<u>The Children of</u> <u>Granville Washington and Mary Ann Hanvey Chewning</u> <u>Siblings of Moses William Chewning</u>

October 22, 2023

1. John Washington Chewning: Granville Washington through John Benjamin

2. John Washington Chewning: Bettie Vinson

3. John Washington Chewning: Theodosia through Moses William

4. John Washington Chewning: Sarah Boonie through Charles Louis

5. Catherine E. Chewning Tucker - James Madison Chewning son Thomas Edward

6. James Madison Chewning: Martha Ellen through Bertha Lee

7. Mary Frances Chewning Noe

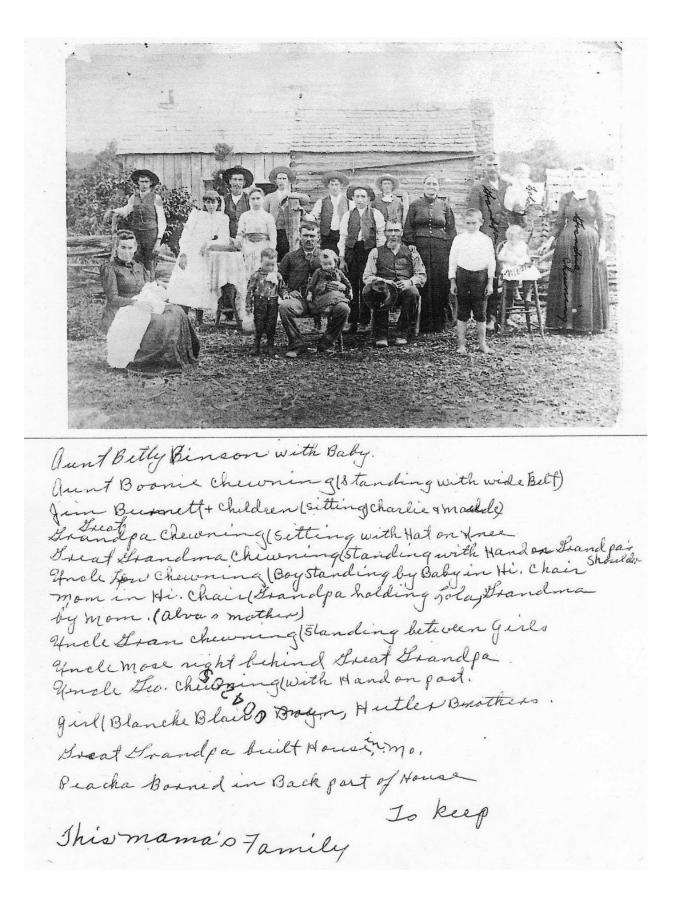
8. William Granville Patsy Chewning: through Franklin Pierce

9. William Granville Patsy Chewning: John Henry through Ralph "Blackie"

10. Elizabeth A. Bettie Chewning – Stephen A. Douglass Chewning

Bettie Elizabeth Frances Chewning Vinson Daughter of John Washington and Margaret Missouri Jane Hand Chewning Granddaughter of Granville Washington and Mary Ann Hanvey Chewning

Bettie wrote a Chewning genealogy in 1951, with the help of her daughter, Verna Vinson Maxwell. The pages that I have are at the beginning of this document. In it, Verna wrote that her mother *was 'born near Kahokia, MO 1864, on August 27.'* I take this to mean that she was born on the family farm in Union Twp., Clark County, MO.



Re: the caption: I think that the *Mama in 'Mama's* Family' may be referring to Alva Chewning Dotson. The caption earlier says *'Mom in hi chair. Grandpa holding Lola. Grandma by mom (Alva's mother).'*

Grandpa would be Marion Francis Chewning, Grandma was Katherine McMurdo Chewning. They remained in MO until the very early 1900s, then moved to Oregon.

Lola was b. in 1889, Alva in 1887. The next child, Clifford Lee Chewning, was b. in 1891, so it seems that his picture was taken between 1889 and 1891.

I believe that whoever wrote this caption was a daughter of Alva Chewning Dotson.

Family History, written by Blanche Vinson Cox

I received this packet of information 7/2023 from

It's a family history, written by Blanche Vinson Cox, chronicling her life.



Photo between 1906 and 1916

BETTIE FRANCES CHEWNING

Born: August, 27 1864 in Cahoka, Clark County, Missouri Parents: John Washington Chewning and Margrett Rodgers Occupation: Homemaker and Business Woman Married: Thomas Henry Vinson on November 23, 1887 in Benton County, Missouri Children: Verna, Blanche, Harley, Raymond Died: May 1, 1951 in Riverton, Wyoming

Bettie Frances Chewning Vinson.1.

VIDEO ARCHIVES, INC. 1990 A010307

Bettie Frances Chewning was born Aug 27, 1864 in Cahoka, Clark County, Missouri, the daughter of John Washington Chewning and Margrett Missouri Jane Rodgers. The Chewnings had moved to Clark County some years earlier from Front Royal, Virginia, and the Rodgers had come from Marion County, Indiana. Bettie was the fourth child of twelve children in the Chewning family.

Some years later the Chewning family moved to Benton County, Missouri. There Bettie met Thomas Henry Vinson and they were married in her father's home, November 23, 1887 by the Reverend Stratton. The next few years were spent in farming and raising their family of four children. Verna, the oldest was born March 22, 1889, followed by Blanche in 1890. Harley was born in 1891 and died in 1896. Raymond Warner was born in 1893.

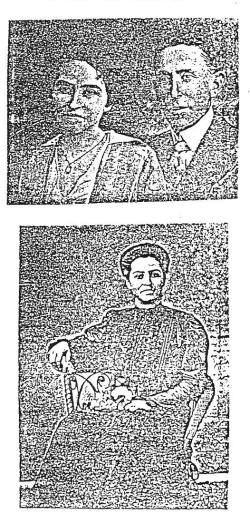
Widowed in 1901 with the death of Henry, Bettie continued farming on the old Vinson Place in Lindsay Township, Benton County until they were able to move into Lincoln. There Bettie opened the first telephone exchange. Verna and Blanche began teaching school as soon as they were old enough, and then Bettie moved the family to Warrensburg, Missouri where the girls attended Normal School. Bettie ran the telephone exchange and ran a boarding-room house for men students attending the school.

Later Blanche married and moved to Riverton, Wyoming, to be followed shortly afterwards by Verna, then Bettie, and finally, by Ray and family. Thus, the entire family moved to a new location. Bettie sought a new vocation and became a saleslady for a number of different companies. She raised fruit, goats, and a garden while providing a good living for herself.

In 1951 Bettie became ill and moved into Verna's house for care. On the first day of May, 1951, she passed away from the effects of her illness which finally was diagnosed as stomach cancer. She is buried at the Mountain View Cemetery in Riverton, Wymoning near the grave of her eldest child, Verna, and not far from the graves of her other children, Blanche and Ray.

Planche Depson Cop is fist causin. Grand daughter og Bettie Chenoning Vension, Gunt Bettie sister og Dad Charles Lawis Chewning aunt Bettie real name was Elizabeth Inences Chewning Wient by name of Bettie Ske never use the name Elizabeth. BLANCHE VINSON COX

A Girl From Missouri



Ruth is Ruth Maxwell, daughter of Verna Vinson Maxwell. Willard and Helen are Willard Wilson and Helen V. Paxton Chewning. I think Larry is Lawrence Wheeler Chewning. Larry's wife is Gwendolyn F Moore Hunter Chewning. Jimmy is James Jimmie Lee Chewning, son of Len Washington and Faye Alice Johnson Chewning. Lloyd may be Lloyd Edward Chewning, son of Nina Marie Chewning.

Researched and written by Pamela Downes West

Mom and Dad are Charles Louis and Martha Jane Mattie Stone Chewning.

Dear Willand - Helen. Di this is a story we got from our 2nd couser Buth She is the niece of Blanche. Rutho mather was Verna aunt Betties oldest daughter, Buth also gave us a picture of Grandpa John Chewring It usn't real clear. But you that ca see Narry in him. I am enclosing the picture with this story. I yellowed out the pages that had anything to do with the Chewning side & family. Buth is wasking on a story that what she remembers growing up. she well gene us a capey when she gets it done. Dane also sending you a picture of Mom & Dad with Jim & Lloyd. Jen look like little girl face mather made dresses for Jim + Larry when he was baby-Larry told Fay she was wronge He would never have worn a dress. Da Ha.

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How I Happened to be Born in Missouri

My great grandfather, James A. Vinson, we think was born in Tennessee about 1793 and died in 1844. He married Clara Bennett who was born in Virginia. They had a large family, one girl named Rhoda married Dr. Head. The doctor and a preacher and many relatives moved with the family to Missouri that had just been added as a slave state. There were three doctors in the James Vinson family. My grandfather Levi Warner Vinson was one of the boys. They brought their slaves along. As soon as James and Clara were settled in their new home, they organized the Southern Baptist Church and named it Mt. Pleasant Church. I remember my grandfather, Levi Warner, telling my mother the preacher said, "Sister Clara, I don't know what to preach about tonight." She said, "You preach about Jesus Christ and him crucified." The church later burned down and as the cemetery was pretty filled they went about two miles farther down and started a new cemetery. They were a small group and there was a small group of Methodists. They built a new church and called Mt. Pleasant. The Vinson slaves were buried in the corner of the old cemetery. Their graves were marked with wooden slabs with their names.

