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# Roots and Branches

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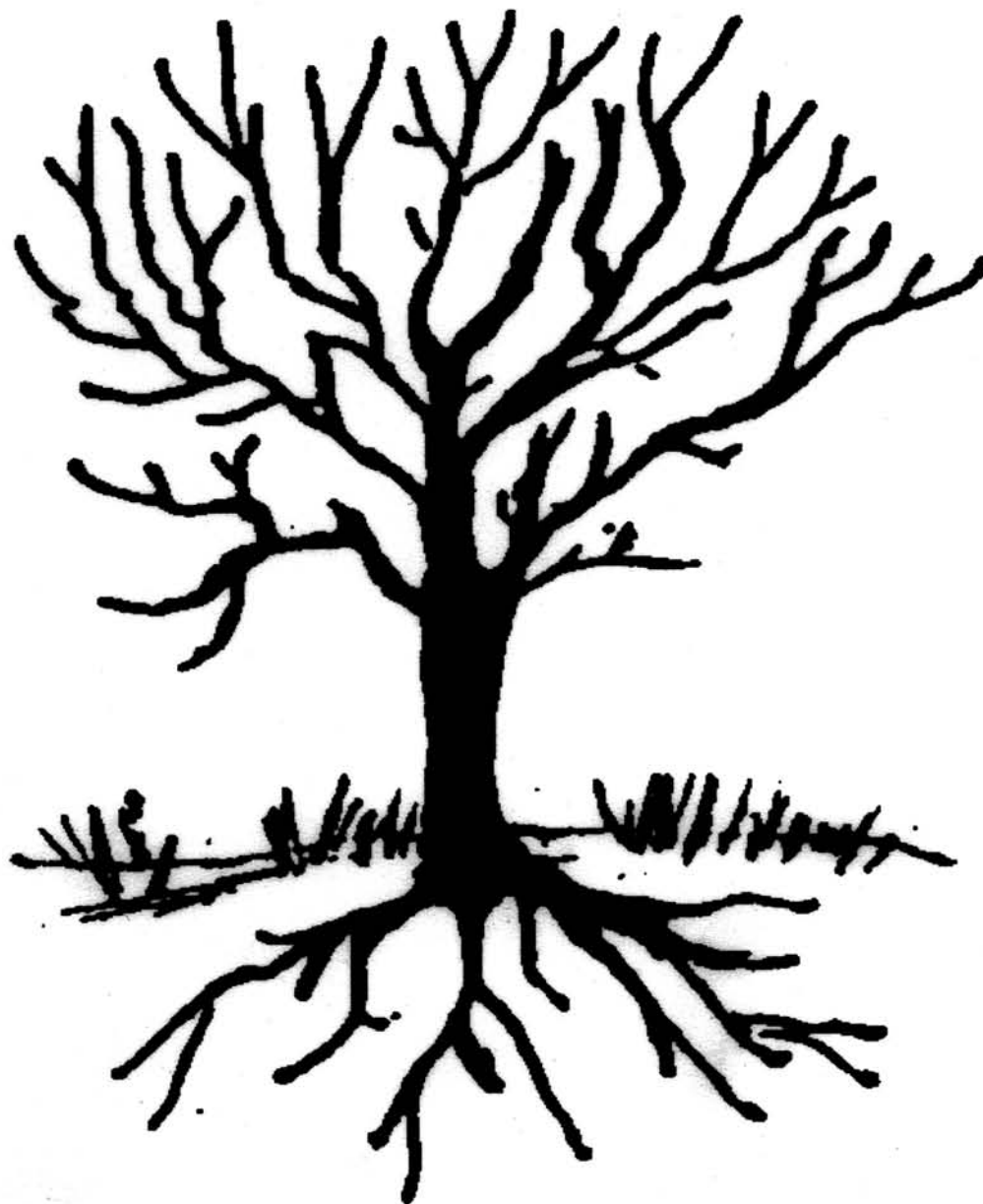
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## AN IMMIGRANT'S LETTER

Among the papers of Frederick Smith of Reading is found an undated letter written by one Carl Frederick Raeder. It was addressed to Mr. Smith as magistrate and is a defense against one "Captain Lorenz." Presumably Raeder had in some way absconded or gotten away from the ship that brought him to America without being redeemed and he was, no doubt, later apprehended in the town of Reading. The letter gives a vivid account of bad treatment and poor provisions on board the immigrant ship.

Most honorable Mr. Schmidt: I left Germany. From Tenning, on the ship of the merchant Mr. Schmidt. Shortly before we departed he came on board and declared that we had to give him 18 "genes" per man. This we were not willing to give, but wanted to give 16. He said that if we wanted to get what we had asked for on the sea, he could not do otherwise, and we consented. As to the legal contract we had made, namely. A pound of ship bread a day, a pound of meat a day, and a glass of brandy per man in the morning and in the evening, and when there could be no cooking on account of the restlessness, then extra butter and bread---but things were pitiable for us poor mortals.

