

Scottish Roots

Finding the Munros



Theresa M. Ripley

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Introduction

When I was a young girl there were three items treated as sacred in our house: a very old family bible, a land grant signed by Andrew Jackson, and the Munro book. The family bible was kept in the red cedar chest in my room. It was fairly large and there were entries of family births, marriages, and deaths from long ago. The land grant was framed, poorly, and was in our combination dining room and kitchen. I learned as I got older probably Andrew Jackson did not sign all those land grants; but it made for a fine story when you showed the grant to anyone, and I did that often. The Munro book was a collection of photographs and letters of the family who came from Scotland and pictures of some of the relatives who lived in Scotland at the turn of the 20th century. My maternal great grandmother came from Scotland in 1853 and moved to Illinois. The Munro book was the one connection we had to our Scottish origin.

The family bible and land grant perished in a house fire in 1977, along with my mother. The Munro book was spared by being at my aunt's house. For years after I did not think much about the Munro book, or the Munros for that matter. I knew it had been my mother's dream to go where her grandmother was born in Scotland, but I had not thought about that in years. I was too busy in my 30's having a career at the University of Oregon and starting a life which included quite a bit of travel. By the age of 40 I had set foot on six continents and numerous countries. At age 42 I married and two years later with my husband, who had taken an early retirement from the University of Oregon, went to live in Tucson. The Tucson stay turned out to be only two years, but we did meet a number of interesting people in our small housing development. One was named Alisdair Innes. He was raised in Scotland and emigrated to the U.S. as a youth.

We moved back to Oregon in 1990. I began to write family stories, kept contact with family, and renewed connections with old and not so old friends. Then one day in March 1993, Alisdair and his wife, Sally, called and invited us to visit them in their Highlands castle which had been leased by the extended Innes family. What a novel idea. We pondered and decided to do it.

Then I began to remember my Scottish roots and spent quite a bit of time trying to understand my Scottish ancestry before the September 1993 visit. This necessitated reviewing my own genealogy records started fifteen years earlier and contacting my aunt and uncle who also had family records. I was prepared to search out the Munros in Scotland. We succeeded one September day in 1993 when we went to Arbroath, Scotland, and found grave markers and went to the church where my great, great, great grandparents were married.

We took pictures and upon returning from the trip, I sent a short piece with pictures to my relatives including aunts, uncle, cousins, niece, nephews, and great niece and nephew. An aunt and uncle sent sincere letters of thanks. My niece-in-law sent the following message regarding the Munro clan card I sent from Scotland. "Erin (my great niece) was very intrigued by the card you sent from Scotland! Could you, someday write out a simple (or as simple as possible) family tree with not only names but their place of origin? I am familiar with my own clan but am afraid my

kids' other half will get all jumbled around if we leave it to memory. Besides, the Ripley history sounds a lot more interesting!"

I much appreciated the note and thought about what I could do "someday" for Erin. I knew family trees were not very interesting, and I wanted to make her something which reflected more about the family. At the same time, I went to a quilt class because I had been toying with the idea of making two quilts, one for each nephew. My mother made them each a quilt, but they were destroyed in the fire of 1977. I thought I would like to duplicate the effort. The class was discouraging. I realized I would have to start by getting out my Sears Kenmore sewing machine that had not been out of its case in over thirty years and see if it would still work.

Then the thought came to me to make a different kind of quilt, a story quilt of our Scottish roots. Thus the idea came to make my pieces of the quilt from words. I put them together in my own fashion. I originally wrote this just for family, but have added and revised for an ebook edition.

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1993

Before starting the fictionalized story of the Munros of Scotland, a bit about the trip which inspired the effort. In 1992 my husband, Jack Loughary, and I traveled from Oregon to the the Midwest with our laptop which we called MEG (Mobile Electronic Gab) and e-mailed friends every night. Rare at that time. We enjoyed doing so. Our correspondents seemed to enjoy it, so we decided to do the same for our next international trip which was to England and Scotland in September 1993. At the time it was quite difficult to get a provider for sending email. That solved we were off and running to write and send our emails. We first stayed in London at an apartment and then took The Flying Scotsman to Edinburgh and picked up a car. This is just two days of our trip on the road to get to the ancestral homeland of the Munros.

September 19, 1993, from Rufflets Country House outside St. Andrews, Scotland. Jack started the email.

Sean Connery was supposed to be here day before yesterday, and then they thought he might show yesterday. That is according to Joe at the bar who has been drinking his way through Rufflet's 62 brands of malt whiskey since last Thursday. Joe walks with a cane and a terrible twisted left leg. Says it is the price he paid for all the fun he had in the RAF. Has a Zippo lighter which is done in Desert Storm camouflage which he got while in Desert Storm. Joe is in IT and thus we connected with email and I lied a bit about my early work with counseling and computers. Mostly he told me about the great air shows in the UK (there was one here yesterday when the weather was super; it has rained all but ten minutes today), stress of doing IT in secret in the U.S., and the intricacies of making and consuming malt whiskey. We shared some words on the pluses of email and how computers did not necessarily inhibit, yes in fact could really facilitate communication and lead to friendships.

Theresa, between doing laps in the 10 acre garden and writing cards and letters at a table in the corner of the bar, wandered over and met Joe. She left me to this particular experience, and retired to the room, number 5, which overlooks the formal, that is to say, sculptured, garden.

This is a place you read about but never find. An old manor house, privately owned, with a good garden. Joe says the chef is Robert somebody or other, and it is he who accounts for all the prizes framed in the dining room. We will see just how good he is this evening. After leaving Edinburgh by car we wandered from one sea coast village to another in the heavy overcast, bypassing every sight Theresa had listed for a stop and see. You could hardly see the road, let alone sights. We have a good set of U.K. reference books at home, and she had spotted Rufflets from a 1988 guide book. The information guy at St. Andrews said it was still good so we here we are.

As I write I can look out our second floor bay window into the rain falling on the deep green sculptured formal shrubs. Theresa is sitting in the window seat cleaning her toenails, but even that adds a touch of Scottish family hominess. I have a feeling that Joe will enter our lives again during or after dinner, although we may have peaked out with him. But who knows. graveyard

Ripley reporting in...after cleaning her toenails...gosh he could have said I was writing a friend, which I did, but no you get a toenail report.

The letter to a friend said this is the kind of place and experience that you have very, very rarely in life and I wanted to share it with her. I feel like lady of the manor tonight, whether or not Sean Connery shows up or not. By the way, Sean was born and raised in Edinburgh, and Prince Charles had dinner around the corner from us in London, maybe those items are related and maybe not.

Just a bit more about today's experience. We picked the car up in the rain, drove in the rain, walked in the rain, and had a hell of a good time in the rain. For those of you who know us well, and that is almost everyone on this list, I have planned this day for months down to every 1/2 mile of the trip. As we passed Kirkaldy, I told Jack that Adam Smith's inkstand was being missed; as we passed Lunken Links, I said we were missing the Bronze Age stones; as we passed Lower Largo, I said we were missing Robinson Crusoe's birthplace; as we passed Earlsberry, I said we were missing Ice Age beaches 100 feet off the ground; as we passed Crail, I said we were missing the nicest harbor in Scotland; and just when we managed to find one of the pubs I had highlighted, it was closed. But we did manage to see a recommended village in a deep drizzle, drive through parts of Lower Largo with the pantiled roofs and crowsteps outside the houses, and we saw some of St. Andrews which has the oldest university in Scotland, 1411. And most of the time we were giggling, Jack does a hardy giggle at times, about the weather; and Jack only swore a few times at the stick shift car, the roundabouts, and not being able to reverse the first time he tried to do so. And then we found Rufflets and it has been a good afternoon and now a three-course meal awaits us and I'll try not to act tacky if Sean shows up.

September 20, 1993, Auchmithie, 3 miles from Arbroath, Scotland

This is Ripley who has already showered and is ready to tell you about a grand and glorious day. The day started by going to Glamis Castle which was the childhood home of the Queen Mum. We opted not to tour the castle but did our own tour of the nature garden and Italian formal gardens. They were quite grand and a very peaceful start to the day.

Then the hunt for Munros began as we tried to find the small St. Viegans Parish where my great, great, great grandparents were married in 1811. We did and I can report that it was a great feeling. The pretty little parish was on a hill with the gravestones surrounding the church down to the street. Whoever mows the lawn should get a prize because the graveyard is at about a 90-degree angle up the hill to the church. I was trying to find family names of Doig, Nicol, and Smart and I was surrounded by them in the small church graveyard. We copied the ones that

seemed most likely for future research and then found the groundskeeper who gave us the key to get inside the church and we stood where the great, great, greats would have said their marriage vows.

We then went the three miles into Arbroath where the same great, great, greats were suppose to be buried in the Abbey burying ground. The great, great, great grandfather was suppose to have been the founder of the iron foundry in the town; and even though the foundry no longer exists, I had been told the Foundry Bar was still there. And yes it is, and pictures taken. We were told by a local the Foundry Bar Band was a local favorite. Then it was on to the Abbey burying ground to find evidence of the burial spot. Again we succeeded and guess what, my great, great, great is the only one in town to have an IRON gravestone. Naturally it is rusted and crumbling, but, what the hey, he owned the foundry and wanted to do it his way. We took pictures and then Jack noticed iron filings on the ground near the marker. I collected what was basically rust, and thought it was the family thing to do.

Loughary here, have you found Auchmithie yet? It is just a speck of a town on a setting on a high cliff about 3 miles north of Arbroath. A single row of houses and a steep trail down to the sea and the remains of an old stone harbor. There are fishermen here to go into the north in open boats which seem from here to measure some 15 to 18 feet. Not for me. I'll stick to professing any day.

I meant to add my bit last night, but after dinner I was called to an emergency meeting in the hotel bar. Several issues need attention, but the main one was the price of drink. It was generally agreed that while the price of beer remains the same all through Scotland, the price of whiskey tends to decrease as one moves north. Beer, while varying some, is about £1.5 per pint. Whiskey, in contrast, was running as much as £1.8 per 1.5 gil in Edinburgh and is only £1.1 per 1.5 gil in Auchmithie. I think, however, that we have reached the end of the curve, but I promised those at the meeting that I would continue collecting data as we moved into the Highlands. It is nasty work, but then someone must do it.

We are off to more villages, castles, and ruins in just a few minutes, all carefully programmed. The sun is shining through broken clouds this morning and the lady on the BBC morning show says it should continue to be a bright day.

Later, and take care.

We continued our journey; visited our friends in the Highlands; and made our way home. After that I pondered, could I write a fictional story of my Scottish relatives? Had never tried such a thing. Well, why not, Oregon rains were coming. The Munros of the 1800's were envisioned and I lived with them through the winter of 1994. Now here they are in an ebook. First, a cast of characters, or in this case family.

Munro Family Members

As you read about the Munros you might wonder, how much of this is true. The real answer is probably very little. What is true is this: the main character in the first part of the story is William Munro Sr. We know when and where he was born and died. We know he was married twice. The first marriage produced three children, two sons (Archibald and Robert) and a daughter (Euphemia) and we know where those children were born. The second marriage was to, Suzanne Cant, and that union resulted in William Jr. It is uncertain when Suzanne was born or died, but we do know the date of the marriage to William Sr. and we know when and where William Jr. was born.

As the characters age we know some information is factual. We know William Sr. made an iron grave marker for Suzanne's father, Alexander Cant. We have the marriages, births, and deaths of William Sr.'s children from his first marriage. I fictionalized one marriage not based in fact, and that was for daughter Euphemia. As we go to the next generation we have more information.

The main character, William Munro Jr., was married and had a number of children in Scotland before they moved to the U.S. in 1853. This we know because it had been recorded in the family Munro book mentioned previously.

Keep this in mind when you become involved with the Munros of Scotland. The history of the era and times is as factual as possible. The family history of owning the Arbroath Foundry is also factual but the particulars as represented in the story could be wrong. I have made a Crazy Quilt pattern, perhaps, but at least some of the pieces are sewn together correctly.

Here are the main characters as the story develops.

William Munro Sr., born 1769, St. Ninians. This man is the patriarch of the story and the person responsible for starting the iron foundry.

Sicilia Munro is William's first wife and the mother of Archibald, Robert, and Euphemia. She died in 1810.

Archibald Munro is William Munro Sr's oldest son from his first marriage. Archibald was born June 9, 1792, in Lanark, Scotland.

Archibald Munro, the Highlander is the fictionalized grandfather of William Munro Sr. This character represents the Munro connection to the Highlands. There is no basis in fact for this character.

Robert Munro is William Munro Sr's second son from his first marriage. Robert was born December 2, 1795, in Monkland, Scotland.

Robert Munro, the Central Scotlander is William Munro Sr's fictionalized father. This character represents the transition of the Munros from the Highlands to the central Scotland living. There is no basis in fact for this character.

Euphemia Munro is William Munro Sr's only daughter. She was born in 1800 in Airdrie, Scotland.

Suzanne Cant is William Munro Sr's second wife. She married William Munro Sr. on April 27, 1811, at St. Vigeans, Scotland.

Alexander Cant is Suzanne's father. He died June, 1819, and is buried in Arbroath Burial Grounds with the iron marker. It is unknown when he was born or his occupation.

William Munro Jr. (Willy) is the only child of William Munro Sr. and Suzanne Cant. He was born in May 16, 1813, in either St. Vigeans or Arbroath. He would become the emigrant to America.

Edward is a ploughman and daughter Euphemia's husband. This is an entirely fictional character.

Agnes Fisher is the wife of Archibald Munro. She and Archibald were married in Leven, Fife, probably around 1813.

Isabella, Young William, John, and Cecilia Munro are all children of Archibald Munro and Agnes Fisher. Only William lived beyond infancy. William was born November 3, 1822.

Ann McBain is the wife of Robert Munro. They were married on June 27, 1823, in Arbroath, Scotland.

Robert Jr. and John Munro are children of Robert Munro and Ann McBain. They were born October 4, 1824, and August 21, 1826, respectively. Other children of Robert and Ann are: Ann (b. 1829), William (1830), Archibald (1832), George (1834), Jean (1836), and Bain (1841).

Betsy Webster is Archibald's second wife. They married June 15, 1832. She and Archibald had a child, John, born 1833.

James Barnet is Euphemia's second husband in this story. They married March 10, 1829. In reality we have records of this being Euphemia's only marriage and they did have children.

Margaret Nicol is William Munro Jr's wife. She was born November 26, 1812, possibly at St. Vigeans, and married William on April 15, 1836.

George Nicol and Ann Doig are Margaret's parents. They probably lived in St. Vigeans.

Elizabeth Smart Munro is the daughter of William Jr. and Margaret Munro. She was born January 22, 1839. Other children of William and Margaret Munro are: Ann (1837-1838), Felix (b. 1841), Rosina (1843), Maurine (1844), Edward (1847), William (1849), Euphemia (1851), and Isabella (1853). These are the children emigrants to America.

Reflection

William Munro Sr. was sitting and gazing out the window. He could see the warehouses, the workmen's house, the forges, and beyond it was the harbour to the sea. When he looked behind and to the left, he could see the ruins of the 12th century Arbroath Abbey. It was a cold, windy, wet day; but it seemed warm enough in his room and it was an inferno in the furnace area of the foundry.

Little did he know this would end up being a special day, a day when he would review his entire 50 years. The day would take him from the stories his grandfather told him of the Highlands to his own memories in living in Central Scotland at the small towns of St. Ninians, Carron, Lanark, Monkland, and Airdrie and finally to two coastal towns of St. Vigeans and Arbroath. His 50 years had provided quite a physical journey as well as emotional journey for him and his family.

He was known locally in Arbroath as the iron master and founder and he felt he had earned any respect the label might give him. He had the weathered look of a man who had earned his living by making big things happen, not only with the toil of his hands, but the agility of his brain. He was a dreamer, but often his visions came true, at least in the realm of his work. Had it only been five years since he started the foundry? It seemed like more because of the endless work involved.

He started the foundry in 1813 the same year William Jr. (everyone called him Willy) was born. The work of finding the iron ore, purchasing enough forest to have an ongoing supply of charcoal for burning the ore, constructing the furnace, hiring the workers, training them, building the rest of the necessary buildings, and then making and selling the iron products consumed his time. He became the man obsessed with making the foundry run. And why not spend all his time making the foundry run? It occupied his life, a diversion he needed. His second wife, Suzanne, died giving Willy life five years ago. William did not want to spend more time mourning yet another dead wife, the first time was enough.

His sons from his first marriage, Archibald and Robert, were totally involved in making the iron foundry work. At 27 and 24 they provided the youthful vigor he did not like to acknowledge was personally waning. He was sure the foundry could provide a living for them and their families yet to be born. He was proud he would see something of this live on in the next generation and maybe even more generations. He hoped he could be remembered for this, even if he didn't think of it consciously.

Willy was 5 now and didn't play much of a part in his life, except to remind him of Suzanne. His daughter, Euphemia, from his first marriage was 19. She was soon to make a life of her own and would not be available to take care of Willy as she had done for the last five years. Euphemia became a surrogate mother much too young, but what else was he to do? He would have to think

about Willy's future, maybe the housekeeper for the workman's house would take over the care Euphemia had done or maybe Willy could move with Euphemia or..

As he continued the gaze out the window, alternating between the harbour and Abbey view, he decided he would not think about that anymore. Willy seemed to be doing fine in Euphemia's care. Today he was much more contemplative about the past, rather than the present. Often in the last few months he found himself thinking about his parents and grandparents, a sign of getting old he thought. But as he aged, he felt closer and closer to those who had been dead for many years. He found these people in his daily life, in his thoughts and feelings, much like they were a part of it in reality. He wondered how his ancestors would think about him now. He was so far from anything they would understand. In another way, though, running a foundry and being the iron master is not unlike being a clan chief. Of course, he never would have been clan chief in the Scottish Highlands of his ancestry, but then again, maybe he would have been a chieftain or least a tacksman. The stories told by his grandparents made him long for those days and times when they all lived together in the Highlands and were a part of one family, a very big family.

Now he was nearly alone, or so it seemed, with his two older sons and a younger son and a daughter in a seacoast town of 5000 people in the Lowlands. How did he come to Arbroath which was so far away from all his ancestors knew and felt in the Highlands? He wondered what life would have been like if he had been a part of that Highland life instead of the central and coast Lowland life dealt him.

Maybe a Highland life would have been better. They would have felt like a family, a big family who helped each other through all the trials and joys of life. It was not that way for him now. He had been left alone to raise a first, and now a second family. His older sons seemed rougher than they need be, maybe because they had not been cared for by a mother at the needed times. And his daughter Euphemia desperately needed a mother. William felt so inadequate in helping her become a young woman. If he still lived the Highland life, there would have been other women family members around to take the empty space of a wife and mother.

