

Bernard & Louise Knapp
Family History

Justin Willis Knapp
Mission Notes

FROM THE FILES OF BERNARD ELDEN KNAPP

Notes from small notebook ~~3 1/2~~ 3 1/2 x 6 inches bound at top.
of Justin W Knapp - Inside of the first page reads as follows

Elder J. W. Knapp

This Book is for
to keep accounts on
while in the
Mission field

1st page inside

Money Received

I paid in	\$ 30.00	Uncle August	\$ 1.00
mother —	\$ 25.00	Mother —	\$ 40.00
mother —	\$ 25.00	sum	378.70
Mother —	\$ 25.00	Sister Mabel sent	\$ 5.00
Elder gave	\$ 5.00	Aunt Alice sent	\$ 1.00
Wisle gave	\$ 5.00	Aunt Rosett sent	\$ 1.00
Ward gave	\$ 23.20		385.70
mother —	\$ 25.00	Lennie McCulloch	\$ 1.00
mother —	\$ 25.00	Aunt Julia —	\$ 1.00
mother —	\$ 2.00	Mabel Ward	\$ 1.00
Marcellus —	\$ 3.00	Mother sent	\$ 30.00
Zina —	\$ 1.50		
Aunt Malinda	\$ 2.00	Recd. from S. Jennie	\$ 1.00
Frank Walters	\$ 1.00	Aunt Julia	\$ 1.00
Received from Mother	\$ 40.00	Mother —	\$ 40.00
Jimmie F Park	\$ 1.00	Mother sent	\$ 1.00
Sunday, Y. L. Mia	\$ 5.00		461.70
Amusement Cam.	\$ 14.50	Mother sent —	\$ 50.00
Amusement Cam.	\$ 24.70		\$ 511.70
mother —	\$ 1.00	Father sent	\$ 75.00
Mr C. H. Ward	\$ 2.00		586.70
mother	\$ 40.00		
Uncle Will	\$ 2.50		
Aunt Rosett	\$ 5.00		
Great Grandmother	\$ 1.00		
Aunt Julia	\$ 2.50		
Aunt Alice	\$ 5.00		

A small spiral notebook had some information about high priests and assignments in ward + stake in 9th ward I.F. stake on one page one line of authority given

High Priest Aug 13, 1933

Francis M Davis (Davies) ^{Pronounced}

Alfred Solomon

George Q Cannon

John Taylor

Parley P Pratt

Olin Cowdery

Peter, James, + John

note at bottom of page

Stene Ord. June 28th 1952
(Stene Knapp)

Seventys

D. Wells Grover

Golden Kimball

William M. Allred

Levi W Hancock

Joseph Smith

Peter, James, + John

One other small book used on mission in Kansas designed for that use - hand place for testing - referrals - gave instructions on some pages - each page to be filled out referred to the mission president at top of page - name was filled in, some times maybe distinct Pres. name was written in or conference president as it was then called -

Companions names throughout his mission had their names written across the pages -

On inside of first page

Justin W
Knapp

Helberd, Idaho.

RFD #3

outside cover of book
had Independence, Mo.

names of presidents -

names of companions

L. J. Muttie

July 8, 1908

P. H. Brockbank

location

Horton

S. O. Bennion

July 18

Hi Cooper

Horton

J. F. Robertson

July 25

R. Olston

Valley Falls
Horton

J. F. Robertson

Aug 1908

J. F. Robertson

Leavenworth

S. O. Bennion

Aug

R. Olston

"

J. F. Robertson

Aug

W. W. Wilson

"

Jos. N. Christensen

Aug

James R. Rawlings

Idaho,
Baldwin
Pomona
Hannett

Oct.

Emuel Van Almen

"

"

J. R. Rawlings

Humboldt
Mound Valley

S. O. Bennion

"

H. M. Bishop

Jos. N. Christensen

Nov.

Emuel van Almen

Sedona,

"

"

Dec.

