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Upon having received such overwhelmingly interesting response to the Seed of Abraham publication from every branch of the Oliver Rockwell Hinkley tree to the third generation, we believe the time has come for a periodic Dinky-Dinky Parley of our common heritage. Hence this first edition of what might possibly become a quarterly or semi-annual "newspaper" with every one of the 52 subscribers committed to contributing editorship. Now about it, folks? Read on ... and then decide.. should there be a Vol. 1 No. 2 of The Eagle Eye? It's strictly up to you!

Betty Ebert Editor

Illustrious Tree To Get Vigoro

First off, get out your book and turn to the family tree. There are several inadvertent omissions to be entered, misspellings to be corrected, and some new graftings and sprouts since Christmas to be added. The seven main branches from the G.R.S.-M.C.D. trunk are numbered, which should serve as handy guide for making your updated additions, as follows:

- 1- Son Leonard married Mary Jane Cooke
 Herbert married Nattie Reukema.
 Great Grandson, Leonard, married Olivia Stelter.
 The Fred Hinkley and wife, Lucille, branch calls for two twigs:
 daughter Debra, age 15, and son Bruce, age 9
- 2- Great grandson William Huxley and Alice D. have two college age sons to add, their names unknown at present writing.
 There is a Mrs. Matthias Pittman living at 2757 N. Shepard Ave., Milwaukee, Wis., who is being "investigated". More later.

3- Great Great Grandson, Paul Ebert took Jenny Smits as his bride on April 18, 1964.

Kenli Sue Harmon, born in January, 1964, is a new twig sprouting from the Sucretia and Charles Harmon branch.

Gimee Jeanne Wood, born in February, springs from the Elden Jr. and Ann Wood branch.

Change the spelling of both those Sr. and Jr. Wood men to Elden.

John Wood's wife was Jeanne Carol Koester before marrying him.

The Scotsman Sucretia Hin Kley married was John McMillan not Mac.

The daughter, Libby, of David and Lillian Hin Kley branch is married to John Zercesene, and they have a daughter Meggie.

6- Emiline married, not F., but rather Adelbert Pardee. On the Form word page, correct spelling of Emiline's name.

"Familifications" 1. The Leonard Branch

Using the same numbers code, there follows a reporting from each of the groups of descendants of the seven respective children of G.R.H.:

1- Leonard's son, Frank, though perhaps not prolific in one sense of the word, has been immensely productive in supplying me with data for this paper, all of it with a zeal that even encompasses long distance phone calls from coast to coast. For instance: he found the scriptural references to that name of power, Ohira: Numbers 2:28 "And the tribe of Nephthali: and the prince of the children of Nephthali shall be Ohira the son of Enan. And his host and those that were numbered of them, were fifty three thousand and four hundred." ... and here was Ohira's oblation to the tabernacle Moses set up (Numbers 7) "On the twelfth day Ohira, the son of Enan, prince of the children of Nephthali. His Oblation was one silver platter, the weight whereof was 100 shekels, one silver bowl of 70 shekels, after the shekel of the sanctuary: both of them full of fine flour mingled with oil for a meal offering; one golden spoon of ten shekels full of incense; one young bullock, one ram, one he-lamb a year old, for a burnt offering; one male of the goats for a sin offering; and for the sacrifice of peace offerings, two oxen, five rams, five he-goats, five he-lambs a year old: this was the oblation of Ohira the son of Enan." Now you know!

Frank also sent a picture of the Cobblestone and filled me in on the location of its various rooms and its general architecture. Then he reminisced about many things, to wit: "The first, or given, name of the Pardee Emiline married was Adelbert. He was a vet of the civil war in a New York State regiment. He was a cheesemaker by trade. His war togs, gun, cap, etc. were in that same attic above the ~~ppp~~ dining room at the Cobblestone that the record relates the girls used to steal to. Harold and Don and Nerb and I would quarrel as to who was the most important in the war, the man with the gun or the man with the horn. We insisted the band man was, because he was the one who had to go out between the line of fire and pick up the wounded, whereas the guy with the gun might, (not sure) hide behind a tree to fire... Glunzo Hin Kley never married. Leonard and Fred are both vets of W.W.2, serving in Australia and San Francisco respectively."

