



SWOPE NEWS

2000 REUNION JULY 16

A. E. Swope

Kate Swope



Mayme

Ralph

Elnora

Laura

Kathryn

Alice

Isabel



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Editor Paul Swope

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HELLO ALL!

Well its November already. Thanksgiving almost here, Christmas just around the corner, and then it will be time to plan vacations. Remember the Swope Reunion when planing your vacations!!! We would like to see all the Swope relation at the reunion. Not just the descendants of A.E and Kate but all Swope relation. Remember the reunion will be at the McCutchanville Church Education Building. It will be a carry in pot luck dinner and we will sit down to eat at 1:00 PM. Don't figure on just coming to eat, come early and stay late to visit.

This is our third news letter of the year. Remember, pass it around, not all will receive a news letter.

ADDRESS LISTS

There is an address list enclosed and if anyone else in your family needs to be on the list let me know.

From time to time I send information about the Family by e-mail. I send the e-mail address list to everyone who is on my e-mail address list. If you, or if you know of any family member that has an e-mail address, please get it to me so we can all be closer together.

FAMILY TREE

The tree gets bigger every year. I have made some contacts that have contributed names that gives us

more of our ancestors. Of course we still keep adding our recent family additions, we need to keep that part of the tree up to date also. I need everyone's help on this.

If you have a computer and would like to have the family tree on your computer, please talk to me about it. We want to make sure the work that has been accumulated is not lost. The more people that have it the better. We can also keep each other up to date.

PICTURES

I have been trying to put together pictures of all of the Swope relation. At the last reunion a slide show of pictures was running continually. I need pictures of ancestors, and of current families to put in this show. If you were not at the last reunion and did not see the "show", drop by the house and you can see it. Any suggestions or comments would be appreciated.

OBITUARY

Saturday, September 11, 1999, Harold McCutchan died. He had been living at the Mount Vernon Nursing and Rehabilitation home. Harold was a World War II Army Air Force veteran and had worked as the Posey County extension agent. He also served as a Vice President at the Peoples Bank and Trust Co.

NOTE FROM GYANNE GERMANO SMITH

Sparks Inn, where Anne (Isabelle Swope) McKeeby resides, recently held their annual Ms. Sparks Inn Pageant. Forty names of residents were submitted by friends for the competition. From these, the top ten were voted on by the Resident's Council to be in the pageant.

The big night was May 25th. The 10 contestants were dressed in their finest, some in evening gowns. Anne was escorted by her son, Don Germano.

As each contestant walked to the stage with her escort, the MC gave a short biography of her and read some of her accomplishments. Each contestant was asked a different question, then the four "outside" judges deliberated. The 4 runners-up were announced. Then the big moment ...

The winner ..Anne McKeeby!! She received a crown, a trophy, and a flower bouquet plus a sash which says "Ms. Sparks Inn"! She was quite excited and pleased. Her family is VERY proud of her. Not bad for 91 years old!



MORE FROM GYANNE

Our daughter Kelly and family have recently moved into their new home in Clermat, FL. They built lakeside across the street from their old home!

NOTE FROM JANICE EVANS

Jonathan Riggs had a kidney removed October 12 and is doing fine. Philip Riggs was playing quarter back and broke a bone near his wrist. Still in a cast but back in school. Floyd Riggs had laser eye surgery, it was bleeding and he had to have it redone. Lawrence France had cataract surgery and is doing well. Evelyn Evans knee replacement went well. She is already back driving again.

NOTE FROM KATHY SOSBE

I am all moved in at Lauderhill Florida. Living in a nice townhouse.. Started my new job as Assistant City Editor with the Sun-Sentinel.

NOTE FROM KATHY SWOPE SPEICHER

We would all like to bring you up to date on Miranda. She is in middle school this year and just got an "A" from Dr. Smith at Riley's Hospital. She has had a very rough four years and is now doing wonderful since her bone marrow transplant in January of 1998. We want to thank all of you for your prayers and support during this time since she was diagnosed with Leukemia. Every day that goes by means she is closer to being cured.

Miranda, Monika and Madison along with parents Mark and McKayla spent a week in Georgia last summer. Mark also coached Monika's soccer team to the final game of their season. Madison spends her time playing with their new puppy Daisy.

Toby, Lori, Cameron and Connor are busy in Indianapolis. Cameron is playing the saxophone and soccer. Connor is busy playing ice hockey with dad (Toby) as his coach. Toby plays in the adult league. Lori will finish up her classes this winter and become a paramedic.

