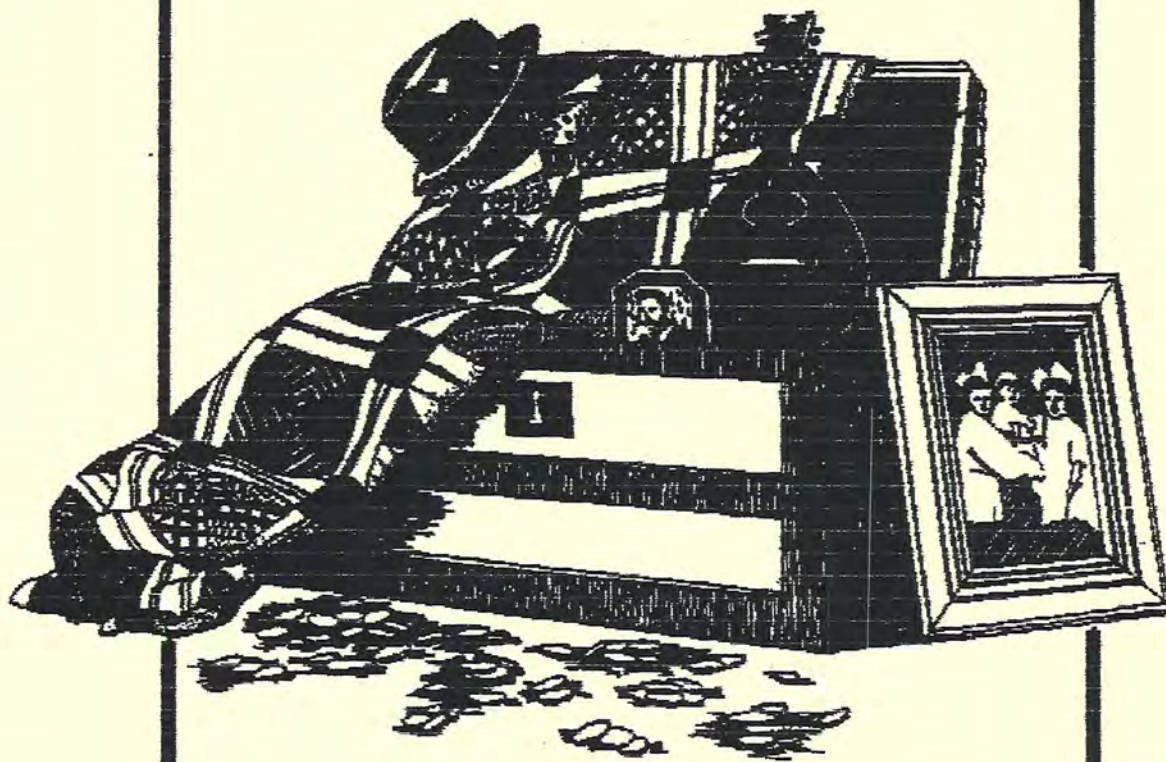


Buried Treasures



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Central Florida Genealogical Society, Inc.



Buried Treasures
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The Central Florida Genealogical Society, Inc. meets monthly, September through May.
Meetings are held at the Marks Street Senior Center on the second Thursday of each month at 7:30 p.m.
Marks Street Senior Center is located at 99 E. Marks St,
which is between Orange Ave. and Magnolia, 4 blocks north of East Colonial (Hwy 50).
The Daytime Group meets year-round at 1:30 p.m. on Thursday afternoons bi-monthly (odd numbered months.)
The Board meets year-round on the third Tuesday of each month at 6:30 p.m. at the Orlando Public Library.
All are welcome to attend.

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President's Message

I enjoy the opportunity to impart some little of what genealogy techniques I have learned in the form of the occasional lecture at our Society meetings every now and then. I've had the pleasure of giving some of these talks to other genealogy groups around the state, too; but I especially enjoy the chance to give a talk to non-genealogy groups.

When speaking to an academic, service, community or church group, it's a special delight to be able to talk about cousins, ancestors, census, cemeteries and other topics, which may sometimes seem basic, or at least familiar to most of us, but are fresh topics to the audience. Whenever the question, which almost always comes up, of how does one get started, I will be sure to mention the existence of local genealogical societies.

One thing I always mention usually at both the beginning and the end of such talks is our Central Florida Genealogical Society. I will say when our next meeting will be and refer everyone to our Internet website. However, such "recruiting" approaches do not have to be in such a formal setting as I just mentioned.

Recently one of our members told me she was in a doctor's office waiting room with several other people. The man sitting next to her, a total stranger, was passing the time by browsing the internet on his wireless laptop computer. She struck up a conversation about the wonders of wireless technology and mentioned our Society's website. The fellow patient looked at it and some of the various pages available at the site. This started a conversation about genealogy. Bottom line: he showed up at our next Society meeting, ready to join. True story!

You, too, probably have many opportunities to mention the joy of family research projects to people you meet in your everyday world. An invitation to a meeting may seem a bit direct, but pointing someone to the CFGS website could provide that extra nudge.

Paul

Thoughts from your editor

When my grandchildren were little, we had a firm rule that they were never allowed to go near the lake unless they had a "grown up" with them. There was one time that I had the three children playing on the lawn with me. As we ran and skipped towards the lake, Robert - aged about 4 at the time - looked up at me and asked "but who's going to be the grown up?"

My husband's mother, Mary (GLENN) STOCKTON - a wonderful lady - died last month at the age of 92. All of a sudden, my husband Glenn has realized that he is now the "grown up" - the oldest living member of his family.

He has never been interested genealogy, but has merely indulged my addiction. Even when I discovered that his great grandfather Robert E. Lee HATFIELD had opened his own blacksmith shop at the age of 16, his reaction was "so...?".

Now that he has realized that he's the "grown up" in his family, he has begun to see the light. His mother was suffering from memory loss at the time of her death; his father had Alzheimer's-type memory loss for many years. So when Glenn said, "if I don't write down what I remember now, it could be that no one will ever know about it.." My cheer was silent, but heartfelt and my encouragement was immediate.

He has now written a simple chronology - where we lived, what his job was, what cars we had, etc. As he gets more into it, the entries are becoming longer and more detailed - and he is now talking about going back to expand the earliest entries. So, a personal history is born! He's up to 26 pages... and enjoying the process.

For all my talk of recording life's events, I must admit that I talk a better game than I actually do. So, I began to research various methods of writing personal histories. At a recent board meeting, the discussion involved journaling or writing personal histories. Most of us thought it was a great idea and we should be doing such, but few of us actually were. So, I "bit the bullet" and downloaded the trial version of *Personal Historian*. After my 30 day free trial, I purchased the program with great intentions. I've not been nearly as faithful as I should have been - life keeps getting in the way - but I have at least begun. See the article later in this issue discussing how you might want to begin writing the story of your life as well as Lynne's article on page 30.

Betty Jo

The Power of Suggestion

by Michele Morris Jones

Have you ever had the feeling that someone or something had power over you to make you do things, yet you could not see them, only feel their presence? Well, that has happened to me on more than one occasion. Let me tell you about the latest bizarre happening, but first I must give you some background into the life of the main character, my little Nana Parker.

Nana PARKER, whose proper name was Maggie Cleland PARKER, was my mother's mother. She was a small little lady who may have stood all of four feet and maybe nine inches tall, but certainly no where near five feet. She worked very hard all her life, raised four children by herself after her husband left her, bought and maintained a home, enjoyed her little flower garden and traveled abroad on many occasions. Nana was a proud little peacock and always kept her dignity. She would walk for miles to work to save her bus fare because that money could be saved and used for something else. Nana worked at hotels as long as I can remember and usually in the dining rooms, but if you asked her children what she did for a living, they would always answer that she was in the hotel business. They were a little embarrassed to say their mother worked in the dining room of a hotel waiting on patrons.

Nana had this white bag she always carried. It wasn't her handbag. The bag was used to carry her thermos of tea and her lunch and in later years it became fondly known as her "magic bag." You see, Nana had this knack of always finding things on her walks. She was fond of picking up things that people were throwing away and she often found the odd coin or two that someone would drop. Finding money was a gift.

The magic bag was always handy for bringing home treats from the hotel, a biscuit or two, maybe a piece of jam cake, or maybe even a pound of butter. Sometimes that magic bag would be a little heavier than usual because it contained a piece or two of cutlery and once it even held a silver plated teapot with the name Hotel Astra engraved across the front. It wasn't always lovely and pristine white either because of all the use it got; it was often gray and dingy looking. Something else to be embarrassed about. Bet no one else's grandmother would ever do such a thing!

Now that I have given you a little insight into my grandmother and her lifestyle, I will fast forward to my story.

Since both of my parents have died, my brother, sister and I plus all seven of our children are now trying to close out their home and divide all their possessions among the family members who might want them. In today's world, there isn't much time or interest in cleaning silver and since I fondly remember all the Christmases of eating Plum Pudding and Custard with those silver spoons, I decided that I would take the tarnished silverware. My son, Gary, thought that the little teapot was kinda' neat, so he took that.

Among the silverware is a pie server with Hotel Astra inscribed on the handle. Even though my sense of smell and taste has long since gone, I still remember many delicious homemade pies and cakes that were served with that piece of silverware. As I removed it from the packing box that I brought it home in, I thought about my Nana and wondered just how many years ago it was brought home in the "magic bag." I shared that story with my husband as I showed it to him. I decided that it needed to be placed among my own serving pieces and gave it a good cleaning with silver paste polish. I admired the shine and was so pleased at how new and bright it looked for as old as it must be.

