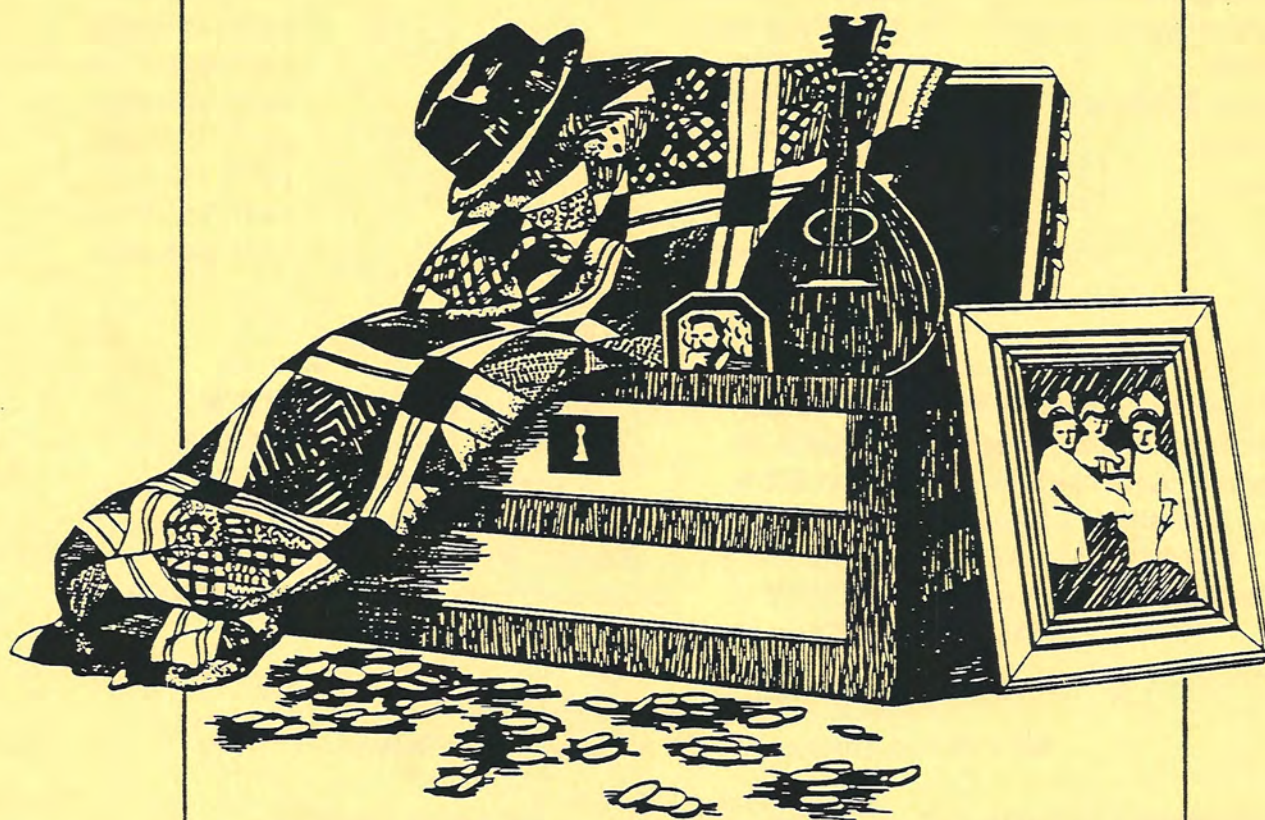


# Buried Treasures



Volume XXV, No. 3

July - September 1993

CENTRAL FLORIDA GENEALOGICAL  
SOCIETY, INC.

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CENTRAL FLORIDA GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY, INC.

P. O. Box 177, Orlando, Florida 32802-0177

September 1993

Dear Members and Friends:

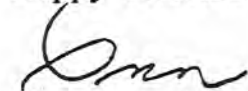
Welcome home from your summer research trips and wherever else the winding roads of our beautiful land have taken you this summer. I hope that it was a productive summer; not just for the mound of research data that it provided, but that it allowed you renewed closeness to family and friends.

Somehow, when Autumn approaches and the leaves begin to fall (yes, even in Florida), we tend to become nostalgic and yearn for the days long past with those friends and family members. I think this is a good time to reflect on the importance of doing our "living genealogy" . . . that is the visits, talks and interviews with our families that produce those "vital links" to the past.

I believe the words "**should have**" are probably the most commonly used words coming from the mouths of genealogists! We all tend to procrastinate at one time or another when it comes to making inroads with our genealogical research. However, bear in mind that it doesn't take a research trip to far-away places to produce results. A good portion of your research can be accomplished right here in the Orlando Public Library and the Mormon Family History Library by using their collections and taking advantage of the inter-library loan system. It's all at your fingertips!

In closing, I would like to say how pleased I was to discover that quite a number of our CFGS members attended family reunions this summer. In fact, some of those members were responsible for sparking the interest, then organizing and conducting the entire event. They and their family members are to be commended for their interest in keeping the family history alive. After all, aren't we all part of our own genealogy!

Happy Researching,



Ann Mohr Osisek  
President



# DRAWDY-ROUSE CEMETERY (Section A), ORLANDO, FLORIDA



<u>Section</u>	<u>Surname</u>	<u>Given</u>	<u>Middle</u>	<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>
B135	?	George W	Jr.	1905	1974
B136	?	George W	Sr.	1873	1967
B128	ABRAHAM	Bruno		Aug. 5, 1895	Jan. 26, 1986
B74	ALLISON	Homer	Odell	Sept. 1, 1909	July 13, 1980
B75	ALLISON	Lillie	B	Dec. 17, 1908	
B15	BASS	Denver L	Sr.	Feb. 3, 1898	Feb. 28, 1976
B16	BASS	Florrie	H	May 17, 1899	Mar. 9, 1980
B12	BAUGHER	Bernice	B	1916	1982
B13	BAUGHER	George	M	1911	
B97	BEASLEY	Frederick	L	Jan. 14, 1901	Jan. 2, 1968
B98	BEASLEY	Mamie	L	Sept. 3, 1915	Feb. 26, 1965
B10	BOATWRIGHT	Thomas	Lynn	Dec. 27, 1895	Jan. 7, 1975
B11	BOATWRIGHT	Mattie	H	May 1, 1907	
B88	BOSSE	Jeanne	Prose	Dec. 6, 1928	May 26, 1991
B14	BRAHAN	Lelia	B	1897	
B3	BRYANT	John	R	June 15, 1890	May 16, 1950
B35	BURLESON	Ava	T	Dec. 3, 1898	Dec. 1, 1968
B36	BURLESON	George	F	Nov. 18, 1890	May 29, 1939
B37	BURLESON	Ray	V	Nov. 7, 1921	May 26, 1939
B117	BUZZARD	Louise	D	Apr. 19, 1906	Dec. 2, 1973
B118	BUZZARD	Fred	M	Apr. 23, 1910	Feb. 21, 1961
B130	CANADA	Franklin	E	Aug. 7, 1933	
B4	CASSELMAN	W	James	Oct. 4, 1914	July 16, 1980
B23	CASSELMAN	George	W	1888	1964
B24	CASSELMAN	Sallie	E	1892	1975
B105	CIHAL	Anna		1915	1985
B106	CIHAL	Charles	J	1902	1986
B116	CORNELIUS	Chester	G	Feb. 24, 1917	Mar. 19, 1978
B124	CRIFE	Loyal	A	1910	1965
B125	CRIFE	Ruth	E	1912	
B96	CROSS	Bessie	P	1886	1964
B61	CROTTS	Jimmy	Lee	Feb. 18, 1966	Nov. 25, 1973
B68	DAVIS	Elzie	L	Dec. 27, 1924	Apr. 28, 1984
B69	DAVIS	Edna	M	Jan. 26, 1924	
B141	DAVIS	Raymond	Carl	Apr. 12, 1937	May 30, 1964
B45	DOWDY	Frances	D	1897	1979
B46	DOWDY	Virgil	H	1901	
B142	DUKE	Arthur	W	Oct. 5, 1909	Aug. 3, 1986
B143	DUKE	Gladys	I	Dec. 5, 1911	Mar. 6, 1977
B106	EADS	Herman		Jan. 31, 1912	Mar. 8, 1989
B107	EADS	Gary	Waymon	1947	1965
B27	EICHER	Fred	K	1864	1941
B28	EICHER	Bertha		1874	1969
B132	ELLIS	Dorothy	L	Aug. 6, 1930	June 9, 1989
B120	FARLESS	John		1880	1964
B121	FARLESS	Jessie		1890	1975
B64	FEUSTEL	Thelma	I	Mar. 28, 1901	
B65	FEUSTEL	John G	Jr	Sept. 3, 1895	Oct. 30, 1954
B90	FIELDS	Howard	R	Apr. 11, 1893	Apr. 1, 1960
B91	FIELDS	Nora	E	June 23, 1898	Aug. 18, 1986

