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NEWS OF THE NEW YEAR

Nominations have been made and election held for officers of the Society for the coming year. Installation will be held at the meeting September 28. The new slate is as follows:

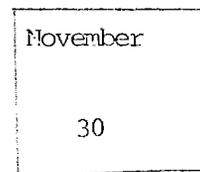
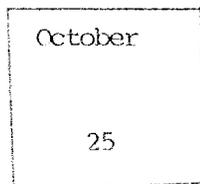
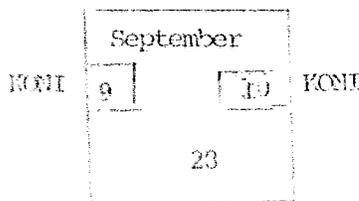
President	Mrs. Marion Schumeman
Vice President	Mrs. Joyce Ford
Recording Secretary	Mr. John Broward
Corresponding Secretary	Mrs. Bonnie Hinely, pro tem
Treasurer	Mr. Marcus Rankin
Historian	Mrs. Mary Jane Knisely
Councilors	Mr. Lowell Barker and Mrs. Alice H. Rupe

KONI

Our Society is planning the display for participation in KONI (The Council of Arts and Sciences for Central Florida) which is to consist of displays at Exposition Park September 9 and 10. We will be competing with arts, crafts, cookery and collections of interest. Our display should be a little unusual, and we hope the combined material of our members will generate interest in the crowd that attends.

The hours of display will be 8:00 A.M. to 6:00 P.M. on September 9, and 10:00 A.M. to 6:00 P.M. on September 10. The admission is \$1.00. Please call our President, Mrs. Alice H. Rupe, if you can contribute any historical material or help preside at the display. You will, in any event, want to attend this new and exciting community project.

MEETINGS



Mother's Day, May 10, 1970 I realized a dream, a dream of exploring an unknown to me - place of charm. I discovered IT quite by accident really, for I had planned to go there strictly for business-genealogical business.

My husband is very busy in this fast moving world making a pleasant living for his wife and two children thus I have much free time on my hands. Therefore, I have turned to this fascinating hobby instead of falling into the "doldrums" of self pity and boredom mothers find themselves in after her babies grown to adulthood, then they go away to college and establish themselves away from the nest. I began to think more and more of what I could entertain myself with while hubby was on business elsewhere. This is why I find myself writing about my pure joy found in a small town in Central Florida.

On May 10 "hubby" flew to the "big" city of Chicago, Illinois on the huge whisper jet service out of Orlando. After seeing him off at the terminal, I packed and slowly "flew" by auto south on Interstate Highway 4 to Bartow, Fla.

It was a lazy, early Sunday afternoon with no traffic to speak of. This in itself was a pleasant change from the hectic traffic we have here in Orlando with the new Disney World complex becoming a reality. Checking into the motel, I found myself becoming adjusted quite easily with the quiet, lazy atmosphere. After receiving instructions as to "the place in town to eat," I dressed and ate dinner at John's Lounge, an interesting dining room, continuing on my way to the First Baptist Church for Sunday evening services. I was delighted to find that I could not easily find a place to park which is another delight of a small town, the large church attendance. The minister's sermon was entitled, "How to Pray," and after hearing this message on the personal way to speak to Jesus thru prayer, I understood why all the cars.

Bartow, the county seat for Polk County, proudly possesses an old, but charming courthouse whose dome stretched toward the blue heavens; the clock breaks the quietness with it's tolling. My business was to be on the third floor in the local history department and genealogical library. I had known of this remarkable library, but never seemed able to visit, but now was my opportunity. After signing in, I was graciously welcomed by the law librarian Ruby, who "filled in" until the assistant history librarian arrived. I began my search, and truly all reports given to me were correct, for this little genealogical library had a vast wealth of information on the southeastern states, particularly, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Virginia and Maryland both on the shelves, in book form and on microfilm.

Time passed much too quickly on this Monday the 11th, it was 11 o'clock when Ruby again graciously interrupted to introduce me to Mrs. Robert E. Powell, "Stevie" and I became friends immediately, we both were searching for relatives in the same area of North Carolina, we were not related, but she is an avid genealogist who has a heart of gold with a true desire of being of help to anyone who needs her. She holds many treasures locked in her mind and is free to share these treasures when she can.

At 5:30 p. M., sharp, we closed shop.

