



# *Treasure Chest News*

Central Florida Genealogical Society, Inc.

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The Central Florida Genealogical Society, Inc. meets monthly, September through May.

Meetings are held at the **Cultural Hall, Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints**

on the second Thursday of each month at 7:30 p.m.

The LDS Cultural Hall is located at 45 E. Par, Orlando, FL (at the corner of Par St & Formosa Ave)

The Daytime Group meets bi-monthly on the fourth Thursday afternoon of odd-numbered months at the **Winter Park University Club**. The Computer Special Interest Group meets bimonthly on the first Saturday of even-numbered months.

The Board meets year-round on the third Tuesday of each month at 6:30 p.m. at the LDS Cultural Hall.

All are welcome to attend.

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Blanche Wallace

## President's Message

by Gregg GRONLUND

It truly can help your research to attend genealogical society meetings and to participate in genealogical events. You never know what you might learn and what inspiration you might get to take your research in a new direction or to focus it differently.

At a recent monthly meeting of the Central Florida Genealogical Society (CFGS) meeting, the wonders of the Family Search Pilot project (<http://pilot.familysearch.org>) were celebrated. All members were encouraged to explore this continually expanding online access to genealogical records. Several members provided testimony regarding the discoveries they had made using this resource. I had briefly used it before, but I took special notice from this meeting, and made a note to myself to explore the pilot project further.

A little over a week later, I was setting up the CFGS display booth for the Orlando Public Library Genealogy Expo - a day long event of genealogy classes, with a display room, where CFGS was joined by displays and representatives of the DAR, the Family History Centers, the Jewish Genealogical Society of Greater Orlando, and the Orlando Memory Project. Throughout the day, volunteers shared information about these excellent societies and genealogical resources to members of the public, from beginners to long time researchers, interested in furthering their knowledge of genealogy. Library staff taught the classes, and additional library staff were also available in the 4th floor Reference Central Genealogy collection--one of the best in the Southeast U.S.--to provide research assistance throughout the day.

CFGS 2nd Vice President Betty Jo STOCKTON volunteered to host the Family History Center display, set up adjacent to the CFGS display. There she encouraged visitors to sit down and try the pilot project and see how it worked and whether they could find their ancestors. I had my laptop with me at the CFGS booth, and when not busy greeting guests, I decided I, too, would explore the pilot project further. For a change, I also decided to do something that I have known for years, both as a librarian and a genealogist, is the best strategy, but that I do not always follow: Focus Your Research. Ask one question at a time.

So I thought, before I use this pilot project, who do I want to find? Who do I know something detailed about, but not enough to go further? I decided to look for Catherine (or Katherine) H. PAINE (or PAYNE). Catherine's granddaughter, Mina LITTLE, is my great-grandmother.

I had first found Catherine on the U.S. Census in Clayton County, Iowa; the earliest census I first found her listed on is 1860, on which she is listed as 54 years old, born in New Hampshire, with her husband Samuel LITTLE (59 years old, N.H.), her son John Little (22, Vermont), and a man named Elisha PAINE (67, N.H.), whose relationship I did not know, but who is listed as 13 years older than Catherine. Is he a brother? Her father with the wrong age listed? From the census, I knew that she was born around 1806 in New Hampshire.

I also had found Catherine in a family history book, *The Descendants of George LITTLE, of Newbury, Massachusetts in 1640* (1882) (which I originally got through Interlibrary Loan on microfiche, but which now is available full text on both Heritage Quest online and on Google books). This completely undocumented book added eight generations to my LITTLE family line (but that is another story to tell later). This book informs us that Samuel LITTLE married "3 Sept., 1829. Catherine H., daughter of Elisha PAYNE, who was born 3 Sept., 1805, in Lebanon, N.H., and survives" (p. 395). This is where I was stuck. Is this father Elisha, the same who is living with Catherine in Iowa in 1860? If yes, then he was either a very young father, or the age on the census is wrong. Also, who was her mother? Can I get more information that would allow me to trace the PAYNE family back further? I also felt I needed to question Catherine's birth date, since it is the same month and day as the marriage date; it is likely that at least one of those dates is an error.

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## The WRIGHT Brothers

by Patricia PATTERSON ALLEN

In the spring of 1904, the WRIGHT Brothers were permitted to erect a shed and continue their experiments on property owned by my great uncle, Torrence HUFFMAN. It was known as the Huffman prairie, at Simms Station, eight miles from Dayton, Ohio. (Huffman Prairie is considered the first airport in the U.S.) Their new machine was heavier and stronger, but similar to the “flying machine” flown at Kill Devil Hill.

About a dozen representatives of the press were present when the “machine” was ready for its first trial. The brothers requested that no photographs be taken and the articles be “unsensational” so as to not attract crowds to their experimental grounds. Engine trouble and poor wind conditions prevented the craft from becoming airborne. The newspaper reporters were also disappointed the second day. Further trials were postponed until the engine could be put in better condition.



The Flyer 2 flying above Huffman Prairie.

Although the WRIGHT brothers were soon making flights of several minutes duration, the newspaper men had lost interest. They knew that longer flights had been made in airships and didn't know the difference between airships and flying machines. For a long time, the experimental flights remained a subject of a great mystery by some newspapers, although they were made on ground open on every side, with electric cars passing every hour and seen by all people living in the neighborhood.

Orville and Wilbur WRIGHT indisputably flew the first successful heavier-than-air flying machine in 1903. At first, the world was indifferent to their accomplishment, having been fooled before. After seeing their demonstrations, however, indifference turned to wonder and amazement. Since there were many fictional stories about how they did it, they decided to give their own accurate account of their exploits which was published in the *Century*, December 1908.

“Our personal interest in the subject of aerial navigation dates from our childhood days. Late in the autumn of 1878, our father came into the house one evening with some object partly concealed in his hands, and before we could see what it was, he tossed it into the air. Instead of falling to the floor, as we expected, it flew across the room until it struck the ceiling, where it fluttered awhile and finally sank to the floor. It was a little toy, known to scientists as a helicopter, but which we, with supreme disregard for science, at once dubbed a “bat.” A toy so delicate lasted only a short time in the hands of small boys, but its memory was abiding.

Several years later, we began building these helicopters for ourselves, making each one larger than the preceding. But, to our astonishment, we found that the larger the “bat” the less it flew. We did not know that one machine having only twice the linear dimensions of another would require eight times the power! We finally became discouraged and returned to kite-flying, a sport to which we had devoted so much attention that we were regarded as experts. But as we became older, we had to give up this fascinating sport as unbecoming to boys of our ages.

In 1900, the public, discouraged by the failures and tragedies of aeronautics experiments throughout the world, considered flight beyond the reach of man, and classed its adherents with the would-be inventors of perpetual motion. We began our active experiments...in October 1900 at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. The experiments of 1901 were far from encouraging. We had taken up aeronautics merely as a sport. We reluctantly entered on the scientific side of it. But we soon found the work so fascinating that we were drawn into it deeper and deeper.

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## **A New Cousin, an Old Court Case, and Google: How I found Nicey (CROW) HADAWAY**

by Blanche M. WALLACE

For many years I and other descendants of William HADAWAY of Georgia (1813 -1899) had searched for the name of his first wife, my ancestress. I personally checked marriage records for the counties where he was known to have resided (Wilkes, Hall and Cobb Counties), plus many nearby counties. The only death certificate found to date for a child of this first marriage (Richard Phillip HADAWAY , my great-great grandfather, who died in Georgia in 1928) was incorrect as to his mother's name. The informant gave "HANES" [sic] as the maiden name of Richard's mother. In fact, HAINES was the maiden name of Richard's wife. Death notices found for William and several of the children of his first marriage did not mention her name.

Earlier this year, I was perusing public family trees at ancestry.com, looking for William HADAWAY and found one for descendants of his son, Samuel J. HADAWAY (from William's first marriage). I contacted the owner of the tree to ask if there was interest in sharing information. He responded promptly to my inquiry and we had a mutually beneficial exchange. Until this contact, I had not known that Samuel, who died in the War Between the States, had been married and had children – two daughters. Unfortunately, my newly found cousin didn't know the name of Samuel's mother – another dead end.

A few weeks later, this new cousin passed on a link he found while searching for HADAWAY names in books digitized by Google (<http://books.google.com>). The link led to a book titled: *Reports of Cases Decided in the Supreme Court of the State of Georgia at the March and October Terms, 1914*, Volume 142, Stevens and Graham, Reporters (held in the Harvard Law Library). I knew that the case titled: *Terry v Brown* was pertinent because of the family names mentioned. The case was summarized on pages 224-230 of the book and included the name of William's wife: "Nacey HADAWAY". My cousin hadn't read the case summary when he sent the link, so he was happily surprised when I told him the news. I was ecstatic because I finally had a solid lead to follow.

