

Frances Ewell Massey

Frances Ewell Massey* (Grandmother; 1904-1974) was born on Wednesday, February 17, 1904, at 1115 West Fourth Street in Little Rock, Arkansas. (The house was



dismantled in June 1968 and replaced by a red brick building, built there for Ben



Top left and lower center: Frances as a baby and with pet dog in 1904. Above: Frances, age eleven in 1915. Lower left: Age two in 1906.

Studios in Little Rock.) She began attending Peabody School, at 5th and Gaines, September 10, 1910, and graduated from eighth grade, in February 1918. Frances graduated from twelfth

Red's Studio. Since then the brick has been painted gray and today, 1999, is home for Fox

**Frances Massey was the mother of four children (John, Mildred, Patricia and Nancy Bowles), and the grandmother of nine grandchildren: Johnny Vaught, Jane Bowles, Julia Bowles, Cathy Martin, Ronald Martin, Nancy Martin, Richard Martin, Michael Braden and William Wooten.*

Frances Ewell Massey

grade at Little Rock High School, July 15, 1921. She met Thomas Holland Bowles through a friend and immediately liked him. Grandfather said, “Her eyes got real big” when she first saw



him. They eloped, marrying without the knowledge of their parents, on Sunday, August 14, 1921, at the home of Rev. Calvin Waller, a Baptist Minister in Little Rock, Arkansas. They registered their marriage at the Lonoke County Courthouse,

probably to avoid publication of the marriage in the Little Rock newspaper. Frances then went off to attend Crescent College in Eureka Springs, Arkansas, an all girls' college. Today the college building is a prominent historical landmark known as the Crescent Hotel. After a year of college, Frances and Tom announced to her parents that they had secretly married months before.

Top left, left to right: Lucy Klein (Aunt), sister of Charles Klein, Jessie Smith Massey (Mother), Eudie Massey (Uncle), Charles Klein (husband of Aunt Lucy), Frances Massey, age two or three, and John Massey (Father) in 1906/1907. Top right: Frances, age one or two. Left: Frances, age two, with Jennie Massey (Step-grandmother) and Jessie Massey (Mother). Above: Frances (first left) with cousins and friends; 1910.

Needless to say, they were not pleased. Her mother, Jessie, was able to accept the news better than her father because he thought that his daughter could have done better.



Top left: Frances, age seven. Top right: Frances, age six, being proposed to. Above: Frances about age ten. Right: Frances, age fifteen, in 1919.

When Jessie became ill with cancer, Tom and Frances were constantly at her bedside. Tom said that his mother-in-law was “a wonderful, wonderful person.” Frances was pregnant with her first child and Jessie wanted to be able to live to see the baby, but the disease was too advanced and she died fifty-two days before Mildred was born on March 18, 1923.



Frances and Tom had four children: Mildred Jane Ellen Bowles (1923-2000), Thomas John Massey Bowles (1925-2002), **Patricia Anna Eliz-**



Above and right: Frances, age 15 or 16. Below: View of downtown Little Rock from the state capitol in 1910. The arrow on the left indicates the approximate location of Frances' home on 4th Street.

abeth Bowles (1927-2006), and Nancy Virginia Bowles (1930-living, 2015).



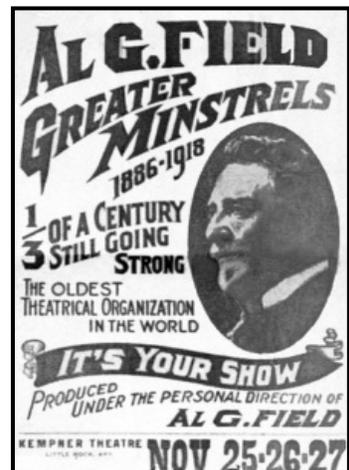
Above: Little Rock was a major, modern city at the beginning of the twentieth century.

Frances once ran a family store at their home on 722 Marshall Street. The store was called Tom and Frances.



Frances began working for the Arkansas History Commission in the west wing of the Old State House in downtown Little Rock on September 1, 1957,

as a research assistant. Two months later she had a blood clot and had to go to St. Vincent's Infirmary for eight days. The director replaced her with another person, but two years later on September 1, 1959, Frances was rehired at \$195 dollars a month, but in four months was raised to \$225 dollars a month.



Top left: Frances (middle) with best friends (Monty Stacy on right); 1920. Top right: Frances, age 17. Above left: Frances in 1920. Right: Frances went with her father, John Massey, to see the show of Al G. Field in 1918 and “had a great time.”



Frances wrote, “My pay when I retired was \$359 dollars a month. On April



Top left: Frances (center) with best friends; 1920/1921. Top right: Frances (second from left); 1920/1921. Middle right: Frances on right. Middle left: Frances (first on left) with friends and cousins (first cousin, Hugh Gordon Noble, second from right). Above: Frances (front row in middle) with aunt, cousins and friends.

