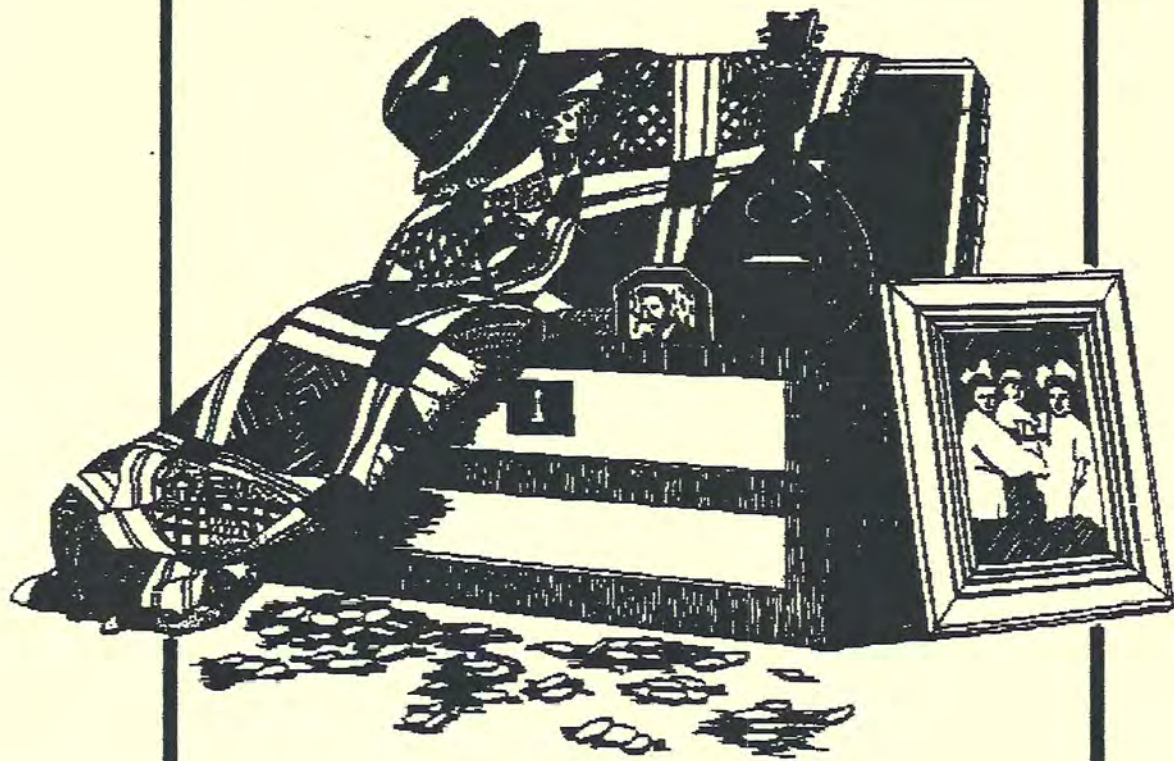


Buried Treasures



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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: The thrill of the hunt!

I recently traveled to a small county courthouse in far northern Wisconsin. I was searching for the history of an old fishing resort and farm which used to be in our family from about 1920 to 1960. I wanted to find the deeds and land transactions associated with that piece of property to help solve some family mysteries. My efforts were well rewarded.

Prior to my trip I used the US GenWeb and local information web pages to find out what days and hours the courthouse, library, local newspaper and other resources would be open. I tried the county's genealogy Mailing List through RootsWeb to find people to correspond with. I found a very helpful lady who happened to be in the county genealogical and historical society. She was able to make a few local calls for me and email back information about funeral homes, newspaper archives and other possible resources.

But the actual rummaging through huge bound volumes of deeds and other legal documents I did myself. By planning ahead and using my time efficiently I was able to get over thirty different documents, spanning nearly 100 years, in just two hours at the courthouse. By being pleasant and grateful for the lone staffer's help, I had been given complete run of the document vault. I also was able to find out about the area just through conversation.

Later that same day I was given full access to the local newspaper's physical archive of bound back issues, going back to the 1920s. None of it was on microfilm, let alone online. By having certain dates known through family stories the clerk let me uncover front page news stories dealing with the deaths of my great-grandmother and later her sons, my father's uncles, who all had lived and died on that farm.

I could go on (and I will in a detailed, future *Buried Treasures* article) but my point is there comes a time when you get the opportunity to roll up your sleeves and dig into the physical remnants left behind by our ancestors and their contemporaries in order to get at the real stories. That's the part I like best! I suppose I could have used the Internet to find someone long-distance to do the digging for me and probably paying them for their work; but then the information would just be facts, and I would not have had that priceless experience of the pursuit.

Paul Enchelmayr

Thoughts from your editor

By now most of you have heard of the tragic deaths of CFGS member Carl Patterson and his wife Jane. They were returning from a trip to Tampa (visiting family) when a car crossed the median and hit them head on.

As I was preparing this issue of *Buried Treasures*, I checked my "to be used in the next issue" folder. At the top of the list was a message from Carl (dated August 3rd), saying [about the last *Buried Treasures*] "Another fine issue like others. I have lots of photos, computer data and everything except written history." Carl had just completed his 500-page *History of Windermere* and sent it to the publisher, but I wonder if he'd begun writing down his own.

This tragedy - along with another sudden death of a friend - has made me look seriously at my genealogical records. I know (pretty much) where everything is, but there is no way that anyone else would be able to make much sense of it. So I decided that it was finally time to really get organized. I've been saying this for most of my life - but, maybe this time I'll actually follow through..

I keep my records in large binders, alphabetically by family name. There are about twenty of them on the shelf beside my desk. Anything about a family goes into the binder, arranged by generations and with "possibilities" in a section at the back of the binder. Anything about the family name - but not definitely related to me - or a locale where the family was goes into a file folder and then into a file drawer. If I get something new about the family, I get it at least into the binder, even if I don't take time to get it into the correct place within.

So, I decided to work on the first of the binders to get them organized and indexed. I pulled out the Barney folder - and there was a loose paper (dated 2002) that I can't remember ever seeing before. It was the DAR application of a very distant cousin, who joined under the patriot Lemuel HUBBARD of VT & NH. Lemuel was the father of Lucy (HUBBARD) BARNEY, my 4th great grandmother. So, as I studied that document, several new avenues of research came to mind. I've now spent most of the week following up on that one document... and the rest sits untouched.

So, the moral of this story is - do as I say, not as I do! Be sure to go back through your files often; they will surely have something you missed or that fits now that you know more about the family. As I get further along in my project, you'll see my progress report in a future article.

Betty Jo

Orlando Chapter NSDAR Celebrates its 100th Year
Highlights: First 50 Years of History

by Edna Benson, past Regent of the Orlando Chapter, DAR

The Orlando Chapter was organized on December 15, 1906 with 13 charter members. The Organizing Regent was Mrs. Carrie Packard SCHULLER. The beautiful Poinsettia was chosen as the chapter flower.

The chapter motto was:

“Honored be our ancestors,
Of any clime and age,
And may the Pilgrim’s freedom be
Our lasting heritage”

Charter members were:

Mrs. Carrie Packard SCHULLER (Mrs. F. X.), Regent

Emilie J. TEMPLE (Mrs. Chas. E.), Vice-Regent

Jessica J. BRANCH (Mrs. W.S.), Secretary

Mary Bird ROBINSON (Mrs. S. A.), Treasurer

Thena Yemans PACKARD (Mrs. O. L.), Registrar

Bessie Montague WARREN (Mrs. F. M.), Historian

Florence HUDSON (Mrs. R.M.)

Mary Anna HUDSON (Mrs. S. R.)

Florence HENDRICKS (Mrs. J. T.)

Mabelle Copeland O’NEAL (Mrs. W. R.)

Harriet Randolph PARKHILL (Miss)

Annie Maude TAYLOR (Miss)

Frances St. Bernard MONTAGUE (Mrs. A. R. BOGUE)

Quoting from DAR of Florida History, Volume I, 1892 – 1933, the chapter reported:

“In naming the chapter, members could find no more suitable name than that of the city. Romance has always hovered over the naming of Orlando. Some are pleased to think that long ago the name Orlando was given to the town by some lover of Shakespeare. From this idea evolved the Rosalind Club consisting of the ladies of the community, and just outside the limits was a subdivision called the “Forests of Arden.”

All this seemed highly Shakespearean and very much “As You Like It.” However, there are certain facts and these facts must supplant fantasy.”

“In the long ago, Orlando Reeves, a brave and daring soldier, was one of the Troopers when the United States first came into possession of the Territory of Florida from the Spaniards. While trying to occupy the inland and subdue the Indians, Orlando, who made the supreme sacrifice on the altar of patriotism in defense of his country’s flag, was killed by the hostile Indians. His men quietly laid him that night beneath the sod and called the place Camp Orlando. From that has grown the “City Beautiful” of the present day with a patriotic instead of a Shakespearean name.”

The work of Orlando Chapter has always been varied and concerned itself with Promoting Patriotism, Providing Education and Preserving History. From the beginning the chapter contributed support for the beautiful NSDAR buildings in Washington, DC and to the schools listed in reports at the time as being: Tamasee, Martha Berry, Schull’s Mill Mt. School, Wichita Indian School, and Montverde.

