

need of a change. Her sister Elizabeth had often written her about America and of how much better women were treated there. She urged Mary Ann to come and live with her. The idea appealed to Mary Ann and at last she decided to take the risk.

The laws in England at that time governing women were very strict. If Mary Ann had told her family of her intentions her father had the right to prevent her departure, and she feared he might, so she said nothing and boarded a ship at Liverpool without saying "Goodbye". It was December 1858 when the ship left port. After being at sea three weeks the captain discovered the boat was leaking badly so returned to Liverpool. The passengers and crew were happy to reach port in three days. Their captain must not have been sure of his directions and distance.

Although Mary Ann was homesick and longed to see her family she did not contact them for fear her father would not let her leave again. While the ship was being repaired she worked in London until January 5, 1859 when they once more set sail for America. This time after three month's sailing they reached New York.

As Elizabeth did not know when to expect her sister she was not there to meet her. Mary Ann started to St. Louis as soon as possible. All she knew about directions was the name of the street on which Elizabeth lived. After finding the street she walked about, ringing doorbells and asking questions. As evening grew near and it was growing dark two men accosted her and offered help, they insisted she go with them as they knew they could find her sister. Mary Ann was afraid so she broke away and ran up the steps of a house, rang the bell and told the lady who answered the door what she wanted and also that she was afraid of the two men who were waiting for her. The lady

invited her in and told her she knew where her sister lived. And so, at last Mary Ann was safe with her sister in America.

Mary Ann soon found house work, and also many puzzling experiences. Foods were different, meal hours, too. Here dinner was at noon and supper was in the evening. At first she was quite distressed to find people eating tomatoes which were considered highly dangerous as they were of the deadly family of nightshade. In England they were grown only for their beauty in the flower garden and were called "love apples".

Mary Ann found her mistress very helpful and understanding. She taught Mary Ann many things, and Mary Ann was an apt pupil. One day when the mistress said they would have watermelon for dinner, Mary Ann who had never before seen a watermelon asked how it should be cooked. The mistress told her very kindly that she would come to the kitchen in time to show her how to prepare it for dinner.

In 1860 Mary Ann married John T. Parkinson and went to Omaha, Nebraska to live. In 1861 she gave birth to a daughter Eliza Elizabeth Parkinson, and on February 14, 1862 she had a son John Thomas Parkinson, Jr. In April of that year the family with two small children and a twelve year old boy, William Brigham Parkinson, who was a son by a former marriage, left for the Oregon gold fields.

One incident on the trip as told by Mrs Littlefield was that one morning when she had made griddlecakes for breakfast, Mrs. Grant, who had been too ill to eat, told her husband that those cakes smelled so good that she wished that she might have some. The doctor came to the Parkinson wagon and asked if he could buy some of the griddlecakes. That was the way

Dr. Grant and Mrs. Parkinson met. After that they exchanged courtesies. Mrs. Parkinson did all that she could to help Mrs. Grant and the doctor did what he could to help Mr. Parkinson.

Mr. Parkinson became very ill on the way and died before reaching the end of the journey. They were traveling with ox team and covered wagon. It is supposed that he was buried by the trail somewhere in what is now called Willow Creek Country. His grave was marked by the foot board of the wagon with his name burned on it. No one was ever able to locate the grave, although his son and grandsons have looked for it.

Mrs. Parkinson was alone with three children, a wagon, an ox team and a twenty dollar gold piece. She began at once to wash, mend and bake for the miners. She had to make her own soap, also make the lye from which the soap was made. She carried water from the creek and heated it over a bonfire and washed on a board. At night she sewed and mended by the light of candles which she molded. As she had no sewing machine she did the mending by hand.

In the early spring of 1863 Mrs. Grant, wife of the wagon train doctor, passed away. As life was rugged and companions were few, later that same year Dr. Grant and Mrs. Parkinson were married. To this union two children were born; Charles J. Grant, Jr., on June 7, 1864 and Mary Isophene Grant on November 21, 1865. On October 14, of this same year Elizabeth Parkinson passed away; she too, is buried in the Auburn Cemetery. Then, as if Mary Ann had not yet endured enough heartache, on August 1, 1866 Dr. Grant, too, passed on.

For a number of years Mary Ann carried on, sewing, washing, mending, and baking to support herself and her family.

On December 13, 1871 Mrs. Grant and David Littlefield were married. As the mining began to slow up Mr. Littlefield filed on a valuable tract of land about one mile from the mining claim he was still working in partnership with Charles Duckworth, an Englishman. The Littlefields built a spacious house and went into the business of raising horses which Mr. Littlefield shipped to Eastern markets.

On September 21, 1872 a son Rufus was born, on February 25, 1874 a daughter, Eva Jane was born and on June 15, 1877 a daughter, Grace Ellen was born. On January 19, 1913 David Littlefield passed on, and nine months and five days later Mary Ann Littlefield followed her husband to the great beyond.