
The Latta Genealogy Newsletter

Issue 38

Summer 2009

James T. Latta: a Granddaughter's Appreciation

By: Lawrence Sullivan, Branch 1,
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"Grandpa Latta was one of my favorite people, but it is hard to explain his distinctive character and qualities. He was always there – always the same – always Grandpa."

These words of praise were chosen by my oldest sister, Bettie Sullivan Gordon, to lead off dossiers of family records she passed down to brothers, sisters, and subsequent generations. Most of us had not been born early enough to know Grandpa Latta, or indeed many of the other ancestors whose trails Bettie had so carefully traced and followed as unofficial family historian.

The words, slightly abridged and gently edited, of one who had known James T. Latta (1858-1935) only too well continue:

"He was tall and lanky, pleasant and personable, even-tempered, reminiscent of Abraham Lincoln. Although his usual garb was long underwear worn under bib overalls, he had great dignity and bearing.

"I spent every summer at the farm [Bettie was born in 1918] and amused myself mostly by making playhouses all over the place. My favorite spot was a chicken coop where Grandma kept 'broody' hens, that is those that would just sit forever on eggs. I would spend hours scraping the roosts and cleaning out the muck, but what a nice playhouse would emerge, with a door and everything.

"All this activity included bringing all the dolls, furniture and toy dishes from the playroom in the house – and of course hauling everything back in the fall. Looking back, I can hardly believe the vacations with my grandparents lasted only from the first of July to Labor Day weekend!

"Occasionally I was allowed to accompany Grandpa on a trip to Topeka (or was it Emma?) with horse and wagon to take grain to the mill to be ground into flour. He was in his 60s by this time, so I don't remember him working that much. But on the occasion when he had plowing to do, he would hitch up old 'Bob' and I was allowed to ride on the horse's back for a few rows.

"One thing I recall clearly about the field work is the refreshing drink of water from an old brown jug that Grandpa would wrap in an old jacket and put under a tree to keep cool. Delicious! I would also tag along while Grandpa roamed the farm. He never went without a little hoe in one hand to root out dock and thistle that grew wild everywhere.

"One afternoon, Grandma asked me to tell Grandpa she wanted some roasting ears for supper. I did so, and after waiting some time she repeated the request. I went out to the garden and said, 'Grandpa, Grandma wants those roasting ears right away!'

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Editorial

Included in this issue of our newsletter is information about the election of three officers, Vice-President of Communication, Vice-President of Research, and Secretary Historian. I urge all members to vote your choices. Please mail in the ballot to: Sue Lattea Cox, 6 Woodhill Ave., Salem WV 26426.

Our Latta Genealogical Society needs more than just your ballot. We need to hear from you. Please write or e-mail us and let us know what you want to see in the newsletter, and what you want to see us do. And then, follow through with your articles and research, so we can print what you want. Only you can tell your family's story.

The Latta Genealogy Newsletter

Published approximately thrice annually

Dedicated to research among the fifty-three branches of the Latta family worldwide, and of our family's origins in the Old World. Funded by members of the Latta Genealogy Society, a non profit corporation registered in the State of Washington.

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\$10-15 dollars per year (US and Canada)
International US \$15-20

Please send your membership donations to:

**Beryl Redfield, Treasurer, Latta Genealogy Society,
4281 Winfield Rd., Taylorsville, Utah 84123-2344,
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Please send your address changes,
newsletter articles, queries, comments, etc. to:

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Please send family group sheets, pedigrees, and ged-com files to your branch captain.

We're on the World Wide Web! Visit our web site at
<http://www.latta.org>

Articles will be edited for grammar, spelling, and clarity. Requests to publish an article will be individually evaluated by the editor.

Revised List of Branch Captains

Another goal of our Latta Family is to find a branch captain for every branch of the Latta Family. Unfortunately, we do not have a Captain for every Branch. We could use some more volunteers. If interested, please contact Sue Lattea Cox, Branch 17, Coordinator of Branch Captains. The duties of a branch captain were spelled out in issue 27, Fall 2005, page 32. Here is a revised list of our branch captains, with names and addresses.

Branch 1: Ken Mueller, 7400 East Mule Circle, Prescott Valley AZ 86314, Doc Huer@aol.com. I also am your editor.

Branch 3: Alan L. Latta, P.O. Box 508, Inkom, ID 83245, allatta@aol.com.

Branch 4: Randy Phillips, 41 S. Morrell Ave., Geneva NY 14456, parting_glass65@yahoo.com.

Branch 5: Margaret J. Hundertmark, W7489 Honold Rd., Fond du Lac WI 54935, mjc-mark@execpc.com.

Branch 6: Robert G. Nunn, 12 Dunbarton Court, Highlands Ranch CO 80126, rgnunn@qwest.net.

Branch 7: Lorraine Latta, 3268 1/2 Atwater Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90039, Lorraine Latta @aol.com.

Branches 10 and 15: Cindy Stiene, 158 Intracoastal Dr., Madison AL 35758-7925, lmsjfs@knology.net.

Branch 12: Belinda J. Peterson, 43 Railway Pde, Murrumbena, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia 3163, Peterson.belinda.j@edumail.vic.gov.au.

Branch 13: Gary Pokoradi, 11 Glenayr St., Hamilton, Ontario, Canada, L9C 7C1, pokerman@sympatico.ca.

Branch 14: Ian Latta, Ryedale House, Old Carlisle Rd., Moffat DG10 9QJ Scotland.

Branch 16: Kathy J. Latta, 6104 94A Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada T6B 0Y8, lattakj@telusplanet.net.

Branches 17 & 43 & 46: Sue Lattea Cox, 6 Woodhill Ave., Salem WV 26426, cscx57@verizon.net.

Branch 18: Mrs. Sue D. Martine, 3906 E. Simpson Rd., Gilbert AZ, 85297-9402, suesea@qwest.net.

Branches 19 & 27/47: Ellen Rowan Taylor, 2763 Glen-garry Way, Sierra Vista AZ 85650, ellenrt@cox.net.

Branch 20: Vicky Latta - McCain, 1216 West Elm Street Kokomo, IN 46901, v.latta-mccain@sbcglobal.net.

Branch 22: Robert M. Hawkins, 520 Audubon Place Ct., Manchester MO 63021, Bobhawk507@sbcglobal.net.

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FINANCIAL REPORT - LATTA GENEALOGY SOCIETY

7/31/2009

TREASURER

Beryl Redfield
Winfield Road, Taylorsville, Utah 84123-2344
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AUDITOR

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REPORT PERIOD 4/1/09 – 7/31/09**Income 4/1/09 – 7/31/09 \$ 1239.26**

N. Ireland Research Fund \$ 0
General Fund Donations \$ 1239.26

Expenses 4/1/09 – 7/31/09 (\$59.80)

Hostway – Latta.org website fee \$ 59.80

COMBINED FUNDS on hand - 7/31/09 \$ 5916.53

N. Ireland Research Fund Balance \$ 950.00

General Fund Balance \$ 4941.42

You are now able to donate using the Pay Pal button at www.latta.org. We accept donations by credit card or PayPal account. Subscribers using other than U.S. funds find this particularly convenient.

Membership: The bylaws state, "Any person who supports the purpose of this Society may become a member in good standing upon payment of the minimum donation." The minimum donation currently is \$10 (U.S.) for subscribers within the U.S. & Canada. Minimum donation \$15 (U.S.) for other countries. Newsletter only status (non-voting) is provided for libraries and those interested in the newsletter but unable to make a donation.

Your donations support the publication and mailing of the newsletter and cover other expenses of the Latta Genealogy Society. The LGS purchased the Edward T. Latta Civil War era papers and CD's will be available. The originals will be housed in the Allen County Public Library in Ft. Wayne, Indiana for permanent preservation.

Please note: We have a new treasurer. PLEASE SEND ANY DONATIONS TO: Ms. Beryl Redfield, 4281 Winfield Road, Taylorsville, Utah 84123. Thank you for your support.

James T. Latta

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"I must have given a good imitation of Grandma's tone of voice, because he repeated the story many times to persons that he thought would appreciate it.

"Grandpa was very political. I would often find him in the barn, hunkered down beside a cow, milking with one hand and waving the other about as he argued some point with an imaginary opponent. This always distressed me, thinking I had done something bad to make him so mad.

"He was fairly well educated for his time and had taught school for four terms. One of his pupils was a young Abigail Simpson, who several years later would become Mrs. James T. Latta and the mother of their two daughters and one son.

"Many years later I always loved the early evening hours without knowing why. Then suddenly I realized the feeling harked back to my early summer days in Indiana when we would get ready to go to town. On Wednesday, we would buy bread and fresh meat and then go to the library. On Saturdays, we would go mainly just to see – and to be seen by – everybody else who invaded Ligonier from miles around.

"The winter after Grandma had died, Grandpa agreed to come to our home in Grosse Pointe Farms, Michigan, to stay with us. He was an interesting sight in his long black wool overcoat. He often walked to the Village shopping center, about a mile away, where he would case the shelves of the local A&P Supermarket with wonder. One afternoon he came home to tell us they had some cheese there that was so moldy he wouldn't have eaten it if they had given it to him – and it was so expensive!

"He died one evening at his other daughter's house, after falling asleep in his favorite rocking chair. Earlier that day he had walked into town for a nice steak dinner. It was a perfect ending, which he deserved."

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A personal tribute to James T. Latta appears on pages 334-5 of Alford's History of Noble County, Indiana, published in 1902. The article notes that he was born 23 September 1858 to Robert Seegar and Mary (Tumbleson) Latta in Olmstead County, Minnesota, after his father had traveled about for several years as a circuit-riding Methodist minister. The family returned to Indiana when James was 2 years old and settled down on a farm near Ligonier.

After completing the common schools of Perry Township in Noble County, James Latta enrolled at Michigan Agriculture College in Lansing for the 1877-78 academic year. He then returned to Noble County to resume teaching and farming.

On 21 April 1880, Latta was married to Abigail Simpson, the only child of Jonas and Estella (Case) Simpson. Except for a period of several years when he held governmental positions in Albion, the county seat, they lived the rest of their years on the family farm on the northern edge of Ligonier.

The week following Latta's death in 1935, the following write-up appeared in The New Era newspaper, published in Albion:

OBITUARY OF JAMES T. LATTA

James T. Latta, one of the best known and best liked men in Noble County, passed away Friday, April 5th, at 5:30 at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Willard Slabaugh, aged 76 years, 6 months and 13 days. He was born September 23, 1858, in Olmstead County, Minnesota, son of Mary Tumbleson and Robert Seegar Latta. He was one of eight children; four brothers, Milton, Charles, George, all now dead, and Prof. W.C. Latta of West Lafayette, Indiana; and two sisters, Mrs. S.J. Evinger of Phoenix, Arizona, and Mrs. F.R. LaGorgue of Anaheim, California. His twin sister died in infancy.

Mr. Latta resided nearly all of his life in Noble County, having come here at the age of two years. On April 21st, 1880, he was united in marriage to Miss Abigail Simpson. To this union were born one son, Thurlow R., who preceded his father in

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James T. Latta calls upon the patience of his draft horse Bob to pose for a photo with nearly half of his grandchildren. They are, left to right, Larry, Annie, Laurie, Ed and Bettie, the children of James and Leila Latta Sullivan of Grosse Pointe Farms, Michigan. The photo was taken in the summer of 1933.

James T. Latta

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death by eleven years, and two daughters, Zuila and Leila, both of whom are living. His wife passed away on October 19th, 1931, after having lived with him to celebrate their Golden Wedding Anniversary. Besides his daughters, Mrs. Willard Slabough and Mrs. James E. Sullivan, he leaves eleven grandchildren and two great-grandchildren to mourn their great loss.

As a husband, father, citizen and neighbor, Mr. Latta was all that heart could wish for. He has always taken an active part in the affairs of his community, and in the welfare of the county has served as Country Treasurer for two years, Township Assessor and Deputy Assessor for seventeen years, and County Councilman for four years. He united with the Methodist Church in Ligonier nearly twenty years ago.

Although he was in poor health for about two years, Mr. Latta had been active and interested in all of his friends and in everything about him until the very last. The end came very peacefully.

The funeral was held Monday afternoon at the U. B. church, Rev. C.C. Wischmeier and Rev. S.O. O'Reilley officiating. Burial was made in Oak Park Cemetery.

John Donald Latta, Part Two

By: Margaret J. Hundertmark,
Branch 5 Captain, mjc-mark@execpc.com

Flossie says, "Don came back from the war an angry man. When that anger was directed at his family, he was always sorry and very loving afterwards, asking forgiveness. He was an enigma to his family. In the last few years of his life, he relived the war in nightmares. When he started flailing around in his sleep, I would jump out of bed so I wouldn't get hurt."

