

MAYBEE SOCIETY *Communicator*

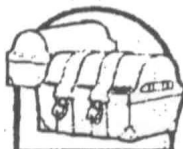
DECEMBER 1995

ISSUE 28

Our Wish for You on the 12 Days of Christmas



A Patriarch in your family tree



Two Attic Trunks



Three Town Clerks



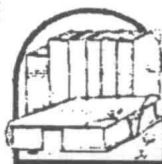
Four Dutch Men



Five Early Lines



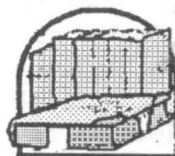
Six Wills in Probate



Seven Diaries Brimming



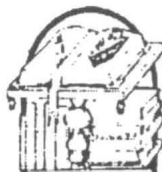
Eight Closet Skeletons



Nine Family Bibles



Ten Knights on Horses



Eleven Books on Heraldry



Twelve Kings of France

ROBERT MAYBEE THE SCILLONIAN POET

F. D. G. Somers, #I 11 thought this might be of interest to other members of the family.

The Isles of Scilly Museum, publication #9 at St. Marys, Isle of Scilly, United Kingdom, is dedicated to Robert Maybee the Scillonian poet. The book is divided into three parts: An introduction; Robert Maybee's own account of his life and some of his poems. The booklet contains about 72 pages. Each page being 8 1/2 by 11.

The following is from the introduction and I am using it because of its conciseness and brevity although the entire book is charming.

"There is little that can be said of Robert Maybee that he himself does not tell us in his Sixty Eight Years of Experience. He tells us that his father was a native of the Isle of Wight and came to Scilly to work on the windmill on Peninnis. This was probably in 1798, when the windmill changed hands. His father William Maybee, then aged 27, married a daughter of a well-known Scillonian family, Florence Mumford, on 26th December 1799. William and Florence had a family of ten children, Robert being the fifth, at least four, probably five of them dying in childhood.

Shortly after the death of her husband in 1834, Florence wrote out a list of the births and deaths in the family and this paper still exists, showing that she wrote well and ended her list with a piece of doggerel verse. It may be thought strange that she did not teach her son to read and write. Robert tells us that he lived on Peninnis for more than forty years. His mother died in 1852 and this was doubtless the occasion of his abandoning the house in which the family had lived for more than half a century. The mill, as such, had been closed down in 1826.

The earliest dated of Robert's printed verse appears to be 1871 but there were certainly earlier ones, for in 1857 he was before the magistrate charged with 'having sold certain ballads or songs about the streets without being duly licensed.' In the same year he also faced the much more serious charge of being a dealer in marine stores without having his name over his premises as required by the Act'. It is strange that none of these earlier printed verses seem to have survived. Many of the earlier ones were probably never printed. Robert learning them by heart and reciting them at doors where he could find listeners while hawking his fruit, receiving in

exchange a few extra coppers or in some cases, we are told, a meal. He tells us that he made over a hundred crossings to Penzance on all of which he probably worked for his passage, returning with a load of fruit for sale. Robert had a sister Esther or Hester, who had married James Hicks, a pilot who lived on Porthcressa. It has been said that he lodged with them for many years. We have a description when he was about 75 years of age, 'a pathetic little man with a kind face, yellowish curls and redrimmed weak eyes. Robert would come to our backdoor selling his poems; our people always gave him money for his poems and also a meal. He was welcome in many island houses.' He has also been described as 'an insignificantlooking little man with weak blue eyes and curly hair, and always very cheerful.' It is possible that by September 1886 his sister Ester had died, but whatever the reason, it was at that time he entered the local Poor House where he lived for more than five years, continuing to have his verses printed and selling them with his fruit. He died there in December 1891 at the age of eighty-one."

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

It seems to me as days fly by
And I grow older every year,
That childhood memories often come
And passing time makes them more dear.
I see a rainbow in the sky —
It's suddenly ribbons for my hair.
I hear the laughter of a child,
And once again - I'm carried there,
In memory to the home I knew,
Where love and joy were always spread,
And I recall that special day
When Mother baked our daily bread.
We children all would gather 'round
And help her knead and shape the dough.
The odor of those baking loaves
Is something every child should know.
A mother's life is easier now,
But, oh, I think so much is missin'
For any child who's never sat
And smelled bread baking in the kitchen.