My next step was a search of the online catalog of the Georgia Archives. I found that the Archives houses Georgia Supreme Court cases for the year of interest. I sent an email to the Archives giving the name of the court case and year and asked if they could give me the court case number and specifics on how to request the record when I arrived at the Archives. I didn't want to waste a moment! Within a few days, an archivist responded with the case file citation<sup>1</sup>.

Upon arrival at the Archives, I provided a copy of the citation to an archivist and within about 30 minutes I was looking at the original record of the case - under the watchful eyes of a monitor. I carefully read every page and was becoming worried that this was another dead end when, near the end of the file, I hit the jackpot. William HADAWAY's family Bible had been partially transcribed during the testimony of one of his sons, John F. HADAWAY. The transcription included the name of William's first wife, her birth and death dates, and their marriage date.

### **BIRTHS**

William HADAWAY was born November 9th, A. D. 1812

Nacey C. HADAWAY , wife of William HADAWAY , was born March 17th, A. D. 1814

Wilson C. HADAWAY , Sept. 5th, 1835 [their son, my ancestor]

[Ten names with dates are noted by the court reporter as following the above birth records in the Bible, but were not transcribed into the case file.]

## MARRIAGES

William HADAWAY , son of Wilson and Aley HADAWAY , was married to wife Nicey C. CROW November 13th, 1834 [wife #1]

William HADAWAY , son of Wilson and Aley HADAWAY , was married to wife Malinda WILSON June 15th, 1843 [wife #2]

## DEATHS

Nicey HADAWAY , wife of William HADAWAY , departed this life Feb. 22nd, A. D. 1843

Malinda HADAWAY , wife of William HADAWAY , died March 17th, 1902

[Death dates of some of the children of William HADAWAY were noted by the court reporter to follow the above death records in the Bible but were not transcribed into the case file.]

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The court case concerned a land dispute filed in Worth County, Georgia Superior Court in 1905. Thomas F. TERRY was a son-in-law and administrator of the estate of William HADAWAY . The case ended when the Georgia Supreme Court denied a re-hearing in 1914. The court found that the plaintiff did not prove William HADAWAY was the only child of Wilson HADAWAY . The land had been granted in the 1820 Georgia Land Lottery to the Orphans of Wilson HADAWAY, of Wilkes County, Bryant's District [Wilson served in the War of 1812 and died in 1813]. The land granted was Lot 5, District 7, Irwin County. At the time of the suit, Worth County included this portion of Irwin County.

Interestingly, the estate file of William HADAWAY (Cobb County, Georgia), contained no mention of this court case. Nor did it contain any estate settlement papers. The only items were the bonds for the administrator and temporary letters of administration. My next step will be to look for the Worth County Superior Court file to see if any additional Bible records were transcribed. Another cousin is trying to track down the Bible.

<sup>1</sup> Georgia Archives, Morrow, Georgia: Georgia Supreme Court Case Files 1846-1917. Citation: RG-SG-S: 092-01-001, Box Volume: RCB-11153, Folder Title/Number: A-33787, Terry, Administrator v Brown et al.

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## WRIGHT Brothers... continued from p. 51

The first flights with the power machine were made on the 17<sup>th</sup> of December 1903. The first flight lasted only 12 seconds, a flight very modest compared with that of birds, but it was, nevertheless the first in the history of the world in which a machine carrying a man had raised itself by its own power into the air in free flight, had sailed forward on a level course without reduction in speed and had finally landed without being wrecked. The second and third flights were a little longer and the fourth lasted 59 seconds. Damage to the “flying machine” by the wind after the historic flights caused a discontinuance of the experiments.”

## Google's New Search Options

by Dick EASTMAN

Google has long been my favorite search engine but now has even more reasons for it to be the best search tool for any genealogist. The company has added new search options. At least one of the new options is very useful for many genealogists.

To use the new options, first perform a search on Google in the same manner as always. However, when the search results page is displayed you might notice a new line just below the search box and above the search results. The newly-added line says "Show options..." Click on that line to see all the new available options.

You will see links to narrow your search to videos, forums, reviews, and more. The one that I believe I will use most is the option for "Recent results," "Past 24 hours," "Past week" or "Past year." I suspect I will use those options for searches that I perform often.

For instance, I have been looking for information about my great-great-grandfather for years. I often search for "Washington Harvey EASTMAN" or "Washington H. EASTMAN" (with the quotes) and I know there are already many references on the web to that name. After all, I wrote quite a few of those references! What I really want to see is anything NEW about him. The new Google search options allow just that.

I will now search for his name once a week and will click on the "Past week" option. That will filter out the many "hits" that I have already seen time and time again but will display any new occurrences that Google has found in the past week.

Google also has an option for Timelines that seems quite good at displaying events throughout history. It didn't display anything when I entered my great-great-grandfather's name but when I entered "Maine" it displayed a rather good timeline of significant events in the state's history.

Another new option confused me for a bit: "Wonder Wheel." Perhaps the folks at Google couldn't come up with a better name? The Wonder Wheel is a Flash-based interactive mini application which starts with your keyword in the center, and related terms around it. Clicking on a related term creates a new, connected circle with more related terms. And whenever you click on a term, to the very right, the web results change to reflect your current topic of focus.

The Wonder Wheel's a bit tough to explain but if you try it a couple of times you will quickly see how it works. First search on this word: genealogy.

You will note that the Wonder Wheel displays "spokes" that point out to Irish genealogy, RootsWeb, Surnames, US Census, genealogy charts, and more. The words shown are related terms. Click on any of the new words shown and you will then see a new search with the word you clicked on now moved to be the focus of the new search. In short, the Wonder Wheel maps related search terms together in a method that allows you to move from one related search to another. You may be able to uncover information that you didn't know about previously.

The new Google Search Options add a few new tools to the genealogist's toolbox. Google says that the company will be adding more options in future months. You can experiment with all this at <[www.google.com](http://www.google.com)>.

The preceding article is from Eastman's Online Genealogy Newsletter and is copyright by Richard W. EASTMAN. It is re-published here with the permission of the author. Information about the newsletter is available at <[www.eogn.com](http://www.eogn.com)>. Published Monday, May 18th, 2009

## **The Way It Was - Life on an Indiana Farm**

by Irene KEYS MOPPS 1923-2006 (mother of CFGS member, Susan GOFF)

I want my grandchildren to understand what life was like when I grew up in Winchester, a farming community in central Indiana, just ten miles from the Ohio state line - a huge contrast to their childhoods!

I was born May 23, 1923, in my parents' farmhouse on an eighty-acre farm which they purchased as newlyweds, in the area near the "Keys Road" so-called because only members of my father's family lived on that road. My grandfather's father was born in Surrey County, NC, in 1830, moving with his father to Randolph County, IN, when he was five years old, after the death of his mother. This fellow's name was Joseph, named after his great-grandfather, Joseph Sr.

There was a panic in 1873 which lasted through 1878. Joseph had been working as a farmer and carpenter. During the Panic, many who had bought farms at inflated prices during the Civil War were unable to keep them when the depression hit, so Joseph bought several farms at Sheriff's Sales, one for each of his children, eventually owning 498 acres. (He was also severely chastised by the Jericho Friends Meeting for "taking advantage of fellow Friends"). My grandfather, John Luther KEYS, was the sixth of Joseph's eight children, six sons and two daughters.

John Luther married Maria Almeda WILSON, whom friends called Meedie. They lived on the Keys Road, about two miles east of our house. They had three children: my father, Herman, was the eldest, then my Aunt Ada, then Uncle Raymond. My father was the first of his generation to go to high school in the small town of Winchester (population of about 3,000 when I grew up).

Herman KEYS met my mother, Leo ROSS, when visiting her church. On Sundays, after church, these young people would drive (by horse and buggy) to one of their homes, where they would play games or sing, always having some kind of music according to my mother, a piano, fiddle or perhaps just a Jews Harp. I doubt if they danced since the Friends Meeting was a modern off-shoot of the Quaker Church. I have the impression that most of their social life was centered around the church, or visiting friends, neighbors or families. Of course, there was not much time for social life since they worked six days of every week, taking only the "Lord's Day" off work. There were no movies, theatres, bowling alleys, etc., at the time in Winchester.