Don's separation from active duty was at Ft. McCoy, Wisconsin, October 12, 1945 and given leave until January 14, 1946. On September 17, 1946, he was promoted to Lt. Colonel. On July 15, 1957, Don was transferred from Infantry Branch to Judge Advocate General's Corps. And on January 27, 1970, Don was "*Honorably retired from the United States Army*". His promotion to Colonel was in the mail when he retired but had not reached him. The Army received his retirement first and they cancelled the promotion.

"We met Don at his parents' house in Chicago," Flossie says, "He knew he had lost a lot of his law. He saw this ad at Callaghan & Company. It was for revising and writing law books: Illinois statutes and Michigan laws. He would have to go through the books and take out the old laws and put the new ones in. He thought that would be a good place to start until he relearned enough law to start practicing."

Margaret remembers, "After the war, in 1945 and 1946, we all lived with Grandma and Grandpa Latta. They had an apartment in Chicago at 5059 North Winchester that had 3 bedrooms, plus a living room, dining room, kitchen, with one bath. My Grandpa and Grandma used the front bedroom, my parents and John and I slept in the second bedroom off the dining room. Gwen slept in a tiny room off the kitchen, probably a maid's room. My Aunt Mary, a much younger sibling of Dad's, slept in the pantry when she was home. Gwen went on with 2nd grade while living at Grandma Latta's apartment."

Gwen says, "Grandpa Latta had had a heart attack and was bedridden. We were forbidden to go into his room; but I did whenever I could manage it. I'd cuddle in bed with him and he'd tell me stories. The ones I remember were about the Indian wars and the scary Indian Chiefs. If Grandma opened his door, I'd roll off the bed and hide under it until she went away. He loved our secret."

"All my friends thought I was so lucky to have that maid's room all by myself. It had a window onto the back landing. At the time, there was a mass child murderer on the loose with all the gory details. I knew, but wasn't supposed to. The adults

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John Donald Latta, Part Two

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would stop talking about it if any of us children came near. Because of that, I wasn't able to talk to them about it. I was so scared and had horrible nightmares. I still remember some of them. I'd wake up screaming and Mom would come in and rub my back to help me back to sleep. For most of my young life, I was never sure I'd live through the night. I'd say, 'see you in the morning' and whisper, 'I hope'."

Callaghan's newsletter says, "John Donald Latta started with Callaghan's in November 1945. He became head of the Editorial Department in December of 1962. And he retired in 1975, 30 years after he was hired." "Callaghan's was owned by one man and the salary was just zilch", said Flossie.

She says, "In 1945, Don started working as editor at Callaghan & Company in downtown Chicago.

"We also purchased our first house in April of that year, in Arlington Heights, for \$10,000. Arlington Heights is a northwest suburb of Chicago and for many years he took a commuter train to and from work. Gwen finally finished 2nd grade in Arlington.

Margaret started her schooling in 1st grade. She never went to kindergarten."



Flossie says, "She worked for Callaghan & Co when she could. She would cut out the old laws from law book pages and glue the new law on 3 x 5 cards. She didn't work a lot and usually it only amounted to \$20.00 a month. It helped buy clothes for the children.

"Our very first vacation was to Lac de Flambeau, Wisconsin" remembers Flossie. "We rarely got vacations as Don was still in the Army reserves and spent his 2 weeks vacation time each summer with the Army."

Gwen remembers, "I was 9 years old when we went to Lac de Flambeau in 1947. We rented a cabin near Uncle Phil's family, who was also vacationing there. It was on a lake and a large number of cabins were nestled in the camp. There was a swimming area roped off at the shore by the 'L' shaped dock. The depth dropped off quickly and was deep at the end of the 'L'. Margaret, John and I were out on the 'L' and John fell in. He could have been four years old and couldn't swim. Margaret and I coached him to a ladder, maybe 12 feet away, and dragged him up onto the dock. He had dog paddled and I remember us yelling, 'Kick! Kick! Kick!' I still marvel that we were able to save him. This vacation was not a great time for me. A bug flew in my right ear and wouldn't come out. It buzzed and it hurt. Three or four days later, Uncle Phil, who was a doctor, finally located it and took it out with tweezers. As compensation for my having a bad vacation, Uncle Phil, Aunt Ada, Billy Bruce and Jim took me with them when they continued their vacation in Canada."

Margaret recalls, "The very first television I saw, was about 1948 or 1949. Our neighborhood friend, Judy Weisbach's parents purchased one. It had a screen that was no more than 7 inches square. We had to sit about 3 feet from it to see it clearly. There were few shows on it but I remember the 'Howdy Doody Show'." Gwen says, "Mom listened to the radio during the day, what were then soap operas, such as, 'Our Girl Friday'. Or she could listen to 'The Stella Reese Show', and possibly 'Kate Smith'. "We got our first TV in 1952. It had a 10 inch screen.

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John Donald Latta, Part Two

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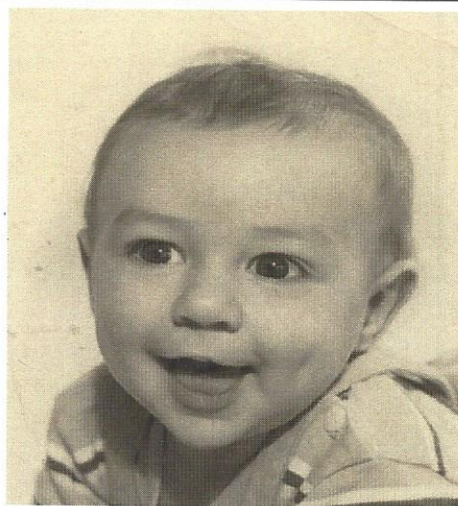
Gwen says, "I was told Mom was pregnant in the fall of 7th grade", Gwen remembers. "I had a fit and wanted to know why. We were all getting old enough to not need childcare. And how could they afford another baby? I knew our lives were going to change and was not happy about it."

"In 1951, when I was in 8th grade," Gwen remembers, "I wrote a report and Mom offered to type it. She did it in the middle of the night. I handed in gibberish! She had typed it with her fingers off center, so tired she didn't notice and never looked at it before giving it to me. Nor did I look at it, before handing it in."

Flossie says, "Don was in military training when I was pregnant with the first three children. His attitude with this pregnancy was that it was supposed to be a natural thing and no big deal. He didn't seem to hear about my physical or emotional issues." Gwen says, "More and more of the daily running of the household fell on me. Nearing Mom's due date, Dad decided to gut the kitchen. While Mom was in the hospital, new cabinets were installed. I did the cooking with burned grilled cheese sandwiches and all. Dad would come home from work, grab a bite of food, and rush off to the hospital to be with Mom. He would return about the time of the children's bedtimes. John would be asleep already. Before Mom came home, I had everything put away in the new cupboards."

Margaret remembers, "Children were not allowed in the maternity wards. Dad took us to Elgin so we could wave to Mom and see the new baby through the window."

May 17, 1951, 7:54 a.m., at Sherman Hospital in Elgin, Kane County, Illinois, the second boy was born. He was named Stephen Edward. His father, Don, was 41 years old and his mother, Flossie, was 37 years old at the time of his birth. He was delivered by our family doctor, E. S. Stephenson, MD.



When they brought Stephen home, Flossie handed him to Gwen and said, "Here, he's yours". Gwen says, "When I was home, it was my job to feed, change, and generally take care of him."

Flossie says, "Stephen was an unplanned child but was enjoyed and spoiled by all of us. Don and I decided he was being raised as an only child and the only proper thing to do was to have another child."

Margaret says, "Stephen was a beautiful child. He had naturally curly blond hair. Mom loved to make sausage curls in it. She was so proud of him. The August after he was 1 year old, in 1952, we went to Door County, Wisconsin, for a vacation and brought our cousin, Linda Witt, with us. "We were in a big cabin right on Moonlight Bay; no inside bathroom and no electricity. We burned logs in the fireplace and oil lanterns when it was dark. Going to the outhouse in the dark was pretty scary. The wash was done in the lake and laid on the bushes to dry. We three girls slept on the porch. That is where I learned about sex. Linda thought sex was when you touched toes. Gwen, with a 14 year olds version, set us straight. That also was the vacation where Dad took us kids to town for groceries and snuck Steve into a barbershop to get a real boy's haircut." Gwen said, "Mom was very upset to say, the least. My Uncle Phil, Aunt Ada

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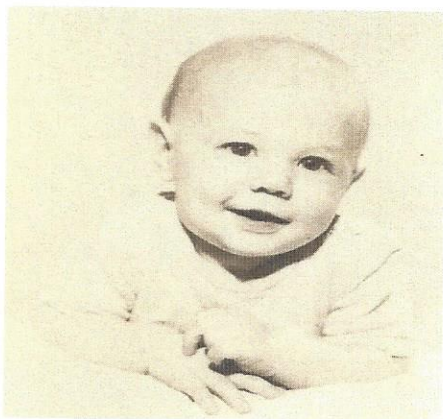
John Donald Latta, Part Two

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and our cousins, Billy Bruce and Jim were also vacationing in the area. They were in a cottage with all the amenities. They use to come over for meals. We had a wind-up victrola and records. At Uncle Bill's funeral, Jim asked me, 'Do you remembered the song 'She Had Freckles On Her Butt, She Was Nice.''' Gwen answered, "Yes I do. I also remember the song 'Roll Me Over In The Clover'."

"This was the vacation where I got pregnant with Roger," says Flossie. Gwen says, "This last pregnancy was very hard on Mom. She was 39 years old and had delivered 4 children. Even though I readily accepted helping Mom with the household duties, I was a freshman in high school. I was always allowed to be active socially, bringing friends home or going out". Margaret says, "Mom craved canned sour kraut with a passion. One time while I was out shopping with her she left a full grocery cart to take a can of sour kraut home and eat it. She then went back to the store to complete her shopping."

On May 17, 1953, 4:25 a.m., exactly 2 years after Stephen was born, the third boy and last child was born. He also was born at Sherman Hospital in Elgin, Illinois. They named him Roger Kenneth. His father was 43 years old at the time of his birth, his mother was 39. The delivering doctor was Dr. E. S. Stephenson, who had been our doctor for as long as we had lived in Arlington Heights.



When they brought Roger home from the hospital, Flossie handed him to Margaret and said, "Here, he's yours". "Now it was my turn to feed, change and generally take care of a baby. That may be why Roger and I are more alike in personality than any of the other children," says Margaret.

Margaret recalls, "Callaghan & Co. moved to Skokie, Illinois in 1955. The commuter train did not go to Skokie. That is about the time that Callaghan's gave Dad a Dodge limousine to drive to work, picking up co-workers along the way."

Stephen says, "When I was four years old, in 1955, Davy Crockett was my hero. I loved the 'Davy Crockett' episodes on the 'Walt Disney Show': 'Indian fighter, Indian friend, fearless pioneer of the unconquered wilderness!' I got a Davy Crockett coonskin cap through the mail. We had collected box tops to get it. I remember the day it arrived. It was gorgeous. Real coonskins, with the tail hanging down the back and glow-in-the-dark eyes.

"I refused to take it off and I begged to be allowed to wear it at the dinner table. Hats at dinner were a definite taboo (an argument I lost long ago with my own children). But, when Mom and Dad said, 'Yes'. I knew I was the coolest kid in the world."



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John Donald Latta, Part Two

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"When I was 15 years old, in 1955, Mom and Dad gave me a great gift", says Margaret. "They paid for a cosmetic surgeon to flatten my ears so they would not stick straight out from my head. All through school, I was called 'Dumbo', and other demeaning names. I just hated it. Where they found the money for this surgery, I have no idea. The doctor wrapped my head in gauze, even around my chin so I could not talk too much. There was a hole in the top for me to pull a pony tail through. Thank heaven this was done over the summer and by the time school started again, I was ever so proud of the way I looked."

Stephen remembers, "At Christmas, in 1956, when I was 5 years old, we came downstairs and there it was, in front of the Christmas tree, with a big red bow: a bicycle. I couldn't believe my eyes. I don't remember having asked for a bike. It came as a complete surprise.

"As soon as the weather warmed up, we started the bike sessions. Either Mom or Dad would run along side of me, then let go with all encouragement. I'd crash that bike into the barberry hedge between our house and Mrs. Johnson's or into a 50 year-old elm tree. I preferred the hedge. I began to hate that bike.

"On my sixth birthday, I had a party with some friends. After they had gone home, Mom told me it was time to practice riding the bike. I cried, I begged. It was my birthday! Couldn't we just skip it for one day? Mom said, 'No.'

For some reason we went out into the street. This was the first time we'd tried it anywhere but the sidewalk. So, with tears in my eyes, I got on the seat and Mom just gave me a push. I pressed down on the pedal and rode that bike! It was the best birthday I ever had."