Michael is working at RuVan and has been traveling a lot this last year. He has been to Mexico, California, Atlanta, Detroit and twice to Germany this last year. He is also a student at U.S.I.

Kim, Tim, John and Kyle are also a busy family. Kyle played football, does Karate and plays the trumpet. John played trombone in the Central band and football. His first love is ice hockey. He scored a hat trick (3 goals in a game) in his first game this season. They both keep Mom and Dad on the move. My wouldn't Bub like to see these games.

I am working at Deaconess Heart Unit. My idle time is spent at hockey, football and soccer games, and school programs and also helping transport grandkids here and there.

Again thanks again for your prayers and thoughts through the last four years of Mirandas sickness. Please keep us in your prayers.

God bless all of you and have a happy holiday season.

NOTE FROM KAREN SWOPE YODER

The one year anniversary of my kidney transplant was November 3, 1999! And I'm feeling fine. The doctors are happy with my progress and keep cutting back on my medication. The kidney donor, my sister Paula, is doing fine also. Will and Magen got on the A honor roll again!

And besides that I'm getting married November 13, 1999. My new name will be Karen Swope Dunbar.

FROM EVELYN FRANCE

Richard Riggs daughter Nancy is expecting in June! Allen France & pardoner Vick Grisham is developing a site of lots on West Mill road. They are to be residential lots 5 to 7 acres in size. Adam is starting Basket Ball practice for Princtins freshman team.

GENEALOGY

I have posted on the world wide net that we are looking for our Swope ancestors and relation. Every now and then I will get an inquiry from another Swope researcher. Some are productive and some we can find no ties. Just a few weeks ago I had a contact from Debbie Webster in California. Her father passed down a lot of information to her. It seems that they are in the Michael Swope branch the same as we all are. It seems that Michael Swope had 14 children! This was news to me. I will have them all listed on the new tree at the next reunion. Her family is all in Illinois. She is looking forward to trying to be at our reunion this summer.

RECIPE FROM McCUTCHANVILLE CHURCH

PEACH COBBLER

Margaret Swope

1 Can sliced peaches (Drained or fresh w/1cup sugar added)	1 Cup sugar 1/2 Stick butter 1 Cup Flour
1 Egg	Pinch salt
1 T. Vanilla	

Butter bottom of 8x8x2 pan & pour in peaches. Cover with dough made of the sugar, butter, flour & egg, salt & vanilla. Bake 35 min in 400 oven.

May be used over blackberries for cobbler, but reduce heat to 375 & bake until berries bubble through the middle of pan. Add sugar to blackberries.

A LONG ROAD HOME



**In finally going home again,
writer Kathryn Sosbe finds
family roots run deep even
after a long estrangement.**

By Kathryn Sosbe / The
Gazette

Story editor Barbara Cotter

Every family has its issues.

Where to celebrate the holidays. How to handle aging parents.

Illnesses. Religion. Finances. Drugs. Relationships. Some cope, creating a family bond strengthened by trauma. Rather than breaking loose, they hold tighter. Others find themselves embroiled in a bitter family feud that lasts for decades. Mothers and daughters fall into silence. Sisters and brothers pretend one another dont exist. But life goes on, even when families fall apart.

My family disintegrated on a warm summers day in Evansville, Ind., in 1977.

It was the day my mother told me she did not want me or my newborn daughter in her home.

Rather, she proposed meeting us at a nearby gas station. It would be best, she said.

I didn't go. It wasn't best, for me or for my daughter her granddaughter, a chubby-cheeked baby who looks remarkably like her. There was just one problem, at least for her: Her granddaughter, and later a second granddaughter, were fathered by a black man.

My daughters are interracial, a fact of life, like the color of their eyes, their opposite personalities and their infectious laughs. To me, it didn't matter if they were white, black, red or brown.

It mattered to my mother a lot. When my first child was born, I had a sweet conversation with mother. She asked if we were both OK. Her questions were guarded, but at least she was interested. She even sent my daughter a handmade doll.

But that conversation faded soon as I realized she was not taking or returning my telephone calls. She didn't

answer my letters, nor did she reach out in other ways. So the day she suggested we meet at a gas station, I decided to cut off all ties with my family.

Not just with her, but with everyone; I didn't want to face the possibility of more rejection.

Since then, I've had little contact with family. A few strained telephone calls to my mother. A brief but volatile encounter with one sister. Complete estrangement from every other family member except another sister, who is both friend and sister to me and aunt and grandmother to my children.