The chapter contributed to the Caroline Scott HARRISON Medallion, to the C. S. Harrison Memorial Dormitory at Ohio College, to Founders Memorial, the Valley Forge Memorial Chapel, American Nurses Home in Bordeaux, France, Florida Foreign Relief Committee and the Red Cross, as well as many other worthy causes.

1910-1922. In 1910 the chapter was the hostess for the State Conference. It was the recipient of a gavel carved of Egyptian cypress, from one of the trees presented to Napoleon by Khedive of Egypt. It was given to Monsieur Jumel,

and planted by him in New York. This gift was from Mrs. William Cummings STORY, then President General, and presented by Mrs. J. MAHONEY, Florida State Regent, to Chapter Regent Mrs. Altman WHITMAN. Other State Conferences hosted by Orlando Chapter were those of 1914 and 1923.

During the administration of State Regent Mrs. J. H. MAHONEY, Chapter founder and organizing Past Regent Mrs. SCHULLER brought the Montverde School to the attention of the 1919 State DAR conference in St. Augustine. From the beginning, much of the chapter's interest was centered in the Montverde School in Lake County, after it had been endorsed by the Florida State Society DAR and the NSDAR. Substantial contributions were made for the foundation of the girl's DAR dormitory which housed 50 girls, for furnishing a dormitory room, and scholarships.

The chapter won \$15.00 in gold in 1922 for the second largest number of subscribers to the DAR Magazine.

1924. This became known as "Monument Year" among members. On March 30th of that year the chapter unveiled a granite tablet on the site of Fort Gatlin, two miles southeast of Orlando. The fort was erected November 9, 1838, one of the chain of forts that extended from Sanford to Tampa. Mrs. Martha TYLER (85 years old) attended the ceremony that day. When she was a little girl, she spent a year there as a refugee, for protection from the Seminole Indians. Her father, Captain JERNIGAN, was captain of the fort. Since the fort or stockade was built a short distance from the military post, the marker stands as a tribute to both the army and pioneer settlers.

The Orlando Chapter contributed to the Ribault Monument erected at Mayport. On Armistice Day in November, the Chapter unveiled a large granite marker in front of Memorial High School with the inscription: "Lest We Forget. In memory of the Orange County Boys who gave their lives in the World War. Erected by the Orlando Chapter, D.A.R. aided by patriotic citizens of Orange County. 1924."

1928-1929. The Organizing Regent Mrs. Carrie SCHULLER was made an Honorary Regent at the June 14th Flag Day Luncheon in 1928 and remained a member until her death on 17 January 1930.

Orlando Chapter membership had grown to 118 by 1929. Easter Boxes were sent to the United States Veterans Hospital in Lake City and to Ellis Island for the immigrants coming into the United States.

1930. The Fort Gatlin CAR [Children of the American Revolution] Chapter, sponsored by Orlando Chapter, was organized under the direction of Mrs. Russell SCARBORO, with ten members and five pending applications.

In 1930 the Albertson Public Library of Orlando (now Orlando Public Library) became the repository for the books of the Florida State Society DAR, with Miss Frances GREGORY, a past Orlando Chapter regent serving as the first Florida State Librarian. Orlando Chapter donated 2 lineage books and subscribed for the DAR Magazine for the reading room.

1931. Membership numbered 112 and there were 21 CAR members. All obligations were met and lovely Easter boxes were again sent to Ellis Island and to the Government Hospital in Lake City to cheer the soldiers there. Orlando Chapter purchased 3 more lineage books for the library. On Armistice Day, the chapter cooperated with the city in observance by entering a lovely Colonial Float in the parade. This was the first parade the chapter had ever entered.

1934-1935. All State and National obligations were met. A shower was given for the Montverde School and a scholarship given to a male student.

Fort Maitland, a Seminole Indian War fort, was marked on March 15, 1935, by placing a highway marker on its site and a coquina boulder bearing a bronze tablet. A group of twenty Seminole Indians, men, women and children, in colorful tribal dress, were present at the dedication ceremonies, and Johnny CYPRESS unveiled the marker.

Also in 1935 a stone of beautiful travertine was donated to honor Miss Lucy A. CROSS, Precursor of Rollins College, as part of the 55th anniversary celebration of the college.

1939-1944. The Chapter served as co-host when the State Executive Board met in 1939 at the Montverde School. Chapter members were very active in the different phases of war work: assisted in bond drives, exceeding its quota; contributed to the blood plasma fund and other war funds, including the Orange County Blood Bank, Marine Hospital on Ellis Island and the Foreign Body Locator; and contributed 18,000 hours in Red Cross work.

1945. The chapter was generous in its support of Montverde School until it was removed by the NSDAR from the approved list. On Distaff's Day, for many years, the Chapter had made a gift of scholarships, linens and other useful

articles for the Montverde School. A book shower in 1945 brought in 139 volumes for the school. Two scholarships were given to Tamasee and Kate Duncan Smith schools.

On March 31, 1945, Chapter Regent Mrs. W. Hal ADKINSON (1944-1946) presented to the chapter at a special meeting, a gift of a \$22,000 residence on Lucerne Circle to be used as the Chapter House. The residence was a spacious, two story stucco house. The first floor was to be used by the Chapter and the second to provide revenue for the upkeep of the house and for DAR projects.

1946-1951. The Chapter has always placed an emphasis toward carrying out historical projects. On June 16, 1951, a marker was placed at Christmas, Florida to indicate the site of Old Fort Christmas, a Seminole Indian War Fort and early central Florida outpost that was built in 1835, completed and named on Christmas Day. This historic spot marks one more of the old forts built during the Seminole Indian Wars as a protection against the Indians. Old Fort Christmas was destroyed by fire many years ago.

1952-1956. The Chapter contributed many typed pages of family records, county histories; marriage bonds of Tyron and Lincoln Counties, NC; wills; and SC Soldiers in the Revolution. Medals were awarded to local high school winners and many volunteer hours donated to the Red Cross and other worthy causes. Membership had increased to 182 by 1956.

One thousand pine trees were planted and marked by the chapter as a conservation project.

A delightful occasion was the lovely tea party held on Saturday, December 15, 1956 at the DAR Chapter House on Lucerne Circle observing the Fiftieth Anniversary of the organization of the chapter. Mrs. F. M. WARREN and Mrs. A. R. BOGUE, the only two living charter members, were present to represent the original thirteen members.

At the impressive Flag burning ceremony conducted by the American Legion, the Chapter's thirty year old flag, no longer serviceable, was burned. This flag had been presented to the chapter in 1927 by Chapter Regent Mrs. J. A. ABBERGER.

The Present: Orlando Chapter DAR presently has 250 members with approximately 8 prospective members actively pursuing membership. Regular meetings are held the first Saturday of each month October, November and January through May at the College Park Women's Civic Club, 714 Dartmouth Street, Orlando, FL. Special luncheons are held in September for Constitution Day; December for Christmas/Chapter Birthday; and June for Flag Day. The chapter regent is Mrs. Fred (Clare) HASLER. Our objectives are to Preserve History, Provide Education and to Promote Patriotism. For information please contact Membership Chairman Elizabeth MACINTOSH at 407-645-0698 or emacintosh@cfl.rr.com.

The Charter Members of the Orlando Chapter, DAR

Carolyn E. "Carrie" Packard SCHULLER (Mrs. F. X.), Organizing Regent, was born in November 1868 in Wisconsin. She was the daughter of Orville L. and Athena (YEMANS) PACKARD, and was the lineal descendant of Simeon CARPENTER. Mrs. Schuller died on 17 January 1930 and her grave in Greenwood Cemetery has a DAR marker. She was the wife of Francis Xavier SCHULLER, who was a German-born bookkeeper and grocer. There were no known children of this couple.

Emilie J. TEMPLE (Mrs. Charles E.), Vice-Regent, was born in August 1838 in Great Falls, NH, and died in October 1926. She is the only charter member who was a real granddaughter of a Revolutionary ancestor. Her grandparents were patriot Corporal Jacob DAVIS and Deborah TUTTLE. Their son, Jacob DAVIS, Jr., and Comfort JONES were her father and mother. Mrs. Temple was made an honorary member of the chapter in October 1925. She had lived in Boston, MA before coming to FL. Her husband, Charles, was a jeweler there; after his death, she sold real estate in Boston. She had a daughter, Helen G., born about 1875.

Jessica J. BRANCH (Mrs. William S.), Secretary, was born about 1860 in West Virginia. She died 15 January 1949 at the age of 89. She was the wife of William S. BRANCH, who had a prominent bookstore in downtown Orlando. Jessie "assisted her husband in the store, her diminutive form almost hidden at times by the stack of books, stationery and other goods. She was a dominant force in the business. She always wore a high, boned net collar which emphasized her natural dignity." She had two children, William, Jr and Roberta. When a contest was held in 1908 to select a name for the city, Jessie Branch's entry won the prize with the name "The City Beautiful" Their daughter Roberta married Braxton BEACHAM, Jr.

Mary BIRD ROBINSON (Mrs. Samuel A.), Treasurer, was born in Pennfield, Calhoun County, Michigan in 1852 and died 16 September 1917. She married Samuel ROBINSON in Orlando in 1896. Samuel had settled in Orlando in October, 1876. He was one of the group who began Greenwood Cemetery and he designed and laid out the cemetery. He was Orange County surveyor and later a State Representative. They had two daughters, Edith W. and Alice Beauclaire. Edith married William Palmer PILLANS of Lakeland; Alice was unmarried. Robinson Street in downtown Orlando was named for the family.