Gwen remembers, "A huge part of our lives centered around food. "We had a big garden in the lot next door until it sold. Then, we rented a lot on

Dunton Street. Mom and Dad were always sorry they had not bought that lot next door. We had bushels of fruit: apples, pears, and vegetables from Grandma and Grandpa Witt's farm. We went to Brocton, to the farm, every 6 weeks. We brought back potatoes, onions, and squash from the farm and stored them in the fruit seller. We had cherries from our own trees and raised currants, strawberries, gooseberries and rhubarb behind the garage. Grapes grew on the back fence. We made juice, jelly, jam, and canned fruit. Our fingers were stained red or green depending on what was being pitted, shelled, snapped, chopped or ground at the time. In our garden, we grew tomatoes to can and to juice; cucumbers to pickle, beans to snap, peas to shell, corn to husk, beets to slice and can or pickle, turnips and parsnips to store. We picked peaches from an orchard to can as halves or make into jam. When large freezers became available, much of the produce was frozen. It was hard work and kept us out of trouble all summer. We had to pull our share along side Mom. When I got married, I called Mom and told her I needed to start canning. I asked for instructions on how to begin. She said, 'Don't Start! It will bury you.' So, I didn't."

Roger recalls, "I was really mad in kindergarten because I couldn't ride my bike to school until first grade. I had been riding it there by myself or with Steve for at least a year before starting school. All I remember of that year was making pictures of lakes, one after another. Actually, they were just large blue circles. When I was told I had to utilize my paper better, I drew more detail and made the lakes larger.

"My first stitches were in my upper lip," states Roger. "It was in 1957 when I was 4 year old. It was the 4th of July and Dad was pushing me on the swings. He pushed me so hard he pushed me out of the swing. When I landed, my upper lip was cut.

"In 1957, I was given a new winter hat," declares Stephen. "I was six years old. It was black with a short bill in front and flip-down ear-flaps. I could snap the flaps together on top of my

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John Donald Latta, Part Two

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head to keep them up, too. I was allowed to wear that hat at dinner, just once. I kept the ear flaps down!"

Roger says, "In about 1958, when I was 4 or 5 years old I had a small 9 inch [tire size] bike. I rode it everywhere. It was run over by a neighbor lady, probably Charlotte Hill, when she backed down her driveway.

"Roger was fascinated with fire," says Flossie. When questioned about this, Roger states, "Being a normal pyromaniac as a 10 year old kid, I was playing with matches. I was lighting dried grass behind the garage. I guess I didn't put it out well enough. I intended no damage to result. The fire was actually spotted by the postman who came to the house to tell Mom. The fire was quickly put out with only a bit of charring to the base ledger board, and maybe a bit higher. It could have gotten much worse quickly, but didn't. This event may have been one of the many times I was threatened to be sent to a military or boarding school if I didn't confess. A cruel threat to a little kid." Gwen recalls, "From then on, it was Roger's job was to burn the trash. He could play with it all he wanted as long as he, the house and the garage were all safe." Roger recalls, "Dad was compulsive about getting the best. He would check 'Consumer's Report' before any purchase. He even did research on Christmas trees and always got what was recommended. He was a stickler for the tinsel being just right. This was back when there were individual strands of tinsel. We could not just stand back and throw the stuff, it had to be hung, strand by strand. After Christmas, the tinsel was retrieved and neatly repackaged for the next year. Dad had to also rearrange the tree light bulbs. There could not be two of the same color next to each other, or too close. He worked and worked until the bulbs were just right."

Roger states, "Let me describe our house. It was a large (tall) house with 10-foot ceilings and

faced west. We had a front entry on the northwest corner. The living room was through a door to the right from the entry with a coat closet to the left of the entry door. When Dr. Stevenson came for a house call he would take me into the closet to give me a shot. Why, I don't know! On the wall opposite the door, there were two stained glass windows and used to have a fake fireplace between them. The living room led in an 'L' to the left, through 2 book cabinets into the dining room. When I was in kindergarten, or first grade, I recall a steel beam was about to be placed in the ceiling so the 2 bookcases dividing the living and dining room could be removed. I was disappointed when I came home from school and the beam had already been put in.

"In the dining room, to the left was a hall with 3 doors: the basement, my parent's bedroom, and the bathroom. The dining table was a mahogany extension table with 12 leaves to sit the extended family for dinners. The kitchen was beyond the dining room.

"In the kitchen stove was a crisper drawer where crackers or whatever would stay fresh. The drawer had a little circle window that turned pink when it needed to be placed in the oven to dry out." Margaret remembers, "We used to have a single sink with a large drain board attached to the wall, under the windows. When the kitchen was modernized, new birch cabinets and a divided sink were installed." Roger continues, "At the northeast corner of the kitchen, was a bottleneck of 3 doors: the back porch, my parent's bedroom, and to the upstairs.

"A steep stairway led to the second floor with a landing. There was one bedroom straight ahead and a larger bedroom on the left. A bathroom was to the right side (north). I can remember watching the northern lights from this bathroom. At that time, it was higher than the neighboring houses. Before the bathroom there was a short hall to an attic area above the back porch. The back porch ran the width of the house and was about 12 feet wide.

"On the north side of the house was a gravel

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driveway, replaced in 1962 with blacktop. Dad bought an electric snow blower after it was black-topped. This was a tool expressly designed to cut the extension cord. Between the drive and the house there was a strip of lily of the valley and ivy. The ivy clung to the brick and woodwork like iron. Dad spent hours trying to keep it under control.

"When Dad removed the oil tank from the basement, this room was later remodeled into a rec-room. At the same time, he wired the garage for lights. There was a switch on either side of the garage and one or two in the house. After Dad checked and re-checked his wiring, the lights still would not come on. Finally, he gave up and asked a neighbor, Lee Kuntz, an electrical engineer, for help. Lee came over and put in working bulbs and the dilemma was fixed."

"The original heat was coal," Margaret recalls. "The coal was delivered through the coal chute on the driveway side of the house. I remember Dad shoveling it into the furnace and taking the ash out." Roger says, "It was later changed to oil and eventually gas. The furnace, itself, was a giant cast iron monster about 3 feet around and five feet high. The coal storage room was converted to Dad's workshop."

"Our whole street was lined with huge elm trees, which formed an arch over the street. Very cool. I remember chasing the trucks down the street that were blowing mosquito poison into the tree branches with large fans. Not good for my health, but fun. Most of the elms were lost to Dutch elm disease about 1960 to 1965, including our two. They were replaced by one maple. Dad put a mountain ash tree on the south side. Along this south side yard, towards the rear, were three to four cherry trees. When we lost the cherry tree right beside the house, Dad built a large swing set out of 4x4's. We had the largest swing set in the neighborhood! The entire south property line had terrible, prickly, green barberry bushes that stuck

painfully in bare feet. In the back yard, northeast of the house, was a detached one-car garage.

"At that time, the neighborhood was mostly one story houses and ranches. South of us, on the corner of Chestnut Avenue and West Vine Street, was the Johnson's house. They were an old couple. I remember Dad having to help Mr. Johnson into the house when he came home too drunk to get there by himself. I vaguely remember him dying. We would mow her lawn and rake her leaves." Margaret remembers, "Years later, Mom went over to check on Mrs. Johnson. Mom found her, sitting upright on the couch, dead."

Roger continues, "Across the side street, West Vine Street, from Johnson's house and one house over, was where my friend Susie lived. Next to her was a nice old lady who would bake us cookies. One day I was unable to walk to school with Susie. I was upset and crying. This nice old lady offered me a cookie. I used this idea for months to get her cookies."

"Across from our house was a family with three children. One day when Mom was gone, Dad let me play in their pool until I was burned crisp. My back was well blistered. Mom was pretty mad."

"The house next to the three children, was my friend Greg. In their basement was a pool table and a player piano. Both were great fun for me. Greg was a bit weird. He liked to roast his wieners on the heaters in the basement. He moved away in about 1962. His house was purchased by the Kuntz family, which included two older children."

"The next house was old and in disrepair, a 'witch' house. The yard was a mess. This 'old' lady lived there with her daughter. In her tangled back yard, she grew gourds. A friend and I wanted to make a gourd birdhouse. So, we stole one. We were down in the workshop cutting into this gourd when I chopped into my left hand, between the thumb and forefinger. My friend ran off leaving me without help. It really didn't hurt much. Mom didn't even take me to the doctor because within a day or so, Stephen had an appointment. Dr. Stephenson stitched up my cut but the stitches tore

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out. He then had to re-stitch it. These were my second set of stitches."

Flossie says, "Don's medical problems were brought to the forefront while in the military. His legs ached so badly he could hardly walk.

"In September, 1958, Don could barely walk a half block without stopping to rub his legs. Don was having abdominal pains but was blaming it on indigestion. He finally went to the doctor. There he was told to go right to the hospital. We had to drive to Veterans Research Hospital, at 333 East Huron, in the north side of Chicago. The doctor told Don to take it easy and if the pain got too bad, to get off the road. It was 5:00 in the evening. I called a neighbor across the street to go with me. I was in no condition to drive at that time of night, into Chicago, with a sick husband.

"Don's aorta was blocked. In October of 1958, he had an aorta artery transplant. They left the aorta in but did a piggyback by-pass. That operation was still in the experimental stage. Dr. Michael De-Bakey, who had invented this procedure, supervised through a hook-up from Texas. The doctors felt it would last about seven years. He was the youngest man in the United States to have this operation. The procedure was shown on closed circuit television. The American Medical Association met shortly after the operation. They studied the operation, poked and probed Don and asked him many questions. Don was in the hospital quite a while.

Flossie states, "Gwen and Margaret were married and John was in college. There was no one to take care of Stephen and Roger when I was not home. Thank heaven for Charlotte Hill, a neighbor just down the block. If we weren't home for supper, Charlotte would feed the boys. I just don't know how I would have managed without her. She wasn't even a close friend but she was wonderful with the boys."

Rogers recalls, "My third set of stitches was from a cut on my forehead. I was jumping from

bed to bed in our bedroom. I jumped too far and put my forehead into the radiator. Dr. Stephenson had a new 'staple gun', which replaced stitches. He was new to this tool and stapled my forehead poorly. He removed the bad staple and tried again: three or four times. It finally worked but I was Swiss cheese.

"The second house from us, on our side of the street, was purchased in about 1960 by the Travisanos. The family they bought the house from actually took all the light bulbs and the wall-to-wall carpets. The Travisanos were a wonderful family. Mr. Travisano had never had a garden before and looked to Mom for direction. Among other things, he planted potatoes. I remember him coming over wondering why he had great plants and no potatoes. Much to the delight of us all, Mom showed him that the potatoes were underground. Shelley, my wife, and I visited Mrs. Travisano in 1985, just before our wedding. Having not seen me for years, she took one look at me and shrieked, 'Roger'. She knew without hesitation who I was.

"After my sisters were married, we started taking camping vacations. We had a larger tent for four of us and John used his own one-person tent. We went to Canada between 1959 and 1961, northern Wisconsin in about 1962, and out West in about 1963. John was working at Arlington Park Race Track during high school so he was not able to go on all of our vacations."

Flossie declares, "Don always wanted to break trail ahead of me! On one vacation in Canada, we were crossing a bridge, Don was across but I was only half way when along came several mule deer. I stayed very quiet hoping they did not know I was there. None turned to look at me but Don said, 'every eyeball was rolled towards you'."

Roger recalls, "On one of our fishing/camping vacations when John was with us, we went out fishing. Someone had told Dad that when you caught a fish, you should throw your pole in the water. The fish would then drag your pole and tire itself out. So, my Dad caught a fish and threw his pole in the water: a 6 sided Springfield metal pole. It

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immediately sank. The type of pole that was supposed to be thrown in the water was probably a bamboo pole that floated. After Dad's pole sunk, we found that the line was caught on a part of the boat so we were able to retrieve it. I don't know about the fish. John thought this was the silliest thing he had ever heard of.

"Mom got tired of fishing vacations so demanded a non-fishing vacation. We had no fishing equipment! While walking around the campground, I found a long piece of string. Another camper gave me a hook. Then I found a nice stick. I immediately went fishing and caught a 24-inch northern. I was probably six or seven years old. So, here I was trudging into camp with this huge northern, yelling, HELP! This was the end of the non-fishing dictates."

Roger says, "We were at Bull Shoals in Arkansas for part of this vacation. While there, we rented a boat and motor. We all got in the boat. Dad started the boat and ran smack-dab into the dock."

"In 1963 when Roger was 10 yrs old and Stephen was 12 years old," Flossie states, "I was able to use my college degree of Floriculture at Saurlands' Flower Shop in Arlington Heights. The work was demanding, especially at holidays. I worked there for seven years. After that, I worked at Carson, Pirie Scott & Co. in the linen department. The pay was twice what Saurlands paid, the hours shorter and the working conditions better."