In whatever city I was visiting in the past I always visited old cemeteries, such as Baltimore, Maryland and Edgar Allen's Poe's grave with his epitaph "QUOTE THE RAVEN, NEVERMORE" - another fascinating subject, epitaphs. Prior to this trip, I had never visited cemeteries entirely alone but why not? I drove to the Oak Hill cemetery located off Highway 60 west, and there met the cutiest eighth grader who had a shy, but inquisitive way. He watched from a distance until his curiosity could be stilled no longer, he then approached with questions, "Why was I here, what is genealogy, etc.?" After the answering period, we became friends and before I could leave HE had offered to help me search and to mail any information to me at a later date; and he DID. Isn't this refreshing to find genuine help? This Davis lad had made the end of a perfect day.

Tuesday 8:30 a.m., I was again cracking the books. "Stevie" had spend much time the night before typing information at home for me. We reviewed the migration trails, discussed the why's and how's of lost ancestry and found much information I could take down in short hand and transcribe before jumping into bed for the night. I could not help watching the clock all day, not for the usual reasons, but because I was so sorry that my time was short and there was so much I wanted to accomplish before leaving, but 5:30 p.m. rolled around surely with Ruby, Stevie and I saying goodbye.

Making a decision to get quickly at the mall on the outskirts of Bartow before driving to the "old Homeland Cemetery" proved to be most interesting. Mr. Bilings had supplied me with directions my first day in Bartow to the Court House ect, during breakfast at Breton's Resturant on Main Street; in he walked now for a coffee break from his painting. After several minutes of renewed chit-chat about this cozy town, I discovered this was THE Mrs. John Bilings who is famous for his many cartoons in the Saturday Evening Post along with his association with the more famous late Walt Disney. He spoke of his father, Henry Bilings, who was with the Walt Disney and Metro Meyer Studion for many years in California. Where else in the world would one meet such an interesting person as this, in a Liggett's Drug Store - at the lunch counter? He talked at length of his beloved wife Margaret who had died of cancer almost four years ago and of his two children. Teressa is married and John Jr., who is also very talented in the arts, but is graduating from school this spring and will be studying medicine in spite of his grandfather's desire to have Junior with him in California to continue this line of talented Bilings. They are English; to both these men Henry and John, God has given a talent so great that neither has studied art at all. His praise of Mr. Walt Disney was the greatest, with tears still in his eyes for the loss of this much loved man, he also being a victim of the dreadful cancer which took the life of Mrs. John Bilings.

After finding my way to the old cemetery, I ended the daylight yours in this peaceful, beautifully landscaped, flower covered area listening to the twitter of the birds lulling their babies to sleep and with a plump cotton-tailed rabbit jumping from his hiding place behind an old carved head stone, to tell me I was treading on his property and to say "Get Going", so I complied with his wish.

At El Jon's Motel that evening, Mr. Greenswault, the owner must have wondered why I litterly kept the midnight oil burning, for I typed until Wednesday

morning I was awakened to a different sound, the hesitant toot-toot of a slowly moving train. I had noticed the tracks only one half block away, but I suddenly realized I had not heard a passing train heretofore. Once again this little sleepy town explained to me that indeed this is not the usual city where the train comes through on the track every day, sometimes more often. As I lay there listening to this polite toot-toot again less softly, I imagined the whistle saying - "Pardon me, I had to say good morning, but now must also say good bye", I was a wee bit saddened.

I quickly dressed, packed and checked out, but I had one more visit to make before leaving for Orlando, I had known that the publishers of the newspaper "The Polk County Democrat" was owned by a Mr. S. L. Frisbie and since I had really made this trip to do library research on this my family name, I should certainly visit their office. There I met Mr. and Mrs. S. Loyal Frisbie IV. Distant relatives to be sure, but how distant only time will tell. A few short minutes of introductions and their guidance to this haven of tranquility and charm.

One postscript, after mentioning to my hubby that the El Jon offers free golfing for their customers at the 18 hole course owned by the professional Bob Murphy, he suddenly became more interested. Don't be surprised little city if you see me again, this time not alone, but with my hubby.

TO EACH HIS OWN

- Margaret Frisbee Holbrook -

A new use for grandmothers from The Genealogical Helper

"Grandmother is Collateral"

Several years ago, my aunt and my grandmother stopped in a small town in Texas, where our Peel family once lived. They found a woman, distantly related by marriage, who had some very good information on the family. She graciously allowed them to copy from all of the data that she had and pointed out a photograph of my great grandmother on her wall. My aunt asked if she might take the photo to a local photographer and have a copy made. The woman thought about it for a minute, and then said that she could take it - if my grandmother stayed there until she came back. Grandmother gladly acted as "Collateral" for the only picture we have ever found of Margaret Ann (McDonald) Peel (1846-1910), and we have chuckled over this many times.