Your great grandfather was not quite as shut up emotionally as Marjorie indicated. He had a deep voice, and I think liked my mother quite well, anyway I used to like to hear him laugh, it really took in all of him. And when he called the boys at dinnertime, Harold's two-syllable name would come out and ring across the field and when the wind was right could be heard at Edgerton. Ask your Pa. It sounded like "Hare-Guld" and kept reverberating like a church bell."

Frank has much praise for Flossy Gander whom he looked up recently in a stage of nostalgia and with whom he has continued to keep in close touch although he has met her only once. He sent her some money to "live it up" a little by calling all the distant kith and kin and greeting them all for him. He writes, "From her letters I think Flossy is a wonderful person, and the most prodigious memory possible. While my memory of Eagle folks was hazy, she has made them all live again. I appreciate her letters very much." Frank is in his late 70's, lives in Omaha, Nebraska, with his invalided wife for whom he is the sole-care. He has invited me to stop at his digs in Omaha next time we're out for a Sunday drive and pick up a couple of horsehair chairs from the Cobblestone which he has in his attic, bless his heart. He is avid to hear from any and all of us and has supplied me with many of your addresses, which I shall list elsewhere, in case any of you wish to write direct to any others without necessarily going through the Eagle Eye.

Leonard's son, Herbert, had a son, Fred, who lives in Sauwaucosa, Wis. and whose wife, Lucille has been appointed official letter writer for that branch, and a very fine letter writer she is indeed. She writes, "in reading the biography of that very strong personality "Chira", we took note of the fact that the daughters' side of the family has grown and flourished and now after some 25 years after this tree was drawn up it must be even more widespread on their side but the sons have not been so fortunate and as far as we can see the last male "Winkley" seems to be our son Bruce. Is he the last of the Winkleys descended from Chira to carry on the name? Fred's brother Leonard married year before last, his bride was Alvina Stelter; he is 46 and she 48 and it was the first marriage for each."... If we may digress here for a moment, there is another male, David Winkley belonging to the Francis branch, but inasmuch as he is in his 40s now and has only the two daughters of his wife Lillian by another marriage (She was a war widow in England when David married her over there) the chances of his carrying on the Winkley name are slim. So I guess that does indeed leave the responsibility to little Bruce. Lucille sends a sketch of their retirement home they have been building in rural Princeton on the Fox River which is very handsome and being built by Fred on spare week-ends so they can enjoy it with their children, Debra and Bruce, ahead of retirement time as a summer cottage. Here is an amazing thing she has to say about this Princeton property. "One of the most interesting facts about our land on Stillwater Shores on the Fox River is that it belonged in 1857 to a Henry Winkley and his wife Laura. We did not know this fact when we bought this couple of acres in 1959. We had been looking for several years for some lake property but could never find just what we wanted but when we saw this land with its 25 huge oaks many of them more than 100 years old, its lovely birch and view of the lofty pines across the river, Fred said, "This is it!", and when we

got our abstract there was Henry Winkley's name on it! Could this be any other than Anna's brother? We rather doubt that-there were more Henry Winkleys in the state at the early date, but, of course we have not yet been able to verify his relationship and it makes an inviting challenge." So that takes care of branch no. 1. I failed to find Lucille's maiden name for the tree, but she will no doubt supply it for our next communication.

2. The Anna Branch

2- As many of you very well know, it was Anna's son, Will Pittman, who kept the clan in as close touch as it has been all these years through his peripatetic nature of bringing the news from one to the other on his travels, his prodigious letter writing to one and all, and his journalistic reports in the Goscobel paper-the town where he hung his hat when he wasn't on the road. It is to his credit that when my husband and I with our three little boys were abruptly wrested from our home to report to Fort Ord, California for military duty, we stepped in right into the bosom of our beloved Winkley relatives and felt that we had known them forever, although we had never met.