# DRAWDY-ROUSE CEMETERY (Section A), ORLANDO, FLORIDA

<u>Section</u>	<u>Surname</u>	<u>Given</u>	<u>Middle</u>	<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>
B148	FINCH	Harry R	Sr.	Oct. 5, 1909	Nov. 3, 1966
B55	FORESTER	Arie	Grant	Sept. 4, 1930	June 2, 1969
B25	FOSS	W	Vernon	1910	1979
B26	FOSS	Gladys	M	1891	19-
B112	FOSS	E	Irwin	Jan. 24, 1914	
B113	FOSS	Gladys	C	Aug. 16, 1924	Apr. 13, 1988
B114	FOSS	Charles	W	1886	1964
B115	FOSS	Lillian	E	1886	1963
B1	GAMACHE	Fernand	G	Oct. 10, 1888	Dec. 23, 1962
B2	GAMACHE	Cecile	E	Dec. 15, 1886	Aug. 15, 1981
B29	GILL	Francis	Percy	Mar. 7, 1902	Dec. 4, 1942
B30	GILL	William	Albert	Oct. 15, 1887	Nov. 9, 1960
B83	GILLIS	Marline		Dec. 20, 1956	
B38	GRAY	Mary	Ruby	1895	1968
B99	GREAVES	Pasquale	I	1924	1975
B146	GRIFFIN	Martin	L	May 24, 1913	May 16, 1966
B123	HANRATTY	Frank	J	Aug. 10, 1920	June 15, 1965
B70	HARBIN	Linton	A	Dec. 26, 1900	July 26, 1967
B71	HARBIN	Willow	M	Aug. 20, 1905	
B79	HARPER	Gilbert	A	1892	1961
B80	HARPER	Alma	E	1887	1972
B39	HARRIS	Mike		1889	1972
B40	HARRIS	Linda	L	1905	1969
B7	HART	Helen	Myrtle	Nov. 9, 1905	
B53	HART	Fred		Oct. 18, 1917	July 28, 1988
B54	HART	Bettie		Aug. 6, 1930	June 19, 1984
B59	HART	Sparta	M	1888	1952
B60	HART	Walter		1873?	1957?
B110	HARTWELL	Robert	H	Sept. 1, 1943	Feb. 3, 1971
B111	HARTWELL	Shirley	E	Feb. 20, 1948	May 11, 1962
B31	HAWKINS	John	J	Feb. 19, 1886	July 12, 1961
B32	HAWKINS	Dora	Belle	Dec. 10, 1893	Dec. 19, 1976
B86	HOBBY	Blanche	W	1924	
B87	HOBBY	L	Beasley	1915	1980
B133	HYDORN	Loy	H	1917	1991
B134	HYDORN	Mildred	H	1918	
B81	JOHNSON	Tommie		1894	1973
B82	JOHNSON	Coy	Leona	1902	1961
B63	KELLER	Lettie	M	Mar. 1, 1869	Jan. 4, 1954
B62	KELLER	Zenas	O	Feb. 16, 1868	Dec. 22, 1956
B139	KNOWLES	Samuel	L	?	?
B140	KNOWLES	Nina	M	?	?
B21	LAMB	Maurice W	Sr.	Aug. 28, 1914	Oct. 12, 1956
B22	LAMB	Vera	E	Dec. 12, 1911	
B131	LAMBERT	Katharine	Hetzel	July 24, 1901	Dec. 26, 1982
B41	LATHAM	Melvin	James	Dec. 30, 1941	Mar. 29, 1982
B108	LOFTIS	A.	Cliff	Feb. 21, 1910	Nov. 3, 1969
B109	LOFTIS	George	M	Oct. 16, 1912	
B102	LONDON	Myrtle	L	Oct. 11, 1922	May 15, 1984
B72	LOWDERMILK	Robert	H	Apr. 16, 1919	
B73	LOWDERMILK	Jessie	M	Sept. 20, 1919	Aug. 13, 1962



# DRAWDY-ROUSE CEMETERY (Section A), ORLANDO, FLORIDA

<u>Section</u>	<u>Surname</u>	<u>Given</u>	<u>Middle</u>	<u>Born</u>	<u>Died</u>
B103	MARSHALL	Joseph	C	1883	1986
B104	MARSHALL	Callie	Varham	1906	1976
B18	MATTHEWS	Lenora	C	Aug. 27, 1953	
B19	MATTHEWS	Jacob	A	Mar. 19, 1942	
B20	MATTHEWS	Tersa		1893	1938
B138	MCBRIDE	Irene	L	1903	1976
B137	MCDUGAL	Seymour	A	1868	1968
B129	MCDUGALL	George	S	1882	1974
B101	MCGOWAN	Mary	L	May 9, 1951	
B149	MILES	Cara	Alive	1885	1976
B76	MILLER	James		Nov. 29, 1921	May 5, 1986
B77	MILLER	Lillian	Mae	May 12, 1924	Apr. 22, 1985
B78	MILLER	James	Reuben	Feb. 16, 1955	Aug. 24, 1962
B51	MURRAY	Lewis	H	Mar. 27, 1972	Feb. 5, 1968
B52	MURRAY	Betty	S	June 21, 1933	
B33	NEWTON	John	F	1888	1951
B34	NEWTON	Emma	W	1878	1952
B47	O'QUINN	Sim	J	1927	1967
B48	O'QUINN	Corene		1932	
B147	PACE	Raymond	Henry	June 19, 1911	Dec. 17, 1965
B145	PAUL	David	V	July 24, 1883	Dec. 9, 1965
B57	PHELPS	Aaron	M	July 16, 1868	Aug. 24, 1951
B58	PHELPS	Louie		1878	1940
B122	POTEET	Jessie	H	1911	1966
B89	PROSE	Brook	T	1878	1957
B84	PUZZAK	John	J	1898	1968
B85	PUZZAK	Marjorie	R	1917	
B144	PUZZAK	Michael		1896	1967
B100	ROUSE	Gladys	C	1900	1968
B8	SIMMONS	James M	Sr	June 22, 1892	Oct. 1, 1975
B9	SIMMONS	Florence	H	Oct. 23, 1901	June 14, 1988
B5	SIMS	Miriam	Sidney	1941	1942
B119	SYFRET	Maggie	M	Dec. 11, 1909	Nov. 24, 1991
B56	THOMPSON	Harold G	Sr.	1934	1979
B42	THURMAN	John	Nelson	Nov. 10, 1954	Oct. 11, 1975
B43	THURMAN	John	W	1900	1986
B44	THURMAN	Mabel	J	1903	1972
B66	TURNER	George	E	1912	1970
B67	TURNER	Marie	C	1910	1982
B92	WALDROP	J	C	Oct. 30, 1899	Dec. 13, 1971
B93	WALDROP	Ida	B	June 8, 1902	Sept. 30, 1969
B49	WILLIAMS	Melvin	T	Sept. 14, 1919	Apr. 13, 1987
B50	WILLIAMS	Elouise	M	Aug. 29, 1928	
B6	WINNOW	Edward	Louis	Sept. 13, 1888	Mar. 9, 1946
B17	WINNOW	Miriam	M	June 29, 1893	May 10, 1972
B94	WORTMAN	William	Grant	June 30, 1917	Jan. 5, 1979
B95	WORTMAN	Elbert	G	1880	19--
B126	YAECKEL	John	D	Apr. 7, 1899	July 25, 1968
B127	YAECKEL	Viola	L	Mar. 8, 1902	

## Letter from BARTLETT Family Bible

Letter found in the Bartlett Family Bible from  
Henry B. Bartlett to his father, James Bartlett,  
Carroll County, GA.