15, 1970, I retired from my job as a microphotographer. State retirement of \$51.38 received April 30, 1970—first check. Received \$130.90 on May 25, 1970, as first check from Social Security.”

My grandmother loved genealogy. She not only researched her own family lines, but also those of her sons and daughter-in-law. She began her research about 1947. The fact that she began so early is important because she was able to write letters to many

older living relatives who knew what the family history and traditions were. By the late 1950s many of these great-aunts/uncles and cousins were no longer living. Genealogical



research is made easier if family traditions in regards to geographical origins can be learned and the names of distant family members. Then

these oral traditions can be established by checking written records, which also allows one to extend their



lines further back (sometimes for many generations). Otherwise, it is sometimes impossible to know where to begin. Her



early research was a great benefit to my efforts, which began in 1970.

Top left: Frances on wagon (third from right) in 1921. Top right: Frances with her best friend, Montie Stacy, in 1920. Above: Frances (right) with friends and Montie Stacy (second from left). Right: Frances (center) with Montie Stacy (front) in 1920.

I remember how my grandmother would relate stories about our family. She had a way of speaking that was interesting and enthusiastic. Sometimes as she spoke she would relax her right hand so that it bent at the wrist. Also, she would sometimes place two fingers and her thumb together and touch her closed lips, while she listened to someone else speak. My sister, Nancy Sharp Martin





Above: Frances (right) with cousin (Gordon Noble, second from left) in 1921. Top right: Frances (second from right) with her best friends in 1920. Right: Frances (first left in line) at mock wedding in 1921. Lower right: Frances (far right) with family and friends in 1921. Frances was close to her cousins and friends, who enjoyed her outgoing, intelligent personality.

They made the trip in my mother's red Dodge Challenger. The car had a 400 cubic inch engine, wire wheels and black interior. It was on the cutting edge of sports car technology at that time. They visited some family sites and Grandmother was able to do some research in the Richmond Library. It was one of the happiest times of her life.

I often wrote letters to my grandmother. In 1970, when I was sixteen, I became very interested in family history and began to copy Grandmother's research. I would copy late into the early morning hours after everyone else had gone

Lamb, and my cousin, Julia Bowles Short, have her same mannerisms.



Frances loved history. In 1971 my mother, Patricia Bowles, my aunt, Mildred Bowles and grandmother made a trip back east to Virginia.

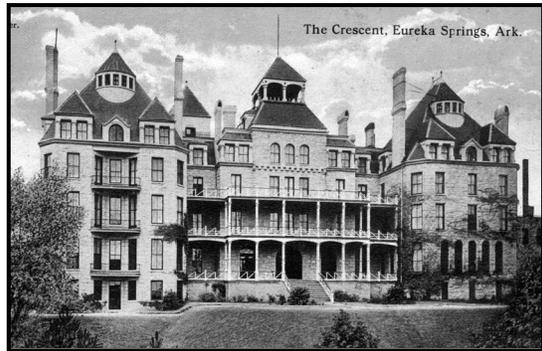


to bed. She would answer my questions and was pleased that I was interested in the work she had done. After she died I received her original records and have prized them ever since.



The last time I saw my grandmother was in the summer of 1973. My mother, Aunt Millie and I drove from Houston, Texas, to Little Rock, Arkansas, to spend a week. One day that week I was riding in the back of the car with Grandmother on our way to have dinner at Uncle Buddy's. She looked at me

and said, "I use to be innocent like you, but then I got married and that did it. I never

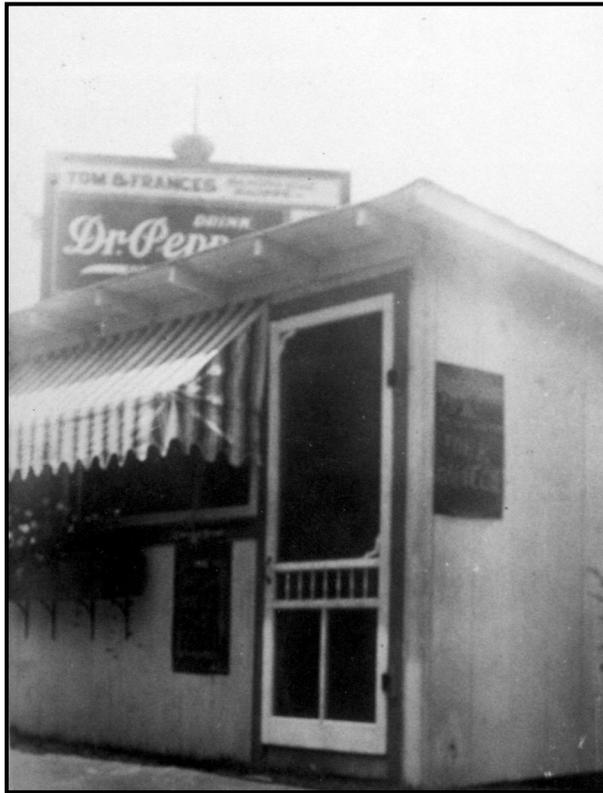


Top left: Frances at the railroad station in Eureka Springs, Arkansas, in 1921. Top right: At Crescent College in Eureka Springs in 1921. Left: A rare heavy snow in Arkansas, in 1921. Above: Old postcard of Crescent College in the 1920s.

cussed, but then they make you so mad you can't help it."