Athena YEMANS PACKARD (Mrs. Orville L.), Registrar, was born 5 April 1836 in New York and died 2 April 1915. She was the daughter of William YEMANS and Nancy LOCKWOOD, son of Elijah YEMANS and Thena CARPENTER, daughter of patriot Simeon CARPENTER and Anna BURTON. She was the mother of Carrie Packard SCHULLER, Organizing Regent of the chapter. Other children were Charles, born about 1861 and Minnie born about 1863. The family was living in Milwaukee, Wisconsin in 1880.

Bessie MONTAGUE WARREN (Mrs. Francis Marion), Historian, was born 1 January 1876 in Florida and died 14 March 1974 at the age of 98. She was the sister of charter member Frances St. Bernard MONTAGUE. They were daughters of James R. & Fannie St Bernard (PRESTON) MONTAGUE. James MONTAGUE had settled in Orlando in 1871 and married Fannie, the daughter of Dr. Ouchita PRESTON, in 1875. Dr. PRESTON was the 2nd doctor in Orlando, settling in south Orlando in 1866.

Florence HUDSON (Mrs. Richard M.) was born in 1874 in Kansas City, Missouri and died 5 August 1950 in Orlando at the age of 75. Her ancestor was Joshua WEAVER. Florence Hudson married Richard M. Hudson (same surnames) in June of 1900 but was widowed by 1910. Her father, Samuel R. HUDSON, started the first daily newspaper in Orlando in 1891. She was the mother of Mary Anna HUDSON, another charter member.

Mary Anna HUDSON (Mrs. Samuel R.) was born in June 1843 in Haywood County, Tennessee and died in June 1938 at the age of 95. She was the mother of charter member, Florence HUDSON and was the wife of Samuel R. HUDSON who settled in Orlando in 1891 and ran a newspaper and print shop. They also had another daughter, Hattie, who was unmarried.

Florence HENDRICKS (Mrs. J. T.) was born in Waukesha County, Wisconsin and died 8 January 1909. No other information has been found about her.

Mabelle COPELAND O'NEAL (Mrs. William Russell) was born in April 1864 in Presque Isle, Maine and died 10 February 1909. She was a descendant of John and Priscilla ALDEN. Her daughter, Miss Mabelle O'NEAL was a chapter Regent (1946-1948). Mabelle was the daughter of William J. Copeland. There were two daughters of this marriage, Helen K, born in August 1887, and Mabelle, born in February 1889. The *History of Orlando* says of William R. O'NEAL: "Very few men ever lived who held as many positions in business, church and lodge circles as he did and served in every capacity efficiently and with honor. He was a leader among men and a most progressive citizen."

Harriet Randolph PARKHILL (Miss) was born about 1861 in Florida and died 3 July 1926. Affectionately known as Deaconess Parkhill, her name was sent to State Historian to be placed on the list of noteworthy women. She was the principal of the Pell-Clarke School for Girls, which later became The Cathedral School. The school's Harriet Randolph Parkhill building was erected in 1906 as a tribute to the long-time principal

Annie Maude TAYLOR (Miss) was born about 1875. She had transferred twice before becoming a charter member of Orlando Chapter - first from Waycross, Georgia, then from Jacksonville, Florida. She later married F. T. BRIDGES. She died 20 September 1944 in Jacksonville.

Frances St. Bernard MONTAGUE (Mrs. Albert R. BOGUE) was born in April 1884 in Florida and died 29 September 1983. She is a sister of Bessie Montague WARREN. She was called Bernard. She later married Albert R. BOGUE in 1909 and had moved to Delray, Florida by 1910.

Black Sheep Ancestors: The Winners

First Place*

John Wesley TERRELL of Wells County, IN
by Ron Clayton

John Wesley TERRELL, my second cousin three times removed, was born in Randolph County, Indiana about 1852, the son of Rev. William and Rebecca (THORNBURG) TERREL. Sometime shortly after his marriage in Oct 1875 to Catherine MCGUNNIGILL, he relocated to Nottingham Township, Wells County, Indiana, about 50 miles north of his birthplace.

Shot and killed his son-in-law

By 1903, John Wesley had become a successful farmer, owning four farms in his home area – totaling 500 acres. He also owned half a city block in the town of Bluffton, Indiana, the county seat for Wells County. Additionally, he had considerable income from oil royalties derived from wells located on his farms.

All of this came to an end on Sunday evening 12 Jul 1903. The following quote from *The Fort Wayne Journal-Gazette*, dated 29 Nov 1903, the day before the Terrell trial was to begin at Bluffton, describes the incident leading to his nomination as a “Black Sheep:”

“Sunday evening, July 12, a murder occurred in Wells county which for coldbloodedness probably never had a parallel in the history of crime in the state of Indiana. The deed was committed at the quiet little village of Petroleum, situated ten miles south of this city in Nottingham township in the Indiana oil field.

The parties to the crime were John W. TERRELL, aged about sixty years [actually 51], a wealthy oil magnate, one of the largest land owners and one of the wealthiest farmers in this county, who shot and killed his son-in-law, Melvin WOLFE, aged twenty-two, as he lay on an operating table in the office of Dr. J.E. SAUNDERS, dying from a gunshot wound which Terrell himself had inflicted just a few moments before.

The murder was to revenge a long series of insults and wrongs which young Wolfe had heaped upon Terrell's daughter Lucy, himself and family, and was committed while he was blinded with rage and at least temporarily insane.

Two years ago the 20th of this month Terrell's daughter Lucy, then only eighteen years of age, was united in marriage to Melvin Wolfe. The marriage was consummated to partially hide the shame and disgrace that was to come upon her by reason of Wolfe's perfidy, and he took the step to avoid a paternity suit. The young couple went to the home of the groom's parents to reside and there lived for six months. Their marriage relations were anything but pleasant and he finally drove her off his parent's farm. Mrs. Wolfe then returned to her father's home, where in a few short weeks a baby boy was born. Wolfe was sued by his wife for support and got judgment for \$500, and the money was paid by his father. She did not apply for a divorce and at the time of his awful death he was the lawful husband.

The feeling between the two families after the suit did not improve, but grew bitterer each day, and to intensify the enmity Wolfe often drove by the Terrell homestead, accompanied by women, and would make insulting remarks to anyone of the household within his hearing.

Meeting his deserted wife and babe on the roadway, he would sneer at her until Terrell threatened that if he did not treat his daughter with respect he would kill him.

One Sunday evening Wolfe, accompanied by his stepsister, Della REED, in a buggy, drove south past the Terrell home. As they passed, it is said, that they were laughing loudly for the purpose of attracting those in the Terrell household. They soon turned around and started to drive past the second time.

Wolfe was on the right side of the buggy, driving, and had his right foot on the side of the vehicle. as they came to a culvert crossing the road near the Terrell home Terrell sprang from behind a clump of weeds

*The first place winner will receive a copy of *Personal Historian* software to record more of his infamous folks

and when the couple were within ten feet of him he leveled a double-barreled shotgun at Wolfe and fired both barrels. The first discharge cut the lines from Wolfe's hands; the second entered his right leg just below the hip, almost severing it from the body. The wounded man was driven hastily to Dr. Saunder's office and placed upon an operating table.

Two minutes after he was placed on the table Wolfe's attendants heard the enraged Terrell coming. He was driving furiously down the road, only half clothed and hatless, and was brandishing his gun.

Dismounting at the doctor's office he yelled at those within: "Stand aside, I'm after him and I'm going to get him." On entering the front room he found his way obstructed by a locked door. Terrell immediately smashed the panels out by battering them with the muzzle of his gun. He then shoved the weapon through the opening and commanded the attendants to leave the room. Wolfe's body was only five feet away when Terrell fired. The first load struck him in the back, piercing his heart; the second took effect back of the left ear, scattering his brains all over the room.

Terrell then left the office, and when outside he once more reloaded his gun and went to the back window and looked in, to make sure he had accomplished his purpose. He was then heard to say: "Melvin, I guess you will never ruin any more girls and break up homes." The slayer then turned to a friend and requested him to telephone to the officers in this city of the crime. The officers shortly arrived on the scene and Terrell surrendered to them and was at once brought to this city and lodged in the county jail.

Melvin Wolfe was a son of Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Wolfe, who with the discovery of oil became quite wealthy, and they lived but a short distance from the scene of the Murder. Melvin had a bad record in some ways. Once before he caused the downfall of a young woman in the community in which he lived, and to escape arrest his father compromised the case by paying \$600. Shortly after the settlement of the case he caused the ruin of Lucy Terrell."

While incarcerated in the Wells County Jail awaiting trial, Mr. Terrell "had his safe moved into the cell, in which he keeps all his valuable papers, and from his cell this once busy, active, prosperous farmer conducts and manages his large business interests." (Try visualizing this happening today when corporate executives are "sent up the river.")

Jury selection went into the third day with three special venires being called. During this process Mr. Terrell "was given to kindly attentions to his little grandson, the son of Melvin Wolfe, the boy whom Terrell shot. The child plays about the court room unheeded most of the time, except when the grandfather has it on his knee and indulges it with tender caresses. At one time the baby toddled across the court room to where the attorneys for the state were seated. It went directly to Prosecutor Burns, who picked it up, and, after patting it gently as would a father, returned it to its mother. The baby is a general favorite about the court room." (**The Journal-Gazette 2 Dec 2003**)

Because of the publicity they received, the judge decided to sequester the jury. Quoting from the above cited newspaper "Bedding is already provided for their use and they will sleep in the jury room." (The jury didn't even get the amenities criminals get today. Another interesting thing is that the names and place of residence of all jurors was published.)

