

15

Marilyn Maynard

9401 S. Richmond

Evergreen Park, Ill. 60642

Ancestor Chart

Name of Compiler MARILYN ST. CLAIR Person No. 1 on this chart is the same
 Address 9401 S. RICHMOND MOYNIHAN person as No. _____ on chart No. _____
 City, State EVERGREEN PARK, IL 60642
 Date 4-81 312-499-3244

Chart No. _____

b. Date of Birth
 p.b. Place of Birth
 m. Date of Marriage
 d. Date of Death
 p.d. Place of Death

JOHN WESLEY SINCLAIR
 (Father of No. 4)
 b. 1823? 1820?
 p.b. MUSKINGHAM CO., OHIO OHIO
 m. 11 MAY 1850 - JACKSON, OHIO
 d. 23, 24 SEPT. 1862
 p.d. FT. PICKERING (CINCINNATI) TENN.

SAMUEL SINCLAIR?
 (Father of No. 8,
 Cont. on chart No. _____)
 b. 1847 - JACKSON CO. OHIO
JANE?
 (Mother of No. 8,
 Cont. on chart No. _____)
 b. c.A. 1800-1820
 d. c.A. 1852

CLINTON DEWITT SINCLAIR
 (Father of No. 2)
 b. 12 JUNE 1859
 p.b. _____
 m. 15 JAN 1880 - JACKSON, OHIO
 d. 19 FEB. 1939
 p.d. CANTON, ILL.

SARAH "SALLIE" FRAZEE
 (Mother of No. 4)
 b. 1835?
 p.b. OHIO
 d. 13 JULY 1872
 p.d. JACKSON, OHIO
 BUR. PAINE - BUDY CEM.

WILLIAM FRAZEE
 (Father of No. 9,
 Cont. on chart No. _____)
 b. 22 NOV. 1802 - OHIO
 m. 1821
 d. 27 FEB 1863 - BUR. PAINE. BUDY CEM
MARY LEACH
 (Mother of No. 9,
 Cont. on chart No. _____)
 b. 1803
 d. 20 JUNE 1879 - VINTON CO. OHIO
 (BUR. BYERS CEM.)

JOHN WESLEY ST. CLAIR
 (Father of No. 1)
 b. 10 FEB. 1881
 p.b. NELSONVILLE, OHIO
 m. 11-MAR. 1903 - CANTON ILL (FULTON CO.)
 d. 25 FEB. 1939
 p.d. PEORIA, ILL.

WOODSON NUNNALLY
 (Father of No. 5)
 b. 5 JUNE 1796
 p.b. VA.
 m. 24 NOV. 1853 - FLEMING CO., KY.
 d. 9 NOV. 1875
 p.d. JACKSON CO, OHIO

WILLIAM B. NUNNALLY
 (Father of No. 10,
 Cont. on chart No. _____)
 b. 1755 - DINWIDDIE CO., VA.
 m. _____
 d. 18 NOV. 1833 - PRINCE EDW., VA.

EMMA RACHEL NUNNALLY
 (Mother of No. 2)
 b. 2 MAR. 1863
 p.b. JACKSON, OHIO
 d. 27 NOV. 1942
 p.d. PEORIA, ILL.

MARY MCKEE (WIFE #3)
 (Mother of No. 5)
 b. 5 OCT. 1827
 p.b. HILLSBORO, KY.
 d. 6 APR. 1890
 p.d. HILLSBORO, KY. - BUCKNER, MO.?

WILLIAM MCKEE
 (Father of No. 11,
 Cont. on chart No. _____)
 b. 4 JUNE 1801 - KY.
 m. 24 OR 28 FEB. 1802
 d. 3 MAR. 1855 - PIKE CO., OHIO
ABIGAIL BOYD
 (Mother of No. 11,
 Cont. on chart No. _____)
 b. 9 APR. 1805 - VA.
 d. 19 JULY 1885 - KY.?

ROY DAVID ST. CLAIR
 b. 23 APR. 1913
 p.b. PEORIA, ILL.
 m. _____
 d. _____
 p.d. _____

ROBERT J. CARSON, JR.
 (Father of No. 6)
 b. 1815? 1817?
 p.b. OHIO
 m. 13 OR 28 SEPT. 1842 - PIKE CO., OHIO
 d. 17 NOV 1894
 p.d. SEYMOUR, IOWA (WAYNE CO.)

