

Buried Treasures



Volume XXIV, No. 3

July - September 1992

CENTRAL FLORIDA GENEALOGICAL
AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

President's Message	ii
Headlines	45
Orange County Boys Fast Going into Service	46
Major Epaphras BULL of the Continental Light Dragoons	47
Dayton, Ohio's Favorite Son	48
Great Grandpa's Civil War Journey	49
Blockade Runners of the Cape Fear River	50
Music Notes	52
The Fate of Uncle Piotr	53
Thomas GARBUTT in the Royal Marines	55
Food Rationing in England	57
Private Sentinel in the British Army, A	57
Diary Entries - Aberdeen {Maryland} Proving Grounds	58
War is Hell!	59
American's Creed, The	61
Some of 'Our Heroes' from World War I	61
Master Sergeant Writes From Front	62
Air Force Returns to Orlando for the Korean War, The	63
Geographical Index	65
Surname Index	66

SUMMER CONTRIBUTORS

Marcella Glodek Bush	Margaret Masters McMullen
Richard A. Connell	Ann Mohr Osisek
Maude Hayman	Kathryn Lohrman Schieferstin
Claire Hughes Heatherington	Ray Shewfelt
Bobbi McCain	Cecil North Thompson
James McMullen	Mary Louise Buell Todd
	Ralyne E. Westenhofer

CENTRAL FLORIDA GENEALOGICAL AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY

From the President's Desk

September 1992

Dear Members and Friends,

It is with great pride that I present our Military or "War Issue" of Buried Treasures. What a treasure trove it was to scan through all of the wonderful articles and photographs sent in by our membership - it was very difficult to "pick and choose" from the vast amount of information submitted. Although we have had to limit what we used, we promise to try and publish the remaining articles in upcoming issues of Buried Treasures.

As CFG&HS member Ray Shewfelt has titled his article, "War is Hell", we can all agree that we have had at least one ancestor that has endured the pain of military conflict. Whether that ancestor has camped through the cold winter at Valley Forge, survived the bloodiest day of the Civil War at Antietam, fought in the Battle of Argonne Forest or witnessed Pearl Harbor - they are all our own heroes. Your connection with these historical moments from the past may be through reading National Archives Pension and Military Records, holding a family member's Purple Heart or Bronze Star or it may be the stark reality of standing in front of the Vietnam Memorial Wall in Washington and experiencing the emotions of the families and friends of those brave men that stepped forward for a country they loved and believed in.

In closing, let's not forget today's unsung heroes, the men and women of Desert Storm - for they, like all that have gone before us, deserve the respect and gratitude of all Americans - God Bless the U.S.A.!

Sincerely,



Ann Mohr Osisek
President

THE TRUTH ABOUT CHOCOLATE

Where is all this chocolate going?

day, every night, Pei's is loaded into vans and ed throughout the country ne of raw material ha- at the effect of a Donald Duck Called Up

EXTRA! WAR!

RATIONS The answers to your questions

San Francisco Chronicle

TAKE DOWN ROAD SIGNS

Every road on street intersection in every town which displaying its direction signs in removed at once. Whereabouts must be with, like sign. But, in many where the order is an advance order. Have to be order is an advance order. Have to be order is an advance order.

JAPAN ATTACKS U.S.

WACs Don't Tell Military Secrets

PACIFIC victory grows Press

EXTRA!

INVASION!

NEW YORK, THURSDAY

Thousands of invaders died in Midway battle

Hawaii and Manila Bombed; Chute Troops Off Honolulu!

Women and children escape from bombed house

SUGAR, MEAT WILL BE RATIONED

HOW U.S. WON SEA VICTORY

BABY BORN IN LIFEBOAT

Mother Attended by Injured Doctor

EDITORIAL

Corregidor Increases Petrol Will Be Rationed

U.S. Nurses on Lost

Marine Killed in Sinking

DAILY EXPRESS WAR TIME COOKERY BOOK 275 RECIPES ONE SKILLING

IN THE PEOPLE

PEACE

Pants Ration Cuts Harry To the Quick

U.S. Fleet here

JAPAN SURRENDERS ALLIES CEASE FIRE

U.S. Forces

Buried Treasures

Orange Co. Boys Fast Going Into Service

Negroes Leave June 21, and Whites June 27; Others Leave Saturday

On June 27 the following men from Orange County will leave for Camp Jackson:

Henry Atterna	Michael Tomko	Stephen L. Brown	Clell M. Yates
Jas. E. Redditt	Edward J. Sathway	Reubin Keigans	Will Martin
Clyde Hooper	Jesse C. Henley	Lemley A. Tucket	John H. Scott
William N. Savage	Clyde A. Partin	Tony Ham	James L. Gatlin
John Partin	Thos. A. Wilson	George E. Hodges	Mark W. Heatherington
Oscar P. Lock	Henry S. Partin	John H. Litch	John Harris
Geo. W. McClure	Bryant Brantley	George B. Nix	Lyman R. Bowman
Howard W. Chamberlin	Wm. J. Newton	Robert Q. Gresham	Ernest E. Wood
George C. Haas	Thos. J. Woods	Chas. M. Ramsey	John Wesson
Isiah Hardin	Harry E. Pike	Henry G. Pounds	Louis L. Bas
	Willard C. Peterman	Frank P. Blanchard	

Alternates - Wm. D. Smith, Nicholas D. Alexander

List of Colored Registrants to Leave June 21, for Camp Dix, at Wrightstown, N. J.

Frank Maynard	Armon Roberts	Bossey Haywood	James H. Thomas
James Jordan	Elisha Lemon	James Thomas	Ernest Betsey
John Henry Young	Montezuma Davis	John F. Pierce	Jim Henry
Robert Mills	Selvin Deans	Andrew Givens	Raleigh Williams
George Albut	Abraham Finely	Warren Williams, Jr.	Joe Gamble
Will King	James G. Walker	Jerome Betsey	Alfred H. Mumford
James Culpepper	Charlie Golder	Coy Corbett	David Fulton
John Davis	Samuel Pollard	Uriel Green	Thomas Jackson
Herman Sheard	Joseph E. Brown	Samuel Harris	Lonnie Stevens
Tony Walker	Lyphus Harris	Calvin Jarry	Isaac Gilliard
Eugene Gairbus	Cubit Linton	Arthur Blair	Emmett Moore
Roscoe L. Hooper	Horace Beck	Allen Nixon	Maxie Day
David L. Dixon	John B. Neely	Lawrence J. Burnette	John T. Roberts
	John H. Davis		

Alternates - (These men will only be used in case of casualties, desertions)

Paul Q. Lowery	Harris Levey	John Whittaker	James Dessare
Wm. Jenkins	Mose Rush	John L. Kendrick	Henry Berry
Thomas Walton	Arthur J. Woodbury	Joseph A. Colyer	William Douglass

The following men leave Saturday for Gainesville, having enlisted in the mechanical branch of the army.