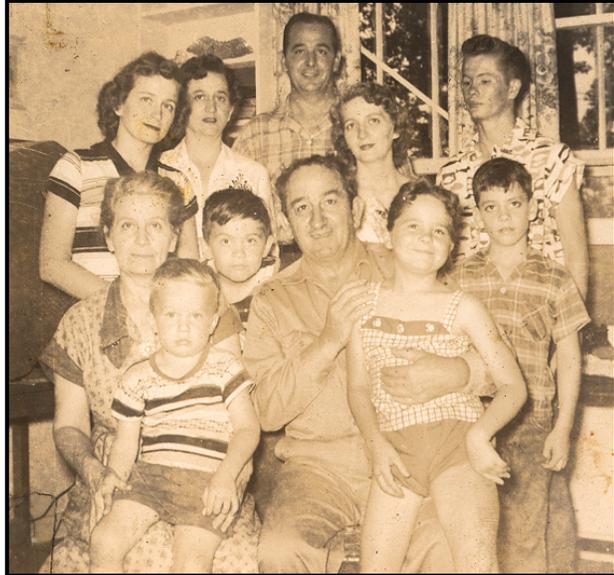


I was leaving soon to serve two years as a missionary and would not be seeing her again until the end of that time. Grandmother took me to family cemeteries and we visited our cousins. It was as if she knew that this was the last time that she would be able to share these people and places with me before she passed away. Frances Massey Bowles passed away nine months later on May 5, 1974.



Top left: Home at 722 Marshall Street, where Frances Massey lived from 1912 until June 11, 1947. Photograph was taken in 1973, before the house was torn down for a new downtown freeway. **Top right:** Older photograph of the Marshall house. **Above:** Frances opened and operated a store that she called Tom & Frances in 1930. **Right:** Tom and Frances in 1921.

The history of a person's life usually ends at the death of that individual, but a rare and wonderful event took place seventeen years later in June 1991. Frances appeared to two of her grandchildren. William Wooten had had a falling out with his mother and did not speak to her for about ten years. One night he had a dream in which Grandmother



appeared to him and said that he needed to talk to his mother. My sister, Cathy Martin, had been living alone in Laredo, Texas, and had not been in touch with her family for awhile. The same night, or about the same time that Grandmother appeared to William, she also appeared to Cathy and said that the family needed to get closer together or that Cathy needed to get closer to the family. Cathy called mother and told her what had happened and when mother talked to her sister, Nancy Bowles Wooten, she learned that William had recently called and said that Grandmother had also appeared to him. Nancy cried when William finally called her.



Top left: Frances and Tom. Top right and above: Family reunion in Little Rock; June 1957. That's me, Richard Sharp, sitting on my grandmother's lap. My brother, Ron Sharp, is standing behind his cousin, Mike, making it look like he has four ears.

Grandfather, Thomas Bowles, also stated that he saw Frances after she passed away and that for a period of two weeks he saw her often, but that she did not speak to him, but made motions with her hands.

I asked my mother, Patricia Bowles Crocker, to write her recollections of her mother and she gave me the following history.

My Mother



“My mother was very well liked and loved by everyone who came in contact with her and especially her husband, children, and grandchildren.”

“The neighbors all thought she was pretty (a natural type) even though she seldom dressed up and always wore her hair pulled back and very plain. When she did get her hair fixed and dressed for church she was very special looking. Also, she never wore makeup, but had perfect skin and big blue eyes and dark brown hair. She smiled often and had cute little sayings and remarks about people in general.”

“She loved people and talked and made friends with everyone she came in contact with. When she rented apartments (she had

Above: Frances Massey Bowles about 1947. Right: Photograph of Frances microfilming at the Arkansas History Commission that was published in the *Arkansas Democrat* in 1963.

six) she knew everyone’s history and birthdays and always remembered them on special occasions. She had pictures of her tenant’s children.”

“She loved each of us four children and kept many pictures on the walls and in books of us. She wrote us often when we were away from home and told us all the interesting things that were going on. She loved genealogy and had a won-



derful friend in a four star admiral, whose grandfather wrote the books for the Annapolis Naval Academy. He would look up records for her in Washington and she would look up records for him in the South.”



“The women in her church (Second Presbyterian) really loved her and she them and they often met for socials. She wasn’t ashamed of her small home and had them for barbecues and dinners. Some of them were very well off, but Mom was down to earth and knew the really important things about life.”