Marjorie M. Eisner

INTERVIEW WITH MARY ANNIE BROWN ON HER 100TH BIRTHDAY

I understand you have lived in this community most of your life, but you were born near Brantford. What brought you to Oxford County?

I came to Oxford County shortly after I was married. Nineteen years old. I was born at Burtch's landing on the bank of the Grand River near Brantford. It was named after my father, Absolom Burtch. His father was Edee Burtch. My mother was Elizabeth Mabee, daughter of Simon Mabee. My grandfather, Simon Mabee had a farm at Piper's Comers. He was a United Empire Loyalist from Massachusetts in the early 1800's. He and his uncle, Zacharius Burtch, founded a Baptist Church congregation near Beachville in 1808. The first church erected here in 1822. Destroyed by fire in 1866. The congregation went to Woodstock after the fire. Simon Mabee became an evangelist.

Mary Annie born Sep. 20, 1823, married Charles H. Brown, 1842. Had 6 children: 3 girls 3 boys. Lucinda Amelia, b. 1843 married Sylvester Hill. Clarissa Annie b. 1846 married William Courtney Hill.

Bert Hill of Folden's Comers has a son Earl, grandson of Clarissa and William and my great grandson. He has recently gone to Windsor to teach school.

Ida May - youngest girl, married George Nichols, lives in Centerville.

Oliver Phelps Brown, born in 1848. He never married. He was crippled with arthritis. Was able to be a mail carrier. He lived with me for many years, for a long time. He died several years ago.

Clarence - born 1851. He and his wife Eliza, lived in the Ingersoll area.

Newton - my baby. He died as a very young child. That's all my family.

My father, Absolom Burtch, had two sisters and one Brother. They were David and Olive and Loveince (Lovice?). I had a (?) sister, Clarissa, who married a man by the name of Almas. People by the name of Burtch, Mabee and Almas still live in Oxford County.

Grandma Brown, What was it like living in Burtch's landing in the 1800's?

In those days, my parents used to bring their provisions all the way from Lockport over the American Border. They used horses for this, but it was oxen my father used for farm clearing. On the wilderness trails, it was necessary to ride horses, as the trails were too rough and narrow for any conveyance.

I well remember the Indians in my girlhood days. I learned the Indian dialect (Mohawk) and could speak it so well that they called me the 'Yankee Squaw'. My father spoke

the entire Six Nations' dialect and was highly regarded by the Indians.

Shortly after I was married, my husband and I came to Oxford to live. We had been in the States (USA) two years prior to coming here. That is about 79 years ago, in 1844.

We settled out near Folden's corners on what is now known as the Davis place. There was nothing but forest about our little home which was new then. In fact, I had to walk around a big pine tree to get to our front door. Heard a rooster crow and went to find neighbors.

Were there any villages close?

At this time Brantford had only two or three shacks, a tavern, a store and a butcher's shop. There was nothing else. Queen Victoria later established a school there and a college, and had teachers hired for them. She was a good woman. Then there was Ingersoll. It had only one grocery store. That store was down by the bank of a small creek on King Street. It was kept by a man named Eastwood. Now they have built this all up and one can't see the creek for King Street has been built right over it. There were but a few houses or shacks here then.

I understand you traveled to Woodstock and Brantford often. What was it like to travel in those days?

I used to go to Woodstock a lot in those days, for I had some of my schooling there. I walked this distance under very different conditions to what you have nowadays. I would set out afoot early in the morning after taking care of my family, animals and milking 6 cows. I would walk it back again that same day, go and get my six cows and have them all milked by supper time.

When the electric line came to Ingersoll from Woodstock, it made it a lot easier for me. I did not have to walk the distance - but I did. Sometimes I took the street car down and back and then would walk out here and get my cows milked just the same.