Rough & Ready

Clayton, GA

Dec. 10, 1861

Mr. James Bartlett

Dear Farther,

This opportunity affords me mutch  
pleashure to drop you a fiew lines witch leaves  
us all well as common and I hope this may find you  
the same. I arived home last Sunday. I left  
Vaginia last Tuesday and I feel vary mutch fatiguiued  
by travling. I am not able to do mutch yet but I  
hope by taking good care of myself that I will get  
well agane. I have a honorable Discharge from the  
Confederate Army but I shall not be satisfied to  
stay away from camps or Battile fields under the  
Circumstances that now surrounds us on every hand.  
Our coast is being invaded and now our own state cals  
aloud for assistance and he that has one spark of  
Patriotism if his ability will admit would not stand  
back at a mintes' warning to march. If throu a kind  
providence I am permitted to get well I will go. It  
will be some time before I will get to cume to see  
you for you know my circumstances. I want you to  
write to me and let me know how you are and cume as  
soom as you can for I want to see you vary bad. So  
nothing more at present onlt remaining your  
Affectionate Son till Deth.

Henry B. Bartlett



HENRY B BARTLETT  
2ND SGT CS ARMY  
CIVIL WAR  
AUG 7 1839 JUN 18 1890

Buried at Pleasant View Cemetery, Carroll County, GA.

Henry B. Bartlett is the great grandfather of Roy F. Hogan,  
husband of Rose M. Hogan.

**GEIGER SURVEY**  
**of the Santa Fe Cemetery, Bradford County, Florida**  
 (between Starke and Waldo. U. S. 301 to SR 18;  
 turn west one mile; then north on dirt road to entrance)



**GEIGER SECTION** (northeast corner)

**SURVEYORS COMMENTS**

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1. Plen Marten <b>GEIGER</b><br>Oct. 11, 1864 - Apr. 29, 1927<br>"Asleep in Jesus"   | (Martin misspelled - son of<br>Pliny <b>GEIGER</b> & Cynthia <b>KNIGHT</b> )   |
| 2. Annie, Wife of P. M. <b>GEIGER</b><br>b. May 19, 1861 - d. Dec. 18, 1907<br>"There Is No Parting In Heaven"                               |  |
| 3. Plem M. <b>GEIGER, Jr.</b><br>Jan. 6, 1916 - Feb. 8, 1916   | (Plen misspelled)  |
| 4. Charles M. <b>GEIGER</b><br>Jan. 1, 1918 - Apr. 4, 1918   |  |
| 5. Charles <b>GEIGER</b><br>Aug. 30, 1830 - Mar. 22, 1907<br>"His Memory Is Blessed"   | (Son of J. M. <b>GEIGER</b> and<br>Emily <b>JOINER</b> . w. Sarah <b>KNIGHT</b><br>m. 2: <b>ELLIS</b> ; 3: <b>PONS</b> ) |
| 6. Nora Bell <b>GEIGER</b><br>b. Oct. 1, 1889 - D. Aug. 18, 1910<br>"Sweet Be Thy Rest"  |  |
| 7. Blanche Pauline <b>DIXON</b><br>b. Dec. 11, 1897; Age 9 Months<br>"Sweetly Sleeping in Jesus"   |  |
| 8. Johnnie <b>GEIGER</b><br>9 Years Old<br>"His Memory Is Blessed"   |  |
| 9. Mary Jane, Wife of Charles <b>GEIGER</b><br>Age 47 Years<br>"Her Memory Is Blessed"   | (Mary Jane <b>ANDREWS</b><br>was 15 in 1860<br>b. 1845? - d. 1892?)  |
| 10. Noah <b>GEIGER</b> (Masonic Emblem)<br>b. Sep. 14, 1839 - d. Mar. 24, 1901<br>Top of stone: "My Husband"<br>Inscription below illegible. | (Son of J. Martin <b>GEIGER</b><br>and Emily <b>JOINER</b> .)  |



# GEIGER SURVEY of the Santa Fe Cemetery, Bradford Co., FL (continued)

11. **Harriett B. GEIGER** (Next to husb., Noah; bur. facing  
b. June 22, 1844 - d. Feb. 8, 1931 Maxwell N. - their son?)  
Top of stone: "Mother".  
"Here I Lay My Burden Down,  
Change The Cross Into The Crown"
12. In Memory of Allen **GEIGER** (Son of J. Martin **GEIGER** and  
b. Mar. 11, 1827 - d. Dec. 27, 1875. Emily **JOINER**)  
"God Is \_\_\_\_\_" rest is buried.
13. - Probably Unmarked Grave
14. **Columbus B. SMITH**  
b. Sep. 7, 1898 - d. Dec. 8, 1898  
"Sleep, Baby, Sleep"
15. In Memory of Gertie E., Infant Daughter of  
M. N. & F. F. **GEIGER**  
b. Feb 28, 1894 - d. July 15, 1894  
Old Stone - Inscription illegible
16. **Gerie E. GEIGER**  
Same Dates; much newer stone
17. "M. J. G."
18. **Maxwell N. GEIGER** (d. in 38th yr. Is he son of Noah  
Apr. 10, 1864 - Jan. 31, 1902 **GEIGER**, b. 1839, and Harriet,  
Upright stone, w/marble slab over grave b. 1844?)
19. **Florida Frances GEIGER**  
Feb. 6, 1865 - May 1, 1932  
Same stone and slab as above
20. **Infant DONEGAN**  
Jan. 1, 1923

In 1979, the LDS Church of Salt Lake City, Utah, surveyed many Bradford Co. cemeteries. The Bradford Co. Public Library, Starke, FL, has a booklet containing an alphabetized list of names from each cemetery. At Santa Fe, we found all 10 of the **GEIGER** names from the Santa Fe list, except O. M. and Mary L. **GEIGER**, possibly buried in another section. We also found 11 more names, now included in above list. They are: **Plen Marten GEIGER**; **Plem M., Jr.; Charles M. GEIGER**; **Charles GEIGER**;

**Nora Bell GEIGER**; **Blanche Pauline DIXON**; **Columbus B. SMITH**; **Gertie E. GEIGER** - her second stone; **M. J. G.**; and **Infant DONEGAN**.

5 - Charles, 10 - Noah and 12 Allen are older brothers of Anne Hammond **CONNELL**'s great grandfather, **Anson GEIGER** of La Fayette Co. (now Dixie) who is buried in old Fayetteville Cemetery.

Survey and contribution by  
**Richard A. and Anne Hammond CONNELL.**

AN INNOCENT ABROAD  
by Rhoda W. Rollin

Tilton Annex was next to the airfield. When a plane circled over head, all personal ran to Bed 1A. Joe had been strafed in France. At the sound of a plane he would be under his bed, cowering against the wall. He was not to be reasoned with as he ran a constant temperature of 103 degrees. I do not know if he made it as I soon received orders to report to Indiantown Gap, Pa.