ROBERT J. CARSON, S.
 (Father of No. 12,
 Cont. on chart No. _____)
 b. 1771
 d. OCT. 1854 - PIKE CO., OHIO

JESSE JONES CARSON
 (Father of No. 3)
 b. 19 OCT. 1846
 p.b. WILLIAMSPORT OHIO (PIKE CO.)
 m. 1 SEPT. 1870 - CASS CO., ILL.
 d. 27 MAR. 1930
 p.d. PEORIA, ILL.

CATHERINE RHEA (WIFE #2)
 (Mother of No. 6)
 b. 6 MAY 1825
 p.b. OHIO
 d. 8 DEC 1916
 p.d. MOUND VALLEY KANSAS (LABETTE CO.)

WILLIAM RHEA
 (Father of No. 13,
 Cont. on chart No. _____)
 b. 30 AUG. 1783 OR 30 OCT. 1782
 m. 24 OR 28 FEB. 1802
 d. 3 MAR. 1855 - PIKE CO., OHIO
ELIZABETH BOILER
 (Mother of No. 13,
 Cont. on chart No. _____)
 b. 23 NOV 1780
 d. 30 MAR. 1860/1863 - PIKE CO., OHIO

LAURA MAY CARSON
 (Mother of No. 1)
 b. 31 MAR. 1887
 p.b. LITTLE INDIAN, ILL (NOW VIRGINIA, ILL.)
 d. 24 JAN 1960 (CASS CO.)
 p.d. PEORIA, ILL.

ANDREW JACKSON GILPIN
 (Father of No. 7)
 b. 5 JUNE 1815
 p.b. WOODFORD CO., KY.
 m. 1835
 d. 11 SEPT. 1869
 p.d. CASS CO., ILL.

WILLIAM GILPIN?
 (Father of No. 14,
 Cont. on chart No. _____)
 b. _____
 m. _____
 d. _____

MARY ELLEN GILPIN
 (Mother of No. 3)
 b. 1 JAN. 1850
 p.b. LITTLE INDIAN (NOW VIRGINIA, ILL.)
 d. 7 MAY 1926
 p.d. HANNA CITY, ILL.

MALINDA WAGGONER
 (Mother of No. 7)
 b. 4 JULY 1818
 p.b. ADAIR CO., KY.
 d. 5 DEC. 1900
 p.d. CASS CO., ILL.

ANDREW WAGGONER?
 (Father of No. 15,
 Cont. on chart No. _____)
 b. _____
 m. _____
 d. _____

DOROTHY BERTHA SCHULTZ
 (Spouse of No. 1)
 b. 19 DEC. 1915
 p.b. PEORIA, ILL.

MY FATHER

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Marilyn Moynihan (Mrs. J)
9401 S. Richmond
Evergreen Park, Il. 60642

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4-13-81

INQUIRY

SEEKING INFORMATION ON JOHN
WESLEY SINCLAIR/ST. CLAIR - b. 1820/1823,
OHIO - m. 11 MAY 1850, JACKSON, OHIO,
TO SARAH "SALLIE" FRAZEE b. 1835, OHIO.
SARAH d. 13 JULY 1872 - JACKSON, OHIO.
WHAT ABOUT JOHN WESLEY?
MRS. J. MOYNIHAN, 9401 S. RICHMOND,
EVERGREEN PARK, IL. 60642. IF
ANYONE HAS ANY INFO CALL ME
COLLECT 312-499-3244.

Marilyn St. Clair Moynihan (Mrs.)
9401 South Richmond
Evergreen Park, Illinois 60642

Rec'd Apr 16/1982
Chart # 15

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Apr. 13, 1982

Alice Lauderback,

Enclosed is chart which I don't think I've already mailed. I don't keep good enough records and can never remember what I've mailed to whom.