After coming here, I frequently made visits to my home in Brantford. This was a very difficult trip, when I went, I went to see my people in Brantford. I remember one time, I was setting out to go down there. I had two little children then. The big storms used to make the traveling through the woods very hard, and in places almost impossible. After these big blows, the trees, of course, lay scattered in all directions. The trail would be blocked and you could not walk around them, for the under-growth and standing trees made that impossible. You simply had to walk up over the tops of the fallen trees. When I came to these places, I would set down one of my children while I carried the other over the fallen trees. I would then set this one down and return for the other. It made it very hard.

I could tell you many interesting stories of traveling the

wilderness trails on horse back. We used to make the trips from Brantford to Oxford County when I was young. I remember one day in particular when my Mother and I were coming to Oxford from Brantford through the woods. The raspberries grew thick beside the trail, and, of course, I wanted to get off every little while and eat them. The bushes were just loaded. We ate and ate and finally my mother urged me to come on, telling me that there was nothing but forest through which we had to pass and one could not tell what might happen - what dangers might lie ahead.

The Indians in those days were very treacherous. I well remember the day when they were taken to law for the first time. I remember the day one was arrested for something he had done. One took up the yell and passed it on to another. It was passed on from one to another until by night it had gone many miles. I remember one of them holding a gun to my father's chest one day, with threats he was going to shoot. My father slipped his hand up the barrel by degrees until he could snatch the flint out of it, which he did.

The Indians here in Oxford were very friendly. I never locked my doors at night, and sometimes when I would get up in the morning, there would be several Indians asleep on the kitchen floor, lying in a circle, feet towards the stove. The Indians made a bread called 'Cricket Bread'.

I never had any trouble with wild animals on my travels, but the wolves used to be terribly hard on the sheep, and many were killed. I remember one time at the Folden's that the men caught one in a wolf-pit constructed for the purpose. They did something I thought was awful. They skinned it alive, because it had killed so many lambs. I always thought it was awful that they should treat a dumb animal that way.

I remember once that a deer came right into my kitchen on the Davis farm, while I was mixing dough for bread. She put her nose right into the dish and I had to push her away. I never learned for sure, but she must have been half tamed by someone.

Old King George was not a good man. He was very profane and bad otherwise. All the others were very good. I planted oak trees out in the yard for Queen Alexandra and King Edward about 20 years ago. They are big trees now. I also brought walnut trees from down Brantford way to plant here. The ones around here were too small and not very good; the Brantford trees were big and better. They are bearing fine now and have been for some years.

Some years ago, I went to my grandson, Bert Hill, at Folden's, he's a blacksmith, and asked him to pull my last tooth, which was giving me considerable trouble. I had brought a string, twisted and doubled, which I thought would be strong enough for the ordeal. Bert said he didn't think the string would be strong enough, and would get a pair of forceps from his black-smith shop. I took my place by the window and gave him the order to proceed. The tooth, a front

lower one, was soon out. Bert said, "Here's your tooth Grandma, do you want it?" I said "No, I have had it long enough." I cleaned my mouth with some water and made preparation to go home. Before I left I drew, from a little parcel I had, a pound of fresh butter. I said to Bert, "I want you to take this for your trouble." He refused to take it saying he was glad to rid me of the troublesome tooth. "But," I said, "It was worth more than that to me. No one would pull that tooth for me, not even the dentists, who said they feared I might bleed to death because of my age. I have suffered a great deal with it, and because of it, I could hardly bear the taste in my mouth." I won the point and left the butter, fooling very happy all the way home. Bert said he had a very unpleasant fooling when I told him about the dentist's fear of my bleeding to death, but that all turned out to be a professional mistake.

On my 100th birthday, on September 20th, I had an interview with the *Sentinel Review* reporter. He asked me a lot of questions. I told him I had lived alone for ten years in my little home out here on the side road south of Folden's Corners. All last summer I walked a mile and a quarter to church in Folden's. A couple of years ago I made a mistake in the day. This day, I trudged afoot all the way to Folden's and thought as I came along, of the wicked men who were working in the fields on Sunday. When I got to church I found it wasn't a Sunday but a holiday.

