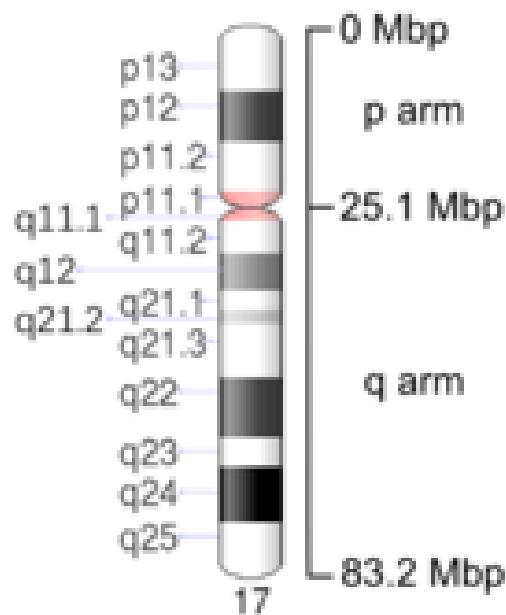
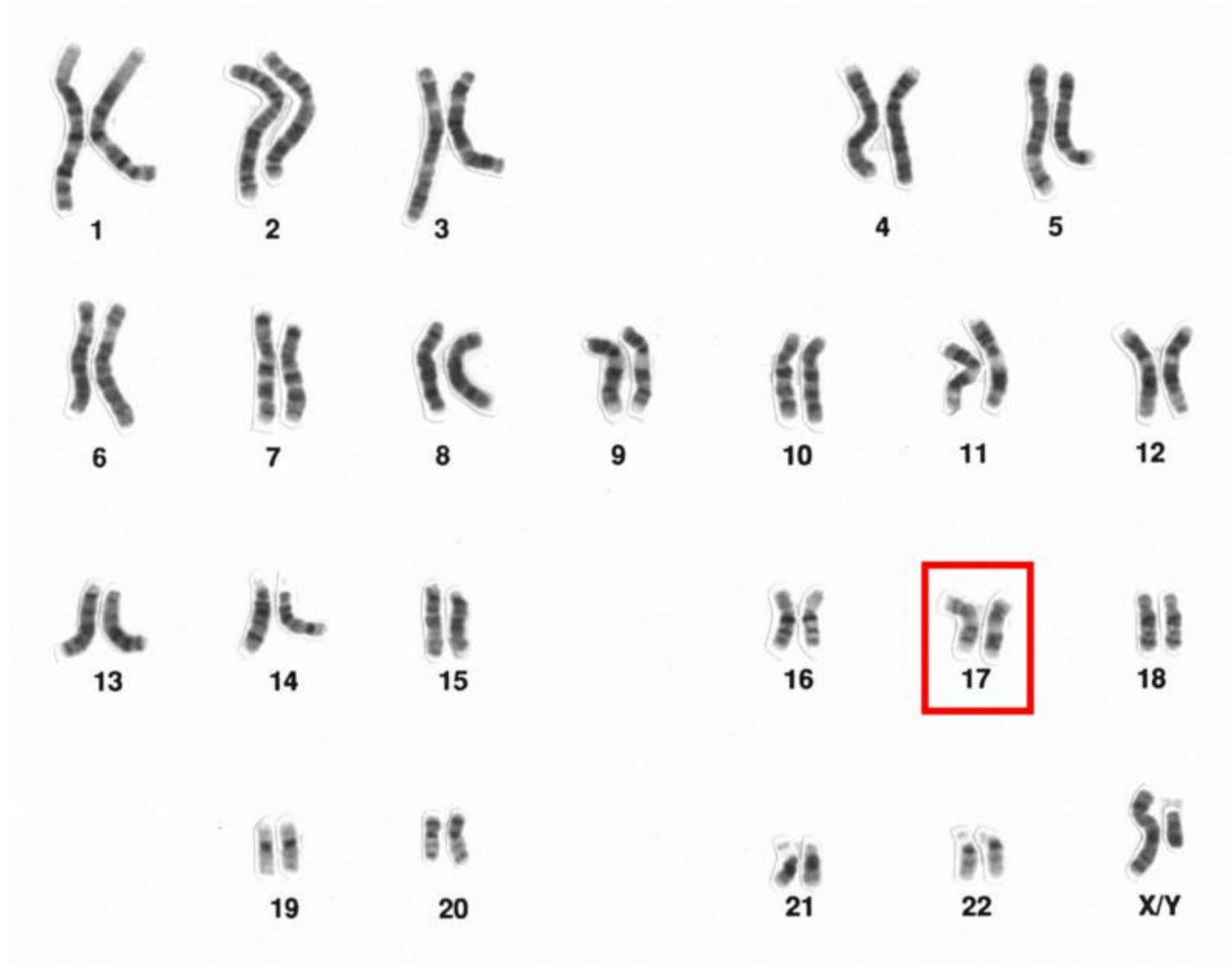


