 on London and other British cities and continued until the British developed incendiary bullets and high altitude aircraft that could shoot them down. On May 25, 1917, the Germans began air raids using four-engine Gotha bombers. By the end of 1917, air raids had killed nearly 3000 British civilians.

Father escaped the carnage of The Somme, but his Black Watch Regiment was involved in another of the major battles, one fought in the mud of Flanders in western Belgium. This, Third Ypres, (also called the Battle of Passchendaele) was an Allied offensive that began on July 31, 1917. Its objective was the capture of the village of Passchendaele, about five miles northeast of the British positions centered in the town of Ypres. (Ypres was an ancient Flemish textile center and market town of 22,000 inhabitants, strategically located near the



English Channel port of Dunkirk. It had been the site of two previous battles in 1914 and 1915.) British preparations for the July 31<sup>st</sup> offensive began in May with a three-week-long artillery bombardment expending 3.5 million shells and, on June 7<sup>th</sup>, the detonation of one million pounds of explosives in 19 mines dug under German positions on the Messines Ridge south of Ypres. A further two-week bombardment by four million shells (which churned the battlefield into liquid mud) preceded the launch of the offensive on July 31<sup>st</sup>. Third Ypres lasted until November 10, 1917. During the eighteen weeks of this battle, the British advanced four and a half miles at the cost of 70,000 killed and 170,000 wounded.

The British wounded included 19,000 men incapacitated by chlorine gas in the six-week period after the Germans started using it in mid-July. The Germans lost 83,000 killed and 250,000 wounded. (The German wounded included a Corporal Adolph Hitler who was gassed on October 14th.) The village of Passchendaele, by then just piles of rubble, remained in German hands until taken by Canadians by November 10. This battle was infamous for the bottomless mud of the battlefield into which men and horses sank, often drowning or dying of exhaustion or exposure before they could be extricated. C-17 is a map of the Western Front at the time of Third Ypres. C-18 shows two photos of battlefield scenes.

In April 1918, the Germans launched a major offensive against the British lines near the village of Givenchy. This was the start of the Battle of The Lys (River), possibly the battle in which Father's brother-in-law, Lt. George Dobson, was killed. (A 1911 photograph of then Sgt. Dobson and a post-war memorial plaque to him is on C-26.) The Black Watch 1st Bn. Headquarters was located in a tunnel through a hill. The Germans started to fight their way into the tunnel. What happened then is described in the book, *A History of the Black Watch in the Great War* by A. G. Wauchope (C-19/C-24): '*Only one or two of the enemy penetrated as far as Battalion Headquarters, where Lieutenant Valentine, the Lewis gun officer, was firing a captured German machine gun, one of several which had been captured on the 9th, and that were used with good effect on this day.*' (C-22). For this action, Father was awarded the Military Cross, Britain's fourth highest military honor after the Victoria Cross, the Distinguished Service Order, and the Distinguished Service Cross. His citation said, '*For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. As Lewis gun officer, was untiring in his supervision of the Lewis gun teams, making good use of captured enemy machine guns as well.*' [The Lewis gun was an air-cooled, .303 caliber, portable light machine gun with a drum-type magazine holding up to 97 rounds. It was used by the infantry and was also mounted in aircraft. See a description on C-25.]

According to the Black Watch record, Father was awarded his Military Cross in May 1918. However, the newspaper announcements of this honor were delayed several months. A letter I received from the Public Record Office in Kew states that, '*The Military Cross awarded to Bertram Gordon Valentine was announced in the London Gazette on 16th September, 1918.*' [The London Gazette, published twice weekly since 1665, is an official government journal listing appointments, honors, and other public notices.] An article in The Scotsman newspaper of October 3, 1918, contained Father's citation. Eighteen months were to pass before Father formally received his Military Cross from King George V in an Investiture Ceremony at Buckingham Palace. Easton and Margaret Helen Japp were in the audience. (P. 132 gives our Mother's description of this Ceremony.)



On November 4, 1918, the British started to advance across the Oise-Sambre Canal. (The canal ran between these two rivers near Saint-Quentin.) The 1st Bn. of the Black Watch captured the village of Mézières near Cambrai (C-27) but not without cost. Battalion casualties were three officers and 26 other ranks wounded and four men killed (C-24). One of the officer casualties was Father, wounded on November 4, 1918, one week before the Armistice. (I do not know the nature of his wound—he never talked about his war experiences to me. However, Margaret remembers Mother telling her that Father suffered a head wound; also that he had been gassed.) Thus ended three years of hell in the trenches for our father. Father was demobilized in 1919. A War Office letter of April 25, 1919 to Lt. B.G. Valentine MC (C-28) informed him that he had been 'disembodied' (i.e., demobilized) as of April 21st.

He had survived the battles, the gas attacks, and debilitating environment of the trenches. He also survived the terrible 'Spanish Influenza' pandemic of 1917-19 that killed at least 20 million people around the world, including 500,000 in the US. (The virulence of this disease in those days before mass inoculation can be realized by the fact that the American Expeditionary Force lost about 53,000 soldiers killed in the fighting but lost another 62,000 killed by the influenza virus according to historian, M. Gilbert.)

[In fairness to the Spanish I should mention recent DNA research by the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology on the 'Spanish flu' virus found in an 80 year old tissue sample from a World War I American soldier who died of the disease. This DNA study has traced the source of the virus to American swine. Apparently a flu virus, relatively harmless in swine, mutated into the deadly 1918 human virus. American soldiers carried the virus to Europe and from there it spread around the globe. Similar swine flu virus mutations later resulted in serious, but far less deadly, worldwide flu epidemics—the Asian flu of 1957 and the Hong Kong flu of 1968. Since the soldier whose tissue was analyzed caught his fatal disease at Fort Jackson, South Carolina, the researcher has suggested (in the March 1997, issue of *Science*) that the 'Spanish flu' virus should now be known as 'Influenza A/South Carolina.']

In his 1985 book, *Scotland's Story*, Tom Steel comments on the effects of The Great War on Scotland. In a chapter titled, 'A Generation Lost,' he says that 147,609 Scots were killed in the war—Scotland's population was about five million. Of the 30,000 men who joined the Black Watch Regiment during the war, about 8,000 were killed and 20,000 were wounded. Steel concludes, '*The effort and tragedy of the Great War was the great watershed in the history of modern Scotland. Within the experience lie the roots of the economic and social problems that to a large extent plague Scotland to this day.*'

I have a handwritten telegram Father received from Buckingham Palace on March 19, 1920. It was addressed to *Lt. Gordon Valentine at 84 Logie St., Lochee, Dundee*. It reads, '*Your attendance is required at Buckingham Palace on Thursday next, the twenty fifth inst., at ten fifteen o'clock. Service dress please. Telegraph acknowledgement.*' This was his invitation to the Investiture at which King George V would present him with his Military Cross.

Besides his wound, his medals, and the nightmare memories, Father had other souvenirs of his war time experiences. A certificate (C-29) dated 27 January 1921, gave 'B. G.

*Valentine of 'Ardbeg' 84, Logie Street, Dundee* permission to keep two pistols as '*Trophies of the European War.*' He also kept his Black Watch kilt, sporran, stockings, and Glengarry cap with the regimental badge. (C-30 shows one of Father's grandsons, Bruce Gordon Valentine, wearing these items.) In March 1921, Father received a War Office letter informing him that he had been transferred from the 4th Bn. of the Black Watch to the Territorial Force Reserve (Inf.) with the rank of Lieutenant. (In his résumé, Father says that he attained the rank of Captain; apparently this was a temporary wartime rank and he reverted to his permanent rank of Lieutenant after the war.) In December 1920 Father received a letter and a receipt for ten shillings from the Black Watch Association accepting him as a paid-up member for 1921.

I have attempted to tell something about the Great War in which our father spent three and a half years of his youth but these few paragraphs cannot begin to describe what he and his comrades experienced. The sights, the sounds, and the stench of this war and the imminence of violent mutilation or death broke many mature men. It is beyond my understanding how a young man, barely out of his teens, could have experienced them without losing his sanity. However, I can understand why Father never could never bring himself to talk about his experiences during those years. For those who would like to learn more about this terrible conflict, I recommend the book, *The First World War—A Complete History* by Martin Gilbert. Another is *World War I* by S. L. A. Marshall.

[A year after I wrote these paragraphs the Public Broadcasting Service television showed an eight-hour series, *The Great War and the Shaping of the 20th Century*, that, with its companion book of the same title by Jay Winter and Blaine Baggett, probably comes as close as possible to showing the nature of this tragic conflict. One of its segments vividly shows the terrible conditions under which Father and his fellow soldiers fought during the Battle of Passchendaele.]

In 1998 the eminent military historian, John Keegan, wrote a book, also titled *World War I*. It concludes with the following words: '*Men whom the trenches cast into intimacy entered into the bonds of mutual dependency and sacrifice of self stronger than any of the friendships made in peace and better times. That is the ultimate mystery of the First World War. If we could understand its loves, as well as its hates, we would nearer to understanding the mystery of human life.*'

After he was demobilized from the army, Father worked as a mechanic for a firm of 'automobile engineers' (an automobile repair shop) from March to September 1919. He then entered St. Andrews University but continued to work for this firm part-time after he started his university education. He also worked as a Research Assistant with a Dr. E. G. Ritchie in research on aircraft engines under high altitude conditions. (So, perhaps, he contributed to the excellence of the supercharged Rolls-Royce Merlin engine that was a vital factor in the RAF's victory in the Battle of Britain 21 years later.) In his spare (?) time he rode and raced motorcycles! I have a medal he won, inscribed, '*Private Owners' Six Mile Race, St. Andrews, 4-9-20, Won by B. G. Valentine.*' Two photos of Father on his motorcycle are on C-30.

Father graduated from St. Andrews in October 1921 with a B. Sc. degree in Mechanical Engineering (his diploma is on C-31). With Sydney Scroggie's help I learned that the first

sentence of the diploma translates to: *'We wish it known to all seeing this certificate that we recommend Bertram Gordon Valentine as a decent and honest young man inasmuch as having examined him in Engineering Science we had recognized him to be tried and tested.'*

When he graduated he went to work as a draftsman-designer for Messrs. Beardmore & Co., Ltd. in Dalmuir, Scotland where his work involved the design and testing of marine Diesel engines. In November 1922, Father became a member of The Institution of Engineers & Shipbuilders in Scotland. (A copy of his certificate is on C-32.) He stayed with the Beardmore firm for two years until October 1923.

In October 1923, he took two steps that greatly affected his (and our) future. He married Margaret Helen Japp, his high school sweetheart, and he decided to seek a brighter future in America. The marriage took place on Tuesday, October 16, 1923, at Ward Chapel in the Parish of St. Clements, Dundee. The newlyweds went off on their honeymoon with Father on his motorcycle and his bride in the sidecar! Having experienced the bone-chilling cold of a Scottish autumn, I am filled with admiration at their fortitude. We should be grateful that the marriage survived the rigors of the honeymoon! (C-30 includes a photo of Father on his motorcycle with a well-disguised passenger in the side-car—maybe his new bride (?).)

I am sure Father was reluctant to leave his young bride and his homeland to come to America but the economic conditions in Scotland at that time were very depressed. Both the shipbuilding and automobile industries in Britain were in a decline. He probably saw little opportunity for advancement and poor prospects for a decent standard of living for his future family. At the same time the United States, alarmed at the rate of Japan's naval expansion, had started an ambitious program to build warships and aircraft carriers. American shipbuilders were actively recruiting British engineers. So, soon after the short honeymoon, Father left for America and a job near Boston with the understanding that he would send for his wife when he found a place to live and they had saved up enough to pay for her passage. We'll pick up their (and our) story in Section VI.

I wanted to find the exact date of Father's arrival, the name of the ship on which he sailed, and his port of embarkation. His 1964 resume says that he started his new job with Bethlehem Shipbuilding in November 1923. The National Archives and Records Administration will search their *Passenger Indexes* if given the name, port of entry, and the approximate date of arrival. Unfortunately, their *Indexes* for Boston end in 1920. For arrivals after that they will search their *Passenger Lists* only if given the names of the passenger and the ship, the port of entry, and the *exact* date of arrival. Not having that information, my choices were to go to Washington and search the *Passenger Lists* myself or hire someone to do it. However, another route was to obtain Father's naturalization record from the Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS). I hoped this record would include the details of his arrival in America. I pursued this approach in July 1997 with a letter to the INS.

In October 1997, the INS sent me copies of the following documents pertaining to Father:

- (1) *Declaration of Intention* (to become a US citizen), dated 20 September 1939;
- (2) *Petition for Naturalization*, dated 10 June 1940; and,
- (3) *Certificate of Naturalization*, dated 26 April 1943.

Items (1) and (2) show that Father arrived in New York City on November 1<sup>st</sup>, 1923 on the SS *Orca* out of Southampton. On Item (1) Father's Race is 'British' and his Nationality is 'Scotch'! Also, the date of his marriage is given as Oct. 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1923. On Item (2) his Race is 'White,' his Nationality is 'British,' and his marriage date is Oct. 17, 1923! (The wedding was actually on Tuesday, October 16, 1923. The identical marriage date discrepancies appear on Mother's naturalization documents described in Section V.) I have no explanation for these discrepancies. However, I am sure that our parents knew exactly the date of their marriage, as shown on the copy of their entry in the *Register of Marriages*, E-4, obtained from the General Register Office in Edinburgh. The record describes the bridegroom as a 'Bachelor' and 'Mechanical Engineer'. The marriage took place in the church of Father's parent, Ward Chapel, and was witnessed by Father's friend, Wilfred Nicoll, and Mother's brother, Alan Japp.

Their honeymoon could not have lasted more than a few days. Father would have had to embark at Southampton not much later than October 21<sup>st</sup>, the Sunday after the Tuesday wedding, to arrive in New York on November 1<sup>st</sup> and Southampton would have been at least a day by train from Dundee.

Now let us go back in time and distance to seventeenth century Montrose to meet some of our mother's ancestors in Section IV. Then, in Section V, I'll tell the regrettably little I know about our Mother's early years.



#### SECTION IV: THE ANTECEDENTS OF MARGARET HELEN JAPP

Before introducing our mother's ancestors, I should again acknowledge that I took much of the information to be presented in the following pages from an extensive family tree compiled by Jane Gibson in April 1983. This masterpiece, over seven feet in length and covering six families, was based on earlier trees prepared by Agnes Dinwiddie (a lady to whom we are related through one pair of our great-great-grandparents) and by Jessie Watt, Jane Gibson's mother. Jane had sent a copy of this tree to Mother who, in turn, sent it to me many years ago. On this tree, three generations go by before the first Japp, our (and Jane Gibson's) great-grandfather, **Robert Japp**, enters the story by marrying **Helen Williamson**. Robert's and Helen's descendants take up about three and a half feet of the seven-foot wide tree, with our parents' family using about half a foot of this! (My apologies to Jane Gibson for using a yard goods analogy to describe her magnificent family tree but at least that will give you an idea of the magnitude of her accomplishment and how we fit into it.)

In July 1994, Jane sent me another family tree that shows three generations of the ancestors of our great-grandfather, Robert Japp; also the names of his three brothers, two sisters, and '4 others,' unnamed siblings, and some of their descendants. This tree was compiled by James W. Japp, one of Robert Japp's many nephews and an 'ex-Provost [Mayor] of Montrose,' in 1898. It was updated by Jane's father, Arthur James Watt, in 1919, and again updated by Jane in 1987 as more information became available from her research.

I am also indebted to Jane Gibson for sending me a transcription of a letter to the editor that appeared in the *Montrose Standard and Angus and Mearns Register* of March 6, 1908 (D-1). The author of the letter, 'V. D.,' claimed that the family name, Japp, originated with the arrival in Scotland of a soldier named Marcus Japus, a subaltern in the army of Julius Agricola. (Julius Agricola was the great Roman general who attempted the conquest of Britain.) V. D. may have been (but probably was not) correct in his theory about the origin of the name, Japp, but he seems to have been quite a bit off in his dates. Julius Agricola, the general, was Rome's governor of Britain from about 78 to 85 AD. He died in 93 AD so he was certainly not the Julius Agricola that V. D. has arriving in 'Scotia' in 270 AD (probably a typographical error; meant to be 70 AD). Jane Gibson is convinced that either V. D. did not know what he was talking about or that he was playing a joke on the editor. She thinks it more likely that the surname, Japp, originated in either Holland (as Jaap) or France (as Jupe).

Again, I must thank the Mormon researchers who have summarized the Montrose Parish Records in several microfiche listings of marriages and christenings. I will cite these as we go along through the generations. Another contribution by J. W. Japp and A. J. Watt that Mother sent me was the 'Japp Family History,' a narrative listing of Japps back to 1530. However, with the Mormon records available to me, I have been unable to corroborate all this information prior to our great-grandfather **Robert Japp's** grandfather, also **Robert Japp**. I am not going to let that stop me from sharing with you the information handed down to me in the 'Japp Family History.' It is interesting and, being based on J. W. Japp's research and interviews of almost a century ago with older family members, it is probably credible.

In the following paragraphs, I will quote the early portion of this narrative listing down to Robert's grandfather, Robert. From that point on I will quote pertinent portions as I go down through the Japp generations. Unfortunately, the listing is quite lengthy and would not reproduce well so I decided not to put it in an Appendix. When I do refer to it, it will be as the 'JWJ List.' Explanatory comments, not part of the italicized list, will be in [ . . . ]. At the top of the first page Mother wrote, *'My Father's Line.'*

Excerpts from the JWJ List:

*'The Montrose Branch of the Family of Japp seems to have originated in the Parish of Dun from:*

1. *William Japp, Preceptor in the family of John Erskine of Dun, the Reformer and friend of John Knox (Erskine died in 1591). William probably lived 1530 to 1600 and probably came from Holland. [Where the name was probably originally Jaap. 'Preceptor,' Jane Gibson tells me, is someone holding a warrant of authority—perhaps Erskine's estate manager.]*

2. *John Jap, Servitor to the Earl of Southesk (Servitor meant Friend, Advisor, or Secretary) was made Burgess and Freeman of Montrose 7th November, 1698. He may have been a grandson of William. ['Burgess' indicated he was granted the right to trade in the town, a sort of license to conduct business. 'Freeman', Jane believes, was an honorary title. The Mormon record show a John Jap, son of Wm. Jap, being baptized on 20 Dec 1649. He would have been 49 when John Jap, the Servitor, was made a Burgess so possibly he was 'our' John Jap.]*

3. *William Jape had a 5 years tack of Shepherds tack Montrose 1709 on certain conditions of Pasture at Mary loch—he may have been an elder brother of John of Little Mill. ['Tack' meant a lease; 'Shepherds tack' may have meant grazing rights but may also have referred to a specific pasture.]*

*Andrew Jape, Wright, admitted Burgess and Freeman 1715.*

*David Japp, Wright, admitted " " " 1718.*

[A 'Wright' was one who made things from wood or metal. The relationship between John Jap, William and Andrew Jape and David Japp is not specified but they were probably brothers. The different spellings of the surnames are of no significance.]

4. *John Japp. Tenant of Little Mill (a wind mill) probably lived about 1695 to 1775. [There is still an old house near the House of Dun in the Parish of Dun called Little Mill House.] His family:*

5. *Robert, born 1724, died 3rd Sept 1807, married Janet Thompson and then Helen Bowman. He began business 1750 as wright, pumpmaker, turner, etc. He was a little neat rosy-cheeked man wearing knee britches, rig and fur stockings, and a leather apron. ['Rig and fur' stockings had a ribbed pattern—a rig was the ridge between furrows in a plowed field and a fur was the furrow.]*

*His brother James was father to Henry, upholsterer, bell hanger, etc., all his life in service of James Japp and John & Francis Japp. [I believe this means that Henry worked for his cousin James, Robert's son, and then for this James' sons, John and Francis, all of whom*

were cabinetmakers. A bell hanger installed the bells in the downstairs servants' quarters, the pull cords in the upper rooms, and the connecting wires by which a servant could be summoned to a particular upstairs room. Henry had a son, Alexander, born in 1813, who became a sea captain and is listed in the Lloyd's *Captains Register* of 1869 on D-17.]

*His [Robert's] sister Catherine married William Bremner, Wright, and Tibbie [Robert's sister, Isobel] married Andrew Bertie a soldier. [The Mormon records for Montrose show Isobel's marriage taking place on 8 August 1764 but show no record of Catherine's wedding.]*

*Andrew Japp, Vintiner [vintner, a wine merchant] born 1754 died 13 June 1799, married Ann Smith. He was buried next Robert and probably was his brother.'*

End of excerpt from the JWJ List.

[Mormon records show that an Andrew Japp, son of John Japp and Janet Fouller, was baptized on 12 Aug 1754 but this is hardly solid evidence that this Andrew was the brother of Robert, James, Catherine and Tibbie. Also, as we will see, there is evidence that Andrew is not now buried next to Robert in Montrose.]

Except for Isobel's marriage to Andrew Bertie and Andrew Japp's baptism, I found no conclusive matches between the information in the JWJ list shown above and listings in the Mormon microfiche records. I did not find a John Japp (Para. 4 in the JWJ List) born in 1695 but the record does show that a John Japp, son of Alexander Japp and Margaret Neiper, was baptized on 1 Oct 1699—only a possibility without further evidence. (If this John Japp is our John of Little Mill, then Alexander and Margaret would be two of our 128 greatx5-grandparents.) The record shows that Alexander and Margaret had three children, Alexander, Isobell, and Robert, before John but there is no mention of a William who would have been the older brother mentioned in Para. 3 of the JWJ List. [The Mormon record also shows that an Alexander Japp and an Isab. Thomson baptized a son, John, on 22 Dec 1726 but this is of interest only because those are, coincidentally, also the names of our maternal grandparents.]

The Mormon record of Montrose marriages shows that a John Japp married a Janet Birny on 2 December 1726 when John, the son of Alexander, would have been almost 27 years old. The Mormon record of births and baptisms in Montrose shows that John Japp (also listed as Jape) and Janet Birny (also listed as Birney, Birnay, and Birnie) had seven children between October 1727 and January 1737: John, Catharine [sic], John Alexander, James, Isabel, Margaret, and William. However, of these seven, only James, Catherine, and Isabel (Tibbie) are mentioned in the JWJ List. John, John Alexander, Margaret, and William are missing from the JWJ List and Robert, on the JWJ List, is not listed in the Mormon record. This record does show, however, that a John Japp had a son, Andrew, in 1754 (the birth year given in the JWJ List for Andrew) but the mother was a Janet Fouller, apparently John's second or third wife. The Mormon record also confirms the JWJ List by showing that Andrew Japp married Ann Smith on 18 Nov 1785.



The alert reader will have noticed that John's oldest son, Robert, was, according to the JWW List, born in 1724, at least two years before John married Janet Birny at the end of 1726. This suggests several possibilities. If Robert was a child of Janet Birny and if he was born in 1724, he was born out of wedlock. [Jane Gibson told me that '*premarital fornication*,' also referred to by the more euphemistic term, '*anticipatory consummation*,' although a sin in the eyes of the church, was quite common and that betrothal was accepted as almost synonymous with marriage.] Other possibilities are that John had an earlier marriage in, and Robert was born in, a parish other than Montrose or these events took place in Montrose but, for some reason, were not recorded. I have not been able to resolve this mystery. It is my opinion (or my speculation) that John of Little Mill was father to all nine of these children but the question of how many times he was married remains unanswered.

If we had no further information, we would have to take it on faith that the JWW List is correct when it shows that our greatx4-grandfather Japp was John of Little Mill. However, during my 1995 visit to Montrose, I spent a few hours at the town library where I met a most knowledgeable and helpful young lady, Fiona Scharlau, the 'Local Studies Librarian.' She had much information on the Japp family that she was kind enough to copy for me. Most interesting was a small book, *Montrose Trade: Past and Present. An Old-Established Firm*, that contains a comprehensive history of the Montrose Japps through the nineteenth century. She also gave me transcripts of town and court records (D-3 & D-4.) that mention various Japps. (In a July 1996 letter, Mrs. Scharlau offered a further hint of possible family scandal! She quoted old records that said that, ' . . . a Janet Birny was baptized in November 1693. She was the illegitimate daughter of James Birnie and Margaret Mitchell, born in fornication.')

With Fiona Scharlau's assistance, I also found a directory to the local churchyard burial plots. With this and a large key to the graveyard gate borrowed from the Town Clerk's Office I located the gravestone with the inscription that I have transcribed below: (/ indicates a new line.)

Inscription on the gravestone of Robert Japp in the Montrose churchyard:

*'HERE LIE / THE REMAINS / OF / ROBERT JAPP, WRIGHT / SON OF JOHN JAPP, TENANT OF LITTLE MILL / WHO DIED 3RD SEP, 1807, AGED 83 YEARS / ALSO OF JANET THOMPSON / HIS FIRST SPOUSE / AND HELEN BOUMAN / HIS SECOND SPOUSE. / IN THE ADJOINING GROUND LIE / THE REMAINS OF HIS FAMILY / JAMES, MARGARET, JEAN / SPOUSE OF FRANCIS ROBERTSON / AND TWO WHO DIED IN INFANCY' and, at the bottom, 'RENEWED 1900 BY HIS GREAT GRANDSONS.'*

(Note the spelling of Robert's second wife's surname—in other records it is Bowman. The substitution of U for W seemed to have been common in those days.) A photograph of this stone is on D-2.

