

March 13, 2018

Hi Mike,

Enclosed is the chart that started most of the McKenzie side for me. I am not sure where it came from, but I believe I had it in the '70's. It was like my "bible". It only went back to Gabriel 1794 and Rachel; the dates were added by me later.

I made 3 trips to the Circleville farm, one in 1940; with photos, one in 1945, no photos, (it might have been too soon after the war as my dad did his own developing) but I remember some of the people; and the last one when my dad took early retirement in 1952 and we moved from Wash DC area back to Portland, OR. No photos on that trip either.

My dad must have been a little close to some of his cousins as Rose Mary McKenzie Fields sent me her Army purse when I was in the third grade. It was a brown leather shoulder bag and how I loved it! I just knew I would join the army and be a nurse. I didn't. I did name my new Bride Doll after Rose Mary, and still have that doll, but not the purse. Both my daughter and granddaughter played with her. I was not a girl into dolls; only had two, a baby doll and Rose Mary.

My mother believes my dad contracted Undulant Fever on a beach trip to Chesapeake Bay from drinking unpasteurized cow milk. She would not let us drink the milk, nor did she. It is treatable now, but not then, and my dad ran a fever every afternoon, and eventually he could not work.

On the third visit we ate our meals at Aunt Katherine's house. It was the first time I had ever seen a frozen steak, and I kept dropping it on the table, saying I didn't know how we could eat this. (Katherine was very patient.) We were traveling with 2 cats and 2 box turtles. The cats had never seen fresh catnip. I had never seen fresh cow manure. No photos on this trip either.

When Gabriel b. 1794 married Rachel Blubaugh; is where Father Blubaugh comes in.  
When Rachel McKenzie b. 1828 married Andrew Stanton is where Barb comes in.  
When Leo b. 1848 married Margaret Ward; is where Wayne Ward comes in.

And which Daniel are we connected with? There are several Daniels and lots of Samuels!!!

Also for fun I am enclosing a newspaper clipping I just received from a high school classmate who works for the Gresham Outlook. I am the Mary in her story. Enjoy!

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Mary". The signature is written in dark ink and has a long, sweeping tail that extends to the right.

C. 1630  
JOHN S L M SARAGUELLI  
C. 1659

GABRIEL NICK m. SAFFI  
B. 1715  
SAVIER MCKENZIE SR m. RACHEL DUREIN  
B. C. 1750 D. 1831  
ELLEN  
1763 - 1846

1861  
G.W.

GALFAL MCKENZIE m. RACHEL RINCHBAUGH  
MCKENZIE  
WILKESVILLE  
MCKENZIE  
B. 1780 - 1794  
D. 1798

1832-1922  
AMBROSE (G)  
NANCY HAINES  
WILLIAM MCKENZIE  
IN  
ELIZABETH (GARETY) (A)  
1822-1893  
SAMI (C)  
1825-190

1831-  
1826-1852  
RACHEL EMILY (E)  
SUSANNA (H)

1831-  
LIDIA (F)