“She believed every word of the Bible and was a righteous person. We often had people staying with us because she was too good hearted to say, ‘No.’”

“She did have one cute saying about dirty old men. She said, ‘A man never gets too old but what he thinks he’s God’s gift to women.’ She would say at times, ‘there’s old gift,’ which would always crack us up.”

Top left to right: Julia Bowles (granddaughter), Patricia Bowles Crocker (daughter), Maxine Bowles (daughter-in-law), Frances Massey Bowles, Mildred Bowles Brooks (daughter), Jane Bowles (granddaughter) and John “Buddy” Bowles (son), in June 1973. Above left to right: Patricia Bowles Crocker (daughter), Mildred Bowles Brooks (daughter), Arline Smith (cousin) and Frances at Arline’s home in Dallas County, Arkansas, in June 1973.

“She had a few faults in that she would threaten us when we were misbehaving with telling our dad on us instead of correcting us herself, which put a fear of our father in us. But maybe that was good in

some ways. It was effective anyway. Also, she enlarged on her stories, but I think that was to make them more interesting. She held one’s attention and we loved talking to her.”

“I was her third child and was often said to be her pet, but I could never figure that out, though she did call on me often to help her, and she was kind to me. She called me ‘Patty Ann.’ She worried about me before she died and told Dad, ‘Who will look out for Patty Ann when I die?’ She had heart trouble and knew she did not have long to live at the time. She died at seventy after twenty years of suffering from it. I missed her so much in Houston, where I went to make a living for my four children.”

“She worked for the history commission ten years in the Old Statehouse, which is a lovely building, and was very popular among everyone working there. When she died there were nearly a hundred people at her funeral.”

“She is probably doing genealogy and helping people in Heaven. She was a wonderful mother and friend.”

Frances Massey’s Journal

When Grandmother was fourteen years old she took a trip back east with her mother, Jessie Smith Massey (Great-Grandmother), her aunt, Mabel Smith Klein (Great-Grand-aunt), and Mabel’s husband, Charlie Klein. She kept a detailed account of her journey from July 18, 1918, until August 17, 1918, in a red leather book. I saw the journal for the first time when I visited my uncle, John Bowles, in May 2000. The journal is over one hundred and sixty pages long and is very well-written.

They traveled by train from Little Rock, Arkansas, to St. Louis and visited the cities of Washington D. C., Georgetown, New York, Buffalo and Baltimore. She had a wonderful trip, and although she would have loved to revisit these places, she never saw them again for the rest of her life.

The first day she noted how rough the train was and how her train car would fill with smoke when they went through a tunnel. As she crossed the Mississippi River she saw some “large river boats” and some “cute house boats.” She wrote, “I asked the porter to give me the table that goes with the Pullman seat. Mama and I played Pitch for six or seven games and then Uncle Charlie played with her while I read the *Woman’s Home Companion*...At about 1:20 I saw the dome of the capitol and Washington’s Monument in the distance.” They were met at the train station by a cousin named Mabel, who said that she had just finished lunch when “something told her we were coming on the 1:30 train,” instead of the 6:00 train, “so she rushed down.”

They ate at a boarding house in Washington D. C. where a Mrs. Elliot “only charged 50 cents a meal for loads to eat.” Frances noted that all of the “houses looked alike, two story and brick, so that if you got drunk you could not tell which one was yours.”

Mabel would not let them pay for their housing because “mama had given her a beautiful crepe waist, which cost \$10.75, and Aunt Lucy gave her a voile waist and made her a dress.” They traveled by trolley car and visited the capitol and other major

sites. On Sunday they visited a reproduction of the catacombs in Rome and then were invited to a Greek Orthodox Church service. When the music started, "Mama cried as usual." Frances wrote, "I had on my dark blue silk dress and traveling hat and I thought that I looked real cute."

On Tuesday, armed with her Kodak, Frances went to the National Zoological Park. She wrote, "I took a picture of the swans swimming in a stream and the storks in a big cage. We nearly walked our legs off and then a kangaroo was about the only animal that I hadn't seen before and it would make its baby get in its pocket."

On Wednesday, "Uncle Charlie and I decided to go rambling and Aunt Lucy and Mama were going to clean house and meet us at 2:30 at the Washington Monument." Instead, they met Lucy and Jessie at 4:10 because "they had been shopping." They took the elevator to the top of the monument, "and we had a fine view of the city from the four windows at the top." They only stayed a few minutes on top because

everyone else wanted to do more shopping. Frances and Uncle Charlie went to the Columbia Theater to see Marguerite Clark in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. "The show wasn't very good and when we came out Uncle Charlie was all turned around, but I insisted that he go with me and I'd soon catch myself. He followed like a baby and I went down to the 13th Street and caught a 13th and D car which was the proper one, but Uncle Charlie got upset till we passed Pension Building," with its Civil War soldiers, which he