2- My contact people who were helping me with my Christmas project were placing bets that I wouldn't be able to uncover Josephine Pittman Qualey. They said she had just dropped out of sight. But a little late for Christmas though it was, Josephine was discovered and I was rewarded with a most responsive letter that I doubt very much if she will ever lose herself from us again. Credit for the clever tracking down goes once more to Frank Winkley. Josephine is 55 years old, lives with a friend Clare in St. Petersburg in the winter, travels to the East where her son Sucky lives in the summer, and now and then drops in on her family home which she still maintains in Goscobel. She must be exceedingly spry like her grandfather, for she writes, "I am still as one would say, "active". Until this year Clare and I drove 50 miles three times a week to our "Jai alai," a game we both love, we would both drive back at midnight getting home about 1 A.M. Not too bad for a couple of old ladies in their 50's." She doesn't say whether they go to spectate or play the game but I wouldn't be surprised if it were the latter, would you? We quote her further, "I can't even remember when I have been so surprised and delighted with anything as with your pamphlet about "Grandpa". It shook me out of my Winkley lethargy and sent me into such a haze of nostalgia that Clare is feeling that I am "way out somewhere". When I think of the times Cora & Marie & Lou & Anna & Harold & Don & I were together at the "Cobbles" it seems like a dream. I wonder how Aunt Em fed such a crowd.... I saw a great deal of Grandpa Winkley in my life, as mother and I were always going there. The "passes" on the Chicago, Mil. & St. Paul R.R. that Grandpa took instead of the thousand dollars the road offered him, made it very easy for us to run back and forth. Did you ever hear that I took Grandfather to his first dance, when he was about 97? The masons, to which he had always belonged, gave a "Ball" and he refused to go. He disapproved of dancing. The only lecture he ever gave me was because I trippity hopped into the room on Sunday. He almost never was cross with me as he was with the boys. Harold and I were of the same

ilk, we were avid for information. I still am. I told Grandpa he would add dignity to the Ball and it was his duty to go. So he did. ... You can't imagine how surprised I was to hear from Frank. I simply couldn't place him. He gave me a list of about ten cousins with their long distance numbers and suggested I call them all up (after 9 P.M.!) In the first place I never call long distance, even to my son, who is my heart, except in an emergency, and what could I say to an absolute stranger in California?... Buckey (her son William) lives in Greenwich, Conn., is with Kamau Air Craft, has a lovely home out of the city, and two sons, one of whom finished at 'Pitt' this year, the other at Princeton in June, even at my great age, I am not even a great grandmother..... Grandfather said when he married Grandmother he could span her waist with his two hands. She must have been a darling little thing. She was gentle. One of Mother's favorite stories was about Grandfather storming around saying the weather was going to ruin all the crops, and the wind would blow down everything; and Grandmother sat quietly knitting, and said, "Oh, maybe the wind will change". -- and it did!..... Buckey's Alice (picture enclosed) doesn't look as if she had a twenty-five year old son, does she? Like you; there is nothing she doesn't do, church, hospital, blood bank, Jr. League, all her own housework in a big house, besides which she plays golf, bowls, tennis, and is a crack shot!"

3. The Francis Branch

3. Now we're getting into my home territory and that of our Authoress, Cousin Marjory. You can't say Frank Daniels Winkley was not a prolific one! Even if they were 80% female offspring. Frank's four daughters led the life of "Little Women" and were very close and dear to each other all their lives and their children are more like brothers and sisters than like cousins to each other, all of them settling down right here in Wisconsin near the home plate. My Grandpa Winkley was great for the genealogy bit and could spout off all the begats even unto the umpteenth generation. He uncovered someone in the East who was of his mother's family (Daniels) and was rewarded with many lovely heirlooms for his pains. The ones he spoke of most were Corporal Butler, of the Revolutionary War, William Dawes who really took the famous ride for which Paul Revere was credited, and his latter day kin, William Bates Dawes the great Republican Jeep of the U.S. who composed a lovely little tune, "In An Eighteenth Century Drawing Room." in his spare time. When I visited in Boston a few years ago and attended services in the Old North Church, I was surprised to discover that a Rev. Butler was the minister of that church at the time Paul Revere was having the lantern hung there. My Mother, Marie, is the sole surviving granddaughter on the Francis branch, she is 84 and lives with Dad in Madison and is as "cute" and alert and chipper as ever. She filled me in a lot on the lineage and names for the family tree. My Dad is an engineer and I am married to a structural Engineer and I have three Engineer Sons, Paul, who is getting his Scd in Electrical Engineering on a National Science Foundation Fellowship at M.I.T. in June, Davy who gets his Master's in Nuclear engineering from Georgia Tech. this September, and Charles, who has one more year at the U. of Wis. in Mechanical Engineering. Mary Sue is my high school girl who is presently torn between being a

