

Buried Treasures



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CENTRAL FLORIDA GENEALOGICAL
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Central Florida Genealogical and Historical Society

From the President's Desk

November 1991

Dear Members and Friends,

As a continuation of our special Florida issue, the Publication Committee has decided to add a Florida feature to every issue of *Buried Treasures*. In fact, this issue has quite a large Florida section, the articles are distinguished by the map of Florida in the upper right hand corner of the first page of each article. Florida researchers, send us articles for your section!

And speaking of Florida, this month was the Annual Florida State Genealogical Society Conference in Tampa. Due to health problems, I was unable to attend the conference this year; Vice-President Ann Osisek was our representative. This was the first time our new banner was displayed at a state conference, where it received many favorable comments. Eileen Willis carried our banner during the Banner Parades marking the opening and closing ceremonies of the conference. The society owes Charlene Ingalls a big round of thanks for creating the banner. It may be seen, wearing its new ribbon, at most CFG&HS functions.

The location of next year's conference was also announced at the annual meeting. And that location is: **Orlando**. Nov. 6-7, 1992, we will be hosting the Florida State Genealogical Society's Annual Conference at the Harley Hotel. We will be calling on all of our members for help in this undertaking. Details will be forthcoming.

As you can see, local genealogical societies do not exist in a vacuum, they have interaction with other societies at state and national conferences. In addition to the benefit of exchanging ideas with other societies is the advantage of hearing nationally known speakers.

In the spring of 1992, Floridians have the benefit of a national conference in the state. The National Genealogical Society's Annual Conference in the States will be held in Jacksonville from April 29 to May 2. One member has suggested that the society charter a bus to transport members to the conference. This would fall under the Trips Committee which is without a chairman. Maybe the importance of getting our members to this conference (especially those who would not be able to drive) will induce someone to volunteer for this position (even if it is just for this one trip). Any volunteers?

Another new feature in this issue of our quarterly is a "Computer Corner" column. Bill McCracken had mentioned to me several months ago that he would like to do this. Thank you, Bill. This will be a regular feature along with the Florida section.

Happy Researching,



Charlotte Kelly Rand
President

ONE COLD THANKSGIVING DAY

Author Unknown

I came to see my Grandma one cold Thanksgiving Day.
I shook and chattered all along the way.
Grandma had been knitting and so I tried to knit,
got hold of the wrong thread and undid every bit.
Next day I tried to tackle a piggy for a horse,
I fell into the pigpen; phew, wasn't Grandma cross?
I'm sure I wasn't to blame 'cause my new dress was white.
If Mama had made it pink, it wouldn't have showed a mite.
Grandma had a milk house, filled up with pans of milk,
One day I let in Kitty, she's just as soft as silk,
and Kitty liked the thick cream the best of everything.
I set her down beside a pan, you ought to heard her sing.
She's awfully funny, Kitty, along the shelf she ran
and with her little nosey made blue holes in every pan.
But Grandma's awfully stingy, she drives us both away
and said she'd mind to send me home afore another day.
Sometimes Kitty's naughty; one day she caught a mouse.
She shook and teased and bited it all around the house.
I hit her with the tater masher every time she would turn,
I got away poor mousey and hid him in the churn.
Whoever thought that cream would drown:
I thought t'was only rivers, but when Grandma churned next day,
that mouse had turned to slivers.
They fed the butter to the pig, they putted me to bed,
and they spanked poor Kitty awful right on her pretty head.
One day I see's a tub of milk; we keeps ours in a dish.
I thought t'was good for nothing and so I'd catch a fish.
I just got settled down, my feet were pretty nigh freeze
when in came Grandma screaming, "Oh that gal is in my cheese".
She dumped me out, I'll tell you, right on the cold stone floor:
She called my new boots dirty and locked the dairy door.
Now I've been awfully good to Grandma, ain't raised a
speck of dust.
I am going home tomarrow 'cause Grandma says I must.

The above poem was submitted by CPG&HS member Alice Creel Ball.
It was recited at school by Alice's mother, Jurusha Elizabeth
Slater, in 1908 at the age of eight years. It was recited to Alice
in 1984 at which time she taped it. Jurusha Slater Creel died
10 March, 1990.

EDWARD BALL
of Zanesville, Ohio

Edward Ball was born in Fairfax County Virginia, on the 6th of November, 1811. At that time his birthplace was referred to as being "near Falls Church". He was the son of William Ball and Sally Cassidy and today William Ball's property is described as being on one of the main roads through streets of the city of Arlington. The family burying ground is back in the middle of the block behind a filling station and a small American Legion Hall and unless it has been tidied up lately, it is in a state of utter ruin.

Edward Ball is said to have attended the village school as a boy. He moved to Ohio at the age of 24 and on 8 January 1840 married Margaret Garges, daughter of William and Susan (Pretz) Garges of Bridgeport, Penn., and Fairfax County, Virginia. At that time he was sheriff of Muskingham County. He served in the Ohio legislature from 1845 to 1849. In 1850 he was appointed major general of Ohio militia and was thereafter known as "General" Ball. He served two terms in the national congress between 1853 and 1857 and later was appointed sergeant-at-arms. During that time, his son John Alfred was a congressional page.

During these years he lived as a farmer in Falls Township near Zanesville, was editor of the Zanesville "Courier" and studied law. In 1861 he built the family home at Abbey Place in town, a much admired residence of ample size--there were eleven ladies in his household who are reported to have "sat on the front verandah on summer afternoons, dressed in poplin and taffeta and wearing lace mitts and waving palm leaf fans."

He was a delegate to the Republican National Convention in Chicago in 1860 which nominated Abraham Lincoln and then voted for Lincoln as a presidential elector. In between times, he practiced law in Zanesville and returned to the Ohio legislature in 1868.

One of his greatest contributions to his community concerned the famous Y Bridge which crossed the Muskingham River at Zanesville. The bridge, or bridges, were privately owned and a toll was charged on each section. The people of Zanesville, tired of paying tolls, petitioned the county commissioners to make the bridge free. Through the efforts of Edward Ball, the state eventually purchased the "National Road Bridge", the old covered Y, and the county took over the other branch and the lower Putnam bridge. One can imagine what a relief it must have been to the citizens of Zanesville to be able to cross the river freely without paying constant tolls.

General Ball died in a railroad accident on Friday evening, the 22nd of November, 1872. With a friend, he had apparently bought a shipload of hogs which were being loaded on a freight car.

In the darkness, the lights of another locomotive moving on a different track apparently confused the two men. Edward Ball was struck and killed; his companion managed to get out of the way safely.