W. W. Wilson

Grand
Seneca, Okeka

Peter Mortensen

Dec

Peter Mortensen

molin

~~Mortensen~~ S. O. Bennion

Jan. 1909

W. W. Wilson

madison

Peter Mortensen

Jan

"

northland

S. O. Bennion

Feb. March 1909

P. Brockbank

Ottawa

S. O. Bennion

March

Peter Mortensen

Parson

"

April

Emil van Almen

Columbus

"

May

Chas. R. Cox

Walnut

"

May

W. T. Gordon

Omega

"

May

W. T. Gordon

Okeka

"

June

Silcock

Seneca

"

June

W. E. Bennion

Hiawatha, Troy, Wathena

S. O. Bennion

Sept 1909

W. E. Bennion

LeRoy (1st book filled)

2nd book

"

Oct

Charles R. Cox

book filled

"

Oct

"

Sparks

"

Nov

alone (no comp) visited by Eldon Park

LeRoy

"

Dec.

J. E. Silcock

Sparks

"

"

alone

Easton, Topeka

"

Jan 1910

W. E. Bennion

Topeka

"

Feb

H. P. Price (Howard)

Rest, Independence

"

Feb

Silcock

"

"

March

alone

"

"

April

H. P. Price

"

"

April

"

Easton, Sparks

"

May

"

Horton, Oneida

May 1910

"

record ends - returned home

Notes from a small book found among
the belongings of Justin Willis Knapp
apparently carried throughout his mission
to Kansas then called the Central States
mission of the church.

Elder J. W. Knapp

This book is for to keep accounts on while in the Mission Field

A list of contributors to his mission is given along with amounts.

Birthdates of immediate family members are listed.

A description of a watch chain braided from the hair of each of his sisters
is given.

Some words for songs are listed

M O T H E R

I've been around the world you bet, but never went to school,
Hard knocks are all I seem to get, Perhaps I've been a fool.
but still some educated folks, Supposed to be so swell,
Would fail if they were called upon, A simple word to spell.
How if you'd like to put me to the test, There's one dear name that I can
spell the best:

chorus:

M is for the million things she gave me,
O means only that she's growing old.
T is for the tears she shed to save me.
H is for the heart as pure as gold.
E is for her eyes with love-light shining,
R means right and right she'll always be;
Put them altogether they spell Mother,
A word that means the world to me.

When I was but a baby. Long before I learned to walk,
While lying in my cradle I would try my best to talk.
It wasn't long before I spoke, And all the neighbors heard
My folks were very proud of me, for Mother was the word.
Although I'll never lay a chain to fame; I'm satisfied that I can spell the name.

Chorus

M is for the mercy she possesses
O means that I owe her all I own,
T is for her tender sweet carresses,
H is for her hands that made a home.
E means everything she's done to help me.
R means real and regular you see,
Put them altogether, they spell Mother
A word that means the world to me.

Prophecies of Joseph Smith

I prophesy that the saints would continue to suffer affliction and would be
driven to the Rocky Mts. many would lose their lives in consequence of exposure
to disease or would be put to death by our persecutors, and some would live to
go and assist in making settlements and building cities and see the saints become
a mighty people in the midst of the Rocky Mts. Millennial Star Aug 1843

Tulidge History p. 798

That my father may have been a party to the first step in this strange development
I am perhaps prepared to admit. Though the evidences connecting him with it is
vague and uncertain.

Poem

It isn't the thing you do dear, It's the thing you leave undone
That gives you a bit of heart-ache at the setting of the Sun.
The tender word forgotten, The letter you did not write, The flower you did
not send dear, Are your haunting ghosts at night.

tune; Ye who are called to Labor
song composed by the elders

While laboring in Kansas, While laboring out in Kansas, as servants of the Lord
Traveling thro' the country for the advancement of the Lord.

We meet with many people, Some good and bad ones too
But when we ask for lodging they say, We can't keep you.
I'll tell you friends were crowded, and poorly fixed for two,
And as we cannot keep you, I'll tell you what to do.

chorus:

Go on to the next place, It's only half a mile,
The people there are wealthy, They'll treat you in all style.
Go on to the next place, I am sure they'll keep you there.
Their house is large and furnished, They have plenty of room to spare.

Christmas Coral

This universal Joy of Christmas is certainly wonderful,
We ring bells when princes are born, or toll a mournful dirge when great men pass away
Nations have their red letter days, their carnivals and festivals.
But once in a year and only once, This whole world stands still to celebrate the
advent of a life. Only one, Jesus of Nazareth claims this whole wide world's
undying remembrance.
You cannot cut Christmas out of the Calendar, nor out of the heart of the world.

