



Next GSOC Meeting

January 9, 2016 10:00 a.m.
The Heritage Museum of Northwest Florida

Presentation by Hank Klein

Mr. Klein will tell us about the history of Shoals. What was once the small village of Destin has extended itself well into Walton County now. Although there is a sign on the side of the road as you drive east indicating you are leaving Okaloosa County and entering Walton County, folks today consider it all just Destin. No one remembers that at one time the area as you entered Walton County was called Shoals.



And the farmers grew orange trees.

His research indicates that the long forgotten area of Shoals was renamed Miramar Beach by Michael and Marion Grimaldi who bought property there and envisioned a seaside community of retirees enjoying the sugar white beaches.

Their daughter still lives at Miramar Beach and has sold what remained of over 156 acres that Col. Michael Grimaldi homesteaded in 1927 - free land the United States government gave him and other early settlers who staked out their claim in this remote area of Florida.

Shoals, Florida, is no longer remembered. But the founder of Miramar Beach is remembered in the lobby of Sacred Heart Hospital - Emerald Coast where you can see the name of Col. Michael Grimaldi prominently displayed.

Mr Klein has long been interested in the history of Destin, Florida and the genealogy of his father-in-law's and mother-in-law's families (Marler and Shirah) who both came from pioneer Destin Families. Klein's books document that family research. He also contributed historical research for Tony Mennillo's book *Salty Memories along the Coastal Highway - Historic Stories of Destin and the Emerald Coast* which included many stories about Leonard Destin and the early settlers of Destin, Florida. He has spoken to the GSOC on several occasions concerning his historical and genealogical research.

Klein lived for many years in both Okaloosa and Bay Counties. He is now retired from his Credit Union management career, and he and his wife (the former Muriel Marler of Destin, Florida) live in Arkansas. He can be contacted at klein@aristotle.net or at 501 256-7474.

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GSOC Meeting Minutes December 12th

The Boathouse Landing, Valparaiso, FL
by Jim Young, 2015 GSOC President

The 2015 Annual Meeting of the GSOC was in the form of a Christmas Luncheon. Thirty-one reservations were made and members and their guests began arriving shortly before 11:00 and registered. Charlene Grafton collected 2016 dues from those who wanted to renew at this time.

The GSOC membership form is on page 2. Charlene requested that all renewing or new members bring a copy of this completed form along with their membership dues (cash or check) to the January 9th meeting.

After a period of socializing, genealogist and former president Margaret Harris led a mixer game in which members and guests asked questions of each other from a printed list and, after a fixed period, the person who had the most answers was the winner. Hilma Jenus, with 15 responses, was the winner.

Jim Young, the outgoing GSOC president, then recognized and expressed the Society's appreciation for the work of the 2015 officers and introduced the 2016 officers. He reviewed with them the Society's expectations for them and reflected on the specific duties of each.

President - Sue Basch
1st VP (Programs) - Charlene Grafton
2nd VP (Membership) - Jon Sheperd
Treasurer - Phil Hoge
Recording Secretary - Kathie Sheperd
Corresponding Secretary - Val Moreland

Having declared the 2016 officers duly installed, Jim then turned the meeting over to Sue Basch, the new president. Sue presented Jim with several tokens of the Society's appreciation for his service as president for 2014 and 2015

Charlene Grafton, the 2016 1st VP (Programs), announced that the January meeting will be held at the Heritage Museum and will be presented by Hank Klein who will report on his further research into the settlers of the greater Destin area.

Fellowship continued as the restaurant served and we enjoyed the excellent food we had earlier selected.

GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY OF OKALOOSA COUNTY
P.O. Box 1175, Fort Walton Beach, FL 32549-1175
<http://www.rootsweb.com/~flocgs> [E-mail:gsocokaloosa@yahoo.com](mailto:gsocokaloosa@yahoo.com)

I hereby apply for membership **or the renewal** of my membership in the Genealogical Society of Okaloosa County

ANNUAL DUES (Membership Year 1 Jan-31 Dec)
Individual \$24.00 Family \$35.00 (For Individual & spouse at the same address)
Please PRINT or TYPE all information:

Name _____

Address: _____

Preferred Telephone (Home/Cell): _____

E-Mail: _____ **Date:** _____

Can your information be shared with other members:
Name: Yes ___ **No** ___ **Address: Yes** ___ **No** ___ **Phone: Yes** ___ **No** ___ **Email: Yes** ___ **No** ___

Please circle your level of experience: Beginner Intermediate Advanced Family Genealogist Professional