My grandmother Mary Ann Smith is buried in the old cemetery. She was called Ann. My grandfather Levi Warner Vinson had a large monument put for her. We have not been able to get much history of the Smiths. She had a sister Maggie who married a man named Means, a brother Dick, and a brother Edward. Dick and Aunt Sarah never had any children, but raised two boys that had been abondoned in a covered wagon near Uncle Dick's place. They knew their names, but no relatives were ever found. Their names were Cummie and Henry Brown. They were always close to the Vinsons like cousins. Uncle Dick was a regular clown, always playing jokes on someone that usually fell on himself. He owned a good farm, but dressed poorly; he had little pride. Once he sat on the front seat at church with his farm shoes on and no socks. The preacher remarked to someone he felt like giving that poor old man a quarter to buy some socks. When Uncle Dick heard about it he said, "I wish he had; I sure would have took it." Grandma Mary Ann was a very neat person and a good quilter which was a novelty in those days. I've heard she was full of fun. They held all day quiltings and they said when Ann Vinson got there the fun started. She and Grandpa were a very devoted couple. On Sunday evening they would hitch the team to a spring wagon and drive early to church so Grandma could fill the lamp with oil and polish the lamp globe.

My grandfather Levi Warner Vinson married Mary Ann Smith in Missouri: She died November 24, age 57 years, 10 months, and 5 days. She was buried in the Vinson plot in the old cemetery. J. A. Vinson, called White, died nine days after Grandfather Levi Warner.J.He.was.married to Sally Cochran and had no children. Rhoda Vinson who married Dr. Head died at Centralia, Missouri. She had two doctor sons who lived around Clinton, Missouri.

The Levi Warner Vinson Family

Levi and Mary Ann's daughter named Kathryn (called Kitty) married B. G. Blair. His name was Berzille Giles, but was called Elic. He had a clothing store in Sedalia, Missouri and he died in 1912. Kitty died in 1940. Frank Vinson married Laura Kyle, lived at Odessa, Missouri, and later at Springfield hwere he was sheriff. He had a girl who died in infancy and five boys. John A. and George E. Vinson died at the ages of 11 months and two years. Thomas Henry Vinson

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always went by the name of Henry. He was born on November 20, 1860, and died January 13, 1901, and was buried in the new Mt. Pleasant Cemetery. He married Betty Frances Chewning on November 23, 1887.

After the death of Grandma Mary Ann, Grandpa Vinson rented the farm out and boarded with the family. The last family was that of Henry Brown who had been raised by Uncle Dick Smith. They were looking for a new baby, and had a four year old boy. The women had to stay in bed for 10 or 11 days and needed help. They heard Betty Chewning was available. Mr. Brown went over there about seven miles riding a horse and leading another. My mother said she wanted to stay home and help her mother that summer as Grandma Margaret Missouri Jane Rodgers Chewning was carrying what would have been her 13th child (she miscarried). Grandma said, "Betty, if Mr. Brown doesn't find anyone to help with his wife it will be your duty to help out. Mamma told him of some girls he might get but he couldn't get any one of them. He came again with two horses, one with a side saddle and they went to the farm. Papa was at a place where Mama was and someone told him that the girl going to work for the Browns was sitting next to Jim Burnett's wife. Mama was on one side of her and a large dark girl on the other. A fellow who clerked in a store said, "Henry, don't you try any flirting with that girl, she belongs to me! Papa said, "Don't worry I won"t be interested in the big fat black thing." Papa worked in Uncle Elic's (B. G. Blair) clothing store, but took his vacation to help on the farm with the hay. He was stretched out on the grass near the door of the old log kitchen where cooking and eating was done for the family. Mama thought he looked like a smart aleck, but she had dignified way that soon let boys know she took none of their smartness. When Papa saw her he realized he had mistaken the two girls. After a fcw days, Papa said, "There is a revival going on at Mt. Pleasant and we

úsually go. We have plenty of horses, but no side saddle, but I know where I can borrow one." Mr. Shields, the owner of the side saddle, said, "Henry, you better not borrow that saddle. It has married off every couple in the neighborhood." Papa said, "Well, maybe that wouldn't be so bad." He had a steady girlfriend and Mama had a steady who had asked her to marry him, but she told him she didn't want to tie herself down just then. When they got to the church the first time she didn't. know whether to go on in while he tied the horses of to wait. She decided to wait. He wasn't dressed up, but after that he always dressed up and sat with her. After two weeks they decided to hold the revival meetings for another week, so for three weeks they never missed a night. Mama was a Christian, but Papa wasn^{*}t. They discussed every phase of life, beliefs and disbeliefs. It was the custom of most young men at that time to treat each other in the saloon when they met in town, and most families who had nothing against moderate drinking usually had a jug nearby. This caused friction as the two progressed from friends to lovers and were beginning to talk of marriage. Most of their courting was done in the old log kitchen. One time Papa was cleaning his pistol and it was loaded and he was accidently shot in the leg below the knee. It was Mama's job to dress his leg. Grandpa Vinson spent a lot of time visiting with Mama as Papa was working outside. She learned a lot about the Vinson history. Papa asked Mama to marry him. She asked for a week to go home and spring the news to her family and the fellow who had previously asked her to marry him. She said he was very surprised and indignant, but finally talked serious and they ended up friends.

Papa made up his mind to tell Grandpa and ask if he would rent him the farm. He said they rode to town and were unhitching the team before he got the courage to broach the subject. Grandpa was very pleased, said she seemed a fine girl. Papa asked him if he would rent him the

farm and he could live with them. That pleased Grandpa. While Mama had gone to her parents to tell them her plans, Grandma was very disappointed. She had expected her to marry the fellow she had gone with so long. She said it seemed like he belonged in the family. Mama said, "Ma, would you want me to marry him when I love someone else?" "No, of course not, but this one seems like a stranger." Papa knew Mama was not fickle, but while she was home in his mind he had all ' kinds of imaginations -- what if she changed and decided on the other fellow. When she got back he said, "What is my answer?" She of course said "yes." She never told us about any kissing, but I'm sure there had been more than one. Now it was time to have the vows said. Grandpa John Washington Chewning didn't want to perform marriages for his children. He said if they didn't get along he didn't want to feel to blame. He was a preacher who went everywhere with his Bible and religious literature, and was called a saddle-bag preacher. He was not an educated preacher, but he knew more Bible than many educated ones. He preached until they began getting educated ones. He preached funerals, baptized any who were ready, performed marriages, and explained the Bible to many as he sat in his old hickory chair he had made for himself. Grandma was very devoted. She was raised by her grandparents, the Rodgers. Her 15 year old mother became pregnant, by $Nade \mathcal{R}$ what what we were told as children. The Rodgers didn't like him and wouldn't let her marry him. My mother never said anything different. Neither did my sister Verna. About eight years ago my cousin Dora Ben: was visiting me and said Mama's oldest brother, Granville Chewning, said he had Indian blood in him. Apparently this was the reason the Rodgers wouldn!t let their daughter marry the guy. This took place in Indiana where there were Cherokee Indians. That is all the information I have, guess it doesn't make any difference. Grandma's mother later married

a man named Short and spent her later days with Grandma. Margaret Missouri Jane Chewning signed her name Margaret J. Chewning. All her children loved Grandma Short. She and Mamma's sister, Theodoshia, died a few days apart and Aunt Doshia left two children and asked Grandma and Grandpa to raise them as her husband Jim Burnett was not a Christian. Grandma and Grandpa raised them to be grown. Later their father remarried and Grandma accepted her as a daughter. Mama had four brothers and the two younger ones were good to advise and help look after us after Papa died. Grandmother Chewning was a wonderful person. She did some nursing during the Civil War. Mama copied some of her remedies in my cook book. Grandma was what they called a midwife. She delivered over 100 babies, mostly "thank you" jobs. She never charged anyone. She always wanted the best of everything for her children. A man called a singing master organized singing classes in different neighborhoods, my grandmother signed up my mother and two brothers. Mama.had a beautiful alto voice. They sang by night. She also sang at her work--while ironing, washing, cooking and when there were was death in the families she sang and cried at the same time. How well I remember her singing "Sweet by and by" and other songs. Grandpa Chewning had a pension, but Grandma earned her own money. She had a spinning wheel and weaving loom, and wove rugs, carpets, and clothing. This is how she paid for the singing lessons.

