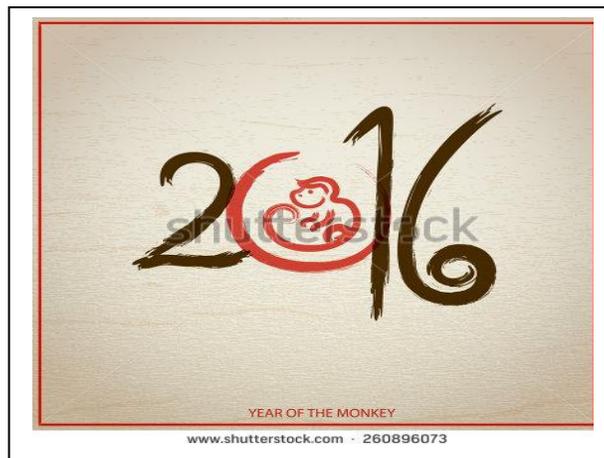


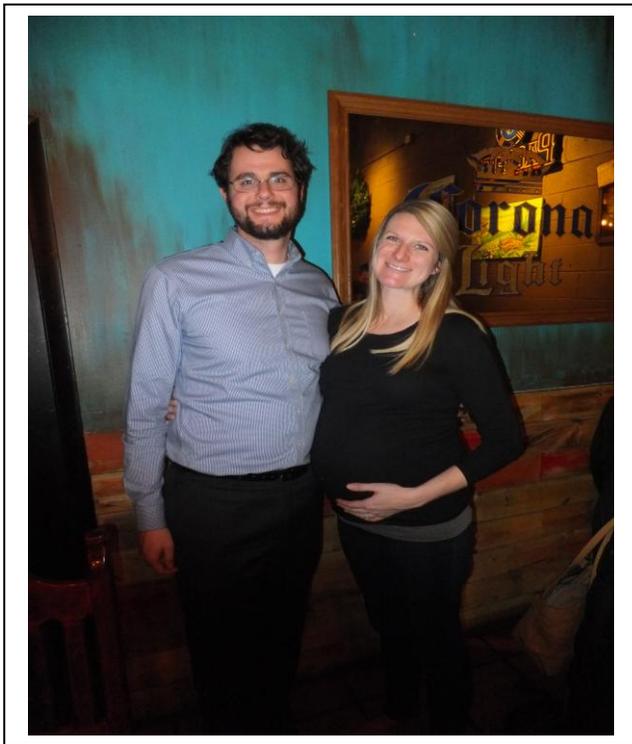
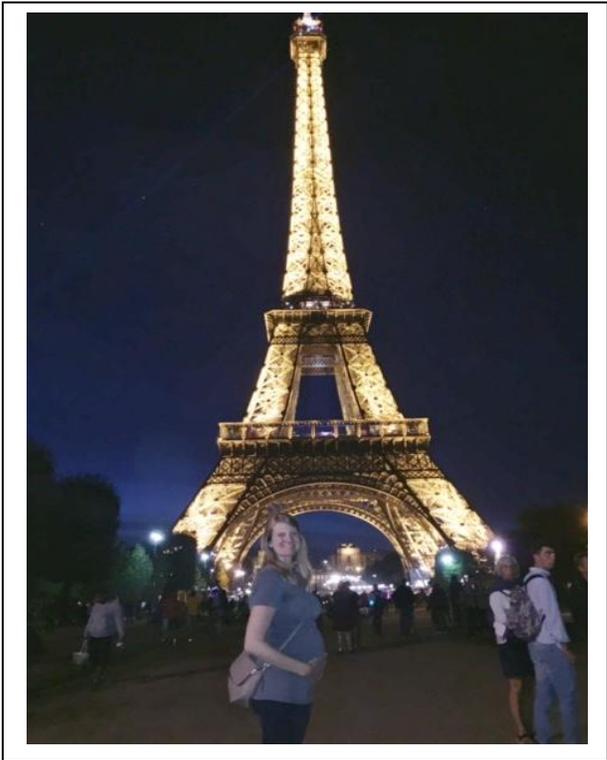
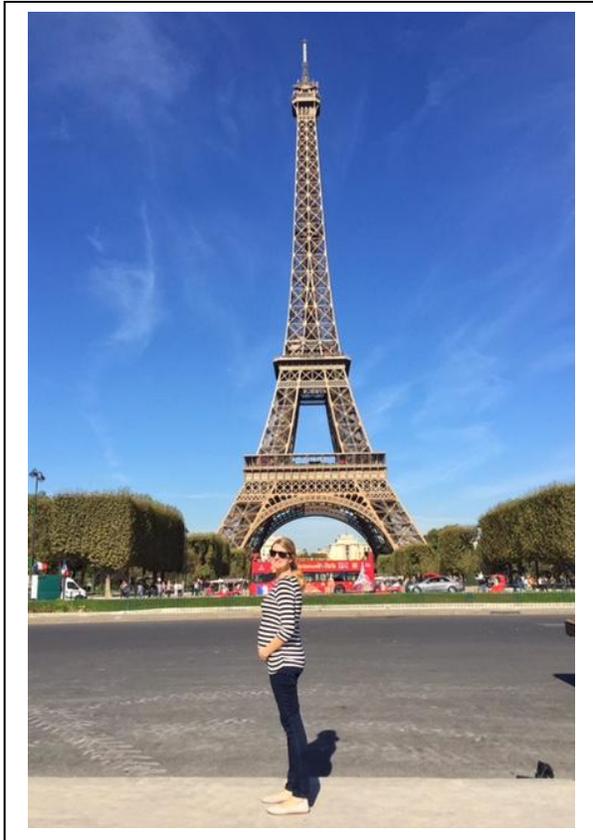
My Grandma's a
NINJA





Baby Girl Hynes!!