Starting with our greatx3-grandfather, **Robert Japp**, we can match the JWJ List and Jane Gibson's family trees with the Mormon records. However, despite some mismatches between the JWJ List and the Mormon records, I am going to start with **John of Little Mill**. Then, after showing **Robert**, his son, **James**, and his grandson, **Robert** (our great-grandfather), I will backtrack to show the lineage of our great-grandmother, **Helen Williamson**, Robert's wife.

Although the records I have found do not show that John of Little Mill had a wife before he married Janet Birny, I am going to assume that he did and that our greatx3-grandfather, Robert, was not born of Janet Birny before she married John Japp of Little Mill.

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**John Japp** (b.~1699-d.~1775) married three times (?)

First wife (if there was one, and date of marriage, were not recorded in Forfarshire).

Child: **Robert** (c.1724-d.3 Sep 1807). (Birth not recorded in Forfarshire.)

Second wife: Janet Birny (b.?-d.?) m. on 2 Dec 1726 in Montrose.

Children: John (c.5 Oct 1727-d. ?), Catherine (c.9 Mar 1729-d. ?),

John Alexander (c.14 Nov 1731-d.?), James (c.10 Mar 1734-d.?),

Isabel and Margaret (c.24 Jun 1736-d.?), William (c.7 Jan 1739-d.?).

Third wife: Janet Foulter (b.?-d.?) (Marriage not recorded in Forfarshire.)

Child: Andrew (c.12 Aug 1754-d.?)

The Japp family tree sent to me by Jane Gibson was extracted from the tree compiled by James W. Japp, a grandson of our great-great-grandfather, **James Japp**, in 1898. It was revised by Jane's father, Arthur James Watt, in 1919, and revised again by Jane in 1987. It starts with our greatx4-grandfather, **John Japp of Little Mill**. It estimates that he lived from 1695 to 1775 but indicates, by a dashed line, some doubt about whether he was the father of Robert Japp. However, from the inscription on the stone in the Old Churchyard of Montrose described earlier, I am convinced that he was. While visiting Montrose in 1997, Rosamund and I noticed a sign, 'Little Mill House,' on a road near the town. We drove up the narrow lane to find a very old and very patched-up stone house. After talking to the present tenants, I concluded that this was 'Little Mill,' the home and farm of our greatx4-grandfather, **John Japp**. (If there had been a windmill at some time it had not survived.) Further evidence of Robert's parentage is found in the book, *Montrose Trade, Past and Present—An Old-Established Firm (D-5/D-12)*, a reprint of an article in the *Montrose Standard* newspaper of April 29, 1898. It is a fascinating account of the Japp family and their cabinetmaking business, a major industry in Montrose and one of the larger enterprises of its kind in Scotland. This book says that *'In the early days of the last century Mr. John Japp was a farmer at Little Mill. His son, Robert Japp, commenced the business about 1750.'*

To summarize the JWJ List and the Montrose Parish records: Robert had eight half-brothers and sisters ('half' assuming he was the only child of John's first wife). According to the Japp Family Tree, John, John Alexander, Margaret, and William did not marry but James,

a weaver, married Mary Davidson. The Montrose marriage records do not show James' marriage but they do show a John Japp marrying a Jean Richie in 1756, a Margaret Japp marrying a John Scott in 1763, and a William Japp marrying a Jean Christie in 1765. Whether these were Robert's siblings is, of course, pure speculation. However, the marriage records do confirm the JWW List by showing that Isobel married Andrew Bertie on 8 August 1764 and that Andrew Japp married Ann Smith on 13 November 1785.

Now, on to our greatx3 grandfather **Robert Japp**, his two wives, and his five children.

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**Robert Japp (b.1724-d.3 Sep1807)** married twice.

First wife: **Janet Thompson (b.?-d.~1768)** m. (?) on 16 July 1758 in Montrose and on 22 July 1758, in Maryton by Montrose, a nearby village.

Children: Margaret (c.23 Sept 1759-d.?), Jean (c.23 Oct 1761-d.),

**James (b.13 Dec 1763-d.7 Sep 1842)**, Elizabeth (c.19 Mar 1766-d.?), and John (c.12 Oct 1768-d.?) (All born in Montrose.)

Second wife: Helen Bowman (b.?-d.?) m. 6 July 1770 in Montrose.

Children: None found in records.

According to parish records, **Robert** and **Janet**, two of our greatx3-grandparents, married each other twice, once in Montrose and again, six days later, in Maryton by Montrose. However, Jane Gibson believes the first 'marriage' was actually just a Sunday announcement of their betrothal before the Montrose congregation with the marriage taking place the following Saturday. (The Church of Scotland required that the Banns be read for three consecutive weeks in the parishes of both bride and groom but it did not require duplicate marriage ceremonies.) It is my guess that Janet died in 1768, perhaps during the birth of John, although I found no record of the exact date of her death or the cause of death. Robert remarried less than two years later. Robert and his second wife, Helen, apparently had no children.

As described in the JWW List, Robert was a wright, probably working in both wood and metal. He was a 'turner'—he made things on a lathe, certainly from wood and probably from metal since he fabricated pumps. In a busy seaport like Montrose he would not have lacked for customers. The book cited on the previous page notes that part of his business was boring out tree trunks to make water mains and water well casings. Later he branched into cabinetmaking, developing a flourishing business that he turned over to his son, James, in 1790. James had been in London where, it is my guess, he was studying furniture design and manufacture, perhaps as an apprentice.

Next, our great-great-grandfather, **James Japp**, his two wives and his two families of seven children and three children, respectively.

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**James Japp (b.13 Dec 1763-d.7 Sep 1842 in Montrose)** married twice.

First wife: Jean Mitchell (b.1756-d.10 Mar 1819 in Montrose) m. 26 Jun 1791 in Montrose.

Children: John (b.2 Jun 1792-d.17 Jan 1849), Robert (b.5 Nov 1793-d.5 May 1794),  
Jean (b.14 Mar 1795-d.26 Jun 1821), Margaret (b.26 Oct 1797-d.24 Nov 1797),  
Francis (b.20 Oct 1799-d.29 Apr 1875), Isboll (b.30 Apr 1801-d.5 Jan 1847), and  
James (b.9 Nov 1803-d.29 Jun 1847). (All born in Montrose.)

Second wife: **Catherine Fawns or Fauns (c.4 Apr 1793-d.21 Dec 1863)** m. (?) on 28 Jan 1821 in Montrose and on 31 Jan 1821 in Brechin, a town six miles west of Montrose.

Children: Jane (b.4 Nov 1821-d.5 Dec 1870), **Robert (b.5 Nov 1821-d.28 Jan 1874)**, and  
Mary (b.6 Jul 1826-d.11 Sept 1880). (All born in Montrose.)

Again, parish records show James and Catherine married each other twice, but, as noted earlier for his father, the first 'marriage,' on a Sunday, was probably just a reading of the Banns in Montrose with the actual wedding in Brechin on the following Wednesday.

Our great-great-grandfather, **James Japp**, was a cabinetmaker and, apparently, a very skilled one. Jane Gibson says some of his creations are now collectors' items. She has a desk and a chair made by James' firm. Besides being a skilled craftsman, James was an astute businessman and the Japp enterprise grew under his direction despite a major fire on 21 December, 1803. (Jane Gibson told me that, as reported in the *Dundee, Perth, and Cupar Advertiser*, the fire destroyed the Japp warehouse and workshop.) James introduced the latest bookkeeping methods and invested wisely in new equipment to increase productivity. His customers included many of the wealthy families of the district for whom the firm made furniture and did the interior finishing of their mansions.

When I was in the Montrose area in 1995, I visited one of these great houses, The House of Dun, that contains some examples of the Japp firm's handiwork. I was interested to learn that the House of Dun had been built in the early 18<sup>th</sup> century by the same Erskine family for whom William Japp was the Preceptor in the 16th century according to the JWW List. **John Japp's** farm, Little Mill, is nearby and may have been part of the Erskine estate. The estate was bequeathed to the National Trust for Scotland in 1980 by the last of the Erskine line. The House of Dun was restored and officially opened by the Queen Mother in 1989. The Guide Book mentions work done by the Japp firm during an 1853 modernization. I visited it again with Rosamund in 1997. The Japp firm also had a product line of wooden toys, such as hobby horses and dolls. Other product lines were clock cases (for grandfather clocks), golf club heads, farm implements, and spindles and shuttles for the textile industry.

Although Jean Mitchell, James' first wife, did not marry him until she was about 35-years-old, she obviously overcame any concerns she may have had about childbearing at her 'advanced' age, presenting James with seven children over an eleven-year period. Of these, all but Robert and Margaret survived childhood—probably a high infant survival rate for that

period. I found the stories of some of the children and grandchildren of this first marriage are interesting.

The Japp Family Tree up-dated by Jane Gibson shows that James' son, John, married Isabella Thorne and they had six children. However, the JWJ List shows seven children but only six names. They were: James William (JWJ), Francis Mitchell (FMJ), Mary Jane, Isabella (who died at age 7), Catherine (who died at age 11), a second Isabella (born two weeks after the first Isabella died), and Helen Williamson. Helen Williamson Japp was born thirteen years after the **Helen Williamson** who was to marry John's half-brother, **Robert**, thirteen years later. Was John Japp's youngest daughter named after his half-brother's future wife? Jane Gibson thinks it more likely that she was named after Helen (Greig) Williamson, mother of the Helen who was to marry Robert Japp. (We will meet these Helens later.)

Two of this John's grandsons, Sir Henry Japp, son of JWJ and Isabella Middleton, and Sir Ernest Moir, son of the second Isabella Japp and A. M. Moir, were famous civil engineers. Sir Ernest Moir supervised the construction of the East River Tunnel in New York City. Both Sir Henry Japp and Sir Ernest Moir served on the British Purchasing Mission in New York City during the Great War.

John Japp, with his younger brother, Francis, took over their father's business when James retired in 1830. This brother partnership lasted until 1847 when John retired, perhaps due to poor health since he died two years later. He passed his share of the firm to his sons, JWJ (author of the JWJ List) and FMJ, who ran the firm in partnership with their Uncle Francis until he retired in 1871, four years before his death.

JWJ retired in 1898 after having served Montrose as Provost (Mayor) and as a member of the Burgh School Board. FMJ brought his son, Frank, into the business in 1888. FMJ was noted for inventing machines to make specialty products such as square balustrades and ships' pulley blocks. He is credited with bringing the first bandsaw (steam-powered) to Scotland after seeing it at the Paris Exhibition of 1855. The firm also started dealing in antiques and became one of the larger British importers of furniture-quality lumber, such as mahogany and teak. Since the firm no longer exists, I was curious to know when, and why, it had ended its operations. To answer this question, Mrs. Scharlau quoted a passage from the obituary of FMJ's son, Frank, who died around 1901: *'On the retirement of [J. W. Japp] from the firm in 1898, father and son [FMJ and Frank] conducted it with much success for a number of years, but a long period of depression entailed the cessation of a large and flourishing business.'* FMJ outlived both the business and his son, Frank, dying on January 14, 1908, at age 81. His obituary appeared in the 1909 issue of the Montrose Year Book.

Now, continuing with the children of James Japp's first marriage: Robert died after only six months. Jean married Alexander Masterton, a 'flesher' (butcher). Poor little Margaret lived only a month.

Francis married Mary Cant. As noted above, Francis retired from the family firm in 1871. He had also been active in municipal affairs, attaining the title of Baillie [Scots for Municipal Magistrate]. Francis and Mary had thirteen children. One of the thirteen, John Japp (b.1844-d.1911), moved to Liverpool as a young lad. Within a few years he had established himself as

a ship broker and two years later had formed a shipping firm with a James Kirby. Japp & Kirby became a prominent Liverpool maritime enterprise. John Japp was very active in civic affairs and eventually became Lord Mayor of Liverpool. The high esteem in which he was held by his fellow citizens can be judged from his obituaries. (These, from Liverpool newspapers kindly provided by Miss E. Organ, Supervisor of the Liverpool Library Records Office, in March 1996, are included on **D-13/D-16**.) Although John's obituaries do not mention his wife, he had married Margaret Hawke Genn in 1869, according to Jane Gibson. John and Margaret had three sons and two daughters. Only the two older sons, Frank and Russell, are mentioned in the obituaries. Margaret died in 1885. During John's term as Lord Mayor, his sister (Miss Japp in the obituaries), served as 'Lady Mayoress.'

Isboll married Andrew Napier, a painter/artist. Andrew Napier was a master house painter but one of his specialties was painting crests on carriage doors for the Montrose Coachworks. They had four children but no grandchildren according to the JWJ List. Isboll (as the JWJ List calls her) is identified as Isabella Japp, wife of 'Alexander' Napier, on another memorial stone in the Montrose churchyard. The stone also lists three of their children: James, Master of the Brig *James Watt*, who died at sea near Cuba in 1845 at age 23; Francis, Manager of the Edinburgh and Northern Railway, who died in 1848 at age 22, and Catherine Napier who died, aged 53, in 1890. The fourth child on the JWJ List, George, is not mentioned on the stone but was a well-known marine artist. **D-2** includes a photograph of this stone. [Although the James Napier commemorated on the stone is identified as a Ship's Master, I did not find him listed in the 1869 Captains Register. His brig, the *James Watt*, was probably named for the famous Scottish inventor credited with developing a practical steam engine and giving his name to the commonly used unit of electrical power.]

In late 1997 I learned of a researcher, Sylvia (Napier) Bailey, who had done extensive research on both the Japp and Valentine families. The results of her research had been recorded on several microfiches by her husband after her death. Jane Gibson was very helpful in putting me in touch with Sylvia's husband, Alan Bailey. Mr. Bailey most generously sent me copies of the microfiche. The family trees they contain show that Sylvia Napier was a greatx3-granddaughter of our great-great-grandfather, James Japp, and his first wife.

James, the youngest son of James and Jean Mitchell, married Martha Wood. They had five children, but four died in infancy. The fifth child, Francis, survived and grew up to become Professor of Chemistry at Aberdeen University.

Twenty-two months after his first wife died, **James**, now 56, married **Catherine Fawns**, the daughter of **John Fawns**, a tailor in Brechin, and his wife, **Mary Wood**. James' second family started with twins, Jane and our great-grandfather, **Robert**, born shortly after Jane but on the next day. (**Robert** was the second of James' sons to bear that name.) Their younger sister, Mary, did not come along until several years later. Jane never married.

Mary married Thomas Crookshank, a farmer from Glenskenno, with whom she had four children: John, Mary Jane, Isabella, and Margaret. (Thomas Crookshank had started out as the innkeeper of the Star Hotel in Montrose but, after he inherited money from a rich uncle, he became a gentleman farmer.) None of his children ever married. (On Mother's list of her wedding presents she mentions a teacloth from Miss I. Crookshank and £5 from the Misses

Crookshank.) Fortunately for us, **Robert** did marry. He was to take as his wife a Montrose girl, **Helen Williamson**, as we will see.

I should mention still another memorial stone I found in the Montrose churchyard. It was placed there in 1864 in memory of **James Japp**, Cabinetmaker (twenty-two years after his death), his two wives, Jean and **Catherine**, six of his ten children, the infants Robert and Margaret, Jean, Isabella, James, and John and **James'** sister-in-law, Ann Fawns. (I did not get a photograph of this stone.)

Before we go on to see our great-grandparents, **Robert Japp** and **Helen Williamson**, joined in holy matrimony, I would like to trace **Helen's** family line as far back as Jane Gibson's family tree and Mormon records allow. Jane Gibson's Williamson Family Tree starts with Walter Greig, a Master Weaver, from either Montrose or the nearby village of Johnshaven. The Mormon Index of christenings for the Montrose Parish lists no Walter Greig during the period when we would expect Walter to have been born, based on the known date of his marriage. However, there is a no-first-name entry for 10 September 1741 that shows that a John Grieg (not Greig) and his wife, Jean Watson, baptized a child (name not given and gender not specified). This child would have been 23 when the Index shows Walter Greig married a Jean Stoa on 8 July 1764 so it is a *possibility* that he was the Walter listed on the Family Tree. If so, John Grieg and Jean Watson were another pair of our greatx5-grandparents, but I must admit this is heavy on speculation and light on evidence.

Another note of mystery (or scandal!) lies in another entry in the Index under marriages that shows John Grieg and Jean Watson were married on 16 October 1741, several weeks after they christened the child mentioned above. So, let us quickly move on from this confusion between Grieg and Greig and the possibility of another ancestor born out of wedlock to the firmer ground offered by Jane's Family Tree, starting with Walter Greig, the Master Weaver.

Although the Mormon Index does not show Walter Greig's parentage beyond the shadow of a doubt, it does show that he married Jean Stoa and that they had two children. That is where I will begin the story of our Great-grandmother **Helen Williamson**.

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**Walter Greig (b.?-d.?) m. Jean Stoa (b.?-d.?) on 8 July 1764 in Montrose.**

Children: Walter (c.8 Apr 1767-d.?) and

**Helen (c.7 Aug 1769-d.?) in Montrose.**

**Walter** and **Jean** were two of our sixty-four greatx4-grandparents. The Mormon Index shows that their son, Walter, married Elizabeth Hackney on 24 April 1796 and that they had six children: Elizabeth, Helen, Mary, Jean, Walter, and John.

Walter's sister, **Helen**, one of our greatx3-grandmothers, had married **John Williamson** about two years earlier. Their marriage is covered next.

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**John Williamson (b.?-d.1802) m. Helen Greig (c.7 Aug 1769-d.?)** on 26 Jan 1794 in Montrose.

Children: Jean (b.13 Apr 1795-d.?) and

**Alexander (b.13 Nov 1796-d.26 Aug 1858)** in Montrose. (Alexander may have had a twin brother, John, according to Jane Gibson.)

The Family Tree shows that **John Williamson**, one of our greatx3-grandfathers, was a mariner, the captain of a merchant ship, who died in Johnshaven in 1802. In attempting to find John's parents, I looked through the Mormon Index of births and christenings in Montrose to find a John Williamson who would have been of likely marriageable age in 1794. Unfortunately, the only John Williamsons listed were one born in 1783, who would have been 11 in 1794, and one born in 1731, who would have been 63. The latter is a possibility but, lacking any other information, I cannot claim to have found 'our' John Williamson. I found no information at all about Alexander's sister, Jean, other than the date of her birth, so perhaps she never married, at least not in Montrose. We will now meet two more of our great-great-grandparents, **Alexander Williamson** and **Jane Simpson**.

\*\*\*\*

**Alexander Williamson (b.13 Nov 1796-d.26 Aug 1858) m. (?) Jane Simpson (b.1800-d.1864)** on 12 June 1825 in Montrose and on 15 June 1825 in Edinburgh.

Children: **Helen (b.16 Apr 1826-d.1886)**, Margaret Jane (b.11 Nov 1831-d.1886),  
Alexina b.20 May 1833-d.25 Oct 1889), Jessie (b.3 May 1835-d.19 Jul 1910),  
Alexander (29 Dec 1836-d.1837), and  
Alexander John (7 Mar 1838-d.23 Dec 1860).

The Mormon records show that the first marriage ceremony took place in Montrose. However, it is probable that the 'marriage' on June 12<sup>th</sup> (a Sunday) was just the Proclamation of the Banns. The actual wedding ceremony took place the following Wednesday in Edinburgh as evidenced by a slip of paper (**D-18**) that I found among the papers given to Christine by Mother. It appears to be the original marriage certificate for the actual wedding. It states, 'At *Edinburgh* the *15* day of *June* 1825. That *Mr. Alexander Williamson* and *Miss Jane Simpson* were this day Married by me, is hereby Certified. *Andrew Thomson* Minister.' (Italics indicate words and numbers written in by hand.)

**Alexander** was, by profession, a 'Writer' with an office on Market Street in Montrose in 1832—the Scots word, 'Writer,' meant lawyer; i. e., one who wrote wills and contracts. In 1836, he was placed on the Roll of Burgesses for Montrose, a significant honor. Although he was obviously well established in Montrose, it appears that he later moved to the Dundee area, perhaps to retire. The Family Tree tells us he is buried in Broughty Ferry, now an



eastern suburb of Dundee. His wife, who had the complimentary nickname, 'Bonnie Jeanie,' outlived him by six years and is buried in Smithdown Cemetery in Liverpool.

After **Alexander** died, **Jane** moved to Errol, just west of Dundee, with two of her daughters; then, after they married, she apparently decided to spend her final years with her daughter, **Helen**, who, as we will see, lived with her husband in the Liverpool area.

I will back track here to point out that Great-great-grandmother **Jane Simpson** was the daughter of **David Simpson** and **Janet Largie** and the granddaughter of **Andrew Largie** of Johnshaven. **Andrew Largie** is another of our greatx4-grandfathers.

Before going on to the wedding in which **Helen Williamson** became **Mrs. Robert Japp**, there are some stories to tell about her siblings. In the case of her sister, Margaret Jane, it is a tale of tragedy at sea. Margaret married a merchant, David Spankie, and emigrated with him to Australia where, in 1865, they had a son. Later that year, she and her baby returned to Scotland to visit her family and show them her new son. On her return voyage to Australia in 1866, she and her son were lost when their ship, the *Lord Raglan*, went down.

Alexina Williamson married William Gorrie Kinmont who worked for the Inland Revenue Service. They had five children and many later descendants who fill a large area of the Jane Gibson's Family Tree. She and William both died, six months apart, in 1889 and are buried in Newington Cemetery in Edinburgh. Jane Gibson's parents knew some of the later Kinmonts.

Jessie Williamson married a man with the impressive name, Charles Nairn Barker Melville. The Family Tree notes that he was inducted as Minister of Maryculter [Church] in 1867. They had four children: Charles James, Jane, Agnes Margaret, and Alexander Kennedy. All except Alexander married and have descendants down to the present generation.

Of particular interest to us, Jane Williamson married Thomas E. S. Clarke, DD., the Minister at Saltoun. One of their three children, Jessie Lillian Clarke, married one of her second cousins, Arthur James Watt, another great-grandchild of Alexander and Jane Williamson. Their only child was Jane Watt, later Jane Gibson, provider of the Family Tree.

Since Jane Gibson and we share great-great-grandparents, **Alexander Williamson** and **Jane Simpson**, we are, by this connection, her third cousins. (However, as we will see later, we also share great-grandparents, **Robert Japp** and **Helen Williamson**, with her so we are by this connection also her second cousins! Coincidentally, both Jane Gibson's grandmothers were also named Jane. By virtue of her dual 'cousinship,' Jane and her family appear twice on the Williamson Family Tree. Nobody said genealogy was simple!)

**Alexander and Jane Williamson's** first son, Alexander, died the year after he was born. Their next child was another son whom they named Alexander John but, sadly, he died without marrying before he reached his 23rd birthday. They have descendants but none bearing the Williamson name. Now, having introduced all the known ancestors of our great-grandparents, **Robert Japp** and **Helen Williamson**, it remains only to see them married.

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**Robert Japp (b.5 Nov 1821-d.28 Jan 1874) m. Helen Williamson (b.16 Apr 1826-d.1886)**  
on 26 Dec 1852 in Montrose.

Children: James (b.1853-d.8 May 1902), Robert (b.?-d.?),

Jane (b.29 Aug 1856-d.12 Jan 1909),

**Alexander (b.14 Feb 1862-d.24 Jan 1908)**, and Frank (b.1864-d.1866).

Although we know that our great-grandfather, **Robert Japp**, was born, raised, and married in Montrose there is little else we know about his early life. The Family Tree shows that, after leaving Montrose, he worked for Her Majesty's Custom Office in Liverpool, then one of the busiest ports in the world, and at other ports. Jane Gibson sent me the photographs of **Robert** and his **Helen** on the following pages. The dates of Robert's birth and marriage were found in Mormon records. The *Montrose Review* of January 30, 1874, noted, under Deaths, '*At Liverpool, on the 28th instant, Robert Japp, late of H. M. Customs, in the fifty-third year of his age. Friends will please accept of this intimation.*'

We know much more about most of Robert's children than we know about him but, unfortunately, much of what we know about them is tragedy or mystery. Of his five children, only Jane and our grandfather, **Alexander**, escaped misfortune and are known to have raised families with descendants to the present generation. Jane Japp and her descendants will be discussed later.