I'm enclosing a little story which I wrote last fall ancestor hunting in the Jackson county area. Perhaps it will give you all a chuckle or 2 at your next meeting. I haven't given up. I hope to return which with as many cousins as I can recruit to beat the bushes while we examine the stones. Paine/Bundy is absolutely scary! I wish I lived closer. I would try to organize a group to clean it up and restore it, are there actual records somewhere? Is someone still responsible for it? At any rate, it was quite an adventure, frustrating at times, though.

Sincerely
Marilyn Moynihan

CEMETERY

AN ADVENTURE IN GENEALOGY
(Aug.-Sept., 1981)

We drove down route 346, and turned onto 327 and shortly after turning, on the right, up on a hill, was a very nicely-kept little cemetery. I thought it was too soon to be Old Lincoln Furnace Cemetery, so we continued on to Wellston without spotting any sign of it. So, we returned to the pretty little cemetery we first saw. No name was posted anywhere but we walked around looking for the older stones. The only one which sounded familiar was:

Hannah, wife of
William McKinsey
d. 30 Nov. 1851
85y 1?or??m 19d

Two ladies pulled into the cemetery at that time, and I walked over to where they were to ask them if this was Old Lincoln Furnace, or if they knew where it was. They said it wasn't, and they didn't know where it was, but that there was a lady who lived at the bottom of the cemetery hill, off to one side, who would certainly know where it was. I hippity-hopped down there, and she was on her way down the road, probably to see what the traffic jam was all about. (She turned out to be an aunt to the two ladies and her maiden name was Hollingshead. If she gave me her married name, it escapes me. All I could think of was that was a familiar name) She told me that we had to go back toward Wellston 'as far as the Walton Mine entrance. I understood her to mean that we should take that road, but when we got there and turned into that road, it led to guess what--a mine! Back at the entrance to the mine, there was another road, so we tried that one. She had said that there would be a hill and at the top of the hill there would be a fancy new house, and behind the house would be the cemetery. Sure enough, at the very steep hill, there was a new house. We were greeted by several assorted dogs. I went up to the door to ask where the cemetery was, but got no answer. I thought I heard a T. V. but maybe it was a parakeet, animal lovers that they were. So I gingerly walked around, scouting for signs of a cemetery, taking time to make friends with three dogs. No sign anywhere. I didn't go too far into the woods as the weeds were taller than me.

Back down the hill we went, and back into the next road we had previously passed. It was marked "Cemetery entrance" but that didn't seem significant as there were several along there. But after we turned in, we could see where a gate had been. The lady, who by the way, looked and sounded a lot like Grandma St. Clair, had said that she had just read in the paper that the gate, valued at \$300, had recently been stolen.

So onward and upward we went and I do mean upward.



A very steep hill continued up and up untill finally, we reached a plateau with a sort of corral-type entrance. Inside was Old Lincoln Furnace Cemetery. It was like a very large green room with trees and bushes for walls. It was very still, with only the sound of the buzz of mosquitoes to be heard.

It was pretty well kept, compared to what I had visualized to to be. the first stone I came to was:

Lasley W. Frazee
d. June 15th 1868
aged
59^ys 9MOS 6DS



While I was photographing this stone, Jack was roaming around looking for Hezekiah. A few minutes later, he yelled that he had found him. I rushed over and was really amazed at the good condition of the stones. They must be facing the right direction to avoid the weather. The stones are also deeply carved, so they must have really been beautiful when new for them to look that good after so many years.

His stone read:

Hezekiah Frazee
Died
June 6, 1821
Aged
62 Years.

and hers:

Catharine
Wife of
Hezekiah Frazee
Died
Feb. 7, 1842
Aged
74 Yrs. 9 Mo. & 28 Ds.





Directly in back of these two stones can be seen a small one with:

H. F.

If there was anything else etched on it, I couldn't see it.

Nearby was:

Lewis V.

Son of
 A. & ANNA W FRAZEE
 Born
 Mar. 1, 1855
 Died
 Aug. 11, 1855



There were a great many Kirkendahls, Martins, Strouds, and Longs. Many stones were loose and face down. Could someone have deliberately placed them that way to preserve the lettering. It was 20 degrees hotter there, the bugs were terrible, and it was starting to rain, so we decided to go in search of Byer Cemetery.