Indiantown Gap was one of the staging areas for the European Theater. I was excited, now I would catch up with Jane. My most vivid memory of Indiantown Gap was that every vehicle on the base, as soon as the motor was stopped, had to put up it's hood. It seems that the General had had a fire in his engine once. What they did in winter when it snowed, I do not know. I was issued winter gear, and then was ordered to report to Fort Jackson, S.C.

At Fort Jackson I was issued tropical gear. "What do I do with my winter gear?" I asked. "Put it in your footlocker," they said. "You won't see your footlocker again, but your barracks bag will be with you all the way." Being perverse, I stuffed winter gear and everything else I didn't want into my duffel bag, and carefully packed my footlocker which followed along in my wake like a faithful dog, where ever I went. My duffel bag I was not to see again until the fall of 1947 when it was delivered to my home in Florida.

We were given cholera shots, and taken out for ten mile hikes. One day we were marched up to a building that must have been 30 to 40 feet high. Down one side hung a huge cargo net, the bottom, draped into a couple of row boats floating in a moat that surrounded the building on 3 sides. Up the stairs we went, through a door and out onto the roof. We heard the key turned in the lock, and shortly were informed that the only way off the roof was down the net and into the boats. Anyone who did not wish to climb down was welcome to spend the night on the roof.

We were dressed in green fatigues and high-top shoes with puttees. Web belts from which hung full canteens and first aid packs were fastened around our waists. Gas-masks slung from our shoulders, and over helmet-liners we were wearing battle helmets. The detested helmets weighed about 12 pounds. They were so heavy my neck felt as if it were being pushed into my shoulders. (How was I to know I would grow to love my helmet after I learned to take a bath in it, wash my clothes, shampoo my hair, soak my feet, etc? I have heard stories of some of the men cooking in theirs but I do not know if this is so.)

I walked to the edge of the roof and looked down; there was no railing, nothing to hold on to. I sat down and put my feet over the side, leaning forward. The gas-mask swung dangerously forward, enough so that I grabbed at the rope beneath my knees and somehow found myself over the edge, clutching the net, nose pressed against the side of the building. I had only to take a deep breath, and climb down into the boat. There were still people on the roof when I left. Did they get down? I don't know because on my return to the barracks I was handed orders that I was leaving in the morning for Camp Kilmer. Kilmer was a Port of Embarkation!

I don't remember much of Kilmer, we weren't there long. My one memory is of the showers--there were about 18 nozzles in one room, no partitions; same way with the toilets, there were 6 or 8 in one room, facing each other, no partition, no privacy. One had no choice, one adjusted. There were now 472 nurses in our group. Of the 472, I later learned, 84 of them were returned to the U.S. with a Section 8. I was surprised at the number then, and am still surprised as I write this in 1992. Somehow, one expected more of nurses at that time.

Early morning found us lined up at Pier 2 in Brooklyn. There were two ships

tied to the dock, one large like the Normandie, and one that looked quite small in comparison. Rumor had it that the big one was ours. There were 472 of us to board, so a long line snaked back and forth across the pier. I, being a "W", was number 462 in line. We were so far back we couldn't see what was going on up front, and it took a long time for rumors to work their way back to us. The Salvation Army came by and gave us coffee and doughnuts. A sweet-faced lady with gray hair walked up and down the line looking us over. After a time she came up to me, thrust a beautiful hand knit afghan into my arms and said, "Take care of it, my dear. I was knitting it to send to my son, but those Jap bastards killed him." Before I could thank her she burst into tears and ran away across the dock.

"We're going on the little ship," said the girl in front of me. "She's being sent to the Pacific. She's a hospital ship—The Charles A. Stafford—she's empty so we'll be quartered in her wards. We're going through the Canal!"

They had started with the "A"'s on boat deck. When those bunks were filled, they dropped down to the next deck; by the time they got to us "W"'s we were on "E" deck, 2 decks below the waterline. I am not quite 5 foot 4. When ever bunk assignments were made, the bottom went to someone six feet tall and I would get the top. It was to be no different this time. When I crawled into my bunk there was only 12 inches between my chest and the ceiling. I have a mild case of claustrophobia as my mother used to shut me up in a closet when I was small. Knowing we were 2 decks below the water line was bad enough, but when I climbed into my bunk I felt squished and soon was dreaming that the whole ship rested on my chest. The first time I woke everyone with my screaming, it was overlooked. The third time it was suggested that I put my mattress on the floor by the door.

The next morning I was summoned by the "powers-that-be" and taken to a certain light outside on "B" deck. This was where I was to bed down each and every night as long as I was on the ship. The guard would have my name and would check on me throughout the night. And what was I to sleep on? Why I was to bring my pillow and wrap up in my raincoat - that very same raincoat I had sworn I would not be caught dead in - and I brought my afghan, too. It was a real comfort.

Hospital ships are painted white with huge red crosses on their sides that are lighted at night, they are never escorted, nor do they travel in convoys. Their officers and sailors are Merchant Marine, their occupants patients, doctors, and nurses. They are subject to boarding by the enemy, and may be sunk if arms or combat personnel are found aboard. We were tailed by a submarine for 3 days near Guam; boat drill was held a dozen times a day as it was not know whether the sub was friend or foe. I was scared, the Pacific is a big place.

We arrived in Panama around noon and tied up at the docks at Christobal. There were houses and stores lining the street across from the ship, and everywhere were clothes, spread out to dry on grass, shrubs, and small trees. We were given a 2 hour shore leave during which I bought an almost pint size bottle of Tabu perfume for \$5.00. \$5.00 was a lot of money then, but that was an awful lot of perfume, too. No, I don't think I used it up, I really don't remember what happened to it, probably left it on my bunk when I was ordered state-side. Anyone leaving took only the minimal necessities, the rest, clothing, cosmetics, shampoo, what have you, was left on your bunk for your roommates to share. Most of my tropical wardrobe was acquired in this manner.

On our return to the ship, we were told we were going through the Canal the next day. We were taking the place of another hospital-ship, The Comfort, which had developed engine trouble. The Comfort was two weeks behind us. Months later I



heard that somewhere near Guam The Comfort had taken a kamikaze and some of her cadre had been killed. There but for the Grace of God..

I stayed on deck all the next day watching as we were shepherd gently through the Canal. It was an experience I find myself unable to describe. That night after we exited the Canal, we ran into a storm with forty foot waves. I was sick. As we crawled up one side of a wave, I prayed to die, when we crested it and wobbled down the other side, I was afraid I would. "Don't worry," said one of the sailors. "The old man knows how to drive this tub, we've seen worse storms in the Atlantic." He wiped my mouth and gave me a cold cloth to put on my head. "Why are you so good to me?" I asked. "Honey," he said, "I look after you every night when you sleep on deck. I watch you snuggled up in that damn afgan like a kitten and I just want to make sure you get where you're going."

Eventually we sailed into Honolulu and tied up right under the Aloha Tower. The next day the Red Cross loaded us on trucks and took us for a tour of the island. We passed supply dump after supply dump; it was impossible to believe there were enough ships in the world to transport that amount of stuff. We were given lunch at Doris Duke's estate on the leeward side of the island, and allowed to swim in the surf. Shortly after our return, lines were cast off and our ship headed west again. Where were we going? Rumor said, "Japan". That was impossible. The war was still on. Day after day we searched the map posted in the corridor, on which our course was plotted. 3 weeks we lumbered along, always alone, nothing in sight, until one day a slight curve in our course caught my attention. We were headed for the Philippines! It was 38 days since we had left Brooklyn.

We stopped at Mindanao where the captain tried to dump us, but they did not have facilities to handle 472 nurses, he would have to take us on to Manila. We sailed up the inland-passageway where evidence of bitter battles intruded on our senses. Our minds began to freeze up, and we stopped thinking. We weren't "going to war", we were already "there".