Suzanne originally entered his life to take care of his children from the first marriage. Suzanne was a housekeeper/caretaker. In time it became more. He and Suzanne married in 1811 and hoped for more children. And a child came in the name of Willy two years after they married, but then there was no Suzanne.

He had to stop this thinking about Suzanne. Yes, think further back and remember what the Highlands were like. That would be a pleasant diversion until someone called him back to today and today's problems with the foundry.

The Highland Connection

William had always been proud to have Highland roots. His father was born there and his father's father lived, fought, and finally moved from there to central Scotland. These men made him who he was and he enjoyed the opportunity to think about their shared past.

William's connection to the Highland was through his paternal grandfather, Archibald. His grandfather lived in the Highlands until 1747 when he moved his wife and two small children to central Scotland, settling in the Sterling area. His grandfather decided change was coming to the Highlands, and it was better to be a part of a new life in the Lowlands.

William adored his grandfather and spent hours and hours with him, listening to him tell family stories of his early life, which seemed very adventuresome. Now with the perspective of his fifty years, he imagined such a life was very dangerous and could understand why his grandfather wanted to leave and give his children a different chance at achieving a satisfying life, just as he wanted to do for Archibald, Robert, Euphemia, and Willy.

His grandfather gave him an appreciation of what it meant to be a Munro and part of the Munro clan. Clans were splitting apart when his grandfather left the Highlands in 1747 and succumbing to English law. Prior to that time clan life was the life of the Highlands.

When William was small, he would ask his grandfather again and again to describe his part in the Battle of Culloden and what it was like to be a part of the Black Watch Regiment. William wanted him to talk about his foreign travels to fight for King George II. His grandfather retold the tales each time as if it was the first time, but always with the same details. By age 8 or 9 William could tell the stories without leaving out a detail, but he preferred the retelling by his grandfather.

It was not until William was older that he realized the importance of what his grandfather did and what significance it had in the history of his country. The Highlands and Lowlands were just not names for sections of the country, but had separated the country into very distinctive differences for centuries. The Highlands, because of their separateness, bred a very different people with different customs, religion, and language. A people who some called barbaric and others saw as close knit families who stood up for family and kin no matter what else. The reality was probably somewhere in between, but warlike and close family ties were certainly important dimensions of the Highland life.

His grandfather was a part of all of that and it culminated in his being a member of the Black Watch Regiment who fought for the King. Prior to the Union of 1707, which officially joined England and Scotland, the Highland clans fought each another, for land or sometimes even for something trivial. After 1707 the clans still fought each other, but just as often they would fight the King of England. The clans split along two lines, those loyal to King George II of England and those who supported the Stuarts or the Jacobites as they were called. The Munros

were loyal to the King and became a part of the vigilante patrol, called the Black Watch, who routed out the disloyal clans and often looked for cattle thieves among the clans.

William's grandfather was a member of the Black Watch during its most glorious time. The year was 1745 and his grandfather was 26. He served under Sir Robert Munro, one of the greatest Munro Chiefs. When a European war was a certainty, the Black Watch was sent to France on the behalf of England. On May 11, 1745, the Black Watch followed Sir Robert into battle at the Battle of Fontenoy and fought valiantly, but lost. Three months later, Sir Robert had his own regiment called Munro's 37th Foot. The leader died in the Battle of Falkirk in January 1746. The final routing of the clans was the Battle of Culloden in April 1746 which pitted Bonnie Prince Charles of the Stuarts against the English King. Following the battle, the wilder clans who had previously been unwilling to succumb, finally agreed to live by the rule of English law. An era had passed. The English were initially very punitive to Highlanders, not allowing them to carry firearms, wear Highland dress, or even play their traditional pipes.

William's grandfather was a fighting man, and a good one, and he was a part of all these big changes in the Highlands. Could William have been a fighting man? Would he have done the colors of the clan proud? His life had taken such a different turn than his grandfather's life.

William had never traveled to retrace the steps of his grandfather in the Highlands. He had not been to the places that seemed so vivid in his imagination from the tales that his grandfather told about his youth and his memories of living as a "true Highlander."

William stopped short in all this reverie and realized he had not taken the time to tell these stories to his sons. They probably felt little connection to their Highland roots. Perhaps it was too late for his older sons, Archibald and Robert, but it certainly was not too late for Willy. Willy was just the age he was when he enjoyed hearing the stories from his grandfather, and in many ways William was more like a grandfather to Willy because he was 44 when Willy was born. I must take more time to assure Willy has a sense of his past, he thought. Otherwise, the Munro tradition will be lost.

Yes, storytelling to Willy...that will have to be done. But what shall he tell him, and how shall he start, mused the iron master as he gazed out the window and to the sea. William had learned his Munro history well, both in school and from his grandfather. Now it was his duty to pass it on to the next generation.

Start of the Munros

Some argue the name Munro goes back to 1100, but that is questionable. We do know the nucleus of the future Clan Munro was established by 1450. The Munro land was northwest of Inverness in the Highlands near the town of Dingwall. The Munro homeland, called Ferindonald, was small, a mere strip from six to ten miles wide and about eight miles long on the north shore of the Cromarty Firth. The Firth provided anchorage for warships. There was a castle at Foulis and Dingwall and a mountain range to the west and north. The range provided a natural bastion against invaders. Several passes through the range also provided a way to get around the homeland. Geographically Clan Munro was as secure as any Highlanders and their soil was adequate to support the clan.

All clans, the Munros included, were tribal much like African tribes. One symbol of the Scottish 'tribe' was the tartan. The tartan started in medieval times when dyes became more plentiful in some districts and weavers developed a pattern and then stayed with it. In that way certain colors and checks became associated with certain clans. The Munro clan plaid was predominantly red with lines of green and yellow. The 42nd regiment Black Watch tartan was a blue and green plaid.

Basic to the clan way of life was the belief they were all descended from a common ancestor and the current embodiment of that ancestor was the chief. The chief was the representative of the founder of the clan. It was his responsibility to be the commander in war, settler of disputes, father figure, see all members had some land to make a living, and nominate his heir before he died. The power of the chief was totally respected. Even though the chief lived in familiarity with his clansmen, he had the power to put his tenants into the danger of war or to execute them by his own judgment. Some chiefs were father like and thought of the needs of their group and others were tyrants. Some were a little of both.

Below the chief in order of importance were the chieftains, tacksmen or prime lease holders, lesser tenants, and then the rest of the followers. The chieftains and tacksmen could negotiate personal legal titles and all gave their allegiance to the chief.

The Highland line was seldom passed by the Lowlanders because the Highland was unmapped, roadless through the mountains until after 1715, and was the domain of Celtic clan tribes who spoke another language, dressed differently, and lived under an organization of law and society that was 1000 years older than southern Scotland. Lowland Scotland perceived most of the clans as barbaric and maundering tribes who only went into the Lowlands to plunder homes and livestock of its residents.

Daily Highland life stayed much the same until the building of roads and acceptance of the English government after 1746. But changes came slowly. Bilingualism remained and Highland mysticism and superstition and paganism stayed. Highlanders incorporated their old beliefs with the new Protestantism that was brought to the Highlands by the Scottish Society for Propagating

Christian Knowledge. Fairies, brownies, and water kelpies were side by side with Presbyterianism beliefs. The combination was a religion which combined Christianity with the supernatural. The SSPCK also brought reading and writing English to the Highlands. Until that time it was only the chief who might speak English.

The life of a Highland child was one of adventure. They gathered eggs on sides of cliffs; explored the many caves along the sea; found honey; watched fishing boats come in and listened to sailors' often vivid stories, whether they were true or not; caught otter; shot grouse; and trapped martens for their fur. They prepared for a life of fighting and living with the family.

Family life was full and wide. Evening gatherings were for songs and stories. Girls would knit and boys tied fishing hooks or peeled willow-wands to make baskets. Even when working they performed as a group and would sing in harmony. Harvesters sang in rhythm to the strokes of their sickle; boatmen to the timing of their oars; women sang as they worked at making cloth. The songs made the tasks seem less monotonous. Even in solitary tasks, like herding cows, there were songs. They seemed to have songs for everything. Songs for going on a journey, and even a song for a toothache, and for nearly every other occasion. There was a connection between all phases of life and the emotions of life, both good and bad. Even in death there was a connection with the group. Highland funeral processions could trek for miles and days through glens, hillsides, and mountains.

This all changed after the Union of 1707 and more specifically after roads were built in 1715 and the Battle of Culloden in 1746. Landowners from the south were attracted by the cheap land prices, good hunting, and places for sheep grazing. The chiefs, who originally saw wealth in having more men than money, began to change and want it the other way around. The Highland clearances began and poor clan farmers or crofters were expelled in favor of sheep or recreational hunting which needed big acreage.

The Munros were not immune from this even though they had fought on the side of the King at two crucial incidents in 1715 and 1746. Many of the Munros moved to Lowland seacoast towns and some went to central Scotland.

The Foundry

William was jarred from thinking about his Highland past by his oldest son, Archibald. As Archibald opened the door to his separate room in the foundry, which might be called an office, William could hear the familiar clatter of the work outside. The foreman was yelling, cursing was more aptly the term; and he could hear the rattle of cranes and molten metal being poured. Archibald was speaking over the din.

"Can you come, Father", Archibald asked, "we're having trouble with the furnace?"

The furnace is the heart of a foundry and often at the center of many of its problems. Archibald should know about the furnace, because at age 22 when William started the foundry, William put Archibald in charge of supervising the building of the furnace. He had done a masterful job. Archibald was authorized to get the cast iron lintels, necessary iron work, woodwork, and the sandstone needed for the hearth and inner walls. Archibald went to Edinburgh and hired five masons at a good wage to come and construct the furnace. He hired the necessary day laborers from Arbroath. The masons and laborers worked for over six months to complete the job. The furnace had been blown in on August 14, 1813, and had been going ever since that maiden voyage, but with its share of problems.

William stepped out onto the foundry floor. His eyes immediately began to water from the smoke. His nose and throat felt the ever present dust. Sparks were in the air from the molten metal and the heat was excessive. He was following Archibald to the furnace area. Archibald was pointing over the noise to the furnace which appeared to be choking up, a dangerous sign. Archibald and William both moved back to the office. In the relative quiet of that space they agreed getting more workmen to remove the slag quicker was what needed to be done.

William spent another two hours on the floor of the foundry conferring with supervisors and workmen and then prepared to go home. The foundry started a public house for its workers three years ago. It was across the street. Appropriately, it was named The Foundry Bar. He thought he would stop by and have an ale with his sons and the other workers. He did not often do that. Tonight he felt like stopping because being with his workers seemed like family. Tonight he needed family.

At the Foundry Bar William saw most of his workmen even though many of them lived in other parts of the town and other public houses would have been nearer their homes. But it was custom to drink with one's workmates, even though it made a work day which began at 6 a.m. and lasted until 7 p.m. even longer; but the workers did not see it that way. The single workers were eating a meal of porridge in addition to having an ale, while the married workers were waiting to eat dinner, probably broth and bread, at home.

William eyed his two sons sitting together with a couple of other workers. He hoped to find them alone, but he decided to join the group anyway. They all dressed much alike in their thick shoes (to alleviate any chance that a spark might burn them), corduroy trousers, and shirts with sleeves down to their wrists even though they were out of the infernal heat of the foundry and rolling their shirtsleeves was now an option. They chose not to do so, no one did, and they did look and act much alike.

William began catching bits of the conversation as he approached his two sons and two employees.

"Yes, I understand Carron Company has had employee contracts for years," said a skilled molder.

"Well, they have had a longer time to work on such things," replied Robert, "since they have been in business since 1760 and I know they have over 800 workers. We're a much smaller operation."

"I know a fellow at Carron, but he doesn't speak too highly of it. Says they station porters around to check up on them and they built high walls and gates around the foundry," offered the other employee.

"Theft has been a big problem as well as drunkenness around the machinery and they just felt they had to do something," replied Robert.

The conversation came to a halt when William arrived at the table. He was sorry for that, but he knew Robert would report how the employees felt later because he seemed to have a pretty good sense and feel for the worker's concerns.

The two workers finished their ale and bid their goodbyes, prematurely William knew, but he had to acknowledge he was glad they were gone. He was glad for the opportunity to just sit down and have an ale with his sons.

In his mood of nostalgia William wondered how much his sons remembered of his own background and theirs, let alone the roots back to the Highlands. He wanted his sons to remember what his life was like before they were born. When they were 50 he wanted them to be able to describe to their children and grandchildren about not only his life, but life in the Highlands. The trek of his Munro family led from the Highlands to St. Ninians. Then his personal odyssey led from St. Ninians to Carron to Lanark to Monkland to Airdrie to St. Vigeans and finally to Arbroath. Just how much did Archibald and Robert know. He was not certain.

The Journey Starts

The decision to live in central Scotland was made by William's grandfather as he chose to sever ties to the Highlands. William's own father, Robert, was born in the Highlands in 1744, but Robert moved to the Lowlands in 1747 as a child of 3. After William's grandfather quit the Black Watch Regiment he followed others from the Munro clan to the area of Stirling. They settled in St. Ninians 25 miles northwest of Edinburgh. The clan members who traveled there tried to live and act as they had in the Highlands, farming together to subsist. This became the life of the former fighting man, his grandfather, who turned full time farmer. William's own father became a farmer in time and remained one until his early death in 1774 when he was 30. William was only 5 when his father died. His grandfather became in reality his father; his own father was only vaguely remembered.

The childhood tales from William's grandfather of fighting and conquest had quite an effect on the young William who wanted to have more life of adventure than he saw in farming. In 1784 at age 15 William set off to make a different life. This decision took him to Carron about 8 miles southeast from St. Ninians where he hired on with the Carron Company.

At 15, William was not too young to work at the first Scottish iron works. The Carron Company had been in existence since 1760 and already had over 600 employees when he came. The company was one of the first to use coal-coke to smelt the iron ore. The company was very prosperous and one of its first articles of production was the short naval gun known as the carronade.

William came to the Carron Company just when the puddling process was introduced to make cheaper malleable iron. Because iron became cheaper it started to replace wood in countless small items like hinges, nails, latches, locks, and household utensils. William worked to form these products for over three years. Then he switched to casting cogwheels for mills for the last two years of his employment there.

The five years at Carron Company were grueling and taken much from him. The days were long and he lived with other single men in the worker houses just a stone's throw from the foundry. His life was basically one of work and drinking, with only Sunday being a different view of life. That view, also, was dictated by the entire community. Religious life was prescribed as certainly as work was prescribed.

It certainly was not the adventure he was looking for when he left St. Ninians, but he could not go back. His grandfather had died; the Munros were dispersed or still farming on the relative poor soil available to them; and his mother died giving birth to her third children by her second husband. There was no going back. So where should he go and what could he do?

In 1789, at age 20 William decided to move on. He had been making cogwheels for cotton mills for the last two years. Cotton mills were prospering in Lanark, 25 miles straight south.

William was sure he had the skills and experience needed to be part of building a mill and making cogwheels there. This prospect seemed more freeing than what he was experiencing in the confines of the Carron Company.

The move to Lanark turned out to be a very good one, indeed. His move was preceded three years earlier by David Dale, an entrepreneur. Dale climbed from weaver to linen yarn dealer and importer. Now he was building a cotton-spinning factory at New Lanark on the River Clyde. He was building a water frame factory where hard cotton warps of considerable strength were to be made on large machines driven by waterpower. Dale was purposefully locating the first Scottish cotton-spinning factory at New Lanark so he could tap the cheap labor of this agricultural community and sell his yarn to the weaving areas nearby. The factory machinery could be attended by women and children. In fact women and children were preferred as workers since they would work for lower wages and were thought to be more suitable for factory work.

The manager for the new mill was Mr. Kelly and this was the person William approached for a job as a mechanic. The job was to make, install, and repair the machinery. As he hoped, William got the job based on his knowledge gained at Carron.

William also discovered the first love of his life, Sicilia, who was also employed at the mill. They married in 1791. Life at the mill was 14-hour days of exhausting work for both of them. In many ways William's work was the best. His job required going from machine to machine where he was needed and his work changed from hour to hour.

Sicilia's life was different. She was at one stage in the spinning process and stayed there for 14 hours without interruptions, except at predetermined breaks to allow for meals. This repeated six days a week, week after week, month after month with Sundays off and perhaps two other holidays a year. Her job consisted of removing and replacing bobbins of the roving frames. The equally monotonous jobs of her coworkers were cleaning the cotton from the cards, shifting the cans at the drawing frames, piecing the threads which break at those machines, sweeping up the cotton waste, adjusting the cloth in the power looms, and winding, warping and dressing the warp. Children were especially preferred to sweep away fluff during spinning because they were small enough to crawl under the machinery. The noise of the machinery pounding in monotonous repetition was deafening and the hundreds of workers were geared to the rhythm of the machine. The rhythm of the machine. The rhythm of the machine.

Sicilia and William lived in the village by the mill. The house was neat enough and the house and food were provided by the mill. It was certainly better than the house William grew up in at St. Ninians. The mill owner and operator preferred women and children as workers because he thought they were more malleable. There were many widows in the village and Mr. Dale built a special barracks for the several hundred orphans he also employed in the factory.

Sicilia gave birth to Archibald on June 9, 1792, and William, naming his son after his grandfather, thought life was what he hoped it would be when he moved to Lanark three years earlier. Archibald quickly became a part of the factory routine as he went to work with his mother and slept in the din of the factory floor.

The mill supervisor saw great promise in William and his ability to repair the equipment. William knew if he worked hard he would soon be more than just a mechanic.

From Lanark to Monkland

Soon came just two years later. The mill owner asked him to move to Monkland, fifteen miles northwest, and assist with the opening of another mill. If William did this job well, he was to be hired as an overseer on the factory floor. William liked the idea for two reasons: he was moving up, and times in Lanark were getting bad. There was a riot in Lanark in the summer of 1792 by workers. William feared there would be more. The riot, some said, was the spirit of reform going on everywhere in Europe against established governments. Manufacturing towns, such as Lanark and New Lanark, were ripe for labor riots. Whatever was coming, William did not like it.

Monkland brought new work and a new son, Robert, born December 2, 1795. Both the work and the son were enjoyable. The work brought the opportunity to be involved from the ground up in a new mill. He knew about machinery, but now he needed to learn to deal with men making the machinery work. There were masons, carpenters, laborers, and mechanics trying to get this mill operating with the new Crompton's mule. The mule combined the advantages of the jenny with the water frame. It could produce fine, regular, and fairly strong cotton yarn suitable for both warp and weft. The mule had to have a Watt's steam-engine to drive it. William had to learn about all of it. He did.