Peola I. Stuart

N. B. I have received correspondence from the lady who wrote of her grandmother having served as collateral. The grandmother now is 85 years old (June 17, 1972) and in a nursing home near Pasadena, Texas, due to her poor health. Mrs. Eva Smart, now in California, has related this interesting PEEL story.
P. S.

QUERRIES

Am seeking STILL and YOCUM (YOAKAM, etc.), HOWARD, and MOORE families in Missouri and Arkansas, in mid 1300's.

- Joyce Ford, 2809 Castle Oak,
Orlando 32808. Phone 299-1694

GRADY, JOHN (NMI) b. 1837, Ireland, arrived New Orleans 1849, arrived Texas 1869, married Susan J. Hutchison of Missouri about 1866. Was he in IA. in 1850? Where married, Ark., Texas, Missouri? - John C. Grady Jr. PO Box 1141 Melf Melbourne 32901.

HUTCHISON, Susan J. b. Missouri 1848, perhaps Joplin, Texas in 1860. Married John Grady about 1866. Daughter of David, brother to Demetree Hutchison of Virginia. Where is birth, marriage place and dates? - John C. Grady Jr.

Fitchburg July 27th 1861

Dear Brother & Sister

As I have heard the time when James and family expect to be here. I will try and write a few lines saying that they are expecting to come here the fifteenth or sixteenth of August if nothing happens to prevent donot fail of coming have Mary come with you if she posibly can you dont know how much I want to see you all it has been but a short time since I left you but if I could see you I should have a great many things to talk about.

I received a few lines from Charthact (sp?) saying that she wished if you were comeing to Andover she would like to have you come to the exhibition will be next week on Tuesday the Aniversaries close on Thursday. She is expectation to go to Marblehead week after next, her health has bee very poor she has hardly been out at all this summer. She wants to see you very much, we are going to try and have her put of her journey and come here first but think it doubtful if she does Willie is going home next monday to stay a few days he seems to enjoy himself pretty well here.

Where does Albert work this summer what does he think of these dreadful times there has two companies left for the wars. There was a great many tears shed when they took the parting hand of their friends.

We have a man sick with the smallpox the second house below us in Crochervilt he had been to work in Canada and was taken sick in a few days after he came home, he has been sick two weeks the last I heard they did not think he would live Daniell has got through with his haying we have had a large family for a few weeks part work folks and company Mrs. Austin has been here and stoped a week with us she is a poor feeble old chreature she is so troubled with asthma I wonder how she lives. Sabra health is not very good she is all tired out and feel almost sick. Edwin Lizzle and Willie have gone to Hachusett today to pick blubberies. I will send you a little piece of my new dress I hope you will not think I am extravegant when you see it It cost fifteen cents a yard. Helen said she had sent me some pieces of her dress in her letter but I did not find any. How does that little one get along how does it seem to be called Grandfather and Grandmother I want to see it but sont know wha I shall Write often and let me know how you are getting along

Much love to all

Sarah H. Tenny

- Contributed by Marion Schuneman

Can anyone tell us the locale for the following Bible Records of the Perkins family? Mrs. Leona Henkel owns the Bible which was published in 1827 at Boston, and records the births and deaths of said Perkins family.

1st page - Jonathan Perkins his book 1827. After my decease it is my son Chase's.

Abraham Perkins, his Bible Presented him by his brother Chase Perkins, Sept. 28, 1859

2nd page - Births

Abraham Perkins was born April 11, 1735
 Mary Perkins was born January 17, 1733
 Anna Perkins was born November 8, 1758
 Jonathan Perkins was born October 17, 1760
 Esther Perkins was born August 5 (?), 1769
 Ruth Perkins was born July 21, 1764
 Meribah Perkins was born June 26, 1766
 Lydia D. Perkins was (born) April 17, 1768
 Theodate Perkins was born April 13, 1770
 Matthew Perkins was born October 18, 1772
 Mary B. Perkins was born November 27, 1774