The following testimony from Lucy Wolfe describes her relationship with the deceased. "Wolfe frequently ordered me away from his home, and on several occasions took me to my home and left me. My father would urge me to try to live with him, but each time I would try it would be worse. One evening Wolfe left my bed and went across the hall to the room occupied by his step-sister, Della Reed. Here I found them a short time later." At this point the witness told of an act so repulsive and so abhorrent, which Wolfe at one time attempted to force her to perform, that not a father in the court room but shuddered at the thought. It was on the day following that the witness left her home at the Wolfe's and since lived with her father. (The Journal-Gazette 9 Dec 2003)

The state was prosecuting for a first degree murder conviction with a sentence of death by hanging, a sentence never before carried out in Wells County, whereas the defense followed a temporary insanity plea. On 20 Dec 1903, after a three-week trial, the jury returned a verdict of "guilty of murder in the first degree, and that he be imprisoned in the state prison for life."

Although the jury ruled for life in prison an article in the *Journal-Gazette* (18 Jan 1904) states: “Governor Durbin directed that he [John Terrell] be sent to the Eastern Indiana Hospital for the Insane, and he was transferred to that institution.” And from the *Journal-Gazette* (1 Jul 1908) “John W. Terrell, who was released from jail recently on a bond of \$15,000, is again back in Wells County. He was released from jail upon a showing that he was hopelessly insane and that he would never be able to go up for trial.”

This Black Sheep story came to an end with the following note in the Fort Wayne Sentinel, 18 Oct 1916: “The funeral of John W. Terrell, who died Monday at the home of a daughter in Muncie [Indiana], was held this morning. The body was taken to Randolph County for interment.”

Second Place

Nixon CURRY of Mecklenburg Co, NC and Hopewell Section, Arkansas

by Sallie Belperche

Stealing and Killing Slaves

Truth is stranger than fiction, especially in the case of Nixon CURRY. He led a lavish lifestyle in his youth, being the son of an "aristocratic" family in northwest Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, in the early 1800's. About 1820, he and two friends schemed to steal a slave, take him to the newly developing territories to the west, and sell this slave to a new master. They told the slave they would divide the profits of the sale with him. The slave was to run away from the new master, and the procedure would be repeated as often as possible in different areas. They didn't tell the slave that he would eventually be killed and his body dumped in a swamp when the authorities got suspicious.

One of Nixon's comrades got cold feet and was planning to tell the authorities, hoping to get off. Nixon got wind of this, and somehow the witness was killed in 1821. Nixon was arrested, tried and acquitted, but he was arrested again for stealing slaves. He escaped from jail, which caused the governor to offer a \$5,000 reward for his capture.

Nixon and his wife Lucy GORDON CURRY relocated in the Arkansas territory, Nixon having changed his name to John HILL. They had two children, William and Mary. John was highly regarded and was elected to the territorial legislature several times. After Arkansas became a state in 1836, he was elected as a state senator from Pope County.

Unfortunately for Nixon/John, he confided his past to a neighbor. This person, along with a number of others, tried to arrest John – without success. The Arkansas governor added a reward to that offered by North Carolina for Curry/Hill's capture.

He packed up his family and moved to upper Arkansas. However, they were stopped along the way by a posse of over one hundred citizens hoping to get some or all of the reward. Nixon/John stood them off alone with his gun; the posse disbanded!

His end came in September 1845. He told his beloved wife of a dream the previous night, which he felt portended his death that very day. Before leaving for circuit court, he made his son William swear that he would kill whoever killed his father. John went to the court house accompanied by his daughter's fiancé, Moses HOWARD. John became agitated and caused a ruckus in the court room, although Moses tried to stop him. They struggled and Moses eventually killed John. When Mary learned of this, she became insane and spent the remainder of her life in a New Orleans asylum. John's son William did avenge his father's death several years later.

Nixon CURRY, aka John HILL, was a brother to my ggggrandmother, Jenny CURRY JOHNSTON. She and her descendants were all fine, upstanding citizens, most of whom remained in Mecklenburg County for generations.

From *Biographical Sketches of the Early Settlers of the Hopewell Section*, by J. B. ALEXANDER, M.D., published 1897. Some conflicting information, which doesn't change the basic story, in *Centennial History of Arkansas*, by Dallas T. HERNDON, published 1922.

Honorable Mention

A Black Sheep – What If? Robert KEYES of Massachusetts

By Richard Connell

My mother's maiden name was KEYES. Her Keyes line traces directly back to one Robert KEYES who immigrated to Massachusetts by 1633 with his wife, Sarah, and young son Solomon. Later documents indicate Robert KEYES was born ca.1604. Despite diligent efforts over the years, no researcher has ever positively found Robert's home in England or his parents or Sarah's maiden name.

Planned to blow up the English Parliament

Many theories have been looked into and some have surmised one source or another to have been the true background of Robert's heritage. None has really been "nailed down."

In Watertown, Massachusetts, Robert is known to have been a next-door neighbor and an employee of Sir Richard SALTONSTALL. Sir Richard's wife's maiden name was KAYE, sometimes confused with Keyes. Locally, both versions were pronounced as "AYE". They came from West Yorkshire and Sir Richard was the leader of an immigrant group that came in the Winthrop Fleet of 1630.

Anne TYRWHITT (b. ca. 1532) was daughter of Sir William TYRWHITT of Kettelby, Lincolnshire (ca. 1500-1540), Sheriff of Lincoln. She married Edward KAYE, Rector of Stavelly, Derbyshire. They had two daughters and a son, Robert KEYES, born 1565. Robert KEYES married "Christiana, widow of Thomas GROOME." No children of their marriage have been found.

This Robert KEYES, at nearly 40, was an avid recusant (*a Roman Catholic opposed to the Church of England*). He was one of thirteen Catholic conspirators who concocted a plan to blow up the English Parliament on "Opening Day", November 5, 1605, when King James I, head of the Protestant Church of England, would be present. The plot was foiled when someone sent an anonymous warning to a Catholic Member of Parliament about the forthcoming explosion. A quick search turned up a cache of explosives in a dark cellar beneath the building, plus the man assigned to light the fuse. His name was Guy FAWKES.

The rest of the group was quickly chased down and after a speedy trial, the eight men who survived the pursuit (including Robert KEYES) were executed in medieval English style, on 30 and 31 January 1606. This was just four hundred years ago.

Could "Robert KEYES, the Plotter", have had a son not yet found in records? Could he have been the father of my 8th great-grandfather, Robert KEYES, the immigrant?

John J. MILLIMAN of Allegany County, New York

by Anne Tanner

My great-grandfather, John J. MILLIMAN, and his brothers, at one time had a family crime wave happening in New York State.

A Family Crime Wave

The Session Minutes of Allegany County, New York, for September 7, 1878, describe how he was indicted for Grand Larceny because in October 1875, "he stole and carried away one horse, value of \$125.00". He was put over for trial to the next court of Oyer and Terminer and then put over to the next Court of Sessions.

He was also charged with Larceny for about October of 1876 he had "stolen and carried away two sheep, value \$6.00 each." Both times he was released on "Recognizance" although he had to gather from family and friends \$1500 to do so.

He was again, "On or about 1 March 1878", accused of having stolen and carried away one single harness, value of \$15.00.

On May 5, 1879, the records show that John MILLIMAN, tried and convicted for Grand Larceny states on oath he is 24 years of age, born at Burns, New York, by occupation a Farmer, and "when asked by court why sentence should not be pronounced upon him says nothing!" (Note the exclamation point which was written into the record.) He was then sentenced to be confined at hard labor in the State Prison at Auburn, NY for three years.

At the same time, his brothers Myron and James were tried and convicted of Petit Larceny and were both imprisoned in County Jail of Alleghany County at hard labor for 4 months and ordered to pay fines.

My grandmother was the first child born after he returned from prison and the story is told that he left home about ten years later and remained gone for awhile. There's no information as to where he went or what he did while gone. I often wonder what effect it had on my grandmother, as her father's prior history and subsequent absence must have been disruptive. She never, in my memory, discussed her family and I was with her until her death. I did not know these stories while she was alive so couldn't ask her about them.

John and Horace MAGEE of North Carolina & California

By Ron Clayton

Murder of a Constable

While researching a line of my father's family, I came across this interesting piece of history. During the Mexican war, early in the summer of 1846, President Polk decided on sending a force of volunteers by sea to the Pacific coast. A regiment in the State of New York, to be known as the 7th Regiment of New York Volunteers, was raised for service on the Pacific coast and to colonize there. Two MAGEE brothers joined this Regiment and were sent to California.

Both men married; one to the daughter of a Spanish gentlemen in San Diego and one to an Indian woman. As I researched these two men and their families, it was clear that they traveled very different paths.

John MAGEE, who married Castoria, a woman from a local Indian tribe, had a large number of children. As I follow them through the census, they were sometimes called "white" and sometimes called "Indian". Many of the children were sent away to Indian schools set up at that time. It's probably safe to say that the background of the children was conflicted and they were probably very subject to prejudices of the times.