Mark V. Ryan	Eric Sahiberg	Terry T. Atkins	W. Whitney Wright
Jacob R. Mayer	Jos. F. Zapf	Harry P. Witherington	Jos. F. Russ
Charles E. Ross	Robert H. Rutherford	Samuel S. Morrison	Clarence W. Willsey
	Winfred G. Harris	Morris I. Levine	

Newspaper article of the 1940's contributed by Claire Hughes Heatherington

Major Epaphras **BULL** of the Continental Light Dragoons by Mary Louise Buell Todd

Epaphras **BULL** was born in Hartford, Connecticut on 13 February 1748, son of Capt. Aaron **BULL** and his first wife Abigail **WADSWORTH**. According to advertisements in the 'Connecticut Courant' and Hartford 'Weekly Intelligencer', he was a copper smith and had a brass foundry shop opposite the South House. He was a member of the Second Church of Hartford and active in the choir which, contrary to the original Puritan tradition, had taken up what was referred to as "a new and vigorous form of Psalmody."

In 1771 he was one of the original members of the newly formed Governor's Foot Guards and in 1775 was appointed as one of the six commissioners to act as a Committee of War for the Expedition to Fort Ticonderoga. They obtained from the colony treasury 300 pounds in cash and set forth on horseback. On the way they were joined by Benedict **ARNOLD** who had come from the American army at Boston expecting to lead the expedition. However, after meeting Ethan **ALLEN** and his Green Mountain men, the group decided that **ALLEN** would act as commander. (**ARNOLD** could come along if he wanted to.) They continued on to a point across the lake from Fort Ticonderoga.

Epaphras **BULL** was in the first boat to cross over at dawn and took part in the successful surprise attack on the fort. Later he was put in charge of the British prisoners from the return trip to Hartford. He continued to serve as commissioner of prisoners and as deputy paymaster of the Connecticut Quartermaster's Department.

In January 1777 Epaphras was appointed captain in Col. **SHELDON**'s Light Dragoons (the 2nd Continental Dragoons), serving at Fishkill, New York, and then along the Connecticut coast. In 1779 he was promoted to major and later was transferred to the First Regiment of Light Dragoons with instructions to go to South Carolina. Gen. **WASHINGTON**'s Papers include a letter written to the General by Benjamin **TALLMADGE**, dated 12 April 1780 at Wethersfield, requesting that Epaphras be allowed to postpone his trip south since his wife was in the 'latter stages of consumption'. His wife Deborah **COLEMAN BULL** died at the age of 26 and was buried on the 16th of July 1780 leaving three small children under eight years of age.

A few months later Epaphras **BULL** went south to join his regiment under Col. Stephen **MOYLAN** of Pennsylvania in Gen. **WAYNE**'s army. By the fall of 1781 these troops had moved north and were in Virginia where Epaphras died 'in the movements preceding the siege of Yorktown.' According to family tradition he died as a result of wounds received in a duel with a fellow officer. Jno P. **WYLLYS** in camp before Yorke, Virginia wrote to his father George **WYLLYS** of Hartford on

Major Epaphras **BULL** of the Continental Light Dragoons - continued

16 October 1781: 'Honored Sir. Our neighbor Capt. **BULL** has the misfortune to lose his son Eppa who died some time since of a putrid fever – should he not before the arrival of this have heard of it, I hope you will inform him.' The Connecticut Courant of 30 October 1781 reported the death of Major Epaphras **BULL** of Hartford at Williamsburg on the last day of September.

The three orphaned children, John Coleman, Deborah and Epaphras W. **BULL**, were raised by their grandparents. The Revolutionary War files for Epaphras **BULL** at the National Archives do not contain any explanation of his death and we have no record of his place of burial. At the time Gen. **WASHINGTON** and his army were at Williamsburg preparing to close in on the British army, an action which would end with the surrender of **CORNWALLIS** at Yorktown.



DAYTON, OHIO's FAVORITE SON by Bobbi McCain

When World War II broke out with the bombing of Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, my uncle, Kenneth **BAUSMAN** (son of Augusta **BAUSMAN** of Germany and Henrietta **PAPE**, outside Holland) was the first man to enlist into the U. S. Navy, on December 8, 1941. This made front page headlines in the Dayton Daily Herald (Dayton, Ohio).

He served in the U. S. Navy aboard ship (name unknown) and saw fighting in the Pacific. At the time mail was known as "V-Mail" and was censored. During the service, he was in port "somewhere" and he wrote to my grandmother (Kenneth **BAUSMAN**'s mother), using plain paper and envelope and stamps and told her where he was. My grandmother and grandfather were very patriotic (having immigrated from the old country) and I remember her scolding him in a letter, telling him that his country was in danger and his letter could have gotten into the hands of the enemy, etc... (I was ten years old).

When my Uncle Kenny was discharged from the Navy in 1946 or 1947, he became a fireman for the City of Dayton, still serving his country by protecting them in firefighting.

Great Grandpa's Civil War Journey

by Kathryn Lohrman Schieferstein

When I was a child I had been told that my great grandfather went to Key West from upper New York State during his civil war enlistment. I never understood how that could happen until my interest in genealogy brought me the answer.

Dubois Hasbrouck **VAN WAGNER** was 26 and married when he enlisted in the Army in September, 1862 at Denning, Ulster County, New York. The 156th Regiment was formed. Camp Samson was set up in Kingston, New York at the corner of Clinton and Greenkill Avenues. They slept on mats of straw in tents. They were organized and drilled as rapidly as possible. By October 11, they numbered 700 men and were called "The Mountain Legion".

In his pension papers, which I acquired from the National Archives, a friend gave a deposition that there was a severe snow storm during November and because of the way they were quartered, my great grandfather later developed rheumatism in his left knee.

Shortly after dark on November 11, the regiment broke camp and marched to Rondout. Then it was transported over the river to Rhinecliff. The steamer, Rip Van Winkle, was waiting to convey it to New York City where it arrived the next morning. It was then armed with Enfield rifles and was in constant drill. On the evening of December 4, 1862 they took their departure from New York for the seat of the war. They embarked on the steamer M. Sanford. Their destination was not disclosed until they were at sea. The regiment then found they were ordered to New Orleans, to be part of the expedition under General Nathaniel P. **BANKS**.

When they were in the vicinity of the Florida Keys, the vessel ran upon a reef called Carysfort, about 80 miles east of Key West. It was soon ascertained that the vessel could not be saved. Signals of distress were raised and all weighty articles were thrown overboard, including the provisions. The pilot was arrested and sent to New York for trial. The regiment was taken to Key West on the gunboat Gemsbok, where it remained until December 22. Then they took passage with the government transport McClellan for New Orleans.

About April 1, the 156th was ordered to Morgan City on the Atchafalaya. On the afternoon of April 13, 1863 they came to Fort Bisland. Here it had its first baptism of fire. The march was resumed to Franklin, then to Alexandria. In two days the men marched from Little Washington to Alexandria - a distance of 90 miles. The sufferings of the troops were severe. Many dropped from the ranks from exhaustion. After several more battles, in the middle of June they participated in assaults on Port Hudson and on July 9, it was surrendered, four days after the surrender of Vicksburg. The 156th was then sent to Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

On November 5, 1863 Dubois **VAN WAGNER** was discharged at Baton Rouge, with a disability of chronic synositis of the left knee. How he ever made it back home to New York outside of his regiment and during the winter I will never know, but I do know that when he arrived, there was a new baby son waiting for him.