My mother was next to youngest in the family of Allen and Frances Ross, five daughters and one son. Grandpa Ross had moved his family (by wagon) to Randolph County, to work as a "herder" for a prominent family. Through the years he managed to buy an 80-acre farm northwest of Winchester. After Grandpa Ross retired and moved to town he had a workshop across the back of his house, which I remember always smelled of sawdust. I remember his tool on which he repaired shoes - it looked like an upside-down foot (iron) on half a leg of iron. I guess he had always half-soled his family's shoes with that foot. Of course, our school shoes were always shoes we bought large enough to allow for growth.

My parents met when eighteen years of age and were engaged for three years. In the Quaker way of thinking, the son's labor belonged to his father until he was 21 years old. So, my father worked for his father on the farm until the age of 21, and for Randolph County part-time building roads so he could afford to get married.

According to local rumor, the farm where Mother and Dad started had been a part of the underground railroad which helped escaped slaves move from the South to Canada. The house was a two-story frame, with kitchen, dining room, living room, bedroom downstairs, with three bedrooms and small attic upstairs. There was a well-room next to the kitchen which had a gasoline engine for pumping water from the well (underneath the floor) to



Frances, Irene & John KEYS, on front porch - Winchester, IN 1924

the barn for the livestock. There also was a sink, with only a cold-water faucet and later a hot water heater was out there. The kerosene stove which Mother used for canning and heating water for the laundry was also there. A brick-lined dry well was under a trapdoor and we kept butter, milk, eggs, etc., cool there in the summer. This was the room where Mother did the laundry on Monday's, taking most of the day. I remember the hand-wringer through which we had to put the clothes and it could be very difficult to crank at times. Every Monday, we knew we would have beans with ham and cornbread for supper since Mother could put it on the stove (at least the pot of beans) in the morning and they would simmer all day.

To the east of the kitchen was a "backroom" which held the wood for the stoves and later the coal, also serving as a storage area with shelves for small tools.

My first memory is of running out on the front porch on a sunny day, to look at a dirigible. Mother had been giving me a bath in a tub in the kitchen when we were told to go out and look in the sky. How excited we were! I don't have any idea how old I was at the time. There were no bathrooms in farm houses then - you bathed with a washcloth when older or in a small tub when children.

In remembering the house it seems spare - there were room-size rugs - or rather we called them carpets - didn't have pads. During the spring housecleaning, these carpets were hung on the clothesline and beaten with a carpet beater made of heavy wire with a handle - the whole thing was shaped like a tennis racket. The curtains weren't voluminous, either - either priscilla type or lace curtains. These were also a headache (the lace curtains) because they had to be stretched (after washing) on wooden frames which were lined with little sharp pins and this was hard on your fingers!. Of course, there were crocheted doilies of different dimensions on top of each table, bureau, headrests and arms of chairs. I only remember a few books in the house - of course, there was always the family bible. My Grandpa KEYS had a book whose pictures interested me - it was a history of the Russo-Japanese War - very gruesome scenes. I don't remember any pictures on the walls but there might have been some. The floors in the house were wood with a dark brown stain. The walls were all wallpapered. My mother and sister would repaper each housecleaning time or else we would clean the paper with a rubbery-clay-like substance, just rubbing it on the paper like an eraser. When they papered, they had to set up trestles with a door on top, lay out the paper, put on the paste, pick it up, carry it to the wall and then try to stick it to the wall! - I never did quite understand how they could do it!

There was no inside plumbing in the house., except in the well room where there was a cold water faucet over the sink - with a tin cup hanging near for everyone to use. The outhouse was out in the backyard and it was scary after dark because I was always afraid of spiders. That's no joke about using the Sears catalog, either, for toilet paper - we did. During the winter, we used chamberpots which required emptying in the morning.

There were always several cats, usually some kittens, always a dog or two. There were chickens, pigs, cows, horses at first, sheep at one time. There was always something for me to play with. One time, a local doctor had a German Shepherd which he couldn't control in town - so he asked Dad if he'd bring it to the farm, being kept on a leash in the yard. At that time, the dairy farmer was using a field of ours for pasture and was driving a few cows back and forth twice a day. The German Shepherd watched that as long as he could stand it - broke loose one day as they (the cows) were going down the lane, took off after them and ran them a couple of miles down the road!

It's a good thing I could entertain myself because my brother did not want a little sister tagging along. The only time he paid any attention to me was when he'd dangle me over the edge of the haymow or push me down the lane on a sled or wagon at breakneck speed, letting go just as I got to the creek.

We did get electricity later. With the arrival of electricity, we had a radio. We liked the Amos & Andy show and there was an afternoon soap opera that Mother liked - we sat there and stared intently at the radio.

There was a big stove in the living room called a base burner - it had about two feet height of isinglass (like a clear plastic) around three sides so that on a cold night, seeing the coal fire inside looked nice and cheery. On cold mornings, we kids would run down there to dress, each taking a side. The only heat going to the bedrooms



upstairs were through registers in the ceilings Of course, the kitchen was kept warm by the cooking stove. My brother had the middle bedroom. The attic was off my sister's bedroom, with a half-size door leading into it. Inside the door was a platform about six feet by three feet but that was the only part with a floor - the a rest of it was only the ceiling strips of the room underneath, with perhaps a few loose boards laid in some spots for old belongings stored up there.. This was a neat place to play on a rainy day - there was always the excitement about perhaps missing your step and crashing through the kitchen ceiling! The bedroom closets were narrow alcoves with curtains hanging in the openings

Back of the house was a long, low chicken house and to the left of that, about half-way back, was the outhouse. To the left of the outhouse was the garden where onions, potatoes, peas, carrots, radishes, cabbages, sweet potatoes, etc. grew. Beans were always planted in the farm field nearest the house so the plants could grow up on the cornstalks. Along the north border of the garden grew rhubarb, seemingly volunteer.

To the north of the house was a big orchard where we had apple, cherry and pear trees. One time, there appeared a huge circle of mushrooms in the orchard. Dad took some of them to a barber in town who supposedly knew the difference between toadstools and mushrooms, These only grew for a couple of years and then disappeared, but we enjoyed them while they lasted. At the west end of the orchard was a natural gas well from which in later years, gas was piped to the house for cooking and heating fuel.

A long lane ran down to the gravel road, between the orchard and front pasture. The lane was lined with huge maple trees. Mother liked to walk down the lane on a warm summer evening and said the owls followed her, hooting all the way. I remember that home as a very pretty place. Of course, until the depression had lessened to some extent, our house badly needed to be painted - nobody painted their house during the depression when you never knew what you might need the money for elsewhere. Mother always had some type of flowers blooming around the house and yard, and it was a pretty view down the lane with the trees on both sides.

Parallel to the road in front of the house was a drainage ditch (altho I thought it was a creek (pronounced "crick" Indiana-style). I spent a lot of time playing down there, making things out of the clay in the bank, fishing in the deeper holes of the creek for sunfish, throwing rocks at the snakes when they'd come out to sunbathe. In the winter, my brother ran a trapline along the creek, trapping muskrats, skunks, rabbits, etc., and selling their hides.

There was a lane which ran from the barnyard, back between the fields to the back boundary of the farm. Supposedly, one of the hired men who lived on the farm at one time used to sleep walk - got back to the end of the cinder lane in his bare feet, woke up and had to walk all the way back on the rough cinders (incidentally, cinders are remains of coal fires, little rough, black lumps). Of course, I was prone to "sleep-walk" too while in elementary school but Mother usually heard me before I got too far away - she said I acted as if awake, answering questions, etc., but I didn't remember a thing about it in the morning.

There was a large front yard, then to the south a big barnyard between the house and the barn, a garage, toolshed, housing tractors, etc., and a chicken house with the garden east of the house. In the toolshed, among the relics stored there was the buggy which Mother and Dad had when they got married.

We had no inside bathroom while I lived there (until I was 11 yrs. old). Prior to the electricity, we used kerosene lamps. These lamps used glass chimneys which got black and sooty, and that was a chore of mine - to wash these daily.

We had to wear long underwear in the winter. I can remember how difficult it was to try and get my long stockings up over the underwear without wrinkling the stockings. The only heat going up to the bedrooms went through registers in the downstairs ceilings. Of course, the kitchen was kept warm with the cooking stove. In the winter, I had to sleep with my sister, Frances, who was ten years older than I, because my bedroom on the north upstairs had a window where snow sifted in the wintertime. Of course, my sister felt she had a proprietary interest in me, anyway. Years before, she wanted a little sister badly, and while helping my mother with the supper dishes, would say little prayers for a baby sister. I'm sure there were times she regretted those prayers in later years.