Please indicate areas of GSOC in which you are interested

Newsletter ___ Web Site ___ Chair a committee ___ Member of a committee ___ Christmas Party ___
Short term Committee ___ Historian ___ Take Field trips ___ Organize Field Trips ___ Suggest Speakers ___
Journal Editor ___ Journal Staff Member ___ Write Articles for Journal ___ Recording Secretary ___
Corresponding Secretary ___ Treasurer ___ Publicity ___ Give Genealogy Presentation ___
Nomination Committee ___ Genealogist ___ President ___ Membership VP ___ Programs VP ___

Research: Name of families and states you are researching

Surname	State or Area

Surname	State or Area

**PLEASE MAIL THIS FORM ALONG WITH YOUR CHECK TO THE GSOC POST OFFICE ADDRESS ABOVE
(OR BRING THE FORM AND YOUR CHECK TO THE NEXT MEETING OF THE SOCIETY)**

GSOC Annual Meeting 12 December 2015

Installation of Officers

Photos by Jon Sheperd

← The GSOC Officers for 2015 were (left to right), Bob Basch, Treasurer; Del Lessard, 1st Vice President for Programs; Jim Young, President; Charlene Grafton, 2nd Vice President for Membership; Carl Laws, Corresponding Secretary; and Pat Pruett, Recording Secretary.



The GSOC Officers for 2016: →

L-R: Val Moreland, Corresponding Secretary and Publicity Chairman; Kathy Sheperd, Recording Secretary; Phil Hoge, Treasurer; Sue Basch, President; Jon Sheperd, 2nd Vice President for Membership; Charlene Grafton, 1st Vice President for Programs.



The Okaloosa County Courthouse

The courthouse was originally built in 1918, just three years after the county was formed. In 1955, it was substantially remodeled and the jail removed but certain portions of the interior remained the same. The county commissioners recently voted to tear it down completely and build a new one on the same site.

Proposed designs are being considered and the one shown here was one that was approved by the Historic Preservation Board. The courthouse's main entrance will face downtown Crestview and there will be no entrance on the U.S. Highway 90 side. The existing courthouse is expected to be vacated by February 2016 and then demolished. The new courthouse's construction is expected to take 16 to 18 months. In the interim, most court functions will relocate to the courthouse extension in Fort Walton Beach.



Original Courthouse 1918



Substantial remodeling 1955



Proposed front façade of new building

The Execution of Private Johnson, July 23rd, 1863

Death came in many forms during the Civil War. One of the strangest deaths of all was the execution of a Union soldier by his own comrades.

Alex J. Johnson enlisted in the 1st Alabama Cavalry (Union) on June 1st, 1863. On the 19th he deserted his post and compounded his crime by joining up with a local band of Confederate guerillas. Soon after his desertion he was captured in the uniform of the enemy. A court martial was convened and considered his case but it was a foregone conclusion. For desertion to the enemy there could be only one result: death by firing squad.

On July 23rd the officers and men of the Corinth (Mississippi) garrison gathered at the parade grounds on the east side of town to witness the execution. It was an intensely hot morning and by 8 a.m. the men in the regiments which had assembled were sweating in their uniforms. The troops were arranged on three sides of a hollow square and at 8:30 the procession arrived. A brass band marched into the square playing a solemn dirge, followed by a wagon bearing Johnson sitting on his coffin. Behind them came the detail of eight men from the 1st Alabama who would serve as the firing squad. Seven of the weapons had been loaded with bullets but a single gun was given a blank round. When the weapons were handed out to the firing squad no one knew who had the blank, so, in theory, each man could believe he had not fired one of the fatal bullets. [Actually, the reaction of the rifle when firing a blank is different from when it is firing a lead bullet. So it is likely that the soldiers could tell if they had fired the blank.]

As the procession fully entered the square the wagon was stopped and four men carried the coffin while Johnson walked behind with the Chaplain of the 66th Indiana Infantry. When they reached the center of the clearing the Chaplain and Johnson took off their hats to pray and the condemned man slumped forward, his knees resting against the rough pine box. The firing squad and the officiating officers doffed their hats as well and a photographer from the local studio of Howard & Hall captured the image on a glass plate.



At last Johnson was directed to sit on the edge of his coffin, a blindfold was tied over his eyes and the firing squad came to attention. At exactly four minutes past ten the sentence was carried out. The photographer took a second image of the still blindfolded body lying next to the coffin with his battered hat placed on top of it. The assembled troops were marched past to view the fate of any man caught taking up arms against his comrades. It was a lesson they did not need to see twice.



