



# Always Charlie

**Paul Arthur Burleson**



My book is dedicated to my wife, my True love Lorraine

My Dearest Lorraine Christine Lorraine Burlison,

From the moment our paths converged, life took on a new hue—a canvas painted with the colors of your laughter, your kindness, and the quiet strength that resides within you. As I sit here, pen in hand, I find myself lost in the symphony of memories we’ve woven together—the notes of shared sunsets, whispered dreams, and the way your eyes cradle the universe.

Remember our walks through the halls of Eau Gallie High School? The wind beneath our feet, our fingers entwined—the waves, like time, pulling us closer. Each bit of knowledge we collected held a secret—a promise etched by the tides. And when the sun dipped low, casting golden nets upon the water, it was as if the universe conspired to tell our story.

Lorraine, you are my sunrise. Each morning, as light spills through our window, I am reminded of the dawn we’ve built together. Your laughter, a chorus of birdsong, wakes the world. And in those quiet moments before the day unfurls, I pen letters to you—ink and petals pressed between pages. They carry my hopes, my gratitude, and the promise that love, like the sun, will rise anew.

We’ve weathered storms, haven’t we? Life’s tempests—sometimes gentle rain, other times crashing waves—only strengthened our anchor. Our love, Lorraine, is a lighthouse—a beacon that guides me home. And when the night sky unfurls, I look up, knowing you’re there, stitching baskets and constellations with your laughter.

Our love is a masterpiece—an ever-evolving canvas. We’ve painted sunflowers in spring, danced through autumn leaves, and chased deer through the swamps of Bull Creek. And when life handed us gray days, we mixed our own colors—laughter, forgiveness, and the promise that tomorrow holds a fresh palette.

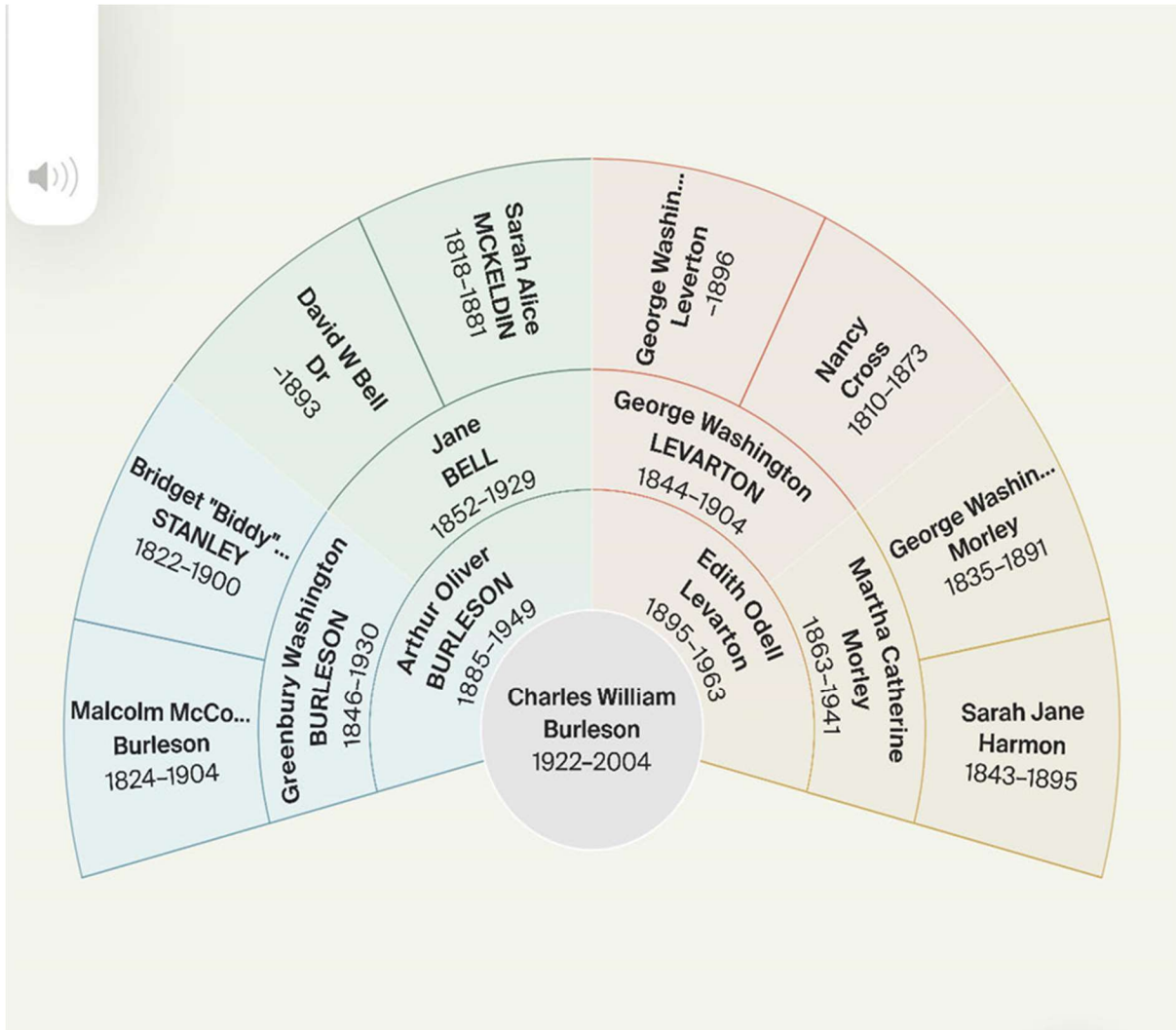
Lorraine Christine Lorraine Burlison, you are my always, my inspiration. In this love letter, I offer you stardust—tiny fragments of eternity. May they settle in your heart, reminding you that no matter where our journey leads, we are intertwined—ink and petals, sunrise and sunset. For without Lorraine’s love, hope, encouragement typing, and proofing assistance, this book would not have been written!

With all my love,

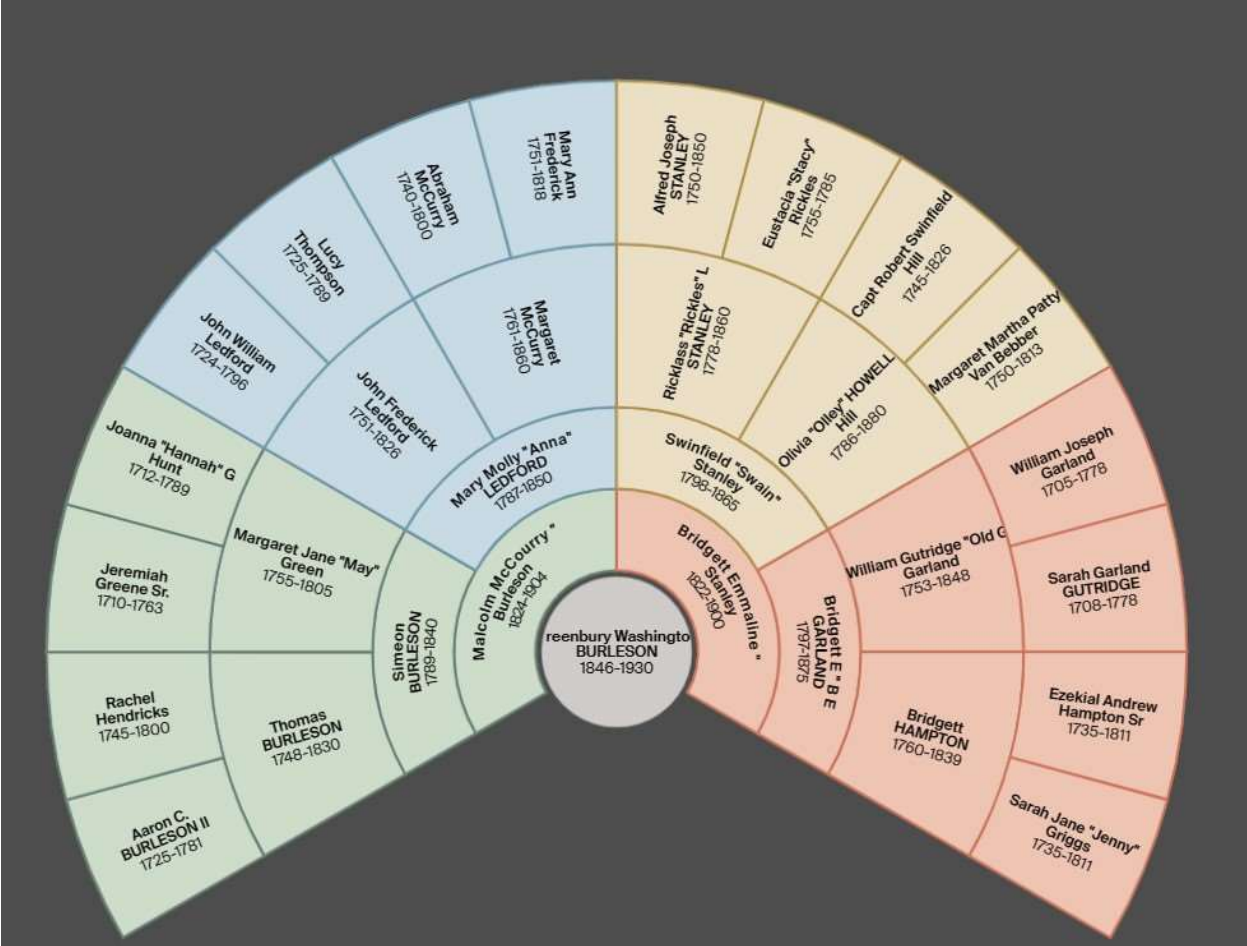
Your Forever True Love,

*Paul*

*Published March 5, 2024*



**Genealogy of Charles William Burleson**



**Greenbury Washington Burleson Genealogy**

# Always Charlie

Love letters to Miss Jean (Jeanne) “Rebel” Hatfield



**Phyllis Jeanne Hatfield (19 Jun 1927 - 20 May 2018)**

**“Jeanne deep in my heart and soul I can’t help it if I’m a soldier and will always be that. I can’t help it if I love military life but it is in my blood”.**

Heaven is real. The other night I awoke from a sound sleep by a vision. Mom and Dad found each other in heaven. They were walking towards me, holding hands with Jesus. Mom was on his left and Dad was on his right. Their love story was a match made in heaven. After mom’s death we were sorting through her belongings and found a package of love letters in her cedar chest. These letters were love letters from dad to mom while they were at Florida Southern College. Those words, penned by a caring father, echo the essence of life well-lived. They encourage pursuing

passions, nurturing connections, and embracing the adventure that lies ahead. These letters continue to be a cherished link to my parents' love story, a testament to enduring affection, and a reminder that love transcends time and distance.

In the quiet of a cedar chest,  
Love letters slumber, time caressed.  
Their paper-thin whispers echo still,  
Across the years, a heart's sweet thrill.

He, the poet with ink-stained hands,  
She, the muse in distant lands.  
Words like petals, fragrant and true,  
Blossomed love, forever anew.

Amidst Florida's sun-kissed breeze,  
He penned verses, love's sweet tease.  
She, a vision in sundresses fair,  
Their hearts entwined; a secret shared.

Through orange groves and Spanish moss,  
Their love story wove, without a loss.  
Each letter a compass, guiding the way,  
To futures painted in shades of day.

And when storms brewed, fierce and wild,  
His words were shelter, her heart beguiled.  
Across the miles, their love took flight,  
An eternal dance in moon's soft light.

So, write, dear storyteller, weave the strands,  
Of love and longing, etched in sands.  
For in those letters, a legacy unfurls,  
Ink and petals—forever twirled.

May the love that blossomed within the sun-kissed halls of Florida Southern College continue to dance across the years—a timeless waltz of shared dreams, whispered promises, and stolen glances. May it be a melody that lingers in the hearts of those who witnessed its inception—a symphony of two souls finding their rhythm.

I find my father—Charlie—a man whose life unfolded like a well-worn map, each crease a story waiting to be traced. His laughter, a melody carried by the winds, danced through the years, leaving footprints on the sands of time. Let me take you on a journey—a tapestry woven with threads of love letters, golf greens, and sunsets over distant horizons:

These were stories as told to me by Dad during our time together. As I embark on this journey of storytelling, I imagine the inked words on those yellowed pages coming alive, whispering secrets of youthful adventures, stolen kisses, and dreams shared under moonlit Florida skies. It is my prayer that I can honor my father’s legacy by crafting a tale that intertwines love, resilience, and the tapestry of his life.

Dad was born in Saint Petersburg, FL, August 22<sup>nd</sup> 1922. Dad’s parents were Arthur Oliver Burleson, born May 5, 1885 in Limestone Cove, Unicoi County Tennessee. His mother was Edith Odell Levarton, born on April 6, 1895, in Corbin, Kentucky.



**Grandma “B” Edith (6 Apr 1895 - 13 Jun 1963)**

Kentucky’s Daughter: Edith danced through bluegrass meadows, her laughter echoing among dogwoods. Her spirit, like wildflowers, bloomed in the shadow of Appalachian hills. She carried the scent of mint juleps and the memory of dew-kissed mornings.

Arthur’s life found his canvas in Edith’s heart. Their love story unfolded—ink and petals pressed between pages. Beneath Florida palms, they whispered promises, their hearts entwined like morning glories.



Together, they watched Gulf sunsets—the sky ablaze with oranges and pinks. Their love, a compass needle, pointed toward eternity. Arthur’s eyes held the reflection of Edith’s dreams, and her laughter echoed across the waves.



**Grandpa “B” Arthur (5 May 1885 - 24 Jun 1949)**

Grandpa “B” Arthur Oliver Burluson, a man etched in sepia tones, emerges from the faded pages of memory. His essence, a blend of Appalachian earth and Florida sun, weaves a tale of quiet strength and steadfast love. Arthur’s hands bore the marks of labor—the calluses of a man who tilled soil and split firewood. His grip, firm yet gentle, held stories of resilience and sweat-soaked days beneath the Tennessee sun. In Limestone Cove, where the mountains whispered secrets, Arthur roamed, perhaps he stood atop rocky outcrops, gazing at mist-kissed valleys, dreaming of horizons beyond. The scent of pine clung to his flannel shirts, a reminder of roots that ran deep.

My Father Charlie, was the third of three children. Charlie, nestled between the pages of family history, finds kinship with his older sister, Jessie Thelma Burluson. Born on June 30, 1914, in the sun-kissed city of Saint Petersburg, Florida. Jessie’s life unfolded against the backdrop of Florida’s turquoise waters and swaying palms. As I weave my father’s tales, I remember Aunt Jessie. I will let her laughter ripple through my words, and may her memory be a sunbeam that warms our hearts. Jessie Thelma Burluson, embarked on a new chapter of her life when she married Albert Ebersbach on July 19, 1941, in Citrus, Florida. Their union, like the merging of two rivers, carried dreams, promises, and the scent of orange blossoms.

In the quiet of their vows, Jessie and Albert wove a tapestry of shared sunsets, whispered secrets, and the warmth of intertwined hands. Perhaps their love letters, inked with devotion, found their way into cedar chests, nestled alongside memories of Florida's turquoise waters and the rustle of palm fronds. As the years unfolded, Jessie Thelma Burleson Ebersbach continued to dance through life—a sunbeam that touched hearts, leaving traces of laughter and love. Jessie and Albert had three children.

Sandra Sue "Cookie" Ebersbach was born on March 15, 1942. She married James Milton Jimmy Godsey on September 2, 1960, in her hometown. They had two children during their marriage, Cheryl Lynn Godsey, and Tammi Lee Godsey.

Johnny Albert Ebersbach was born in June 1944. He married Edith Jane Roberts in May 1965 in Hillsborough, Florida. They had four children during their marriage. Donna Mae Ebersbach, Johnny Carl Ebersbach, Tracy Kathleen Ebersbach, and Kimberly Michelle Ebersbach. Johnny passed away March 21, 1999, in Astor, Florida.

Dennis William Ebersbach was born on August 22, 1952. He married Jean Anne Jordon in 1984. They had two children during their marriage, Shane Dennis Ebersbach, and Lindsey Jean Ebersbach. Dennis passed away October 13, 2006, in Bailey, Colorado

Aunt Jessie's legacy, etched in sepia tones, rests in the soil of Tampa, Florida, where she found her final resting place in The Garden of Memories, nestled next to her parents. May her story continue to inspire, and may the ink of her love letters echo across generations.



**Jessie Thelma Burleson  
(30 Jun 1914 - 1 Jan, 1975)**



**Jessie, Cookie, and Al Ebersbach**

Charlie's brother was George Arthur Burlson, born on September 22, 1916, in Saint Petersburg, Florida. George carved his own path through the sun-drenched sands of life. His journey, like a seashell washed ashore, left imprints on the hearts of those who knew him. George's days unfolded against the backdrop of Florida's turquoise waters. Perhaps he felt the Gulf breeze ruffle his hair, whispering secrets of distant lands, such as the time he spent in Maracaibo, Venezuela, building in the oil fields.

Uncle George was married at least three times in his life. His first wife was a young girl by the name of Evelyn Alice Hacker. Evelyn Alice Hacker, a name that dances through the sepia corridors of time, crowned Miss Tampa in the sun-kissed days of May 1932. Her laughter, perhaps, echoed across the stage—a symphony of dreams and sequins.

In the heart of Florida, where orange blossoms perfumed the air, George Arthur Burlson and Evelyn Alice Hacker wove their own love story. Their union, inked with promises, unfolded on January 4, 1933. The world watched—a collective breath held—as two young souls stepped into the spotlight of matrimony.

Yet fate, like a capricious breeze, had other plans. The young couple, their hearts still finding their rhythm, faced the tempest of life. And so, with heavy hearts, they parted ways—a few months later, the echoes of their vows fading like footprints in the sand. Evelyn, crowned and then uncrowned, carried her memories—the sequins of Miss Tampa, the scent of magnolias, and the way George's eyes held the promise of sunsets.

George's second wife was Jane Elenor Sanders. Jane Elenor Sanders, a name whispered by the winds of time, emerged from the bustling streets of Chicago, Illinois. Her birth, like a note in a symphony, resonated on October 10, 1918—a day when the city's skyline touched the sky. In the dance of fate, Jane found herself intertwined with George Arthur Burlson. Their union, inked with promises, unfolded on June 14, 1947. Perhaps they exchanged vows beneath the shade of Florida palms, their hearts echoing the rhythm of the Gulf waves.

Aunt Jane and Uncle George, a duo whose lives intersected like fairways on a golf course, carved their own adventurous path through the greens and fairways of existence. Their love for life, travel, and the thrill of a well-struck golf ball wove a tapestry of memories that stretched across continent. Together, they painted their love story—a canvas of shared sunsets, whispered dreams, and the way Jane's eyes held the vastness of the sea. But life, like a seashell tossed by tides, carried them

through storms and calms. Together, they chased birdies and eagles, their golf bags laden with dreams. Jane's semi-pro status was more than a title—it was the rhythm of her heartbeat as she lined up putts.

And when Jane's earthly journey reached its final harbor, her ashes were scattered in the Gulf of Mexico—a poetic return to the waters that witnessed their love. There, among salt-kissed waves, her spirit danced—an eternal waltz with the horizon. May Aunt Jane's memory ripple through the sands, and may Aunt Jane's love, find the way into the hearts of those who listen to the whispers of the sea.

George's third wife was Opal Marie Pilgrim. George married Opal on January 8, 1989. Opal's role at Walt Disney World transformed our holidays. Christmas gifts became more than wrapped boxes—they were keys to the kingdom. Yearly passes to the theme parks, like golden tickets, unlocked adventures.

George Arthur Burleson's journey reached its quiet harbor. He died on July 16, 1992, in Birmingham, Alabama, while making love. George Arthur Burleson. His journey through life was marked by love, adventure, and the magic of shared moments. From golf courses to overseas travels, from love letters to sunsets, and not to forget computers. Uncle George was the original computer geek. he left footprints on the gigabyte's of time. May his memory continue to dance across the fairways of your heart, and may the echoes of his laughter linger like the last notes of a beautiful melody. George rests in the Saint John's Episcopal Church Living Garden in Melbourne, Brevard County, Florida along side his brother Charlie.



**George Arthur Burleson, (22 Sep 1916 - 16 Jul 1992)**

Edith's parents, father George Washington Levarton, a name etched in the annals of time, emerged into the world on September 10, 1844, in the rolling hills of Highland County, Ohio. His birthplace, like a chapter in a historical novel, carried the scent of apple orchards and the whispers of ancient oaks. George's youth coincided with a nation in turmoil. The American Civil War raged, and Ohio sent its sons to battlefields. Did George hear the distant cannons? Highland County, where George took his first breath, was a patchwork of farms and meadows. The Ohio River flowed nearby, its waters carrying stories of pioneers and dreams. So, here's to George Washington Levarton—a son of Ohio, a wanderer of time. May his memory ripple through the amber fields and find solace in the rustling leaves in the hills surrounding Bristol Tennessee, where he passed away, September 4, 1904



George Washington LEVARTON (10 Sep, 1844 - 5 Sep 1904)

- Edith's mother was Martha Catherine Morley. Martha Catherine Morley, a name whispered by the winds of time, emerged into the world in the rolling hills of Ewing, Lee County, Virginia in July of 1863. Ewing, nestled within the embrace of Lee County, was a patchwork of farms and meadows. The Cumberland Gap, a gateway to the West, stood nearby—a passage for pioneers and dreams. Perhaps Martha wandered through sunflower fields, her skirts brushing dew-kissed grass. The rustle of leaves, the call of songbirds. All of this perhaps shaped her spirit. Martha's youth coincided with a nation in turmoil. The American Civil War cast its shadow over Virginia's hills.



**Martha Catherine Morley (July 1863 - 30 Apr 1941)**

Martha Catherine Morley and George Washington Levarton were the parents of four children. The oldest was my grandma "B" Edith.

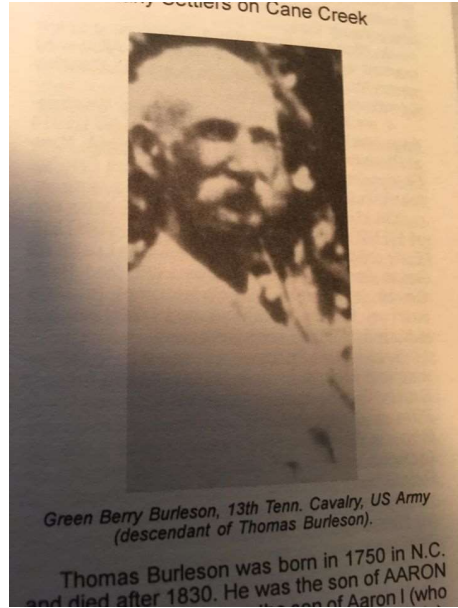
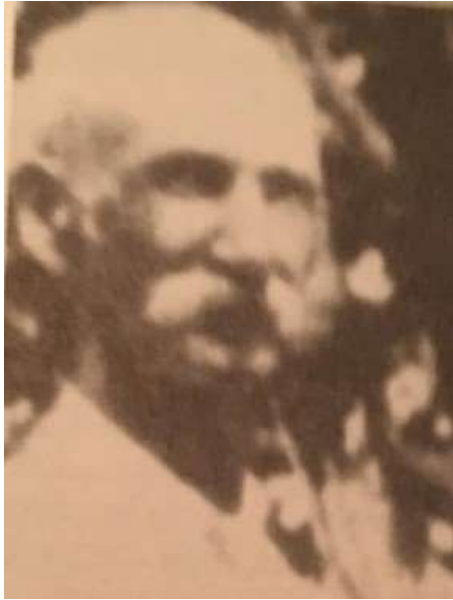
Edith Odell Levarton was born on April 6, 1895, in Corbin, Kentucky. She married Arthur Oliver Burleson on August 19, 1913, in Johnson City, Tennessee. They had three children during their marriage. She died on June 13, 1963, in Tampa, Florida.

Sally Cleo Levarton was born on January 31, 1893. She then married Samuel Edward Whittaker and they had six children together. She died on February 17, 1973, in Santa Ana, California.

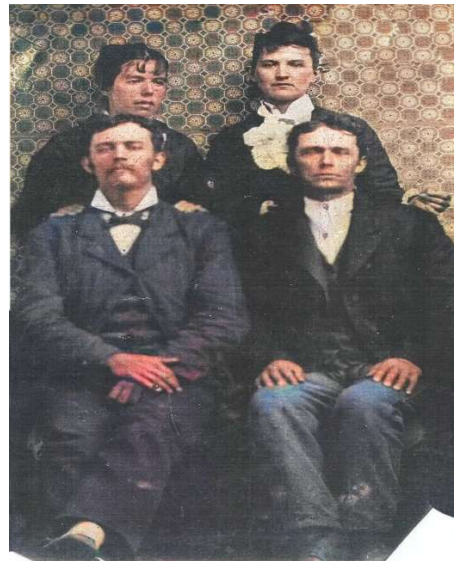
William "Willie " Ewing Levarton was born on January 10, 1898, in Cumberland, Tennessee. He died on March 18, 1937, in Bristol, Virginia.

Charles Blair Levarton born on December 7, 1900, in Virginia. He died on March 9, 1978, in Santa Rosa, Florida, at the age of 77, and was buried in Bagdad, Florida.

Arthur's Parents were Greenbury Washington Burleson and Jane Bell Burleson



**Greenbury Washington Burleson (1 Jun 1846 - 26 Feb 1930)**



Children of Dr. David Bell and Sarah McKeldin  
(L-R) James Henry Bell and David Sinclair Bell  
(L-R) Sarah Alice Bell-Garland and Jane Bell-Burleson

**Jane Bell Burleson (3 Arpr 1852 - 10 Jan 1929)**

Now that I have introduced the main players in this story, let me tell you what I know about my father, Charlie. I am eager to tell you more about my father, and his journey to Florida.

Greenbury Washington Burleson was born June 26, 1846 in Yancy County, Now Mitchell County North Carolina, near the town Of Bakersvill NC. His father was Malcom McCurray “Mack” Burleson. (Born: 24 Jul, 1824 Bakersville, Mitchell

County, North Carolina, USA. Died: 06 Jul 1904 Bakersville, Mitchell County, North Carolina, USA.) The location of the Burleson farm was located near a town called “Loafers Glory”. The tapestry of his life, woven with threads of North Carolina’s hills and the legacy of the Burleson farm near “Loafers Glory,” paints a vivid picture.

Loafers Glory is an unincorporated community in Mitchell County, North Carolina, United States. Loafers Glory, a name that resonates with the rhythm of North Carolina’s hills, stands as an unincorporated community in Mitchell County. Its story unfolds at the intersection of NC 226 and NC 226A, where the North Toe River weaves its own tale.

Here, the sun kisses the water, and the breeze carries echoes of idle conversations—the very essence of a place named for the loafing men who frequented its general store. In the heart of Loafers Glory, where time slows and the river’s song harmonizes with laughter, you’ll find remnants of days gone by.