"Roger says, 'I had several fish tanks in the basement. Mostly I had guppies. As a kid, I learned about breeding varieties to improve my guppies, giving me males with great tails. I understood the breeding process of guppies and had no idea this had anything to do with human sexual reproduction in any way. When I was about 10 or 11, the Kuntz girl, from across the street, was over, probably baby-sitting me. She was sixteen or seventeen at the time. I was showing her my guppies and explaining the process of improving my stock.

I actually explained to her how they mated. Mom found out about this guppy breeding explanation and I was seriously reprimanded. I was an innocent fish-kid!

"My fourth set of stitches was about 1965," Roger declares. "Steve, I, with neighbors were playing baseball in the next-door neighbor's yard. The neighbor had cut down some bushes but left stems a few inches high. When I slid into second base, I smashed my leg into those woody stems, just above the ankle. Dr Stephenson stitched it up as best he could but again, the stitches didn't hold. He had to re-stitch with stronger sutures. We had the stitches removed in Boulder, Colorado while on vacation."

"In October, 1965, Don was having terrible abdominal pains", states Flossie. We had been to the doctor and he could not find anything wrong with him. I was at the flower shop one Saturday when John called. He said, 'You have to come home. Dad is on the floor writhing with pain.' I rushed him to the Elgin hospital. The nurse said, 'It feels like a football in there.' The pain subsided but the doctor wanted him to go to the Veterans Hospital.

"We kept calling the doctor that had done his aorta bypass. On Saturday evening at 10:00, the doctor called back. He said, 'I know there is a message from you. I felt I had to call you'. He told Don to come in Monday morning. On Monday, we were told the aorta had clogged completely and the bypass had broken lose. It was sewed with black silk thread and the thread was broken. He was hemorrhaging into the abdominal cavity. They operated again. They were working so low in the abdomen that when they cut the aorta off, the artery slipped into his leg. They had to hurriedly find a way to pull it back up. They somehow managed to do it or he would have been gone. He was in the hospital for quite a long time. The first aorta bypass had lasted seven years."

Roger says, "When I was about 12 years old, I was sick and home from school. I felt fine after the sickness was gone but wasn't allowed to go back to school yet. So, I decided to cook something. After some thought, I decided to cook cream puffs. I got

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out Mom's cookbook and started in. I didn't want little bridge club-sized ones. I wanted bigger, boy-sized ones. The recipe made 24 or so. I made 6! They worked great but were the size of basketballs. I needed a lot more filling. I canvassed the neighborhood asking for vanilla pudding mix and milk. After making the filling and finishing my cream puffs, I went back to the participating neighbors asking, 'Would you like a cream puff that I had made for desert?' Mrs. Kuntz looked puzzled about being offered a single cream puff. Then I showed her my huge ones. She laughed wonderfully, I was proud of what I had made. It was great! That was the start of my cooking interests."

Flossie states, "On May 18, 1966, Don had a heart attack and was hospitalized for nine weeks at the Veterans Hospital. Callaghan & Co. was ready to retire Don. I told the boys, I have gone over the budget completely. What money we will have coming in from his retirement will not cover the phone bill and we will have to stop phone service. I was willing to do everything to keep John in college but the rest of us are really going to have to cut back. The doctors told me, 'Don is getting too satisfied in the hospital. He doesn't want to go home.' They said, 'I don't care what food you bring him, fried potatoes, or whatever you have, but bring him your home cooking.' And this is what I did. This was early summer and the strawberries were ripe. I took him a lot of fresh strawberries and all of the food we had eaten for dinner, or lunch. Whatever I took him, he always ate with such relish. He loved the food from home. Finally, he did get well enough to come home and left the Veterans Hospital on August 8, 1966. There was no cost for any of these procedures and stays; they were covered by the government.

"After the heart attack, Callaghan & Co. allowed Don to continue working. As The Chicago traffic was too much for his heart, he was not

allowed to drive into work everyday. He went in once a week to drop off and pick up his work and worked at home. He was demoted from manager because he just could not be there every day. He had to take a \$7,000 pay cut."

Roger remembers, "In 1970, Dr. Stevenson was caught by his wife having an affair. She became his nurse to keep track of him. 'She was scary and we didn't like her at all. In January of 1971, Dr. Stevenson shot his wife and himself.' Flossie said, 'We had to find a new physician for Don.

"Don's angina pains had become so terrible in the wintertime that we had to move to a warmer climate. In 1973, we decided to move to Florida. We went over to the east coast to Don's sister's house in Melbourne and drove around. We decided we did not want to be on the Atlantic side of Florida. We were just coming from Chicago traffic and did not want that in Florida.

"We then went to Fort Myers, on the Gulf. We met a man from Ruthenberg Builders. He took one look at us and said, 'Go north, you don't have enough money to live in Fort Myers'. He had no idea what we had. I guess we looked poor. We started up the west coast and got to Port Charlotte where we met Mr. Vandernang and talked with him awhile. We drove on up to Venice as some friends of ours had family there. They thought Venice was wonderful.

"Well, we came back to Port Charlotte because we liked what we saw. We went to the beach. We saw the Cultural Center, and just drove around. So Don called Mr. Vandernang. He wasn't in and his wife said, 'No he can't see you on Monday, he has a golf date'. He called us back and said, 'I can't go play golf when I'm doing business.' He had a lot on Chelsea Court. His wife had a miscarriage and now had to have a complete hysterectomy. So he said, 'I can't afford that lot, anymore. It's a good lot on water. I'll sell it to you for what I paid for it'. The cost was \$7,000, which was a good price. All the lots we had been looking at were \$10-\$12,000. This one was at the end of the canal and it had been

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used by the neighborhood as a dump. They had dumped everything there: grass trimmings, garden hoses, old shoes, just everything. But it was a pretty lot so we bought it and started building.

"We went back to Arlington Heights, as Don was still working at home for Callaghan & Co. The house was put on the market in mint condition. Don had just re-plastered and painted. The house sold immediately. We had purchased it for \$10,000 and we sold it for \$48,000. It sold so fast. We had to get out. We went up to John and Mary's in Minneapolis, and fooled around. Then we came back to Florida, not knowing where we were going to live. We knew the house wasn't finished.

"We drove in the driveway of our new house. Mr. and Mrs. Fowler, Caroline and Willard, friends of Robert and Mary Francis Snyder, Margaret's in-laws, from Villa Park, Illinois, lived just around the corner from us. We had no more than got out of the car when Willard came over and introduced himself. He said, 'I want you to come over and meet my wife.' She had broken her hip at Christmas time and it wasn't healing. This was August. So we went over there. Caroline said, 'How about some lunch'. I said, no, no, no, we will go out for lunch. She said, 'I can easily fix a sandwich and I have pie for the men'. She whipped up some tuna salad. After we were through eating and just sitting around the table, Willard said, 'We are leaving Tuesday and we will be gone a month. How would you like to stay in this house? It won't cost you a thing. I have already hired someone to do the lawn work. So you can move into here and just take care of it.' Later they told us, 'It was the easiest vacation we have ever had because we didn't have to worry about the house'. Don used one bedroom for an office to do the work Callaghan's sent to him. I was at loose ends so I started going down to the Cultural Center and playing duplicate bridge. I had never played duplicate before.

"We moved into our brand new home in Port Charlotte on October 1, 1974. Willard and Caroline Fowler came home on September 31st, the same day we moved out. They ended up being our best friends. They had the same wedding anniversary as we did, just one year earlier. Caroline said her house had never been so clean. I had cleaned everything up and down just to really have something to do. Don couldn't spend time with me. He had to work until Christmas and then had vacation coming which would take him to his birthday January 27, 1975, when he would be 65 years old.

Roger says, "Soon after moving to Florida, about 1974, Dad borrowed a neighbor's riding lawn mower. With his years of skill about operating machinery, all was well until he caught his toe under the brake. He promptly drove the borrowed machine into the canal. His glasses are still in the water somewhere. How they got lawn mower out, I don't recall."

"After we moved into our house, Don was determined to get a boat. The Liters lived across the street from us and had a friend who had died, sitting on the toilet. His wife had his boat for sale. Don went to see it and bought it right then and there. We didn't know a lot of people, so we were on the water five days a week, fishing. When we were tired of fishing, we started crabbing. The waterway we were on went out to Charlotte Harbor, which went into the Gulf of Mexico. We would go about half way to the Gulf where there was an island that had a lot of crab. We could pick out a dozen in an hour. I ate the white meat and Don ate the claw dark meat. We had so much crab we were giving it away.

"One time when we were fishing, we passed a pelican in a tree. I commented to Don that I never knew pelicans roosted in trees. We soon turned around and came back and the pelican was in the water and we could see fishing line attached to it. Don rowed the boat close enough so I could reach it. I knew to hold its bill closed. I lifted it into the boat. Don took the fishhook out of its breast and I put it back in the water. The pelican swam to the

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other end of the boat, stopped, looked at us and honked as if to say 'thanks' and then he was gone.

"We joined the Port Charlotte Yacht Club, a very nice club, where most of our friends belonged. They got us in right away. It was a social club that met down at the beach complex. Don became historian and both of us ran the bridge group for a year or so. We went to all the dances and activities.

"There was a group of us that went to Punta Gorda to the Community House. We went to hear the bands that played there. It was always a 'bring your own bottle and your own food' evening. We would reserve a table and just have a lot of fun."

Flossie states, "Again, in 1978, Don needed surgery. This time it was four bypasses. In December 1978, the operation took place. While undergoing that operation, he had a stroke. It affected his right hand and leg. The next year in May 1979 a new artery was put in his left leg.

"After the stroke, Don's Aunt Meta [Barnard] insisted on Don having a swimming pool to exercise in and donated money to this cause. Don would swim one hundred laps at a time, sometimes up to three times a day. It strengthened his muscles so much that the only time the effects of the stroke was noticeable to others was when he had a cup and saucer or plate in his right hand: you could hear it tremble.

"The Yacht Club was always dinners. After Don had his stroke, he couldn't carry anything because his hand shook. I would have to carry everything for him. He was so embarrassed. It got so he refused to go. He said, 'I feel like an idiot with you carrying my plate'. I tried to tell him that I didn't think anyone was even thinking about it. He said, 'Oh, I think they are. They look at me like what's wrong with you'. He felt guilty and unmanly. We stayed in the Yacht Club until Don died. I went back a few times but it wasn't the same. Most of my friends had moved up to the Charlotte Harbor

Yacht Club. They wanted us to join while Don was alive but the fees were pretty high so we decided against it."

Roger remembers, "Dad was out fishing with a buddy, the year was about 1980, in his 14 foot aluminum boat. Dad's friend pointed so Dad went there. Soon, again the man pointed, so Dad went there. Again the man pointed, Dad went there; he hit that pole head-on tearing a hole in the bow of the boat. Roger calls this and a few other instances, Kamakazi boating."

Flossie states, "On May 16, 1982, Don had a carotid endarterectomy on the right side of his neck.

"We did a lot of shelling on the beach. Don always felt he had to lead the way. One day when I was picking up shells behind him, he called back for me to come see dozens of tiny octopi. The mother probably had the babies and waves brought them to shore. On our way back down the beach, I was walking in the water still looking for shells. I felt something on my leg and looked down to see a small octopus clinging to me. He had bitten me. The place immediately began to swell to about four inches across. When we got home, I was washing the shells and the little fellow was in the bucket, dead. It served him right for biting me."

"On October 6, 1987, we celebrated our 50th wedding anniversary at the Charlotte Harbor Yacht Club. It was a dinner dance for 80 people. All of our friends and family were invited. Our children and their families that attended were: Daughter, Gwen Berghorn; her children: Debra & Chris Elliott, Nanette Ingham, and Edwin Friesendorf; Daughter, Margaret Hundertmark, her children: Lynn Konen, Jeanette Hillmann, (Michael is in the Navy); Son, John and Mary Latta; Son, Stephen and Robin Latta; and Son, Roger Latta and his wife, Shelley Trimble. The other family members that attended were: Mary Latta, Don's sister; Flossie's brother, Harold and Edna Witt, and their daughter, Linda and Jerry Martin."

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1937

1987

*Don and Flossie Latta
request the pleasure of your company
at a Dinner-Dance in celebration of our
Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary
Sunday, the fourth of October
six to nine o'clock in the evening
at the Charlotte Harbor Yacht Club
4400 Lister Street
Port Charlotte, Florida
Please, no gifts other than your
good wishes and continued friendship
R.S.V.P. 629-4731*

Our children, Gwen and John gave speeches.
Flossie wrote a poem for part of her speech:
The tendency to brood and fret
Has never solved a problem yet.
Worry is like a rocking chair
That never gets one any where.
I have no time for rocking chairs
Friends are beckoning here and there.
Another bridge game on the table,
I play whenever I'm fit and able.
Win or Lose: it's part of life,
It refreshes and helps fade the strife.
In 80 years of wear and tear
Life for me has been very fair.
There are many thorns I must pardon
But God never promised a rose garden.