Clover Blossoms

Tonight I'm dreaming of the dear old homestead, I'm lonely for one kind and loving
face.
I long to see the meadow in the moonlight. I yearn for every unforgotten place.
I close my eyes and see the maples waving I seem to

poem:

Let there be many windows to your soul,
that all the glory of the universe may beautify it.
For not the narrow pain of one poor creep can catch the radiant rays that shine
from countless sources. Tear away the blinds of superstition, let the light
pour through fair windows, broad as truth, itself and high as God
(Carry me back to old Virginia) Probably tune

Nauvoo Temple

Commandments of the Lord appear in the tangible form of a temple entirely
enclosed windows with temporary floors, pulpits and seats to accommodate so many
persons preparatory to a general conference. Also the font and other parts of
the temple will be in readiness in a few days to commence the administration of
holy ordinances of endowments for which the faithful have long diligently labored
and fervently prayed desiring above all things to see the beauty of the Lord,
and inquire in his holy temple.

Nauvoo Temple Times and Seasons vol 5 1845
admits that the temple had temporary floors, pulpits and seats,

The Village School

The village school was crowded, T'was examination Day
The trustees came to see the children pass, the teachee was so proud of all.
Excepting two she knew who were always at the bottom of the class
That day they failed as usual, their little hearts were sad.
While all the other children seemed so glad.
When told no one would love them, if they did not learn at school
With tearful eyes the teacher heard them say.

Chorus

We have no one to care for us now, No one to put us to bed, No one to kiss or
caress us at night when our evening prayers are said. Since our Mama was
taken away. we don't get along somehow, That is why we don't pass with the
rest of the class, We have no one to care for us now.

The teacher held the little ones, within a fond embrace and placed a kiss upon
each tender brow. I'll try to take your Mama's place from this time on she said.
Don't say you have no one to love you now. That night she took them to her home.
Their little hearts were glad, As they both knelt down beside her there to pray.
Then like their Mama used to do She put them both to bed, And told them never
more they'd have to say:

Chorus

Lost and Found

Fairer than the lilly, sweeter than the rose
Was our little darling At the autumn twilight close,
Sweetly she was sleeping, In the Angel's care
As we joined the footsteps going to the house of prayer.

Chorus

Strange were the sounds when the service was thro'
Fierce the red glare that burst in on our view.
Dreadful the words that rose higher and higher, Lost in the fire, Lost in the fire.

Quick we hastened homeward, but the flames were there
And the frightened crowds were surging here and everywhere
Oh my precious darling, Who can save her now
For the chimney's falling, See the chimney sway and bow

Chorus

Still the dread sounds when the service was thro'
Still the dread glare that burst in on our view.
Still the dread words that rose higher and higher, Lost in the fire, Lost in the fire

when Oh sight of rapture at the open door,
Stood our little barefoot on the hard and heated floor,
Mama, come and take me, They said I'd find you here.
Then we knew the angels saved her for none else were near.

Chorus

What! tho' the sounds rushed the wide city thro'
What! tho' the glare was still bright in our view,
Changed were the words that rose higher and higher, Saved from the fire
Saved from the fire.

There's a long long trail of winding unto the land of my dreams
Where the night-in-gale is singing and the white moon beams,
There's a long long night of waiting until my dreams all come true,
til the day when I'll be going down that long long trail with you.

songs from mission notebook of JW Knapp

Missionary Experiences in Kansas

The Kans. quail one day were gaily singing. we Elders down in Kans. lane did roam.
The dinner bells at noon were gaily ringing tho not for us as they did while at home.
It was there with grip in hand we slowly wandered ; from early morn til nine o'clock
at night.

We plead with them to investigate the Gospel. And join with us in faith and see aright
CHORUS

On the banks of the old Kansas Kaw
Where we walked till our feet became raw
With hearts that were true we walked two and two on
the banks of the old Kans Kaw

The people claimed that we were only imposters

Our aim for being there was all for gain

But oh how sorrowful they have accused us. And to our hearts it brings much grief
and pain.

Tis only for the love we have toward them , the desire we have to save the souls of
men

That we are separated from our loved ones. To bear the truths glad tidings unto them.
chorus

We never shall forget how we did hunger, and yet our pleadings they were all in vain.
Each one would turn us to their nearest neighbor Oft times we wished that we were
home again.

with faith renewed we'd ask our heavenly Father to open up the way that we might
meet a friend to take us in and give us shelter and kindly share with us a bite to eat
chr. happy

We all have left our homes and loved ones to bear the gospel message to the world.
That precious plan established by our Savior which to the prophet Joseph was unfurled.
Each deem this privilege great to come and labor. To float the earth with truth our
greatest aim.