Once the mill was operable, William earned the right to be an overseer, not only of the mechanics, but some of the factory floor workers. William preferred machines to people. He found it was easier to fix machines than deal with the concerns of people. Even though he was not in charge of hiring, he knew why the mill owners wanted to hire women and children. The men were used to being peasants and farm hands who, even though they worked for someone else, often got to do their jobs as they preferred in their own way. Factory life was not like that. There was no personal discretion. There was a rhythm of how it had to be done and everyone had to stay in that rhythm. Highlanders were coming down to seek employment in the Lowlands and they turned out to be difficult workers. William could not imagine his grandfather as a mill worker. He could never sit at a loom, it would be like putting a deer at the plough. The spirit was broken. Yes, William agreed, it was more efficient to use women and children as Mr. Dale did.

Sicilia continued to work on the factory floor. Now there were two young boys to be watched during the 14-hour work day.

The only opportunity to be a family was on Sunday and this occasion was used to its fullest. Sabbath was from 6 p.m. on Saturday to 6 p.m. on Sunday.

William, like most of his generation, was a God-fearing man and participated fully in the church of his community. This was not something important in the first 15 years of his life. His grandfather much preferred the superstition and witchcraft and pagan rites of the Highlands. William's young years were filled with stories of charms and customs to avert any type of ill luck, and young William believed in ghosts, fairies, omens, and apparitions.

But then was then and now was now. Now William paid for the right to go to church and was glad his position allowed him enough money to rent a pew. Pews had been free, but with population increase, pews were made available to the highest bidder. William had the money to bid, unlike the lower paid workers, and he used this money to good advantage. William's position in the church, even as the relatively young man he was, was quite respected and he thought it possible to be a church elder in the future. He realized knowing his religion was very important in the Lowlands and he had been studying it since his days at Carron. As a young worker he received a copy of the Shorter Catechism given by the Presbyterians in which the multiplication tables were printed on the back. Thus he learned both about God and calculating. Both had been very useful to him.

William did not expect his two older sons to remember anything about the days in Lanark and perhaps he never told them enough about St. Ninians or Carron. They should remember Monkland, though. Now was the time to try. Ordering a second ale for all, William asked, "How much do either of you remember about Monkland?" knowing Archibald was just 7 when they moved from there and Robert only 4.

Robert, always the initiator even though he was younger, "I have two memories come to mind. I remember Mum laying in bed a lot and I dimly remember the factory and being with other children there."

William winced when he heard the comment about Sicilia laying in bed since it was the miscarriages in 1797 and 1798 that put her there. When she was not pregnant or sick, she was at the factory working. It was such a hard time for her, and William felt guilty he had not done more to help her or to get her help. He was absorbed with starting the factory. He should have been paying more attention to Sicilia.

Archibald, more reserved than his brother, said he remembered quite a bit about the factory. Like the mill in New Lanark, there were lots of orphan children and Archibald had lots of play and workmates.

"I remember the dormitory the children slept in, three to a bed, as I recall, with straw beds. I remember eating mid day together and we would get soup with barley bread and potatoes. Sometimes we had bread and cheese...and occasionally herring. I hated the herring."

"Ah, I do remember the herring," Robert piped in, "but meal after meal of oatmeal porridge with milk is what I remember."

"I started school at the factory for the first year before we left and I can remember school began after we finished work. Sometimes I was very sleepy before it was over," Archibald said.

Sleepy seemed about right to William since the factory school started at 7 p.m. after the children had worked for 13 hours in the factory. Archibald at age 7 was sweeping away the cotton fluff under the machines and darting back forth under the fast-moving machinery. Much of the

time it seemed like a game, until it went on hour after hour. All the children were involved in the mill work one way or another as soon as they were old enough. In the evenings they learned their letters and religion and were the cleanest, most obedient children you might ever want to meet.

William and his two sons stayed at the Foundry Bar to finish off their drinks. Their conversation turned to the day's concerns of the foundry. Before leaving Archibald said he would get more men on the slag line tomorrow. Robert said he would come in extra early to help Archibald select which men to use based on the day's work at hand.

All three left the bar together. Even though Robert and his father lived together and Archibald lived nearby with his wife, William said he was going to take the longer way home. The two brothers nodded in agreement, sensing their father wanted to be alone. The brothers ambled off already starting the conversation about which workers should be used for the furnace problem tomorrow. As William heard his sons talking about today and tomorrow's problems, he reminded himself he must tell them more about their yesterdays and their ancestor's yesterdays.

William was pleased the two brothers worked so well together. He had nothing but half siblings and he did not know any of them. He left after they were born to make his way alone at the Carron Company. William thought about the importance of siblings and knowing and sharing family stories. He had no contemporary to share things. Archibald and Robert did. He was glad.

As William continued his slow pace home alone, realizing alone seemed to be the theme he was feeling this day. How odd he allowed himself the luxury of this somewhat self-pitying litany of feeling so distant from others since outsiders seemed to place him as fairly important and central in the community. Thinking about his grandfather today and the Highlands made him wonder if he had been wrong in staying in the Lowlands when he went out on his own at age 15. Maybe he should have gone back north and tried to be a part of whatever life he could find with Munro relatives who still remained. Would he have felt more connected then?

If only both his wives had not died....

A Daughter and Airdrie

William looked up to see his circuitous route home was almost coming to an end. Most of the time he just came straight up Sichars from the foundry to his home. This time he walked down to the harbour and then up on East Grimsby, left on South Grimsby, and right on West Grimsby, before making a left on Millgate and coming home. He knew Archibald and Robert would have arrived at least 10-15 minutes earlier. As he entered the door, he saw Euphemia already beginning to serve dinner for Robert. As he saw Euphemia he realized his day's reverie, up to this point, did not make him think about his 19-year-old daughter who was so important in his life.

"Father, we really were waiting for you, but Robert assured me you would be right along," she said.

"That's fine...I'm really not too hungry tonight, don't dish me up quite as much as usual." Euphemia noted that and she wondered what was wrong.

Euphemia knew when her brother and father came home from work they were hungry from long days and hard work. Some days Archibald came to eat with them when Agnes was not feeling well, and that was often. Their days were long and exhausting and they were good candidates for whatever she served for the evening's meal. She had been doing just that since Suzanne died five years ago. She liked her work and knew her life was easier than her mother's life in the cotton factory. She did not remember her mother well. She died when Euphemia was not yet three. Euphemia tried to remember her mother, she ached to remember her; but she only had slight memories of being stroked and held. Did her mother know she was going to die and she should carry on? Euphemia wanted to know more about her, but her father never wanted to talk about her mother or Suzanne. It was his way of dealing with that part of his life.

Euphemia was different, though, and wanted to know as much about her mother as she could. She remembered Suzanne, her surrogate mother, and still missed her. Suzanne entered her life when she was 9 and they lived at St. Vigeans. Because she never really knew her mother, it was easy for her to let Suzanne take that special place in her heart. Suzanne was only in her life for four years before she, too, died, giving birth to Willy. Willy then became her responsibility, a responsibility which she feared. If she had been the oldest child, she would have been better prepared. She felt ill prepared for what she had to do. But do, she did. On most days Euphemia thought she must admit she had done a pretty fair job because Willy was healthy and quite a likable little fellow.

Euphemia loved her brothers and father, but she longed to have a woman in which to confide. If her aunt had lived, she would have been her support. That was not to be. She sought out her neighbors in St. Vigeans when Suzanne died, and they helped her the first few months of Willy's life. Then there was the move to Arbroath. Because she was so busy with taking care of her

family and attending school, she had not found the female relationships she ached to have. At times she had Agnes, Archibald's wife and her sister-in-law, but much of the time Agnes was sullen. Agnes' infant daughter, Isabella, died in 1815. Agnes never seemed to get on with her life after Isabella's death. For whatever reason, she was not like a sister to Euphemia, but she had her brothers and in their own way they cared for her very deeply.

Euphemia began to clear the dishes as her brother and father finished eating. Willy was already in bed. Euphemia liked this time of the day. The house was full with the life of her brothers and father. She felt she was the one who made this part of all of their lives special. She was carrying on for her mother and Suzanne and they gave her inspiration daily.

Robert was preoccupied in the but of the house, and William came to the ben to help Euphemia with the final cleaning. Euphemia again noted her father's unusual behavior and asked him about his day.

"Oh, we had a few problems with the furnace, but I think Archibald and Robert can take care of those tomorrow." William seemed uneasy and stared not at his daughter, but in the general direction of Willy's sleeping area.

"Do you think Willy is doing all right. I mean, does he seem happy enough?"

"I think so, I know he makes me happy and he is company for me during the day."

William was pleased his daughter loved her half brother and wondered how he was blessed with such good children when he had allowed them so little of himself. Always he was preoccupied with the current factory situation and making things go on a daily basis wherever he worked. If he only had it to do over again, he would spent more time with his wives and children.

"Why don't we go for a short walk? Robert can care for Willy."

Euphemia jumped at the chance to spend some time with her father and reached for her shawl and was ready to go out the door before her father would change his mind. Whatever mood he was in, she wanted to take advantage of it.

They walked down Sichars Street toward the harbour in silence. Because they were alone so little neither knew how to talk to the other comfortably. Euphemia imagined conversations in her head many times in which she asked about her mother: what was she like, how did she look, what did she think about her daughter. She also wanted to know about their life in Airdrie and why they decided to move. Her brothers were also sources of family stories, but she talked little with either of them as well. Willy was the one with whom she shared stories. She did not want him growing up not knowing about his mother and life where he was born. Thus, she had made it a point to tell her young charge about Suzanne and about St. Vigeans and what life was like when he was young.

The silence was becoming as deafening as the inferno in the foundry. Finally, William broke the silence, "Euphemia, I want you know how much I appreciate how you are raising Willy. Your mother would have been proud of you."

Your mother...the words burned in Euphemia's mind. Her father never even obliquely mentioned her mother. Maybe now was her chance to know more.

"Oh, Father, thank you," she said with a little catch in her throat. She started another sentence, but the catch in her throat turned to a little tear in her eye and she stopped in mid word before she started to cry. Now was not the time to become emotional. Now was the time to find out more about her mother. She had been waiting for this time for a long time.

"I think of her every day, Father, and hope I am doing what she would want me to do...and I," Euphemia almost stopped before she went on. "I think of Suzanne everyday as well. They give me strength." There, she had said it, and she meant it and she was glad she had said it.

"I haven't given you much strength, I'm afraid."

Oh no, this is not what Euphemia meant to convey to her father. She believed him to be a tower of strength and wonderful that he kept the family together. Other fathers would have made other choices with two wives dying in childbirth and being left with young children each time.

"Oh, but you do, I'm just glad we are a family," Euphemia said noting the tear was going to reappear any moment. Keep it back, she told herself. Now is not the time. "And I think we are a family that includes my mother and Suzanne. That is always the way I felt about it. Tell me, what do you think my mother would think of me?"

There she had said it and indicated she wanted to know more. Now maybe he would tell her more.

William was taken back by Euphemia's question. How could he tell her what a wonderful young woman his first wife would have seen in her daughter. She would have the words. He was woefully inadequate to tell her how gentle and tender she was with Willy, how sensitive she appeared to be to her older brothers' needs, how well she kept the house for all of them, and how caring she was to him. What could he say and how could he say it.

"I think Sicilia, and Suzanne for that matter, would think you the best daughter possible." Not very imaginative, but it expressed what he knew they would convey.

"What did you like best about my mother?" There, Euphemia thought, one of those questions she had rehearsed in her mind over and over to ask her father.

The response was initially silence and Euphemia began to be sorry she had asked the question. Maybe it never should have been asked. She began to think how to change the conversation when...

"Your mother always believed in me. Sometimes to her own harm. She was not a particularly strong woman, and I did not help her enough." William stopped, he was not saying what he

wanted to say, and sounding more sorry and guilty than he wanted to sound. Stop, he thought, and consider what you want to say. He started over again, "She believed I could make things happen and make a better life for you all and she encouraged me to do that. That's why we moved to Airdrie before you were born."

There, he had mentioned Airdrie. Maybe he will go on, at least Euphemia hoped he would go on.

"Can you tell me about Airdrie, I don't remember it."

"You know as a family we lived in Lanark and Monkland before moving to Airdrie." Euphemia nodded her head and was eager for her father to go on. "Airdrie was only a few miles from Monkland, but while working in the cotton mill in Monkland I met some men who wanted to start an iron foundry in Airdrie. They offered to take me on as a full partner if I would move to Airdrie and help start the foundry. I felt I could do it because of my experience at Carron Company. Do you remember me ever telling you about the Carron Company?" Euphemia nodded again, she never forgot anything her father told her about his background or her mother's life.

"Well, anyway, because I lacked money, I thought this was a way to assure a different future for all of us. Looking back, I'm not sure it was a good thing. I should have recognized how fragile your mother was and how much more frail she was getting."

Euphemia could fit in some pieces, of course. Her mother had two small children, had two miscarriages, and then she was born in 1800. Then there was the still birth in 1803 that killed her mother.

William's voice began to trail off, but he realized he had started so he might as well continue.

"The years at Airdrie initially seemed good to me. Your mother stayed home and did not work at the factory. Your brothers did not work there either. Even though I was working long hours, I thought it was better for the family. Then you were born. I could not have been more pleased, and your mother was delighted. I know she loved the boys, but a girl seemed to brighten her in a way her sons never did. She loved you, she loved you dearly. It seemed she just could not get enough of holding you and being with you those first two years. "Then," suddenly William's voice cracked and he cleared his throat, "she got pregnant again and six months later..." His voice trailed off.

Euphemia let the silence fill the air for a few moments and then she said, "Thank you, Father, thank you."

"I know I don't talk about your mother, Euphemia; but it's just the way I am. Those first few years after she died were some of the hardest I have known. Your brothers were 11 and 8 when their mother died. They took it as hard as I did. None of us knew what to do or say, so we just kept going the best we could. I hope you understand."

Euphemia placed her arms around her father's neck and gave him a gentle squeeze, not something she often did. Then she squeezed him again and this time just a little harder.

Without saying anything to each other they turned around at the harbour and started to walk back up the street to the house, both lost in their own thoughts.

A Move to St. Vigeans

William walked in step with Euphemia but his mind was elsewhere. This had been a day he thought back to the Highlands and places he had never visited, but felt a part of, and then forward to his time in St. Ninians, Carron, Lanark, Monkland, and now Airdrie. Next he would be thinking about St. Vigeans and finally Arbroath. What had this life meant up to now at age 50? He moved many times, worked hard, and felt both joy and suffering in his family. The first suffering of losing his wife, Sicilia, in Airdrie in some ways was the worst. He was 34 when Sicilia died and was two years into making the new foundry go. The work exhausted him, but he learned much about how to finance a new venture and work with bankers and partners.

But outside of work he felt he was going to be swallowed up with grief and regret and wondered if he would be able to go on. The time seemed so long ago, but in other ways it seemed like just a short passing. He now wondered how he had gone on, but he was left with so many things to do. One day passed into another one and then one year into another one. Robert and young Euphemia were 8 and almost 3 when their mother died and Archibald was 11. Robert and Euphemia were sent to their mother's relatives in St. Vigeans, who were peasant farmers. Archibald stayed with William. He was glad he decided to keep Archibald; it reminded him he was a father and had a family. The next two years William continued to work at the foundry and Archibald went to school and worked part time with his father. Those two years were good with Archibald, but his sorrow over Sicilia often made him a sullen and morose man. He doubted if Archibald remembers those two years with any fondness.

His best decision had been the one to leave Airdrie and he and Archibald moved to St. Vigeans. It had been a difficult decision, but his partners understood and gave him a very fair price for his share. He and Archibald moved to St. Vigeans and they were a family again which was the important thing even if he had to give up his partnership. He could find other work.

Euphemia knew her father would be silent all the way back home, but that was fine. They had said enough for today, and maybe there could be more days like today. She still had many questions about her mother; but now she felt a little more confident they could be asked sometime in the future. She knew some things about her mother from her early days in St. Vigeans. She moved there with her brother, Robert, when she was almost 3 and lived with her mother's much older sister for two years until her father and Archibald came to St. Vigeans in 1805. Her aunt told her about her mother as a very young child; but the years in between were lost to her.

Most of Euphemia's early memories are of her father coming to St. Vigeans and being introduced to a father and older brother she did not remember. Initially they all lived with her aunt, but this changed when her father decided he would take up farming.

William was silent as they walked back to the house, but his mind was racing. He was thinking about his early years in St. Vigeans and his effort at farming, a poor choice for him. For William the decision to try farming was a difficult one; but he thought it best for the family to live together some place where they could have contact with other family members. Thus the move to St. Vigeans, which was 70 miles northwest of Airdrie above the Firth of Tay, just inland from the seacoast. It was the farthest William had moved. He was going away from everything he knew, and moving to where the only people he knew were peasant farmers. He had met these people only once, when he took Robert and Euphemia to them after his wife died. Considering the circumstances, they were good people and certainly had been kind to Robert and Euphemia and treated them as their own.

The aunt and uncle held land near St. Vigeans on an annual terminable lease. Their rents were paid half in kind. They received sheep, poultry, oatmeal, barley, peat and in addition got to live in the house near the land. The house was small and shared with the farm animals, but they found the space to add two more people, Robert and Euphemia, for the two years before William came.

William knew he quickly had to find a situation on his own, and he went to the hiring fair in St. Vigeans to see if he could obtain a six-month position to start with and then go from there. The hiring fair turned into quite a festive occasion. He learned from the other potential farm laborers just how to bargain for the best rates and secure accommodations. Archibald, at age 13, stayed with his aunt and uncle and helped with the herd while William was off being a farm laborer.

The first year William saw his family only for a day every three weeks. The rest of the time he lived in barracks, four men in a shed. His allowance included oats, barley, and pea meal. He worked hard and knew he could have his family live with him the following year in the barracks. Then maybe they could lease a place of their own since he had a respectable amount of money saved from his venture in Airdrie. He knew he could work hard and he could count on the labor from his sons and even Euphemia to a certain extent. They could do it.

And do it they did, for four more years until they moved to Arbroath in 1811 after he married Suzanne earlier that year.

Much to Euphemia's surprise, just as they were about to get back to the house, William said, "You liked the years at St. Vigeans, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes, Father, even before Suzanne joined us...I...I felt like I was part of a family and that's what I wanted to feel."

Euphemia was glad she had been able to say that. She truly enjoyed those early years at St. Vigeans. Those years she got to know her father as a father, even though he was gone most of the time, and know both her brothers. She also enjoyed being a part of the church and village life

when they had a chance. She felt she belonged. She had a family, relatives, and a community. Then Suzanne joined them and Euphemia felt her family was complete. It was her happiest time and probably accounted for why she went back to St. Vigeans as often as she could. It was only a couple of miles from the center of Arbroath and she tried to get there as often as she could and be a part of the village and church life. She took Willy with her as well so he could feel a part of this community where his parents married and were so happy.