Three days later he was buried in Greenwood Cemetery in one of the old sections beside other members of his family. His mother and father had died in Fairfax County, Virginia during the years of the Civil War but were buried in Zanesville. Because many people had been burying their silver and valuables in family burying grounds for safekeeping, the family were afraid that the graves of William and Sally Ball in Virginia might be disturbed by grave robbers looking for whatever might have been hidden.

Edward Ball (b. Fairfax Co., VA 6 Nov. 1811;
d. Zanesville, Ohio 22 Nov. 1872;
buried Greenwood Cemetery)
s/o William Ball & Sally Cassidy, Fairfax Co., VA
married Zanesville, O. 8 Jan. 1840. Methodist Ch.
Margaret Garges (b. Bucks Co., PA 22 Aug. 1810;
d. Zanesville, Ohio 6 July 1873;
buried Greenwood Cemetery)
d/o William Garges & Susan Frets

Children, all born in Ohio:

- | | |
|---------------------|--|
| 1. Virginia Fairfax | b. 7 Nov. 1840
d. April 1919, unmarried |
| 2. Sarah A. | b. 16 April 1843
d. 3 May 1891
m. 15 June 1875-Charles A. Stevenson
of Versailles, KY (1833-1893) |
| 3. William E. | b. 6 Sept. 1844; d. 19 June 1850 |
| 4. Susan | b. 17 Dec. 1846; d. 18 Dec. 1846 |
| 5. Thomas Smith | b. 1 Apr. 1849; d. 1 June 1850 |
| 6. John Alfred | b. 15 Sept. 1851; d. 6 Feb. 1940
m. 20 June 1876, Belmont Co., Ohio
Georgiana C. Bradshaw |
| 7. Margaret Anna | b. 3 Jan. 1854
m. 24 Oct. 1876-Philip T. Dodge
b. 11 July 1851 |

References: Balls of Stafford & Fairfax Cos. in VA; Frets Family Genealogy; Bergey Genealogy; records of Muskingham & Belmont Co., Ohio; census of 1850: Fairfax Co., VA & Muskingham Co., Ohio; Sunday "Times Signal" of Zanesville; Biographical Dir. of the American Congress 1774-1927 (p.666); family records of Mrs. Hereford Dugan, etc.

by Mary Louise B. Todd



THE FUTURE OF GENEALOGY

By Jim McGavran of the Columbus, Ohio Dispatch

Right now, I lie awake worrying about the future of genealogy. The way we are carrying on, no one will be able to find his or her roots a hundred years from now..... Genealogy is a hobby that anyone can enjoy. It is fun, and it doesn't cost a lot of money or require special equipment, such as golf or skiing do. It beats collecting things, such as salt and pepper shakers, which have to be dusted.

Up until now, it has been fairly simple. All you had to do was check old census records or hunt for wills, deeds, marriages and births. Or you could spend a pleasant vacation tramping through old graveyards.

All this is changing. Old cemeteries won't help if people choose cremation over burial. Where will you look for information about an ancestor whose ashes were scattered over the Pacific Ocean? Census records are becoming worthless. People don't stay in one place for more than a year or two, let alone from one census to the next. Forget the courthouse, too. Why look for an ancestor's will if he or she bought a book on how to avoid probate and succeeded in doing so?

Current lifestyles render courthouse records obsolete. What will be the point of looking for birth and marriage records if one's great grandmother insisted on having all her children out of wedlock? What if she did get married and kept her maiden name? Or suppose she had children by three legal husbands so that all her offspring have different last names?

I can envision someone searching for roots in the year 2086. I see this individual entering the Bureau of Vital Statistics, approaching the computer and pushing the "on" button. "May I help you?" the screen will respond. "I am looking for my grandfather's birth certificate," the latter-day genealogist asks, one letter at a time. "Name please." "Harley Solo, mother, Mary Solo. He was born 4 Apr 1992."

Lights flash, clicking and humming noises are heard as the computer conducts its search. A green list appears on the screen.

"Mary Solo gave birth to Harley Solo on 4 Apr 1992. The rest is classified. Please consult Headquarters."

The future genealogist goes to Headquarters and weeks later returns with the access code. He punches it in. More lights flash. Bells ring. This time the computer has the decency to blush.

"Mary Solo, spinster, was impregnated with material from a sperm bank. Donor's name unknown. Hair and eyes brown. Medium height and build. Tendency to early baldness. No congenital deformities. Said to be musical."

And there goes someone's search for roots. I know it's silly of me to worry about it, but it's things such as that which keep me awake nights.

What are we doing to our future genealogists, our own descendants?

From Puget Sound Genealogical Society FAMILY BACKTRACKING, Vol. XV # 1 Feb, 1990. The above was copied from the Orange County California Genealogical Society Bulletin.

A PRAYER FOR MY HUSBAND
by: Bethel Duty O'quin

Oh Dear God, I know that it's by thy Grace and loving kindness that we have been permitted to come to this day. I am trying to thank thee with all that is in me for my little family thou has giving me, my dear companion, my children and grandchildren.

Dear Father, I confess that I have fallen far short of the kind of mother I should have been to them. I know that I am weak, but Dear God please look over my weakness.

Dear Father, don't get worried at me for asking but if any of my dear family should walk in the wrong path, please don't be too hard on them but gently lead them back into the fold and give them a desire to follow after thee. Protect them with thy loving kindness.

Dear God, let me ask one more favor. If I should go first, be a father to my dear companion and see that no harm comes to him, so that we can walk through the pearly gate into that beautiful city hand and hand that we have heard so much about.

- Amen -

Written by: Bethel Duty O'quin
for her husband Dewey O'quin,
s/o Barney O'quin and Vicey Deal.

Extracted from "Genealogy Today"
Vol. I - No. 10, Oct 15, 1988, page 6
by CFG&HS member Cliff Duty

GENEALOGY COMES OF AGE

I spent my adult life on the north shore of Chicago, doing all the things that suburban housewives used to do in the days before two incomes became a necessity. I won't bore you with all of those activities—I went from one to the next ad nauseam.

There is one thing that has kept my attention over the years—my interest in genealogy. The place to go for that sort of thing in Chicago is the Newberry Library. Someone in years past gave the library a large number of genealogy books and this was a source of great annoyance to them. They had a world famous collection of rare books and manuscripts—so precious that they were kept in a safe and no one was allowed to see them, let alone touch them. But they also had all of this 'genealogy stuff' and 'genealogy' was a dirty word to the custodians of the Newberry Library.

It wasn't simply that it took up space on the shelves, but it also attracted people like me who wanted to consult the books so it was necessary to provide a reading room to accommodate them. And since we couldn't possibly be trusted to take the books off the shelves and put them back, it was also necessary to hire numerous pages to bring the books to us and then take them back. They tried every way they could to get rid of this material—they tried to sell it but there were no buyers—they even tried to give it away but no one would take it.