I have family I hold dear
All have come from far and near.
Not one of you outshine the other
And I thank God I'm your Mother

By Flossie W. Latta

Flossie states, "There had been no more angina pains since the bypass until 1987. Now, they were becoming more and more severe. In February, 1988 he had a heart catheterization. They found one of his heart bypasses had completely blocked and another was fifty percent blocked. A large artery around the bottom of the heart was sending in feeders so we had high hopes that they would be able to take over.

"In June 1988, I was driving with Don to Venice, just north of Port Charlotte. We had stopped to pay our paper bill. Traffic was heavy on Highway 41 and I waited to be able to cross traffic to go into the north lane. Don said, 'Go, go, go!' I did, right in front of a southbound car. It hit my door. A young man rushed over and said he was with the fire department. He held my head until the ambulance arrived. By this time, I was unconscious. I came to when the paramedics were getting me out of the car. At the hospital, I heard Dr. Collado say that he couldn't take care of me. I could hear water bubbling and asked what was cooking. I was told I had deflated a lung. I was in and out of consciousness for three days. I had many broken bones but none were major bones. Many breaks were caused by the seat belt. I stayed in the hospital for two weeks. Margaret lived in town at that time and tried to help when I came home. Don didn't want help. He felt he should be able to take care of me. The first evening home, I had terrible wrist pains but didn't want to go back to the hospital. Later it was discovered I had had a heart attack. Don tried to take care of me but just wasn't able to. I did the best I could.

"The first part of September, 1988 Don decided he wanted to take me to San Diego to visit our granddaughter, Nan and her husband, Bill. They had a new baby, Ryan. Everything was going fine

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and Don was feeding Ryan his bottles. A day or so later Sean, Nan's four-year-old son, wanted to go for a walk. I said to Sean that if Grandpa had any problems, to run back to tell me. Nan said I couldn't put that responsibility on a four year old. I said then they couldn't take the walk. They did take the walk. Sean said that very often he would find a nice place for them to rest. He found so many nice places that the walk took a long time. Later that day, Nan had guests. The first thing Sean said was, 'I am 'sponsible for Grandpa'. He was so proud of it. They had a small plot in the front that was planted with a ground cover. Don sat on the sidewalk and trimmed it. He only asked that someone pick up the trimmings and discard them. When it was time for us to leave, Don wouldn't tell Nan good-bye. I don't think he could, as he knew he would never see her again."

Flossie recalls, "In August 1988, Roger and Shelly had purchased a new boat." Roger tells this fish story. "Dad told Mom he wanted to come up [to St. Bonifacius, Minnesota] to go fishing with me. On a nice day in late September or early October, we went to Riley Lake, a small lake in southwest Eden Prairie. We fished for what seemed like a long time with no results.

"Dad, while wearing that floppy blue fishing hat of his, got out my fishing whistle. It is plastic whistle shaped like a fish. He blew it with that silly grin he had. Within a few minutes he caught a nice-sized northern. Probably the largest fish he ever caught, at least of a fresh-water species. I caught nothing that day. I think I still have that hat of his. It has lost all it's blue and is just a dirty cream color."

Flossie tells the end of the story. "We went to Roger's so he could go fishing with his father. I don't know why I didn't get a wheel chair in the airports. Roger met us at the gate and helped his Dad along. We were there only a couple of days, when we took Don to the hospital. He stayed in the



hospital a few days. The doctor told me that he had begged Don to have heart surgery but Don wouldn't hear of it.

"Roger and Don did go fishing and Don caught a large pike. He was so proud of it.

"Two days later at 2:o'clock a.m., Don awoke with a heart attack. It was so bad that he was pulling his hair and tearing his pajamas. I yelled to Roger to call an ambulance. Roger got up and looked at the clock and went back to bed. I called once more and Roger did wake up and called the ambulance. I was trying to get dressed and take care of Don. They had to carry Don down the stairs as they were very narrow. There were four cats at the bottom of the stairs all sitting and looking up the stairs. The paramedics had given Don a shot of morphine so all the way to the hospital Don was fine and joking with the men.

"Don was admitted to the hospital in Chaska, Minnesota. He was put on all kinds of tubes and monitors. He was asleep and I was sitting with him when I noticed his blood pressure dropping very fast. I hurried to the nursing station. They hadn't noticed. They rushed in and cranked the bottom of his bed up and lowered the top. He was almost standing on his head and his blood pressure started

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John Donald Latta, Part Two

(Continued from Page 19)

to come up. I've often wished that I'd let him go at that time. The doctor came in to say Don was scheduled for surgery the next day. I did not make the decision, Don did. They told us that he would be leaving his room about 6:00 a.m. Roger, Shelley and I got there at 5:30 a.m. and they were taking him out. Don wouldn't look at me. He kept saying that he hadn't gone to the bathroom that morning. Two ministers were assigned to stay with us during the surgery. Don was brought up about 6:00 p.m. He was on a heart lung machine.

Later, I asked if he knew I was there and if so, squeeze my hand. He did but very weakly. The doctor came to say that they couldn't get his heart to beat strongly. There was a nurse standing beside him all night.

"The next morning the doctor came in to tell me that they'd had to revive Don once during the night. He said that they didn't know if they could save him if it happened again. He asked what I wanted. He said that he had had to make this decision with his father. I answered that this was not my father but my husband. I talked it over with Roger and decided to let him go. The hardest decision I had to make in all my life.

*10-5-88
I love Minnesota,
my beloved Flossie
it is my wish that
my ashes be buried in
that little cemetery in
Indiana Woods that
you so dearly love
if God, and when
ever he so desires,
where you want
your ashes placed
so we will always
be together.*

My love

Don

*witness:
Carol Ann Elwell RN
Sue Rasmussen RN*

"We were led to believe he would last a few hours. We picked up Chinese food and went to Roger's. No one could eat. Shortly the hospital called to say his blood pressure was dropping. Just as we were leaving, my sister Erma called. I only talked a minute with her but when we got to the hospital, he was gone. I sat with him, holding his hand until I noticed his fingers were starting to stiffen. I just couldn't take that. It was October 6, 1988."

"In 1982", Flossie says, "Don and I bought into the Cremation Society. It was \$250.00 for each of us. One of the smartest moves we ever made. When Don died, I called them and was told which funeral home would pick up the body and have it cremated. We went to meet them, and order death certificates. Roger thought twenty-five would be enough. I think I have at least 21 left over.

"We bought airplane tickets for the three of us to leave in one week but I stayed three. On a Thursday, I, with Roger and Shelley, left for home in Port Charlotte. Margaret was there to meet us. She had fixed dinner for us. I had notified all the family while we were still in Minnesota, so they all arrived on Sunday. I was not aware of it but John and Mary had tickets for a cruise. They didn't get any of the money back.

"On Wednesday, October 12, 1988, the memorial service was held at 2:00 in the afternoon at the Presbyterian church. It was packed. All of our children were there with their spouses. Dr. McDonald and Dr. Homer Ogle preached the service. In the receiving line, John was certain that people were going through twice shaking his hand; there were so many people.

"I went home with Gwen as Don's ashes were to be scattered in an old, old cemetery in the Northern side of Brown County forest. I don't remember the name of the pastor who led the service there. Stephen and Don's brother, Bill scattered the ashes. I baked cookies that morning in case the minister came back with us. He did and ate most of the cookies. If I had known that before hand, I wouldn't have paid him. I never knew a minister who wasn't always hungry."

(Continued on Page 21)

John Donald Latta, Part Two

(Continued from Page 20)

At the time of Don's death, he had 5 children with 12 grandchildren, and 18 great grandchildren and still counting.

Flossie recalls, "The Christmas after Don died, Willard Fowler was complaining of not feeling very well. He had a bad cold and went to the doctor. They found he had cancer of the pancreas. He lived only about five or six months longer. After he died, Caroline, who had never learned to drive, said she had to move. She couldn't depend on me for everything. I told her I wouldn't mind. She said, 'Well I would'. Caroline moved into Chelsea House.

"Caroline Fowler lived at Chelsea House for quite a while. It slowly became apparent she had Alzheimer's. I called her son out in Oregon to tell him that she was a mess. She was dirty and her clothes were dirty. He said, 'We will have to take her to the doctor. I'll call and make the appointment and you take her in. I will never tell her that you called me'. So I took her to the doctor and he sent her to a neurologist. She was put in the nursing home at Southport, where she died.

"After Don died, I joined the Charlotte Harbor Yacht Club and enjoyed it very much. It was a luncheon and a program. I made some good friends there. After I moved to Southport, I realized I didn't really need it anymore. I would go to the Yacht Club and spend \$15.00 for my dinner when my dinners were already paid for at Southport. I did enjoy the bridge. I was an above average player. We had to pay \$500.00 to join and then the dues were something more. Then we had to pay for our lunch. It was all too expensive. So I joined the bridge group at Southport and was able to play five times a week."

Flossie states: "On Friday, August 13, 2004 we were watching Hurricane Charlie out in the gulf. My condo was on the fifth floor of South Port in Port Charlotte, Florida. We could see over other buildings. The predictions were that it would hit

Tampa so they were evacuating there. About 11:00 am, the manager of South Port arrived. He lived in Miami. He called a meeting of all the residents. He felt that Hurricane Charlie was turning toward the Peace River, which split Port Charlotte from Punta Gorda. He said that when the time was right all of the fifth floor residents were to go down to fourth floor and the first floor residents were to up to second floor. He said that we were to be ready with a folding chair, pillow, medications, reading material, food, a battery operated radio, flashlight, and any thing else we would need for the many hours wait.

"About 2:00 pm he told us to leave our apartments. I had already taken books and photos in from the enclosed porch/balcony. I believe Hurricane Charlie struck about 4:00 that afternoon with winds of 145 gusting to 155. It was a category 4 storm.

"We were safe on the fourth and second floor hallway but we could hear windows breaking and ceiling tiles coming down. We were not supposed to open any doors. I did and was shocked at the damage. There were live wires hanging from the ceiling. The electricity was off but our generator was on. Everyone was very quiet. No seemed scared. The gardener checked on us every half hour to see if we needed anything and check if a nurse should be sent up. He was always cheerful.

"About 7:00 pm we were told we could leave and there was sandwiches on the first floor. No way was I going down and possibly have to walk back up. We were to get clothing for several days, all of our medicine, purses, and whatever else we had to have. I went up to my condo on the fifth floor. I peeked into the library and saw the sky where the ceiling was suppose to be. When I went into my condo, I noticed the windows on the balcony had been blown in and everything was soaked. The two rocking chairs lost most of their varnish. One was from my grandmother. There was water pouring down the walls in my bedroom. The roof had partially blown off so the attic had water. I dried off the furniture as best I could. My sister,

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John Donald Latta, Part Two

(Continued from Page 21)

Erma, had given me a yellow fuzzy chicken that would cheep when I held my hand across its feet. It was soaked and chirping its little head off.

"I looked in the freezer and everything was thawed. I put \$15.00 worth of pork roast in the trash. I threw out everything that I knew would spoil. The generator burned out so we were without air conditioning and lights. My condo was not bad and there was a nice breeze coming in my balcony windows.

"The next morning, the staff had made arrangements for all of us. There were ambulances lined up to Kings Highway, about a quarter of a mile, for the people in the nursing home. There were only 2 busses to take the rest of us to the Marriott Hotel in Tampa. They had to make 2 trips. The manager's daughter-in-law met us there. I left at Sunday afternoon and didn't arrive until after dark. I had a beautiful room. There were two full beds, a desk and chair, a lounge chair, chest of drawers and a TV.

"John, my son, insisted I was to come to their place in Minneapolis, Minnesota. I started calling airlines on Monday to find how soon I could go. I found a plane for Tuesday with a transfer in Chicago. I took it. I had no trouble in Chicago, as there was a wheelchair and driver waiting for me. John and Mary were thinking my stay would be for a week or so. I was there for ten months.

"When I came back to my condo, I was shocked at the amount that had been lost or stolen. We had been told not to worry about things as they had hired extra security. My wedding rings were gone and so were other things."

"Hurricane Charley spawned 16 tornadoes. The Ace Hardware and the Presbyterian Church were hit."

Wikipedia, the Internet encyclopedia, states, "*Hurricane Charley was the third named storm, the second hurricane, and the second major hurricane of the 2004 Atlantic hurricane season. Charley*

lasted from August 9 to August 15, and at its peak intensity it attained 150 mph (240 km/h) winds, making it a strong Category 4 hurricane. The storm made landfall in southwestern Florida at maximum strength, thus making Charley the strongest hurricane to hit southwest Florida since Hurricane Donna in 1960, then continued to produce severe damage as it made landfall on the peninsula near Port Charlotte. The hurricane continued to the north by northeast along the Peace River corridor, devastating the interior small cities up to Orlando. The most severe damage from Hurricane Charley occurred in Charlotte County. Numerous houses sustained extensive roof damage, while thousands of trees and power lines were uprooted or snapped. In Port Charlotte many buildings, RVs, and mobile homes were completely destroyed, while other buildings were uprooted due to the powerful winds. Charley's devastation caused \$14.6 billion in property damage on the peninsula of Florida alone. Many towns such as Punta Gorda were leveled by the hurricane."