Euphemia's trips to St. Vigeans were not always for Willy's benefit. She, too, had an important reason to visit and his name was Edward. She hoped to be part of the St. Vigeans' life again as she was betrothed to Edward. They planned to marry later this year right in the very church where William and Suzanne had married on April 27, 1811. She might plan a spring wedding or wait just a little longer until the weather might be more hospitable.

William thought Euphemia's years at St. Vigeans had been pleasant and he was glad to hear it.

"I'm pleased you will be moving back to St. Vigeans. You will have a home there, and you will always have a home here," and he pointed to his heart.

Euphemia could not believe the gesture, but her father seemed so genuine and sincere. Perhaps her mother would be proud of her. She hoped so.

As they opened the door, Robert was stoking up the fire and getting ready for bed. Euphemia soon followed him and William was left alone in the ben to be with his many thoughts of the day. He had reviewed most everything in his life but Suzanne and his days with her. Might as well think about that as well. Maybe this is what a half a century means, you take stock of what has been before you decide what to do next.

Suzanne, A Second Chance

William remembered first seeing Suzanne Cant at the church at St. Vigeans. She was with her family and the year was 1808. Her family were fishermen and lived right on the sea at Auchmithie, near St. Vigeans. They caught primarily haddock and sold them locally as much as they could. William remembered the Sunday he first saw Suzanne because it was the day her family was bringing their annual payment of one dozen haddock to pay the beadle for cleaning their pew. The beadle was appreciative of the size of the haddock and told the Cants he would continue to service them well. Suzanne seemed young and shy and beautiful; she was 21. The Cants were long time parishioners of St. Vigeans Church, but William had just begun to be a regular churchgoer again. After Sicilia died and for the two years he spent in Airdrie with Archibald, he lapsed in his churchgoing much to the disappointment of the local church elders. Now William realized he must make an effort to be a part of the church again for his family's sake. That first Sunday he remembered noticing Suzanne and that was about all, but he noted he would try to notice her again another Sunday. Maybe he was feeling more like a man again.

Several Sundays passed and on each one the Cants were at church and so was he with Archibald, Robert, and Euphemia. Finally the Sunday came when he was able to talk with Suzanne's father, Alexander, and introduce himself. Because he never lived on the sea or known fishermen, he was curious about their life. The life was so different from working in a factory or the life of farming which he was not especially enjoying. Maybe taking his family to Auchmithie and fishing might be another life. It would seem more independent than peasant farming. And he liked independence.

William could not remember when the thought first came to him to ask Alexander Cant if his daughter was available to be a housekeeper for him and his family. It took him a few more weeks after that thought before he began to broach the idea with Mr. Cant. It seemed logical enough to William. Suzanne was the oldest of five daughters, and she was old enough to be on her own. She had not married and maybe a situation with his family would be right for everyone. He wondered. Finally William garnered the courage to discuss the idea with Mr. Cant. He did not say yes, but more importantly, he did not say no either.

Three months later Suzanne was living with them in their peasant farm home. They seemed like a family. The transition to man and wife seemed logical when it came less than two years later. Looking back, William was sorry he and Suzanne never had any time as just the two of them. Suzanne inherited a family, became a step mother, a wife, and a farm worker all in one turn. She had been wonderful in all these roles. The role of farm wife carried its own burdens; but since Suzanne was use to the work of fishermen's womenfolk, she could stand the strain. As a young woman, Suzanne often accompanied her mother on the market run. This involved carrying 100 weight wet fish many miles up country with other Auchmithie womenfolk running in relays carrying the fish baskets to get the fish to market for dinner. She knew work; farm work was different, but she did it well. In addition she cared for the family. She never complained.

The one who complained was William, often in silence, but just as often to Suzanne. This was not his life. Making factories run seemed more of what he was born to do. Turning over ground and making plants grow to the beck and call of a manor lord did not make him feel the same way.

The idea to change his life back to factories started small enough in the back of his mind just after he and Suzanne married in April 1811. He was 42 and desired more for his family than farm life seemed to provide. He also wanted to use his knowledge of manufacturing and business. Pieces began to fall in place. His sons, now 19 and 16, were not drawn to farm life either. Perhaps because, like he, they had not grown up with it. Euphemia, at 11, seemed happy, particularly since Suzanne joined the family. Suzanne never complained about the work both inside and outside the house. He was the one who wanted a change and he thought the change could benefit all of them. William had more cash than most farmers, which he hoped to use to better their farming situation. But the more he thought about it, it could just as easy be a new venture in Arbroath. He knew how to work with bankers and current lending rates were good. He was sure with Archibald and Robert's help he might start an iron foundry. He began to make inquiries and they were positive. William's plan developed and by the time he approached Suzanne with the idea it was more than half developed.

Suzanne knew nothing about foundry life, but farming was not her life either. If they moved to Arbroath, that would be even closer to Auchmithie and many of her relatives. She thought it worth considering. Since she was pregnant, maybe being closer to family would be helpful.

As Suzanne's belly got bigger, the plans to start a foundry matured. The anticipated move into Arbroath should occur soon after the birth. Archibald was already building the furnace with the help of the Edinburgh workers and local laborers, and the start of the foundry would follow shortly. It was a wonderful time of anticipation for Suzanne and William. They would build all of this together...the new family, the existing family, and the foundry.

Suzanne's death and Willy's life coincided on May 16, 1813, and William numbed himself to any feelings he might have. He could barely remember the funeral and the ensuing days. If it had not been for Euphemia, he doubted if he would have been able to continue through those next few weeks. Her strength through that time seemed to come from a deep well of compassion tapped just for the occasion. Wherever it came from, he had no such reserve.

All he could do was go on, which meant the move to Arbroath and the start of the foundry.

Moving on from 50

William twisted and turned in his chair. His day's reverie had taken him through his whole life and brought him to where he was now, in Arbroath. He had lived here six years and just what had he accomplished?

From what outsiders saw, it probably looked like he had accomplished a lot. The foundry was as successful as anyone could imagine in this amount of time. He was providing a living for his family, many workers in the community, and his older sons were skillful in what they were doing. They could probably carry on without him if that became necessary anytime in the near future. His house was moderately comfortable for the four of them, and he could always put food on the table. He was proud he could do all those things.

On the family side of the ledger he felt he had let Willy and Euphemia down. If only he could have been more available to them. Instead, he encouraged Euphemia to take Willy and stay periodically at St. Vigeans with friends and relatives and also to Auchmithie to be with Suzanne's relatives. He was better at seeing Willy be with others than be with him. William more often turned his youngest son away instead of encouraging contact. Why had he done this? Suzanne would not want it that way. Deep down he believed Willy was the reason Suzanne was not here. He could never forget that, even if he could forgive. How utterly small and vindictive of him. But it was true. He was repelled by Willy from his birth. This evening he could not believe he was acknowledging this to himself. What a hopelessly, pitiful person he was not to be able to put this in the past and show Willy he cared and loved him.

William shuttered with chills throughout his body. It was cold this mid March night, but he knew the chills were coming more from his newfound awareness than the coolness in the room. He was repulsed by what he was seeing about himself and how it was affecting those around him. How many more days did he have to make it right to those who really were important to him?

Spring was to begin in a few days and maybe he could make a new start in showing more attention to his family. At least it was worth a try. The one thing he did know was he had to be different with Willy. It had to start now, not later. He had already started five years too late.

William was glad this day was over. To review his life, thoughts, and feelings made him more sad than happy. But now he was determined to do some things differently, and he wanted that to begin with his family.

Spring in Scotland is an iffy thing. If it occurs at all, it seems to happen overnight. March, April, and May can seem cold and blustery and then all of a sudden one week in June, often the first week, the blossoms burst through in a cascade of yellow as the scotch broom covers the coastline.

William was once more at his office window thinking of the day a few weeks ago when he reviewed his life. To his mind he was different, but he was equally sure no one else noticed. Now was the time to begin showing it.

William hoped this spring would be warmer a little earlier since he wanted it to be nice for Willy's sixth birthday on May 16. Willy's first five birthdays were not totally ignored, but they were not celebrated much either. For all in the family, Willy's birthday was also the anniversary of Suzanne's death. Not a time for pleasant celebration. But this year William was going to think differently and act differently. He was going to ask for the involvement of his older sons and Suzanne's father, Alexander. Of course, Euphemia could be counted on to do anything that reminded them all they were a family. If William was true to himself, he had been the problem all along in this lack of celebratory spirit. He let that die when Suzanne died.

Archibald, his oldest son, was probably more aware of his father's feelings since he, too, lost an infant child four years ago. But, Archibald, like his father, never mentioned it. He just kept working and going on with whatever the day's routine brought him. What else could he do? His wife, Agnes, was devastated by the death and she was still, four years later, not the person he had so happily married six years ago.

It was just two weeks until Willy's birthday and William decided now was the time to get the family involved. Tonight was a good night because Archibald was having dinner with them. He waited to talk with them after Willy went to bed. He found he was a little hesitant to start; and then...

"I would like to talk with you all about Willy's birthday. I want to do something together as a family to celebrate."

Three pairs of eyes turned toward him and each showed their own brand of surprise. At first it seemed none were going to speak, and then, as usual, Robert chimed in first.

"I think that's a good idea. Six is important and Willy is important."

That statement seemed simple enough, William noted. "What do you think Euphemia?"

"I think it's a grand idea. I think we should take Sunday and after church at St. Vigeans go back with Grandfather to Auchmithie and have a picnic."

William didn't expect a full blown plan right away, but he knew why Euphemia suggested what she did. The St. Vigeans church had always been her church home even though now they were going to a closer parish, and going back to the red cliffs of Auchmithie and having a picnic by the sea would be an event all could remember.

Archibald spoke last. "Father I think we should do it, and I think Suzanne would think so also."

His most silent son had said the truest thing and it caught him a bit off guard. William cleared his throat and said, "Well that didn't take long to settle. Now all we need is good weather."

With a little more chat about the birthday and other things, each settled back into the evening's routine. All, that is, except Euphemia, who was out doing a little skip in the ben as she cleared the dishes. She hoped for something like this for years. Her mind could hardly contain all the wonderful thoughts she was having about planning the day ahead of them. It was wonderful. She would have to contact the Cants, decide what to make for the dinner, and think about something to wear. It would be an event for all to remember. Especially Willy. She wanted Willy to remember it always.

Sixth birthdays seem to be the start of growing up. When someone asks you how old you are, you have to hold up one hand PLUS a finger on the other hand. You are no longer little. You have outgrown one hand. Willy felt that.

Willy could not remember living in St. Vigeans. They moved when he was an infant, but he did enjoy going back to St. Vigeans with his half sister, Euphemia, whenever that was possible. They visited cousins, always older than himself, but he was use to being the youngest in the family. He also fancied going to Auchmithie and loved being with his grandfather Alexander. What he most liked about going to Auchmithie was going out in the boat with his grandfather and being alone with his grandfather with the sea spray in his face.

So when Willy heard that on his birthday they were going to St. Vigeans and Auchmithie in the same day he imagined a little of heaven on earth. He decided six must be very important if this is what happens when you are six. He wondered how long it would be until May 16. Euphemia just this morning had held up 10 fingers. He wondered just how long that would seem like to wait.

The waiting seemed interminable to Willy, but 10 fingers became 9, became 8, and so on until the day arrived. Everyone dressed in their Sunday finest, but there seemed to be a different air about the day. It was a warm, sunny day for a Scottish May and they set out early for church. Willy didn't remember much about church, but he did see his grandfather across the aisle as they arrived. Grandfather showed him a big smile. Willy nudged Euphemia and asked if he could sit with his grandfather just for today. Euphemia nodded yes and Willy went to his grandfather and sat as still as he could for the rest of what seemed like a very long service. In fact he wondered if it was ever going to end so they could go on to Auchmithie.

Finally the service ended and Willy took the hand offered by his grandfather. He walked out of the church and down the hill to where his grandfather's cart and horse were waiting. He hoped he would be able to ride to Auchmithie with his grandfather. His father, brothers, Agnes, and sister would follow in their cart. This indeed must be a special day because his every wish was coming true.

On the ride to Auchmithie his grandfather began to say how many times he had taken exactly the same ride with his mother every Sunday after church. Willy liked it when his grandfather talked about his mother. Euphemia was the only one in his family who ever

mentioned her. His grandfather told him stories of when his mother was his age, and he liked that as well.

Before he really wanted the ride to end, Willy began to see the sea and the red sandstone cliffs where he knew his grandfather lived. He and his grandfather had explored the rocks down by sea that were honeycombed with caves. Maybe today they could do more of that since today seemed to hold whatever he wanted.

Several hours later Willy was asleep in the family cart on his way back to Arbroath. Six, it seemed, had not kept him from falling asleep just as soon as they finished eating at Alexander Cant's place. Grandfather picked up his grandson and took him out to the cart and placed him alongside William.

"I'm pleased I got to be with Willy today," Mr. Cant said, "it meant a lot."

"It meant a lot to all of us." That was about as much as William could say at this point. His feelings were somewhere in between happiness and guilt. Happiness that it had occurred and guilt that it had taken so long to happen. But he would not let that occur again.

"Maybe we can come sometime next month when it gets a little warmer and the days get longer, and we can spend some more time in those caves. Willy surely enjoys that and you certainly know your way around them."

"Well, it's taken years to find out and I want Willy to know about those caves."

With that William, Willy, Archibald, Agnes, Robert, and Euphemia were on their way back to Arbroath. Willy's head was on Euphemia's lap and he was sound asleep. Euphemia was sure Willy would remember this day forever. She knew she would.

The Iron Marker, 1819

A little over three weeks later there was another day to remember in Auchmithie. This time it was a funeral, not a birthday. Alexander Cant, at age 65, died in his sleep with no warning. Early in the morning he went to sea in his fishing boat and later returned with a good haul. It was the first funeral Willy had attended and he remembered every detail.

His family went early in the day to Auchmithie. Friends and family were gathered in the small fisher's cottage. All of the fishing boats were drawn up on the beach. The normal occupants of the boats were dressed in black and all were either at the Cant's house or in one of the other half-dozen cottages of the village. Everyone was involved in mourning the loss of one of their own.

Willy's grandfather was laid out in his coffin in his own bed. Willy was lifted up to see his grandfather in his black suit and folded hands. These were the same hands he held just a few weeks ago in church. The hands that held him as he explored the caves nearby later in the day. Willy was glad when he was again lowered to the dirt floor. He did not know what to do so he just held on to Euphemia's skirt and tried to hide just a bit from all that was going on around him. The family prepared wheaten bread and there was wine and food. It was offered to all a first time, and then a second time.

The clergyman from St. Vigeans was there and he spoke a few words, much fewer than he ever did on a Sunday, Willy noted. As soon as all viewed the body, the lid was screwed down on the coffin. William, as the oldest son-in-law in a family of no sons, put in the final screw. As soon as the lid was down on the coffin, the tenor of the group changed. It seemed to be a signal for all to come to attention for whatever was next. The coffin, covered with a pall, was lifted by several men, among them his father and brothers. They lifted the coffin up from the bed and then the beadle with his batons took the front of the procession and the coffin was taken out of the small door with great difficulty.

The entire gathering proceeded behind the coffin as it was carried down the road. The procession moved past the town cemetery, which was only a half mile away, and then back along the cliffs to Arbroath. The pallbearers had to rest along the way and some new pallbearers were added to the trip to the Arbroath Abbey burial ground where the body was to be consigned to the parent earth.

As soon as William heard of the death of his father-in-law, he made plans for him to be buried in the burial ground near where they lived. His infant granddaughter, Archibald's daughter Isabella, was already buried there and she, as yet, had no marker. It was time to start a family marker in Arbroath. As the gravediggers were digging the grave, his workers at the foundry begin to cast an iron marker which would stand out from the many stone markers in the burial ground. It would have an urn top in which the family could put fresh flowers or incense as

they desired. He had the most artful molder design the urn with a ribbon like filigree. It would look different, but tasteful. The Munro family could easily find the marker because it would be of iron, very appropriate for the iron founder and master. He had these words inscribed on the marker:

Erected by
William Munro
to the
memory
of his
father-in-law
Alexander Cant
who died
June 1819
Isabella Munro
died June 25, 1815

William knew others would be added in time to the marker and that was how it should be. He was glad he was starting a family marker. For now his father-in-law and granddaughter would head the list. William wondered who would be added and when, but that was only a momentary thought.

The procession followed along the cliffs by the sea into town and then turned right on Back Abbey Street and proceeded right toward the ruins of the Abbey. The burial ground was next to the Abbey. William noted as he neared the burial ground Willy walked the entire way without dawdling or making one sound he could hear. He wondered what his young son was thinking during this most important occasion. His own thoughts went from his son to the physical burden he was carrying. The three-mile trip seemed long. He was glad to see both the gravedigger, who was ready to fill the earth over the coffin, and his foundry workers. The marker was ready to be put in place as soon as Alexander Cant reached the burial ground. Three workers from his iron foundry were there to complete the job at hand. The marker was going to be the most distinct marker in the burial ground and this pleased William very much.

After a few words at the burial ground, most were going to reverse their trip back to Auchmithie. The clergyman was going to go to St. Vigeans, and the Munros were going back to their houses a few blocks away. Silence prevailed as they walked. Then, as the walk proceeded, Euphemia was the first to speak.

"Mr. Cant would have loved the Scotch broom along the sea. It was absolutely magnificent today."

"Yes, Euphemia, you're right, he would have liked that," mused William not really concentrating yet on his living family members. He was still focused on his father-in-law and how pleased Suzanne would have been at having her father at the Abbey Burial ground.

Robert piped in with the next contribution, "I thought the reverend gave a nice, but mercifully short, talk. Considering all the walking we had to do today, it was good he kept his comments brief. Do you know what I mean, Father?"

"Yes, I do and I am glad it will be the very same man who will marry you this September, Euphemia. He is a good man."

Euphemia blushed at the thought of her marriage being brought up, but she was glad her father approved of him.

They all stayed in silence the rest of the way home, and Willy held Euphemia's hand tight all of the rest of the walk. Euphemia at one point started to skip to bring a bit of frivolity into the day. Willy looked at his father, he smiled, and then Willy started doing a bit of a skip himself.

Robert ran after them and this left Archibald, Agnes, and William lagging along behind. Archibald let a few more steps go by in unison and then said, "The marker is, well, it just, well, looks fine." Agnes was nodding her head in agreement. William could see tears coming down her cheeks.

William knew Archibald was referring to his infant daughter being listed on the marker. He wished he had the words to convey how much he knew his son and daughter-in-law felt at losing a daughter four years ago. Why couldn't he express how he felt to them? It all seemed so futile. They were all holding these feelings and thoughts inside them but never expressing them to, perhaps, comfort each other. Maybe making the marker was expressing his feelings. He hoped his son thought so.