On my 100th birthday, I received a letter from the former Premier of the opposition, Arthur Meighen, congratulating me on reaching one hundred years of age. I'm very proud of it. Well, I have never worn eyeglasses in all my life. I tried them once but found they were not as good as my own eyes, so I laid them aside. I read, write, and sew just as well as I ever did. I am somewhat hard of hearing, but I manage. I do all my own cooking and housework. The neighbors are good to me and come and visit and help at times which I appreciate. I try to be temperate in all things, even to eating. My health this summer has been better than it has been for many years. I go to church whenever I can, walking the mile and a quarter to Folden's on Sunday. I read my Bible every day - this little Bible I have here is one of the greatest comforts I have."

"I have given most of my furniture away so I will know where it is. I have a pair of handmade scissors which are 140 years old. I have a chair 80 years old, another 79 years old. I have a picture of my five generations on the wall which I am proud of. I also have my grandmother's picture, with her five generations. I also have a picture of my son, Oliver, near my favorite chair. It has been hard alone, these years. since my poor boy died. Poor Oliver was such company for me, for I always knew he would be home with me at night. Every day my heart hungers for him - it has been so hard. It has been very hard without him. I miss him so much every day. He was so good to me. He had to walk with two canes.

Yes, I have two letters from my husband, which I treasure very much. He went to the states many years ago to make his fortune, but things didn't always work out for him. But, he was always concerned about me and the children.

I have one letter from California, dated February 28, 1892, in answer to one of mine. In it he said he was working hard and sending me money by my brother Wentworth, but apparently he kept the money as I never received it. He asks about each of the children and sends some little message to each. He said he received the little curl of hair from little Newton and he wouldn't take a thousand dollars for it. He asked Ida to send a lock of her hair to him. He asked Lucinda to read all his letters. He mentions Sylvester who is Lucinda's husband. He sent his love to all of us. He sent Clarissa's gold ring he found and asked her to wear it, 'And when you look at it, remember your Pa.'

Then there is another letter from him from Elk Horn, Shelby County, dated Aug. 16 1869, written to Oliver. He wanted Oliver to go to a doctor, he would send him money, or he might come out to Elkhorn and stay with him.

He said he had a farm of 60 acres and is going to build a small house on it. He suggested I sell this farm here and with that money he could buy a farm for every child in the family, which would have been worth more than my whole place. He said what he had he wouldn't give for the best farm in Oxford Co. If they would come out, Sylvester could have a farm of his own and William might be rich in 5 years, if he were there and so could the whole family. But,' he added, 'If they don't believe me, I can't help it.' He said he was sending \$20 to me in this letter.

I also have two pictures of me: one when I was a young girl, and another taken recently.

This summer has been the loneliest one I have ever had. The weather has been of such a nature that the farmers had to use every means they could find, to get their work done and this upset the women somewhat. They did not come to see me so much. But I have my house to keep, my many memories, my family pictures, my many friends, my health, my Bible to read, so life is full and pleasant.

NOTE: Mrs. Mary Annie Brown died in 1924 at the age of 101. She is buried in Harris Street Cemetery, south of the archway and near the road. Her life 1823-1904.

Her daughter Lucinda and husband Sylvester Hill, son Clarence and wife, Eliza, her beloved son Oliver and little Newton, are all buried in adjacent plots in Harris Street Cemetery.

"Together in Life - Together in Death"

REUNIONS:

Watch for local reunions and don't forget the reunion in Salt Lake City, Utah on July 18 & 19. You will be hearing more about it or you can write

BILL AND ZINA MAYBEE

P.O. BOX 601

FARMINGTON, UT 84025-0601

PH # (801) 451-7013

De Brenner, #101 and President John A. Maybee want to know if you would like an annual or a bi-annual reunion in Florida. Contact:

DE BRENNER

96 HIBISCUS DR

PUNTAGORDA, FL 33950

Phone: 813-039-5996

QUERIES

Charles Case Stoodley, #147 is seeking more information on some members of the Van Patten Family: He would like to learn more of Alonzo Van Patten of Ogden, Utah. Alonzo was born 1848, died bef. 1900. He was the younger brother of Silas Van Patten of Duanesburg, New York 1840-1932. Alonzo married (1) Ida Ann Liddles of Duanesburg, New York (she died young). He married (2) Jennie Halls or Deforest.