"The Story of the One Hundred and Fifty-Sixth"
OLDE ULSTER, Volume VII, November 1911, No. 11

Many thanks to Katherine **COOPER** of the Orlando Public Library
for her help in finding the source.

BLOCKADE RUNNERS OF THE CAPE FEAR RIVER

by Cecil North Thompson

The **THOMPSONs** of Smithville (Southport), North Carolina loved the water and made their living on the Cape Fear River as fishermen, lighthouse keepers and river Pilots. The northern blockade of the Cape Fear elevated the pilot to a new height of importance to the southern cause. Materials for the continuation of the cause had to be imported through southern ports of which The Cape Fear was one of the most important. The northern blockade of southern ports also assured a place in history for the River Pilots and the **THOMPSONs** as blockade runners. Running the Cape Fear blockade by these brave pilots during the Civil War made many a hero.

Great Great Grandfather Joseph T. **THOMPSON** and his brother Thomas **MANN THOMPSON** made a living as pilots. When war broke out, both served the Confederacy by piloting ships through the northern blockade. Many pilots were captured and many ships lost trying to evade the blockade squadron. Since there was no place for these pilots to disembark after crossing the bar and evading the blockaders, they had to remain on board till the ship reached its destination. The pilot then re-employed on a ship returning to their home port.

Pilots took control of the ships only during the transit over the bar going into or coming out of port. Most of the blockade squadron kept at anchor between the bar and the mouth of the river, just out of cannon range of Fort Fisher and Fort Caswell. Once over the bar seaward bound, it was up to the Captain to evade/outrun the blockade squadron.

I was fortunate to locate a letter written by Great Great Grandfather's brother Thomas **MANN THOMPSON** to his daughter Lilly in 1896. This letter describes his piloting blockade runners during the War. I have transcribed the letter from its original document and it is quoted as follows:

*"Southport N. Caro.
Tuesday Nov. 24-96*

Dear Lily

You have asked me to tell you something that seems more like a dream than a reality. I have forgotten nearly all about my blockade career. As well as I remember I began running the blockade about the last of Feby, 1864. Left here on str-'Emma' as passenger for Nassau. When we arrived there I was employed as pilot on Her-Made three trips in and out making seven times I ran the blockade on the 'Emma' including the time I was passenger. I then joined the str 'Flora' made two round trips on her. Joined the str 'Florie' came out from; Bermuda - sprang a leak returned - joined str 'Thistle' - ran blockade one time on her. Then joined str 'Atlanta' ran eight times on her. - then joined str 'Armstrong' ran three time on her - joined str 'Let Her Be' ran six times on her. Joines str 'Coquett' ran blockade one time on her. Joined str 'Index' ran three time on her. Went out on str 'Elizabeth' and ran blockade one time on her. I ran blockade from Feby. 24, 1864 until a few day before the fall of Fisher. Made thirty four trips and was fortunate enough never to have been captured. I came in on the 'Atlanta' once when there were thirteen of the Yankee blockaders in sight all lying around the bar in about two hundred

Blockade Runners of the Cape Fear River - continued

yard of each other. I picked out the widest space between them and came full speed between them. They fired at us but did no damage. Another time I came in by one of them that was anchored in the channel on the bar so that I had to come within about five feet of her and never a sound did I hear from her. I thought at first I would run into and sink her - but saw that I could pass a few feet of her without running ashore - so thought better to get by if I had room, than to take the chance of disabling our ship and being captured by the enemy's launches. Once we were fired upon by a ship and the ball passed between the Captain and myself. We were standing upon the bridge about four feet apart. It staggered both of us - but it was a spent ball or it would have stunned us. It fell about fifty yards beyond the ship. Another thing happened- I came in by the blockade squadron in the day time and all this took while I was running on the steamer 'Atlanta'. There is one thing I wish to mention, not of myself, but one of the old Smithville's bravest of boy's. It was on the steamer 'Armstrong', from Bermuda - bound to Wilmington N. C., We had a heavy northern gale blowing - the ship was laboring very hard and we had to carry a heavy pressure of steam and our steam pipe bursted. The engineers, firemen and all left the engine rooms and ran up on deck. We were then left to the mercy of a heavy wind and sea. I had just gone down to my room when I heard the squealing of the steam and ran up to the deck, but the leadman coming for me. He said the Capt. wished to see me. As I went into the pilot house he said "what is best to do - she will roll herself to pieces." I said - hoist the jib and get the ship before the wind. We did so and all this time she was steam from stem to stern. The engineers and firemen began to look around to see if any of the men were missing, if so they were scalded to death - all were found but the Smithville boy - he had disappeared. When they did return down they found the - oiler - the Smithville boy at work with his white lead and canvass. He had the pipes nearly ready to get steam up again. It was not his duty to repair the damage though he took in the situation and knew that the pipe must be fixed at once to save the lives of all on board the ship also. The boy was an engineer by trade and was in Bermuda out of work. We had a full numbers of engineers - so I prevailed up the Capt. to give him an Oilers place. This brave boy was George PRICE. After we got steam up we had to go under a light pressure and by this time the wind had moderated. We sighted the land next morning to the southward of Charleston. We came along slowly until within about fifty miles of Cape Fear. We got close to the beach and came to anchor so that we could do a little more to our steam pipe. Just before anchoring we saw a signal just at the point of the woods on the beach. It was Federal soldiers seven in number who had been captured by the Confederates and had made their escape and reached the coast thinking that they could get to a Federal ship. They were nearly starved. We showed them the Confederate flag - they came down to the beach and waved us to take them on board. I took a boat and crew and brought them to the ship where we both fed and clothed them for they were all nearly naked. We gave them all they wished to eat. We also had seven of our own soldiers on board and also been captured by the Federals and taken north and made their escape to Halifax and thence to Bermuda, two lieuts, and five privates. We fitted out with a weeks provisions and landed them with our mail. This was done for fear of being captured on getting into harbor. Of course the federals were held prisoners until turned over to Gen. WHITING in Wilmington which was done three days after landing. We got steam and passed on our way and crossed the bar half hour before sundown. The brave boy who faced the steam - repaired the broken pipe when it was the duty of others and I were at home before


Blockade Runners of the Cape Fear River - continued


dark. One other incident - a little chase when on the steamer 'Let Her Be.' We crossed the bar about eight o'clock one night - sighted a blockader in hot pursuit of us - lost sight of her in about an hour - we thought she had given up. Our ship was very deeply loaded and there was quite a sea - so that we were all awash from stem to stern. We slowed down so that we could go a little dryer. Next morning just as day began to show I walked aft with my glasses and took a look astern. There was the bluejacket crawling along after us about two miles astern. We had to go full speed again and there was a much larger sea than when we were inshore. I think Capt. NEMO must have been along with us on that ship and that was the 'Nautilus' that we read of - for we were as much under water as above it. I think that fellow wanted capture for he did not give up the chase until about four o'clock that afternoon. By that time we were six or seven miles from him. He gave us sixteen hours of chase of about one hundred and sixty miles."


