

Buried Treasures



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CENTRAL FLORIDA GENEALOGICAL
SOCIETY, INC.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

President's Message	ii
Major William BRADSHAW - Innkeeper of Fairview, Ohio	67
The BROTZ Family Christmas	69
Benjamin Wood DEAN	70
Pop	72
Passage to America	73
Samuel FRAME 's Dream	74
To Thine Own Self Be True	75
My Most Challenging Ancestor	76
Charles HAYWARD was a Genealogist's Dream Ancestor	78
An Anecdote About My Great-Grandfather	79
Grandfather Leaves Home	80
Solomon KEYES	82
Albert Edward MASTERS	82
Charles Franklin McCALLISTER	83
Norman	85
Thomas NORTON	85
Barzillai H. REYNOLDS	85
Warren SALTER	86
Joseph M. SMITH	87
How A Saying Got Started In Our Family	87
A Case of Mistaken Identity	88
Stick Around and Find Out	89
Phoebe Carey WILSON , I Salute You!	90
The Trio	92
The Outhouse	93
Unusual Occupations	94
Geographical Index	95
Surname Index	96
Family Finder	a - c

FALL CONTRIBUTORS

E. G. Bishop Anne H. Connell Richard A. Connell Sheryl Culver Bob Dean Clifton O. Duty Buried Treasures	Jean A. Fish Wendell Fish Maryann A. Forster Steve Harding Alma H. Holt	Lynn J. Knorr Alice E. Lowell William E. McCracken James McMullen Margaret M. McMullen	Arlene L. Parnes Charles Peterson Norris L. Reynolds Rhoda White Rollin Mary Louise B. Todd Ralyne E. Westenhofer
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CENTRAL FLORIDA GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY

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

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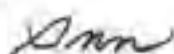
Dear Members and Friends:

Welcome once again to an exciting "Special Issue" of Buried Treasures. This final issue of 1993 is one that all of us on the Publications Committee are quite pleased with for several reasons. First of all, because so many interesting stories about our member's ancestors are being published and secondly, we have had a record number of submissions (29) and contributors (22) for this Fall issue. After reviewing and judging the submissions based on a "point system", we have chosen Mary Louise Todd's entry as our "winning" story.

I am sure that many of you, like myself, would have a difficult time selecting just one special ancestor with which to write. As for myself, I would like to remember my immigrant ancestor, Johann Herman **MOHR** in a special way, because on 8 October 1994, we will be celebrating the 250th Anniversary of Herman's arrival at the Port of Philadelphia. There are many ancestors in each of our families that we would like to recall as special for a variety of reasons - early immigrants, recent immigrants, military heroes, individuals from all walks of life, but each ancestor has endeared themselves in our eyes and in our hearts.

All of the submissions were excellent and it was not an easy chore! At the time of the judging, the Publications Committee decided that we should make the "story writing contest" an annual event in conjunction with our Special Issue of Buried Treasures. Let's all now begin composing our own story for next year's issue of Buried Treasures. We sincerely look forward to many new submitters for all of next years issues!

Happy Researching,



Ann Mohr Osisek
President

MAJOR WILLIAM BRADSHAW INNKEEPER OF FAIRVIEW, OHIO

by Mary Louise B. TODD

The little village of Fairview is located in Guernsey County, Ohio, just across the line from Kirkwood Township in Belmont County. The town was laid out in 1814 by Hugh GILLILAND and was named 'Fairview' by Ralph COWGILL, one of the first settlers who came over Zane's Trace from Virginia. This winding old Indian trail became the route for the Wheeling Road and then later the National Road. It was to be the main highway for travelers going west through Ohio. Today, the National Road has lost its importance and has been replaced by Interstate 70 but, Fairview is still there, a sleepy, hilly little town unnoticed by people in the cars and trucks speeding by on the expressway.

Even before the town was organized, there were a few hardy settlers living in Kirkwood Township. Among them was John BRADSHAW whose house was known as an overnight stopping place for travelers on Zane's Trace. Its original location was on Boden's Hill east of town where the road turned south to descend into the valley. When John BRADSHAW died in 1824, his son Major William BRADSHAW took over the place. Three years later, the National Road was built and William moved the tavern on rollers half a mile to the intersection fronting the pike on the north and the road to Barnesville on the west. As business grew, he added to and enlarged the original structure.

The inn has been described by Wm G. WOLFE in "Stories of Guernsey County, Ohio," as an L-shaped building two stories high, painted white with green blinds. There was a bell on the rooftop and a signboard in front:

FAIRVIEW HOUSE W. Bradshaw

According to tradition, John BRADSHAW who signed his name 'John BREDSHEWE' came from County Monaghan in Ireland. He became an American citizen in 1812. Major William BRADSHAW always said that he was born at sea in 1787 on the passage over. Yet, we find that in the Census of 1860, he was listed as born in Ireland, aged 73, hotelkeeper. He was a tall man with a ruddy face; in his later years his hair and beard were white. His rank of major may have come from service with the militia or it may have been by courtesy only. Accounts differ on

this point. In any case, he seems not to have had a high regard for the local military forces, the Fairview Guard, whom he called 'soldiers in peace and citizens in war,' according to Goodspeed's old county history.

Major **BRADSHAW** was well known as a host in his day and his inn was an important stopping place on the National Road. Here the stagecoaches paused to change horses. The tavern was famous for the quality of its food, for the comfort of the barroom with its big fireplace, and for its genial proprietor and his keen Irish wit. Even its hostler, Peter **SIMPSON**, had a reputation for the way in which he maintained the coachyard and stables opposite the tavern.

With the coming of the railroad, the village of Fairview and Bradshaw's Inn saw their importance dwindle. Major William **BRADSHAW** eventually sold Fairview House and moved to Barnesville shortly before he died in 1863. His grandson, John William **BRADSHAW**, Jr. wrote to his sister Georgianna **BALL** some years later of a trip back to the old place: '...and the scenery around there is most beautiful. No finer--it seems to me--anywhere. I even noted the two old chestnut trees west of the barn and looked for the haw tree but could not see it. It made me feel sad--that it would probably be my last visit to old Fairview. Wish I could write it up right but I cannot now...'

Today almost a hundred years later, the inn is long gone but the National Pike still winds it way up and down hill and the village of Fairview is still there by the side of the road. The countryside is still quietly beautiful and Major William **BRADSHAW** is still remembered by his great great granddaughter.



In 1993 the Publications Committee of the Central Florida Genealogical Society decided to conduct a writing contest for the Special Issue of Buried Treasures with the prize for the best article being a copy of "The Source". The topics selected were 'Your Favorite Ancestor', 'The Ancestor of Whom You are Most Proud' or 'An Ancestor with an Unusual Occupation'. As you will note, this is by far the largest Table of Contents - 29 articles were submitted by 22 members. Thank you one and all!!!

On Thursday, December 9, 1993, CFGS President, Ann Osisek presented a copy of The Source at the

general membership meeting to Mary Louise S. Todd for writing the winning article. CONGRATULATIONS!!

As a footnote, in June 1989, How and I conducted a free workshop at the Orlando Public Library regarding 'Publications' (both newsletters and quarterlies). The attendees of that workshop became YOUR Publications Committee. Mary Todd was one of the attendees and since that time, she has submitted an article for nearly every quarterly issue.

What a wonderful legacy for your family, Mary!

EDITOR

THE BROTZ FAMILY CHRISTMAS

(1912 - 1916)

by Maryann ANDRASIC
FORSTER



Christmas was the most festive time of the year for the family. Herman, the eldest, was a sentimental young man and he carried out the family's Christmas customs year after year.

It was Herman who brought home a tree and decorated it behind the closed parlor doors. No one was allowed to see it until Christmas Eve, at which

time he would ring a little Christmas bell and declare that the Christ Child had come. Only then were the doors opened so they all could enjoy the wondrous "Tannenbaum".

The tree was decorated with large colored balls and with candles burning on each branch. At the top of the tree was a beautiful white silk angel, a gold halo atop her head, and a candle burning in her outstretched hand. Herman and Nick watched the candles carefully, for as soon as they burned down to about an inch, they had to be put out, lest they start the tree afire.

Herman then led the family in singing Christmas Carols, their favorite being "Ihr Kinderlein Kommet" (The Christchild Comes). After the songs, each child recited the Christmas poem they had chosen and been rehearsing all week.

Only after these customs were completed, could the gifts under the tree be opened. They were always practical and useful, and included things like mittens, scarves, and hats. One year Agatha taught Katherine to crochet and she crocheted silk ties for her father and brothers.

On a nearby table, large soup plates, one for each child, contained an apple, an orange, anise and spice cookies, walnuts, and some Christmas candy. These treats, not part of their The

Brotz Family Christmas - continued

normal day-to-day diets, were received as long awaited treasures.

One Christmas eve afternoon, while out playing and having fun sliding on the ice, Katherine fell and her teeth cut down through her bottom lip. Not only was she still in pain the night, but her mouth was so swollen that she could not indulge in the Christmas treats on her plate . . . and that really hurt!