Mother had to dress me in overalls because in climbing over barbed-wire fences, other clothes would tear. However, later when I was five years old. Mother started me in kindergarten in town and I didn't like it. I ran away twice to my aunt's house until Mother switched my legs all the way back the second time. On Sundays I was with other kids at Sunday School.. We went every Sunday to Sunday School and church - the rule was that if you didn't feel like going to church, you were not well enough to do anything else all day. I don't remember my Dad going with us.

I also don't remember Dad working on the farm -I guess by the time I was born, he had started his farm implement and truck business in town. There was always a hired man to do the farm chores. At times, my brother had to milk the cows and I had to gather the eggs which I hated because when a hen wanted to hatch her eggs, she would peck at you when you tried to get the eggs from underneath her.

This growing up took place during the Depression but I don't remember ever feeling poor -I knew that some of my clothes were made over from my sister's or cousins or there weren't many gifts for Christmas but we were used to that. We always had plenty of food to eat, warm house to live in and everybody else seemed to be in the same condition. I recall hearing when I was in the first grade of tramps foraging for food in garbage cans in cities and that horrified me. In remembering the house furnishings, I am sure they were all very inexpensive. In Dad's traveling around the county selling farm implements, he would often buy things, for example, years later he bought a three-piece black leather living room suite, and before that, some Persian rugs which I thought were beautiful.

As mentioned earlier, our Sundays were for church and often visiting relatives. Always on Christmas and Thanksgiving, we were with Dad's family, the women would work during the morning in the kitchen preparing a big dinner, the men were usually out hunting in the fields and then everybody being together for the dinner. I don't remember having turkey but my Aunt Mabel raised geese and we had those often. My other Aunt Mabel (married to Mother's brother, Uncle Charlie) raised bantam chickens, cutest little miniature chickens -I don't know if she sold them or it was just a hobby.

On Saturdays, farming families went to town to do their shopping. After my grandparents moved to town (Grandpa Keys retired when he was 45 years old) and weather permitting, Grandpa would drive his car to the town square and find a parking space, walk home, then after supper, he and Grandma would walk down there, sit in the car and chat with friends who came by. Or they might take a stroll around the square themselves. Grandpa had made a lot of money raising wheat during World war I, enabling him to retire early. Incidentally, my grandfather had the first car in Randolph County. After stop signs were installed at certain corners, the local policeman had difficulty persuading Grandpa he had to stop there!

On Saturday evenings, I always got a nickel for an ice cream cone and that was a big treat. We kids would walk around and around the square, giggling and looking for friends. Dad kept the store open on Saturday evening, so we would end up sitting in the car next to the store, waiting for him to close.. Next door was Min Saucer's Saloon. The Friends Church was down on the corner and the church didn't like having a saloon so close but my brother and I thought it was fascinating to watch fellows leave Min's - and listen to the noise that went on at times. I don't remember ever getting to see the inside of the place. Then, across the alley from Min's Place, there was a pool room - also "off-limits" but Dad would get us breaded pork tenderloin sandwiches there and they were delicious.

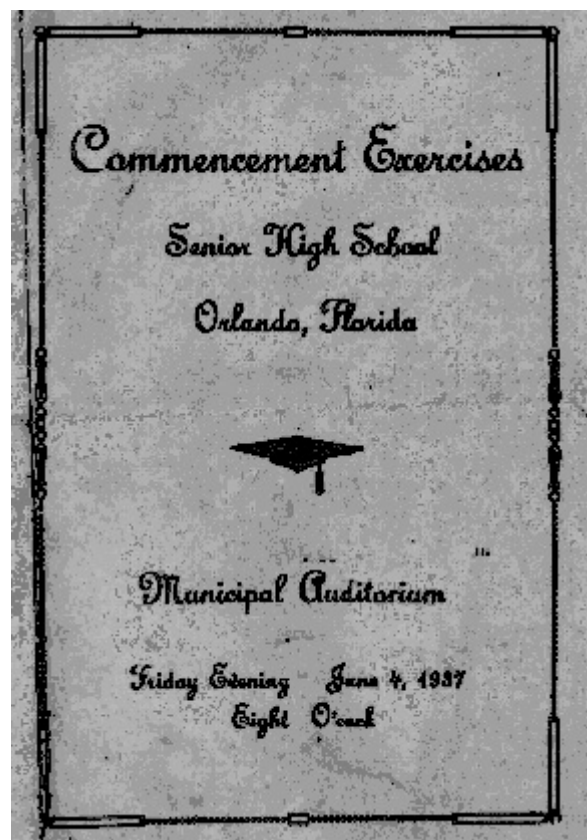
To be continued....

Commencement Exercises  
Senior High School  
Orlando Florida

Municipal Auditorium  
Friday Evening - June 4, 1937  
Eight O'clock

### PROGRAM

Processional — "Festival March" *Mendelssohn & Bartholdy*  
Senior High School Orchestra  
Invocation . The Rev. W. M. IRWIN  
'Moonlight Serenade" *Drigo*  
Senior High School Chorus  
Address Pres. Ludd M. SPIVEY of Florida  
Southern College, Lakeland, Fla.  
"Will You Remember" from Maytime *Romberg-Riegger*  
Senior High School Chorus  
Awarding of the Diplomas  
Awarding of Honors  
Benediction . The Rev. W. R. CLARK  
Recessional — "Glorious Youth" *Zamecnik*  
Senior High School Orchestra



Mrs. Julia K. CAMPBELL, Director of the High School Chorus  
Miss Pauline PREVATT, Director of the High School Orchestra  
Mr. Vahan MAGARIAN, Sponsor of the Senior Class

Audience will please remain seated during the recessional

### Class Roll

### Officers

Oneida LANGLEY  
James DEAN

President  
Vice-President

Mable ARTHUR  
Frank JONES

Secretary  
Treasurer

## Honor Students

Elliott Ritchie ALEXANDER, Jr.  
Edith Louise ANDERSON  
Eugene Cone AVERY  
Lucille Mae BARKER  
Roberta Louise BECKETT  
Clinton V. BLOODWORTH  
Jane Robinson COOPER  
Edwin Francis CURRY  
Clayton Jay DAVIS  
James Arthur FORD, Jr.

El'zabeth GAUTIER  
Joe J.. GIBEAULT  
Ruth Maurine HILDEBRAND  
Raymond Miller HOGUE  
Mildred L. HOOK  
Mildred KILGORE  
Willie Jewel LEWIS  
Margaret Lucile LONG  
Marion Josephine LOTT  
Martha Jane MENDENHALL

Jane MILLER  
June Etta PHERRIN  
Lou Ella POWELL  
Harlan ROBERTS  
David A'len SEIBERT  
Herbert SMITH  
Mildred Ellen SPINKS  
Tybell WITTENSTEIN  
Mary Louise WOODLING

## Senior Class Roll

Carlene Frances ATKINS  
Berneice Eileen ABSTON  
James Thomas ADAMS  
Emily Caroline AKERMAN  
Carl Oscar ANDERSON  
Robert Morris ARNOLD  
Mable ARTHUR  
Joseph D. BAKER  
Lucille Selma BAKER  
Frank Hirt BALFOUR, Jr.  
Margaret Francile BARDEN  
Thomas Arthur BARDER  
John Douglas BARNES  
Harry D. BARNES  
Betty Ann BENNIN  
Lawrence David BERRY  
Alden Griswold BIGELOW  
William J. BIRCH  
Robert M. BLACKBURN  
Troy BOHANNON  
J. Edwin BOYD  
Charles BRADY  
James V. BRANNEN  
Robert Lawrence BRENGLE  
Martha Chrystine BREWER  
Elizabeth Ann BROWNING  
William Wilson BRYAN  
Drane BULLOCK  
Harry F. BURNHAM  
James H. CANN  
William Benjamin CATER  
Earl CHABOT  
Edna Eugenia CHAPMAN  
Henry Thomas CLAIBORNE, Jr.