Thereby becoming Savior's on Mt. Zion. what Joy we'll witness ~~when~~ we meet again.
Chorus

When word from the Office shall come Saying Brother, your work here is done.

On the train west I'll go, to dear Idaho To Hibbard and loved ones at home.

Leaves around the old roll gate are falling, The old school bell is ringing on the
breeze.

Farewell sweetheart their melody seems calling As we linger neath the dear old
chestnut tree

Your last words were sweetheart now don't be sighing Don't ask me stay your
pleadings are in vain.

Just be true for when the April days fly by, I'll be with you when the May time
comes again.

When the humming birds return sweet Irene and the fields we loved to roam are fresh
and green.

To the girl I left behind I'll come back in summer time. When the humming birds
return sweet Irene.

songs from a mission notebook of
J.W. Knapp

+ A frog went a-courting and he did ride, ha hum
with a sword and pistol by his side, ha hum
+ He rode up to the city mount hall . ha hum
And there so loudly he did call, ha hum
+ Miss mouse she came and let him in "
She said my love where have you been? "
+ He took miss mouse upon his knee "
And said my love will you marry me? "
+ Not without Uncle Rat's consent "
Should I marry you kind president "
+ Uncle Rat came home at last
After riding very fast
+ Uncle Rat laughed til he shook his fat sides
To think his neice should be a bride
+ O where shall the wedding supper be?
Down in yonder hollow tree
+ O what shall the wedding supper be?
Sarrow grass and ginger tea
+ The first that came was a bumble bee
With a banjo on his knee
+ The next that came was a six-legged louse
To have ajig with sister mouse
+ The next that came was the farmer's cat
To dance a gig with Uncle Rat
+ They all went gliding over the lake
When the ~~road~~ got bit by a darn big snake
+ Now this is the end of my one, two, three, ha hum
The Rat, the Cat, and the Bumble Bee, ha hum

As the song was sung the first line of each couplet was repeated. The little ha hum was sung behind the first line then when repeated it was skipped going to the second line. At the end of that line it was sung ha hum and moved to the next couplet.

The small + indicates the first line or the one that would be repeated.

Put me off at Buffalo

He caught the train at Albany and to the Porter said;
Put me off at Buffalo

He tipped the Porter saying, Port, old boy I'll go to bed, Put me off at Buffalo, ho ho
Don't forget to put me off at Buffalo, ho ho My birth is number five
If you find me hard to wake, O, don't be afraid to shake, throw me off there dead or
Mr Porter when you call me in the morn he said alive.
I'll kick but of course it doesn't go. No matter what I say, just remember I'm the
Jay

That goes off the train when we get to Buffalo

When the porter went to call the man He found the wrong birth, said get off it's
Buffalo. The man he said, your'ewrong old boy Look out you'll tear my shirt
I don't get off at Buffalo ho ho Don't tell me you won't get off at Buffalo ho ho
be quick and grab your clothes, your the hardest guy to wake said the porter with
a shake. They exchanged some good hard blows , The porter got a soker, but he
fired the man with a crash thro the window he did go
Then the man he should awoke In his sleep said that's a joke Put me off the train
when we get to buffalo

When the brakeman shouted Cleveland No five jumped out of bed and says we've gone
thro buffalo. He said my wife was waiting at the depot with a rig to take me back
at Buffalo

Oh I thought I told you to put me off at Buffalo ho ho There's trouble in the air,
O the porter shook with fright, res he turned from black to white OH how that coon
did stare. Is a dead nigger now he whispered to himself. It's my last trip on
this train I know, my goodness sakes alive here's the gent in no. five. I put
the wrong man off the train at Buffalo

April 1983

Provo, Ut.

Bernie Knapp

The following are ideas that I can remember hearing my father talk about over the years concerning his mission to the Central States.