I was continuing to clean up and dust in my dining room, when I felt this awful strong urge to go for a walk. I thought to myself how silly is this, as I haven't been for a walk in quite some time? Shrugging it off, I kept on dusting, but the feeling became very strong and it felt like I was being pushed by someone to go for this walk. It became too much for me, so I put down the dust cloth, put on my socks and tennis shoes and headed down to the lake for a walk. It was a beautiful spring day and the weather was perfect for a walk. Several people were out walking or jogging around the lake and every one of them saying hello as we passed each other. As I was about three quarters of the way around the lake and after just passing a couple of runners, I spotted on the sidewalk a folded dollar bill...no, it was a five dollar bill. I quickly stooped and picked it up. I laughed all the way home...my Nana had made me go for that walk.

Michelle writes: "I wrote this because it really did happen to me and I wanted to put into writing a description of my little Nana, so that my children and future generations would have a little bird's eye into what she was like."

Well, we got started at 10:00 A.M. and went 20 miles the first day. The second day we went 30 miles, camped in Bourbon County at Eviotts Inn [where] we had lived one year. The third day we passed through Cynthia Ann Harrison County, 12 miles from Main Licking River, crossed at Claysville, went to the North Fork of Licking, 5 miles, and it was high and no ferryboat. So we encamped in an old wasted house and stayed until the river fell. The Saturday, the river had fallen, so we all crossed and went 16 miles. The roads were very muddy and we had to go very slow. We stopped that night at old Mr. WITLEY's, 4 miles from the Ohio River. We left early--had a hard time to get down the river hill. We got to the river and we children were afraid to get in the flat boat, it seemed so shallow we thought it would sink. But we all got over safely and were glad to see our feet safely on the Ohio shore that Father had told us so much about the tall timber and scrubby beach. This we found all true. We left the river after paying the ferry bill--2 dollars. We had a hard time to get up the Bulskin Hill. After we reached the top, we went on very well. Got to Wm. FEIS, now Felicity, at 2 o'clock, then to Wm. WINTERS. Then we left the road and went a byroad to old Mr. CONRAY's [Connery's]. It was dark when we arrived. They received us all very willingly. Father had preached there several times while he was over building his house. He [Mr. CONNERY] and his wife were Baptists. They had a large family, 3 girls nearly grown, one son Abram 19 years old. They were from Jersey.

On Monday we left Mr. CONREY's and reached our own house to the joy of all. Mother was much fatigued with the journey of 5 days through the mud and hills, but now she hoped she could take her rest. Father and the boys cleared out the yard and fenced it up, and the next thing was to clear out an orchard and plant out his scions that he had brought with his from Ky. They were the Millens Apple, so they commenced on Monday morning and cut it smack smooth. Every tree was felled and I, with all the little children, picked up the brush as the boys would cut it off. We piled it and burnt it. When Saturday came, they had an acre done and all the brush nearly burnt. The next week they cleared another and the next another. And then he made a rolling and all the neighbors came and helped, so they got it all up in heaps, so that we children could burn the most of the logs and brush. He set out his apple scions and staked them before the fence was made. This was the 15th of March when he got his trees set. He and the three boys soon made rails and fenced the orchard in. Well, then they cleared 5 acres for corn. They only cut the small timber out. It was late in May before he got the corn planted. In April Mother had a fine daughter. We called its name Mary Wright. All things went on very well.

In December I married Mouton [Houton] CLARKE and moved to Bethel, five miles off, and here I have to drop Father's life, though I attended his church regularly until he moved back to Kentucky in 1812.

A Short Sketch of the Life of Nancy CLARKE

I was born in North Carolina, Surry County, on the waters of the Adkin [Yadkin], December 7, 1786. In the winter of 1795 I was sent to school 1 ½ miles off to our Uncle, Stephen WOOD, on Hunting Creek, I went with some own cousins and I had charge of my oldest brother, then five years old. By this time I was writing and studying in Thomas Dilworth's Spelling Book. As that was all the books we had, we read it three times through and then we took the New Testament, read it three times through, and then we went in the Bible and then we commenced writing. Now this is the way I was taught in those hard times as the Tory war had been very severe in Surry Co. In my tenth year I, with my parents, left Surry [Surry County, North Carolina] for Kentucky, with several of our relations. Isaac JOHNSON had two wagons and two familys—his family, large and his son-in-law, Ezekiel CAST. Isaac's wife was Father's sister, Elizabeth. Robert CAST married Father's youngest sister, Lucy. He and father Joined teams, and we came in one wagon. Aunt Lucy had two sons, Arron and James. Father had six children--I the oldest, Ninian, John, Zachariah, Elizabeth, and Sarah, who was sick with the flux all the way. Stephen WOOD, with a large family, had two wagons. We had come about forty miles when all the wagons called a halt. Uncle Wood's oldest daughter, Anna, was married to John ARNEL [ARNOLD]. She had been sick with the flux, but she did not wish to be left behind, so they took her, but, two or three days Journey brought her so low, that we all stoped to see her die. The company stayed two days and saw she could not travel; so they took her to a house, where the family agreed to take good care of her and her little Sammie; and John, her husband, stayed with her. This was a sorrowful

parting. She did not live long after we left her there. Her husband came out to Kentucky the next fall- and brought his little son, Sammie, now three years old. He came with Grandfather, Uncles Ninian, James, and John with their families.

Well, to return to our company--Edward RILEY, a cousin, came with us, and George RILEY. They had two wagons. In all, there were eight wagons and ten or twelve families. There were forty children in all--some black ones. There were twelve or fifteen milk cows that gave milk, so we had plenty of milk for all in the morning what would be left, they put in Jugs for noon. We children that were large enough, drove the cows before the wagons, and we would let the cows graze until the wagons would overtake us. Those were happy days for us children! We could climb the mountains with ease, where the wagons were half a day getting up, as they would often have to double teams to get up. Well, we got along safely to Rock Castle, where we had to carry water half a mile. We camped on the top of Rock Castle, where the road was so narrow that there was hardly room for our encampment. About midnight, there was an alarm. The cows, running and bawling, came to the tents. The men all got their guns and hissed the dogs, but they would not leave the tents. The men thought they were either robbers or Indians. When day came, there was nothing to be seen. What it was, they never knew. When day came, there was nothing to be seen. What it was, they never knew. They thought it might be a bear that frightened the cows and the reason the dogs would not go out. But nothing was missing. Well, we had passed the graves of two preachers that had been killed by the Indians not long before, as their graves looked fresh. There was a log pen built over them.

Well, we all arrived in Lexington the last of the fourth week from the time we left Surry Co in N.C. Now there was to be a separation. Ned RILEY went to Woodford County. Stephen WOOD went back to the Kentucky River, where he bought and settled near the river in Jessamine Co. Isaac JOHNSON went back ten miles south of Lexington and bought four hundred acres of land and settled himself and his son-in-law, Ezekiel CAST, and Robert CAST went with them. Father went on to Bourbon [Co], stopped at Kussell's Big Spring and camped 2 days while Father was out hunting a house. He obtained a "Buckeye cabin" of old Captain SPOOR until spring. Father came. We children had been exploring the large cave. Well, we left and went to our cabin and rested well.

January 5, 1797 Mother presented Father with a fine Kentucky boy, named him William. He died when he was 23 with bleeding of the lungs. In the spring Father learned how to tap sugar trees and to make it. He left it for Mother and us children to make the sugar, and he went back to Featt [Fayette] Co, 10 miles south of Lexington among his relations, and bought fifty acres of land of Governor Greenup and built a large cabin and fixed it and came home, and the last of March we moved back to Featt[Fayette] in our own new house in the woods.

Grandfather RILEY had moved with Uncles Ninian, James, and John. Ninian had two hundred acres, James two hundred, John went to Clark Co and settled four miles from Winchester. Grandfather was nearest to us, Uncle Ninian nearly one mile, Uncle James ½ mile, Uncle Johnson ¾ mile, Uncle Bob CAST right between. Aunt Lucy died suddenly while in the act of changing her spool of thread on the fliers. So, we had our relations for neighbors, and we all lived happily and enjoyed ourselves.

In 1800 there was a great revival of religion in many places in Ky. Grandmother was a very pious woman but belonged to the Church of England, but now she was willing to Join the Baptist Church and go with her husband and children. I was received on Sunday, being the first Sunday in March 1800. There was snow on the ground and the creek was frozen over. We all opened at church and after a sermon by the pastor, the Rev. John PRICE, at Marble Creek [Church], we all appeared on the frozen banks of Hickman Creek. Father and others went down and with poles beat the ice and pushed it out of the way, and the Rev. PRICE and Father led Grandmother down to the clear water, and PRICE baptized her. Then Father helped to lead her out and led me in, and when he dipped me under the water, I thought it was the pleasantest place I was ever in. I was not cold but was warm and happy. She [Nancy's grandmother Elizabeth TAYLOR RILEY] was 75 years old when she was baptized. She lived happily until her death [in 1812], which was in her 88th year. Grandfather [Ninian RILEY] also lived to be 88 years old.

[Although (Nancy's grandfather) Ninian Sr. took the Oath of Allegiance during the early years of the Revolutionary War, while the family still lived in Montgomery County, Maryland, there seems to be no Revolutionary War marker in the Walnut Hill Cemetery for him.]

continued on next page

I lived happily for six years. Then Father moved to Ohio and settled in the woods and cleaned out part of the farm that Abram SALT now owns. He had come over in the winter and built a good cabin. We Sot there in Feb. 1806. That fall, on Dec. 7, 1806 I married Houton CLARKE of Bethel and moved to Bethel where we lived comfortably and happy. We kept a public house more than forty years, as he, with his mother, was keeping when we were married. We had nine children born--two died in infancy and we raised seven. The first a son [Smith Garrard] born in 1807; the second a daughter, Frances City, born in 1810 [Frances' Bible says 1809]; the third a son, Reader Wright, born in 1812; the fourth a son, Joseph Marcus, born in 1814; the fifth a daughter, Eleanor Hulda. born in 1816; then the two that died [Nancy Caroline, d. 25 Aug 1821, age 2 yrs; Ninian H., d. 29 Jul 1820, age 2 days]; then Sarah Anne, born in 1821; the last, Minerva Sane, born in 1824 [tombstone says 1825]. Their father died in 1835. Then all the children were grown and two were married. Only the two youngest I was left [with] in comfortable circumstances. I lived a widow fourteen years and all my children married but one. I then married John SALT, May 20, 1846. We moved to his farm on Indian Creek, five miles southwest of Bethel. I Joined the Baptist Church soon after I went to Bethel and have lived in it until now—1856

[Nancy (Riley) Clarke Salt died 14 June 1857 aged 70 yr 6 mo 7 da.]

