

The Clay County MOsaic

"Fitting the Pieces Together"

Quarterly Newsletter of the Clay County Archives & Historical Library, Inc.
January-February-March 2009

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MOsaic by Internet

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Please send it to:

info@claycountyarchives.org

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Considering the things that vex us in this life and at this time, it may now be prudent to reflect on the things that provide our foundation...on the things that give us firm footing. It is interesting to note that your foundation was not the foundation of prior generations, for they were busy building your foundation upon the foundation built by their ancestors. But, stone by stone, layer by layer, year by year, it has become the foundation that you have today. And don't for a minute think that it is finished. You have a job to do as well.

What is this foundation and of what is it built? Certainly it provides solid ground on which we stand in times of trouble: from panic on a global scale (sound familiar about now?) to temptations to compromise our personal integrity.

As an example, there is a reason that our legal system relies on precedence...for precedence is its foundation. Without it, without the solid foundation it provides, we would be blown by the various whims and desires of those who forget or ignore the foundation (and the reason it exists in the first place). Some would argue that a partial reason for the discontent and disarray in which we find ourselves today is because the courts and our lawmakers forgot (or ignored) precedence.

Our ancestral foundation gives us guidance on how to live our own lives. And be aware that these ancestors are our own "blood" but also of their contemporaries. For they all had influence on each other. Of course they made mistakes, but they also showed prudence. If we learn from their experiences, we don't have to learn all of our lessons by our own mistakes. One of the lessons we can learn from them is that, in times of hardship, as a whole, they persevered. If they hadn't, we wouldn't be here today. Those are strong foundation stones.

Discovering the nature of your own foundation requires some diligence. This work benefits you and those who come after. Compiling and studying family stories and old documents gives you insight into your ancestor's lives. Then you can consider and judge their actions, thoughts and desires. There are, after all, axioms worth repeating:

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GENERAL INFORMATION

HOURS OF OPERATION

Monday through Wednesday -- 9 a.m. to 4 p.m.
First Wednesday of Month -- 6:30 p.m. to 9 p.m.
Closed on National Holidays

MEMBERSHIP FOR CALENDAR YEAR

Individual & Family (one address) -- \$15.00
(Memberships paid after October 1 will apply to next calendar year.)

BENEFITS OF MEMBERSHIP

Unlimited *On-Site* Research
Subscription to *The Clay County MOsaic*, our quarterly newsletter.

RESEARCH POLICY & FEES

Non-members pay \$5.00 per day for on-site research. Member and non-member research requests by mail are accepted. Each request must be accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope and an initial research fee of \$10.00 per surname for one hour of research. Additional hours are \$10.00 per hour.

COPY PRICES

Original records (such as probate material)	\$1/page
Other published material	15 cents per page
Microfilm printouts	25 cents per page
Computer printouts	5 cents per page
Outsize copies	50 cents per page
Photographs	
Standard Quality	50 cents
Archival Quality	\$5.00

Personal imaging will be charged at the above rates.

SPECIAL GIFTS PROGRAM

Benefactors -- \$1,000 & up (cumulative)

Patrons -- \$500-\$999 (cumulative)

Contributors -- \$100-\$499

Friends -- \$25-\$99

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(Continued)

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2008 PROGRAM

CONTRIBUTORS

Alene Hagerbaumer

FRIENDS

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Ann Henning
Dail and Sallie Hobbs
Roy and Frances Hornbuckle

WORLD'S MOST BORING BASKETBALL GAME?

The William Jewell basket ball team defeated the Independence team here last Friday afternoon by the score of 10 to 6. It was the first defeat this season for the visitors.

*From the Liberty Tribune,
Friday, January 19, 1900*

WHO WAS HERE?

He was reputed to have been in Stalin's private restroom, on the Statue of Liberty's torch, atop the Arc de Triomph in Paris, on the Marco Polo Bridge in China, on the World War II Memorial in Washington, D. C., on huts in Polynesia and even on the moon. Who was this world traveler? See page 3.

ARCHIVES GIFT SHOP

CLAY CO., MISSOURI MARRIAGES 1821-1881
CLAY CO., MISSOURI MARRIAGES 1881-1904
Each Book, Softbound \$24.50 ppd
(MO residents add \$1.80)
Each book, Hardbound \$29.75 ppd
(MO residents add \$2.19)

THE STORY OF LIBERTY...from settlement to suburb, a movie available in two formats:

DVD -- \$15 each
S-VHS -- \$10 each
(add \$2 for shipping and handling)

The VHS version is available in two formats, for older model players & for the current model players. Specify which of the formats you desire.