My purpose in listing these ideas is to help other members of my family to also remember things ^{they heard} concerning his mission from when they were growing up and that we might be able to put them together and compile a more complete account of his mission. There is no particular order intended in this listing. Somewhere among the letters that were left by the folks in a book of remembrance or a desk drawer was a letter telling of Dad's brief stay in SLC. He may have been taken to the train by his father. He stayed with an uncle in SLC and he met a Widdison there that helped him to get some fresh fruit it seems. He went to the church headquarters where the arrangements were made for his departure and tickets. It seems an uncle came or took him to the depot and wished him well and sent him off. Maybe this is where he got the fruit.

In Kansas father saw the first Indian he ever saw. This always seemed strange. His first pony had been an Indian pony that his father traded for but of course he didn't have to trade with Indians for it to be an Indian pony. One time while walking along through the country side of Kansas (the elders used to walk from town to town) he was with several ^{elders} others and one ran along in a grain field and saw a skunk running along with its tail in the air. He grabbed it and chased the other elders with it. By holding it by the tail it could not get into position to extend its tail over its back and release the musk. But he apparently had the other elders on the run with no trouble.

Greyhounds were used to run coyotes and rabbits on the vastness of the Kansas prairies. It was done as much for sport as to rid the country of the vermin, perhaps even more. Riders followed the hounds horseback. The country in east Kansas where he labored mostly was extremely flat.

He often said he wished he knew his own state of Idaho as well as Kansas having walked so extensively over it during his two years there.

He ^{often} stayed with families. He only slept out under the stars on a few occasions. Some times he may have been put up in barns. He once stayed at a home where the man asked if he could shoot a shotgun. So he sent him into some nearby woods with a hound ~~trained~~ trained to hunt out squirrels. These were large squirrels, Dad called fox squirrels. They may have been red. The dog helped locate the trees with the squirrels in them. Dad shot several and brought them home. The people were very pleased with his hunt. They entertained the elders

until the supper was ready. Then they sat down to eat and Dad being a guest had the serving bowl passed first ~~the~~ to him. The ^{thick} ~~thick~~ ^{thick} of the stew or whatever you might call it was like milk gravy and you couldn't see down into it. When he picked up the serving spoon he brought up the head of a squirrel teeth first. He excused himself and put the spoon down inside the bowl and dipped a serving from another part of the ^{bowl} ~~course~~ and this time he had better luck.

He sometimes lived in boarding houses. He generally seemed to be treated well. He did tell of meeting a man who had been to SLC in ~~the~~ Johnston's Army and when they ^{soldiers} saw the conditions of the Mormons as they came into the valley many wept.

One time he had a visit with a Negro woman who seemed ^{to} impress him. He didn't tract them out. But if they did ^{meet them} and were invited in they would not be discourteous. But when they knew the house was that of a Negro family they passed it by. He always respected the fact that they should be treated right and you never heard Dad call them Niggers. He said he learned in Kansas that they were pleased when called Ethiopians.

I remember that he had some post cards he had collected which had large over-sized objects such as a wagon with a chicken wire rack on the wagon ~~land~~ and some very large chickens in the rack. Maybe taller than the men in the picture. One such was like an ear of corn filling the entire bolster of a wagon. One of his favorite ones he had loaned to Ralph Ladd in Goshen and never ^{he} saw it again. He felt bad about that. He ^{was there a card of an enormous sized team} had some other post cards of some ~~to~~ of the ^{flood} ~~flood~~ in some major cities of Kansas. I don't know how much of this he ^{mule?} actually saw. I don't remember that he ever told of a tornado but he told of walking along the roads and seeing wheat straw sticking into the telephone poles where it had been driven in by severe winds.

He told of a law in Kansas while he ~~was~~ ^{was} there that it ~~was~~ illegal to smoke a cigarette on the streets. Occasionally they would meet part-member families. This in some isolated cases and places was the only chance some families had to associate with the church, ^{when} ~~when~~ the elders came thru what they called a conference which was how the mission was divided geographically at the time.

One time he met a man who had been the Iowa state wrestling champ. I don't know which weight. I doubt it was heavy-weight. ^{maybe} ~~maybe~~ light heavy. Anyway, Dad pinned him. Dad used to talk about a hold he called the shot-pout. ^{Pouch?} He wrestled with the elders. They got together at times in larger groups, ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~and~~ would get ^{is} ~~is~~ instructions to meet in a certain city at a certain place at a ^{certain} ~~certain~~ time and they would all work to that point traveling without purse or script as they went.

to

He once was assigned ^{an} elder VonAlmen . I met this man and his second wife at the Swiss temple. He was a tour guide there prior to the completion of the temple. He took me through ^{on} a tour ~~of~~ it. The church furnished them with a small home near ~~by~~ . They invited me to dinner. He told me that once ^{see} Dad wrestled with him and threw him on his duff. Well he was put out with Dad for it. I guess that they called the derby hats they wore in those days duffs.