William and Archibald and Agnes reached the house soon after the rest of the family. They were all exhausted from the day, emotionally and physically. The daylight was long this time of year and there were still a few hours of sunlight remaining. None of them were hungry after the big feast earlier in the day, even though the walk was exhausting. All went their separate ways, but William made a point of asking Willy to tell him some stories about the caves at Auchmithie and stories Alexander told him about the sea. William heard stories about the Forbidden Cave, Light Cave, Dark Cave, Sheep's Cafe, Seaman's Grave and he was amazed at how much Willy knew about these places. After William listened to Willy's stories, he asked if he would like to hear a couple of stories his grandfather told him when he was his age. Willy nodded eagerly and William started a story about his grandfather.

"Your great, great grandfather lived in the Highlands, a place you must visit one day, and he fought at one of the most important battles of the past century. It was called the Battle of Culloden and he was a member of the Munro's Foot, a proud fighting group."

Willy sat in rapt attention. His sadness of the day seemed lifted by his father telling him a story. He would listen and listen well. Soon maybe he and his father could go back to caves and he could show him Seal's Cave, which was his favorite cave to explore with his grandfather.

St. Vigeans, 1823

Over the next several years Willy had many opportunities to hear stories from his father, usually every Sunday when William would come to church at St. Vigeans. Willy, Euphemia, and her husband Edward lived together near St. Vigeans. William knew he seemed more like a grandfather to Willy, but they enjoyed each other very much when they were together. And in many ways William now felt closer to his youngest son than he ever felt to his older sons when they were growing up. He was allowing time to just be with Willy. He was over the frantic times of trying to make every aspect of the foundry his ultimate responsibility. Archibald and Robert were more than carrying their weight at the foundry. In fact, he was very proud of how well they were expanding the products of their foundry. They were makers of steam engines, brass rolling boxes, cast metal beams for buildings, stone-planing machinery, steam machinery for agricultural purposes, and pumps. Robert just sealed an arrangement to make the winches for the closing and opening of the dock gates at Camperdown Dock in Dundee. The Arbroath Foundry was all William ever hoped for when he started it, now almost 10 years ago in 1813.

Today, Sunday, William was going out to St. Vigeans as usual. It was a warm early June day, not unlike the day Alexander Cant died four years ago. Maybe William would suggest they go over to Auchmithie after church and explore the caves. At 54 he was getting a little rusty in bending and crawling around in the caves, but Willy enjoyed it so and Willy could be with Suzanne's sisters and see his cousins. Yes, that just might be the thing to do. Then maybe Willy could come back with him to Arbroath and stay overnight.

As William was traveling out to St. Vigeans he began thinking of Euphemia and Willy. Euphemia continued to be a jewel of a surrogate mother these last four years. He knew Euphemia hoped to be a real mother by now, but she had yet to be blessed, but he was sure this would come. His oldest son, Archibald, made him a grandfather last year, and even named the child William. It was seven years since they lost Isabella. Archibald and Agnes thought another baby would never come. Euphemia just needs patience. It will happen.

William also thought about his son-in-law, Edward. He could not have wished for a more hard working, conscientious addition to the family. Edward treated Willy somewhere in between a brother and a son and was teaching him everything he knew about farming. William thought this most fortunate since Willy could choose between farming and the foundry. He would know both worlds and could choose between them. His half brothers would certainly make room for him in the foundry, he was sure; and St. Vigeans would hold the opportunity of farming. At 10, Willy had already worked for the last few years fetching peat, digging potatoes, cleaning out the byre, and feeding the lambs. This year he should be able to go on to herding. Edward would see to that. As first ploughman on the farm, Edward had quite a bit of say on hiring of the younger workers.

It had taken William just a little over an hour to get to Euphemia and Edward's cottage. Edward was probably attending the Clydesdales today since he was free last Sunday. It was the custom of the ploughmen to alternate Sundays so each could count on having at least one Sunday off a month. As he came up the lane, he could see Willy running toward him. It made him smile.

"How you doing, Willy?"

"Just fine, Father. Let me water your horse."

William stepped out of his cart and let Willy take over. Euphemia was waving out the window and motioning him to come inside. How delightful, he thought, to be here and be with my two youngest children.

"Is Edward working today?"

"Yes, he is, but he should be back soon or you can go and talk with him in the barn."

"I'll go on over and bring him back. Is breakfast ready?"

"It will be by the time you get back."

William walked the half mile to the steading where all the Clydesdales horses were kept for the six ploughmen of this farm. When he had his stint at farming in St. Vigeans, Clydesdales still were not used for ploughing. It had made a big difference when they came. Edward, because he was first ploughman, had the finest horses. He was the best worker and it was reflected in his pay, which last year was £11.3 in Sterling and in kind payment of £12. His contract was easily renewed at the end of a year. Euphemia, of course, was a part of the contract. As with the rest of the married ploughman, he pledged to provide a worker at harvest time for 18 days to one month in return for their cottage. And Euphemia was a good harvest worker.

Edward was finishing up with the horses when William walked up to the barn.

"Been a hard week Edward?"

"No harder than usual, except it was longer because of the light."

William and Edward exchanged comments about both of their weeks. The men enjoyed trading stories of foundry vs. farming work. They were very different lives and each man liked the life he had chosen. William knew his days were long, but he equally appreciated that his son-in-law's days were longer, particularly this time of year.

Edward was usually up and threshing the horses' feed starting at 4 a.m. Then he would feed himself before yoking the horses and trekking to the fields. He was plowing by 6 a.m. this time of year and worked five hours straight without interruption before they had a two-hour meal break and he and his team would return to the steading. After the meal, there was another 4-5 hours in the field, depending on the light, and then back to the steading and groom and feed the horses before going in for his own supper.

It was hard work; but Edward, at age 25, had been working toward this since he was 7. He began by doing the same sort of work Willy was doing now. At 9 Edward was herding on a seasonal basis, as he hoped Willy would do this year. Edward herded for four years. Then at age 13 he became a halflin doing full farm service. At age 16 he became a ploughman and left his parent's house and lived in the bothy with the rest of the single workers. He stayed in the bothy and progressed in ploughman rank until he married Euphemia four years ago. As a married ploughman and a guaranteed worker in his wife, he could ask and get a cottage and a longer contract of work. The cottage was not special, with its thatched roof and clay plaster floor, but it was comfortable; and the three of them lived in it quite well.

Edward was finishing up his tasks with the horses, and William was leaning against the door. William turned his head to see the rhyme Edward had nailed up to the door a long time ago as evidenced by the tattered and torn nature of the paper. He read it again and enjoyed it as much as the first time he had seen it:

The Ploughman's Week

Soor Monday

Cauld Tuesday

Cruel Wednesday

Everlasting Thursday

Oh Friday will ye ne'er gae dun,

Sweet Setterday and the efternin

Glorious Sunday rest forever,

Amen.

William pointed to the rhyme and said to Edward, "And today you are not even getting to rest."

"No, but next Sunday I don't have to tend the horses, and the daylight will be almost at its longest and I will rest forever. Of course the only time you really get to rest forever you are six feet under."

Both men laughed and William was pleased he had such an easy relationship with his son-in-law. They started to walk back to the cottage and within 100 feet of the place they could smell the breakfast Euphemia was cooking. Willy joined them as they approached, and the three of them went into the cottage to eat what Euphemia had prepared.

"Is Robert getting ready for the big day?" Euphemia was referring to her brother's wedding which was to take place on June 27 to Ann McBain.

"Yes, he is. At 28 I was beginning to wonder if he would ever marry. I think he let himself be married to the foundry. I'm glad Ann changed his mind about that."

"It will be the first family wedding at which I will have a grandchild in attendance. We will have three generations of Williams there between myself, Willy, and young William. I hope Robert never has a son he wants to call William because we are running out of ways to distinguish ourselves."

Both Euphemia and Edward and even Willy knew this was a problem William liked to have in the family. They knew they could have a Will, Bill, and come up with other family nicknames that would set all the Williams apart. Euphemia and Edward were already counting on naming their first-born son William. Now, if only, Euphemia could get pregnant.

During breakfast they discussed the details of the upcoming wedding and heard the rest of the latest news from Arbroath. Edward, Euphemia, and Willy looked forward to these weekly visits and news about Robert and Archibald and Agnes, and for the last seven months about Young William. It was the one time of the week Euphemia felt the most like family. It was even better when every third month or so her brothers came out to St. Vigean's to go to church with them.

"Do you think Robert and Ann and Archibald and Agnes and Young William can come out to church next Sunday and then come by afterwards for supper? Since the next week is the wedding, it would be wonderful to have this time together, just us, as a family?"

William knew this would mean a lot to Euphemia, and he knew his sons and Ann and Agnes would be agreeable. Euphemia liked Ann, and Agnes was a lot happier since Young William's arrival. Euphemia felt she had some sisters and other woman in the family now and for that William was much appreciative.

"Yes, I think I can surely say yes for all. So next Sunday it will be, and for you, no rest, Edward, since we will all be here."

"See, I told you, only when you are six feet under."

Both men laughed and Euphemia, who did not understand the joke, smiled as well.

"Don't tell Robert and Archibald about my herding job. I will tell them next week," said Willy. "What do you think they will say about it?"

The conversation continued for about another half an hour. Then all got ready to go to church. Next week, Euphemia thought, all nine of us will be getting ready to go to church. We will take up the entire pew as we have done in the past. Those were the Sundays Euphemia enjoyed the most.

Farming or Foundry? 1828

Euphemia began putting dishes on the table for the Sunday dinner. She got to nine dishes and then put two more on for Robert Jr. and John. At four and two they could sit at the table with the rest of them. John might fuss a bit, but he could sit by his mother.

Euphemia loved planning these family dinners. She had been doing it now for years. She had more time for such things since her two sisters in laws were always busy with their children. That is something she did not have, except for Willy. At age 15 he did not need much care from her. This Sunday, as always, she hoped for a special day. Edward had been feeling sick for the last few weeks so maybe a family day would make him feel better. Euphemia hoped having the harvest almost over would also make him feel better.

Her father was coming out with Archibald and Agnes and Young William. Just thinking of Young William she realized they would have to think of something else to call him soon. At age 6 he seemed a little old for such a name and would probably want to change it soon. She knew Young William would look forward to spending time with his cousin, Robert, on the farm. Even though they lived near one another in Arbroath, the farm offered many more fascinating things to do. At two, John tried to scoot around with the older boys, but he could not keep up. The older two were just as glad of that. Euphemia had some toys ready for John anyway. The toys had been ready for a long time for her own children, which had not materialized. Sometimes Euphemia was even covetous of Agnes for the two children she bore and lost. Stupid and silly and selfish she knew, but at least Agnes had John for almost five months and she had Cecelia for a short time. She had nothing, except Willy, and certainly he would leave soon.

Goodness, she thought, how sorry she felt for herself today. Sometimes the family dinners did that to her. She was pleased everyone was here, but she hoped fervently she could add more place settings to the table.

Ann was certainly doing her part in adding to the family. Last time she saw Ann she told her she was with child again. Ann and Robert married just five years and this would be her third child. Euphemia married nine years and no children. What was wrong? Was it she, was it Edward, was it God? It seemed so unfair that she, the one who had raised Willy, should be denied children of her own.

Every time Euphemia got in one these moods she finally settled on the phrase, "It's God's will." Why, she did not know. Maybe she was to be childless so she could raise Willy and show special attention to the rest of the family and do things they would not do. Wrestling with her mind to come to peace with these circumstances was difficult but usually she could do it. She would do it today, and right now. She had given up praying for children after John and Cecelia were born and died within a day of one another. She could not believe it at the time. One of her brothers had a child die on August 22 and the other brother had a child born on August 21. The

family moods swayed from joy to utter sadness within the period of 24 hours. After that Euphemia stopped praying for children and decided whatever was to be would be.

Euphemia now reserved God for more assured things and as a daily comforter. That comfort was very important to her and God was important to her.

Euphemia was stopped in thought by Willy coming in from outside. "I've got all the horses done. I hope everyone comes soon, I'm hungry."

Euphemia was pleased Willy was through all his work so quickly today. At 15 he had been a halflin for three years and had progressed to doing important chores around the farm. Today he was taking care of the Clydesdales for all the ploughmen, a job they only let the best halflin do because of its importance. Willy had a choice to make soon. Next year he would be eligible to become a ploughman. In addition, his half brothers had talked with him about coming to Arbroath and working at the foundry.

Euphemia did not know what to wish for Willy. Edward much appreciated Willy's work and thought he would make a fine ploughman. Perhaps he could even take over Edward's team of Clydesdales since he was considering leaving the ploughman work and becoming a cattleman after this harvest. Edward was getting too old and weary for the arduous work of ploughman. But on the other hand, it would be good for Willy to move to Arbroath and live nearer his half brothers and be with his father. In fact, when she really thought about it, it seemed the best possible alternative. Her father would be 60 in just a few months and having Willy live with him would be ideal. Selfishly she would miss Willy tremendously. Willy had been a focal point most of her life. His leaving would be more like losing a son, than a brother.

"What's the matter, Euphemia, you seem off in a daze."

"Oh, I guess I was. Am I hearing voices out there?" Willy went outside and William and Archibald, Agnes, and Young William had arrived and Robert and family were within sight.

In another half an hour Euphemia was looking at all eleven place settings filled with her family around her table and easy banter going back and forth about events in town, the harvest, and foundry business.

"So, Willy, when are you going to come into Arbroath and make our lives easier?" queried Robert.

Robert was usually the one who nudged his half brother into thinking about working at the foundry. Robert thought it would be the better choice. The ploughman's life was harder than the foundry work, as evidenced by how weakened Edward seemed at age 30. He at 33 and Archibald at age 36 were both in good health and he thought this supported his belief work at the foundry took less of a toll on one than farming. Robert wanted his half brother to choose the foundry life for many reasons. For one, he really thought it would be better financially for Willy. For another it would be wise for a family member to be living with their father William. The housekeeper was good but that was not family. Willy could provide the bridge between generations in helping to run the foundry. Robert had visions of his two sons, and however many more sons he had, and

Archibald's sons operating the foundry someday. Robert realized his vision was a little premature since his sons were only 4 and 2 and Young William was 6, but they were the future. Willy at age 15 was just the bridge the family needed to keep the business in the family. Willy must come to Arbroath. It was so right for all, Robert knew. Except, perhaps, for Euphemia. Robert realized how much his sister counted on Willy being part of her daily life.

Before Willy could answer Robert's question, William stepped in, "Willy will decide all that in good time. Let him rest this Sunday from any big decisions. It's a big enough decision just how he should act in church today."

William though Robert pushed Willy a bit too much about moving to Arbroath. It was Willy's decision and he didn't need any more pushing by his half brothers, particularly Robert who was so persuasive at anything he wanted. Just let Willy alone and he will make the right decision. William did secretly hope Willy would choose to come back to Arbroath. He would love to have Willy live with him and share their lives.

Share their lives, it sounded so wistful. They never really had an opportunity to share their lives together, or at least so it seemed to William. The last nine years of being a Sunday father had been special, but it was not like a son and father knowing each other, their faults as well as their good points. They both acted their "Sunday best." William would like to be remembered for his faults as well by his youngest son. Certainly his older sons knew his faults because they had more time together and a day-by-day relationship.

The last nine years had been good to William. He was especially pleased his sons married and brought daughters-in-law and grandchildren into his life. In fact, he never thought he could be this happy after Suzanne died. He came to believe he would just go through the motions of life, working at the foundry, raising his family the best he could, and trying to meet the responsibilities life brought him. But the last few years brought a serenity he never believed could happen. It had taken him by surprise. He did not know if he deserved to feel this good about life.

His only real concern in life was Euphemia. As he thought ahead about her life, he was apprehensive what her future would be following Willy's decision. If Willy did choose to come back to Arbroath, Euphemia would put up a good front, but it would be very hard for her. William knew his daughter well enough to know she would want what was best for Willy. Should Willy move, Euphemia would probably become even more involved with the church.

William looked around the table. Here they were, eleven in all, that made up his family. Archibald was solid as a rock both at work and at home. He had to be for the three infant deaths he and Agnes had endured. In the end it had drawn them together and not apart and they adored Young William. Robert was, well, Robert. He was jovial, could sell whiskey to tea totalers, and he and Ann were blessed with two boys who were as healthy as horses. Euphemia and Edward, as usual, were hosts for this gathering. Euphemia was the jewel of this family. She always had been. Edward was the only other concern William had at the moment. He looked haggard and worn. William hoped it was the stress of the harvest season that was affecting him. Then

there was Willy. He was sitting by him today. They had engaged in a number of conversations, just the two of them, about the Clydesdales, how nice the weather had been for the harvest season, and how much he enjoyed his neighbors and friends in St. Vigeans.

Yes, William thought, it's going to be all right to turn 60. Who could ever have imagined he would live twice as long as his own father. He could die tomorrow and feel fine, just fine.

Move Back to Arbroath, 1828

Euphemia packed one more box and placed it by the door for Willy to pick up later and put in the cart with the other boxes. This should be the last trip to Arbroath. Then they would attend the gathering at the church which was to be given in honor of her leave taking.

She had lived in St. Vigeans with Edward for nine years. It was going to be heart wrenching to say goodbye to all these people even though she knew she would come back and visit. But visit is not the same as living among them, seeing them daily, and worshipping with them on Sunday. The things she had come to take for granted were all being taken away.

The changes were all coming too rapidly to contemplate. Perhaps, she thought, it is best not to contemplate right now. Just do. And doing is all it seemed she had been about since Edward died last month shortly after the harvest was over.

She could not believe less than a month ago she was sitting around the table with all eleven Munros. Her biggest concern then was whether or not Willy would move to Arbroath and work in the foundry, leaving she and Edward in St. Vigeans to attend to the farm. She could not believe she had been so sad at envisioning that possibility. Little did she imagine she would soon be a widow. Edward looked tired and haggard. She thought he would recuperate during the winter and be ready to work the following spring. Never did she foresee a life without him. Life without him now seemed to be without purpose.

Now both she and Willy were moving to Arbroath to live with her father. It seemed the thing to do. With Edward's death, she no longer had a house or any hold on a life of farming in St. Vigeans. Willy had been leaning toward moving to Arbroath. Edward's death made this seem the best move for both of them. It was where she had family. Euphemia could see her nephews daily and continue to be a part of Willy's life and, of course, her father's life. That would be something to hold on to for now. How could God have done this to her, no children, and now no husband. She wondered if she could bear it without Edward. Right now, she was only thinking of getting through this day, she could think no farther.

Willy came to pick up the last box and saw his half sister staring off into space and wondered whether he should say anything or just take the box out to the cart. He decided to speak.

"Is this the last box?"

"Yes, I think so. Do you have anything else to pack?"

"No, everything I own is already at Father's place. We will be ready to move in tonight after the gathering at the church. I'm glad it's not raining today. It could have been worse."

"Yes, we did get a break on the weather. Are you about ready to go?"

"Yes," said Willy. "Do you want to go with me, or stay here until I come back?"