Opal CLARK  
Jack Wallington CLARK  
William Grant COE  
Henry Robert COLE, Jr.  
James Louis COLGROVE  
Donald L. COMSTOCK  
William R. CONDOS  
Mary CONGLETON  
Stella Lee CONNELL  
Melba Jewell COURTNEY  
Charles Preston COX  
Gertrude CRAIGHEAD  
Frances CROWDER  
Virgile Paul CROWELL  
Margaret Marian CUTTEN  
Lena Mildred DANTZLER  
Olivia Verne DAVIS  
James Lewis DEAN  
Paul DEEB  
Ralph Earl DICKERHOFF  
Dorothy Evelyn DOBSON  
George Thomas DOUGHERTY, Jr  
Isabelle Emaline DOWD  
Georgia Vera DRIGGERS  
Dorothy Myra DUNLAP  
Mary Frances DU RANT  
Benjamin Myrpn DURRANCE  
Doris Luella DYE  
Mary Gwendolyn ELLISON  
Robert A. EVANS  
Doris Loraine FLAGLE  
William C. FLECKENSTEIN  
Stanley FLETCHER  
John E. FLOURNOY

Doris Elizabeth FREDRICK  
Thomas Harvey FREEMAN  
Graham Allison GARREN  
Joe GENTILE, III  
Rose Patricia GENTILE  
William Henry GEORGE  
Elpise Virginia GILL  
Mildred L. GOODGE  
Charles Mason GOODMAN, Jr.  
William Earl GRANTHAM  
Edgar H. GREENLAND, Jr.  
Carl Martin GRUNDLER  
Kathleen Evelyn GWINN  
Jack Brandt HAGAR  
Lee Jerome HAGOOD, Jr.  
Charles Henry HARMON  
Pauline HARRELL  
Patricia G. HAZEN  
Margaret Sue HEARN  
Helen Merle HEINTZELMAN  
Deane Gertrude HETAER  
Kirk HENNESSEY  
Robert Cleveland HERNDON  
Frances Wyolene HICKMAN  
Albert R. HILL  
Rodney C. HOGSHEAD  
Gladys Bernico HOLLINGER  
Mary Jane HURST  
Thomas S. INGRAM  
Hazel JACKSON  
Maudelain JEFFCOAT  
Robert N. JOHNSON  
Russell Pope JOHNSON, III  
Ruth Elizabeth JOHNSON

Thad K. JOHNSON, Jr.  
 Frank K. JONES  
 Marjorie Lee JONES  
 Sarah Frances JORDAN  
 Harry E. JUERGENSEN  
 Robert W. KAMPER  
 Larry Porter KATES  
 Jack M. KAMENOFF  
 Chester J. KARST  
 Leon Clyde KELLEY, Jr.  
 Mary KELLY  
 Sam KELLY  
 Gwendolyn O. KNIGHT  
 Peggy Ann LANG  
 Mary Oneida LANGLEY  
 Paul K. LANDSDALE  
 Mildred Aileene LANTZ  
 J. Sidney LAWRENCE  
 Sidney LEONARDY  
 Gordon M. LEWIS  
 Helen lone LYLES  
 William R. LINDSEY  
 Coey V. LOCKE  
 Mary Ruth LOGUE  
 John Coston LORD  
 Joel J. LOWMAN  
 Evelyn Louise LUCIUS  
 Harry Richard LUDWIG  
 Lynwood Newton LYON  
 Jack Raymond McCAWLOY  
 Agness Lucille McGUIRE  
 Florence Helen McKINNON  
 Levie Jennings McNAB  
 Anne Eva MALLARD  
 Frances Louise MANUEL  
 Irene MARSHALL  
 Elizabeth M. MARTER  
 Ivan Leo MARTIN  
 Donald G. MERRELL  
 Richard Keith MERRIAM  
 Mildred C. METZ  
 K. Richard MILLS, Jr.

Mary Josephine MINER  
 Virginia Mae MORGAN  
 Evelyn Kay MORRIS  
 Francis R. MORRISON  
 Sarah Cornelia MULLING  
 Georgia R. NEWBOLD  
 Marjorie NEWELL  
 Wilbur F. NUTTING  
 John Lester OHSE  
 Margaret Ruth PARKER  
 Warren PARKS  
 Violet Elizabeth PARRISH  
 Robert L. PEARSON, Jr.  
 Robert William PEACOCK  
 Robert Claire PETRIE  
 Aubrey Wilson PETTIGREW  
 Arthur V. PHILLIPS  
 Georgia Elizabeth PHILLIPS  
 Lorelei Arline PHILLIPS  
 Virginia PHILLIPS  
 Gerald Edward PIGFORD  
 Julia A. POMEROY  
 John William POUNDS  
 Jane Elizabeth POWELL  
 Margaret E. POWELL  
 Pamela Joan POWER  
 Leonard Douglas RAMSDELL  
 Lucille REAMS  
 Charles L. G. REMINGTON  
 Betty Lucinda REYNOLDS  
 James William RHODES  
 Frances Myrtle RHYNE  
 Blanche Blondell RICE  
 Virginia Byrd RICHARDSON  
 Velda Elaine RICKER  
 Helen Louise RIDER  
 Vivian Marjorie RIDER  
 Vera Claire ROBINSON  
 Leslie ROBINSON  
 Wayne Henry ROLF  
 June E. ROSS  
 Mary Louise ROSS

Maria Hortensia RUIZ  
 Eleanor SANBORN  
 Madelyne Beryl SCHIMPF  
 Jerome SERROS  
 Lillie Lucile SHEPPARD  
 Kathryn Mae. SMITH  
 Jane Ley SMITH  
 Thomas E. SMITH, Jr.  
 Wilma B. SMITH  
 Carl Martin SNARR  
 Shelby C. SPEARS  
 Mildred Karene SPRAY  
 Lois Corinue SULLIVAN  
 Mary Frances SWITSSER  
 Louis Meyers SYFRETT  
 Henry D SYRNONDS  
 Crawford Franklin TAYLOR  
 Martha Elizabeth TAYLOR  
 Henry L. TAYLOR  
 Margy Jane TAYLOR  
 Rose Elizabeth TENET  
 William V. TERBUNE  
 Carrie Lou THOMAS  
 Warren David THOMPSON  
 Edith Virginia TIGNER  
 James TOPAKIAN  
 Billie Frances UNDERWOOD  
 Mabel Louise VIEHMAN  
 Mary Ruth VINSON  
 Dorothy WAGNER  
 Dorothy Gary WALSH  
 Sarah E. WARNER  
 Ernest Roy WELCH, Jr.  
 Betty Rebecca WELSH  
 Jeff WHEELIS  
 Robert Lee WHITE III  
 Kenneth Knight WILCOX  
 William M. WILSON  
 Margaret L. WINSLOW  
 Victor Walter YOUNG  
 Sigmond S. ZABOREN

Contributed by Carrie Boswell

## A Trip Through Hidden History

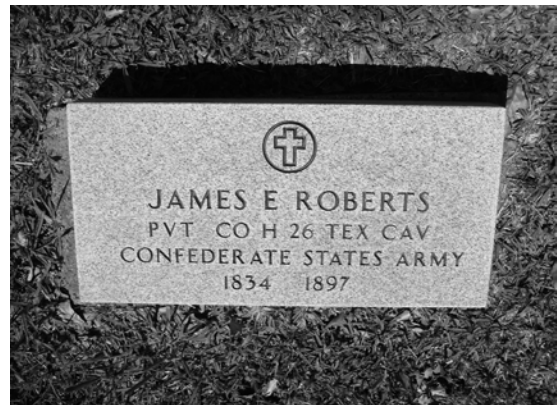
by A. G. CONLON

Work and family have taken up a lot of my time in the past year. However, a few months ago I traveled to Houston, TX to conduct training at Morgan's Point seaport terminal complex. While in Houston I managed to discover a little known cemetery somewhat hidden amidst the sea going cargo containers, semi truck terminals, importer/export offices. After discovering the cemetery I visited the Morgan's Point, TX township hall. I had a very pleasant discussion with the city secretary which revealed the city's efforts to document the plots in the cemetery. I asked the secretary if pictures of the cemetery were permitted. The secretary said it was okay with her but to make sure I should talk with the Mayor and city historian. Five minutes later I was having the great conversation with a fellow genealogical addict/family historian. They granted permission for me to take pictures. I provided a picture CD of all my pictures to the city council. Morgan Point Township Council is planning on a website and documenting the occupants of the cemetery.



Jennie Rose Roberts

The discovery that excited me most – three veterans were buried in the cemetery. The attached photos show the markers. Additionally, The great great niece of Daniel BOONE is buried there, according to the marker. I also uncovered another Texas legend that I had been taught during my early years attending Jr. High School in Killeen, TX. But that is another story of the Yellow Rose of Texas and the forming of a nation within the continental U.S.