This biography of John Donald Latta is a credit to his wife, Flossie. Her Autobiography, and her recorded memories in 2008, when she was 95 years old, are embedded in the story. It was also made from the memories of his children. My thanks to his niece, Diane Latta Grace. I, Margaret, was the lucky data collector and typist.

Frank Latta Was Last of Men Who Captured Rail Dynamiter and Extortionist Near Helena

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Bozeman, Montana.
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Managing Editor

Man Laid to Rest Yesterday Credited New

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Frank Latta

(Continued from Page 22)

Hat With Saving His Life

Buying a new hat once saved the life of Frank Latta, colorful frontiersman and native of Bozeman whose funeral services were held here yesterday. Latta, who died suddenly Monday at the age of 70, had been cowpuncher, horseman, police officer, stock inspector and posse leader during the busy days of his life.

It was Ike Gravelle, ex-convict, terrorist, dynamiter and extortionist, who would have killed Latta that afternoon of Aug. 11, 1904, had he recognized the Bozeman man as the leader of the posse which had brought him to justice on the previous Oct. 18.

Gravelle had profanely and deliberately promised to kill Latta when he was captured by Latta and four hard riding men at the ruins of the old Priests Pass Inn west of Helena.

Latta credited Gravelle's failure to carry out the threat to the fact that the hat he wore when leading the posse was a small, battered and well worn head-gear, which he replaced with a new, large range style hat shortly after the capture. When Gravelle later escaped from the court and made his brief but murderous flight through the streets of Helena he had his chance to kill Latta, but apparently did not recognize him in the new hat.

The story really begins with the blasting of the Northern Pacific railway's bridge across the Yellowstone three miles east of Livingston on Aug. 2, 1903. A few days before the vice president of the road had received an extortion letter demanding \$25,000 on the writer's threat to blow the Yellowstone division of the road "into kingdom come" unless his request was met. Many an old timer will remember that the passenger trains, for some days, carried white sheets tied across the front and rear, to let the extortionist know that his letter was being considered, and to assure the safety of the passengers.

Two days later a westbound freight was

wrecked in Rocky canyon a few miles east of Bozeman by the explosion of several sticks of dynamite placed under a fishplate.

Several thousand dollars in rewards were posted for the arrest of the dynamiter. Citizens combed the area between Livingston and Bozeman searching for the cunning criminal. Track walkers were stationed every half mile along the tracks, guards rode every train. Plans were laid to trap the dynamiter by conforming to his demands with a sack of washers and paper, carefully guarded to simulate a payoff from being accomplished.

Then a ton of dynamite was stolen from a Helena warehouse. Then an engine struck dynamite tied to the rail on the Mullen pass west of Helena. A bomb was found tied to a switch in the Helena yards.

Railroad detectives were out of their element and five of the best frontiersmen of the west were enlisted by the railroad. They were Frank Latta, the leader, described in an article about the affair as "a huge man whose uncanny eyes could follow the dimmest rail." The others, all of whom preceded Latta in death, were Captain James Keown, Bozeman man and veteran of Indian campaigns; John Dunn, a former sheriff of Carbon county; Burt Reynolds, a renowned marksman, and his brother Ed Reynolds, who later became a Gallatin county sheriff.

When the dynamiter's probable identity became known it was learned that he was hiding out in the Priests Pass country but search failed to reveal him. Finally a track guard at the west entrance to the N. P. Mullen tunnel surprised the dynamiter placing a charge under the track at the entrance of the tunnel. The criminal made his escape but Latta and his men were then at the opposite end of the tunnel.

Notified, they rode through the tunnel and took up the trail of the lone horseman who had exchanged shots with the track guard.

Through the night, lighting matches occasionally to be sure they were following the trail, the men led by Latta, rode in search of their quarry.

They found him the next afternoon, changing horses at the deserted Priests Pass Inn, and took him prisoner.

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Frank Latta

(Continued from Page 23)

He was identified as Ike Gravelle and convicted in a Helena court on Jan. 4, 1904. Judge Henry C. Smith sentence him to the maximum then permitted by law, ten years and he was taken to prison.

But because of the light sentence, he was returned to Helena for trial on charges of burglarizing the powder warehouse.

Somewhere, during that trial, Gravelle got a gun. He shot the special deputy assigned to guard him and escaped from the jail. During that flight, ended when he fired a bullet into his brain in an outside stairway of the governor's mansion. Gravelle fired on several of his pursuers and had his chance to kill Latta, had he recognized his captor.

Story submitted by Pearl S. Latta, Azusa, CA.

Branch 18 of the Latta Family

From the web site of the Latta Genealogical Society, <http://www.Latta.org>.

7 JAMES CLARKSON (4) LATTA □

Lewis (3) William (2) Unknown (1). b. August 27, 1834 at Bozeman, Montana; married Sarah E. Gordon on Dec. 8, 1862. Lived in DeSota, NE in 1906. In 1856 went to Burt Co., Neb. In 1859 went to Denver, Colo. In 1864 went to Helena, Mont. where his widow and children lived in 1901. Stock raising business. Children: □14 **JAMES LEWIS** (5) b. near Denver, Colo. February 8, 1863; m. Lucy Hurst at Livingston, Mont. August 1887. □39 **WALTER CLARKSON "Ned"** (5) b. in Helena, Mont. January 13, 1868. □Married: Jane Fitzgerald. Owned a Bar in Bozeman MT. Moved to Sheraton, Wyo. Where he opened a 2nd Bar, sold it and bought a Ranch at Stillwater, MT.

□15 **FRANK GORDON** (5) Born at Helena, Mont. February 13, 1870; m. Rena Lee Brumfield at Big Timber, Mont. January 28, 1896. □40 **HARRY T.** (5) b. Bozeman, Mont. January 25, 1878; lived Boise, Idaho 1909. □41 **ETTA LOUISA** (5) b. Helena, Mont. April 6, 1866; m. John Marble in Missoula, Mont. March 16, 1888. Six children: Bemese. Etta. Edward. Amy. John. Mary. All born in Phillipsburg, Mont. □42 **MARY JANE** (5) b. Bozeman, Mont. February 4, 1872; m. Thomas Hickey. □43 **DORA C.** (5) b. Bozeman, Mont. April 5, 1876. Went to wedding of her cousin □Ed Latta at O'Neill, Neb., took sick and died at Tekamah, Neb. May 1900. Single. □

Francis Amelia Latta Family

By: Billie Jane McInerney,
janemacmc@gmail.com,
Benson, AZ, Branch 18

Ethel was my grandmother b. 2 Nov 1882, in Herman, Washington Co., NE d. 11 Apr 1955 in Portland, OR.

Married John J. Keller 9 Nov 1898 in Neligh, Antelope Co. NE

Daughter of John Henry Milliken, b.30 Oct 1853 in Parsonfield?, York Co. Maine. Died 24 Jan 1928, in Omaha, Douglas Co. NE and Francis Amelia Latta, b.30 Nov 1863 in Van Buren, Jackson Co. Iowa. Died 8 Mar 1923, in Tilden, Antelope Co, NE.

Francis was daughter of Andrew Jackson Latta, b.17 Jan 1832 in Montgomery, Ashland Co. Ohio. Died 22 May 1905 in Oakdale, Antelope Co. NE and Harriet Lane or Lang, b.1838 in Ohio, died 2 Jun 1869 in Van Buren Twp., Jackson Co. Iowa (I have records that show her under both names);

Andrew Jackson Latta was son of William Latta b. abt 1777 in Westmoreland County, PA. Died 2 Feb 1849 in Montgomery, Ashland County, Ohio, and Nancy Johnson b. abt 1785 in Westmoreland

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Francis Amelia Latta Family

(Continued from Page 24)

County, PA and died 14 Oct 1872 in Van Buren Twp., Jackson County, Iowa

Andrew Jackson left Ohio in 1856 and settled in Jackson Co, Iowa. Then in 1878 he moved to Tekamah, Burt Co. NE.

From a writing tablet that was Ethel (Milliken) Keller comes this bit of history, when it was written I do not know.

There is no date on these memories that Ethel wrote, but the tablet she used had a cover that reads. "OLD IRISH LINEN Laid weave water-marked uniform quality made in U.S.A."

"Our father being a Yankee as a child I remember nothing better then having him tell us children stories of the New England states his home being close to five states of the cold winters and of the snow it seems you never minded the cold there as much as we do here how when a small lad they would watch the maple trees and with the first sign of the sap they would run in the snow waist deep yelling the (saps runnen) our father never remembered his own father our grandmother kept house for years for two wealthy old bachelors. our father left home when a young man going to Boston where he drove some of the first street cars then drawn by horses later coming to Illinois. It seems these old men our grandmother always was house-keeper for had holdings there. While there he learned the Butcher trade then coming to Nebraska he first stopped at Blair in Burt County where he started boarding at a Boarding house operated by our mothers folks. It was here he met our dear mother Francis Latta. mother was born in Jackson County her mother dying when she was small leaving 3 children, Maria, Nancy and Francis (mother) one boy preceding her - our mother and this boy Samie when quiet small went in behind an old horse a family pet and not speaking to the horse he kicked Samie in the stomach he (died that night) our grandfather married the second time a widow with three girls. "Phoebe Ollie and Sadie" relation

told life wasnt so rosy for mother her being the baby with pretty curls which were soon cut off our grandfather came to Burt County while mother was yet young grandpa was pretty well off when he married the second time they tell of his grandmother saying you will see Jack Latta coming up the road with all his belongings in a knap sack" which really did come to pass.

When a child I used to think it great fun to have mother tell of fathers and her courtship days how they would go walking around Blair and go up on those high hills around Blair and sit and talk it was there father proposed in about a year they were married at xmas. of 1881. They moved around quiet a bit the first few years living at Blair, Tekamah, Herman, Oakland, and Lyons. Papa working at his trade I the oldest was borne at Hermon Nov 2-1882. Three years later Lulu was borne at Tekamah in 1885 our grandmother visited us when she was real small from Maine. When she was about 3 months old papa and another man went in a covered wagon what they called out west up in Holt and Antelope County looking for a location which father found at Oakdale.

Linton Thomas Latta, Branch 27

By: Kenn Miller, kennbar@comcast.net

1. Linton Thomas LATTA (1861 - 1932)

Linton + Minnie => Hugh + Agnes + John + Elizabeth + William

Hugh's Son,

b. 05 Apr 1861 at Washington Co., IA, USA

m. 04 Oct 1888 Minnie Isadore REX at Lynedoch, Ontario, Canada

d. 11 May 1932

Linton's Parents: Hugh Stephens LATTA (1814), Elizabeth STEPHENS (1820)

Linton's Children: Hugh Rex LATTA (1890), Agnes Winifred LATTA (1892), John Stephens LATTA (1895), Linton's Children: Hugh Rex LATTA (1890), Agnes Winifred LATTA (1892), John Stephens LATTA (1895),

(Continued on Page 26)

Linton Thomas Latta

(Continued from Page 25)

Elizabeth LATTA (1898), William Charlton LATTA (1902)

Linton's Siblings: Catherine Letitia LATTA (1839), Ephraim LATTA (1843), Sarah Elizabeth LATTA (1845), William Hearst LATTA (1848), James Garrett LATTA (1850), John Alexander LATTA (1853), Thornton Zachariah LATTA (1855), Andrew H. LATTA (1857), Loren Hugh LATTA (1863)

Events in Linton Thomas LATTA's life

05 Apr 1861 - - Linton Thomas LATTA was born; Washington Co., IA, USA

01 Jan 1869 7 - Death of father Hugh Stephens LATTA (aged 54); Washington Co., IA., USA

04 Oct 1888 27 - Married Minnie Isadore REX (aged 25); Lynedoch, Ontario, Canada

17 Jun 1890 29 - Birth of son Hugh Rex LATTA; Tonawanda, New York, USA

19 Apr 1892 31 - Birth of daughter Agnes Winifred LATTA; Tonawanda, New York, USA

01 Jan 1895 33 - Death of mother Elizabeth STEPHENS (aged 74); IA., USA

05 Jun 1895 34 - Birth of son John Stephens LATTA; Tonawanda, New York, USA

11 Jul 1898 37 - Birth of daughter Elizabeth LATTA; College Corners, OH., USA

03 Mar 1902 40 - Birth of son William Charlton LATTA; College Corners, OH., USA

1908 47 - Death of son Hugh Rex LATTA (aged 18);