CHROMOSOME 17 – WILLIAMSON, THE EAGLE BAIRN AND NORWAY

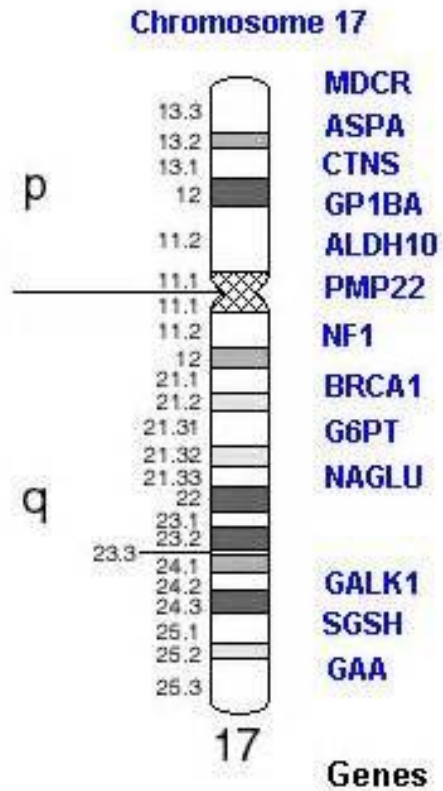
Purpose: This article is a study of the origins of a segment on the authors maternal Chromosome 17 which is shared by other descendants of Gilbert Basil WILLIAMSON born 1786 Utrabister, North A Voe, Mid Yell, Shetland Islands. This segment can be traced to his ancestor Mary ANDERSON born 1700 Braehead, Unst, Shetland Islands who is the “Eagle Bairn” of Shetland history and lore. The segment is also shared with a Norwegian born individual whose ancestors are all from the Hardanger Fjord area of Norway.

Chromosome 17: “Chromosome 17 spans more than 83 million base pairs and represents between 2.5 and 3% of the total DNA in cells.”





Karyogram showing the chromosome number 17 pair in relation to all other autosomes and the sex chromosomes in this array.

