

MARY EMMA BAILEY  
 SOMERSET ACADEMY 1917 ATHENS, MAINE





Cousin Emma Susan Cartland

&

Nathan Douglas

with whom I spent two lovely summers  
during H. S. & teaching.

1872

1922

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Douglas  
request the pleasure of your company  
at their  
Golden Wedding Reception  
Wednesday evening, November the  
twenty-second  
from eight to ten

The summers that Mary E. Bailey (Adair) refers to were the years she spent at Farmington Normal (now University) and teaching at a one-room school in Skowhegan, Maine. Skowhegan was known as the 'jumping-off place' as the rail line ended there.

Emma Susan Cartland was the daughter of Joseph and Susan Day Cartland. Joseph was brother to Cyrus Cartland.

Perhaps Nathan Douglas was the son of Nathan Douglas, the minister of the Friends Meeting House of Durham pictured on page near the start this genealogy research. We're looking for more connections.

"The Lord is my strength!" "I am a young man, but I am old  
but Christ." God is not a God afar off, but very near, even within us.

"The closer we come to God the nearer we come to being  
completely free, partaking of His complete freedom." "Know Him more!"  
Turn our prayer life to seeking the peace of God

"Father, hold Thou my hands;  
The way is steep;  
I cannot see the path my feet must keep  
I cannot tell, so dark the tangled way,  
Where next to step. Oh stay;  
Come close; take both my hands in Thine;  
Make Thy way mine.  
Lead me. I may not stay.  
I must move on, but oh, the way;  
I must be brave and go;  
Step forward in the dark, nor know  
If I shall reach the goal at all—  
If I shall fall.  
Take Thou my hand;  
Take it, Thou knowest best  
How I should go, and all the rest;  
I cannot, cannot see;  
Lead me, I hold my hands to Thee;  
I own no will but Thine;  
Make Thy way mine." —George Klinge.



#### Old Fashioned Mother

She lived her life span out in quietude,  
"Old fashioned" some would call her  
in these days,

Her duty to her God was her first care,  
The precepts of her faith, its hope so  
fair,

Imbued her home with kindness and  
with love  
That seemed to come directly from  
above,

The rearing of her family in the right  
Ever was first and foremost in her  
sight.

Yet when she died folks flocked on  
every hand  
To kneel in silent prayer or just to  
stand

Beside her bier and gaze on her calm  
face

On which all good and kindness left  
their trace;

And with the lowly ones there also  
came  
Important ones the mention of whose  
name

Inspired respect both genuine and deep  
To ask God's blessing on her last  
long sleep.

Old fashioned? Well, perhaps, but don't  
you think  
That what this mixed-up world needs  
most today

Is more old fashioned mothers who will  
strive  
To keep the family steadfast in God's  
way?

Look at Old Dubouche.



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AUTHORIZED VERSION

With a new system of connected topical references to all the greater themes of Scripture, with annotations, revised marginal renderings, summaries, definitions, chronology, and index, to which are added, helps at hard places, explanations of seeming discrepancies, and a new system of paragraphs

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Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,  
Uttered or unexpressed;  
The motion of a hidden fire,  
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear,  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.

JAMES MONTGOMERY

Richard and  
Wm. Marshall

Manual of Bible Study - Des Moines, Iowa

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Numbers 386 and 387

"The love of God unfolds  
you; the power of God protects you; the  
wisdom of God guides you; and the wealth  
of God supplies your every need." For

"In the shelter of God's love you are resting.

Safe on land, on sea, in air,

In his promise keep on trusting;

Never need you have a care.

God has promised you protection.

Perfect faith I now declare;

In God's love you are abiding;

And God is everywhere;

Safe, safe, safe,

In the shelter of God's love." M.S. Papard.



May 27, 1942

To Mrs. Ella Pershall:

We have with us tonight a soul eighty-one years young; eighty-one years upon this earth plane, but we are not deceived by years, for we know this soul belongs to the great God-life and has lived always.

We count her life span, not in years, but in loving deeds and a beautiful friendship.