The youngest son, Frank, lived only two years. Robert, the second son, is given no dates of birth or death on Jane Gibson's Family Tree. He was probably born in 1854 or 1855. We know he was still alive in 1916 but do not know where, when, or how he died. I have learned very little about him or what he did. (Jane Gibson says he did not do very much of anything! She got the impression from her Watt aunts that Robert was a gentle soul but rather ineffective.). Apparently he emigrated to California where he seems to have drifted off almost completely from contact with his family. The only known communication from him to one of his family was a letter he sent from Sacramento to his sister, Jane Watt, in 1916—seven years after she had died! Jane Gibson's Family Tree's only comment on Robert is, '*Disappeared in Sacramento, Cal., USA, after December 1916.*'

In April 1996, I wrote to the California State Registrar of Vital Statistics in Sacramento and requested a copy of the death certificate for Robert Japp who, I said, probably died in 1917 or 1918. However, they were unable to find any record of him between 1916 and 1925, when he would have been about 70 years old. Possibly he worked as a seaman and died at sea or in a foreign port. In October 1996, Jane Gibson sent me a copy of the envelope (**D-19**) in which Robert sent the letter to his sister. On stationery of the Western Hotel in Sacramento (no longer in business), it is postmarked June 21, 1916, and was addressed to Mrs. J. B. Watt, c/o Japp & Kirby, Ship Owners, Liverpool. I asked Ms. Beals of the California Genealogical Society to see what she could find out about son Robert Japp. All she was able to tell me was that she did not find him in the 1920 census report for California.



Robert Japp (1821-1874)  
Great-grandfather



Helen Williamson (1826-1886)

Great-grandmother

As sad as are the tales of Frank, Robert, and their Aunt Margaret Jane Spankie and her little son, it is in the story of our great-uncle James Japp and his family that we see a tragedy of epic proportions. James was born in Liverpool in 1853. Early in his career as a businessman he worked in Nantes, France, for a firm engaged in importing fruit from the West Indies. Later, he apparently decided to go into business for himself. He emigrated to the French Caribbean island colony of Guadeloupe in the Lesser Antilles. Here he met and married Julia Van Roumont, daughter of the former governor of Dutch Guiana (now Surinam). They had four children: Helen (Nellie), Marian, Robert, and the youngest, Julian Francis, born in October 1897. In that year, James and his family were living in Pointe à Pitre, Guadeloupe. Here, as a sideline to his business, he also served in the more-or-less honorary position of British Vice-Consul. However, he was awaiting a promotion to the important and official post of British Consul to all the French West Indies colonies in the port city of St. Pierre on the French Caribbean island of Martinique. Jane Gibson gave me a copy of a letter that James wrote to his cousin, Mary Crookshank, from Guadeloupe. It reveals a proud and devoted father. It also describes some of the hazards faced by members of the British diplomatic service. (His references to the Guadeloupe natives show that 'political correctness' had not yet come into vogue!) The copy of the handwritten letter, not very legible, is transcribed below:

*Pointe à Pitre, Guadeloupe, 4th Oct., 1897*

*My dear Mary,*

*I was very glad to receive your letter and the 'Review of Reviews' for August and wish some of you would write me oftener. I have not heard from Jean in over three months.*

*As a rule, I can't give you much news from this side—outside of earthquakes—which, however, are slackening down. This time it is different, as I have to announce to you the arrival of another son, Julian Francis—and a strapping fellow he is. He is enormous, has blue eyes (after my mother, I suppose), and brown hair. If he only turns out as well-favoured as his brother, I will be satisfied—the latter is really one of the finest looking children I have ever seen and is admired by everyone—even the niggers in the street, who call him 'Robair'. Nell has been a great help to her mother and looks after the servants and everything—just like a grown woman. She is a sharper, I can tell you, and, at the same time, an affectionate child, just like a little mother and worth half a dozen nigger servants. Baby (Marion), on the other hand, is like a kitten—all the time in mischief.*

*I am expecting every mail my nomination for Martinique, where I will be full-blown Britannic Majesty's Consul and for all the French West Indies. I hope to leave in about a month.*

*It has been terribly hot lately—my thermometer is showing 94 degrees in a draught in the house. Yellow fever has broken out in Jamaica and some of the other islands but I hope it won't come here. Martinique is sure to get it if it comes this way.*

*Hoping you are all well and, with love to Isa and Maggie, I remain*

*Your affectionate cousin,  
Jim*

James finally did receive his promotion. By 1902 he and his family were settled in St. Pierre, Martinique's main seaport and largest town, with a population of around 30,000. In January 1902, James sent a picture postcard (D-19) showing a view of the town and harbor to his brother-in-law, Captain James Birnie Watt, signing it, 'Yer guid brither, JJ.' ('Guid brither' is Scots for brother-in-law.) The postcard view shows a mountain in the background. This was 4428 ft. Mt. Pelée, about four miles from the town. (Although the name is similar to Pele, the Hawaiian goddess of volcanos, I do not know if there is a connection.) Although of volcanic origin, the mountain had shown no sign of activity since an eruption about 50 years earlier. This had caused earthquakes and some property damage but no casualties.

In April, James sent a post card with the same view to his brother, Robert (D-19). This card, postmarked April 26, 1902, was addressed to 'Mr. Robert Japp, Post Office, Los Angeles, California.'. On the view, James had drawn in smoke billowing from the mountain. He wrote, '*This is not trees. It is smoke, since yesterday.*' James then adds the rather plaintive note, '*Do you ever get my letters, post cards, or Porcupines [a Liverpool magazine]? I want to hear how you are getting along. If you are dead it is useless for me to continue. Just let me know. We are pretty well.*' The fact that this postcard ended up in the possession of Jane Gibson shows that Robert probably did receive it after it arrived in Los Angeles on May 12 and that he (or someone else) sent it back to his family in England. (The fact that Robert Japp apparently had no permanent address supports the theory that he was a seaman.)

On May 3, 1902, James wrote a letter to his sister, Jane (he called her Jean), describing the recent activity of the mountain that had been smoking and spewing ashes and cinders for about a month. I have included a copy of the original letter on D-21&D-22; however, since the copy may be difficult to read, I will transcribe it as follows:

*St. Pierre, 3rd May 1902*

*My dearest Jean,*

*I have just a moment to write you as the French mail is signalled. I wrote you about the volcano smoking last week. Well yesterday afternoon it began to throw out enormous clouds of steam & black smoke from a different place.*

*About 1 this morning I was awakened by a roaring noise something like thunder and saw lightning. At 3 the servant came running to the room in a fright saying that the houses and street were covered with dust. On going to the attic I found all the houses white as if there had been a snowstorm.*

*The dust continued to fall until there was a layer of ¼ inch & it is still falling a little. As it is very fine (I enclose a sample) & as we have no glass, only 'Jalousie' windows, it drives in & penetrates everywhere.*

*It seems to be brighter this afternoon & we must only pray that there will be no earthquake with it. The scene looks quite wintry, altho' it is awfully hot. Business was suspended all day & people have crowded in from the country.*

*The sky is overclouded with smoke & ashes all round & it seems quite misty. The volcano is 4 miles from here. A river running from it was swollen with dirty water & mud & made a great stink.*

*The people are quiet and cheerful, but uncertain what next to expect—hoping that it will be like a similar outburst 50 years ago, when there was no loss of life. Ju. [Julia] & the children were very frightened at first, but have gotten used to it.*

*I suppose the smoke went up nearly a mile yesterday afternoon—today it & the dust have spread—some of the latter having gone beyond Fort de France—20 miles away.*

*I believe there will be no danger & as telegrams have been sent home, I thought I would reassure you. Thousand & thousand of [tons of the] stuff must have fallen. It also gets into the food & the clothes presses.*

*I am better & have been out 3 times.*

*With love to all,  
Yr. aff. bro.,  
Jim*

James' reassurances to his sister were well-intentioned but he was soon to be proven badly mistaken in his optimism—with tragic consequences for him and his family. At 7:52 PM on May 8th, 1902, Ascension Day, Mt. Pelée exploded, sending a *nuée ardente* or pyroclastic flow—a superheated hurricane of toxic gas, steam, and ash—sweeping down the mountain and across the town of St. Pierre. Within seconds, the 30,000 inhabitants of the town, including James, Julia, and their four children, perished.

**D-23/D-26** are a copy of the December 1961 *British Readers' Digest* article, *Day of Doom in Martinique*, that describes the catastrophe. **D-27/D-30** contain clippings, provided by Fiona Scharlau of the Montrose Library, from the *Montrose Review* of May 16, 1902, describing the Martinique disaster, the loss of James and his family, and a simultaneous eruption of the volcano Soufrière on the island of St. Vincent, about 100 miles south of Martinique. [Another Soufrière volcano on the British island of Montserrat erupted in June 1997, causing numerous casualties. On Guadeloupe, still another mountain bearing this popular Caribbean volcano name remained quiet. The name is derived from 'soufre', French for sulfur or brimstone.]

One of the *Montrose Review* articles explains (but contradicts) James' final comment in his letter that he was better. The article notes that, '*A letter was received from Mr. Japp only last week, stating that he and his family had just returned to St. Pierre from a visit to the hot springs, where they had gone on account of Mr. Japp's health. The Consul, on his return to St. Pierre, wrote that he was no better and that he was confined to his bed.*'

An even more detailed account of the disaster (which mentions James Japp) is given in the book, *The Day the World Ended* by Gordon Thomas and Max Morgan Witt. (Apparently Mother wrote to the authors to give them further information about her Uncle James and his family. I have a letter to her from Mr. Witt in which he thanks her for her interest and expresses his condolences on her family's loss.) Other books on this catastrophe are *The Volcano's Deadly Work*, written in 1902 by Charles Morris, and *Shipwrecks: An Encyclopedia of the World's Worst Disasters at Sea* by David Ritchie that describes the fate of two ships caught by the blast in the harbor of St. Pierre.

In *The Volcano's Deadly Work*, Morris quotes a letter from Mrs. Thomas T. Prentis, wife of the American Consul at St. Pierre, to her sister, written in late April. Mrs. Prentis wrote her sister that Mr. Prentis had assured her that there was no immediate danger—she and Mr. Prentis died in the eruption, two more victims of consular over-optimism. Morris also describes the heroic efforts by US Navy sailors to recover the bodies of the American and British Consuls. This effort was unsuccessful in James' case when a second eruption forced the sailors to abandon his casket and run for their lives. Excerpts from this book are on **D-31/D-35**.

We must be grateful that our grandfather, **Alexander**, was spared the misfortunes that befell his brothers. Before we go to the story of our mother's parents, however, I will trace the lineage of our second cousin, Jane Gibson, who has contributed so much to this narrative of the Japp family.

Jane Gibson's grandmother, Jane Japp, was born in Liverpool on 29 August 1856, the third child of our mutual great-grandparents, **Robert** and **Helen Japp**. Jane Japp married James Birnie Watt who served as Master of several Cunard Line ships and became the Commodore of the Cunard Line. He had the great honor of being called out of retirement to oversee the final construction and fitting out of the *Lusitania*. Captain J. B. Watt also served as her first Master on several early voyages. **D-37** is a 1907 article from the *Liverpool Journal of Commerce* announcing the maiden voyage of the *Lusitania*. On one of these early voyages Captain Watt won the 'Blue Riband,' awarded for the fastest trans-Atlantic crossing. [Fortunately, he was not the *Lusitania*'s last Master. That dubious honor fell to Captain William Turner when the great liner was torpedoed by the German submarine *U-20* on May 7, 1915 and sank within twenty minutes. The death toll was 785 passengers, including 124 Americans, and 413 crew. Only 761 were saved.] Commodore Watt's 1920 obituaries are on **D-38**.

The excerpt from Lloyd's *Captains Register* of 1869 on **D-17** lists James Birnie Watt and his older brother, William, born in Montrose in 1841. Another brother, John Dunn Watt, is not on the list. William and John were employed by a Dundee firm. The entry for J. B. Watt shows that he was born in Montrose in 1843 and was awarded his Master's *Certificate of Competency* No. C. 25,325 in Liverpool in 1866 after passing a rigorous examination. It goes on to show that he then first served as Mate on the *William Prouse* (Ship Registration No. 26,384) in 1866-67 and then as Captain on the same ship in 1868. (The ship's name in italics in the *Register* indicated service as Mate; ordinary type indicated service as Captain.)

I was able to order the 1869 *Captains Register* on microfiche from the Society of Genealogists in London; but, unfortunately, later issues of the *Register* exist only as manuscripts in the Guildhall Library in London and may not be photocopied. So, until I, or a professional researcher, could visit the Library and review the later *Registers*, our knowledge of J. B. Watt's career after 1868 would be limited to the information in his obituaries. (In 1996 Jane Gibson and I did have a researcher go through the later *Registers*. The results of this research are in a DataMarine letter on **D-51/D-54**.)



James and Jane Watt had six children, including two sons, Alexander William and Arthur James. A. W. Watt, born in 1881, served his apprenticeship with the previously mentioned firm of Japp & Kirby. He became the Marine Superintendent in Mexico for the Mexican Eagle Oil Company's tanker fleet. He never married and died in Mexico in 1910 following an accident. His obituary is also included on **D-38**.

Arthur James Watt, born in Liverpool in 1883, was, like his father, a Master Mariner. He married Jessie Lillian Clarke on September 1, 1920. Their daughter, Jane, was born on June 15, 1921, in New York City. Jane Watt, now Jane Gibson, told me the fascinating story of her father's career. However, before I pass on that story, I should mention a book she brought to my attention in December 1995—one that I found in the Denver Library. *Tramps and Ladies*, by Sir James Bisset, is the second of a trilogy recounting Bisset's life on the sea. Like the Watt brothers, he sailed out of Liverpool.

In his book, on page 58, Bisset tells of serving in 1905 as Second Mate with First Mate A. J. Watt on the *SS Jura*, a steamship owned by the firm, Japp & Kirby. Bisset notes that A. J. Watt's father was James Birnie Watt, Commodore of the Cunard Line. He also mentions that A. J. Watt's uncle was Marine Superintendent for Japp & Kirby and, later, on page 76, refers to him as Captain Watt. This left Jane Gibson and me mystified since her Family Tree shows that A. J. Watt had only one uncle who could have held this position and that was our grandfather, Captain Alexander Japp. Captain J. B. Watt did have had two brothers, William and John. Both were sea captains but for a Dundee company, not Japp & Kirby. William would have been 64 in 1905 but John had died in 1891. Jane Gibson believes that Bisset had erred in naming Captain Watt as the Marine Superintendent uncle of A. J. Watt and that he was probably referring to our grandfather, Captain Japp.

In an attempt to clear up this mystery, I wrote to the National Merseyside Maritime Museum Archives and Records Centre in Liverpool, asking for information on Alexander Japp, his father, Robert, and on the firm, Japp & Kirby. After some delay I received a letter from Mr. Gordon Read, Curator of Archives, who told me the Museum had no records on Robert, Alexander, or on Japp & Kirby. He recommended that I engage the services of a research agent, DataMarine. Fortunately, he also forwarded my letter to the Liverpool City Library where the previously-mentioned Miss Organ took the trouble to look up and copy the Japp and Watt articles and obituaries in Appendix **D**. However, she found nothing about our grandfather, Alexander, or his father, Robert.

Jane Gibson told me that Arthur James Watt was trained in sailing ships and became the captain of his own ship at the unusually young age of 21. However, he eventually realized that a life at sea was not the life for a man who wanted to marry and have a family. He accepted a position as Marine Superintendent with a Cleveland company that operated a fleet of Great Lakes ore ships. Sometime during the Great War, he joined the British Purchasing Mission in New York City. (Sir Ernest Moir and Sir Henry Japp, the Civil Engineers mentioned earlier, were also members of this Mission.) As a member of the Mission, Jim (as A. J. called himself) made a valuable contribution to Britain's war effort by expediting the movement of war supplies from American factories to the docks and onto ships. He became an American citizen and, later in the war, enlisted in the Canadian Army. Jim was

subsequently transferred to the British Army's Royal Engineers and, in 1919, was sent to Murmansk to supervise the dock operations there during the ill-fated Allied effort to support the 'White' Russians in their futile civil war with the 'Red' (Bolshevik) Russians. [This war saw Americans and British fighting Russians on Russian soil, a confrontation long resented by the Russians and considered by many historians to mark the start of the Cold War that lasted until the dissolution of the USSR.]

In 1920, Jim was back in the UK to settle his father's estate when he met his second cousin, Jessie Lillian Clarke, while visiting relatives in Edinburgh. After a brief courtship, they were married and moved to New York City where he started his own shipping agency. Shortly after that they moved to Greenwich, Connecticut. In 1925, he founded a travel agency in Greenwich but, within a few years, developed Multiple Sclerosis and was forced to sell the business (to a buyer who, unfortunately, was unable to pay him due to the Depression). He moved his family to Switzerland then back to Edinburgh where he died in 1939. I have related this story of Jim Watt because it is interesting and, also, because he and Jessie were close friends of our parents after they started their new life in America in 1924.

Jane sent me several snapshots showing Donald and me with Jim and Jessie Watt and young Jane when our families met in Greenwich. I have included these on F-8. As I mentioned in the Acknowledgment section, the Watts looked after me when Mother was giving birth to Donald. Jane remembers that she gave me measles during that stay! She also remembers visits to us when we lived in Bethlehem. I visited Jessie Watt in Edinburgh during my visit to Scotland in 1954. She kindly escorted me on a tour of Edinburgh and the surrounding countryside. (Forty-one years later, I was treated to similar tours in the company of her daughter, Jane, and her grandson, Michael.)

Jane trained as a tweed designer for three years. During the war she served as a radar operator with the Auxiliary Territorial Service. After the war, she returned to the textile mill where she had trained as a designer. There she met John H. Gibson, a cousin of the mill owner and a member of a family that had been close to her family for three generations. Jane and John married in 1948 and, shortly after, moved to London where they lived for 21 years. John ('Jack') Gibson was a lawyer, holding the title of Advocate, which entitled him to plead in the higher Scottish courts. During World War II he had worked on plans for a British invasion of Nazi-controlled Norway. This invasion was never launched because the German forces in Norway were withdrawn because of pressures on other fronts. Jack returned to Norway as part of the group accompanying the King of Norway back to his country and spent six months there helping the Norwegians put their country back on its feet.

In London after the war Jack held the position of Legal Secretary to the Lord Advocate for Scotland. Although Scotland and England are both in the 'United' Kingdom, they each have their own legal system. The Scottish Lord Advocate (a position similar to our Attorney General) and his staff have the task of ensuring that all laws proposed to the Parliament in London are compatible with Scottish law. Jack was responsible for drafting all laws applicable to Scotland. A desire to return to Scotland led Jack to resign in 1969 at age 62. In recognition of his 21 years of service he was awarded a knighthood, becoming Sir John

Gibson and Jane becoming Lady Gibson. (Jane emphasized that she is not 'Lady Jane', a form reserved for a duke's daughter.) They returned to Edinburgh where Jack practiced law for several years until he died in 1985

Jack and Jane had two children: Michael John, born in 1949, and Elizabeth, born in 1951. (I met Jack, Jane, and their children briefly during my visit to London in 1954.) Michael was until recently a Senior Director of a large mutual and pension fund in Edinburgh until he opted for early retirement in 1999. As a boy, Michael attended a 'public' (we would say private) school in Edinburgh. (One of Michael's younger schoolmates, Tony Blair, was assigned to be Michael's personal 'servant'—to clean his football boots, etc.—part of the hazing tradition. Young Blair survived that servitude and went on to become Britain's latest and youngest Prime Minister.)

Michael's sister, Elizabeth, married Iain Murdoch, now a minister of a church in Cambusnethan, Scotland. They have two children, Rebecca and David.

Jane now lives in a flat in Edinburgh. Unfortunately, she became afflicted with Multiple Sclerosis as had her father (although apparently the disease is not hereditary). She also suffers from Parkinson's Disease. She says her afflictions are relatively mild and do not greatly hamper her activities except she can no longer drive her car.

Now, having introduced you to another of our Scottish second cousins, let me take you back to her grandmother's brother, our maternal grandfather, Alexander Japp.

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**Alexander Japp (b.14 Feb 1862-d.24 Jan 1908) m. Isabella Rae Thomson (b.26 Sep 1865-d.18 Apr 1961) place?, date?**

Children: Robert Alan (b.29 Aug 1893-d.11 Jun 1973)

**Margaret Helen (b.1 Feb 1895-d.12 Sep 1993)**

Maritime documents record that Alexander Japp was born in Liverpool on the date shown above. It is also the birth date on his gravestone. He was just twelve when his father died. According to stories told to Jane Gibson by our mother and relayed by Jane to me, Alexander was a rebellious youth. He ran away from school, whereupon he was sent away to another, stricter, school on the Isle of Man. He soon escaped from this school and ran off to sea. Here, the story goes, he got a job with Stricks of Liverpool, a shipping company, and served his seaman's apprenticeship on one of their sailing ships. (As we will see, Alexander actually would have required a parent's consent and financial backing to become an Apprentice. We will also see that he apparently did not start his maritime career with Stricks of Liverpool.)

As mentioned earlier, I had no success in getting direct information about Alexander from the Merseyside Maritime Museum in Liverpool. However Mr. Read, the Curator, did send me a leaflet, *'Tracing Seafaring Ancestors in the Merchant Navy.'* This led me to the Society of Genealogists in London. From them I obtained microfiches of the *Lloyds Captains Registers* through 1869. I then wrote to the Guildhall Library in London, the repository of

Lloyds *Captains Registers* later than 1869. Mother had told me that her father had been a ship's captain. As a captain in the British merchant service, he would have been listed in the Lloyds *Registers*. (Lloyds of London, the world-famous insurance company, maintained the *Registers* as a summary of merchant captains' experience and safety records.)

I wrote the Guildhall Library in March 1996 and soon received a letter from Mr. Stephen Freeth, Keeper of Manuscripts at the Library. He had researched the *Registers* and found that Alexander Japp won his *Master's Certificate of Competency No. 010397* in Liverpool in 1889 when he was 27 years old. With this information, I wrote to the main National Maritime Museum in Greenwich, near London. Given his *Certificate* number, the National Maritime Museum was then able to provide copies of several documents that tell us much about Alexander's maritime career. These are in Appendix D.

Among these documents are our grandfather's *Application to Be Examined* forms and the *Certificates of Competency* awarded after he had successfully passed the required examinations. I found these fascinating, not only as a complete record of his voyages, but also because they reveal a lad with a love of the sea and with the ambition, the fortitude, and the determination to pursue his dream and make it come true.

For those who would like to know more about the life on the sea that our grandfather experienced, I recommend Sir James Bisset's trilogy: *Sail Ho, Tramps and Ladies*, and *Commodore*. In these books, Bisset gives a vivid description of his seagoing experiences from his Apprenticeship on a square-rigged sailing ship through service on tramp steamers and on great ocean liners until he achieved the high position of Commodore of the Cunard Line. (As noted earlier, Bisset was a shipmate of Jane Gibson's father, A. J. Watt, in 1905.)

Several months after receiving the *Application To Be Examined* forms, I got a copy of the portion of the *Register of Apprentices* that listed Alexander Japp (D-39). It records that, on 25.5.75 [May 25, 1875], *Alexander Japp, age 14*, was 'bound and registered' to the John Coupland Shipping Company of 12 Tower Chambers, Water Street, Liverpool as an Apprentice for a term of four years. If we accept the birth date on his gravestone as correct, Alexander was actually only about three months beyond his 13th birthday on May 25, 1875. He may have stretched the truth a bit to get on as an Apprentice. As previously noted, family lore had him signed on with Stricks of Liverpool who *may* have been affiliated with the John Coupland firm. There was a Frank C. Strick & Company (Liverpool) Ltd., part of the Peninsula & Oriental Group.

On his *Application To Be Examined* form to take the examination for a 2nd Mate's Certificate (D-41&D-42), young Alexander listed the ships on which he had served. This form shows that he first sailed as an Apprentice on the square-rigged sailing ship, *City of Agra* (Ship No. 29149), on May 25, 1875. His apprenticeship lasted exactly four years; he then immediately signed on for another 10 months and 11 days as an 'AB' [Able-bodied Seaman]. Following that, he served about a year as 3rd Mate on the ship, *Tiverton*. After about six weeks back at his home at 72 Bridge Street in Birkenhead (on the west shore of the Mersey, opposite Liverpool), he applied for the 2nd Mate's Examination. He first attempted the examination on July 11, 1881, but failed the navigation section. Undaunted, he retook the

test on July 14, passed it, and received his *Certificate of Competency* as 2nd Mate dated July 18, 1881, and a second certificate, dated July 19 (D-43&D-44), on which he was assigned his permanent number, 010397, that would appear on all his future certificates.

Regrettably, our grandfather has not left us a journal of his experiences in the Merchant Service. However, we can get a good idea of what he had to endure from James Bisset's book, *Sail Ho*. Bisset, like Alexander, had a burning desire to become a sailor and, overcoming his parents' objections, signed on, at age 15, as an Apprentice in October, 1898, twenty-three years after Alexander had sailed out of Liverpool as an Apprentice. For his four years as an Apprentice, Bisset was paid £20; Alexander probably got less than that. Alexander's widowed mother, Helen, would have had to sign an indenture agreement and put up her son's Apprentice pay as a deposit to guarantee that the lad would complete the four-year apprenticeship. In addition putting up the deposit, Helen had to supply Alexander with ' . . . all sea bedding, wearing apparel, and necessities (except Meat, Drink, Lodging, Medicine, and Medical and Surgical Assistance).' (Helen probably had financial help and counsel from her son-in-law, Captain James Birnie Watt.) In consideration of all this, the John Coupland Shipping Company promised Alexander that ' . . . all proper means would be used to teach him the business of a seaman.'