Johnson was buried in an unmarked grave and his name does not appear on the list of Union soldiers buried in the Corinth National Cemetery.

In accordance with his request, these two photographs were sent to his widow.

Source: National Park Service

A complete and more detailed contemporary account of this execution is found in the history of the 1st Alabama Cavalry at <http://www.1stalabamacavalryusv.com/Roster/Stories.aspx?trooperid=1109>

The Box Supper

by Monette Morgan Young

In 1928 when I was thirteen I was finally allowed to participate in a box supper at our school in the old Reid community in eastern Calhoun County, Mississippi. No one under thirteen was allowed to bring a box. Girls would decorate a nicely-shaped box and make it really pretty with frills and ruffles of pastel crepe paper, or sometimes red and/or white crepe paper frills. The girls, or their parents, furnished the goodies in the box. The highest bidder for each box got to share the food in the box with the girl who brought it. Box suppers were a very popular way to raise funds for the school.



The boy friends of the older girls really bid high on the boxes. There were old stories in the various communities of certain love smitten young men who had to pay \$25 or more for their sweetheart's box. The other young men would realize that it was hers and raise the bidding until he paid that astronomical (in that day) price.

People went to nearby towns and bought "loaf" bread and that great rarity and great delicacy, bananas. The boxes held pieces of cake, pieces of pie, ham, chicken, stuffed eggs, bananas, all such. The parents ate at home before the family went to the school; or they carried undecorated boxes for themselves and their children who weren't participating in the box supper auction.

I was quite excited at the prospect of carrying a box. I think I recall that mine was pink.

There were about fifteen or sixteen boys who would be of an age to bid on and buy our thirteen and fourteen-year-old offerings. The boxes were separated thusly, i.e. the younger girls and the older girls. The big girls' boy friends were working at sawmills, etc., and had more money to spend. Big girls told their sweet hearts what their boxes looked like.

As in all schools there was a caste system in the old Reid school, which is where this box supper I'm writing about was held, about October 1928. There were about three boys in the school who could not, I said to myself, could **NOT** buy my box. I considered some of the "cute" ones who might. I don't know what the criteria for "cute" was. All the boys wore overalls. Some of the "cute" ones were just as poor as those of the lower echelon, but they were in the "cute" category.

I dreamed of who might, just might, buy my box. I prepared it with such care. The night came. They put the little girls' boxes up first. Some were selling for 15¢ and some for 20¢. Then mine went up and my worst fears came to pass. One of the MOST uncute ones of all of those we had deemed 'uncute' began bidding on it. Girls today

might class him as a "nerd". He may have been the only bidder. It sold for 25¢. I almost crawled under the seat. The only consolation I had was that my third cousin **Monette Hannaford's** box went to one maybe worse. But even at thirteen, she had a flair and bravado I never had. Nothing ever embarrassed her.

I sat in my misery until the bidding was over. We were all given our boxes and there was a number on it and our "dinner date" had the number also and we were to find him. I told Mother I would not eat with him. She said I would and that settled it. Monette Hannaford picked up her box and went tripping off, saying, "I've got to find 'my feller' ". I slunk off with mine.

My "feller" and I ate in stony silence. He was as embarrassed as I. I was surprised that I didn't get any more flak from the older girls whose sole joy on this earth was to make the lives of us younger girls pure torment.

About two years ago, I read in the paper that my "feller" from that night had died. My conscience hurt. I'm sorry I was not nicer that miserable night.

Monette Morgan Young, was born in 1915 on her parents' small farm in Calhoun County just east of Reid, MS, and attended rural elementary schools, usually where her mother was teaching at the time. She and **Thomas Young** were married after their graduation from Vardaman (MS) High School and made their home in Vardaman where their three children were born.

Tom Young died a few months after returning from his WWII Army service in 1946 and Monette continued raising their three children with the help of her parents. She became a Licensed Practical Nurse and worked in Calhoun City and Okolona, MS, and for 20 years as the office nurse for Pediatrician Dr. Gilbert Levy in Memphis, TN.



Monette Young

After her retirement in Memphis, she moved to Jackson, MS, to be near her oldest daughter Barbara Young Yancy. Barbara died in 1996 at the age of 62. Monette died there in February 2000 at the age of 84. She was survived by her son her daughter Diana.

Monette loved family and community history and writing. She did extensive research on her own family line (**Morgan, Murphree, Hardin, Swindoll**, and others) as well as on her husband's line (**Young, Richards, Blue, Winter**, and others.)