Many call her "Grandma"- a sweet name to be echoed from loving lips - yet knowing eyes look behind the masquerade and understand she is a grand lady enacting her role upon the stage of life.

The Master has smiled upon her and said, "I am well pleased. Keep on with your learning of My Way, for in the lessons you will gain an understanding of the Kingdom, and one day you shall dwell with me forever more".

In behalf of those gathered here, I wish to say Thank you - thanks for your presence among us. It has been grand knowing you, grand to have met you upon the pathway leading back to God, where we shall all be together in the consciousness of His blessed Presence, to live in peace, in happiness, and in the knowledge that we shall be good friends always.

We are bestowing upon you our small gifts in the spirit of love and ask that you keep us ever in your memory. May your years be many and your way in life harmonious.

To bless you, one and all, and wish you the best in life and the happiest birthday.

The Class.

by Mrs. Shelbaker

Written in "The Silene".



Ella and Mrs. Holt Lisbon Falls, Maine 1919





Grandma & Grandpa Marshall



The Adair and Drescher  
grandchildren  
anticipating an  
old fashioned Christmas  
at Grandma & Grandpa  
Marshall's home.





Des Moines June 6  
My Very Dear Granddaughter.

I got a happy surprise this morning, a lovely letter and present from you dear, I got so many surprises for my Birthday I was not expecting I got letters & cards from all my G. & Co. except Kenneth. we have not heard from him some time. wish we could. I had a lovely Birthday. and Aunt Jennett and I hope to go down and see the folks after next week. She will get all her apartments cleaned and be ready to go with me. She finished mine yesterday. She has one more, just you think of one wearing Ear rings I just got a present of yellow crocheted earrings from Elkeldeur they are lovely. but all I can do is just love & look at them. I am glad you are having a nice time and bless you all we are having lots of fun so I do not get out as much as I would love to. I do hope we can go down and see the folks. I think you will have a lot of love with whom you get time  
Grandmother

315 East Main St.  
Des Moines, Iowa



A lovely account of her 84th  
Birthday.



----- Original Message ----- Subject: Re: Adair wisdom Date: Sat, 7 Feb 2004 20:37:24 -0500  
From: Phyllis Head