GREETING CARDS

Christmas cards – 12 for \$10
Note cards 10 for \$5

DOCTOR ON THE WESTERN FRONTIER

The Diaries of Dr. William Wallace Dougherty, 1854-1880
\$22.50 at the Archives
\$27.50 if mailed

I KNEW FRANK...I WISH I HAD KNOWN JESSE
Family, Friends and Neighbors in the Life and Times of the James Boys

Hardback: \$55.00 members
\$60.00 non-members
Soft cover: \$17.00 members
\$22.00 non-members

GUERRILLAS AND OTHER CURIOSITIES

Bud, Donnie and Me
Soft cover: \$15 members
\$17 non-members

MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS (all postpaid):

1877 Historical Atlas of Clay County	13.00
Every-Name Index to 1877 Atlas	13.00
Clay County Births, 1883-84	7.00
Clay County Deaths, 1883-84	7.00
DAR Sesquicentennial Book	18.00
Every-name Index to DAR Book	11.00

Please make your check payable to:
Clay County Archives

And mail to:
P. O. Box 99
Liberty MO 64069

Why, it was Kilroy who was here, of course.

OF INTEREST TO GENEALOGISTS

The Southeast Community College (Lincoln, Nebraska) will hold a Genealogy and Land Records Symposium on Friday, July 10 and Saturday, July 11, 2009. Keynote speaker will be Kenneth Heger, Chief of the Archives/Support Branch, National Archives. Renowned researchers and authors from throughout the United States will make presentations on how to do proper research in Homestead case files. Genealogists will address the volumes of family information in Homestead records. For additional information, contact Kelly Morgan at kmorgan@southeast.edu.

The St. Louis Genealogical Society's 39th Annual Fair will be held on Saturday May 2, 2009 at the Maryland Heights Community Centre in St. Louis. The featured speaker will be David Rencher, Director of Records and Information Division, Family and Church History Department of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. This organization has taken on the project to convert the Church's vast collection of microfilmed records into indexed digital images, which will then be made available on the Internet.

This all-day conference is the largest such single-day event in the Midwest. This year's conference features nationally-recognized speakers, outstanding local speakers, a large and bustling vendor area and an optional lunch.

For more information about the fair, go to the St. Louis Genealogical Society's website at <http://www.stlgs.org/fair.htm>

The 2009 conference of The Kansas Council of Genealogical Societies, Inc. and The Wichita Genealogical Society will feature Megan Smolenyak Smolenyak at a June 20th conference at the Spiritual Life Center in Wichita, Kansas. Sessions include:

- Trace Your Roots with DNA
- Welcome to Roots Television
- Reverse Genealogy
- Find That Obituary: Online Newspaper Research.

Cost is \$45 before May 30th; late registration is \$50. Contact kscouncilgensoc@juno.com for details or visit their website at:

<http://skyways.lib.ks.us/genweb/kcgs/>

The British Library Learning Center includes sections on Art and Culture, History and Citizenship, and Language and Literature. The section on History and Citizenship will be of great interest to those with British ancestors. Go to: <http://www.bl.uk/learning/histcitizen/index.html>

*from "Show Me" State Genealogical News,
newsletter of the Missouri State Genealogical Assn.,
Spring 2009 Issue*

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**EXCERPTS FROM OUR LATEST
PUBLICATION, “DOCTOR ON THE
WESTERN FRONTIER: THE DIARIES
OF DR. WILLIAM WALLACE
DOUGHERTY,
1854 – 1880”**

Note: As Dr. Dougherty resumed his diary in 1869, he wrote the following introduction:

From 1860 to 1863, this portion of our country was the scene of fearful deeds, committed by fanatics (fanatics). A man was in great danger from both sides – he was not considered very patriotic by the Union side, if he did not shoulder his musket and knapsack and join the hosts whose battle cry was down with the rebellion, and death to the traitors; or was he considered honest to his principles, and even his instincts, if he did not push furiously to the aid of Gen. Price who was calling for fifty thousand men, tried and true to defend their houses, country, and fire sides. If a man saw fit to join neither party – believed they were both wrong – that they were waging the most unnatural war ever known – he was called either an abolitionist or a traitor. Hence, the incentive, the force, was powerful to send him headlong – *nolens volens*, into the vortex of destruction that awaited too many alas! of our noble country men.

Note: Nolens volens is Latin for willing or unwilling. Although two of Dr. Dougherty’s first cousins fought for the Confederacy and one gave his life for the South, he would not fight for either side.

Friday, February 5, 1869

Mrs. David Roberts died this morning at 2 o’clock and will be buried at 3 p.m.

Saturday, February 13, 1869

Valentines going the rounds. Ella got 5, Mattie 1.

Sunday, February 14, 1869

St. Valentine’s day. The old saying that if a ground hog sees his shadow and runs back and stays 6 weeks – if so, he’ll not see his shadow to day. Julia and Kate Withers here for dinner.

Note: Kate Withers died before she was 20 and the Tribune reported that she said on her death bed, “Oh, I see Mother. She is coming to meet me.” Few families in these years escaped mourning the loss of young members of their families. Actually, Mrs. Withers had died only a short time before her daughter.

Friday, February 19, 1869

The negroes are erecting a church North East of my house, which I dislike very much, as it will injure my property very much.

Thursday, February 25, 1869

Called to see Mr. Goldman’s 2 children. My other patients are better.

Note: A native Prussian, Manheim Goldman was among the very few Jewish citizens of Clay County and for a time served as Liberty’s mayor.

Wednesday, March 17, 1869

Got a letter from the Knitting Machine Co. offering to make me agent in this co. & machine for \$15.00. Red Ryan killed a man last night by striking him on the head and broke the man’s wife’s arm. The officers are after him.