He is also interested in learning more of Nicholas A. Van Patten (son of Aaron, Nicholase, Fredreckse, Dirkse, Arentse, Claase). He was bone May 4, 1856, probably Glenville, New York. From Charles' Mother's notes we read "Cousin Nick had thick glasses and moved to Seattle, Washington by 1900."

If you can help Charles write him at:



CHARLES C. STOODLEY
502 197 WELLESLEY ST. E.
TORONTO, ONTARIO
M4X 1E9 CANADA
PHONE: 416-926-0615

MORE ABOUT THE VAN PATTENS

We learn that Frances Van Patter Hindmarsh, #160 has nearly completed the manuscript for her book on the Van Patten Family. She has had the cooperation of many family members including our own President, John A. Maybee, and Donald A. Keeper from the Schenectady County Historical Society.

WELCOME

DOUGLAS CAMERON MABEE # 177
19 DAVEAN DRIVE WILLOWDALE, ONTARIO
M2L 2R6 CANADA

JOINT EFFORTS ON CANADIAN LINES

Doug Mabey recently wrote, "As member #177, who has just recently retired, I will have more time to continue my hobby, genealogy, and look forward to the research and correspondence with new friends that it entails.

Peter Johnson #11 met my wife Martha (common interest art) in 1987 at a school where I used to teach Mathematics. We met and he instilled an interest in the Mabey/Maybee clan in me. In the 1960's my father Harold had communicated with Royal Mabey for approximately a year and some of the material that you kindly sent to me originated here; (there are errors).

Initially, Peter very kindly shared the material that he and Angela had collected on my branch of the Mabey's here in Ontario east of Toronto. There are at least seven different branches in this geographical area with at least four branches located in any given place. Needless to say that a thorough investigation is required to sort the various branches out.

The main branches that Peter and I are investigating might be classified by the original landowner (settler) around the time of the Revolutionary War approx. 1783/1790.

These ancestors are as follows:

#	NAME	TOWNSHIP
M 1	Capt. Abraham Maybee	Adolphustown/Murray
M2	John Mabey	Ameliasburgh/Murray/Thurlow
M3	Tobias Mabey	Hope/Thurlow/Hamilton
M4	John Mabey	Ernestown/Stirling
M5	Peter Mabey	Hastings/Athol

My ancestor is #M2, John Mabey 1749-1817 and I have 44 Word Perfect files on this branch as well as a partial FAMTIES record.

Peter and Angela's ancestor is #M1 Captain Abraham Maybee and their material is excellent and fun to read. I also have much of this as 35 WordPerfect files developed from Royal Mabey's microfilm (copy found in St. John, New Brunswick, Can.) R. D. Maybee's records and personal research.

If Peter and Angela are willing, I will be happy to reproduce their material on computer as soon as my system is compatible with GEDCOM files. But there is more!

We both have rather extensive files on the other Mabey/ Maybee/ Mabey branches found in south-eastern Ontario. I have 38 WordPerfect files on #M3 Tobias Maybee (possible brother of #M2 John Mabey), 8 WordPerfect files on #M4 John Mabey 1775-1851 (son of Peter Mabey c1734-1777) and 6 WordPerfect files on #M5 Peter Maybee 1795-1870.

You also might be interested in some information about a William Henry Maybee who left New York prior to his Sydney, Australia, marriage in 1842 to Margaret Clancy. I obtained this latter information in 1993 when I was on a teacher exchange to Australia.

Peter and I discussed the possibility of dividing up the families as follows: Peter continues with the #M1 branch and I continue with #M2/3.

I know how busy both he and Angela are with the United Empire Loyalist (U.E.L.) matters at the moment and thus I assume my first job will be to put #M1 material on the computer (everyone willing)."