"I think I'll stay here and then go on over to the church a bit early so I can spend as much time with people as possible. Do you mind?"

"No, that's fine. I'll bring Father back, and I should be here a little after noon."

Willy was a little relieved Euphemia did not want to go along. He needed some time alone to sort out his own thoughts. He knew Euphemia might need the same before the farewell party. Euphemia had done many things right in St. Vigeans. One of those was make many good friends. His sister was a very special person, and so was Edward. At his now mature age of 15, Willy realized perhaps not all men would have been willing to take in a young stepbrother at the start of a marriage. Willy did not think of that until recently, probably because Edward never made him feel not wanted. He made him feel the opposite. Willy felt his loss tremendously. Willy never knew what role to put Edward in his life: brother, father, older friend, or teacher of farming and religion. He had been all of these to Willy at one time or another. He wondered if Edward would approve of his abandoning the farming for the foundry.

Willy discussed these plans with Edward, who advised him to do what he thought best. And that is what he did.

Willy's only regret in leaving St. Vigeans was missing his friends, especially Margaret. He could make new friends in his coworkers at the foundry. But Margaret was special. She might draw him back to St. Vigeans for quite some time. Euphemia will want to come back to church at St. Vigeans, he thought. Maybe the two of them could make monthly visits. Yes, that would be good, he decided. Euphemia can see all her friends and I can see Margaret.

Yes, Willy concluded, this move is the right thing for now. Euphemia and I will make Arbroath a good place to be with father, and I will stay in touch with St. Vigeans as well. Margaret will be at the party, Willy mused, and I will tell her I will see her in a month at church. Church had been their connection up until now and that need not change. Willy decided he would not let it change.

Euphemia was sitting in the back of the cart and listening to the familiar clickety-clack of the wheels on the dirt road. She could hear most of the conversation between Willy and her father but she chose to put it in the background and instead be engrossed in her own thoughts and reverie about this most important day.

The farewell party was over and they were, the three of them, returning to Arbroath and what was to be their new, old life together. Euphemia was flooded with emotion. It was unclear what emotion was tied to what event or combination of events. The feelings seemed to wash over her, both joy and unbelievable sadness and lost. She did not think she would feel joy today, but she did; joy at what these people all meant to her, joy that Willy and her brothers and family were

so caring for her, and joy she and Edward had nine years together. She hoped for more, but God did not see fit, and in the end, God has his way.

Leaving St. Vigeans was difficult, very difficult. In many ways it would always be her real home no matter where else she might live. Nearly two-thirds of her 28 years had been spent in St. Vigeans and nothing that followed could ever take that away. It was difficult for her to believe the little girl of three who came to live with her aunt after her mother died, was now leaving St. Vigeans as a widow. In between she had lived there, first with her brothers and father, and then Suzanne, and later with Edward and Willy. Yes, St. Vigeans would always be her spiritual home, not only for her religious life at the St. Vigeans church, but also for the sense of community she felt with her neighbors.

Leaving the church at St. Vigeans was, perhaps, the most difficult event of the day. It had been her anchor when she was young and it continued to be so as an adult. Willy, too, felt the same way about the church because she and Edward made certain he was brought up to believe in the church. Euphemia comforted herself with the thought she and Willy could continue to come to the church at least every month or so. Euphemia was certain Willy would want to do that, not only because of the religious experience, but also because of Margaret Nicol. Margaret, she was certain, would be a very important person in Willy's life. Someday she might be her new sister-in-law, but that, she hoped, would be a long time off. For now she wanted nothing more than to have Willy and her father be with her day after day so they could care for one another.

As they rode slowly towards Arbroath, Euphemia felt a certain sense of peace she had not felt since Edward's death. Arbroath will be a new life, not the life she had hoped for, but she will make it the very best one she can. She must, for herself, for Willy, and for her father.

Willy to William, 1832

One month had passed since William died. Willy could hardly believe it. On August 5, 1832, his father died of fever. Now one month later he was moving out of his father's home, the home they had shared for four years, to live in the foundry's workhouse temporarily with the other workers. Willy no longer wanted to stay in the house alone. His half brother, Archibald, and his new bride, Betsy, and his nephew, Young William, could make better use of the house than he.

This year, which was still far from over, had been an eventful one for the Munros. Some years are like that. Willy was beginning to understand this from his mature perspective of nineteen. Agnes, Archibald's wife of 17 years, died on February. She had been ill for quite some time. Archibald, Young William, and Euphemia nursed her in as best they could. In May, Robert and Ann welcomed their fifth child and named him Archibald. Archibald appreciated the sentiment his brother and sister-in-law accorded him with this gesture. In mid June Archibald remarried. Betsy Webster was the new bride, and she was going to be a good wife and mother to Young William.

Then, in early July, the elder William took to his bed with typhoid fever. The fever raged for over a month accompanied with delirium and a horrible rash. A family member was in constant attendance to William. Willy and Euphemia took most of the vigil. Euphemia during the day. Willy at night. After this intense suffering during the month of July, death on August 5 seemed to be a blessing.

Sixty-three years. This is what his father had. In most respects Willy thought his father was pretty pleased with the last years of his life. His children and grandchildren were a part of his daily life and his iron foundry was in the capable hands of his sons.

Willy vacillated during this last month from feeling sorry for himself that he lost a father, to great thankfulness he and his father lived the last four years together. Most of the time during those four years it was just the two of them. The move back to Arbroath in 1828 was providence. Euphemia met James Barnet and they married within a year of Edward's death and located to another house in Arbroath. Willy and his father had four years of getting to know each other and sharing their lives. It had been good and the thankfulness, most days, even in his grief, outweighed the sadness. On other days the sadness won out. But this was to be expected he thought.

Willy was interrupted by Archibald who was bringing a large chair to the house.

"Willy, can you help me with this?"

"Sure, where do you want it?"

After angling the chair to where Archibald wanted it, Willy took the moment to bring up a topic he had been thinking about for a couple of weeks.

"Archibald, I think, I mean I know, I would like to be called William now, not Willy."

Archibald had a somewhat quizzical look on his face. Willy, that is William, went on.

"I've thought about this a great deal, and I feel it is time for me to change my name. Your son is getting too old to be called Young William and now Robert has a two-year old William. I think I should be William, Young William should be Willy, and Robert's son should be Young William."

Archibald hesitated for a moment and then looked his brother directly in the eye.

"I never thought about what you are saying, but I can see it is important. Let me be the first to call you William. I think our father would be very pleased. And my son will be pleased to be Willy. You know he thinks a great deal of you, and Willy suits him, as it suited you for a good deal of time. Time," Archibald hesitated again, "it does change everything, doesn't it?" William just nodded his head, swallowed hard, and decided it was best to say nothing for the moment. William had not realized how momentous it was to have his step brother understand so completely how significant this was to him. It was a special moment for him.

The rest of the afternoon the two step brothers moved Archibald's belongings into the house, and moved William's things to the workmen's house. Most of the time they were silent. But a couple of times, Archibald called out to his brother to move this or to haul that. Both of those times he called him William. Each time William breathed a little easier when his brother called him. He wanted to carry that name, and carry it well. Today William felt 19 going on 30.

At the afternoon's end it was Archibald's turn to initiate a conversation.

"William," once more the Willy, who turned William today, breathed a little deeper, "you wanted to talk with me about something today, but I also wanted to talk with you. Robert and I have been discussing your place in the foundry this week, and we think it is about time for a change. You have been apprentice to the puddler for about three years and you two men do a heck of a job producing 250 kilos of iron every two hours. The work is hard and it certainly has its own set of risks. You have done it well. We think it is time the puddler moved up and you became the puddler."

William was taken back. He knew he tried to do his work well. His job and the job of the puddler was to take the pig iron that had been melted in the furnace and stir it in the air. This process oxidized the carbon and silicon and made the iron malleable so it could be hammered and rolled into wrought iron. By the end of his 12-hour shift 1500 kilos of iron was produced and it was clear one had accomplished something during the day. Hard, but satisfying work, is the way William thought of it.

A little hesitantly William said, "I think, I mean, I know I can do it. And it's right Maurice move on. He's a good man and he's been a good teacher. I hope I can do as well teaching someone else."

It all seemed settled. A new name and a new job. All in one day. And just one month after his father died. His father. The man who climbed with him in the caves when he was six; visited most Sundays when he lived in St. Vigeans; and his daily and evening companion, as well as father, for the last four years.

William had not known his mother, but he was thankful for the years he knew his father. Carrying his name would be a privilege.

William would go out to St. Vigeans this Sunday, as he had most Sundays since he moved from there, and tell Margaret the news. William wondered what Margaret would think of calling him William.

What God Has Joined, 1836

Margaret Nicol was walking to the church to talk with the Reverend one last time before the wedding on Saturday. As she walked the familiar path beside the river Brothock, she could see St. Vigeans church on top of the hill. She loved the site of the church. She always had. There was none lovelier. The church looked so regale on top of the grassy hill with the grey stone markers cascading down all sides of the hill. The graveyard contained the stones of her family including the Nicols, Doigs, and Smarts.

This was the place she was to be married to William Munro on April 19 of this year, 1836. Soon she would be Mrs. William Munro. She had known Willy, sometimes she still slipped and called him that, since they were both 6 when he moved to St. Vigeans to live with Euphemia and Edward.

Some townsfolk thought they had waited an exceptionally long time to marry since they had known, it seems forever, they were going to wed. Even Margaret's parents, George and Ann Nicol, were surprised they waited so long. But Margaret and William saw it differently. William wanted to know he could meet his responsibilities at the foundry. His half brothers continued to give him more and diverse responsibilities each year so there were always new tasks to master. At age 23 William wanted to make sure he was carrying his own at the foundry before he took on additional responsibilities for a wife and family.

As for a family, Margaret wanted lots of children and so did William. Margaret was accustomed to having lots of children around. William was not, since he had essentially been raised alone. Margaret knew this concerned William. He wondered if he could be a good father. Margaret had no such concerns. She saw William with Archibald's two sons and Robert's four sons and one daughter. He was an extremely good uncle and would be a wonderful father. She knew it and looked forward to their married life together.

Today, however, Margaret was preoccupied with the thought of leaving St. Vigeans. She loved her life in St. Vigeans. This would end when she moved to Arbroath to live near the foundry. She imagined the new life would be different. From farming to foundry; William had made the change, but could she? She would not be working in the foundry, but it would become an important part of her life because it was William's life. Farming was all she knew and she knew that well.

Margaret's father was a ploughman. Margaret was glad William understood this life from his association with Edward. Margaret's mother worked the harvest as Euphemia had done. In addition she kept cows.

Margaret helped her mother with everything that needed doing: the harvest, keeping cows, the family, and she picked turnips by hand to bring in cash for the family. Bringing in extra cash was helpful. Her mother raised the cows, not just for the milk, butter, and cheese, but for the

income she could receive at market for the milk and butter. Often the cash Margaret and her mother brought in was all the hard cash the family had since her father was paid in kind. Her father's current in kind payment was 6 1/2 bolls of oatmeal, 1 1/2 Scotch pints of milk, free-manured potato ground, peat, and house rent. The house was 24 feet by 16 feet. All 9 of them lived in the house along with the cows in winter.

Margaret approached the church manse, knocked, and Rev. Duke answered the door.

"Hello, Margaret, you have only got a few days before the wedding, don't you?"

"Yes, that's right, Reverend. I just wanted to make sure that you knew everyone who will be there on Saturday. Do you have a few minutes to talk with me."

"Why, of course, Margaret. This will be a very important day."

Margaret entered the manse and went into the ben, guided by the Reverend.

"You know all my family who will be there, but I wanted to make certain you were aware of all the Munros. I think you know most of them, but I wanted to make sure."

The Reverend settled down in the chair and indicated he was ready to listen to whatever Margaret had to say. He baptized Margaret 24 years ago and watched this child grow into a young woman who was a very good church woman. One he was sorry to have her leave his church, but he would not let her know that today. Today he would listen.

"William's sister, Euphemia, will be here, of course; and her husband James. Euphemia is the only one who knows all my family from all her years in this parish. William's oldest half brother is Archibald. His wife's name is Betsy. They have two sons, Willy, from Archibald's first marriage; and John is 2 1/2."

Margaret was ready to recite the rest of the people in attendance, but then she stopped a little short and reflected on those just mentioned.

"Archibald has been very important to William, particularly since their father died over three years ago. It brought the two of them even closer together. William spends many a dinner time with Archibald, Betsy, Willy, and John. And, of course, when he is not at dinner with them, he's at Euphemia and James' home. Archibald and Euphemia have always seemed more like brother and sister to him, not half brother and sister."

Margaret looked at the Reverend and he was nodding his head in a very understanding way that said, I see, without saying it.

"William's other half brother, Robert, will be there with his wife, Ann, and their 5 children: Robert, 12; John, 10; Ann, 7; Young William, 6; and Archibald, 4. And I think that is all."

The Reverend waited to make sure Margaret was through, and then said, "You know how much I think of William. He has been a church elder here since he was 21. I just wish I could get both of you to continue coming to this parish. I realize, though, I have been fortunate in getting

William to come out here every Sunday to see you for years. Our parish has been blessed by both of you being a part of it. The Arbroath parish will now be blessed."

Margaret knew the Reverend was sincere in his compliments; and she, too, was sorry they were leaving. The parish meant a great deal to both of them, but now it was time to become part of Arbroath.

Margaret and the Reverend talked about a half an hour longer simply because they enjoyed one another, not out of any necessity to go over the wedding ceremony. After Margaret left, Reverend Duke reflected on his parishioners leaving the parish. The Nicols were among the most devote in his parish. It was their influence, more than anyone else, that got William involved in the church. Euphemia was important in his early religious training; but the Nicols, particularly Mr. Nicol, was the real source of influence.

William came to Sunday service with the Nicols for almost eight years. This necessitated William getting up way before dawn and coming out to St. Vigeans to attend the two-hour service in the morning, have a cold lunch at the Nicols because no cooking was allowed, and attend the long afternoon service. The rest of the day was spent in prayer, religious observations, and meditations. No work was allowed, except feeding the farm stock. Then William would go back to Arbroath.

Occasionally William would participate in the Nicol family nightly worship which consisted of the family singing a Psalm, Mr. Nicol reading from the Bible, and ended with a prayer from Mr. Nicol. Mr. Nicol was an elder in the church and had responsibilities of visiting families to make sure children knew their Catechism, counsel the parents to have good ways, and pray for the sick. Mr. Nicol's knowledge of the Bible was thorough and he quoted it without hesitation. He made it his responsibility to train his children in this ability. He included William in this training.

Reverend Duke and George Nicol both agreed three years ago William should be a church elder. The role of the church elder was important, and it was necessary to have younger men in this role. In some parishes the elders acted more like religious policemen peering in windows and barging in people's homes to make certain the Sabbath was kept in ordained fashion. Elders of St. Vigeans did little of that. Instead they trained the heads of households to impart religious training to their families and observe the laws of God against swearing, slander, quarreling, breach of the Sabbath, witchcraft, and sexual offenses. St. Vigeans did have stools of repentance for offenders to sit on for public censure every Sunday, but it was little used as a punishment these days.

The Reverend thought a bit more about William and Margaret and how he could make their wedding special to all in attendance. This was a special couple to him and he would work diligently to impart words they, and their families, might remember.

New Hope, Old Fears 1839

William was huddled by the fire. The rain and wind were fierce outside and the house was about as cold as it could get. In his arms was Elizabeth Smart Munro, one day old. William was overly concerned Elizabeth would get a chill on this blustery January day that was making their home so cold. In fact all William could think about were the things that could go wrong with his new daughter. Joy had not seeped into his consciousness since Elizabeth Smart was born very late last night on the 22nd of January, 1839. He knew he should feel happiness. On one level he did. Margaret was fine and Elizabeth, so far, also seemed fine.

But on another level his thoughts went automatically to his first born, Ann. Ann was born on February 20, 1837, and died 19 months later in his arms on September 29, 1838. The same arms which were holding Elizabeth now. Just four months ago Ann was still alive.

William was searching his memory for each little thing he could remember about the first day of Ann's life. She seemed quite weak from the beginning. Does Elizabeth, too, seem weak? Is she breathing regularly? Is this how Ann breathed? Is it too drafty for Elizabeth? Will she catch a chill? Should he make a bigger fire?

William tried to stop this way of thinking. For some moments he was successful. Other times he went right back to worrying about Elizabeth and her future, mostly her physical health. Focus on the positive he told himself, Margaret needs me to do that.

Margaret was in the other room with Euphemia. Euphemia had been here all night. She was sleeping now and so was Margaret. Euphemia and William jointly delivered Elizabeth Smart Munro into this world. William's instant reaction, when hearing Elizabeth cry for the first time, was overwhelming joy. The sense of apprehension, which had grown as the natural light came into house this morning, came later. William did not expect this sense of dread. Yes, he knew he was overcome with loss and sadness when Ann died so few short months ago, but Margaret was pregnant and he felt he needed to be as hopeful as possible for the two of them. Today he could not be hopeful at all. In fact he wondered if he could be a father at all. It hurt too much. The hopes, the fears, all seemed rolled into one. Perhaps he would feel better after he slept. He had not slept for two nights, but for now he wanted to hold his new daughter and provide whatever warmth he could for her.

An hour later Euphemia joined William and Elizabeth at the fireplace.

"I feel better now, William. Sleep is a wonderful thing. I'm glad Margaret is still sleeping. It's been a long day and a half. Have you slept yet?"

"No, not yet. Maybe I can now. Do you think it is warm enough in here for Elizabeth?"

"It is a cold day, no doubt about that; but I think she's comfortable enough. Look how peaceful she looks right now."

Both of them looked at the little bundle in his arms. Her eyes closed tightly. William was trying to remember what color her eyes were. Brown, he thought, but he wasn't sure. He noted to himself he must notice when she wakes. He didn't want to miss a thing about her. Not a thing.

"Do you think she is healthy?" queried William.

Euphemia knew there was more behind the question than what a simple yes or no could say. She thought carefully for a moment and then said, "you must be very concerned about Elizabeth, particularly because of Ann."

William swallowed hard and realized tears were coming down his cheeks. "Oh, Euphemia, I am so scared for her; I hardly know what to do. How can I possibly support Margaret when I feel this way? I know she is concerned as well."

"Margaret and I have talked about this William. She is very hopeful, but she is concerned about you. Each day she had with Ann was precious, and she knows each day she has with Elizabeth will be the same way."

By this time big tears were streaming down William's cheek. The tears felt very cleansing, though, and William did not even bother to get out a handkerchief. Nor was he embarrassed. He just felt better. Euphemia had always been able to do that for him, whatever the concern.

"I would like to feel that way. I will think about it. For now that is all I can say."

"Would you like to get some sleep now? I will stay with Elizabeth."

"I want to do one thing before I sleep. I want to go and tell Archibald we have a daughter. I want to do that now...right now."