The diary is listed in the Clermont County timeline at <www.rootsweb.com/~ohclecgs/timeline.html>

Have you ever wondered?

by Lynne Knorr

Why did grandma wash clothes on Friday?

Where did they store their horse and buggy?

How did they manage wih so many children?

What was going on in their lives that affected others?

How often did they bathe?

As a recent returnee from a visit to the library at Salt Lake City, these questions and many others might have been answered for us if we'd had diaries, and other memoirs to look at. We really wished that our ancestors had kept a record of the mundane things in their lives that they felt were important to them, but which were thought to be of no value to anyone else.

Is this what is happening in your life? Are you just "passing through it" without writing down any of the things that might hold someone else's interest in the future? If you are, we want to encourage you to change that now. **Please start now** - write about anything at all - school days, church affiliations, trips to the market, special foods and memories associated with them, your pets, ice skating on a local pond, going to the county fair, war time memories, etc.

I recently was opening an internet account, and one of the security questions was, "what was the name of your first pet?" Do you know that I couldn't remember? This is what happens if we don't write things down so we can look back on them later and share them with others.

Our society is encouraging you to begin writing your memoirs. If you use a computer, create a file to which you can add things as you remember them. Mine is called "Sand", a memory jogger for me that the file is "Sand in my Shoes".(As a native Floridian, this seemed appropriate.) If you don't use a computer, keep a pad of paper handy, and jot notes on it until you can take more time to really write about the thought. And if that is too confining, keep a tape recorder handy, and talk into it whenever the memory stirs. Many of your daily activities will probably remind you of something that happened long ago. You don't want to miss passing this along to others.

I was recently looking at an old photo album that was assembled by my aunt. As I wandered through those pictures, news clippings, concert programs, etc., I saw a whole new dimension to my aunt that I'd previously been unaware of, since I'd lived in Florida and she lived in Ohio. She's gone now, but I feel I know her better now than ever before.

Don't miss this chance to share your life with others. It could be a real education for them.

Write Your Life - Personal History Writing

by Betty Jo Stockton

Why should you write about your life?

- 1) You're not getting any younger! Will you remember these things tomorrow?
- 2) No one else can do it for you..even your siblings had a different perspective
- 3) Your life, with its ups and downs, is living proof that the family is strong.
- 4) Don't you wish your parents/grandparents/great grandparents had written about their life?
- 5) Your grandchildren are living in an entirely different world that you did... they need to hear how things "used to be".
- 6) You need to relay the stories you heard from your elders or they'll die out with you.
- 7) Your stories will make you a unique individual to your descendants - not just a name on a family tree.
- 8) You'll recall events and people that you thought you'd forgotten.
- 9) Your grandparents (and possibly your parents) are real people to you, but merely names to your kids - unless you bring them together.
- 10) The stories you tell your children will be remembered for a while and in part; the stories you write down may live forever.

Lives recorded will never be forgotten

My great grandmother's brother, John HICKS of Rural, Clermont Co, OH was a farmer. He kept a farm journal all of his life. I have copies of about 10 years of the journal beginning about 1898. It was very simple - the date, the weather, what work he did on the farm and one sentence about the events of the day. I really wish he'd written more, but even a glimpse into his life is fascinating. He mentions who came to visit, who died in the community, and other happenings, large and small. The journal showed when and what they planted and when the fields were flooded as the Ohio River rose. One entry was "Georgia [his wife] commenced a second lot of medicine today"; another was "Georgia received a 145 pairs of pants". Now – I want to know the rest of the story. What kind of medicine? Why was Georgia receiving so many pants? One says succinctly, "Voted for McKinley".

Elsewhere in this issue is a diary of Nancy (RILEY) CLARKE SALT, who lived in the same area of Ohio. Hers gives a bigger picture but not so many details. Which is right or better? – both are wonderful for their glimpse into the life and people of the time. If you're lucky enough to have a diary, journal or letters from an ancestor, you have a much better understanding of him or her as a real person, rather than simply a name on a family tree.

You've probably been thinking for years that "I oughta do that" – so why not now? There is no right or wrong way; just do it!

A very informal poll of some of our members elicited these responses. Judy Weinberg wrote, "I have started and stopped a personal journal at least 5 times in my life. I've gone from a steno pad to a blank journal book to the computer and always manage to forget to do it after a time. I wish I had kept it up years ago. I recently started a project capturing memories via electronic scrapbook software [Scrapbook Factory Deluxe]. I have a ton of old pictures I really need to add more than names and dates to make them meaningful. I am taking these pictures and attaching a memory to each one. Adding colorful backgrounds satisfies my creative side. I plan to do this with various memories for which I don't have photos too, either using post cards or just text. I print a copy of each one and stick them in an 8½ by 11 binder in a protected sleeve, and archive the other on my computer. This will take less space than formal scrap-booking and be as effective on the computer as in a book. Since I can start and stop as the mood strikes me, I think this method will work for me." Lynne Knorr says, "I sometimes make a note on a nearby pad at the time a thought comes to me, and then hope I can find the pad when I'm ready to add it to my computer file. I really don't have any particular approach to putting my thoughts in writing. My time spent with the file is usually because something or somebody has triggered some thoughts recently, and I want to get them down before I forget them again." Dick Connell writes, "I wrote my own personal memoirs which I

You can make yourself live forever through writing. Do not pass through life without leaving something behind for others to learn from your experiences-even if no one but your children read it. You may discover a

'completed' back in 1998. I took years to do it, and have added bits to it from time to time as the thought or mood hit me. It includes the things that my parents had written and passed on to me, as well as my own stuff which was, at first, just a mixture. I organized my collection later on and added to it occasionally. It followed my growing older over the years, and the major events of my life. From time-to-time, I add to my manuscript as I think of things, mostly just short items about "Things Remembered". As for your editor, I'm trying! I downloaded a copy of *Personal Historian* and have started adding memories and events to it. I can't say that I've actually finished anything yet, so do as I say rather than as I do. I'm trying to at least write down the stories that I tell to my grandkids along the way. I've also started emailing a question a week to my 93-year-old mother in hopes of getting her memories on paper (I've already interviewed and videotaped her!)

There are lots of helps out there to get you started or to make it easier.

Books: If you prefer pen and paper, there are a number of books to jog your memory and record your thoughts. Amazon.com lists a number of how-to books including:

Write the Story of Your Life by Ruth Kanin

Writing Life Stories by Bill Roorbach

Your Life as Story by Tristine Rainer

From Memories to Manuscript: The Five-Step Method of Writing Your Life Story by Joan R. Neubauer

How to Write Your Own Life Story: The Classic Guide for the Nonprofessional Writer by Lois Daniel.

For actual writing, there are:

The Book of Myself: A Do-It-Yourself Autobiography in 201 Questions by David Marshall

Grandfather [or Grandmother] Remembers: Memories for My Grandchild by Judith Levy

The Grandparents' Treasure Chest: A Journal of Memories to Share with Your Grandchildren by Edw. Fays
Grandpa, Tell Me Your Memories by Kathy Lashier¹.

Hallmark offers *Grandmother's Interactive Journal*, *A Mother's Legacy*, *Memorable Moments Memory Keepers* and *Forever Family Journaling Photo Album* Any good book store will have other titles as well.

There is also an E-Book called *Memory Grabber* that is downloadable from <www.familyhistoryproducts.com/memorygrabber.html>. This is described as "a 150 page life story workbook".

Software: For those who would rather type than write, there are a number of software programs, some for writing a life history and others for recording day-to-day events². Some of these are:

For the PC:

It's Personal - Diary Software <www.rksssoftware.com/itspersonal/overview.html>. Free download, 30 day free trial, \$19.95 to buy.

Life Journal <www.lifejournal.com> - free 15 journal entries trial, \$39.95 to buy

My Personal Diary <www.camdevelopment.com> 30 day free trial, \$24.95 to purchase.

Personal Historian [from RootsMagic] - <www.personalhistorian.com> - free 30 day trial, \$29.95 to buy

Telling Stories [from Family Tree Maker] Deluxe edition - \$49.95 (basic edition available as download for \$29.95 until August 2.) <www.broderbund.com/jump.jsp?itemType=CATEGORY&itemID=44>

The Journal <www.davidrm.com> - free 45 day trial, \$39.95 to buy; with *Memory Grabber* \$49.95.

For a review of personal journaling software for the PC by the editors of *Personal Journaling* magazine, see <www.writersdigest.com/articles/pj_mag/weiner_journaling_software.asp>

¹ Ed note: I've not seen these but merely chosen ones from Amazon that looked appropriate.

² A Word of Warning.. if you use the trial version of any of these programs, be sure to save your input to a text or word processing file before your trial version expires. Otherwise you may not be able to retrieve them later. Most save to their own file format which cannot be opened without their program. Save to text, RTF (Rich Text Format), or your own word processor.

For the Mac:

LivingTime Personal Timeliner - <www.livingtime.com> - free trial (15 entries), \$39.95 to buy
MacJournal 2.6 - <<http://homepage.mac.com/dschimpf>> - free trial for 15 days, \$34.95

There are also classes offered at Marks Street Senior Center called **WRITING YOUR LIFE**. See some tips from the instructor, Patricia Charpentier, below. Upcoming classes and workshops include:

First Saturday of every month - 9 a.m. to noon. We will write in response to a series of prompts designed to bring back long-forgotten memories. This kind of workshop is a perfect way to get started writing your life story or to add more stories to your current collection. Join us on the following Saturdays in 2006: August 5; September 9, (second Saturday because of Labor Day), October 7, November 4, December 2.