Sunday, July 21, 1918.
 They woke me up real early and said they had decided to go to see the Greek Monastery. Miss Rest ate breakfast with us and Mabel asked a Miss Clifford to go with Miss Rest and us. They all came to our house and we got a lunch and started. It was about 12:30 when we left because everybody but Mama & I, had gone to church and we had lunch before we left too. We took a 93 rookly car and rode to the end of the line. We had to walk half a mile to the monastery. I took a picture of it when we first saw it. And mama took a picture of us standing beside it. I had on my dark blue silk dress and travelling hat and I thought that I looked real cute. We went on the inside and saw all the

Above: A page from the journal of Frances Massey, dated July 21, 1918.

recognized. Cousin Mabel had received many “compliments on the purple satin skirt that Mama gave her. She had put it on as soon as she got home and was dreadfully stuck on herself. We talked and I wrote in this book until 8:00 when I went to bed. I took a picture of the monument with some tall buildings in the background.”

The next day they visited the Congressional Library and at dinnertime, “Mama and I went up and got us a caramel sundae.” It started raining and “storming hard and the thunder resounded something terrible.” Frances wrote, “I gave Miss Rest a roll of Kodak film and 20 cents to have them developed.”

On Friday, July 26, 1918, Frances and the others paid 25 cents each to “have a big sight seeing car take us to all the important places” in Arlington National Cemetery. She walked through the Lee Mansion and noted that there was a fine view of Washington D. C. from the grounds. The same day they dressed up and went to visit their congressman, who was a personal friend of Uncle Charlie’s, but he never showed up for his appointment. An assistant said he would take them on Monday to see the House and Senate in Session and “we were tickled to death.”

On Saturday they rushed and made it to the train “just as the conductor was hollering, ‘all aboard!’” The train took them to Chesapeake Beach, where they rented some bathing suits for a deposit of \$12. “Bill, Mabel, Miss Clifford, Uncle Charlie and I put on the suits and got in while Mama and Aunt Lucy sat on the beach and kept our things. I just played in the water as I get scared and can’t swim because it frightens me to take my feet off the bottom. I got on Bill’s back and he swam out with me and dived under, getting my hair wet. Once I got away from the rest and went under, I got awfully scared, but at last got on my feet. We left at 2:00 and got a seat, but I had to wear my hair down with a paper pinned on me. Mama took a picture of us in the water with our toes sticking up. We got home for supper.”

On Sunday they traveled to Baltimore. They went by some restaurants, but the “prices were so high we decided to go to Bay Shore. We caught a Bay Shore car to the beach where lunches of fish and swimming and things of that sort were...we saw many beautiful homes in the suburbs along the way. When we got to Bay Shore we went straight to a restaurant and found that they had the same prices as Baltimore restaurants. We then decided to go to the cafeteria across the street and had a good dinner.”

On Monday July 29, 1918, they dressed up and went to the capitol again. Frances wrote, “I was crazy about Washington and knew where everything was. We left for Philadelphia in the afternoon and I hated to leave. The only places we didn’t see were those closed to the public because of the war.”

After arriving in Philadelphia Frances wrote, “Although the depot was small, dirty and it was raining, it [Philadelphia] had an air which made me like it at once...The doorman lifted me out of the taxi and we went into the hotel. Uncle Charlie got us two rooms for \$3 a day...Mama and I had a lovely room, which was 406. We saw some women with blue suits on and the clerk told Uncle Charlie that there were 24 of

them and they were Red Cross Nurses who would sail the next day for France. It was late so we went downstairs to the Café, but liked to have never been waited on and when it came we were disappointed and it cost awful.” That evening everyone settled



Above: The New York City skyline in 1918. Lower right: Scene from the New York play, *The Kiss Burglar*, that grandmother saw in 1918. Grandmother pasted both of these photographs inside her journal. Lower left: 1925 photograph of Second Presbyterian Church (no longer standing) in Little Rock, Arkansas. Frances was a faithful member all of her life.

accounts and “Uncle Charlie found out about the boats and trains to Atlantic City where I was going to swim, being crazy about swimming after doing so at Chesapeake Beach in Washington.”



On Wednesday July 31, 1918, they decided not to go to Atlantic City because it was raining, but to see Philadelphia instead. They took a ferryboat and saw a ship being built and “saw seven camouflaged ships. They were painted all colors and looked very warified. The ferryboat we rode on had a place for wagons and cars underneath and people rode above.” Frances wrote, “We walked under an elevated train (which was the first I had ever seen) which was run by electricity. The whole train was red. The streets we walked on were cobblestone and very rough. We walked up a narrow street and passed a fish market. Every kind of fish imaginable was there and right next to it was a fruit

market...There were pieces of ice on top, about every ninth fish.” Frances and her family saw Carpenter’s Hall and Independence Square. They took a sight seeing tour that cost \$1 for a round trip. “We had to wait about 30 minutes for a crowd to come up, then we all four got on the back seat and I wrapped the big blanket around me as it was cold and I didn’t have any coat. People looked at me but I didn’t mind.”