FILE
75
10127

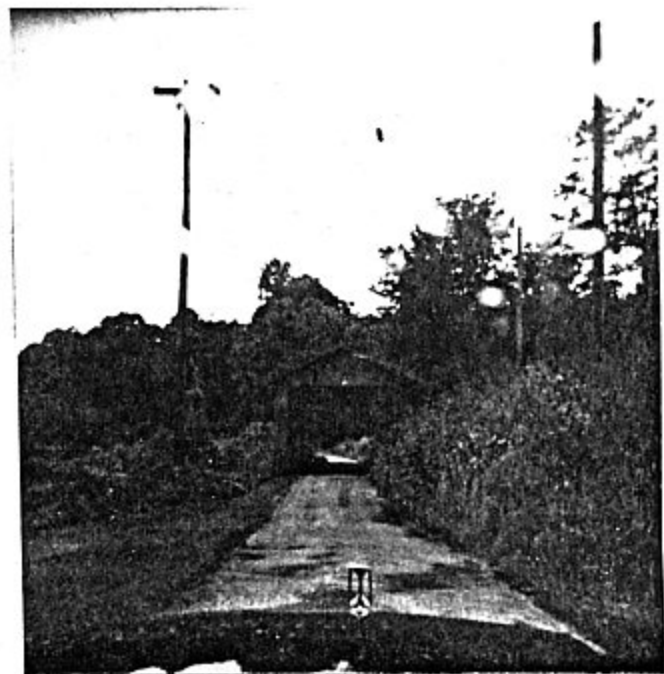




We were sailing along 327, and way up on a small mountaintop way back from the road was a cemetery. It seemed too easy after the first one. I shrieked, and Jack screeched to a halt and in we went, up another hill, almost straight up.

By this time, it was lightening and raining, but I was determined to find Mary Leach Frazee and Dudley Frazee.

We ran around looking at all the old stones we could find. There were quite a few that were impossible to read. We should have taken rubbing equipment. A man pulled in at that time, and before he left, we went over to double check that we were in the right place--which we were. There are no names on cemeteries in Ohio. The man said that he thought the trustee of the cemetery lived down at the bottom of the hill. Since we hadn't had any luck, we decided to see if we could locate him. Down the hill we went over the covered bridge and pulled into the driveway of the house next to the cemetery. There wasn't anyone home. People in Ohio don't seem to stay at home on Sundays. We were just leaving when a car pulled in.



We asked if he could help us with information about the cemetery. He said he couldn't, but that he thought the trustee lived down the road. By the time we reached the house of the trustee, it was pouring rain, we were on the wrong side of a winding road with a big truck tailgating us, so we decided to pass up the visit to the trustee, especially since it was a Sunday. He probably wasn't home anyway.

So on we went in search of the Paine/Bundy Cemetery.



When we got to the road leading from Wellston to Hamden (93), there was a detour because the bridge was out. We took the detour, but didn't find any trace of it when we got back to 93, so we asked a guy if he knew where it was. He said he thought it was behind the Madison Farm. Off we went in search of Madison Farm. We drove and drove. We stopped and checked out a small cemetery next to a little church but not one familiar name. We continued on until we were back in Hamden. This time we asked an elderly couple sitting on their front porch. They told us that it was between the strip mine and the ballfield. We had no luck in finding either one so Jack decided to go back to 93 and go as far as the bridge that was out and take the detour and do the same thing on the other side.

Sure enough, there it was, right back where we had started--just a little sign marking the road in, which was Grady Lane. We pulled into the road, and lo and behold--another hill! Only we could go just a little way because there was a padlocked gate. Jack stayed with the car while I started up the hill, thinking it probably wasn't too far. When I finally got to what I thought was the top of the hill, there was somewhat of a clearing off to the left with an old, broken-down barn. I walked all around to see if I could see any old stones. I didn't see anything. I stood there bewildered. I looked back to the road and saw that the road continued in a



There it was!

winding fashion up the hill. While I was standing there debating whether I should continue climbing, I looked back toward the old barn, and happened to glance skyward to check the sky for rain, and way off in the distance, way up high, there was what looked like a cemetery! I waved to Jack that I was going up yonder and took off hiking in not very good hiking shoes. On and on and up and up I climbed. It got quieter and quieter and creepier and creepier. After it seemed like a mile I got to an area where I could look up about 2 stories (in city terms) and see a broken-down picket fence.