There was only one dock left in Manila, the rest had been destroyed by the bombings. We dropped anchor in the Bay, waiting our turn to go in and unload. We were told it would be a week. We waited three days, it was hot, it was boring, and we were disgruntled. The third day a group of us were up on boat deck trying to catch a breeze. Because it was so hot, somebody suggested a game of strip poker; someone pulled out a pack of cards, and the game was on. No, I did not play. I was sitting on top of a big gray box like thing, there was a tiny breeze, and I was too torpid to move. I watched the girls play and looked at the ships surrounding us, the Bay was full of them. I noticed a light flashing on one, and then on another, and soon it seemed that every ship had a flashing light. I was about to mention this to the girls when I saw an officer approaching, and from the way he was walking I knew he was angry. Every ship in the harbor had every pair of binoculars they owned, trained on our ship. All other activities had ceased! The next morning we were allowed to dock and unload. It was decided that a ship full of women could not be tolerated in a bay full of men if the war effort was to continue.

I had been secretly married in the summer of 1943 just before my husband joined the Army Air Corp. and had not seen him since. I was eating breakfast and looking out the port hole, watching them tie up the ship when I saw a tall man pacing up and down the dock. My mouth fell open as I realized it was my husband. I ran to where the gangplank should have been, except they had not extended it yet, and screamed his name. All we could do was stand there and smile at each other. Well, I have told you how I got to the Philippines, but what I did and how I got home will have to be told later in another installment.

**MAURICE McMULLEN**  
Union Soldier Discharge

**TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN**

Know ye, that Morris McMULLEN (?) a . . . of Captain . . . Company, Regiment of . . . VOLUNTEERS who was enrolled on the . . . day of . . . one thousand eight hundred and . . . to serve . . . years or during the war, is hereby discharged from the service of the United States, this 30th Day of June, 1865 at Munson's Hill, Va., by reasons of S.O. No. 158 dated 26 (or Hd Irs) A of P. June 22/65.

No objection to his being reenlisted is know to exist.\*

Said . . . was born in . . . in the state of . . . , is 21 years of age, . . . feet . . . inches high complexion . . . eyes, . . . hair, and by occupation/ When enrolled, a . . .

Given at Munson's Hill, Va this 30th day of June 1865.

H. G. Russel ? (signed)  
leapm. 10th, N. Y and A.C.M.  
Inoale

J. B. Baker (signed)  
Colonel  
(Commanding the Reg't)

*(reverse page)*

Discharge of  
Morris McMULLEN  
U. S. A.

Genesse County fs  
Recorded 30th  
January 1880 at 10 Ani ?  
In Siber 14 M. R. Page ?  
243 and Examined  
C. A. Hull, Clerk

The Oath of Identity was signed  
by Maurice McMULLEN. Subscribed  
and sworn to Frank S. WOODS,  
Notary Public.

Mr. McMULLEN was a wagoner

**Oath of Identity**

Maurice McMULLEN, of the town of Ahan ?  
County of Cattaraugus in the state of . . . . .  
On this 30 of January in the . . . . .  
one thousand eight hundred and eighty,  
personally . . . . . before me, the undersigned,  
a notary public, who being duly sworn according  
to law, declares that he . . . . . idential Maurice  
McMULLEN, a wagonr in the company  
commanded by Captain George H. ROBERTSON  
in the Regiment commanded by Co. J. B. BAKER  
that he enlisted on the 5th day of January 1864 for  
the term of three years and was discharge at Mumnis  
? Hill, Va on the 30th day of June 1865 by reason of  
SO No. 158 dated ? Hdqs ? A of P June 22, 1865

Maurice McMULLEN was the Great Grandfather of James McMULLEN  
(the above document was copied as much as possible as the ink was faded)



## BOOK REVIEW

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### ***SWORD OF SAN JACINTO (A Life of Sam HOUSTON)***

By: Marshall De BRUHL

Random House, New York, 1993

446 pages, bibliography and index; maps; photos

ISBN 0-394-57623-3

Drawing on newly accessible archival material, including more than five thousand letters and documents in the **Andrew Jackson Houston Collection** of the Texas State Archives, and personal visits to historical sites in several states, the author has compiled a very interesting chronicle of the man as a military person, politician, husband and father. **Sam HOUSTON** was born in Timber Ridge, Virginia, 2 March 1793, a fifth son. His mother was widowed early in Sam's life, and she and her family sold their plantation, packed up, and moved to Tennessee. His male line was thus: John **HOUSTON** (1690-1754) from Ulster; Robert **HOUSTON**, lived near present Brownburg, VA (Timber Ridge); (Robert founded the Presbyterian Church at Timber Ridge, VA); Major Samuel **HOUSTON**, Revolutionary War officer; he married Elizabeth **PAXTON**; and Sam **HOUSTON**, who died in Texas, 1863, married (3) Margaret **MOFFETTE LEA** of Marion, Alabama. They had eight children: Sam, Jr.; Nancy Elizabeth; Mary Willie; William Roger; Temple Lea; A. J.; M. L.; and one other, born after 1860.

Sam became close friends with the then governor of Tennessee, Andrew **JACKSON** who was later elected president of the U. S. This friendship lasted through the years, until Jackson's death. Sam fought under **JACKSON** in the War of 1812, and was severely wounded, and the wound bothered him all his life. Sam became a congressman from Tennessee, and governor. While governor, he married a young eighteen year old, who for mysterious reasons, left him after only a short time. They were not legally divorced until many years later. This had a profound effect on Sam, and he resigned as governor and lived with the Cherokee Indians, in Tennessee and Arkansas. He married Tiana, niece of Chief Ooleteka, without benefit of divorce from his first wife.

**HOUSTON** left Arkansas for Texas in the early 1830's, and became a friend of Stephen F. **AUSTIN**, who had succeeded his father as a friend of the Mexican government and a land speculator and settler of colonies in Texas. However, the mainly Anglo emigrants from the United States did not take to the strict controls imposed by the Mexicans. For example, they had to subscribe to the Catholic faith in order to obtain land. By 1835, the situation had deteriorated, and open fighting between the settlers and the Mexicans broke out in earnest. At first, the unorganized Texans were victorious, but this changed rapidly. At a convention on Washington on the Brazos, the Texas delegation declared their independence on the 2d of March, 1836. Sam **HOUSTON** was made commander in chief of the army. The Texans were badly defeated, first the Alamo, then at Goliad. **HOUSTON** and his rag-tag army fled before the Mexican forces, led by General **SANTA ANNA**, who was also president of Mexico. The Texas government fled in front of **HOUSTON**, until they were on Galveston Island, outside Harrisburg (later Houston). However, **HOUSTON** had led **SANTA ANNA** into a strategic trap between two rivers, and in an outstanding military maneuver, defeated the Mexican Army in only eighteen minutes of fighting. **SANTA ANNA** fled the scene, only to be captured and returned to Houston. Texas became a Republic, and **HOUSTON** the first elected president. Later, he served as governor (twice) and senator. In 1861, **HOUSTON** was deposed as governor because he refused to comply with the decision of the legislature to secede from the Union. He died at his home in Huntsville in 1863 with his wife, Margaret **MOFFETTE LEA**. Not popular at the time, **HOUSTON** in time became the real hero of the state's struggle for independence. The reviewer has read many books on the Texas struggle for independence, but this book contains much new material not heretofore published. A good read.

*(Reviewed by Clifton O. DUTY)*



# Grape Pies and The Golden Rule

I was born and raised in a time and place where children weren't bombarded from every corner with running commentary on the sad condition of their lives. Due to this fortunate fact, we were pretty happy with our lot in life. We liked the place we lived in, loved our parents, and even realized and agreed with the occasional spanking we received as being nothing more than a just retribution for actions which were either socially unacceptable or dangerous. (my Gosh, could we have been **abused** children!?!)