There were missed weddings, births and funerals. I never was able to properly say good-bye to my grandparents. Worse, my children never met their great-grandparents or funny Aunt Dotsie or a long line of cousins.

For 22 years, my attitude about my family has wavered between cool indifference to aching heartbreak to steaming anger. At times, I have lied, telling friends that my mother dotes on my children. Or that my mother was dead. Other times, I told the story matter-of-factly. What is undeniable is that I always had a longing for family, but fear of further rejection of me and my daughters kept me from going home.

And then ...

Then came the invitation to attend a family reunion.

To go home again.

Summers in McCutchanville, Ind., north of Evansville, were humid and hot, but they were also Rockwellesque. Summers meant home-cooked meals with produce from Grandpa and Grandma McCutchans garden, hand-cranked ice cream and catching fireflies, locking them away in glass jars to control how they lit up the night.

Nothing else mattered except those days on Petersburg Road, a former Indian trail. I was so enamored with life in McCutchanville that I would often hop my red Schwinn and pedal the seven miles from our working-class neighborhood in Evansville just to be with Grandpa.

At my house, life was vastly different. My father died in 1962 when I was 5 years old, and my mother

struggled to raise three girls alone on a secretaries salary.

To me, she seemed fiercely strong. I don't remember her crying, except when my father died and as she watched the funeral of President Kennedy on our small black-and-white television. Mother ruled with a strict hand. Yes, ma'am, Please, and Thank you were a regular part of our vocabulary. Spankings were usual and, even though she worked, she knew every move we made.

At night, she sewed some of our clothes and made gifts for family and friends. We had kitchen-chair haircuts, food gathered from relatives gardens and plenty of chores.

There was no time for feeling sorry and no money except for the essentials.

Never did my mother seem to cave in to adversity, but maybe it's because her life had prepared her for it.

In 1944, when she was 22, a P-47 Thunderbolt airplane crashed into Grandpa's house, nearly killing her and her 5-year-old brother. She saved his life by knocking over his highchair seconds before the plane would have hit him in the chest.

Grandpa rebuilt the house, and the family, including my mother, moved back in. But 2½ years later, it burned to the ground.

A few years later, she married; she was in her late 20s, which was old for those days. About 10 years later, her husband my father died of cancer.

Within days of his death, she was in a car accident. Soon after the funeral, she watched as Sears repossessed our freezer because she couldn't afford the payments.

A few years later, she suffered severe burns on her hands while putting out a fire that engulfed a baby sitters dress.

Through it all, she always kept going, usually with help from family. As poor as I remember being, it seemed like we were happy enough: me and my two sisters. Still, there was a reserve about my mother that I always attributed to being of Midwestern stock or because she had me late in life, at 36.

I knew she took pride in my achievements, no matter

how small, because she bragged to friends and family. But I also felt she grew tired of raising children, first helping to raise her siblings as the second of seven children, then going it alone with three headstrong girls.

She tolerated my fidgeting, my rebellion against crocheting and knitting and my forays into the political world, including skipping elementary school to protest the Vietnam War. She once commented to my sister that she didn't understand me.

Admittedly, I was a wild child.

But never once did I believe that my mother would not want me or her grandchild. She already had four grandchildren and lived to spoil them. And even if she didn't like one of her daughters chosen mates, she rose above her objections and treated them as sons.

Except for my husband, whom I met in the military.

I never fancied my mother as intolerant.

About two years ago, my sister Mary began talking about mother. We rarely talked about her or past times because it was too hard for me. Mary understood that. But this was different; mother's health was failing, and it was evident she needed full-time care.

She's not doing very well, Mary would say during calls from Montana, where she now lives.

I would remain quiet. I still did not want to know she was ailing. I didn't want to feel compassion.

By 1998, Mary was living in Montana, and moved mother there to care for her.

Throughout our conversations, Mary pressed me about making contact with my Uncle Neil, mother's baby brother who survived that airplane crash. She said I needed to know my family, and that my family loved me.

I resisted, but Mary's exhortations stirred up a lot in my mind. I had dreams of going home. Of buying Grandpa's house back from the strangers who now live there. Of hearing Aunt Dotsie, my mother's younger sister, laugh. Of seeing my cousins.

Finally, I took the e-mail address I'd gotten from my sister and began the note that would begin to change everything: This is Margie's daughter, Kathy.