3rd page - Jonathan Perkins was born October 17, 1760
 Hannah Perkins was born November (illegible) 1761 ?
 John B. Perkins was born May 16, 1784
 Chase Perkins was born March 11, 1786
 Matthew Perkins was born June 17, 1788
 Phebe Perkins was born December 3, 1791
 Salley M. Perkins was born March 31, 1804
 Abraham Perkins was born October 13, 1807
 John B. Perkins was born May 15, 1784
 Comfort Perkins was born May 2, 1789
 Julianne Perkins was born January 15, 1810
 Frederick T. Perkins was born August 16, 1811
 Matthew Perkins was born February 19, 1817
 John Perkins was born August 8, 1827

4th page - Chase Perkins was born March 11, 1786
 Susannah Perkins was born October 20, 1787
 Hannah H. Perkins was born December 28, 1810
 Thomas W. Perkins was born June 20, 1813

Chase F. Sanborne was born December 20, 1829, son of Benaiah and Hannah Sanborn

Deaths

Abraham Perkins August 16, 1804, aged 69 years
 Mary Perkins, May 25, 1823, aged 90 years
 Matthew Perkins, son of J. B. April 11, 1817, aged 7 weeks
 Matthew Perkins, son of Jonathan, Aug. 17, 1826, aged 38 years
 Hannah H. (?) Sanborn, daughter of Chase Perkins, January 2, 1830, aged 19 years

Chase F. Sanborn, March 9th, 1830, aged 11 weeks
 Hannah Perkins, wife of Jonathan Perkins, Sept, 15, 1837,
 aged 76 years, 9 mos., 15 days

5th page - Jonathan Perkins, July 25, 1852, aged 91 years, 9 months and 8 days
 Sarah M. Perkins, daughter of Jonathan Perkins, March, 1863
 aged nearly 61 years
 John B. Perkins died February 1881 and was nearly 96 years old
 Matthew Perkins died September 1826 and was 38 years old
 Another one too faded to read.

- Contributed by Mrs. Leona Likens Henkel

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FREE-HELP

Mercer County, Pa. - Miss Mary Anderson, Rt. #2, Jamestown, Pa., 16134 has records and books since 1850, and access to cemeteries in Jamestown, Greenville and West Salem. Send SASE.

Kentucky. - Counties Barren, Monroe, Metcalfe and Cumberland. Mrs. Morris Pickerel, 512 N. Main, Tompkinsville, Ky 42167 has over 3,000 death dates. Send SASE.

Alabama. - Limestone County. Mrs. Albert McMahan, P. O. Box 35611, retired as Chief Clerk of the County. Will look up wills and deeds. Send SASE.

Tennessee. - Giles Co., Tenn. History 1809 - 1900. Mrs. P. E. Rutherford, 2309 Tenth St., Brownwood, Texas 76601. Will check, plus a dug store ledger of 1890-1895, with 2,000 names. Send SASE.

Germany, Besigheim. - Mrs. Beulah O'Neal, 2619 Boyer St., Beauford, S.C. 29902. Mrs. O'Neal has some church records from there. Send SASE.

Pa. - Free query on Pa. Genealogy. Lebanon Weekly News, Lebanon, Pa.

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Dauphin County, Pa. St. David's Reformed Church, Kilinger, Pa. They have church records from the church inception to 1845. They will send you a bound volume on loan for 3 weeks, requesting a \$10.00 donation for their church.

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Many people have become interested in genealogy, and more county material is becoming available. People are making abstracts of wills and deeds in their county and cemetery records in the locale. These are being offered for sale at small cost, ranging from \$2.25 to \$10.00 - much cheaper than travelling or hiring a C. G. Examine the ads in the Genealogical Helper to see if your area is covered.

- Contributed by M. J. Knisely

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What is the difference between Little Goldilocks and a genealogist?
 A genealogist is interested in forebears.

- Contributed by Mrs. E. Willis.

WEBB'S JACKSONVILLE AND CONSOLIDATED DIRECTORY OF THE REPRESENTATIVE CITIES
OF EAST AND SOUTH FLORIDA 1886

KISSIMTEE

(Cont. from April issue).