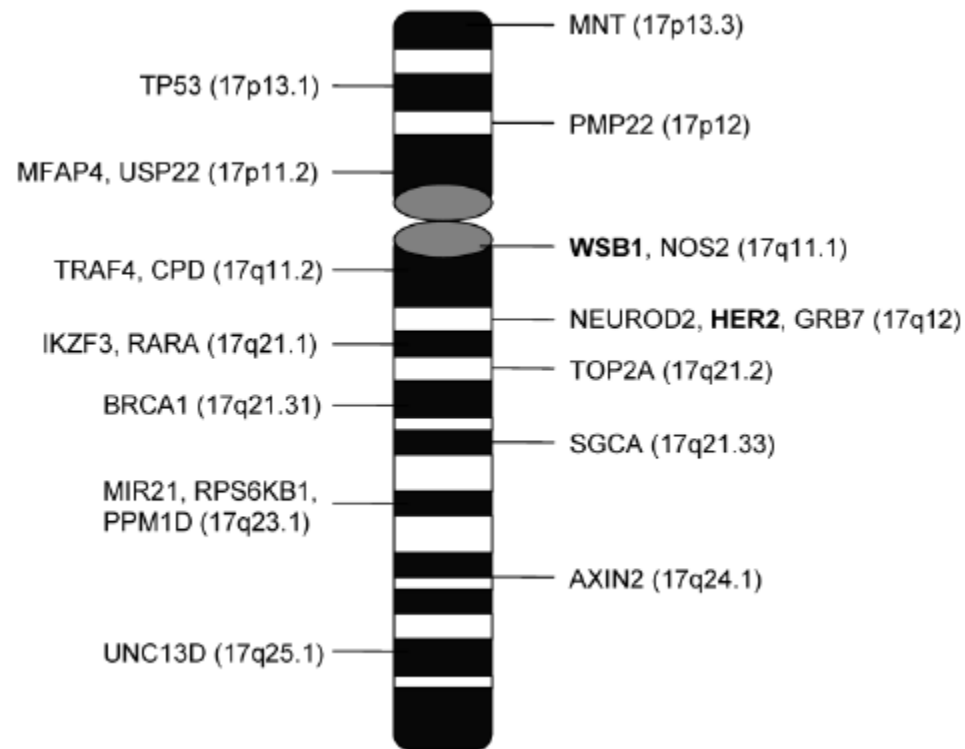


Above is a diagram of the G bands used to pinpoint the location of the various genes on the chromosomes – some of which are shown on the right side. Each G band has a start and stop location expressed in Mb, and can be correlated with the start and stop segments inherited by specific ancestors (as determined by genetic genealogy principles).

Genetic Details of Shared Segment:

The segment noted here is about 22 Mb in length, beginning about 52 Mb and ending about 74 Mb. The shared segment is within the G Bands 17q21 to 17q25.1 (see diagrams above).









Some Genes On Chromosome 17:



The BRCA1 breast cancer tumor suppressant gene is located at 41 Mb.

Genealogical Details of Shared Segment:

This segment is shared by comparison to the author David K. Faux:

<u>Chromosome</u>	<u>Position (Mb)</u>	<u>cM</u>	<u>SNPs</u>	<u>Person</u>	<u>Ancestor(s) in Common</u>	<u>Position of Match</u>	
17	51,527,276	78,622,560	53.7	3,287	Dale Williamson	Gilbert Williamson (1894)	
17	51,933,919	74,155,621	39.1	5,510	John Robertson	Gilbert Basil Williamson (1781)	
17	52,453,138	71,548,063	29.5	2,942	Alan Robb	Robert Nicolson (1680) & Mary Anderson	
17	61,764,704	68,599,289	12.3	1,947	Kitty Cooper	Norwegian	
17	61,764,704	68,497,686	11.9	1,865	Kittys2ndCuzGP	Norwegian	
17	61,764,704	68,434,131	11.7	1,914	Lawrence S Munson	Norwegian	
17	64,200,570	70,757,615	14.4	1,399	Ian Williamson	William Mathewson (1744)	
17	68,756,297	74,168,793	14.8	1,168	Heather Lennie	Gilbert Basil Williamson (1781)	

The Eagle Bairn: It is interesting that the segment discussed here originated in the ancestors of the “Eagle Bairn” Mary ANDERSON or her husband Robert NICHOLSON (see above chart). Here follows the story of the “Eagle Bairn” (bairn means child in Scots):

Children's Stories

by Margo Fallis

The Eagle Bairn

In the early 1700’s there lived a young lad named Robert Nicolson. He lived on the island of Fetlar with his parents. Fetlar is one of 100 islands that make up the Shetland Islands, which belong to Scotland. They are actually closer to Norway than Scotland. They lie in the North Atlantic and were once used as a stop over for Vikings, on their way to or home from pillaging the people of Great Britain.