And tucked away in this quiet corner is Bonnie and Clyde’s Restaurant, a haven for hungry souls seeking more than just a meal. Their burgers, crowned with nostalgia and seasoned with stories, have earned a reputation—the “best hamburger around.” As patrons gather, their laughter mingles with the scent of sizzling patties, and the walls whisper secrets of love, loss, and the passage of time.

So let us raise a metaphorical glass to Loafers Glory—a place where idle moments become memories, and where the taste of a burger carries the weight of generations.







Loafer's Glory Rafting and Tubing occupies a building that once housed Garland's Store, which is shown on the postcard, and later a fabric store.



Toby Webb Forbes wrote in 1989 that Loafer's Glory's name arose because men in the area would bring their corn to the Master's grist mill and gather in the shade of big oak and poplar trees, chewing on twists of tobacco and local gossip. Forbes wrote that men could "get a haircut for a quarter." Wives needing their husbands for chores at home knew they were wiling away their time at that "loafer's glory!"

Charles Kuralt, noted "On the Road" broadcast journalist, featured a visit to Loafer's Glory in his "On the Road" broadcast on CBS; he learned some history of the place

and interviewed its long-time residents. Recorded in *North Carolina Is My Home: Commemorative Edition* (1998) is Kuralt's verse: "I know a crossroads named Loafers Glory; Oh, how I'd love to know that story! To have met the loafers, to have known their faces, To know all the stories of the Tar Heel Places..."

We made a visit to Loafers Glory in 1985 to find the cemetery that Malcom McCurray "Mack" Burleson was buried in. What a remarkable journey we embarked upon—to seek out the resting place of my great-great grandfather, Malcom McCurray "Mack" Burleson in the tangled embrace of Loafers Glory. The very name conjures images of sun-dappled hills, whispers carried by the wind, and the quiet persistence of memory. We were told that the cemetery was across the street from the Garland Store. We were to go across the street and park in Lloyd Burleson's driveway, knock on his door and he would show us the pathway to the cemetery. His wife took us out back and pointed to an old wooden ladder that was fastened to the side of a hill. As we climbed that old wooden ladder, our son John leading the way, Lorraine following, and Christina with her pink blanket in tow, we were weaving our own chapter into the fabric of family history. The overgrown brush and small trees yielded their secrets—the tombstones, like ancient sentinels, marking the passage of time.

And there, by the grace of God, we found the one belonging to McCurray Burleson—a name etched in stone, but also etched in the hearts of those who sought him. The tangles of life, like the tangles of that hillside, cannot hide the legacy of love, laughter, and the quiet strength of Mack's existence.

May his memory continue to ripple through the hills of Loafers Glory, and may our journey inspire others to seek out their own hidden pathways—to climb ladders, both literal and metaphorical, in pursuit of stories waiting to be discovered.

**Malcom McCurray “Mack” Burleson (24 July 1824 - 6 July 1904)**



**Lloyd Burleson’s home. Cemetery at the top of the dirt cliff behind the house**



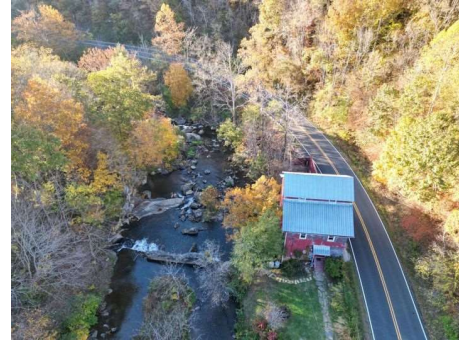
**Location of Loafers Glory Cemetery, on top of the hill behind Bonnie and Clydes Restaurant (Circled in Blue)**



**John, Christina and Lorraine in Loafers Glory Cemetary**

**Master's Grist Mill, Loafers Glory, North Carolina**





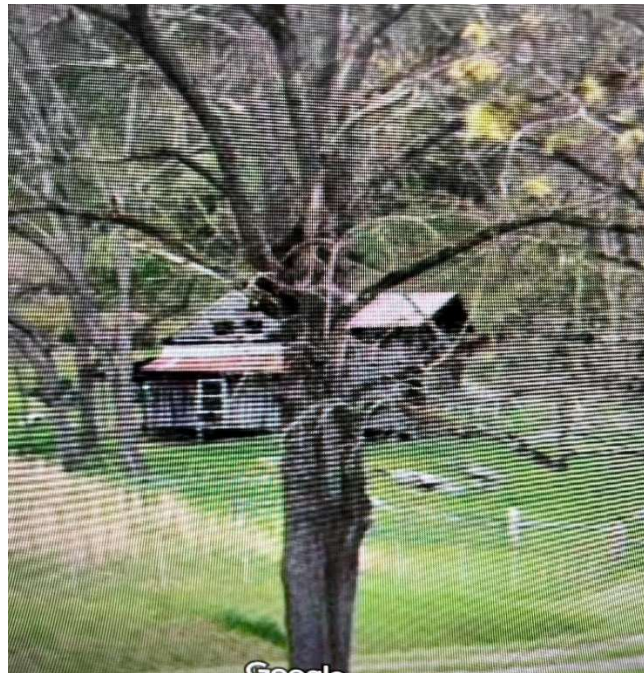
### **William M. 'Bill' Masters Gristmill (1892–1960.)**

Bill was the husband of our third cousin Cora Lee Garland. Bill built his original gristmill in 1920 down the hill from Loafers Glory in the town of Toecane on the Toe River at the intersection where it meets with Cane Creek. The original mill had an operating capacity of 40 barrels of flour a day. Each barrel would hold 196 pounds of flour. Shortly after opening, Bill Masters installed an electric dynamo. A dynamo is an electrical generator that creates direct current using a commutator. Dynamos were the first electrical generators capable of delivering power for industry. In doing this Bakersville Milling, Light and Power Company began generating electricity for the residents of Tocane and Bakersville. Power could only be used between 6PM and 7AM when the water wheel was not used for milling grain. February 23, 1933 the mill in Tocane was destroyed by fire from an unknown cause. Bill immediately began to rebuild the Mill in it's current location on Cane Creek on Highway 226 just outside of Loafers Glory, across the street from the Loafers Glory Cemetary. In addition to increasing the height of the mill from 3 stories to 4 stories, he added a dam 130 feet long, across Cane Creek, 5 ½ feet thick at the bottom, and 3 ½ feet thick at the top. The new mill had an increase in capacity of 50 barrels of flower, 5 tons of feed, and 200 bushels of corn meal per day.

Now you might ask, what does this have to do with Malcolm McCourry "Mack" Burleson. My answer is not much, I just had curiosity about the mill from our many visits to Loafers Glory. In trying to determine where Greenbury grew up as a younster, I researched the 1840, 1850, 1860 and 1870 census records. In December 1833, the General Assembly established a new western county, named Yancey, from sections of Burke and Buncombe counties. Yancey County was named in honor of Bartlett Yancey, of Caswell County. Mitchell County, located in the mountainous region of western North Carolina, was formed in 1861. It was created from parts of Burke County, Caldwell County, McDowell County, Watauga County, and Yancey County. The county was named in honor of Elisha Mitchell, a professor at the

University of North Carolina who made significant contributions to mathematics, chemistry, geology, and mineralogy From these records, I determined that the Burleson property was located under the jurisdiction of the Ledger NC Post Office in 1860. In 1870 the home was listed in Bakersville, Mitchell, North Carolina. Greenbury was no longer listed in the house. In the 1880 census Malcolm McCourry "Mack" Burleson was listed in Living in Red Hill, Mitchell County North Carolina.

Malcolm McCourry "Mack" Burleson's wife was Bridgett Emmaline "Biddy" Stanley (25 November, 1822 - 22 March, 1900). Bridget was the daughter of Swinfield "Swain" Stanley (1798 - 30 September, 1865), and Bridgett Emmaline "Isabel Biddy Emma" Garland (1797 - 31 Jan, 1875). The Stanley farm, Swinfield Stanley cabin, and Graveyard are located in Red Hill, Mitchell County North Carolina. We do not know where Bridgett Emmaline "Biddy" Stanley Burleson was buried at. We visited the Stanley cabin and graveyard in 1986. The owner of the property told us to follow his dog, and he would lead us up the hill to the cemetery. We followed the dog to the top of the hill and found the cemetery. It was quite overgrown, but many stones existed.



**Stanley Log Cabin and Barn**



**Stanley Cemetary**



**Stanley Log Cabin  
and Barn**



**House in front of  
Cabin and Cemetary**

We do know that McCurry “McRary” Burleson was buried in the Loafers Glory Cemetary. We know that Aaron J. Burleson, brother of Malcolm McCurray Burleson, lived in the farm house located in Loafer’s Glory. Which is located at the North East corner of N. 226 Highway, and Mine Creek Road. We were told by Lloyd Burleson, that Malcom’s farm was located on the south side of Mine Creek Road, at the same intersection.



**View of the approximate  
Location of the Malcolm  
McCurray Burleson Farm**



**Aaron Burleson Home Loafers Glory**

The Burleson farm nestled in the heart of Loafers Glory, where time slows and the North Carolina hills whisper their secrets. The very name evokes images of sun-dappled fields, laughter carried by the wind, and the quiet persistence of memory. Aaron J. Burleson, brother to Malcolm McCurray Burleson, inhabited that farmhouse—a place where idle moments became memories. As he walked the land,

perhaps he felt the pulse of generations—the echoes of plows turning soil, the scent of freshly baked bread, and the laughter of children chasing fireflies.

And there, at the North East corner of NC 226 Highway and Mine Creek Road, the farmhouse stood—a sentinel against the passage of time. The walls held stories etched in wood, and the windows framed sunsets that painted the sky with hues of devotion. We wanted to go inside. The house was filled with treasures as we looked through the windows. Lorraine loved the walls that were covered with old newsprint. We left the house untouched, and when we returned on future vacations we found that the house had been removed. May the whispers of Loafers Glory continue to echo through the hills, and may the farmhouse remain a touchstone—a place where the past and present intertwine.

The proximity of Loafers Glory to various other locations in North Carolina provides intriguing clues about the whereabouts of Greenbury Washington Burleson, my great grandfather. While I don't have an exact location, I can piece together a fascinating puzzle:

1. Ledger, North Carolina:
  - Located approximately 5.3 miles from Loafers Glory, Ledger could be a significant point of reference.
  - Census records from 1850-1870 might reveal more about the Burleson family's presence in this area.
2. Red Hill, North Carolina:
  - A mere 2.9 miles from Loafers Glory, Red Hill adds another dimension to the story.
  - Did Greenbury Washington Burleson's childhood adventures span these hills?
3. Bakersville, North Carolina:
  - The distance between Bakersville and Loafers Glory is 4.2 miles.
  - Bakersville, with its own history and charm, could be a place where young Greenbury roamed.
  - Perhaps Greenbury's footsteps echoed through these hills.
4. The Farm Within a Radius:
  - Considering the distances, it's plausible that the Burleson farm was indeed located within a 4-5 mile radius of Loafers Glory.
  - The rolling landscape, the scent of tobacco fields, and the laughter of neighbors—these memories might linger in the soil.

And so, the mystery of Greenbury Washington Burleson's upbringing remains—a tale woven with threads of distance, family ties, and the quiet beauty of North Carolina's hills.



Malcolm McCourry "Mack" Burleson's parents were: Simeon Burleson (28 Feb, 1785 - 28 June, 1840) and Mary Molly "Anna" Ledford (1787 - 21 August, 1850).

Simeon Burleson, born in 1785 in Burke, North Carolina, was indeed an interesting figure. Let's explore his lineage and life: Simeon Burleson was born to Thomas Burleson and Margaret Jane "May" Green. He married Mary Anna Ledford on April 10, 1805, in Rutherford, North Carolina. Together, they had at least 5 sons and 6 daughters. Simeon lived a life marked by family and community. His lineage connects him to a rich history, and his descendants carry forward his legacy.

Thomas Burleson, Simeon's father, was born May 4, 1748, in Lunenburg County, Virginia, USA. and passed away in 1825 in Cane Creek, Burke (now Mitchell) County, North Carolina. Thomas married Margaret Jane Green Greene, and they had 6 children.

Margaret Jane "May" Green, Simeon's mother, was born about 1750 in either New Jersey or North Carolina. She married Thomas Burleson and passed away around 1805 in North Carolina. Parents: Jeremiah Greene and Joanna Hunt. She married Thomas Burleson in North Carolina

Simeon Burleson married Mary Anna Ledford on April 10, 1805, in Rutherford, North Carolina, United States. The legacy of this family spans generations, leaving a mark on history. Simeon Burleson's story is woven into the fabric of American history, connecting generations and leaving a lasting impact.

Mary "Molly" Anna Ledford, born around 1787 in Rutherford, North Carolina, United States. Mary Molly "Anna" Ledford's parents were: John Frederick Ledford and Margaret McCurry. Let's explore their backgrounds:

John Frederick Ledford: Birth: February 29, 1751, in Lincoln County, North Carolina, USA. Death: February 27, 1826, in Burke County, North Carolina, USA. John Frederick Ledford married Margaret McCurry on March 30, 1786, in Lincoln County, North Carolina. Notable events during John Frederick Ledford's lifetime: 1815: Moved from Rutherford County to Burke County, North Carolina.

Margaret McCurry: Birth: Around 1765, in Rutherford, North Carolina. Death: Around 1860, in North Carolina, United States. Parents: Abraham McCurry and Mary Ann Frederick McCurry. She married John Frederick Ledford in Lincoln County, North Carolina.

Thomas Burleson was the son of Aaron C. Burleson and Rachel Hendricks Burleson. Aaron and Rachel were part of a notable family lineage. Let's delve into Aaron and Rachel's background:

1. Aaron C. Burleson (1725 – 16 November, 1781):
  - Aaron C. Burleson was a significant figure in his time. Unfortunately, details about his life are somewhat scarce. He passed away on 16th November 1781.
  - It was on that fateful day in November by the banks of the Chinch River located in beautiful state of Tennessee where Aaron Burleson had planned to meet up and unite with his great friend and fellow adventurer Daniel Boone, but fate would have other plans as it was there where he drew his last breath as he was attacked by a band of marauding Indians.
  - Azaraha Doty bought Aaron's family farm from Aaron Burleson's (1725-1781) widow, after he was killed by the Indians.
  - His legacy extends through his children, including Thomas Burleson.
  
2. Rachel Hendricks Burleson (1734–1791):
  - Rachel Hendricks Burleson, born around 30th December, 1734 in Buncombe, Mitchell County, North Carolina, she was the wife of Aaron C. Burleson Jr.
  - Together, they had thirteen children, including Thomas Burleson, Sarah Burleson, Rachel Jane Burleson, Elizabeth Burleson, Aaron Burleson III, Rhoda Burleson, Mary Elizabeth "Bettie" Burleson, Major John Crawford Burleson, Joseph R Burleson, Sr., Abigail "Abby" Burleson Gage, Captain James B Burleson Sr., and Nancy Burleson.
  - Rachel Hendricks Burleson passed away around 27th December, 1791 in Rutherford County, North Carolina, USA.

The Burleson family's history intertwines with the fabric of American pioneers and settlers, leaving a lasting impact on their communities. While the specifics of Thomas Burleson's life may be elusive, his lineage reflects a rich tapestry of heritage and resilience.

It was after Aaron's death that his widow Rachel Hendricks gathered her children who remained in the home, and went across the mountains from Jonesboro, TN to live near her son Thomas on the Cane Creek, in Hawk, North Carolina. By her move she established the Burleson Family's presence in Burke County, now Mitchell County North Carolina. Jonesborough, TN, which was originally a part of

the Washington District. In 1784, it became the capital of the autonomous State of Franklin (ostensibly named after American founding father, Benjamin Franklin). Congress, however, never recognized Franklin, which was reclaimed by North Carolina in late 1788.

The Burleson family is renowned for their historical contributions and resilience. While specific details may vary, their legacy encompasses several key aspects:

1. **Pioneering Spirit:** The Burlesons were pioneers who played a vital role in settling and shaping communities. Their adventurous spirit led them to explore new territories, establish homesteads, and contribute to the growth of regions.
2. **Community Builders:** Across generations, the Burlesons actively participated in community development. They engaged in activities such as farming, trade, and civic leadership. Their commitment to building strong communities left a lasting impact.
3. **Family Bonds:** The Burleson family valued kinship and maintained close ties. Their interconnectedness fostered a sense of unity and support. Through shared experiences and traditions, they built a strong family network.
4. **Resilience:** Facing challenges such as harsh environments, conflicts, and economic hardships, the Burlesons demonstrated resilience. Their ability to adapt, overcome adversity, and persevere contributed to their enduring legacy.

In summary, the Burleson family's heritage encompasses exploration, community building, family bonds, and unwavering determination. Their story is woven into the fabric of American history, leaving an indelible mark on the generations that followed.

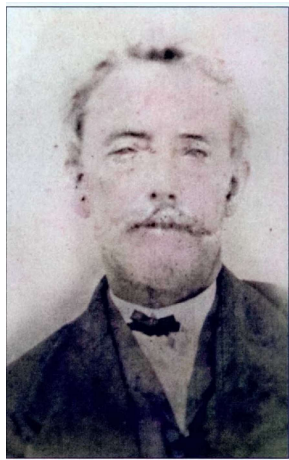
Now that we are armed with all of this information lets go back and find out how Greenbury got to Florida? On 29th November, 1868, Greenbury Washington Burleson and Jane Bell, were married, and joined their lives in Carter County, Tennessee. Their union marked a significant moment in the Burleson family's history, weaving another thread into the intricate tapestry of generations past.



**Jane Bell Burleson**

Jane Bell was the daughter of: Dr. David Bell (April, 1814 - 6 February, 1893)  
Sarah Alice McKlentin (1818 - 11 August, 1881)

Unicoi County, located in the U.S. state of Tennessee, was established on March 23, 1875. It was created from portions of Washington and Carter counties.



**Dr David Bell**



Sarah Alice McKeldin Bell (1818-1881)

**Sarah Alice McKeldin Bell**

Dr David Bell was an union sympathizer. A historical marker in Unicoi County marks the site of a bloody incident that speaks volumes about the impact of the Civil War on upper east Tennessee. It's easy to assume that since Tennessee was among the eleven Confederate States that all residents of Tennessee at that time supported secession and the Confederate cause. But the history of this region is much more

complicated than simply drawing a line north and south. The writer of the research information stated "My first recognition of this came when I was still living in Illinois ("The Land of Lincoln") and read about a small college called Lincoln Memorial University in Harrogate, TN. Strange, I thought, a college in the South named for the Great Emancipator. Upon visiting East Tennessee, I found it fascinating that most cities in the area had a "Union Street" and a "Lincoln Street." When I asked local folks about this, they said that east Tennessee was pro-Union during the war, but there's more to it.

One hundred and forty five years ago, the Limestone Cove Massacre occurred in what is now Unicoi County (it was created from parts of Washington and Carter Counties in 1875). The site of the massacre was the Bell house, which originally stood across the road from the Bell Cemetery. A 1903 book entitled History of the Thirteenth Regiment, Tennessee Volunteer Cavalry describes the incident in all its gory detail. The Bell family is said to have been well known and respected in Carter County. Yet neighbors led the Confederate troops to this home of Union sympathizers -- and upon finding a house full of men enroute to join the ranks of the Union army, the Confederate troops killed the men and burned down the house. The roadside historical marker at Bell Cemetery gives a brief account...

### **Limestone Cove Tragedy**

**Here are buried the eight civilians killed at the home of Dr. David Bell in Nov 1863. Enroute to Kentucky to join Federal Forces, they were found by a detachment of Col. W. A. Witcher's Confederate Cavalry, while waiting for breakfast. They were: B. Blackburn, Calvin Cantrel, Elijah Gentry, Jacob Lyons, Wiley Royal, John Sparks and two unknown. Buried nearby is Dr. Bell's brother, James killed at the same time.**

Was Jane Bell present at the masacure? We do not know, and none of the records list her. She would have been 11 years old at the time. We can only hope, that she was away at the time. Jane Bell married Greenbury Washington Burleson in 1868. Four years later we find Jane and Greenbury in the 1870 census living in a house next door to the house owned by Jane's father, Dr David Bell. They were listed as renters. In the 1880 Census Records Greenbury and Jane were listed as living on the Bell Farm, along with their children:

David Sinclair Burleson, (27 December, 1871 – 22 July, 1953)

Jessie Emmaline Burleson, (23 Mar, 1877 – 17 December, 1960)

Florence Ida Burleson (February, 1878- November, 1965)

In reviewing the Unicoi County Property Appraisors website we find most of the property is still owned by Dr. David Bells descendents.

We find in the 1890 census records that Greenbury had moved to Washington County, to Johnson City area. We know that he built a large home located at 136 Buffalo Creek Road, Milligan TN, across the creek from Milligan College.



**136 Buffalo Creek Road – Greenbury Burleson home built abt 1890**



Greenbury Washington Burleson, a man of determination and vision, left his mark on the landscape of Washington County, Tennessee. His migration to the Johnson City area and the construction of a substantial home at 136 Buffalo Creek Road, Milligan, TN, speak of his commitment to building a legacy. 136 Buffalo Creek Road stands as a testament to Greenbury's aspirations and hard work. Nestled across the Buffalo Creek from Milligan College, it witnessed the ebb and flow of life, echoing with the footsteps of generations. The house, with its sturdy walls and wide verandas, held stories of family gatherings, laughter, and quiet contemplation.

As the seasons changed, so did the landscape around the Burleson home. The rustling leaves whispered secrets, and the creek carried memories downstream. Perhaps Greenbury sat on the porch, gazing at the rolling hills, pondering the passage of time. Milligan College, a beacon of education, stood nearby—a place where knowledge blossomed, and young minds sought wisdom. The creek flowed between the college and the Burleson home, connecting past and present, academia and hearth.

The thought of Arthur growing up and playing in the cool creek evokes a sense of nostalgia and wonder. Picture a young boy, my Grandfather Athur, along with his siblings, barefoot and carefree, exploring the meandering waterways. The creek, its surface dappled by sunlight, whispers secrets to them—tales of tadpoles, skipping stones, and hidden treasures. The gentle babble of the stream becomes the soundtrack of their childhood, a symphony of innocence and adventure.

Arthur wades through the shallows, his laughter echoing off moss-covered rocks. His imagination knows no bounds: perhaps he's a pirate sailing uncharted waters, or an intrepid explorer mapping out new territories. The water, cool against his skin, carries stories from distant lands—stories of far-off mountains, ancient forests, and mythical creatures.

As the seasons change, so does the creek. In spring, it swells with rain, rushing over its banks and inviting Arthur to build makeshift dams. Summer brings lazy afternoons, where dragonflies flit above the water, and minnows dart in playful pursuit. Autumn leaves drift downstream, creating a golden mosaic on the surface. And in winter, when frost edges the creek's edges, Arthur's breath mingles with the mist rising from the water.

The creek becomes Arthur's sanctuary—a place to dream, to wonder, and to connect with nature. He learns its secrets: where the sun casts the longest shadows, where the best skipping stones hide, and where the wildflowers bloom. The creek teaches him patience, resilience, and the art of being present.

And as Arthur grows, so does his love for this hidden world. He'll carry its magic with him, long after childhood fades. For in the cool creek, he discovers not just water and stones, but a timeless connection to the earth—a bond that shapes him, like the winding course of the stream itself. So let us imagine Arthur, forever intertwined with the creek, etching memories into its banks. May he continue to play, explore, and find solace in its gentle flow.

Generations later, the house still stands, its timeworn wood bearing witness to history. Visitors passing by catch glimpses of its faded elegance, wondering about the lives that unfolded within those walls. And so, 136 Buffalo Creek Road remains a bridge between eras—a tangible link to Greenbury’s journey, his dreams, and the resilience of the Burleson family.

The Children of Greenbury and Jane Bell Burleson were as follows:

David Sinclair Burleson (27 Sept, 1871 – 22 July, 1953)

Jessie Emmaline Burleson (23 March, 1877 – 17 December, 1960)

Florence Ida Burleson (February, 1878 – November, 1965)

Horace Maynard Burleson (4 October, 1880 – 26 October, 1966)

Arthur Oliver Burleson (5 May, 1885 – 24 June, 1949) (My Grandfather)

Carl Edward Burleson (15 July, 1887 – April, 1961)

There were also two young daughters mentioned that I cannot find any information on. All records list them as being born, and dying in Mitchell County North Carolina, which would have been after the time that Greenbury and Jane were married and living next to Jane’s Parents in Limestone Cove Tennessee. I also would think that if they were born and died at this time that they would have been buried in the Bell Cemetery, for which I could not find any records. But they were as follows:

Mary Alice (Infant) Burleson: Born around 1869 in Bakersville, North Carolina, she passed away in the same year.

Harriet Lulu (Infant) Burleson: Born in 1872, possibly in Bakersville, North Carolina, she also passed away in infancy.

It’s remarkable that all of the living children had the opportunity to attend Milligan College! Let’s explore this educational institution:

- Milligan University, formerly known as Milligan College, is a private Christian liberal arts university nestled in the foothills of the Appalachian Mountains in Northeast Tennessee. Its campus is located near the city of Johnson City.
- Here are some key details about Milligan University:
  - Location: The campus sits within a day’s drive of most of the Eastern U.S. and is approximately an hour’s drive from historic Asheville, North Carolina.
  - Setting: The university is situated in the Appalachian Highlands, an area renowned for its natural beauty and rich history. Students can



enjoy historical sites, theaters, parks, restaurants, and more in this region.

- Recreational Opportunities: The surroundings offer various recreational activities, including boating, water skiing, snow skiing, white water rafting, fishing, jogging, and hiking.
- Population and Rankings: The Metropolitan Statistical Area (MSA) around Milligan has a population of approximately 500,000. It ranks favorably in terms of cost of living, job outlook, climate, education, healthcare, and recreation. Forbes, Inc., and Southern Business & Development magazine have recognized it as a desirable place.
- Campus: Milligan's 355-acre campus boasts breathtaking views, peaceful prayer gardens, academic libraries, and more. It's a place where students can learn, grow, and connect with nature.

Milligan University stands as a beacon of education, faith, and community, shaping the lives of those who walk its halls.



**Milligan College, Milligan, Tennessee**

Now indulge me while I introduce Greenbury and Jane's children to you, which will help us understand when, and how the move from Milligan College to Saint Petersburg, Florida took place.

In search of new beginnings, Greenbury W. and Jane Bell Burleson embarked on a journey from East Tennessee to Saint Petersburg between 1913 and 1915, inspired

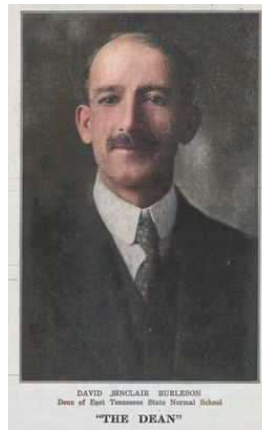
by the possibility of reuniting with their loved ones. According to Jane Bell Burleson's Obituary they Moved to Saint Petersburg, FL in 1914. As of 1914 we can safely say that Charlies branch of the Burleson Family was in Saint Petersburg, Florida.