Papa had a doctor when Verna and I were born, but Grandma was there and helped more than the doctor. She delivered Harley and Ray. Verna was born March 22, 1889, and I was born May 4, 1890. Harley was born August 20, 1891 and Ray was born March 6, 1892. When I was three years old, Verna not quite 4, and Harley near 2 Papa decided he would make more by going back to Sedalia to work as he would have money coming in each

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month. On the farm we always had to wait until fall when calves, mules, and hogs were sold. Mama always sold eggs, butter, and sometimes a few-chickens to help keep groceries. What Papa wanted to do was very much against Mama and Grandpa's wishes. They reasoned with him, that he would have to pay house rent and buy fuel for heat, but he felt sure it was the thing to do. They rented the farm out to a family and moved. They took a cow and some chickens. Mama took the cow which her folks had given her when a calf and which was a heavy milker and left it at Grandpa Chewnings. I don't remember much about the move, but after Ray was born in Sedalia and was a few months old Mamma went down on the train to visit her folks at Lincoln. I remember this scene on the train although I was only three: When it was time to get off she took four year old Verna and three year old me and left two year old Harley in the seat, took Verna and me to the platform to wait for her. I thought that she was leaving Harley on the train. I cried, "Poor little Harley!" I don't remember who met us at the train nor much about where we lived while in Sedalia. It was during President Cleveland's term and there was a big depression. Papa and a friend bought a grocery store, but they credited too much out and lost the store. Jobs were scarce. As soon as we could get possession of the farm we were glad to get back. Mama said she was glad to be hoeing in the garden and having wood to burn instead of buying coal. She raised a lot of geese. Verna and I had to help pick the feathers off--a job we hated. There was a long creek called Duran's creek and Ray and I had to keep the geese from going to the water. We had a happy childhood until Harley and Papa died. There were large Maple trees in the front yard, a long row of peach trees north of the house, a few trees in the back, pear and plum trees in the front, and flowers on each side of the front walk. A large lilac grew at the end of the walk. There was a deep dug well

walled with stone which had a bucket that pulled up over a wheel. There were also roses and a snowball bush in the yard. Little Harley would pick the snowballs off. Mama told him they were not to be picked. Later after he was dead she decorated his grave with many snowballs. Papa fixed a long pole from one big maple tree to another and fixed two swings for us. We spent many hours in the swings. Once I remember I held old black Tom cat on my lap--he was very gentle--and Ray held young Dave. Once we got our doll dresses and dressed the cats up. Dave's dress belonged to Verna's doll. Dave didn't like to be dressed up. He got away and ran under the house. Ray and I got a tongue-lashing from Verna and she made a trip to tell Mama on us. She was usually helping Mama or reading. Ray had no one to play with so that was my job. It seems like Mama was always working with peaches. We had canned, preserved, and dried ones. Grandpa was usually helping her. He was very good to her. Near the spring that was walled up with brick was a little corner of fertile soil. That was Grandpa's watermelon patch. He raised huge melons. We knew to stay out of Grandpa's melon patch. All he had to do was tell us. We loved him so we obeyed him. When we had company he would bring up a big watermelon and we sat in the yard and ate great slices of melon. On one ever got a melon out of the patch that was Grandpa's property. He kept us well supplied. Mama made watermelon preserves and pickles. One of my fond memories was the smoke house. It was back of the old log kitchen. In one corner was a big barrel of kraut, another of cucumber pickles, jars of lard and fried-down meat, a big box of chunks of soap (homemade)-enough to last a long time-, and a can of coal oil. Hanging from the rafters were great ham shoulders, side meat, and there were jars of sausages for breakfast. We often had sausage, red gravy, ham, and biscuits for breakfast. We usually butchered five and six

big fat hogs on butchering day. On kraut day cabbage was cut by a slaw cutter and settled and weighed down in barrels. In the winter Mama would get a bowl of kraut and it would have little chunks of ice clinging to it. I'm sure we lived good in those days, Mama also made most of our clothes. Our every day drawers were made of bleached flour sacks. We had muslin ones for good with embroidery at the bottom. They were buttoned on a waist three buttons back and front and three down the back. Our under skirts were fastened on a waist with buttons down the back. When Mama wasn't working in the house she sat in the shade in the front yard making button holes and sewing on buttons. We had white or figured lawn dresses for Sunday and to wear on the Fourth of July picnic. We had straw hats with flowers and ribbons. She made her dresses, too. I remember Papa would drive the wagon to the front style block, which was like a table with three steps up and and three down, so we could step over into the wagon. Mama would be the last one out. I thought she looked so nice as she buttoned on her nylon gloves (black ones).

I remember her telling about taking three weeks off to make her wedding dress. She went to Sedalia and bought material called seal brown. The skirt was straight and had two or three inches of stuffing at the underside of the hem to make the skirt stand out. The waist was tight fitting basque with fancy buttons down the front. I saw it among old clothes when a youngster. She also bought a new coat when she bought her wedding dress material. It was a black princess style buttoned down the front. It was many years before she had another. Before they married Papa also went to Sedalia and bought a table and chairs, bedstead, bureau, small cook stove and heating stove, a cupboard called a safe, a rocking chair, a set of farm dishes, and cooking vessels. They were now ready for housekeeping. For their wedding ceremony she came down stairs in the old log house in front of the fireplace where Papa and the minister stood. The minister was Preacher Stratton, a Methodist preacher and good friend of the family. Mama told of the wonderful prayer he made as they knelt together. Grandma had what they called the in-fare supper. She thought they should stay all night. It didn't look right for a bride to not stay at home the first night. Papa had rented a buggy. The minister had his own. They went to the old farm to start their home. Grandpa Vinson went to Uncle Frank's for a few weeks. There was a Thanksgiving dinner at Mt. Pleasant Church and they went to that. Mama moved that first table they had to Wyoming along with a few other pieces. The table is now in David's basement. She wanted me to have it. It is older than I am. It is the first table that I ate on. It is nearly 100 years old.

Harley's death was the first sorrow that came to mar Mama and Papa's happiness. In two years Grandpa Vinson died. He left no will. He had a black mare kept for his riding. She was a beautiful, shiny horse, full of life and was never used for anything else. When they went to sell her that caused the first disagreement. Aunt Kittie Blair thought the price was too low. Uncle Frank thought the price seemed right, then in a few days said sis thinks not enough, and it had to be done all over again. She wanted to sell the entire farm. Papa wanted a part of it and offered to buy the part where there were no buildings. Uncle Frank, though, sided with her. They were offered a price for the farm, but she thought it not enough so it was sold at the courthouse to the highest bidder, bringing half of what they had been offered, which caused another rift in the family.

One day Papa helped dig a grave for a friend who had died. Working in the hot sun apparently caused him to have some type of stroke, and he died some time later. As we had to stay on the farm that year

Mama rented the place to Uncle Lew and Aunt Bonnie Benz. When Mama got her part of the farm money she bought a farm Papa thought he might like. It was near her parents place. It took us away from the church and the school that Papa had once attended in the old log building, away from the sad scenes we had endured. Mama's brother's wife and five children and his wife's mother lived about two miles from Grandpa Chewning's place. Their baby took real sick, and they sent for Grandma Chewning as she was always called in any sickness. Mama told her if she would look after the three of us she would go help with the baby. When the doctor got there he said it was smallpox, and they were all quarantined until all were released. It was hard for us. Mama was all we had, and we had never been away from her. Our uncle got the sled as snow was on the ground, and took us over to see her. Mama stood on the porch and talked with us. Groceries were sent out from town and set away from the house. When Mama got home we moved to our new place on the farm she had bought. One day we had gone down to Grandpa'st. A man just released from quarantine came over and Grandpa took hold of his hands to see some of the pox marks. In a few days he came down with it and exposed all of us. We then came down with it. Ray was so low with fever and I was talking and saying the same thing over and over. I had been to school and I thought George Washington was crossing the Delaware in a boat shoving great chunks of ice to get across. I did so want some of that ice and couldn't get it. Mama got a horse and rode about one and a half miles to where there was a telephone to call the doctor. Verna was able to be up. Mama told her where she was going. The doctor said Ray was far worse than I. Later we had measles and Mama had a bad case. Then Verna and , Ray had typhoid. In spite of all the hardships and sickness Mama saw

to it that we had good times. With a big garden, cows to milk, calves, little mules and hogs to sell we had plenty to eat. This place was in the woods. There were large squirrels, rabbits, opossums, and coons, and as soon as Mama felt safe for Ray to hunt alone he kept us well supplied with meat. Mama was very independent and didn't need help from anyone. Once a wheel came off our wagon as we were crossing another man's land. Mama managed to hold the wheel on and had Verna drive until we got across his land. Another time there had been rabies in the area and Mama and I took refuge on top of the chicken house when we encountered the dog that we thought looked rabid. After being up there for awhile we armed ourselves and ventured down. The dog didn't haw rabies as it turned out.

We didn't get hand-me-downs. Verna and I made some extra money by helping the neighbors. Mama always had her tax money ready when it was due when some men couldn't pay this. We made our friends in school and went to many parties held in homes about every weekend. When we were 14 and 15 there[†]ware chances of dates. We accepted only a few. The one I liked best was Eddie. He would come and take me sleigh riding. I had one neighbor boy after me, and he was very anxious and determined to take me places, but I was determined not to go with him. There was a lot of fun among the young folks about me and my Tom. We had many kinds of roses in our yard, and girls would make May baskets. A lot of young folks would come to our place to fill their May baskets and we would go to many places to hang them.

After three or four years we had outgrown the country schools. I had been staying with my grandparents in town for a year going to school. Mama always saw that we attended church. There was a Methodist church about three miles from our place. We attended there some of the time.

One summer she got the consent of Christian people to have a Sunday School in front of our place. We sat on boards laid on logs. The boards she had borrowed from a saw mill. They chose Mama for Superintendent. Others taught classes. A very queer old man played a violin or fiddle. His vest was slick with tobacco juice, and he sang slow and draggy. I don't remember anything I learned, but must have learned something as we studied the Bible literature. I remember Eddie and I sitting on the back seat, giggling about the poor old tobacco chewing fiddle player.