Friday, March 26, 1869

This is good Friday. Next Sunday will be Easter Sunday – the day I use to celebrate with cooking eggs, painting them all kinds of colors.

Sunday, March 28, 1869

Mary and I took a stroll this P.M. towards the R. R. The city has improved greatly.

Tuesday, March 30, 1869

Got a letter from the Knitting Machine Co. Can’t send me one on trial. Tried to get registered but failed – what nonsense. I am mortified at myself for trying before such a set of yeaahos.

Note: Only 594 men could vote in Clay County after the war. Anyone who applied to vote had to be checked out, and if he had a Southern accent, had come from Virginia or any other Southern state, or had fought in the war against the Union, or had made disloyal remarks toward the union, he could not vote. Dr. Dougherty was not able to vote for several years.

Thursday, April 1, 1869

This is called “All fools day,” though no one has time to fool me.

Quick: Which is the only state whose name is just one syllable? (See next page.)

**MISCELLANEOUS GLEANINGS
FROM MICROFILM
OF EARLY CLAY COUNTY
NEWSPAPERS**

Articles from the *Liberty Tribune*

April 20, 1866

A frolicsome member of Congress from Dakota, the other day bought a snapping turtle and put it in the desk of Thad. Stevens, and then asked him for a sheet of paper. The unsuspecting Thad. nearly lost his fingers by the trick, greatly to the delight of the joker.

The Postmaster in this city received yesterday from Independence some packages of letters written and mailed in 1861. The mailbag containing them was found about three miles from Independence secreted in an old saw mill boiler, and is supposed to have been placed there by the bushwhackers, who robbed the mail repeatedly during the war. *Kansas City Journal*

October 28, 1910

Jesse James as a Woman: Here is a reminiscent story from the *Columbia Tribune*: "When Jesse James made his escape from Callaway county, after having been 'Brother Johnson,' a Sunday school superintendent, for some months, he disguised himself as a woman. The night before a Sunday school picnic, at which he was to have been captured, Jesse James was warned of the plan by a note from a woman whose brother he had saved during the Civil war. His landlady, Mrs. Sarah Nowlin Wommack, when she learned the identity of her border, at once urged him to go to the railroad and get out of the county. The station was guarded. She got a dress and Jesse James, disguised as a woman, drove to Fulton and boarded the train while the town was on the lookout for him. Mrs. Wommack was one of those who believed Jesse James to be a victim of circumstances and that he was an excellent man. She told the story of his escape in 1890 at a Baptist association, when others brought up the subject."

September 7, 1917

Peter Clay, Bell Ringer, Dead: "Uncle Peter" Clay, a respected old colored man, died at his home in Liberty Wednesday night. His age is uncertain, but those in position to know, say he must have been near the century mark. He was brought from Virginia at an early age by the Winston family of Platte county, but had lived here over sixty years.

For years he was known as "Peter, the Bell Ringer," walking over town ringing a bell and announcing sales, concerts, public gatherings and was familiar to all the community.

February 13, 1920

An Iron Horse: Jesse Hards and Dick Wornall got in a car-load of Sampson tractors Wednesday, which are attracting much attention as low priced tractors and have quite a name.

Among the lot is an iron horse that can be driven by lines like a team. An exhibition was given yesterday on the square, the machine pulling a tractor.

RECENT ACCESSIONS

History of Barry Christian Church 1820 to 1865, donated by the author, Michael Wilson.

Book: "Henry Shouse & His Forebears & Some of His Ancestors" by Mary Armstrong Shouse, donated by Richard Sine.

Index to 1877 Atlas, Ray County, donated by Ken Neth.

Books: Virginians & West Virginians 1607 to 1870, Volume 2" and "Compendium of Historical Resources," donated by Steve Cockrell.

1907 Platte Co. Atlas; Withers/Morrow photos and letters; Funeral Books: James Hymer, Dara Gabbert, Allie May Hymer and William Edwin Gabbert, donated by Roy and Frances Hornbuckle.

Book: "Canady/McCormick Families," donated by Lois L. Hupfer

These materials are available for our patrons to use in their research. Thank you to these generous donors.

This family owned the first stove in the community. Neighbors traveled for miles to see it operate. On this stove a Thanksgiving turkey was burned to a crisp before the eyes of curious guests, by wives who had cooked too long over the open fireplace.

From "History of Oak Ridge Manor" by Harold Dixon, on file at the Archives

Answer from previous page: It's Maine!

Found at the Archives: The Family of Richard Strode, who died before 1854, leaving eight or more children. This Civil Court document lists the names of these children, including the names of the daughters' husbands.

LINCOLN'S BEST FRIEND

A boy of 10, grieving his dead mother, waits in the Indiana wilderness with his sister and cousin. His father is returning from a weeklong trip on horseback. Finally they hear horses and run to meet him, stopping to stare at an overflowing wagon. Sitting tall, smiling and holding the reins, is Sarah Bush Johnston Lincoln, Abraham Lincoln's new stepmother.