### Obituary of Jane Bell Burleson

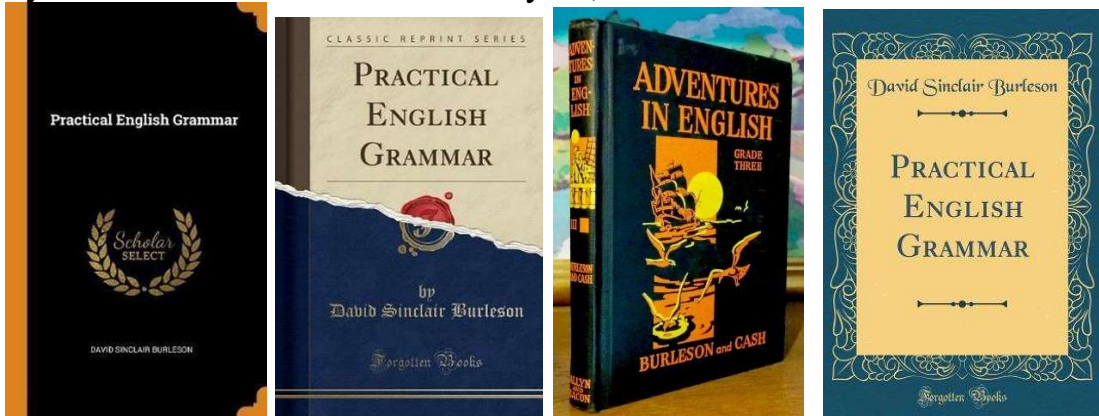
The children of Greenbury and Jane, though their lives were brief, contributed to the rich tapestry of the Burleson family's history. Each name carries echoes of love, resilience, history, and the passage of time.

### David Sinclair Burleson



David Sinclair Burleson was born on December 27, 1871, in the Limestone Cove, Carter-Unicoi County, Tennessee, area. He attended local schools and received both the A. B. and M. A. degrees from Milligan College in 1891. He later attended the University of Virginia, Harvard, and the University of Chicago. He taught at Tazewell Virginia College until 1898, when he moved to Florence State Normal School, Florence, Alabama.

In 1911, Burleson became one of the first faculty members of East Tennessee Normal School, where he served as instructor and chairman of the mathematics department. Later, he transferred to the English department and became Dean of the Faculty. He retired in 1947 and died July 22, 1953.



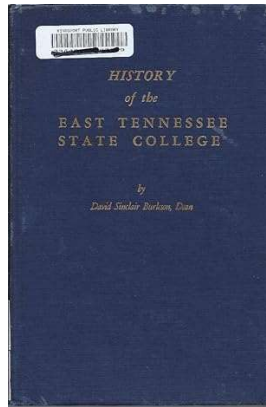
Burleson wrote several books on English grammar, and the official history of East Tennessee State College. He served as executive secretary of the East Tennessee Teachers Association for more than 25 years, and was active in church affairs. He received an honorary L.L.D. degree from Milligan College in 1951. David Sinclair Burleson married Mary Henley Dew on July 19, 1893, in West Point, Virginia. Mary Dew Burleson was born in Virginia in 1872 to Robert and Rebecca Henley Dew. Mary Henly Dew graduated from Milligan College in 1892. They had two children during their marriage. Their children were:

Gladys Dew Burleson (10 July, 1896 – 6 September, 1937)

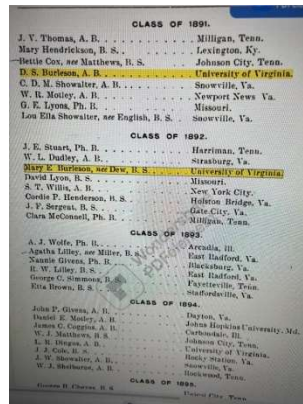
Christine Burleson (9 January, 1899 – 3 November, 1967)

David Sinclair Burleson's journey epitomizes the pursuit of knowledge, the joy of teaching, and the quiet influence of educators. His story resonates through the halls of academia, where echoes of his wisdom still linger.

David Sinclair Burleson died on July 22, 1953, in Johnson City, Tennessee, at the age of 81, and was buried there.



David’s resume is as follows: David Sinclair Burleson, A. M., State Normal School Florence, Ala. Professor of Mathematics, Tazewell College, Va., 1893-94; Principal Newcastle (Va.) Institute, 1894-96; student University of Virginia, 1896-98; prize orator, University of Virginia, also Intercollegiate Oratorical Association, Richmond, 1898; professor of Latin and English, State Normal College, Ala., 1898-1911; summer student at Harvard, 1901-02; traveling in Europe, 1909; acting President of State Normal College, 1910.



### 1898 Milligan Collage Yearbook Page 45

All of Davids books are available for sale on Amazon. His daughter Christine Burleson was also a teacher at East Tennessee State, and led an interesting life which is noteworthy to include in “Always Charlie”.

Christine Burleson, David’s daughter, and her impactful role as a teacher at East Tennessee State. Her life story adds depth and richness to the narrative of “Always Charlie.” In weaving her experiences into the fabric of the book, I consider exploring aspects such as her teaching philosophy, memorable moments in the classroom, and any unique challenges she faced. Perhaps her interactions with

students, her passion for education, and her contributions to the academic community could provide valuable insights.

As I delve into Christine's life, I uncover inspiring anecdotes, personal growth, and connections that resonate with readers. Whether it's her dedication to education, her pursuit of knowledge, or her impact on others, these elements can enhance the overall narrative. Remember the essence of her journey—the highs, the lows, and the transformative moments. By weaving Christine's story into "Always Charlie," I will create a richer tapestry that celebrates not only David's life but also the remarkable individuals who influenced him.



Christine Burleson (9 Jan, 1899 – 2 Nov, 1967)

Christine Burleson was born on January 9, 1899, in Florence, Alabama, her father, David, was 27, and her mother, Mary, was 26. She had one sister. Christine Burleson was born January 5, 1899 to David Sinclair and Mary Henley Dew Burleson in Florence, Alabama. She came to Johnson City, Tennessee in September, 1911 when her father, D. S. Burleson, accepted a teaching position at East Tennessee State Normal School. She grew up on the campus and graduated from the Normal High School in 1917. She graduated from the University of Tennessee in 1919 with an A.B. degree (*magna cum laude*). The following year she received a B.A. degree From Vassar College.

After doing graduate work in philosophy and English at Columbia University, she began teaching in 1921 at Kemper Hall, Kenosha, Wisconsin. She returned in 1925 to teach at East Tennessee State College. In 1928, she entered Oxford University and took honors in English and literature in 1931. In 1932, she received a certificate in

Italian from the University of Siena. She served as Dean of Women and professor of English at Bethany College, West Virginia from 1932-1936. Burleson collaborated on two series of English texts with her father which resulted in six texts published by Allyn and Bacon from 1936-1946. These texts have been used in every state, Puerto Rico, Korea and the Philippines. In the midst of this project, she received a M.A. degree from Oxford in 1939. In 1946, Christine Burleson returned to teaching in the Department of English, East Tennessee State College. She became a noted Shakespearean scholar, which included continued attendance at the Shakespeare Festival, Antioch, Ohio. Upon her retirement in 1967, she received the first annual Distinguished Faculty Member Award. She died on November 2, 1967, in Johnson City, Tennessee, at the age of 68.

### **Cancell'd Destiny**

Teacher/scholar Christine Burleson's shocking suicide in Johnson City, TN, took on the trappings of a real-life literary mystery for a transplanted husband and wife who learned about it when they moved into the house where she killed herself. No one in the town where the arthritic, wheelchair-bound 68-year-old woman was a well-known and much-admired teacher of Shakespeare at East Tennessee State University seemed to understand, crippling illness aside, why she put a plastic bag over her head and shot herself in November 1967. Their detective work, which included examining the autopsy report and digging up information from a cache of letters and personal papers, led Pat Arnow and Steven Giles to collaborate with local actress Christine Murdock on the play, *Cancell'd Destiny* (a title borrowed from Shakespeare's *The Rape of Lucrece*), which they call a "psychological autopsy."

In the quiet chambers of the heart, Where dreams are born and hopes take flight,  
There lies a tapestry of threads unseen, Woven by fate's hand in the stillness of night.  
Each thread a choice, a path untaken, Moments suspended, futures unclaimed,  
The loom of time weaves its intricate design, And destiny whispers secrets unnamed.  
The road not traveled, the door unopened, Regrets like shadows cast upon the soul,  
Yet in this dance of what-ifs and maybes, A symphony of lost chances takes its toll.  
For destiny, capricious and enigmatic, Plays dice with our lives, a cosmic game,  
And we, mere players on this mortal stage, Seek meaning in the echoes of our name.  
So let us embrace the cancell'd destiny, Hold it close, like a fragile, fading star,  
For within its threads lie the essence of us, The tapestry of what we were and are.



'Cancell'd Destiny' reveals thoughts behind Shakespearean scholar's suicide

# A psychological autopsy

By JENNIFER O'NEILL  
 jenn@timesonline.com  
 The Daily Mirror



**Christine Barrows**  
 found dead in home

Christine Barrows, shown here with her son, the 1950s-era Shakespeare State Teachers College teacher, is the subject of the play 'Cancell'd Destiny'



The Shakespearean scholar Christine Barrows, who died in 1997, is the subject of a new play, 'Cancell'd Destiny', which explores her life and her suicide. The play is based on a biography by the author, Jennifer O'Neill.

The play is a psychological autopsy, a term used by the author to describe the process of exploring the mind of a person who has died. It is a way of understanding the person's thoughts and feelings at the time of their death.

The play is based on a biography of Christine Barrows, who was a Shakespearean scholar and a teacher. She died in 1997, and the play explores her life and her suicide.

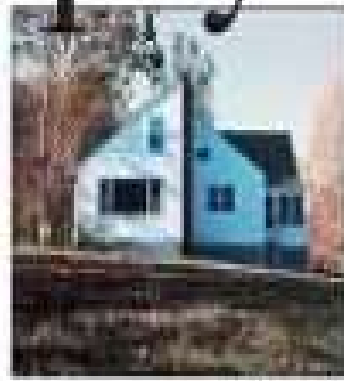
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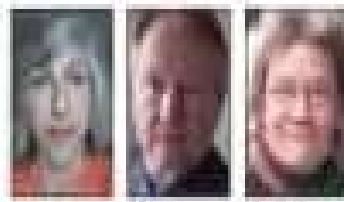
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March 27  
 April 10 & November



Christine Barrows is buried in the family cemetery. The contents of her house are the subject of a 1998 play, 'Cancell'd Destiny', which is now being performed.



### If you go...

'Cancell'd Destiny' is a play by Jennifer O'Neill, based on the biography of Christine Barrows. It is a psychological autopsy, a term used by the author to describe the process of exploring the mind of a person who has died. It is a way of understanding the person's thoughts and feelings at the time of their death.

Self-inflicted gunshot wound . . .

## Christine Burleson found dead in home

A prominent educator, Christine Burleson, 68, was found dead at her home about 9 a.m., today.

Death was attributed by investigators to a self-inflicted bullet wound in the right temple. She was shot with a .32 caliber revolver, police said.

Miss Burleson, who had been in poor health for several months, lived alone at 907 Ridgecrest Road. The body was found in a wheelchair in an upstairs room by a neighbor who had been caring for her, officers said.

Investigating for the city were Police Lt. Tom Helton, Sgt. Allen Chandler and Patrolman Albert Wood.

Officers said a note was not found.

Several cousins survive. The body was taken to Appalachian Funeral Home.

She was a professor of English at East Tennessee State University, where she had been a full-time faculty member since 1946.

Miss Burleson, long recognized as one of the nation's outstanding Shakespearian scholars, was awarded ETSU's an-

nual Outstanding Faculty Member Award at the fall pre-school faculty dinner in September. The award is made annually to the faculty member who is selected as the most outstanding of the previous year.

Daughter of the late David



CHRISTINE BURLESON

Sinclair and Mary Dew Burleson, graduates of Milligan College, Miss Burleson was born in Florence, Ala., on Jan. 5, 1899. She attended the Training School of State Normal College there for six years, skipping first grade. She attended East Tennessee State Normal School here from its opening in 1911 until graduation in 1917, having also skipped the eighth grade to begin with high school pupils here. She played in the orchestra throughout the six years and on the basketball team. She contributed to every student publication of that era and she was chosen one of four student speakers at Commencement, 1917.

Miss Burleson entered the University of Tennessee as a junior in the fall of 1917, being on the Dean's List throughout the two years and graduated Magna Cum Laude. She was elected to Phi Kappa Phi Honor Society in November of 1918, though initiation was deferred almost to Commencement for returning soldiers. She was a sponsor of the U-T band, (See EDUCATOR, Page 14)

Told primarily through letters to and from her parents, the lover who dumped her to marry someone else, and editors who rejected her eight unpublished novels, Cancell'd Destiny is, in effect, a one-woman play. A wordless "Messenger" (Amy Fisher, who also has a miniscule speaking part as president of Johnson City Monday Club, where Burleson lectures amusingly on "How To Remain Happily Single") wanders in and out but is a needless distraction. And voices of Burleson's parents (Tad Chitwood, father; Susan Linville, mother) and her one-time lover Tom Stribling (director Gil D. Reyes), who actually won the 1933 Pulitzer Prize for a novel called "The Store," occasionally float through scenes.

But the play belongs to the highly skilled Laurene Scalf, a veteran Necessary Theater performer whose work always compels attention. This time, her demanding role produces flashes of brilliance - those moments when she steels herself to use the gun are mesmerizing - but there's a constant nagging feeling that the playwrights have let her down with a mostly ponderous, didactic approach to the story. One wonders why they didn't put themselves in the narrative and show how they peeled back the layers of Burleson's life to get to the heart of the mystery.



## Jessie Emmaline “Aunt Emma” Burleson



**Jessie Emmaline Burleson**



**Emma Anglin and Ida Smith**

Jessie Emmaline Burleson was born on March 23, 1877, in Bakersville, North Carolina, her father, Greenbury, was 30, and her mother, Jane, was 24. Jessie married Dr. John Tyler Anglin on December 24, 1900, in Carter, Tennessee. No children are recorded of this union. She died in St Petersburg, Florida, at the age of 83, where she resided with family following John's death, and was buried in the First United Methodist Church Cemetary in Cottondale, Jackson County, Florida. There, beneath the rustling leaves and the embrace of earth, her legacy found its eternal home. In the 1898 Milligan College Yearbook, Jessie was enrolled as a student.

ROLL OF STUDENTS.	
ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.	
Anderson, T. J.	Erwin, Tenn.
Anderson, K. L.	Okaloosa, Tenn.
Anderson, F. H.	Okaloosa, Tenn.
Anderson, Ida	Okaloosa, Tenn.
Anderson, J. E.	Okaloosa, Tenn.
Alvin, John F.	Longdale, Va.
Alexander, E. C.	Hillsbelton, T.
Brigg, Thomas	Shell Creek, Va.
Browning, J. H.	Ell Garden, Va.
Harry, E. M.	Ell Garden, Va.
Burke, H. G.	Union, Tenn.
Burke, Annie	Rowanstown, T.
Burke, Marie	Lincolnton, Tenn.
Burke, Homer	Lincolnton, Tenn.
Burke, Frank	Milligan, Tenn.
Burke, Ida	Milligan, Tenn.
Burke, John	Milligan, Tenn.
Burke, Mary	Milligan, Tenn.

### **.Roll of Milligal College Students 1898**

Dr. John Tyler Anglin, Jessie’s husband, was born on April 15, 1877, in Patrick, Virginia, his father, John, was 29 and his mother, Mary, was 27. He died on July 4, 1947, in Dover, Oklahoma, at the age of 70, and was buried there. Dr Anglin was united with the Christian Church at Milligan College, when he was 18 years old. Later on he moved his membership to the Dover Christian Church. He received his early education in Stuart College Va. Milligan college Tenn, and in Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Blacksburg Va. He graduated from the Medical school of the

University of the South in 1900. After graduation from College Dr. John T. Anglin and Jessie Emmaline Burleson were married 24 Dec, 1900, in Carter County, Tennessee. Shortly after marriage they moved to Dover, Cimarron, Kingfisher, Oklahoma.

The great depression started in September of 1929 and continued for about 10 years. It was during that period that Edith and Arthur Burleson, my grandparents, were having a tough time making ends meet, and sent two of their children, Jessie Thelma Burleson and George Arthur Burleson to live with Dr. Anglin and Aunt Emma in Dover Delaware. Jessie was living there by April 9<sup>th</sup>, 1930 and was listed on the 1930 census. Both Jessie and George were still listed as living with the Anglins in the 1940 census, although I believe this to be incorrect, since George was living back in Odessa with his parents in 1933, when he married Evelevyn Alice Hacker on Jan 4, 1933 in St Petersburg, FL. On the wedding announcement in the newspaper George was listed as being the manager at the Cosme St Petersburg water plant in Odessa FL.

**Miss Evelyn Hacker  
And George Burleson  
Marry in Largo**

Miss Evelyn Hacker and George Burleson, of Odessa, were married recently at the home of the bridegroom's cousin, Mrs. Charles E. Gray, of Largo. The Rev. G. Talmadge Hinton, pastor of the Largo Baptist church, officiated.

The bride wore a becoming gown of brown georgette trimmed with chiffon velvet of the same shade. With it she wore matching accessories.

Mrs. Burleson, who was chosen "Miss Tampa" in 1932, is the daughter of Mrs. Rosalie Yates, 123 West Fern street. She has lived in Tampa most of her life.

Mr. Burleson, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Burleson, of Odessa, is manager of the St. Petersburg Water company there, and nephew of C. E. Burleson, county engineer, of Clearwater. The couple will make their home with the bridegroom's parents in Odessa.

Those present at the ceremony were Miss Eunice Gray, Mrs. Newton McMullen, Mrs. C. E. Gray and Mrs. G. T. Hinton, of Largo; Miss Jessie Burleson, of Odessa, and Ray Newell, of Tampa.



**Anglin Field Milligan College**

The Athletic fields at Miligan College, which include baseball, softball and soccer fields along with a complete track and field facility, lie along the banks of Buffalo Creek behind campus. These fields were named in honor after Senator Tom Anglin of Oklahoma, a 1902 graduate of Milligan College and brother of Dr. John Anglin.

Buffalo Creek's Murmurs:

- The creek, like a guardian, flows past the fields, whispering secrets of seasons gone by.

- Its waters cradle memories—the crack of a bat, the sprint of a runner, the camaraderie of teammates.
- And so, the fields bear witness to honor.
- They wear the name of Senator Tom Anglin, a bridge between past and present.
- With each game played, each goal scored, they celebrate the legacy of learning and kinship.

### **Florence Ida “Aunt Ida” Burleson**



**Florence Ida Burleson and Shelton Smith**

Florence Ida Burleson was born in February, 1878 in Bakersville, North Carolina, her father, Greenbury, was 31, and her mother, Jane, was 25. Ida, was a trailblazer—the first child of Greenbury and Jane Burleson, to move to the state of Florida. She married Shelton Ellis Smith on December 20, 1903, in Titusville, Florida. They had one child during their marriage. Their Child was:

Elsie Elizabeth Smith Gray, (2 August, 1905 – 30 November, 1972)

Ida died in November, 1965 in St Petersburg, Florida, at the age of 87, and was buried there. We find Ida and Shelton in in the 1910 census living in Largo, FL. They had been married for 6 years in the 1910 census. In the 1910 census we find

their daughter Elsie listed as 4 years old, and that she was born in Florida. Ida's Husband Shelton Smith was born in Umatilla, Lake County, Florida, and was in the fruit packing and shipping business. Shelton Ellis Smith, a man whose roots intertwined with the red earth of Umatilla, Lake County, Florida, found purpose in the rhythm of commerce. His days were marked by the scent of citrus, the hum of packing houses, and the promise of each shipment sent forth.

In the heart of Florida's groves, Shelton navigated the delicate balance of supply and demand. His hands touched crates of golden gems—their sun-kissed skins bearing the promise of sweetness. As the fruit traveled from orchard to packing house, he orchestrated the dance of logistics, ensuring that each box bore the essence of Florida's bounty.

The Golden Gem Crate Label adorned the fruit, its vibrant hues capturing the sun's warmth. To the world beyond, it whispered tales of sunrises over orange groves, dew-kissed leaves, and the tireless labor of those who tended the land.

And so, Shelton Ellis Smith became a steward of Florida's harvest—a link in the chain that connected grove to table. His legacy, like the scent of blossoms carried on the breeze, lingers in the soil of Umatilla, where memories of golden days blend with the promise of tomorrow.

### **Horace Maynard "Uncle Horace" Burleson**



**Horace Maynard Burleson**

Horace Maynard Burleson was born on October 4, 1880, his father, Greenbury, was 34 and his mother, Jane, was 28. He married Sadie Mowry Ward on October 7, 1909,

in Washington, Tennessee. They had four children during their marriage. Their children were:

Miles Ward Burleson 7 September 1910 – 1 January 1990,  
Horace Maynard Burleson, Jr. 19 May 1913 – 25 November 2000,  
Frances Mowry Burleson Ewing 14 September 1915 – 9 September, 2003,  
Sarah Margaret Burleson Dunn-Machetanz 10 May 1918 – September 1985.

Horace died on October 26, 1966, in Johnson City, Tennessee, at the age of 86, and was buried there. Horace Graduated from Milligan College in 1901, and stayed in Johnson City, Tennessee area for most of his life. Horace was in the insurance business in Johnson City Tennessee As he rests in peace, his legacy continues through the memories of those who knew him and the impact he made during his 86 years on this earth. May his story inspire others to live purposefully and leave their own mark on the world.

### **Carl Edward “Uncle Carl” Burleson**



**Carl and Stella Burleson**

Carl Edward Burleson was born on July 15, 1887, in Limestone Cove, Tennessee, his father, Greenbury, was 41 and his mother, Jane, was 35. Stella Lee Sutton became his partner in this shared voyage. Together, they navigated the

currents of existence, creating a legacy that transcends time. Their union bore three children, whose names echo through the annals of family history:

Gordon Sinclair Burleson, (31 August, 1910 – 25 February, 1979),  
Jane Alice Burleson (3 December, 1915 – Before 1930),  
Carl Edward Burleson, Jr. (2 January, 1919- June, 1986).

Their lives, marked by birth and passing, form a constellation of memories. Each date holds stories, laughter, and perhaps a few tears—a testament to the ebb and flow of existence.

Carl and Stella were married 9<sup>th</sup> February, 1908 after graduation from Milligan College. Their first son, Gordon Sinclair Burleson was born in Tennessee 31 August, 1910. We find Stella and Carl listed on the April, 1910 census listed as living in Sanford, FL. We assume that they must have gone back to Tennessee for the birth of their son, they appear to have moved to Saint Petersburg, FL, Possibly to be close to his sister Florence Ida Smith. Carl and Stella's Daughter Jane Alice was born in Pinellas County 3<sup>rd</sup> December, 1915.

Carl and Stella Burleson's educational paths diverged after their graduation from Milligan College in 1908. While Carl pursued a degree in Civil Engineering, Stella chose the harmonious path, graduating with a degree in Piano. Their unique blend of expertise likely enriched their lives and family in fascinating ways!

Let's delve into the intriguing professional journey of Carl, the civil engineer.

1. In the 1910 Census, Carl was recorded as a Civil Engineer in Sanford, Florida. His role likely involved designing and overseeing various infrastructure projects in the area.
2. By the 1920 Census, Carl's career had taken an interesting turn. He was now listed as a County Highway Engineer for Pinellas County. This role would have involved managing and improving the county's roadways and transportation infrastructure.
3. Gandy Bridge Project: Between 1920 and 1923, Carl worked alongside his friend George Gandy on a significant project: the Gandy Bridge in Tampa, Florida. As a civil engineer, Carl would have contributed to the design, construction, and maintenance of this iconic bridge.

The Gandy Bridge, officially known as the Gandy Boulevard Bridge, spans Old Tampa Bay and connects St. Petersburg to Tampa. It played a crucial role in enhancing transportation between the two cities. Carl's dedication to civil engineering and his involvement in notable projects like the Gandy Bridge highlight his valuable contributions to Florida's infrastructure development.

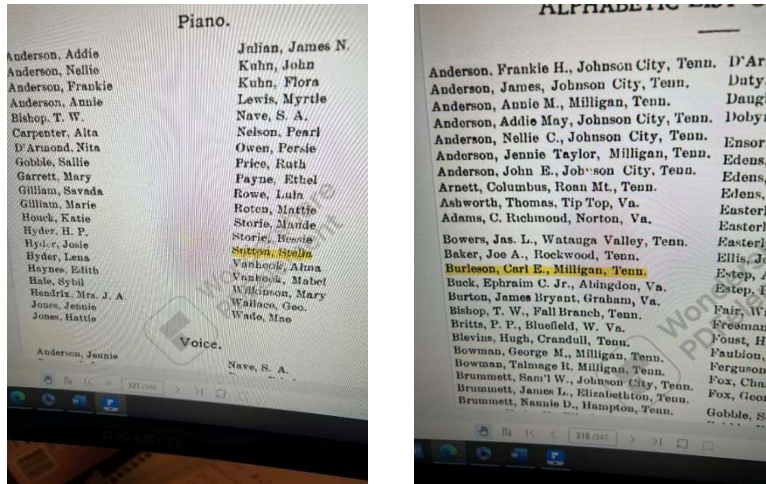
Let's continue exploring Carl's fascinating career journey:

1. In 1924, Carl and Stella resided at 805 North Fort Harrison Avenue in Clearwater, Florida. During this time, Carl's professional path was already marked by significant achievements.
2. County Engineer for Pinellas County: From 1930 to 1935, Carl held the esteemed position of County Engineer for Pinellas County. As a county engineer, he would have been responsible for overseeing infrastructure projects, road maintenance, and transportation development within the county.
3. Vice President of the Southern District of the American Road Builders Association. On October 3, 1931, it was officially announced that Carl had been selected as the Vice President of the Southern District of the American Road Builders Association (ARTBA). This prestigious role would have involved advocating for infrastructure investment and policy, fostering business development opportunities, and promoting innovation in transportation construction.
4. By 1940, Carl had transitioned to a new chapter in his career. He took up a position as a Civil Engineer with the State of Florida Department of Transportation. His work likely involved planning, designing, and managing transportation projects across the state. Carl also relocated his home to DeLand, Florida during this period

Carl's journey from local county engineering to regional leadership and state-level responsibilities showcases his dedication to advancing Florida's infrastructure. His contributions continue to resonate through the roads and bridges that connect communities across the Sunshine State.