Finally they concluded they would just have to make the best of a sorry situation. The first thing they did was to take the word 'genealogy' off the entrance to the reading room and put up in its place 'Local and Family History'. Then they offered scholarships to lure serious historians to undertake important studies.

You could, for instance, examine the census of 1850 for Utica, New York, analyze, enumerate, chart and reach the conclusion that at that time in Utica there were many more blacksmiths than auto mechanics, and many more livery stables than garages and then write a very learned paper explaining the reasons for this state of affairs.

My great great grandfather, as it happens, settled in Utica at the end of the War of 1812. He made his living by painting coats of arms on the sides of coaches, and when he died in 1827 he left a couple of orphan children and a lot of debts. From this you might conclude that there weren't many people in Utica in 1827 who wanted to have their coat of arms painted on the side of their coach—or perhaps there weren't many coaches, let alone people who were entitled to a coat of arms.

Things do change. A few years ago I took part in a project

to index the Census of 1910 for the state of Massachusetts. I was given the town of Lenox and surrounding countryside to work on. As you know, Lenox is in western Massachusetts in the Berkshires. It's where the Boston Symphony goes in the summer. Back in 1910 there were about four thousand souls living there and I had to make an index card for each of them with name, age, birthplace and place in the household. It's pretty tiresome work but if it is to have any value, it has to be done with a reasonable degree of accuracy. To keep my mind on the task, I would try to visualize these households.

One that particularly interested me was headed by a man from New York—a banker in his fifties. His wife was somewhat younger and they had about five children between the ages of six and fourteen. But what really caught my attention was that they had brought with them a lady's maid born in France, a governess born in Scotland, a nursemaid born in England and a driver from Ireland along with his wife who was a laundress. They had evidently left the dirt and heat of New York to spend the month of August in the clean air of the Berkshires. I could just see Madam going out to call in the afternoon in her carriage with her hat and gloves, her hair beautifully arranged by her French lady's maid and her clothes freshly starched by her Irish laundress. I was never sure whether she was riding in a carriage or one of the new fangled automobiles.

As we say, times have changed. But perhaps the most remarkable change was something entirely different, less nostalgic. Among all those four thousand people in Lenox in 1910 there were only, I think, four individuals who were in their sixties or older. Suppose you were to examine the census of 1990 here in Winter Park, Florida, taking a section of town containing about four thousand residents—how many do you think there would be over 60 years old? What an amazing change in demographics! Too bad I'm not a scholar so I could write an important paper about it for the Newberry Library.

by Mary Louise Todd

Queries

When did John MILBOURNE (MILBURN) come to New Jersey? Transferred his membership from Hopewell Friends, New Jersey in 1747 to Friends in Frederick County, VA. He died in 1762 in Frederick Co., VA.

Reply to: Jean Andrews Fish, 550 Meadowvale Dr., Orlando, FL 32825.

Need information on parents of Louisa J. DROWN, born in Sheffield, Mass. Did she come to Trumbull Co, OH? If so, in what year did she come? Louisa married Harmon Hunt on June 5 1843 at Canfield, OH.

Reply to: Jean Andrews Fish, 550 Meadowvale Dr., Orlando, FL 32825.

ENGINEER SAVES TRAIN

Excerpt from THE PARADE OF HOFFMANS by Carl Timothy Hoffman

George Hoffman (b 6 May 1870) married Margaret Anastasia Gilbin (b 6 July 1869) on 3 September 1890 at St. Vincent's Church in Mobile, Alabama. George Hoffman was a young man working for the L & N (Louisville and Nashville) Railroad at Pensacola and eventually realized his dream and became a locomotive engineer. At the time of his retirement, 26 September 1941, his earnings were \$175. a month and he received a lifetime pension of \$125.

At his retirement dinner, he received recognition for his cool control and courage in the face of danger. Quoted below is a news item appearing in the Pensacola Journal of 18 July 1916.

ENGINEER SAVES HIS TRAIN AFTER FLOOD HAD HIM

"With the return of trains from P & L Division after a 10-day delay, stories of real bravery are told. One of the latest is that of Engineer George Hoffman, who was on a passenger train.

"The engineer named brought his engine to a standstill only after his fireman had been ordered to jump. The engineer "put the air to her," as one of the passengers told it, and she was brought to a stop with a "jerk". Back in the passenger cars, the passenger knew something had happened, and it is said when they started to find out what the "something" was, they discovered both engineer and fireman almost up to their necks in flood waters at points where water not over a foot deep was said to have ever been known. As the train pulled around a curve up in the Bonifay vicinity, they "ran into a sea", as one put it. Water was everywhere, and the track was covered. Suddenly, the engine gave a sag as if she was going through a trestle. Hoffman warned his fireman to jump, which the later lost no time in doing. The engineer then applied the brakes, reversed the engine and then as he felt the big machine sink beneath him, leaped into the water.

"It was finally discovered that the engine hung perilously on the concrete edge of a missing trestle. Another yard, and it would have leaped through the empty span. As it was, the locomotive rested, with pilot hanging over the river bed.

"Engineer Hoffman had nothing to say about this himself, but a number of Pensacollans, on the train at the time, will verify the above.

"The nervy engineer, who stuck to his post and applied the brake, thus saved the engine. But as hour after hour, and day after day passed, he like the others amused themselves in various ways. One of the diversions was to sit near the Chipola River and "see the things go by," as one said. It was claimed that one man succeeded in pulling from the swollen river four hogs, which were alive; one cow, the top of a house, but missed a new farm wagon which went drifting by, possible on to sea."

George Hoffman died 23 November 1950. He is buried in St. Johns Cemetery, Pensacola, Florida. Submitted by Maryann Forster, CFG&HS member

BOOK REVIEW

CENSUS OF INDIANA TERRITORY FOR 1807

Rebah M. Fraustein, Editor

Indianapolis

Indiana Historical Society, Reprint 1990, 57 pages, Index

ISBN 087195-056-1

Reviewer: Clifton O. Duty

The Indiana Territory was established from the Old Northwest Territory in 1800. Originally it took in a large area from which Michigan Territory was separated in 1805 and the Illinois Territory in 1809. Three Indiana counties were formed before 1808:

Knox (1790); Clark (1801); and Dearborn (1803). Illinois counties in Indiana Territory were St. Clair (1790) and Randolph (1795).

This census reflects a facsimile of the original manuscripts of Knox, Dearborn and Randolph counties. The poll list of Kaskaskia (Randolph County) is also reproduced. The voters list is used for Clark County. The writing is quite legible. The original documents are in the William H. English Collection in the Indianapolis Historical Society's Smith Library in Indianapolis.