EDWARD MILO MABEY

Our member, Edward Milo Mabey, #24, has died. From the book , Our Father's House, written by his father Charles Rendell Mabey in 1947, we learn "Edward Milo, born at Bountiful, Utah, February 26, 1919. Edward received his education at the University of Utah and in San Francisco, California, where he studied the ins and outs of insurance while working for the Pacific National Fire Insurance Company. He also holds a major credit in this field from the University of Tennessee. Edward married Edrice Louise Haslam (born in Salt Lake City, Utah, August 2, 1920) in Cambridge, Massachusetts, July 23rd, 1940. They have one son: James Edward, born November 11, 1942, in San Francisco, California. Edward served in the Navy during the late War, entering in October, 1943 and remaining until its close. He was stationed at Camp Endicott and later went to Adak in the Western Aleutians. He now represents the Phoenix group of insurance companies and has his headquarters in Salt Lake City." We might add that his father was elected as Governor of the State of Utah in 1920. With a campaign and a brand new baby that must have been quite a year for his Mother, Afton Amanda Rampton Mabey.

WHERE IS KEVIN

Kevin Alexander had decided to move back to the United States. He had all of his furniture moved, came back and bought a car, But. he decided he was homesick for Germany so moved back. He was in the United States for about one month. He had lived in Germany for 11 years. You will therefore find him at his former address in Germany:

KEVIN E. ALEXANDER # 26 LIEBIGSTR 12
30163 HANNOVER GERMANY
PHONE: 06332-13350

VAN ORDERS

Leigh Boen is looking for Van Orders. If you can help, write Leigh:

LEIGH BOEN
P. O. BOX 1251
AMERICAN FORK, UT 84003-9998

JOHN SMITH OR EARL VAN ORDEN

FROM AN ASSOCIATED PRESS ARTICLE WE READ:



"LOS ANGELES: John Smith, who changed his name from Robert Earl Van Orden as a joke, then gained starring roles in the TV westerns Laramie and Cimarron City, has died at the age of 63. Mr. Smith, whose acting career peaked in the late 1950's died at his home here Jan 25. ...

Talent agent Henry Wilson - who had 'discovered' and named Rock Hudson and Tab Hunter - accompanied the actor to court to change his name.

'You mean you've got a good name like Robert Earl Van Orden, and you want to take a common name like John Smith? the Judge asked.

'Yes, just plain John Smith' the actor said. I'm the only one in the business.'

He played a deputy sheriff in Cimarron City from 1958 to 1959, then shared top billing in Laramie, playing a rancher in the Wyoming Territory. The show ran from 1959 to 1963."

THE MABEE HOUSE

by Kathy Johnson, Co-chair - Maybee Farm Committee in the Schenectady County Historical Society Newsletter

The Mabee Farm committee had a busy summer and is looking forward to a productive winter. The most exciting news is that we are negotiating with Linda and Richard Nilsen of Johnstown, New York, who are donating their circa 1780 Dutch Barn to the Mabee farm. It is a magnificent two story structure with details that make it a one-of-a-kind barn according to Everett Rau, President of the Dutch Barn Society. Moving the barn to the property will enable the Society to fulfill its goal of creating an educational facility at the farm, as well as to provide opportunities for the community, individuals and the society to use the farm for other purposes.

We are still waiting to hear from the State of New York regarding the \$200,000 grant we applied for through the Historic Preservation Department of State Parks and Recreation. This money would be earmarked specifically for the rehabilitation of the Brick building and the Inn, with a small amount of work to be done on the house itself. As we are all aware, the two smaller structures are in desperate need of attention to their infrastructure. The Mabee family took wonderful care of the property for nearly 300 years, but nature and time take their toll and major work needs to be done before we can proceed with access and use of these buildings as a part of the museum.

Both the above tasks will require funding, and we are proceeding with plans for a fund-raising campaign to begin in

January of 1996. In addition we will be sending out our new brochure on the farm in the very near future. We hope that many people in the Schenectady area will want to become more involved in the work of the farm and will join the Friends of the Mabee Farm. There are many jobs that need to be done, and all levels of involvement available for those who wish to participate.