A little over four years after getting his 2nd Mate's ticket Alexander applied, on October 30, 1885, to retake the examination for 1st Mate (again, he had failed the navigation section). He passed the test on November 2. His *Application To Be Examined* (D-45&D-46) added to the list of ships on which had served. The additions included 'ships' (sailing vessels with a bowsprit and three to five square-rigged masts), barques (small sailing vessels with foremasts and mainmasts square-rigged and the mizzenmast fore-and-aft rigged), and three years in schooners (sailing ships with two or more masts fore-and-aft rigged). (Nautically-challenged readers may look in a good dictionary under 'Ship' for illustrations of these vessels.) The schooners were home-based in London. I speculate that they were in the tea trade with Ceylon and China. Alexander had been sailing out of London, but his home address was still 166 Bedford Street South, Liverpool. (Captain J. B. Watt's family lived at 116 Bedford Street at this time.) Although he had his 2nd Mate's rating, the application shows that, on some voyages, he had to accept the lower rating (and pay scale) of 3rd Mate. On one short voyage, he served as Able-bodied Seaman. His 1st Mate's *Certificate of Competency* was issued on November 7, 1885, and the numbered certificate two days later (D-47&D-48).

An *Application for Renewal* submitted by Alexander on July 28, 1886 (D-49&D-50), shows that his 1st Mate's *Certificate* was partially eaten by rats as he was returning to Liverpool from Baltimore after a voyage to the West Indies as 3rd Mate aboard the *S. S. Californian*. As proof, he attached the tattered remnants of his *Certificate* to the application. I wondered: was this *Californian* the same *Californian* that, 26 years later, played a controversial role in the *Titanic* disaster in 1912?

In 1912, the American and British Courts of Inquiry on the *Titanic* disaster accused Captain Lord of the *Californian* of ignoring an hour-long series of distress signal rockets put up by the *Titanic*, sinking after striking an iceberg (allegedly less than ten miles away). According to the Courts of Inquiry, if Captain Lord had heeded these signals and the

*Californian* had gone to the *Titanic*, most, if not all, of the 1517 people, doomed to go down with the ship because of an inadequate number of lifeboats, could have been saved. Later investigators claim that Captain Lord was unjustly accused by incompetent and biased Courts on both sides of the Atlantic. This tragedy and the controversy are covered in great detail by the 1966 book, *The Titanic and the Californian* by Peter Padfield. However, after further investigation I had to conclude that the answer to my question was 'No'. The *Californian* of the Titanic disaster was a Leyland Line passenger ship launched in 1910, not Alexander's rat-infested *Californian* of 1886.

In the first package of documents I received from the National Maritime Museum on June 14, 1996, they had not included the *Application* and *Certificate* for Alexander's Master's rating. I wrote back to the Museum, enclosing a copy of the Guildhall Library letter, asking them to have another look in their files. They did so but could not find these documents and suggested that I write to the Public Records Office at Kew. This I did but they also did not find Alexander's *Master's Certificate*. However, the PRO did send me a copy of an excerpt (D-40) from the *Register*, kept by the Board of Trade, listing all Merchant Captains. This shows that Alexander received his OC (Ordinary Captain) *Certificate* at Liverpool on July 8, 1889. The PRO later explained that the only reason the Maritime Museum had been able to supply the documentation for Alexander's 2nd and 1st Mate's ratings was that, when he applied for his *Master's Certificate*, he had submitted all his previous documents. Alexander would have held the only copy of his *Master's Certificate*.

In March, 1996, Jane Gibson and I engaged the services of a maritime researcher, DataMarine in Surrey, to get more information at the Guildhall Library about Alexander's seagoing career after he had obtained his *Master's Certificate* and about the career of Jane's grandfather, James Birnie Watt, who had earned his *Master's Certificate* in 1866. In December 1996, I finally got a letter from DataMarine (D-51/D-54). It lists the voyages of Alexander from July 29, 1889, to his final voyage that ended on August 30, 1900, and those of J. B. Watt from 1866 to his final voyage on the *Lusitania* in October, 1908. Voyages and dates underlined (in red in the original) are those in which the officer served as Mate. Dates referring to 'discharges of duty' are indicated by ' marks (blue in the original). Officers were usually discharged at the end of a voyage but often immediately signed up for the next voyage.

It must have been disappointing for Alexander that, for over six years after he had received his Master's rating, he had to accept jobs as Mates on the steamships *Briscoe*, *Cape Collona*, and *Arabistan* for various shipowners. Apparently, it was not until he signed on with the *Arabistan* that he began his association with Frank C. Strick & Company, remembered by Mother as being his earliest employer. However, his first command as Master was on the two-year-old *Wilderspool*, owned by a Liverpool company and managed by Francis V. Japp.

Francis (Frank) and his brother, Russell, were the sons of the John Japp who left Montrose to seek his fortune in Liverpool, formed the partnership, Japp & Kirby, and went on to become Lord Mayor of Liverpool. (Frank and Russell were great-grandsons of Alexander's grandfather, **James Japp**, the Montrose cabinetmaker.) After two years on the *Wilderspool*

working for the sons of his second cousin, John, Alexander returned to his former employer, Frank Strick, who managed the *Sharistan* for the Anglo Algerian Steamship Company, Ltd. (Apparently, the Strick Company gave their ships names ending in *-stan*, just as the White Star Line favored names ending in *-ic*—*Brittanic* and *Titanic*—and the Cunard Line adopted *-ia*—*Carpathia* and *Lusitania*.) Alexander's seagoing career, at least as a ship's officer, apparently ended on August 30, 1900.

[Referring to the DataMarine letter of December 1, 1996 (D-52), I later requested and received clarification of the terminology it used. The ships' dimensions are for their length, beam, and fully laden draft. The term '500 screw' (for the *Arabistan*, for example) denotes the steamship's horsepower rating and type of propulsion—screw (propeller) or paddle wheels. Ships were registered to their owners who often contracted with other companies to manage the day-to-day operations of the ship.]

In 1900, Alexander was promoted to Marine Superintendent, a position in which he was in charge of parts stores and repairs for his company's ships. This required the family to move to London. Prior to that move, Alexander had spent much of his time at sea and, since he died eight years later when Mother was only 13, she probably did not get to know her father very well. She did remember her father telling her and Robert Alan stories of his childhood.

After Alexander's father, Robert, died in 1874, his mother, Helen, suffered financial difficulties. To impress on little Robert Alan and Margaret Helen how relatively fortunate they were, Alexander would tell them stories of his impoverished youth. One such story was of his being invited to a birthday party when he had no decent shoes to wear and his mother made him go to the party wearing his sister's slippers. The poor lad was so embarrassed that he sat through the whole party with his feet under the edge of the carpet!

The only document I have that came from Mother's father is a typewritten page, titled 'Fishy Story' (D-55&D-56)). It recounts an incident in which a shark landed on the deck of his ship (probably the *Wilderspool*) in 1897 during a voyage from Java to New York.

To see how fate brought our maternal grandparents to the altar we must go back in time and space to Scotland to **Alexander Japp's** maternal grandparents, **Alexander and Jane Williamson**. When **Alexander Williamson** died in 1858, his widow, **Jane**, and her two younger daughters, Alexina and Jessie, moved to the village of Errol, a few miles west of Dundee. After these two daughters married, **Jane Williamson** moved to Liverpool to live with her oldest daughter, **Helen**, by then **Mrs. Robert Japp**. After **Helen's** daughter, Jane Japp, married James Birnie Watt and started her family, Jane needed a 'mother's helper' to care for her children. Fortunately, Jane's grandmother, **Jane Williamson**, remembered a suitable young lady from Errol, Grace Thomson, to fill the position. Sometime later, Grace invited her sister Isabella to visit her in Liverpool. Here **Isabella** met Jane Japp's brother, **Alexander**, and they fell in love.

Since Mother was born in Wallasey, Cheshire, I assumed that is where **Alexander** and **Isabella** lived. Wallasey, on the west shore of the Mersey estuary, probably offered a lower cost of living and more pleasant surroundings than the big city of Liverpool across the river. In 1997, Rosamund and I visited Liverpool and Wallasey. In Wallasey, I stopped at the local

library to look up Alexander Japp in the 1895 City Directory. The entry said, *Alexander Japp, Chief Officer, 30 Hillside Drive, Poulton* (a district in Wallasey). We drove by that address and took a photograph of our mother's first home, a modest but attractive 'attached villa' (i. e., a row house). Around 1900, Alexander, Isabella, and their two children moved to the northeast London suburb of Wanstead.

In early 1996 I wrote a series of letters to find out more about our maternal grandparents. A 1961 church bulletin from the Woodford Green United Free Church that Christine lent me contained eulogies to our grandmother, **Isabella Japp**. This mentioned that she, and her husband, **Alexander**, had, years before, attended the Leytonstone Presbyterian Church. I wanted to locate this church and see if the present minister could provide me with a eulogy for Alexander similar to those for Isabella in the 1961 church bulletin. I started by writing to the main office of the Presbyterian Church of the United States in Lexington, Kentucky. They recommended that I write to a Mrs. Mary Davies of the United Reformed Church History Society in England; she in turn referred me to a Miss Hill, Secretary of the United Reformed Church in Chigwell.

Miss Hill forwarded my letter to Mr. Gordon Dykes, Treasurer of the Leytonstone United Free Church. Mr. Dykes wrote me a very long letter explaining that the Leytonstone Presbyterian Church, known as St. George's English Presbyterian Church (although most of the members were Scots), no longer existed. Apparently it ceased operating as a church in 1938. Mr. Dykes remembers that his Cub Scout group met in the church hall. He also recollects it was used as an Air Raid Precautions Depot and, later, as a morgue during the London Blitz. It has since been razed and replaced by an apartment block.

Mr. Dykes had also sent a copy of my letter to a Ms. Josephine Parker, Archivist at the Vestry House Museum run by the London Borough of Waltham Forest. She, in turn, did some research and, in a letter forwarded to me by Mr. Dykes in March 1996, included a transcription of our grandfather's Death Notice that appeared in the February 1, 1908, issue of the *Leytonstone Express and Independent*:

*'Deaths—Japp. On the 24th January at his residence, 'Pencraig', Red Bridge Lane, Wanstead, Capt. A. Japp in his 45th year. Interred at Chingsford Cemetery, 28th January.'*

Ms. Parker told me that I could obtain a copy of Captain Japp's death certificate from the Redbridge Registrar and offered to send me copy of the newspaper death notice. When I got the copy of the newspaper page on which the above death notice was published I noticed that the copy also contained part of a eulogy to our grandfather. I wrote back to Ms. Parker to point this out and request another copy to include the entire eulogy. This she kindly sent me at no additional cost with an apology for not noticing the eulogy earlier. The small type of the eulogy and the quality of the copy would make a further copy barely legible. Therefore, I have transcribed it complete on the next page:



From the February 1, 1908, issue of the Leytonstone Express and Independent:

Death of Capt. Japp

*It is with profound regret that many of his friends heard of the passing away, with great suddenness, on Friday afternoon, at his residence in Redbridge Lane, Wanstead, of Capt. A. Japp. For many months past the state of his health caused anxiety to those more intimately acquainted with him, but that his end should be so near was the last thought of his daily companions.*

*Since he took up his residence in Leytonstone he proved a faithful and loyal supporter of the Presbyterian Church in Hainault road, at whose services on Sunday morning, overwhelming expressions of sorrow were displayed. The Rev. W. Kidd, under considerable emotion, echoed the feelings of those present when he said that 'as a congregation we had sustained a great loss, and were cast into a deep sorrow, by their friend's sudden removal. No one thought less of himself and more of others. A vital part of the heart had been injured in the past through over-exertion, and proved more serious than was at first supposed. At Christmas he had to take to his bed. Medical treatment brought some relief, however, and encouraged hope in his friends. Suddenly, and without the least struggle, the heart ceased on Friday, and the brave spirit passed silently away into the Land where the spirits of 'just men are made perfect'. A great heart has been taken from us—a great heart that was ever open to pain and need, and ever swelled and surged with wrath against all wrong, injustice, and cruelty, and ever glowed with admiration of all that was pure and true, kind, lovely, and of good report. Our hearts are bereft of a friend, and our congregation of one of its most staunch supporters. His character has been impressed upon us, and it is not possible to forget it and the best tribute to his memory is to imitate him in his uprightness and sincerity, in his geniality and generosity, in his simple and yet strong faith in Jesus Christ.'*

*The funeral, which was largely attended, took place at Chingford, on Tuesday afternoon, amidst visible expressions of profound sorrow and sympathy for a devoted helpmeet bereft in the prime of life of an affectionate husband, and whose children mourn the loss of a tender father.*

From our end of the twentieth century, the Edwardian prose of the 1908 eulogy may seem excessively flowery but that was the style in those days. In any case, the eulogy shows that our grandfather was sincerely loved, respected, and mourned by those who knew him.

A copy of Alexander's death certificate obtained from the London Borough of Redbridge Registrar is on D-57. It shows that he died of 'heart disease.' I was interested to note that it lists his occupation as 'Marine Superintendent'; this tends to confirm that he actually was the Marine Superintendent for the shipping firm of Japp & Kirby referred to as 'Captain Watt' by Sir James Bisset in his book, *Tramps and Ladies*. (Jane Gibson notes that Bisset's book does contain several errors that could be attributed to memory lapses since his books were written many years after the experiences he was recounting.)

Soon after Alexander died in 1908, Isabella returned to her native Scotland with her two children. A 1928 document (described later) says that Robert Alan Japp attended school in Woodford Green until 1908 but, in 1908-09, 15 year old Alan was enrolled in the Grove Academy in Broughty Ferry. Ann Patterson contacted the Academy. The Academy Rector confirmed that Alan had been a student until June 1909. Ann also checked the 1908-09 Valuation Rolls and found that 'Ella' Japp was living at 6, Castle Terrace—annual rent, £28! (Castle Terrace now appears to be an up-scale row of houses facing on to a park with a beautiful view across the Tay to Fife.) She also appeared on later Rolls. A friend recalled in a eulogy that Isabella went to Scotland soon after her husband's death but returned to Woodford Green in 1915. I believe that the bereaved family went to Scotland in 1908 soon after Alexander died. Ella and her daughter returned to Woodford Green in 1915. Alan stayed on in Dundee.

Mother said that they lived in Broughty Ferry, near Dundee. Ann Patterson found no mention of them in the Broughty Ferry Directories of that period but as renters they may not have been listed. Like her mother-in-law before her, Isabella found widowhood to be financially challenging and, according to Jane Gibson, had to accept aid from Captain James Birnie Watt. Apparently, some of Captain Watt's daughters did not approve of what they considered to be frivolous use of this money such as when Isabella spent some of this money to buy her son, Alan, a bicycle instead of using it for 'necessities.' Isabella may not have gotten on too well with these aunts of Jane Gibson but she did get on very well with Jane's parents. Evidently Mother and her brother experienced some financial restrictions as they were growing up but, despite that, both went on to get good educations.

Alan went to the Bancroft School in Woodford Green from 1902 to 1908. There he obtained a '*General Education*' certificate. In 1908/09, he attended the Grove Academy in Broughty Ferry. From 1909 until the outbreak of war in 1914 he was an Engineering Apprentice with the Britannia Engineering Works in Dundee—18 months in the office followed by three and a half years '*in or on Works.*' Apparently, he never attended University and did not get an engineering degree. This information on his education is taken from Alan's 6 October 1928 nomination for associate membership in The Institution of Civil Engineers. This nomination form also gave me his birth year as 1893, not the 1894 shown on other records. Jane Gibson gave me the address of the Institution in April 1997. In response to my inquiry, the Institution's Archivist kindly sent me a copy of his nomination called the *Candidate's Circular*—more on that later. A copy of this *Candidate's Circular* is on D-63.]

Mother attended Dundee High School, probably graduating in 1913 when she would have been eighteen years old. By 1915, she and her mother had moved back to Woodford Green. We will pick up Mother's story in Section V.

Among Mother's papers that she gave to Christine is the May 1961 *Bulletin of the Woodford Green United Free Church*, the church mentioned earlier. In it, the *Minutes of the April Church Meeting* leads off with a paragraph, '*The chairman referred to the death of Mrs. Japp, in her 96th year and members stood for a few moments not only as a mark of sympathy and respect but also in rejoicing and thankfulness for her long life of fellowship and witness.*'

The *Bulletin* also contains a eulogy to our grandmother, written by an old friend:

*From our fellowship we have lost a dear little lady and a great soul. Mrs. Japp was with us on Easter Sunday last at the 8 a.m. Communion Service. Her happy brave smile and her very presence with us contributed something very real to our fellowship and to our faith.*

*Mrs. Japp became a member of the Woodford Green Union Church in 1915 and was one of the founder members of our present United Free Church. A little lady—but how robust, full of purpose and determination to the very end. Always ready to do anything she could for others but very determined not to put anyone to trouble on her account. Even at her great age (she was in her 96th year) she was one of the regular attenders at our worship on Sundays and no one was more keenly interested in the Church and its Christian enterprise and activities.*

*In years she was the oldest member of our church but she certainly brought a richness and completeness to our family in Christ which has meant much to us and for which we can be very thankful. So we must rejoice and be glad that to the very end she was one of our family church and that now she is one in the great family of our Father.*

Another member of her church added the following to the eulogy:

*I thoroughly endorse all that has been written above about Mrs. Japp and would just like to add a few facts about her life, giving some idea of its varied interest. She was born in Errol, Perthshire. Her husband was a sea captain and in the early years of their marriage she often accompanied him on his travels round the world. This was a great joy to her. It was at the Leytonstone Presbyterian Church that she and Captain Japp formed what proved to be a lifelong friendship with our own Mrs. Kidd (whose father-in-law was their minister) and her sisters.*

*In 1908 her husband died and soon after that Mrs. Japp went with her young son and daughter to live in Scotland where her son received his training as engineer. In 1915 she came south again and it was then that she joined the Union Church under the ministry of the Rev. Lintern.*

*The high-hearted courage which she displayed under all circumstances, the quality of her faith, and the completeness of her personality all contributed to making her the outstanding figure she has been both in her district and in her church.*

*We send our sympathy to her son and her daughter, Mrs. Valentine who is an elder of the Presbyterian Church in Iowa, U.S.A. and who was, happily, visiting this country at the time of her mother's death and was present with her at the Communion Service on Easter Day.*

These testimonials from those who knew her best are heartwarming reminders that our maternal grandmother was a very special lady and one we are privileged to count among our ancestors. [A note written by Mother on the church *Bulletin* says that she also had a similar tribute written about her father. It was probably Alexander's eulogy transcribed earlier.]

Jane Gibson's father kept a journal during the Great War in which he listed friends and relatives serving in the military and related activities. One of his entries is 'Ella Japp,

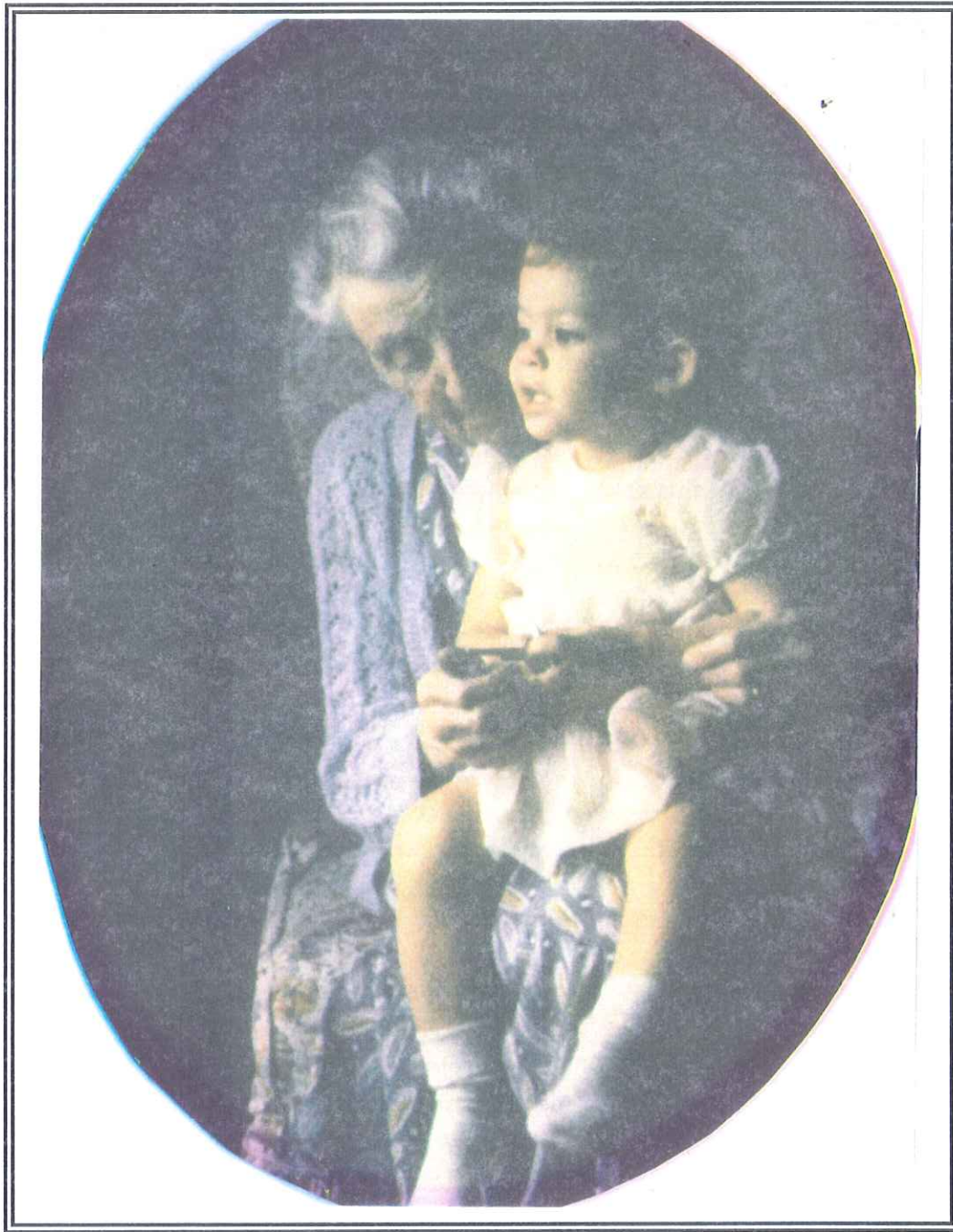
*Hospital work.* Recently Margaret gave our daughter Vanessa some Red Cross awards that her great-grandmother had received during her many years of service to that organization. I remember our maternal grandmother (to us she was Granny) very well. We corresponded during the war years when London was being pounded by the German Blitz and were very concerned for her safety. I vaguely remember her visiting us in this country in the 1929. A photograph of Granny with her two American grandsons taken during that visit is on F-7.

During the war, and until her death in 1961, she lived in the northeast London suburb of Woodford Green, Essex, where she had lived since returning to England from Scotland in 1915. I visited her there twice. The first time was in 1954 on my first visit to the UK. Mother was staying with her at the time during a visit to England. I remember seeing them watching from the window of her third floor walk-up flat at 3, High Elms, for my arrival at the bus stop across the village green. As soon as they spotted me, Granny dashed down two flights of stairs to greet me properly at her front door. Of course she was only 89 then!

The second visit came in 1960 when Rosamund and I took our little Vanessa to see, and be seen by, her English and Scottish relatives. We took a picture of Vanessa sitting in her great grandmother's lap, a cherished memento of the last time we saw Granny—she died the following year. A copy of this now-faded photograph is on the next page. It was on this visit to Granny that we met Jane Gibson who was then living in Wimbledon. I have previously noted how kind Jane was to Granny (to Jane she was Aunt Ella) and how she often looked in on her despite the visits entailing two long trips across London. On one unannounced visit, Jane found Granny lying in her bed, feeling very unwell but not wanting to bother her doctor! She ended up in hospital for an operation. She survived for a few more years but died in 1961 at age 96.

Until recently (November 1995), neither Jane nor I knew where she was buried although we assumed that it was probably in, or near, Woodford Green. I did have two photographs of the grave (D-59), probably taken by Mother in 1961 shortly after Granny's funeral, but with no indication as to its location. They show a memorial containing the graves of Isabella Japp, her husband, Alexander, and her mother, Margaret Thomson. As shown in the 1961 photographs, the memorial stone for Margaret Thomson and Alexander Japp was a handsome white marble tapered cylindrical shaft, topped by a cross, and sitting on a three-layer pedestal that, in turn, rested on a bed of green crushed rock surrounded by a white marble edging.

In October 1995, I set about to find the location of this grave. I wrote to the Minister of the Woodford Green United Free Church asking for his help. (This was several months before the letter from Mr. Dykes of the Leytonstone Church, mentioned earlier, told me of the grave's location.) About a month later, I received a reply from Reverend Kevin Swaine saying that he had asked a senior member of his congregation to make inquiries to see if they could locate the grave. A week after that, I had another letter from Rev. Swaine saying that the grave described above was in the Chingford Mount Cemetery, Old Church Road, London, E4, about one and a half miles northwest of Woodford Green. In December 1995, I wrote to the Superintendent of the cemetery to confirm the location of the graves and request a current photograph of the memorial. The following month the Superintendent sent a copy of the burial certificate (D-58) and a photograph of the grave site (D-59).