The stones were mostly all broken and loose. Beer cans were scattered here and there. That must be the reason for the padlocked gate.

Proceeding into "No man's land", I walked gingerly as if in a mine field. The weeds were kneehigh and unfortunately, I hadn't brought anything in the way of garden tools. I was sure the place was full of snakes, because of the isolated nature of the place. I kept thinking that if one bit me, by the time Jack came looking for me, I could be dead!

I kept trying to remember the Paine Graveyard article from the Old Northwest Quarterly. I had it with me but I was too nervous to get it out. I was watching very carefully where I was



stepping. It was all I could do to snap a picture or two. I looked around as much as I could. There were quite a few which were intact but no sign of Sallie Sinclair or her father, William Frazee. Rereading the Paine Graveyard article later, I'll bet they were right there by the Leaches which I found. Just when I found one that I think was George Leach or his wife, I heard a loud creaking and crunching in the bushes nearby. I hurriedly snapped a couple of Leach stones. I was very nervous and scared all alone on what seemed to me to be a very isolated mountaintop. So I ran down the hill.

We then headed for Jackson, Ohio.



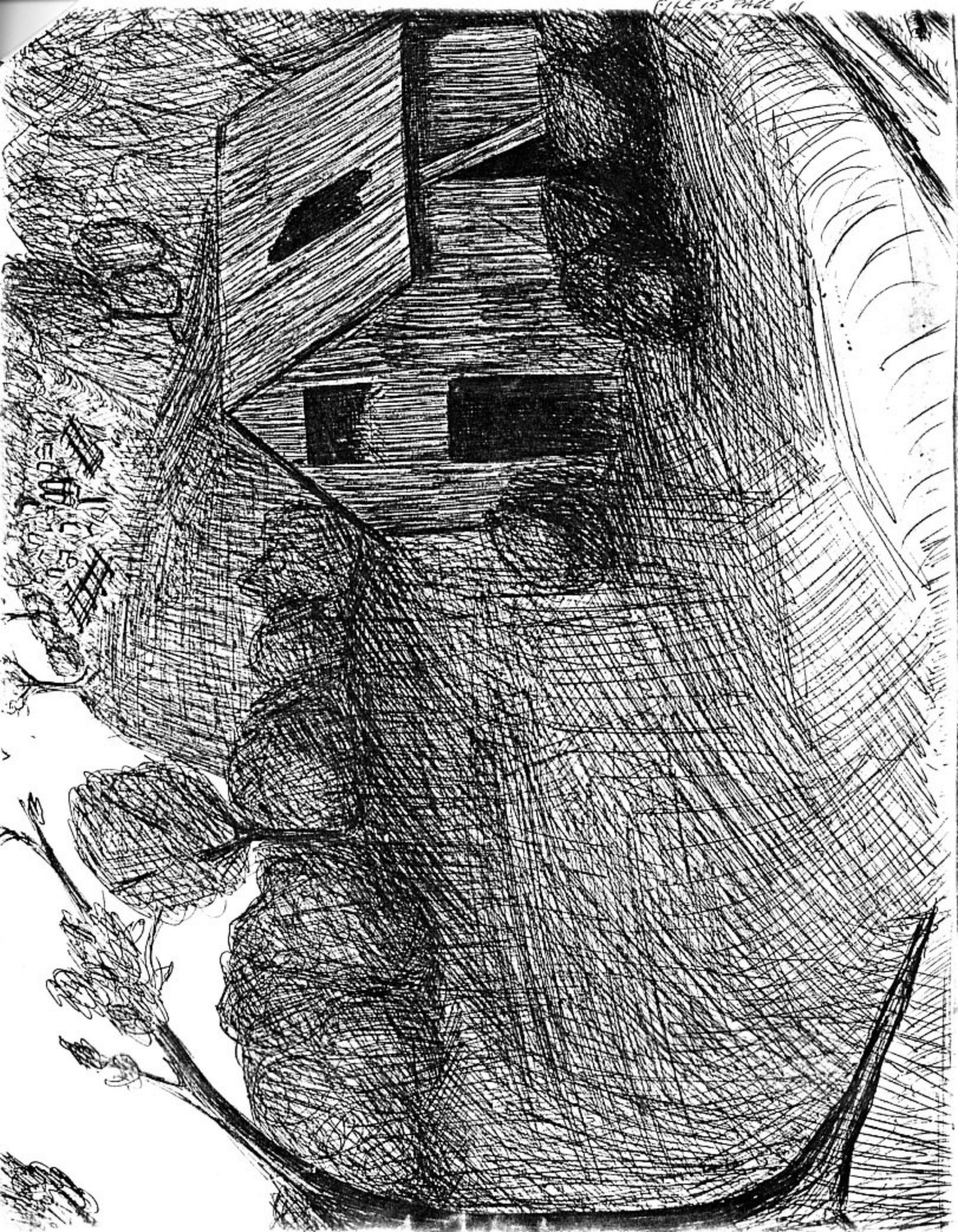
The McKinniss stones were in the best condition of any there. They were too large to be overturned.