After seeing thirty-seven different sites, all enumerated in Grandmother’s journal, the guide said, “There are 1,900 saloons and 900 churches in Philadelphia.” The guide offered 25 post cards for 25 cents and Frances bought them.

“As we could think of nothing else to do, we decided to catch the train and go to New York. We got our

luggage and went to the Depot” and the train was only five minutes late. “We went through the well-known Hudson tunnel. I choked as usual, but there wasn’t any smoke. My ears felt awfully funny.” They went into the huge Penn Railroad Station and “gave a porter our baggage and told him ‘Hotel Chelsea.’ The Porter didn’t know



Top left: Frances graduated from Little Rock High School. Above: Frances’ history class in Little Rock High School in 1919. She is sitting in the fifth seat from the front on the third row from the wall. Future movie actor and producer, Dick Powell, is sitting in the first seat on the third row. Frances’ good friend and cousin, Mona Collins, is sitting in the first seat on the second row. The teacher is Mr. J. H. Atkinson, who died in 1973.

the place, but said he would take us to ‘one that was fine.’” They walked a number of blocks in the rain “while Mama went under the red umbrella with me...The porter walked in the rain and carried our three heavy grips” to the Hotel Strand, 12 stories high. After arriving at the hotel, Frances told Uncle Charlie that the Porter had not been paid. “Uncle Charlie said he didn’t believe in tipping porters so I guess he thought the porter was carrying our baggage for his health. We unpacked and went to bed tired out.

Mama left the top of the window up because she was afraid she would walk in her sleep. I can still hear (November 20, 1919) the sound of the rain and distant rumble of Broadway as heard then” (Note: Much of the journal was completed from notes Grandmother had taken a year or more later.)



Top left: Brooklyn Bridge in New York. Top right: Woolworth Building, the tallest skyscraper in the world when Frances visited New York in 1918. Above: View of the Manhattan Island skyline from the Brooklyn Bridge in October 2003. Frances saw the Woolworth Building, which she wrote “was very beautiful and the tower was grand.” She also saw the Brooklyn Bridge, and the Manhattan skyline, which she wrote, “was lovely to see.”

On Thursday, August 1, 1918, they went shopping for a new hat for Aunt Lucy. “She got the one that I wanted her to get...I told Mama that I would go up the moving stairway to the elevated and wait for them there. This was on Broadway and Sixth Avenue. Mama didn’t hear what I said and as I started up she grabbed me and screamed, ‘Oh! Frances!’ and she just stood there and shook sore. It had scared her to death.” They rode a train to the aquarium, located at “the very end to the south of Manhattan Island. The most interesting thing I saw was a little sea horse, which was about three inches long. It had a head like a horse and a tail like a mermaid.” They then took a ferry to see the Statue of Liberty and from there took a ferry to Staten Island. On the boat they could see the skyscrapers of the “Manhattan Island skyline” in the distance and Frances

noted that it “was lovely to see.” They went back to their hotel, “Washed up and

refreshed ourselves, and then went to *Child's* for dinner. After a good dinner we all went to sleep...My head was swimming from riding on boats and the elevated and my eyes hurt, but I had enough sense to notice what a fascinating, lovely, monotonous noise the distant rumble of Broadway and the misty drip made."



The next day they all went to Wall Street and watched the brokers trade on the exchange "for about half an hour." Uncle Charlie rode up the elevator to the 56th floor of the Woolworth Building, the elevators "that were as fast as lightning. Even a slow one at home frightens me. It was very beautiful and the tower was grand." From there they took a ferry to Coney Island. "Aunt Lucy and I bought some hot, salted, buttered corn on the cob, which was certainly good. We went down to the beach and so when mama saw a woman and man drunk sitting in plain sight loving each other, she got up

Above: The Statue of Liberty. I took this photograph from a cruise ship as my sister, Nancy, and I returned from Bermuda to New York in October 2003. Frances and her mother, Jessie Smith Massey, took a ferry from Manhattan Island to see the famous statue in 1918. Top left: Broadway play, *Beauty and the Beast*. Frances saw two Broadway plays. Left: Broadway at 42nd Street. The lights and sounds of the city fascinated Frances. She wrote, "I saw a sign advertising Anheuser-Busch and it was perfectly glorious. It was a large eagle flapping its wings. The wings were made to flap by turning on and off electric lights. We looked into a large handsome dining room where ladies in low evening dresses were having dinner. We saw everything there was to see on Broadway and then went down 42nd Street." Frances loved to travel, but got few opportunities to do so later in her life.