Sarah was a widow living in Elizabethtown Kentucky when, on December 1, 1819, former neighbor Tom Lincoln knocked on her door and, without much preamble, noted that he needed a wife and she needed a husband. The match enriched them both. Sarah had creature comforts; Tom owned land. They and Sarah's three children left for Indiana, hauling feather beds, clothing and furniture, including a prized walnut bureau, its drawers nestling *Aesop's Fables*, *Lessons in Elocution*, and Sarah's family Bible.

After the treasures were unloaded, Sarah quickly unleashed her warmth and energy. The fine bureau looked odd resting on the cabin's dirt floor, so Sarah persuaded Tom to cover the dirt with planed boards. Soon she cajoled him into adding a door, a window and a sleeping loft.

Inside the newly whitewashed log walls, Sarah took note of the intensity and doggedness with which Abe focused on reading and ideas. She was his one, patient sounding board as he read the few books available to him, out loud and repetitiously.

Much later, after Abe and Sarah engineered their clan's muddy move to Illinois, and Lincoln was an established lawyer and politician, he told a relative that Sarah "had been his best friend in this world...no son could love a mother more than he loved her."

Despite great demands on the newly elected President, Lincoln traveled a hundred miles from Springfield Illinois to be with Sarah before continuing on to Washington. He had purchased her homestead, giving her life tenancy. Even when consumed by war, Lincoln kept tabs on Sarah's well being. She feared Abe would be killed. She died four years after his assassination.

In 1952 historian Charles Coleman said, "Sarah Lincoln, more than any other one person who influenced Abraham Lincoln's youth, deserves the thanks of a nation."

From History, the History Channel Magazine, March/April 2009 issue

GRANDMA'S APRON

The principle use of Grandma's apron was to protect the dress underneath, because she didn't have many and it was easier to wash aprons than dresses and they used less material, but along with that, it served as a holder for removing hot

pans from the oven, shooed flies away from sleeping babies and fanning it provided a bit of a breeze on a hot summer day.

It was wonderful for drying children's tears and on occasion it was even used for cleaning out dirty ears or wiping a runny nose. From the chicken coop the apron was used for carrying eggs, fussy chicks and sometimes half-hatched eggs to be finished in the warming oven.

When company came those aprons were ideal hiding places for shy kids. And when the weather was cold, grandma wrapped it around her arms or around the shoulders of the nearest child. Those big old aprons wiped many a perspiring brow, bent over the hot wood stove, dried work-worn hands and more than a few tears.

Chips and kindling wood were brought into the kitchen in that apron. Crumbs were brushed from the dining table onto that apron. From the garden, it carried all sorts of vegetables. After the peas had been shelled, it carried out the hulls. In the fall the apron was used to bring in apples, pears and nuts that had fallen from the trees.

When unexpected company drove up the road, it was surprising how much furniture that old apron could dust in a matter of seconds. When dinner was ready, Grandma walked out onto the porch, waved her apron, and the men knew it was time to come in from the fields to dinner.

It will be a long time before someone invents something that will replace that "old time apron" that served so many purposes.

Author unknown

CEMETERY TOUR

Led by Ken Neth, a group of Archives volunteers and board members took a tour of some of Clay County's cemeteries last November. Here are some of the highlights:

At Fairview Cemetery in Liberty, Ken showed the group the Love family monument, where a loose plaque conceals the secret place where Civil War soldiers would leave letters for their families to pick up. On the west side of the cemetery they visited the grave of Jennifer Ann Menger who died in 2000 in a tragic manner. Her tombstone is engraved with a long memorial about her death written by her brother. On the east side of the tombstone is her picture.

The Moore cemetery, on 98th Street above Cooley Lake, is blessed with a wide view of the countryside below. It contains the grave of L. W. Martin, who died at age 27 in 1892. His marker has the three interlocking rings of the Odd Fellows organization. The three rings symbolize friendship, love and truth and are often found on tombstones around the area.

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**EXTRACTS FROM THE
LIBERTY TRIBUNE**

Archives volunteers have been abstracting genealogical and historical information from the Liberty Tribune, a continuation of the Genealogical Notes by Hodges and Woodruff that ran prior to 1900.

January 1, 1909

Mr. and Mrs. Frank **Cameron** of Excelsior Springs visited Monday and Tuesday at the homes of Perry Cameron and J. B. **Goodwin**. Mr. Cameron said 31 brick buildings are being erected at the Springs besides a good number of other buildings. The roof is being put on the new Elms Hotel building and it will be a very large and nice hotel.

Tuesday evening, December 22, little Luther Allen **Mead**, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Mead, was taken from the world to enjoy the bliss of the eternal home. After almost two weeks of suffering he was compelled to give up the fight for his life. His departure will never be forgotten by those who saw it. On Monday night while tossing in his little bed, his little hands were reaching upward and he, looking straight toward heaven began to talk to his papa about seeing a picture. As his little hands became tired, one of them waved and then both fell to the bed. No doubt the little eyes saw the Savior beckoning him home. While it seemed hard for us to see such innocent beings suffer and then have to go, yet we know that there is a purpose to it all. He stayed here and suffered a few days for the good of the family. His suffering reconciled them to his death before he was taken. In this he followed the example of Christ who suffered for our good. It was a hard task to give up the greatest joy of the home. The writer had been acquainted with the home and knows there was nothing reasonable too good for this child to have. The faith in God and confidence in His wisdom has enabled them to make the best of the sad circumstances. Luther Allen Mead was born October 26, 1905, died December 22, 1908 of pneumonia fever. He was the youngest child of a family of seven, five of which with parents and friends lament the loss here. Funeral services were held at Stony Point by Rev. **Browning** of Liberty.