Dearborn and Clark counties were very small in comparison to Knox County, which comprised what is now most of the land in Indiana state. The reviewer is interested primarily in the areas which now are Knox and Posey Counties. Some of the names of interest are as follows:

Name	County	Book Page No.
John Barton	Knox	16
Luther Calvin	Knox	6
John Crunk	Knox	11
John Grant	Knox	15
Isaac Luzader	Knox	2
David Robb	Knox	10
George Robb	Knox	15
James Robb, Jr.	Knox	10
James Robb, Sr.	Knox	10
Conrod Winemiller	Knox	11
Jacob Winemiller	Knox	11
William Parker	Dearborn	26
Samuel Robb	Dearborn	27
John Tague	Dearborn	27
John Reynolds	Randolph	
Robert Reynolds	Randolph, Kaskasia	43
Robt Reynolds	Randolph	34
Thomas Reynolds	Randolph	33

Autobiography of William Quincy Simcoke



The following is a continuation of several autobiographical sketches written by my Mother's brother, William Quincy Simcoke in 1940 and 1941, when he was 68 - 69 years old, and living in St. Petersburg, FL. They cover a number of interesting episodes which occurred during his boyhood on a farm on the outskirts of Richmond, IN.

The notes on the left side are my explanations of some items and dates.

The first portion of these sketches was published in "Buried Treasures, Volume XXIII, No. 2, April-June 1991.

Norris L. Reynolds

After another winter has given away to the spring time and the usual things happened we find ourselves on May 1st in the new fresh plowed field which has been made ready for the corn planting and the rows have been made both ways across the twenty acres. Up to this time we are dropping the corn by hand and it is covered by one who follows up with a hoe, but there is one in a crowd that has what we called a jabber which was made to handle with both hands and which had a container, which when pressed in to the soil would leave 4 to 8 grains of corn and close its self and it was quite an improvement over the dropping by one and covered by another and in about three to four days with the entire family helping we would have the twenty acre field planted and ready for the next job.

As my Father was more of a stock man than he was a farmer, he kept in operation a slaughter house and built up quite a business and kept one to three men working for him and one Uncle Noah Nichols was the main buyer and from early spring untill winter set in he would start out with his horse and buggy and a well trained cattle dog and his name was Ben. At this time, I got to make my first trip which took most a month to make as it would take about four days to go to Straley home, which was five miles north of Geneva, Indiana. Here we would make our headquarters for two weeks until we would go in all directions and buy our cattle and have them delivered to headquarters all on a certain day. After paying for them we would start for home, which took another four days. By the time we were on the road a couple of hours the cattle had found out who was boss as Ben would mill among them and slip on ahead and stop at the cross roads, and if there happened to be a contrary animal in the bunch, Ben was not long in finding it out and would give them a nup on the heel. In a little while he would have them all lined up and they learned to like Ben, and we would have no more trouble as we had our regular places to stop and feed and water and get accomodations for the night. Julian was the name of the horse and she was also an expert at driving and if they slowed up too much she would bite them on the tail. On my first trip I experienced my first homesickness, also my first love affair with a pretty little girl by the name of Miss Hophner. The home sickness hurt the worst as I soon forgot the love affair and after one trip I did not suffer homesickness.

When I arrived home from this trip I found my bicycle had not fared as well, as it seemed to have lost weight as it had most of the spokes cut in the front wheel and the junk man (rag peddler as we called him) and he looked at the bicycle and walked away whistling - let's get to-gether which they did before many moons and I spent the 40¢ for candy and divided with the other kids.

On these trips I visited places that have become famous. I was impressed with a large convent near the Ohio line and the tall spires and the golden crowns but after most half a century when I went that way things at the convent were pretty much the same but all the buildings seemed much smaller than when I was fourteen years of age. I also was familiar with the swamp made famous by Helen Stratton Porter as this was where she wrote her stories Freckles.

1886

His father
John Sim-
cok died
in Iowa,
28 Aug.
1886

The summer of my 14th birthday was a full summer as Father had been getting into the hog business very extensively and we had on hand or on the farm rather, about 100 large hogs and near 200 pigs. We gathered swill in a large tank from city $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles one way by wagon and had a cooker and it looked as if Dad would soon be a wealthy man, but one morning we found some sick hogs and within two or three days they began to bury dead hogs and Father became so blue over it all he packed his suitcase and went to Iowa to his people and told my Brother and me to just bury the dead hogs and say nothing; but it was only a week or two that all the fresh graves over the farm began to attract attention. When the neighbors would ask questions we two trying to do as our Father asked us to do, we lied like troopers. When Father came home some two months later he was out of the hog business, but not out of the difficulty, as in the early spring before we had any signs of hog cholera we had taken several loads of pigs and peddled them through Sevastopol (now Fairview) among the Irish. These pigs all took sick and died and 100 Irish biddies were after my Father and would have scalped him if he was to be found. My Father had such a loss it looked as if he would never be able to go back and face all these good women that lost a pig, but Father must have fixed it some way as it was not long until he was calling on these people and ringing his bell before their door, as we kept two to three peddler wagons on the road in the summer months selling fresh meat and would dress two or three beeves a week. It was my part of the job to get a smoke started in the slaughter house by building a fire in an iron kettle and putting dog fennel on the fire to make a smoke, and keep it going until dark. In that way we kept the blow flies from laying their eggs. Soon after midnight the men would work by lamp light and cut their carcasses up in roasts and steaks, and before day light would be on their way, so the meat would be out no longer than noon. If there was any brought back, it was thrown in a barrel of strong brine and was made into corn beef; there was no ice refrigerators known at this time. I had several years of this kind of life and hardly knew Sunday from any other day, so when I look back on these days, and then see what we now have, it makes me feel he had been through something.

During the time our hogs were dying so fast my Brother and I were pretty sick and blue and we cooked up a scheme that was very inhumane but afforded us some diversion; when we found a big hog that would not get up to have his breakfast, we would get a cup of boiling swill and gently pour it on his back and then bet as to how far he would run before he would drop dead.