Forest Rangerette or a Commercial Artist.... Paul is our first to get married, to a charming lass from the country of Belgium, who joins the Scottish Woods in bringing a red headed strain into the family. She is presently teaching French in the Harvard Language research Labs. and we had a big family reunion when they came home to visit this summer, to which 40 relatives (all on my side of the family) came. They all loved Jenny. The wedding was in King's Chapel in Boston and took place on the anniversary of Paul Reveré's ride.... My sister, Mary lives in Libertyville, Ill. and has two married daughters in Grayslake and one little Betsy at home... Brother Charles is accountant at the Neil House in Columbus, Ohio and his adopted son, Jan lives with wife and 1 3/4 children in Milwaukee.... Brother Frank is an Architect in Madison and keeps closest eye on Mom and Dad, except when they escape him and duck down to Florida in the winters. They did not go the past two years.

We saw cousin David Hinkley and wife Sillian at Paul's wedding this Spring where they came up from Plainfield New Jersey where he is a chemist for Merc & Co. They are a wonderful couple and he is uncannily like the spittin' image of his Dad, Rex Hinkley even in his gestures and voice inflection. Daughter Sibby is married and lives in Boston, and daughter Diane goes to college in Pennsylvania. One of these summers he and Sillian promise they are coming West to see us and we hope it will be this one. My husband, Ralph, was stationed in England when David met and married Sillian, and he stood up for them at their wedding.

Cousin Betty Wood and husband have lived in Milwaukee all her life, almost until last year when they moved with the telephone Co. to Appleton. She has been the one to keep us in touch with the Milwaukee people and still does. Her son John is married and lives in Milwaukee, as does her daughter, Lucretia. Son Elden and family live in Wausau, and Cecily has been teaching in California but may be joining the Peace Corps any day now! Betty and Elden are now the grandparents of seven little girls, no boys, two of whom I hope you have added to your family tree by now, Henri Sue and Gimee Jeanne. Betty also got to look in on the California cousins last year when they went to the Seattle Fair and was as delighted as I had been to make the acquaintance and to identify with such a live and vigorous family of Hinkley-Pardees.

Cousin Marjorie Stwell Tarr, whom, with Betty Wood, I have been trying to cajole into co-editorship on this "rag" because both of them are infinitely more qualified, lives in Waukegan, Ill. and is the Dean of the High School English Department being as busy as two people with twice her physical stamina have a right to be, but loving it and doing a corking good job. Her husband, Pehl, also teaches there, and daughter, Alexandra, is their prize pupil. She modestly claims that the only reason she held back so long on getting the "Seed" into publication was that she didn't think it was as good as it might be; but now she is glad you have all found enjoyment in it, and she definitely hopes to remain on the mailing list of the Eagle Eye. "I myself feel a strong family bond, and I miss the close contacts I enjoyed while my mother, especially, was alive. She was such a good correspondent. I feel very guilty at not keeping up the tradition. On the other hand, a full time

job outside the home rather changes responsibilities... I have a hundred college prep students, the number Conant says is the absolute top for English. But my job entails many more duties than just teaching these kids. Since I am one of the senior members of the dept. I am shepherderess for a couple of our young teachers, I am one half of a team rewriting the courses of study for our gifted students, grades 9-12, making a sequential program in language, rhetoric and literature. I am about to get a practice teacher. And every week brings more tasks. I approve the project (The Eagle Eye) but I just can't take on another responsibility. Lay it to the Winkley genes that I am a worrier, a perfectionist, a nervous woman with an overly active sense of duty and limited physical stamina. Right now I'd like a good vacation—and for two cents I'd go straight back to London! We had a lovely time there for our Christmas vacation..." Marge's mother, Aunt Cora, was such a genuine little lady and had such a knack for bringing out the best in everyone who knew her, so vitally interested in everything they did and so generous with her gracious favors, so appreciative, so smart, and so loyal. Grandpa Frank was 10 years older than his wife and outlived her by 43 years!

4. The Mary Branch

4. Mary married Sidney Wline and had Grace who never married. That about sums that up. They lived in Regaunee, Mich. and in Wisconsin most of the time. Through her parent's connections, Grace was able to finish her remaining years in the lovely Masonic Home at Dousman, Wis. It is said her mother kept her tied to her apron strings rather much, but I wouldn't know. Grace visited in our home in Edgerton often when I was a child, and she had a good collection of D.G.W. data which applied to our family tree. My mother was a member of the D.G.W. until Eleanor Roosevelt resigned when they barred Marion Anderson from their hall, and my mother resigned then too.