December 19 was the 55th wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. **Sevier**, a venerable couple of Liberty. The children enjoyed eating dinner with their parents and it was a pleasure to have them there. Mr. and Mrs. Sevier were married at Salem, Ala.

January 8, 1909

Died, while visiting her nephew, James **Lincoln** in St. Louis, on Wednesday, December 23, 1908, Mrs. Sarah **Snail**, and buried in Smithville cemetery Saturday, December 26. Mrs. Snail was the widow of Dr. J. B. Snail, the first doctor to open an office in the town of Smithville for the practice of medicine, and a very popular and successful practitioner. Mrs. Snail leaves three children to mourn her loss, Charles G. Snail, William Snail and Mrs. Clay **McDonald** of St. Joseph. She was the sister of Rice D. **Gilkey** of St. Joseph and Mrs. T. W. **Pancake** of St. Louis, all former prominent citizens of Clay county.

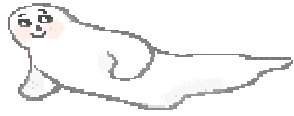
Burned to death in Mexico: A telegram from Rinconada, Old Mexico, told the news of Mrs. Robert H. **Jones**, wife of a well known Baptist minister, being fatally burned last week in a railroad wreck. Mr. Jones is pastor of the Baptist church at Dearborn, Mo., and they were on their way to visit a daughter, Kate, at Rascon, Mexico, nearly 400 miles south of Mexico City. Mrs. Jones is the daughter of Mrs. Molly **DeBerry** of Smithville, widow of Dick DeBerry, who was in business in Smithville for a number of years. Besides her mother, Mrs. Jones has two sisters, Mrs. Lewis **Wood** and Mrs. Lina **Gillispie**, also another daughter besides the one she...Rev. Jones was formerly pastor at Kearney and attended William Jewell college several years ago. He was burned but not dangerously. A letter received by James **Everett** at Smithville said Mrs. Jones' body was entirely consumed, and that Rev. Jones was burned on his hands and face, but the burns are not considered dangerous. He has been at a hospital. The letter was written by Mrs. Kate **Hicklin**, the daughter they were going to visit. She said her mother's body was entirely consumed by the flames. A wreck did not occur, the letter stated, but the fire was caused by an explosion from a leaking gas lamp.

Victor **Irminger** won the rifle in the drawing Harry **Payne** had. The winning ticket cost 29 cents.

January 15, 1909

Both Legs Crushed by Wagon. George Hutchison of Missouri City, son of Marion Hutchison, met with a very bad accident last Monday while hauling coal. One of the wheels of the wagon, bearing weight of the load, went over his legs, breaking one at the ankle and the other between the ankle and the knee. The wheel stopped on him and he was pinioned to the ground and a fence nearly an

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We don't have a ghost town for this issue; instead, here is a true "ghost story," taken from the Liberty Tribune of September 28, 1900.

Trailed by a Woman
Grewsome Shadow That Darkened
a Promising Life,
Louisville Courier – Journal

The death in this city this week of one of the minor participants revives the story of as strange a tragedy as the world has ever known. The person who passed away was Mrs. Sue M. Pendleton Conn, aged 60 years. The tragedy was one that darkened, blasted, haunted the lives of two people – Major John Throckmorton and Ellen Goodwin. "Throckmorton's ghost," the woman was called, and never was sinning man tormented by ghostly "haunt" as was this one by his ghost of flesh and blood. Day and Night, week in and week out, year after year, from earth's end to earth's end, a black, shadowy figure followed this man – silent, watchful, phantom-like, but always there.

It was nearly forty years ago that John Throckmorton, son of Aris Throckmorton, was one of the leaders in this brilliant society that flourished in the old South. He was rich, witty, handsome; a fine type of the young southern gentleman, impulsive, generous, kind of heart and open of hand. He was connected by blood or marriage with almost every prominent southern family, from New Orleans to Louisville. His father, Aris Throckmorton, built and managed the old Louisville Galt House; famous throughout the south for its lavish hospitality. John had ample means, and was a welcome visitor wherever he chose to go.

Just when pretty Ellen Goodwin came into the story no one knows. In all the fierce light that afterward beat upon them, details of their earlier intimacy remained forever buried in mystery, and both carried their secret to the grave. Ellen lived near Louisville, and was remarkable for her beauty. She was well connected and had a small fortune in her own name. Friends of Throckmorton saw them together a few times, at some social gathering or possibly at a lunch or dinner; then the intimacy ceased. Throckmorton left Louisville on a pleasure trip and did not return for several months.