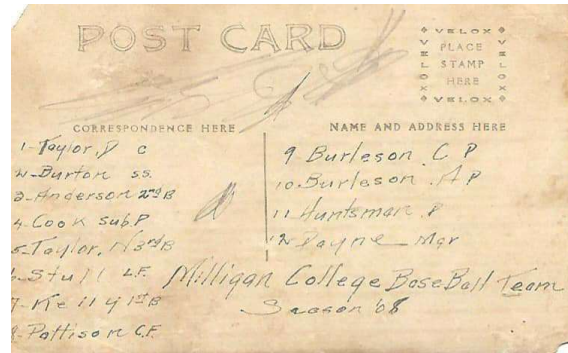
Carl Sr., a dedicated civil engineer who left an indelible mark on Florida's infrastructure, passed away in April 1961 in Volusia, Florida. He was 73 years old at the time of his passing. His final resting place is the Greenwood Cemetery in Orlando, Florida. Carl's legacy lives on through the roads, bridges, and highways he helped design and build, connecting communities and fostering

progress across the state. May his contributions continue to inspire future generations of engineers and visionaries.



**1908 Milligan College Class Rolls**

There’s a fascinating piece of history! Carl and Arthur, both members of the Milligan College Baseball Team in 1908, shared their passion for the sport. Their camaraderie on the field likely contributed to their bond as brothers. As they played under the sun, perhaps they dreamed of engineering feats beyond the diamond, unaware of the legacy they would leave behind. Indeed, Carl and Arthur, two brothers whose lives intertwined like the threads of a tapestry, left their mark on the world. Carl’s tireless efforts as a civil engineer molded Florida’s landscape, while Arthur embarked on a similar journey six years later. Their shared love for baseball, once played out on sun-kissed fields, now echoes through time, forever linking their names in the annals of history.



**1908 Milligan College Baseball Team**



**Arthur Oliver Burleson**



**Arthur Oliver Burleson**



**Arthur Oliver Burleson**

Arthur Oliver Burleson, born in the rugged hills of Limestone Cove, Unicoi County, Tennessee, emerged into the world on a May morning. His roots dug deep into the Appalachian soil, where the whispering pines and rolling streams shaped his spirit.

In those ancient mountains, Arthur learned the language of the land—the cadence of crickets, the scent of wildflowers, and the secrets hidden in moss-covered stones. His hands, calloused and weathered, held stories of toil and resilience. Perhaps he carved his initials into the bark of ancient oaks, leaving a mark for generations to trace.

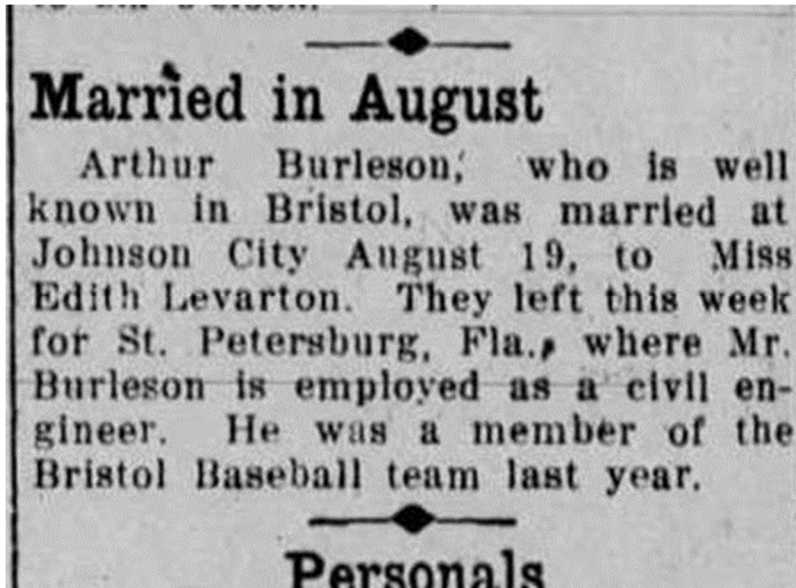
As the seasons danced, Arthur’s gaze turned southward, drawn by tales of sunsets over distant horizons. The promise of Florida’s warm embrace lured him like a siren’s song. And so, with courage in his heart, he journeyed southward, leaving behind the misty peaks and kinfolk who whispered blessings upon his departure. In Saint Petersburg, Florida, where the Gulf winds kissed his brow, Arthur found new soil to till. The salt-scented air replaced the mountain dew, and the sun dipped low, casting golden nets upon the waves. Here, he found a new home with my grandmother, Edith Odell Levarton, a woman with eyes like Kentucky skies—vast and ever-changing.

Arthur Oliver Burleson, my grandfather, was born on May 5, 1885, in Limestone Cove, Tennessee. His parents were Greenberry Washington Burleson and Jane. Arthur married Edith Odell Levarton on August 19, 1913, in Johnson City, Tennessee. Together, they had three children during their marriage. Arthur Oliver Burleson and Edith Odell Levarton, my grandparents, left a legacy through their three children:

1. Jessie Thelma Burleson Ebersbach (June 30, 1914 – January 1, 1975)
2. George Arthur Burleson (September 22, 1916 – July 16, 1992)
3. Charles William Burleson (August 22, 1922 – March 10, 2004)

Each of their lives contributed to the rich tapestry of our family history.

The wedding notification that was in the paper published in the Bristol Herald Courier dated September 26, 1913, states the Edith and Arthur Left Tennessee in Mid September 1913 for Saint Petersburg where Arthur Burleson is employed as a Civil Engineer. Arthur Oliver Burleson, and his journey is enhanced by the fact that he worked as a Civil Engineer in Saint Petersburg adds a layer of intrigue to his story.



**Wedding Announcement for Edith Odell Levarton and Arthur Oliver Burleson**

As a civil engineer, Arthur would have been involved in designing, planning, and overseeing construction projects related to infrastructure, such as roads, bridges, buildings, and utilities. His work would have contributed to the growth and development of the community.

Imagine him donning a hat, perhaps with a rolled-up blueprint in hand, surveying land, calculating measurements, and collaborating with other professionals. His dedication to his craft and the impact of his work resonate through the generations. Arthur Oliver Burleson, the man who left Tennessee in pursuit of new horizons, left behind not only a legacy of family but also a legacy of progress and ingenuity.



In 1913, baseball was a vibrant part of the sporting landscape, and Bristol, a town with a fervor for sports, played its part. During that time, Arthur was a member of the Bristol Baseball team. The community field buzzed with excitement during games, and it was here that Edith and Arthur's paths likely intersected. Their love story began to unfold against the backdrop of cheering crowds, dusty bases, and the crack of wooden bats. Perhaps it was a stolen glance across the diamond or a shared celebration after a home run that sparked their connection. Regardless, in the sun-drenched afternoons of 1913, amidst the cheers and camaraderie, Edith and Arthur's hearts found their rhythm, forever entwined in the game of love.

In the 1900 Census, Arthur's life unfolded within the walls of the house on 136 Buffalo Creek Road. There, amidst the creaking floorboards and the scent of coal fires, he shared space with his entire family. His occupation was that of an Apprentice Blacksmith, a trade that likely filled his days with the rhythmic clang of hammer on anvil, shaping metal into useful forms.

Milligan College, a place of learning and growth, played a significant role in Arthur's journey. The Yearbook Directory Records reveal that he was enrolled from 1898 to 1909. During those years, the campus echoed with the footsteps of students, the rustling of pages, and the exchange of ideas. Arthur's educational path seems to have followed this trajectory:

1. Normal School (1898-1904): Here, he honed foundational skills, perhaps studying pedagogy and preparing to become a teacher.
2. College (1905-1909): His major was Civil Engineering, a field that bridged the gap between theory and practical application. Surveying land, designing structures, and understanding the forces of nature became his canvas.

In the hallowed halls of Milligan, Arthur's mind expanded, his dreams took shape, and friendships blossomed. Perhaps it was there that he first glimpsed the blueprint of his future—a future that would intersect with Edith's, weaving their stories together across time and space.

Arthur, a man whose life was woven with the threads of baseball, stepped onto the diamond with passion and purpose. Let's trace his journey through the bases, the crack of the bat, and the camaraderie of teammates:

1. Johnson City Soldiers Baseball Team (1910-1911):
  - o Arthur donned the uniform of the Johnson City Soldiers, their colors perhaps echoing the vibrant hues of the Tennessee landscape. The

sun-kissed afternoons saw him sprinting across the outfield, chasing down fly balls, and sliding into home plate. The crowd cheered, and Arthur's heart beat in sync with the rhythm of the game.

2. Mobile Alabama Seagulls (1911):

- In the sultry heat of Mobile, Arthur joined the Seagulls. Perhaps the ocean breeze carried whispers of victory as he stepped up to bat. The second half of that season etched memories—dusty cleats, sunburned shoulders, and the thrill of stealing bases.

3. Roanoke Virginia Tigers (1912):

- The roar of the crowd echoed through the hills of Roanoke as Arthur became a Tiger. His swing cut through the air, connecting with the ball, sending it soaring. The red clay beneath his spikes held secrets of victories and defeats.

4. Richmond Virginia Colts (First Half of 1913):

- The Colts galloped onto the field, and Arthur rode alongside them. The first half of 1913 saw him chasing line drives, diving for grounders, and sharing dugout banter. The sun painted the sky, and Arthur's cleats left imprints in the dust.

5. Bristol Virginia Boosters (Second Half of 1913):

- The Boosters—a team fueled by determination—welcomed Arthur. The second half of 1913 unfolded in Bristol, where the crack of the bat echoed off brick walls. Perhaps it was here that Edith, in the stands, caught sight of the man they affectionately called “Skeeter.”

6. Rome Georgia Romans (First Half of 1915):

- The Romans marched onto the field, and Arthur stood among them. Rome's sun-drenched afternoons witnessed his leadership, his glove scooping up grounders, and his voice rallying the team. The Georgia soil held stories of resilience and triumph.

7. Arthur as Manager (1915-1920):

- Arthur's role shifted from player to strategist. He managed the Rome Georgia Romans in 1915, and later the Saint Petersburg Saints in 1920.
- The dugout became his command center, and the game unfolded like a chessboard. His decisions shaped victories and forged bonds.

Edith, too, watched from the stands, her heart racing with each stolen base, each curveball. Their love story intertwined with the crack of the bat, the smell of freshly mown grass, and the camaraderie of teammates. And so, in the annals of baseball history, Arthur's legacy lives on—a man who played, managed, and loved, leaving footprints on the diamond and in the hearts of those who cheered him on.

Arthur, the man who danced with destiny on the pitcher's mound, spun baseballs like secrets whispered to the wind. His nickname, "Skeeter", clung to him like the scent of freshly mown grass—a moniker that echoed through dugouts, across dusty diamonds, and into the hearts of fans.

In the sun-drenched afternoons, Arthur stood tall, gripping the leather sphere, eyes narrowing as he sized up opponents. The crowd held its breath, their hopes stitched into the seams of the baseball. And then, with a windup that defied gravity, Arthur hurled the ball—a comet streaking toward home plate. Strike one!

The umpire's voice echoed, and Arthur's grin widened. His fastball, a lightning bolt, left batters swinging at ghosts. Curveballs danced like waltzing partners, and change-ups whispered secrets only catchers understood. Each pitch was a brushstroke on the canvas of possibility. Strike two!

The crowd erupted—a symphony of cheers, clapping, and the occasional heckle. Arthur reveled in it—the rhythm of the game, the pulse of adrenaline. His cleats dug into the mound, anchoring him to history. He was more than a pitcher; he was a storyteller. The baseball was his quill, the diamond his parchment.

And then, the final pitch—a slider that curved like fate itself. The batter swung, eyes wide, but the ball vanished into the catcher's mitt. The umpire's call echoed: Strike three! You're out!

Arthur's heart soared. He tipped his cap to the crowd, acknowledging their applause. But beyond the stadium lights, beyond the wins and losses, there was another story—a quieter one. It was the stolen glance between innings, the way Edith's eyes sparkled when he stepped onto the mound. Love bloomed amidst the chalk lines, and Arthur's legacy extended beyond statistics.

So here's to "Skeeter", the pitcher who painted the sky with baseballs, who etched his name into the annals of the game. May his memory linger in the crack of the bat, the scent of pine tar, and the echo of cheers—a timeless refrain on the diamond of life.



Arthur Oliver A. O. "Skeeter" Burleson

**Pitching:**

Year	Level	Lg	Team	W	L	W%	ERA	G	GS	GF	CG	SHO	SV	IP	H	R	ER	HR	BB	IBB	SO	HBP
1911	A	SOUA	Mobile Sea Gulls	3	11	.214		13						0.0								
1911	D	APPY1	Johnson City Soldiers	4	3	.571	0.00	8						59.0	57	34			18			
1912	C	VIRL4	Roanoke Tigers	16	9	.640	0.00	33						239.0	209	86			62			
1913	C	VIRL4	Richmond Colts	3	4	.429	0.00	9						71.0	77	38			14			
1913	D	APPY1	Bristol Boosters	9	4	.692	0.00	16						126.3	104	30			26			
1915	D	GAAL	Rome Romans	3	2	.600		8						0.0								
<b>Totals</b>				38	33	.535	0.00	87	0	0	0	0	0	495.3	447	188	0	0	120	0	0	0

**Batting:**

Year	Level	Lg	Team	GP	PA	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	SB	CS	BB	SO	BA	OBP	SLG	OPS	TB	DP	HBP	
1911	A	SOUA	Mobile Sea Gulls	14	34	34	3	0	0	0							.088	.088	.088	.176	3			
1911	D	APPY1	Johnson City Soldiers	8	23	23	6										.261	.261	.261	.522	6			
1912	C	VIRL4	Roanoke Tigers	32	87	87	20	0	3	0							.230	.230	.299	.529	26			
1913	C	VIRL4	Richmond Colts	10	31	31	8	2	0	0							.258	.258	.323	.581	10			
1913	D	APPY1	Bristol Boosters	44	120	120	31	5	2	1							.258	.258	.358	.617	43			
<b>Totals</b>				108	295	295	0	68	7	5	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	.231	.231	.298	.529	88	0	0

**Arthur Oliver, A. O. Burleson Baseball Record 1910-1915**



**A O Burleson Johnson City Soldiers Basball team 1909**  
(A O Burleson Top Row Middle right)



**Arthur Oliver (A O) Burleson 1910 Johnson City Soldiers Baseball Team Pitcher**





1. N. Taylor, Mgr.; 2. W. Miller, Pres.; 3. D. Taylor; 4. Accorsinia;  
 5. Kelley; 6. Weldon; 7. Scurry; 8. Douglass; 9. Milbourne; 10. Leake;  
 11. Harris; 12. Hickman; 13. Burleson; 14. Alexander; 15. Garner.  
**JOHNSON CITY TEAM—SOUTHEASTERN LEAGUE.**

**1910 Johnson City Soldiers Baseball Team**



**ROANOKE, VA., TEAM—Champions Virginia League**  
 1. Ginn; 2. Kneaves; 3. Holland; 4. Lafitte; 5. Burleson; 6. Vance; 7. Tolson;  
 8. Gardin; 9. Efrd; 10. Green; 11. Pressly; 12. Shields; 13. Newton; 14. Graham;  
 15. Elliott; 16. Heins; 17. Lipscomb; 18. Thomas; 19. Sexton.

**1913 Roanoke Tigers Baseball Team**



**Arthur Oliver (A O) Burleson 1913 Roanoke Virginia**

Georgia-Alabama League (**GGL**) - Class: D  
Team Record: 27-31  
Finished 4th in the GGL  
Manager: **O. A. Burleson** (27-31)  
Location: **Rome, Georgia**  
Ballpark: **Rome Ball Park**

[1915 Rome Romans Statistics](#)

The Rome Romans of the Georgia-Alabama League ended the 1915 season with a record of 27 wins and 31 losses, finishing fourth in the GGL.

O. A. Burleson served as manager.

And thus, Edith and Arthur embarked on their journey—a winding road from the Hills of Tennessee to the sun-kissed shores of Saint Petersburg, Florida. Their car, laden with dreams and memories, hummed along the asphalt, tracing a path through pine-scented forests and sunflower fields.

In the rearview mirror, the hills receded—a tapestry of emerald green fading into the horizon. The echoes of minor league victories whispered through the valleys, and the scent of freshly mown grass lingered like a promise.

Edith, with her sun-kissed red hair and eyes that held both determination and nostalgia, glanced at Arthur. His calloused hands gripped the steering wheel—the same hands that swung bats and caught fastballs. His dreams had shifted from diamond dust to sandy beaches, from dugouts to seagull cries.

The Florida sun welcomed them—a warm embrace after the cool Tennessee nights. Palms swayed, their fronds dancing in rhythm with the ocean breeze. The car rolled

past citrus groves, where oranges hung like golden lanterns, and roadside stands beckoned with promises of fresh juice.

Arthur's laughter filled the car—a melody of hope and anticipation. Edith leaned over, her fingers brushing his cheek. “We’re chasing the sun, my love,” she whispered. “Leaving behind the echoes of cheers and finding new ones in the waves.”

And so, they drove—a couple bound by love and wanderlust. Their car became a vessel of stories—a canvas for the tales they’d collect along the way. The radio played old tunes, and Edith sang along, her voice weaving through the air like a seagull’s cry.

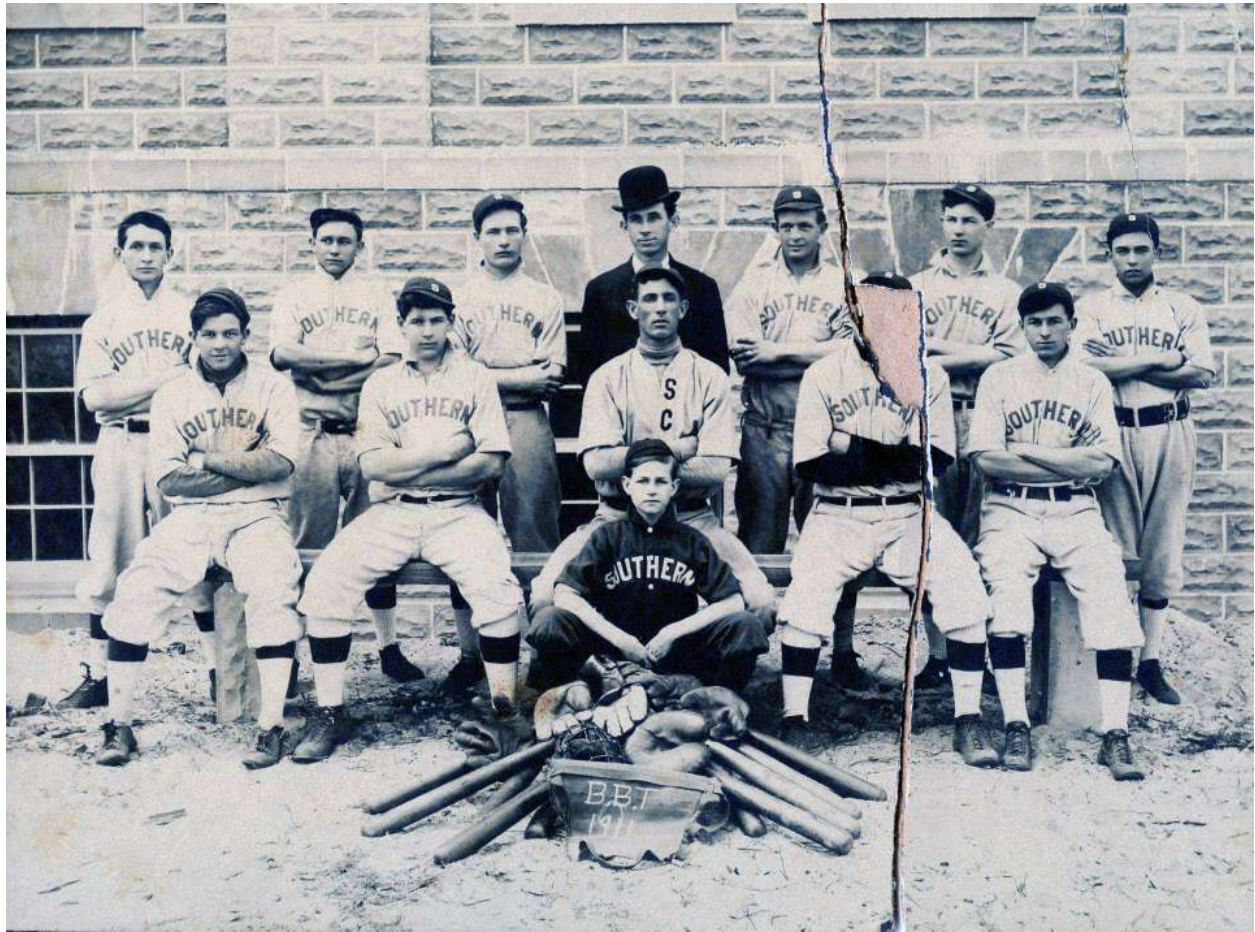
In Saint Petersburg, they found their haven—a little cottage with turquoise shutters, nestled between sea oats and dunes. The ocean greeted them each morning, its waves a lullaby. Arthur traded his baseball mitt for a fishing rod, and Edith painted seascapes on the canvas of their home.

Their love story unfolded—a chapter at a time. Edith’s laughter echoed in the courtyard, and Arthur’s eyes sparkled as he grilled fresh catch. They danced barefoot on the sand, their footprints merging with the tide’s eraser.

And when twilight painted the sky in hues of coral and lavender, they sat on the porch swing, hands entwined. The Hills of Tennessee were a distant memory, but their hearts carried the echoes—the crack of a bat, the cheer of a crowd, and the promise of a new beginning.

Edith and Arthur, two souls chasing the sun, etched their love story into the sands of Saint Petersburg—a testament to courage, resilience, and the magic of following one’s heart. Always forward, they whispered, as the stars blinked into existence above them.

1920

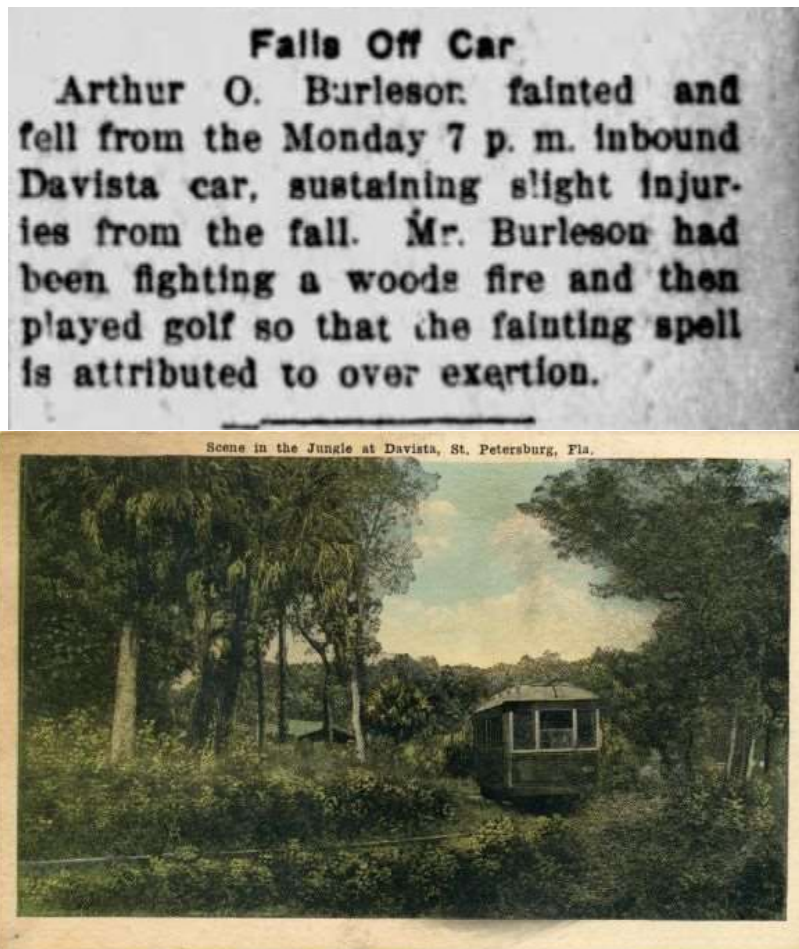


**1920 Saint Petersburg Saints Arthur Oliver (A O) Burleson second row center under the man with the black derby. Arthur was the Team Manager**



A O "Skeeter" Burleson 1920

In the April 26, 1916 we found a newspaper article in the Saint Petersburg Times that mentions that Grandpa “B” fell off a Trolley Car in Saint Petersburg. The Inbound Davista Car, was a new trolley system being developed in Saint Petersburg.



In the sepia-tinged pages of the Saint Petersburg Times, a tale unfolds—a moment when the mundane collided with destiny. The Inbound Davista Car: Imagine the streets of Saint Petersburg, bathed in sunlight. The air hums with anticipation as the new trolley system—the Inbound Davista Car—trundles along its tracks. Passengers perch on wooden seats, their gazes flitting between the cityscape and the horizon. The trolley, a promise of connectivity, glides forward.

Grandpa “B’s” Journey: Among those passengers, a figure stands out—Grandpa “B”. His grip on the handrail, weathered and steady, anchors him to the present. Did he peer out the window, catching glimpses of familiar streets? Or did his thoughts wander—to family, to dreams, to the delicate balance of life? The Fateful Moment: And then it happens—the trolley jolts, a sudden lurch. Grandpa “B” stumbles, his hat askew. The world tilts, and for an instant, time holds its breath. Was it a misstep,

a loose floorboard, or fate's gentle nudge? The Inbound Davista Car carries its cargo—a blend of stories and souls.

The Aftermath: Concerned faces surround Grandpa “B.” Hands reach out, offering support. The trolley conductor, a stoic figure, assesses the situation. Did Grandpa “B” brush off the incident, a twinkle in his eye? Or did he nurse a bruised pride, grateful for the kindness of strangers? The Saint Petersburg Times: The newspaper, ink still wet, captures the moment. Its headline—a whisper of vulnerability, a snapshot of resilience.

And so, Grandpa “B” becomes a footnote in history—a trolley rider, a survivor, a thread woven into the fabric of Saint Petersburg. Legacy and Echoes: Generations later, we revisit that day. The Inbound Davista Car, now a relic, lives on in memory. Grandpa “B.”—his fall, his recovery—becomes part of our collective narrative. A reminder that every journey, no matter how ordinary, leaves ripples in time. And so, let us honor Grandpa “B.”—the accidental hero, the trolley dodger, the keeper of stories.

In the 1920 Census, Arthur Burleson resided in Saint Petersburg, Pinellas County, Florida. His occupation was recorded as a Civil Engineer. Arthur lived on Fairview Avenue with his family, which included:

Wife: Edith

Daughter: Jessie

Son: George

Mother-in-law: Martha Catherine Morley Levarton Redfield.

This historical snapshot provides a glimpse into the lives of individuals during that era, capturing details of their occupations, family members, and residential addresses.