and said we must go home and go home we did. Mama said that she was as tired as a bear and Aunt Lucy said so too. They insisted that we all go to bed, but Uncle Charlie said that we were going to two picture shows that he was crazy to see and we'd be in by midnight. So as I tell it now (this is March 19, 1920), I can't help but laughing at the trick that we played on them, for Uncle Charlie wanted to show how a real New Yorker has a good time and I sure saw. Uncle Charlie and I started out down Broadway and soon got into a big crowd of merry-makers. It was then about 8:00 o'clock and the lights were just being turned on. After hurrying along for three or four blocks...I saw a sign advertising Anheuser-Busch and it was perfectly glorious. It was a large eagle flapping its wings. The wings were made to flap by turning on and off electric lights. We looked into a large handsome dining room where ladies in low evening dresses were



Above: Niagara Falls in July 1994. Frances Massey saw the falls on her trip to the east in 1918. Lower left: Home at 1115 West 4th Street, Little Rock, Arkansas, where Frances was born on February 17, 1904. The house was removed in 1967. Lower right: Frances seated with her family in 1971. Left to right: Patricia Bowles Crocker, Millie Bowles Brooks, Nancy Bowles Wooten, John Bowles, and seated next to Frances, Tom Bowles.

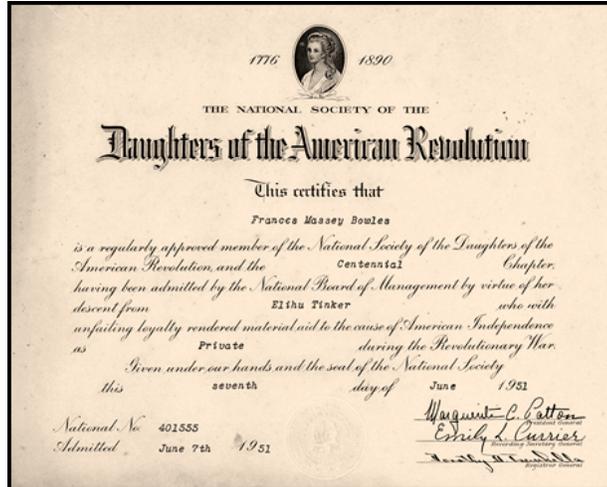


having dinner. We saw everything there was to see on Broadway and then went down 42nd Street...Uncle Charlie bought a box of candy and we went to see *Going Up*. We had seats on the second balcony and Uncle Charlie bribed the usher to give us ones on the 1st balcony. We laughed until our sides hurt, and when Uncle Charlie asked a question, I was laughing so hard that I couldn't answer him. It certainly was fine...After the show was over we went back to the hotel and found that it was nearly 12:30. I told mama about the show while undressing and she didn't mind our going, but Aunt Lucy frowned a little, but not nearly as much as she would have had she known all about all we did. I slept good the rest of the night and dreamed about the play, with the songs running through my head."

On Saturday, August 3, 1918, everyone went to the library and the Metropolitan Museum

Frances Ewell Massey

of Art and saw many more famous sights within the city. In the afternoon they saw *The Kiss Burglar*, a play on 42nd Street. Then they packed and caught a 9:20 evening train to Buffalo, New York.



Frances Bowles



Top left: Frances and her daughter, Mildred Bowles Brooks, at the Henrico County Courthouse on land that Mildred's fourth great-grandfather, James Cocke, donated to the city of Richmond about 1750. Top right: Frances' Daughters of the American Revolution certificate number 401555 dated 7 June 1951. Frances was admitted on proof of her direct-descent from Elihu Tinker, Revolutionary War soldier. Left: Frances with her daughter, Patricia Bowles Crocker (center), in Williamsburg, Virginia; April 1971. This was a special trip for Frances, who loved history. They also visited Jamestown, and Monticello, the home of their relative, Thomas Jefferson. Above: Adult signature of Frances Bowles.

On Sunday morning Frances was in the dressing room on the train when she saw "the prettiest Japanese lady in the darlinest blue silk kimono with embroidered flowers all over it. When she went out of the dressing room I followed her and she went to the seat back of us and sat down with a little Japanese man, who wore glasses and was very ugly. Aunt Lucy and Uncle Charlie, who disagree on every subject and who love to argue, said the man was a Chinaman. Mama didn't know nor care which he was (she never does because she doesn't like to fuss and lets me fuss for her) so I had it out alone with them. We dropped the subject when mama mentioned breakfast."

They got off the train at "the ugly, small, dirty underground railroad station" in

Buffalo and waited for Uncle Charlie's brother, "Uncle Fred," and who looked "like him sort of," to pick them up. They rode around Buffalo in his automobile and saw "Delaware Avenue, the most beautiful street in the city and then went home to dinner. After dinner we decided to go to Niagara Falls." Fred had a daughter named Alice that was a year younger than Frances. "Alice and I cut up all the way out and back...We went to the Falls, which are wonderful. We rode the elevator and looked up at the falls from the side at the foot of the Falls. The water looked a light green and crystal white in places. Then Uncle Fred drove into a shady place where we had lunch. Then we went out to Prospect Point and got another good view of the Falls. Mama, Alice and I got on a streetcar and rode across a bridge into Canada. We went all up in Canada for 20 miles and then crossed back over the river into the United States on a great suspension bridge. All the men on the street car had to tell their age and swear to it, for officials were afraid that they were resisting the draft."