(The above letter gives us an insight to the high adventure and dangers the blockade runner endured. It also provides a look at the kindness that was shown to their brothers in time of need. - CNT)




Music Notes

 John Stafford Smith wrote the music for 'The Star Spangled Banner' some time between 1770 and 1775, while the words were written by Francis Scott Key during the War of 1812.

 During the French and Indian War, Dr. Richard Shackburg, in a spirit of derision, gave to the poorly clad and awkward colonial soldiers the words and music of 'Hankee Doodle'.

 Daniel D. Emmett of Ohio wrote the words and music of the popular song, 'Dixie' in 1859, which was carried to the battlefields where it became the great inspirational song of the Southern Army.

 'When Johnny Comes Marching Home' was popular during the Civil War and was composed by Louis Lambert, the nom de plume used by Patrick S. Gilmore, the famous band leader.





Piotr Jakubowski
(1883-1943)

THE FATE OF UNCLE PIOTR

by Marcella Glodek Bush

World War I profoundly impacted Uncle Piotr's life. A Polish immigrant and handsome bachelor, Piotr **JAKUBOWSKI** lived in Lackawanna, New York. When the war broke out in 1914, Piotr was already 31 years old and beyond the draft age. He loved his fatherland, but, had no intention of returning. One evening, however--while intoxicated--Uncle 'voluntarily' enlisted in the Polish Army in France. Sobriety brought no reprieve--he had signed his "Declaration of Readiness to Serve."

Piotr's sister was furious with him. "You are leaving a safe country and are going to a country at war," she cried. His journey to Baltimore by train to say goodbye was his first and last visit to her family. His niece and nephew remember a supper of fried oysters and their mother running down the street after her brother for one last kiss. She cried for days. The year was 1917 and Piotr was now 34 years old. He was a recruit on his way to the Polish Army Camp at Niagara-On-The-Lake.

The Polish American Falcons

The Falcons had planned and encouraged a military service force to liberate Poland since 1913. These Polish Nationalists organized training courses and maintained accurate and available information on men ready to respond. In April, 1917, the Falcons held an Extraordinary Convention in Pittsburgh. They offered to raise a force of 100,000 men to be known as **KOSCIUSZKO's Army**. This military unit would serve in the American Army under American officers.

When the U. S. Congress declared war on Germany, however, a national army was of more importance than a Polish American unit. Little attention was given to the matter.

France faced imminent German attack and needed allied assistance. They established the Polish American Army in France and eagerly anticipated support from the Polish Americans. The Falcons dropped their original proposal for **KOSCIUSZKO's Army** and shifted their support to the French.

In August, 1917, the Polish Military Mission in France began recruitment. In September, Congress agreed that Poles in the U. S.--not subject to the draft--could volunteer for the Polish Army in France. In October, enlistment began. Eventually, martial excitement led to problems between the Selective Service System and the Polish Military Commission. American officials charged that men were being illegally inducted into the Polish Army. Could Uncle Piotr's enlistment have been the result of an over-eager Polish Nationalist? Given Uncle's sober regret, it is a possibility.

The Fate of Uncle Piotr - continued

On the Front

The first arrivals from the Polish Army Camp landed in France in December, 1917. Joined by 2,000 men drawn from French units and Polish prisoners of war from the German Army, they received new papers and sky-blue uniforms. Nicknamed the "Blue Army" the unit was sent to the Western Front.

Polish General Joseph **HALLER** took command of the force in October, 1918. The Armistice ended the war in November, 1918. **HALLER's** Army waited six months before their transport to Poland. In April, 1919, 60,000 men traveled by train across Germany to the restored Polish Republic. The Army was issued new papers and became part of the Polish Armed Forces.

Home Again

Not everyone in Poland welcomed the returning Polish Americans. Poles who never left their country resented 'Americans' who had 'fled' at the turn-of-century. Piotr arrived penniless. "He lived in America a long time," relatives claimed. "He was known for his generosity." In a starving country, the 'assumed rich' American was another mouth to feed. Because he was illiterate, Piotr learned too late that he had earned property in Poland as a post-**HALLER** soldier--another resentment. Why he never returned to America is unknown.

World War II

Piotr settled in Poland and helped to run a little farm for his brother's widow. He stayed with her family until the Russians took them to Siberia on February 2, 1940. Uncle Piotr was 60 years old.

The family traveled by cattlecars to the mining town, Krasnouralsk, where they worked as laborers. They escaped to Uzbekistan--again by cattlecar. In the commune there the refugees were issued a little wheat flour each month. In 1943--the last time Piotr went for the allotment--he never returned. He was believed to have been murdered for his wheat flour.

The surviving family members eventually migrated as Displaced Persons to Persia, Africa, and finally Australia in 1951. Piotr's sister in Baltimore was notified of his fate. Her fear for his safety came true--one war later. Piotr survived World War I only to find himself "in harm's way" during World War II.

***Siberia** - a region in the U.S.S.R. extending from the Ural Mountains to the Pacific Ocean

***Krasnouralsk** - an industrial town on the eastern slope of the Ural Mountains

***Uzbekistan** - a constituent republic of the U.S.S.R.

***Notations from Webster's New Geographical Dictionary**

THOMAS GARBUTT IN THE ROYAL MARINES

by Maude Hayman

My father, Thomas **GARBUTT**, served with the Royal Marines during World War I in H. M. Ships and Shore Establishments under wartime conditions as follows:

August 2, 1914 - December 6, 1915 on the H.M.S. Defence
July 19, ___ - February 17, 1917 on the H.M.S. Cambrian
August 29, 1917 - August 31, 1917 on the H.M.S. Hecha
September 1, 1917 - November 11, 1918 on the H.M.S. Apollo



His home port was Plymouth, England. I remember a story from my childhood that while he was in the hospital his ship sailed and was later lost at sea with all hands. Unfortunately, I can't recall the name of the ship. Below is a picture of Thomas **GARBUTT** in uniform, the ship H.M.S. Ramillies, and a letter from Thomas **GARBUTT** to Nellie (**DART**), the aunt of Maude **HAYMAN** with mention of Sophie, Maude **HAYMAN**'s mother.