She won several awards for her poetry and had numerous published articles. She was the author of *The Cherry Hill – Poplar Springs – Reid Community in Calhoun County, Mississippi* and "The Box Supper" story above was extracted from that book.

Her Son, Jim Young

Major Smith, Eglin Field Provost Marshal

At Work and At Home

Major "15Minute" Smith versus the Crestview Marshals by Jim Faircloth

The World War II buildup at Eglin began slowly in late 1939, sped up over the months, and was going full-out by the end of 1942. The size of the base had expanded to become the largest military reservation in the United States, if not in the world. By then Eglin was the Army Air Force Proving Ground Command. Not only was it engaged in dreaming up new combat techniques and equipment for aircraft, but it was engaged in several training missions. One of them was to train Aviation Engineers. Three battalion sized contingents were in training at any one time with staggered completion dates.

All the enlisted personnel in training were black. All the officers, whether doing the training or being trained, were white. The training officers were all college graduates with degrees in Civil Engineering or had experience with large construction companies. Those officers being trained were similarly qualified. The trainees were being instructed in the operation of heavy construction equipment, methods for clearing an area for construction of an airfield, the laying of runways, the use of explosives, etc. They were equivalent to the Navy SeeBees. As a contingent completed training it was immediately shipped out to an overseas destination as an Aviation Engineer Battalion.

Eglin had acquired another distinction. It had the best military provost marshal of all time. I loved the guy. I don't remember, at the time of this incident, whether he was Captain or Major Smith. I shall refer to him as a Major. He had acquired the reputation of responding to anything which affected military law enforcement within 15 minutes anywhere in the area. And it was a large area. He had thereby acquired the sobriquet "15Minute Smith". Wherever he went, he was accompanied by four MPs, all six foot 200 pounders, and the best looking guys in uniform that can be imagined. They were known as "the strong-arm patrol". They were not 15Minute's bodyguards - they were law enforcers.

One of the engineer contingents finished its training and was immediately ordered overseas. They were loaded into a convoy of 6x6s about 5 in the evening and headed for the railhead at Crestview. The first vehicle in the convoy was a jeep carrying a Lieutenant and a sergeant. Their function was to show the way and lead to the point where the convoy was to park and unload. When they arrived in Crestview, the jeep stopped at the edge of the railroad track which crosses the main street and as close to the right edge of the street as possible. The convoy, of course, stopped and waited for further orders. The Lieutenant ordered his driver to cross the railroad, proceed some

distance up Main Street and make a U-turn to go back to the convoy to oversee the off-loading of men and equipment.

Now the main street is unusually wide for a small town and U-turns were quite commonly made by the local populace. As the Lt and Sgt made the turn a Deputy Town Marshal stopped them and placed them under arrest. The Lt tried to explain why they had to make the turn. To no avail. The deputy marshal said the Lt was interfering with a law office. Both soldiers were arrested and taken to jail.

As usual, our hero, 15 Minute Smith, arrived with his strong-arm patrol in the allotted 15 minutes. They entered the jail where the town marshal and his deputy were standing behind the counter.

Major Smith said to the marshal, "I want my officer and sergeant out of your jail. You can't have them," the marshal replied. "One more time - I want them out of your jail." "No way." "Is that your final word?" "You can bet on it."

"Git'em, boys." And with that the strong arm patrol flew over the counter, grabbed the marshal and deputy, disarmed them, removed their badges, took their keys, opened the door to the cell, removed the Lt and Sgt, replaced them with the marshals, and locked the cell door.

15Minute sent the Lt and the Sgt out to their jeep and back to their job of entraining the engineers. He instructed his men to set up a patrol around the jailhouse and let no one enter the building without his instructions or those of a higher authority. Those arriving for work the next morning were denied admittance.

At the time I was a Warrant Officer and Personnel Adjutant of the Proving Ground Command. Arriving early for duty the next morning I saw Major Smith sitting in a chair next to my desk. Then I noticed pistols, holsters, and badges on my desk. I asked the Major, "What's going on?" He told me the astonishing story. I told him that I thought he had goofed and that we must immediately tell the Commanding General. He agreed but decided I should do the telling while he waited in my office.

I went across the hall to the office of the Administrative Adjutant, Lt Griezidieck, and told him of the predicament. We went in to see General Grandison Gardner, the commander of the Proving Ground. We expected him to go into a rage when told. I told him the story. When finished, instead of raging, he reared back in his chair and gave forth a great belly laugh and said, "That's the funniest thing I've heard since this war began". He then instructed Lt Griezidieck to immediately put the town of Crestview "Off Limits" and have Major Smith enforce it

starting immediately. We told him we thought the town fathers would be coming down to see him very soon. "That's exactly the reason for putting the town off limits," said he.