Another exciting project on the horizon is the participation of Master Gardeners of Cornell Extension in the landscaping and gardening plans out at the farm. A long range plan is being developed and we will begin execution it next year.

If any is interested in becoming more active in the farm please call me (Kathy Johnson) or Derek Sayers or just leave a message at the Society.

MABEE FARM

"We are sorry to receive the resignation of Howard Bliss as co-chairperson of our Mabee Farm Committee. Howard has been on the committee since its inception and did a tremendous amount of work producing a comprehensive report that should enable us to receive various grants and other types of help. He has agreed to remain on our Board of trustees and act as a consultant of the Mabee Farm Committee," writes Bob Sager, President of the Schenectady County Historical Society in their November-December Newsletter.

ERIC MAYBEE

In a special feature book in the December 1955 Reader's Digest, entitled No Place So Beautiful, by Katie McCabe the story of RE. Losee, M. D. and his experiences in Ennis, Montana and the surrounding Madison Valley. On page 204 we read of Erick (Eric Herbert) Maybee's death: "Always overshadowing his triumphs, however, was the specter of failure and death. Just three weeks after he delivered Charlotte Hansen, he lost his first patient. Erick (Eric) Maybee was injured horribly when a horse fell on top of him, driving the pommel of the saddle into his abdomen and crushing his liver. By the time Ron reached him, the young man was already dying. Ron tried everything he knew to save him, and when that failed, he rushed him to the hospital in Bozeman for liver surgery- only to watch him die outside the operating room." We would like to thank those who called or wrote to send us the above information. Eric Herbert Maybee, b. 1909 was the son of Orlow Maybee, 1876 & Elizabeth York, son of Milo Maybee, 1844/45 & Mary Amanda Rufus; son of David Maybee b. 1800 & Mary Mowland; son of David Maybee, 1761/62 & Gertrud "Charity" Freimeyer. He is my father, and the father of other members of the Maybee Society. He is grandfather to some members and a close relative to others. More is told of him in newsletter #2.



HAPPY HANUKKAH

NEW ADDRESSES

A new Address for Merry H. McClary:

MERRY McCLARY #109
5541 CREEK VIEW CT.
MASON, OHIO 45040
PHONE: 513-459-8426

Sister Suzanne has moved:

SIS. SUZANNE ALLYN, SEC #145
2991 E. CHESTNUT AVE. B14
VINELAND, NEW JERSEY 08360
PHONE: 609-205-1689

New address for:

MRS. TEDYE THOMPSON #131
6534 KINGFISHER LN
EDEN PRAIRIE, MINNESOTA 55346-1829

KYM AND WALTER LEWIS #62
TOWN AND COUNTRY APARTMENT
3900 JUPITER LANE #C203
BUTTE, MONTANA 59701

MARILYN SPITTLE
13469 MARION ST.
THORNTON, CO 80241

Chuck and Marilyn Spittle and family have moved west. They write, "What a year it has been! First, Kim decided to become a missionary and was called to serve in California, L. A. area (English Speaking) where she is now doing extremely well as a senior companion. Then Sean received his mission call to Brazil, where he is now battling huge spiders and hot weather near the Equatorial jungle; says he can understand all of the (speaking Portuguese) Brazilians who have teeth! In between Kim and Sean, Grandma Betty also went to serve a mission in Winnipeg, Canada. We are just a missionary family this year and that is probably why all of the blessings.

Missionaries aren't all we are thankful for, though. Chuck got a job transfer (with raise) to Colorado where we have bought a new house and where we finally moved at the end of September with our entourage of dog, cat, birds, fish and children. All except fish survived and are doing well. My mother, Carma Nelson Van Orden Godfrey, and my grandmother, Wilma Kimball Nelson are living in Lake Oswego, Oregon and are doing well. We are enjoying the Denver area, looking forward to living here for about 5 years."

ELIZABETH BOORSMA JOINS THE FAMILY IN FLORIDA

Liz is another member of the family who goes to Florida each winter. Her address there is:

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HAPPY HOLIDAYS

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Rejoice This Christmas Season