I found a historical snippet from the Tampa Bay Times from November 20th 1920! It's remarkable how these glimpses into the past reveal not only the practical aspects of property transactions but also the artistic vision behind home construction. Arthur O. Burleson's plan to build an attractive bungalow on the lot sold by F. H. Hayes reflects the architectural trends of the time. Bungalows, closely associated with the Arts & Crafts movement, emphasized natural materials, craftsmanship, and a harmonious integration with nature. Let's imagine that bungalow taking shape: its open floor plan, cozy nooks, and perhaps a welcoming front porch where residents could enjoy the Florida sunshine. The legacy of these homes endures, reminding us

of the creativity and dedication of those who shaped our neighborhoods nearly a century ago.

F. H. Hayes has sold to Arthur O. Burleson one lot on Crown avenue. Mr. Burleson will build an attractive bungalow.



**Burleson Home 1920**

F. H. Hays left his mark on the architectural canvas of Saint Petersburg. His vision materialized in the form of the Hays Building, standing tall amidst the bustling streets. This structure, with its ornate façade and sturdy bones, housed dreams, aspirations, and perhaps a touch of mystery. F. H. Hays was a prominent real estate developer in the 1900's in Saint Petersburg. Urban legends suggest that Al Capone, the notorious gangster, frequented these streets. Did his shadow fall upon F. H. Hays? Whispers echo through the corridors of the Hays Building. Did clandestine meetings occur here? Was it a hub for secrets and shadows? Dad mentions to me that he met Al Capone? Armed with this information, I find it probable that he did.

My father's claim of meeting Al Capone certainly adds an intriguing layer to his life story. The notorious gangster, with his sharp suits, fedora, and shadowy reputation, looms large in the annals of American history. Picture it: a smoky speakeasy, in the Hays Building. The clink of glasses, and the murmur of clandestine conversations. Al Capone, the "Scarface" of Chicago, holding court in a dimly lit corner. My father, perhaps wide-eyed and curious, standing in the same room.

Did they exchange words? Did Capone's gaze meet your father's? Was there a nod of acknowledgment, a shared secret? Or was it merely a chance encounter—a fleeting brush with infamy? The mind weaves stories, and memory dances with possibility. My father's claim becomes a thread in the tapestry of his life—a thread that connects him to a legend, a moment frozen in time.

So, armed with this tantalizing tidbit, I delve deeper. I searched old photographs, letters, and faded newspaper clippings. I listened to family anecdotes, hoping for a whispered confession, a hidden detail. And there, in the sepia-toned corners of memory, I find fragments—a half-smile, a cryptic phrase, a name dropped casually. Al Capone, the enigma, now part of my father's narrative.

Whether truth or embellishment, it matters little. For stories are bridges between generations, and my father's encounter with Capone—real or imagined—becomes a chapter in my family saga. So, I embrace the mystery. Let Al Capone's shadow dance across the pages of my father's life. And remember, sometimes legends are born not in grand ballrooms but in quiet conversations over coffee, where truth and fiction blur, and ordinary lives intersect with the extraordinary.

In 1925, Arthur found himself within the walls of Mound Park Hospital in Saint Petersburg—a place where whispers of healing and mystery intertwined. The reasons behind his stay remain veiled, a secret held by time itself. We do not know the reason and dad was only three years old at the time, and was probably too young to know what was going on. Dad never mentioned it.

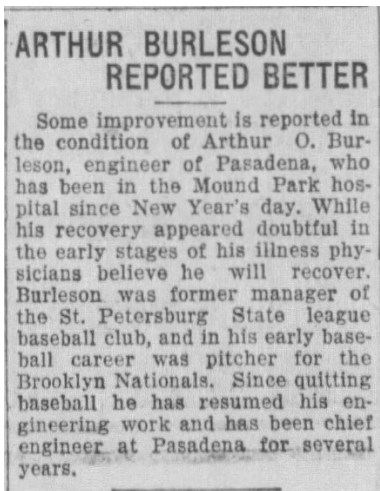
In 1910, a local reverend in St. Petersburg led efforts to establish a public hospital. The initial five-room bungalow, constructed on the site where the hospital stands today, was named Good Samaritan Hospital. As the area's healthcare needs grew, the city raised funds to build a new facility. Around 1923, the hospital expanded once more, resulting in a new 60-bed hospital named Mound Park Hospital. The name was inspired by the nearby Tocobaga mounds.

Over the next 45 years, Mound Park Hospital underwent several expansions. In 1970, it transitioned from a city-run hospital to a not-for-profit organization and was renamed Bayfront Medical Center. During the mid-1980s, the hospital underwent significant restructuring and renovations, including the creation of a new emergency/trauma center, intensive care units, neurology and cardiac care units, and an obstetrics program. It also earned Level II Trauma Center designation, becoming the sole trauma center in Pinellas County and establishing the supporting Bayflite Emergency Helicopter Transport System. In 2013,



Bayfront Medical Center joined a new partnership and was renamed Bayfront Health St. Petersburg. In October 2020, it became part of the Orlando Health organization, extending quality care from Central Florida to the Gulf coast.

The original 1923 building still stands and currently houses offices and a chapel. From its humble beginnings as Good Samaritan Hospital to its present-day role within the Orlando Health network, Mound Park Hospital has played a vital role in serving the community's healthcare needs.



**Tocabaga Indian Mound**

The article mentions that Arthur Burleson was a pitcher for the Brooklyn Nationals, which is interesting for the fact that the Brooklyn Nationals were also known as the Brooklyn Dodgers. The name Dodgers was shortened from “Trolley Dodgers”, but the word “Trolley” was dropped for political reasons? Why is this important? When I asked dad who Grandpa “B” played ball for, he always told me that he played for the “Tooterville Trolleys”. After doing a complete review of the Minor League Teams that Arthur Played for, I could not directly connect one to the Brooklyn Nationals, but I have no doubt that one was an affiliate.

Arthur Burleson, a name woven into the tapestry of baseball history, danced between the lines of minor leagues and major leagues. Let us unravel the threads that connect him to the Brooklyn Nationals, the Dodgers, and the whimsical world of trolley dodging: The Trolley Dodgers: The Brooklyn Dodgers, those legendary baseball warriors, carried a name that echoed through time. But where did it originate? In the mid-1890s, Brooklyn's streets were a maze of electric trolley lines—swift, unpredictable, and perilous. These trolleys hurtled through the city at speeds three times faster than horse-drawn carts, their DC-powered motors jerking and bucking.

Pedestrians became adept at dodging these electric beasts, and thus, the team earned the moniker “Trolley Dodgers”. It was a matter of life and death—a dance with danger.

**Arthur Burleson’s Journey:** Arthur, the pitcher with dreams stitched into his glove, moved through the minor leagues like a comet. His path intersected with various teams, each a chapter in his baseball odyssey. The Brooklyn Nationals, later known as the Brooklyn Dodgers, stood as a beacon. But how did Arthur fit into this constellation? **The Missing Link:** The Brooklyn Nationals and Arthur’s minor league affiliations—like constellations in a vast sky—hint at connections. Perhaps one was an affiliate, a bridge between the minor and major leagues. The “Tooterville Trolleys,” a whimsical name whispered by my father, adds intrigue. Did Arthur’s journey intersect with these fictional trolleys?

**Legacy and Imagination:** Arthur’s legacy extends beyond box scores and diamond dust. It’s etched in memories—the crack of the bat, the scent of grass, and the camaraderie of teammates. So, let’s imagine: Arthur, in his Tooterville Trolleys uniform, stepping up to the mound. The crowd hushed, trolleys rumbling beyond the outfield fence. His pitch—a blur of dreams and determination. **Brooklyn’s Streets and Baseball Lore:** The streets of Brooklyn once belonged to people—pedestrians, trolley dodgers, and baseball fans. Arthur, whether in the minors or the majors, danced through these narratives. And perhaps, just perhaps, the Brooklyn Nationals whispered secrets to him—the art of dodging not only trolleys but also destiny. So, as we weave these threads, let’s honor Arthur’s journey—the pitches thrown, the bases stolen, and the echoes of cheers. And who knows? Maybe the Tooterville Trolleys had a secret playbook, hidden among the trolley tracks

During the years 1918 to 1922, Arthur Burleson served as a civil engineer under George Gandy for the construction of the Gandy Causeway and Bridge. This significant infrastructure project connected Tampa to St. Petersburg in Florida. The causeway, spanning Old Tampa Bay, facilitated transportation and accessibility between the two cities, benefiting both residents and commerce. Arthur’s role in this endeavor contributed to the growth and development of the region, leaving a lasting impact on its history and connectivity.



In the 1930 census Arthur Burleson was listed as living in Saint Petersburg, Pinellas County, Florida, at 1017 15th Avenue South. As for the address 1017 15th Avenue South, it appears to be a different location from the one mentioned in the 1920 Census.



1017 15<sup>th</sup> Avenue South

In 1928, Arthur Burleson took on the management of the Cosme Saint Petersburg water treatment plant located in Odessa, Florida. His oversight of the water treatment process significantly impacted the well-being and health of the local community. Water treatment plants serve a vital role in providing safe and clean water to residents, and Arthur’s responsibilities likely included:

1. Supervising Construction: He would have overseen the construction of a 26-mile pipeline connecting the Odessa well field to the city of Saint Petersburg.
2. Water Treatment Facility: Managing the construction and operation of the water treatment facility itself.
3. Quality Assurance: Ensuring water quality met safety standards.
4. Distribution: Efficiently distributing treated water to residents.
5. Operational Efficiency: Keeping the plant running smoothly.

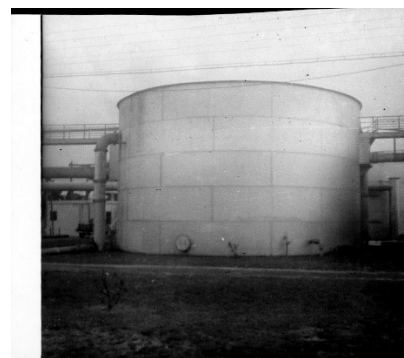
Arthur's dedication to this essential infrastructure contributed to the health and prosperity of the local community.

In the 1935 Florida State Census, Arthur Burleson was recorded as residing in Odessa, Hillsborough County, Florida, specifically at the water plant. It's interesting to note that the USPS mailing area associated with the city of Odessa extends into Hillsborough County and partially overlaps with Keystone, another separate Census designated place located entirely within Hillsborough County. However, this apparent overlap is solely due to USPS ZIP code designation, and in reality, no part of Odessa is truly within Hillsborough County boundaries.

The intricacies of geographical boundaries, postal services, and census designations often reveal fascinating nuances about how communities are organized and connected. Odessa is infact located in Pasco County.



**Cosme Saint Petersburg water treatment plant located in Odessa, FL. 16015 Race Track road**



**Water Tank Circa 1940**

In the late 1800s, St. Petersburg relied on Mirror Lake as its primary source of drinking water. This spring-fed water source, however, Mirror Lake in downtown St. Petersburg, began to show signs of saltwater intrusion by 1920. With the city's population booming and no effective method for removing salt from the water, officials embarked on an exploration for an alternative source.

Their search led them to Northwest Hillsborough County, where they discovered deep wells with fresh water. In 1930, an impressive 26-mile pipeline was constructed to transport this new water source from the wells to the city. This engineering feat significantly improved the water supply for St. Petersburg, ensuring a sustainable and reliable source of clean water for its residents. It's fascinating to consider how infrastructure projects like this one have shaped the development and well-being of communities over time.

My father often would tell the story of the fact, that after the Great Depression, his father Arthur had a distrust of the banks. He told me that on numerous occasions, whenever the family needed money, Arthur would go out into the woods, shovel in hand, and come back with a jar of money! Could there still be additional jars hidden in the woods that surround the Cosme Water Plant?

My father's tale of Arthur's resourcefulness during the Great Depression paints a vivid picture. The image of Arthur venturing into the woods, shovel in hand, to retrieve jars of money is both intriguing and nostalgic. Cosme Water Plant, surrounded by those very same woods, becomes a place of wonder. Could it still harbor hidden treasures—forgotten jars filled with coins or bills? Perhaps the trees whisper secrets, and the soil guards the past. In the dappled sunlight filtering through leaves, imagine the glint of glass buried beneath earth and roots. Each jar, a time capsule, holds memories of resilience, uncertainty, and hope. The rustling leaves seem to murmur, "Search, seeker, for treasures lost and stories untold."

But whether these jars remain hidden or have long been discovered, they symbolize more than mere currency. They embody Arthur's determination, the spirit of survival, and the bonds that tie generations together. So, if you ever wander those woods near the Cosme Water Plant, keep your eyes open. Who knows what echoes of the past might still linger there, waiting to be unearthed?

## The Rattlesnake wags it's Tale

In 1932 Arthur Burleson, a father caught between the fangs of fate and the desperate rhythm of rescue, stands at the crossroads of bravery and sacrifice. Let us unravel this tale—a collision of venom and love:

The Rattlesnake's Warning:

- The garage in Odessa, a mundane backdrop for extraordinary events. My father, Charlie, barefoot and unsuspecting, stepped into a moment that would echo through generations.
- The rattle—a primal sound, a serpent's alarm. Did my father freeze, heart pounding, as the snake coiled and struck?

Arthur's Swift Action:

- Arthur, his father—a protector with adrenaline-fueled resolve. He swept my father off his feet, cradling him like a fragile secret.
- The kitchen counter became an altar of survival. Arthur's hands, weathered and sure, traced an X over the fang marks—a desperate plea to fate.

The Venom and the Teeth:

- Arthur's mouth met my father's foot—a communion of life and poison. He sucked out the venom, each pull a prayer for redemption.
- But fate, capricious and cruel, had other plans. The venom seeped beyond the wound, infecting Arthur's gums—the battleground of teeth and toxins.

The Sacrifice:

- Arthur, undergoing dental surgery, became a silent hero. His teeth—the sentinels of laughter, the architects of smiles—betrayed him.
- One by one, they fell—a sacrifice to save my father. The pain, both physical and metaphorical, etched lines on Arthur's face.

Legacy and Echoes:

- Generations later, we revisit that kitchen—the counter, the X, the memory. Arthur's teeth, like scattered stars, illuminate the night.
- His love, fierce and wordless, binds our family. The venom may have taken his teeth, but it couldn't steal his courage.

And so, we honor Arthur Burleson—the man who sucked out venom and lost his teeth, the father who wove resilience into my lineage. When ever we saw my dad sitting around in his bare feet, we would ask him to show us his snakebite and tell us the story!

Arthur Oliver Burleson, a name etched in the sepia-toned annals of time, emerges—a tapestry woven with threads of triumph, tragedy, and resilience. Let us step into this chapter, where life and legacy intersect:

The Sunset Hour: 11:49 PM June 24th, 1949, a date whispered by the wind, cradled Arthur in its arms. The Tampa Municipal Hospital, a sanctuary of healing, bore witness. The sun dipped low, casting shadows across the room. Arthur, once a civil engineer shaping landscapes, now grappled with a different blueprint—the architecture of despair.

The Old .45 Caliber Pistol: The weapon, cold and unforgiving, lay in Arthur’s trembling hand. Two shots echoed—a desperate duet. One bullet found its mark—the fragile bridge between life and eternity. Edith, Grandma “B,” stumbled upon the aftermath. Her heart, a fragile vessel, shattered as she cradled her fallen love.

The Well Fields and Hidden Struggles: Arthur, a custodian of waterways, had tended the Cosme Odessa Water Plant since its inception. Beneath the sun-drenched fields, he carried burdens—physical and unseen. Depression, that silent tempest, gnawed at his spirit. Rosanne’s whispers lingered—Roseanne, a childhood friend of my dad, who knew the weight of Arthur’s soul.

The Baseball Legacy: Arthur, once manager of the Saint Petersburg Saints Baseball Team, had orchestrated victories on the diamond. The crack of the bat, the scent of grass—his symphony. Arthur was a basketball coach for Florida Southern College and Milligan College, Tennessee for several years. A native of Unicoi County, Tennessee. But life’s innings are unpredictable.

The Gandy Bridge, a testament to his surveying hands, spanned more than concrete—it bridged dreams and despair.

The Masonic Lodge: The Order of Eastern Star—the celestial sisterhood. Arthur, a Freemason, sought solace in rituals older than memory.

His legacy, like constellations, connected him to George, Jessie, and Charles. The grandchildren—Sandra Sue, and Johnny Albert Ebersbach, carried echoes of his laughter.

The F. T. Blount Funeral Home: The chapel doors swung open, and souls gathered. Arthur’s journey, marked by tears and whispered prayers, reached its final stanza.

Tampa’s Garden of Memory Cemetery—a resting place for dreams, where the sun and moon would weave stories over the years.

Surviving Arthur Oliver Burlison: Edith, steadfast and heartbroken, carried memories like fragile petals. George, Charles, and Jessie—their lives, constellations in Arthur’s cosmic tapestry. Horace, David, Carl, Emma, and Ida—siblings bound by blood and shared sorrows.

And so, Arthur Oliver Burleson, your story echoes—a symphony of light and shadow. May the heavens cradle you, and may your legacy ripple through generations.





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## Arthur Burleson Dies; Piloted Saints in '20

Arthur O. Burleson, 64-year-old retired civil engineer, died at 11:30 p. m. Friday in Tampa Municipal Hospital, where he had been a patient since Wednesday noon.

Burleson, employe of the St. Petersburg City Water Department's Cosme - Odessa well fields, shot himself Wednesday morning at his home with an old .45 caliber pistol, Hillsborough County police said.

Mrs. Burleson found her husband about 10:45 a. m. Wednesday in their home near the well fields. She said she had just returned from a nearby store. Fellow workers reported hearing a shot, but thought Burleson was shooting at cats.

He had been in ill health for some time. He had worked at the Odessa plant since it was built in 1928.

Native of Unicoi County, Tenn., Burleson was manager of the St. Petersburg Saints in 1920. He played professional baseball from 1904-13, and was a St. Petersburg resident 33 years.

He was basketball coach for Florida Southern College and Milligan College, Tennessee, for several years.

During his residence here, Burleson helped survey and construct Gandy Bridge. He was a member of the OES and Masonic Lodge.

Services will be held at 4 p. m. tomorrow in F. T. Blount Funeral Home, Tampa. Interment will be in Tampa's Garden of Memory Cemetery.

Surviving are his wife, Edith Burleson; three brothers, H. M. and D. F. Burleson, both of Johnson City, Tenn., and Carl E. Burleson, DeLand; two sisters, Emma B. Angeline, Dover, Okla., and Ida B. Smith, Belleview; two sons, George A. Burleson, Tampa, and Sgt. Charles W. Burleson, USA, and a daughter, Mrs. Jessie Ebersbach, Tampa.



Arthur and My Father Charlie



**Garden Of Memories Gravestone Marker**

As the ink of my words settle on the pages of “Always Charlie,” a chapter closes—a tribute to a life lived, a legacy woven. Grandpa “B,” once a name etched only in my ancestry, now breathes within my sentences, and my memories.

### **Arthur Oliver Burleson: My Grandfather! Grandpa "B"**

His footsteps, like echoes across time, led me through archives and whispers. The veil lifted, revealing a man—a father, a grandfather—whose heart, beat in sync with mine. As the seeker of stories, I traced his path—the Odessa Water Plant, the Gandy Bridge, the baseball diamonds. Each milestone, an insight to his journey.

The veil of years parted, revealing laughter shared over breakfast tables, whispered advice under moonlit skies. Grandpa “B,” a guardian of moral compasses, left footprints in the soil of my soul. His love, a quiet flame, warmed my bones. His standards, pillars of character, shaped my own.

As I penned the last lines, I felt his presence—the weight of his stories, the echo of his laughter? The computer keys, like piano notes, played a requiem. Grandpa “B,” a bridge between generations, now rests in the Garden of Memory. His legacy, etched in ink, lives on.

And so, “Always Charlie” becomes more than a book—it’s a testament to love, to lineage, to the art of remembering.



**Arthur with George and Charlie about 1928**



**George, Arthur, and Charlie**



**Dad fondly remembers the story of hunting and fishing with his father Arthur in the forests and ponds that surround the Comse Water Plant**



**Charlie and My grandfather deer hunting in the Ocala Forest**

**Edith Odell Levarton Burleson**



**Edith Odell Levarton Burleson---Grandma "B"**

Edith Odell Levarton, Grandma "B", born 6 April 1895 in the heart of Corbin, Kentucky, arrived on an April morning. Her birthplace echoed with the rhythm of bluegrass tunes, harmonizing with the rustle of dogwoods and the scent of mint juleps. Edith's laughter, they say, could coax daffodils from their slumber.

She danced through meadows, her skirts brushing dew-kissed clover. Her fingers traced the veins of magnolia leaves, seeking secrets whispered by the wind. Perhaps she wove wildflower crowns and wore them like a queen, her spirit unyielding as the Appalachian foothills.

When destiny led her to the shores of Florida, Edith carried her Kentucky roots—a bouquet of memories wrapped in blue ribbons. There, amidst orange groves and palmetto fronds, she frolicked with Arthur. Their love bloomed like azaleas after spring rain, vibrant and unyielding.

Together, they penned their own love letters—silent vows etched in the sands of Clearwater Beach, whispered promises beneath the swaying palms. Their hearts, like compass needles, pointed toward shared sunsets and moonlit walks along the Gulf shore.

In the 1900 United States Federal Census, we glimpse into the lives of the Leverton family—a snapshot frozen in time, where names and relationships intertwine like threads on a loom. In the 1900 Federal Census Records, we find Edith Leverton (Levarton), living in Gibson, Lee County Virginia. The Leverton Household:

- Edith Leverton (Levarton), a name etched in ink, resided in Gibson, Lee County, Virginia. The hills cradled their home, and the winds whispered secrets.
- Her father, George Leverton (Levarton), stood as the patriarch—a sturdy oak rooted in the soil of generations. His hands, calloused and weathered, shaped their world.
- Martha, the mother, wove love into every stitch of their existence. Her eyes held stories—of sunrises and storms, of laughter and longing.
- Sallie, the sister, danced between dreams and chores. Her laughter echoed through the rooms, a melody of innocence.
- And Will, the brother, bore the weight of boyhood—the promise of adventure, the burden of responsibility.

After the death of Edith's Father in 1904 we find her in the 1910 census records, living on Scranton Street in Bristol Virginia. Her occupation as a 15-year-old girl was a saleslady in a department store. In the 1910 United States Federal Census, the Scranton Street in Bristol, Virginia, becomes a stage where lives intersect—a canvas of family, boarders, and dreams. Let's step into this snapshot:

### The Levarton Household:

- Edith Levarton, a 15-year-old girl, dons the mantle of a saleslady. Her fingers, nimble and eager, arrange fabrics and notions in the department store.
- Martha C. Levarton, the mother, orchestrates their home—a symphony of chores, laughter, and whispered prayers.
- Sallie C. Levarton, the sister, dances between adolescence and responsibility. Her eyes, wide with curiosity, glimpse the world beyond Scranton Street.
- Willie E. Levarton, age 13, and Charlie B. Levarton, age 9, are brothers—their laughter echoing through the rooms, their dreams woven in the wallpaper.

The Boarders: Martha Catherine Levarton, a beacon of hospitality, opens her doors to seven young persons. Their stories, intersect with the Levarton family:

- James A. Wilson, 28, carries secrets in his eyes—a past etched in shadows.
- Maude C. Wilson, 22, a wife of James A. Wilson, shares whispered confidences with Sallie.
- Vance C. Mann, 22, dreams of distant horizons—trains, ships, and uncharted lands.
- William H. Richner, 32, wears the weight of years—a traveler seeking refuge.
- Scott Clayman, 23, his name a mystery, leaves footprints on Scranton Street.
- James P. McLane, 25, a poet in disguise, finds inspiration in the eavesdropped conversations.
- Milliam J. Will, 30, a man of quiet habits, observes the Levarton household—their laughter, their rituals.

### Legacy and Echoes:

- The census, ink on parchment, captures their essence. Scranton Street—a crossroads of lives, where dreams and realities intersect.
- Edith, Martha, Sallie, Willie, Charlie—their names ripple through time, whispered by the wind.
- And the boarders—strangers turned temporary kin—leave their mark. Their stories, like footprints in the dust, fade but never vanish.

So let us savor this moment—the 1910 census—as a chapter in the Levarton saga. Scranton Street, a thread in the tapestry, holds their laughter, their tears, and their shared humanity.

In the Tampa Tribune we find an article dated December 11, 1914, in which Edith O. Burleson was present at a society Party in Saint Petersburg at the Home of Mrs. Howard Cunningham (Neil Virginia Cunningham). Howard Cunningham was one of the owners of Cunningham Brother's Hardware in St Petersburg

in character that was a big hit. Mrs. Howard Cunningham entertained with a reception Wednesday afternoon in honor of her new sister-in-law, Mrs. Herbert Davis, formerly Miss Elizabeth Cunningham. Musical numbers added to the pleasure of the occasion. Mrs. Cunningham and Miss Vera Dent gave a beautiful violin and piano duet. Mrs. George Coslick gave James Whitcomb Riley's poem, "Nothin' to Sat at All," and Miss Mabel Cosgrove sang two pleasing selections. Those present were Mrs. S. D. Harris, Mrs. Ingraham, Mrs. A. L. Thayer, Jr., Mrs. Baumgras, Mrs. Carl Brown, Mrs. Robert Markland, Mrs. Emil Latham, Mrs. T. V. Cunningham, Mrs. John D. Harris, Mrs. Arthur O. Burleson, Mrs. George Coslick, Mrs. Robert McCutcheon, Mrs. William Baynard, Mrs. W. E. Cunningham, Mrs. Lambdin, Mrs. Charles Campbell, Mrs. Ernest Cunningham, Mrs. Howard Cunningham, Mrs. Herbert Davis, Miss Flora McCrea, Miss Hazel Norwood, Miss Vera Dent, Miss Ruth Moore, Miss Maude Longmire and Miss Mabel Cosgrove.

In the Saint Petersburg Times on Sunday, January 9th, 1916, within the pages of the Tampa Bay Pines, a delightful scene unfolds. Edith Burleson, with grace and warmth, assumes the role of hostess for the monthly Sewing Club in the charming city of Saint Petersburg.

Picture it: a sunlit room, needles flashing, fabrics unfurling. The air carries the soft hum of conversation—a symphony of laughter, shared patterns, and whispered confidences. Edith, her eyes bright with anticipation, orchestrates this gathering. She knows that stitching together more than fabric—she weaves bonds of friendship, stitches of camaraderie.

Around the table, women lean in, their fingers deftly guiding needles through cloth. They exchange stories—their joys, sorrows, and dreams—woven into every seam. Perhaps Edith's own needle traces intricate patterns, mirroring the delicate threads that connect these souls.

Outside, the Tampa Bay Pines stand sentinel, their ancient branches cradling secrets. The sun casts dappled shadows on the ground, as if nature herself is eavesdropping on this sisterhood of stitches. And Edith, with her gentle smile, ensures that each thread finds its place, binding hearts across time.

So, let us honor Edith Burleson, the hostess who stitched together more than fabric—a legacy of community, resilience, and the timeless art of connection.

HOME SEWING CLUB  
IS ENTERTAINED.