Only once, while living in the Bronx, did a candle burn too low and set the Christmas tree on fire. Herman scooped it up in his arms, someone opened the door, and he flung it out into the yard where it was quickly eaten away by the flames. More than his burned hands, it hurt the young man to see 'his' lovingly decorated tree destroyed.

Since the parlor was not heated, they were able to keep the Christmas tree up for several months. Sometimes, they were able to enjoy it until Easter.

(The above are the memories of Maryann's mother-in-law, Katherine BROTZ, who celebrated her 89th birthday on 20 July 1993.)

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Buried Treasures

BENJAMIN WOOD DEAN



Dean Family
Coat-of-Arms

Benjamin Wood DEAN was born in 1822 in New Hampshire, and died 73 years later in Wisconsin. He and his young wife Sarepta JOHNSON, made the rough journey from New Hampshire to Wisconsin in 1855 looking for new land and new opportunities. They settled first in Washington County for a short time and their first child, Francis Isaac, my grandfather, was born there. The next move was to undeveloped lands in the central part of the state. Conditions experienced by this pioneer family are described by J. WAKEFIELD in his "History of Waupaca County, Wisconsin" published in 1890:

"In settling a new country the pioneer has much that is unpleasant and discouraging to contend with. Unbroken forests must be cleared away, or the tough sods of the prairie turned under, and the fields fenced and fitted for cultivation. Crops must be planted, and time given for them to come up, grow and mature.

Benjamin Wood Dean - continued

"In the meantime the old settler must live. His family cannot be carried safely through without food and clothing, coarse and scant, perhaps, but sufficient to sustain nature. How to procure them is often a difficult question with him. It is quite common to see the 'hungry wolf at the door,' literally as well as metaphorically. His is a constant struggle with want, aye, even hunger and cold; but he must live, and he struggles on, often disappointed, but ever hopeful, for the blackest cloud may, and generally does have a 'silver lining.'

"Is it any wonder that so many faint by the way, that so many get discouraged and return to their old homes, perhaps in the far East? Many more would move back if they could, but the new settler's stock of money is nearly expended in the purchase of his land, and in his first few temporary improvements. So his only chance is to remain, and there is where the blessing comes in; being compelled to stay, he is obliged to 'work or starve.' At length his enforced industry is rewarded, and many a formerly disheartened settler has lived to bless a poverty which has eventually made him rich in spite of himself."

Benjamin Wood DEAN was a veteran of the Civil War. He served with the 1st Wisconsin Cavalry and
Buried Treasures

was injured while in action near Montgomery, Alabama. He received a government pension, but suffered from this injury the rest of his life.

The original log cabin has disappeared. Farm land originally owned by Sarepta's father (who also moved from New Hampshire with his family) is still occupied by direct descendants.

There are many descendants of Benjamin Wood DEAN, most of them living in Wisconsin and South Dakota. A family reunion is held every other year and a DEAN Family Association has been formed. A newsletter *The DEAN Family in America* is published by myself every four months. The newsletter caters to third generation descendants of Benjamin Wood DEAN, but includes ancestral information from my family history research. Plans are under way to bring the fourth generation on board and to have them take over the newsletter as third generation descendants such as myself are in their 'declining' years.

Benjamin Wood DEAN's fourth great-grandfather, John DEANE, emigrated from England in 1637 with his wife, Alice, and brother, Walter. John and Walter DEANE were original settlers of Taunton, Massachusetts.

by Bob DEAN

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'POP'

by Clifton O. DUTY

In the presence of her children, Mom called him "Your Father." In general conversation, she referred to him as "Mr. DUTY." He was also known as "Uncle Ves." His given name was Sylvester, from sylvan (woods). We two boys called him "Pop." He was born in 1866 and our Mom was born in 1882. Pop was tall, slim, dark complexioned, with silvery hair and an imposing mustache. Along the years, he had lost one eye. He was loved by everyone except those who might try to take advantage of him. A certain Mr. SKINNER in our community probably never forgot the day that Pop went to his house to collect a long overdue debt. He took me along for the experience. Mr. SKINNER paid the debt.

Pop was a widower from about 1904 until his marriage to my mother. During that time he helped others of his family and I found out later that many of these first cousins of mine had precious photos of him which they gave to me recently. The cousins told me how Pop had helped their families in time of need. He was the pioneer that led the way to richer lands. On our little farms in Illinois and Texas, we raised much produce, along with chickens and pigs. Pop taught me how to prepare these animals for the table.

His relatives and close friends always knew that what was his was also theirs. We leaned on each other. Pop had many skills. He had been a building contractor, carpenter, cabinet maker, sawmill operator and farmer. He taught me how to fell trees, cut them up and split them into firewood. He taught me how to work a two horse team and to plant, cultivate and harvest crops. I remember well his emphasis on keeping all tools sharpened and clean. He showed us how to make a wagon and cart for use with the animals. As a matter of practice, when Pop assigned work for us to do, he always inspected the completed product. He gave his seal of approval only to quality work. Later on, in graduate school, I learned there was a phrase for this: "The dignity of Labor." We yearned to receive this accolade: "Well done, boys, you are my standbys." I think he knew that he would not live to see us as adults. When we needed it, we felt the weight of his discipline. This usually happened when we deliberately disobeyed him in an important matter. He did not suffer fools gladly, and we learned fast.

Mom went to church with us, and she was always quoting the Bible to us. I can never recall Pop going to church in our lifetime. However, Mom told us that he had read the Bible through over seven times, and that she learned much from him. Pop came

'Pop' - continued

from two families of Primitive Baptists in Indiana and Illinois, the **DUTY's** and the **REEDERs**. Pop impressed on us the need for education and helped us with our studies, especially mathematics. He wanted us to become architects or engineers.

Pop told us how he loved to play games as a youth: baseball, without gloves, boxing, swimming, fishing and riding horses. He had the knarled hands to prove his stories. He showed us how to make all kinds of play-things: rifles and guns from wood that shot rubber bands; darts; pop-guns; fishing poles and hooks; baseballs and bats. As a child, I believed there was nothing he could not do if he put his mind to it. I watched him put iron shoes on our work animals. I do recall one mule that did not like for Pop to fool around with his hind legs. Pop soon sold that animal and bought a horse. And Pop could and did cook, everything but biscuits and bread, at which Mom excelled.

Pop died in 1935 in Texas, just before my fifteenth birthday, and I thought the world had come to an end. Mom had been an invalid for over a year, and never left the hospital alive. Here I was, with a younger brother, no place to live and no means of support, so I thought. But I did have support: Pop's friends and relatives, and my

own teachers in school. I started high school and graduated with honors in 1938. I felt that Pop was alongside me as I earned money in the summer and enrolled in college to become a chemical engineer. In the quiet moments, I could hear him say, "You are my old standby."

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PASSAGE TO AMERICA

by Rhoda **WHITE ROLLIN**

My maternal great-grandmother Juliette, was an **EATON**.

Juliette's daughter, Henrietta, was my grandmother who lived with us, kept house, and raised my sister and I while our parents busied themselves with their business.

Henrietta maintained that the **EATONs** came over on the Mayflower. I wish I had listened closer as I have been unable to prove this, running into a stone wall as to who Juliette's parents were.

Periodically Henrietta would become lyrical about how the **EATONs** had come to America on the Mayflower. My father would listen to her just so long and then would smile and say, "I sure am sorry your folks had to come over on a ship like that, Henrietta. My folks had enough

Passage to America - continued

money that they came over on a boat of their own." Henrietta would sniff, but you could see she felt badly about the slight.

Three years ago I finally managed to trace the **WHITEs** to Massachusetts, to William **WHITE**, signer of the Mayflower Compact. With this information in my hand, I wanted to run to my father and shout, "Look, Dad! Your folks didn't come over on a boat or on the same ship Grandma's did." My father died in 1938; my grandmother in 1940. Knowing my grandmother as I did, I am sure she found out the particulars as soon as she arrived in heaven and had already set my father straight.

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SAMUEL FRAME'S DREAM

by E. G. BISHOP

Samuel **FRAME**, my great-grandfather, lived on a farm about 10 miles northwest of Staunton, near Spring Hill, Virginia. He and his family farmed a number of acres - wheat, corn, along with a garden, chickens, hogs, cows, and sheep. It was a good farm and provided the family with all their needs.

My grandmother, Elizabeth

Buried Treasures

Samuel Frame's Dream - continued

FRAME KELLER CARSON, tells this remarkable story about a singular event that made history in and around Spring Hill

It seems that each year the farmers would take their wheat to Palmer Mill near Spring Hill and leave it for the miller to process as he could. On this occasion Samuel **FRAME** delivered his year's supply of wheat to the mill for processing just as all the other farmers.

One night, however, Samuel **FRAME** had a dream. An Angel told him he must move his wheat from the mill to high ground for a flood would destroy the mill and its contents. Well, this looked like a "pipe dream", so to speak, as no one around had ever heard of the mill being flooded or in any danger. But, Samuel **FRAME** went to the mill and hauled his entire wheat deposit to his farm and higher ground. Farmers and the miller scoffed at the idea. As Samuel hauled the wheat away the farmers thought he was a bit "teched". The rains came and it rained as never before. The stream was flooded and sure enough, the mill with all the farmers' wheat was destroyed.