About this time we had decided to get some advanced education by going to the town school or rather high school, in as much as I had succeeded in not being able to get along with my teachers; so my oldest brother and myself joined with the town boys and girls and began to mix pretty well as we were both fairly good musicians. We were accepted in most of the better crowds and also I got enough religion to get in the Methodist Choir. Things sailed along real smoothly for about two years, at which time Dad bought a new rubber tired box buggy and new horses as the two horses Dad had promised were about ready for the harness. My horse was two when Brother's horse was three, so Brother naturally took charge of the new outfit and some times neglected his farm duties to get going as he had a steady girl. If he had stayed with her everything would have been fine but not he; on the contrary he would leave his girl set and do a lot of wishfull thinking while he would take some new

girl riding. Each time he did this he made a deadly enemy of the new girl's boy friend and plots began to brew but Brother never took a warning from older heads and while I was an innocent party it caused a ruckus and some broken heads that were never made just right to this day, 50 years having now passed. For some reason on this particular Sunday Evening we left the outfit home and walked to town with brand new suits, as it was dress-up time for the farmer about decoration day and a Billy Thompson, a neighbor boy walked with us and told us about the bad feeling and said he expected the town boys were planning to give us a beating but we laughed it off; but at eleven o'clock we started out and we noticed a few hangers-on were following us, but the big surprise was to come as when we arrived at the city limits known as Commons Saw Mill we met up with some hundred people all anxious to see a good fight and it was passed around that Tod Lashley was to give my brother a good licking and Charles Morgan was to have it out with me as I had at different times been on excellent terms with Nelly McCowan whom he later married, and she has lived with a drunken husband these 50 years (if he is living), and he is the only man in the world that refuses to be on friendly terms with me but Nelly never misses an opportunity to go out of her way to shake hands with me. Now, when I saw all this crowd, the things our Dad had told us began to pop thru my mind and I could hear Dad say -- "Bill, always keep the law on your side". It was plain to see the law would not consider this an ordinary fight but an out and out hold-up, or in other words we were being way-laid and then and there I knew we had the law on our side come what may and we were in the thick of it at once as Tod Lashley blocked the side-walk on the side my Brother was on. Charles Morgan was to take care of me and I saw by the moon light he had what proved to be a rock tied in a pocket handkerchief and as Lashley struck at my Brother, Morgan thought he could spare one glance at the fight which was his un-doing as I began to exercise my constitutional rights as a good American and let drive at Morgan with first one foot and then the other, with blows to his face and in a few seconds he was down on the walk and me on top of him; and then to my surprise I found I was fighting Charles Morgan's Brother Joe, a man some 30 years old and one of the tough guys of the town and he began to bawl -- "He is killing my Brother", and the few that were supposed to see that we had a fair fight let Joe Morgan in behind me and dealt a blow with his backjack and I was holding Charles on his back and to dodge the blow I rolled over and Charles was on top, but me holding his hands as in fact he was out of the fight but when I got my breath I threw Charles clear of me and was on my feet. When he came up, I was kicking and he went down for the second and last time for Joe had deserted his Brother when he thought he had settled my hash, as he did give me an awful bump and I still have it. My Brother nor I either had any thing but our natural weapons and Brother did not fare so well as Lashley gave him an awful beating, but Charles Morgan had to be taken home and was in the care of a physician for several weeks, and was carried to the court room at 2 PM on Monday to his and his Brother's and Lashley's own trial. My Brother and I were the prosecuting witnesses, and I plead guilty to doing a good job of kicking and went scot free because I had the odds against me and was waylaid and fighting in self-defense.

The most sensational trial of the little sleepy town of Centerville, Indiana caused more of a stir than you can imagine, and the Richmond Morning Paladium came out with the head lines -- "Blood on the Moon". It was a beautiful moon and an eclipse. When I was out bright and early, I found Dad and the team of ponies were absent and it made me feel rather down cast to think Dad took no part or interest as to how bad we might be hurt, but he was following up his promise that he had always admonished us that we must stay out of trouble as we could not depend on his help to get us out of trouble

15 Nov
1890
married
Mary
Darnell

once we got in it. Any way Dad was gone and I went about my task of hitching up my team and proceeded to break a small patch of ground for corn and my Brother stayed in bed with a much swollen head, and about noon Isaac Carte, County Sheriff, hitched his pony to the fence and made his way to where I was working and with my hat pulled down on one side. He was much surprised to find me in such good condition but when we went to the house and got Brother Mines out of bed it was an entirely different picture as Mines' face looked like a 10¢ piece of dog meat and when he saw an officer he took it pretty hard, but said officer pacified him when he said his only mission was to summon us as witnesses as our Dad had been in Centerville at the break of day, waking up the older people and getting what information and the report was so good as to our past reputation that by 9 A.M., he had called the County Prosecutor and told him to be on hand at 2 P.M. and we were there plenty early and watched them carry Charles Morgan or rather help him get up the stairs to the Judge's office where they had already been and pleaded guilty to assault and battery but when Harry Starr (prosecutor) drove in to town there immediately were some very long faces as he proceeded to add to the three young hold-up men \$25 each which was a lot of money for boys with poor parents and no steady job and also they had committed a crime that is still hanging over their heads. As I said it is fifty years at this writing and I went back to school and to the M.E. Choir and Mr. Lashley was very sour and tried to abuse Brother Mines in public and Mines went to proper authorities and swore out a warrant and Mr. Lashley found \$10.00 more tied on his debt to society. Morgan's Father tried to interest the prosecutor in bring serious charges against me but was told that if I had beat the boy to death he was paid for. Needless to say I was un-molested ever afterward. Brother Mines soon recovered from the big head and went back to his first love and shortly afterward married the girl of his choice and are living happy for half century and I don't think he was ever guilty of looking at another woman as he found out just how much trouble an extra woman or two can cause a man.

To keep myself in the front lines, shortly after this, I was coming home after choir (as on practice night I would remain and not make the trip home), and I was riding my saddle horse (Ned) and was getting along but I had a dinner pail in one hand and my guitar under the other arm and the reins hanging loose when things happened fast and furious as Ned jumped out from under me and the saddle girdle had broken and left me in the road on top of the guitar and dinner bucket. Ned would not let me catch him and for two miles Ned led the way and I carried the saddle, the dinner pail and the guitar all busted and neck broken off. When I arrived home I threw the whole mess on the barn floor and went to bed and for a long time I tried to convince my Dad that everything was legal but for once in my life my Dad doubted me, but he eventually came to believe I was a blue ribboner.

Florida Folklore

"Crackers" were the original white settlers of Florida, thought to have come from Alabama and Georgia. Theories about the origin of "cracker" nickname persist. One is that the term is a shortened version of "corn cracker"; the other, more popular, theory suggests the term is derived from "whip cracker". Early Floridians drove cattle with bullwhips that could be heard for long distances. Cracking whips was not only useful for driving teams of oxen, but was an enjoyable pastime at which settlers became proficient. Extracted from Florida Almanac, 1988-89.

MEMORIES OF LAKE COUNTY

by Lynne Bradley Jaques Knorr



In the boom town atmosphere of the 1920's, the **ROWE** and **WATERMAN** families came to Lake County, Florida and built two huge hotels - one in Umatilla and the other in Eustis. In 1931 the **Rowe Hotel**, as the one in Umatilla was called, was struggling financially. The mortgage was held by **H.R.P MILLER**. He took it over and converted it into what would become known as the **Harry-Anna Home for Crippled Children**. Then in 1933 it became the **Lake County Medical Center**, when it opened up its north wing with 18 beds and six bassinets, for general hospital patients. I became one of the last babies born there on January 16, 1938.