Shetland is a cold, windswept group of island. There is hardly a tree growing there; mostly just low growing shrubs and wildflowers. Birdlife is abundant though and many birds, such as puffins, make the island their permanent home.

One sunny day, which is a rare thing in Shetland, as it always seems to rain, Robert and his father climbed into their sixern, a small wooden fishing boat. They began the difficult task of rowing in the mostly-choppy sea, out to where they would find their daily catch of cod, ling or haddock. The men were the fishermen and the women stayed home, tending to the garden and the animals.

Mrs. Anderson was outside in her vegetable garden. She had rows of huge cabbages growing, potatoes and turnips too. Not much else grew in Shetland's rocky soil. Not much else can withstand the harsh weather. She had her little baby, Mary, wrapped up tightly in a blanket, lying in her wooden cradle, not far from where her mother worked. Mrs. Anderson took her shovel and turned the ground over, taking the weeds away from the cabbages. As she bent over to dig, she saw a huge shadow coming from above her.

To her horror, the huge eagle swooped down and stuck its talons out in front. As Mrs. Anderson screamed and began to run towards her baby, the eagle picked up the tightly-wrapped, sleeping infant, and carried it off towards the nest. It held the baby carefully and flapped its wings until it was out of sight.

Mrs. Anderson, in hysterics, ran down to the beach. She happened to see Robert and his father in the sea fishing. She waved at them, trying to get their attention. The waves pounded in around her, carrying in pieces of flotsam from passing ships, or things that had been carried in the current of the ocean from as far away as the Caribbean.

Robert saw Mrs. Anderson waving and pointed her out to his father. They rowed towards her. They pulled the sixern up onto the beach. Mrs. Anderson was soaking wet. Robert's father, Nicol, put his arms around her and they walked up towards the small croft. Inside he stirred the fire and sat her down in a chair, wrapped a woolen

blanket around her and asked what had happened.

Mrs. Anderson, now somewhat composed, told the two men of the eagle. She was very upset; terrified that Mary would become dinner for the eaglets that were surely in the nest, since it was late spring.

Nicol asked Mrs. Anderson to go and get some help from some of her neighbors. He and Roberts searched for some rope, found a coil, and ran off towards the cliffs, hoping to find the eagle and little Mary.

They climbed to the top, following a steep path cut into the cliff's face. The waves pounded against the bottom of the cliff, sending spray up over them. The noise was almost deafening. At last they made it to the top. They walked along, looking down. At last they came to the nest. It was about fifteen feet down, lying on a ledge that jutted out from the cliff. There were 3 eaglets in the nest and the baby, who seemed to be unharmed. The little eagles weren't bothering her. The adult eagles were nowhere to be seen.

Nicol and Robert were soon joined by some of the neighboring men and their wives, and Mrs. Anderson. She ran over to the edge and gazed over at her baby. Mrs. Spence came and pulled her away, taking her back a few feet.

The men came up with a plan. They would tie a rope around one of them and lower him over the edge, where he would grab the baby and bring her up to safety. They knew they had to hurry before the eagles came back. Robert volunteered. He was the lightest of them all. Nicol, being proud of his son, saw no other choice. A rope was tied securely around his waist and shoulders and he was lowered down, slowly.

The wind hurled around him, biting at him with its cold ferociousness. The eaglets began to chirp wildly, calling for their parents. Nicol looked up and saw, off in the distance, one of the huge eagles headed towards them. He called to his son to hurry. They lowered him a little quicker. He reached the nest. It was made of bits of hedge and scrub. Little Mary was sound asleep, still wrapped in her blanket, like a

cocoon. She seemed alive to Robert.