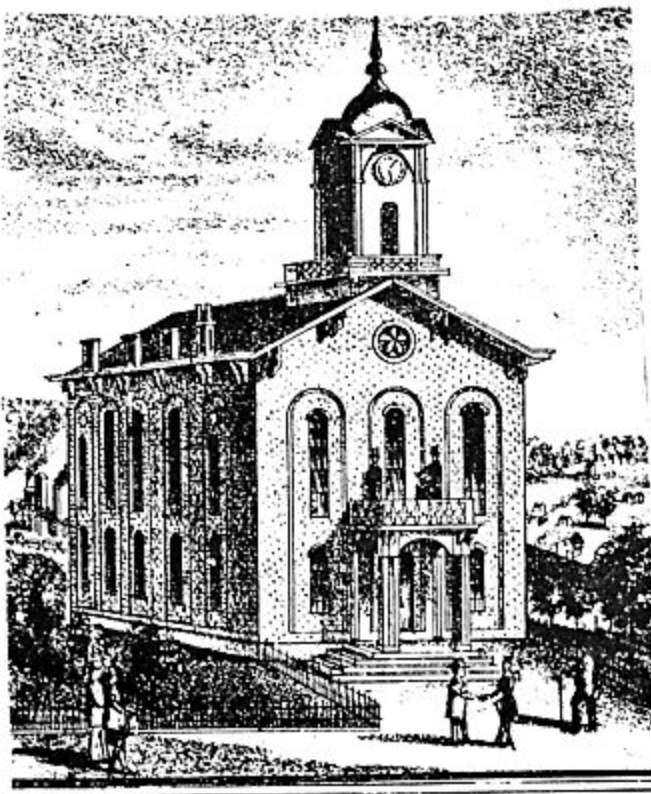
Joseph McKinniss
d. Oct. 26, 1879
aged
56y 28d

Louise McKinniss
d. June 28, 1862
aged
78y 3mos 26 ds



FILE 15 2462





JACKSON COUNTY COURT HOUSE
JACKSON, OHIO.