There is a monument on the farm, placed there by my grandmother that records this event for posterity, it

Samuel Frame's Dream - continued

reads as follows:

"Samuel Frame
buried on the farm
warned by an angel in
a dream Sept. 22, 1870
to remove his wheat
from Palmer Mill. Now
Spring Hill, which he did
the following day
a flood destroyed the mill.

Erected by his granddaughter
Elizabeth Carson"

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'TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE'

by Sheryl CULVER

The ancestor that I find most fascinating is the founder of my paternal family in this country. William **FURBISH** was born in Kinellar, Scotland around 1624 A.D. William and his brother, Daniel, were both taken prisoner at the battle of Dunbar in September 1650. As prisoners of Cromwell's Roundheads, they survived cruel treatment, long forced marches from city to city, slave labor, and near starvation. In November 1650 they were deported to the New World. (It is stated that these Scottish P.O.W.'s were so staunch in their resistance to

'To Thine Own Self Be True' - continued

Cromwell they were sent as far away from home as possible.) On arrival in the New World 3 months later, William was sold as a slave to the iron works in Lynn, Massachusetts, and then probably transferred to the saw-mills in the Berwick, Maine area. William eventually earned his freedom and settled in Kittery, Maine. The original homestead still exists today.

William married and his family prospered despite wars, the harsh New England climate, and hard times. We are now in our 11th and 12th generations. This is no doubt due to **FURBISH** stubbornness and perseverance, which William personified.

Even though William settled down, it is plain he never gave in to the English yoke of rule. There are quite a few references on the books of fines levied against him for breaking the law - specifically cited are speaking against the government, and verbally abusing the constable. William never relinquished his right to speak his opinions, but he always paid his fines. He learned to work with the system.

I guess the reason I admire him so is that William won against terrible odds by accepting what he could not change, and by adapting to his new

'To Thine Own Self Be True' -
continued

conditions; but, through it all, he always remained true to himself.

William lived a long, and I like to think contented, life. I am proud to be his direct descendant.

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**MY MOST CHALLENGING
ANCESTOR**

by Anne **HAMMOND CONNELL**

Of all my ancestors, my eighth great grandfather in England has to be among the Top Ten Challengers. Over most of my life, the earliest we could find on him was that "In 1591, John **HACKER**, of Yeovil, Somerset, bought Sheffield Hall in East Bridgford, Nottinghamshire, from Lord **SHEFFIELD**." My English cousin Kathleen had searched for years and after her death, our cousin Mary, who took over her job of Family Historian, continued the quest. Then in 1985, when my husband and I were over for a visit, we all went to Taunton, Somerset, thinking surely we would find all sorts of information in the Archives there. *Zilch! The family didn't exist!*

In East Bridgford, the present owner of The Hall graciously interrupted her gardening to show us

My Most Challenging Ancestor -
continued

through the old original part and in the lovely old village church, we viewed a monument showing John **HACKER** (d. 29 Mar 1620) and wife, Margaret **GOODE** (d. 6 Jan 1627) kneeling in prayer, with four sons and three daughters kneeling in front of them – all dressed in Elizabethan attire. The vicar told me that one day his sexton was walking just outside the north side of the church when the ground caved in beneath his feet. Digging down, they found steps leading to a musty room below containing six elaborate coffins, some with funeral flowers still lying on top. From old records they deduced that it was the tomb of the **HACKER** family and that originally it had been within a wing of the church. A century or so later, when the outer walls began to crumble, it was decided to pull them on down and build a new wall excluding that section. Sic Transit gloria mundi! I just wish I could have seen the tomb before they sealed it up again.

Researching sources I never knew existed, my cousin has been able to assemble a fine record of the family down through the **HEATHCOTES** and **HAMMONDS**, but still had not one clue to John's past or to his obvious success in life. And this is how it stood until recently when, on a hunch, she tried a different approach

My Most Challenging Ancestor - continued

in a different county. Suddenly the past began to open up. She found that John HACKER was awarded a Law degree from Oxford University in 1576 and that from 1577 on, he had practiced law (mainly defense) around E. Bridgford, Notts, and Hardwicke, Derbyshire.

At this point I must digress for a brief history review. In the Elizabethan era, there lived a very formidable lady called Bess of Hardwicke whose main goal in life seemed to be to give the Queen a constant headache. Her name was Elizabeth TALBOT (1518-1608), Countess of Shrewsbury. She was the daughter and co-heiress of John HARDWICKE of Hardwicke, Derbyshire. She was married four times, the latest in 1568 to George TALBOT, 6th Earl of Shrewsbury, becoming each time progressively more wealthy and thus more influential, with mansions and other properties scattered all over England. She was called the wealthiest woman in England and was very influential at court, although she once went too far by secretly arranging a marriage between her daughter and a brother of Lord DARNLEY — for which the Queen threw her into the Tower. It was Bess on whom the Queen leaned when she needed a place to imprison Mary, Queen of Scots, but as the years

dragged on Bess began to get a bit testy about the inconvenience and tempers grew short. In 1584, she accused Mary of an affair with her husband and Mary accused her of gossiping about the Queen. I guess Mary lost that one — three years later she was beheaded. After her husband's death in 1590, the Countess lived mostly at Hardwicke (lately called "a noble mansion still standing"), although she continued building or remodeling her properties all over England — at Chatsworth, Oldcoates and elsewhere. She died at 90 in 1608 and was buried at Derby, in the Church of All Saints (a Cathedral since 1927) with a fine monument to commemorate her life.

Now back to John HACKER. Letters and legal papers that have surfaced show that he apparently was her agent — her business manager, so to speak — as well as her attorney (Solicitor, I believe they say). He wrote many letters for her and sorted out her various land and financial problems. He is mentioned in Durant's book on her life. At this time my cousin is waiting for a photograph to be made of a letter dated 1609 from John to the Countess. She is anxious to start transcribing it to modern English. When we visited Flintham Hall at Flintham that John's fourth son, Richard (High Sheriff of Nottingham, 1646), had owned, the present owner took us into the charming old church next to the manor house where there

My Most Challenging Ancestor - continued

was a huge monument to Richard. Since then the parishioners have had it restored and we're thrilled to find it now reveals that he was born in 1584 at *Hardwicke*. It would seem that the **HACKER's** were at Hardwicke during Mary's imprisonment.

Until the next discovery, that's about it for "John **HACKER** of Yeovil". But his descendants have made their mark on English history, also. His grandson Col. Francis **HACKER**, (the only one of his family on Cromwell's side in their Civil War), led the Roundhead troops to victory, signed the death warrant of Charles I (I have a copy) and led him to the block, for which he himself was subsequently hung. In *The Diary of Samuel PEPYS*, the entry on 19 Oct 1660 says: "*This morning HACKER and AXTELL were hanged and quartered as the rest are.*" On 20 Oct: "*This afternoon, going through London . . . I saw the limbs of some of our new traitors set upon Aldersgate, which was a sad sight to see; and a bloody week this and the last have been, there being ten hanged, drawn, and quartered.*" His confiscated estates were given to the Duke of York, who later was kind enough to allow his Royalist brother, Col. Roland **HACKER**, my sixth great grandfather, to buy back some of them.

Roland lost an arm and his brother, Col. Thomas **HACKER**, died fighting against their brother's forces at the siege of Newark Castle.

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CHARLES HAYWARD WAS A GENEALOGIST'S DREAM ANCESTOR

by Alice E. LOWELL

On a visit to Sun City, Arizona, several years ago, an aunt and I found many boxes of family records that had come down through the years to her sister, now deceased. Among these were the writings of Charles **HAYWARD**.

My great, great grandfather was born in 1813 in Sussex County, England, the tenth of twelve children. When he was twelve years old he was apprenticed to a draper and grocer for seven years for which his father paid two hundred pounds. At the end of his apprenticeship he followed this vocation and set up in business in Worthing, Sussex County. He soon married Harriet **KNIGHT**, and to them were born two sons and three daughters.

In 1851 he decided to emigrate to America to improve his health and on the 16th of April the family set sail from London on the sailing vessel, "Henry James". He kept a day-by-day

**Charles Hayward was a
Genealogist's Dream Ancestor -**
continued

log of their six week voyage, telling each day of their position and speed, and the state of "Ma's" health. His wife was sick throughout the trip, but his children and he enjoyed it. They arrived in Quebec in the worst storm of the voyage.

From Quebec they went by boat and coach to visit a brother in Rochester, New York, and then through the Great Lakes to Chicago, arriving on the Fourth of July, 1851. The next day they got on the Canal for LaSalle and on to Peoria, Illinois, and were met by another brother.

He set up in business there and later went to farming. A daughter died in their first year in America, and two years later another son was born; his wife died of typhoid fever ten months later. In 1854 he married Cordelia GILBERT and they had "forty-five wonderful years" before his death in 1899, at eighty-six years of age, in El Paso, Illinois.