According to an article in the *North County Times* of 21 July 2002, titled "Welty Building Key to Old Town future" by John HUNNEMAN, Staff Writer, John's son, Horace, was accused of murder. Hunneman writes that "Accounts vary in the telling of what happened on Christmas Eve 1907 at the inn [Ramona Inn], but the combination of WINKELS' free-flowing whiskey around a pool table, a loud argument, a bet and a burning cigar applied to the bare bottom of Horace MAGEE, led to shots being fired. When the smoke cleared, Constable Preston SWANGUEN and businessman Louis ESCALLIER were dead.

"MAGEE, who had killed the pair, was beaten senseless with a pool cue by a railroad worker and had to be rescued from a mob who proposed hanging him right then and there from the nearby Main Street bridge over Murrieta Creek. MAGEE was tried and convicted in Riverside for his crime and sentenced to life in prison, according to BRIGANDI. [*Temecula at the Crossroads of History* by Phil Brigandi]"

Another article in the *North County Times* of 18 September 2003, "Old Town Temecula's Welty Building sold" by Teri FIGUEROA, Staff Writer, adds some details. She writes: "Of course, no story on the history of the Welty Building is complete without mentioning the double murder on Christmas Eve in 1907.

According to lore, Horace MAGEE and Louis ESCALLIER were drinking at Winkels' bar and had some sort of exchange of words. MAGEE invited ESCALLIER to kiss his bare bottom and then proceeded to drop his pants to make it easier for him to do so. ESCALLIER opted instead to put out a cigar on MAGEE'S naked fanny.

MAGEE responded by putting hot lead into ESCALLIER. And a few moments later, he did the same to Constable Preston VAN SWANGUEN.

As history has it, a mob beat MAGEE and threatened to lynch him over Murrieta Creek. Cooler heads prevailed and Magee was sent to prison.

WINKELS ran the Ramona Inn until he died in 1939."

I have searched the California census and in 1910 and 1920 Horace resides at Folsom State Prison, Sacramento County, CA. In 1930 he is 50 yrs old and is foreman of a stock farm in Hemet, Riverside county, California. After serving twelve years in Folsom Prison, Horace MAGEE was paroled to the GARNER family and lived the rest of his life at the family's ranch in Garner Valley.

**My Black Sheep Grandfather:
Ora EzraH HATFIELD of Calhoun Co, IL & California**
by Elaine Powell

“What you doin here Ory?” said DeWitt. “Came to say goodbye to you dad” Ora (nicknamed Ory) said. On that day in 1919, my grandfather, Ora EzraH HATFIELD, had driven to his father’s home in Calhoun County, Illinois. He was with two other men, and Ora was driving “a big car” according to his father, DeWitt Clinton HATFIELD. “What do you mean saying goodbye – where you goin’?” “I’m goin’ to California with these two fellas,” Ora said. Later that day Ora’s cousin Kenneth HATFIELD came by his grandpa’s house. DeWitt, who disliked his name and preferred to be called D.C., told Kenneth that Ora had come by earlier that day with “two dudes” and they were in a big car and they had left for California. “I think they are into something illegal”, said D.C. Later on, D.C. found out that the man that owned the barber shop where Ora worked also owned a pool hall next door. That owner of the pool hall had to go out of town and left the pool hall in the charge of Ora. While the man was gone, Ora sold the pool hall and took the money and went to California shortly after that. In order to avoid the law, Ora changed his name to Edward Melvin HATFIELD. Melvin was the middle name of one of his brothers. His Social Security information lists his correct parents’ names.

Sold a pool hall that didn't belong to him.

Ora left Illinois for California when my father, Edsel HATFIELD, was about one year old. My grandmother, having no income after Ora left, had to move to St. Louis, Missouri and put my father in a foster home so she could work at the munitions plant, because they had no daycare back then. A grandaunt, Elizabeth HATFIELD, told me they visited Ora in Needles, CA in the 1940's twice. The 2nd time Ora was in the hospital dying of cancer, around 1943. According to her, Ora had owned a restaurant in San Francisco, CA. I have a photo of him and a woman walking in front of a restaurant. Elizabeth said he had married a woman in California after he divorced my grandmother. Ora’s nickname was Eddie. Ora did come back from California to visit my father once when Edsel was a child of about six years old. Edsel said his father bought him a tie and a root beer. My grandmother was furious when she found out about it.

Coincidentally, my father was in California training to go overseas for WWII and was stationed very close to where his father lived, but he did not know that his father was there at the time. When my father was seven years old, my grandmother married again and she was able to get my father out of foster care and raise him at home. She married Louis RIEKER, whom I always knew as my grandpa. My dad called him “Pop.” I loved him dearly and I never knew he was not my biological grandfather until after he died, when I was eight years old.

Sallie Belperche’s ancestor **Nixon CURRY** gets the nod as the “blackest black sheep” in the crowd.

A great “Thanks!” to our judges - Stephen Constant, Kathy Nemanic and Donna Wassel.

Salt Lake City Research Trip: A Third Perspective

by Sallie Belperche

Because we stayed in a timeshare exchange with a Saturday check-in, we had to arrive on Saturday, which is not time-efficient. However, I wanted the others to get an orientation at the Family History Library. So I pushed – get checked in, shop for groceries, eat dinner, and off to the Library we went. While the others were checking out the facilities, I hunted for data on an “orphan” Belperche that I found in a French cemetery. It was the right name/right place, but I didn’t have this name in my database. It’ll be easy to check (I thought) – I have her name, date of death, age at death. All I have to do is check microfilm for her death; this will give me her parents’ names. Well, I still don’t have the info. I wasn’t going to spin my wheels on an “orphan”.

In anticipation of our trip, I’d made lists – many of them. The lists were broken down by geographic location, knowing the layout of FHL: International, British Isles, USA/Canada. In most cases, I listed microfilm numbers to search for each piece of data I needed. I knew I wouldn’t accomplish everything on my lists, but didn’t want to be lacking for something to do – and I didn’t! As the week progressed, I resented the time spent eating and sleeping; I wanted to spend all my time at the library.

Even though I carry a PDA, I printed several documents of various families. To lighten the paper burden, when possible I printed two documents on a side and also printed on both sides. Thus I had 4 pages on one piece of paper. I did not take my laptop since I prefer to research and input data later. I took several pens in various colors, mechanical pencils, highlighters in various colors, a small stapler, and other small supplies. I should have taken blank family group sheets, but they are available. I also took a ziploc bag of varieties of hard candy. We put this in a bowl by the “front door” of our condo so we could grab a handful on our way out the door.

On Monday morning we were off and running. I immediately headed to the International level, planning to research on my husband’s French grandmother’s line. I had her parents’ names, but wanted to delve further into her ancestry. With the help I received, I’m now ordering microfilm from various towns and adding to the ancestry. One day I took a microfilm break and looked at the books from the Somme area of France, searching indexes for Belperche. I found several references and copied the pages for a cousin who’s writing a book on Belperche/Belleperches in the world. I read very little French, but could tell he would be interested in these publications.

With my trusty *Where Did They Put Wakulla* guide, I checked indexes in books in the various Virginia counties where my father’s ancestors resided – not much info, but you never know!

One of the burning questions [and brick walls] I’ve had is my husband’s Irish ancestry. See article “Where in Ireland?” in this issue. The assistance I received was extremely valuable.

On another day I decided to concentrate on my husband’s English ancestors. I’ve been able to document quite a bit on this line, but there are always gaps. In just a few minutes, I “baptized” all but one of his grandmother’s sisters. Since they weren’t all baptized at the same church, it would have taken me months of ordering microfilm, not finding the info, then ordering another, etc if I’d been doing this in Orlando.

I managed to spend a week in the Family History Library without dropping a roll of microfilm and having it unroll down an aisle! I only left my copy card in a machine one time, which is pretty good.

I was the “microfilm queen” of the group. Why go to the expense of going to Salt Lake City to look at microfilm when you can get it locally, you ask? It’s so satisfying to pull a film, find what you’re searching for, refile it, and go on with the information you’ve gathered. There’s no waiting for microfilm to come in. I don’t remember 10 months later how many rolls I researched, but I think it was close to 50! Another reason for making the trip is the expert assistance you can get – on the spot. The French expert was invaluable in putting me on the right track to find alternate records, since there had been a fire in the 1800’s. There has been a lot of reconstitution. There are indexed notebooks that were a tremendous help in this area. The experts are great when I couldn’t read a name – personal or geographic. They frequently are able to explain any “oddball” situation you may run into in a document.

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The Adventure Of The Celebrated One-legged Yankee

The dairy of George Harris PEET of Cincinatti, Ohio

submitted by his granddaughter, Catie (Peet) COOK

On the eighth of August, 1862, half past three in the afternoon, we were camped nine miles from Culpepper [VA] and thought we were going to remain there for some length of time, when, at the aforementioned time, we got orders to strike tents and march for Culpepper. It was a miserably hot day and there was so many teams on the dusty roads, they raised such an awful dust as to nearly choke us. We got to a large open field at eleven o'clock that night, laid down on the ground until morning. Our tents had arrived by this time and we got orders to pitch them. We pitched our tents and put on our beans on the fire for our dinner. We had scarcely laid down in our tents when "strike tents and pack knapsacks" was the word of command so we packed up our things in the wagons and fell into line.