FRANK WATERMAN built the **Fountain Inn Hotel** in Eustis in 1925, and it operated as a luxury hotel for northern visitors until 1931 when it closed. It remained closed until remodeling of the upper floors was done to accommodate patients. Then on July 1, 1938, **Lake County Medical Center** moved from Umatilla to Eustis where it became known as **Waterman Memorial Hospital**. It occupied the third and fourth floors of the building with the **Fountain Inn Hotel** still functioning on the lower floors until the 1950's. Then the hospital bought the entire building, began an extensive building program, and in 1986 it became what is currently referred to as the **Waterman Medical Center**.

I was raised in Eustis, Florida, in a house which the City of Eustis allowed us to use in the post depression days. The agreement was that we could live there rent free as long as we kept the place up. Our house was a **Sears and Roebuck** prefab house, which my folks finally managed to buy from the city in 1940. I called that "home" until I married and came to Orlando in 1965. My mother lived there until 1983, when she moved to Altosna to a retirement center.

I went to grammar and high school in Eustis, graduating in 1950. I walked a mile to and from school each day until late World War II years when I got my bicycle (which was obtained on the black market!). My father would take my bicycle for two weeks in the summers, have it repainted and maintained, and then return it. As the result I rode it for 12 years, right up to graduation day!

The town was small, about 10,000 people, and nearly every one knew everybody else. The big event of the year for the town was, and still is, the Washington's Birthday Parade and celebration in February. Segregation was the accepted way of life, with "black" and "white" facilities the norm, so when the black high school's band joined these parades, it was a real treat for us.

To travel to the nearby communities of Mt. Dora, Tavares, and Umatilla, a distance of about five miles to each, was considered a major trip and wasn't done without good reason. And a trip to Orlando, over the old road (highway 441) required significant planning and took all day, as the road was sectioned cement with some brick. Vague memories include a Model A or T Ford (never could remember the difference) in the side yard, but most of our Orlando

trips were made in used Plymouth sedans. Even those weren't terribly comfortable on the brick streets of Orlando, many of which have now been removed or paved over.

Some of my fondest memories include times at our cabin on the St. Johns River. In 1945, my father bought property in Astor, Florida, on the edge of the Ocala Forest. He invited some of his friends to go up there with him, promising them food and drink if they did the building. We have since decided there was more drink than food, as the corners aren't true, the wall slats don't meet, and the floor isn't level. But many good times were enjoyed there through the years and continue today.

Many years after he bought it, Dad's brother, Carl, told Dad that the property was the first piece they set foot on when they came to Florida as young boys. In 1903, when my father came here from Michigan with his family, the roads into the state were poor, at best, and much of the travel was done on the St. Johns River. Enroute to Sanford, their destination, the boat stopped at *Manhattan Landing* to collect and deliver mail and supplies for people in the Ocala and Ormond areas. While these things were being delivered, Dad and Uncle Carl got off the boat to stretch their legs and look around. Then, unknowingly, 40 years later, my father bought that property. His was only the third name on the deed following the ASTORS who owned it originally. These Astors gave the community its name, and this is the same family which built the Astor Hotel in New York. John Jacob Astor is perhaps best remembered for having been lost with the sinking of the Titanic.

World War II brought rationing, blackouts, half-painted headlights on cars, black heel marks on floors, white margarine (add your own color), and shortages of nylons, rubber, sugar, meat, cigarettes, gasoline, and many other things. One of my diligent war efforts, as a child, was to remove the silver foil from mother's cigarettes and any gum I could get, roll it into a ball and take it to the "silver ball lady". My memories include mother's endless knitting efforts for the Red Cross and frightening air raid blackouts. Some of the rationing coupons have survived in mother's things.

In 1955 I took my first airplane trip on a Constellation plane with Eastern Airlines. We flew from Herndon Airport (now Herndon Executive) to Cleveland, and it took seven hours with stops in Atlanta and Charlotte. After moving to Orlando, B-52's passed over my house frequently during the Bay of Pigs invasion period, signaling increased air traffic. And not too long thereafter, Orlando International Airport began to grow from what had been McCoy Air Force Base.

College took me out of the area from 1956 - 1964 with only a brief period home in 1958-59. But in those years, travel was improved enormously as the result of the widening and four-laning of Highway 441 into Orlando. Now I make that journey in reverse as I travel from Orlando to Eustis to visit my son, Kenneth Edward, and his wife who live in that community.

BOOK REVIEW

THE FLAMES OF TIME (374 pages) by Baynard Kendrick. The Sun Dial Press, Garden City, New York. Copyright 1948. Reprint 1949. Reviewer: Clifton O. Duty

This mixture of history and fiction is based in Florida toward the end of the period of Spanish control. The historical aspect and the telling of the way of life among the Seminole Indians were most interesting, but the mechanism used to connect historical fact and daily life happenings was awkward. The reading of this book is recommended to the person seeking to add to his store of knowledge concerning the birth of Florida as a state of the Union.

The story begins in 1787, when a baby (the sole survivor of an Indian ambush on the wagon and family of Major _____, a royalist veteran of the Colonial rebellion) is rescued by Dan McKetch and Dr. Zeke Buckhart. Taking a sack of gold found in the wagon, they take the child, barely one day old, to their plantation near the mouth of the St. John's River in northern Florida. The territory had recently been ceded back to the Spanish by the British as the latter's influence waned on the North American continent.

When he is about 14 years old, the orphan (given the name Artillery Armes from an inscription found near his birthplace) rescues Hasse Micco, a young Seminole Indian who had been wounded by warriors from another tribe. The two make their way through swamp and forest eventually finding the Seminole's home. Artillery lives among the Indians for quite some time, becoming as a brother to Hasse Micco, a son of the chief, Cheti Haiola. Artillery learns that there is peace within the tribe, very little bickering; that the women do a lot of the hard work; that it is also the women who decide whether the tribe will go to war as they and the surviving children are the ones who will suffer after the warriors have been killed. Without knowing, Artillery falls in love with a young girl, Dauna, daughter of a black slave and an Indian brave.

As Artillery approaches manhood, he feels the need to return to his own people. With Cheti Haiola's urging, he takes Hasse Micco back with him to learn the wisdom of the white brothers and to speak their languages. Artillery finds much change except for the Spaniards who are taking all they can from Florida before they are ousted once more. Plots are the order of the day. Artillery joins with agents of the new U. S. Government whose aim is to discredit the Spanish, hold off the British, and then claim Florida for its own. Along the way Artillery marries, fathers two children, and bitterly watches fever take his family.

Intrigue follows intrigue. U. S. agents, renegade soldiers, self-appointed colonels, and militia from Georgia argue among themselves. The Republic of Florida is short lived, becoming a territory of the U. S. in 1822 and admitted as the 27th state in 1845. Artillery takes Dauna as his wife and the story ends with the birth of their child.