James E. Roberts



Isaac Y. Wakefield



Michel T. Benoit

## Yellow Rose of Texas and BB35

by A. G. CONLON

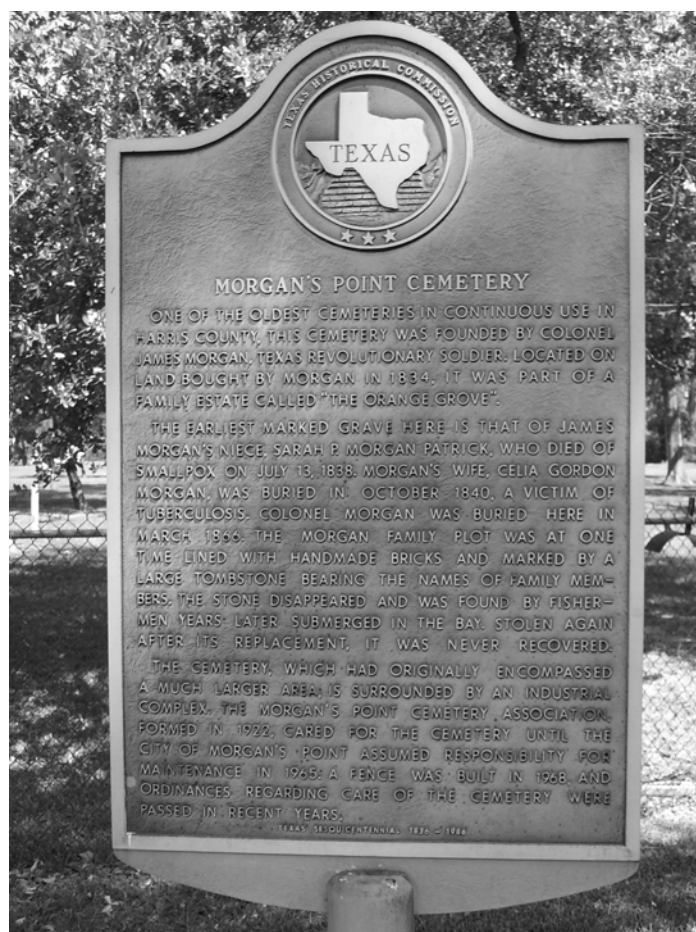


As an Army brat, part of my youth was spent in Killeen, TX (Ft. Hood) attending junior high school where Texas History is a mandatory subject. Prevalent during my study of Texas history is the Yellow Rose of Texas, a story about how a woman saved Texas at the battle of San Jacinto which led to the formation a new nation, Texas. Texas is the only state that was an independent nation prior to becoming a state. After reading the material below and reading the historical marker (see attached picture) I went across to the opposite seaport shore and visited the San Jacinto Battlefield and the oldest battleship still in existence, *USS Texas*. The First Marine Division was formed on the Battleship Texas in early 1941. The Battleship Texas, BB35, was a gift to Texas in 1948 and resides in a Texas State Park. More information is found

at: <[www.tpwd.state.tx.us/spdest/findadest/parks/battleship\\_texas](http://www.tpwd.state.tx.us/spdest/findadest/parks/battleship_texas)>. Background data is available from Morgan's Point, TX website: <[www.morganspoint-tx.com/index.php?id](http://www.morganspoint-tx.com/index.php?id)>

An African-American who may have had the greatest influence on Texas history was a young mulatto woman, Emily MORGAN, who belonged to Colonel James Morgan. It is believed that the great beauty inspired the famous folksong, "The Yellow Rose of Texas," from the early days of Texas independence to the Civil War through World War II. It has been on the lips of men singing of the pretty girl in his homeward dreams. Though the stirring tune could originally have been written by a free Bermudan to Emily, the universal theme undisputedly reflects the feelings of Texans and people everywhere. The ghost of Emily Morgan supposedly walks the Battleground every San Jacinto Day.

On April 18, 1836, Emily, a former slave of Colonel Morgan's, was helping to load a flatboat when Santa Anna's army arrived. Emily, a comely young woman, was made a personal servant of Santa Anna. BOLLAERT, the British ethnologist who said that Emily was with Santa Anna at the start of the battle, got his story during a visit he paid to Emily's master, James Morgan, at New Washington. Bollaert's information indicated that the Battle of San Jacinto was probably lost by the Mexicans owing to the influence of a mulatto girl, Emily, belonging to Colonel James MORGAN. She was closeted in the tent at 4:30 pm, April 21, 1836, with General Santa Anna at the time the cry went up: "The enemy! They come!" She detained Santa Anna long enough that order could not readily be restored, and General Sam HOUSTON's Texian army won the day, and Texas' Independence.



## **One Room Schoolhouse: The Bishop School of Collin County, Texas**

by Frances Gerlene (WALLACE) CARPENTER (29 Aug 1928 - 28 Oct 2003)

Submitted by her son: Jackie Ray CARPENTER (cousin of CFGS member, Blanche WALLACE)

The Bishop School<sup>1</sup> was in operation for many years. Not only did I and my siblings attend there, but also my mother, Bessie WALLIS, later to become Mrs. Bessie WALLACE [Bessie married Isaac Duffy WALLACE on 28 Dec 1912 in Marietta, Cobb County, GA]. Her mother was Athie (BISHOP) Wallis, whose family donated the land, and for whom the school was named. I started there in 1934, at the age of six years in the first grade. And I attended there until finishing the seventh grade, which was the last grade taught there at the time. Earlier it had served eight grades. My older brothers and sisters finished the eighth grade there. At that time there was no bus to take students to the high school in McKinney. My siblings are: Leta, G. F. (Bud), Judson (Dee), Roland, and Mildred Wallace. My younger brother and sister (Mannon and Jane) and I were fortunate in that we were able to take the bus to McKinney High School. We were able not only to receive our high school diploma, but we also went on to receive a college degree. This, I think, speaks well for the little two-room Bishop School where we received the basics. The school was located about six miles southeast of McKinney. In 1937 when I was in the fourth grade, a new building was built about a half mile east on the same road. We moved into it during the 1937-38 school year. This road has since been named County Road 325, and the school was on the corner of 325 and Country Road 324. Our family lived about a mile from County Road 324 on what is now known as C. R. 325. And so, of course, we walked that mile every day to school. About five years later this building was destroyed by fire and the students attended classes in a dwelling house, set up for the purpose. A short time later, they were transferred to the McKinney Independent School District (I.S.D.). My youngest sister, Jane, although a member of the community all this time, never attended the school as she was not old enough when it was in session. She started at Finch School in McKinney in the first grade, and later taught there for many years.

Bishop students that went on to receive degrees were Dr. Quellin BOX, his sisters, Virginia, Loiyola and Ingrid who were RNs; Dr. Jack KENNEDY, and his sisters, Frances, Geraldene, and Freddy Ruth, RNs; my brother, Dr. Mannon WALLACE became a minister in the Baptist church, as was our father [Isaac Duffy WALLACE] before him; my sister Jane and I became elementary school teachers; and, Howard MACMILLAN, principal and teacher. There may well be others, of whom I am not aware. Of course, others excelled in various areas – such as my brother, Bud WALLACE, who was very successful in the field of music. He played country and gospel music on radio stations KRLD and KRRV, as well as other places, with his band and singers who were called the “Bishop Stringsters”.

When I started to this school in 1934, there were two teachers. Miss Ruby COPUS taught grades one through four, and Mr. Frank McMILLAN taught grades five through eight. Miss COPUS was my teacher for my first four years; Mr. Mac, as he was called, was my teacher for the fifth and sixth grades. Mr. Mac resigned to go to another school and Mr. Clarence COX was my teacher in the seventh grade. Although I had Mr. COX as my teacher for only one year, I felt I learned a lot during that time. Besides all the educational subjects he taught, he was also an excellent coach. He taught me how to be an effective first short stop on our school softball team. Mr. Mac was well liked by all that knew him, in school and out. My brother, Bud, who had dropped out of school earlier because of a vision problem, was encouraged by Mr. Mac to come back to school, and he finished the eighth grade, which was the last grade in the school.

Since I was in Miss COPUS's room for four years, I remember a lot of things that she did for her pupils. Of course, she taught us all the academic subjects for the first four grades. But there were a lot of other things, such as finger games she taught us in the lower grades. One I remember was “Eensy Weensy Spider”. I later taught this and others to the kindergartners in my class. On warm days we played outside; she led us in games like Red Rover, Drop the Handkerchief, and Farmer in the Dell. We had seesaws on the playground made by some school fathers. Also, the teacher provided a large jump rope, which we girls used often; I remember playing “hot pepper”, “high water”, etc. with that rope. On bad days when we had to stay inside at recess, we had other games, such as jacks and board games. One of the things we all enjoyed was a sandbox; it was built by one of the fathers of the school and stood on legs that made it just right for the small children. We really enjoyed making sand castles in this sand.