It wasn't long before they arrived acting as if they were outraged. They were standing in the hall outside the General's Office. Lt Griezidieck asked them to wait and went in to tell the General of their presence. He said, "Let them cool their heels for a while." After about thirty minutes they were ushered in. They rushed to his desk and all of them started talking at once and in loud unmistakably angry tones. He let them rave, then stood up and said to them, "Gentlemen, you didn't come down here to tell me what to do, you came to ask me for something. Well, I'm going to tell you what you are going to have to do. You are going to get rid of that Marshal of yours and install one that realizes there is a war on, that Eglin pumps money into your town, and he must respect the military. When that is done Crestview will be placed "On Limits". Good day, Gentlemen." That is the "conference of town officials and Eglin Authorities" described in the newspaper article.



And a new Marshall was installed and Crestview and Eglin lived together happily ever after.



From the memoirs of JIM FAIRCLOTH, Chief Warrant Officer, W-4, USAF (Ret). Contained in the *Veterans Project*.

For other wonderful stories about Eglin Field in the World War II period, see some of Chief Faircloth's memoirs at this site:

<http://www.kilroywashere.org/003-Pages/Faircloth/03-TWWWTalesofEglin.html>

Major #\$\$%& Smith

by Donna Bishop Wright

During the war, we always seemed to have someone that lived with us. At one time Major Smith and his wife Idell lived with my parents. Major Smith was the Provost Marshall at Eglin Field and was old enough to be my grandfather. Even as an extremely young child he made quite an impression on me. Apparently sometime during

WWII he came to Eglin. He came to the Magnolia Club which my father and uncle Pershing Bishop owned and told daddy he didn't want any of his soldiers arrested by local law enforcement if they got out of hand, that daddy should call him to come handle the situation.

He and my father became fast friends the day they met and daddy invited him home for lunch. I guess he liked lunch because he told my parents that due to a shortage of housing in the area he would be moving in with us. My parents did not have any children at that time but did have extra bedrooms so he and his wife moved in.

My first memory of Major Smith is sitting in my highchair refusing to eat scrambled eggs he was trying to feed me. I didn't want them and to this day I refuse to eat eggs. Major Smith was determined I was going to eat those eggs and I was just as determined that I wasn't going to eat them. Major's Smith's military training did not include child rearing it seems. He talked to me pretty much like a drill sergeant to a new recruit. By the time I was two years old, according to my parents and other relatives, I had a vocabulary that would make grown men blush.

Another event that is due to Major Smith's help at child rearing occurred when I was about 3 years old. I got pneumonia and luckily Ft. Walton now had a doctor and a hospital. Dr. White had opened a practice on Brook's Street by this time. I was sick enough that Dr. White admitted me to the hospital and I had to stay for a couple of nights. Unfortunately for Dr. White he had to give me a shot. My mother said that I used every bad word I had ever heard Major Smith use on Dr. White while he tried to give me that shot. My mother was horrified and said Dr. White was shocked. She said all she could think to say to him was "Major Smith." She said he nodded his head and said he understood. Several days later Dr. White came in and told my parents they could take me home. My parents said I jumped up and told Dr. White "Oh good I can go to Sunday school tomorrow." Dr. White looked at me and told me "I don't know anyone who needs to go more than you."

Since both my parents are now deceased I have not been able to find out what Major Smith's first name might have been. My father always referred to him as Bagum Smith. I thought that was a nickname that meant when they went dove or quail hunting Major Smith said "Bag um" but now I'm not sure that wasn't his first name. If anyone reading this knows Major Smith's real name I would love to know. I was so young when I was around Major Smith I don't know much about his personal history but I do know he was from Arkansas and made a lasting impression on people in Okaloosa County that knew him.

Donna Bishop Wright, Arlington, TX, *The Heritage of Okaloosa County, Volume II*.

The Disappearance of Dr. Malcolm Baggett

Malcolm Baggett was born in 1849, the son of Rev. Michael Baggett and Sarah Campbell Baggett. Malcolm's parents had been born in North Carolina and had moved to northwest Florida and settled on the west side of the Yellow River near Gordon's Ferry. Rev. Michael was a Methodist minister. When he died in 1896 his remains were brought to Milligan, Florida, and were buried on his own land in a place of his own selection which had been cleared with his own hands.