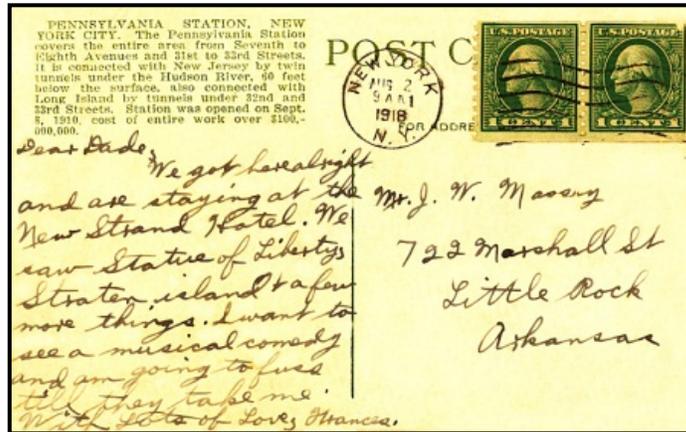
Above: Frances' younger brother, Smith Massey. He was a handsome, much loved brother, but died in his seventh year. His unexpected death was a great loss to Frances and her parents.

"Coming back we stopped at Lewistown and a man selling books and post cards got on the car. He gave everyone a book to look at and when he came back to take them up Mama told him that she would like one only she had just a dime. He gave her one with his compliments, and didn't want to take the dime. The next time when he gave out the cards, he gave Alice a set of 10 cards. As that was the last car, he came back to Niagara Falls with us. He and Mama had a grand time talking of Little Rock, Hot Springs, and the rest of Arkansas. As it was late I took a bath and went to bed. I slept with Helen, and she gave me an ice cream cone that Uncle Charlie had brought home. I gave Jim, the dog, my cone and I ate the ice cream."

Grandmother spent the rest of her trip in Buffalo. She visited with relatives and friends of the family and made some little side trips. One boy liked her, but he already had a girlfriend so Frances did not try to impress him. She wrote, "Lloyd didn't like it because I didn't talk to him, but I didn't have anything to say and I knew he could dream of his girl." While Frances was saying her good-byes "Lloyd kissed me (nearly knocked me over I was so surprised)." They took the train to Erie, Pennsylvania, then to Cleveland and arrived in Little Rock on August 17, 1918. Frances wrote, "Everything looked just as usual and Dad better [than usual] when he came home the next day. I sure was glad to get on solid ground and stop moving."

On March 25, 1921, Frances wrote, "Now I'm restless and would give anything to be on the move again. Signed F. E. M. The End."

In the back of her Journal, Grandmother wrote in her notes that this was “the first big trip I’ve ever taken. I visited three months in Nashville, Arkansas, the summer of 1916; Rochester, Minnesota, and Chicago, Illinois, in September 1919; and Ferndale, Arkansas, on a two week camping trip in June 1920.”



Above: Postcard mailed by Frances from New York City on August 2, 1918, to her “Dade.” It reads: “We got here alright and are staying at the New Strand Hotel. We saw Statue of Liberty, Straten Island & a few more things. I want to see a musical comedy and am going to fuss till they take me. With Lots of Love, Frances.” Right: Ron Martin, grandson of Frances Bowles, in front of the Old State House in Little Rock where Frances Bowles worked at the Arkansas History Commission (January 2012).

As far as I know, Grandmother never went on any other major trips outside of Arkansas until she went to Virginia with her daughters, Mildred Brooks and Patricia Crocker, in 1970. She loved history and there are many places she would have loved to have seen, but it was not arranged, and she died at the age of seventy in her home in Little Rock, Arkansas, on May 5, 1974.

Obituary

Grandmother’s obituary was printed in the *Arkansas Democrat* on May 6, 1974.

“Mrs. Frances Massey Bowles, 70, of 4123 Shackelford Road, wife of Thomas H. Bowles and a retired employee of the Arkansas History Commission, died Sunday.”

“Mrs. Bowles was a member of Second Presbyterian Church, the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Arkansas Pioneers and the Daughters of the Confederacy.”

“Others surviving are a son, John M. Bowles of Little Rock; three daughters, Mrs. Mildred Brooks and Mrs. Patricia Crocker, both of Houston, Texas, and Mrs. Nancy Wooten of Little Rock; a half sister, Mrs. Willie Lois Rowland of Little Rock; nine grandchildren and one great-grandchild.”

See Thomas Holland Bowles, Grandfather.