Thursday, August 17th, 4:30-6:30 – “**Formatting Your Book**” – You have all your writing and editing done, and you’re ready to put it together in book form. Where do you start? Come find out at this hands on workshop designed to teach you how to format your story into a book, insert photographs and scanned documents and prepare your personal history for printing. A suggested donation of \$10 for this workshop.

Thursday, September 21st – Thursday, November 9th, 2006, 4:30-6:30 p.m. “**Writing Your Life**” An eight-week class session. There is no charge for this class.

Thursday, November 30th – 4:30-6:30 p.m. – “**Giving Your Writing as Christmas and Hanukkah Gifts**” – This workshop is designed to assist writers in packaging their life stories into attractive gifts for the holiday season. A suggested donation of \$10 for this workshop.

For more information or to register for any of these classes, contact Patricia Charpentier by email at <pmcharpentier@cfl.rr.com> or by phone at (321) 279-1791.

For those who are willing to pay a good bit for an online writing class, WritersOnlineWorkshops will “help you explore your life story or family history in ways that are both entertaining and meaningful!” Classes are *Fundamentals of Life Stories Writing* and *Focus on the Personal/Family Memoir*. For more information, see <www.writersonlineworkshops.com/LifeStoriesOverview.asp>. Each class is \$319 for the 12-week class; a 10% “summer discount” is available by using the coupon code FTDE0706.

There is a group called the Association of Personal Historians <www.personalhistorians.org> made up of folks who will work with you (for a price) to write or produce a digital personal history. Even if you’re not interested in using their services, be sure to look at their page. The page of quotations is outstanding. They also have a “Getting started” page that you’ll find useful.

**There is no right way! You are unique - your history will be too.
Just start!**

Patricia Charpentier, who teaches the *Writing Your Life* classes at Marks Street Senior Center, says, “Our class motto is, The only way to do this wrong is to NOT do it at all.” She offers these tips:

1. **Start anywhere.** Don't think you have to begin at your birth and write your way through your life chronologically. Write about what is on your mind. Feel free to skip around. You can organize everything later on. Just get started.
2. **Keep a little notebook with you at all times.** Memories tend to surface at the least convenient times. When a memory comes, jot down a couple words in your notebook that you can go back to when you do have time to write. This way you don't lose the memory, and you have a supply of topics just waiting to be written.
3. **Get a writing buddy or join a class.** Writing is a very isolating activity, and it is difficult to keep going without the support and encouragement of others trying to do the same thing. It helps to be accountable to others when it comes to writing your life story.
4. **If you choose to record your life story on tape or video,** make sure you get it transcribed. This is crucial. Because of the rate at which technology is progressing, the means you use today to record your story may be obsolete in just a few years. Think if you would have recorded your story on an eight-track cassette recorder back in the seventies. You would not have access to all those wonderful stories today.

Starting With the Answer (Becoming a DNA time traveler...)

R. Aaron Underwood

Typical genealogy research involves pushing back your ancestry lines, generation by generation, to discover your ancestors. How would it change your research approach if you started with the answer - if you knew who from the early 1700's you descended from, for example, but didn't know the details of how. If that sounds like fun to you and you have \$150-\$300 burning a hole in your pocket, read on...

Researching my genealogy is a hobby I've always done for fun. I like history and there's something about understanding my personal connections to it that makes it even more interesting. I make my living from technology, so when I heard that DNA analysis could be applied to Genealogy... I was curious on a couple of levels, and decided to get tested. The following essay covers what I've learned from the experience. Speaking as a lay person, I'm no doubt over-simplifying and perhaps even unknowingly fudging a fact here or there. As with all information... consider the source.

DNA are the bits of biological information we all carry around that makes us unique - the stuff that determines, out of all the possibilities our bodies have... which specific set of characteristics an individual is given to work with. You get roughly half of this stuff from your mom and half this stuff from your dad, and in turn contribute half of what you got to your children. Which half? Well, nature loves both trial and error and continuing a good thing, so some portions are passed randomly, some portions are passed strictly father to son, mother to son, and mother to son and daughter. It's these "strict" portions that we're interested in for genealogy research purposes, because they prove a relationship.

The amount of information contained in your DNA is huge... even small portions of it contain enough information to uniquely identify you apart from any other person. That's what a paternity test is - an analysis of a portion of the stuff that's passed parent to child. Now for the big ah-ha... if this stuff is unique between a father and a son, wouldn't it be unique for a grand-father and a grandson? **Yes**. How about a great-grand-father and a great-grandson? **Yes**. Now, before you get too excited, observe that this method of identification only works for one of two grand-fathers I have. Why? Because the DNA my father and I share obviously isn't shared by my mother's dad (they're not related biologically at all, or at least I hope they weren't :-)... so it requires an unbroken chain of the same-sex to work for identity purposes- either male to male to male or female to female to female.

Ok, if you're a deep thinker, at this point you might be wondering... "Hey, if a human male always passes these same bits to his son, why wouldn't all human males have the same bits?" Well, it turns out that every so often, nature, who loves trial and error, randomly tweaks these "strictly passed" bits so they're ever so slightly different between father and son (or mother and daughter - I'll explain later why I've used father-son examples). Over a long time span, these occasional tweaks add up to some vary diverse bits of information.

This occasional diversity is a boon for genealogists... since this rate of change is rather predictable and steady. In the commonly used male to male DNA bits, the rate of change is generally one change every 7 or 8 generations. So if a fellow researcher of my surname and I share the exact same bits, then we know we likely share a common father in the past 7 or 8 generations. If our bits are one step different, then it's probably 7-15 generations ago that we had a common father, etc. Different bits of the DNA do vary at different rates, so you can get a bit more precise by looking at the specific bit that's different.

Ok, back to you deep thinkers... "Wait, if we know the rate of change of these bits of DNA, couldn't we do a sampling of all current DNA in the world and do some fancy math to figure out how long it took for it to diverge this much? And wouldn't that say something about the origins of all of us?" Yes, in theory. The Seven Daughters of Eve by Bryan Sykes is seen as one of the seminal books on that subject for lay people, if you're interested.

Getting back to genealogy... my mom's a FIKE. She calls herself a Fike because that was her name growing up - her identity. She looked like and acted like people of that name who lived in the area because they were all part of the same extended family. For DNA identity purposes, my mother's not a Fike. Why? Remember DNA identity only works along strictly male or strictly female lines. FIKE is a surname. Surnames are passed down from male to male

to male. So while my mother has a unique DNA that ties here to her mother (a DAVIS) and to her mother before her (an ENNIS)... most cultures don't assign a consistent name to that. To make things tougher for female research, the strictly passed female to female bits of DNA don't vary much over time (compared to the male to male bits) so it's harder to pin down the time frame of a relationship. So most people using DNA for genealogy purposes are doing so for surname research, which is male to male to male... the same as those unique "male to male" bits of DNA. That's why I used father to son examples earlier.

People of the same surname form "surname projects", typically to try and collect samples of that surnames DNA. With enough samples, patterns emerge as to how many different "lines" of that surname exist. For example, in the US, with a surname like HANCOCK, and 35 or so samples collected, a pattern showing 3 or 4 original ancestors has emerged. If you're researching a HANCOCK, and you can get a male Hancock from your family (or yourself if it's your surname) to test for you... chances are reasonable that you'll tie to one of those known ancestors. Now that you know your original ancestor, you can research from both ends - from the original ancestor forward, and from your known ancestor backwards. With the Underwood surname project, it took us 6 samples before we found two people that were related.

My advice, money and fun aside, is to seriously consider using DNA testing for your lines where:

- a) you have a male by that surname that can be tested,
- b) there's an existing "surname project" with 20 or more samples already collected,
- c) and your surname isn't Smith or Jones.

Family Tree DNA is probably the most popular vendor for adhoc surname projects and you'll find their list here <www.familytreedna.com/surname.asp>. Relative Genetics<www.relativegenetics.com> has a higher end service that's more appropriate for established groups or to support things like family reunions and such. And there are others...

You'll find there are different types of tests. The male to male test is called a YDNA test, and it's offered in different depths (typically something like 12 marker, 25 marker and 37 marker). While the 12 marker test is cheaper, it's not very useful in the surname projects I've described, because 12 markers simply aren't unique enough to tell you much. I did the 25 marker test, and so far haven't had any need for more resolution than that, so would suggest you start with that. Most companies will let you "upgrade" your test later to include more markers, so you don't have to resample and retest all over again.

There are a couple of forms of the test and sampling - from scraping your cheek with a little device that looks like a piece of hard felt to a mouth wash that you swirl and deposit in a vial. You take the sample yourself and it's easy and not painful in any way. The sample is mailed in and results come back in 4-6 weeks.

No doubt some people are worried about the privacy of all this... As you would expect, the companies that do the analysis for you are very serious about protecting it and provide a number of safeguards and guarantees. From my perspective, my DNA is already compromised - I discard it all the time in a variety of ways. If someone wanted it bad enough, they could take it without me ever knowing. So my opinion about the privacy of my own DNA is something I don't really have anyway... but that's just my opinion.

I'm glad I had my DNA analyzed. I haven't turned up any related fellow researchers yet, but I really think it's just a matter of time before I make a connection.

About the author: R. Aaron UNDERWOOD is a software author (the genealogy product GenSmarts - <www.GenSmarts.com>), living with his wife and three kids in Long Grove, IL, and has enjoyed genealogy as a hobby for the past 30 years. He can be reached at <aaron@GenSmarts.com>. Used with permission.