1826-1852  
JOHN (D)  
JANE REDFERN  
ANDREW STANTON

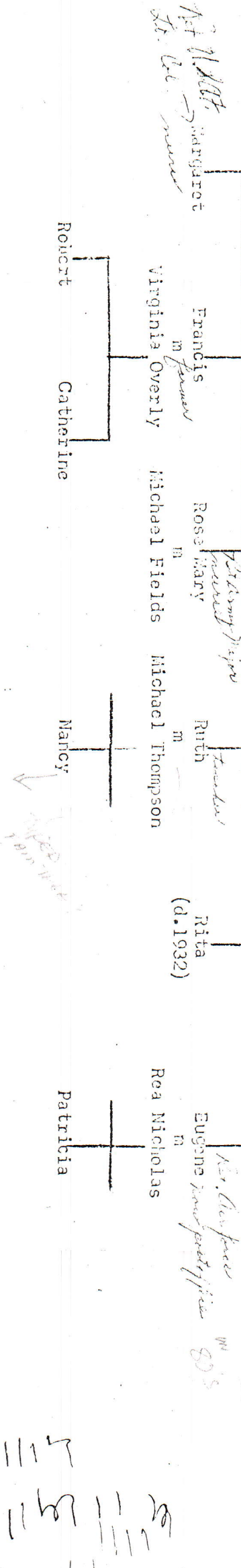
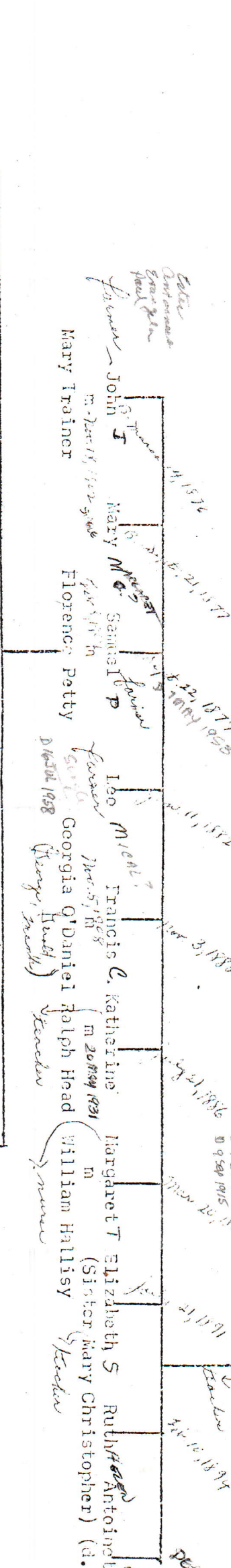
1832-1922  
AMBROSE (G)  
NANCY HAINES

1832-1922  
AMBROSE (G)  
NANCY HAINES

1832-1922  
AMBROSE (G)  
NANCY HAINES

1832-1922  
AMBROSE (G)  
NANCY HAINES

1832-1922  
AMBROSE (G)  
NANCY HAINES



Adopted from Ruth Thompson

Handwritten scribbles at the bottom of the page.



## Tenacity of forebearers drives women's equality

**M**arch is Women's History Month. I was talking with a friend the other day, a skilled artist who sells her work, the true sign of being an artist.

But Mary started out as a stewardess on a Trailways bus. Yeah, I didn't know buses had stewardesses either.

Back in the day, a high-end bus trip was like air travel used to be. Which makes you wonder, when did airplane rides descend to the level of a bus trip? But that's another story.

Anyway, in the 1960s the deluxe Trailways trip offered unlimited food and snacks, a restroom on



**Sharon Nesbit**

board and a uniformed stewardess at the back to dish out food and drink. "Except," she said, "on the dead-of-the-night run to Redding, Calif., where most passengers slept." Then she stayed out of the aisles unless someone beckoned. She added that it was not her job to clean the restroom.

Funny, the things we did for a living. Mary also waited tables, the only job I never tried and many diners will be happy about that. But then, she never worked on a broccoli

planter with four scruffy guys.

Eventually, Mary and I both got to do the jobs we wanted, one with the brush, the other with the keyboard. But we speculate what our lives would have been like if, when we were young, we had had the advantages of birth control. Would we have married as soon? Had children so soon? Would we have bloomed earlier, rather than later?

Back in the day, the suffragettes had children, produced goodies for a tea party and still carried the flag for women's right to vote. Would it have taken so long if they hadn't had to wear corsets and wash the blasted things as well as get supper on the table every night?

My grandmother was born without the right to vote. Pictures of her so-called youth show her bone-skinny (an attribute I did not inherit) on a hard-scrabble farm with children, chickens and a weary gaze. Just when The Depression was ending and things began to look up, she had another baby. She had started life as a gifted school teacher, and I expect she missed it some days when she was killing chickens and figuring out how to feed her family.

My mother wanted to be an artist. She was the first in her generation to go to work in big business, working side by side with men. Though she did the same work, she would never achieve their rank in the of-

fice. Likely, she could have told me a thing or two about the #MeToo movement.

If we look back we see that each generation of women takes a another step forward doing things that their mothers and grandmothers could not imagine.

I was oddly encouraged this week by the female mayor of Nashville losing her job because of sheantigans with her body guard. Equality is tricky.

It's taking too long, but women are moving ahead, pushed from behind by our mothers and grandmothers. Take a moment during Women's History month to remember them.