Thomas Garbutt in the Royal Marines - continued

Dardanelles, Turkey
5 Oct 14

H.M.S. Defence
1st Cruiser Squadron

Dear Nellie

Many thanks for your kind letter which reached me quite safe. it was rather a pleasant surprise, true, I thought you had forgotten me. & it gives me great pleasure to think that I fill such a prominent place in your thoughts. I will try to do as you wish (not to fall into the hands of the Germans). Up to the present things are not likely to go in that direction as we can't find any to fight there are only two German ships around abouts here & they are as good as gone, perhaps you have seen it mentioned in the papers that the Turkish Government were supposed to have bought them, it won't matter what flag they are flying when they do come out they will be sunk if possible. Of course I mean during the time of war. They only managed to escape us with their superior speed, we were closing around them, but they managed to break through & we chased them & they took refuge here in the Dardanelles & they are skulking at Constantinople & we are watching & waiting for them to come forth, which I think is rather doubtful if they are wise they will stay until after the war as we have enough ships to eat them & the Turkish fleet as well should they wish to help them to sink merchant steamers and bombard towns & other things that could not fight her back. It is getting a bit sad here having no one to fight, we go through the same thing as if there's some of the enemy about so as to have everything ready for instant action in case they should try to steal out. They would do a lot of damage if they did slip us for a day or two, so each ship patrol a certain fort day & night, so as they won't catch us napping, it is 3-1/2 months since we started (Defence) war, we were 6 weeks at a place called Durazzo in Albania waiting to land at any moment to protect the King (Prince William of _____) a German who was placed there by the powers & the people did not want him as he was a Christian & they wanted a mohameden ruler so they tried to displace him & we & a ship of every nation were there to see that he was not dethroned. one of the German ships that we are watching for now was there & a few days before war was declared we were entertaining their officers & playing them at water polo & now we are looking for their blood & the Austrians we had a very good time of it while visiting their ports a few weeks before the war there was nobody like the English they said. I wonder what they think of us now that have helped to sink one of their ships. Four of our ships joined the French Fleet & we proceeded into the Adriatic Sea. as we heard that the Austrian Fleet were there, but they must have got wind of our coming, as they all managed to get into harbour but one ship, she did not last long, as she sank 5 minutes after we opened fire on her, so we did not have much sport in that direction, still we did better than we are doing here at present, but I hope it won't be for long. Let me hope that there will be something doing before long we are itching to have a go at something. Sophie wrote & told me you expected to go into hospital with your shoulder let me hope by the time this reaches you, you will be out again & quite recovered & that good health will be yours for every more I close & remain yours T. Garbutt

FOOD RATIONING IN ENGLAND

by Margaret Masters McMullen

Britain declared War on Germany on Sunday, September 3, 1939 and by the beginning of November, the government announced that food rationing would begin in December.

The first foods that were rationed were butter, bacon and ham. Each person was allowed 1/4 lb. of butter and 1/4 pound of bacon or ham per week. Ration books were issued to everyone and you had to give up a coupon when you wanted to buy any of these products.

Then at the end of December the government announced that meat and sugar were to be rationed; 3/4 lb. of sugar and 2 lbs. of meat per person per week. You had to register with a butcher for your meat so that meant once you registered with a butcher, you could not buy meat anywhere else.

As the War progressed, many other food items were added to the list and the amounts you were allowed to buy were reduced. It was very difficult at times to plan a meal not knowing the availability of food items. Very often you would see a line outside a shop and when you asked the people what the line was for they would say "We do not know, but get in line we will get something." Very often it was something that you did not use but you could always trade it for something you did use as long as no one knew about it.

Gasoline was also rationed and people who owned private cars had difficulty getting any gas at all unless the car was used for going to work.



A PRIVATE SENTINEL IN THE BRITISH ARMY

by Ralyne E. Westenhofer

In May 1843, my maternal great great grandfather, John **MERCIER McMULLEN** (born 1820 Ireland; died 1907 Canada) 'entered the service of her youthful Majesty Queen Victoria as a private sentinel and joined Prince Albert's 13th Light Infantry, then supposed to be still engaged in the Afghanistan war.' He had longed to travel to foreign countries (especially India of which he had read a good deal) and during his two and a half years in service, two of those years were spent in India. Upon his return home in October 1845 he published his book of travels which was known as *The Camp and Barrack Room, or the British Army as it is, by a late Staff Sergeant of the 13th Light Infantry.*

NOTE: I have yet to locate a copy of this book which was published in June 1846. Any clues or assistance would be greatly appreciated. REW

DIARY ENTRIES - ABERDEEN (MARYLAND) PROVING GROUNDS

by Ralyne E. Westenhofer

During high school, my father, Wilbur **WESTENHOFER**, played Baritone Horn in the Royal Oak High School Band, Royal Oak, Michigan and also organized a German Band with fellow musicians. Upon graduation in 1936, he and his sister, Frances (who played cornet) joined the Canadian Legion Band (where he met my mother and his future wife, Dorothy **McADAMS** - a drummer). Prior to service, he was a member of the Ford Legion Band and the National Guard. The following are some entries recorded in his diary with special note of the USO shows he played in camp in Aberdeen, Maryland as well as some broadcasts over WBAL - Baltimore:

<u>Sept 20, 1940</u>	Joined American Federation of Musicians (AFM) Local 5, Detroit, MI
<u>Aug 24, 1941</u>	Played in McDONALD's Band for troops leaving Michigan Center Depot
<u>Feb 5, 1942</u>	Inducted into the Army
<u>Feb 21, 1942</u>	Made bugler of Co. D - 1st Battalion
<u>Apr 15, 1942</u>	Assigned to ORTC Band (played baritone horn)
<u>Apr 18, 1942</u>	Played for Vice President WALLACE
<u>Jun 15, 1942</u>	Joined dance orchestra (played trombone)
<u>Jun 20, 1942</u>	Saw Jean ARTHUR with USO Show
<u>Jun 28, 1942</u>	Stan KENTON 's Orchestra played at Service Club
<u>Jan 13, 1943</u>	Broadcast in Baltimore to recruit WAC's
<u>Jan 25, 1943</u>	Played for BLACKSTONE the Magician
<u>Feb 2, 1943</u>	Played for ABBOTT and COSTELLO Show
<u>Feb 11, 1943</u>	Played USO Show - Irene MANNING
<u>Feb 19, 1943</u>	Broadcast over WBAL for Bond Drive
<u>Mar 6, 1943</u>	Dorothy came to Aberdeen (married October 8, 1942)
<u>Mar 26, 1943</u>	Drove car to Hanover, PA; played in Lyric Band for Red Cross Drive
<u>Apr 3, 1943</u>	Broadcast over WBAL to recruit WAC's
<u>May 1, 1943</u>	WAC's arrive at APG (Aberdeen Proving Grounds)
<u>Jun 11, 1943</u>	Played for 131st anniversary of the Ordnance Department in Constitution Hall, Washington, D. C. (Bob HOPE / Jerry COLONNA)
<u>Jan 18, 1944</u>	Played in Wilmington for 4th War Loan Drive
<u>Mar 1, 1944</u>	Concert at USO Club in Aberdeen
<u>Apr 15, 1944</u>	Review in rain for General HAYES
<u>Apr 29, 1944</u>	Played WJZ Show - Whispering Jack SMITH
<u>Jun 30, 1944</u>	Played for War Show Dupont Stadium Wilmington, DE
<u>Apr 2, 1945</u>	Band played at gates of Bethlehem Steel Corp. in Sparrows Point, MD to help sell bonds in the 7th War Loan
<u>Apr 15, 1945</u>	Band played Memorial Services for ROOSEVELT at Theatre 6
<u>Apr 28, 1945</u>	Orchestra begins Saturday morning broadcasts over WBAL - 1 1/2 hour
<u>May 8, 1945</u>	Played VE Day celebration on Proving Grounds
<u>Jun 4, 1945</u>	Band played in parade honoring the return of General BRADLEY to Philadelphia
<u>Jun 25, 1945</u>	Band played parade in Pittsburgh honoring the return of General DEVERS



WAR IS HELL!

by Ray Shewfelt

War is Hell! I doubt that anyone will argue with that statement, but for those of us who served in the various branches of the military, it was the greatest adventure of our lives.