11 May 1932 71 - Linton Thomas LATTA died;

2. Hugh Rex LATTA (1890 - 1908)

Hugh

Hugh's Grandson,

b. 17 Jun 1890 at Tonawanda, New York, USA
d. 1908

Hugh's Parents: Linton Thomas LATTA (1861), Minnie Isadore REX (1863)

Hugh's Siblings: Agnes Winifred LATTA (1892), John Stephens LATTA (1895), Elizabeth LATTA (1898), William Charlton LATTA (1902)

Events in Hugh Rex LATTA's life

17 Jun 1890 - - Hugh Rex LATTA was born; Tonawanda, New York, USA
1908 18 - Hugh Rex LATTA died;

2. Agnes Winifred LATTA (1892 - 1986)

Agnes + Paul

Hugh's Granddaughter,

b. 19 Apr 1892 at Tonawanda, New York, USA

m. Paul William CARTER

d. 10 Feb 1986

Agnes's Parents: Linton Thomas LATTA (1861), Minnie Isadore REX (1863)

Agnes's Siblings: Hugh Rex LATTA (1890), John Stephens LATTA (1895), Elizabeth LATTA (1898), William Charlton LATTA (1902)

Events in Agnes Winifred LATTA's life

19 Apr 1892 - - Agnes Winifred LATTA was born; Tonawanda, New York, USA

11 May 1932 40 - Death of father Linton Thomas LATTA (aged 71);

24 Dec 1946 54 - Death of mother Minnie Isadore REX (aged 83);

10 Feb 1986 93 - Agnes Winifred LATTA died;

2. John Stephens LATTA (1895 - 1989)

John => John

Hugh's Grandson,

b. 05 Jun 1895 at Tonawanda, New York, USA

d. 17 Sep 1989 at Omaha, Douglas Co., Nebraska, USA

John's Parents: Linton Thomas LATTA (1861), Minnie Isadore REX (1863)

John's Children: John LATTA

John's Siblings: Hugh Rex LATTA (1890), Agnes Winifred LATTA (1892), Elizabeth LATTA (1898), William Charlton LATTA (1902)

(Continued on Page 27)

Linton Thomas Latta

(Continued from Page 26)

Events in John Stephens LATTA's life

05 Jun 1895 - - John Stephens LATTA was born; Tonawanda, New York, USA

11 May 1932 36 - Death of father Linton Thomas LATTA (aged 71);

24 Dec 1946 51 - Death of mother Minnie Isadore REX (aged 83);

17 Sep 1989 94 - John Stephens LATTA died; Omaha, Douglas Co., Nebraska, USA

3. John LATTA

John

Hugh's gGrandson,

b.Living

d.

John's Parents: John Stephens LATTA (1895)

Events in John LATTA's life

17 Sep 1989 - - Death of father John Stephens LATTA (aged 94); Omaha, Douglas Co., Nebraska, USA

2. Elizabeth LATTA (1898 -)

Elizabeth

Hugh's Granddaughter,

b. 11 Jul 1898 at College Corners, OH., USA

d.

Elizabeth's Parents: Linton Thomas LATTA (1861), Minnie Isadore REX (1863)

Elizabeth's Siblings: Hugh Rex LATTA (1890), Agnes Winifred LATTA (1892), John Stephens LATTA (1895), William Charlton LATTA (1902)

Events in Elizabeth LATTA's life

11 Jul 1898 - - Elizabeth LATTA was born; College Corners, OH., USA

11 May 1932 33 - Death of father Linton Thomas LATTA (aged 71);

24 Dec 1946 48 - Death of mother Minnie Isadore REX (aged 83);

2. William Charlton LATTA (1902 - 1992)

William + Marjorie => William + John +

Bruce

Hugh's Grandson,

b. 03 Mar 1902 at College Corners, OH., USA
0A

+. Marjorie Faye CLIPPARD

d. 13 Dec 1992 at Pittsburg, PA., USA

William's Parents: Linton Thomas LATTA (1861), Minnie Isadore REX (1863)

William's Children: William LATTA, John LATTA (1932), Bruce LATTA (1940)

William's Siblings: Hugh Rex LATTA (1890), Agnes Winifred LATTA (1892), John Stephens LATTA (1895), Elizabeth LATTA (1898)

Events in William Charlton LATTA's life

03 Mar 1902 - - William Charlton LATTA was born; College Corners, OH., USA

11 May 1932 30 - Death of father Linton Thomas LATTA (aged 71);

07 Aug 1932 30 - Birth of son John LATTA;

31 Dec 1940 38 - Birth of son Bruce

LATTA;

24 Dec 1946 44 - Death of mother Minnie Isadore REX (aged 83);

11 Jul 1987 85 - Death of son Bruce LATTA (aged 46);

13 Dec 1992 90 - William Charlton LATTA died; Pittsburg, PA., USA

3. William LATTA

William

Hugh's gGrandson,

b.Living

d.

William's Parents: William Charlton LATTA (1902), Marjorie Faye CLIPPARD (1909)

William's Siblings: John LATTA (1932), Bruce LATTA (1940)

Events in William LATTA's life

13 Dec 1992 - - Death of father William Charlton LATTA (aged 90); Pittsburg, PA., USA

07 Sep 2003 - - Death of mother Marjorie Faye CLIPPARD (aged 94);

(Continued on Page 28)

Linton Thomas Latta

(Continued from Page 27)

3. John LATTA (1932 - 2006)

John

Hugh's gGrandson,

b. 07 Aug 1932

d. 24 Sep 2006

John's Parents: William Charlton LATTA (1902), Marjorie Faye CLIPPARD (1909)

John's Siblings: William LATTA, Bruce LATTA (1940)

Events in John LATTA's life

07 Aug 1932 - - John LATTA was born;

13 Dec 1992 60 - Death of father William

Charlton LATTA (aged 90); Pittsburg, PA., USA

07 Sep 2003 71 - Death of mother Marjorie Faye CLIPPARD (aged 94);

24 Sep 2006 74 - John LATTA died;

3. Bruce LATTA (1940 - 1987)

Bruce + Doris => Steve

Hugh's gGrandson,

b. 31 Dec 1940

+. Doris HUGHES

d. 11 Jul 1987

Bruce's Parents: William Charlton LATTA (1902), Marjorie Faye CLIPPARD (1909)

Bruce's Children: Steve LATTA

Bruce's Siblings: William LATTA, John LATTA (1932)

Events in Bruce LATTA's life

31 Dec 1940 - - Bruce LATTA was born;

11 Jul 1987 46 - Bruce LATTA died;

4. Steve LATTA

Steve

Hugh's ggGrandson,

b. Living

d.

Steve's Parents: Bruce LATTA (1940), Doris HUGHES

Events in Steve LATTA's life

11 Jul 1987 - - Death of father Bruce LATTA (aged 46);

Captain Edward T. Latta

By: Keith Latta, Victoria, BC, klatta@shaw.ca

I have received a request from a person named Stevin Oudshoorn in the Netherlands for information regarding Captain Edward T. Latta who was killed in action in the Netherlands in March 1945, just before WWII ended. He is buried in the military cemetery at Margraten, Netherlands. Stevin has sent me a photo of his grave with beautiful flowers and a US flag attached to the grave marker.

Edward was from Somerville, Massachusetts and is one of the two brothers after whom the Latta Brothers Memorial Swimming Pool in Somerville is named:

Copy of Somerville By-law:

Approved April 15, 1954.

An Act naming and designating the swimming pool Chap. 321

AT SAXON FOSS PARK IN THE CITY OF SOMERVILLE AS THE WILLIAM J. AND EDWARD T. LATTA MEMORIAL SWIMMING POOL.

Be it enacted, etc., as follows:

The swimming pool at Saxon Foss park in the city of Somerville, constructed by the metropolitan district commission, shall be known and designated as the William J. and Edward T. Latta Memorial Swimming Pool. The metropolitan district commission, having charge of the maintenance of said pool, is hereby authorized and directed to place thereat in a conspicuous place a tablet or marker bearing said designation. Approved April 15, 1954- (Note: The tablet actually reads "The Latta Brothers Memorial Swimming Pool.")

Stevin is developing a website called "Allied WWII Casualties in the Netherlands Remembered" <http://www.basher82.nl>. Please let me know if you have any information of interest about Captain Edward T. Latta.

Research Queries, Replies and Notes. Send your queries to the editor, Ken Mueller, 7400 E. Mule Circle, Prescott Valley AZ 86314, Doc Huer@aol.com.

1. I am researching the men of the 208th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, in honor of my great-great grandfather, Henry S. **Werline** of Company D, and in memory of the men who served with him. Abraham **Latta** of Bedford County served in Company K. I checked and Abraham is of Branch 43: Abraham **Sparks Latta** (1847 - 1923). Also see <http://www.findagrave.com/cgi-bin/fg.cgi?page=gr&GRid=38670381>. I am compiling whatever I can find about the men that is "out there" and putting it all together "in here". The Regiment had about 1,000 men, so the project keeps on growing. Facts and figures, photos, obituaries, family stories, and anything that would personalize the man in the uniform would be most welcome. Thanks, Joe **Nihen**, morse73@ptd.net.

2. I am interested in any information on the family of one James **Latto**, a 53 year old Irish-born shoemaker listed in the 1861 census at 44 Bishop St., Barony, Glasgow, Scotland. My particular interest is in his wife Agnes (age 41 & born in Ireland) and her three sons, James (23), Peter (21) & Francis (17) Phillips who were living with them at the time. I believe Agnes's maiden name had been **Elliott** and that she was first married to a Francis **Phillips**. Agnes appears as a widow with her three sons in Barony in the 1851 census, so she must have married James **Latto** sometime between 1851 and 1861. Any clues as to what became of these people would be much appreciated. Regards, John **Elliott**, elliottj@nb.sympatico.ca.

3. I am looking for info about Mary **Latta** who married Samuel **Graham** in 1830 in Limestone County, Alabama. Their children were Francis, James, and Mary. Samuel's first wife was Susannah **Twitty**.

Genealogy Nut Looking for these families: **Abernathy/Abernethy, Adams, Brooks, Graham, Hartwig, Hicks, Key, McClendon, Knierim, Johnson, Latta/Latty, Legg, Travis, Twitty** (Grahams are SI from NC>TN>AL>TX). Kerry Todd **Brandoff**, kerry1947@msn.com.

4. Does anyone know the name of the ship that James **Latta** (b. 1690-1700 in Ireland) was on? I understand that he and his family survived a shipwreck

in the winter of 1738, on their way to America. Any information about his voyage/arrival in America would be appreciated! JillFar.

5. I would defer to anyone from branch 8, who might know more. But I have been particularly interested in that branch because I thought it might tie into branch 22. As far as I know, no one has ever known which ship they were on -- not even found an independent confirmation of those reported circumstances.

I'd love to hear otherwise if anyone has researched the issue and discovered anything further. Virginia **Latta Curulla**, Branch 22, latta4gen@comcast.net.

6. The editor suggests that researchers should search archival records in London, England for shipwrecks from 1738, Colony of Maryland. There may be information in an Admiralty Office.

7. Just a few lines to let you know I will be mailing some old pictures of my family(?). The older, brown copy I think is a picture of my father (Clarence Johnston **Latta Jr.**) and his younger brother (Eugene **O'Toole Latta SJ**). If I could discern what year the car is in the background, the tricycles, et al I may be more sure of that. The pictures were found in my paternal grandmother's Elizabeth E. (**O'Toole**) **Latta's** belongings, all by themselves. Also, I have never received any information concerning Donald Monroe **Latta's** 2nd wife Aletta. This was her middle name. She was supposed to have a **Latta** family bible with information concerning same. Donald died circa 1996 or 1997 in Burk Burnet, Texas. He was the last of the **Latta** children of Clarence **Johnston** and Elizabeth E. **Latta**. Branch #3. Please note the backs of the pictures I had also printed. Keep in touch. Eugene C. **Latta**, Branch 3, ulatta@nc.rr.com.

8. I am the President of the Friendship-Nile Historical Society. I am researching Friendship's history in preparation of the upcoming bicentennial. A part of this celebration will be several historical documentaries the society is putting together. While researching

(Continued on Page 31)

Our Financial Contributors since the last issue. We really appreciate your support!
If there is a number before the name, it is that person's branch number. The editor suggests that the reader contact researchers of the same branch and share information.

We now accept PayPal donations from the button on our website. We have received several such donations so far, and it seems to work fine. Our web site is: <http://www.latta.org>.

Linda Carr, 229 Yacht Club Dr., Fort Walton Beach FL 32548, benlindac@cox.net.

3. Robert H. Hubbell, 9916 Barrinson NE, Albuquerque NM 87111-5890, texaggie53@comcast.net.

1. Norma H. Johnston, unpublished.

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9. Russell R. Latta, 748 Broadway Ave., Atwater CA 95301, russlatta@live.com.

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8. William J. Latta, Larchwood Farm, 520 Church Rd., Phoenixville PA 19460-2132, wjlatta@bellatlantic.net.