Instead of the promised pound of bread, we received only a half a pound, and the little meat that we received we could not consume, because of its odor and saltiness which were so great that we were glad too when we did not have to smell it. Brandy, which was most beneficial for us, we received for only 18 days, and then on Nov.26, on the sea, I wanted to fetch brandy in the evening for a person, and the steersman was drunk, and also the captain, and I received four cuts on my left foot from a sabre, so that I bore pain for three weeks and suffered hunger.

There was a stretch of seven days when nothing was cooked and we received nothing more than the common stuff; butter we received but no bread, and little as it was we could not use it. I often went up to Captain Lorentz, who was master over all things, and begged him for moldy biscuits, but asking was useless. Cursing and scolding were our victuals.

We received potatoes several times, three or four being served with the stinking meat. We were to receive as much water as we needed however, when we asked for the stinking water, we were told to drink up the sea water. That was no decent answer.

Then, because we did not want to accept according to our contract the mouldy biscuits which Mr. Lorentz bought at Tenning for the swine at a sixth a pound, Lorentz and the steersman, Schmidt by name, with the common seamen, armed with cudgels, shooting weapons, and stabbing weapons. So that we were compelled to take the bad bread.

I close with the hope that this will be sufficient for my welfare after gracious examination by your honorable magistracy. I remain always subservient to you, Carl Friedrich Raeder

( Journal of the Berks County Genealogical with citation--- This letter, with the note accompanying it, is from the Claude Unger Papers in the Pennsylvania Dutch Library at Franklin and Marshall College editor... Taken from the Pennsylvania Dutchman) Courtesy of Jeanne Reeser.)

**The Family Tree**

I think that I shall never see the finish of a family tree, as it forever seems to grow from roots that started long ago. Way back in ancient history time in foreign land and distant time.

From them grew trunk and branching limbs, that dated back to time so dim. One seldom knows exactly when the parents met and married then.

Nor when the twigs began to grow, with odd named children row on row. Though verse like this is made by me, the end's in sight as you can see.

Tis not the same with family trees, that grow and grow through centuries.

(Author unknown taken from Oliver House News-Yates County NY, Genealogical & Historical Society March 1998)

Shall we dance the minutes,  
romance the days?  
Talk of the past, wander older ways?  
Give of the moments, ponder our good days?  
Worry not, about who the piper pays? And walk the stony path through time's hallowed halls.  
Shall we count our fondest memories, and not the curtain calls?  
For dreams are uncertain and reality often calls. As we count our precious memories in time's special walls.

(Author unknown taken from Oliver House News-Yates County NY, Genealogical & Historical Society March 1998)

"Some People make the world a better place just by being in it."

**BOARD MEMBERS**

President -----Thomas H. Calvin  
1<sup>st</sup>.Vice Pres.-----Rosemary Sutton  
2<sup>nd</sup>.Vice Pres.-----Carol Markert  
Treasurer-----William Markert  
Corresponding Secr.-----Carol Markert  
Recording Secr.----- Mary Lois Kelley  
Past President-----G. Robert Fox  
Book Comm. Chairman-----Al Little  
Editor Newsletter -----Thomas H. Calvin

**MEETING SCHEDULES**

**The Roots and Branches**

Genealogical Society meets at the Deland Public Library at 6:00 P.M. on the first Thursday of the month, September through June.

The Board of Directors meet on the Friday preceding the regular meeting. Members are welcome and encouraged to attend all meetings.

**"REFLECTIVE PETE"**

Once a reflective thinker named Pete liked to expound more than eat. One sunny day had this to say, "A closed mouth gathers no feet."

**Miscellany**

A six year old girl named Ruth showed us her new front tooth." I liked this new one though the old one was fun. But I lost it 'cause it was looth"

**"Marine"**

Once a tough old marine. Dined on a pea and a bean. He said "More food than that would make me too fat, my neck is already fourteen"

**"Mayor"**

In a city, the prestigious mayor, had a head remarkably square. On top, in fair weather he grew a red feather, which he wore in place of his hair.

Written by Kermit M. Bird and found in The Newsletter of the Canton Area Historical- Society Inc. May 1996.(Courtesy of Mary Lois Kelley)

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(Will the person who called and offered to help me with the Newsletter please call me- lost your name and phone #. Thanks THC)

### Rocking Chair Fad Stirs Up Memories Woman Rode From Vermont to Canton in Chair on Sled.

Canton—Interest aroused by President Kennedy's preference for rocking chairs has revived the use of this comfortable article of furniture and the return of fine old specimens from attic oblivion.