"Yes, go now. We'll all three be here when you get back."

William went out the door and turned left to Archibald's place. Euphemia sat with Elizabeth curled in her arms, still asleep. She was pleased William was going to Archibald, the half brother who had lost three infant children. Archibald would understand both his joy and concern.

As William went to Archibald's house he thought for the first time about Elizabeth's baptism. He would have his half brothers and sister come with their spouses. He would also have his 9 nieces and nephews on his side, and they would have all the Nicols and Doigs and Smarts. The baptism would be a precious day. Each day with Elizabeth would be precious. He would make sure of that.

Job Related Travel, 1842

The stagecoach driver put William's bags on top of the coach. William stepped into the coach and settled down for a very long day. He was glad he had taken an extra day in Edinburgh. The city was rich in sights and sounds and much more interesting in his mind than his destination, London.

William was already a few days into a journey that would have him away from home for a fortnight. He had started his trip by stage and then steamboats across the Firths of Tay and Forth and then on by stage to Edinburgh. The population of Edinburgh was nearing 200,000. On these trips initially he enjoyed almost all aspects of Edinburgh. It was the center of culture, intelligentsia, and shopping. William chose to stay on Princes Street at the center of New Town. Building was exploding everywhere in the city, but especially on and around Princes Street. He visited shops of haberdashers, milliners, linen drapers, and perfumers and saw things he never saw in Arbroath. He journeyed over to the new Waverley Station. He wanted to see for himself just what everyone was getting so excited about in transportation. The new railway system just opened between Glasgow and Edinburgh earlier this year. People said it was the wave of the future. He was skeptical. People often said that, but if a rail line was ever completed to London, it would certainly make his journeys there more comfortable.

There was one thing he would not miss about Edinburgh, though, and this was the stench of the sewage. For a city noted for its culture, he wondered why they could not solve their sewage problem. This trip was the same as others in that regard. Shops closed in the evenings at 8 p.m., then the taverns closed two hours later with a roll of the drums. The drum roll also signaled the time all residents could throw the day's slop and excreta from their windows. The throwers had to forewarn the walkers below by yelling the French word, *gardyloo*. William always made certain he was back to his inn before 10 p.m.

The talk in Edinburgh was about all the building in the city and the visit of Queen Victoria earlier in the year. All said she was quite impressed with the city and the countryside further north. William noted that in his journal. He always kept a journal so he would not forget a thing to tell Margaret, Euphemia, Archibald, and Robert and the rest of the family.

William looked at his day's coach companions and wondered if they would want to talk. He hoped not. He was ready for a day of reading, thought, and contemplation. A man, woman, and young child were his fellow travelers. It appeared they were traveling together and a family. William smiled, they smiled, and William got out a book by Walter Scott he purchased in Edinburgh. He was reading *The Antiquary*. William had read it before, but this was a deluxe edition and he would enjoy rereading on this journey. Scott captured the peasant people of Scotland in this novel. This novel was William's favorite because the model for the fictionalized town in the novel was none other than Auchmithie, the home of his grandfather. William turned to the first page and began to read, "It was early on a fine summer's day, near the end of the

eighteenth century, when a young man, of genteel appearance, journeying towards the north-east of Scotland, provided himself with a ticket in one of those public carriages which travel between Edinburgh and the Queensferry, at which place, as the name implies, and as is well known to all my northern readers, there is a passage-boat for crossing the Firth of Forth. The coach was calculated to carry six regular passengers, besides such interlopers as the coachman could pick up by the way, and intrude upon those who were legally in possession."

Ah, William thought, I am going to enjoy reading this book on this journey. The stagecoach jerked and jumped along and William knew he would soon be traveling to fictitious Musselcrag, or better known to him as Auchmithie.

William read for a couple of hours and enjoyed renewing acquaintance with the characters of Monkbarrow and Oldbuck. They were like old friends. He looked at his companions and all had their eyes closed as the coach jostled along its route. He decided to rest his eyes also. He shut them lightly, not to sleep, but to do a bit of daydreaming about whatever came up. What usually came to him were thoughts about family and thoughts about work. Today he would think about family. Work can be thought about in London.

William's first thoughts went to Archibald. Archibald was now 50 and he looked weary in the last few months. Archibald carried much of the burden of the foundry, no matter how much Robert and William tried to distribute the load between the three of them. Archibald used to make these longer journeys to London. William took them over a couple of years ago. They were tiresome but someone had to go to the shipyards and make it known the Arbroath Foundry could make the parts needed for their ships at prices more competitive than could be gotten in London. Archibald and William went on two trips together. Now William went on his own and was doing a good job. He was sure of it.

Archibald seemed to carry the mental and emotional burden of the Foundry, and no one could seem to ease that for him. No one. Robert tried. William tried. Archibald's oldest son, Willy, now 20, tried. All of the Munro men tried, but they had finally decided, although none had voiced it, that it was just the way it was with Archibald. Archibald's other son, John, was now 9, and Betsy was a good mother to both of these sons.

William thought about Archibald a bit more. Archibald seemed old at 50. His father did not at the same age, at least that is what he remembered. William was 29 now, but if he really stretched his memory, he could remember his own father at 50. The reason he remembered is his sixth birthday was the same year his father turned 50. He remembered the birthday well. In fact, it was one of the earliest memories. Attending church at St. Vigeans, going to a picnic at Auchmithie, crawling around in the caves with his father and grandfather. If he closed his eyes it would all come back. But coming back to now he could not imagine Archibald having such fun. He seemed too old, too decrepit, too preoccupied with business to do such things.

Robert, his other half brother, produced children as readily as he produced iron for market. They now had 8 children. The oldest two boys, Robert and John, 18 and 16 respectively, were both working in the Foundry. Robert continued to be outgoing, jovial, never at a loss for words, and a man who worked with all the employees of the Foundry well. He worked just as hard as Archibald, but he never seemed to be as preoccupied with the Foundry as was Archibald. When Robert went home, he had 8 children to change the focus of his day. Archibald did not have such a diversion.

Before William turned his thoughts to his own family, he thought about Euphemia. Euphemia was 42 and settled for a life in which being the surrogate mother, aunt, or sister was a needed and important role. She probably was sorry she did not have children. If she was, no one ever heard about it. Speaking for his own family, Euphemia had been a God send. She had been at all three of Margaret's deliveries. He was sure she would be at the next, which should be in a few months. Margaret admired her, and Elizabeth and Felix were as comfortable with her as they were with he and Margaret. For that William was pleased.

Just thinking of Margaret, Elizabeth, and Felix put a smile on William's face. He wondered if his companions had opened their eyes and wondered what their seat mate was thinking about to bring up such a smile. The smile was produced by the thought of a little 3 1/2 year old girl, Elizabeth, and a 1 1/2 year old boy, Felix, in the same room as his wife. Probably right now they would be around the fire because it was, as usual, a cold, windy, and wet November. Margaret was pregnant again. William realized he did not care whether they had a boy or girl. His only wish remained the same. Let it be healthy. Elizabeth and Felix were remarkably healthy. William was no longer burdened by thoughts of Ann dying and wondering whether his children would die. Those thoughts did come, but thankfully, they left quickly.

William decided to continue keeping his eyes shut and pretending to be taking a nap. He wanted to continue thinking about Margaret, and Elizabeth, and Felix, and Euphemia, and, well, just about everybody back in Arbroath. These trips were difficult. Being away was difficult. Travel was difficult. Work was difficult. But he knew he was doing these things for his family. A family who was growing, and a family for which he had responsibility. A responsibility he cherished.

It was 10 days later and William was again settling into a coach for a long day's ride. This time he was making his way back home. He was glad the trip was ending. From a business point of view, it must be deemed successful as two new ship makers contracted for Arbroath Foundry parts. With each trip to London he became more effective in marketing skills and improved English. Of course, some would contend that Scots was old middle English; but whatever it was, it was not understood well in London. To be successful in London, one must use English and that William did very well.

From a traveler's point of view, he was ready to leave London. Yes, he traveled to the West End and saw the palace of St. James and Whitehall and even stayed in Mayfair and shopped on

Bond Street. To his family this would sound very exciting, but to be in London was appalling in many ways. This November the air had been horrible. The worst visit he had ever made. The entire city was foggy and yellow. The light was so dim because of the fog that lamps had to be lit even during the day. His lungs felt painful, he experienced lightheadedness, and his eyes were always itching and burning. The smoke from all the thousands of coal fires turned the sky from yellow to black early in the morning and stayed that way the rest of the day. Soot rained on his umbrella. Now he understood why black was the umbrella color of London. Any other color would soon be black.

In addition to the air, the horse manure in the streets made London smell like a stable. Most streets were not paved. Those that were stone were often worse because movement of the coach wheels on the stone turned it to crushed stone and mud in the rain. Every major street in London had a crossing sweeper who, for a penny, would sweep the street in front of you before you crossed so your boots would not become caked with mud. The River Thames was as bad as the rest of the city with sewage, some say as much as 278,000 tons daily, being dumped untreated into the river. Between the smell from the streets and the smell from the river, William understood why perfumers had a going trade in every major shopping area. People were everywhere and from everywhere: Ireland, the Continent, and China. Poor people seemed to be everywhere as well.

William made notes about all of this in his journal. Margaret would not believe how bad it was. If they ever came to London together, it would have to be in the spring. Winter and summer had too many disadvantages.

Only a few more days until he was home. He would not stop an extra day along the way. He wanted to get home. If he had his way, he would not make the business trips to Dublin and Paris next year. This year he would do it, but next year maybe Willy could come with him to London and the year after that maybe he could do it by himself. Willy was a quick learner.

William noted this in his journal as well. Then William opened another Scott novel purchased in London. Scott got him to London, now he would take him home. Home to Margaret and Elizabeth and Felix. It would seem like a long few days until he saw them. He opened the pages to the next Waverley novel and wished for the days to go by quickly.

Beside the Iron Marker, 1846

The family was all gathered, this time at William and Margaret's house. Felix and Bain, the inseparable five-year-old cousins, were in one corner whispering, knowing they were not to be noisy. William and Margaret's two younger children, Rosina and Maurice, were entertaining each other a short distance away. At 3 and 2, respectively, they were less understanding of why they should be quiet. They were being watched over by Elizabeth and Jean, both playing like young mothers, instead of older sisters.

The occasion for the gathering was to memorialize the passing of Archibald, the man who turned 54 a couple of weeks earlier on June 9, 1846. At the time of his birthday few thought he would see his 55th birthday. In that sense his death was not a surprise. Archibald had been sick for some time. His life had been filled with too much dust, fumes, noise, heat, worry, and just about every other thing you could say about work in a foundry. It had been too much.

William, Robert, and Euphemia were sitting at the table together. Euphemia and William were waiting for their older brother, sitting between them, to speak. Robert, it was clear, was not his usual never at a loss for words. Finally, William started the conversation between he and his remaining half siblings.

"Robert, do you want to say a few words to all of us today, before we move on to the burial ground?"

Robert still hesitated even when asked a direct question. "Earlier I thought I could, William. But now I'm less certain. I just don't think I can do it. I...I," he faltered, "didn't think I would be like this."

Euphemia put her arm on Robert's shoulder and then leaned over and gave him a press on the cheek with her cheek. At that gesture Robert's chin came down, he put his elbows on the table, his hands in his face, and he began to choke back emotions. William, sitting on Robert's right, put his hand on Robert's other shoulder. In that motion, he also touched Euphemia's hand which was on Robert's back. Then he and Euphemia spontaneously brought both of their other hands in front of Robert and grasped them together, putting Robert in the middle of a hug between William and Euphemia. For a few moments they just stayed that way, cradling Robert in the middle. Another few moments passed. Robert took his hands away from his face, looked to his left and right, and then took his arms up and put one around William's shoulder and one around Euphemia's shoulder. He squeezed them both and smiled.

William broke the silence.

"Robert, let me speak today. I would like to, with your consent."

"I think I could do it now. But I would be pleased for you to do so."

William then gathered all present. There were 22 of them. Each had a special attachment to the man who had just died. He and Robert and Euphemia were losing a brother; Betsy was losing a husband; Willy and John were losing a father; Margaret, Ann, and James were losing a brother in law; and 13 young people were losing a uncle. William wanted to think about all of those people before he spoke.

"Archibald has touched us all in a special way in his 54 years. He is a man who knew both loss and gain. He accepted both with equanimity. As a husband, he knew the pain of loss in his first wife dying and the serenity in finding another who has shared his life with joy. As a father he knew the pain of loss in having four children die before him. When I experienced the same pain, Archibald listened to me as no other could. He also knew the joy of having two sons share his life. William and John will hold those memories forever. As an uncle, he shared the joys and sorrows, small and large, which Robert and I and our spouses descended upon him. As a brother, he was our strength. Being the oldest, he often took the burdens that came after Father died. He accepted those without words or fanfare. He will be missed by all of us, but also be remembered by us and will influence us in our remaining days. For that, no man can ask for more."

As William finished, there were many heads nodding in the room. He wondered where his words had come from. He had not planned it. They just came.

An hour or so later the entire family were gathered at the Abbey Burial Ground. Archibald's son, Willy, made arrangements for the marker. It was ready to be put in place after the body was interred. The stone marker was to be placed beside the iron marker erected for Alexander Cant in 1819. The iron marker, which looked so grand 27 years ago, was beginning to rust. Because of that, a stone marker was chosen by Willy. The words on the marker were:

Erected by

William Munro

in memory of his Father

Archibald Munro

Iron Founder Arbroath

who died on the 20th June 1846

aged 54 years

also

of his mother

Agnes Fisher

who died

6th Feb 1832

aged 35 years

and

of his brothers

John Alexander

and his sister Oecilla

who all died in infancy

Also inscribed

in grateful memory

of an affectionate husband

by his surviving spouse

Betsy Webster

As most of the family mourners were leaving the cemetery, William asked Elizabeth and Willy to stay with him for a few moments. Euphemia and James arranged for all the rest of the family to come to their house for a dinner. Margaret took their three younger children, Felix, Rosina, and Maurice, and told William she would see him there. Margaret knew William would want some time with Willy.

William, Elizabeth, and Willy stood alone in the Abbey Burial Ground near the ruins of the Arbroath Abbey. William had brought Elizabeth to this place many times in her seven years. It was only a few blocks from where they lived. By the time Elizabeth was five she could go down to row 42 in the Burial Ground and find the one lone iron marker in the cemetery. By the time she was six she could tell others the iron marker was put up by her grandfather for her great grandfather who use to climb with her father in the Auchmithie caves. William had been telling Elizabeth these and other stories before she could talk. He told her these stories when they were together in the evenings sitting by the fireplace. Now it was not uncommon for William to hear Elizabeth telling Felix, Maurice, and Rosina the same stories. When he overheard Elizabeth, he invariably smiled.

Elizabeth would remember today. William could remember his grandfather's funeral when he was just 6, and Elizabeth was 7 1/2. This day would stick in her memory. William was sure of it.

Willy was giving the gravediggers instructions on setting the stone. William felt such empathy with Willy. Willy was 23 and he, William, had lost his father when he was 19. Too young for both of them.

After Willy was through with the diggers, William said, "Just a few days after my father died, Archibald talked to me about my place in the Foundry. Now I find 14 years later it is I who want to talk with you about the Foundry. You know your work is valued by Robert and I. We want you, as much as possible, to take a bigger role in the Foundry. We don't have to talk about that now, but we wanted you to know that whenever you are ready, we are ready to discuss it with you."

"I appreciate that, William. I do want to continue doing my best at the Foundry, not only for myself but for my step mother's future and John's future. I want my half brother to have a future there in a few years when he is old enough to work. I want it to continue to be a family business."

William thought that was all Willy was going to say, but then Willy added, almost like a footnote, "You know, William, I feel about John the same way you feel about your half brothers. And if I do as well by him as you have done by my father, I will feel very satisfied."

The comment caught William off guard. He didn't know what to say, and decided saying nothing was alright. He smiled at Willy, cleared his throat, put his arm on his shoulder and said, "Let's go to Euphemia's."

The half uncle and nephew, two men only 10 years apart in age, started walking out of the Burial Ground with Elizabeth coming along behind. Elizabeth turned once more. She noted the iron marker and watched the gravediggers putting in the new stone marker beside it. Then she turned her head back to watch her father and Willy walk in tandem out of the Burial Ground. This, she noted, seemed like both a happy and sad day. She had thought it would only be a sad day.

Half a Century, 1850

The 19th century was 50 years old and so was Euphemia. The Munros wanted to celebrate the latter. William and Margaret invited the entire clan to their place to celebrate the occasion, twenty-six in all. The guest list looked like this. William and Margaret's six children: Elizabeth 11, Felix 9, Rosina 7, Maurice 5, Edward 3, and William 1. Robert and Ann had eight children: Robert Jr. 25, John 22, Ann 21, William 20, Archibald 18, George 16, Jean 14, and Bain 9. Archibald's widow, Betsy, was there as well as her son John, 17, and stepson, Willy, now 27. The latest additions to the family were Robert Jr's wife and two children.

For all, Euphemia had a special place in their hearts. She, perhaps, more than any other, had made sure this family stayed together. None were more aware of that than William and his half brother Robert. Euphemia was the family glue.

Robert at 55 was now the family patriarch, a role he took over hesitantly after Archibald died four years ago. Robert became a grandfather about the same time Archibald died. His oldest, Robert Jr., married and now had two children, Isabel and Robert. The next generation of Munros were on their way, and they were here to celebrate Euphemia's birthday as well. In another few years there would be no children in Robert Sr's house, except for grandchildren, and with 8 children Robert had a big opportunity to have lots of grandchildren.

Thinking of today, Robert knew how important Euphemia was to both he and Ann and all of his children and now grandchildren. Robert wanted the older Munros and younger Munros to remember this day. What could they do?

The dinner had been superb. Margaret saw to that with help from Ann and Betsy and some of the oldest girls. It was still early and there was plenty of light left in the day. Maybe some of them could go to Auchmithie and climb in the caves.

Robert began organizing a group for the trip. Within a half an hour he had Euphemia, William, Elizabeth, Felix, Bain, Robert Jr, two Johns, Willy, Will, Archibald, and Jim. Robert had given up long ago trying to separate all in his family named Robert, John, or William. There were just too many of each of them. The age range in the hiking party ran from Robert at 55 to Felix and Bain at 9.

The hiking group broke down into three subgroups by age. On the way to Auchmithie the younger children, Elizabeth, Bain, and Felix, led the pack. The young adult Munros stuck together as a second group. Robert Jr., Willy, Will, Archibald, John and John were huddled in this middle walking group. Robert Jr. and Willy took the lead and the two Johns, Archibald, and Will were behind. Walking behind all of them were the older Munros: Robert, William, Euphemia, and Jim.