Among the papers he left, he has told the story of his life, and the lives of his father's, mother's, and wife's families. He has included all his brothers and sisters with their birth, marriage, and death dates, along with their spouses and children. He outlived all
Buried Treasures

eleven of them.

At his funeral the minister told of the deep religious beliefs of Charles HAYWARD and the story of his life. This homily was printed in the local paper for his obituary.

His writing ability was passed to a daughter, Elizabeth HAYWARD EDWARDS, my great, grandmother, who has left many poems and stories of the family.

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AN ANECDOTE ABOUT MY GREAT- GRANDFATHER

by Arlene L. PARNES

Many Jewish family names in Russia and other lands of Eastern Europe came from the name of the cities and provinces from which the man originated. This is the story of how my great-grandfather acquired his name.

It was extremely difficult in Russia, especially for a Jew, to become a citizen, but this is one way they obtained their citizenship. The more severe the rules and restrictions became, the more imaginative and inventive were the schemes and ways in which to overcome them. This anecdote of how my great grandfather

Anecdote About My Great-Grandfather - continued

acquires his surname should be of particular interest, for it is typical of the tragic-comic conditions under which the Russian Jews lived in those days.

The townlet of Juvitz is an example of the crafty plots designed to beat the law: that little town had a peculiar custom of registering only the event of birth, but never a case of death. Very soon, indeed, some wise people discovered that the "Juvits system" could be of great help and solve the problem of all those seeking Russian citizenship, but who were unsuccessful in obtaining it through legal channels. All one had to do was to go to Juvitz, see the municipal clerk and apply for citizenship disguised under the name of that person who had been born and registered there, but who had died since. All the newcomer had to bear in mind was to carefully and strictly convince the clerk that his age corresponded with that of the deceased person in whose name he now appeared — thus he became almost automatically a Russian citizen. Such was the procedure and tactics that my great grandfather followed in order to obtain his citizenship — and how he became **JUVITZER** instead of **SPIEGELMAN**.

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Buried Treasures

GRANDFATHER LEAVES HOME

(Louis Parnes Israel Juvitzer)

by Arlene L. PARNES

"Farewell to my beautiful town with its blooming orchards. My face is toward America, the New World — never again shall I set foot upon the accursed Russian soil."

With these words, my grandfather made plans to leave Russia. Not having a Russian passport meant the use of alternate and possibly dangerous paths of exit, he decided to travel without a legal document by crossing the Russian-Austrian border illegally as it was a common procedure at that time. He was 17 years old at the time and left behind a wife and infant son.

A carriage took him to the border and there he called upon some Gentile friends who happened to live very close to the border into Austria. There was a huge garden going into white cornfields at the back of the house, and the corn was high enough for a person to easily pass through the fields and garden invisible to anyone. From here, with one leap over the garden fence, he was on the Austrian side, in the Hapsburg territory of Kaiser Franz Joseph — where the passport question was of no real importance.

Grandfather Leaves Home - continued

After stopping in Tarnopol and buying some clothing, which replaced his traditional "capotte" (a kind of long coat that formed the main apparel of the traditional Jew in Eastern Europe) with a more modern shorter jacket, he left for Bremen. After only one stop-over in a very large German city where he saw a "tram" (a trolley-car drawn by a pair of horses) for the first time, he arrived at his destination.

Bremen, the second largest port in Germany, was in those days next to Hamburg, the busiest German port for North Atlantic passengers. Bremen and Bremerhaven were the seat of the Neudeutsche Lloyd, the chief German shipping company and the company owned the ship upon which he sailed. There were other immigrants bound for North America and they all had to wait for ten days for a ship. They had to pool their finances in order to survive.

As he had very little money, he stayed at a poor, low-rate hotel that was, of course, crude in all respects. The first disappointment was when he went to the shipping company office to book passage. An unpleasant surprise: the company had raised its rates, demanding of its third-class passengers much more for the tickets than had actually been anticipated. He confided

Buried Treasures

to a man whom he met in town of his difficulty, who advised him to appeal to an organization that was aiding needy immigrants to get lower prices and they negotiated a price he could afford.

During the entire stay in Bremen, he was extremely nervous and impatient to be on his way. He worried that something would go wrong before the day of embarkation.

He always remembered that, in contrast to the ocean liners of later years, his little vessel made the record time in 16 days, crossing the Atlantic at full speed despite bad weather and dangerously rough seas causing much seasickness among the passengers, but he was one of the lucky few who were not ill. Those who kept to the dietary laws simply had bread, herring and tea to eat for the entire trip.

My grandfather missed the rest of his family. He earned sufficient funds to send for his wife and child — after five years of his arrival and with much hard work. After many small successes and large failures, he eventually built a ladies' dress business in New York City that was extremely successful and well known throughout the country. Loved by all who knew him, without an enemy in the world, and affectionately known as "Pop" to all, he was the ancestor of whom I was always extremely proud.

Grandfather Leaves Home continued

He always said that "one of the greatest sensations and one of the most thrilling recollections man can ever experience was the day when his ship landed in Baltimore and he set foot in America".

XXXXXXXXXXXX

SOLOMON KEYES

by Richard A. CONNELL

Solomon KEYES (1701-1755) was among the 34 men recruited by Capt. John LOVEWELL, in Massachusetts, in 1725, to put down a Pequewkat Indian raiding party of about 85 savages. The two forces met near Freyberg, Maine. Paugus, the chief, was killed, as was LOVEWELL, with many casualties on both sides. Only 14 of the frontiersmen survived and nine of these were wounded. Solomon KEYES was wounded three times but managed to escape in a drifting canoe after he had taken the gold wampum belt of Paugus.

In 1726, he married Sarah, daughter of Jonathan DANFORTH, Jr. of Billerica, Massachusetts. They removed to Brookfield where they were founders of Warren, Massachusetts and became parents of eight children.

Solomon Keyes - continued

ren. Captain Solomon KEYES was killed at Bloody Pond in the Battle at Lake George, on the morning of September 8, 1755. His son Solomon was also killed there, and another son Danforth (age 16), my 4th great grandfather survived that battle and went on to become a Colonel in the Massachusetts Militia.

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ALBERT EDWARD MASTERS

written by Margaret Masters
McMULLEN

(submitted by James McMULLEN;
grandson of Albert Edward
MASTERS)

My father, Albert Edward MASTERS, came from a large family. In fact, he was always telling us, "I was the youngest of 13 of a lawfully wed woman!" When my son Jim began his genealogy research, we could only name about 8, but with careful research and asking family members, we have found 12 of the children's names.

From the time he left school until he died in 1957, my father never worked for anyone. He started his haulage business at the age of 14 with one horse and a cart and progressed through the years to owning seven

Albert Edward Masters - continued

lorries (trucks). During World War II, six of the lorries were commandeered by the Government. The one lorry left was driven by Mutt (my father's brother) to keep the business going and when Sam came out of the Army and Bill out of the Navy, they started again to build up a good business. I am afraid my Dad liked to drink and spend money, so we never really became rich, although we always had plenty of food and good clothes.

We always had a car, but my Dad never learned to drive. He loved horses and preferred a horse and trap to a car. He was a very good judge of horses and was very well known in our area for his knowledge of horses. In fact, when there was going to be an auction of horses, Jacksons the Auctioneers, used to ask my Dad to go to the sales and run the price up for them.

My Dad always loved children and until he died, provided turkeys at Christmas and candy at Easter for an orphanage that was run by the nuns. These nuns always made a point of visiting us before Christmas and Easter. He was also generous to older people and was always providing them with wood to keep them warm during the winter.

XXXXXXXXXXXX

CHARLES FRANKLIN McCALLISTER

by William E. McCallister*
McCracken

Charles was born in Kentucky in 1897 in the County of Henry. In the year of 1900, Charlie was next to the youngest of nine living children. The family was living in the vicinity of Campbellsburg. According to my best research efforts, the family migrated to the Indianapolis area about the year 1906. I have been able to locate their address in the City Directories at the Indianapolis County Library.

He married Hazel **ROGERS** in Indianapolis, Indiana on March 10, 1917. I know this due to information from his daughter Evelyn Grace **McCALLISTER AROZ**. My research has not yet revealed the marriage record. My father feels that the entire family moved to California about the year 1924. Research has shown this to be true. The move was to the Fresno, California area. It was here that Charles and Hazel were divorced.

Charles then married Lois P. **McCORKLE** and lived the remaining years of his life in Fresno. His occupation was an upholsterer. Charles owned his own shop that was located in the garage in back of his house. He worked from his own home and was

Charles Franklin McCallister -
continued

self-employed. Charles was also a member of the American Federation of Musicians, Local 210. He was a member of his own band and played at weddings and other events the group could get. A friend of his, Rose **HOFFMAN**, told me that "Charles could play anything that had strings on it."