Miss COPUS always had special things for us on holidays. When Halloween came around she carved a large Jack-o-lantern and we had games such as “bobbing for apples”. Her version of it, however, was a little different from others. I guess she didn’t want to see wet children, so we didn’t use a tub of water. Instead, she would tie the apples on a string and we had to get them still long enough to take a bite. I don’t think I was every very successful in this, but I guess we got our apples anyway. We made decorations for each holiday. I remember, especially at Christmas time, she gave us a copy of Santa Claus to color and we pasted cotton on his suit. She would hang red and green chains across the room from one corner to the other and put a large red bell in the middle where they crossed. We also made chains from paper and these were used elsewhere in the room. Of course, we always drew names and had a Christmas tree; we received our presents on the last day before the Christmas break. On Valentine Day, she made a mailbox for our valentines. She would cover a large box with beautiful paper and put a slot in the top in which we could drop our valentines. Most of us would make our own, as money was scarce in those depression days. That afternoon, she would open the box, take them out one by one and call our names. We all enjoyed this.

As in all schools, there was a need for water; we got ours from a well in the school yard. The water was pumped up into a barrel, which had several spigots attached. This was our water fountain, and a very serviceable one.

In cold weather, the school was heated by two large coal heaters, one in each room. We had a large coal bin outside which always contained an ample supply of coal. The older boys kept the stoves supplied with this fuel.

Miss COPUS taught a class of Spanish for the eighth grade students. They came into the “Little Room” as it was called, while the fourth grade went into the “Big Room” for a math lesson. These names had nothing to do with the size of the rooms; we named them that because one room housed the smaller children from the first to fourth grade and the other room was occupied by the larger children from fifth to the eighth grade. I would hear the “big kids” learning Spanish and I got interested in it. I looked forward to taking Spanish from her when I reached the eighth grade. Unfortunately, by the time I reached that grade, it had been taken from Bishop School. Later I was able to take a couple of years in McKinney High School. Then, when I went to college much later, I chose Spanish as a minor, along with my major of elementary education. I also obtain certification in ESL and bilingual education, which I taught for sixteen years, fourteen of which were in McKinney I.S.D.

Another thing that I remember about our school days was the way we were taught to enter the building. When we were out on the playground at recess, the principal, Mr. Mac, would ring the bell – this was a small hand bell often used by teachers. We would all come quickly and line up in front of our respective rooms and teachers. Mr. Mac would be on one side of the porch and Miss COPUS on the other. When we were all in line, he would ring the bell again and we would march into our rooms where we would stop beside our desks. Each of the teachers in their respective rooms would then ring his or her bell and we would be seated. As I remember, this was always done in an orderly fashion. Of course, the boys’ caps would be off as soon as they entered the room. We left the building in the same way; at recess, noon, and at dismissal time the teacher in each room would ring the bell for us to stand. And then again for us to march outside; once again the bell was rung and we were dismissed. In other words, we did not get up and run from the room when we were dismissed. Of course, in bad weather, we were not expected to march outside.

I remember another thing that I enjoyed very much – a game we played on Friday afternoons in Mr. Mac’s room. We would choose sides for an “indoor ball game”. The leaders of each side would appoint players, such as hind catcher and the three basemen; the others were in the “outfield”. Mr. Mac was the “pitcher”. The side that was “in bats” would come up one by one to the pitcher who would ask them a question. If they answered it correctly they went to first base. If they didn’t know the answer, the question went to the catcher. If he answered it, the player was “out”. Otherwise, it went around each base, then to the outfielders until someone answered it. If nobody else knew it, the player would get a “walk” to first base. If it was answered by the opposing team, the player had to take his seat and was out of the game. This game was educational as well as very enjoyable. At times we also had math contests. We would have two people choose sides. Then one member from each side would go to the blackboard and they would be given a problem by the teacher. The one who got the correct answer first was the winner. We

sometimes got a small prize for winning. I remember one time I was given a small metal box that had contained chalk; I was proud of it.

Miss COPUS had a victrola in her room; we enjoyed hearing the old songs, such as “Home on the Range” and “Beautiful Texas”. There was also a piano in her room; we would sometimes gather around the piano and sing while she played. She also taught piano lessons after school. I would sometimes stay and wait for a friend who was taking lessons. I very much wanted to take lessons but didn’t think my father could afford the twenty-five cents each week; so I never even mentioned it. Years later, when I was married and had three children, I started those lessons. I had first sent each of my children for music lessons, but none of them was as interested in it as I was. I have enjoyed it a great deal and being able to read music enabled my family and me to learn and sing specials in church.

I don’t have a picture of the school building, and as far as I know, neither does anyone else. There just weren’t many cameras in our area in those days. But I do have a very good picture of it in my mind. It had two pretty large rooms separated by removable doors. There were small rooms on each side used for storage of books, etc., and for the children’s wraps. There was a large porch between these rooms with steps the width of the porch. This porch, which was enclosed with the roof of the rest of the building, was a very good stage for the plays that were held there each year. On the last day of the school year, the community would come together for a “dinner on the ground”. The parents would all bring something good to eat. Before lunch was served, the younger students would have a program for the parents inside the school. That night the older students would have their program. At times, even some of the parents would be included in the plays. As mentioned before, these night programs were performed on the porch with seats set up outside for the audience. My brother, Bud, with other members of his Bishop Stringsters band would sometimes perform there as well. Also, I remember one time when I was in the first grade our class put on a little exercise called a Drill, in our morning program. For some reason, we got confused and it didn’t turn out well. Our teacher, Miss COPUS, had us practice some more later. We did it again that night before a much larger crowd and it went off without any trouble. We girls were dressed in white crepe paper dresses with ruffles from the waist to the hem, made by our mothers. The boys wore white shirts and black pants.

For the most part, the children were all well-controlled. There was one tradition, however, that we kind of took for granted we were supposed to keep. And that was playing hooky on April Fool’s Day. We would go to the school as usual, only to leave and “do our own thing”. One year, on April second, Mr. Mac had us all stay inside the building while he went into the cloak room, as we called it. He took his paddle (yes, he had a paddle, maybe that was one reason the school was so well under control). He had Miss COPUS send, one by one, all the students that had played hooky the day before into the cloak room. We could hear the noise made by the paddle. Everyone who was guilty of leaving school the day before waited with dread of hearing their name called to go into that room. None of the students that went into that room came back where we were; they were allowed to stay outside. As I sat there, I was so glad that I had stayed at home that April Fool’s Day. However, when all the guilty students had gone through the room and we got back together with them, we found out that Mr. Mac had only been striking the sole of his shoe with the paddle.

Mr. Mac had a house built on the school ground and lived there with his wife and son, Howard, as long as he taught there. Miss Copus sometimes stayed with families of students in the community; otherwise, she came in her car from her home in McKinney.

<sup>1</sup> “The community and school were southeast of McKinney near Sloan Creek.” (*Collin County Place Names* by Joy Gough, 1996)

## **A Look at the Decade, 1900-1909**

By Juliana SMITH - Ancestry Weekly Discovery, 13 October 2009

The beginning of the twentieth century also marked the end of an era—the Victorian Era. Queen VICTORIA died at the age of eighty-one in 1901 after ruling the United Kingdom for sixty-four years—the longest reign in British history. Her reign is largely remembered as a period of economic and imperial expansion, although her popularity wavered at times.

The American president, William MCKINLEY's life was also cut short in September 1901 in his second term, when anarchist Leon CZOLGOSZ shot him at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo, New York.

He was succeeded by his vice president, Theodore ROOSEVELT, who became the youngest president in U.S. history. During his terms as president, Roosevelt earned a reputation as a “trust buster,” who used the Sherman Antitrust Act to dissolve a large railroad monopoly. He also began work on the Panama Canal, fought for conservation of our natural resources, and won a Nobel Peace Prize for negotiating the end of the Russo-Japanese War.

Roosevelt's invitation to Booker T. WASHINGTON, president of the Tuskegee Institute, to dine at the White House angered many in 1901. The Atlanta Constitution reported on 18 October 1901 that, “There is a feeling of indignation among Southern men, generally, that the president should, in the face of his declaration of friendliness toward the people of the south, take this early opportunity to show such a marked courtesy and distinction to a negro.”

Racial tension in Atlanta, Georgia, turned to violence in September, 1906. Before the Atlanta Race Riots were over, there were twenty-five blacks and two whites killed. (Ancestry members with U.S. Deluxe access can read more in the Atlanta Constitution from 24 September 1906 and 25 September 1906).