The three separate walking groups represented the Munros fairly well. The young and energetic were represented by the three young leaders. Elizabeth, Felix, and Bain often spent time

together. Elizabeth was usually in charge of her younger brother and cousin. Often the two nine-year-old boys tried to escape their older charge. They were doing so this time as well. The two boys would taunt their older sister/cousin, and Elizabeth would pretend to scold them. Actually, they got along fairly well. Elizabeth knew how to make little boys mind, or little girls for that matter, since she had lots of practice with both.

The middle, or second, walking group of Munros represented the immediate future for the Munros. All of these men worked for the Arbroath Foundry. They were brothers, or cousins, or both. They walked in twos and talked in twos today. Robert Jr. was walking with his cousin Willy. As the two oldest in the next generation they were taking the lead in the walk as well as the lead in the work at the Foundry. Walking behind them were John and John, cousins, and Will and Archibald, brothers. These six men had grown up seeing their fathers work in the Foundry. Now they were working in the Foundry. It was their lives as it had been their fathers' lives.

The last walking group were the oldest Munros. There was Euphemia and her half brother, William, whom she had raised as if her child; her older brother, Robert; and her husband, Jim. As Euphemia looked before her, she realized this walk represented her life. At least her living life. Walking behind her, symbolically, were her father; her mother whom she never knew; Suzanne, the stepmother she had for too few years; and her oldest brother, Archibald. She appreciated the people in front of her, those beside her, and those she felt behind her. Without anyone else noticing Euphemia smiled, a gentle smile, but one that warmed up her entire face.

Euphemia was glad she had come with the Munro men, young and old, for this walk. Normally she would have stayed behind with the women, but today was a special occasion. Besides, Elizabeth was here, too, representing the younger Munro women. As Euphemia was thinking about Elizabeth, Robert and William began talking about their children and their education.

"I'm glad that Felix and Bain are in the same class at the parish school. It keeps both of them on their toes," said Robert.

"I agree, Brother. Felix tends to be a serious student, but I think he is even more so with his cousin being right there. I doubt if Felix would be as good in Latin without Bain. For Latin, I think Felix needs a little competition. I actually overheard them declining a noun about a mile back. Did you hear them?"

Euphemia piped in, "I heard them and I heard Elizabeth correcting them."

"Well, Elizabeth is the tutor at home as well as the being in charge of most other things," her father offered. "She is a good student," the proud father went on, "and I am pleased, very pleased she does so well in school."

Robert began his next statement by being wishful about his youngest son's future, "I hope Bain can go to university at Aberdeen or St. Andrews., either one would be fine with me."

"I wish all my sons to go to university," retorted William, "I would like them all to have a classical education that included grammar, logic, rhetoric, arithmetic, geometry, music, and

astronomy...with a large dose of philosophy as well. My education has been good between the school at St. Vigeans and the parish school at Arbroath, but I hope my sons can go further." Robert nodded his head in agreement.

The two fathers continued to discuss the possibilities of further education for their sons and what it would be like to have them away at a university for several years and whether or not they should join the Foundry when their sons are older.

As they discussed the Foundry's future, they began to change their focus from their 9-year-old sons to the six young adult men walking in front of them. These six men were already employees at the Foundry, some of them long-time employees. Archibald's son, Willy, had worked at the Foundry for almost a decade and Robert Jr. was not far behind with more than 8 years. At times, Robert and William wondered if having so many Munros working at the Foundry was a good thing. Did it cause the other employees concern? Did work problems go home and cause family problems? Would fathers, uncles, brothers, and cousins be able to work with each other in harmony over the years? Could they treat each Munro fairly without regard to other relationships and their ages?

It was questions like these Robert and William, as the senior partners, discussed over and over again. The young men had different talents and abilities and William, probably more than Robert, realized this. When problems came, Robert tried to sooth things over, whereas William was more likely to look at the causes and see things for what they were. Both approaches helped, but at times their different styles caused friction between the two men. They both realized they missed Archibald. He had been the balance between the two of them.

Finally, Euphemia said, "Enough is enough. Now let's talk about the littlest Munros." Both the half brothers smiled and took Euphemia's lead and spent the rest of the time on the forward trip discussing Robert's grandchildren and William's three youngest children.

An hour later the Munros were reversing their trip home after several different caves had been investigated by teams of three. Today's explorations were castle, sheep, mason, and seal caves. The three youngest explorers paired with older Munros for the caving. For the reverse trip home the three youngsters were eagerly walking, almost running, interrupting one another with reports about their particular cave, what they had seen and how scary it was.

As Euphemia started on her trip back, her two oldest nephews, Robert Jr. and Willy, said they wanted to walk with her this time. "Leave those oldsters," Willy said, "and walk with us."

Euphemia took them up on it. She liked these two young men tremendously. Robert Jr. was making such a fine, young father; and Willy took over the role of father with his younger half brother, John, much like she had with William when he was young.

"What's it like to be 50?" asked Willy, not hesitating to find out what his aunt had to tell him about this half a century birthday.

"There is a part of me that never expected to get this age, I guess, because of my mother and Suzanne both dying so young. But here I am. At fifty, I think one is ever so appreciative of what they have, and not what they don't have. And," she added almost hesitantly, "one begins to realize that change is what life is about and it's probably better to embrace the change and bend and soften with it than try to resist it."

Euphemia surprised herself. Usually she did not talk this way, but today it seemed fitting, and particularly with these two men. She did feel change was occurring almost daily, both internal and external. Some changes she relished, like being a great aunt. Others she resisted, like her brother Archibald dying four years ago. But all of it was a part of the flow of life, and that is what she was beginning to feel more than anything, the flow of life, the connections of one thing with everything else. Right now she felt very connected with this whole group. If she could, she would have embraced them all. Instead she turned to Robert Jr. and Willy and said, "you know what, I think I just might beat you to the next turn in the road." And with that she lifted up her long skirt and petticoats and took off and ran as fast as she could. The sea and cliffs were on her left, the inland on her right, and she surprised the nephews behind her. Robert Jr. and Willy looked at each other, smiled, and started in stride to catch up with her.

Torch is Passed, 1852

William turned left out of the solicitor's office and walked toward the Abbey Burial Ground. It seemed the thing to do. He walked into the burial ground and toward Archibald's marker and knelt before it. A few minutes later he walked a few steps further and did exactly the same thing before Robert's stone marker. William looked up at the stone, "died June 14, 1851." William could hardly believe a year had passed since his second half brother died.

William began to talk internally with Robert. "I have just signed the papers to turn over the Foundry to your oldest son and Archibald's oldest son. I hope you think it is the thing to do. I do. The time has come to move on and they will run this business better if I am far away."

William almost hoped for a response he knew would not be forthcoming. He agonized for weeks on this decision and now it was over. In his heart he knew it was right. It was his head giving him difficulty today. But maybe that would come in time. Time...yes, time, that is the only thing that heals. William had learned this in his 39 years.

In less than a year he would be 40 and starting a new life. He knew why he was starting a new life. It was for his family, particularly his sons. The Foundry could only support so many Munros. Those Munros were Robert and Archibalds' sons. Not his. His sons were not old enough to work there now. By the time they were of an age to work in the Foundry, the pie would be too small for them. He must move while he was young enough to start anew for them.

The new life would be in America. He would probably farm, but right now he was even uncertain of that. The decision would come in time. Time, there was that word again, and along with time is patience. Patience was more difficult for William, but even that he was trusting more. Oh he hoped he was doing the right thing, for his family and for his nephews.

William walked back to Archibald's marker, which was next to his grandfather's iron marker and knelt down once again. "Give me strength, Archibald. You have a fine sons in Willy and John, and I think Willy will be a good partner in the Foundry. Give him strength to do the job at hand."

William breathed in and out for a few moments and felt a bit calmer. When he thought clearly, he knew he and his half brothers had done a fine job in training the next generation of Munros in working the Foundry and leading a good life. He knew that. He just needed to come here and feel that for a while with his brothers.

William stayed at the Burial Ground for another half hour. After that he felt he could leave and go home and tell Margaret the papers were signed. Margaret encouraged him this was the right thing for all of them. Where Margaret mustered the strength to give him, he did not know. For all of them it would be a dramatic change. A new country, a new life. Others from Arbroath and St. Vigean were making the journey, and for that he was thankful. They could all find a new

life in a new land. And perhaps, just perhaps, take a little of the lowland Scotland coast life with them.

William was nearing his house and he consciously prepared himself to look and act positive. He wanted to appear that way to all who were inside. As he opened the door, the first person he saw was Euphemia, just 13 months old, alternately walking and then crawling around the floor. Seeing her reminded him of her namesake. Probably the hardest thing in this whole decision for him was leaving Euphemia and perhaps never seeing her again. Never. His resolve to be positive got caught off guard at the prospect. He would not think of that now. He would think about it later. He knew that was a ruse because no amount of putting it off or thinking about it would make it any better. It was just something that was. With that, William smiled and picked up Euphemia.

"You will be going to America, Euphemia. What do you think about that?"

Young Euphemia had no response for that, but Elizabeth was in the corner of the room working on her tapestry and she squealed with delight.

William went over to look at the progress of the tapestry. Elizabeth, 13, had been working on the tapestry for months. It was a woven reproduction of Rembrandt's Jacob Blessing the Sons of Joseph. Elizabeth chose the subject of her tapestry herself. The picture of the tapestry showed a dying patriarch, Jacob, with his son and his grandsons. Jacob is blessing his youngest grandson first which symbolized the eventual triumph of Christianity. The light and dark of the weaving was particularly meaningful to the story being told.

"Your tapestry is coming right along, Elizabeth. Will it be done by the time we leave?"

"Oh, I'll make sure of it," responded the oldest child.

William systematically went around to each child in the house and spoke to them. William came and sat in his lap and Edward and Maurice closed in beside him, each trying to tell what they had done that day. Rosina and Felix were more subdued, but it was clear they wanted their special moment with their father as well. After William talked with each of them, he again went over to pick up Euphemia.

"How about you and I going over to see your namesake? Just the two of us."

With that comment, William looked at Margaret and she nodded in full agreement.

After William and Euphemia left, Margaret gathered the remaining six children and asked each of them to begin thinking what one special thing they wanted to take with America with them. She cautioned them they could not take everything so think carefully just what they wanted to take to always remind them of Scotland.

It seemed like a game to them. To Margaret, it seemed like much more. She began thinking herself just what she would take to remind her of Scotland. She would always be Scottish, no matter where she eventually went. She wanted to think ever so carefully what she took to share,

not only with her children, but her future grandchildren. The next generation, too, must know about Scotland, and the generation after that, and the generation after that.

Post Script

The next year, 1853, the Munros did go to America. William and Margaret were both 40 years old. The children and their ages were: Elizabeth, 14; Felix, 12; Rosina, 10; Maurice, 8; Edward, 7; William, 4; and Euphemia, almost 2. Margaret was pregnant for the journey and Isabella was born on September 22, 1853, in Washington, Illinois.

They arrived in New York City on July 4, 1853, and purchased 600 acres near Washington, Illinois. Part of their property was near the farm of Alfred Phillips. Alfred Phillips' sixth child was named John Tihlman Phillips. He was born on September 14, 1837. He married Elizabeth Smart Monroe (the spelling of Munro changed in America) on February 28, 1861. They had eleven children.

Felix Munro died in the Civil War on April 4, 1863. The rest of the Munro children who emigrated in 1853 lived well into their adult lives.

As for the Munros left in Scotland, we know a little. The Arbroath Foundry went bankrupt in the late 1870's or early 1880's. It is the same time steel came, and it is likely the Foundry could not retool for the new product.

Euphemia Munro Barnet died on March 4, 1887, at the age of 87. It is doubtful she and William ever saw each other again after 1853. Unlike the fictional story, she did have two children grow to adulthood.

It is known Maurice Munro, who was 8 when he left Scotland with his parents and siblings, traveled back to Scotland to visit family in 1909, at age 65. He continued a correspondence with his cousins. A letter survives from Archibald Munro (one of Robert Sr.'s sons) who then lived outside of Kirriemuir, Scotland, to Maurice Munro, dated August 5, 1911, as well as a picture of Maurice with cousins in Scotland.

The tapestry Elizabeth Smart Munro made in Scotland survives. When Elizabeth Smart Munro Phillips' estate was settled, the tapestry was given to her daughter Maude. Maude had no children; but she raised her niece, Marguerite, after her mother, Susan Margaret Phillips died. Marguerite received the tapestry after her aunt died. Marguerite was a first cousin to my mother. Marguerite lived in Bend, Oregon. When I was 15, I traveled with my parents to the West Coast from our home in Illinois. We went to see Marguerite and her grown sons. I saw the tapestry at that time. In August 1977 my mother visited me in Eugene, Oregon, where I taught at the University of Oregon. It was just a month after my father died and my mother's first plane trip. She enjoyed the adventure and during her week's stay we went to Bend to see Marguerite and again see the tapestry. I drove Mom from Bend to the Portland Airport. It was to be the last time I saw her. Less than a week later she died.

Let us end this story of the Munros with the obituary of William Munro, born May 16, 1813, in Arbroath, Scotland and died March 4, 1894, in Monte Vista, Colorado. This obituary is in the Munro book compiled by our family.

“Monroe.--At Monte Vista, Col., on Sabbath, March 4, 1894, William Monroe in the 81st year of his age. Mr. Monroe was born in Arbroath, Scotland, May 16, 1813. He was married April 15, 1836, to Miss Margaret Nicol, who survives him. Nine children were born to them, all but two of whom are living, one having died in infancy, and one, Felix, having died of disease contracted while serving in the army of his country in 1863. His father, and his grandfather before him, had carried on a foundry and machine shop in Arbroath, and he, in company with his brother, took the business in early life. The management of the business fell principally on him, which called him to travel extensively in Great Britain and Ireland and also on the continent of Europe, furnishing him opportunity for the acquisition of knowledge, which he fully improved. In 1853 he sold his interest in the establishment to the sons of his brother and came to America, settling on a farm four miles south of Washington, Ill. Although inexperienced in farming he was eminently successful in that occupation, and died possessed of a large landed estate. He was made a ruling elder of the church of his native place at the age of 21, and was called to that office in every church of which he was a member, serving in the church of Deer Creek, Ill., from 1857 to 1875, and in the church of Washington, Ill., from 1875 to 1893. He was also actively engaged in the work of the Sabbath-school, either as teacher or superintendent, from his early manhood to the Sabbath before his death. In 1893 he removed from Washington, Ill., to Monte Vista, Col., desiring to be near the children who had gone thither and hoping that the change would be beneficial to the health of his wife. He was a remarkable man. He possessed a vigorous mental and physical constitution which enabled him to see distinctly all that he saw, and to know correctly all that he knew. His knowledge, derived from a wide range of reading and large opportunities of observation, was extensive and accurate. His memory was like an cyclopedia to which he could turn at any moment for any item in the stores of his knowledge. He was correct in his perception of duty, prompt and unobtrusive in the performance of it. He was candid almost to the verge of bluntness, yet so thoroughly sincere and kind as never to offend. He was conservative in his tendencies and yet was able to give a ready and enlightened appreciation to all that was new. He was clear and firm in his religious convictions, but not rigid and impracticable; a staunch Presbyterian, but warm in his charity toward all Christian brethren of every name. His piety was not of the kind which is born of impulse and nourished by excitements; but of that deep equable type, which is born in the family and nurtured by the constant teaching of the truth. He was gifted with a remarkable felicity of expression, which rendered all his public addresses and devotions both pleasing and edifying. Possessing such talents and graces he was a pleasant companion, a faithful friend, a wise counsellor, an agreeable associate in office, and a useful man in every walk in life. His fellow-citizens often called him to public office; the office, in his case, always seeking the man, not the man the office. He was often chosen by the session to represent the church in presbytery, and was chosen by the presbytery a commissioner to the General Assembly. He possessed many elements of greatness, one of which,

always conspicuous, became a very striking and beautiful adornment of his old age, humility. I.A.C.”

And that, ereaders, is how William Munro was remembered.

As far as when Munro changed to Munroe, a letter survives dated August 12, 1930, from the 8th child of William and Margaret, Euphemia (Effie). She writes to her brother Maurice and asks, “And Maurice, can you tell what year we began to spell our name Monroe, and the reason for which, we did so? And the date of that year? Was it not at the time that Father bought his second piece of land on the south end of the farm? that the spelling was changed, on the new piece bought?...”

The answer to that question is lost to our generations, but personally I like to think of us as Munro.

An Author's Note

When I wrote the story of the Munros for family in 1993, I ended the story by saying the following.

The journey of this story has been an engaging one for this writer. I felt I grew with the characters as I allowed the story to unfold from the charts I made of all the people, events, and dates and other information available. For me it combined the interests of family, genealogy, writing, history, and a big dose of scavenger hunting which I enjoyed tremendously as a kid.

I liked making this quilt.

Now it is 2013. I have readjusted the quilt, cleaned it a bit, added another border and like the Munros even more than I did twenty years before.

Many things have changed in the ensuing years. Technology is certainly much different. In 1993 email was just new, and the prospect of ebooks was not even on the horizon. I visited Scotland once more in 2011, this time alone as Jack died in 2010. I did not go to Arbroath but spent most of the visit in Edinburgh, a delightful place. Before the trip I read much more Scottish history and watched a series on the history of Scotland.

I came back from the trip with the desire to try ebooks. This is the 7th ebook. Here is the website.

<http://www.thinkpint.com/ebooks/>

If you would like to contact me by email, this is the address.

thinkpint@me.com

I watch with great interest the Scottish Independence Referendum of 2014. This is a people and land that continue to change.

The Munro book, really a scrapbook, that was in our house on Rt. 66 in Illinois when I was a child is back in my stewardship. I poured over the scrapbook, which has lost many pieces over the years, as I was doing this 2013 version of our story. Some of the pictures and letters remain.

The earliest letters written from Scotland to America are dated 1855 and 1863 evidently from a business associate to William Munro. The latter letter discusses the marriage of Edward VII to Alexandra of Denmark and a long discussion of the U.S. Civil War. There are contemporary letters written during the WWI and clippings from WWII. There are many clippings of obituaries, only one wedding, and no births. It is a record of passing. What is evident is lots of struggles through the years by family and country.

A poignant letter was sister Effie writing to her brother Maurice in 1909 about their brother, Felix, who died in the Civil War. She says, "And Maurice I thank you for your thoughtfulness and kindness in sending the views of the Cemetery at Nashville, Tenn. with the sprig of cedar and flower from Felix's grave, I prize them very highly. It was kind of you too, planning to visit his grave on your short trip, and it such a satisfaction to me to know that you have been there."

Who knows if this quilt will get adjusted in the future, but I have enjoyed the working and reworking of it. This version will end with a picture of Jack at the iron marker in Arbroath, Scotland, in 1993.

Theresa M. Ripley, 2013, Eugene, Oregon