World events and the love of flying led to my becoming a career military man, a pilot in the U. S. Air Force. I served as a "dashing young Fighter Pilot" in World War II, flying the much envied P-51 Mustang, a Bomber Pilot in the Korean War flying the B-29 and the B-47 jet bombers, and the B-52 jet bomber during the "Cold War" period. Lastly, as my age caught up with me, the C-124 Globemaster II, "Old Shakey," during the Vietnam War. "Old Shakey" was a very unglamorous huge old cargo plane, but I developed a great affection for it.

Flying has been described as "hours and hours of boredom punctuated by moments of sheer terror." Some of the anecdotes I shall recount may have an element of terror or at least suspense, but others have an element of surprise or humor - or maybe the unusual.

Back in 1944, while flying the P-52 Mustang, my group was engaged in escorting a formation of B-24 Liberators over Northern Germany. The bombers were at 25,000 feet, and we were above and on each side of them at about 30,000 feet. In those days, our planes were not pressurized. We were fed a non-gaseous diet because the internal body gasses swelled the abdomen considerably. For comfort, we loosened our belts.

After about an hour at high altitude flying, my back was about to break. It ached something fierce. Was I sick? Did I have the flu? What was wrong? Something was cramming me excruciatingly tight into my parachute harness. Then I remembered. I normally had a backpack parachute with a four (4") inch thick foam rubber cushion, but my regular chute was out for repack, so I had to take a spare. This spare chute had a little one (1") inch thick bladder cushion with a valve in front. At 30,000 feet the bladder had swollen to about four (4") inches thick and was really squeezing me into my harness.

Then I remembered! I had forgotten to open that valve. Oh, what a relief it was when I opened it and deflated the cushion. (When I was in flying school, I had always wondered what that stupid thing was for, but in those days we never went over 5,000 feet. How happy I was to have found a use for it!)

Another time while on a bomber escort mission, we were flying at about 25,000 feet and 400 mph when a cardboard carton came right over my right wing. Now, I had previously almost been hit by an oar thrown by a fisherman (we were buzzing along the beach in England); I had a V-2 rocket the Germans were firing at London come up a few hundred yards in front of me; and I had a mortar flare fired by an airfield control tower miss me by about five (5') feet. But a cardboard carton at 25,000 feet? Who would believe it?

Last year, while telling some of the B-24 crew at a reunion about this experience, one of the gunners had this to tell:

War is Hell! - continued

"We were approaching an area where we might receive anti-aircraft fire, so the navigator told me to start dispensing CHAFF. (CHAFF is aluminum strips cut to certain length that will reflect radar waves which give a return on a radar scope.) I set a carton on the ledge of the waist gun and started throwing out bundles of chaff. Suddenly there was a burst of flak that appeared to be between me and the wing tip. I jumped back, and the carton toppled out the window."

Maybe this was the carton which almost had a head-on collision with me at 25,000 feet. Many times I wondered if I had been hallucinating.

Nearly two decades later during the Cuban Missile Crisis, I was flying the huge 8-engine B-52 bomber. Those missions lasting 20-25 hours flying time really stretched the endurance of the crews with the pilot in his seat at the controls the entire time.

On one mission, when we went almost to the North Pole, we flew a 300-mile long track back and forth for 12 hours. After six hours on station, a C-135 tanker from Alaska would refuel us in-flight with 124,000 pounds of jet fuel (20,000 gallons); then we would patrol for another six hours. We had a load of four nuclear bombs on board and were prepared to strike pre-planned targets in the U.S.S.R. if directed to proceed.

We were on patrol when the navigator downstairs called me and reported that he had smoke in the navigation compartment. Fire in flight is not to be taken lightly. He was going off interphone to check for overheating of any electronic equipment. A few minutes later, he reported that his equipment was okay, but the smoke appeared to be coming from under the sidewall insulation. He said he was going to take the insulation panels off to see if he could locate the source.

By this time, we detected smoke upstairs in the pilot's compartment. I was considering resorting to procedures used to isolate an electrical fire. This involved shutting down all electrical equipment on the plane, pulling all the hundreds of circuit breakers, taking all alternators off the electrical distribution system, and then turning things on, one at a time, to see what started burning. This would leave us with only emergency radios and flight instruments and no navigational equipment - not a pleasant thought when over such desolate terrain and 2,000 miles from a base on which we could land.

The smoke was getting thicker, and something had to be done. I was just about to start emergency procedures when the EWO (Electronics Warfare Officer) called and said that he had located the problem and taken care of it. I had to prompt him for an explanation. He had put his flight lunch in the electric warming oven, but he had forgotten to take it out of the cardboard carton, and it had burned up. I DARE NOT REPEAT THE ENSUING CONVERSATION!"#&+

Sequel: A week later the same thing happened again. But this time the oven was the first thing we checked. Where were we? - - - over the mid-Atlantic enroute to the Mediterranean and back!

On another flight to the Polar region, I remember well the exact date - - New Year's Eve, 1962-63.

War is Hell! - continued

If you will look at a globe of Earth, you will note how the longitude lines (meridians) converge at the North and South Poles. Each time zone is 15 Degrees of longitude. At the equator, each time zone is 900 nautical miles of longitude whereas at 80 degrees north, a time zone is only 150-200 nautical miles long. Cruising at 600 mph on our patrol track while flying east, midnight and the New Year passed under us. When we turned around and flew west, we went back into the old year. Back and forth, back and forth, New Year, Old Year! Just how many times did we see the New Year that night!

A few years later, another plane (the antique old C-124 Globemaster II), another war - Vietnam. I find it a little difficult to sit down and write these stories. It is much easier when a bunch of us "old fogies" get together and start talking about 'remember when'. THEN stories really come out!



The American's Creed

"I believe in the United States of America as a Government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign Nation of many sovereign States, a perfect union, one and inseparable, established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice, and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

"I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to live it; to support its Constitution, to obey its laws, to respect its flag, and to defend it against all enemies." - William Tyler Page



Some of 'Our Heroes' of World War I



PAUL MOHR, Corporal

Called to the Colors, July 21, 1917. Stationed at Camp Meade, Md., Sept. 16, 1917. Promoted to Corporal. Reported for duty overseas July 7, 1918. Participated in the battles of Argonne Forest and St. Mihiel. Wounded in St. Mihiel, Trench Sector, Oct. 31, 1918.



HARRY E. WALTER, Private

Called to the colors April 27, 1918. Served in the National Army, Co. D, 314th Inf., Battalion Headquarters. Served in the following battles: Meuse-Argonne; Mount Pauvre, Troyon. Was wounded at Troyon, Nov. 9, 1918.



LEROY E. FEGLEY, Private

Called to the colors and ordered to Camp Lee, Va., April 27, 1918. Transferred to the Infantry Arsenal. Served in Second Omaha Co. Discharged at Camp Dix, N. J., March 23, 1919.



**MIRS SELZER BACKENSTOE
Sergeant**

Enlisted in Quartermaster Corps May 16, 1917. Stationed at Columbus, Barcos, Ohio. Transferred to Fort Crockett, Galveston, Texas, Coast Defense. Promoted to Corporal, 1918; to Sergeant, 1919.