Rose also told me that she thought Charles might be a veteran of World War I, but so far I have not been able to find evidence of this. He also loved sports and enjoyed dancing. It has also been reported to me that his brother, Willard E. **McCALLISTER** and a sister Cecilia **EROS** lived in the San Francisco area. This is interesting, but I have not had any luck in locating these people or their families, yet.

One of the highlights of one of my research trips to Fresno was the interview I had with Lois P. **McCORKLE**, his second wife. Her memory was not good, but she was cheerful and tried to be cooperative. She told me that Charles was "awfully big-hearted", and that "he would go out of his way to help other people."

My father told me that just after Charles' second marriage, both he and his sister were boarded out at various locations around the Fresno County Buried Treasures

area. More about that will be in William E. **McCALLISTER**'s Biography. I never met my grandfather, but, ironically, he lived in Fresno for many years while I lived there during my adolescent years.

Charles died of a heart attack after a lengthy course of coronary artery disease. He is buried in the Mt. View Cemetery in Fresno, California. He is buried in the "Masonic" Section, Lot 43. The officials at the cemetery told me that this did not mean he was a Mason. That it was just the name of that particular part of the cemetery or plot area.

*Author's Note: I was born William Edward **McCALLISTER**, Jr. I was the first born son of William Edward **McCALLISTER** and Darlene Faye **EBERT**, then known as Darlene Faye **ROONEY**. At about the age of 5, I was enrolled in school as William Edward **McCRACKEN**. This was the surname of my stepfather. I didn't know who my real father was until I was ten. By the time I was in a position to assume my independence as an adult, my life's records were in the surname **McCRACKEN** so I have continued to use this name until recently. Now, I am William Edward **McCALLISTER McCracken**. My name will be legally changed to add the **McCALLISTER** name in order to honor both my father and my stepfather.*

NORMAN

by Ralyne E. WESTENHOFER

Norman, standing tall and erect (even though one leg was injured having been bitten by the dog) presented a rough facade with a dark exterior, yet emitted a true inner quality. Memories of the past radiate a festive time joyfully spent. The entire family loved Norman for a varied tonal and resonant voice quality as many gleeful hours were lead by capable hands. Norman directed our family's song fests and talent show rehearsals, assisted in preparing musical selections for solo and ensemble contests, endured our long practice sessions or just provided us with many hours of happiness and merriment. As some families would play games of 'Password' or 'Charades', Norman prompted the family in 'Name that Tune'. Norman remains a cherished part and focal point of my home and family . . . my inheritance . . . Mom's (Dorothy McADAMS WESTENHOFER) upright piano purchased when she was 10 years old. The trademark name is 'Norman'. The wood came from some *tree* and the piano has been in my *family* for 60 years.

XXXXXXXXXXXX

October 19, 1781 - British troops under Lord CORNWALLIS surrendered at Yorktown, Virginia as the American Revolution neared its end.

Buried Treasures

THOMAS NORTON

by Wendell FISH

Thomas NORTON left Surrey County, England as a part of a company led by Rev. Henry WHITFIELD and emigrated to America in 1639. He was about 57 years old and had a wife and three children.

While aboard the ship, he joined in the compact that established what is now Guilford, Connecticut. He was the town's first miller. He set up a grist mill in 1639 to grind corn and other grains for flour and food for livestock. He operated the mill until his death in 1648.

I am proud of his courage to uproot his family at age 57, make a voyage to a new country and start life anew.

XXXXXXXXXXXX

BARZILLAI H. REYNOLDS

by Norris L. REYNOLDS

My great grandfather, Barzillai H. REYNOLDS was born in Monmouth County, New Jersey in 1807. In the 1830's, he and his family, along with his parents and seven of his brothers and their families migrated to Wayne County, Indiana. Several other relatives also made the move during the same period of time. When I began

researching my **REYNOLDS** family, I knew that Barzillai and his wife Lydia **LAYTON** had lived in the small town of Williamsburg, that he was a cabinet maker, and that he had died in 1886. Several years ago, my wife and I went to Williamsburg to try to locate the graves of Barzillai and Lydia in the cemetery there. Wanting some carpenter's chalk to use, if necessary, on their tombstones, we stopped at a store in the town at what appeared to be one that might have such items. While talking to the proprietor about my ancestors that used to be in Williamsburg, she told me that Barzillai's shop was in that same building; that he was the town undertaker, and that he stored caskets in the attic in the rear of the building. She showed me a hoist that he used to pull the caskets up into the attic. She also told me that he operated a hotel just down the street, but there was just a vacant lot now where it had once been.

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WARREN SALTER

by Steve **HARDING**

My most colorful ancestor was my great grandfather, Warren **SALTER**, because, to date, I have collected more information on him than any of the others.

Buried Treasures

He was a farmer from Craven County, North Carolina, who, at the age of 30, went off to help save the Confederate States. When he left, he was already on his second wife and had four children. I guess he figured she needed some time off to feed and raise the kids she had at the time. Warren **SALTER**, married Catherine **DELANEY BARKER** on November 23, 1854. He later died in 1869. Warren was a private in the Civil War. His Confederate muster rolls show him serving from September 1863 to August 18, 1864 in Company F, 13th Battalion NC Light Artillery. During the war, he was wounded and spent 40 days in a Richmond, Virginia hospital before resuming his duties in the quartermaster corp as a forage driver and possible platoon cook. His last roll has him absent on duty with the forage wagon. Could his genes be the reason for my huge appetite? My 90 year old uncle says his grandfather also spent time in a Yankee prisoner of war camp in New Bern, North Carolina.

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Did you know that Francis **MARION** was one of the cleverest American officers of the Revolutionary War. He became known as the Swamp Fox because of the tricks he used in outwitting the British.

JOSEPH M. SMITH by Jean **ANDREWS FISH**

Joseph M. **SMITH** moved from Ohio to Indiana in 1863. On March 7, 1865, he enlisted in the Union Army.

The story in our family is that he and his son, my grandfather, went to town that day on horseback. He enlisted in the Union Army and sent his son home with the horse.

He must have felt a great need to leave his family and go to war. The man was 41 years old when he enlisted. From copies of letters he wrote home, he was lonely away from his family. He wrote some vivid descriptions of the area around Winchester, Virginia and Harpers Ferry, West Virginia, where he was stationed.

Joseph **SMITH** was mustered out of the Army at Harpers Ferry, West Virginia in 1865. He did not serve in any major battles in his short time in the Army.

I am proud of my Great Grandfather, Joseph **SMITH**, because he stood up for something he felt was right.

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October 19, 1765 - The Stamp Act Congress, meeting in New York, drew up a declaration of rights and liberties.

Buried Treasures

HOW A SAYING GOT STARTED IN OUR FAMILY

by Lynn **JAQUES KNORR**

In 1961, my grandmother, Josephine Hartzell **STUART**, died, one month short of 95 years of age. Later when my mother and her sister were sorting through grandma's things, I was helping them, and began to see many things I'd never seen before. There were beautiful, single pieces of china, gold-washed sterling silver serving pieces, miscellaneous crystal and even some beautiful linen. These pieces didn't match any of grandma's sets of things that I knew were hers, and so I asked my mother and aunt what they were and where they came from. Their standard answer was, "Oh that is probably a G.P."

"What's a G.P.?", I asked. And this is the story I heard.

My grandfather Charles Collins **STUART**, was an ophthalmologist in Cleveland, Ohio, for many years. In his years of practice, between 1900 and 1920, he spent much of his time in surgery helping to restore people's sight. Most of his work was done at the Cleveland Clinic Hospital where many of his patients had very limited resources. Often times when they didn't have the means to pay his fee in cash, they brought something of their

How A Saying Got Started In Our Family - continued

own to him in payment for his services. He often tried to decline their offers, but they were so grateful for his help, that they insisted that he keep what they brought. So grandfather began to refer to these gifts as G.P.'s (grateful patients).

Many years later when I became a physical therapist, I experienced a similar situation with patients whom I had helped. They would sometimes insist that I take and keep a gift in appreciation for my help, and hence the G.P.'s continued into my generation. Many of granddad's G.P.'s are still in my house, and all of my own are. Each time I look at them, or use them, I am reminded of one of my grandfathers whom I never had the chance to know, but who must have been a very fine man from all reports. These G.P.'s help keep me tuned to the importance of my ancestry.



AL CAPONE
(gangster)

Buried Treasures

A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY

by Maryann ANDRASCIK
FORSTER

In 1931, prior to his trial and subsequent jail sentence for tax evasion, **Al CAPONE** was believed to be entering New York City. Federal agents were stationed at all the entrance points to try to stop him.

FRANK ANDRASCIK
(my father)



That night, my father, Frank **ANDRASCIK** (b. 6 Dec 1909) and his friend, Andy **YUHAS** were en-route from New Jersey to New York City to pick up my mother, Mary **VINCEK** (b. 1 July 1911). Mary was a secretary on Wall Street, and because it was Record Day, the dividends had to be hand posted in all of the accounts. This meant that the secretaries usually worked until midnight. Since the trains did not run that late, Frank (her boyfriend) would come to drive her home.