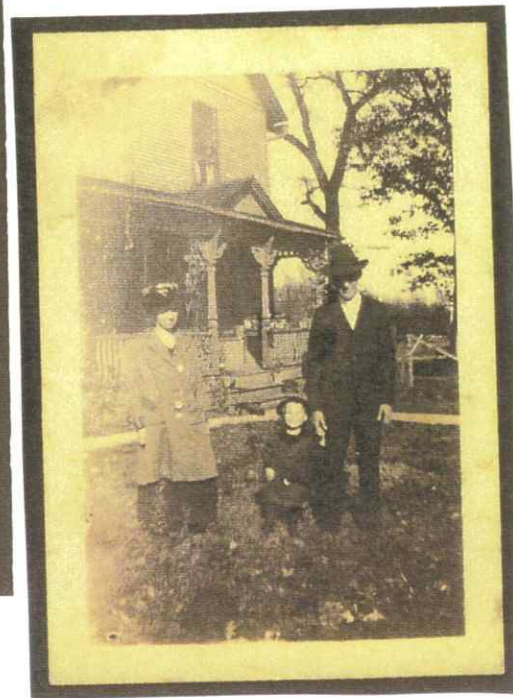
Grandma Marshall, lived four blocks away from our apartment house on 1413 Walnut St. (I'm not sure of the address...the apartment is no longer there) Our apartment was located 1/2 block east of the State Capital Grounds and we (Dick, Ken and I...the Drescher kids), often played on the capitol grounds. It was a great yard for catching nightcrawlers, for the next days fishing project. ( nearby was the Des Moines River and a small pond and another nearby for fishing and skiing in the winter. ) Grandma's house belonged to grampa Marshall, Ella's third husband. Her first husband ~~Elwood~~ was the father of Arthur, Mary and Jennette, my mother. Ella was fond of telling us the stories of her first husband. He worked in a mill and he fell into the mill wheel one day, was fatally injured and she showed us the broken watch that he had kept in his pocket. Ella remarried a Mc???? a traveling minister, Charley something. I think. Jennette wasn't fond of him and I don't remember much... "she would shake her head, kneed her hands together, and become very quiet" Once when I overheard a conversation she had with a friend that didn't like men, I guessed that he tried to molest her, although I didn't know the meaning of their conversation at the time nor now. I don't what happened to him.... The family moved from Maine to Oskaloosa, Iowa, where Arthur attended Penn Quaker College, became a scientist (chemical), and mother waited table at the college. She said she never received her highschool diploma because she didn't pass "english". Mary stayed and went to a finishing school in a neighboring town in Maine. Arthur married a muscian, Bess and they lived in Siam when the cousins were born. Mom and dad and grandma didn't approve of their musical, dancing life styles but I have memories of Arthur Cartland Bailey and his wife Bess cutting a fancy no rug on that oak floor in their house on Dean Ave. The cousins didn't speak much English when they returned from Siam and we all flared our tempers when we misunderstood. However, Ella did have an old wind up Victrola with 20's dance records.... also a self-player piano that played popular songs.... "Hard Hearted Hannah" was a frequently played one. I don't remember anyone dancing to it. Mother nor Ella didn't lose their Up East Maine Accent.... their "r's { were passed over)... pup, cohnn...was a favorite treat served to grandchildren...sometimes molasses cookies (I have the recipe for her pup cohnn balls and molasses cookies in a recipe book that my mother copied out. I sometimes make the corn meal , egg and cheese dish? for guests...an old favorite of mom's. Grandpa marshall was a serious, tall man. He had a wen or growth on the top of his head. He worked at his desk and read many books. He walked very straight and tall everyday. Ella was a fundamental Christian , she loved to invite the neighborhood children in on Saturday mornings...She served cookies, apples, etc. and read bible stories (sometimes horse stories, like Black Beauty) and led the singing of "Jesus love me" among over favorite religious songs. Grandpa Marshall's house was fabulous. It once belonged to the first Governor of Iowa. It was at the bottom of the hill on Dean Ave. 1456 It had a warm comfy entrance room that was great after a slide down an icy, snowy hill by the neighborhood kids., who were hosted by grandma with hot chocolate and cookies. It was heated by a coal furnace which lived in the basement. In the summertime , in the back, There were indoor stairs to get down and outdoor stairs which had a cellar door that we could slide down if we didn't mind the splinters, and next to a garage that was probably at one time a barn. It housed an old broken down piano, a baby grand, that I loved to tinker with. It was partly torn apart. There was a lovely yard with tall oaks (nests of squirrels\_ , on the east side backed by a (green , round soft fleshed fruit) bush, and garden that supplied carrots, lettuce, beans, peas, etc. In the front was a large porch shaded by an old apple trees, (The green apples made excellent sauce) and it was food for the squirrels. AS you walked in side, there was a huge room with a large radiator, to the right, stairs going upstairs, closets for outdoor clothing to the right a wide entrance, with wine coloured, velvet curtains that could be pulled across. Inside was a room with fireplace, carefully guarded by two black owls with large yellow glass eyes, an old pump organ, oak floor which Uncle Arthur and Bess once danced on much to Ella's religious disapproval:

McLain



; and another large entrance to the next room which had an oriole window with seat where I liked to sleep when I visited. "I first learned to play on the old pump organ, and a few years later, when Mildred and family came to live with us there we sang around the piano... religious songs that I remember well, Dad's favorite was "The Old Rugged Cross" Mildred's beautiful soprano accompanied by her piano playing, Dad's & Roswell's tenors and I tried harmonizing although my voice was really soprano " It had doors that led to the kitchen and a large dining room, with a stairwell separating them. At the head of the stairway was a bathroom and three or four bedrooms, all of which had interesting furniture. An iron breakfast set in the front room. (I still have a few of the dishes that are reputed to have come over on the Mayflower).. " my daughter bought a new set for me the other day which is displayed above me now". There was also an attic which had a small porch on the west side. The boys had ropes on which they could climb up and down to get in. The attic was a fun place to play ..things to discover in old trunks and boxes... an old mattress for jumping up and down on. I'm sorry to report, that during the depression years, my dad renovated that lovely old house to make apartments for renting. Various members of the family were given the furniture, etc. I remember the owls went to grandpa Marshall's sister with whom Jennette often visited. Christmas was a great time. The kitchen had a large wood burning oven, in which we baked cookies, counters with marble tops on which we threw and stretched peanut- brittle candy and made fondants and fudge. Grandpa died, I don't remember when... we didn't always live with them and I must have been away. Well, here's a little Roswell and Mildred and their daughter Clarella lived with us there for awhile after grandpa died. Mildred made fabulous meals. Roswell played the harmonica. Dad was busy working as a plumber, teaching young men from prison his trade, setting up work places for tenants to work on a farm, plant and can food to be used during the winter months. After Dad made the house into a rooming house, we moved back with Ella to our house where she lived in one of the smaller apartments. Mother cleaned and made sure that the food was fresh and prepared in her apartment and she sometimes walked to the capital grounds, in the spring, to dig dandelions. She died at 86 while I was away going to college in Yellow Springs, Ohio. ~

Grandma Marshall was buried next to her husband, Richard, in the Glendale Cemetery in Des Moines. Iowa. Lot 32-Section C --Grave numbers 386 and 387.





Phyllis Head wrote:

11/05/2004

### Holiday Season

I have memories of my grandmother's huge kitchen..a big black wood burning stove and oven in the middle.

A table that we could stand around to roll out cookies or pull taffey. There were several marble slabs for making taffey and peanut brittle. Here is the Peanut Brittle recipe, the one she loved to make. (written by Jennette)

3 cups sugar

1  $\frac{3}{5}$  cups corn syrup

1 cup water

1  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb raw peanuts.

Stir sugar, water and syrup until dissolved

Boil to soft ball stage (F240)

Add 1  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb raw peanuts

Boil to spin thread stage (F290)

Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  tsp soda

Add  $\frac{1}{4}$  tsp salt

Stir well to mix thoroughly

Pour onto marble slab, and as it cools  
pull out from the edges, making it very thin.

Her pop corn balls (pronounced "pup Cohn") were special

### Pop Corn Balls

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup molasses (she used sorghum)

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar

$\frac{1}{3}$  cup water

1 Tbs vinegar or lemon

1 Tbs blutter

Bring to hard boil

Add  $\frac{1}{4}$  tsp soda.

Mix with popped corn to make balls.





Richard Jasper Marshall

My relationship to Grandma was as one of the bad Drescher kids. She lived in that big house with Grandpa Marshall (I can't remember ever hearing his first name. My mother was friendly with his sister Mable McCleary...I have pictures of mom with her also. We lived there with her after Grandpa died with Daleys

Dad made that lovely old home into an apartment house ..I guess, during the depression, when so many people were out of jobs. dad made homes for them with us. I slept upstairs in the attic with Clarella, the daughter of her mom, Mildred, who cooked while mom was taking care of the apartments.

She had a beautiful soprano voice and played that old pump organ in the front room. Roswell, her husband and dad were tenors and we sometimes gathered around that old organ and sang hymns. I'm not sure that grandma sang, I first learned to play that old organ and Dick played at a violin.

(The Daley's were friends to Wilson and I when Norman and Greg were born in Chicago. I remember Alice and Margie coming to visit when we lived in Chicago)

Grandma spent most of her time in the kitchen, baking cookies, candy and popcorn "pupcohn" as they called it .(.they both spoke with a north east coast accent. ) at Christmas time.

She always had refreshments for the kids in the neighborhood when the snow fell and they slid down the hill at which her house was at the bottom. A good place to warm once fingers and toes and snuggle up to that big bubbling radiator in the former vestibule of the house.

During the summer she would meet out on the front porch behind the apple tree and read bible stories and sing songs with the neighborhood children. She sometimes played popular songs on an old victrola and a player piano. I remember "Hard Hearted Hannah"...a popular dance tune of hers.

She was also an avid gardner.... gooseberries with apples made excellent pies.