First Appearance of the "Ghost": One stormy, blustering night, when the snow was beating against the window panes and people were hurrying homeward to blazing fires, Throckmorton returned to Louisville and went at once to his father's hotel. As he stood with his back to the great fireplace in the lobby and looked through the window at the storm that raged without, he suddenly gave a start.

Standing motionless against a gas lamp post in front of the hotel was a woman. She was dressed in black, and the face was covered by a heavy veil, to which the snow clung. Throckmorton need not ask her name or see her face; the outline of the figure told him all. Ellen Goodwin stood there, so silent and specter-like that he became fascinated and watched her.

That was the first night "Throckmorton's ghost" was seen. It was the beginning of a hell's torment that was to last uninterruptedly for nearly twenty years. The dark shadow that he saw through the window that night was to follow him all over the world; it was to be with him in the blaze of noon and the darkest hours of night; he was to see it in every capital in Europe; it was to be close behind him in his most secret moments; it was to mingle in his shadow so that in delirium of terror he would wonder if his mind were not deserting him, and if both shadows were not one and the same.

It was wonderful how the woman appeared to know of his every movement. At social gatherings, at his club, at the rooms of his friends – everywhere he went – there was the fateful shadow in black. He would slip from his hotel by a side entrance at dead of night, and sneak by back and dark streets to the heart of the city, only to glance over his shoulder and see the black specter following. Her appearance on the streets of Louisville became so common that people paid no attention to her, merely glancing up to see how far ahead Throckmorton might be. As years passed her very name was forgotten, and she was only known as "Throckmorton's ghost."

At first Throckmorton tried to treat the thing as a joke and laugh it off. The woman, he said, was a crack-brained creature, who would grow tired after a while. He could keep it up if she could. If it amused her, he did not object. Thus, he reasoned at first, but he soon became restive and then it grew to be a serious offense to mention the "ghost" in his presence. He became silent, morose and quarrelsome.

Then it was he determined to shake off the dread specter by heroic measures. He would go abroad and remain there until the thing died. With the utmost secrecy his plans were made. He did not even tell his most intimate friends his destination. Secretly he slipped away, taking a train for New York. Under an assumed name he engaged passage on a steamer, and when his vessel was out of sight he smiled gleefully at having at last rid himself of his horrible nightmare. He went to London, where for the first time in years he breathed freely. Then one day he strolled along a street, and felt – actually felt – that the ghost was near. Glancing over his shoulder he saw that fatal shadow in black walking behind him. He fled to

(Continued to Page 11)

VOLUNTEER CORNER

We are always looking for good volunteers. At this time, we have the following opportunities:

- Abstracting information from Criminal Court files. Some of these files contain interesting stories about the early history of the county. Volunteers search these documents for names of people and places and record them on the outside of a folder.
- Abstracting genealogical and historical information from old newspapers on microfilm. (The column "Extracts from the Liberty Tribune" on Page 7 of the newsletter comes from this source.)
- Data entry and extracting information from abstracts and marriage indexes.
- Scanning photographs
- Assisting researchers
- And more.

Volunteers do not need specific skills. We will be happy to train you and to tailor your work to your interests. If you are interested in volunteering, please call us at (816) 781-3611.

CITY OF LIBERTY ANNOUNCES ITS 2009 WALKING TOUR SCHEDULE

Again this year, the City of Liberty will sponsor a series of guided historical walking tours. All tours are free and open to the public. Tours begin at 10:00 a.m. Be sure to wear comfortable shoes. For more information, call 816-439-4537.

- **Saturday, April 4: Historic Downtown Liberty**
Tour meets at the fountain next to City Hall, 101 E. Kansas Street.
- **Saturday, May 2: Mt. Memorial Cemetery**
Tour meets at the entrance to the cemetery. (Follow Miller Street entrance to the William Jewell College campus and continue up the hill.)
- **Saturday, June 6: William Jewell College**
Tour meets in front of Gano Chapel on the William Jewell College Quad.
- **Saturday, July 11: Garrison District**
Tour meets at the Garrison School, 502 N. Water Street.
- **Saturday, August 1: New Hope Fairview Cemetery**
Tour meets at the stone arch entry to the cemetery on Shrader Street.

- **Saturday, September 5: Dougherty Historic District**
Tour meets at the Clay County Historical Museum, 14 N. Main Street.
- **Saturday, October 3: Jewell and Lightburne Historic Districts**
Tour meets at the Clay County Archives, 210 E. Franklin Street.
- **Saturday, November 5**
History Seminars resume.