Malcolm is listed in the 1880 census of Santa Rosa county as a carpenter. In September, 1884, Malcolm was approved as a doctor by the Alabama Board of Examiners. He had married Martha Ann Cobb about 1873. They were divorced about 1905 and she moved to live with her children. She died in 1954 and is buried in Andalusia, Alabama, near the present day courthouse.

Malcolm continued to live in Florida. He was also apparently a family genealogist and visited all across the South in the early 1900s gathering information on the Baggett family. With some of the people he interviewed, he left the impression that he was seeking heirs for the (non-existent) "Baggett fortune."

In 1916 he was a candidate for the state house of representatives from the newly created Okaloosa county but he wasn't elected.

On the night of December 9th, 1920, at approximately 11:00 PM, a car pulled up to the home of Mr. Sug Harrison who lived near the Oak Grove bridge. A few minutes later, Dr. Baggett knocked on the door and Mr. Harrison invited him inside. According to Mr. Harrison, he knew the doctor well and he invited him in and they had coffee by the fireplace. Harrison said that Dr. Baggett told him that he (Dr. Baggett) was going out and that he would come back by the following night. Harrison said that Dr. Baggett also cautioned him not to let anyone know that he (Dr. Baggett) was in that part of the county.

Doctor Baggett never returned to the Harrison place the next night as stated, so Mr. Harrison went down in the river swamp to where the doctor had told him he was going to make a little rum. When he arrived at the spot, Mr. Harrison found the doctor's medicine grip which contained some canned goods, crackers and a pistol. He also found two barrels of beer and a small still. It appeared that the still had not been used. Mr. Harrison said that he returned home thinking that Dr. Baggett had simply walked off. Nothing was reported at this time.

In January 1921, the doctor's son, Sam Baggett, arrived from South Carolina and contacted the newly installed Okaloosa county sheriff about the disappearance of his father. Sheriff Summerlin began working on the case.

No trace of Doctor Baggett has ever been found. However, according to a local newspaper article, some believed that Dr. Baggett was murdered by the parties who had carried

him in the car to Mr. Harrison's place and that his body was thrown into the river. '



Dr. Malcolm Baggett

There has never been a positive resolution of Dr. Baggett's disappearance. There are stories many years later about what may have happened. One handwritten letter dated July 1971, written and addressed to one of Dr. Baggett's daughters, stated that an in-law had hit him in the jaw, breaking his neck and accidentally killing him and that he had been buried in the Cobb Cemetery along the back fence, near the corner, in an unmarked grave.

Another story that surfaced was that some brothers allegedly hit him in the head with an axe and buried him near the spot in a field near a cane field. One theory was that he simply left the area and went elsewhere to live. Another story stated that Dr. Baggett was buried either in the back yard or the garden at the old Jim Cobb place, near the Cobb Cemetery. There was an apple tree that supposedly grew over the grave for many years.

Major John Aubrey Baggett, now deceased, picked up on Dr. Baggett's family research. Major Baggett believed that Dr. Baggett was abducted and killed by moonshiners near Pensacola, Fla., when he happened upon a still.

Based on an article by Sandy Smith in *The Heritage of Okaloosa County, Volume II*, and on a posting in the Barton Baggett Forum on Genealogy.com

Dr. Baggett's son Sam contacted the Okaloosa County sheriff in January 1921 about the disappearance. The sheriff, John M. Summerlin, had been sworn into office on January 10th. However, on January 27th, Sheriff Summerlin was killed when his automobile was hit by a train at a crossing east of Crestview. In the ensuing turmoil in the sheriff's office, it is likely that the case of the disappearance of Dr. Baggett wasn't pursued in as much detail as it should have been.

Some Things Don't Taste As Good Now!

By Jim Young

Most of my memories of food during my childhood are from the times I lived with my grandparents, Albert Hosea Morgan and Eula Barbara Morgan in a small town in north central Mississippi. They had been born in the 1880s and were in their late 60s when I first came to live with them. I was about ten.

They had a garden and raised all of the vegetables that we ate. A small area at the end of the garden was used to raise a few chickens for their eggs. Except for meals where special company was expected, we rarely had chicken.

Although I helped plant the garden, hoe it, and harvest the vegetables, I can't remember all that we grew. The main vegetables I remember were Irish potatoes, butterbeans, okra, Crowder peas, blackeyed peas, tomatoes, cabbage, English peas, corn, runner beans, purple hull peas, carrots, cantaloupe, squash, onions, beets, and hot peppers. These must have been the vegetables that Papaw and Mamaw were used to growing and liked to eat. Other family gardens in our town had these vegetables as well as other more exotic ones (for us at least) such as eggplant and bell pepper.