One of the best preserved of these relics is owned by Mrs. Gordon Stover of 16 South Minnequa Avenue, Canton. It was brought here by her great-great-grandmother, Mrs. Anna Brown in 1815.

When Solomon Brown decided to migrate "west" from Rutland County, Vermont, he loaded his family, consisting of his wife, Luisanna; son, Orren (3), and daughter Huldah (2), and his 65 year old widowed mother, into a large sled, drawn by a team of oxen, and started on the 400 mile journey in March of that year. His mother, Mrs. Annes Brown, rode the entire distance seated in the aforementioned rocking chair.

Packed in the sled were all the household necessities the conveyance would hold. Legend says that Solomon walked much of the way, his wife and Orren, part of the time, and even tiny Huldah took her turn trotting beside the sled. Part of the way led through wilderness and none was over good roads.

Despite the discomfort, cold and rigors, of the journey, Annes Brown lived to be 83 years old, dying September 14, 1833, in East Canton. She is buried in the East Canton cemetery.

Solomon and his family settled near east Canton, first living in a log house formerly occupied by another couple and later building a new log house on the east portion of the David Lindley farm. Orren recalled moving into this before the doors and windows were in place, in September 1816. The family lived there about twenty years, during which time seven more children were born.

Orren Brown lived to be nearly 100-hundred-years old and kept his keen memory of early events around Canton until the last. He had

three sons- Clark, Rufus, and Calvin, all of whom fought in the Civil War. Their father was too old to enlist. He saw Canton grow from a dozen inhabitants to a town of more than 2,000.

The first Methodist Church in western Bradford County was founded in his father's house when he was a boy, and he was a member of this church for 85 years. At his death, November 12, 1911, he was the oldest man in Bradford County and third oldest in Pennsylvania.

The rocking chair which traveled from Vermont with Annes Brown as occupant, is handmade, of light colored wood, with a woven rush seat. Mrs. Stover had it beautifully restored many years ago by Orris Bailey, and it is one of her most prized possessions.

( Note: This article was in July 30, 1961 Issue of Elmira "Telegram". Written by Eleanor Parsons Keagle, Born December 7, 1896, Died January 20, 1971, Submitted by Roger M. Keagle March 18, 1996.) The chair is now owned by Janet Neiburg who lives in Vestal NY. This article was in the Canton Area Historical Society Inc. Newsletter of May 1996 and was submitted to us by Mary Lois Kelley whose 4<sup>th</sup> Great Grand mother was Mrs. Anne Brown who " rode the rocker" to Canton

### INTERPRETATION OF BAPTISMAL NAMES OCCURRING IN A COLLECTION OF THIRTY THOUSAND NAMES. BY Prof. I. Daniel Rupp.

Thanks to Jean Reeser I have an eight page copy of a partial listing of these names. Will be printing additional names in future newsletters.

**AARON**, a teacher, Hebrew, literally one that is exalted above the vulgar or common peoples.

**ALEXANDER**, Greek, one who aids, or defends

**AMOS**, Hebrew, Greek, one who bears a burden

**ANDREW**, Greek, a courageous man

**DAVID**, Hebrew, well beloved, dear, commander, governor

**FELIX**, Latin, fortunate, happy, prosperous, a happy man.

**MICHAEL**, Hebrew, who is like unto God .

**WALTER**, German, one who governs or rules.

(Journal of the Berks County Genealogical Society- Winter 1993).

## ENGLISH- A CRAZY LANGUAGE FOR SURE

( October/November 1997 Odom Family Newspaper)

Sometimes it seems that all English speakers should be committed to an asylum for the verbally insane. In what language do people recite at a play and play at a recital? Ship by truck and send a cargo by ship? Have noses that run and feet that smell?

There is no egg in eggplant nor ham in hamburger; neither apple or pine in pineapple. English muffins were not invented in England nor French fries in France. Sweetmeats are candies while sweetbreads, which aren't sweet are meat.

If a vegetarian eats vegetables, what does a humanitarian eat? How can a slim chance and a fat chance be the same, while a wise man and a wise guy are opposites.

You have to marvel at the unique lunacy of a language in which your house can burn up as it burns down; in which you fill in a form by filling it out and in which an alarm clock goes off by going on.

That's why you drive on a parkway and park on a driveway and why they have Interstate Highways in Hawaii (think about that one). It's why there's only one television, but it's called a set.

English was invented by people and it reflects the creativity of the human race ( which of course isn't a race at all). That is why, when the stars are out they are visible, but when the lights are out, they are invisible. And why I wind my watch, I start it, but when I wind up this essay, I end it.