COMPUTER CORNER

by William McCracken

NAMES DATA BASES

Word Processor Information Storage and Retrieval: Part 1.

In the beginning... there was a computer, 2 floppy disk drives, 640 kb and a printer. Not to mention, a monitor and some basic how to books.



I didn't have a lot of resources (money) to spend, but I did have a strong desire to do genealogy and do it on a computer.

My great weakness has always been organization and finding things once I've stored them. My computer does both and very well. Early on, a friend introduced me to the word processing program WordStar. I spent a lot of time learning the program and to this day I still use a program that is WordStar compatible.

The idea of a data base of my family interested me and so I began using a Genealogy program to keep track of my family information. I used Family Ties, then PAF, which I still use.

While using WordStar for creating my biographies, I discovered its search and replace function. This function allows one to create files of unlimited length (limited by disk space) and to search the text for strings of information ie. a name, a place, a thing or just a key word up to 30 characters long.

So I reasoned, why spend a lot of money buying an expensive data base management program when I can use WordStar to create my own custom made names db files and search them and/or change them to suit my needs and have virtually no learning curve for a new program.

So, that is what I did. Actually, I have since learned that this can be done with almost any good word processing program. Indeed, even on some dedicated word processing machines (forgive me). I created a flat data base for Surnames of one kind that were not proved to be related to me or on my family tree, yet. For example, one file for McCrackens, another for McCallisters and still another for Goss.

What exactly is a Flat Data Base File? Ah Yes, of course. How foolish of me! A Data Base file that is described as "Flat", is a file created for the purpose of storing information. There is more to it than that, but that the subject of another article. See you next time.

Authors Note:

I wrote this article several years ago for a CFG&HS Computer Interest Group Meeting. But the concept is still valid today. Today, most "High End" word processors, and we all know what they are, cost anything from \$200 on up. To me this is still not necessary especially if you have already "spent your wad", on a computer and peripherals. There are many "ShareWare" word processor programs that have a search and find or replace function that will be just fine for creating a flat data base.

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TOPIC	TITLE
American Indian	Cherokee by Blood; records of Eastern Cherokee Ancestry in the US vol 6 Cherokee Images Indian Affairs Papers: American Revolution, American & British Papers
Arkansas	Genealogist's Arkansas address book 1989
Autobiography	The Americanization of Edward Bok, an Autobiography
Bibliography	Bibliography of Genealogy and Local History Periodicals with Union List of Major US Collections
Canada	Genealogist's Handbook for Atlantic Canada Research
Catholic	A Southern Catholic Heritage vol. 1
Chautaugus	Chautaugus Festival Booklet
Church Records	German Church Books: Beyond the Basics
Connecticut	Catalogue of Names of First Puritan Settlers of the Colony of Connecticut In Pursuit of Paradise, History of the Town of Stratford, CT
Directory	American Blue Book of Funeral Directors for 1990/91 American Cemetery Association Membership Directory Credit Exchange Plan Directory of Members, 1991 Directory of Members; official Directory 1991 National Yellow Book of Funeral Directors, 1991
Emigrants	Complete Book of Emigrants, 1661-1699
Family History	350 Years of American Ancestors; 38 Families, 1630-1989
Florida	Allen Townsend of Madison County, FL, a Genealogy Boone, Florida Historical Markers and Sites Early Vital Records of Pensacola, Florida Marriage Records of Okeechobee, Okeechobee County, Florida Bk 1 Sept 1917-Jan 1927 Spanish Census of Pensacola 1784-1820; a Genealogical guide Spanish Pathways in Florida, a resource Guide
Gazetteer	Fanning's Illustrated Gazetteer of the United States., from the census of 1850
Genealogy	Descendants of Peter Punch
Georgia	History of Worth County, Georgia for the First Eighty Years, 1854-1934 Personal Name Index to the Augusta Chronicle (Augusta, GA) Vol. III 1811-1820 Records of Washington County, Georgia Twiggs County, Georgia, Abstracts, Records of Burned County
German	Deutsches Namenlexikon buch: Encyclopedia of German Name Derivatives
Germany	Beginning Research in Germany
Great Britain	Beginning Your Family History in Great Britain
Heifenstein	The Heifenstein Story
Illinois	Combined 1871-1892-1905 Atlases of Winnebago Co., Boone and Winnebago Co., Ill., 1886 Naturalizations, Declarations of Intent, Sangamon County, Illinois
Immigration	Dictionary of American Immigration History
Indiana	Bibliography of Source for Black Family History in Allen Co. Pub Libr. Indiana Sourcebook V
Iowa	Naturalization Index of Scott Co., Iowa (1842-1930)
Ireland	The Descendants of William & Mary Walsh Roman of Castlemartyr, County Cork, Ireland
Kansas	An Account of Afro-Americans in Southeast Kansas 1884-1984
Kentucky	Allen County Kentucky Cemetery & Graveyards revisited
Louisiana	1890 Louisiana Civil War Vets or Widows Census
Maine	Maine Probate Abstracts 1687-1800
Maryland	1890 Maryland Civil War Vets or Widows Census Anne Arundel Gentry, v., 3 Cecil County, Maryland Marriage Licenses 1777-1840

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Massachusetts	1890 Massachusetts Civil War Vets or Widows Census History of the Early Settlement of Newton, County of Middlesex, Mass., from 1639 to 1800 List of Persons Whose Names Have Been Changed in Massachusetts Pepperell, Massachusetts, Vital Records to 1850 Port Arrivals and Immigrants to the City of Boston 1715-1716 Ten Generations of Descendants of Fisherman David Shapley of Marblehead, Mass. The Pioneers of Massachusetts 1620-1650
Michigan	1890 Michigan Civil War Vets or Widows Census Naturalization Records of Shiawassee County, Michigan 1854-1906 Naturalization Records of Oakland County, 1827-1906
Military	Bolton's American Armory Crozier's General Armory Records of the Revolutionary War, 3rd Ed.
Minnesota	1880 Census Index, Minnesota Vol. 1 1890 Minnesota Civil War Vets or Widows Census
Misc.	1890 Civil War Vets or Widows Census Check List of Historical Records Survey Publications County Courthouse Book Pleasanton on the Loup The Compass Westerwold to America
Mississippi	Mississippi Marriages (early to 1825)
Missouri	1890 Missouri Civil War Vets or Widows Census Cass County, Missouri, Families Confederate Roll of Honor: Missouri History of Henry and St. Clair Counties, Missouri History of Cass and Bates Counties, Missouri History of Clay County Missouri Marriages (early to 1825)
Munroes	Season of Innocence: the Munroes at the Barnacle in Early Coconut Grove
Naturalization	Naturalization Papers of Fulton and Bedford Counties 1802-1906
New England	Churches of Christ of the Congregational Way in New England
New Hampshire	Index to Genealogies in New Hampshire Town Histories The Military History of the State of New Hampshire
New Jersey	Notes on Old Gloucester County, New Jersey
New York	1890 New York Civil War Vets or Widows Census Compendium of Early Mohawk Valley Families (Central NY) English Origins of American Colonists from the New York Genealogical & Biographical Record New York's Finger Lakes Pioneer Families, Especially Tompkins County The Reformed Protestant Dutch Church of Kingston, Ulster Co., NY
NGS Conference	1991 Conference in the States... "The End of the Oregon Trail"
North Carolina	Abstracts of North Carolina Wills 1663-1760 Caswell County, North Carolina, Marriage Bonds, 1778-1868 Dictionary of North Carolina Biography, Vol 4 North Carolina Revolutionary Accounts - Journal "A" (Public Accounts) 1775-1776 North Carolina Marriages (Early to 1800)