Our meals were all similar. Breakfast usually consisted of oatmeal and toast, or eggs, biscuits, and gravy. The main meal of the day was called dinner and was served around noon. This meal always had freshly baked cornbread and potatoes (cut up, boiled with a bit of butter, and then thickened with milk and flour). A couple of vegetable dishes (depending on what was in season, but usually including one pea or bean dish) rounded out the meal. The evening meal, we called supper, usually consisted of leftovers from the noon meal. The cornbread would be wrapped in a moist cloth and reheated in the oven and the vegetables would be warmed up as well. If they were in season, fresh sliced tomatoes would accompany both dinner and supper.

On rare occasions they would invite the preacher and his wife to dinner after the Sunday morning service. That's when we had fried chicken, and I was delegated to go out and kill the chicken early in the morning before we went to church. I didn't like that!

The small farm which had been their home all their married life was in a very remote area, miles from the nearest neighbors, and on red clay roads which often became impassible when it rained. When they reached their 60s, they moved from there to be nearer my parents who lived in a small town about ten miles away. They found a place just outside the town limits which had a pasture for a cow, a place for chickens, and a large garden. Almost all of the milk was allowed to "sour" and was then churned. After the butter was collected, the buttermilk was saved and this was the form of milk we most often drank.

There was no electricity outside the town limits and their water came from a cistern. The kitchen stove was woodburning, heat was from a fireplace, and there was an icebox (using a block of ice) to keep some things sort of cool. I still have, and prize, the churn. It was used to make kraut (as we called sauerkraut) as well as to churn milk.

I also have one of their kerosene lamps, the chair that was hand-made for my grandfather in the 1880s when he was a child, and many of his tools. When they reached their late 60s, they moved into town in order to have electricity and running water and to be within walking distance of stores and church. They no longer had a cow, so they bought fresh milk from a family down the street who were still keeping a cow; but they now had an electric stove and a real refrigerator.

There was a grist mill in town and my grandparents would sometimes have enough home-grown corn to be able to take some of it there to be ground into meal for cornbread. They had to buy flour, lard (since they no longer raised their own pigs), sugar, coffee, tea, and other items; but their garden supplied most of our basic food needs.



Vegetables that I buy now at the produce stand or in the supermarket just don't taste as good as those that I remember. Most of the tomatoes are picked green and are forced to turn red by being exposed to a gas. Even the so-called 'vine-ripened' ones in the supermarkets are hard and have little taste. I do know how to make cornbread, though, that tastes much the same as I remember; and I have my Grandmother Morgan's cast iron cornbread skillet and my great grandmother Murphree's cast iron muffin pan to cook it in.

Those foods that I remember and still love are now called 'southern' or 'soul food'. I don't have the space here or the knowledge to even barely get started on southern cooking, but there are many web sites that do an excellent job of doing that. If you're interested in such things as curing and caring for a cornbread skillet, cooking cornbread, southern foods and selected recipes, or southern fruits and vegetables, check out those sites.

Make Your Smartphone a More Valuable Tool

by Jim Young

The cameras in cell phones have improved almost constantly as new models are introduced. They are now capable of exceptional resolution. The cell phones themselves are ultra portable and the combination of excellent cameras and portability now almost makes it unnecessary to lug around a separate camera or scanner when copying documents or taking high quality photos.

The problem, however, lies in the small size and light weight of modern cell phones. It is almost impossible to hold them completely steady; and the activation of the camera shutter, usually by tapping the screen, causes additional motion that blurs the picture. This isn't usually a problem when taking photos of people or scenes, but becomes very noticeable when making a copy of a document or photo.

I read about a solution the other day: use a tiny "tripod" to hold the camera (phone) steady, and use a remote wireless shutter release so that tapping the screen of the camera (phone) is not necessary.

Here is some information about the two devices mentioned in the article I read. This information is from Amazon.Com. I ordered mine from Amazon, but they are available elsewhere. I'm favorably impressed by their quality and ease of use.

If you are interested, you can get more details about them on Amazon.

The GorillaPod Tripod



Flexible Smartphone Tripod - Black Hard Luxury Designer tripod for Your iPhone or Android Smartphone - Latest Stylish Design with Abs Plastic and Aluminum - Perfect Camera Tripods - GorillaPod Tripod

by Apex

★★★★★ 5 customer reviews | 3 answered questions

Price: \$19.99 Prime

The CamKix Wireless Bluetooth Camera Shutter Release (with wrist strap)



CamKix Wireless Bluetooth Camera Shutter Remote Control for Smartphones - Create Amazing Photos and Selfies - Compatible with all IOS and Android Devices with Bluetooth / Including Wrist Strap

by CamKix®

★★★★★ 704 customer reviews | 82 answered questions

List Price: \$49.99

Price: \$7.99 Prime



Improvised Copy Stand

This is an improvised copy stand that I made. The flexible legs of the GorillaPod tripod allowed me to set up my smartphone to copy photographs which I had attached to the side of my refrigerator with refrigerator magnets.