5. The Laura Branch

5. Laura was referred to affectionately as Aunt Dot. She had Irene, who married Charles Dunster and had a son John. Irene lives in Oil City, Pennsylvania, and was most happy to receive the book and enjoy a few reminiscences. She is alone in Oil City now, her son John having been gone four years and her husband Charl passed away in 1965. Frank Winkley sent me a copy of the most enchanting letter written by Aunt Dot in 1920 describing a "sentimental journey" she and Irene and Charl took one summer back to New Hampshire to search the villages of Plainfield and Lebanon for traces of her parents' homefolks and the sites of their childhood. It is a charming letter and I wish I could copy it here in its entirety for you all, but it is a separate job someone else will have to volunteer to do. The upshot of it was that they did find Ed Daniels..." We were to turn to the right at a big yellow silo on Gladz Hill near West Lebanon, which we soon sighted and perhaps less than a mile ahead we came to Ed Daniels. He was in the yard and with the help of a boy was raking the grass they cradeled into a small crib. As we drove to the side of the road and stopped, he acknowledged our presence with a slight bow removing his broad brimmed straw. I asked if his were Mr. Daniels, but I did not need the information for he was so strikingly like mother that I was speechless for a moment — the same shaped head, nose, cheeks, ears, those same small blue eyes, more like mother than

any child she ever bore, a perfect Daniels in speech and manner. He was not cordial at first, particularly when I held out my hand and said I believe we are related. He gave his hand reluctantly and shortly after, when we had gotten a little acquainted, he told us of a woman who had appeared there that summer. She was from England and had all the papers to prove that she was a direct descendant of Sir John Daniels and heir to all his estates in New England. That was a great joke to Ed.... Then he said wouldn't you like to go around the place. He lives in old Sir John Daniels' home where he was born. It was built in 1779 and bears the inscription "Sir John", who was his grandfather. His father was William. Ed is just one year older than I. We walked up into the old family burial place and there they were sleeping in a beautifully kept little garden of sleep with locust trees all around it. He said he had left \$400, the interest thereof to the sexton for its permanent upkeep. I do not know how to express it, but he was a dear man, sensitive, sympathetic, he could not keep the tears back, but oh, how hard he tried to smile while his chin quivered...." I didn't mean to write so much of it, but the rest of it is even more interesting— all about the old house and how the Cornish Colony of Artists and Authors, including Winston Churchill, always gathered for their annual picnic there!.... Mabel Pardee Thomas of Eagle writes an interesting anecdote about Irene Payne Dunster.. "My uncle, Harold Pardee, used to tell the story to me. It seems there was an open well at the farm for a time and Grandfather had issued orders that the children were to stay away from it. On this day, Irene, along with others, was near the well. Grandfather shouted for her to get away from it, and she, in open defiance, took a few steps backward, then ran and leaped over it. Needless to say, all of the other children were speechless to think that she would dare to do such a thing." Oh while I'm at it, here's a comment Betty Wood throws in for what-it's worth.. "From what I can remember my mother telling about him (Sucretia Winkley Melville) he was a man his children held in terror. In spite of the fact that he was a pillar of the church, none of his children would have anything to do with church so far as I can see, having been filled to the choking point with piety. My mother used to tell of how frightened they all were that Grandpa would discover them in some unsunday occupation on that day, and how he thundered when he suspected they were being unworldly them."

6. The Emiline Branch

6. It was Emiline who stayed on to be chateleine of the Cobblestone after the mother died, and her children's families still live in Eagle. Her sons' widows, Flosy and Gurel have lived here many years and seem like blood relatives in their interest and concern for the Cobblestone and all the happy people that lived there. The house must have rocked with the boistrouness of all those cousins, remarkably close together in age, and it is Flosy who has kept them in touch or has renewed the contact for them recently. She lives with her daughter, Mabel and husband Gilbert Thomas, who both work in the County Courthouse in Waukesha. They write, "As you know, the Cobblestone has been purchased by Mr. and Mrs. Richard Loerke who are attempting to restore it. Both of them are most enthusiastic in their plans— they expect it will