Chafer, Robert E.	Clerk	Fordon, Henry	
Chafer, Robert M.	Agent, J. B. Parsons Edwe.	Gottwallace, Frank -	Ship Carpenter
Chairs, Miss Minne	Clerk, post office	Gottwallace, John	Ship Carpenter
Chancy, Mrs. Ellen		Gunby, William	Carpenter
Chandler, William A.	Engineer	Gwynn, Maggie	African
Chatman, Cynthia			
Cleland, _____	Conductor		
Cobb, (Benj. F.) & Base	(George W.)	Hancock, Elijah	Ship Carpenter
	Meat	Harper, Joel C.	Compositor
Cody, Thomas F.	Foreman		Kissimtee Leader
Co-ner, George	Railroader	Hart, Mrs. C. S.	Postmistress
Crews, _____	Captain		also Books & Stationary
Currie, Julius V.	Laborer	Harvey, John I.	Night Watchman
			So. Fla. R R. Depot
		Headley, Phillip D.	Watchmaker Jeweler
		Hintzel, _____	
Davis, Henry M.	Painter	Hobbs, John C.	
DeVol, Roland C.	Clock	Howatt, E. H.	African
Douglass, E. E. (Wood & Douglass)		Hudson, Joseph J.	Carpent. & Bldr.
	New Tropical Hotel		
Durand, John	Carpenter		
		Ingram, _____	Orange Grover Jernigan Isl.
Eaves, Felix	Servang (African)	Isaacs, Joseph	Barber
Ernest, Charles E.	Mason & Builder		
		Jacquain, Edward	Restaurant
Fallon, John J.	Clerk	Jenkins, Burgess L.	Conductor
Farnsworth, _____	Machinist	Jenne, William A.	Printer
Farrell, George	Farmer	Jeter, S. W.	Dentist
Farrin, Mrs. R. W.	Ice	Johnson, Ervin (Nicholson & Johnson)	
Farrington, Willis S.		Johnson, Reuben	Yardman, New Tropical Motel - African
	Gun and Locksmith	Johnson, Sherman -	Same as above
Folson, William E.	Carpenter	Johnson, Stephen	Butcher
Ford, David	Clerk	Johnson, William	Railroader
Foss, Mrs.	Clerk	Johnson, William B.	Justice of the Peace
Frazure, Charles M.	So. Fla R.R.	Jones, Rev. Caleb E.	
Frazure, William	Carpenter and Builder		Pastor-Presbyterian Church
Frier, George C.	Gen. Mdse.	Jones, J. B.	Saloon
Frier (Wm. H.) & Pate (Wm. A.)			
	Druggists		
Fryer, Francis M.	Druggist	Katz, Moses M. (Makinson & Katz)	
Fryer, W. H.	Druggist	Keler, V. P.	Civil & Mech. Engr
		Kissimtee City Bank - F. H. Skelding,	Cashier
George, Warren	Engineer	Knapp, Miss A. E.	Teacher, Primary Dept., Public School
Gibson, R. A.	Marshal		
Given, Elmer B.	Physician & Surgeon		