Frank was driving a 1930 Model A Ford (which he bought from the dealer for \$600 . . . no money down and \$4 a

A Case of Mistaken Identity - continued

week). As he and Andy approached the Lincoln Tunnel, six plain clothes men with machine guns stepped out in front of the car and ordered the terrified men to get out of the car and lay across the hood. Not knowing who these men were, they felt sure they were being robbed.

The men with the guns, never identifying themselves, thoroughly searched Frank and Andy and then went through the whole car, pulling out the seats and anything else that gave little resistance. After what seemed like an eternity, one of the men (who was looking through Frank's wallet) yelled, "He's not **CAPONE**". They were then ordered to get out of there . . . "fast".

With shaking hands, Frank and Andy threw everything back into the car and pulled away. They stopped a little further up the road to calm down and get the seats and everything back in properly.

The next day the newspaper headlines read . . . **AL CAPONE TRIES TO GET INTO NEW YORK.**

XXXXXXXXXXXX

October 1, 1885 - Special delivery mail service began in the United States.

Buried Treasures

- 89 -

STICK AROUND AND FIND OUT

by Ralyne E. WESTENHOFER

My paternal grandfather was a study in opposites - quick of temper, he possessed a keen sense of humor; brusque of tongue, he laughed easily; stern of manner, he entertained at parties and senior citizen's functions imitating "Charlie Weaver".

Charles Peter WESTENHOFER (sometimes known as Charlie or Pete to his family and friends) was short . . . only 5' 1-3/4" . . . but at 135 pounds, he was sturdily built and compact. His gait was noticeable as one leg was slightly shorter than the other.

He seldom left the house without his pearl gray fedora. Underneath the hat, his wavy silver hair, neatly trimmed, was parted on the left especially taking care to gently wrap the hair around his index finger to make a soft curl parallel to his part. His indigo blue eyes were framed by wire rimmed glasses which assisted him in the reading of the Daily Tribune folded lengthwise in four equal parts (a trait he never forgot when reading the newspaper on the old street cars) while sitting in his favorite wooden rocking chair. In a conventional chair his legs dangled while he sat, however, the rocking chair allowed his feet to touch the floor at least once at every rock.

Vol. XXV, No. 4

Usually after a meal of steak and elderberry pie, he pushed back from the dining room table, removed his upper and lower plates and proceeded to clean his false teeth as Grandma admonished, "Oh, Charles!, not in front of the children" (meaning my brother and me).

His time piece, a gold pocket watch, was removed from his vest pocket periodically and upon noting the time, carefully draped the chain with fob across the front of his vest and gently tucked the watch in its cozy crevice for safe keeping. In his Sunday clothes he was impeccable, however in daily fare he preferred a combination of plaid shirt and paisley tie or flowered shirt with a wide-striped tie. Although ties of two-inch width were then in vogue, Grandpa preferred his four to five inch wide ties.

A cabinet maker by trade, over the years he had actually, by mistake, chopped off several digits on both hands. This same trait was mentioned on his father's Immigration Record . . . Michael WESTENHOFER also had some missing digits. When my brother and I were children we use to ask Grandpa, 'whatcha doing' or 'whatcha makin' and his brusque response was always, '**STICK AROUND AND**

Buried Treasures

Charles Peter WESTENHOFER was not perfect . . . but he was my Grandpa.

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PHOEBE CAREY WILSON. I SALUTE YOU!

by Alma HORTON HOLT
(great, great, great granddaughter)

Married at 15, a mother at 16 and at 19 became a frontier woman as she accompanied her husband, Alex, to the unknown in Illinois territory where Indians still lived! These "unknowns" were the early hardships facing young Phoebe CAREY WILSON as she left her familiar life in Champaign County, Ohio to face the future with her young family in eastern Illinois. The farming area to which they were moving was a new settlement in 1833 and would later become Watseka, a town named for a Pottawatamie princess (Wach-ee-kee), in Iroquois County. Though records of those days listed only accomplishments of the men, we know that all endeavors required the cooperation, encouragement, backing, and assistance of their wives. Alex and Phoebe contributed their time and talents wherever needed and helped the community grow.

In 1856 Alex decided to try his

Phoebe Carey Wilson, I Salute You!

- continued

luck in Texas, so the family moved, traveling almost the entire distance by team with a boat used occasionally. They remained in the Lone Star state four years, but unsatisfactory results in farming there and because the purchaser of their Illinois farm was unable to meet his obligations, they returned to Iroquois County in December 1860. Later Alex felt that the "grass was greener" in Kansas, so again the family moved. After a brief stay in that state, they traveled back to Illinois and remained on their farm till Alex died in 1880.

Phoebe CAREY was born near Sidney, Ohio on 19 April 1812. She married Alexander WILSON at her parents' home 27 September 1827. The couple had 12 children, only two dying in infancy. One son, a Union soldier in the Civil War, died at Vicksburg, Mississippi and was buried there. The youngest children were twin girls, and it was with them Phoebe lived after the death of Alex. She first made her home with Sylvia but then kept house with Sarah after Sarah's husband died. Phoebe was 93 years old at the time of her own death!

The obituary published in *The Iroquois County Times Democrat* on 18 August 1905 states: "Mrs. WILSON possessed many admirable traits
Buried Treasures

of character. She was a strong woman mentally and, until the accident occurred which resulted in her death, she enjoyed life greatly. As a young woman she united with the Methodist Church, and until her death she remained a faithful member, leading a devout life.

"This community owes much to Mrs. WILSON and women of her character. It was such as she who endured the vicissitudes of early day as they were felt and known here, that a future of independence and plenty might be assured their children."

Phoebe, Alex, and several of their children are buried in the Longshore Cemetery southeast of Watseka. It is a tiny cemetery shaded by lovely old trees that seem to whisper quietly on windy days. Awe and a great deal of respect accompany me each time I visit the graves of these brave ancestors who contributed so much to the community where I was born, attended school, and lived till shortly after high school graduation.

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November 1, 1765 - The Stamp Act went into effect, prompting stiff resistance from American colonists.

November 2, 1783 - General George WASHINGTON issued his farewell address to the Army near Princeton, New Jersey.

THE TRIO

by Charles Peterson

Millions of words have been written about America's great tragedy, The Civil War. Some fact and some fiction. Today most Americans know of that era only through movies or TV documentaries. The lives of the living have not been greatly influenced by that dreadful event.

This is a true story about three young people of that period and how their destinies were shaped by that conflict. It is based on evidence I uncovered while doing research on my mother's family tree. It is probably not unique but demonstrates that our very existence may depend on unusual and unpredictable circumstances.

Charlotte, Charles, and Aaron lived in the small and historic town of Corydon in southern Indiana. They were part of a close circle of friends in their late teens and early twenties when the hostilities started.

Aaron enlisted in Company C of the 17th Indiana Infantry Regiment in June of 1861. That regiment became part of Wilder's Lightning Brigade. In September of 1861 Charles enlisted in Company B of the 38th Indiana Infantry. Both of these units became part of the Army of the Cumberland. Most of their military action took place west of

the Appalachians, south of the Ohio River and into northern Alabama.

In letters to his family Aaron inquires about his friends at home, mostly girls. In several letters he mentions Charlotte and leaves the impression that there may have been some correspondence between them. On August 12, 1862 he writes to his father from Bowling Green, Kentucky and mentions that on that morning he had seen Charley (Charles) and that he was well.

On December 31, 1862 during the Battle of Stones River near Murfreesboro, Tennessee, Charles was seriously wounded. On the certificate of disability the wound is described as: "Gun shot wound. Ball entering near right scapula passing along the spine downwards, resulting in paralysis of lower extremities." After hospitalization, he was discharged on September 16, 1863. On January 8, 1864, Charles and Charlotte were married. On December 1, 1864, Charles died as a result of his war injury. On March 15, 1865, Charlotte gave birth to their daughter.

Meanwhile, Aaron's three year enlistment expired and he was discharged on June 20, 1864. Other than the fact that he returned to Corydon, not much is known of his activities immediately after his discharge.

The Trio - continued

On June 8, 1867, Aaron and the widowed Charlotte were married in Corydon. They had seven children including my grandmother who died when my mother was a very young child. Aaron and Charlotte lived the remainder of their lives in Corydon. They rest in Cedar Hill cemetery just a few yards from Charles.

Had Charles survived his war wound, I probably would not have been here to write this.

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THE OUTHOUSE

by Maryann ANDRASCIK
FORSTER

On 17 March 1902 my grandfather, Adam Josef ANDRASCIK, returned to his home in Slovakia (then the Austro-Hungarian Empire). He had been in the United States for two and a half years. I have no record of why he returned . . . perhaps he was homesick or possibly his parents were ill. Some family members have suggested that he had come to the states to earn enough money to return and marry his sweetheart.

Whatever the reason, he returned with his hard earned wages and some 'western' ideas . . . one of which was

The Outhouse - continued

the *outhouse*. (At that time, farm families used hay for their toilet facilities.) One day, Adam found a stack of 'very nice' lumber on the property and decided to surprise his family by building them an outhouse.