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Ohio	Roster of Ohio Soldiers in the War of 1812
	The Messenger Family in Portage and Geauga Counties, Ohio, New Connecticut
Palatines	More Palatine Families; Some Immigrants to the Middle Colonies, 1717-1776
Passenger Lists	Ship Passenger Lists, Port of Baltimore (Maryland) 4 May through 30 Dec 1874
Pennsylvania	Abstracts from the Pennsylvania Gazette, 1748-1775
	Baptisms and Burials Christ Church, Philadelphia, 1709-1760
	Catholic Baptisms in Western Pa 1799-1828
	Description of the Province of New Sweden, Now called by the English, Pennsylvania in American
	Milton, Pennsylvania
	Northumberland County, Pennsylvania, Area Key
	Pennsylvania Births, Northampton County, 1733-1800
	Somerset County Naturalization: Southwest Pennsylvania
	The Pennsylvania Line 4th Ed
	Union County, Pennsylvania
Pension List	Pension List of 1820
	Revolutionary Pensioners of 1811
	Pension Lists of 1792-1795, with Other Revolutionary War Pension Records
Photography	Care and Identification of 19th Century Photographic Prints
Pioneers	Some Sketches of the Early Highland Pioneers of the County of Middlesex
Research	American Genealogical & Biographical Index
Rhode Island	Rhode Island Biographical and Genealogical Sketch Index
	Spirit of '76 in Rhode Island
Scotland	Book of Ulster Surnames
Smith	Hundreds of Early Immigrants and Settlers in the Pedigree of Edith Smith
South Carolina	Original Index Book Showing the Revolutionary Claims Filed in SC
	South Carolina Provincial Troops Names in Papers of..
Tennessee	Tennessee Marriages (early to 1800)
Texas	Muster Rolls of the Texas Revolution
United States	Historical Atlas of the United States. National Geographical Society
Vermont	1860 Census Index, Vermont
Veterans	WPA Veteran's Grave Registration, 1940-1941. Florida Dept. of Military Affairs
Virginia	1870 Census Index, Virginia
	1890 Virginia Civil War Vets or Widows Census
	Abstract of Land Grant Surveys of Augusta & Rockingham Co., VA 1761-1791
	Colonial Records of Virginia
	Frederick County, Virginia Marriages 1771-1825
	Fredericksburg, Virginia Death Records 1853-1895
	Guide to Virginia Militia Units in the War of 1812
	History of Augusta County, Virginia
	Marriage Records of Brunswick Co., Va, 1730-1852
	The Marriage License Bonds of Northampton County, Virginia
	Virginia's Eastern Shore, A History of Northampton & Accomack Co's.
Vital Records	American Marriage Records before 1699
War of 1812	Index to the War of 1812 Pension Files, vol 1, A-F
Wash., D.C.	Marriage Licenses of Washington, D.C., 1811-1830
West Virginia	1890 West Virginia Civil War Vets or Widows Census
Wills	Abstracts of Miscellaneous Old Wills
	Scottish-American Wills, 1650-1900
Zartman	The New Zartman Family Book, 1610-1985

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Fairfax County, 72
Falls Church, 72
Frederick County, 77
Stafford County, 73

-W-

WASHINGTON,
Puget Sound, 75

A GOOD QUERY INCLUDES THE FOLLOWING:

Print or type surnames in order of appearance at the beginning of a query. Within query state given, middle and surname as completely as possible:

Robert Boyd Hartford

Give facts and state your needs such as 'additional information needed'; 'will exchange information'; would like to contact descendants'; 'who were parents'; etc.

Locations should be stated as complete as possible:

Orlando, Orange Co., FL

If unsure of a **date**, refer to an historical event; or a **name**, use a question mark (Willim?) or (___?___); or a **year**, use word circa, which means 'about'; or a **city**, mention county; or a **county**, mention state or country.

Submit your queries NOW!

Dates: wrong - 5/ 7/64;

right - 7 May 1864 or 5 July 1864

SURNAMES: _____ / _____ / _____ / _____ / _____

SURNAMES: _____ / _____ / _____ / _____ / _____

SURNAMES: _____ / _____ / _____ / _____ / _____

Reply to: (List here your name, address, city, state & zip code)

Please submit your queries to the Central Florida Genealogical and Historical Society, Inc., P. O. Box 177, Orlando, Florida 32802.

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#113	Extract from 1900 Census	.05
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#115	Extract from Soundex, 4 Records per sheet	.05
#116	Relationship Finder, 11-generation	.05
#117	Training Form, Family Chart/Family Group Sheet	.05
#120	Marriage Record Extract	.05
#121	Letterhead, Member, w/LOGO	.05
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CENTRAL FLORIDA GENEALOGICAL AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC.
P. O. Box 177
Orlando, Florida 32802

ORGANIZED - The Central Florida Genealogical and Historical Society, Inc. was formed in 1969 and incorporated as a non-profit organization in 1981. The Society welcomes everyone with an interest in genealogy, the history of Florida and the United States as well as our ancestral nations, to further our objectives thru education and publications.

MEETINGS - Regular monthly meetings are held on the second Thursday, September thru May, 7:30 P.M. at the Marks Street Senior Center Auditorium, 99 E. Marks Street, Orlando, Florida. Exceptions to the date and place for meetings are designated by the President. All meetings are open to the public, visitors are welcome and members are encouraged to bring guests.

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Individual member = \$20
Family membership = \$25

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TREASURE CHEST NEWS, a newsletter published ten times a year (each issue is 8-10 pages in length), includes Society news, genealogy tips, dates of workshops/conferences, etc.

For further information regarding membership, please write to
CFG&HS, Inc., P. O. Box 177, Orlando, FL 32802.

* * * * *

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