It wasn't long before I heard back from Uncle Neil, and that, in turn, made me dig deeper for my roots.

I found the Internet site that traced my families genealogy and tracked down Paul Swope. We never had met, but he shared a family surname, and it turns out he's a first cousin once removed.

He was planning the reunion.

Come home, he said. We want everyone to come home. In my mind, I decided to go. My heart and my nerves were not so quick to follow. But I had to go. I wanted contact with family. I wanted to know if they hated me. I wanted to know why no one ever found me or if they even tried. I wanted to know why our family is so darned stubborn. I wanted to heal.

And I knew the time had come to find the answers.

My children are growing up. My oldest is on her own.

My youngest just started her first year in college. My hair is graying. Time is running out.

Keep your mind open. Those are the words local family counselor Barry Weinhold said in the weeks before my reunion. I had talked to Weinhold in preparation for a story on family estrangement. Maybe it was more to help myself.

This is not unusual, he told me. Family feuds are very common. Everyone has been there. Reunions are healing, Barry said. You can't change anyone else, he said. You can only be yourself, he said.

It will be a good thing, he promised.

I tried to keep his words in mind, but the apprehension I felt on the flight to Evansville was hard

to overcome. I flipped through the magazines I bought. I drank three cups of coffee during a short layover. I began to cry when the pilot announced we were flying over Evansville.

A flight attendant touched my shoulder gently without saying a word and brought me back to the task at hand. I wiped the tears, then bit my lip and concentrated on what I needed to do when I got off the plane: get the rental car, drive to the cemetery to see Daddy, then downtown to the hotel, where I would meet Mary.

To my delight, she greeted me at the airport. We dissolved into tears. As we embraced, I noticed a man taking our picture. He looked like Grandpa but younger.

I'll tell you the same thing I told your sister, my Uncle Neil said. My, have you grown up!

I immediately hugged Uncle Neil. I couldn't let go. It felt like home. But I was still scared.

After awhile, we parted with Uncle Neil and Aunt Judy, and promised to catch up for dinner that night. Mary and I got into the rental car and began driving, laughing as I nearly ran off the road in excitement at each landmark I remembered. Aunt Graces house next to Aunt Lucy and across the road from Grandpa. The McCutchanville United Methodist Church and cemetery, where my father is buried. Blue Grass Cemetery, where my grandparents are. My high school. My old house.

It was too much, yet not enough. I wanted more.

That evening, we all went to dinner at Wolfs, a favorite barbecue restaurant.

Inside, I was surprised to see my mothers sister, Aunt Jane, who hugged and kissed me, then grabbed my face and said, I'm so proud of you. You are doing what you always wanted to do.

Aunt Jane was the one who encouraged my passion for writing. Her Chicago Tribune became mine, and my dream became her desire. It was Aunt Jane who encouraged my interest in journalism, even if it meant cleaning the floors. You have to start somewhere, she would say.

After several minutes of tears and hugs, I turned to see my mothers brother, Uncle Ross, and his wife, Aunt Joyce. As a child, I was frequently in the middle of their brood of six children, getting an equal dose of love and discipline.

For hours we ate and talked. Took pictures. And talked. And ate.

Even after leaving the restaurant, we stood outside in the humid evening air for another 45 minutes. I didn't want to let go.

On Sunday, the official family reunion got under way after church. I met relatives that I either don't

remember or never knew. I looked through dozens of family photographs, excitedly pointing out relatives I did remember.

There also were photographs of my mother, first as a slender young girl then as a pretty young woman. She was smiling.

But she wasn't there.

Mother was in a Montana nursing home, a victim of Alzheimers the same disease that slowly ate away at my grandmothers mind; the same disease that has confounded the logical mind of my Uncle Harold.

And with that disease, my mothers memories of me have vanished. Like they never happened.

Like I never existed. Like her grandchildren never existed. Gone, too, is any hope of reconciliation. We last spoke in the late 1980s; I can't even remember -what we said. Any future conversations may or may not register with my mother, but it's a chance I'm willing to take.

During the reunion, my aunts and uncles asked about my family, my life and my job, but they didn't ask too many questions about what had happened between my mother and me. They knew I had joined the Army and thought that maybe I had married, but my mother didn't talk about me much after 1977. It was just her way, and no one seemed to challenge it.

Later I would discuss my estrangement in more detail with Uncle Neil and Aunt Dotsie. It's unfortunate that we lost touch, they said. But it's all in the past, and the future will be different.