I suspect that surprise was not the emotion that his father felt when he saw the new outhouse. Unfortunately, the lumber Adam had chosen was a collection of perfect boards that his father had acquired over the years . . . for his coffin. (It was the custom for the head of the family to provide the wood to be used in making caskets for the family.)

Since Adam's sisters remembered the event and passed the story on to their children, I can only imagine the response that Adam received when he unveiled his "modern outhouse".

Returning to his homeland at that particular time in history proved to be a very poor decision. Less than two months after he arrived home, on 5 May 1902, he was drafted into the Austro-Hungarian Army. He went to war on 6 October 1902. (Dates are from Adam's notebook.)

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October 1, 1800 - Spain ceded Louisiana to France in a secret treaty.

UNUSUAL OCCUPATIONS

BREAKER BOYS - Michael Stefan VINCEK (b. 31 Aug 1887) and Adam Josef ANDRASCIK (b. 24 Oct 1880) worked as "Breaker Boys" in the coal mines when they first arrived in America. They sat atop the coal chutes removing slate, rock and other foreign matter from the fast moving stream of coal. They were paid six cents an hour.

Maryann ANDRASCIK FORSTER

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CHIMNEY VIEWER - In early Colonial towns, house fires must have been one of the most feared happenings. Because of this fear, an unusual job came into being.

The chimney viewer's job was to visit all of the homes in the town to inspect the chimneys for excess soot, etc. which might cause a fire. From the end of September to the end of April, each home was visited once every three weeks. In warmer weather, the inspections were made once every six weeks. If the chimney was not clean the homeowner was fined. Also, the chimney viewer could be fined for not doing a proper job.

Some of my ancestors who were chimney viewers were Nicholas

Chimney Viewer - continued

ACKLEY in 1662 in Haddam, Connecticut, Thomas **ANDREWS** for the south side of Hartford, Connecticut in 1675 and his brother, Samuel, was appointed for the same job in 1679.

by Jean **ANDREWS FISH**

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KALKBENNER - Johann Traugett **SCHEUNERT** (b. circa 1780) was a "Kalkbenner". He worked with limestone . . . heating it to a very high temperature to make hydrated (powdered) lime, which he sold to farmers to add to their 'too acid' soil.

Maryann ANDRASCIK FORSTER

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MUSKETEER - Johann Christoph **FORSTER** (b. circa 1750) was a "MUSKETEER". As an officer in the army of Saxony (Germany Empire), his duties were that of a shooting instructor.

Maryann ANDRASCIK FORSTER

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November 11, 1620 - Forty-one Pilgrims signed a compact aboard the Mayflower. The compact called for a "body politic" to enact "just and equal laws."

GEOGRAPHICAL INDEX

Alabama - 92
 Montgomery - 71
America - 73, 74, 80, 82, 85
Arizona
 Sun City - 78
Austria - 80
 Hapsburg - 80

California - 83
 Fresno - 83, 84
 Fresno Co. - 83, 84
 San Francisco - 84
Canada
 Quebec - 79
Connecticut
 Guilford - 85
 Hartford - 94

England - 71, 76, 77
 Chatsworth - 77
 Derby - 77
 Derbyshire - 77
 East Bridgford - 76, 77
 Flintham - 77
 Hardwicke - 77, 78
 London - 78
 Nottingham - 77
 Nottinghamshire - 76
 Notts - 77
 Oldcoates - 77
 Shrewsbury - 77
 Somerset - 76
 Surrey Co. - 85
 Sussex Co. - 78
 Taunton - 76
 Yeovil - 76, 78

Germany - 81
 Bremen - 81
 Bremerhaven - 81
 Hamburg - 81

Illinois - 72, 73, 90, 91
 Chicago - 79
 El Paso - 79
 Iroquois Co. - 90, 91
 LaSalle - 79
 Peoria - 79
 Watseka - 90, 91
Indiana - 73, 87, 92
 Corydon - 92, 93
 Indianapolis - 83
 Wayne Co. - 85
Ireland - 67
 Co. Monaghan - 67

Kansas - 91
Kentucky - 83
 Bowling Green - 92
 Campbellsburg - 83
 Henry Co. - 83

Maine
 Berwick - 75
 Freyberg - 82
 Kittery - 75
Maryland
 Baltimore - 82
Massachusetts - 74, 82
 Billerica - 82
 Brookfield - 82
 Lynn - 75
 Taunton - 71
 Warren - 82
Mississippi
 Vicksburg - 91

New Hampshire - 70, 71
New Jersey - 88
 Monmouth Co. - 85
New York - 88, 89
 Bronx - 70
 New York City - 81, 88
 Rochester - 79

North Carolina - 86
 Craven Co. - 86
 New Bern - 86

Ohio - 67, 87
 Barnesville - 67, 68
 Belmont Co. - 67
 Champaign Co. - 90
 Cleveland - 87
 Fairview - 67, 68
 Guernsey Co. - 67
 Kirkwood Township - 67
 Sidney - 91

Russia - 79, 80
 Juvitz - 79, 80
 Tarnopol - 81

Scotland
 Dunbar - 75
 Kinellar - 75
Slovakia - 93
South Dakota - 71

Tennessee
 Murfreesboro - 92
Texas - 72, 73, 91

Virginia - 67
 Harpers Ferry - 87
 Palmer Mill - 74, 75
 Richmond - 86
 Spring Hill - 74, 75
 Staunton - 74
 Winchester - 87

Wisconsin - 70, 71
 Washington Co. - 70
 Waupaca Co. - 70

SURNAME INDEX

Ackley - 94	Fish - 85, 87, 94	Masters - 82, 83	Vincek - 88, 94
Andrascik - 69, 88, 93, 94	Forster - 69, 88, 93, 94	McAdams - 85	
Andrews - 87, 94	Frame - 74, 75	McCallister - 83, 84	Wakefield - 70
Aroz - 83	Furbish - 75	McCorkle - 83, 84	Westenhofer - 85, 89, 90
Axtell - 78		McCracken - 83, 84	White - 73, 74
		McMullen - 82	Whitfield - 85
	Gilbert - 79		Wilson - 90, 91
Ball - 68	Gilliland - 67	Norton - 85	Wolfe - 67
Barker - 86	Goode - 76		
Bishop - 74		Parnes - 79, 80	
Bradshaw - 67, 68	Hacker - 76, 77, 78	Pepys - 78	Yuhas - 88
Bredshewe - 67	Hammond - 76	Peterson - 92	
Brotz - 69, 70	Harding - 86		
	Hardwicke - 77		
Capone - 88, 89	Hayward - 78, 79	Reeder - 73	
Carey - 90, 91	Heathcote - 76	Reynolds - 85, 86	
Carson - 74, 75	Hoffman - 84	Rogers - 83	
Connell - 76, 82	Holt - 90	Rollin - 73	
Cowgill - 67	Horton - 90	Rooney - 84	
Cromwell - 75			
Culver - 75	Jaques - 87	Salter - 86	
	Johnson - 70	Scheunert - 94	
Danforth - 82	Juvitzer - 80	Sheffield - 76	
Darnley - 77		Simpson - 68	
Dean - 70, 71		Skinner - 72	
Deane - 71	Keller - 74	Smith - 87	
Delaney - 86	Keyes - 82	Spiegelman - 80	
Duty - 72, 73	Knight - 78	Stuart - 87	
	Knorr - 87		
Eaton - 73		Talbot - 77	
Ebert - 84	Layton - 86	Todd - 67	
Edwards - 79	Lovewell - 82		
Eros - 84	Lowell - 78		

FAMILY

Buried Treasures

SURNAME	LOCATION	RESEARCHER	MEM#
Sellock	CND, NY	R. Westenhofer	#197
Sexton	VA	N. Reynolds	#497
Sharp	TN, TX, NC	W. Sharp	#278
Shaw	MA	R. Connell	#464
Shelby	VA, NC, TN, KY	M. Horning	#256
Shepherd	MA	R. Connell	#464
Sherman	CT, MA	R. Connell	#464
Shertz	PA	C. Dudding	#548
Shewfelt	CND, MI, NY	R. Shewfelt	#585
Shilvock	ENG	B. Coburn	#544
Shoemaker	PA	J. Sharp	#277
Short	PA, ENG	N. Reynolds	#497
Shufelt	CND, MI, NY	R. Shewfelt	#585
Simcock/Simcoké	IA, IN, OH, TN, NC, VA, PA, ENG	N. Reynolds	#497
Simpson	SCT	R. Westenhofer	#197
Sims	MI, CND, ENG	R. Westenhofer	#197
Sims	AL, TN, GA, VA, NC, SC	M. Cox	#613
Sistare	CT	L. Parsons	#457
Small	PA	G. Gibson	#540
Smith	OH, PA	M. Brimfield	#221
Smith	VA	L. Parsons	#457
Smith	AL, SC	N. Reynolds	#497
Smith	NC, VA, TN	J. Fuquay	#648
Smithson	NC	C. Dudding	#548
Smyser	PA	C. Dudding	#548
Snook	NY	R. Rollin	#465
Spainhower	NC, VA, TN	J. Fuquay	#648
Sparhawk	MA	R. Connell	#464
Spaulding	VT, NH	B. Lytle	#292
Spears	NC, VA, TN	J. Fuquay	#648
Spink	MA, RI	R. Rollin	#465
Spruill	NC	S. Harding	#717
Spurrier	NC, TN, KY	M. Horning	#256
Stacy	OH, PA	R. Connell	#464