Lake, Mrs.		Pate, William A.	(Frier & Pate)
Lambirth, Wiley L.		Patrick, W. A.	
Lee, John M.	Grocer	Perdue, Theodore A.	Carpenter
Lewis, Mrs. Narcissa	Boarder at	Peterson, Anna	Maid, New Tropical
	New Tropical Hotel		Hotel, African
Livingston, Joseph T.	Carriage Mfgr.	Phillips, L. Barrie	Hotel Mdse.
Locke, William T.		Prevatt, James K.	Carpenter
Lofton (Mrs. A. J.) & Bedford (Mrs.)		Quinn, Edwin	Porter New Tropical
Millinery, dress & fancy goods			Hotel - African
silverware, fine jewelry, etc.			
Loving, James	Carpenter African		
Macey, Bates	Surveyor	Raulerson, John	Morning Star Saloon,
Mackintosh, Frederick			Billiard & Pool Parlor
Madison, Lee	African	Ray, Benjamin H.	
Magnon, John H.	Engr.	Robinson, Susan F.	
Mackinson (L.D.) & Katz (Moses M.)		Ross, Andrew J.	Lawyer
	Gen. Merchandise	Rose, Rufus E.	Asst. Supt. Atlantic &
Mason, Frank P.	Proprietor of Georgia		Gulf Coast Canal & Okeechobee Land
	House, Parks & Bay African		Co., bldr. of Allen's Paten
Mathers, Daniel	Baker		Elevator Dredges & Bose's Improved'
Mathews, Henry A.			Suction Dredges & Okeechobee Docks.
Mattox, Homer O.	Painter	Rush, Henry	
McLane, Reed A.	Mfgr, Cypress shingles		
McIntyre, Frank	African		
McLaurin, James A.	Saw & Planing Mill	Sanbury, John A.	
Meadows, Wm. A.	Mgr, Morning Star	Sandifer, Pearce B.	Clerk
	Saloon	Sears, John W.	Clerk
Messick, James T. & Co.		Sears, Robert J.	Prop. of Sears House
	Props., Lake House		Main & Park
Miles, Edward E.	(Spears & Miles)	Sears, W. J.	Physician
Myer, Henry	Gardner	Sellers (Thomas) & Bass (George)	Livery
		Sermans,	Saloon
Napple, Samuel	African	Sharp, J. P.	Clerk
Nicholson (Joseph L. & Johnson (Errin)		Simmons, John B.	Prop. Lake Shore
	Druggists, Confects., Tobacco		Real Est. Agency
Nicoll, G. M.	Tinware	Skelding, T. H.	(Drought & Skelding)
Nicolls, James	Tinsmith	Smith, David	African
(Note difference in spelling-sic)		Snipes, Phillip	
Noda, Raymond P.	Grocer	Southern, J. William	Clerk
		Southern, Mrs. M. A.	Millinery
Oliver, Edward		Southern, William J.	Clerk
Oliver, Joseph S.	Roadmaster	Spears (Jacob V.) & Miles (Edw. E.)	
O'Quinn, Bryant J.	Gen. Mdse.		Druggists
O'Quinn, Jefferson	Dry Goods & Groc.	Stansel, William	Carpenter
O'Quinn, Mrs. Mary (wife of Jefferson)		Story, Mrs. S. E.	Teacher
Overstreet, John	Deputy Sheriff		Intemed. Dept. Public School
		Swanson, Frank M.	Conductor
Parker, George F.	So. Fla. R.R. Agent	Swanson, Mrs. Lucia	
Parker, L. H.	Carpenter		
Parsons, A. J.	Clerk		
Parson, J.B. (sic)	Hdwe. furn., bldr's		
	mat., stoves, tinware, lime, etc.		

Exactly where the old home places were in the various counties would be very interesting, but this information we do not have. From Alexander Nelson Bell's letter of 1855 we learn that he was thinking strongly of selling his place in Macon County, Alabama, and moving to Choctaw County, Alabama, near old Cocoa (between Melvin and Water Valley). It was here that "Son Henry" was living then. Not too long after Alexander Nelson Bell and his own small family did move. Blythe married Martha (Matt) Ann Lister (lester) "out in that country" (Choctaw Co., Ala.) on his (Blythe's) 27th birthday, 7 September, 1858. The father, Nelson, had a new home perhaps 100 years from Blythe. As Baby Helen, born 27 July, 1859, grew she came to love her grandfather very much and he loved her. As she learned to walk, grandfather would come to Blythe's picket fence around his yard, rap on the fence with his walking stick, then Baby Helen would come out, crawl through a hole in the fence where a picket was loose at the bottom and go for a walk with grandfather. But one night in Oct. 1860 grandfather Nelson Bell went out onto his porch to enjoy "his world" by moonlight. As was his custom, he reached to rest his hand on the trunk of a tree (log) that had been cut when the new house was built. The next day Baby Nelson's mother carried her to see grandfather, who had perhaps been injured internally in his fall. Grandfather Bell in spite of his condition noticed that Helen was not well. He said to her mother: "Matt, that baby is sick; you had better have the doctor see her." From his injuries grandfather Alexander Nelson Bell slipped away on 29 October, 1860. Just five days later, 25 Oct., 1860, Baby Helen joined him on "the Other Side" to walk with grandfather and the Master forever.