After we moved to town I attended Sunday School, also. Mama had taken over an office for a telephone company as manager. We three filled in as assistants when needed. When I was seventeen during a big revival at the Baptist Church we attended it seemed to me that the evangelist was talking to me. I thought of myself as a good girl, I didn't drink or play cards or dance or smoke, so I judged myself not needing anything more. When he preached "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God" I thought, well, that means me. I went home with a burden in my heart, and I really prayed, not a "now I lay me down to sleep", but a prayer for God to save me and to let me get back to church. I wanted everyone to know. The Lord heard me, and when the invitation was given it seemed I was just pushed out of my seat. Everyone who came up to pray made me feel like saying "It is all over." I joined the church next Sunday and wanted to be baptized. I was baptized in a large creek called Duran's creek. My church friends and many others came in buggies, wagons, horseback, and on foot and stood on the bank of the creek and sang as the preacher baptized me under the water. My mother stook there with a blanket to put around me. It was February. That was about 77 years ago and the

Lord has been with me all these years, through joy, sorrow, and trials. Verna had been baptized at the same place the year before. I was away at the time and never saw her baptized.

During this time I had several dates, one I thought at the time was special, but learned later there was one I was to meet that became very special to me. There was a man in town I had heard about, but had never met. When I was teaching at my first school about 12 miles from home, this young man stayed all night with one of my school directors, and asked the two little boys about their teacher. He sold stock medicine and other articles for a company called S. F. Baker Co. He stayed at night with farmers. He sold goods to the people where I boarded, and they spoke about some of his special toilet articles. I said, "Why don't you have that young man stop sometime when I am here." The next school I took was two miles from home. One Sunday I was working at the telephone office for a girl who , wanted to go to big Lutheran funeral. This young man was boarding at a hotel nearby. He was walking around and thought that he would stop in and visit for awhile with Bess, but I was there. We went ahead and visited for awhile. He asked where we lived. I had been attending teacher's summer schools at our county seat. I told him I was going to Teachers' State Normal at Warrensburg, Mo. He said he had a sister and a brother attending there and wrote my name down.

I was teaching school east of town and one day I was walking home and he was walking down the street and walked home with me. Sometimes he would be driving to Lincoln, our little town of about 500 people but with the surrounding area thickly populated with farmers, and would give me a ride. One time as school was just closed for the day and I had done the janitor work and locked the door I was standing on the platform, hating to start out in a down-pouring rain. Suddenly I heard the jingling harness and there was a rig coming, and it was the man selling goods from farm to farm. He drove right up to the platform and I stepped right into the rig. It had side curtains and could be closed in. The rain was coming so hard. We turned the black team, . Prince and Dan, to face the other way and we visited, getting better acquainted. Before this when we had just met a few times I was in school at Warrensburg State School. I had met his sister and brother. I had made up my mind to study hard and forget about any boyfriends. Mama had moved up there later to keep students and be with us part of the time as we taught in winter and went to school in summer so had little time at home. I got a postcard from this th young man saying he was coming to spend the 4 with his sister and brother, and would like to take me with his sister and boyfriend to Excelsior Springs to go boating as there were three lakes there about two miles from town. A small little train ran out there called the "Dummy". I answered the card and said I would go. We went boating and that night they had fireworks, and we sat on the gillside and watched, getting better acquainted all the time. When it was time to go home I called him Clint. I had, of course, called him Mr. Cox until he wanted me to call him by his first name. He always signed his name J. Clinton Cox as he and his brother had the same initials, J. C. Cox. He used J. Clinton Cox as long as he lived. He had many girlfriends everywhere he went, and two special ones in my hometown. One was from a well-to-do German family. She was a hatmaker and had a milliner store where they sold hats. She dressed in the very latest bought clothing, and as both liked to dance they would go in groups to another town where there was a good band and dancing. The other girl

lived on a farm at the edge of town, and as they had a large barn Clint kept his team there and boarded with them. He dated her occasionally, but she lost her heart seeing him every day. When he started seeing me quite often, the two girls got together and talked things over. The dressy one was indignant that he chose me instead of her, with her fine clothes and rich furs. They would liked to have tarred and feathered me and run me out of town. I kept telling him he better remember all the money back of her, but we kept dating for a long time. I was teaching about 10 miles away in another school as I had taught three years at the one near home and got a better salary. Clint stopped once and stayed at my boarding place overnight. During that time Verna and I went on an excursion to the San Francisco World's Fair. I taught at that school two years. While I was teaching Clint came out to Wyoming as some friends had come out to lease farms from a real estate man from Sedalia who was leasing farms to anyone who wanted to lease them. In this family there were two married sons and two single ones and two single daughters. Clint had been writing one of the single ones who was working in a bank and he was trying to get Clint to come look the country over. He wanted to be in the mountains. He got a job taking a band of sheep to the mountains for the summer, sleeping in a pup tent with a dog and his pistol. A camp mover came by once a week with supplies and brought him his mail. Sometimes I would get five letters at a time as he wrote almost every day. The family he knew in Sedalia became close friends of ours and treated us as their children. We called the parents Mother and Dad (that was after we were married and had moved out to Wyoming).

Clint stayed there a little over a year, but made up his mind he wanted to live there. Plans were being made for us to get married when

he got back. On the way home he stopped in Kansas City and bought my cedar chest and had Mama hide it to surprise me. She put it behind the piano. I was offered my school for the third year, but went home to get ready for my wedding which we planned for April 15, 1917 at my home. I was having the students who took their meals at our place, two near neighbors, and my very dearest girlfriend I had gone to school with at the state college at Warrensburg at the wedding. My sister was boarding at their place and teaching at their school. Mary was to be my bridesmaid and Clint's sister's boyfriend to whom she was engaged was to be Clint's groomsman. He was going to college at Columbia, Missouri. He was coming up on Saturday. Mary and Verna had come on Friday. Mary and I talked that night until very late. On Saturday morning a girl who roomed there at Mama's was sick, and Verna went with her to see the doctor. I had hired my dress made and was to go over that day and try it on once more. The doctor told Addie she had small pox, and he would have to quarantine the house shortly. We were inf commotion about what to do. Neighbors said to have the wedding over at their house at the time we had planned, but they also kept students and the doctor said no. Could we go to the hotel? No was the answer. I had had small pox, but couldn't think of waiting three or four weeks to get married. We asked the doctor if I could go to Sedalia. He said yes if we didn't mention fleeing from the quarantine. I got my dress in a hurry, got a suitcase and had a bag packed for my honeymoon, and got a gray suit and hat to match. We had planned to have white angel food cake and ice cream after the ceremony. Mama put one cake in the suitcase and Mary got Verna's suitcase and hers and we took out to meet Verna at the depot where she had gone to buy our tickets. We were soon on our way to Sedalia, laughing about going to my wedding. Mama was phoning the preacher and others

that there would be no wedding. Soon the yellow small pox sign was up. The girl who had gotten small pox had gotten home just before I left. She cried and said I would hate her all my life. I said, "Addie, I always wanted to have a romantic wedding, so now is the time."

When we got to Sedalia I called Clint at the YMCA as he always had a room there for showers and a stopping place. The proprietor said he had just stepped out, but would be back as he had left his bag there. He was to come on the next train to Warrensburg. I told the man to tell him to come to the Missouri Pacific depot. When he got there I had a lot of explaining to do. All he said was, "I am surely glad you got away." His mother and father lived on a small farm two miles from town and didn't have a phone, and we didn't have a car. We went to a hotel and got rooms. I had forgotten something I needed, so he and Verna took my wedding dress that was alice blue taffeta with a pleated skirt to be pressed. Dad bought me a bouquet of various colors of sweet peas with a chiffon fan around it to be worn at the side. Verna started telling Clint how foolish it was to stay around all day Sunday just to be married on that day; everything was spoiled so why not marry Saturday evening and she and Mary could leave Sunday for their schools. Clint said, "Blanche had planned to marry Sunday, April 15th, I don't think she will agree." We had another decision to make. The best man hadn't arrived, but it was settled that getting married that evening was the best plan. Clint called a preacher and called Ruth Cox, his sister, to go by and get Glenn Cox, his brother, to be bride's maid and groom's man. Mary had said to let Ruth stand up with us by Glenn. The only things that were the same with our original wedding plans were we and our clothes. So on the 14th of April, 1917, I became Blanche Cox instead of Blanche Vinson. We arranged a little wedding in the parlor of the hotel.