A letter from Caroline (Carrie) PARET MAGEE c1898

submitted by Anne Tanner

The lady who wrote this letter, Caroline (Carrie) Paret Magee, is my grandfather's sister and has intrigued me for years. She was born on 30 July 1864, raised on a farm in Groveland, Livingston County, New York, and died 3 May 1900. Her pictures show a person I consider frail. Her activities would suggest otherwise as the letters we have make it clear that she worked as a nurse for a nursing registry and was sent to places all around the New York City area to take care of people.

Although this letter is not dated and there is no envelope with postmark to date it, it would seem only a certain 2-3 week period exists in which she could have taken this trip. The Spanish-American War was of short duration and according to the Library of Congress chronology on 28 July 1898 "U S officials instruct General SHAFTER to return troops immediately to the United States to prevent an outbreak of Yellow Fever". Using the heat, the wheat harvest, the LOC chronology, the mention of General SHAFTER as well as transport ships in her letter, I would guess this letter is written in the first two or three weeks of August 1898.

The heartbreaking part of this lady's story is contained in the last part of the letter where she describes her excursion to a seaside resort and a later sail up the sound to New Haven with Mr. D. About 17 months later on 17 March 1900 she and Francis DYKES were married quite suddenly and she wrote a lovely letter home about the event. She died 1 May 1900 of acute nephritis and pneumonia.

143 East 30 St.
New York

My dear Mother, -

I wrote you last week I had gone to a case on Long Island, but it was only for three days. I went Tuesday and came home Friday into one of the hottest periods of the city's heat this summer. We have lived as best we could until day before yesterday (Wednesday) when the thermometer registered 15 degrees lower in about 15 minutes, and has been as low as 62 degrees since. It is simply glorious now like the days when you were here, and we feel like doing something. It is said 400 deaths in the city are attributed to the heat of this dreadful summer.

Long Island is so flat and uninteresting, excepting on the shore. The little town where I went is the last station but one on the Island, a four hours ride, and it is a quaint little village. It has just one street, and the houses most of them look a century or two old. The place is swarming with summer boarders who take country fare served in country style. The air is fine however for the ocean is near. Montauk Point was the next station, and when I left Amagansett Friday morning, I thought I would see how a military camp looked before returning to New York. It was a sweltering day. If you look on the map for Montauk you will find it on the extreme eastern point of Long Island with no other place near. It is the most barren region I ever saw, just a sandy trail without vegetation. On the way we passed a few stunted pines, but on the point itself there is not even a shrub of any size. We were landed at a rough board station, with other rough buildings around, looking exactly like pictures of a frontier town. Soldiers in plenty were lounging around, and conveyances of various kinds were waiting to take visitors to the camp a mile or two away. I climbed into one with several others, and we started away through clouds of dust. There is but one road, and with hundreds of wagons going each way daily, the dust is worth mentioning. The first thing that looked "military" was bodies of cavalry along the road. They had probably been watering the horses. "Rough riders" were dashing about hither and thither as though everything was depending on them. A mounted sentinel on a high hill was a picturesque object. The point is not a plain but quite hilly - knolls you would call them. As we advanced around and up one of these knolls the whole camp came into view - the plain down at our left just a beautiful city of white tents where the infantry is quartered, and up the sides of the hills cavalry quarters, the hospital tents above and overlooking all the others. All around was blue ocean and the air was glorious. No one there could believe it 100 degrees in the city as it must have been. Away out on the harbor I counted seven transports at anchor. It certainly is a beautiful place, and the air must greatly benefit the sick.

I went to the Superintendent of nurses to volunteer my services, but received a somewhat ungracious reception. I was told she had more nurses than she knew what to do with. The nurses were eating dinner in a large tent near, but she did not invite me to even a cup of tea. However I was enjoying my visit too much to mind fasting. I went into the hospital tents and talked with nurses and soldiers. The sick had comfortable cots, the tents board floors, and I heard no complaints excepting from the nurses that they were sometimes short of the most necessary supplies for their patients. They had been about twelve hours without water owing to an accident, and had the scantiest supply of milk for those who could take nothing else. The nights were cold and they had lacked sufficient blankets to keep the sick warm. In one ward where there seemed more to do than hands to do it, I stopped and wiped dishes while a veteran of Santiago washed them. He looked about twenty years old and very comfortable in person, though he had lain in the trenches before Santiago two weeks. One boy showed me a fine gold watch given by a Spaniard for two pieces of hard tack. They said the really pathetic sights were to be seen among the soldiers who were ill and could not be accommodated in the hospital. I did not visit the infantry quarters, so did not see those things. General Shafter was in the detention hospital that day, and had I known it I should have tried to visit there.

I had to go about alone, and it was not very satisfactory. I was there three hours and at four o'clock visitors started back to the Station. My companion in the morning was a doctor who came daily to the camp, and who was accompanying sick taken away on transports. He was a veteran of the Civil War but I do not know his name. Going back I was with a party of reporters who talked "shop" all the way. We met an unbroken line of wagons - loads of hay - ambulances drawn by four or six mules, etc. The ambulances alone were a sight. I presume they were coming for sick to put on shipboard. We reached the station in time to meet some colored troops just landed from a transport. They came marching to the music of their band but seemed too tired and indifferent to notice the cheering they got. The station was thronged with people, many soldiers both sick and well coming to the city. The sick were accompanied by wives or mothers. Near me in the car was a mother who had come from Indiana to get her boy, who had the day before gotten up from a long sickness. He was too weak almost to stand up. She was so happy to take him home.

The convalescents were made to walk the long dusty road from camp to station, and one poor fellow was found fainting on the train. He was simply exhausted. He was taken to a parlor car, and looked after by passengers. From time to time others would be found exhausted, and always a dozen friends would be found to care for him. Sterilized milk was given to all who needed it, and when they reached the city a free supper was in readiness. I reached home at ten o'clock - too dirty, hot and hungry for words. My only meal had been a light breakfast. It was a day I shall always remember.

Saturday I rested and Sunday I escaped the heat partly by going to a pretty seaside resort with Mr. D. Monday we took a beautiful sail up the Sound to New Haven and back. We were gone from early morning until after dark and had our meals on the boat. It was a red-letter day I assure you. Now I am settling down to work again. If cases are scarce I may volunteer, but the need now does not seem so great. Miss Levine and I are here along. I am greatly disappointed that Paret did not come to the city. I do not feel I can afford to come home this summer if I can get cases, and besides it seems so short a time since I saw you all. I should dearly love to see little Margaret. You must all be working very hard now, and if I could be of enough help to count I might come - only I know I could not. You do not say how you like your "cooker". (Begging your pardon, I see you do). What a fine crop of wheat! If the price will only come up. You must be tired of reading this long letter so good bye.

Love for all.

Carrie

Italian Single Village Names

by Glen Lamb

When the land we now know as Italy started to develop last name, some developed with a little universal logic and are common across the land while others derived from something special and became unique.

So when a town grew large enough that there was some difficulty telling one Pliny from another, one was called Pliny the Elder. The last names were used to tell two people of the same name apart. Family names were used later to group people together.

Sometimes the names came from the work done by that person, like SHEPHERD, COOPER or SMITH, and sometimes from appearance or locale, like DE NAPOLI, Tedesco (German), Romano, ALTIERE (tall) or BASSO (short). But most common was the patronymic surname, the “child of” designation, like DE PIETRO, D’ANTONIO and DE FRANCESCO. While Italian last names come from a variety of sources, each Italian region has adopted some types more than others and with different spelling variations. Whole books have been written on the development and origin of Italian names including *Our Italian Surnames* by Joseph Lucilla or general surname development such as *How You Got Your Name: The Origin and Meaning of Surnames*, by Pennethorne Hughes.

The patronymic name is so common that Stephane Plume, fictional creation of Janet Evanovich, noted that all the screen doors in her Italian neighborhood in New Jersey had the initial “D” on them. [D’ammaso, de Luca, di Franco, etc]

In some comunes a name would develop that was unique. Presumably in or near the village of Pratola Peligna, L’Aquila, Abruzzo there was an area know as “the bacco,” and hence the name DI BACCO. Di Bacco is a name that only comes from the area around Pratola Peligna and anyone of that name is surely from Pratola Peligna originally. The name Di Bacco is a popular name there, with 35 Di Baccos being born there in 1863 through 1865 or about 12 new Di Bacco’s every year.

By contrast the name MERUCCI is less common with less than two born a year in the 1850’s. But all of them were born in Sant’Elia Fuimerapido, the Merucci’s single village. Others like MUSCEDERE and PUZZOLI are not common in the comunes of Fontechiari and Caselviara, but come only from those Villages. A name like CHIAVAROLI may come from several villages, but all in the Saline Valley near Loreto Aprutino, Pescara, Abruzzo.

That is all very interesting but what if the name of interest is one of those common patronymic names and you can not even find where they originated. As an example, the DI CARLO family in Moundsville, West Virginia have a common Italian name. What chance does that family have of tracking its roots back to Italy? Well they find that at the same time as their ancestor Francesco DI CARLO was in Benwood, WV, there was also a Lorenzo MUSCEDERE listed among the Italians. MUSCEDERE is a single village name from Fontechiari, Frosinone, Lazio and so it is likely that Francesco DI CARLO came from Fontechiari, too. At that time, 1900, the citizens of the small comunes of Italy spoke their own local dialect, and therefore sought, in the new world, to be with others from their town who spoke the same language. When the DI CARLO family checks in the records of Fontechiari, they find that De Carlo is a very common name in that village. Next comes a check of ships passenger’s lists and for Francesco DI CARLO it seems like a hundred, but only a couple of Lorenzo MUSCEDERE. A look at those manifests reveals one coming from Fontechiari and traveling with Francesco DI CARLO.