Members of the Home Sewing Club and guests were entertained yesterday afternoon, at Osborne Place with Mrs. Parkhurst and Mrs. Arthur Burleson as hostess. Mrs. Parkhurst furnished delightful diversion by giving several readings while they busied themselves with fancy needle work. Mrs. Parkhurst, Mrs. Howard Cunningham, Mrs. Arthur Webster gave several impromptu piano selections, which were greatly enjoyed.

Guests of the afternoon present were Mesdames Arthur Webster, of Jefferson City, Tenn., and Mrs. Sneer; and members were the Mesdames A. L. Fair, George Cole, Barnett Groves, Arthur Burleson, Fair, Parkhurst, Howard Cunningham, and Miss Izora Osborne.

Mrs. A. L. Fair will be hostess to the club on January 19, in her houseboat on Tampa bay.

In the 1920 United States Federal Census, the pages unfold like a family album—a mosaic of lives intersecting on Fairview Avenue in Saint Petersburg, Florida. Let us step into this snapshot:

#### The Burleson Household:

Edith O. Burleson, a young wife and mother, tends to her daughter Jessie T., age 5. Her hands, gentle yet resilient, weave love into every stitch of their home.

Arthur O. Burleson, the husband, stands as a guardian—a bridge between dreams and responsibilities. His eyes, perhaps mirroring the Florida sky, hold secrets.

George A. Burleson, age 3, a brother to Jessie, navigates the world with wide-eyed wonder. His laughter, a melody in the rooms, echoes through time.

And there, like a thread connecting generations, is Martha Catherine Redfield, the mother. Her heart, a wellspring of resilience, beats in tandem with the Florida sun.

#### Martha's Journey:

The 1920 Census reveals a twist—a remarriage. Martha, once a Levarton, now bears the name of Redfield, her second husband.



Thomas Hugh Redfield. Their union, sealed on July 3, 1910, in Bristol, Virginia, became a chapter in her story.

- Thomas, a companion in the twilight years, left his mark. His presence, like a shadow on the walls, whispers of shared sunsets and quiet evenings. Thomas passed away 16 May 1917, in Letcher Kentucky.

Thomas Redfield, from a previous marriage to Lucy Jane Winans, was the father of six children. These children were:

- William Frederick Redfield (born 1872)
- Mary Ethel Redfield (born 1874, passed away in 1953)
- John H Redfield (born 1876, passed away in 1933)
- Lewis W. Redfield (born 1879, passed away in 1883)
- Harriet “Hattie” Randall Redfield (born 1880, passed away in 1945)
- Charles Warren Redfield (born 1884, passed away in 1967)

It’s fascinating how family histories can sometimes intertwine and create moments of confusion. My dad’s mix-ups between the Levarton and Redfield names highlight the intricate connections within my family tree. Let’s take a closer look at these individuals: My father as he would tell me what he knew about the family would quite often confuse Some of the Levarton boys, with some of the Redfield boys.

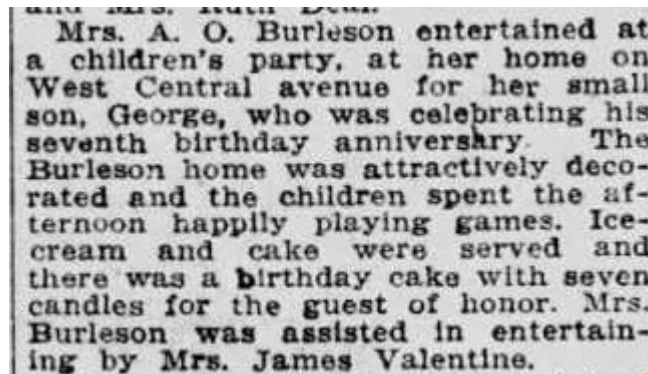
- William “Willie” Ewing Levarton: Son of G. W. Levarton. His name might have similarities to William Frederick Redfield, which could explain the confusion. It’s essential to keep their distinct backgrounds in mind.
- William Frederick Redfield: Son of Thomas Redfield. His lineage is separate from the Levarton family. I must remember that he is part of my Redfield ancestry.
- Charles Blair Levarton: Another son of G. W. Levarton. Sometimes, names with similar initials can lead to mix-ups. Charles Warren Redfield, son of Thomas Redfield, is a different individual.

These overlapping names and relationships add richness to my family narrative. It’s like untangling a beautifully complex tapestry—one thread at a time. Legacy and Echoes: The census, ink on parchment, captures Martha’s resilience—the way she wove love into Edith’s childhood, the way she held hands with Thomas.

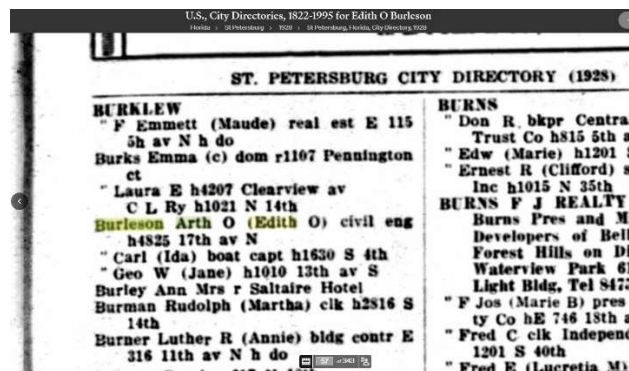
Fairview Avenue, a witness to their joys and sorrows, cradles their memories. The sunsets, perhaps, painted their dreams. And so, as the pages turn, we honor Marth

Catherine Redfield—a woman who danced with life, remarried, and left footprints on the Florida soil.

On September 30, 1923, Mrs. A. O. Burleson hosted a delightful birthday party at her home on West Central Avenue in Saint Petersburg to celebrate her son George's seventh birthday. The Burleson home was adorned with attractive decorations, and the children spent the afternoon joyfully playing games. Ice cream and cake were served, and a special birthday cake adorned with seven candles was presented to the guest of honor, young George. It sounds like a wonderful celebration!



The 1928 Saint Petersburg, Florida city directory lists Edith and Arthur living at 4825 17<sup>th</sup> Avenue North



Let's delve into the lives of the Burleson family as captured by the 1930 Census:

- Edith O. Burleson, the matriarch, resided at 1017 ½ 15th Avenue South in Saint Petersburg. Her home was a cozy haven where love, laughter, and the aroma of home-cooked meals filled the air. Edith's hands were skilled—whether stirring a pot of simmering stew or sealing jars of preserved fruits.

- Arthur O. Burlison, her husband, stood by her side. His eyes held stories of hard work, dreams, and the promise of a better tomorrow. Perhaps he returned home after a long day's labor, greeted by the warmth of Edith's smile.
- Jessie, their daughter, was 15 years old. Her room likely held secrets whispered to her diary—a mix of teenage hopes, school crushes, and dreams of adventures beyond the neighborhood.
- George, the son, was 13 years old. His days were a blend of school, chores, and youthful mischief. Maybe he climbed trees, played stickball with friends, or marveled at the stars on clear nights.
- And then there was Charles, the youngest at 7 years old. His laughter echoed through the hallways, chasing away shadows. Charles was the one who begged for bedtime stories and clung to his mother's apron strings.

The Burlison home was a tapestry woven with love, resilience, and shared meals around the kitchen table. The scent of Edith's preserves lingered; a reminder of summer's bounty captured in glass. The children grew, the seasons changed, and life flowed like the nearby Gulf waters. As for Odessa, perhaps it was a distant dream—a place where the Burlison family would eventually find themselves, carrying memories of 1017 ½ 15th Avenue South in their hearts. And so, we honor Edith O. Burlison, the canning virtuoso, and her family—their names etched in time, their stories whispered by the wind.

In the 1940 Federal Census, Edith's residence was inaccurately recorded as Citrus Park. However, in reality, she lived in Odessa, specifically at the Cosme Water Plant site, alongside her husband Arther O. Burlison and their son Charles Burlison. Edith's occupation was noted as Home Canning. Interestingly, her daughter Jessie and son George were still listed as residing with the Anglin family in Kingfisher, Oklahoma.

It's fascinating how historical records can sometimes diverge from the actual details of people's lives. The intricacies of family histories often reveal unexpected twists and connections.

### **Grandma “B” Loved the Ponies!**

Grandma “B” Edith O. Burlison certainly knew how to add some excitement to her days! Betting on the ponies at Tampa Bay Downs, just 5 miles away from the Cosme

water plant, must have been quite the thrilling pastime. The thundering hooves, the anticipation, and the thrill of the race—there’s something magical about it all. As the horses galloped down the track, perhaps Grandma “B” placed her bets with a twinkle in her eye, hoping for a lucky winner. And who knows, maybe she had a favorite horse—a spirited steed with a name that resonated with her. Was it Silver Streak, Midnight Rider, or perhaps Lucky Charm?

The sun-drenched afternoons at the racetrack, the camaraderie among fellow bettors, and the rush of adrenaline as the horses sprinted toward the finish line—all these memories must have woven a colorful tapestry in Grandma “B’s” heart. And even if her bets didn’t always pay off, the joy of the experience surely did.

So, here’s to Grandma “B,” the spirited gambler with a penchant for ponies, and to those sunny days at Tampa Bay Downs—a slice of life filled with cheers, laughter, and the thrill of the turf.



Tampa Bay Downs, located in Westchase, Hillsborough County, Florida, just outside Tampa, is an American Thoroughbred horse racing facility with a rich history. It first opened its doors in 1926 under the name Tampa Downs and has undergone various name changes over the years. Some of its other monikers include Sunshine Park and Florida Downs and Turf Club.

This well-maintained racetrack is renowned as one of America’s oldest and has consistently provided thrilling live Thoroughbred racing experiences. Whether it’s a sunny Wednesday, a lively Friday, a bustling Saturday, or a relaxing Sunday, Tampa

Bay Downs hosts live racing year-round. The track buzzes with excitement as jockeys guide their steeds down the stretch, the crowd cheers, and the thrill of the turf fills the air. And if you're feeling lucky, you can also try your hand at poker in The Silks Poker Room on the third floor. Whether you're a seasoned player or a beginner, the poker tables await your bets and bluffs. But that's not all! For golf enthusiasts, The Downs Golf Practice Facility offers over 40 hitting areas, chipping spots, and a full-size putting green. Swing away and perfect your game while enjoying the Florida sunshine.

And if you're itching to place wagers, NYRA Bets is the official wagering partner of Tampa Bay Downs. Sign up with promo code MATCH200 to earn up to a \$200 deposit match and bet on any track, anywhere, anytime.

So, whether you're a racing aficionado, a poker enthusiast, or a golf lover, Tampa Bay Downs invites you to experience the thrill, the camaraderie, and the timeless magic of the track.



Grandma “B” Edith Odell Leverton was celebrated for her remarkable skills in home canning. Her pantry shelves overflowed with meticulously preserved fruits, vegetables, and jams—a testament to her culinary prowess. My dad’s favorite was her Guava Jelly. But it wasn’t just within the cozy confines of her kitchen that her talents shone.

Every year at the Florida State Fair in Tampa, Grandma “B” proudly showcased her handiwork. Her preserves, neatly labeled and lovingly arranged, stood as vibrant testaments to her dedication. The judges, discerning and exacting, awarded her ribbons of distinction—a symphony of blue, red, and yellow—each one a nod to her artistry.

Edith Burleson, a name that resonates with community spirit and culinary prowess, left her mark at the Tampa State Fair through her home vegetable canning. Picture it: the fairgrounds bustling with activity, the air thick with anticipation. Edith, sleeves rolled up, apron cinched, stood before her exhibit—a labor of love preserved in glass jars. Her hands, weathered from tending gardens and coaxing life from the soil, held the fruits of her labor. Tomatoes, plump and sun-kissed, their skins blushing with promise. Long green bell peppers, their vibrant hues a testament to the Florida sun. Onions, their layers like whispered secrets. And hot peppers—homegrown jalapeños—adding a fiery kick to the medley.

Picture it: the fairgrounds bathed in golden sunlight, the air tinged with the scent of funnel cakes and cotton candy. Amidst the bustling crowds, Grandma “B” stood by her display, her eyes crinkling with pride. Visitors marveled at her jewel-toned jars—the ruby-red strawberry jam, the golden peach preserves, and the emerald-green pickles. Each jar held a slice of her heart, a labor of love sealed in glass.

And as the fairgoers sampled her creations, their taste buds danced—the tang of summer berries, the sweetness of sun-ripened peaches, the zesty crunch of pickled cucumbers. Grandma “B” reveled in their delight, sharing stories of orchards, secret family recipes, and the magic of preserving the harvest.

The aroma enveloped visitors—a symphony of garlic, cilantro, and vinegar. Edith’s recipe, a well-guarded secret, had earned her the coveted title of State Fair Champion. The judges, stern yet discerning, tasted her zesty Chow Chow—a dance of flavors on their palates. How did she do it? The meticulous chopping, the precise measurements—all leading to this moment. Her food chopper, turning fresh veggies into finely crafted pieces. Uniformity was key—the chow chow’s beauty lay in its consistency.

Into a large sauce pot, Edith combined her ingredients—the symphony of flavors coming to life. Boil, simmer, and magic ensued. The Chow-Chow, like a promise, thickened and melded. And then, ladled into hot jars, it awaited its destiny—the pantry shelves of eager homes. Edith Burleson, a culinary artist and community champion, had woven her legacy. Her chow-chow, jams and jellies would grace crackers at family gatherings, accompany tacos on weeknights, and spark conversations around dinner tables.

But beyond the ribbons and accolades, Edith’s heart lay in charity work. She knew that preserving food wasn’t just about flavor; it was about sustenance, compassion, and sharing. Perhaps, as she stood at the fair, she whispered a silent prayer—for

those who hungered, for families in need. And so, her jars stood tall—a testament to resilience, generosity, and the magic of home canning. Visitors passed by, admiring the vibrant wares, unaware of the love and purpose sealed within.

Edith Burleson, a name etched in tomato skins and eternally preserved in the annals of the Tampa State Fair, had nourished both body and soul.



So here's to Grandma "B," the canning virtuoso, whose legacy lives on in those ribbons fluttering in the Florida breeze. May her jars continue to whisper tales of love, tradition, and the simple joy of a well-preserved moment.

- o Edith, like many home canners, meticulously preserved fruits, vegetables, and jams. Her pantry shelves held vibrant jars—ruby-red

strawberry jam, golden peach preserves, and tangy green tomato pickles.

- At the Florida State Fair, Edith proudly displayed her handiwork. Judges awarded her ribbons of distinction—blue, red, and yellow—acknowledging her mastery.
- Her canning wasn't just about food; it was about tradition, love, and passing down recipes. Each jar held a slice of her heart, a labor of love sealed in glass.

In the 1950 United States Federal Census, we discover a poignant chapter in Edith's life. After her husband's tragic passing in 1949, Edith found herself a widow. She sought solace in Wooster, Wayne County, Ohio, where she resided with her daughter-in-law's family.

The household included the following individuals:

1. W.E. (Waldo Emerson) Hatfield: Edith's brother-in-law, and my maternal grandfather, providing familial support during her time of grief.
2. Velma Penny Hatfield: My Maternal grandmother, Waldo's wife and Edith's sister-in-law, offering companionship and understanding.
3. Jeanne Hatfield Burleson: My mother, and Edith's daughter-in-law, who had recently married Edith's son, Charles W. Burleson. Their wedding took place on May 10th, 1950—a joyous occasion amid the backdrop of loss and change.
4. Charles W. Burleson: My father, Charlie, had returned to his post in the Army by this time, leaving behind a newlywed wife and a family reshaped by both sorrow and celebration.

The census, conducted on June 16, 1950, captures these intertwined lives—a tapestry woven with threads of love, resilience, and the ebb and flow of time.

During the 1950s and early 1960s, Edith played a crucial role as a pole worker at the Tampa area voting sites. Her dedication contributed to the democratic process, ensuring that citizens had the opportunity to exercise their right to vote. Based on the polling location on Davis Island, it's reasonable to assume that Edith was residing with her son George and his wife Jane at their home in that area. Family bonds often intertwine in unexpected ways, and the closeness of generations can create a comforting sense of togetherness.



Precinct No. 49—Civic Club, Hillsborough and Armenia Ave.; Eunice Plouff, clerk, Route 7, Box 59, Tampa; Edith O. Burleson, inspector, 1026 W. Hillsborough Ave.; Doris G. Hancock, inspector, Route 4, Box 471, Tampa; Noah J. Howard, inspector, 1706 W. Henry Ave.; Jess L. Durden, inspector, 2904 W. Frierson Ave.; W. M. Lilly, inspector, 3417 Dewey St.; Ruby Nipper, inspector, Route 4, Box 592, Tampa; Dickie L. Minor, inspector, Route 4, Box 532, Tampa.

**October 16, 1950, Edith was living at 1026 West Hillsborough Avenue**

**LEGAL ADVERTISEMENT**  
**CLERKS, INSPECTORS AND POLLING PLACES, PRIMARY ELECTION MAY 4, 1954**

**PRECINCT 1**—Lobby, Courthouse—Julia T. Grillion, clerk, 606 Washington St.; John S. Binkley, inspector, 1125½ Florida Ave.; Charles B. Tolbert, inspector, 816 Twigg St.; John M. England, inspector, P. O. Box 1259.

**PRECINCT 2**—B. Marion Reed, 213 W. Platt St.—Harry Bomford, Jr., clerk, 213 Hyde Park Ave.; Martha Stewart, inspector, 218 Beach Place; Evelyn Nunez, inspector, 218 Beach Place; Dolly Fowee, inspector, 347 Plant Ave.; William Hall, inspector, 332 Plant Ave.; Dennis Rawls, Jr., inspector, 259 Plant Ave.

**PRECINCT 3**—Davis Islands Tennis Club—James R. Neal, clerk, 126 Adriatic; Dorothy C. Goff, inspector, 609 Bosphorus; Dudley G. Sansbury, Jr., inspector, 120 Adriatic; Flo D. Umstead, inspector, 573 Suwanee Cr.; Edith O. Burleson, inspector, 528 W. Davis Blvd.; Mamie B. Hayes, inspector, 119 Danube.

**PRECINCT 4**—Fire Station, Platt & Magnolia—Walter Fisher, clerk, 604 W. Platt St.; Beulah Langford, inspector, 305 Magnolia Ave.; Mary Nora Lovejoy, W

inspector, 332 Plant Ave.; Dennis Rawls, Jr., inspector, 259 Plant Ave.

**PRECINCT 3**—Davis Islands Tennis Club—James R. Neal, clerk, 126 Adriatic; Dorothy C. Goff, inspector, 609 Bosphorus; Dudley G. Sansbury, Jr., inspector, 120 Adriatic; Flo D. Umstead, inspector, 573 Suwanee Cr.; Edith O. Burleson, inspector, 528 W. Davis Blvd.; Mamie B. Hayes, inspector, 119 Danube.

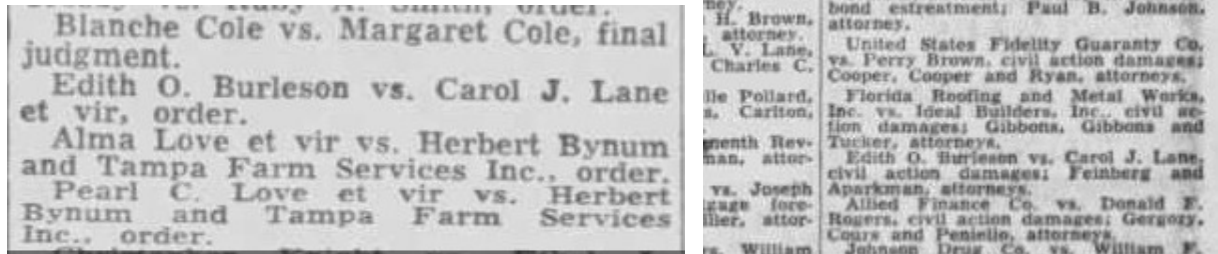
**PRECINCT 4**—Fire Station, Platt & Magnolia—Walter Fisher, clerk, 604 W. Platt St.; Beulah Langford, inspector,

**By 1954 we find Edith working the poles on Davis Island, which would have indicated that she was living with her son George, and his wife Jane.**

The civil rights movement during this period was a pivotal time in American history. It shaped the culture and laws of the United States, particularly in the former slave states of the South, including Florida. Battles were fought to end legally enforced segregation and discrimination. Key victories, such as the Brown v. Board of Education decision in 1954, marked progress toward equality. As towns and cities slowly integrated buses, stores, theaters, beaches, and other public places, individuals like Edith played essential roles in this transformative era.

In November 1958 to April 1959, Edith was involved in legal action as a plaintiff in a civil case in Hillsborough County. The lawsuit involved the defendant Carol J. Lane and her husband. Unfortunately, the specific details of this legal matter remain elusive, leaving us with a tantalizing mystery.

Sometimes, the echoes of history whisper secrets that elude our grasp. Perhaps one day, the veil will lift, and we'll uncover the hidden chapters of Edith's life—the courtroom drama, the arguments, and the weight of justice. Until then, we hold these fragments of the past, waiting for the missing pieces to fall into place.



Grandma “B”, also known as Edith O. Burleson, lived a life rich with memories and connections. Her final days were marked by both love and pain, as she battled lung cancer. Let’s honor her legacy:

- Life in Tampa Bay:
  - For 40 years, Grandma “B” called the Tampa Bay area her home. The sunsets, the warm breezes, and the sound of the waves likely became woven into her heart.
  - Grandma “B” was a member of the Order of Eastern Star, Lake Fern, Florida.
  - At 571 Davis Boulevard, she shared her days with her son George and daughter-in-law Jane. Together, they created a family bond that transcended time.
- Spring of 1963:
  - In the spring of 1963, I, as a fifth-grader, went with my family on a trip to Florida to see Grandma “B.” The anticipation, the warmth of the sun, the scent of blooming flowers, and the sound of blowing palms filled the air.
  - As I entered her bedroom, I witnessed her strength and vulnerability. Pain etched across her face, yet she welcomed us with love.
  - Ice-cold Jello—a simple sustenance that brought comfort during those difficult days. Perhaps it was a small act of love from me, a gesture that spoke volumes.

Grandma “B”, my memories of her endure—a testament to the impact she had on my life. May her spirit continue to live on in the stories I share and the love that I carry forward.



**Grandma “B” was in the bedroom at the right front of the house. I will never forget the time we went to visit her as she was dying**

The memorial service for Grandma was a solemn occasion, held at 2:00 PM on Friday afternoon, June 14th, 1963. The chapel of the F. T. Blount Funeral Home provided a peaceful setting for family and friends to gather and pay their respects. Reverend Ralph Branum, from the Wellswood Baptist Church, officiated the service, guiding hearts through prayers and reflections.

As the sun cast its gentle rays, Grandma found her final resting place in the Garden of Memories Cemetery in Tampa, Florida. There, amidst the quiet beauty of nature, her memory would forever bloom like the flowers that adorned her path. May the echoes of her life continue to resonate, carried by the winds and whispered by the leaves.



**Grandma “B” with My mom**



**Grandma “B” Christmas Dinner at the Hatfield Home in Wooster Ohio about 1954**



**Grandma "B" and Grandpa "B" St. Pete**



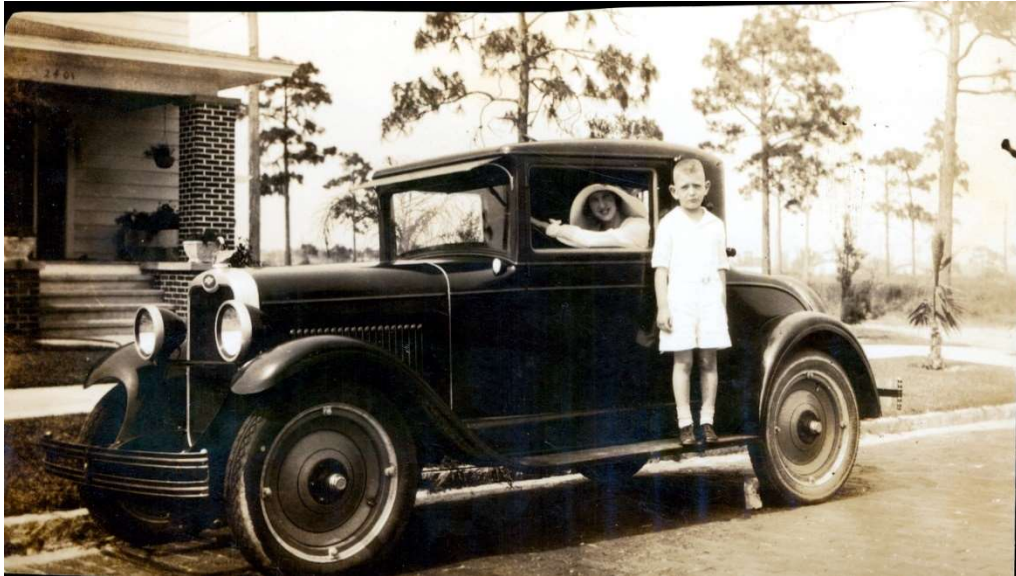
**Charlie and Edith**



**Grandma "B" December 1954 Wooster**



**Grandma "B" 1950 Wooster, Ohio**



**Grandma "B" with her son "Charlie"**



Grandma "B"



Grandma "B" at side of Home in Odessa, FL



Grandma "B" with Paul 1954



Grandma "B" with Paul and Wally Sue 1956



**Garden of Memories, Tampa, FL**



**This is the motel that we stayed in when we went to visit Grandma “B” in 1963**

### **Charles William Burleson, My Dad**



My father, Charles William Burleson, affectionately known as “Charlie”, was born on August 22nd, 1922, in the sun-kissed city of Saint Petersburg, Florida. His birthplace, nestled at the intersection of mountains and sea, bestowed upon him a unique blend of influences. Arthur and Edith, my grandparents, left an indelible mark on his life. Their love, like the rhythmic pull of tides, shaped his journey. Imagine it—the Tennessee grit of determination mingling with the Kentucky grace of compassion. These threads wove together to create the tapestry of his existence.

And now, as my children call him “Grandpa Charlie,” they unknowingly honor this legacy—a lineage of love, resilience, and the ebb and flow of life’s currents.

In the 1930 Federal Census, my father, Charles William Burleson, residing at 1017 ½ 15th Avenue South, Saint Petersburg, Florida. At that time, he was a 7-year-old boy, surrounded by family:

- Father: Arthur O. Burleson (age 44)
- Mother: Edith O. Burleson (age 35)
- Sister: Jessie T. Burleson (age 16)
- Brother: George A. Burleson (age 16)

This snapshot from the past captures a moment when their lives intersected—a family bound by love, memories, and the warmth of their Florida home.

In the 1935 Florida State Census, my father, Charlie, resided in Odessa, Florida, which is technically in Hillsborough County but is actually part of Pasco County. His family was together, and their names were recorded as follows:

Father: Arthur O. Burleson  
Mother: Edith O. Burleson  
Brother: George A. Burleson  
Sister: Jessie T. Burleson

Interestingly, Jessie was still listed as living in Oklahoma with her aunt and uncle, Emma and John Anglin. Meanwhile, George had returned home after his divorce from Evelyn Hacker.