Clint's father was in town and Clint met him on the street and he came up to the wedding. After the congratulations had been said, the original best man arrived. He had gone to our house and Mama explained the small pox sign. He took the next train for Sedalia arriving an hour after we were married. All of us knew him well, as we all attended the Teachers' Normal together. We decided to go to a Chinese cafeteria for supper. Ruth and Glenn had gone home. Lon Brisco took the two girls and went ahead of us and they were ready for some fun, so they loaded their trays with a lot of extras; Verna had four kinds of desserts on her tray, they said to the waiter, "Charge this fellow behind -- he just got married." We didn't think it so funny as we were not loaded with money, but joined in the fun and acted like millionnaires. Then we went to a lot of little shows until very late. When we got back to the hotel, Clint sent a porter for ice cream and we cut the angel food cake, having more fun. It was 3 p.m. when we finally went to bed. Clint had ordered a room for Lon Brisco. We left at 6 a.m. for the honeymoon at Eldorado Springs, Missouri where there were many kinds of mineral springs. We stayed at a small hotel, roamed the woods and fields and gathered flowers, read, and had a wonderful time for two weeks. We stopped at my home for one night, as the quarantine had been lifted, and a few nights at Clint's home. We then headed for Riverton, Wyoming. When we were at Casper we saw snow and as I looked out on those bare plains a big lump came into my throat, and as we were inside the Rhoads hotel at Riverton I exploded and had a good cry. Clint said, "You know you don't have to stay if you don't like it, but you will have a different view when we get to look the country over." There were farms and gardens and I began to see things that reminded me of home. We heard of a ranch a stockman

wanted a couple to take over. I was very anxious to try it. We didn't have to buy any furniture as the place was furnished. We had all kinds of experiences there, both pleasant and unpleasant, as the owner of the ranch was very greedy and very stingy--begrudged the men the time to eat their meals and the food they ate. We stayed one year as we couldn't make a deal to lease it for another year. We went to town and Clint went to work at the Jewett Lumber Company. While we were at the ranch I became very sick and had to have a doctor. I was pregnant. We had been married a year April 14 and the baby was due in September, but one Sunday the Megown family took us for a ride on very rough roads after a hard rain. I became very sick at my stomach again. When I got home my back was paining me and during the night little Helen Maurine was born weighing three and one half pounds. The doctor had us get a nurse; Mother Megown had been with me when the baby was born. In two days the doctor told me to forget she was premature, she was going to make it ok. I became very attached to her, but one night she quit nursing and I realized she was sick. She passed away that afternoon at 2 p.m. We buried her at Riverton on July 15, 1918. I almost wrecked my health with grief. I was almost a nervous wreck. I couldn't sleep. I know Clint had to put up a lot with me. He understood in a way, and he was very disappointed, too, and both of'us loved little Maurine in the short time we had her. Then September 6th, 1920, Vollie Clinton was born, and what joy we had for a little over two years. He was over 9 pounds when was born and was a regular little full-of-life boy. I had so much time for him I had him far advanced for his years. He was easy to teach and quick to learn. He stood at the front of the church at Christmas and said little pieces and sang little songs. He died February 2, 1923, of scarlet fever. My mother came down and stayed with us awhile, as

we were quarantined. Again we were alone and had a hard battle to fight, and could see no future for a family. I spent a lot of time at the yard with Clint. We bought our first car and spent a lot of time away from home. Then on Wednesday, June, 4, 1924, Rollie Kenneth came to us. He was a very welcome baby. A house had been fixed for a hospital and was full of men sick with tick fever when I had to. go to have the baby. The doctor had gone to Moneta, 20 miles from Shoshoni. The nurse wanted us to wait until the doctor came. She had sent his house boy after him, but when she discovered the baby was ready to be born Clint said he was calling our doctor from Riverton. When he got there Rollie was one hour old and three hours old when Dr. Jewell got there. A bunch of men had sat on the porch by my window all afternoon playing cards and cussing. I was a wreck by night.

On June 17, 1926, Ralph Emerson came to us, born in the same place. We were glad Rollie Kenneth would have a little playmate. This time the doctor was in time, to the nurse's and Clint's relief. The baby's cord was wrapped around his neck and the doctor thought he would have to take him with instruments, but he got his hand under the cord and cut it. Blood was everywhere and the doctor's gown was a mess. In those days we had to stay in bed ten days and then had to have help for a month. We got a young girl for awhile.

April 14, 1928, Vivian Loraine was born, by that time were anxious for a little girl. She was a large baby, weighing 10 pounds. We got a nurse from Ther mopolis and my mother came down to take care of the boys and do the cooking. Rollie and Ralph were at a neighbor's and Daddy brought them to see the baby in the basket. Rollie took one look then went outside to tell Bobbie Dornblazer who played in our yard most of the time. We let him come in and look at the baby.

Ralph was so pleased he had to come back to the bed and look at "tisser" as he called the baby. When Ralph was ten months old I had bathed him and put him in his buggy and wheeled him under a tree. The old bull dog always lay by the buggy. I had started the washing machine and was trying to get through to get dinner when I heard Ralph cry. Rollie was playing outside and had found a paint bucket and brush in the garage. He painted his rompers until they were stiff, then the wheels of the buggy, the dog, and then took a swipe on Ralph's face which awakened him. I took Ralph and put him on the bed. After cleaning his face I stopped the washing machine and took Rollie's stiff rompers off and put them in the trash. I got dinner then had to heat the water over again for the washing. This was one of many red letter days.

All three children attended school in the old stone building and then in the new one. They all attended school 10 years without missing a day and were not tardy and were' on the honor roll. They took part in all the plays and things going on in school. All three played in the band. They had, their special chums and rambled over the hills and played at Poison Creek. We worked in the church, teaching classes, and acting as superintendent. Clint and a depot agent were the only men who attended church and Sunday School except on special preaching days. We had the preacher come from Lander two Sundays a month.

We had bought some bonds and Clint had always talked of buying a small farm. The children were thrilled to think when they could live on a farm. We traded our house in Shoshoni and with the bonds made the deal on a farm near Lander. We didn't have any money to stock the farm so Clint worked for another year and came up on weekends while I lived on the farm with the children. Rollie was 15 when we moved. I got them lined up in the band and we hired an elderly couple to help Ralph was so pleased he had to come back to the bed and look at "tisser" as he called the baby. When Ralph was ten months old I had bathed him and put him in his buggy and wheeled him under a tree. The old bull dog always lay by the buggy. I had started the washing machine and was trying to get through to get dinner when I heard Ralph cry. Rollie was playing outside and had found a paint bucket and brush in the garage. He painted his rompers until they were stiff, then the wheels of the buggy, the dog, and then took a swipe on Ralph's face which awakened him. I took Ralph and put him on the bed. After cleaning his face I stopped the washing machine and took Rollie's stiff rompers off and put them in the trash. I got dinner then had to heat the water over again for the washing. This was one of many red letter days.

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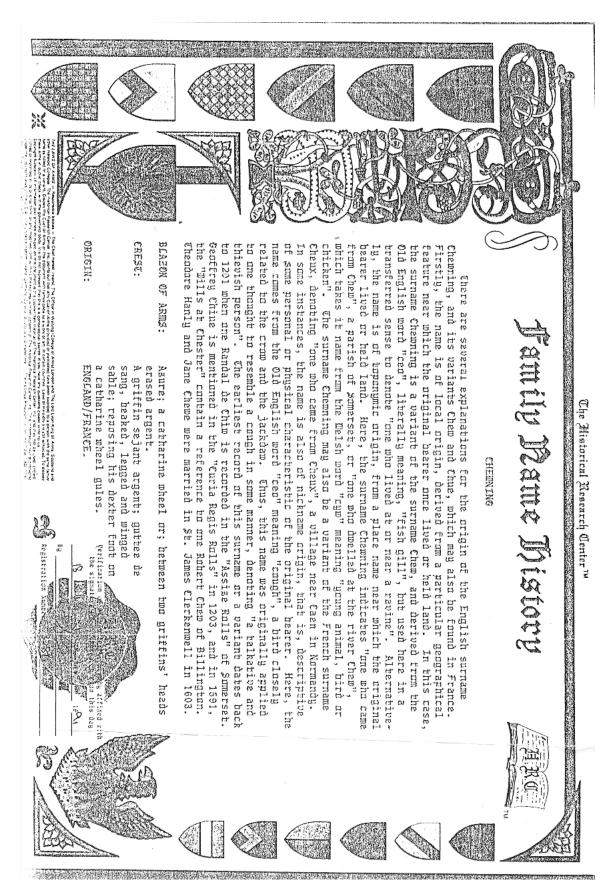
All three of the children attended high school in Lander and graduated. Rollie had time in the army, went to college in Iowa, graduated, and taught two years in Oregon then here in the high school as a science teacher. He married Naomi Hare from Iowa. While in Oregon Carol Eileen was born, then Roger Kenneth, David Ralph, and Beth Michele were all born in Lander, making me a total of eight grandchildren. Ralph had some time in the navy, then married Stella Sluder and had three children: Craig, Galen, and Sheri. After attending Bob Jones University Ralph went to Japan as a missionary. Stella had gone on ahead of him. He is still there and has been for about 29 years. Loraine married Joe Ocenas after finishing high school and had Mary Ann. She worked in several offices in the court house, then worked for Ernest Hartman, the county assessor for a number of years. She was elected Assessor after his death, and has held that office until the present time.

Clint lived to see all his children in good positions and to see a number of grandchildren. He felt he couldn't carry on his work on the farm, so we sold it to Rollie and we bought a lot and had a house built on Sweetwater street in Lander. He lived one year at this place and passed away February 22, 1962, at 2 p.m. in the hospital from a stroke. He lived just three days after suffering the stroke, but was not able to speak. The funeral was February 26 at 2 p.m. He was buried in the Lander cemetery. Again I had a hard time to face without him. I was to go alone for the rest of my life, but God has been with me all the way, and my dear children are a God-send, so good and kind to me: Clint's parents were good Christian Methodist people. I went along with him, but after a few years he joined the Baptist church and was baptized again as his parents had their children baptized as infants. Clint's father was from a family of 11 children. His name was Samuel Jackson Cox, and his mother was Jenny Caliste, and her twin brother was Jimmy Christopher. He was a Methodist preacher and his son was, too. They had four boys and one girl: Jewell Hider, John Calvin, Jesse Clinton, Bertha Dell, and Glenn Andrew. His mother died at the age of 62, and his father lived to be 82. He visited us in Wyoming twice.