So remember that the immigrants from a single village tended to cluster together in the Americas because they knew each other and spoke the same dialect. If you can’t find out the origin of your Italian ancestor, check the other fellow countrymen, who are probably from the same comune or region. Look for the unusual names that do not fall into the four normal classes of Italian names:

1. Patronymic Surnames - These last names are based on a parent’s name (Antonio DI PIETRO – Anthony the son of Peter)
2. Occupational Surnames - These surnames are based on the person’s job or trade (Giovanni CACCIATORE - John the hunter)
3. Descriptive Surnames - Based on a unique quality of the individual, these surnames often developed from nicknames or pet names (Daniele ALTIERE – tall Dan)
4. Geographical Surnames - These surnames are based on a person’s residence, usually a former residence (Giuseppi DI MONTAGNA – mountain Joe)

And remember there are some Italian names that really are unique to just a single village.

Document Mining

by A. G. Conlon

I have waited several times for a particular source document to arrive in the mail. When it finally arrives I hastily open the envelope to ascertain if my assumptions are correct. Then, I quickly gather my other source documents and compare, analyze and come to a conclusion. I recently have awakened to a more advantageous approach similar to the old bull and the young bull approach. The young bull rushes down, jumps the fence and kisses a few of the cows. The old bull walks down, opens the gate and kisses ALL the cows.

My point, take time to mine ALL the information your documents are saying. A first glance of the displayed documents confirms descriptive data on my target subject (my father Patrick CONLON). Under closer examination, looking at everything line by line, it reveals a much larger picture. Did you find the marriage date? How about what high school Dad attended? Did Dad graduate from high school?

These documents can support your family oral history and fill in the details of your ancestors lives. So, read every line

CONLON, PATRICK G. RA 32 491 001

24 Jun 02

DA Form 20

ENLISTED

QUALIFICATION

RECORD

1. GRADE SFC(O-6)		3. DATE OF BIRTH 17 Jun 02		4. <input type="checkbox"/> NATIVE <input type="checkbox"/> DERIVATIVE <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> NATURALIZED (Yr=1930)		5. SELF England		6. MOS CODE 074.60			
7. DEPENDENT(S) 3		8. RACE CAU		9. CITIZENSHIP Naturalized		10. BIRTH PLACE England		11. MOTHER England			
12. RESERVE STATUS None			13. RESERVE GRADE None			14. RESERVE BRANCH None			15. RESERVE DUTY ASSIGNMENT None		
16. ENLISTED OR INDUCTED RA 18 Mar 61 3yrs 7 Mths			17. RESERVE IN FOREIGN COUNTRY 1905 England (3)			18. PRIOR MILITARY EXPERIENCE Mess Steward 941.60 176 SFC RA 60			19. PHYSICAL STATUS A U L H S I 1 1 1 2 1 104 154		
20. CIVILIAN EDUCATION Wilkes Barre, Pa (HS) General 3yrs No 21			21. SPECIALIZED TRAINING CodeOfConduct 9Dec55 Rifle M-1 Orsmil Just 9Dec55 Carbine Btl Indoc 10May51 SMC 45 Geneva Conv 22Jan58 Pistol 45 FA CRR Tng 20Sep60 NonJudFunCrsd 25Jan63			22. MILITARY EDUCATION Cook & Baker 941.60 Food Service 8 43			23. SECURITY CLEARANCE NAC-Compl-14Sep50 2A		
24. MAIN CIVILIAN OCCUPATION Manager Resturant (Hotel-Rest) 0-71.230 36 Owned and operated a resturant. Supervised in-structed and assigned duties to employees. Estimated amt. of food needed and purchased same. Adjusted complaints concerning food and service.			25. SECOND BEST CIVILIAN OCCUPATION Cook (Hotel-Rest) 2-26.000 12 Prepared food for large groups of people. Used all types of cooking equipment.			26. OTHER CIVILIAN WORK EXPERIENCE			27. OCCUPATIONAL LICENSE OR CERTIFICATE HELD (P) Cook 941.60 1Apr49		
28. LANGUAGES (Proficiency)			29. FOREIGN SERVICE (Yr=)			30. ENLISTED OR VOLUNTEERED FOR			31. TRAINING RECOMMENDED		
			12May52 1Jul53 1 1 Iceland Yes 9Feb55 12Feb58 3 0 Japan Yes 28Sep59 4Jul60 9 Korea(U) No								
			32. CLASSIFICATION IN MILITARY OCCUPATIONAL SPECIALTIES (P) Cook 941.60 1Apr49								

Military DA Form 20 - Patrick G. CONLON

31. EFFECTIVE DATE	PRINCIPAL DUTY	RECORD OF ASSIGNMENTS			MILITARY UNITS	32. REMARKS
		NOB	GRADE	ORGANIZATION AND STATION		
23 Feb 61	First Cook	941.10	SFC	CoA, 720th MP Bn Ft Hood, Tex	7	RETD: 3 Sep 62 LATEST PCS: 2 Jul 60
25 Sep 61	Mass Sgt	941.60	SFC	CoC, 720th MP Bn Ft Hood, Tex	5	Birthplace of spouse: (Ramey, Nebraska) - U.S.
24 Feb 62	Mass Sgt	941.60	SFC	Hq Co, 720th MP Bn Ft Hood, Tex	2	
1 MAR 62	Spec Svcs SGT	04160	SFC	60th Admin Co, 1st AD, FtH	23	SSN: 108-12-2151 BLOOD TYPE:

Reverse of DA Form 20
Patrick G. CONLON

PERSONNEL DATA											
TO ACCOMPANY INDIVIDUAL REQUESTS FOR TRANSFER AND ENLISTED SURPLUS REPORT											
1. NAME (LAST, FIRST, MIDDLE INITIAL) Conlon, Patrick G.			2. TITLE AND PAY GRADE SFC E-6			3. SERVICE NUMBER 5A 72 449 001					
4. PROFICIENCY RATING None		5. DATE AWARDED N/A		6. DATE WITHDRAWN N/A		7. EVALUATION SCORE 92					
8. DATE OF MARK 28 Jul 54		9. DATE OF BIRTH 17 Jun 32		10. MARITAL STATUS <input type="checkbox"/> SINGLE <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> MARRIED <input type="checkbox"/> DIVORCED DATE OF MARRIAGE 7 Jun 47							
11. STATEMENT OF SERVICE A. DATE ENTERED ON PRESENT TOUR OF ASG 18 Mar 61			B. PRESENT TERM OF ENL OR IND 3 years			C. MONTHS PREV ACTIVE SVC PRIOR TO THIS TOUR 222					
12. CM CONVICTIONS IN CURRENT SVC AND ARTICLE UNDER WHICH CONVICTED NONE						13. IS INDIVIDUAL UNDER CHARGES, INVESTIGATION, IN CONFINEMENT OR UNDERGOING OTHER ADMN ACTION? <input type="checkbox"/> YES <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> NO (IF YES, EXPLAIN IN ITEM 33)					
14. QUALIFICATIONS A. PRIMARY POS: 941.6		B. SCHOOL TRAINED POS: YES X NO		C. DUTY POS: 0756 941.6		D. SCHOOL TRAINED OMIS: YES X NO		DATE COMPLETED: 63			
E. VMSIS AND DATE AWARDED 941.6 And 1 Feb 63		F. POS N/A		C. ADDITIONAL POS. (LIST ONLY THOSE WHICH INDV IS STILL QUALIFIED) NONE							
15. PRESENT RATING (DO NOT USE "UNKNOWN") A. CONDUCT: Exc			B. EFFICIENCY: Exc			16. APTITUDE AREA SCORES					
						COAD: 80			COB: 65		
						EL: None			CM: 86		
						MM: 84			CL: 72		
						GT: None			HL: None		
17. RACE CAG			18. RACE OF SPOUSE IF DIFFERENT FROM THAT OF INDIVIDUAL N/A								
19. A. NUMBER OF DEPENDENTS SPOUSE: 1		CHILDREN: 2		OTHER: 0		B. RESIDENCE OF DEPENDENTS 2935 31st Street, Chaffee Village			C. WILL DEPENDENTS ACCOMPANY INDIVIDUAL IF REASSIGNED? No		
20. PHYSICAL STATUS (SUFFIX T, P, OR R WILL BE USED WHEN B OF C PROFILE IS REFLECTED)						21. BRIEF SUMMARY OF ASG LIMITATIONS					
P: 1 U: 1 L: 1 H: 1 E: 1 S: 1 SUFFIX: B						DATE: 9 Feb 61					
22. CITIZEN OF (COUNTRY) U. S. A.			23. ASSIGNMENT INFORMATION A. DATE DEPARTED LAST DT STA (OFF POST RSG ONLY): 2 Jul 60			B. WAS DISLOCATION ALLOWANCE PAID? (IF NOT, EXPLAIN IN ITEM 33) <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> YES <input type="checkbox"/> NO					
C. DATE ARRIVED PRESENT STA 14 Aug 60			D. IS INDIVIDUAL FULLY POR QUALIFIED? (IF NOT, EXPLAIN IN ITEM 33) <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> YES <input type="checkbox"/> NO								
E. DATE AND CIRCUMSTANCES OF ALL PCS MOVES IN CURRENT FT TO INCL AUTH FOR LAST PCS. (INCLUDE SPECIFIC INFO REQUIRED BY PAR 6 AR 614-240) (FOR ADDITIONAL SPACE USE ITEM 33) No PCS this FT						24. LINGUISTIC ABILITY AND DEGREE OF FLUENCY NONE					
						LANGUAGE					
						LISTENING					
						READING					
F. MONTHS OVERSEA SERVICE 58			G. INCLUSIVE DATES AND LAST S/S COMB 4 Jul 60 Asg Korea								
25. MEDICAL EVIDENCE PRESENTED HAS BEEN EVALUATED UNDER APPROPRIATE REGULATION (COMPASSIONATE REASSIGNMENTS)											
RECOMMEND <input type="checkbox"/> APPROVAL <input type="checkbox"/> DISAPPROVAL		TYPED NAME AND RANK OF STATION MEDICAL OFFICER				SIGNATURE - FOR THE INSTALLATION SURGEON					
RECOMMEND <input type="checkbox"/> APPROVAL <input type="checkbox"/> DISAPPROVAL		TYPED NAME AND RANK OF ARMY MEDICAL OFFICER				SIGNATURE - FOR THE ARMY SURGEON					

Military Personnel Data Sheet -
Patrick CONLON - 9 Feb 1961

4 A A FORM 266 1 APR 61

REPLACES PREVIOUS EDITION WHICH IS OBSOLETE.