He reached down and grabbed her, holding her tightly. She opened her eyes as soon as he held her safely. She looked up at him and smiled. The men pulled the rope and raised the boy and the baby up to the edge. Mrs. Anderson ran over and took Mary from Robert's arms. She hugged her so tightly, glad her baby was safe. She then hugged Robert and thanked him for being a hero. He'd saved her baby's life. Just then the two eagles came back. The group watched as they soared in the updraft of the cliff, then landed in the nest.

His father walked over and patted him on the back, as did the other men, then all went back to Mrs. Anderson's croft. The others soon left. Robert took Mary from her cradle and held her. He gazed into her eyes, then reached down and kissed her cheek.

The two of them, seeing all was well, left mother and daughter in the croft and went back to the beach. They pushed the boat into the waves and climbed in. They rowed back out to see and caught what they needed.

The years passed by. Robert spent a lot of time at Mrs. Anderson's croft. Though he was ten years older, he loved Mary. Her mother made sure she knew the story of her hero, Robert, and how he'd saved her life.

When they grew into adulthood, Robert Nicolson married Mary Anderson, who was known as 'The Eagle Bairn'. All descendants of this loving marriage are also known as 'Eagle Bairns'. We should be proud of our Shetland heritage and the brave men who worked hard fishing and built homes for their families. We should be grateful for the women who toiled in their gardens, tended to the sheep, spun wool, then knitted the wool into sweaters, socks, gloves, scarves and hats. They cut peat from the ground, using it for fuel. They had no modern conveniences, forced to cook over a fire in a big black kettle. Life was not easy for them. The weather was unmerciful and by the sweat of their brow they worked all their days. Be proud to be an 'Eagle Bairn'.

http://www.electricscotland.com/kids/stories/eagle_bairn.htm

The Norwegian Connection: As noted above, the segment is shared with Laurence MUNSON whose ancestors were all Norwegian. His daughter Kitty Cooper has traced the segment to her Norwegian ancestors as follows, and seen in the chart of those with whom she and her father share this segment:

“Here is my list for that segment (including some lower down), as you can see I know how 3 of them connect to my gg-grandparents in Etne, I know that my 3rd grandad Hallvor had the viking Y, the I1* haplogroup from my Skjold 3rd cousin's test at 23andme”

	Irene Park	17	52,899,213	63,047,467	10.90	2009		Hallvor(1806-1857)+Marta Skjold
	Barbara Werth	17	52,976,596	65,442,541	16.91	1535A,ftD		Hallvor(1806-1857)+Marta Skjold
F1336	Solveig Quinney	17	54,000,000	61,000,000	7.40	1032		
	David Faux	17	61,204,381	68,500,486	12.60	2028	ftD	
	Tammy Brass	17	63,039,373	71,538,270	16.30	2115		Hallvor(1806-1857)+Marta Skjold
F174439	Dale Williamson	17	61,734,255	68,500,486	12.00	1553		
	John Robertson	17	64,000,000	70,000,000	11.60	1591		

The author has checked all of the known ancestors of Hallvor and Marta Skjold in the extensive genealogical chart provided by Kitty here: <https://www.geni.com/family-tree#6000000014797889428>.

It is known that the author’s WILLIAMSON ancestors spoke the Norn language at least until the Scots appropriated the Shetland Islands in 1462; and that as per the Norwegian way, the surname changed each generation to incorporate the father’s first name as the children’s surname. For example, the father of Gilbert Basil WILLIAMSON was William MATHEWSON.

It cannot at this point be determined whether the segment is ancient, extending back to the Norwegian settlement of Shetland about 800 AD, or via a migration at some later unspecified time either via an individual who migrated from Norway to Shetland or from

Shetland to Norway. The genealogy of both families would suggest that the segment is likely very old and arrived in Shetland with the early Norse invaders (settlers).

David K. Faux
Caledonia, Ontario; Cypress, California
28 December 2017.