Vanessa Sinclair Valentine with Her Great-grandmother, Isabella Rae Japp, 1960

The Superintendent's letter warned me that the memorial had been vandalized but, even so, I was shocked by the extent of the damage shown by his photograph. The photographs on **D-59** show how time and vandalism had reduced the beautiful memorial to a pile of grimy stones. I immediately wrote back to the Superintendent to request his help in getting estimates to repair the memorial. I also wrote Reverend Swaine to inform him of the damage suffered by this memorial to deceased members of the congregation of his Woodford Green United Free Church. Restoration work on the memorial was started and completed during the summer of 1996 with funds supplied by the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of Alexander and Isabella Japp. Photographs of the repair procedure and the completed repair are on **D-60**.

The inscriptions on this memorial are as shown below. The top section of the pedestal contains the following inscription:

*In loving Memory of our Mother  
MARGARET C. THOMSON  
Who fell asleep 18th April, 1902  
Aged 62 Years  
'A meek and quiet spirit'*

The lower section is inscribed:

*And of ALEXANDER JAPP  
Her beloved son-in-law  
Born 14th Feb. 1862. Died 24th Jan. 1908  
'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least  
of my brethren ye have done it unto me'*

A separate stone, placed in front of the pedestal, reads:

*ISABELLA RAE JAPP  
His beloved Wife  
Born Sept. 26th 1865  
Died April 18th 1961  
Stedfast in the Faith*

Before moving on to the children of **Alexander** and **Isabella Japp**, I would like to trace back the ancestry of our maternal grandmother. The box of papers that Mother gave to Christine included three partial family trees: two of her Thomson ancestors and one of her Wylie line. Two of these show **Isabella's** lineage back to her Thomson and Wylie great-grandparents.

**Isabella Japp's** Thomson line, as shown on one of the two of the Thomson family trees (both barely legible and by unknown authors), starts with **Alexander Thomson**. He was a 'farmer [at] *Dunvorist*' who married a **Margaret McFarlane**, two more of our greatx3-grandparents. The dates of their births, marriage, and deaths are not given but their first child, John, was born in 1774. They had two more sons, a daughter, and then a fourth son, **Alexander (b. 1796-d.16 Apr 1868)**, another of our great-great-grandfathers. This Thomson family tree lists son **Alexander** as farming '*at Tulliebelton near Bankfoot and at Coldrochie.*' [Bankfoot is a village about 8 miles north of Perth.]

In addition to the two Thomson family trees, I found a 1966 letter addressed to our Uncle Alan from a person named 'Budge.' Budge, like Alan, was interested in their family history (more about Budge later). According to Budge, this second **Alexander** was a farmer living in a '*little farmhouse called 'Coldrochie,' Moneydie near Redgorton on the Perth-Dunkeld Road.*' at the time of his death. (Moneydie is a village about 5 miles northwest of Perth.) However, Budge says that this **Alexander's** father was '*William Thomson, tenant farmer at Dunvorist near Pitcairn.*', not the Alexander shown on the tree. (Our greatx3-grandfather was probably given both names. His son's only son, probably named after his grandfather as was customary, was William Alexander Thomson.)

According to the family tree quoted above, **Alexander Thomson** of Coldrochie married a **Grizel Cameron (b. 1794-d.31 Dec 1870)** in 1821. However, the other Thomson tree begins with him marrying a **Grace Cameron** who was 83 when she died in 1870—this would have her born in 1787, not 1794. (I was able to resolve this mystery later in Grizel's favor.) Anyway, this couple, two of our great-great-grandparents, had eight children—five sons and three daughters. The parents, their sons, William, Alexander, **Donald Cameron**, and John, and their daughter, Ann, are all buried in the Pitcairn Cemetery near the pre-Reformation 'Old Church of St. Mary's at Grandtully.' [From Perth, the Church is 20 miles north on the A9 to Ballinluig, about 5 miles west on A827 to Grandtully, and another 2 miles to this church near the town of Aberfeldy. There is a Pitcairn Cemetery but no longer a village of that name. If any of my American readers plan to visit Grandtully, be advised that Grandtully is pronounced 'Grantly.' Christine says she had great difficulty in getting directions to Grandtully because she did not know that!]

I must digress here to tell a bit about this ancient chapel. The chapel, also known as the Church of Grandtully, was built in 1533 by the Stewarts of Grandtully and dedicated to St. Mary. Legend has it that it was built on the site of an earlier 15th century church and that, long before Christianity had arrived from Iona, this hilltop setting had been a center of Druidism. The faded and fragile sheet that contains one of the Thomson family trees also lists the many Thomsons and Camerons buried in the churchyard. The chapel, now owned by Historic Scotland, was restored in the mid-17th century. The interior of its barrel-shaped roof is richly decorated with paintings of saints and angels. More details can be found in an extract from *The Highland Tay* by Rev. Hugh MacMillan (**D-61**). **D-62** includes a clipping reporting a service at the church attended by Mother.

One of the sons of **Alexander** and **Grizel Thomson**, **Donald Cameron Thomson** (b. 1828-d. 26 Oct 1868), is listed as 'F. [farmer], *Mains of Murie*.' **Donald** married **Margaret Wylie** (b. 1839-d. 18 Apr 1902) in 1865. One Thomson family tree shows that they had three children: our maternal grandmother, **Isabella Rae** and twins, Grace Cameron and William Sandy. The other Thomson tree shows the two girls but not William.

The Wylie tree lists **Isabella**, Grace, and Alexander Thomson. (I believe that the son, Grace's twin, was named William Alexander Thomson, like his grandfather, the Dunvorist farmer, and that Sandy was a shortened version of Alexander.) Among the many Thomsons buried in the Pitcairn Cemetery near St. Mary's Church is our Great-grandfather **Donald Cameron Thomson** and his only son, William Sandy Thomson.

Great-grandmother **Margaret Wylie's** lineage is given by the Wylie tree. She was one of the six children of **James Wylie, MD**, (b. 20 May 1808-d. 16 Jun 1879) and **Isabella Rae** (b. 19 Oct 1808-d. 19 Feb 1871). (I inherited a silver snuffbox with *James Wylie* engraved on the lid.) **James** and three of his children are buried in the Errol churchyard. **James** was the son of **David Wylie** and his wife, **Margaret Halley**, two more of our greatx3-grandparents. Among the papers borrowed from Christine I found a photograph (D-62) of a portrait of **David Wylie**. He appears to be a prosperous member of the upper middle class. On the back of the photograph is written '*David Wylie, Bucby, Perthshire*.' (Bucby must have been the name of a farm—I found no town by that name.) Our grandmother's mother, **Margaret (Wylie) Thomson**, was the first to be buried in the Chingford Mount grave plot that also contains the remains of our maternal grandparents. It seems likely that **Margaret Thomson** spent at least the final years of her long widowhood with her daughter and son-in-law.

Now, having told what I gleaned from the three family trees and Budge's letter about our grandmother's lineage, I will add what I later learned from other sources. In 1997, Rosamund and I visited St. Mary's Church. Next to the stone marking the grave of **Donald Cameron Thomson** and his son, William Sandy, was a stone bearing the following inscription. (The underlined words are as spelled on the stone. A / indicates a line break.)

'1784 / HERE RESTS THE DUST AND / ASHES OF JAMES THOMSON / LET  
TENNANT IN DONVORIST / WHO DIED APRIL TH 11 1780 / AGED 67 YEARS /  
ERECTED BY HELLEN STUART / LAWFUL SPOUSE TO THE ABOVE.'

After returning home, I decided to check Mormon records to see if this James Thomson was related to the Thomsons shown on the family trees. Records for the Parish of Dull (this parish includes a village of the same name near Aberfeldy) show that a James Thomson married Helen Stewart there in 1736. The second of their eight children, Alexander, was born in 1738.

These parish records also show that an Alexander Thomson married a Margaret McFarlane in 1771 when James' son, Alexander, would have been 33, a reasonable age for marriage. This assumption, the location of James' grave next to that of D. C. Thomson and his son, and the fact that James and our greatx3-grandfather, Alexander, both farmed at Dunvorist all lead me to speculate that **James Thomson** and **Hel(l)en Stewart (or Stuart)** may have been two of our greatx4-grandparents.



Now, regarding the Grizel vs. Grace controversy, the parish records also show a Grizel Cameron being born in 1794 and a Grace Cameron being born in 1796 of different parents. Grizel's birth year matches that given for her on one of the Thomson trees. Grace's birth year does not match that given for her on the other Thomson tree. Conclusion: **Grizel**, not Grace, was the wife of **(William) Alexander Thomson** and was one of our great-great-grandmothers.

The name, Dunvorist, appeared as the place where our greatx3 grandfather, Alexander, and James (who I think was his father) were farmers. Since I was unable to find a village of that name on a map I assumed that Dunvorist was the name of a farm but I had no idea where it was. As it turned out, its location was revealed to me serendipitously. As we drove up the narrow road to St. Mary's Church in 1997 I noticed an even narrower lane off to the left marked by a small sign, 'Dunvorist.' After visiting the church, Rosamund and I drove up this lane, only to meet a Land Rover coming down. A man got out, obviously wondering, 'What are you doing in my private lane!' However all was well after I explained my connection to Dunvorist. The owner, Jeremy Brook, invited us in for coffee, a tour of the beautifully restored and enlarged seventeenth century Dunvorist farmhouse, and a genealogical chat. It turned out that some of his ancestors had emigrated to America in 1828. At his request, I looked up some information about them when we got back to Denver. In return he sent me some photos and a brief history of the village of Dull where some of our Thomson ancestors were baptized and married.

Dull is about four miles west of Aberfeldy. I was relieved to learn from its history that its name was not a reflection on the personalities or intellectual levels of our ancestors and other early inhabitants. Far from being dull, the village was the earliest center of learning and Celtic Christianity on the mainland of Scotland. (An even earlier center was on the western island of Iona, where Christianity was introduced into Scotland from Ireland by St. Columba in 563.) The history of the village of Dull relates that: "*St. Adamnan, of Glen Lyon fame, gave instructions on his death bed that he was to be carried on his bier down the Lyon and when the first willow ring, or 'dull', through which the bearing sticks were placed, broke, there he wished to be buried. His instructions were obeyed and this is where the first 'dull' broke and Dull it has been ever since.*" The history goes on to say that Dull was the site of an important Celtic monastery and, as noted, a center of learning before this function was transferred to Dunkeld and, later, to St. Andrews.

At this point I felt I had established the lineage of both our maternal grandparents after resolving some contradictions among the various sources. The next step was to go on to their children: our uncle, Robert Alan Japp and, in Section V, our mother. However, I was reluctant to proceed before solving the mystery of Budge's identity so I decided to analyze Budge's letter to Alan. Apparently Budge and Alan were both interested in their ancestors. Budge wrote Alan from her home, Eskmill House, Penicuik, Midlothian, on November 27, 1966, with some genealogical tidbits. (Penicuik is a few miles south of Edinburgh.)

Since Budge was obviously not her given name, I wondered who she was and decided to find out by comparing the Thomson and Wylie family trees and the clues offered by her letter to Alan. In that letter, Budge referred to **Alexander Thomson**, husband of 'Grace' Cameron

(actually **Grizel**), as '*our great-grandfather*,' so she must have been one of Alan's second cousins. She also referred to her Uncle Harry and mentioned that her mother's father, Alexander Graham, had drawn up the will for **Alexander Thomson** of Coldrochie. (Apparently **Alexander Thomson** had owned the farm at Coldrochie since he bequeathed it to his son, Alexander, but left little else to his other children.) Further on Budge tells Alan, '*Your grandfather, Donald, and mine, James Cameron, went to the Malay States.*'

One of Alan's grandfathers was **Donald Cameron Thomson** and one of Donald's brothers was James Cameron Thomson—sons of **Alexander Thomson**. One of the Thomson family trees shows that James Cameron Thomson married Florence Eaglesham Potter. They had a daughter, Eva, and two sons, Henry Alexander Eaglesham Thomson and Ewen Donald Heney Thomson. E. D. H. Thomson married Elizabeth Wylie Graham. They had a son, Ewen Malcolm Cameron Thomson, and a daughter, Isobel Florence Stewart Thomson, born in 1913. Isobel married John Jardine; they had four children, Ewen Wm. David, John Douglas, James Graham, and Violet Eliz. between 1939 and 1946. These would be our third cousins.

Another family tree, this one of **David Wylie** and his descendants, shows that Isabella Wylie, one of the sisters of our great-grandmother, **Margaret (Wylie) Thomson**, married Alexander Graham. One of their seven children, Margaret Graham, married 'D. Thomson,' referred to in one of the Thomson trees as E. D. H. Thomson. The Wylie tree shows, as does the Thomson tree, that E. D. H. Thomson and his wife, Margaret, had a son, Ewen, and a daughter, Isobel.

From all this I concluded that Budge was Isobel Florence Stewart (Thomson) Jardine. The Uncle Harry she referred to in her letter must have been Henry A. E. Thomson. The Wylie family tree shows that Alan and Budge shared **James Wylie** as a great-grandfather. They also shared their great-grandfather, **Alexander Thomson**, making them second cousins twice over. Why did I bother plowing through all these Thomsons and Wylies? I suppose I love a mystery and I did not want to leave Budge unidentified in this history. I later found another letter from Budge, dated 7 January 1986. It thanked Mother for sending information about the Wylie family. Budge noted that Violet, her daughter, had taken her to Errol where many Wylies are buried. By 1986, Budge was living in Peebles, 12 miles south of Penicuik.

I had included my 'Budge analysis' in the draft copy of this history that I left with Jane Gibson for her comments and corrections in September 1997. After reading it, Jane realized that Budge had been a fellow member of her Borders Family History Society. Jane lent the draft history to Budge's daughter, Violet Jardine, who then wrote me in December 1997. Violet said she was delighted to make contact again with our branch of the family. Her brother Ewen had tried to contact Margaret before a holiday trip to the US with his family in 1995 but had been unable to find her new address. Ewen had met Margaret and Donald when he visited this country in the mid-1970's. Violet did report the sad news that her mother ('Budge') had died on 28 July 1997 when Jane Gibson and I were still trying to identify her.

All three of Violet's brothers are still living. Violet was a public relations consultant operating from her home in Peebles. (In June, 1998, Violet told me that she had sold her house in Peebles and had bought a cottage in Portling, a village on the shore of the Solway Firth in the west of Scotland.) I was able to send Violet copies of some of her mother's

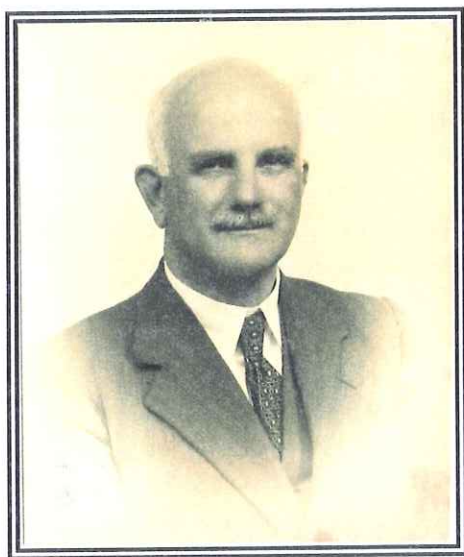
family trees that she had lost. Violet, in turn, deciphered some of her mother's handwriting on the trees—handwriting that I had not been able to make out. (As I had read the comment under **Donald Cameron Thomson's** name, his farm, Mains of Murie, was near a village of 'Planty Penay'—a village I could not find on the map. The comment was actually '*Planter, Penang*'.) **D. C. Thomson** and his brothers, Ewen and James, operated rubber plantations in Penang in the Malay States (now Malaysia) where, Violet said, they were among the first white settlers.

Ewen was killed there in a riding accident but **Donald** and James returned to Scotland. **Donald** lost not only his brother Ewen in Penang but his only son, William Alexander (Sandy), was also killed there in 1900 at age 34. Violet said he '*died in a rifle accident during a goldrush.*' He now lies with his father in St. Mary's churchyard. William Sandy Thomson was yet another of our mother's uncles who died premature, violent, or mysterious deaths. Back in Scotland, **Donald** settled down at the Mains of Murie farm near Errol, west of Dundee. Violet sent me a snapshot of her mother taken at this farm in 1985. Judging from the size and apparent age of the farmhouse and the other buildings, it was, by that year, a prosperous operation.

Now, let us move on to a closer relative, our Mother's brother, (Robert) Alan Japp, known to us as Uncle Alan. He had married a Broughty Ferry girl, Janet Galloway, in 1921. We knew her as Aunt Jenny. They are shown in the photographs on next page.

Alan was a Civil Engineer, a profession that brought him to the United States on several business trips. I remember at least one visit by him when he took me on my first trip to Niagara Falls. He worked on at least two hydro-electric dam projects in Eire and on Dublin's Dun Laoghaire Deep Water Harbour. (My TWA Lockheed Constellation Super G flight from La Guardia to London had to land at Shannon International Airport to refuel on April 28th, 1954 on my first trip to the U. K. and Europe. Alan and Aunt Jenny were living near Dublin then but our unscheduled landing at Shannon was too early in the morning for a telephone call. However, I did arrange to stop over to visit them on my return to the USA in June.) I spent several days with them at their beautiful home, 'Albany.' (At the time Alan was, I believe, still involved in the final phases of construction at Dun Laoghaire, just south of Dublin.) I remember they had a garden with palm trees that I had not expected to see that far north.

Their only child (and our only male cousin), Robert Francis (Cousin Frank), was born later that year. Frank joined the Royal Navy and rose to the rank of Lieutenant Commander in the submarine branch. I heard that he served on one of Britain's first nuclear submarines. Frank never married and died in 1979, outliving his father by only six years and dying only a few weeks before his mother died. Frank's death ended the male line of Japps descending from **Robert Japp**, his great-grandfather. However it is likely that there are Japps descended from the marriage of Robert's father, James, and his first wife, Jean Mitchell.



Uncle Alan



Aunt Jenny

The next time I saw Alan and Jenny, and the only time I met their son, Frank, was in 1960 when Rosamund, Vanessa, and I visited them near Stocksfield and Newcastle-upon-Tyne in northeast England. Alan's project was then the Derwent Reservoir in County Durham. [This reservoir is not to be confused with the Derwent Reservoir in the Peak District National Park near Sheffield, Derbyshire, or the Derwentwater, a natural lake in the Lake District National Park at Keswick, Cumbria. There are at least three different Derwent rivers in England.]

At the time of our visit, Aunt Jenny was recovering from some painful dental surgery so Alan and Frank took the three of us out to a very high class restaurant for dinner. Thanks to our little Vanessa, this dinner turned out to be memorable! Since both Alan and Frank were rather silent types (and I was no better), conversation started to lag. Vanessa, age 18-months, became bored and decided to liven things up by throwing a dinner roll at Lieutenant Commander Frank Japp, who, as I remember, was resplendent in his Royal Navy uniform. This activity attracted considerable attention from the waiters and nearby diners, much to our embarrassment and Frank's discomfiture. He was definitely not amused. That was the last time we saw Frank, which is probably the way he preferred it!

We saw Alan and Jenny for the last time in May 1968 when Rosamund and I took Vanessa, Kathryn, and Bruce to visit our few remaining UK relatives. By this time, Alan had retired and he and Jenny were living at 13, Lyndhurst Place in Dundee. Neither was in very good health and tired quickly so our visit was only a few hours long.

In a July 1994 letter, Jane Gibson related some of her memories of Alan and his family:

*'He (Alan) was shy and reserved and was felt not to have taken advantage of his chances. But he made very well in the end with several big dams to his credit. He and Jenny were exceptionally kind to me, taking me on holiday with them and, on his visits to London when I was stationed there during the war, taking me out to expensive restaurants. I saw them in Dundee just before he died and then Jenny again just before Frank died. They were a sad little family at the end, undeservedly so for they were kind and generous and thoughtful. Did you know Jenny? She was small and vivacious—birdlike—and must have felt very frustrated at her two strong and silent men—very silent and, I'd say, utterly dependable.'*

I was sorry to hear that their last few years were so unhappy. As Jane said, they deserved better.

In September 1996, about a year after I wrote the foregoing paragraphs about our Uncle Alan, Jane Gibson sent me a page from a journal her father had kept during the Great War. On it, Jim Watt had listed over two dozen names of friends and relatives who were in military service or working in war industries or hospitals. One of the penciled entries read, *'Alan Japp, 22 yrs, Scottish Horse. Personally commended by general commanding at Gallipoli.'* This was my first clue that our uncle had been in the service during WWI. 'Scottish Horse' sounded like the name of a regiment so I called the Military Attaché at the British Embassy in Washington to see if he could get me the address for the Regimental Museum. About a week later, I received a letter from a Warrant Officer Lowery to tell me that he thought that 'Scottish Horse' was a nickname for the Scottish Yeomanry Regiment, headquartered in Edinburgh. I wrote them and, after several weeks, had a letter from Major I. S. Thornton-Kemsley, Officer Commanding, of the Scottish Horse Squadron of the Scottish Yeomanry.

Major Thornton-Hemsley explained that the Scottish Horse was a cavalry regiment that had been organized by Scots living in South Africa at the time of the Boer War with a second regiment of the same name being organized in Perth in 1900. After several reorganizations of the British Army, the Scottish Yeomanry was formed from all the original Yeomanry (cavalry) units in Scotland. During the Great War, the Scottish Horse, although nominally a cavalry regiment, fought as infantry. Major Thornton-Hemsley further suggested that I write the Scottish Horse Museum in Dunkeld for information on Uncle Alan. This I did and, in November, received a letter from Miss M. McInnes, Curator of the Museum.

She had found the following in the Museum records: *Robert Alan Japp. Next of kin: Mrs. Japp of 12, St. Albans Road, Woodford Green, Essex. Particulars of Attestation [Enlistment]: Squ[adron] 501, Scottish Horse Regiment, May 26th, 1911, age 17 years and 9 months, Occupation—Engineer in Dundee. Place of Birth: Bridge of Allan, Stirlingshire.*

The address given for Alan's mother shows that this information was recorded after 1915 when she had returned to London. Alan's birthplace, Bridge of Allan, (now noted for being the home of the world's largest manufacturer of bagpipes) is near Stirling, far from Isabella's home near Liverpool. Most likely his mother went to stay with relatives, perhaps her mother, when the time came to deliver her son. A review of Alexander Japp's voyages on **D-51** shows that he may have been at sea on the *Cape Collona* in 1893 when his son was born.

Ms. McInnes' letter went on to say that Robert Alan Japp had been '*recommended by Lt. Col Railston for courage at Gallipoli, Egypt, and Salonika and was mentioned in despatches.*' She offered to copy out Lt. Col. Railston's comments that he had written in the Record Book if I thought this Robert Alan Japp was my uncle. [In my letter to the Museum, I had inquired about an Alan Japp who, at that time, I assumed had been born in or near Liverpool.] I wrote Miss McInnes to assure her that her Robert Alan Japp was, indeed, my uncle and to ask her to send me a copy of Lt. Col. Railston's recommendation. [In 1997, I visited the Museum, met Miss McInnes, saw Alan's paybook (Paybook AB64 for Alan Japp, S/N 315268) on exhibit and bought a regimental history, *The Scottish Horse, 1900-1956.*]

When Alan enlisted in 1911, he said he was working as an engineer in Dundee. His 1928 nomination for membership in The Institution of Civil Engineers (**D-63**) shows that Alan had attended a school in Broughty Ferry in 1908-09 when he was only 15. After that, he was an engineering apprentice in Dundee until 1914. Before the war started in 1914 and he was '*embodied*' (i.e., mobilized) on August 5, 1914, his military service probably entailed weekend training and drilling, similar to our National Guard duty. He was '*re-engaged*' on May 26, 1916, according to his record. I am not sure what that means. At that time, he was in Egypt—possibly he had been wounded or had become ill and had been taken off active duty for a time. He was given a furlough back to the UK on June 20, 1916 until July 12, 1916. According to the Museum Record he then '*Proceeded to rejoin 1/1st Reg., 13th (Sc. H) Batt. B. W., British Expeditionary Force.*' [B. W. here means the Black Watch and his assignment to the B. E. F. meant he went to France.] He had already suffered through, but fortunately survived, Gallipoli and Salonika, two of the more horrendously ill-planned, futile, and bloody campaigns of the Great War. They are described in the books I referred to in Section III.

His colonel's recommendation reads as follows: '*Recommended by Lt. Col. Railston, D.S.O., for Foreign Decorations, 10-4-18: L(ance)/Sergt. Robert Alan Japp, No. 315268. For devotion to duty and continuous good work in the Field, from Aug. to Dec. 1915 in Gallipoli; Jan. to Oct. 1916 in Egypt; and Nov. 1916 to date, in Salonika. Sergt. Japp has, on all occasions, displayed exceptional courage and gallantry when under fire.*'

His nomination for membership in the Institution of Civil Engineers also notes that he had served in France. As far as I could learn, Alan never did receive any military decorations. However, he did have the honor of being '*Mentioned in Despatches*' on January 28, 1919, and his name is on display in the Museum on a list under that title. Besides summarizing Alan's education and military service, his 1928 nomination for membership as an Associate in The Institution of Civil Engineers also describes the various engineering projects on which he worked from 1920 through 1928. It shows that he was proposed for Associate membership by Sir Ernest Moir for whom he had worked on several of these projects. Sir Ernest Moir, a renown civil engineer, was one of Alan's second cousins—they shared a great-grandfather, **James Japp**. Alan's grandfather, **Robert**, was a half-brother of Ernest's grandfather, John, the Montrose cabinetmaker. The I. of C. E. could not tell me what projects Alan had worked on after 1928 and its journal did not publish obituaries of its members in 1973 when Alan died.