OF INTEREST TO GENEALOGISTS

(Continued from Page 3)

The Louisiana State University at Baton Rouge hosts the site "Civil War Book Review" that features reviews of recently published books about the Civil War, at: <http://www.cwbr.com/>

from "Show Me" State Genealogical News, newsletter of the Missouri State Genealogical Assn., Spring 2009 Issue

Tips for squeezing all you can out of a visit to a local (or even the Salt Lake City) family history center may be found at http://www.associatedcontent.com/article/1275887/how_to_use_the_family_history_library.html

from "Show Me" State Genealogical News, newsletter of the Missouri State Genealogical Assn., Spring 2009 Issue

Fire destroyed the office of the War Department and all its files in 1800, and for decades historians believed that the collection, and the window it provided into the workings of the early federal government, was lost forever. Thanks to a decade-long effort to retrieve copies of the files scattered in archives across the country, the collection has been reconstituted and is offered as a fully-searchable digital database at:

<http://wardepartmentpapers.org>

from "Show Me" State Genealogical News, newsletter of the Missouri State Genealogical Assn., Spring 2009 Issue

Check out the "Ten Amazing Google Search Tips" at <http://techtracer.com/2008/01/06/10-most-amazing-google-search-tricks/>

from "Show Me" State Genealogical News, newsletter of the Missouri State Genealogical Assn., Spring 2009 Issue

The Topeka Genealogical Society (TGS) and the Kansas State Historical Society will present TGS' 37th Annual Genealogy Conference, featuring John Phillip Colleta, Ph.D., speaking on "Historical Sources: The Building Blocks of Family History!" on Saturday, April 25, 2009. For more information call the TGS Library at 785-233-5762 or 785-286-1606 after 6:00 p.m.

CRAWLING THROUGH THE CEMETERIES WITH KEN

By Ken Neth (Known around the Archives as Mr. Cemetery.)

GRAVE UNDERTAKINGS

Mike Moore recently visited the Archives regarding a graveyard in his back yard on N.E. 37th Terrace. There are no grave markers, but depressions in the ground. Using the dowsing system, he estimates some 30 graves. This may be a Squire graveyard.

An article in the Smithville Democrat-Herald on September 14, 1928 by Cosby Shafter, tells of four burial grounds of which there was no longer any trace (at that time). He tells of a graveyard on the W. C. Rice farm, one at the Boss Waller home, one across the road and east of the Old Platte Church and one on the Obe Summers place just south of Smithville. The grave in the front yard of the Boss Waller home is that of Ed Snail, a victim of Federal bushwhackers.

Kansas City still sees no problem building a bridge and road on top of the White Oak African-American graveyard on North Brighton Avenue. They had hired a firm from Corona, California which reported no evidence of a graveyard. However, their report refers to the Nash graveyard up the hill.

BEER

A fine beer may be judged with only one sip, but it's better to be thoroughly sure.

Czech proverb

Brewing has been part of human history for over six thousand years. It is thought that the Sumerians discovered the fermentation process by chance, perhaps when bread became wet. The earliest account of brewing pictures wheat or barley bread baked, crumbled into liquid and fermented – a process involving natural yeasts – into a tasty drink.

Beer has been an important foodstuff in many cultures, especially in places where the water was impure. People of all ages drank it throughout the day, and workers were often paid with jugs of beer. Some beers played an important part in worship, where they were considered to be the source of inspiration from the gods, and were ceremonially prepared and ritually drunk by priests, such as the Druids who celebrated the Celtic Feast of Brewing. Laws were frequently made to regulate the consumption of beer. For example, the Puritans were allowed to drink only two quarts of beer for breakfast.

Hops were not added to beer until the seventeenth century. Instead, other herbs, such as yarrow, rosemary, juniper berries, ginger, cinnamon

and bog myrtle provided a more subtle complex flavor. Ginger beer was a much-loved nineteenth-century drink, in both England and America.

Without question, the greatest invention in the history of mankind is beer. Oh, I grant you that the wheel was also a fine invention, but the wheel does not go nearly as well with pizza.

Dave Barry

from www.abouthyme.com

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

(Continued from Page 1)

“Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it.” And, “An unexamined life is not worth living.” I would translate “not remembering” into “not knowing” it. You inherit physical DNA from them but they also pass down experiential DNA. The former requires no effort on your part but the latter does.

This is your heritage; it is something that cannot be taken from you. It must, however, be discovered by you. Know that what you get in life is dependent on what you give. And you should consider what you leave behind.

So, I invite you to take advantage of all the resources at your disposal. Contact family members who know the stories and visit libraries that have the documents. I especially invite you to visit the Clay County Archives and avail yourself of all it has to offer.

Also, you hear the phrase, “give something back...” used in conversations of late and I'd like to use it, too, and ask that you “heed the call.” Give to others by volunteering at the Archives to ensure that the heritage and foundation for our descendants remains intact.

Stuart E. Elliott

CEMETERY TOUR

(Continued from Page 6)

The Gaddy cemetery and the Lincoln cemetery (which Ken saved from the bulldozer a while back) are on Lightburne Street/33 Highway. Farther south the Baker-Evans cemetery is on the right, and behind a stucco house, also on the right, is the cholera cemetery.

We plan to visit more cemeteries in the future. We regret that for liability reasons, we cannot open these tours to the public.

Trailed by a Woman
(Continued from Page 8)

Paris, only to meet the same phantom-like figure there. A tour of Europe failed to shake off the apparition.