Clint was a very neat, dressy person, always on the farm shaved and never went to town ragged. He liked pretty ties and if he wore a plaid shirt to town, he would wear a plain tie. We did much patching and mending in those days to make our clothes last. His work shirts were always mended at the elbows and buttons always sewed on, and his heavy rockford sox darned and patched. For good he had white shirts and various colored ties. He was a man who demanded respect, a man his children obeyed and looked up to, and often after they were married with children grown they still asked for advice. My marriage was not 100% perfect, there were many things to be straightened out, times to be forgiven, but as I sit here at the age of 94 living to see my children grown and my grandchildren grown, and my great grandchildren, of which I have nine with the oldest being 12 years and the others small, I can only hope to see only a few more times. In spite of sorrow and disappointments I can say life has been good to me for God has been with me all the way, and has a home for me when my work here is ended.

-----Written May, 1984

يجاد والمراجع المراجع المراجع المدالي المداع PASSED AWAY These were in John Chewning's Bible Obituary Died Sunday Nov. 14, After HIlness of Many, Weeks Rev. J. W. Chewning was born Nov 27, 1832 in the state of Virginia and at the age of five years On the night of Nov-14, 1915 he removed with his parents to sheriff, at the home of Mrrand Mrs-Clark County, Mo., where he liv-Louis Benz, the Death Angel Bob Rodgers, the noted outlaw, ed till the year seventy nine then came and from our midst took was shot at Angola, Kan., last removed to Benton Co,, Mo., Margaret M. J. Chewning, Friday. where he remained till he departfamiliarly known as=Grandma Winter wheat looks well ed this-life Dec., 9th _ 1911, being Chewning, after any illness of seventy-nine years, and thirteen fitteen weeks of painand suffer-Our Minnesota letter is crow days old. He was converted and Our Minnesona Helle State out this week Two new subscribers from Kanasa ing for which time she was confined to her bed and ina delirious joined the Baptist church in a mee'ing conducted by J. Moncrief condition a part of the time this week. and C. Mattox-in the old Wya-When in her right mind she te minded her friends at different conda church in 1852 and was li-Farmers are busy planting pour censed to preach by the same toes and sowing flax times that she had made al An Campbell of Palois danger church and was later ordained by preparations long ago for the the Baptist church at Union, Mo. ly sick with kidney disease Great Beyond and was only He was united in marriage to wailing for the Master a call Ye editor spent a day at Palo Margaret M.Rodgers in 1854, Rev. which came quietly, and peace fully, Funeral services were conducted by Rev Summers bagged a goodly lot of auba Moncrief officiating. To this union were born six sons and six daughters, seven of whom with UBSCRIB ind Mother was laid to rest ou his companion survive him. He a-bright November davin, the Williams cemelery: two and a FOR also leaves twenty-two grandchildren and four great grandhalf miles south of Colef Camp, The Reflec children. there to await the resurrection. His early life was largely spent Margaret M. JaRodgers was in church work. He also helped born in Indiana October 3, 1838, to organize several churches, t removed to Clark County, Mo. among the number, the Union at an early age. She weas converted to Christ at the age of 14. Chapel Church, which is now the Baptist church of Lincoln, Mo after which she bas tried to live His strongest point was pro for Him. She was united in pounding and establishing the tor, Him. She wasgunited in matriage to John W? Chewhing in October 1854. Fothis unio: twelve children wereborn hv doctrines of his church. And many with troubled hearts have come to him to be set right on that quesof whom preceded the parents to the other world a those whe tion. His home, tho' humble; was always open to the poor None ara left to mourn their loss are granville and Louis of Sedaha who came to him for a home was ever turned away. His many General of Oregon Ma Wi of friends are left to mourn for him Dodge City, Kansas, George of Kansas City, Mrs. Bettier Vinbut not as those who have no Card of Thanks hope and the' his earthly possesson of Warrensburg and Mrs. We take this method of exsions were meager yet in pointing Boonie Benz of-Lincoln: out the pathway to heaven he has She pressing your thanks to our numbered her friends by her left to us a richer heritage than friends and neighbors for their acquaintances and was leved by issistance rendered and Lindall the earth. them for her devotion-to the dessshown us during the recent By his daughter. sick and afflicted. She was alillness and death of our loved ways ready and willing to give succor when it was needed. one the state of the Mr and Mrs. Louis Benz. Mrs. Maude Donnel She lived 77 years, I mooth and 11 days. Mrs Bettie Vinson "Blessed are they who die in and brothers. Chas. W. Burnett. he Lord."-Contributed-





Elizabeth Francis Bettie Chewning Vinson stone, Mountain View Cemetery, Riverton, Fremont, WY

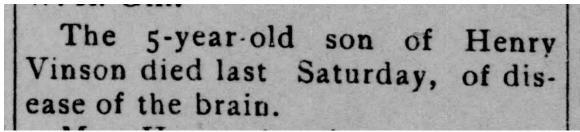
Bettie married Thomas Henry Vinson, 11/23/1887

424 MARRIAGE LICENSE RECORD.

STATE OF MISSOURI STATE OF MISSOURI, County of Deuton This license authorizes any Judge. Justice of the Peace, licensed or ordained Preacher of the Gospel or other person authorized under the bass of this State, to solemnize Marriage between Harry Usin you of The County of Deuton and State of Mer who is over the age of twenty-one years, and Deutice Charrier of of the County of Deuton and State of Mer who is over the age of eighteen years. Witness my hand as Clerk of the Circuit Court and exofficio Recorder, with the real of office hereto affixed at new office in the 22 day of Orv by Course W Courses beet our h Deputy Circuit Course + Erefton Rouse City of Arongand the By

Bettie Frances Chewning Vinson marr. cert

Lost Son in 1896



Harley A. Vinson, obit, Sedalia Weekly Democrat, 10.29.1896



Harley A. Vinson stone, Mount Pleasant Cemetery, Lincoln, Benton, MO.

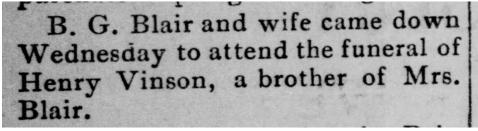
1900 census, Lindsey Twp., Benton County, MO

T H Vinson, 39, m. 12 yrs, b. in MO, father b. in TN, mother b. in VA, farmer, owns farm free B F Vinson, 34, m. 12 yrs, 4 children b., 3 living, b. in MO, father b. in VA, mother b. in IN, Verna, 11, b. in MO, parents b. in MO, at school Blanche, 10, b. in MO, parents b. in MO, at school Raymond W., 7, b. in MO, parents b. in MO, at school

Thomas Henry Vinson died in 1901

Alex Blair, of Sedalia, came down yesterday to see his brotherin-law, Henry Vinson, who is reported very sick.

Thomas Henry Vinson, ill, Sedalia Weekly Democrat, 11.30.1900



Thomas Henry Vinson, Sedalia Weekly Democrat, 1.17.1901

Died In the Asylum.

Henry Vinson died in the insane asylum at Nevada Monday, and the remains were taken to Lincoln, where the funeral will be held today. B. G. Blair and family, of Sedalia, and Frank Vinson, of Odessa, left Wednesday for Lincoln to be present at the burial.

Thomas Henry Vinson, Sedalia Weekly Democrat, 1.17.1901



Hospital #3, Nevada, Vernon, MO

Bettie's nephew, Lawrence, is living with her in 1910. Lawrence was son of her brother, George Kindel Chewning.

5/2017: In the genealogy that Bettie and daughter Verna put together in 1951, they mention that George Kindel and son Lawrence lived and died in Vero, FL, and were buried there. Given that Bettie raised Lawrence for a while, I assume she was in a good position to have stayed in touch with them. I have yet to find where either of them are buried. Don't know when Lawrence died.

8/2023: I found George Kindel Chewning's obit online. He died in 1925, in Ft. Pierce, St. Lucie, FL, of blood poisoning. The obit says his body was returned to his boyhood home, 'Callcamp,' which I take to mean Cole Camp.

1910 census, Lincoln, Benton, MO Main St.

Bettie F Vinson, 45, widowed, 4 children b., 3 living, b. in MO, father b. in VA, mother b. in IN, telephone operator, owns home, mortgage
Verna, 21, b. in MO, parents b. in MO, teacher, district
Blanche, 18, b. in MO, parents b. in MO, teacher, district
Raymond W., 17, b in MO, parents b. in MO, far laborer, hire out
Lawrence H. Chewning, 4, nephew, b. in MO, parents b. in MO

Prowers County, CO

Bettie's brother, Moses William Chewning, had been living in Prowers County, CO, at least since 1916. Moses was in Granada, Prowers, CO, when he registered for the WWI draft, and on the 1920 census.

Bettie's son, Raymond, married in Lamar, Prowers, CO, in 1916, also registered for the WWI draft from Granada, Prowers, CO in 1917.

1920 census, Precinct No. 3, Prowers County, CO Raymond W. Vinson, 26, owns farm, mortgage, b. in MO, parents b. in MO, farmer, general farm Mary E. Vinson, 19, b. in KS, father b. in KY, mother b. in MO Fern, 10/12, b. in CO, father b. in MO, mother b. in KS **Bettie F. Vinson, 55, b. in MO, father b. in VA, mother b. in IN**

Sometime between 1920 and 1930 the family moved to Wyoming.

Daughter Verna was married in Thermopolis, Hot Springs, WY in 1920.

Blanche married in Sedalia, Pettis, MO, in 1917, but was on the 1920 census in Riverton, Fremont, WY. Blanche had a daughter born in Riverton in 1918.