In Alaska, on the heels of the Klondike Gold Rush, more gold was discovered on the beaches of Nome in 1899, and by 1900 an influx of gold-seekers had arrived in Nome from the Yukon, Seattle, and San Francisco. It's estimated that at its peak, the population of Nome reached 20,000. According to the 1900 U.S. Federal Population Census, one-third of the white population of Alaska lived in Nome.

On November 16, Oklahoma Territory and Indian Territory joined together to become the 46th U.S. state. The state had grown with western expansion and demand for the rich lands led to six land runs between 1889 and 1895. The discovery of oil in the state helped further boost the population to the necessary levels to achieve statehood.

The early 1900s produced a number of storms and disasters of note. The decade opened with a deadly hurricane in Galveston that killed more than 6,000 people. The bustling Texas port was devastated in the fifteen-foot storm surged that plowed across the island. Among the casualties were ten nuns and ninety orphans from a Sisters of Charity orphanage. Led by Clara BARTON, the Red Cross came to the aid of the city, establishing an orphanage for storm victims and helping to rebuild the area.

In Kansas, heavy rains in the last few weeks of May 1903 brought on historic flooding in the Missouri, Kansas, and lower Republican River Basins. In the aftermath, homes were washed away, along with many bridges, one of which held the water line that supplied Kansas City, Missouri with water.

On 31 January 1906, a magnitude 8.8 earthquake struck off the coast of Ecuador, creating a tsunami that killed between 500 and 1500 people. It remains the fifth strongest earthquake on record. It was recorded as far away as Japan, and Hawaii saw flooding from the waves. It was also recorded in San Francisco, and sadly this was not to be the only brush with seismic activity that would be felt there in that year.

On 18 April 1906 at 5:12 a.m., the Great San Francisco Earthquake struck. One of the largest quakes to hit North America, the earthquake and subsequent fires that lasted for three days after the quake caused an estimated 400 million dollars in damages and may have killed as many as 3,000 people.

That same month, Mount Vesuvius, located near Naples in Italy, erupted and caused damage in the surrounding areas, killing an estimated 500 people.

Disaster struck again in Italy on 28 December 1908, when a 7.5 magnitude earthquake struck in the Messina Strait between Sicily and Calabria. The quake was followed by a tsunami that decimated coastal areas. The death toll is estimated at around 200,000 and many residents of the affected areas were forced to relocate; many immigrated to America.

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To be continued...

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### President's Message continued from page 50

So I went to <www.familysearch.org>. Clicked "Search Records." Clicked "Record Search pilot." Typed in Catherine H PAYNE. Low and behold, results came up that included "Catherine Havens PAYNE" listed in New Hampshire Birth Records, Early to 1900, as follows: "Birth: 1805, Lebanon, Grafton, New Hampshire, United States, Father Elisha PAYNE, Mother Lydia PAYNE." Enough factual information matches what I already knew, and new information is provided about her mother. I clicked to see an image of the original record. It turns out to be a typed transcription dated 2 December 1905. On the transcription, it shows the father's name as "Elisha PAYNE Jr.," a further clue to his father's name.

This has opened a whole, new exciting line of research, which I have started to pursue. I have confirmed that although Elisha PAYNE, Jr., is Catherine's father, the Elisha PAYNE living with her in Iowa, is her brother. It turns out Elisha PAYNE is a common family name, and is the name of Catherine's brother, father, grandfather, great grandfather, and great great grandfather! I found on Google books, full text access to the following resource: PAINE family records: a journal of genealogical and biographical information respecting the American families of PAYNE, PAINE, PAYN &c, Volume 2, Author & Editor Henry D. PAINE Publisher Albany, J. Munsell, printer, 1883. Through this also completely undocumented resource and others, I have discovered a Mayflower ancestor, Stephen HOPKINS. That, too, is another story, to be told later.

Now, I may have found this information somewhere else, too, if I had asked this same focused question about Catherine earlier in my research, but I had not. It was the excitement generated about the Record Search pilot resource at the CFGS monthly meeting, and my commitment to share genealogical information with others, and to volunteer at the Orlando Public Library's Genealogy Expo, that spurred me on to actually use a resource and do the research!

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### 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
District 2 continued								
11	110	SHARD, Ben	B	23 M	Boarder	-	NC/NC/NC	Laborer
11	111	ISRAEL, F. R.	B	24 M	Hus	M	GA/VA/SC	Laborer
11	111	Israel, Amaretta	B	17 F	Wife	M	FL/FL/FL	Married in last year
11	111	AKINS, Elcia	B	30 F	Boarder	M	GA/VA/SC	
11	111	Akins, Lewis	B	45 M	Hus	M	FL/FL/FL	Laborer
11	112	DeVAUL, Wm.	B	45 M	Hus	M	SC/SC/SC	Laborer
11	112	DeVaul, Fannie	B	35 F	Wife	M	SC/SC/SC	

Page	House hold	Name	Race	Age/ Sex	Relation to head of household	Marital status	Birthplace of self/ father/ mother	Occupation
11	112	DeVaul, Chls.	B	9 M	Son	S	FL/SC/SC	
11	112	DeVaul, Martha	B	7 F	Dau	S	FL/SC/SC	
11	112	DeVaul, Leroy	B	4 M	Son	S	FL/SC/SC	
11	113	JENLOCK, Zac	B	50 M	Hus	M	FL/VA/VA	Laborer
11	113	Jenlock, Edna	B	40 F	Wife	M	SC/SC/SC	
11	113	Jenlock, Arnold	B	21 M	Son	S	SC/FL/SC	Laborer
11	113	SIMPKINS, Phoebe	B	50 F	Boarder	M	GA/GA/GA	-
11	113	SMITH, Lott	B	27 M	Boarder	S	FL/FL/-	Laborer
11	114	LOVET, Howel	Mu	25 M	Bach	-	GA/GA/GA	Laborer
11	114	MAPSON, Chls.	B	26 M	-	-	NC/NC/NC	-
11	115	CAPEN, S. S.	W	49 M	Husb	M	NY/VA/VA	Nurse [sic] Man
11	115	Capen, L. B.	W	45 F	Wife	M	OH/OH/OH	
11	115	Capen, J. M.	W	18 F	Dau	S	NY/NY/OH	
11	115	Capen, S. J.	W	10 M	Son	S	IL/NY/OH	
11	116	Capen, J.S.	W	32 M	Husb	M	NY/NY/NY	Book keeper
11	116	Capen, L. M.	W	25 F	Wife	M	IL/IL/MI	
11	116	Capen, Louisa	W	3 F	Dau	S	IL/NY/IL	
11	117	Capen, C. M.	W	35 M	Husb	M	NY/NY/NY	-
11	117	Capen, A. M.	W	33 F	Wife	M	NY/NY/NY	
11	118	SMITH, H.S.	W	48 M	Husb	M	SC/SC/SC	Farmer
11	118	Smith, M. L.	W	50 F	Wife	M	GA/GA/GA	
11	118	Smith, S. P.	W	18 M	Son	S	FL/SC/GA	
11	118	Smith, T. H.	W	16 M	Son	S	FL/SC/GA	
11	118	Smith, Mary E.	W	14 F	Dau	S	FL/SC/GA	
11	118	Smith, M. J.	W	12 F	Dau	S	FL/SC/GA	
11	118	Smith, J. C.	W	8 M	Son	S	FL/SC/GA	
11	118	DAUGHTY, H. C.	W	25 M	Boarder	-	FL/-/-	Laborer
11	119	KELLEY, T. H.	W	44 M	Hus	M	MA/MA/MA	Carpenter
11	119	Kelley, G. F.	W	10 M	Son	S	MA/MA/ME	
11	119	Kelley, W. M.	W	35 F	Wife	M	ME/ME/ME	
11	119	Kelley, C. E. J.	W	9 M	Son	S	MA/MA/ME	
11	120	ROSE, W. L.	W	32 M	Hus	M	NJ/NJ/NJ	Painter
11	120	Rose, A. C.	W	31 F	Wife	M	NJ/NJ/NJ	
11	120	Rose, Gas P.	W	12 M	Son	S	NJ/NJ/NJ	
11	120	Rose, N. G.	W	10 F	Dau	-	NJ/NJ/NJ	
11	120	Rose, E. W.	W	7 M	Son	-	NJ/NJ/NJ	
11	120	Rose, Osa	W	6 M	Son	-	NJ/NJ/NJ	
11	120	Rose, Chls.	W	3 M	Son	-	NJ/NJ/NJ	
11	121	DUNKLE, L. H.	W	28 M	Bachler	S	PA/PA/PA	Clerk
11	121	KLEMMER, Edw.	W	24 M	-	S	NJ/NJ/NJ	

To be continued in next issue...

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