Hoping to get a list of projects Alan had worked on after 1928, I wrote to the Personnel Office of John Mowlem & Co, PLC, in London in April 1997. (Jane Gibson said he worked for this company and gave me their address.) However, Mowlem wrote to say they kept their personnel records only for ten years and thus had no record of R. A. Japp. I then called their Public Relations Office to ask if their company publication had mentioned Alan's retirement in 1963 or his death in 1973—nothing came of this inquiry either. However, a June 1997 letter from the Institution of Civil Engineers (**D-64**) did give me a list of his addresses from 1931 until his death. This letter shows that he worked on the Silent Valley Reservoir near Belfast from 1925 to 1933. After a short stay with his mother in Woodford Green, he spent the next 28 years on projects in Ireland (Eire after 1937), first on the west coast near Limerick and then on the east coast near Dublin. About 1961 he moved back to England to work on the Derwent Reservoir, apparently his final major project. Alan and Jenny retired to Dundee in 1963.

In June 1997 I obtained, through the Tay Valley Family History Research Centre, transcriptions of the following death notices that appeared in the Dundee Courier:

*12 June 1973. Died peacefully at Maryfield Hospital, Robert Alan Japp, in his 80th year. 13 Lyndhurst Place, Lochee. Beloved husband of Jenny Galloway and father of Frank. Funeral at the Crematorium on Thursday at 2 pm. No letters or flowers.*

*13 November 1979. Died peacefully at Ninewells Hospital on 11th November, Francis Japp, Lieutenant Commander, Royal Navy [Retired]. Son of the late Robert Alan Japp and Mrs. Jenny Japp, 13 Lyndhurst Place, Dundee. Funeral private. (He died on November 11.)*

The Research Centre found no death notice for Jenny but her Death Certificate shows she died on 2 January 1980, outliving both her husband and her son. Ann Patterson learned that all three were cremated and their ashes scattered on the grounds of the Dundee Crematorium.

As we look back at the history of our Japp ancestors we see great tragedy and unhappiness but we also see ambitions and the ability and the drive to realize those ambitions.

From our perspective, the Japp family line's most significant contribution was to provide us with our mother and for that we must be grateful. We will now turn our attention to Margaret Helen Japp in Section V of this history.



## SECTION V: MARGARET HELEN JAPP, THE EARLY YEARS

In the previous section, I touched briefly on Mother's early years: her childhood in Wallasey, near Liverpool, the family's move to London, the death of her father in 1908 when she was only 13, the move to Scotland, financial hardship, attending Dundee High School, and the return to England with her mother when she was 20. Regrettably, I do not have much detail to fill in between those milestones. I know that Mother was very interested in sports in high school. She was on the girls' swim team and also played field hockey, tennis, and golf—probably the only sports options open to young ladies in those days.

Her daughters were told some anecdotes. Christine remembers her telling of one escapade—Mother and her brother, Alan, slid down a flight of stairs on an inverted piano bench and crashed into a stained glass window where the stairs took a turn and they did not! They remember her telling about the early days of the Great War when she and her mother lived in Broughty Ferry at 6, Castle Terrace, near an ancient castle, Broughty Castle, on the north bank of the Tay Estuary. At that time, Broughty Castle was used as an observation post and may have been fitted with artillery emplacements. Mother volunteered to carry canisters of tea to the soldiers manning this post, responding to the challenge, '*Halt, who goes there,*' with the cheerful, and no doubt welcome, response, '*The tea lady!*'

It must have been a worrisome time for her, with both her brother and her young man in the Army and the newspapers reporting the ever-increasing casualty lists. I am sure the desire to do something to help the war effort was overpowering and that motivated her to seek training as a nurse. A photograph of Mother in her nurse's uniform is shown on the next page.

Mother gave her granddaughter, Valerie Leigh, her nursing certificates from St. George's Hospital in London. Valerie gave them to me in January 1996. I had them framed and gave them to Mother's granddaughter, Vanessa Valentine-Werthan, who had also become a nurse. Copies of these are included on E-1/E-3. The nursing certificates show that young Margaret Helen Japp started her training at St. George's Hospital as a Probationary Nurse in January 1917 and completed it three years later. She then served as a Staff Nurse at St. George's for another year and, during that time, passed a course in 'Invalid Cookery.'

What she did between graduating from High School, probably in 1913, and starting her training at St. George's in 1917, I am not sure. She may have taken some pre-nursing training in Broughty Ferry before she and her mother moved back to Woodford Green in 1915. Between January 1921 when she apparently left St. George's, and her marriage in October 1923 (and apparently after it), she worked at a small hospital in Woodford Green. One of her wedding presents was a trunk from the 'Jubilee Staff'—'Jubilee' was the name of this hospital. (In 1997 I learned that the Jubilee Hospital had been razed and replaced by a block of flats.) While Mother was training, then serving, as a nurse, Father was in the army and then in university until he got his first engineering job in October 1921. I am sure that they were both trying to save up money toward the day they could become husband and wife—it could not have been easy during the economically depressed postwar period.





Margaret Helen Japp, Nurse, 1917

I never heard Mother talk much about her nursing experiences during the war, probably for good reason—it must have been a grim and depressing time. She did tell me about watching the Zeppelin air raids from the roof of St. George's Hospital as the searchlight beams swept the sky and finally caught the great cigar-shaped airships as they floated along high above the darkened city. Eventually, the British developed airplanes that could climb to the high altitudes used by the Zeppelins and perfected incendiary bullets that could ignite the hydrogen gas that kept the airships aloft. After the loss of many Zeppelins, the Germans started using four-engine 'Gotha' bombers. I do not know whether Mother ever witnessed the spectacularly fiery destruction of a Zeppelin but she did have a souvenir piece of aluminum from the wreckage of one that had fallen into a London park. She also had a piece of the wooden wing rib of a Royal Flying Corps airplane that had also crashed near her hospital. I remember seeing these relics of the war when I was a young boy but do not know what happened to them since then.

Other than the photograph of Mother in her nurse's uniform, the photograph shown below is the only one I have found of her as a young girl. I do not know when or where it was taken. It appears that she is enjoying an outing in the countryside, perhaps a picnic with her young man.



Margaret Helen Japp

In the autumn of 1918 Mother became critically ill with the Spanish influenza that was sweeping like a deadly wind across all the continents. She related how she was aroused from her delirium on November 11 by the sounds of church bells celebrating the Armistice.

A letter Mother wrote many years later and transcribed below showed that she returned to her nursing duties after she recovered from her illness. Certainly, the need for nurses must have been acute since influenza was raging through London. In one week, over two thousand people died of the disease in London alone. This letter is the first of two letters Christine got from Mother. Addressed to her grandchildren, they describe two of the highlights of her young life: her visit to Buckingham Palace with Easton Valentine to see Father receive his Military Cross from King George V and her trip to rejoin her husband in America. The second letter will be transcribed in the next section.

*My Visit to Buckingham Palace:*

*Would you like me to tell you of how I came to visit at Buckingham Palace in London?*

*World War I was over but your grandfather was still in the Army and I was still nursing in one of the big London hospitals.*

*One day your grandfather received a telegram from the Palace ordering him to appear at an Investiture—an Investiture is an occasion when medals for valour are given out and Grandfather was to receive the Military Cross.*

*Your great-grandfather and I were given tickets and it was quite a thrill to walk past the sentries, across the courtyard, and into the Palace. We walked along a red-carpeted corridor, the walls of which were covered with large paintings of former royalty. At the end of the corridor we turned into a very large hall. At one end were two thrones on a dais and, at the other end, up on a balcony was a Guards band playing.*

*Of course my main thoughts rested on a certain young Captain—your grandfather to be—but I was also very interested in a little old couple—shabbily dressed—who seated themselves at the very back of the hall. Just before the King entered, an official went to them and whispered something and escorted them to the very front seats—right before His Majesty.*

*Then the band played ‘God Save the King’ and we all stood up as King George V entered. He was dressed in military uniform. The Queen was not with him on this occasion.*

*I saw through the wide doorway groups of high ranking officers and fully expected they would come in next. I was surprised when a young lad of about seventeen in a cheap blue suit came in, stood before the King and saluted. An officer read out his citation for valour. The boy was to be awarded the highest Navy decoration—the Albert Medal. It seems his ship had been torpedoed and the crew was taking to the lifeboats. As he was leaving, the lad heard a cry and scrambled back onto the sinking vessel. He found an injured companion and managed to bring him on deck. One of the lifeboats returned and saved them both.*

*We heard King George, who was a sailor himself, ask the boy, ‘What was the ship’s name, her tonnage, and where was she bound?’*

*Yes, Grandfather came in and received his medal from the King and, someday, when you come to Sarasota I will show it to you. It is in the safety deposit box in the bank for we value it highly.*

*Love, Grandmother*

[I now have Father’s medals.]

I regret very much that I know so little about the early life of our Mother. She must have been a most remarkable young woman, combining beauty, athletic ability, intelligence, compassion for others, an interest in the arts, and a determination to excel in everything she did. I hope that, as those who spent more time with her than I was able to in later years read this abbreviated account of her early years, they will recall and share what she may have passed on to them about her early life.

Happily, Margaret Helen Valentine did accept the proposal of marriage by her high school sweetheart and they were married in Dundee on October 16, 1923. A copy of their entry in the *Register of Marriages* is included on E-4. The entry notes that the marriage took place '*After Banns according to the Forms of the Congregational Church.*' It also says that the bride was a '*Spinster*' and a '*Private Nurse*'.

Soon after their wedding and brief honeymoon her young husband left to take job in America. She would follow him as soon as she could. The story of their new life in a new land is the subject of the next section.



## SECTION VI: A NEW LAND, A NEW LIFE, A NEW FAMILY

Father left Scotland and his new bride to take a job in America immediately after their brief honeymoon. Mother probably returned to the Jubilee Hospital in Woodford Green and resumed her nursing profession for the six months after the wedding before she left to rejoin her husband. Her journal shows she was living at 30, The Broadway, Woodford Green, probably with her mother. In 1997, while in Woodford Green, I took a photograph of 30, Broadway. The flat they occupied is on the third floor (i. e., the second floor in Britain). It now sits above the White Swan Chinese restaurant on The Broadway, a busy commercial street. Mother's journal contains an inventory of her wedding presents, complete with the names of the donors. I have included a copy of this list on F-1/F-3. This journal contains other entries of interest that I will mention as we go along. First, however, I will record the family statistics for our parents as I have done in previous sections for their antecedents.

\*

**Bertram Gordon Valentine (b.13 Apr 1896-d.16 Aug 1983) m.**

**Margaret Helen Japp (b.1 Feb 1895-d.12 Sep 1993) on 16 Oct 1923, in Dundee.**

Children: Gordon Alexander (b.11 Feb 1925-) in Braintree, Massachusetts,  
Donald Easton (b.3 Jun 1927-) in Elizabeth, New Jersey,  
Margaret Helen (b.9 Feb 1931-) in Phillipsburg, New Jersey,  
Christine Isabel (b.14 Jan 1937-) in Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

In the second letter to her grandchildren, Mother recalled her journey to America:

*My Trip to the U. S. A.*

*I left London and took the train to Liverpool and boarded a ship called the 'Valemore'. I read later that she was torpedoed in World War II.*

*It was a semi-cargo boat and I and two other ladies were the only passengers. I had a nice cabin to myself and every morning the Steward brought me morning tea.*

*The Atlantic crossing, which now takes 3 or 4 hours by Supersonic plane, took me 10 days. The weather was nice and everyone was very friendly but time seemed to pass very slowly.*

*I made one very good friend on board—a beautiful red retriever. He was in a large cage on deck. I asked the Captain if I couldn't take him for walks. I was warned he was a very valuable dog but I was very careful and we had some good walks together around the deck.*

*On arriving at Boston I saw your grandfather waiting for me on the dock. I shouted down to him and he shouted back to me but I was not allowed off the boat until I had been checked by Customs.*

*Several Customs men came aboard and, after some delay, I was allowed to disembark and, together, Grandfather and I set out for our new home.*

*Love, Grandmother*

Mother's letter does not give the date of her arrival. Father's Retirement Party Program biographical notes (F-13), said that she came over in 1923. (Had that been so, she would have been extremely lucky to have enjoyed the nice weather that she mentions in her letter. The north Atlantic in November and December is usually anything but nice.)

I wrote to the Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) in July 1997 to see if they could tell me exactly when she did arrive. In September 1997 I received the following documents pertaining to our mother:

- (1) *Declaration of Intention* (to become a US citizen), dated September 29<sup>th</sup>, 1939;
- (2) *Petition for Naturalization*, dated August 31<sup>st</sup>, 1940; and,
- (3) *Certificate of Naturalization*, dated 26<sup>th</sup> April 1943.

Items (1) and (2) show that Mother arrived in Boston on April 29<sup>th</sup>, 1924, on the *SS Valemor* out of Liverpool. On Item (1), both her Race and Nationality are 'British' and her marriage date is given as October 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1923. On Item (2), her Race is 'White', her Nationality is 'British', and her marriage date is October 17<sup>th</sup>, 1923. These discrepancies in the marriage date are the same as on Father's documents described on page 85. Their Marriage Certificate (E-4) shows they were married on October 16<sup>th</sup>, 1923, a Tuesday, and the marriage was recorded in the Dundee Register on the 17th. The wedding took place in Father's parent's church, the Ward Chapel.

Their 'new home' referred to in Mother's letter was a rented house at 19 Avalon Avenue, Quincy Point, Quincy, a suburb of Boston. The house was near the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation's Fore River Shipyard where Father worked for about two and a half years. (Once, in the mid-1960's, when I had to visit an Army installation near Boston on business, I got the Quincy home's street address from Mother and drove by the house. By then, the shipyard had long been closed and the neighborhood no longer enjoyed the prosperity it no doubt had when the shipyard was in full operation.)

In Mother's 1923/24 journal she meticulously recorded the 'Cost of Transit to Quincy Point'—the largest expense was her steamship fare of £25 on the *Valemor*. She just as carefully listed her dozen pieces of luggage and the contents of each piece. Copies of these journal pages are also included on F-4/F-6. They show that Mother came fully prepared to set up housekeeping except for furniture. The quantity of her luggage must have challenged the Customs Inspector's patience as well as Father's back when he had to get it from the dock to their house!

Although I never heard either of our parents complain about their difficulties, the first few years of their life in America could not have been easy. They both must have been homesick for their native land and their families and friends back in Britain. Father's first job in America must have been a challenge with engineering and administrative procedures and terminology quite different from those he had been used to in Scotland. Also, spoken communication may not have been very easy for a while with Father's strong Dundee accent up against equally strong Boston accents! (Sydney Scroggie took exception to my statement that Father had a *strong* Dundee accent. He said Father, a graduate of Dundee High School and the University of Saint Andrews, would have had an *educated* Scottish accent, like



Easton's. Sydney said that a '*strong*' Dundee accent would be found only among the lower classes. So let's just say that Father, even with his *educated* Scottish accent, may have encountered some spoken communication difficulties in south Boston!)

Learning American English must have taken some effort for both of them but apparently the process resulted in a few humorous moments. Mother remembered the time she went grocery shopping with Father and directed him to get a jar of mayonnaise. Spying a jar labeled 'Hom-D-Lite,' Father, in his best Scottish-flavored French, asked the clerk for '*a jar of that Om de Lee mayonnaise.*' Mother had to explain that, in America, it was pronounced '*Home Delight!*' (I experienced the same sort of language difficulty in Scotland in 1960 when I asked a shopgirl if the bottle of milk I was buying was pasteurized and was told indignantly, '*Nae, ut's suxpance!*')

The first few months must have been especially lonely for Mother—at least Father had his job to keep him occupied. I would like to think that things got better for them when Baby Gordon arrived on the scene in 1925 but, from all reports, I was even more of a burden than new babies are supposed to be. Apparently I was a very sickly infant, so much so that Mother said she was told by the doctor not to expect me to live more than a month or two. Fortunately for me, Mother took this prophecy of doom as a challenge and nursed me back to healthy babyhood. It was during this challenging transition to America, married life, and parenthood that Jane Gibson's parents, Jim and Jessie Watt, then living in Greenwich, Connecticut, were such a great help and support to our parents. On F-8 is an 1926 photograph of our parents, a neighbor boy, and me in Father's first car, a Dodge roadster! Photographs of Donald and me with Jim and Jessie Watt and their daughter, Jane, and one of Donald held by Jim Watt are also on F-8.

Father worked for Bethlehem Shipbuilding in Quincy from November 1923 until July 1926. His assignments during this period are described in his *Summary of Training and Experience* that he prepared in 1964 (F-9 & F-10). In July 1926, he was transferred to the Bethlehem Steel Company. Although this company's main plant was in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, Father was assigned to one of their facilities about 90 miles east of Bethlehem in Roselle Park, New Jersey, near Newark. Here he continued to work on the design of Diesel engines ranging in power output from 60 to 570 horsepower. A photograph of Father taken about this time is shown on F-7.

During this period **Donald Easton** was born in nearby Elizabeth, New Jersey, on June 3, 1927. His first name is that of Mother's maternal grandfather, **Donald Cameron Thomson**, and his middle name honored Father's father. A photograph of Donald and Gordon with their maternal grandmother taken in 1928 or 1929 is shown on F-7.

Father's engineering excellence was recognized by his employer and, in August 1927, he was transferred as Assistant Chief Engineer to the Power Engineering Department of Bethlehem Steel in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. Here he spent the next two years on the design of a 10,000-horsepower gas engine.



My memories of our home in Bethlehem are practically nonexistent—but not quite. I do remember very clearly the day that I started a grass fire in the field across the street from our house and received what was probably my first serious spanking!

In the following paragraphs, I have relied on Father's resume for the dates of our major moves. However, I have had to rely largely on my own recollections of life at our various homes. So, in much of what follows, I have dwelt at length on my experiences. I hope these accounts may be of interest to my children and grandchildren. However, I fear that this part of the history will appear very self-centered and may cause many of my readers to suffer 'I-strain.' (It is my hope that it will motivate my brother and sisters to record their memories of their childhood for their children and grandchildren as I have attempted to do here for mine. If they do so, I ask that they distribute it as a supplement to this history.)

In July 1929, Father left Bethlehem Steel to take a position with the Ingersoll-Rand Company in Phillipsburg, New Jersey, on the Delaware River. Ingersoll-Rand was best known for their air compressors but the company also manufactured Diesel engines for locomotives. Our home was at 341 Irwin Street across from a greenhouse. It was here that I started to record memories: my traumatic first day at kindergarten and the obligatory nap on the reed mat; the Italian fruit and vegetable vendor who came by on his horse-drawn wagon; the icebox filled weekly with a large block of ice by a huge man with tongs and a leather pad on his shoulder on which he carried the 50 lb. block as though it was a feather; the weekly open-air market held in a field near our house where I watched in horrified fascination as live chickens were decapitated and plucked, then plopped into a shopping basket (no plastic-wrapped supermarket chickens in those days!); bicycle rides (and spills); 'smoking' rolled-up strips of newspaper; catching lightning bugs in a glass jar on hot summer nights; Saturday afternoons at the 15 cent movie matinee, entranced by the exploits of Hop-along Cassidy, Trader Horn, Tarzan, and Flash Gordon or the antics of Oliver & Hardy; and Sunday rides in the country (these couldn't have been much fun for our parents since Donald and I fought almost continuously in the back seat of our Hudson Super Six sedan!) I remember that I became quite ill from pneumonia when we lived here—the prescribed medicine was whiskey! Our first little sister, **Margaret Helen**, was born when we lived in Phillipsburg. It was also at this time that our parents (and millions of others around the world) first started to feel the effects of the Great Depression that had started with the infamous stock market crash of October 1929.

We attended the Presbyterian Church in Easton, Pennsylvania, just across the Delaware River from Phillipsburg. There, Donald and I attended Sunday School under the eagle eye of the formidable Mrs. Stonecipher. I remember one Sunday vividly. Mother and I had boarded the bus to return to Phillipsburg. Becoming bored while waiting for the driver to return, I decided to sit in his seat and pretend to steer. Unfortunately, as I got into the seat before Mother could stop me, I stepped on the starter pedal on the floor. This caused the bus to lurch violently, causing great consternation to the passengers and to the driver who was leaning against the side of the bus. It caused an especially dramatic reaction from Mother who grabbed me by the hair, dragged me back to our seat and proceeded to give me painful

pinches all the way home. There Father administered further corporal punishment. Mother also related the time Donald wandered off from Sunday School. She finally found him at the local police station, contentedly munching on the police dog's biscuits!

When we lived in Phillipsburg, Father who, besides his other talents, was quite a skilled violinist, played with the Easton Symphony Orchestra. When, during his busy youth, he had time to become so proficient on this difficult instrument, I do not know. I do know, however, that his musical genes did not get passed on to me!

Not long after Margaret was born, we moved from Phillipsburg to Stewartsville, New Jersey, a small farming community a few miles away. I do not know if the motivation for the move was economic—for a lower rent—or if the parents just wanted to get away from the urban environment. I remember that our Stewartsville house was adjacent to the farm of our landlord, Mr. Stecker, and was probably the original farm house. (Mr. Stecker claimed that it had been built in the early 1800's.) Father rented it for \$25 per month—about what he brought home each week from Ingersoll-Rand. Fortunately, the 19th century sanitary facility, a small building still standing behind the house, had been supplemented by indoor plumbing. One of Mother's anecdotes told how she assigned me to paint this small single-seater edifice as part of a spruce-up of the premises just prior to a visit by some important visitors. Not satisfied with just a coat of white paint, I decided that it would be friendly to add the word, 'Welcome,' on the door below the crescent moon cutout! Mother did not appreciate this friendly gesture.

Another memorable feature of this house was the central heating system. It really was 'central' since the only heat from the coal furnace in the basement came up through one large grill-covered opening in the floor of a central hall. When the furnace was operating at full blast, this grill became hot enough to sear a waffle pattern on the soles of anyone foolish enough to cross it with bare feet! The rooms on the second floor depended on what few BTU's wafted up from the lower level through small registers in their floors. I vividly remember that, on cold mornings, we would dash from our beds with our clothes in our hands down to the central hall to get dressed, taking care not to be branded by the heated grill. The hot water system used a separate small 'jackstove,' also coal-fired, that Father had to stoke up in the morning before hot water would issue from the taps.

This must have been a period of considerable concern for our parents. Men were being laid off left and right as the Depression deepened. However, Father was kept on at Ingersoll-Rand and we had a roof over our heads and food on the table. The order of the day was economizing. Mother kept a couple chickens for eggs and had a vegetable garden. (She never forgot the day Mr. Stecker's mules got into her garden, ate her cabbages, and rolled on her tomatoes.) I think we got our milk free from the farm if I milked the cow! Father bought a little gadget that rolled cigarettes from loose tobacco and cigarette paper—I was assigned the role of cigarette maker since both he and Mother smoked in those days.

To supplement his income Father also developed a sideline, the manufacture of custom-made radio receivers, known as the 'Valentine V-8' Superheterodyne Radio. This was in the early days of commercial broadcasting. Many people were willing to pay a premium price for

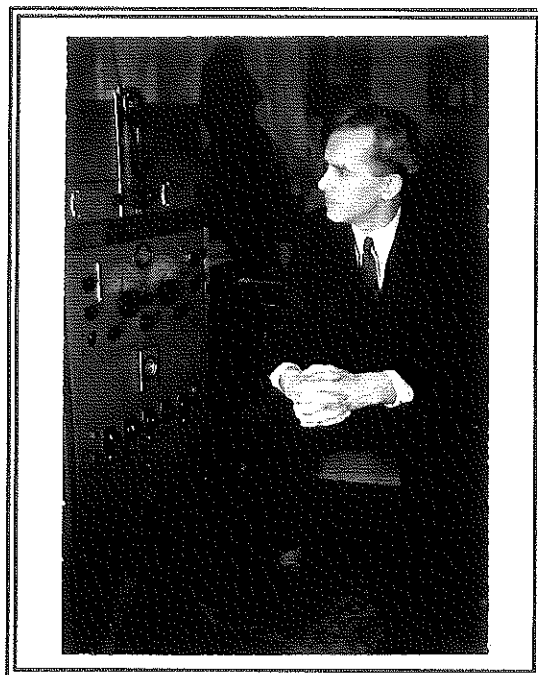
a receiver that could pick up stations more clearly or at a greater distance than was possible with an off-the-shelf radio. Where Father learned so much about radios I do not know but apparently his radios had excellent performance—they were the subject of articles in the popular radio magazines. The photograph below shows Father with one of his super radios.