The tripod, as you see, was attached to the back of one of the dining room chairs.

Events, Groups, and Sites of GSOC Interest

It's That Time Again...

to renew your GSOC membership

This year we are asking everyone to complete a membership form again so that we can make sure all our contact information for you is correct and to also give you a chance to list the surnames you are researching, and, importantly, where those surnames were living.

We will be publishing the surname/location listing in a future edition of the GSOC Newsletter. Your name won't be given, but anyone with information about or an interest in a specific surname can contact the GSOC and we'll provide the GSOC member researching that surname with the contact information so that they can get in touch with the person who asked about that name.

A copy of the membership form was emailed to you recently. If you have misplaced it, or didn't get it, you can go to our website and download it from the home page.

The form is also included in this issue and also at:

<http://www.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~flocgs/Membership Form.pdf>

Please either mail the completed form along with your check to the GSOC post office box address given at the right or bring them to the next GSOC meeting with you.

Free lunch-time history lecture January 8, 2016 Heritage Museum of Northwest Florida

Historian Hank Klein presents a "History Mystery of Northwest Florida" during *History Sandwiched-In*, a free lunch-time lecture, Friday, January 8, 2016, 12:00 p.m. at the Heritage Museum of Northwest Florida.

Klein will talk about West & East Florida, how they were once two British colonies, explain that West Florida once went all the way to the Mississippi River, and who Moreno Point (Destin) was named after. Find out why Destin, FL has been in a total of FIVE different counties and why Okaloosa County was formed.

Bring a sandwich and take your lunch break at the Heritage Museum of Northwest Florida, 115 Westview Ave., Valparaiso, FL. SPACE IS LIMITED. Please call to reserve a seat. (850) 678-2615

GSOC INFORMATION

Officers for 2016

President, Sue Basch
1st Vice President (Programs), Charlene Grafton
2nd Vice President (Membership), Jon Sheperd
Treasurer, Phil Hoge
Recording Secretary, Kathy Sheperd
Corresponding Secretary, Val Moreland
Immediate Past President, James Young
Journal Editor, TBD; Historian, TBD
Genealogist, Margaret Harris
Publicity Chairperson, Val Moreland
Webmaster & Newsletter Editor, Jim Young

Addresses

P.O. Box 1175, Fort Walton Beach, FL 32549-1175

Email: gsocokaloosa@yahoo.com

Newsletter Editor: youngjim@cox.net

Meetings and Membership

Regular meetings of the GSOC are held at the Heritage Museum of Northwest Florida, 115 Westview Avenue, Valparaiso, FL, at 10 AM on the second Saturday of each month. There is no admission charge and all are welcome. The meetings are usually followed by an optional Dutch treat lunch at a nearby restaurant.

Annual membership dues are \$24 for an individual and \$35 for an individual and spouse at the same address. If you would like to become a member, want to renew your membership, or want to update your membership record, please go to the GSOC web site and download the membership form.

The Newsletter

The GSOC Newsletter is usually published on or before the first Friday of each month. Suggestions for articles are welcome. The editor, Jim Young, can be contacted by phone at 850 862-8642 or by email at youngjim@cox.net. Letters to the editor are welcome and may be published.

The Journal

The GSOC Journal, *A Journal of Northwest Florida*, is published once each year. The 2015 issue, was published and distributed in October 2015.

The Web Site

<http://www.rootsweb.com/~flocgs>

The site is updated frequently and contains information about future GSOC meetings, minutes of past meetings, copies of the newsletters, articles and items of genealogical and historical interest, and much more.



The January GSOC meeting will include a presentation by historian and researcher Hank Klein at the Heritage Museum of Northwest Florida, 115 Westview Avenue, Valparaiso, FL.

He will discuss his research which indicates that the long forgotten area of Shoals was renamed Miramar Beach by Michael and Marion Grimaldi who bought property there and envisioned a seaside community of retirees enjoying the sugar white beaches.

"Whatever you know, whatever you learn – Pass it On!"

**Genealogical Society of
Okaloosa County (GSOC)**
P.O. Box 1175
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