We also understood the concept of respect for others. In the days when I grew up, respect was given to all, as a matter of course. It wasn't a commodity that one must earn, but a right, freely given; which could be taken away only after abuse of that right. An abuse like **NOT TELLING THE WHOLE TRUTH!**

When I was a boy of primary school age - 5 or 6 -, my father and mother (due to the **GREAT DEPRESSION**) lived with my Grandpa and Grandma **TRULOCK** in their house on the West side of Indianapolis called "**The Valley**". The Valley was surrounded on one side by the "**Mars Hill**" area and on the other by the rest of the world. The "**Mars Hill Gang**" was all that really concerned us "**Valley Boys**". They were the **BAD GUYS!** I was told that in my father's day large mass brawls with rocks, bats and tree limbs were common. In my day, however, the violence was limited to no more than an occasional "**one-on-one**" fist fight. I never had any direct involvement in such donnybrooks myself, you understand. I was always intelligent enough to avoid direct confrontation with others of my size (or bigger, for that matter!). Very early on I had come to realize that blows to the face or stomach can cause great pain. It made sense to me that I should do whatever necessary to avoid such pain. Many times, while trying to elude this fate, I would go to Grandma's kitchen in the back part of our house, out of earshot of the front yard (where possible vengeful opponents might lurk).

My Grandma was a cook of a rich and rare talent when it came to baking up pies and cookies. In those days, of course, everything was made from "**scratch**". In Grandma's kitchen there were no pie fillings, no pre-baked pie crust, no artificial glaze mixes. No sir, in Grandma's kitchen it was 100% pure **APPLES, RAISINS, BLUEBERRIES, BOYSENBERRIES AND BEST OF ALL CONCORD GRAPES** that were used.

I feel real sorrow when I realize that none of my own sons or daughters will never smell the glorious aroma of concord grapes, "**simmering down**" from a boil while making Concord Grape jelly or better yet, Concord Grape Pies. The glorious smell of those pies enveloped the whole house. The odor really had staying power too. Three days after Grandma made Grape Pie you could **STILL** smell the sweet musky aroma in every part of the house! The anticipation and eagerness I experienced when I smelled that aroma cannot be described to anyone who has not eaten one of those "**hot-from-the-oven**" pies. I don't believe that a single one of her pies ever saw the light of a new day. Heck, they usually never saw the light of a moon, for that matter. Between, Grandpa, Dad, Uncle Walt and I, the three pies (Grandma usually made three pies each time she baked) never lasted past the "evening snack".

## Grape Pies and the Golden Rule - continued

It was because of one of those pies that I lost my grandfather's respect for the first time. Grandma had a habit of sitting her "**hot-from-the-oven**" pies in a three-tiered wooden pie caddy. She would put them on the railing of our back porch till they were cool enough to eat. (Never soon enough for me!)

One "**pie day**", a warm beautiful Saturday, just a few days before the 4th of July, as I was coming home from playing down on the "**the Commons**", I saw **THE PIES** sitting in their usual cooling spot. What wasn't at all usual, was the fact that there were **FOUR** pies instead of three. Not knowing that Grandma had made an extra for the church social coming up on the next day, I decided that no one **WOULD REALLY** care if I sort of "**helped myself**" to a "**preview sample**" of one of those mouth-watering pies. Since I didn't have a knife or a fork, I had to use my hands to break off a small piece of that smothering, warm delight. I confess that it wasn't the neatest job of pie thievery ever attempted. As a matter of fact, by the time I got my one small piece separated from the whole, it was a mess! That pie was the greatest piece of Concord Grape pie ever made on the face of this earth! I sure am glad it was, because I paid a terrible price for it. After I had washed my hands and face at the water pump, I went into the house and heard Grams and Gramps talking about the Church Social coming on the 'morrow. My Grandfather 'opined that he would go take a look at the pies and select the best one for the lucky few who would get to taste one of her masterpieces.

Grandpa went to the back porch, while my stomach dropped to my knees! I had already (and with great deliberation) made that choice, but for a different clientele! I wanted to run - anywhere. But my feet were nailed to the spot. I was waiting for what I knew would surely come. My mind raced frantically like a gerbil in an exercise wheel. I couldn't think, my mouth was dry, rivulets of sweat were pouring down my face. I was trapped! What could I do? I thought that I had single handedly destroyed Grandma's reputation as a pie baker! She would never forgive me. Maybe she might **NEVER, EVER** bake another pie. Or **WORSE**, she might bake more pies but **NEVER, NEVER, EVER** let me have so much as another taste!

Then there came simultaneously two events. One, my grandfather yelling for Ocie Alma to "**Get out here!**" The other, a lie, (fleshed out and fool proof!) leaped, full blown, in my mind. Thus armored, I followed my Grandmother out to the porch (just as though I were nothing more than an innocent, but curious little boy). There I was witness to a horrible sight. Gramps was so mad he had turned bright cherry red! Worse, to my dying shame, Grandma was looking down upon my butchery and dabbing at the tears which were slowly rolling down her cheek. And I? I felt worse than I had ever felt before in my short life. Grandpa, who had finally recovered to a shade of bright pink, skewered me to the wall with his very first question. "**Was, it good, Jimmy?**" I actually got out the first part of the terrible fib out of my mouth. I said something to the effect that I didn't know, cause I didn't do it, and that it must have happened while I been playing down in the Commons. The looks that I got from those two gentle old people have lasted a lifetime. Disbelief, sorrow, and wounding betrayal all rolled into one. Grandpa turned away and looked out into the back yard. Grandma tried to come to the rescue but Gramps wasn't having any part of it. She tried to make the point that it **COULD** have been someone else, but



## Grape Pies and the Golden Rule - continued

even she knew how lame that sounded. So did I. I finally blurted out that I was the one who ate the pie and that I was sorry and I would never do anything like that again! Grandpa turned around and gave me the lesson of a lifetime. **"If you can't tell the truth to people who love you, you must not respect them much."** He walked into the house and left Grandma and I both standing there in tears. **"Jimmy, you know we don't care about the pie, but it was your lying to us that hurt so very much."** **"I'm afraid it is going to be a while for you to earn Grandpa's respect and trust again."** **"Men don't talk much about respect, but it is one of the most important things in our lives."** **"Jesus said it best",** she said. **"Do unto others as you would have them do unto you".** **"You know that means nothing more than giving and having respect for everyone on earth."**

I never forgot that message. I haven't always been able to live up to it, but I keep trying. I can't help but think that today, in our country, most people honestly believe that respect must be earned. Which is the same as saying **"Only when and if you do something nice for me will I respect you"**. I think that given in our crowded world's condition, the concept of respect is needed more than it has ever been. Well, we can hope that maybe someday Grandma's interpretation of respect and the **"Golden Rule"** will come back into vogue. After all, my Grandma was a pretty smart lady, as well as being one heck of a cook!

You know, I still believe that any punishment that I might have received from my parents or grandparents could never have been as long lasting or as harsh as my remembering the look of my Grandfather as he turned away from me, during that awful moment on the porch - - - the moment that I discovered what losing someone's respect could mean.

by Jim TRULOCK

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## Historical Societies

*An alphabetical listing for quick reference  
to historical society information and data*

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### Chicago & Eastern Illinois

- Annual Dues: \$12.50/\$20 sust.
- C&EI Hist. Soc.  
c/o Membership Chairman  
P.O. Box 806 Crestwood, IL 60445



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### Colorado Midland

- Subscription: \$10
- Colorado Midland Quarterly  
1731 N. Cooper  
Colorado Springs, CO 80907



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### Chicago & North Western

- Annual Dues: \$15.50/\$27.50 overseas
- C&NW Hist. Soc.  
Lou Hamilton  
1519 S. Mohawk Dr.  
Roselle, IL 60172



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### Duluth Missabe & Iron Range

- Annual Dues: \$12.50/\$20 sust.
- Missabe Hist. Soc.  
719 Northland Ave  
Stillwater, MN 55082



For additional information from these societies, please send them  
a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

*Mainline Modeler / July 1990*



## Advertisement

"Oh matrimony! thou art like  
To Jeremiah's figs.  
The good are very good indeed,  
The bad too sour for pigs."