Written for the Newspaper "*Anzeiger des Westerns*"

by Henry Nehrling April 8, 1886

EXCURSION TO FLORIDA On the St. Johns, Sanford and Orlando

The Germans don't seem to be heavily represented in Jacksonville. Most of them seem almost embarrassed to speak German. Your correspondent enjoyed a few pleasant days at Mr. Albert FRIES in St. Nicolas, a small town across from Jacksonville. The above mentioned gentleman is a political refugee from the year 1849. Some columns written with glowing enthusiasm in the "Westphaelischen Courier" I read with great interest. Mr. F who used to live in Hoboken, N. J. arrived in Florida 13 years ago because of bad throat trouble and now he is completely healthy. On April 6 I traveled with the steamer, H. B Plant, some 200 miles up the St. Johns. This journey is one of the most pleasant trips which a tourist can make. The steamers which travel down the St. Johns are very similar to those of the Mississippi and are furnished with great luxury. The river is a mighty stream, 2 to 7 miles wide, with high banks. All over one can see between the forests and orange groves the most splendid villas. It would go too far to name all the villages along the St. Johns, only the most interesting ones will be mentioned. About 15 miles from Jacksonville at the edge of the river lies Mandarin and very close to the edge grow moss covered live oaks. There you find the home of Harriet Beecher STOWE, the famous writer of "Uncle Tom's Cabin". On the west side of the river lies Magnolia, which has a splendid hotel lying close to the river and is surrounded by beautiful lawns. About 50 miles from here lies Tocot from which a railroad runs south to St Augustine. On the west bank, 70 miles south of Jacksonville, lies Palatka one of the most important and most visited small towns of Florida. Here you find large hotels, splendid homes and also large orange groves. Although the trees did receive much damage from the freeze, the leaves show damage and are sparse so that one can count on a very small orange crop. The most beautiful and largest as well as the oldest orange grove in Palatka belongs to Colonel HART. Most of his trees are about 20 years old and the sand is mostly so white that you believe you see snow. Despite this, here grows plentiful fruit and vegetables if only a small amount of fertilizer is added. South of Palatka the St. Johns becomes smaller and smaller and its path becomes more winding. Now one can see the thick vegetation on the river banks. They are often very low and covered by Cypress, Water Oaks, Ash, Maple trees, live oaks covered with moss, pine trees and slender high palms. These many fan palms, Chamaerops Palmetto, standing close together are 40 to 50 feet high and give the landscape a rather tropical appearance. When these palms grow high the trunks become smooth. When they are short, the fronds grow all the way to the ground. Finally the St. Johns becomes six to seven miles wider and this enlargement is called Lake Munroe. The steamers go all the way to Sanford, a progressive small town which was started about 15 years ago by General SANFORD. Here is the end of the narrow gauge railway of the South Florida Railroad which has scheduled service to Tampa. The surroundings of the main town is rather low lying. Near Belair lies a large orange grove which belongs to General Sanford and nearby lies the Swedish colony of Upsala. Because General Sanford did not have luck with Negroes as workers, he went to Sweden in order to hire workers. Each of the workers received a free five acre piece of land. All of these are now covered with fruit trees and none of them can be bought for under 6 to 10 thousand dollars. All of the colonists live in comfortable conditions and look very healthy. Also many English, Scots and mostly Yankees live here.

From Sanford I traveled on to Orlando. As soon as one passes Belair, one arrives in the region of the lakes. All over in the high pine forests you find the most beautiful, clear lakes. We come through beautifully developed small towns like Crystal Lake, Longwood, Altamonte, Mayo, Maitland, Winter Park and Wilcox. In all of those places, you find beautiful homes but nowhere are they so grandiose and furnished with such luxury as in Orlando. Here is the paradise of the northern winter guests. The large hotels are filled up from November until May. It seems that only rich people are living here because one sees, almost exclusively, houses in the style of a villa. Magnificent gardens, beautiful flowers and the soil is dark white sand. In contrast you see beautiful lawns covered by Bermuda grass. Five years ago Orlando was a small, sleepy little town with only a few houses, now it has more than four thousand inhabitants not including winter guests.

continued on next page

Excursion to Florida

continued from previous page

Almost all inhabitants are from the North. For the thirsty ones there is always a cool glass of beer and Orange wine. The last mentioned one is a splendid drink and much preferable to beer. In taste it reminds you of some California wines. All around Orlando are many lakes. Here I saw the first really good looking orange groves: healthy green trees, thick leaves, full of orange blossoms and ripe fruit. One also can see lemon trees, Japanese plum trees, bananas, pineapples, date palms etc. Orlando is the most beautiful and lively little town which, until now, I have seen in the South. The former wild land speculation in the region of Jacksonville received a heavy shock due to the last freezes. Whoever wants to live in a really healthy cool climate and wants to raise oranges and southern fruit now moves to south florida. Namely Orange County is preferred because of its soil which is especially suitable for southern fruit, its healthy airy climate and its numerous lakes. As little as I liked it in Northern Florida, the more favorably was my impression of the Southern part of the State.

Orlando, Fla. April 8, 1886

Submitted by Carl Patterson; translated from the original German by Lore Luff.

W. E. WOOD,
Proprietor
Kissimmee City, Fla.

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT.
E. S. DOUGLASS.

Is situated forty miles from Sanford, on the South Florida Railroad, at the head of Lake Tohopekaliga, one of the largest and most beautiful sheets of water in the State.

This Hotel has been greatly enlarged during the past season, all of the additional rooms being of good size and with open fire-places.

THE CUISINE shall be maintained at all times at the highest standard of excellence.

FOR AMUSEMENTS—Billiards, Boating, Lawn Tennis, etc.

TO THE SPORTSMAN we can offer as good Hunting and Fishing as can be found in the State. Within a short distance Deer and Bear can be found, and English Snipe, Quail and Duck within one mile of town limits.

RATES \$3.00 AND \$4.00 PER DAY. SPECIAL RATES BY THE SEASON.

Northern Address,
WOOD & DOUGLASS, Props.
W. E. WOOD, Boston Home Journal Office, Boston, Mass.

Webb's Jacksonville and East and South Florida Consolidated Directory, 1886.

The Tropical Hotel in Kissimmee [advertised above] was built by I. M. MABBETTE, the great grandfather of CFGS member, Ted Williams. This image was scanned from the original volume owned by Ted's uncle.

Some of the things I accomplished at the Family History Library in Salt Lake City, Utah

by Kay Gud

1. The first thing I did on Monday was go to level B1 – International Level – to seek help with a document which belonged to my husband’s maternal grandfather. It was typed in Russian and written in Czech. There was also a third, unidentified language typed beneath the Russian. I spoke with a research expert who was fluent in the Czech language. She translated that part of the document and identified it as a military document. She also identified the third language as Hungarian. The document showed the man’s name, birth year, and permanent residency was in Bedford, [Cuyahoga County] Ohio. At the bottom of the page, it had his father’s full name and his mother’s maiden name. She pulled out 2 Czechoslovakian gazetteers and looked up the place mentioned in the document. She went online to ShtetlSeeker <www.jewishgen.org/ShtetlSeeker/LocTown.asp>. It is similar to MapQuest, only it locates towns and villages in Central Europe. Here, she found the town mentioned in the document as located now in the Ukraine. She printed out the map for me. Unfortunately, the FHL has not microfilmed that area. She suggested I speak with the Russian research expert, who would be available after lunch.

I returned to B1 that afternoon and spoke with the Russian Research expert. She also confirmed that it was a military document. It said that he had served his military requirement and it allowed him to move freely

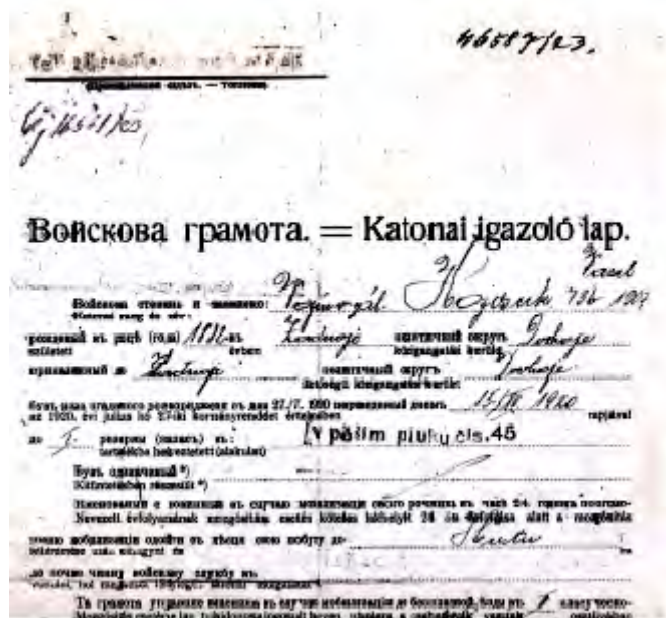
about the country.

With only a couple of hours left for the day, I quickly went to the second floor which contains the microfilm for the U.S. and Canada. My aim was to find my parents marriage certificate. I quickly found information in the index film and retrieved the film of certificates and made my copies. So, for the first day, I was a happy camper!

2. The second item on my list was to go to level B2 [British Isles] to research the transcribed English parish register collection. It was much easier reading handwriting done in the early 1900s than trying to decipher handwriting from the late 1600s and early 1700s. If I found anything that needed checking, I could always check the microfilm of the actual register, which was located on the same floor. I spent Tuesday and Wednesday there.