Vol. XXV, No. 4

FINDER

SURNAME	LOCATION	RESEARCHER	MEM#
Stamper	ENG	G. Stinecipher	#395
Stanard	VA	L. Parsons	#457
Stansfield	MA	R. Connell	#464
Stearns	ME	C. Heatherington	#190
Stearns	MA, MI, VT, NY	R. Westenhofer	#197
Stearns	MA	R. Connell	#464
Stebbins	CT	R. Connell	#464
Stevens	MI, ENG	E. Willis	#C28
Stevenson	OH	J. Sharp	#277
Stevenson	PA	G. Gibson	#540
Stewart	PA, OH, IA, SCT	H. Gibson	#541
Stewart	NC, VA, TN	J. Fuquay	#648
Stithwell	NY	R. Connell	#464
Stoetzer	MO	H. Mowris	#589
Stokes	ENG	J. McMullen	#512
Stone	MA	R. Connell	#464
Stoncipher	TN	G. Stinecipher	#395
Storm	TN, MD, GER	W. Weingartner	#538
Stoughton	ENG	R. Connell	#464
Stout/enberger	PA	C. Dudding	#548
Stratton	MA	B. Coburn	#544
Strausschoff	SWT	A. Grous	#500
Strickler	OH	R. Connell	#464
Sturm	TN, MD, GER	W. Weingartner	#538
Svensson	SWD	N. Olsson	#312
Swaine	NC	S. Harding	#717
Szabo	OH, PA, HUN	E. Kardos	#504
Talbot(t)	IN, OH, PA, MD	G. Littrell	#558
Tate	PA	E. Willis	#C28
Taylor	KY, IN	C. Duty	#220
Taylor	VA	L. Parsons	#457
Taylor	MA	R. Connell	#464
Taylor	NC	S. Harding	#717
Teat	MS	S. Boykin	#635
Teel	VA, MD	C. Dudding	#548

FAMILY

FINDER

Buried Treasures

- b -

Vol. XXV, No. 4

SURNAME	LOCATION	RESEARCHER	MEM#
Temme	NY, GER	A. Giroux	#500
Terry	VA	C. Heatherington	#190
Thayer	MA	R. Connell	#464
Thigpen	FL	R. Hughes	#187
Thomas	NY	N. Pennypacker	#264
Thomas	NC	S. Harding	#717
Thompson	NJ, NY	R. Connell	#464
Thompson	WV	A. Osisek	#555
Tibbins	PA, OH	H. Gibson	#541
Timson	OH	R. Connell	#464
Tiner	FL	R. Hughes	#187
Titsworth	PA	R. Connell	#464
Todd	VA, KY, IN	M. Todd	#317
Tolbert(t)	IN, OH, PA, MD	G. Littrell	#558
Tomlin	OH	D. Rudd	#383
Towery	NC, TN, KY	M. Horning	#256
Towles	VA	L. Parsons	#457
Townsend	MA	R. Connell	#464
Tressel	OH	D. Rudd	#383
Trueman	CND	M. Davis	#243
Tucker	WI, MN, VT	M. Davis	#243
Tufts	MA	R. Connell	#464
Turk	GA	N. Reynolds	#497
Turner	OH	N. Pennypacker	#264
Turner	ENG, SC	N. Reynolds	#497
Turner	NC, VA, TN	J. Fuquay	#648
Tyler	VA	J. Sharp	#277
Tyner	FL	R. Hughes	#187
Ussellon	MA	R. Connell	#464
Valencourt	CND	M. Davis	#243
Van Densen	NY, ENG	R. Westenhofer	#197
Van Orden	NY	A. Giroux	#500
Van Peji	NY	R. Rollin	#465
Vichman	OH	B. Lytle	#292

SURNAME	LOCATION	RESEARCHER	MEM#
Walker	AL, VA	T. Miller	#115
Walker	IN, KY, VA	N. Reynolds	#497
Walker	PA, OH	H. Gibson	#541
Wall	PA, OH	H. Gibson	#541
Wallace	IL	G. Gibson	#540
Wallis	MA	B. Coburn	#544
Wain	PA, ENG	N. Reynolds	#497
Walsh	IRL	B. Streeter	#333
Walsh	IRL, CT	K. Cooper	#379
Walton	NC	S. Harding	#717
Ward	PA	J. Sharp	#277
Ward	ENG	C. Dudding	#548
Ward	NC, VA, TN	J. Fuquay	#648
Wartick	NC, PA, GER	N. Reynolds	#497
Warrenbuer	PA	C. Dudding	#548
Warren	NY	R. Rollin	#465
Washburn	MA	J. Staples	#109
Walters	NC, VA	S. Harding	#717
Watkins	PA	R. Connell	#464
Watkins	VA, TN	W. Weingartner	#538
Watrous	CT, NY, ENG	H. Gibson	#541
Watson	TN	G. Holland	#157
Weatherly	AL, TN, GA, VA NC, SC	M. Cox	#613
Weaver	RI, ENG	R. Rollin	#465
Webb	MA	R. Connell	#464
Weekes	MA	K. Towle	#571
Weingartner	NY, PA, GER	W. Weingartner	#538
Welton	CT	H. Gibson	#541
West	VA	N. Reynolds	#497
Westenhofer	MI, CND, GER	R. Westenhofer	#197
Westphall	GER	R. Perry	#303
Wetherly	AL, TN, GA, VA NC, SC	M. Cox	#613
Wothum	CND	M. Witham	# 59
Whale	MA	R. Connell	#464

FAMILY

FINDER

Buried Treasures

- C -

Vol. XXV, No. 4

SURNAME	LOCATION	RESEARCHER	MEM#
Wheeler	NY	R. Rollin	#465
White	CT	R. Connell	#464
White	MA	R. Rollin	#465
White	NY, IRL	A. Giroux	#500
Whiteham	CND	M. Witham	# 59
Whitham	CND	M. Witham	# 59
Whithum	CND	M. Witham	# 59
Whitney	MA	R. Connell	#464
Whittam	CND	M. Witham	# 59
Whittim	CND	M. Witham	# 59
Whittom	CND	M. Witham	# 59
Whittum	CND	M. Witham	# 59
Wickersham	PA, VA, OH, IN	G. Littrell	#558
Wightman	RI	R. Rollin	#465
Wild	MA	R. Connell	#464
Williams	MA	J. Staples	#109
Williams	OH	C. Heatherington	#190
Williams	AL, GA	N. Reynolds	#497
Williams	TN	S. Boykin	#635
Williamson	VA	N. Reynolds	#497
Williamson	IL, OH	A. Holt	#566
Willis	NC	E. Willis	#C28
Willis	TN, TX	E. Redd	#172
Willsmith	PA, ENG	N. Reynolds	#497
Wilson	PA, NJ	B. Lyle	#292
Wilson	TX, AL	N. Reynolds	#497
Wilson	IL, OH, PA, IRL	A. Holt	#566
Witham	ENG	M. Witham	# 59
Withom	CND	M. Witham	# 59
Withim	CND	M. Witham	# 59
Withom	CND	M. Witham	# 59
Withtham	CND	M. Witham	# 59
Withum	CND	M. Witham	# 59
Wittum	CND	M. Witham	# 59
Wolcott	CT	R. Connell	#464
Wollink	GA, NY, SC	P. Wollnick	#587

SURNAME	LOCATION	RESEARCHER	MEM#
Wollnick	GA, SC, FL	P. Wollnick	#587
Womble	TN, AL	R. Shewfelt	#585
Wood	NH	R. Dean	#529
Wood	NJ, OH	L. Fiebrandt	#573
Wood	AL, TN, GA, VA NC, SC	M. Cox	#613
Woodburn	NC, VA, TN	J. Fuquay	#648
Woodham	AL, GA, SC, NC	L. Jordan	#579
Worden	RI	M. Todd	#317
Wright	IL	M. Todd	#317
Wright	MA	R. Connell	#464
Wyatt	VA	J. Sharp	#277
Wytham	CND	M. Witham	# 59
Yardley	MA	R. Connell	#464
Yates	NC, VA, TN	J. Fuquay	#648
Young	VA	S. Harding	#717
Zalewski	GA, NY, SC	P. Wollnick	#587
Zerkel	VA, PA	R. Connell	#464
Zimmerman	PA	C. Dudding	#548
Zirckel	VA, PA	R. Connell	#464
Zuvers	IN	R. Connell	#464

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SURNAMES: _____ / _____ / _____ / _____ - _____

SURNAMES: _____ / _____ / _____ / _____ - _____

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