By this time it was about nine o'clock in the morning. Well, the bugle sounded the advance and we started. We passed through the town of Culpepper. I tell you the women folk looked like the essence of crabapples, but you know we did not care for that as we knew there was plenty of the dear little creatures at home that would look quite the inverse of them they would look as sweet on us as 'lasses itself. Excuse me ladies, for comparing your angelic smiles to such a common thing. I might have said "honey", might I not?

However, I am wandering from my subject. We started rather too late, however, for the sun by this time had got intolerable I saw men lying on the side on the road dead from the heat. It was miserable marching. We had marched about five miles from town when we came up to our batteries strung out on the top of a little knoll and we could see the enemy on a knoll opposite us. About five hundred yards from us they opened the ball by firing from one battery on the knoll I spoke of. After awhile we heard the rattle of small arms away over to the right. Our cavalry had come across something immediately after our batteries opened on them, and the enemy had got some more batteries in position and the artillery had it pretty hot for awhile.

While they were battering away, we got orders to go over just in rear of the artillery and support it. We laid down on the ground, and we must have lain there three quarters of an hour, the shells bursting over us. We then got an order to get up and oblique to the right of our batteries and charge the Rebels. We did so, but in going across that field, many a one of our brave boys fell as they turned their batteries on us, and three dropped into our ranks. I saw our boys falling all around me, but as we were getting close to them by this time we had a good view of them. I had fired about three rounds when Bing! goes a minnie ball through my foot, and down I goes. I laid there for some time expecting another through my head every minute, but as luck would have it no more of them touched me.

After our men fell back, the Rebs took possession of the field and went to plundering the dead as well as, the living. I had a watch with me but I hid it and it afterwards proved a great benefit to me, as by the sale of it I realized considerable which purchased many delicacies for me here.

I am wandering again. After the fight was over, I began to look around me. I saw a little run of water about fifty yards from me and I crawled to it. Drank and bathed my foot good and bandaged it. There was some dead horses and a man with his leg shot off in the water a little piece above where I was, which did not at all improve the taste of the water. After bathing my foot right good, I crawled to a tree. There I found a great many of our boys, some wounded, some dead. Every once in a while a squad of rebels would come up and talk with us. The moon rose and the night was a beautiful one; after a long time lying shivering there I went to sleep, and when I awoke it was Sunday morning and the sun was shining. About ten o'clock the sun was getting disagreeably warm and but few leaves on the tree I was under. I thought I would look out for a better place. The field was overrun with dew-berry vines which stuck and scratched me pretty bad. As I drew near to a cedar tree, a couple of the cullud [sic] population came out and carried me under it, but there I was not satisfied, as about two hundred yards from that I saw some ambulances, so I started for them.

I arrived there and s Rebel surgeon told a driver to put me in his ambulance and carry me to the rear. He had

drove me perhaps three hundred yards when he drove the ambulance against a bank and over it went and me and another old jug was out and as luck would have it, I went first and the jug next, which when coming in contact with my knowledge box, created quite a sensation in that neighborhood. I don't know which was the hardest, my head or the jug, as neither of them was broken. I suppose when you read this you will think my head must have been a little cracked in the engagement and that it is cracked yet.

However, the driver set his machine on its wheels again and we started again. Went down about a mile when we got amongst their teams. Just as we got there, they took a panic, teamsters cut their traces and galloped off in another place; large Army wagons were being took along as fast as the horses could gallop, but the excitement finally subsided and we once more got on our way.

About three miles from the battlefield, we came to a house. The Rebel wounded were on the porch and the Yanks were lying in the yard. I, being one of the latter, they dumped me in the yard. I laid there and it commenced to rain a little while like forty. I was something like a drowned rat. Well, I laid there in the yard all that night and was nearly froze. Next morning we thought sure we would leave, but nary leave. That evening they brought some Army wagons and carried us to Rapidan Station, distant about eight miles. That was an awful ride - over a rough [sic] country road. On the road some of our men that were walking somehow had gotten hold of a piece of raw bacon. It had been broiling in the sun all day, but I never relished anything in my life better than I did a slice of that bacon.

At Rapidan Station they took us on the cars to Staunton. They took us out of the cars and laid us on the platform, then the citizens came to see the show - live Yankees - you ought to have seen how astonished they looked when they saw no horns, but they did see some rough [sic] looking specimens of humanity. I was hatless, in my shirt sleeves, as I left my jacket in my knapsack, and my pants were cut off at the knees. They were so soaked with blood that the flies stuck them, and the maggots crawling over me did not feel at all pleasant, so I took ay knife and cut them off at the knees.

After lying there some hours, they brought ambulances and took us up to a hospital. That night we got some coffee and a slice of bread - almost the first I had for three days. In the three days I had about four green apples, a small slice of raw bacon, and little bread and beef which I bought at a station an the same day I arrived at Staunton.

The hospital they took us to was in the outskirts of the town in the large and handsome brick building formerly occupied as a deaf and dumb and blind institute. There was a large yard all laid out in grass plats and cedar hedges running here and there through it. There was about forty-eight of us prisoners. In about three weeks time forty of them left of Richmond to be exchanged. I was one of the miserable eight to remain as we were too severely wounded to travel. About two weeks after, they brought a young man in from some other hospital. He belonged to the Seventh Ohio, wounded in the Battle of Port Republic.

Very soon after that it was impossible for my foot to get well, so I told them they might take it off if they thought it necessary. They took it off of the seventeenth of September. Soon after, the seven that was left with me when the forty went away left for Richmond. They would not let me go - so I was alone with the exception of the young man I spoke of coming there after we did; but some time in October he died, so I was the only one there - the last of the forty-eight to leave.

I was in the same room with their own men and was treated just the same as their own. I would go around on the floor, and if ever I went near the stove, the nurses would say, "Stand around, here comes our pet Yankee". but I heard of the battle of Fredericksburg, and I thought that on account of so many prisoners being taken that a flag of truce boat would be at City Point for them immediately. I was quite strong by this time so I made application to be sent to Richmond, one hundred thirty-five miles distant. The head surgeon said I might go, so I started next morning on the cars. Before starting, one of the women of the hospital filled a haversack with biscuits, cakes and apples to eat on the cars. A man accompanied me on the cars and we arrived at Richmond at dark. There was no kind of conveyance there, so I had to walk about seven squares on my crutches. It was dark and a bitter cold

night. I was nearly froze. I only went down once - one of my crutches got in a hole and down I went flat on my back on the cross-ties of the railroad. Well, I made up my mind Jordan was a hard road to travel, especially with crutches.

I finally arrive at the far-famed Libby Prison. They took me to Libby Hospital up in the third story among the raters. There was a sight to sicken anyone. There was four rows of badly wounded men lying in straw on the floor. The stench was horrible - maggots were crawling all over the straw. There was one hundred and ten of us in that room. I laid on an old cot, I would not lay in the straw. Every now and then some poor fellow would get delirious and would shriek out; others were groaning horribly, some two or three died there daily. I was there nearly four weeks, still no truce boat came.

There we had to remain until our good-for-nothing officials at Washington saw fit to send for us. At last the news came that the truce boat had arrived at City Point, then there was rejoicing on the morning of the ninth of January. We left Richmond on the cars for Petersburg; from there we went to City Point, and arrived there in the evening, once more under the glorious old stars and stripes. We steamed down James River a piece, then anchored for the night; next day we got to Fortress Monroe, left Fortress Monroe that evening and arrived at Annapolis on the eleventh of January, 1863. Stayed in the hospital there until tired of it, got my discharge on the sixteenth and came home, when to my horror I discovered I had only been through all my privation to be strangled by the ladies, but I found out after a while the dear little creatures had no such intentions - they only wanted to kiss me. Awful, wasn't it?

Geo. H. Peet

Biographical Note: Geo Peet enlisted at the age of nineteen in 1861. He as a member of the Fifth Ohio Regiment, Company E. A corporal in rank; was wounded in the battle of Cedar Mountain near Culpepper, Virginia in 1862.

CFGS member Catie (PEET) COOK adds: "This diary was written by my grandfather, George Harris PEET.

He was born in 1842 in Lincolnshire, England. Emigrated to U.S. with his family in 1853 to settle in Cincinnati. Enlisted in April 1861 with 5th regiment of Ohio Infantry. The battle in which he lost his leg was Cedar Mountain.

He married Martha Elizabeth FISHER in 1865. There were 3 children before she died in 1883. Then he married my grandmother, Emma Beatrice WILLARD, and with her, they had 4 children, one of whom was my father, George Harris PEET, Jr. The family ended up moving from Cincinnati to Madison, Indiana and then to Indianapolis.

Trip to Salt Lake City

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I enjoyed the weather! I looked forward to cool, crisp air, and we got it! The snow is so different there – powder fine, unlike the wetter snow I'm used to. I took appropriate clothing and was only cold when I forgot to put my gloves or scarf on.

My research lists were longer than I would be able to manage.

Was the experience worthwhile? You bet! Would I do it again? In a heartbeat! This was my third week-long trip to Salt Lake City for research and I'm looking forward to another and another, etc.

Editor's note: This is the third of a four part series on a trip to the Family History Library in Salt Lake City, UT in February made by a small group of mostly CFGS members. Since each of us had totally different objectives, we used different materials and had varying successes.

**Where in Ireland?
The search for John & Ann (CARRIGAN) DORRITY**

by Sallie Belperche

Like many other genealogists, I've hit a brick wall in researching Irish ancestors. However, I'm knocking that wall down brick by brick.