7. Thomas Q. Kintigh, 6100 N Paseo Valdear, Tucson AZ 85750-1070, tqkintigh@Q.com.

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Lorraine Latta, 3268-1/2 Atwater Ave., Los Angeles CA 90039, lorrainelatta@aol.com.

7,15. David K. Latta, 118 Ross Mill Ridge, Hedgesville WV 25427.

6. Forrest S. Latta, 4708 Old Shell Rd., Mobile AL 36608, forrest.latta@burr.com.

Peter Latta, 30 Errington St., Moorooks, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia 4105, saggital@optusnet.com.au.

16. Kathleen J. Latta, 6104-94A Ave., Edmonton, Alberta, Canada T6B 0Y8, lattakj@telusplanet.net.

51. Ken Erdle, 7890 Wexford Ct., Bloomington IN 47408, sasquatsh@erdle.us.

3. Virginia A. Putnam, 6511 Spring Branch #2, San Antonio TX 78249, gini1v@yahoo.com.

29. Arnold/Myra Sue Van Horn, 18075 Laughman Rd., Lore City OH 94755, vhorn1@clover.net.

13. Harriet M. Latta, 2624 Roseland Dr., Ann Arbor MI 48103-2135.

Paul I. Latta, Jr., unpublished.

43. Gerald K. Heuer, P.O. Box 313, Wyandot IL 61379-0313, bbheur@comcast.net.

5. Margaret J. Hundertmark, W7489 Honold Rd., Fond du Lac WI 54937, mjc-mark@execpc.com.

31. William A. Latta, 408 E 80th Terrace, Kansas City MO 64131-2119, kcbill43@kc.rr.com.

1. Paula L. Gruginski, 2819 NE 47th St., Vancouver WA 98663-2124, capt-paula@hotmail.com.

Kim L. Latta, 848 Terrace Dr., Burlington IA 52601-1520.

18. Billie J. McNerey, 649 N. Ironwood Rd., Benson AZ 85601-7848, janemacmc@gmail.com.

9. John A. Latta, unpublished.

8. A. Duie Latta, 110 W Ashbridge St. West Chester PA 19380.

7. Kenneth W. Latta, unpublished.

1. L. Raynell Miner, 7912 Rocelyn Dr., Urbandale IA 50322-4483, lrminer51@aol.com.

1. Bonnie Henry, 629 118th St., Whiting IN 43694, bonzaye@yahoo.com.

(Continued on Page 31)

List of Contributors

(Continued from Page 30)

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29. Bill Latta, Q-359 County Rd. 15, Napoleon OH 43545, billatta@embarqmail.com.
3. Billy R. Latta, P.O. Box 97, Hunker PA 15639.
2. Peg Hoffman, 3105 Thompson Ave., Des Moines IA 50317, mmjjh76@aol.com.
Dorothea Burkhart, 1975 E. Holly Grove Rd., Lexington NC 27292, dottieburkhart@yahoo.com.
David W. Latta, 37 Grove St., Marrickville, Sydney, New South Wales, Australia 2204, valmont@fl.net.au.

Research Queries

(Continued from Page 29)

on the Internet, I came across an article written by one Sharon **Mountford** about her grandfather, Sheridan Gorton **Latta**. The **Latta's** played an important role in Friendship's history, and Sheridan having worked on the Erie RR is even more important. I am looking for as much information, artifacts, pictures, images, etc. that I can find, for a specific documentary we will be creating for next year. Right now I am looking for information on the Allegany Central, which Ms. **Mountford's** grandfather would have been familiar with. I would appreciate any help in this manner that can be given. Thank you for your time: Richard **Langdon**, President, Friendship-Nile Historical Society, Friendship, New York, (585) 973-7185, langdonrichard@yahoo.com, Richard.Langdon@va.gov.

9. Due to an unfortunate printing error, page 29 of Issue 37 was omitted from some copies of our newsletter. So I am enclosing a reprint of that page in your mailing envelope.

List of Branch Captains

(Continued from Page 2)

- Branch 28: Carol Rini, P.O. Box 748, East Meadow NY 11554, carri137@gmail.com.
Branch 35: Janie Quarles, P.O. Box 624, McCrory AR 72101-0624, janieq@ipa.net.
Branch 45: Beryl Redfield, 4281 Winfield Rd., Taylorsville UT 84123-2344, Bredf331@comcast.net.
Branch 49: Stanley R. Latta, P.O. Box 998, Alamo-gordo, NM 88311, Reddog@wayfarer1.com.
Branch 51: Ken Erdle, 7890 Wexford Ct., Bloomington IN 47408, k.erdle@att.net.
Branch 52: Connie G. Latta, 11931 Lambert Ave., El Monte CA 91732-2031, Mudpie3133@aol.com.

Report of the 2009 Nominating Committee

By: Ken Erdle, Branch 51 Captain, k.erdle@att.net
And Vicky Latta - McCain, Branch 20 Captain,
v.latta-mccain@sbcglobal.net.

It is with great pleasure that we present the nominees for the three offices of the Latta Genealogy Society executive board soon to be up for election by the society members. The nominees are as follows:

Vice-President, Communications - Randy Phillips
Vice-President, Research - Paula Gruginski
Secretary/Historian - Kathy Latta

And with this, the nominating committee is officially disbanding. Now the campaigning and competition may commence, which we trust will be honorable with minimal mudslinging.

Regards,
LGS nominating committee
Ken Erdle, k.erdle@att.net
Vicky McCain, v.latta-mccain@sbcglobal.net.

Terms of Office

As stated in our Bylaws as published in Issue 27, Fall 2005, of the Latta Genealogy Newsletter, the Vice President of Research, the Vice President of Communication, and the Secretary Historian, shall serve a two year term. The Bylaws also state that only persons who have been members of the Latta Genealogy Society for twelve months prior to nominations are eligible for election to any Society position. The last election was in 2007, when Randy Phillips was elected Vice President of Communication, Cathi Vannice was elected Vice President of Research, and Beryl Redfield was elected as Secretary Historian. Cathi and Virginia resigned for health reasons. Beryl took over as Treasurer last year, replacing Virginia. The office of Vice President of Research has been vacant for a year.

Randy Phillips, parting_glass65@yahoo.com, Candidate for Vice President, Communications

Randy was born in a small community in up-state NY, not far from where his fifth great grandfather, Samuel Latta [3 Samuel (2) of branch 4] lived. Randy recently completed twenty years of service as a police officer and has gone on to a career in the banking field as a corporate security director. He has three daughters and one son.

He has always had a very keen interest in history, especially the local history of the Geneva area which is where a large number of ancestors on both sides of his family resided. Randy's grandmother, Marcella, now in her nineties, was the inspiration for him to start researching his family genealogy. She carefully maintained a wealth of genealogical information that had previously been researched by other family members, and added to this as time went on. As she would relate the lineage to Randy, she would tell numerous stories from her childhood and about her parents and grandparents. Randy developed a deep interest in researching and preserving family history during those talks.

Paula L. Gruginski, paulagruginski@msn.com, Candidate for Vice President, Research

I was born in Kansas, moved to Washington at a young age, was educated in the Pacific Northwest, and spent 20 years following my military spouse around the US and Europe. I hold degrees in Maritime Science, Professional Nursing, and Health Administration Management. I work part time as a US merchant Marine Master. For the past few years I have attempted to limit my trips to

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Paula Gruginski

(Continued from Page 32)

occasional and short in duration, since I don't seem to be getting any younger and want to spend more time on my hobby.....genealogy.

As a child my passion was to ask my Mother, Aunts, and Maternal Grandmother Mary Blanche Clum Latta to tell me "about when they were kids". I was always fascinated hearing the tales of their childhood. Grandma was a real historian and intensely interested in family lineage.

In 1967 my Mother and I got into a chat about the origins of her Latta family that ended up in one of our long term "prove the other one wrong" contests. We spent many hours in libraries in several parts of the US pursuing this debate, my major threat and challenge being that my Mother held a Masters degree in library science so at times I had to run to keep up with her. One of the biggest highlights was holding the remnants of Robert Latta's work in my own hands in the

Rare Books Room of the Library of Congress and the other was holding and reading the actual handwritten will signed by Branch 1 forbearer William Latta. In the process I have taken a number of classes pertaining to research from a variety of sources over the years, and have or do belong to several family, specific area, and name groups. I credit Paul Calhoun with much of my early guidance on the Latta research process.

Since that initial debate I have spent many hours and many miles in researching on my own extended family lines in several countries. I am particularly concerned about the preservation and accessibility by others to the contents of one box of Latta documents that Ken Mueller has in his office as it happened to have belonged to my Aunt and contained letters proving the place and date of the death of my Great Grandfather plus other information valuable to Branch 1 descendants. It would be my pleasure to be instrumental in its preservation along with any other projects that arise.

Kathy Latta,**lattakj@telusplanet.net****Candidate for Secretary Historian**

Born in the Capitol City of Alberta, Edmonton. The 2nd daughter of six children (5 daughters, one son) to Alex and Alice Latta Jr. (Irish-Scot with a dollop of First Nation Cree on my Father's side). I grew up an avid listener to the stories often told at gatherings of Family and Friends. The "I was there when, ... Or ... I first saw ... a car, ... an airplane, ...the first phone in the neighbourhood, ... the first TV". The sense of Family mixed with History as my Father, Alex, talked about the reasons behind the immigration from Ireland to the North American Continent. How the order of birth established the need for younger siblings to leave their Country of Origin to seek financial security elsewhere. The tragedy of family members that didn't come home during the Great War Years. The pictures of the women in Great Grandpa David Latta's family donning nursing uniforms to help convalescents during the Spanish Flu Epidemic which raged for three years.

As I work as a Ward Clerk in an inner city hospital, I see the subtle advances of the H1N1 Virus and can't help but make comparisons and wonder about the old epidemic and the newer one. How history in the making and how history affected our Ancestors continues to intrigue me. I love sharing stories. This is one of the reasons why after my Father passed away I chose to continue working with the Latta Genealogy Society as a Branch Captain. I am thrilled when someone new writes and I hope fervently they will share some of their stories. I know there are many others that can not wait to hear a new tale.

Reprints of Issues 1-37 are available for \$4.00 each. If interested, please contact the editor, Ken Mueller, 7400 E. Mule Circle, Prescott Valley, Arizona 86314, DocHuer@aol.com.

2009 Annual Meeting

The annual meeting of the Latta Genealogical Society will be held at one o'clock in the afternoon on 22 Aug. 2009 at the home of Mrs. Virginia Curulla, 4511 154th Place, Bellevue, Washington 98006. Mrs. Curulla may be reached at 425-6430309.

Our tentative agenda includes:

Announcement of the slate of candidates for the next election.

Northern Ireland Research Project -- how to reactivate this?

Numbering system conflicts -- names index and branch files.

How much information to put on the website, especially regarding those related by marriage.

Questions/discussion:

Branch 3

Branch 22

Curt Lantz question regarding Alonzo Latta

Other questions?

We also expect a lot of good genealogical conversation. All persons interested in Latta genealogical research are invited.

Election Procedures

All members current on their dues will have a ballot in their envelope to mail in. In accordance with the Bylaws, a smaller envelope is also provided to mail in the ballot. Please put a stamp on your envelope.

Please mail the ballots by 21 Sept. 2009. The ballots will be counted by Sue Lattea Cox, 6 Woodhill Ave., Salem, West Virginia 26426, and her family, on or after 21 October 2009. Her e-mail address is cscox57@verizon.net.

Issue 39, Fall 2009, of the Latta Genealogy Newsletter will publish the results of the election. You may also e-mail any officer and inquire as to the results.

If you are a member in good standing and reside outside North America, and feel that your ballot would be late if mailed, please e-mail your election choices to Mrs. Cox. Then please mail the handwritten ballot marked as confirmation. We will be glad to count your vote. Every member is important to us.

2010 Election of Officers

As provided in our Bylaws, the offices of President and Treasurer will come up for election in 2010. We will use the same procedure then as now. Our Board will be looking for interested members who wish to serve on the Nominating Committee. Also, members in good standing who wish to be placed into nomination should feel free to contact that committee.

Newsletter By E-mail

Any member who wished to receive the Latta Genealogy Newsletter by e-mail, please contact the editor. It would save our Society some postage, conserve resources, and you will get the pictures in color. Some members have already taken advantage of this opportunity, and they report quite favorable results.

The editor does plan to continue to mail this newsletter to select libraries to help preserve it for future generations. Some of these libraries are the Newberry Library in Chicago, Illinois; the Allen County Public Library in Fort Wayne, Indiana; the Library of Congress in Washington, DC; the State Historical Society Library, Madison, Wisconsin; and the Genealogical Society of Utah, and the LDS Main Library in Salt Lake City, Utah. The LDS Film Number for the Latta Genealogy Newsletter is: 1783414.