These census records provide a glimpse into the lives of our family during that time—a snapshot frozen in history, capturing their presence and connections.

In the 1940 United States Census, my father, Charlie, was a 17-year-old residing at home in Citrus Park (which is actually part of Odessa, Florida). Let’s explore this snapshot of his life:

- Family Members:
  - Father: Arthur O. Burleson (age 54)
  - Mother: Edith O. Burleson (age 45)
  - Charlie was in his second year of high school at Hillsborough High.

This census record captures a moment in time—a chapter of their lives when they shared a home, dreams, and the warmth of family bonds.

In June 1936, Charlie proudly stepped across the threshold of 8th grade, a milestone marking the completion of his middle school education. The echoes of classmates' laughter and the scent of chalk lingered in the air as he prepared to venture onward.

A year later, on June 2nd, 1937, he donned his cap and gown once more, this time for Junior High School graduation. The corridors echoed with youthful exuberance, and friendships forged during those formative years would forever shape his path.

And then, on June 6, 1941, under the warm Florida sun, Charlie stood tall in his cap and gown, diploma in hand. The halls of Hillsborough High School whispered their final farewells, and the world beckoned—a canvas awaiting his brushstrokes.

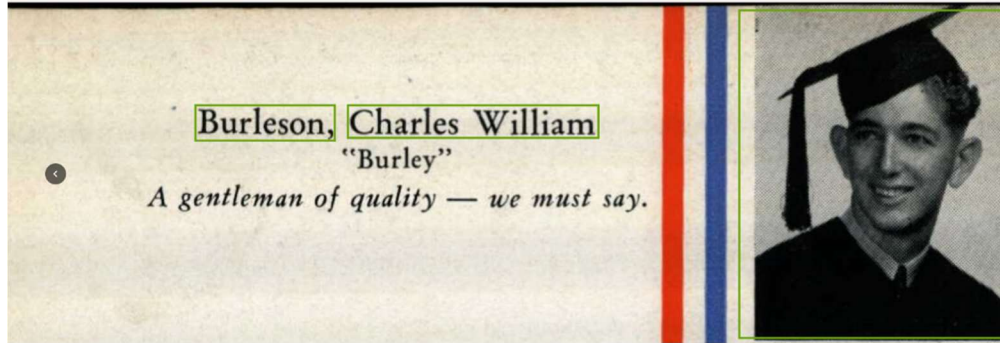
Three graduations, each a stepping stone toward destiny. From arithmetic to algebra, from lockers, to flight manuals, Charlie's journey unfolded—a symphony of learning, growth, and dreams. Little did he know that the winds of history would soon carry him to distant skies, where courage and camaraderie would define his days.

Charlie's high school years were filled with memories at Hillsborough High School, where he graduated as part of the Class of 1941. It's heartwarming to think about the friendships, lessons, and experiences he must have had during that time.

Whether it was cheering at football games, attending dances, or studying late into the night, those formative years shape us in ways we often carry with us throughout life. The camaraderie of classmates, the thrill of achievements, and the bittersweet farewells—all woven into the fabric of our memories.

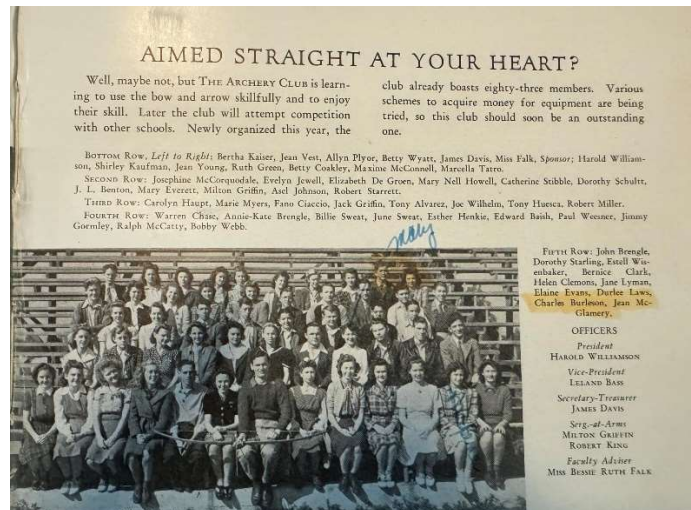
So, here's to Charlie, and the entire Class of 1941, their shared laughter, and the promise of futures yet to unfold the graduate, the builder of runways, the silent aviator. May his legacy soar beyond the pages of yearbooks, etched into the annals of valor.



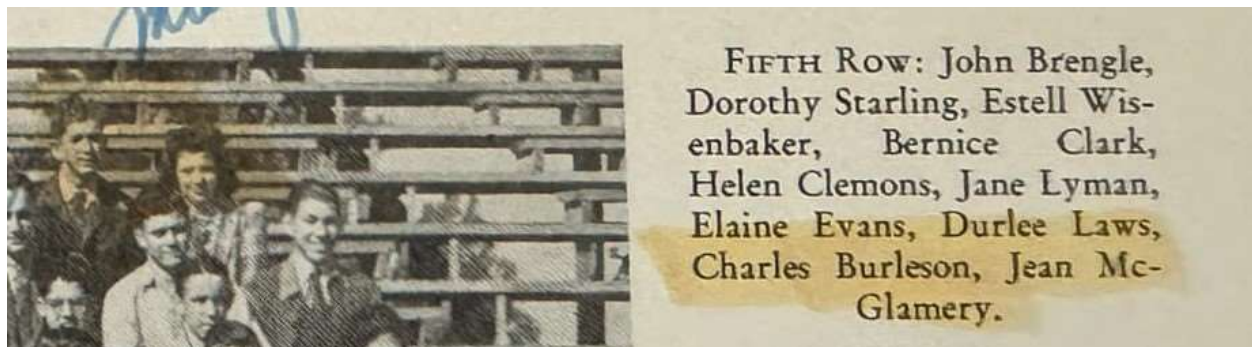


**Charlie, 1941 Hillsborean Yearbook**

Charlie Burleson, my father, stood on the cusp of a new chapter in 1941—the year he graduated. His youthful face, captured in the Hillsborean Yearbook, tells a tale of determination, camaraderie, and dreams.

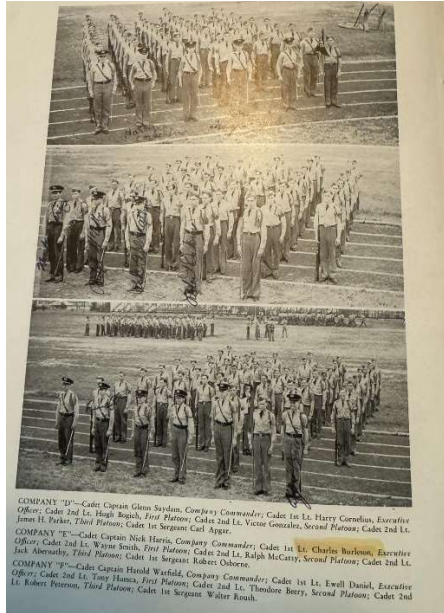


**In 1941 Charlie was a member of the Archery Club. The Motto was “Aimed Straight at Your Heart”**



**Little did we know that when this picture was taken Charlie would be sitting next to Jean McGlamery, who within months would be his wife.**

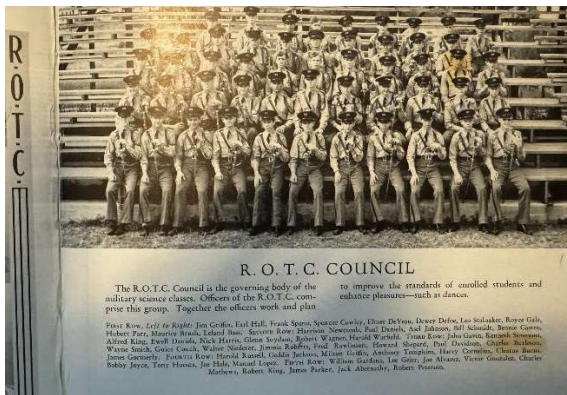
In that yearbook, amidst the pages filled with memories, his image stands—a testament to the bonds forged within the hallowed halls of Hillsborough High School. The echoes of laughter, late-night study sessions, and shared aspirations lingered in the air.



**High School Army ROTC Company E**



**Lt. Charles William Burleson**



**Hillsborough High ROTC Council**



**Charles Burleson center of picture**

As the ink settled on those pages, little did he know that his journey would weave through time, connecting generations—a legacy carried forward by you and your children.

December 7th, 1941, a date etched into history as the day that forever altered the course of our nation. My father's experience on that fateful day is a poignant reminder of how individual lives intersect with global events.

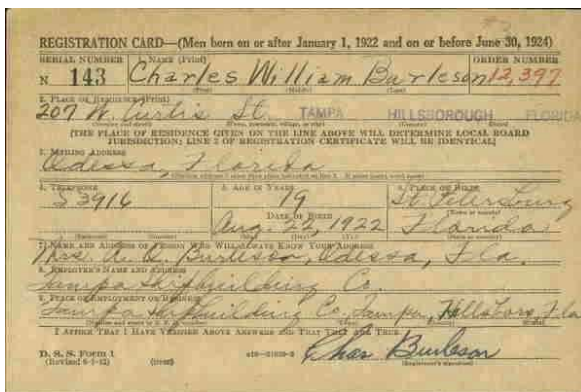
As he returned home from his duck hunting expedition, blissfully unaware of the unfolding tragedy, the world was in turmoil. The Japanese surprise attack on Pearl Harbor had plunged the United States into World War II. The once serene harbor now bore the scars of destruction, and the loss of life and ships was staggering.

My father’s pride in his successful hunt, the weight of his bag filled with fresh ducks, must have felt insignificant in the face of such devastating news. Suddenly, the tranquil waters of his hunting grounds were overshadowed by the chaos of war, and the nation rallied to defend its honor and freedom.

In those moments, my father’s life intersected with history—a collision of personal triumph and collective tragedy. His story, like countless others, weaves into the fabric of a nation’s resilience, sacrifice, and determination.

May we always remember those who served, those who lost their lives, and the indomitable spirit that emerged from the ashes of Pearl Harbor.

During the tumultuous period following the attack on Pearl Harbor, Charlie dutifully registered for the draft. His registration occurred sometime between June, 1942, and October 1942. At that pivotal moment, he declared his employment to be with the Tampa Shipbuilding Company. Charlie worked for the Tampa Shipbuilding Company, from December 8, 1941 to October 17, 1942.



**Charlie’s draft registration card**



**207 West Curtis Street, Tampa**

The Tampa Shipbuilding Company, affectionately known as TASCOS, was one of several shipyards in Tampa, Florida. Operating from 1917 until after World War II, it eventually closed its doors in 1947. The site has since transformed into Gulf Marine Repair, which now operates with floating dry docks.

During World War II, TASCOCO played a significant role. Let's delve into some historical details:

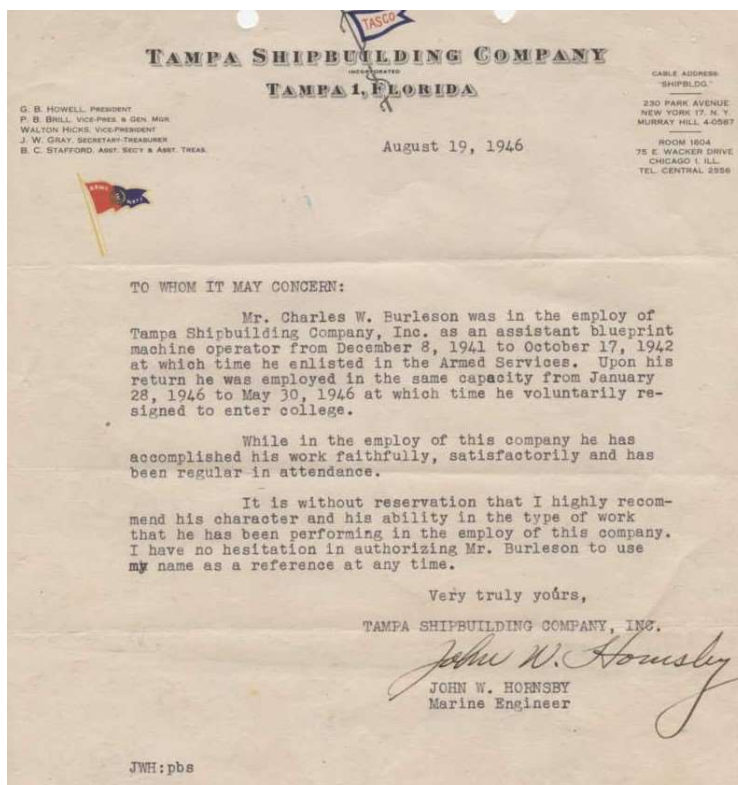


**Charlie with Neice Cookie after getting off work at the shipyard.**

- **Origins:** Originally established as the Tampa Shipbuilding & Engineering Company in 1917, the yard constructed ships under the United States Maritime Commission's pre-war long-range shipbuilding program. It was also referred to as the Tampa Shipbuilding & Dry Dock Company. Interestingly, it utilized the facilities of the Tampa Foundry & Machine Co., which had ceased to exist in 1916.
- **World War II Mobilization:** In 1938, the company secured a loan of \$750,000 from the Public Works Administration to construct a 10,000-ton dry dock. Subsequently, in 1939, they were awarded an \$8 million contract to build four cargo ships. This growth led to the creation of approximately 2,000 new jobs, providing a boost to employment in the city. However, due to financial difficulties, they completed only one ship from the contract—the MS Sea Witch.
- **Change in Ownership:** Faced with financial challenges, the Maritime Commission and Reconstruction Finance Corporation sought new owners for the company. George B. Howell, who worked for the Exchange National Bank, stepped in and acquired the shipyard for \$500. Despite being charged with illegally selling ships and overcharging the US Navy, Howell was never prosecuted. The shipyard was subsequently renamed Tampa Shipbuilding Company (TASCO).

- World War II Activities: During the war, TASCOS stood alongside three other shipyards in Tampa: Bushnell-Lyons, Tampa Marine, and Hooker's Point Yard. TASCOS held the distinction of being the largest among them. The company even published a wartime newspaper called the Tascozette. Interestingly, female workers constituted 17% of the workforce at the shipyard, twice the national average. However, African American workers faced exclusion from local unions, and their accomplishments were rarely highlighted in company publications.

Charlie's association with the Tampa Shipbuilding Company reflects a pivotal moment in history—a time when shipyards played a crucial role in supporting the war effort.



### Letter of Recommendation from Tampa Shipbuilding

Charlie Burleson and Jean McGlamery, their love story etched in the pages of time, embarked on a journey that began with high school corridors and blossomed into marriage. The summer of 1942—the air thick with possibility—witnessed their union. Hillsborough High School, where lockers held secrets and laughter echoed, bore witness to their courtship. Jean, her laughter like wind chimes, caught Charlie's eye. Her smile, a shared secret across algebra notebooks, held the promise of eternity.

In June 1942, mortarboards soared, and tassels danced. Jean, in her graduation gown—a canvas for dreams—stepped into the world beyond textbooks. Charlie, steadfast and unwavering, stood by her side. The sunflowers nodded approval—their golden faces tracking the couple’s steps. And so, they exchanged vows—a covenant etched in gazes. The church bells chimed, and petals rained—a benediction from the universe.

They merged, creating a symphony of love notes and stolen kisses. The war raged, but their hearts remained a sanctuary—a foxhole of hope. Charlie, the soldier in olive drab, carried Jean’s photograph—a talisman against bullets and fear.



**Dad with his first wife Jean McGlamery about 1943**

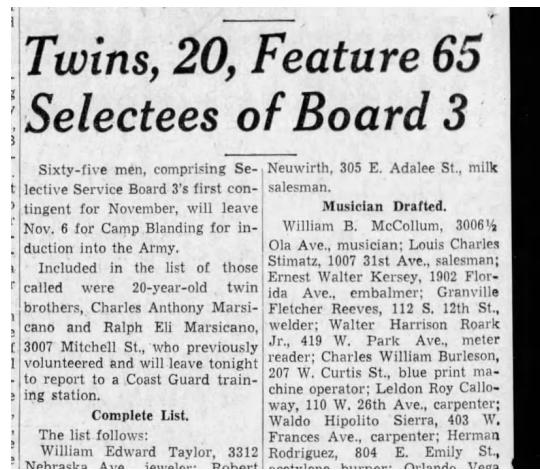
In the October 28, 1942 issue of the Tampa Bay Times, the inked words bore witness to a pivotal moment—a crossroads where destiny met duty. Among the 65 selectees from Draft Board #3, Charlie Burleson stood—a young man with dreams stitched into his uniform. The newsprint crackled as readers scanned the headlines. The world was at war—battles raging across oceans, hearts pounding in unison. And here, in the quiet of a newspaper column, Charlie’s name appeared—an echo of resolve.

November 6, 1942, etched in calendars, marked the day when they would board buses—their breaths mingling with diesel fumes, their futures uncertain. The U.S. Army awaited, its ranks swelling with courage and camaraderie. Charlie, alongside his comrades, prepared to serve—a soldier in olive drab, a patriot in every heartbeat.

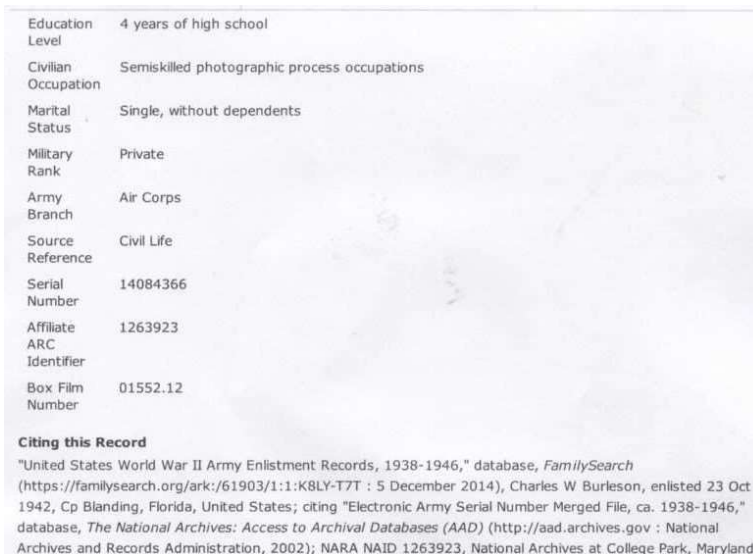
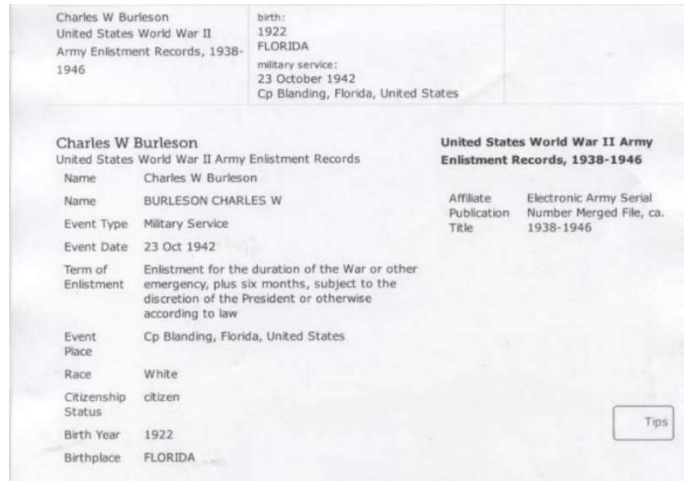
His parents, perhaps standing on the porch of their Odessa home, watched him go. Their eyes held pride and worry—a blend of love and sacrifice. Jean, his high school sweetheart, kissed him—a promise sealed with saltwater tears.

The bus's horn pierced the air—a call to duty, a farewell to familiar landscapes. Charlie's gaze lingered on the Florida sun—the same sun that had witnessed his courtship, the same sun that now warmed his resolve. The journey unfolded—a tapestry of barracks and mess halls, of letters sent and received. Jean's words, inked with longing, bridged the miles. She tended victory gardens, her hands in the soil, praying for his safe return.

The Tampa Bay Times had chronicled that moment—the day when duty called, and love stood steadfast. Charlie, Jean, and countless others—threads in the fabric of a nation's resilience.



Tampa Bay Times



Charlie Burleson, a name etched in duty, may have stepped onto the path of service even before the draft notification arrived. His enlistment, a choice made in the crucible of history, marked a commitment to defend freedom and uphold honor. The process of induction involved formal enlistment, medical examinations, and administrative procedures. For Charlie, it was a solemn and patriotic duty, and he embarked on a journey that would shape his life and contribute to the war effort. Charlie and his fellow selectees likely felt a mix of emotions—anticipation, apprehension, and perhaps even a sense of duty. Their commitment to serving their nation during a critical time exemplifies the sacrifices made by countless individuals during World War II.

As we reflect on this historical moment, let us honor the courage and resilience of those who answered the call to defend freedom and uphold the values they held dear.

During World War II, basic training at Camp Blanding typically lasted for a period of eight weeks. This rigorous training program aimed to prepare soldiers physically, mentally, and emotionally for their roles in the armed forces. Recruits underwent intensive instruction in various areas, including combat tactics, marksmanship, physical fitness, and military discipline.

Camp Blanding, located in Starke, Florida, served as a significant training center during the war. With its vast expanse of over 70,000 acres, it accommodated more than 800,000 recruits between 1940 and 1945. Soldiers from various infantry divisions, including the 1st, 29th, 30th, 31st, 36th, 43rd, 63rd, 66th, and 79th Infantry Divisions, received their basic training here. Additionally, the 508th Parachute Infantry Regiment also underwent training at Camp Blanding.

The camp's size, isolation, and moderate climate made it an ideal location for training. Interestingly, from September 1942 to April 1946, Camp Blanding also served as a German Prisoner of War (POW) camp, housing captured enemy soldiers.

These eight weeks of basic training were crucial in shaping the skills, discipline, and camaraderie of the soldiers who would go on to serve their country during the war.

After completing basic training, Charlie, my dad would have followed a specific path based on his military branch and the needs of the armed forces during World War II. Let's explore the possibilities:

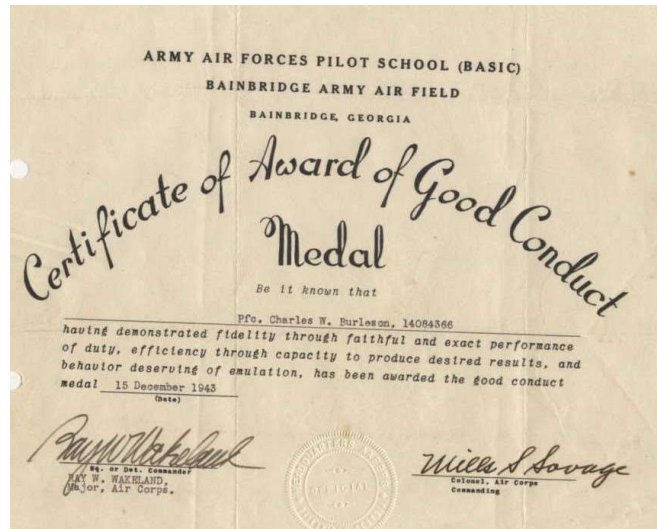


1. Army Specialized Training Program (ASTP):
  - The Army Specialized Training Program (ASTP) was instituted by the United States Army during World War II.
  - It aimed to meet wartime demands for both junior officers and soldiers with technical skills.
  - Conducted at 227 American universities, the ASTP offered training in fields such as engineering, foreign languages, and medicine.
  - If my dad had technical skills or showed promise in specific areas, he might have been selected for the ASTP.
  - The program was drastically curtailed in February 1944 due to changing military priorities.
  
2. Advanced Training Schools:
  - After basic training, many individuals were assigned to advanced training schools based on their abilities and the military's needs.
  - These schools provided specialized training in various fields, depending on the branch of service.
  - For aspiring pilots, this could include aviation-related training.
  
3. Individual Circumstances:
  - Individual circumstances, military requirements, and personal qualifications influenced the path taken.
  - My dad's specific journey would depend on factors such as his skills, branch of service, and any additional training he received.

After completing secondary training Charlie proceeded to Army Air Force Pilot (Basic) School at Bainbridge Army Air Field in Bainbridge, Georgia. He successfully graduated on December 15, 1943.

The duration of the pilot training program varied, but typically, the Army Air Force Pilot (Basic) School lasted for approximately nine weeks. During this period, aspiring pilots received specialized instruction in flight fundamentals, navigation, aerodynamics, and aircraft handling. They honed their skills through both classroom learning and practical flying exercises.

Charlie's journey from basic training to pilot school marked a significant step toward becoming a skilled aviator. His dedication and training prepared him for the challenges of flying military aircraft during World War II.



In summary, my dad likely went through a combination of specialized training, further education, and preparation for his specific role. We know from talking to my dad, he was assigned to the Army Air Corp, Corp of Engineers, specifically destined to provide air field construction support for the Flying Tigers.

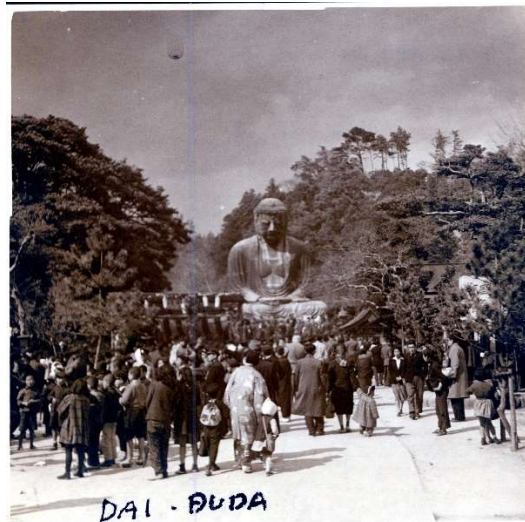
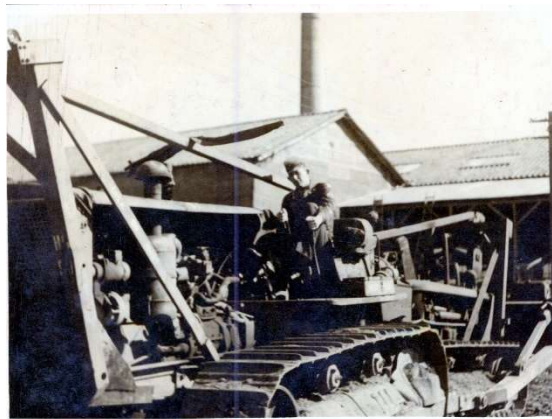
Wings of Valor in the heart of wartime's tempest, Amidst the thunderous skies, A silent force emerged, steadfast, their mission: to build wings that rise. The Flying Tigers, fierce and bold, their planes soared high, their stories told, but behind their daring flights and fights, Lay the unsung heroes—the builders of heights.