My husband's grandfather John DORRITY was born in Scotland. Many years ago my husband and I stopped in a Scottish shop to see what we could learn about where the Dorritys might have been from. We were told the name is Irish, not Scottish. John, my husband, was infuriated; grandpa was Scottish! Grandpa said he was from Glasgow, but research determined "not exactly". He was actually born in 1867 in Thornliebank, Renfrewshire, which is an adjoining county to Glasgow and is today a suburb. My research uncovered the marriage of John Dorrity's parents, William DORRITY and Ann CARRIGAN, in Thornliebank in 1854. I've also found the birth records of John's siblings in Thornliebank and Paterson, New Jersey, after they emigrated to the US.

William and Ann's marriage record and all census records indicate they were born in Ireland, but where? Ann was first located in the 1851 census in Thornliebank with her widowed mother, Margaret CARRIGAN, and her brother, Robert CARRIGAN. Both Margaret and Robert were born in Ireland, but where? What was Margaret's maiden name? What was her husband's name? I had many more questions than answers!

My first breakthrough came compliments of Paul SMART from Salt Lake City when he was here several years ago for the annual Family History Conference. He told me that if the parents married in 1854, there was almost surely a child born in 1855. 1855 was the first year for civil registration in Scotland and birth records for that one year were a gold mine - they included, among other things, the precise birthplace of the parents! Hurrah!

The birth record of John DORRITY's sister Margaret, born 27 January 1855, indicates that William DORRITY was born in County Monaghan, Ireland. Unfortunately, it doesn't give a county for Ann CARRIGAN DORRITY.

I've followed the entire family [including Ann's brother Robert] in Scotland and in New Jersey, including locating the graves for all but Margaret Carrigan [which record the cemetery seems to have misplaced!]. William DORRITY was born in County Monaghan, but which parish? Were Margaret, Ann and Robert CARRIGAN born in County Monaghan also?

The latest breakthrough came during my February 2006 trip to Salt Lake City. When I asked for help, I was asked if I had the marriage record for Robert CARRIGAN to Mary SPENCE. No, I didn't; I knew they had married in Scotland but hadn't gotten a copy of the record. Well, guess what - it shows Margaret's maiden name! After at least 6 experts looked at the document, the conclusion was that the name was sort of "MCMENAMY".

I was directed to a computer, told to click on the shamrock icon, etc. There are 12 spelling variants! I was able to check to see what parishes & counties both CARRIGAN and some version of McMENAMY occurred, the logic being that, probably, Margaret married someone from her "neighborhood". Results are 3 parish/county combinations, 2 of which are in Northern Ireland. I then checked the FHL catalog for microfilmed records from these parishes; unfortunately there's little available. The FHL Irish expert said it's possible I may have to hire a researcher to continue researching this branch. To date I haven't investigated that possibility, preferring to exhaust all my resources first.

That's where I stand on the CARRIGAN line; I'm not much closer on the DORRITY line. This name has spelling variants, of course - DORITY, DORIETY, DORRITTY, etc. William DORRITY was from County Monaghan; I've determined his parents' names as Daniel and Margaret [maiden name unknown].

Where Did That Italian Name Originate?

by Glen W Lamb

Whenever I am asked to do some research for one of Italian descent, the first thing I want to know is where in Italy did that name originate. Often the person making the request does not know or only has a general idea, like the family was from Sicily, or they are Abruzzese, or they came from Naples. The latter can be interesting for it may mean the city of Naples, the region around Naples or it may be the result of someone having asked, “Nona, where in Italy did you come from?” and the answer may be we sailed from Naples, that is where we came from.

To help with locating the origin of an Italian name, I use several tools. The first place I turn is to a marvelous web site set up by the Labo Company at <gens.labo.net>. The Labo folks have created a graphic representation of the directories of Italy. This was done to demonstrate some of the capabilities of their computers, software and their service company, but regardless of why, it is a super place to get some idea of an Italian name distribution. Remember that this is a modern day mapping of the names, so those located in the major cities like Milan, Rome, Naples or Palermo might be ignored as original location, as they are just the result of migration.

For example, typing the name RICATTI in the box under cognome and clicking the arrow and one gets a map of the peninsula with a few circles indicating residents. There are some circles across the industrial north, Turin, Milan, Trieste, and a few near Vincenza, but the major concentration is in Puglia near Bari. So this is where one should probably look. And skip Taranto as just a large city where they migrated to work and live and not their original home town.

The second place I would look is at another web site. Ellisland.org will tell one about the passengers that came to America, but even if the one we are looking for is not found there, some clues to the origin of that family name may be revealed.

Recall that we just want a town or region for a name, so an example like Cofone would yield 114 travelers. When we eliminate the 13 with no town listed, we have percentages. So the 78 who say Aciri, or some close variation, mean that three quarters come from that one town, throw in the 7 who give that province, or just Italy and the four who list nearby villages, and, overwhelmingly, we know where to look for the origin of our Cofone.. And the web site nicely gives you this information up front with little work.

The third place I turn is inside Ancestry.com – a fabulous fee-based site that sometimes offers this information for free to all. The data I want to mine here is the United States World War One Draft registrations. These records are found under “search” and “military records” in their database. The results will be very spotty. MUSCEDERE gave one enrollee who just said Italy, while PUZZUOLI had 3 including one who said Casalviari, Caserta. MERUCCI gives us five with two of them sort of saying S. Elia Fiumirapido. COFONE had 38 with some duplicates, but three did say Aciri, and more gave other places. DI BACCO had 35 and several gave Pratola Peligna as their birth place. For me the most interesting was DASCANIO where the 12 listed several towns in the Abruzzo like Rocca Cinquemiglia, Lettomanoppello, Roccamontepiano and Roccacasale, all nicely spelled out so you can find them. Hopefully, one would think to ignore the D’ASCANIO’s as that is a different name all together.

But what if your visit to Labo.net doesn’t yield a well-focused search area? What if you end up with circles all over the Italian peninsula and the islands, too? Proceed as I did with a look at Altieri and you will with most of the patronymic names you might try. Then remember that the Italian immigrants had their old local dialect as well as food, customs and relationships to compel them to cluster together in their new home with others from their former village in the old country.

So, for your searching in the United States of America, check out the census and the city directories and find other Italians listed or living nearby. Look for ones with the more unusual Italian names, and then back to square one and the Labo site. But this time you have two things you are hoping for; that the name gives you a focused search and that the new name came from the same village or area as your guy.

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Florida Marriage, Divorce & Death Records Available on Ancestry.com

by Betty Jo Stockton

There are a variety of useful Florida records available on Ancestry.com. These include:

- Florida Marriages 1822-1875 & 1927-2001
- Florida Divorce Index 1927-2001
- Florida Death Index 1887-1998

The easiest way to get to these records is to click on “search” at the top of the Ancestry.com home page. There is a search box at the top of that page, but scroll down to the bottom of the page and select the state. This links you to a page with a listing of all records that Ancestry has on the state.

View Record	John Smith	1944	Orange
View Record	John Smith	16 Aug 1972	Orange
View Record	John Smith	4 May 2001	Orange

Name: **John Smith**
 Marriage Date: 1943
 County of Marriage: Orange

The **Marriage Index** gives only the name of the bride or the groom along with the date (or year in earlier records), and county.

Click on “view records” to see more information, including the certificate number. If you click on the certificate number, it shows each person with that number - i.e. bride and groom.

Name	Marriage Date	County of Marriage
Alzora Sydonie Harris	1943	Orange
John Smith	1943	Orange

Volume: 853
 Certificate: 44043
 Source: Florida Department of Health

The **Divorce Index** does give names of both parties - but usually only the married names, so that you don’t have the maiden name of the wife. You might be able to get that through the marriage records.

View Record	John F Smith	Helga Smith	1953	Orange
View Record	John H Smith	Nelbia Jean Smith	Apr 1959	Orange

The **Death Index** listings have varying amounts of information, depending on the time period. With the information from this index, you can get a death certificate from the state for \$5.00. Do not use the “order record” option here, since it is through a commercial site and is much more expensive.

View Record	Name	Death Date	County of Death	Age at Death	Race	Gender	Birth Date	View Image	Order Record
View Record	Bruce John Smith	6 Mar 1993	Orange	72	White		15 Aug 1920		
View Record	Edwin John Smith	May 1965	Orange		White	Male			
View Record	Harry John Smith	1929	Orange		White	Male			

Remember that access to Ancestry.com is free through the local libraries (on-site only) and the local Family History Centers.

Where Did That Italian Name Originate?

continued from previous page

Some additional thought on the Labo site and its results. If you insert a northern name like Pelitti, you will find most still in the lake region near Switzerland, but a few have gone to the Italian riviera or the eastern coast or, as we would say in the states, retired to Florida. And sometimes the name no longer exists at the origin you seek, like DASCANIO in the Abruzzo. Also the name may morph as it gets written in different records and takes on a different form as the years pass. And because the name was created by people and same name might be created in two very different places with no connection or reason, check them all. At Labo, you can change the kind of map (cambio mappa) to provinces or topographical for a different perspective. And order a tee shirt, too. As always great luck.