Whereas, thank God, my wife Rachel has left my bed and board, for the here-after-mentioned provocation: this is to give notice, that I will pay no debts of her contracting after this date.

We were married young: the match was not of our own choosing, but a made-up one between our parents. 'My dear,' says her mother, with a nose like a gourd handle, to her best beloved, 'now if we can get our neighbor Charles to consent to a marriage between our Rachel and his son, we shall have no more care upon our hands, and live the rest of our days in undisturbed repose.' Here my beloved began to whimper: the truth is, she loved, tenderly love, another; and they knew it: he had no property, however, and that was their only idea of happiness; but she could not conceive how they could feast in joy upon her misery. 'Hold your tongue,' says her surly father, 'don't you think your parents know better how to direct your attachments than you do yourself?' 'Yes, my dear,' says the mother, 'you should always be governed by your parents: they are old and experienced, and you are too young to think for yourself.' The old dad and mam forgot that they, were a runaway love-match, at the age of nineteen. But poor Rachel said not a word, for she was afraid of her daddy's cowhide, that he had used sixteen years on nobody's back but his daughter's. She seemed reckless of her fate, was almost stupefied, and did not know that she could alter it for the worse. My father, by persuasion and argument, dazzled my fancy with the eight negroes that would be her portion: 'which,' said he, 'put upon the quarter section which I shall give you, will render you independent: and you are a fool if you do not live happily with such an angel.' Angel! said I; but I said no more, for my dad, in peace rest his ashes, would have flown in a passion with the rapidity that powder catches fire: and its ebullition, like the blaze, would scorch me, I well knew.

We were married. I thought, as her father had ruled her with so tough a whip, I could do it with a hickory switch, and for my leniency gain her everlasting gratitude. We have had no offspring except a hearty quarrel every little while. In truth, I found her more spirited than I imagined: she was always ready to deal word for word and blow for blow; but I never used a switch till the other day, always taking my open hand. The other day, coming home from work, very much fatigued and hungry, I found my wife in rather an unusual fit of passion, scolding some pigs that had over-set the buttermilk. Rachel, says I, make me some coffee. "Go to h\_\_l," says she! I could not stand this. I had never heard her swear before. I will chastise you for that, says I. "Villain," says she, "I'm determined to hear no more of your ill usage. Instead of using the mild language which a husband ought to use, you always endeavor to beat me into measures; touch me with that whip, I will leave your house, and take my niggers, so I will." She had said such things so often, that I did not regard her, and belabored her handsomely. I be next morning, after I had gone out to work, away she bundles, sure enough, and when I came home at noon, I found the house emptied of bag and baggage, and all the negroes taken, but the three that were at work with me. I have lived happily since, however, and she may keep all she took, if she will stay at her crooked-nosed mammy's and never trouble my house again.

Thomas Johnstone

**NOTE:** When we were working in the State Archives in Raleigh, North Carolina recently, Aleta looked for an Obituary of her ancestor, who died in Mecklenburg County, North Carolina. She found it in the "Catawba Journal", Charlotte, North Carolina, 3 Jan 1826. Next to it on the same page was the above Advertisement. Hope you find it amusing.

contributed by Aleta & Norris **REYNOLDS**

## COMPUTER CORNER

by William E. McCracken

### Data Base: Civil War Soldiers System

It isn't every day that I run across a source that promises to be a help to a wide variety of genealogy researchers. There is an effort to computerize all of the Civil War Soldiers who participated in the war.



The idea is to create a computer data base that would be available to all to search out and get information about their Civil War Veteran ancestors. The data base will be called the Civil War Soldiers System (CWSS). The data base, when finished, will contain over 3.5 million records of Civil War Veterans and will include information on over 7000 individual military units.

This is a cooperative effort of the Civil War Trust and the National Park Service, National Archives, the Genealogy Society of Utah, and the National Federation of Genealogists (FGS). This effort officially began this past July and was announced at Ford's Theatre in Washington, D.C..

The system, when completed, will be made available to visitors at national Civil War parks. It will be a computerized system that will contain 14 fields of information. Roger Kennedy, Director of the National Park Service stated that the system would be finished and ready to go by 1996.

The names will be entered by volunteers using National Archives paper records. The information will include the soldier's name, his company and regiment, whether Confederate or Union, and rank when he entered and left the service. This is to be the core of the data base. Other facts to be included will be individual information on the 7000 military units that participated. Information about major battles and burial records of Civil War cemeteries which are managed by the National Park Service will also be in the data base. There may be other things added in the future, according to the Director.

Well, I don't have to tell you that this will be a bonanza of information for everyone, not just for the Genealogist. I can hardly wait! But Wait!! There is a much more ambitious project underway in West Virginia. Shepherd College is working on a project to create a data base that would include each soldier's compiled service record and pension files. More later, see you next time.

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Sources: The Civil War News, June 1993, Sept. 1993; Civil War, The Magazine of the Civil War Society, July-August 1993, Vol. XI No. 4



## QUERIES



**SLATER / KELLY** - John **SLATER** b. 4 Feb 1807, d. Nov 1892, m. 11 Nov 1824 to Mary **KELLY** b. May 1808, d. May 1884, dau. of Aaron **KELLY**. All were in Kanawha Co., WV. Who were John **SLATER**'s parents? Who were Aaron **KELLY**'s parents? Will exchange info.

**GOODE / HARRISON** - Sarah Elizabeth **GOODE** b. 1813, d. 1904, m. 1841 CA to Reuben **HARRISON**, b. 1818, d. 1898. Sarah was the dau. of John **GOODE**. Seeking info. of her mother and grandparents. They were in Kanawha and Jackson Co., WV. Will exchange info.

**FRAZIER / BUCKNER / CREEL** - John **FRAZIER** and Sarah **FRAZIER** births and death dates unknown. Their dau. Nancy **FRAZIER** b. 1837, d. 1906 m. John Anthony **BUCKNER CREEL** b. 1835, d. 1910. Need proof for the **FRAZIER**'s. Sarah was in the Wirt Co., WV 1860-1870 census. Will exchange info.

#525 - Reply to Alice **CREEL BALL**, 6117 Bamboo Drive, Orlando, FL 32807

**PROVOST / DANSERAULT** - Am researching the family of Joseph **PROVOST** born in 1812 in Canada (probably in the Montreal area). In 1838 he m. Archange **DANSERAULT**. He was a master mariner and had five children: Louis, Adelaide, Marie, Joseph and Hilaire. Is anyone researching this family?

**QUEBEC PROVINCE VITAL STATISTICS** - How does one go about getting vital statistical info. for persons who were born or died in the Quebec Province during the period of 1800 - 1900. Any assistance appreciated.

#750 - Reply to Steven C. **PROVOST**, 306 Fox Squirrel Lane, Longwood, FL 32779

**SUMNER / BLOODWORTH** - Seeking info. on my great grandfather, John **SUMNER**'s parents. Family info. shows he is from north Florida: Hamilton, Alachua, Suwannee or Columbia Co. He m. Balzora **BLOODWORTH**, circa 1875, and they are both buried at McAlpin, Suwannee Co., FL. John's brothers were William, Jordan, Alexander and Daniel. Any assistance will be greatly appreciated.

Reply to Laverne **SUMNER PADGETT**, P. O. Box 235, Parchman, MS 38738.

**MOTT** - Researching Emanuel D. **MOTT** b. 3/16/1800, ?Duval Co., FL. Possibly related to Camden Co., GA **MOTT**'s.

**FOSTER (?FAUSTINO) / MARSHALL (?MACADO)** - Anyone researching **FOSTER (?FAUSTINO)** and **MARSHALL (?MACADO)**. Immigrated from the Azores thru New Bedford, MA in late 1890's.

**O'BRIEN / KELLEY / MULLIGAN** - Working on **O'BRIEN**, **KELLEY** and **MULLIGAN**. Immigrated to Boston from Ireland in the 1890's.