Returning Home in Despair: At last, in despair, he returned to Louisville and took up the old life. He used to complain that he was chained to a corpse; that his life was blasted; and that no man had ever endured such persecution. No woman dared permit him to visit her regularly, and he naturally could entertain no idea of marriage. The only woman who allowed him to call at her home was Mrs. Sue Conn, then a young widow, whose funeral occurred in this city yesterday. To Mrs. Conn, Throckmorton talked much of his ruined life, and she sympathized with him. One night, as they were sitting in the parlor talking, a white wan face, surrounded by a rusty veil, appeared at the window. Picking up a stick of firewood, Mrs. Conn threw it through the window, striking the ghost on the head. That was her only connection with the story. Throckmorton discontinued his visits, however.

Time passed and Throckmorton grew more moody. At last he determined to rid himself of his tormentor by violence. The scene resulting from this determination, as it was afterward told in court, was most dramatic. One night about 12 o'clock, as Throckmorton was walking home through a lonely street, he glanced back and saw the "ghost" only a few yards away. He waited at the mouth of a dark alley until she came up, and then he suddenly sprang out on her. He snatched her veil from her face, and dragged her to the nearest lamp post.

"Why do you follow me?" he asked, his voice trembling with passion. She made no reply, simply looking with her big black, mournful eyes into his. Clutching her by the throat, he drew a dagger from its sheath and raised it to strike. "Kill me, John, but kiss me first!" she cried, as the weapon was about to descend. Throckmorton threw the dagger away, dropped his hold on the woman and fled.

He Had Her Arrested: At length came the time when human endurance could stand the awful thing no longer. Throckmorton had the woman arrested on a charge of lunacy. The old court house in Louisville, where Henry Clay and Crittendens had many a hard-fought battle in days long gone by, was packed as it never had been before. The most eminent legal talent was employed, and the evidence was of most sensational character. Ellen Goodwin was defended by Hon. E. Y. Parsons and Colonel Marc Mundy. Albert S. Willis and W. R. Thompson represented the prosecution. To all questions put the woman made intelligent answers.

And then Ellen Goodwin told her story on the stand; a story that moved the vast audience with its pathos and its suffering. She said she was but a

girl of 15 when Throckmorton met her. He sought her out at home and she learned to love him. Then came the old tragedy, and even after she had become his creature she said she loved him. She said: "I loved this man so passionately that I found the desire to be at his side irresistible. I began to follow him on the streets solely because I loved him. He laughed at me and spoke sneeringly of me to his friends. He forgot the promise he had made me and I forgot my love for him. I learned to hate him. Before, I had followed about after him because I worshipped him. Now, I determined to follow him because he had scorned me and because I hated him as intensely as I had loved him. I sought to teach him contrition, but he was too proud to repent, too stubborn to seek my forgiveness, and I was too resolute to forget my purpose, and so day after day and night after night I have been upon his track. I have suffered and so has he.

Ellen Goodwin was adjudged of sound mind. After the trial she ceased her shadowing of the man and retired from public gaze. She had a small fortune.

Under the title "Crazy Ellen," Major Henry T. Stanton, the Kentucky poet, wrote and published a poem depicting the awful miseries of Ellen Goodwin.

**EXTRACTS FROM THE
LIBERTY TRIBUNE**
(Continued from Page 7)

hour, unable to move, before any one discovered him, or he could be released. He was hauling coal up the hill just above the distillery, to take it around on St. Bernard. In having trouble getting up the hill the wagon ran backwards and to one side, on ice. He was caught between it and the fence, the wheel getting on his legs. He was powerless to release himself. A bone of one leg was crushed through the flesh and into the ground. Dr. J. M. Allen and Dr. Bert Maltby of Liberty went to Missouri City in response to a telephone call and attended the injured man.

Dr. Allen and Dr. Bert Maltby were at Missouri City again Wednesday and reported George Hutchison, whose legs were both broken by a wagon backing on him, getting along very well.

January 22, 1909

A Pioneer Dead. Thomas **Gotcher** died in Minnaville Monday. He was 71 years of age Dec. 31 and leaves four children. The funeral and burial were in Minnaville Tuesday. Mr. Gotcher was a native of Clay county, having been born north of Minnaville in 1837. The children are Edward and Luther Gotcher, Mrs. Anna **Staggs** and Mrs. Dosha **Miller**. Mr. Gotcher's marriage was to a Miss **Linderman**, daughter of an early settler.

THIS IS A CEMETERY

(Author Unknown)

Lives are commemorated – deaths are recorded – families are reunited – memories are made tangible – and love is undisguised. This is a cemetery.

Communities accord respect, families bestow reverence, historians seek information and our heritage is thereby enriched.

Testimonies of devotion, pride and remembrance are carved in stone to pay warm tribute to accomplishments and to the life – not death – of a loved one.

The cemetery is homeland for family memorials that are a sustaining source of comfort to the living.

A cemetery is a history of people – a perpetual record of yesterday and a sanctuary of peace and quite today. A cemetery exists because every life is worth loving and remembering – always.

We love our volunteers! During the months of January and February they worked 633½ hours. But we can always use more. If you are interested, please give us a call at 816-781-3611. (See “Volunteer Corner” on Page 9.)

ARCHIVES WANTS HISTORY

Do you have old documents, letters, diaries, photographs, scrapbooks, etc., related to local history? The Archives would love to have them. If you have something but don't want to give it up, let us make a copy.

The Clay County MOsaic

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