I am loved unconditionally, they said. And so are my children.

The reunion connected my past to my present; it was the weekend I finally began to heal.

I just wish Mother had been there.

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FROM THE EDITOR

I try and keep all items sent to me in a folder marked "NEXT NEWSLETTER". If I fail to get something in that was sent to me let me know. I try to cover ALL the family items that are sent to me.

Ross McCutchan showed an interesting item to me. He has a McCutchanville telephone directory from 1920. I copied it and have it here for anyone to see. I am sure Ross would let any one that would like to see the original look at it.

Note FROM MARY (SOSBY) KRAMER

Out here in Montana, the temperature was a balmy 70 degrees. The winter weather has not hit here yet. It seems kind of odd for this time of year.

Our grandson, Justin Overbaugh, graduated from ROTC and will be stationed in New York soon. We are very fortunate that all of our family members are well. Mother continues to be healthy and loves the cards and pictures she receives.

We are happy to announce our nieces will be visiting during the Christmas Holidays from Colorado. I hear that there are plans to take them skiing and visiting the sites while they are here! The holidays at our home, is often done in shifts, as there are so many of us and there are so many things going on... It has come to the point that we are discussing renting a hall to hold future ones so that we can get everyone in the same room at the same time!!!!

Our granddaughters, Michelle and Amy visited all the way from Maine during the Kramer/Klockhammer Family Reunion. Both have graduated from High School and are attending college. This family reunion was held over three days, at Lolo Hot Springs, camping and we provided all of the meals during their stay! Our daughter Audrey and sister Carolyn worked very hard to pull this off and they did a fantastic job. Everyone enjoyed it a great deal. There were campers, tents, while a couple of them decided to have it easier and stayed in the motel across the street. The weather was perfect and over 80 family members were together....

My sincere thanks go to PAUL SWOPE and his family for their patience and time spent on the newsletter and web page. I have recently had the opportunity to try and set one up for the Kramer family and it is no small task to achieve! Thanks Paul and family for keeping us all together!

NOTE FROM PAULA SUE SWOPE

Well, we have had a busy summer. Ellen O Warren is here at our ranch again this summer giving horse training clinics. She was here last year with a lady, Suzanne, from Sweden, making a training video. It has become a huge success in Sweden and Norway (where Ellen is from) and we are now promoting it here in the States. We've had visitors from all over staying with us and learning Ellen's techniques. We had a lady from Idaho, a lady from Norway and several people from around Texas.

I've expanded my web page building and have been hired by a local company. I'm feeling my age, 48 this month, and decided I really didn't want to train horses in the cold winter. I would much rather sit at a computer on those icy days, than sit on a horse.

I should be up in Indiana for a week after Thanksgiving. It will be good to see Mom, Dad, John and Beth. Hopefully, I will get to see Aunt Nancy, Uncle Gene and Aunt Gracie. Maybe others!!!!

Our fall doesn't feel very "fall" we still have the airconditioner on and it is still in the 80's. Maybe winter won't be so bad this year. We are still having a drought. Only one cutting of hay this year. It started off really well with rain and the ranchers got some good hay off that first cutting, but, the rain didn't last. We are very dry and have been under a fire ban for months now.

Hope to see some of you soon and the rest in July at the reunion!!

RECIPE

You saw we have one recipe in this issue. Anyone having a recipe that they think the rest of the Swopes' would enjoy, get it to me. If I get some I will try and get one in each issue of the News Letter.