On January 1862, Martha Emily (called "Emma") was born. The Civil War had begun and Blythe (Emma's father) was required to leave his wife and baby girl. These were hard years. But Emma was a hardy child. There was no one to leave her with many of the days when her mother must go to the fields to work the crop or go to the spring to do the laundry, or as it was called then, "the washing." Blythe's wife (Matt) was well built and no one who knew her said she was lazy. I have seen her when she was 80 years old take an axe, go to the woods, or to an old stump in the field, cut a load of wood (not that she had to), load it in her apron (which she almost always wore), or put it on her shoulder, and take it to the house. She made her own and Emma's clothes by spinning, weaving, and sewing by hand. The "homespun" cloth was tough. With Matt's ingenuity it was no problem to see that Emma was taken care of while Matt was in the field or elsewhere working. She simply lifted a wooden bedpost (corner), set it on the tail of Emma's homespun dress, gave her a rag doll, and went to her work. When she returned Emma was right where she left her, sometimes asleep, other times still busily playing with her doll. Matt wove cloth, made a garment, or wove a blanket, and sent these to Blythe in the army, as she could, by someone home on furlough. Finally the war ended and some men began to return home. One day Matt heard a whistle in the woods not far from her house. She answered immediately for she recognized it as that of her brother Tom Lister (Lester). He called to her and asked her if she had soap (this would have been home-made lye soap made from Oak wood ashes and fat from meat) and some extra clothes. She said she did, so he asked her to place them at a fence and then go back to the house, saying he was "not fit" to be seen. This she did, so he cleaned up and came to her home and asked about Blythe. Blythe had not yet returned, so Tom said he would stay with her until

Blythe did return and help her with the crop, etc. Time dragged on and no word of Blythe. Finally she heard that a man who lived several miles away had not returned. He had been in the same outfit as Blythe. Matt made the journey to see this man to ask him about Blythe. There was a long talk but somehow no satisfactory words. Finally Matt knew she must return home and she pointedly asked about Blythe. The man (whose name best be forgotten) still did not answer but went into his house, came back with a blanket and another item or two that Matt knew belonged to Blythe, and "tossed" these at Matt, and by a few words intimated that she would never see Blythe again. Matt returned home, deeply depressed, and years later, as she would tell it, she was still hurt at this experience. The summer dragged on and still no word of what had happened to Blythe. Then, in the fall of 1865, one day she was in the smokehouse spinning or weaving, smoking a corn cob pipe. During a pause in her work she heard a "hello" out at her gate. No one had to tell her who it was. She shot out of that smokehouse door - see Blythe; And she never saw her corn cob pipe after that; said she never needed it again, but she did not know what happened to it. - - Blythe? Where had he been and how did he finally get home? Not long before the war ended he had been taken prisoner by the Northern soldier who (both he and his captor believed) he had some time before wounded in the arm with the one shot he had fired in combat. Blythe was released from prison at the end of the war, but was in very poor health. He had been able to get to the home of his sister Elizabeth Blythe and her husband, James McCollum near Monroe, Union Co., N.C. (They never left the old family home). With the chaotic conditions existing in the South, there was almost no way to get a message to his wife, in far away, deeply rural, western Alabama. Elizabeth (little Grandma to all McCollums) and James took good care of Blythe all during the summer and got him back to fair health, then sent him on his way home. How he traveled or how long it took him to make the trip, I do not know. I do believe that grandmother said that he first went to one of his brother's and the brother let him have an animal (a mule, I believe) to get on to Matt and Emma. It was a happy reunion. With the return of Blythe, Matt's brother Tom, returned to South Central Alabama, married and reared a family. About a year after Blythe's return a son was born to them but died immediately. Then on 18 October 1867, another son was born and also named James Alexander; James for his uncle James McCollum who had helped to take care of his father in the summer of 1865 and Alexander for his grand father (Blythe's father). On 20 May 1870, Joseph Joshua (Joseph for his own father and Joshua for his mother's (Matt) father) was born, but "Josh" as he was called, lived only until October 14, 1881; it is said that he never seemed to be healthy. Blythe himself was never in good health after returning from the war. He followed farming largely. The Grange a farmers' organization, was begun in his community and Blythe was elected Secretary of it. He was asked to write out deeds, letters, etc., by people in his community. His only son to live, James Alexander said that Blythe was well respected in the community, he was honest and trusted by everyone. He (Blythe) died 4 August, 1882, leaving a widow (Matt) and a son not yet 15 years old. Blythe had homesteaded an 80 acre plot about 1 mile northwest of present day (1972) Taxey, Alabama, but had not lived on it long enough to complete proof of residence. His widow (Matt) and son (James) remained on it and completed the legal proof. Emma, the child companion during Matt's long, lonely "War Years" and the only other child to live to adulthood, had married John Carney on 24 Nov., 1877. Matt had many grandchildren that she took a great interest in and enjoyed.

(The following was located at the end of page 11, Vol. III, No. 5 of the Central Florida Genealogical and Historical Society's Newsletter, which completed the newsletter).

Contributed by Peola I. Stuart, N. B. I have received correspondence from the lady who wrote of her grandmother having served as collateral. (See story in Genealogical Helper.