**RIORDAN / BURLEY / SHIELDS** - Anyone working on **RIORDAN**, **BURLEY** and **SHIELDS** lines in Southeast Nebraska in the 1850's?

Reply to Jan **TAFT**, 4510 Park Street, Jacksonville, FL 32205-7326

*Send in your queries **NOW** to be included in the next issue of Buried Treasures.*





## RECENT ACQUISITIONS -- ORLANDO PUBLIC LIBRARY

<u>TOPIC</u>	<u>TITLE</u>
Adoptions	Lifeline: The Action Guide to Adoption Search Search: A Handbook for Adoptees and Birthparents
America	Beginning Franco-American Genealogy Emigrants from Ireland to America, 1735 - 1743, a Transcription Our Heritage; French Families of America, 1700 - 1983
Aroostook War	Historical Sketch and Roster of Commissioned Officers and Enlisted Men (in the Aroostook War)
Australia	Tracing Your Family History in Australia
Black History	Black West, a Pictorial History, The Buffalo Soldiers, a Narrative of the Negro Cavalry in the West, The Heritage of Blacks in North Carolina, The (Volume 1)
Census	State Census Records
Colorado	Colorado: Its Gold and Silver Mines, Ranches and Pleasure Resorts Forgotten Kingdom, A; The Spanish Frontier in Colorado and New Mexico, 1540 - 1821 Stampede to Timberline: The Ghost Towns and Mining Camps of Colorado
Connecticut	Families of Early Guilford, Connecticut
Creoles	Forgotten People - Cane River's Creoles of Color, The
Czechoslovakia	Czech Immigration Passenger Lists, Volume 4, New York, 1847 - 1869
Dutch	Dutch Genealogical Research
Emigrants	Complete Book of Emigrants, 1700 - 1750, Volume 3 Emigrants from Ireland to America, 1735 - 1743, a Transcription Emigrants in Chains . . . 1607 - 1776
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Leonard	MA	R. Dean	#529
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Lide	PA, OH	D. Rudd	#383
Lincoln	MA	R. Dean	#529
Lindsey	IN	R. Connell	#464
Linsey	IN	R. Connell	#464
Literal	IL, OH, KY, VA	G. Littrell	#558
Littrell	IL, OH, KY, VA	G. Littrell	#558
Livermore	CT, MA	R. Connell	#464
Lobb	MN, IL, WI	G. Gibson	#540
Long	MA	R. Connell	#464
Loomis	CT	R. Connell	#464
Loring	MA	R. Connell	#464
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Mahon	VA	C. Dudding	#548
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Marcy	MA, CT	R. Connell	#464
Marshall	NC, VA, TN	J. Fuquay	#648
Martin	NC	C. Heatherington	#190
Martin	NC	N. Reynolds	#497
Masters	ENG	J. McMullen	#512

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Mayo	MA	R. Connell	#464
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McCain	NC	S. Harding	#717
McCall	GA	N. Reynolds	#497
McCleary	PA	G. Littrell	#558
McCleary	IL, PA, IA	G. Littrell	#558
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McGrath	NY	J. McGrath	#433
McGrew	PA	R. Connell	#464
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McLeod	NC, VA, TN	J. Fuquay	#648
McMullen	IRL, CND, NY	R. Westenhofer	#197
McMullen	NY	J. McMullen	#512
McNeill	NC, VA, TN	J. Fuquay	#648
Mebane	NC, VA, TN	J. Fuquay	#648
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Minor	VA	L. Parsons	#457
Mitchell	VA	S. Harding	#717
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Moller	MO, IL, AR	H. Mowris	#589
Montgomery	OH	E. Willis	#C28
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Moon	OH	L. Parsons	#457
Moon	IN	C. Dudding	#548
Moore	PA, IL	J. Sharp	#277
Moore	MA	R. Connell	#464
Moore	PA	G. Gibson	#540
Moore	VA	S. Harding	#717
Moorehead	PA	G. Gibson	#540
Morgan	AL	T. Miller	#335
Morley	CT, MA	R. Connell	#464
Morris	IN	E. Willis	#C28
Morris	MA, CT	R. Connell	#464
Morrow	IN, OH, NC	N. Reynolds	#497
Morton	TN, AL	J. Duty	#236
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Moss	CT	C. Dudding	#548
Mossburg	MD	A. Osisek	#555
Moulton	MD, ENG	B. Streeter	#333
Moulton	MA	B. Coburn	#544
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Mowers	NY, PA	G. Mowris	#349
Mowris	NY, PA	G. Mowris	#349
Muller	MO, IL, AR	H. Mowris	#589
Mullins	MA	R. Connell	#464
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Neas	OH, VA	R. Connell	#464
Needham	MA	B. Coburn	#544
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Nitschmann	OH, PA	R. Connell	#464
Noble	NY	C. Dudding	#548
Norman	NC	S. Harding	#717
Norris	GA	N. Reynolds	#497
Norton	MA	R. Connell	#464
Nye	NY	R. Westenhofer	#197
Nye	NY	R. Rollin	#465
O'Dea	MA	R. Connell	#464
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Olsson	SWD	N. Olsson	#312
Omansick	MI, GER	R. Westenhofer	#197
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Ouellette	CND	A. Giroux	#500
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Palsgrove	MA	R. Connell	#464
Paquette	CND	A. Giroux	#500
Park/Parke	VT	M. Witham	# 59
Parker	VA	J. Sharp	#277
Parker	MA	R. Connell	#464
Parker	NJ, RI, ENG	N. Reynolds	#497
Parker	GA, NY, SC	P. Wollnick	#587
Parks	VT	M. Witham	# 59
Parrott	VA	L. Parsons	#457
Passmore	TX, OK	E. Redd	#172
Patton	VA	L. Parsons	#457
Paulson	PA, MD	G. Littrell	#558
Paxton	VA	L. Fiebrandt	#573
Peak/Peake	AL, TN, GA, VA NC, SC	M. Cox	#613
Pearce	NJ	E. Willis	#C28
Pearson	MA	R. Westenhofer	#197
Peck	ENG	C. Dudding	#548
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Pehrson	SWD	N. Olsson	#312
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Perry	CT	R. Perry	#303
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Peters	MN, IL, GER	L. Hanson	# 66
Peterson	AL, VA	C. Cornelius	#229
Peterson	AL, TN, GA, VA NC, SC	M. Cox	#613
Petrey	AL, GA, SC	C. Cornelius	#229
Pharo	ENG	N. Reynolds	#497

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Phink	TN	G. Stinecipher	#395
Picken	CND, SCT	A. Giroux	#500
Pigott	NC	B. Lytle	#292
Pippin	NC	S. Harding	#717
Platts	MA	R. Connell	#464
Plomer	MA	R. Connell	#464
Polk	CT, PA, OH	H. Gibson	#541
Polson	PA, MD	G. Littrell	#558
Porter	IL	E. Hemphill	#590
Potter	MA	R. Connell	#464
Poulson	PA, MD	G. Littrell	#558
Poulter	MA	R. Connell	#464
Powell	VA	J. Sharp	#277
Prescott	MA	R. Connell	#464
Priest	MA, GA, FL	E. Brockman	#173
Pritchard	NC	S. Harding	#717
Pritchett	MA	R. Connell	#464
Pruden	NC	S. Harding	#717
Puling	VA	G. Mowris	#349
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Purvis	PA	G. Mowris	#349
Rainey	TN	S. Boykin	#635
Ramage	AL, SC, PA	N. Reynolds	#497
Ramey	GA, AL, AR, OK	E. Redd	#172
Ramsey	KY, IN, IL	C. Duty	#220
Randall	MA, SC, GA, FL	E. Brockman	#173
Rapelje	NY	R. Rollin	#465
Ratliff	AL, TN, VA	T. Miller	#335
Rawson	MA	R. Connell	#464
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