I remember that his radios featured a cast-aluminum chassis with separate compartments for the various components to shield separate circuits from extraneous electromagnetic signals. He spent many nights and weekends assembling these custom-made receivers.

I assume it was a money-making proposition but it was also an interesting hobby that he seemed to enjoy. Father enlisted the help of a Swiss friend, an ex-mountain climber, to climb up on Mr. Stecker's barn and rig a 100 foot-long antenna from the barn to our house. The goal was to receive broadcasts from record distances.

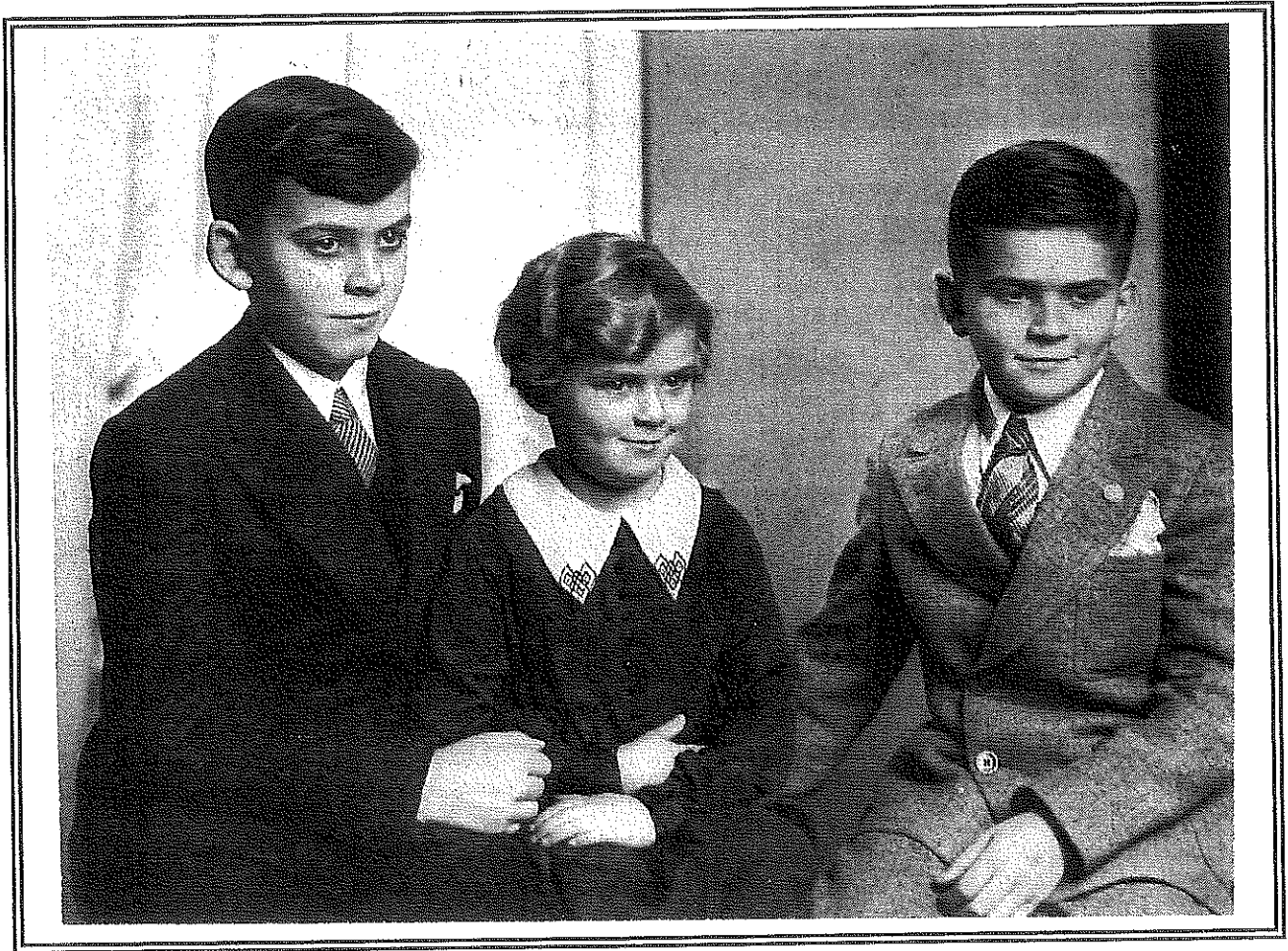
I have mostly happy memories of our life in Stewartsville. I helped on the farm, milking and feeding the cows, driving the team of mules, and helping hoist hay into the hay loft. In the winter there were long cold walks through the snow to and from school—it seemed like miles at the time. However, when I visited 50 years later, I found that it was less than a mile! I do not remember very much about this school, only that playing marbles during recess was fun. Also, fire drills were quite exciting for those on the second floor. The escape means was a tubular slide that deposited the escapee into a pile of preceding escapees in the dirt, or snow, of the school yard!

Although money was in short supply, we always seemed to go on our summer vacation, usually to the New Jersey sea shore. Here, we enjoyed sun, sand, and surf. The main excitement during the years of Prohibition was watching the Coast Guard patrol boats chasing, but rarely catching, the 'rum runners' in their powerful speedboats. I remember that we were at Stone Harbor in August 1934. The Sunday paper was full of stories and pictures of World War I since it was the twentieth anniversary of the start of the war. I remember asking Father about it but he could not bring himself to tell me about his experiences. One summer we went camping at Mountain Lake Park. Here I learned that it is not smart to throw rocks at a hornets' nest when I observed they could fly faster than I could run! I remember Mother telling us ghost stories as we sat around the camp fire. On the darker side, I remember suffering through the removal of my tonsils and adenoids—one of the rites of childhood in those days—suffering alleviated only by the traditional dish of ice cream. I also remember Father buying me a used bicycle, no doubt at great sacrifice. Within a few months, I left in the driveway and Father backed the car over it.



It was also about this time that I became obsessed with the idea that I had been adopted. Mother finally persuaded me that I was not adopted by pointing out that it was very unlikely that I would have been the little boy she would have selected from any representative group of orphans! She also countered my repeated threats to run away by finally offering to help me pack my little suitcase then walk with me to the railroad and help me board a freight car!

We left Stewartsville in 1936 when Father got a new position with the Cooper-Bessemer Corporation in Mt. Vernon, Ohio, then a pleasant small town of about 10,000 population in the center of the state. Our first house in Mt. Vernon was at 116 Sugar St.; later we lived at 501 Mulberry St. (I must give credit here to Donald for remembering all these addresses!) The photograph below was taken about this time.



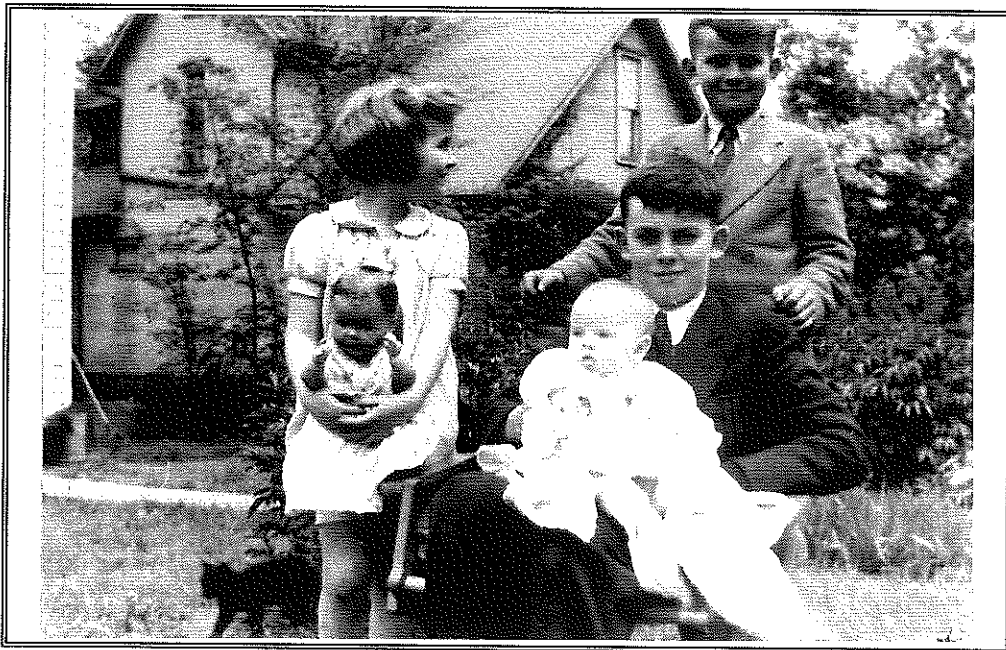
Gordon, Margaret, and Donald

1936

From my perspective, life was very enjoyable in Mt. Vernon. Father and I used to go to the National Air Races in Cleveland every year. It was here that he bought me my first brand new bicycle, complete with headlight and electric horn. I managed to run it into the side of a car within a couple of months! Neither I nor the bicycle was seriously damaged but I remember Mother had to fork out \$20 to have the car door repaired. I used this bicycle to pull our lawn mower to mowing jobs that paid me the magnificent sum of 25 cents for an hour's work! (I immediately spent this on model airplane kits and *'Daredevil Aces'*, a monthly pulp magazine full of stories about World War I air aces and their Spads and Fokkers.)

I also remember an overly-ambitious bike ride with a boyhood friend from Mt. Vernon to Buckeye Lake, about 35 miles away. At the lake, we donned our swim suits, rented a rowboat, and went on to get very badly sunburned before setting out on the return journey too late in the day. It became dark before we were halfway home and we were in agony as we pedaled our bikes with our clothes rubbing against our flaming skin. My friend, made of sterner stuff, carried on and arrived home, while I gave up on pedaling and started pushing the bike. Fortunately, after about an hour, a Good Samaritan gave my bike and me a ride home where the parents had given me up as a goner! I spent the next few days in bed turning into a large blister, sadder but wiser!

In 1937 our family was completed with the arrival of **Christine Isabel**. A photograph of the four of us taken when Christine was about 5 months old is shown below.



Margaret, Donald, and Gordon with Christine, 1937

I must have been only fourteen when I persuaded Father that it was time I learned to drive. This was soon after he had traded in his 1931 Buick for a much more powerful 1937 Buick Century that had a very unforgiving clutch. Father must have suffered terribly as we jerked away from stops with squealing tires. I never had an accident but I must have severely shortened the life of the drive train of that car. (I am sure Donald can also come up with some lurid tales about his early driving experiences!)

In 1939, Father bought a secondhand camping trailer and off we went on a memorable vacation to the New York World Fair, followed by a week near the shore at Montauk Point on the eastern tip of Long Island. I suppose we used the trailer several times after that but, for the next decade, it seemed to spend most of its time mouldering away in our various back yards, much to Mother's despair.

Father stayed with Cooper-Bessemer until the end of the school year in 1940 when he accepted a job with the John Deere Tractor Company in Waterloo, Iowa. By that time I had completed two years of high school and was getting inured to the trauma of changing schools every few years. The final stage of our trip to our new home in Cedar Falls (a small town near Waterloo where we were to live) was marked by a near tragedy. We had driven from Mt. Vernon with all of us aboard and the heavily loaded camping trailer in tow. As we neared Cedar Falls, Father was pointing out various things of interest. Apparently, this distracted him from his driving to the extent that he did not notice a train speeding toward the level crossing we were approaching. Only a timely shriek from Mother saved us from a sticky end as we skidded to a stop only a few feet from the track. We entered Cedar Falls with our adrenaline levels at record heights! Although Father's work was in Waterloo, he fortunately decided we should live in the much smaller nearby town of Cedar Falls. It was about the same size as Mt. Vernon with all the same small town advantages and drawbacks.

When we first arrived in Cedar Falls, we took up quarters in a cabin at the Riverside Bible Camp for a few weeks until our furniture arrived and Father rented a large house at 821 Tremont Street. Our new home was conveniently close to our schools but it gave him a long commute. Here I got my first salaried job. I drove the Model A Ford delivery truck for Eckerman's Grocery, a small shop about a block from our home. Eckerman's was a typical 'mom and pop' neighborhood grocery: a counter with a roll of white paper for wrapping meat cut to order on a large butcher block from large sections of carcasses kept in the meat cooler; shelves rising to the ceiling stocked with boxes and cans retrieved by tongs on a long pole; and a candy display case with a curved glass front. Grocer Eckerman offered free delivery and low prices so my delivery route covered the whole town. However, even then, supermarkets were beginning to take over. (Cedar Falls celebrated the opening of a new 'Piggly Wiggly' supermarket about this time! Another memorable milestone was the replacement of the steam locomotives by Diesel streamliners on the trains that served the town.) My other moneymaking ventures during my high school days were washing cars (no automatic car washes in those days), caddying at the local golf course, working the night shift at the Western Union telegraph office, working as ice cream maker and soda jerk at Mr. Panagakis' ice cream parlor, and pumping 19 cent/gallon gasoline at a service station (this service included washing all the windows and checking the oil and coolant levels and the tire pressure—no self-service in 1940).

After I had saved up a few dollars, I used \$25 of my bank account to buy my first car, a 1926 Chevrolet, in early 1941 shortly after my sixteenth birthday. I think the insurance and license cost more than the car! The car was an accident waiting to happen—it had mechanical brakes that made every stop a panic stop, loose steering, and head lights that cast a dull glow ahead of the car. However, my unsuspecting passengers and I survived all these potentially lethal shortcomings and had some great fun until the car finally expired in 1942, about the time I was to graduate from high school and was starting to think about college.

By this time, America was in the war, rationing of gasoline and tires was in effect, and joy-riding by teen-agers was frowned upon. So, with Donald's help, I disassembled the Chevrolet's corpse, gave the body to the scrap drive, sold the tires to Grocer Eckerman for \$25, and gave the engine to Donald to tinker with, thus launching him on a brilliant career of engine design.

My high school career at Cedar Falls was inauspicious. I did well scholastically but absolutely nothing athletically. My lack of interest in athletics was well matched to a complete lack of athletic ability. In any case, during the after school hours when the football and basketball teams practiced, I was busy on one of my various jobs. The unkind terms, 'nerd', 'dweeb', and 'geek' that now disparage the non-athletic, asocial, bookworm had not yet been coined but, if they had, they would have applied to me! However, in due course, I did graduate from CFHS in the summer of 1942. Within a few weeks I had enrolled in the Engineering School at Iowa State College at Ames.

I attended ISC until April 1943. I then enlisted in the Army Air Corps with an ambition to become an Aviation Cadet and, eventually, a fighter pilot. However, cruel fate dictated otherwise—examination by the Flight Surgeon revealed a sinus condition that made me ineligible for pilot training. As a result I spent most of my 32 months of service going through various training courses: Aerial Navigation School at Hondo, Texas (where I got my 2<sup>nd</sup> lieutenant bars); Bombardier School at Carlsbad, New Mexico, and Radar Navigation School in Yuma, Arizona. As I was completing the last course, the first atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima on August 6, 1945. From Yuma, I was transferred to duty with a B-26 Douglas 'Invader' squadron in Lake Charles, Louisiana, while the Army got around to letting me go. My less-than-glorious military career ended with my discharge at Rome AFB, New York, on November 30, 1945. During my time in the Army Air Corps our parents had moved from the large house on Tremont St. to a smaller house at 2320 Grand Blvd. However, shortly before I left the service they moved again, this time to New York.

While I had been learning my various aerial skills, subject only to the hazards of being flown about over mountainous terrain by disgruntled teen-age pilots (who had not qualified for combat duty and hated their training school assignment), Donald had graduated from CFHS in 1944. Apparently he had inherited his maternal grandfather's seagoing genes because he joined the Merchant Marine and spent three months at the Sheepshead Bay Maritime Training Center. In October 1944, he sailed on the Liberty ship '*Bret Harte*' to Marseilles with a cargo of locomotives, trucks, and military supplies. He returned to the States in March of 1945 and, before his 18th birthday in June, had joined the Navy. He saw service in the Philippines and on Guam and Midway before being discharged.

(I'm sure there is more to tell about his adventures and close calls during his time on the sea but that is all he gave me to put in this history. I'll leave it to his son and daughter to winkle more details out of him!) I'm glad to say we both survived the war that started only twenty-one years after the end of the 'war to end all wars' that Father survived in his youth.

I had chosen to be separated from the service in New York because, in September 1945, Father had taken a new position as Chief Engineer at the Sterling Engine Company in Buffalo, New York. The family home was now at 73 Kenton Road in Kenmore, a northern suburb of Buffalo. When I left the Air Corps I knew I wanted to return to college but I needed a temporary base. So I moved in with the parents and my sisters until I could find a college where I could continue my interrupted engineering education. While I was waiting for responses to my college applications, I enrolled in a refresher mathematics course at the local high school.

From among the colleges that had openings and were not too far away, I chose Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in Troy, New York, about 300 miles east of Buffalo on the Hudson River. I resumed my engineering education there in March 1946, and, to make up for lost time, stayed in school during the summer session. During the next two summer holidays, however, I returned home for temporary employment to supplement my 'GI Bill' allowance of \$35/month.

In the summer of 1947 I worked for a landscaping company, driving a tractor. To transport myself to the various job sites, I bought a used motorcycle, a 1946 British single-cylinder AJS. I soon discovered that, besides providing inexpensive transportation, my motorcycle offered a lot of fun and opportunities to make new friends. The next summer I got a night-shift job in the nearby Chevrolet engine plant. By this time I had acquired my second car, a 1939 Buick—a considerable improvement over my 1926 Chevrolet! Father had seen an ad for the Buick, gone to see it, and was so determined that I should buy it that he had me paged at a hockey game in Buffalo. He also did most of the work in rebuilding the engine—my contribution was to hand him the requested tool. I got much enjoyment from both the car and my motorcycle during my college years. The car took my friends and me on many trips to the ski areas of New York, Vermont, New Hampshire, and Quebec. With the motorcycle I developed an interest in timed cross-country races through woods, fields, and streams. However, despite all these diversions and part-time jobs on the Rensselaer grounds crew and in the cafeteria, I did study hard enough to maintain a respectable grade-point average. I was even honored by election to three engineering honorary societies: Alpha Gamma Rho, Tau Beta Pi, and Sigma Xi. I graduated from Rensselaer with a Bachelor of Science degree in Aeronautical Engineering in June 1949.

While I was at Rensselaer, Father had changed jobs twice. He left Sterling Engine Company in February 1948 and went to work as a consulting engineer for the Chicago Pneumatic Tool Company on a one year contract—he commuted weekly from Kenmore to Franklin, Pennsylvania, about 160 miles southwest of Buffalo. Mother and the girls stayed in Kenmore.

I do not think either Mother or Father enjoyed their life in Buffalo very much. In March 1949 Father rejoined John Deere as Assistant Chief Engineer in charge of engine design at



the Waterloo Tractor Works. As I remember, Mother stayed on in Kenmore until the girls' school year ended. I do remember that both she and Father managed to attend my graduation ceremony at Rensselaer in June 1949, for which I was very grateful. I also remember helping Mother with the move of the household goods from Kenmore to their new home at 2027 Grand Blvd. in Cedar Heights, a part of Cedar Falls. (Poor Mother was getting very weary of moving her household so frequently!) I especially remember how grateful she was that I managed to sell the ancient camping trailer before we left Buffalo. We sold it to a man named Cletus. Every time we saw a similar trailer being pulled along the road on our trip from New York to Iowa Mother would heave a sigh of thanksgiving and cry gleefully, *'There, but for the grace of Cletus, go we!'*

As the parents were planning their move back to Iowa, I was accepting a job offer (at a salary of \$70/week—not bad then but laughable now) from the Bell Aircraft Company in Niagara Falls, New York, about 30 miles north of Kenmore. I was attracted to Bell by their reputation for being at the forefront of aeronautical development. Bell specialized in the design and manufacture of experimental aircraft such as the rocket-powered supersonic X-1 airplane.

I started working at Bell in August 1949 during a violent strike by their Machinists' Union. This was my rude introduction to the real world after my peaceful college years! The situation got really nasty after the Bell machinists enlisted the help of their south Buffalo steel mill co-unionists—most of them were very large black men! Employees' cars were overturned, tires were slashed and several employees were badly beaten. At this point, the company started to transport the employees in buses with heavy screens over the windows to protect the riders from thrown rocks. The buses were fitted with razor-sharp steel strips along the bottom of the sides to discourage the strikers from trying to overturn them. For several weeks, I was a volunteer on the fire hose squad, assigned to repel invading strikers with high velocity water streams! Fortunately, the strike was settled before things became that bad.

Having survived the strike, I got on with my engineering assignments. These involved structural analysis of wing components on the X-5 variable-sweep-wing research aircraft. One challenge of this job was deciphering captured German engineering reports about their Me-262 jet aircraft—along with the V-1 and V-2 one of the Nazis' secret weapons. This assignment was especially challenging since I could not read German! About a year later, Bell was awarded a contract by the Boeing Company of Seattle to design and build a new engine support strut and nacelle for their B-47 aircraft. I was sent to Seattle for six months to act as Bell's liaison engineer on the project. Besides being interesting, this assignment gave me an opportunity to see this very beautiful part of America. Since I had left my Buick in Buffalo, I bought a well-used 1947 Pontiac in Seattle to make the most of my sightseeing opportunities. (Bell helped pay for it since it relieved them of the expense of a rental car in Seattle and the return airfare.) It also served as my transportation back to Buffalo at the end of my Seattle assignment. The two-week return trip gave me an opportunity to see most of the scenic wonders of our great northwest.

Back in Buffalo, I found myself with a rather overstocked stable of rolling stock: a Buick, a Pontiac, and an AJS motorcycle. I sold the Buick and bought another motorcycle, a new

1950 Matchless twin with rear suspension (the only new vehicle I have ever purchased). Now I had the AJS for cross country races and the Matchless for road rides. In June 1952, I decided I just *had* to have a sports car so I bought a slightly used 1951 XK-120 Jaguar roadster—a car that was to give me much pleasure for the next 34 years and 350,000 miles (and was to lure Rosamund to her matrimonial fate!). When I returned to Bell in Buffalo I was assigned to work in the liquid-fuel rocket section and then, later, in the servomechanisms group. After about three and a half years at Bell, I decided I wanted to work for a smaller firm and accepted an offer from Stanley Aviation Corporation, then located beside the Buffalo Municipal Airport.

Stanley Aviation had been started in 1948 by Robert M. Stanley. Bob Stanley had been Chief Test Pilot and, later, VP of Engineering at Bell Aircraft. Several other top engineers from Bell had joined him in his new enterprise. In late 1952, NACA (now NASA) awarded Stanley a contract to design and build a new, thinner, wing for the Bell X-1 research aircraft.

Stanley needed another structural engineer for this project and made me an attractive offer. I joined the firm in February 1953 (with the understanding that I could have a four-week leave the following year to go to Europe). My trip to Europe in April 1954 was a great adventure. I visited England, Scotland, Paris, Stuttgart, Geneva, Interlaken, Zurich, and Eire. I also met many relatives, some for the last and only time.

In 1954 Stanley made me Project Engineer on the X-1 Wing program, a position that entailed frequent trips to the NACA Research Flight Center at Edwards Air Force Base in California. (This project was the subject of an article and photographs in the April 25, 1955, issue of the technical periodical, *Aviation Week*.)

In 1953, Mr. Stanley decided to move the company to Denver. There he built a new plant next to Denver's Stapleton Airport. The transfer of operations took place over a year, starting in the summer of 1954. I moved to Denver in July 1955. Before the move, I managed to sell my two motorcycles but did take my two cars to Denver with the help of another transferee.

Following completion of the X-1 Wing Project, I was assigned as Project Engineer on several ejection seat development programs over the next few years and in the preparation of proposals for new business. In late 1958, one of these proposals resulted in Stanley being awarded a multimillion dollar contract by General Dynamics, Fort Worth, to develop an encapsulated seat—an escape capsule—for their supersonic B-58 'Hustler' bomber. As aircraft speeds had increased, it had become obvious that open ejection seats, as they then existed, could not protect the crewman from the overpowering and lethal force of the air blast as he ejected. The escape capsule was designed to provide protection from supersonic air blast, to lower the crewman to the surface, and then to serve as a life raft for over-water escapes and as a survival shelter after landing. The program involved much testing, including ejections from a supersonic rocket sled at Stanley's test track at Hurricane Mesa, Utah, and, eventually, an ejection with a live human subject from a B-58. In 1960 I was invited to present a paper and film on the development of the B-58 escape capsule at a meeting of the European Congress of Aviation Medicine in London.

By this time I had met, wooed, won, and wedded fair Rosamund and we had already been blessed by the arrival of our two daughters, Vanessa and Kathryn. We decided to leave infant

Kathryn with her grandmother in Iowa and take 18-month-old Vanessa with us to Europe as we combined my business trip with a holiday. Vanessa met her Aunt Audrey, Rosamund's sister, her Great-Aunt Jessie, her Great-Uncle Alan and Great-Aunt Jenny and, most memorably, her Great-grandmother, Isabella Japp, the year before Granny died. On our way back to America we visited Madrid, Lisbon, and Bermuda. Vanessa was a good traveler and our trip was great fun. Meanwhile Mother and Kathryn had also had several enjoyable weeks together.