Paul **MOHR** is the father of Ann **MOHR OSISEK**

MASTER SERGEANT WRITES FROM FRONT

(Article probably from the Winfield Courier in 1945;
family lived in Winfield, Kansas at the time)



Master Sgt. James R. McMULLEN, crew chief with a bomber group in France, recently had a three day pass and went to Paris, where he attended mass and a memorial service for President ROOSEVELT at Notre Dame cathedral. An article clipped from the squadron paper tells of the group flying its 500th mission. Parts of the article follow:

"Everyone was too busy to notice it, but last Thursday afternoon when the B-26 boys were 'all-out' over Siegfried the group flew its 500th mission.

With a total of six missions that one day, there wasn't much time to look far ahead. But the 500th is a good time to total up the score. Since mission 1, took off April 1943, the outfit has seen continuous combat for 23 months. That is longer than any other B-26 group.

More than 11,600 sorties have been flown in six major campaigns - a record until some other B-26 outfit produces certified facts to the contrary. More than 15,000 tons of bombs have been dropped, another record. The group has destroyed 267 enemy aircraft to set another record.

"The first night missions B-26's ever flew were made by our group. Almost half of the planes in the group have already flown their 100th mission, which makes the ground crews stack up with any AAF outfit in the world. Almost every man in the outfit speaks a little Arab, a little Sardo, a little Eye-tie, a little French and some of them even know English.

McMULLEN is the son of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. McMULLEN, 521 East Thirteenth, and has been in the service and overseas more than two years. He has seen service in Africa, Corsica, France and other areas."

NOTE: The unit mentioned in the article was the 320th Bomb Group (Medium)

contributed by Jim McMullen, son of Master Sgt. James R. McMullen



THE AIR FORCE RETURNS TO ORLANDO FOR THE KOREAN WAR

by Richard A. Connell

On the teletype in the lobby of the Mercantile National Bank in downtown Dallas, Texas, came the shocking news on June 25, 1950, that the North Korean Communists had invaded South Korea. To a recent college graduate, with a new shiny gold bar, awarded by the Air Force ROTC at Southern Methodist University, it was an exciting adventure just beginning to take shape. Banking was not proving all that interesting. Though war is abhorrent, still the prospect of another conflict aroused not only a sense of adventure, but that also of patriotism. The Communist threat to the world through conquest or subversion had to be stopped.

At the time, I was assigned to the 443rd Troop Carrier Wing, at Hensley Field, near Dallas, as the Adjutant of the 443rd Air Police Squadron. This was a reserve wing, and I felt it was sure to be called to active duty; but when, no one could guess. Patience not being a "long suit" at a time like this, I volunteered for active duty. This lack of patience was rewarded with a nearly five-months wait to be called individually, and not with a unit. My orders came the day after Christmas in 1950, with a reporting date of January 12, 1951, and with a duty assignment as the Classification and Assignment Officer, 2272nd Air Base Squadron at **ORLANDO AIR FORCE BASE, FLORIDA!**

In the few days I had left at home, I bought a car, a 1948 Pontiac Club Coupe, into which I loaded nearly all my worldly belongings for the trip. I also visited the Air Force cadre at SMU to discuss my assignment, and was informed by one officer who had served at Orlando AFB (OAFB), that it was a "prime" duty station, a real paradise! My spirits were flying.

After a brief in-processing at Brooks AFB, in San Antonio, I took off for Orlando with one passenger, another new lieutenant who was on the same assignment orders with me. We had an uneventful trip across old U. S. Route 90; we spent a couple of days in New Orleans and reported in at OAFM on January 19, 1951.

As we approached Orlando, coming down the Orange Blossom Trail (Route 441), we stopped at a gas station in west Orlando to inquire about the location of OAFM. The attendant sort-of scratched his head, and allowed as how he had never heard of it! Upon further inquiry, we were directed eastward, along that two-laned street with huge oaks arching over it, Colonial Drive. He said we couldn't miss the base, it would be on the south side of the street, just beyond the T. G. LEE Dairy pasture, and just before the Orlando Municipal Airport, a distance of about six or seven miles.

Sure enough, about fifteen minutes later, there it was. But we were aghast! The whole place was deserted and was overgrown with weeds. The wooden buildings were undeniably military in origin - the old clapboard buildings we had been so accustomed to in World War II, but with some remarkable differences. All needed paint, windows were broken, screens hanging askew, pavement broken and full of weeds, and one building even had a broken ridge timber and caved in. No one was in sight. My friend and I thought we had either been sent to this dilapidated base by mistake, or that we were the first to arrive and had to start with this mess. [My private thoughts

The Air Force Returns to Orlando for the Korean War - continued

went to something planning a slow and painful death for that officer at SMU who had said this was a lush assignment, a garden spot!]

After another local inquiry, we discovered that we had found the "Old Base and the "new" base was about a mile north on Bennett Road. Here we found the customary main gate manned by a real airman who checked our orders and welcomed us to our new home.

Orlando Air Force Base had been reopened on December 26, 1950, with a number of military people on "detached duty" from other bases, and a handful of assigned personnel. Equipment was non-existent in most offices. One typewriter served several offices. The regulations library was far from complete and was composed mostly of the "regs" that were in the working files of the detached duty guys. We used packing boxes for desks, old cartons for file cabinets, and folding chairs (if you were lucky.)

Bit by bit we eventually got squared away and the base became a real working unit. We started the Officers Club with a \$10 contribution from each officer and with borrowed restaurant equipment and fixtures. The Club was located in the same building as the present NTC Officers Club, which we found completely emptied of everything except a neon beer sign which hung forlornly in the bare room. It had somehow been missed when OAFB was closed in 1949.

During the year and a half that the base was closed, a lightening fire had completely gutted the building which today houses the NTC Commander and some of his staff. This building was not restored until several years later.

On February 12, 1951, I met Sarah Anne **HAMMOND** at a party and I just couldn't take my eyes off her. It was "love-at-first-sight" and it was for real. We were married June 9, 1951 at Knowles Chapel, Rollins College. We sort-of hurried up the wedding date for I just knew I was soon destined for reassignment. Sure enough, on August 10, I left for Germany, and it would be six months and four days until we were together again, on February 14, 1952, St. Valentine's Day.

The love-at-first-sight must've been right, for forty years plus, we have been together. Almost all of it has been in Winter Park where we have raised our two children and where we have real roots for our family. Anne has lived here since she was a little girl.

That six months separation made me lose my wander-lust; it made me want to settle down in one place. I knew I could not do this on active duty, so after almost two years, I left active duty and went into the Air Force Reserve where my first assignment was at Orlando AFB, right back in the same office where I had been before going to Germany. I served in the reserve for an additional twenty-eight years, having the best of both worlds. I was able to settle in Winter Park, in my accounting profession, and still fill in a completed career in the Air Force which I loved.