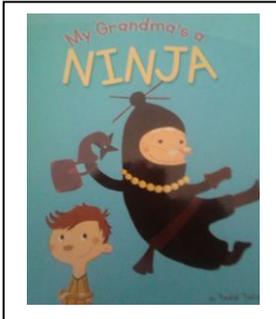


My Grandma's a Ninja

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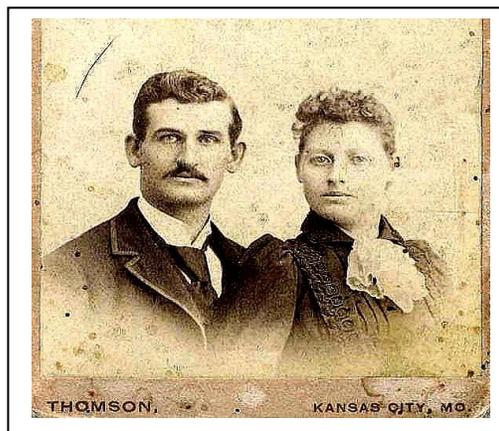
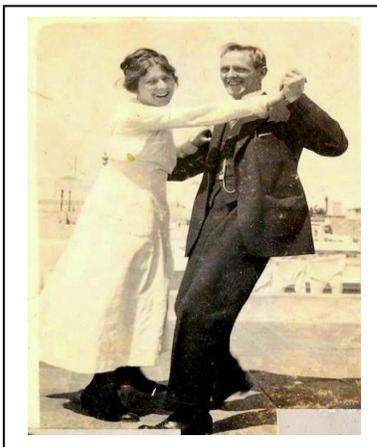
Part 2: Patricia (& Mac) Fleming/Betsy (& Cashe w) Kittle

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Part 3: Alice (& Malcolm) Crew/Nan (& Webster) Browning

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Part 4: The Missionary Connection: The Webster Brownings and the DJ Flemings meet in Montevideo, Uruguay, in 1925

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Browning/Crew/Fleming/Kittle/Hynes Family Timeline

Family Timeline				
Parkville, MO	Santiago, Chile	Buenos Aires, Argentina	Montevideo, Uruguay	Chicago, IL
Brownings 1870s to 1896				Elizabeth Cole Fleming b. 1875
	Brownings 1896 to 1917 Alice b. 1896			
		Crews I 1918 to 1919	Brownings 1917 to 1925 Pat b. 1919	
		Brownings 1926 to 1935	Crews II 1925 to 1931	
	Crews II 1931 to 1970 Crews III 1976 to 1979			
Flemings 1947 to 1955 Betsy b. 1950				Julia K. Hynes b. 1985

Crews I: Malcolm & Alice Browning (1918-1919)

Crews II: Malcolm & Mary Chandler (1925-1976)

Crews III: Malcolm & Angela Artal (1976-1979)

Santiago, Buenos Aires, and Montevideo are on the same longitude, but the geographic barriers between are and were challenging.



1916: Santiago to Montevideo; Nan's Journal: World War I was on, so no boats went eastward through the Straits of Magellan, to carry our goods. Rates across the Andes were prohibitive so, taking only our personal belongings, some books, after drastic weeding out bedding & a few pictures, we let all the rest go. We left Santiago on the last night of February. Malcolm accompanied us on the first lap of our journey as far as Los Andes, spent the night, and saw us off on the narrow-gauge line that would carry us across the mountains to Mendoza, Argentina. After a night in Mendoza & a trip up to see the famous San Martin Statue, we went to Buenos Aires, over the dust of the Argentine pampas. Next day we crossed the Rio de la Plata to Montevideo.

1930: Crossing the Río de la Plata; PCF Autobiography Oberlin College, October 1937. I can still feel the excitement of standing on the deck alone, watching the harbor lights twinkle across the darkness, listening to the orchestra in the saloon playing melancholy tangos. I soon knew the course well, and could have steered the ship through the red and green lights alone, had I been given the chance, and I know all the light-houses by their signals. The trip was about ten hours long, but I hated to go to bed, and would prow around like a tow-headed cat until midnight, when I would remember guiltily my promise to "Go to bed early!" Then I would sneak cautiously downstairs to my berth to lie awake until morning.

1934: Santiago to Buenos Aires; Nan's Journal. Due to all sorts of washouts, landslides, etcetera, on the railroad, between Los Andes and Mendoza, traveling was very irregular and even dangerous, to some extent, especially for a young girl travelling alone, so we arranged for her to come by 'plane. So it was, that a few days before Christmas, Webster and I, out at the air-port, watched a plane come into sight, far off in the black sky; a terrific storm had just taken place and we feared for the plane's safety.