be a ten year project for them. The house was in a terrible state of deterioration when they acquired it.... They only bought the house and a few acres of land. The spring and the place where the log cabin was built was sold to another party. The young people, Mr. and Mrs. Soerke, are very well educated and both work in Milwaukee to raise funds to continue their work of restoration of the house. They found one hand-turned stair spindle intact, and are having the rest reconstructed so as to completely restore the lovely staircase"... A lovely picture which appeared in the Milwaukee Journal this past Christmas was sent me by Mabel. It shows the old-fashioned Christmas tree these Soerkes had erected in their home last year, complete with popcorn strings, cranberry garlands, painted walnuts, pine cones, candy canes, candy cherries, and ornaments handmade from Victorian scrapbook cutouts. Also small wrapped gifts hanging on the tree to of old. I know it will make you happy to know the old landmark of 116 years is now in such good hands. ... Harold's widow, Aurel, also writes of her interest in the Hinkey history, for her sister who lives in Eagle with her has often written historical stories about the Eagle area and Grandpa always featured largely in all of them. Flosy has a picture of the church Chira had built there. I believe part of it stands today and it is the church Flosy and Aurel attend. I had occasion to drop in on Flosy last year and it was fun seeing the old places. Flosy is a good one to keep things tied together for she has an ear for news and also an eye for it having been a telephone operator in Eagle and newspaper correspondent for Eagle in the Waukesha Freeman. Sometimes I wonder how come I am writing this. I am merely a second rate artist with no particular journalistic qualifications! Lay it to the Hinkey genes.

7. The Grace Branch

7. And along came little Grace, whom they called "Zabe" and who was 15 years younger than the sixth child, Emiline. Her daughter, Mary Van Bleet has this to add to the saga, "My mother came west in 1888. Uncle Adelbert had come to Wisconsin in about 1875. When his younger brother, my father Howard, decided to come west to Watsonville, California, where his oldest half-brother lived, he stopped over in Eagle to see Adelbert and stayed the winter and became engaged to Adelbert's wife's comely sister, Grace. He and another brother then came west via the Panama canal (walked across) and the other brother died on arrival, age 21. My father went to farming and in 1888 my mother came out, much like Mary Daniels, probably. She was 30 years old. Her father was fairly affluent by then and she stepped quite high-wide-and handsome. One thing I remember her telling was that Chira sold the right of way through his farm to the railroad that traversed Wisconsin and Illinois for lifetime passes for him and his immediate family. My mother travelled the area extensively on this pass—went to Chicago very often—did all the shopping for everyone there. She turned down two well-to-do men in marriage. One was too old and one was named Junk, and she married this passing-through man and when she arrived in California found him farming (rented) and living in a tightly built (common then) unpainted house after such a place as the Cobble stone. They were poor clear till we children had flown the nest, and

hard working and frugal which in later years paid off. My mother got \$1500.00 from her father's estate and I can remember their deciding on the place they bought "in town" so we kids could go tuitionless to school in town. ... I remember my mother telling she couldn't remember when her mother did anything but sit in the fireplace corner and mend. She took no part in house duties and was probably completely subdued by her husband. My mother took music lessons when in the teens and also went to young ladies seminary which probably none of the others did. As she grew up all of her brothers and sisters were married and some neices and nephews were her age (i.e. Will Pittman). They all seemed to come back to Eagle to visit and live part of the time. I remember of her telling of your grandfather, Frank, coming and staying in the Eagle Hotel with his four children one winter. The story is that he made and lost two fortunes in the stock market. He and Adelbert and Leonard were all in the Civil War as young boys. They were introduced to John Sarleycorn there as there were rum rations for the men and Adelbert was only 14! ... My mother never wanted to go back and visit her folks. Aunt Irma and Will Pittman visited us as well as Mr. Stockman (The beau who was too old) I can well remember the commotion that caused...."