3. Next items on my list were to find maps that showed where my ancestors lived, both in England and the U.S. There is an extensive map collection of the British Isles on B2. The research expert here showed me how to use the cross-reference books on the map tables. These books help locate the right map drawer where many maps of the locations I was seeking are found. Then I went to the third floor, where the U.S. and Canadian books are found. I went to the reference desk and requested two books, one, a gazetteer of the county where many of my family settled, Montgomery Co., Ohio, and second a book that showed the townships of that county in 1851. Also shown were the names of the owners of property in each of the townships. While I waited for these books, I looked at books on county histories, cemetery records, marriage records, bible records, etc., all of which are not available on microfilm. This was Thursday. I had only 2 days left!

4. The other item on my list was to research the family books found on the main floor. Here I found several of the books that I knew had information on several branches of my family . After I copied the many pages/chapters in those books, I turned my attention to the long list of other books that may or may not contain information I was interested in. By the end of Saturday, I was ready to come home. Though I had many items left on my list, I felt I had accomplished a great deal.



State Census - 1885 Orange County, Florida

(Film M845 Roll #10 at Orlando Library & Archives; #088971 at Family History Center.)

Page	House	Name	Race	Age/sex	Relationship to Head	Marital Status	Birthplace of Self/ Mother/ Father	Occupation
44	420	Thayer, G. V.	W	40 M	Head	M	SC/VT/SC	Gentleman
44	420	Thayer, Lettie	W	35 F	Wife	M	IN/KY/KY	
44	420	Thayer, Halston T.	W	14 M	Son	S	IN/SC/KY	
44	420	Thayer, Edwd A.	W	11 M	Son	S	IN/SC/KY	
44	420	Thayer, Daisy	W	9 F	Dau	S	IN/SC/KY	
44	421	Preston, O. P.	W	52 M	Head	M	VA/VA/VA	M. D.
44	421	Preston, Jane	W	52 F	Wife	M	VA/VA/VA	
44	421	Preston, Howard	W	19 M	Son	S	TX/VA/VA	
44	422	King, W. H.	W	46M	Head	M	GA/GA/GA	Dentist
44	422	King, Tansfry?	W	38 F	Wife	M	GA/GA/GA	
44	422	King, Warren W.	W	10 M	Son	S	FL/GA/GA	
44	422	King, Jas W.	W	8 M	Son	S	FL/GA/GA	
44	422	King, Calvin	W	5 M	Son	S	FL/GA/GA	
44	422	King, Franklin	W	3 M	Son	S	FL/GA/GA	
44	422	King, Louis Z.	W	1 M	Son	S	FL/GA/GA	
44	423	Hunter, A. S.	W	28 M	Head	M	GA/GA/GA	Saw Mill
44	423	Hunter, Edith	W	20 F	Wife	M	GA/GA/GA	
44	423	Hunter, J. H. Jr	W	2 M	Son	S	GA/GA/GA	
44	423	Hunter, J. H.	W	23 M	Brother	S	GA/GA/GA	Saw Mill
44	423	Wynne, Jenny	W	18 F	Cousin	S	FL/FL/GA	
44	423	Wynne, Frank	W	11 M	Cousin	S	FL/FL/GA	
44	424	Claiborne, J. M.	W	43 M	Head	M	TN/VA/TN	Farmer
44	424	Claiborne, S. B.	W	35 F	Wife	M	TN/TN/TN	
45	425	Snead, O. F. A.	W	37 M	Head	M	Eng/Eng/Eng	Planter
45	425	Snead, Mary	W	35 F	Wife	M	Eng/Eng/Eng	
45	425	Poole, Mary	W	18 F	Step Dau	S	Eng/Eng/Eng	
45	425	Poole, George	W	16 M	Step Son	S	Eng/Eng/Eng	
45	425	Poole, Ella	W	13 F	Step Dau	S	Eng/Eng/Eng	
45	425	Poole, Robt	W	10 M	Step Son	S	Eng/Eng/Eng	
45	425	Thurston, John	W	21 M	Nephew	S	Eng/Eng/Eng	
45	425	Williams, William	B	20 M	Servant	S	GA/GA/GA	Inden servant
45	425	Hart, Joseph	B	30 M	Servant	S	FL/FL/FL	Gardener
45	425	Jamison?, Stewart	W	20 M	Head	M	SC/SC/SC	Planter
45	426	Bishop, Thurlo	W	38 M	Head	M	FL/GA/GA	Minister
45	426	Bishop, Eliz th	W	32 F	Wife	M	FL/SC/SC	-
45	426	Bishop, Walker	W	15 M	Son	S	FL/SC/SC	-
45	426	Bishop, Henry	W	13 M	Son	S	FL/SC/SC	-
45	426	Bishop, Mary	W	10 F	Dau	S	FL/SC/SC	-
45	426	Bishop, Thurlo Jr	W	8 M	Son	S	FL/SC/SC	-
45	426	Bishop, Eliz th	W	5 F	Dau	S	FL/SC/SC	-
45	426	Bishop, Robt	W	2 M	Son	S	FL/SC/SC	-
45	426	Bishop, Susan	W	32 F	Sister	S	SC/SC/SC	-

Page	House	Name	Race	Age/sex	Relationship to Head	Marital Status	Birthplace of Self/ Mother/ Father	Occupation
45	427	Barton, J. M.	W	76 M	Head	M	SC/SC/SC	Minister
45	427	Burton, Lenny	W	65 F	Wife	M	PA/PA/PA	
45	428	Deuschman?, John	W	48 M	Head	S	Ger/Ger/Ger	Farmer
45	429	Church, Huch B.	W	42 M	Head	M	Ire/Ire/Ire	Planter
45	429	Church, Isabella	W	32 F	Wife	M	Wales/Eng/Eng	
45	429	Tyler, Ernest Smith	W	25 M	-	S	Eng/Eng/Eng	Planter
45	429	Saunders, Ida	B	13 F	Servant	S	FL/FL/FL	
45	429	Coleman, Essie	B	24 F	Servant	S	FL/FL/FL	
45	430	Duncan, Margt	W	37 F	Head	M	Can/Scot/Scot	-
45	430	Duncan, Edwin Jas	W	13 M	Son	S	Can/Can/Can	
45	430	Duncan, Anne	W	9 F	Dau	S	Can/Can/Can	
45	430	Duncan, Franklin C.	W	8 M	Son	S	Can/Can/Can	
45	430	Duncan, Marion A.	W	6 F	Dau	S	Can/Can/Can	
45	431	Hudson, Delia P.	W	60 F	Head	Wid	CT/CT/CT	
45	431	Hudson, John S.	W	35 M	Son	S	CT/CT/CT	Planter
45	431	Pipkin, Chloe B.	W	76 F	Aunt	S	CT/CT/CT	
45	432	Else, B. B.	W	52 M	Head	M	PA/PA/PA	
45	432	Else, E. B.	W	50 F	Wife	M	PA/PA/PA	
45	432	Else, H. G.	W	21 F	Dau	S	PA/PA/PA	
45	433	Marsh, W. A.	W	24 M	Head	M	IA/NY/OH	Farmer
45	433	Marsh, L. E.	W	27 F	Wife	M	IL/MA/OH	
45	434	Marsh, A. A.	W	48 M	Head	M	NY/NY/NY	Farmer
45	434	Marsh, L. A.	W	53 F	Wife	M	OH/OH/OH	
45	434	Marsh, Mary E.	W	16 F	Dau	S	IL/NY/NY	
45	434	Durnford?, E. M.	W	60 F	Sister	W	NY/NY/NY	
45	434	Waring, Wade	B	27 M	Servant	S	SC/SC/SC	Gardener
45	435	Self, Geo T.	W	28 M	Head	M	FL/SC/GA	Carpenter
45	435	Self, Mary F.	W	26 F	Wife	M	FL/GA/GA	
45	435	Self, Harbird B.	W	7 M	Son	S	FL/FL/FL	
45	435	Self, Fred B.	W	5 M	Son	S	FL/FL/FL	
45	436	Grimes, Wm	B	28 M	Head	M	FL/FL/FL	Laborer
46	436	Grimes, Nancy	B	25 F	Wife	M	FL/FL/FL	
46	436	Grimes, Anne	B	3 F	Dau	S	FL/FL/FL	
46	436	Grimes, Jas	B	1 F	Son	S	FL/FL/FL	
46	437	Hay, Abraham	W	44 M	Head	M	GA/GA/GA	Farmer
46	437	Hay, Joanna	W	30 F	Wife	M	FL/FL/FL	
46	437	Hay, Jno Wm	W	17M	Son	S	FL/GA/FL	
46	437	Hay, Hy W.	W	14 M	Son	S	FL/GA/FL	
46	437	Hay, Margt S.	W	12 F	Dau	S	FL/GA/FL	
46	437	Hay, Sarah L.	W	10 F	Dau	S	FL/GA/FL	
46	437	Hay, Fras? J.	W	8 F	Dau	S	FL/GA/FL	
46	437	Hay, Lucy E	W	4 F	Dau	S	FL/GA/FL	
46	437	Hay, Mary	W	2 F	Dau	S	FL/GA/FL	

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History will be kind to me - for I intend to write it!

Winston Churchill (1874-1965)

OH, THOSE RELATIVES!

The Smith family was proud of their family tradition. Their ancestors had come to America on the Mayflower. Their line had included senators, pastors, and Wall Street wizards. They decided to compile a family history, a legacy for the children.

They hired a fine author. Only one problem arose: how to handle that great-uncle who was executed in the electric chair. But the author said not to worry, he could handle that section of history tactfully.

When the book appeared, the family turned to the section on Uncle George.

There, they read, "George Smith occupied a chair of applied electronics at an important government institution, was attached to his position by the strongest of ties. His death came as a real shock."

Thanks to Lynne Knorr for this tidbit
(do you think they're her relatives?)



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