Glen

State Census - 1885 Orange County, Florida

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

Page	House hold	Name	Race	Age/ Sex	Relation to head of household	Marital status	Birthplace of self/ father/ mother	Occupation
46	439	Gerrard, Jerome	W	62 M	Head	M	IN/NY/NY	M.D.
46	439	Gerrard, Mary A.	W	61 F	Wife	M	IN/IN/IN	
46	439	Gerrard, John P.	W	26 M	Son	S	IN/IN/IN	Carpenter
46	439	Gerrard, E. E.	W	23 M	Son	S	IN/IN/IN	Carpenter
46	439	Gerrard, J. B.	W	19 M	Son	S	IN/IN/IN	Painter
46	439	Gerrard, Charles	W	17 M	Son	S	IN/IN/IN	Carpenter
46	440	Greetham, H. W.	W	43 M	Head	M	MD/MD/NY	Farmer
46	440	Greetham, Fras R.	W	38 F	Wife	M	IL/PA/KY	-
46	440	Greetham, Wm. D.	W	10 M	Son	S	WI/MD/IL	-
46	440	Greetham, John V.	W	9 M	Son	S	WI/MD/IL	
46	441	Bumby, Jessie	W	55 M	Head	M	Eng/Eng/Eng	Farmer
46	441	Bumby, Temperance	W	40 F	Wife	M	GA/GA/GA	-
46	441	Bumby, Jessie Jr	W	13 M	Son	S	FL/Eng/GA	-
46	441	Bumby, Wm.	W	8 M	Son	S	FL/Eng/GA	-
46	441	Bumby, Kate	W	1 F	Dau	S	FL/Eng/GA	-
46	442	Woodkin, Saml	B	40 M	Head	M	SC/SC/SC	Laborer
46	442	Woodkin, Lucy	B	40 F	Wife	M	GA/GA/GA	-
46	442	Field, Mary	B	17 F	St-Dau	S	FL/SC/GA	-
46	442	Field, Ella	B	14 F	St-Dau	S	FL/SC/GA	-
46	442	Field, China	B	12 F	St-Dau	S	FL/SC/GA	-
46	442	Woodkin, Wm	B	8 m	Son	S	FL/SC/GA	-
46	442	Woodkin, Geo	G	6 M	Son	S	FL/SC/GA	-
46	442	Woodkin, Julia	B	5 F	Dau	S	FL/SC/GA	-
46	442	Woodkin, Louisa	B	3 F	Dau	S	FL/SC/GA	-
46	442	Baker, N [W?]	W	30 M	Head	M	Eng/Eng/Eng	Planter
46	442	Baker, C.	W	22 F	Wife	M	Eng/Eng/Eng	-
46	442	Bennett, W. H.	W	70 M	Boarder	M	Eng/Eng/Eng	-
46	442	Bennett, A. G.	W	70 F	"	M	Eng/Eng/Eng	-
46	442	Bennett, C. G.	W	24 M	"	S	Eng/Eng/Eng	-
46	442	Green, J. H.	W	25 M	"	S	Eng/Eng/Eng	-
46	442	Green, W. B.,	W	20 M	"	S	Eng/Eng/Eng	-
46	443	Coppinger, Henry,	W	33 M	Head	M	Ire/Ire/Ire	Gardener
46	444	Brooks, Homer	W	55 M	Head	M	GA/GA/GA	Farmer
46	444	Brooks, Catharine	W	45 F	Wife	M	GA/GA/GA	-
46	444	Brooks, Mary	W	2 F	Dau	S	FL/GA/GA	-
46	445	Groves, Charles	W	32 M	Head	M	Eng/Eng/Eng	Planter
46	445	Groves, Anne	W	28 F	Wife	M	Eng/Eng/Eng	
47	445	Groves, Bessie	W	4 F	Dau	S	Fl/Eng/Eng	
47	445	Heath, Eliz th	W	66 F	M-in-law	W	Eng/Eng/Eng	
47	445	Gillam?, Frank	B	34 M	Servant	S	SC/SC/SC	Gardner

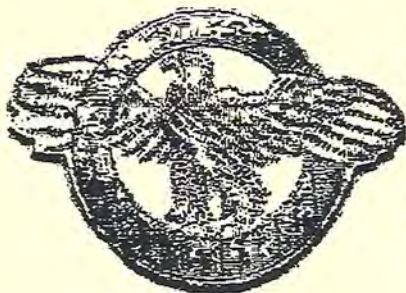
Page	House hold	Name	Race	Age/ Sex	Relation to head of household	Marital status	Birthplace of self/ father/ mother	Occupation
47	446	Montague, Jas R.	W	39 M	Head	M	VA/VA/VA	Team owner
47	446	Montague, Fanny S.	W	28 F	Wife	M	MO/VA/VA	
47	446	Montague, Mary E	W	9 F	Dau	S	FL/VA/MO	
47	446	Montague, Jane B.	W	8 F	Dau	S	FL/VA/MO	
47	446	Montague, Fanny W. B.	W	1 F	Dau	S	FL/VA/MO	
47	447	Towne, J. W.	W	59 M	Head	M	MA/MA/MA	Farmer
47	447	Towne, M. S.	W	56 F	Wife	M	MA/MA/MA	
47	447	Hawley, O. M.	W	25 F	Dau	S	MO/MA/MA	
47	447	Hawley, C. M.	W	4 F	Gr-dau	S	NE/NY/MO	
47	447	Hawley, L. B.	W	9/12 M	Gr-son	S	NY/NY/MO	Born Sept
47	448	Livermore, Chas C.	W	37 M	Head	M	MA/MA/MA	--
47	448	Livermore, Mary G.	W	29 F	Wife	M	OH/OH/OH	
47	449	Odiorne?, Wm. H.	W	81 M	Head	W	MA/NH/MA	Planter
47	449	Odiorne?, Wm H. Jr.	W	51 M	Son	M	MA/MA/MA	Planter
47	449	Odiorne?, Susan H.	W	29 F	Dau-in-law	M	MA/MD/MA	
47	449	Odiorne?, Isabella	W	2 F	Gr-dau	S	FL/MA/MA	
47	450	Simpson, Eliz th	W	45 F	Head	W	WI/WI/WI	--
47	450	Cain, Chal?	W	27 F	Niece	S	WI/WI/WI	
47	451	Morrow, S. J?	W	43 M	Head	M	OH/NY/CT	Planter
47	451	Morrow, J. A.	W	40 F	Wife	M	NY/NY/NY	
47	451	Morrow, Nellie J.	W	16 F	Dau	S	Dakota/OH/OH	
47	451	Morrow, Percy K.	W	10 M	Son	S	Dakota/OH/OH	
47	451	Morrow, Earl S.	W	8 M	Son	S	Dakota/OH/OH	
47	451	Bailey, Susan	W	25 F	Servant	S	NC/NC/NC	
47	451	Walker, Chas K.	W	19 M	Boarder	S	GA/GA/GA	Laborer
47	451	Salter, Clifford	W	27 M	Boarder	S	Nova Sco/Scot/Can	Laborer
47	451	Porter, H. L.	W	26 M	Boarder	S	TN/TN/TN	Laborer
47	452	Morrow, Jas.	W	74 M	Head	M	NY/NY/NY	Farmer
47	452	Morrow, Nancy	W	70 F	Wife	M	CT/CT/CT	
47	452	Hall, Amelia	W	53 F	Dau	W	NN/NY/CT	
47	453	Branham, A. G.	W	25 M	Head	S	TN/TN/TN	Farmer
47	453	Norman, Jas	W	30 M	Servant	M	GA/GA/GA	
47	453	Norman, Eliz th	W	25 F	Servant	M	FL/FL/FL	
47	454	Hazard, Julian J.	W	50 M	Head	M	PA/France/France	Planter
47	454	Hazard, Marie S?	W	25 F	Wife	M	France/France/ France	
47	455	Piper, John H.	W	28 M	Head	M	MA/MA/MA	Farmer
47	455	Piper, Eliz th	W	26 F	Wife	M	NY/NY/NY	
47	456	Cook, Sidney	W	48 M	Head	M	ME/ME/ME	Farmer
47	456	Cook, Harriet F.	W	43 F	Wife	M	ME/MA/ME	
47	456	Cook, N. P	W	19 M	Son	S	ME/ME/ME	
47	457	Cotton, S. C.	W	54 M	Head	M	NH/NH/NH	Planter
47	457	Cotton, Anne M.	W	50 F	Wife	M	MA/MA/MA	

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**The Honorable Service Emblem
a.k.a. The Ruptured Duck**



This emblem worn as a button, is a badge of Honorable Service to the nation. All persons honorably discharged from the armed forces are entitled to wear it.

Most veterans get out of their uniforms and into civilian dress as quickly as possible. The Honorable Service Emblem will in many instances be your only means of identifying them as veterans.

from *The Great Dane*, monthly newsletter of the Steel Products Company; sent to *Buried Treasures* by Anne Goodman.

The original Ruptured Duck was a cloth insignia depicting an eagle inside a wreath. It was worn on uniforms above the right breast pocket by WWII servicemen and women. It was issued to service personnel who were about to leave the military with an Honorable Discharge. It also allowed them to continue to wear their uniform for up to thirty days after they were discharged since there was a clothing shortage at that time. This showed the MP's that they were in transit and not A WOL. Well, the boys thought the eagle looked more like a duck; and, because it meant they were going home, the popular saying was, "They took off like a Ruptured Duck"...hence the nickname.

<http://www.therupturedduck.com/WebPages/Whatis/whatis.htm>



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