Son Raymond was also living in Riverton by 1930. Son Neil was born in Colorado in Granada in 1925. Daughter Doris was born in Fremont, Landers, WY, in 1931.

1930 census, Riverton, Fremont, WY

Betty F. Vinson, 65, owns home, \$1100, b. in MO, father b. in VA, mother b. in IN

Mrs. Betty Vincen, of Cheyenne, Wyo., who, before her marriage was Miss Betty Chewning, of Cole Camp, visited one day last week with Mrs. Hettie Harrahan and Mrs. J. N. Freund.

Elizabeth Frances Bettie Chewning Vinson, The Sedalia Democrat, 2.23.1939

1940 census, Riverton, Fremont, WY 450 West Park

Betty M. Vincon, 75, owns home, \$400, widow, 8 yrs school, same house in 1935, other income

1950 census, Riverton, Fremont, WY 112 ½ E. Pershing Betty F. Finson, 85, widow, b. in MO,

Bettie d. 5/1/1951, in Fremont County, WY, and was buried in Mountain View Cemetery, Riverton, Fremont, WY.

FEDERAL SECURITY AGENCY U. S. PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE LOCAL REGISTRAR'S NO. 22 BIRTH NO.	STATE OF	E OF DEATH WYOMING		1951
1. PLACE OF DEATH a. COUNTY Fremont	BUREAU OF VI	TAL STATISTICS 2. USUAL RESIDE a. STATE	b. COUNTY	L If institution : residence before admission
b. CITY (If outside corporate limits, write F OR TOWN Riverton	RURAL) c. LENGTH OF STAY (in this place) 29 Yrs.	C. CITY (If outside corpor OR TOWN Rivert	ate limits, write RURAL)	emont
d. FULL NAME OF (If not in hospital or i HOSPITAL OR	nstitution, give street address or location) Pershing	d. STREET ADDRESS	(If rural, give location) O E. Pershing	
3. NAME OF a. (First) DECEASED (Type or Print) Bettie	b. (Middle) Francis	c. (Last) Vi n son	4. DATE (Month OF DEATH Nav 1	
5. SEX 6. COLOR OR RACE Female White		8. DATE OF BIRTH Aug. 27.1864	9. AGE (In years If Unc last birthday) 86 8	der I Yr. If Under 24 Hi
10a USUAL OCCUPATION (Give kind of work done during most of working life, even if retired) Sales Women	106. KIND OF BUSINESS OR IN- DUSTRY	II. BIRTHPLACE (City or Cou Clark Co/ Mo		12. CITIZEN OF WHA COUNTRY? US
	4. MOTHER'S MAIDEN NAME Margaret Rodgers	14a NAME OF HUSBAN Henry Vins	ID OR WIFE	
15. WAS DECEASED EVER IN U.S. ARMED (Yes, no, or unknown) (If yes, give war or dates NO	FORCES? 16 SOCIAL SECURITY	Mrs W. H. M	0 0 100	ADDRESS
This does not mean ANTECEDENT	CONDITION DING TO DEATH(a)C CAUSES	Aveniona D	tomach	ONSET AND DEATI
as heart failure, asthenia etc. It means the dis- ease, injury, or compli- cation which caused	if any, giving DUE TO (b) cause (a) stat- cause last. DUE TO (c) IIFICANT CONDITIONS	<u> 10.</u>	a g	
198. DATE OF OPERA. TION	Semility NDINGS OF OPERATION			20. AUTOPSY? YES NO
SUICIDE	21b. PLACE OF INJURY (e.g., in or about home, farm, factory, street, office oldg., etc.)	21c. (CITY OR TOWN) (If in rural area, write RUR.	(COUNTY AL)) (STATE)
21d. TIME (Month) (Day) (Year) (He OF INJURY	m. WORK AT WORK	21f. HOW DID INJUR	Y OCCUR?	
22. I hereby certify that I attended alive on May , 195	the deceased from <i>April</i> , and that death occurred at	1, 1950, to Man 7:45 Am., from the c	$\frac{1}{2}$, 19 <u>51</u> , that I la causes and on the date s	ast saw the decease stated above.
	(Degree or title) Warn M. D.	23b. ADDRESS Riverton Wyo		23c. DATE SIGN
24a. BURIAL, CREMATION, 24b. DATE REMOVAL (Specify) Burial May 3.	24c. NAME OF CEMEN	\sim	24d. LOCATION (City, town, Riverton Wyo.	or county) (Stat
DATE REC'D BY LOCAL REGISTRAR'	SSIGNATURE	25. FUNERAL DIRECTOR		ADDRESS

Bettie Frances Chewning Vinson, death cert

<u>Children of Thomas Henry and Elizabeth Frances Bettie Chewning Vinson</u> <u>Grandchildren of John Washington and Margaret Missouri Jane Hand Chewning</u> <u>Great Grandchildren of Granville Washington and Mary Ann Hanvey Chewning</u>

- Verna Vinson Maxwell, b. 3/22/1889, 'near' Lincoln, Benton, MO; m. William Hedgeman Maxwell, 5/17/1920, Thermopolis, Hot Springs, WY; d. 5/22/1975, Riverton, Fremont, WY; buried in Mountain View Cemetery, Riverton, Fremont, WY.
- Blanche Vinson Cox, b. 5/4/1890, 'near' Lincoln, Benton, MO; m. Jesse Clinton Cox, 4/14/1917, Sedalia, Pettis, MO; d. 2/11/1989, Lander, Fremont, WY; buried in Mount Hope Cemetery, Lander, Fremont, WY.
- 3. Harley A. Vinson, b. 8/20/1891, 'near Lincoln, Benton, MO; d. 10/25/1896, Benton County, MO; buried in Mount Pleasant Cemetery, Warsaw, Benton, MO.

4. Raymond Warner Vinson, b. 3/6/1893, Sedalia, Pettis, MO; m. Mary Edith Foulks, 9/26/1916, Lamar, Prowers, CO; d. 9/5/1988, Lander, Fremont, WY; buried in Mount Hope Cemetery, Lander, Fremont, WY.

Blanche Vinson Cox

Daughter of Thomas Henry and Elizabeth Frances Bettie Chewning Vinson Granddaughter of John Washington and Margaret Missouri Jane Hand Chewning Great Granddaughter of Granville Washington and Mary Ann Hanvey Chewning



Blanche Vinson Cox stone, Mount Hope Cemetery, Lander, Fremont, WY



Maurene Helen Cox stone, Odd Fellows Cemetery, Riverton, Fremont, WY

Ralph Cox Jun 6, 2008

TAKAMATSU, Japan - Memorial services for Ralph Cox, 81, will be held later.

He died May 27, 2008, after a month long bout with cancer. He was born on June 17, 1926, in Shoshoni, son of Clinton and Blanche (Vinson) Cox. He attended school through junior high in Shoshoni. The family moved to a ranch outside of Lander. He went to high school in the old Fremont County Vocational High School and graduated with the class of 1944. He was active in sports and a band. Immediately after graduation he joined the Navy. He trained as a Navy yeoman and was assigned to a base on Bermuda Island.

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Researched and written by Pamela Downes West

At the end of WW II, after two years of military service, he was discharged.

He attended Bob Jones University in Greenville, S.C.

Here he met the girl, Stella Sluder, who was to become his wife for 55 years, and received a degree in accounting.

Both dedicated their lives as missionaries to a former enemy, Japan.

His wife went first in 1952, and he returned to Bob Jones University and completed a masters degree in Bible Studies.

He loved Fremont County and the Wind River Mountains and kept his legal status as a Wyoming citizen. He voted an absentee ballot every election, especially in the years his sister was running for re-election as county assessor.

He maintained a Wyoming driver's license and received his pioneer hunting and fishing license which he used when visiting his family in Lander.

During their time in Japan, he and his wife started over 50 self-supporting churches, most with Japanese pastors and a five story Christian Center in the heart of downtown Takamatsu.

As part of their ministry they recruited short term "helping hand workers" to come to Japan and work with them.

Several from Fremont County have gone at various times and one summer a church in Riverton sent their young people over to work with them.

Over 40 of these "short term workers" are now back in Japan as full-time career missionaries

He leaves behind his wife and three children, Sheri in Birmingham, Ala., Gaylen in Grosse Pointe, Mich., and Craig in Tokyo, Japan; six grand children; brother, Rollie Cox and sister, Loraine Ocenas, in Lander; numerous relatives and a multitude of friends in Japan and the United States. He was preceded in death by his parents, an infant brother and sister and a grandson.

Those wishing, memorials may be sent to The Evangelical Alliance Mission, Box 969, Wheaton, IL 60189 or directly to Stella Cox, Box 233 Takamatsu, Japan 760-0005

Monday, September 19, 2011

137 - Loraine Ocenas was Wyoming`s Funny Girl

This guy went to the doctor and complained about his sex life. He says that one time he gets all cold and shivery and the next time, he gets all hot and sweaty.

The doctor then interviewed his wife and asked her about it.

"It's easy to explain, the wife said, once was in January and the second was in July." – a favorite Loraine Ocenas joke

Loraine Ocenas was not an ordinary person, by just about any standard.

She looked stern but was one of the funniest people in the state.

She stood tall but would bend over to help anyone any time.

For years, she held a job that would cause many people to hate her, but most people loved her.

Loraine, 83, died Sept. 17 and she will be missed.