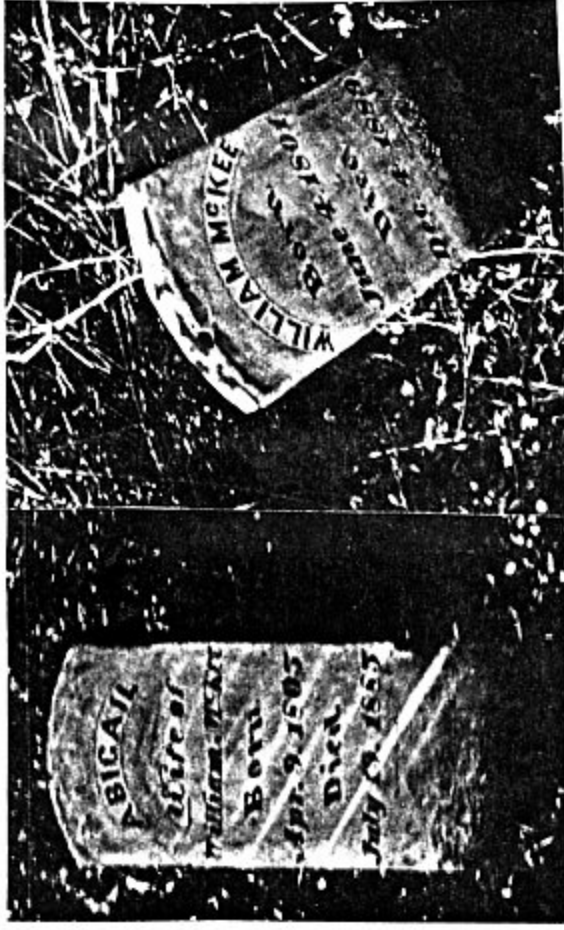
Then and now

Jackson is a very cute little town. It was Sunday, so we couldn't go in the Court House. I felt that the town probably hasn't changed a whole lot since the Frazees, Leaches, and Sinclairs/St. Clairs lived there.

On we went to Portsmouth, Ohio to a motel for a nice meal, bath, and bed!

Monday morning, we started out for Flemingsburg, Ky. After two hours of driving through very dense fog along the Ohio River, we finally made it to Flemingsburg--another cute little town. I went to the Court House, which of course didn't have any death records of the McKee era. I thought that Caren Curotto (who looked up the McKee graves for us previously), worked as a clerk, but apparently she is there on a volunteer basis. She wasn't there when I first went into the Court House though. She has a desk in the basement hall. When the clerk gets something that they don't have the info on, they must refer it to her. We asked a cop who was busy ticketing cars on the main street, where I could find a phone book (which I intended swiping). He told me that there was one down quite a few blocks by the phone company. When I got all the way down there, it wasn't a phone company office but more like a storage bldg. The phone book was missing from the phone booth in front of the building. (Some uncouth person had probably taken it). On the way back to where Jack was waiting for me, I stopped in a funeral home. There were three very friendly guys there, one of whom said he had McKee relatives, but not William. They were telling me about the funeral homes in the Hillsboro area and when they mentioned the Eden Chapel Cemetery, I recognized that as the spot where William and Abigail McKee were buried. When I got back to Jack, he said the people were so friendly that he had almost been elected mayor while I was gone! Trying again at the Court House for Caren Curotto, I found that she was there this time. She offered to go with us to show us the graves and where the cemetery was, but I knew that Jack wanted to bug out on the way after find the graves. So instead, I had her give us directions. We went out 32 out of Flemingsburg about 3 miles until we got to Eldridge Chrysler dealer where we took a right at the fork in the road and went straight until we got to Poplar Plains.

When we got to the first (and only?) intersection, we took another right and drove at least 5 miles and on the right, there it was. Caren had said that their graves were toward the back of the cemetery and a little off center to the left. Only the front left quarter had been cut this year! The rest was as tall as me. I ventured into it just a little way but again fear of snakes wich Caren confirmed were plentiful in the county. She didn't know which were poisonous and which were not, but we agreed that we were afraid of them either way. So, very reluctantly, I left with only a photo of the front of the very neglected cemetery. The developer damaged that photo, would you believe! I have sent Caren Curotto some money to see if she could hire some brave soul to go in there with a sickle or machete and hack a path back to their graves and take a picture of them for me. I also got the name of the guy across the road from the Cemetery in case she isn't successful. Also just down the road a mailbox had the name "Hildreth McKee". I looked up the name in the phone book page which I ended up having copied in a bank (the McKee listings). The address is just Sunset Road, Hillsboro



Off we went on the road to Versailles (pronounced Ver-sales there). In the Court House basement, there are all kinds of books of wills, deeds, and marriages, etc., but no birth records back far enough for our Gilpins. I looked through every kind of index I could find and the only thing I could find was a document appointing William Gilpin as attorney at fact for a Betsy Reaves to handle her husband's estate. (Book E, p. 418). I also visited the Christian Church and asked to see any old records that they had, which turned out to be not old enough.

On to Louisville (pronounced Lou-eh-ville) which was named after Louis (pronounced Lou-ee) XVI. Figure it out. The rain dogged us again. I made it to the Public Library for a very short visit. There were quite a few books there that I haven't been able to find at Newberry. When I went to meet Jack, we were caught in a non-stop downpour, so we decided to call it a day and head for home.