Swope News Letter Mailing List --- Revised Sunday November 14 1999

No	Name	Address	CityStZip	x
	-----MAYME SWOPE	HENRY-----		
01	Cornelia Henry	1100 Erie Apt 612	Evansville, IN 47715	
02	Hugh & Marjory Henry	2741 N. Salisbury #1203	W. Lafayette, IN 47906	
03	Mary Lou Henry	520 Leicester Cir.	Louisville, KY 40222-5023	
	-----RALPH H.	SWOPE		
04	Harlan & Kitty Swope	803 Cardinal Drive	Evansville, IN 47711	
05	Kathy Speicher	1303 Mary Street	Evansville, IN 47710	
06	Margaret Swope	2916 N. Bedford	Evansville, IN 47711	
07	Ted & Penny Glackman	517 E. Spring Ave.	Ardmore, PA 19003	
08	Nancy & Gene Glackman	10122 S.E. Browning Rd.	Evansville, IN 47725	
09	John & Beth Swope	5811 Hartman Road	Mt. Vernon, IN 47620	
10	Dave & Karen Ann Dunbar	903 Sycamore	Athens, TX 75751	
11	Vicki & Ronnie Nobles	111 Bedford's Bend	Gun Barrel City, TX 75147	
12	Paula Sue Swope & Richard Ratley	11691 C.R. 1200.	Malakoff, TX 75148	
13	Grace Swope	2100 Jefferson Ave.	Evansville, IN 47714	
14	Meg (Glackman) Mayerick	501 A Gracie St	Smyrna, TN 37167	
	-----ELNORA SWOPE	FRANCE		
15	Curtis & Ruth France	11235 Pocahontas Road	Marine, IL 62061	
16	Lawrence France	8918 Whetstone Road	Evansville, IN 47725	
17	Evelyn Evans	8640 E. CR 200 N	Otwell, IN 47564	
18	Evelyn France	8924 Whetstone Road	Evansville, IN 47725	
19	Lois France	2510 Glen Hill Drive	Indianapolis, IN 46240	
20	Ray & Audrey France	1592 N. County Rd. 900 E.	Otwell, IN 47564	
	-----LAURA SWOPE	McCUTCHAN		
21	Doris Dauble	2285 State Rd. 580 Apt. 304	Clear Water, FL 33763	
22	Marcia M. McCutchan	P.O. Box 816	Mt. Vernon, IN 47620	
23	Jane McCutchan	5737 Tribby Lane	Evansville, IN 47710-4311	
24	Marjorie Hart	P.O. Box 903	Frenchtown, MT 59834-0903	
25	Jack & Mary Kramer	21315 Mullan Road	Frenchtown, MT 59834	
26	Neil & Judy McCutchan	1740 Terry Cir. NE	Winter Haven, FL 33881	
27	Ross & Joyce McCutchan	1313 Main Street	Mt. Vernon, IN 47620	
28	Kathryn Gale Sosbe	3257 Inverrary Blvd. W.	Lauderhill, FL 33319	
	-----KATHRYN SWOPE	RIGGS-----		
29	Thelma Riggs	1200 W Buena Vista Rd Apt 113	Evansville, IN 47710-5179	
30	Floyd & Lois Riggs	13940 Petersburg Road	Evansville, IN 47725	
31	Richard & Jeanine Riggs	13701 Petersburg Road	Evansville, IN 47725	
32	Ross & Mae Riggs	642 N. 200W	Danville, IN 46122	
	-----ALICE SWOPE	COOKSEY-----		
33	Kendal Cooksey	560 Fair Hill Road	Libertyville, IL 60048	
34	Randyl Cooksey	914 N. Sheridan Road	Peoria, IL 61606	
35	Steven Cooksey	501 Loudon	Winchester, VA 22601	
	-----ISABEL SWOPE	GERMANO McKEEBY-----		
36	Isabel McKeeby	7290 Lester Rd. Apt. E49	Union City, GA 30291-2324	
37	Don & Sara Germano	435 Dix Lee Dr.	Fairburn, GA 30213-3613	
38	Cindy Bibliowicz	257 SW 159th Lane	Sunrise, FL 33326	
39	Kelly Meahl	11006 Lake Katherine Circle	Clermont, FL 34711	
40	Rev Brian & Patricia Germano	2501 McDowell St.	Augusta, GA 30904	
41	William & Amy Tice	3004 Bransford Rd.	Augusta, GA 30909	
42	Gyanne & Charles Smith	5019 Brighton Dr.	Jacksonville, FL 32217-4816	
	-----COUSINS-----	-----		
43	Debra & Mark Payne	1036 Covert Ave.	Evansville, IN 47714	
44	Edith Young Bonner	610 Annavista	Anna, IL 62906	
45	Jack Swope	P.O. Box 177	Cloverdale, IL 46120	
46	Kathryn Mann	P.O. Box 853	Blytheville, AR 72315	
47	Robert & Lovye Young	1300 Hathaway	Evansville, IN 47712	
48	Ruth Schellhase	1925 E. Gum Street	Evansville, IN 47714	
49	Loretta Marie Heyen	2447 South 8 th Street	Terre Haute, IN	
50	Autumn Swope Taylor	6 Rollingwood Lane	Sandy, UT 84092-4803	
51	Nancy Swope Smith	R.D. 3 Box 234	Tyrone, PA 16686	
52	Debbie Webster	5689 Keymar Dr.	San Jose, CA 95123-3416	