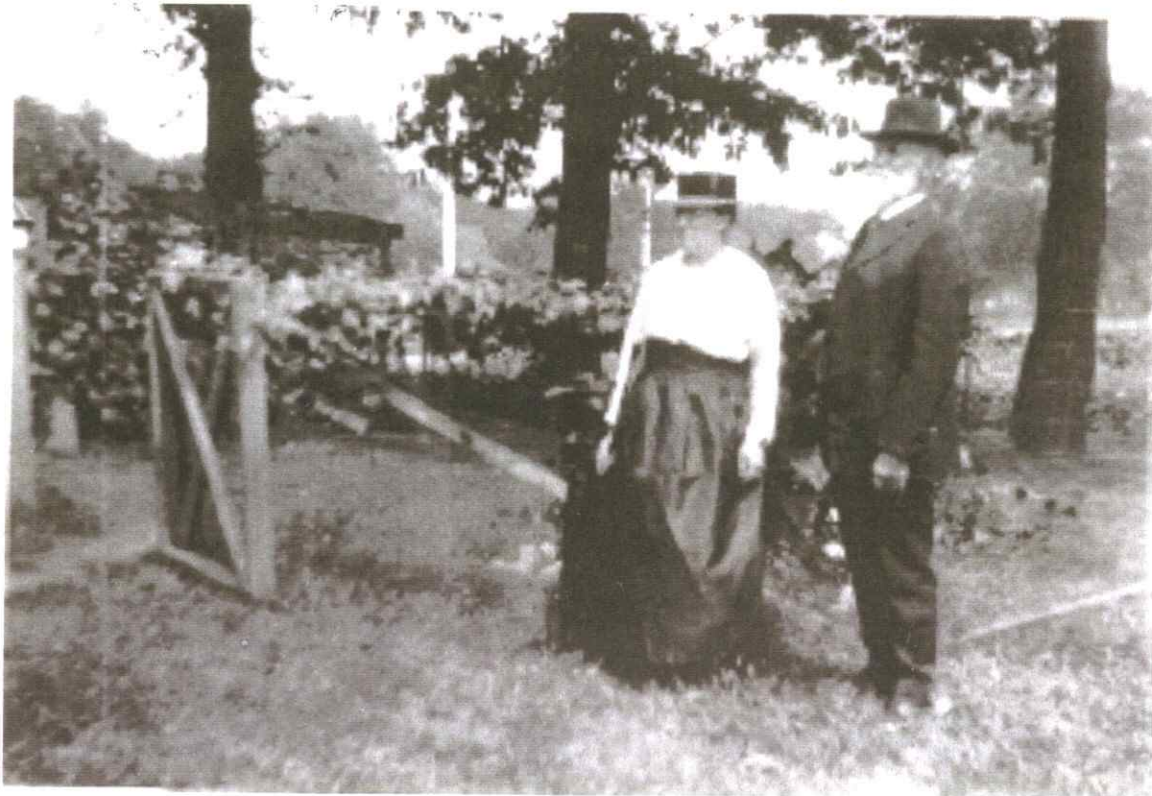
The next door neighbors shared their cherries for those were sharing days. A vegetable garden supplied our summer daily needs...carrots, squash, potatoes, corn, spinach, lettuce and Mildred was an excellent cook. (When we met at her house in Chicago she was also employed at Marshall Fields as maitre-de...)

Grandma almost always had an apron on and she wiped her hands on it frequently.

She tied her white hair up in a bun knot on the top of her head. She was a busy person, intent on getting things done. She was in charge of the house and we kids stayed away from her.... The old barn in back of the house and the basement were interesting places to play. We also liked to roller skate east to the fairgrounds. We could travel as far away as mom's trill would be heard.

Mom had a high trill from the back of her throat which meant..."come at once, no matter what".

2-23-'04







Clockwise 1922 photos  
 Mary Adair, Ella Marshall, Jennette Drescher  
 all dressed up for day on the farm with  
 the children.  
 Jennette & Chris with ??  
 Bess, Creo & Etheldean on the lawn  
 The C.W.Drescher Plumbing truck  
 Chris & Creo Drescher  
 Etheldean & Creo