GEOGRAPHICAL INDEX

- Afghanistan** - 57
- Africa** - 54, 62
- Alaska** - 60
- Albania**
 - Durazzo - 56
- America** - 54
- Australia** - 54
- Bahamas**
 - Nassau - 50
- Bermuda** - 51
- Canada** - 57
- Connecticut** - 47, 48
 - Hartford - 47, 48
- Corsica** - 62
- Delaware** - 58
- England** - 59
 - London - 59
 - Plymouth - 55
- Florida**
 - Carysport - 49
 - Florida Keys - 49
 - Gainesville - 46
 - Key West - 49
 - Orange County - 46
 - Orlando - 49, 63, 64
 - Orlando AFB - 63, 64
 - Orlando Municipal Airport - 63
 - Winter Park - 64
- France** - 53, 54, 62
- Germany** - 48, 53, 57, 59, 64
- Holland** - 48
- India** - 57
- Ireland** - 57
- Kansas**
 - Winfield - 62
- Louisiana**
 - Alexandria - 49
 - Baton Rouge - 49
 - Franklin - 49
 - Morgan City - 49
 - New Orleans - 49, 63
- Louisiana**
 - Port Hudson - 49
- Maryland**
 - Aberdeen - 58
 - Baltimore - 53, 54, 58
 - Camp Meade - 61
 - Sparrows Point - 58
- Massachusetts**
 - Boston - 47
- Michigan** - 58
 - Detroit - 58
 - Royal Oak - 58
- Mississippi**
 - Vicksburg - 49
- New Jersey**
 - Camp Dix - 61
 - Wrightstown - 46
- New York** - 49
 - Denning - 49
 - Fishkill - 47
 - Kingston - 49
 - Lackawanna - 53
 - New York City - 49
 - Niagara-On-The-Lake - 53
 - Rhinecliff - 49
 - Rondout - 49
 - Ulster County - 49
- North Carolina**
 - Smithville - 50, 51
 - Southport - 50
 - Wilmington - 51
- North Pole** - 60, 61
- Ohio** - 52
 - Columbus Barracks - 61
 - Dayton - 48
- Pearl Harbor** - 48
- Pennsylvania** - 47
 - Hanover - 58
 - Philadelphia - 58
 - Pittsburgh - 53, 58
- Persia** - 54
- Poland** - 53, 54
- South Carolina** - 47
 - Charleston - 51
- South Korea** - 63
- South Pole** - 61
- Texas**
 - Brooks AFB - 63
 - Dallas - 63
 - Fort Crockett - 61
 - Galveston - 61
 - Hensley Field - 63
 - San Antonio - 63
- Turkey**
 - Constantinople - 56
 - Dardanells - 56
- U.S.S.R.** - 60
 - Krasnouralsk - 54
 - Siberia - 54
 - Uzbekistan - 54
- United States** - 53, 59, 61
- Vietnam** - 61
- Virginia** - 47
 - Camp Lee - 61
 - Yorke - 47
 - Yorktown - 47, 48
- Washington (little)** - 49
- Washington, D.C.** - 58

SURNAME INDEX

Abbott - 58	Garnous - 40	Mann - 50	Scott - 46, 52
Adams - 4	Gamble - 46	Manning - 58	Sheard - 46
Alexander - 46	Garbutt - 55, 56	Martin - 46	Sheldon - 47
Allen - 47	Gatlin - 46	Masters - 57	Shewfelt - 59
Arnold - 47	Gilliard - 46	Mayer - 46	Smith - 46, 52, 58
Arthur - 58	Gilmore - 52	Maynard - 46	Stafford - 52
Atkins - 46	Givens - 46	McAdams - 58	Stevens - 46
Attema - 46	Golden - 46	McCain - 48	Tallmadge - 47
Backenstoe - 61	Green - 46	McClure - 46	Thomas - 46
Banks - 49	Gresham - 46	McDonald - 58	Thompson - 50
Bas - 46	Haas - 46	McMullen - 57, 62	Todd - 47
Bausman - 48	Haller - 54	Mercier - 57	Tomko - 46
Beck - 46	Ham - 46	Mills - 46	Tucket - 46
Berry - 46	Hammond - 64	Mohr - 61	Van Wagner - 49
Betsey - 46	Hardin - 46	Moore - 46	Wadsworth - 47
Blackstone - 58	Harris - 46	Morrison - 46	Walker - 46
Blair - 46	Hayes - 58	Moylan - 47	Wallace - 58
Blanchard - 46	Hayman - 55	Mumford - 46	Walter - 61
Bowman - 46	Haywood - 46	Neely - 46	Walton - 46
Bradley - 58	Heatherington - 46	Nemo - 52	Washington - 47, 48
Brantley - 46	Henley - 46	Newton - 46	Wayne - 47
Brown - 46	Henry - 46	Nix - 46	Webster - 54
Bull - 47, 48	Hetherington - 46	Nixon - 46	Wesson - 46
Burnette - 46	Hodges - 46	North - 50	Westenhofer - 57, 58
Bush - 53	Hooper - 46	Osisek - 61	Whiting - 51
Chamberlin - 46	Hope - 58	Page - 61	Whittaker - 46
Coleman - 47	Jackson - 46	Pape - 48	Williams - 46
Colonna - 58	Jakubowski - 53	Partin - 46	Willsey - 46
Colyer - 46	Jarry - 46	Peterman - 46	Wilson - 46
Connell - 63	Jenkins - 46	Pierce - 46	Witherington - 46
Cooper - 49	Jordan - 46	Pike - 46	Wood - 46
Corbett - 46	Keigans - 46	Pollard - 46	Woodbury - 46
Cornwallis - 48	Kendrick - 46	Pounds - 46	Woods - 46
Costello - 58	Kenton - 58	Price - 51	Wright - 46
Culpepper - 46	Key - 52	Rantsey - 46	Wytlys - 47
Dart - 55	King - 46	Roditti - 46	Yaies - 46
Davis - 46	Koscinszko - 33	Roberts - 46	Young - 46
Day - 46	Lambert - 52	Roosevelt - 58, 62	Zapf - 46
Dennis - 46	Lee - 63	Ross - 46	
Dessare - 46	Lennon - 46	Rush - 46	
Devers - 58	Levey - 46	Russ - 46	
Dixon - 46	Levine - 46	Rutlerford - 46	
Douglass - 46	Linton - 46	Ryan - 46	
Emmett - 52	Litch - 46	Sahlberg - 46	
Fegley - 61	Lock - 46	Sathway - 46	
Finely - 46	Lohrman - 49	Savage - 46	
Fulton - 46	Lowery - 46	Schlieferstin - 49	

CENTRAL FLORIDA GENEALOGICAL & HISTORICAL SOCIETY, INC

P. O. Box 177
Orlando, Florida 32802-177

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.

MEMBERSHIP

Individual member = \$20.00

Family membership = \$25.00

Membership begins the first day of the month, following acceptance and extends for one full year, and includes a subscription to the following Society publications:

Buried Treasures, a quarterly publication, featuring 24 pages of articles, book reviews, bible records, old letters, wills, etc. submitted by members.

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 32801-0177

All members of the Publications Committee are volunteers who support each other, where needed, in the various staff positions. The Committee meets monthly at the Orlando Public Library.

Permission is granted to quote or reprint any article or other material, either in whole or in part, provided credit is given to **BURIED TREASURES** (including author, volume and date citation).

The **Central Florida Genealogical and Historical Society, Inc.** disclaims responsibility for statements, whether in fact or of opinion, made by contributors.

BURIED TREASURES cover was designed (1989) by Gina Simmons **HERBERT**.