Pres. Samuel O. Bennion was his mission president. One time he was called in ^{asked} and ~~told~~ if he could work ~~with~~ ^{asked} one particular elder that ~~on~~ ^{get along with} no one else had apparently been able to ^{so} that it could keep the elder from being sent home . ~~and~~ In a few months he could be released anyway. Dad apparently was successful. Once Elder Bennion had to go recover the body of an elder that it seems had been shot and maybe went in alone and ^{dis}guised in order to get the body. ^{out}

They held many street meetings. Sometimes if there were enough elders they would sing songs and attract a crowd ~~and~~ circulate among the crowd passing out literature as others spoke or ~~as an~~ sang. One song was probably ^u Lost and Saved which we heard DAd sing and chord to ^{on} the ~~pian~~ piano or organ. They didn't just sing hymns. somtimes they made up words of their own and sang them to ~~the~~ tunes which the elders all knew.

In tracting they would each take a side of the street oftentimes . One elder said once that he wasn't afraid of dogs. Dad said well then you stay back and help take care of them. This elder had the habit of going ahead and leaving his companion behind ^{with} where the barking dogs ~~were~~. Dad talked about Topeka, Jay, and Kansas City, ^{there were two} ~~it was two~~ cities, one in Kans. the other Mo.. Which one was the largest? ^{Independence, Mo. + Kansas, Kaw River}

Dad spoke of the horses and mules there being effected with cateracts on their eyes. It was quite common and he attributed it to the hot weather and the hot feed. They fed a lot of corn to ^{see} thses animals. He figured the combination helped bring it on.

Dad told about walking along and picking blackberries or was it blueberries along the roadsides there. He also spoke about the wheat straws diven into poles along the road but I don't know if he ever mentioned being in an area where a severe storm struck.

Sometime near time to come home his folks must have been having some th rather serious ^{financial} problems because I have seen a letter that his father wrote to him advising him to stay out until he was released by the mission president. He was told that they had sold a cow or two and could afford to keep him. Not to worry about the farm work at home; they would get the crops in. It was mentioned that one of his mares had ~~had~~ a colt and ~~the~~ things would be okay.

He recieved letters regularly from Mabel Hale, throughout his mission. He told about the ~~grandeur~~ ^{of the Rockies} grandeur of the train route through the grand canyon on the rio Grande railroad as he went out through Colorado.

I'm sure that Dad tried to be an example of the right kind of missionary and was successful in more than one assignment likely given to help a missionary that was having a difficult time.

His parents had taught him respect for leaders in the church and to follow counsel.

I don't know that he kept a journal but he did keep some records of expenses and what he did with the money received and from whom some of the monies came. The ward and relatives helped out with his expenses.

Arriving back in Hibbard he was to be met by his two youngest sisters.

They saw him turn the corner and start west along the road. When he got near to them they could not recognize him. He had changed from when they last saw him enough that when they were close they became afraid and hid in the tall sagebrush along the roadside. *until he went past*

On one trip to Marysville to court Mabel he was talking to her ^{at} ~~in~~ her place when he heard the train whistle in Ashton. It was getting ready to pull out. He left on foot and got to Ashton in time to catch the train back to Rexburg.

In Goshen one of his companions or at least a close missionary to him was Joseph Christensen. He was our ward teacher at Forbes. ^{place} He blessed me. I'm the only one of our family not blessed by Dad. For a long time I thought ~~it~~ ^{it} was Wilford Christensen that blessed me. But it wasn't.

Another of his companions ~~was~~ Howard Price. He lived in I. F. He also had a son named Bernard. He helped Dad find some part time work occasionally, Once helping a guy man named Lindgren, maybe a relative of Howard or his wife. Howard and his wife came to the hospital while mother was still alive and may have been the last ones in the room with her except for maybe Cherry Hess, *while she was still alive,*

I hope that you will all add to this where you can. If you see some mistakes in the information please make the necessary notes to set the record straight. Then hopefully we can get it put altogether and have a record that can be copied by any of the family that would like it.