Back in July of 1996, Loraine was being roasted for working for the county for 50 years and I wrote the following about her:

For not only is Loraine Ocenas known as one of the best county tax assessors in Wyoming, but she is also known as probably the funniest woman in the state.

She has been the guest comedian and most often-used emcee in Fremont County for decades.

"Humor helps out, when you are the tax assessor," she says.

(Some of her favorite jokes are in italics throughout this column)

Being in politics is like being a football coach; you have to be smart enough to understand the game but dumb enough to think it's important

To Loraine, the year 1946 was a very big year. She graduated from Lander High School in May, started work at the courthouse in August and on Christmas Eve, got married to her husband Joe.

In 1996, some 50 years later, she was being honored for her dedication to the people of the county by having a day declared in her name by the county commissioners.

"I know a couple that got a new water bed. He loves it and calls it his master bed. His wife calls it the dead sea."

Humor has always been important to Loraine. She wouldn't call herself a class clown, but said she had "a quick wit" and often got into trouble by provoking her classmates to laughter during her high school days. A good student, she finished 1/100th of a point short of being a valedictorian or salutatorian in her 1946 graduating class.

She grew up in a family that enjoyed a good joke, she says. Her late father, Clinton Cox, was a good public speaker and was a funny person, as was her mother, Blanche, who died just before her 99th birthday in 1989. Her older brothers, retired teacher Rollie Cox and Japanese missionary Ralph Cox, are both humorous people, she said.

I believe every human has a finite number of heartbeats I don't intend to waste any of mine running around doing exercise.

Loraine has won some humor competitions. She competed 15 years ago in Casper in an event that was sponsored by KTWO-TV. She was with eight other comedians, all of whom were much younger than her. She won. The prize was a trip to the Jay Leno show.

"There's a local guy here who willed his body to science. But I understand the medical school is contesting the will!"

Her career at the courthouse started with a job working for Ben Fischer in the Clerk's office from 1946 to 1950. She then worked for Ernest Hartman in the assessor's office in 1950 until Hartman died in 1968. Loraine has always been a Democrat and found herself in the wrong party as she applied for the appointment to the County Assessor position. The Republican-dominated county commissioners, instead, named Bill Redfern of Riverton to the job. Redfern offered her a job, but she declined, telling him she planned to run against him 16 months later.

Long-time County Clerk Jim Farthing gave her a job in the interim, for which she says she is eternally grateful.

Loraine says old age can creep up on you. Gravity is not your friend. She says: "I used to be a 38D. Now I am a 44 long."

In 1968, the Nixon landslide covered the nation, but here in Fremont County, one Democrat managed to narrowly win election. It was Loraine.

She said the race was nip-and-tuck all night long, but a late Lander precinct came in with a heavy vote in her favor and she was elected. She took office Jan. 1, 1969, and she was never been defeated for office since.

"A local man went to the doctor. He wanted to get his sex drive lowered. It was all in his head." Loraine was the emcee at my 50th birthday party, where she coined my slogan: "how does it feel to have your future behind you?"

She and husband Shorty were married 52 years before he died of cancer. A tough blow for her. She always helped my wife and me at the Lander Relay for Life events, which is a project to raise money for cancer research.

We were not able to attend her send-off this past week but we hold a special place in our hearts for Wyoming's Funny Girl. She was a total original.



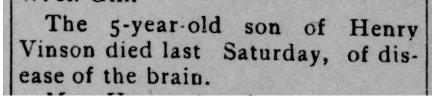
Ocenas, Loraine Inducted 2006

Class of 1949: Lander inherited a gem from Shoshoni. Loraine Ocenas spent her first six school years in Shoshoni before coming to Lander and graduating from Fremont County Vocational High School. She served for approximately twenty years as deputy assessor and later served as Fremont County Assessor for thirty years. Loraine was honored by her peers by being elected president of both the Wyoming Association of County Assessors and the Wyoming Association of County Officials. One of her nominators notes "despite being a tax assessor, she is universally loved over her long career in our town." State representative Del McOmie states that wherever he has been around the state, people ask him if he knows Loraine. She is known for finding information for people and explaining it clearly. Loraine has always seen herself as a public servant. Loraine is probably best known for her wonderful sense of humor. As her nominator wrote, "humor is a universal language," and Loraine can put folks at ease and encourage them to laugh. In fact, she was once named the funniest person in Wyoming and invited to be on the Tonight Show. She has emceed numerous occasions including a trip to Emmetsburg, Maryland to the graduation at the National Fire Academy. One of her nominators for this honor states that Loraine has lived her life doing for others...family, friends and strangers without reservation. She has given her talent to many civic, charitable and religious organizations and continues to do so presently. If one were to choose a model citizen, Loraine Ocenas would be my choice...loving, caring and full of life... Loraine married Joe Ocenas and has one daughter, Mary Ann Flom and two grandchildren. She is a charter member of the FCVHS/LVHS Alumni Association.

<u>Harley A. Vinson</u> <u>Son of Thomas Henry and Elizabeth Frances Bettie Chewning Vinson</u> <u>Grandson of John Washington and Margaret Missouri Jane Hand Chewning</u> <u>Great Grandson of Granville Washington and Mary Ann Hanvey Chewning</u>



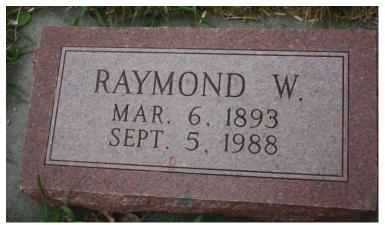
Harley A Vinson stone, Mount Pleasant Cemetery, Warsaw, Benton, MO



Harley A Vinson, obit, SedaliaWeeklyDemocrat, 10.29.1896

Raymond Warner Vinson

Son of Thomas Henry and Elizabeth Frances Bettie Chewning Vinson Grandson of John Washington and Margaret Missouri Jane Hand Chewning Great Grandson of Granville Washington and Mary Ann Hanvey Chewning



Raymond Warner Vinson stone, Mount Hope Cemetery, Lander, Fremont, WY

22 December 1977 - Lander Journal

VINSON - Mary Edith Vinson

Longtime Lander resident Mary Edith Vinson died at Bishop Randall Hospital about 1:25 a.m. Tuesday, 20 Dec after a lengthy illness.

The 77 year old Mrs. Vinson has lived in Lander since 1939.

Born to Samuel and Rosetta Faulks on 19 Apr 1900 in Dodge City, Kan, she married Raymond W. Vinson 26 Sep 26, 1916 in Lamar, Colo. They homesteaded near Lamar in 1916 and worked the land there for about three years. The couple came to the Riverton area in 1928, moving to Shoshoni in 1931. They moved back to Riverton in 1937 before arriving in Lander in 1939.

While in Lander, Mrs. Vinson cared for new mothers and their babies in her home until they were better able to care for themselves. A licensed practical nurse, she worked as a special nurse at Bishop Randall Hospital for several years, retiring in 1963.

She was a Gold Star American War Mother, a member of Pepahuma Club and a member of the First Baptist Church of Lander.

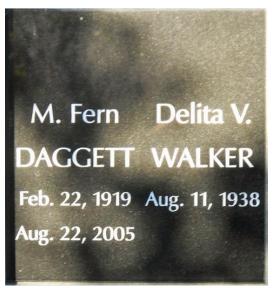
Mrs. Vinson is survived by her husband Ray, two daughters, Fern Daggett of Vista, California and Mrs. Doris Raddon of Baroil, three sons Glenn and Neil of Lander and Gary of Washington, D.C., a sister Mrs. Irene Bender of Tucson, Arizona; brother Charles Faulks of Dodge City along with eight grandchildren and 14 great grandchildren. She was preceded in death by a son Gene in World War II and one sister.

Funeral services will be Friday, 23 Dec at 2 p.m. at the First Baptist church with the Rev. Gilbert Moore officiating. Burial will be in Mount Hope Cemetery.

Mary Edith Foulks Vinson obit



Ralph Seaman Linn stone, Lake View Cemetery, Shoshoni, Fremont, WY



Mary Fern Vinson Linn Daggett stone, Serenity Gardens, Cheyenne, Laramie, WY

Wyoming Tribune-Eagle 24 Aug 2005

Mary Fern Daggett, 86, of Cheyenne died 22 Aug at United Medical Center-West.

She was born 22 Feb 1919, in Granada, Colorado.

Mrs. Daggett is survived by a daughter, Delita Walker of Cheyenne; two brothers, Glenn Vinson of Lander and Gary Vinson of Williamsburg, Va.; seven grandchildren; 13 greatgrandchildren; and two great-great-grandchildren.

She was preceded in death by two husbands, Ralph S. Linn Jr. and Lloyd Daggett; a daughter, Sharon Lucile Bauer in 2000; her parents, Raymond and Mary Vinson; two brothers, Eugene Vinson and Neil Vinson; and a sister, Doris Vinson Reddon.

Mary Fern Vinson Linn Daggett obit

NEIL LEO CPL US MAR 5 NEIL LEO CPL US MA

Neil Leo Vinson stone, Mount Hope Cemetery, Lamont, Fremont, WY.2

..... contacted me re: my Chewning tree

I sent her several of the Chewning reports, and she showed me these errors, which I corrected. I already had 8 children for Albert and Maude M. Burnett Donnel, and I agree with the birth date for the Donnel twins, but other than that, I made the changes.