7. Another daughter of Aunt Grace, Prudie Powell, was inspired by the book for its genealogical content. It renewed her interest in looking through material she has collected through the years. The family tree fills in many places she didn't have info on. Prudie found among her clippings the one written in 1907, an account of Abira's death. She has had it copied and sent me one. It is evidently the main source of material Marjorie used for her thesis. She says she has also a booklet made up by a genealogy company that she is trying to bring up to date both for her Pardee line and the Winkley-Futler-Daniels line which she plans to complete, and offers copies to any one interested. I remember reading a thick tome which was in Aunt Cora's possession (probably Marjorie has it now) following a very complete Futler genealogy. I remember noting that their professions seemed to run largely to protestant ministers and lawyers. Prudie thinks it was Benjamin Futler who was the Revolutionary hero, but I always thought his name was Samuel. Anybody have some light to throw on that? I John Daniels was also in the revolution, she reports. The Charles Gates Dawes line is contained in the Futler genealogy book... Prudie is the gal who built her own house and is a real creative person in so many arty ways, as are her sisters. They do watercolors, Japanese Sumai paper work, rock hounding, crafts, ceramics, you name it, they do it. As I said before, if you want to really meet the wide awake, physically and mentally strong side of the Winkley family tree, all of them with tanned rugged faces and shocks of thick white hair, go to California and look in on the children of the Winkley baby! Their children and grandchildren in turn would make another whole chapter, as fascinating as anything you would care to read, but here I am on page 10 already and will soon have a book thicker than the Seed of Abraham.

Eagle Eye No. 27

There is still a lot that could be told and maybe this has just

scratched the surface. Possibly there are many who couldn't care less about all this stuff, but for the sake of those who do, I hope I have answered a felt need. Maybe we'd better add a few ground rules for the sake of Eagle Eye 2, if and when. I'm not promising to be the permanent editor; we have many others much more capable; but you may send your replies and contributions for it to this address, and we will keep on the mailing list only those names of persons who have shown an interest in remaining on it by contributing some tid bit to it. Okay? Here's another idea: Maybe some subsequent Eagle Eye could be a pictorial edition. I have the start of some very fine photos sent me. We could get all the members of the family tree's pictures in the act and some offset printing buff in the clan could make up a mug sheet for us. Any offers? I'll save what I have so far. Don't send colored pix. They must be black and white.

Hope you had fun, everybody, and here is the promised Mailing List.

Frank N. Winkley, 5225 Florence Blvd., Omaha, Nebraska, 68110
 Fred Winkley, 9109 West North Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis., 53226
 Leonard Winkley, , 4866 N. 25th St, Milwaukee, Wis. 53216
 Josephine Pittman Wauzley, 2515 Driftwood Road, S.E., St. Petersburg, Fla
 William Wauzley, ? ? ? , Greenwich, Connecticut
 Marie Winkley Mabbett, 419 N. Pinckney, Madison, Wis.
 Mrs. Tom Moir, 540 Cleveland Ave., Libertyville, Ill.
 Mrs. Ralph Ebert, 128 Harding St., Watertown, Wis. 53094
 Charles Mabbett, Neil House, Columbus, Ohio
 Frank D. Mabbett, 119 East Washington Ave., Madison, Wis.
 Mrs. Elden Wood, 1813 Appleton Ave., Appleton, Wis.
 Mrs. L. Keyl Cary, 926 Pacific Ave., Waukegan, Ill.
 David Winkley, 828 Arlington Ave., Plainfield, New Jersey.
 Irene Payne Wurster, 227 Maple Ave., Oil City, Pennsylvania
 Mrs. Florence Pardee, 327 E. Main St., Eagle Wisconsin
 Aurel Pardee, Eagle, Wis. (Mrs. Harold)
 Mrs. Gilbert Thomas, 327 E. Main St., Eagle, Wis.
 Mrs. Mary Van Vleet, 6959 Wilton Drive, Oakland, California.
 Mrs. Prudie Powell, 6 Fourth St., Woodland, Calif.
 Mrs. Floss Jaye, (Connie Pardee), 586 Warwick Ave., San Leandro, Calif.
 Mrs. Nathaniel Crouch (Alice), 1833 San Miguel Canyon, Watsonville, Cali
 Phillip Pardee, 375 Hazelwood, San Francisco, Calif.
 Mrs. Richard Pardee,
 Robert Van Vleet, 6907 Wilton Drive, Oakland, Calif.
 Anthony Cavalla, San Jose, California
 Mrs. Jane Brown,
 Mrs. Bette George,
 Raymond Pardee,
 Howard Pardee,
 Mrs. Anne Gabel,
 Mrs. Karen Drouhard, 737 Josephine St., Salinas, Calif.
 Phillip Crouch,

30 30 30 30 30 30 30 30 30 Take some shut-eye, eagle!