(With thanks to Historic Dumfries, Virginia, Inc. Newsletter. Write them Corner of Duke and Cameron Sts. Dumfries, Va. 22026) All of this piece including the citations was found in GEN NEWS of the Halifax Genealogical Society Feb. 1998 Issue.

Gen. News Feb. 1998-Halifax Gen. Society.

## I CANT REMEMBER

Just a line to say I'm living,  
that I'm not among the dead.

Though I'm getting more forgetful  
and mixed up in my head.

I got use to my arthritis,  
to my dentures I'm resigned.

I can manage my bifocals,  
but, God, I miss my mind.

For sometimes, I can't remember,  
when I stand at the foot of the stairs,  
if I must go up for something  
or have I just came down from there.

And, before the fridge so often,  
my mind is full of doubt,

have I just put food away,

or have I come to take some out?

And there are times when it's dark,

with my night cap on my head,

I don't know if I'm retiring,

or just getting out of bed.

So if it's time to write to you,  
there's no need for getting sore.

I may think I've written and

don't want to be a bore.

So, remember that I love you,

and wish that you were near.

But now it's nearly mail time,

so I must say " Goodbye dear".

PS here I stand beside the mailbox

with a face so very red---

instead of mailing my letter,

I have opened it instead.

(Received from friend by Email no citation)

### GENEALOGICAL ANECDOTE

(Feb. 1998 Reader's Digest by Hazel Huise)

At our annual family reunion, my sister, an amateur genealogist, usually gives some kind of a presentation about our ancestors. One time, she went on and on about personal histories, period costumes, and charts of our forebears and their native countries. After what seemed like hours, she paused to ask, "Have I forgotten anyone?" My husband raised his hand and replied, "Yes- Adam and Eve."

## EuroEnglish ?

The European Union Commissioners have announced that agreement has been reached to adopt English as the preferred language for European Communications, rather than German, which was the other possibility.

As part of the negotiations, Her Majesty's Government conceded that English spelling had some room for improvement and has accepted a five year plan for what will be known as EuroEnglish.

In the first year, "s" will be used instead of the soft "o". Sivil servants will reseive this news with joy. Also the hard "c" will be replaced with "k". Not only will this klear up konfursion, but typewriters kan have one less letter.

There will be growing publik enthusiasm in the sekond year when the troublesome "ph" will be replaced by "f". This will make words like "fotograf" 20 persent shorter.

In the third year, publik akseptanse of the new spolling kan be expekted to reach the stage where more komplikated changes are possible, Governments will encourage the removal of double letters, which have always been a deterrent to akurate speling. Also al wil agre that the horrible mes of the silent "e" in the lanquag is disgrasful and it would go. By the fourth year peopl will be reseptiv to such steps as replasing "th" by "z" and "w" by "v". During ze fifz year ze unesesary "o" kan be dropd from vords kontaining "ou" similar changes vod of kors be aplid to ozer kombinations of leters.

After zis fifz yer, ve vil hav a reli sensibl riten styl. Zer vil be no mor trubls or difikultis and evrivun vil find it ezi tu understand ech ozer.

Ze drem vil finali kum trul

(Left in Library- no citation- will acknowledge author if anyone knows who wrote this.)

### Farmer Talk About Computers.

Log On-- Makin' the stove hotter

Monitor—Keepin' eye on th' wood stove

Down load—Gettin' the firewood off the truck  
Mega Hertz—When ya ain't careful downloadin' (watch the toes)

Floppy Disk—Watcha get from pilin' too much firewood

Disk operating system—Equipment Doc uses when you have a floppy disk

Ram—The hydraulic thing that makes the wood splitter work

Hard Drive—Gettin' home in the mud season

Prompt—What you wished the mail was in mud season

Windows—What to shut when it's 30 below

Screen—What you need for bug season

Byte—What bugs do

Chip—What to Munch on

Micro Chip—What's lrft in the bag when the chips are gone.

Infrared—Where the leftovers go when Fred's around

Modem—What you did to the hay fields

Dot Matrix—Jim Matrix's wife

Printer—Someone who can't write in cursive

Lap Top—Where little kids feel cozy

Keyboard—Where you hang your keys

Software—Them plastic eatin' utensils

486—One of them fancy imported cars

Mouse—What eats the horses feed in the barn

Main Frame—The part of the barn that holds the roof up

Random Access Memory—When you suddenly can't remember how much that antique tractor costs when your wife asks

Digital—Like those numbers that flip up on your alarm clock

Apple—If you don't know what an apple is I aint telliin'

Program—What's on TV when there's reception

CD Rom—The place in the bank where they sell retirement accounts.

(Left in my mail folder- no citation. Will be glad to acknowledge author if known).

**ROOTS AND BRANCHES GENEALOGY SOCIETY**  
**PO BOX 612**  
**DELAND, FLORIDA 42712-0612**