Now, I must reluctantly leave this recounting of my fascinating career and backtrack to 1949 and Father's return to John Deere. Back in Iowa, he enjoyed a very successful and productive second career with John Deere. He and Mother loved their life in Cedar Falls. Father was now able to afford the powerful cars he so much enjoyed driving. However, I'm not so sure Mother enjoyed being driven in them since Father had two speeds—fast and faster!

They were both active in church and community affairs (both became Elders in their Presbyterian Church). Father, still an enthusiastic violinist, played in the Waterloo Symphony Orchestra and sang in the church choir. He was also active in the Boy Scouts. As District Commissioner, he organized the first Waterloo jamboree, called the Scoutarama.

At John Deere, he had designed several new engines for the Tractor Works. In 1956, he was transferred to John Deere's new Research and Engineering Center where he ended his career as Consulting Engineer to the Research Division.

According to several of her journals that I inherited, Mother returned to Britain several times. In one journal (*'Engagements'*), she tells of visiting friends in London before embarking, with her mother, on a long coach tour of England and Scotland. Following that, they flew to Eire to visit Alan and Jenny Japp. (I believe the photograph of Granny at the Blarney Stone shown on the next page was taken on this trip.) Mother gave a detailed account of the places they visited but she did not give the year of her visit. At first I thought it must have been 1954 because, in the front of the journal, there was a newspaper clipping from the April 4, 1954, issue of the *Des Moines Sunday Register*. It reported that Mrs. B. G. Valentine had sailed from New York on the 2nd to spend three months visiting her mother in London. (It also noted that she had visited her son, Gordon, in Buffalo and her son, Donald, and his family in Sidney, New York.) However, two clues in this journal suggested that the visit reported in her journal must have been an earlier one. In it she said she visited Jack and Jane Gibson in Wimbledon and took toys for their son Michael who had been born in March 1949. She also said that she had gone to the *'Trooping the Colour'* ceremony and seen the King, the Queen, and the Princesses. As Jane Gibson pointed out, if she saw King George VI, it could not have been in 1954 since the King died in 1952. This first visit must have been in 1950 when she took toys to give to 15-month-old Michael Gibson. Donald confirmed this—he remembers driving from his Navy station in Norfolk, Virginia, to pick her up in New York and drive her back to Cedar Falls. I found no journal for her second, three-month, visit in 1954—perhaps, if there was another journal, it ended up with another of her children. On this trip I remember meeting Mother at Granny's home in Woodford Green.



Isabella Japp at the  
Blarney Stone, 1950

During one of Mother's visits to Scotland (probably in 1950), she visited St. Mary's church near Grandtully and the Pitcairn Cemetery where her maternal grandfather, Donald Cameron Thomson, and many other Thomsons are buried. An undated newspaper clipping (**D-62**) tells of a Presbyterian service held at the church that Mother attended. Apparently, she had the good luck to visit the church on the one Sunday in the year on which a service was held. As I understand it, the church is not normally used but at least one service must be held each year so that the church can be maintained by the Historic Scotland Society as a historic religious site.

In April 1961, a week before his 65th birthday, Father retired. A newspaper article noted his long career (**F-11**). His April 5 Retirement Party Program (**F-12 & F-13**) also included a brief biographical summary of his career. Unfortunately, Mother could not attend this party because she had gone back to England to care for her mother whose health was failing. According to Granny's eulogy, she and Mother attended Communion Service on Easter Sunday (on April 2 in 1961). Mother was with her when Granny died on April 18, 1961, after 96 years of life, less than 17 years of marriage, 53 years of widowhood, and, except for infrequent visits, 38 years of separation from her daughter.

Mother expressed her thoughts on the death of her Mother in a poem, one of several she later gave to her daughter, Margaret. The poem she wrote about her mother is as follows:

*'MY MOTHER'*

*Oh Lord, I ask for her a quiet sleep,  
A swift relinquishing of all earthly ties,  
A sweet up-gathering of all the golden threads  
That lead to dear hearts travelled on before.  
No pain, no tears, no sadness of farewell  
A mere transition from a well-spent life  
Into the harbour of a well-earned rest.*

*Be with her in the Valley, Lord.  
Hold Thou her hand and guide her feet.  
No worthier feet e'er crossed Thy threshold, Lord  
No worthier soul e'er entered thro' Thy gates.  
Let sweet reunion be with those who went before  
And may she rest in Peace for evermore.*

Father joined Mother in London soon after his retirement party and probably helped her to settle her mother's estate. Then, according to another of Mother's journals (*'Travels Abroad'*), they left London on May 1, 1961, for a grand tour of Europe—no doubt a trip they had been planning for a long time. They flew from London to Wolfsburg where they bought a Volkswagen 'Beetle' (they shipped it back to the US at the end of their trip). Their driving tour took them through Germany, Austria, Italy, France, Belgium, and Holland. They spent several days visiting the sites of battles in which Father fought—Ypres, Passchendaele, Givenchy, and Saint Quentin where Father was wounded near the Oise-Sambre Canal. Mother's journal ends on June 9th, a *'very lovely day'* on which they visited Rotterdam, Haarlem, Utrecht, and The Hague, ending in Amsterdam. They returned to the UK from there. Donald received postcards from Mother: one from Dunkeld postmarked June 21, 1961, and another, postmarked July 3, 1961, from Portree on the Isle of Skye. It is obvious from the journal that they had a wonderful time during their six week tour of Europe—a well deserved second honeymoon after 38 years devoted to working and raising their family. (I'm sure it was less rigorous and more leisurely than their first brief honeymoon, spent touring the Scottish Highlands in the chill of autumn via motorcycle and sidecar!).

Mother and Father decided they had endured enough Iowa winters and picked Sarasota, on Florida's Gulf Coast, as the site of their retirement home. There they moved into temporary quarters while they had a new house built in an attractive area of the town. They moved into their new home at 2521 Constitution Boulevard in 1962.

Their new home backed onto a canal, connecting to the Gulf, where Father kept his new cabin cruiser. Almost every winter they were invaded by their children and grandchildren from the frozen North. I think they enjoyed the chaotic togetherness (but probably heaved a sigh of relief when we departed). They loved their retirement years in Florida despite several hurricanes that did some damage, including Hurricane Agnes that smashed Father's beloved cabin cruiser. During the hot and sticky Florida summers, they would drive north to visit us and meet the latest additions to their roster of grandchildren. In 1971, Father's sisters, Vallie and Jessie, visited him in Sarasota. This was last time they were together. A photograph of Father and his two surviving sisters is shown on the next page.

When Aunt Jessie died the following year, Mother and Father went back to Scotland to settle her estate. It was then that Father telephoned me from Dunkeld to tell me that I could have Jessie's grandfather clock if I would pay to have it shipped to Denver. When he told me that it had been in the family for generations I felt compelled to accept the offer. (So that is how I inherited the 'Valentine' clock!) I remember Mother being very upset when she found out how large Jessie's estate was and how little of it was passed on to Father and Aunt Vallie after the ruinous British death duties were levied. Mother felt, probably correctly, that Jessie could have greatly reduced the amount wasted in death duties if she had distributed some of her wealth to Father and her sister, Vallie, before she died.

In October 1973, the family gathered at Donald's home in Brookfield, Wisconsin, to celebrate our parents' 50th Wedding Anniversary. At that time, they were happy and enjoying good health. The photograph taken of them on this occasion is on the Dedication page.

In the early 1980's Father's mental condition started to deteriorate, probably due to 'mini-strokes' that affected his memory, his speech center and his equilibrium. I remember how sad it was to see him try to converse but become frustrated when he could not recall the word he wanted. He finally reached the point that Mother could no longer cope with his care and, in 1982, she had to place him in a nursing home in Sarasota. This soon proved to be impractical because Mother could not drive to visit him. So, with Margaret's help, Mother sold the Sarasota house and she and Father moved to the Atlanta area to be near Margaret. Finally, Father had to be placed in a full-time care facility. Mother selected Christian City, a retirement center south of Atlanta. Mother moved into a nearby assisted living apartment in the Christian City complex. Although walking was by then always difficult and often painful for Mother, there were very few days she did not go up to the care unit to spend time with Father. She would talk and sing to him and, although she usually got little response from him, she was convinced that he was comforted by her presence.

On August 16, 1983, Father was taken from the nursing home to Doctors' Hospital where he was declared dead on arrival. His Death Certificate states that he died at 6:44 p.m. on the 16th of a pulmonary embolism and that a contributing factor was Parkinson's Disease. (I have recorded the causes of the deaths of our parents and of some of our earlier ancestors since that medical information might be of value to us and our descendants.) Father died two months before their 60th wedding anniversary.





Vallie, Father, and Jessie, Sarasota. 1971

Thus ended the 87 years of a man who had endured and survived so much horror and hardship in his early years while serving his native land yet had gone on to contribute so much to his adopted country, his profession, and the communities in which he lived. He will be remembered as a dedicated husband and father who worked hard for his family. A brave and loyal soldier, who fought valiantly for his King and his Country, had gone to rejoin his comrades of the Black Watch. According to his wish, he was cremated and his ashes placed in the Arlington Memorial Park (201 Mt. Vernon Road, N. W., Atlanta, 30328) near Roswell, Georgia.

We can hardly imagine Mother's sense of loss when her husband of sixty years and her best friend for over sixty eight years went on before her. However, she faced widowhood with the same courage and determination to be of use to her fellow man that she had displayed all her life. She volunteered to work in the care center—*'to help the old people,'* she explained. She assisted at meals and helped those in wheelchairs go to the Thursday Bible Study service. An article in a local newspaper, *The Fulton County Neighbor*, in February 1985 (F-14) told about her volunteer activities.

Another of her poems, one that epitomized her philosophy on helping others, is shown on the next page.

## *'MARTHA'*

*I am Martha  
Not for me the quiet sitting  
At the Master's feet  
For there is work to do.  
The Master hungers and must eat—  
He traveled far today.  
My eager ear may catch  
A word—now here, now there—in passing.  
I listen to his quiet rebuke  
But I am not dismayed  
For well I know,  
When work and toil are done,  
With outstretched hands,  
He'll welcome me and say,  
'Dear friend, well done!'*

Mother's daughter, Margaret, and Margaret's daughter, Valerie Leigh, who both lived in the Atlanta area, were a great source of comfort and support for her. Mother was in pain much of the time from arthritic knees and, by 1985, she had undergone surgery on her knees three times. In 1987, she fell and broke her hip and then broke it again in 1992. These accidents forced her to accept the fact that she would have to give up her independent life in her apartment. For a while she kept her apartment as she tried out several nursing homes, none of which she was happy in. Finally, she had to give up the apartment and entered the Christian City full-time care facility where she had spent so much time attending to Father. Although she was confined to bed most of the time, she could get around in a wheel chair. She was visited frequently by Margaret and Valerie and as often as possible by her other children and grandchildren who lived further away. In April 1993, Mother's granddaughter, Vanessa, took her youngest daughter, Lily, to visit her great-grandmother. She took the photograph on page 155 of Lily with Mother—a photograph similar to the one I took 33 years earlier of Vanessa with her great-grandmother.

Only a few months later, Mother suffered a stroke and, on September 12, 1993, she passed on. She was at last again with her beloved husband. Her ashes lie with his in the Arlington Memorial Park. Her Death Certificate says that she died of congestive heart failure at age 98. All her children and her granddaughters, Valerie Leigh Flowers, Valerie Ruth Tomasi, and Kathryn Rusher, and her grandson, Bruce Gordon Valentine, attended a memorial service held at Christian City at which she was remembered for her devotion to her husband and family, her generous nature and her willing services as a volunteer.

I was privileged to tell about her early life in Scotland and England and how she and Father had come to this country to start a new life and raise a family. I ended my eulogy with her poem, *'Martha,'* that so well epitomized her warm and giving nature.



The passing of our parents brings us near the end of this family history. It has spanned about three centuries from our father's earliest recorded ancestors in Fettercairn and those of our mother in nearby Montrose and about three thousand miles from Scotland, the land of their ancestors, to their final resting place in Georgia. However, the story of our parents would not be complete without a listing of their grandchildren and great-grandchildren—their legacy to their adopted country. I will leave it to one, or more, of our parent's progeny to add to this history as the years go on.

It is my hope that the genealogy 'bug' will bite at least one of our descendants and that they will extend this family history for many years to come. Since we, brother and sisters, are, thankfully, not quite yet history, I will leave it to our future family historians to seek out and record the detailed information about us, our spouses, our children, our grandchildren, and descendants not yet born, just as I have attempted to record in this history for our parents and those who went before them. However, future historians, do not make the mistake I did and wait until your parents and grandparents have gone on to join the subjects of this history!

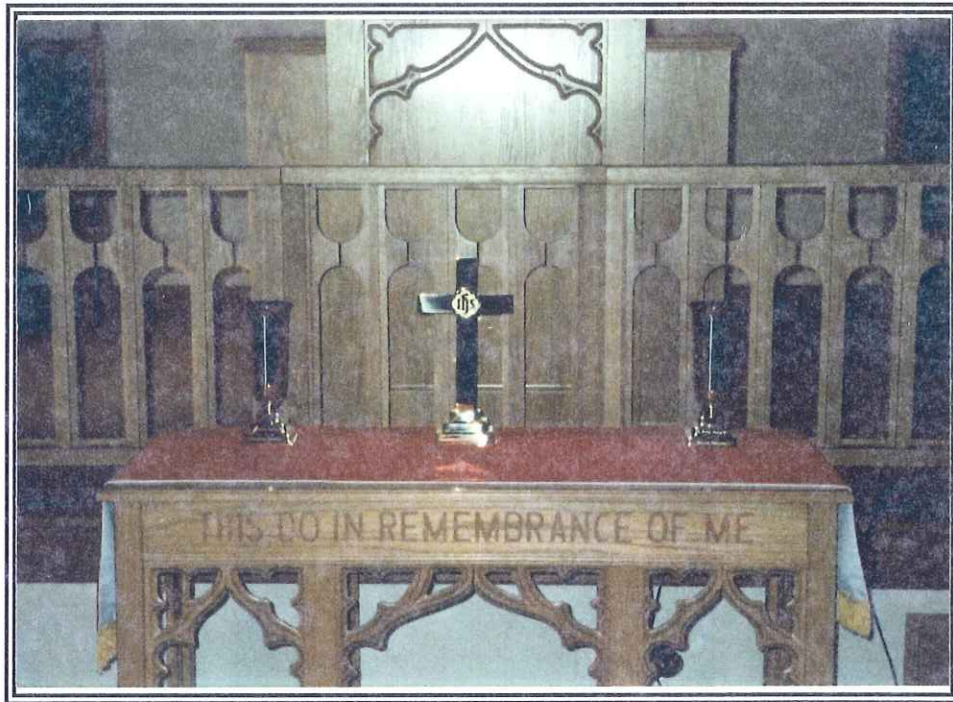
As I look back at this history of our family, I marvel, with thanks, that we are here at all! Considering the wars, disease, and accidents that were avoided or survived by our direct ancestors and that struck down so many of their relatives, I conclude that the odds against our ever being born were very large. However, here we are—may our descendants have the same good luck!

The next two pages are devoted to photographs. Following these I will list the descendants of our parents.



Mother and her Great-granddaughter, Lily Werthan, 1993

Two flower vases were donated by their children for the altar of the Christian City Chapel in memory of Bertram Gordon Valentine and Margaret Helen Valentine. A photograph of the vases on the altar is on the next page.



Memorial Flower Vases in the Christian City Chapel

Bertram Gordon Valentine (1896-1983) and Margaret Helen Valentine (1895-1993)

Here follows a roster of us, our spouses, our children and the grandchildren they have added to our family tree (with city & state or country of current residence as of 1999):

Gordon Alexander Valentine m. Rosamund Sinclair Wellby (Denver, CO):

Vanessa Sinclair Valentine m. Allan Werthan (Evergreen, CO):

Asher, Claire, and Lily.

Kathryn Laura Valentine m. Andrew Rusher (Charlotte, NC):

Trevor Gordon.

Bruce Gordon Valentine (Edwards, CO).

Donald Easton Valentine m. Beverly Ann Hitt (Brookfield, WI):

David Gordon Valentine m. Fay Barrow (Portage, IN).

Valerie Ruth Valentine m. William Tomasi (Conifer, CO):

Hope Alison.

Margaret Helen Valentine (now Mrs. Keith Demmon, Peachtree City, GA) m. Dean Flowers:

Margaret Christine (Christy) Flowers (Paris, France).

Jonathan Deal (Jon) Flowers m. Jane Smith, (Jon is a US Army Major, now in Korea):

Savannah and Jonathan Grant.

Valerie Leigh Flowers m. Terry Gehl (Carrolton, GA).

Christine Isabel Valentine m. William Milo Rattenborg (Colorado Springs, CO):

Leslie Rae Rattenborg (taken from us as an infant),

Ruth Alison Rattenborg (a beautiful young girl, taken from us at age 16),

Gregory Mark Rattenborg m. Karen White (Fort Collins, CO):

Evan Marie and Emma Martine.

I will leave to other family historians to research the families of the spouses of my siblings listed above. However, I would like to tell a bit about my Rosamund and her family background as it will be of interest to our children and grandchildren.

Rosamund Sinclair Wellby was born and raised in Highgate, a village north of London. In earlier days it was the final rest stop for the horse-drawn coaches traveling from Scotland to London on The Great North Road. (I hasten to add that this was *long* before Rosamund was born!) From Highgate, the coach descended Highgate Hill to the city of London. [It was at the bottom of Highgate Hill that, according to legend, the discouraged Dick Whittington, leaving London, heard the Bow Bells of London as he began to trudge up the hill. He heard them say, '*Turn again, turn again, Lord Mayor of London.*' He did return to London and did go on to become the Lord Mayor. A monument marks the spot where he was persuaded to turn back.]

Rosamund's parents were Philip Wellby and Gladys Marguerite Banks. Philip was a book publisher and later the proprietor of The Village Bookshop in Highgate. Gladys, born in Toronto, Canada, came to England to study voice. She became an accomplished soprano and sang at Covent Garden and at La Scala, Milan, under Toscanini. (Toscanini once asked her, 'How can such a glorious voice come from such a small person?')

Philip Wellby's father, Daniel, and Daniel's brother, John, inherited a very successful jewelry enterprise, Wellbys of Garrick Street in London. The firm, started in 1820, was '*Jewellers by Appointment*' to Queen Victoria and later, as D&J Wellby, to members of the Royal Family. The Wellby line has been traced back to Huguenots who fled Catholic oppression in France in the seventeenth century and the Sinclairs of Caithness in northern Scotland. The two brothers, Daniel and John Wellby, married two sisters, Anne and Sophie Sinclair, respectively. Anne and Sophie were known in London as the 'beautiful Sinclair girls.'

Philip and Gladys Wellby had four children: Marguerite, Audrey, Peter, and Rosamund.

Marguerite and her oldest son, Adrian, died in an airplane crash during a flight from England back to Kenya where her husband was a tea planter. Her other two children had remained in Kenya. Her daughter, Dierdre Duerden, now lives in Christchurch, New Zealand, with her husband Richard and daughters Joanna and Emma. Marguerite's son, Nigel, is a marine biologist in Brisbane, Australia.

Audrey and her husband, John Ware, live in Midhurst, West Sussex. Audrey attended, and performed with, the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts in London. Apparently Audrey bore a close resemblance to the stage and film actress, Vivian Leigh, and was chosen to serve as Miss Leigh's understudy during one of her London plays.

Peter and his wife, Simone, retired to Bayonne, France. Peter flew with the Coastal Command during World War II. After the war he was a corporate pilot and later flew for Zaire and Ethiopian Airlines.

Rosamund studied and performed ballet and also acted with the Windsor Repertory Company. She worked as a secretary for the advertising firm, Foote, Cone, and Belding, in London. In 1956 after her father died, she and a girl friend decided to come to the USA for a combined sightseeing and working holiday. By a circuitous path that took them to Florida and California they came to Denver. Here, fortuitous fate brought Rosamund and me together at a sports car rally. After detecting an English accent issuing from a very attractive face, I slyly invited her to come and see my English Jaguar sports car. This was a lucky day for me (and for our children and grandchildren)!

In 1997, Rosamund and I attended her sister's 80<sup>th</sup> birthday party. At the party, we met one of Rosamund's elderly second cousins, 84 year old Nancy Marples, the Wellby family historian. Nancy, a granddaughter of John Wellby (of D&J Wellby), told us about her uncle, Captain Montagu Sinclair Wellby, an officer in the 18<sup>th</sup> Hussars. (Rosamund's grandfather, Daniel Wellby, was the brother of Montagu's father, John Wellby—thus Montagu was Rosamund's first cousin, once removed.) I found the story of Montagu Wellby interesting and decided to include it in this history.

Captain Wellby was serving with his regiment when he was fatally wounded in a Boer War skirmish on July 29<sup>th</sup>, 1900—he died, age 33, on August 5<sup>th</sup>. In his short life he had earned a reputation as a world-famous soldier-adventurer and explorer. He had undertaken expeditions in British Somaliland in 1895 and 1896 but the exploit that established his reputation was an incredibly difficult and hazardous seven month journey from Kashmir in northwest India, through almost 2000 miles of mountains and desert in Tibet, and on to Peking, China, in 1896. Most of the trek through Tibet was at altitudes between 12,000 and 19,000 feet. Captain Wellby described this expedition in great detail in his 1898 book, *Through Unknown Tibet*.

His later exploits as an explorer in East Africa are told in a book, *Where Giants Trod: The Saga of Kenya's Desert Lake*, by Monty Brown, in a chapter titled, *Wellby Expedition, 1898-9*. It includes a fascinating saga of Captain Wellby's expedition into mostly unexplored regions of East Africa. His route took him from Zeila in British Somaliland (now Somalia) to Addis Ababa, the capital of Abyssinia (Ethiopia since 1923). From there he trekked (mostly on foot) with forty-four men through 680 miles of deserts, mountains, swamps, and hostile natives to Nasser in southern Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. From Nasser he went on to Omdurman on the Nile by paddle steamer and thence to Cairo by train.

Wellby wrote about his great adventure in a book, *Twixt Sirdar and Menelik: An Account of a Year's Expedition from Zeila to Cairo Through Unknown Abyssinia*. (Sirdar was the title of the military commander of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan and Menelik was the Emperor of Abyssinia.) Another account of Captain Wellby's adventures and exploits is contained in *A Courageous Young Soldier*, Chapter 11 of Pascal James Imperato's 1998 book, *Quest for the Jade Sea*, published by the Westview Press of Boulder, Colorado. (Lake Rudolf, now known as Lake Turkana, in British East Africa, now Kenya, was called the 'Jade Sea' because of the green color of its algae-rich water.) Imperato's very interesting book covers the history of European exploration of East Africa.

Rosamund and I returned to England for a two week visit in September/October, 1998, mainly to see Rosamund's sister, Audrey. However, we did spend two days with Nancy Marples at her home in Kentisbeare, Devon, an exceptionally scenic part of southern England. She told us that Montagu Wellby's father, John, had placed a memorial to his son, a stained glass window in an old Norman church in the village of Westham near Hastings. We visited the church, built in 1080, the '*first substantial church*' built by the Normans in England. The 'newer' parts of the church were added in the 1500's. We were not able to get into the church to see the window but later telephoned the Vicar who sent us a history of the church and promised to send us a photograph of the window.

I am pleased to report that another member of our extended family is now researching his family background. Bill Rattenborg has recently started to trace his Danish ancestors. I cannot take credit for transmitting the genealogy virus to him but wish him good hunting. (I wonder if he will go back far enough to find a Viking ancestor who may have raided our Scottish ancestors!)





Vanessa, Kathryn, Rosamund, Gordon (with Lucy), and Bruce  
Denver, Colorado, 1997

Before ending this history, I would like to introduce my readers to Rosamund and our children, Vanessa, Kathryn, and Bruce, by including the above photograph. It was taken in 1997 on one of those all-too-rare occasions when we were all together at the same time. I thank them all for their encouragement and support. (No doubt those who may view this photograph many years from now will comment on our 'old-fashioned' clothes and hair styles just as some of us may have done when we viewed the photographs of our nineteenth century ancestors.)

I have enjoyed researching, compiling, and recording this history. It has served as an interesting hobby over the past few years. I hope that my readers (those who have lasted to this point), have found it interesting. In any case, my conscience is clearer now that I have preserved and passed on the many contributions that were passed on to me. The amateur sleuth in me has enjoyed seeking out, and sometimes finding, new facts and legends about our ancestors and their families to add to those received from the many others who have contributed so much to this effort. My readers and I are deeply indebted to them. It is my hope that this family history will serve as a foundation for later histories that may add detail to this history and will cover future generations of our parents' descendants.

On the Title Page of this history I quoted philosophy from the eighteenth century British statesman, Edmund Burke. It seems only fitting that I should conclude the history with an observation from a twentieth century philosopher much admired by our younger descendants. Although less profound than that of Edmund Burke, the philosophy expounded on the next page by young Calvin may be better appreciated by the more recent twigs on the family tree.

There you are, future family historians—take it from here and good luck!