My dad, a silent architect of dreams, Wielding tools, not guns, it seems, In the Corps of Engineers, he toiled, crafting runways where courage would unfold. Airfield construction, his noble task, laying foundations in the sun's warm mask, each runway a lifeline, each hangar a haven, for pilots who'd dance with fate, unshaken. He measured distances in yards and feet, yet his legacy stretched beyond concrete, for every plane that roared into the blue, carried a piece of his labor, tried and true. The sunsets witnessed his sweat and strain, as bulldozers carved paths across the plain, and as the Flying Tigers took to the skies, His spirit soared with them, reaching highs.

Runways paved with purpose, not just stone, guiding heroes' home, where they'd be known, and when the engines roared, propellers spun, He stood on the sidelines, whispering, "Well done." So, here's to Charlie, the silent aviator, whose hands shaped destiny, a quiet navigator, In the shadow of wings, he found his flight, A hero in overalls, painting the sky with light.

Remember Charlie as the sun dips low, when airfields glow, and memories flow, for in the tapestry of valor, he wove his part, A builder of runways, etching hope on every heart.

During the 1943-1944 years Charlie, my dad was assigned to the 930th Engineer Aviation Regiment played a significant role during World War II in the China-Burma-India (CBI) Theater of Operations. During this time period, Charlie was connected with the Flying Tigers.



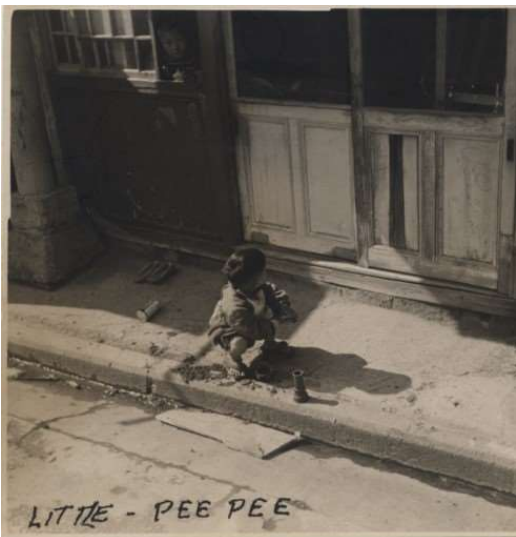
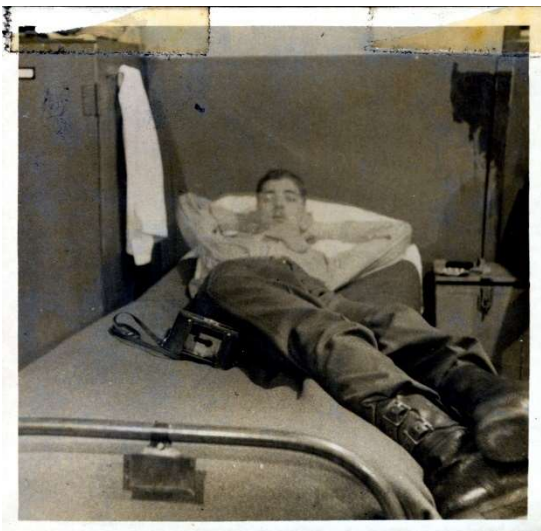
The 930th Engineer Aviation Regiment, a vital unit in the China-Burma-India (CBI) Theater of Operations, played a crucial role during World War II. Let's delve into their story:

1. Mission and Purpose:

- o The 930th Engineer Aviation Regiment was tasked with airfield construction and maintenance.

- Their primary goal was to create and maintain airfields along strategic routes, facilitating air operations in the challenging CBI theater.
2. Ledo Road (Stilwell Road):
- One significant project undertaken by the 930th was the construction of the Ledo Road (also known as the Stilwell Road).
  - The Ledo Road connected India (Assam) to China (Yunnan Province) through the rugged terrain of Burma.
  - This road served as an alternative supply route to the Burma Road, which had been cut off by Japanese forces.
3. Challenges and Triumphs:
- The 930th faced immense challenges—dense jungles, monsoons, and hostile environments.
  - The first problem confronting SOS in the construction of airfields in China were those of improving existing fields in use by Chennault's Flying Tigers so that they could be used by heavy bombers and transport planes and the building of additional fields for use of Hump transport planes.
  - They worked tirelessly to build and maintain airstrips, ensuring that Allied aircraft could operate effectively.
  - The Ledo Road became a lifeline for supplies, troops, and equipment, bridging the gap between India and China.
4. Commemorating the First Convoy:
- A poignant moment occurred on the Ledo Road outside Wanting, China (modern-day Wanding Town).
  - A sign commemorated the passage of the first Allied convoy through this vital route.
  - The 930th's efforts contributed to this historic achievement.
5. Legacy and Sacrifice:
- The 930th Engineer Aviation Regiment exemplified dedication, resilience, and teamwork.
  - Their work enabled Allied forces to maintain air superiority and support ground operations.
  - Their legacy lives on in the stories of courage and sacrifice along the Ledo Road.

Remember the unsung heroes—the engineers, the builders—who paved the way for freedom's flight.



The surrender of the Empire of Japan in World War II marked a significant turning point. Emperor Hirohito announced the surrender on August 15, 1945, and the formal signing took place on September 2, 1945. This momentous event brought an end to the hostilities of the war.

Following the surrender, the 930th Engineer Aviation Regiment, including Charlie was reassigned from the Burma-China theater to serve during the occupation of Japan. Their role during this period was crucial in rebuilding and stabilizing the country after the war.

The occupation of Japan involved various efforts, including demilitarization, democratization, and economic reforms. The 930th Engineer Aviation Regiment including Charlie, likely played a vital role in infrastructure development, reconstruction, and supporting the overall transition to peace. The 930th Engineer Aviation Regiment played a significant role during the post-World War II period in Japan.

Here are some details about their activities: Assignment and Operations:

- The 930th Engineer Aviation Regiment was indeed active in Japan during 1946.
- They were involved in engineering operations related to aviation infrastructure and facilities.
- Specific Locations in Tokyo:
  - While we don't have precise details on Charlie's exact location within Tokyo, it's likely that they were stationed at various installations or bases in the Tokyo area.
  - Some of the installations in Tokyo during that time included:
    - Camp Hardy (also known as Akasaka Press Center).
    - Camp Oji.
    - Tokyo Army Hospital.
    - Tokyo Ordnance Depot.
    - Tokyo Quartermaster Depot.
- Contributions and Legacy:
  - The regiment's engineers would have been involved in reconstruction, maintenance, and logistical support for aviation-related facilities.
  - Their work was crucial for rebuilding Japan's infrastructure after the war.
  - My Dad, Charlie, quite often mentioned the Tokyo Ordnance Depot. Charlie, had a connection to the Tokyo Ordnance Depot, a significant

military facility during the post-World War II period in Japan. Let's explore its history:

- The Tokyo Ordnance Depot was a critical logistics hub responsible for repairing, renovating, and maintaining World War II equipment.
- Located in Tokyo, it played a vital role in supporting U.S. forces during the occupation of Japan.
- Infrastructure and Operations:
  - The depot handled a wide range of tasks related to ordnance, including weapons, ammunition, and vehicles.
  - Engineers and technicians worked tirelessly to ensure that equipment was operational and ready for use.
  - Repairing damaged weapons, refurbishing vehicles, and maintaining supplies were among their essential duties.



The Imperial Hotel in Tokyo, Japan, has a rich history and has been an iconic landmark for over a century. Let's delve into its fascinating story:

- Origins and Purpose:
  - The Imperial Hotel was established in the late 1880s at the request of the Japanese aristocracy. Its purpose was to cater to the growing number of Western visitors to Japan.
  - The hotel site is strategically located just south of the Imperial Palace grounds, adjacent to the former location of the Palace moat.
  - Overlooking the Palace, the 40-acre Western-style Hibiya Park, and the vibrant Yurakucho and Ginza neighborhoods, the Imperial Hotel became a symbol of elegance and hospitality.
- Architectural Evolution:
  - Throughout its history, several buildings have graced the hotel site, each embodying the finest Western design of its era.

- Notably, two structures were designed by the renowned architect Frank Lloyd Wright:







TOKYO JAPAN



BOMB AREA NEXT TO IMPERIAL HOTEL



IMPERIAL PALACE TOKYO JAPAN



CAPTIAL BLD OF JAPAN - DIET BLD

TOKYO, JAPAN



IMPERIAL PALACE - TOKYO JAPAN

The 930th Engineer Aviation responsibilities included:

1. **Infrastructure Development:** The regiment was involved in rebuilding and repairing critical infrastructure such as roads, bridges, and utilities. This was essential for the country's recovery and stability.
2. **Demilitarization:** They assisted in dismantling military installations, including airfields and defense structures. This process aimed to reduce Japan's military capacity and prevent future aggression.
3. **Reconstruction:** The engineers contributed to rebuilding cities and towns that were damaged during the war. Their efforts helped restore normalcy and improve living conditions for the Japanese population.
4. **Supporting Civilian Life:** The regiment provided support for civilian needs, such as constructing housing, schools, and hospitals. They also facilitated transportation and logistics.
5. **Democratization:** As part of the occupation forces, they promoted democratic values and institutions. This included education programs, fostering free speech, and encouraging political participation.

In summary, the 930th Engineer Aviation Regiment played a vital role in shaping post-war Japan, contributing to its transformation from a defeated nation to a peaceful and rebuilt society. It's fascinating how historical events intertwine with the actions of specific military units, shaping the course of nations and societies.



### Charlie's Journey: From Military Service to Pursuing Education

In the post-war landscape, Charlie's life took a significant turn. Let's follow his path:

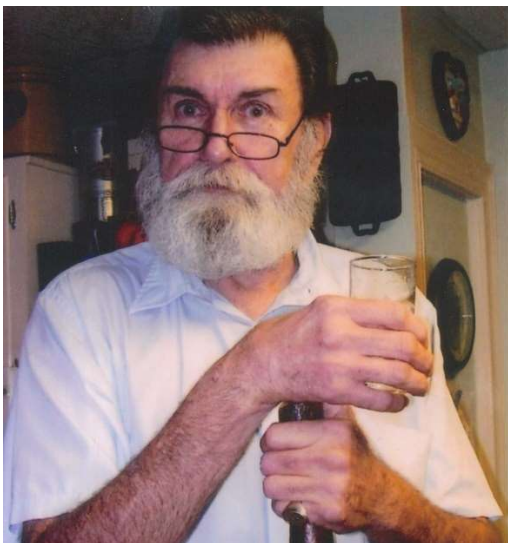
1. **Honorable Discharge:**
  - On January 2nd, 1946, Charlie received an honorable discharge from the U.S. Army.

- His service likely left an indelible mark, filled with camaraderie, challenges, and memories.
2. Return to Tampa:
    - Back in Tampa, Charlie sought stability and continuity.
    - His familiar workplace awaited him at the Tampa Shipbuilding Company.
  3. Charlie's return to home had a twist regarding his marriage to Jean McGlamery. It seems that my father's wartime experiences were intertwined with personal challenges. Let's explore this intriguing chapter:
    - Marital Status on Enlistment Papers:
      - The enlistment papers indicating my father's marital status as "single" might have been an oversight or a formality.
      - During wartime, administrative processes were often expedited, and details could be overlooked.
      - Alternatively, perhaps my father foresaw the complexities of military life and chose to simplify his status for official records.
    - Charles Conrad Burleson's Birth:
      - My stepbrother, Charles Conrad Burleson, was born on December 4th, 1943.
      - His birth likely brought both joy and challenges to our family during a tumultuous time.
  4. Denial and Divorce:
    - My father's realization that he was not stationed in Florida during the March-April 1943 time frame at the time of conception, led to a difficult decision.
    - Denying paternity of young Charles Conrad Burleson was likely a painful choice.
    - In April 1946, my father took the step of filing for divorce from Jean McGlamery Burleson.
  5. Complex Emotions:
    - War can strain relationships, and the uncertainties of military life often intersect with personal matters.
    - My father's journey—between duty, family, and personal struggles—reflects the complexities faced by many during those challenging years.
  6. Legacy and Reflection:
    - The echoes of those decisions ripple through time, shaping family narratives and leaving imprints on generations to come.

- As we explore history, we encounter not only battles fought on distant shores but also the intimate battles within hearts and homes.
7. Resuming Work:
- On January 29, 1946, Charlie stepped back into his role at the shipbuilding company.
  - The clang of metal, the smell of saltwater, and the camaraderie of fellow workers greeted him.
8. A New Path Beckons:
- But Charlie's journey was far from over.
  - The desire for knowledge tugged at him, urging him toward higher aspirations.
9. Off to College:
- On May 30, 1946, Charlie made a bold decision.
  - He bid farewell to the shipyard, the rivets, and the sea breeze.
  - Armed with determination, he embarked on a new adventure: college.
10. The Unknown Horizon:
- What courses would he take? What dreams would he chase?
  - Charlie's path diverged, leading him toward knowledge, growth, and perhaps unexpected friendships.

And so, with memories of service and the promise of education, Charlie stepped into the next chapter of his life.

### Charles Conrad (Burleson) Davenport



**BUREAU OF VITAL STATISTICS**  
**CERTIFICATION OF DEATH**

STATE FILE NUMBER: 2013002910      DATE ISSUED: MARCH 27, 2013  
DATE FILED: JANUARY 13, 2013

**DECEDENT INFORMATION**  
NAME: CHARLES C. DAVENPORT      SEX: MALE      SSN: 20148-138      AGE: 69 YEARS  
DATE OF BIRTH: DECEMBER 4, 1943      BIRTH PLACE: WYTHE BEACH, SOUTH CAROLINA, UNITED STATES  
PLACE OF DEATH: INPATIENT  
FACILITY NAME OR STREET ADDRESS: ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL  
LOCATION OF DEATH: TAMPA, HILLSBOROUGH COUNTY  
RESIDENCE IN 6 MONTHS PRECEDING DEATH: TAMPA, FLORIDA, USA, UNITED STATES      COUNTY: HILLSBOROUGH  
OCCUPATION, INDUSTRY, LINEAR, ELECTRIC COMPANY  
EDUCATION: ASSOCIATE DEGREE      EVER IN U.S. ARMED FORCES? YES  
FEBRUARY OR PATRIAN ORIGIN? NO, NOT OF HEBRAIC ORIGIN

**SURVIVING SPOUSE / PARENT NAME INFORMATION**  
NAME PRIOR TO FIRST MARRIAGE, IF APPLICABLE  
MARRIED STATUS: MARRIED  
SURVIVING SPOUSE NAME: KELLY ANNE ROBERTS  
FATHER'S NAME: WILLIE RAY DAVENPORT  
MOTHER'S NAME: JEAN ELAINE BOWLAWNEY

**INFORMANT, FUNERAL FACILITY AND PLACE OF DISPOSITION INFORMATION**  
INFORMANT'S NAME: KELLY ANNE ROBERTS DAVENPORT  
RELATIONSHIP TO DECEDENT: DAUGHTER  
INFORMANT'S ADDRESS: 716 S. GRESHAM STREET, TAMPA, FLORIDA 33604, UNITED STATES  
FUNERAL DIRECTOR LICENSE NUMBER: KATHRYN W. RICKNER, F90384  
FUNERAL FACILITY: SWILLEY FUNERAL HOME & CREMATION SERVICE INC F90384  
1802 N WATERS AVE, TAMPA, FLORIDA 33604  
METHOD OF DISPOSITION: CREMATION  
PLACE OF DISPOSITION: CREMATORIA  
TAMPA, FLORIDA

**CERTIFIER INFORMATION**  
TYPE OF CERTIFIER: PHYSICIAN      MEDICAL EXAMINER CASE NUMBER: NOT APPLICABLE  
YEAR OF DEATH ON HOUR: 0940      DATE CERTIFIED: JANUARY 13, 2013  
CERTIFIER'S NAME: MARY BUCHANAN PATEL  
CERTIFIER'S LICENSE NUMBER: M89830  
NAME OF ATTENDING PHYSICIAN IF OTHER THAN CERTIFIER: NOT APPLICABLE

**CAUSE OF DEATH AND INJURY INFORMATION**  
PRIMARY CAUSE OF DEATH: NATURAL  
CAUSE OF DEATH - PART I, AND APPROPRIATE INTERVAL, CAUSE TO DEATH  
A CHRONIC OBSTRUCTIVE PULMONARY DISEASE  
1  
2  
3  
4  
5  
6  
PART I - UNDER SIGNATURE CONDITIONS CONTRIBUTED TO DEATH BUT NOT RESULTED IN THE UNDERLINE CAUSE (GIVEN IN PART I)

AUTOPSY PERFORMED? NO      AUTOPSY FINDER AVAILABLE TO COMPLETE CAUSE OF DEATH? NO (FOR COLLECT USE CONTRIBUTED TO DEATH) NOT STATED  
REASON FOR SURGERY:      DATE OF INJURY OR HOUR:      INJURY AT WORK?  
PREGNANCY INFORMATION: NOT APPLICABLE  
DATE OF INJURY: NOT APPLICABLE  
LOCATION OF INJURY:      DESCRIBE HOW INJURY OCCURRED:

**DAVENPORT,**  
Charles C. 69 of Tampa  
passed away January 10,  
2013. He was a United  
States Army veteran  
serving during the  
Vietnam War. He is  
survived by his wife,  
Kelly Anne Roberts-  
Davenport, parents,  
Willie R. Davenport and  
Jean (McGlazery)  
Davenport, sons, Charles  
Davenport, Jr. and wife  
Mia K. Jones, Jeffrey  
Scott Jones, Zach  
Roberts, daughter,  
Rachel Shroy,  
granddaughter, Gabriela  
N. Ruiz, niece,  
Samantha Sichert and  
husband Tom, Raynes  
Roach and husband Bill  
St. niece, Jennifer S.  
Headen and husband  
Patrick, Cory Perkins,  
Great niece, Maci  
Perkins, nephews, Jason  
Roach, Bill Roach Jr.,  
David Rhoads, great  
nephew, PT Headen, aunt  
Betty Rose Abdon,  
Lynette, Abraham Abdou,  
Katherine Akridge and  
husband Kim, Hollie  
Harvey and Debbie,  
Alexis and husband Bill  
Ahem and multiple  
friends who will dearly  
miss his presence.  
Swilley FH 932-6157

Submitted by:  
Kathryn M. Rickner  
swilleyfh@sabhs.com

**Charles Conrad (Burleson) Davenport**

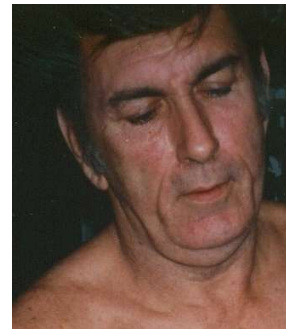
**Charles C. Davenport death certificate, and Obituary**



**Charle C. Burleson  
High School Picture**



**Charles and Mother Jean**



**Charles Davenport**

Burkett, Allan L.	Wanda Bernice	1948	548	10688
Burkett, John H.	Delbert A.	1948	589	15070
Burkett, Robert James	Bronice Sharpe	1948	538	5709
Burkett, Woodrow W.	Barbara	1948	564	10584
Burkhardt, Louis	Nebel	1948	572	22863
Burkholder, H. R.	Mary H.	1948	374	82614
Burkshaw, Frank	Gladya	1946	351	18228
Burke, Carl F. D.	Oliver H.	1946	338	833
Burke, Otis Eugene	Marie Loyal Martin	1945	347	10457
Burless, Jacob	Ernie	1946	341	7014
Burleson, Charles William	John G.	1948	589	15049
Burleson, Joseph Lee	Thelma J.	1928	287	80270
Burley, Alfred	Mary	1946	278	22842
Burlingame, Albert	Wilhelmina	1945	350	11824
Burlingame, Rodrick S.	Nancy Ann	1945	383	15435
Burman, Claude Prater	Mildred Alice	1946	335	2538
Burman, Robert Merrill	Ella V.	1948	648	20028
Burns, Richard C.	June Ingraham	1946	548	8069
Burstein, Eugene	Anna	1946	328	12817
Burton, James B.	Willie Mae	1946	328	12729
Burwell, John Z.	Nida R.	1946	366	15837



**Charlie and Jeans Divorce Filing      Charles Conrad Davenport’s tombstone**

On February 1, 1947, a significant chapter unfolded in our family’s story. Jean McGlamery Burleson, having remarried to Willy Raymond “Ray” Davenport, took a step that would forever alter the course of her son’s life. Charles Conrad Burleson became Charles Conrad Davenport through legal adoption.

In this act of love and commitment, names shifted, bonds deepened, and a new family constellation emerged. The echoes of that decision resonate across generations, connecting hearts and histories.

My journey through family secrets and unexpected connections is both poignant and mysterious. Let’s explore the layers of my story:

1. Charlie’s Revelation:
  - o In the 1970’s, my father, Charlie, revealed a past marriage that ended in divorce.
  - o The mention of a child he did not father added intrigue to my family history.

2. The Identical Twin Mystery:
  - Friends and relatives hinted at a person in Tampa who could be my identical twin.
  - The idea lingered, quietly waiting for answers.
3. Genealogy unveils Jean McGlamery Davenport:
  - While researching my genealogy in 2016, I discovered Jean McGlamery Davenport's name.
  - Her family tree intersected with mine, revealing connections and mysteries.
4. Stepbrother:
  - Charles Conrad Davenport, my step-brother, had passed away.
  - Fascinatingly, I learned about the fact that he had a son, my step nephew from his first marriage to Phyllis Joann Jones.
5. The Elusive Search:
  - Texas, vast and enigmatic, held the key to finding my step nephew.
  - Despite searches, the name Charles Davenport remained elusive.
6. Jean McGlamery Davenport's Obituary:
  - In October of 2019, I penned a letter to Jean, hoping for answers.
  - But fate intervened—Jean had already passed away on August 18, 2019.
  - My hopes were dashed, leaving questions unanswered.
7. The Unseen Threads:
  - Did Jean carry secrets to her grave?
  - Would the missing pieces of my family puzzle ever emerge?

Life's twists and turns often lead us to unexpected places. Perhaps the answers lie hidden in memories, whispers, or the quiet spaces between generations. To the hidden memories, I returned. From Charlie's obituary I learned that he had two, step sisters Samantha Jo Davenport Siebert, and Rayene Lee Davenport Roach, and a wife Kelly Anne Roberts Davenport. Follow up with an internet search of those names, I came up with phone numbers for Kelly Anne Roberts, and Rayene Roach. I called Kelly Anne, but she was in the midst of a grieving process for her daughter, who had just been murdered on the Orange Blossom Trail in Orlando, FL. She did not have the time to help me search for Charlie.

Life's intricate threads weave through time, connecting us to unexpected moments and people. My persistence led me to hidden memories and the possibility of answers. The names—Samantha Jo Davenport Siebert, Rayene Lee Davenport Roach, and Kelly Anne Roberts Davenport—echoed across the years. In my quest, I reached out, hoping for a lifeline. Amidst grief and loss, I found Rayene, who shared a precious gift: Charlie's phone number. The digits held stories, secrets, and

perhaps the missing pieces that I sought. As I dialed, the past stirred, and the quiet spaces between generations whispered.

To make this story short, I reached out to Charlie. His mother after her divorce, took Charlie, her son with her and changed his last name to Jones. So, at last, I found my step nephew. His name was Charles Conrad “Chuck” Jones. Charlie and I talked on many occasions so that I could get to know something about his father and grandmother. In September of 2020, I funded a DNA Test, and Charlie embarked on a journey—a quest for answers encoded in his very essence. The DNA test, a modern oracle, promised revelations—a map of lineage, a compass pointing toward truth.

November arrived, and with it, the results—a digital scroll unfurling across screens. The pixels held secrets—patterns woven in nucleotides, echoes of generations. But as the letters aligned, disappointment settled—a quiet fog obscuring certainty. Burlson DNA, elusive as whispers in the wind, remained absent. The strands, like frayed threads, refused to weave a tapestry of kinship. And yet, there they stood—Charlie and I—mirrors reflecting shared smiles, shared memories.

The family resemblance, etched in laughter lines and dimples, defied the genetic code. How could it be? How could a bond so palpable, so real, defy the helix dance of A, T, C, and G?

Life’s twists and revelations often lead us down unexpected paths. My persistence in seeking answers and connecting with my step-nephew, Charles Conrad “Chuck” Jones, reflects the resilience of family bonds. While the DNA test results may not have aligned with my expectations, the shared conversations and resemblance remain a testament to the intricate tapestry of relationships. Sometimes, the truth lies not only in bloodlines but also in the shared moments and connections forged over time. Thankfully my continued exploration of family history brings both closure and understanding.



**My Nephew Charlie!**

## Dad's Journey to College

In the summer of 1946, my father's journey led him to Florida Southern College in Lakeland, Florida. Little did he know that within the hallowed halls of academia, fate would weave its intricate threads. Phyllis Jeanne Hatfield, my mother, a name whispered by destiny, entered his world in December of 1946. Their paths converged, and the campus became a backdrop for their unfolding story—a tale of chance meetings, shared laughter, and budding affection.

In the sun-drenched corridors, amid the rustling leaves of ancient oaks, my parents' hearts found resonance. The chemistry of young love sparked, and the future shimmered with possibilities. And so, within the ivy-covered walls, their connection blossomed—a serendipitous collision of souls.

In the summer of 1947, my mother, Phyllis Jeanne Hatfield, journeyed back to her family home in Wooster, Wayne County, Ohio. The familiar streets, the scent of blooming flowers, and the embrace of her parents awaited her.

Meanwhile, my father, Charlie, remained at Florida Southern University, immersed in labor and purpose. The sun-drenched campus witnessed his toil—building roads, shaping the land, and leaving his mark on the earth. His hands, once trained in the rugged landscapes of China during his Army days, now shaped the very ground beneath him.

Their paths diverged temporarily, yet destiny held its breath. The summer unfolded—a canvas of memories, longing, and anticipation. And in the quiet moments, perhaps they both wondered about the future—the twists and turns that would reunite them, binding their fates together.

Across miles and seasons, love's quiet persistence whispered: "Wait, for our story is not yet done."

In May, Charlie's correspondence with Jeanne (*spelled as Jean*) carried whispers of shared secrets and unspoken emotions. The ink on the paper held their hopes, fears, and the delicate dance of hearts reaching across distance. The words, like fragile threads, wove their story—a tale of longing, curiosity, and the promise of something more. In the delicate script of ink on paper, my father's words unfolded—a symphony of memory and longing. His letters, like time capsules, carried whispers of life's tapestry—the warp and weft of experiences woven across years.



May 30,1947

Dear Jean,

Things are not so dull here they are dead, wish everyone was back. Been on a toot for a week (at nights) working in the day.  
Drop a few lines when you have time.

**Always,**

**Charlie**

Inserted article Hatfield held for killing a McCoy: Ho Hum

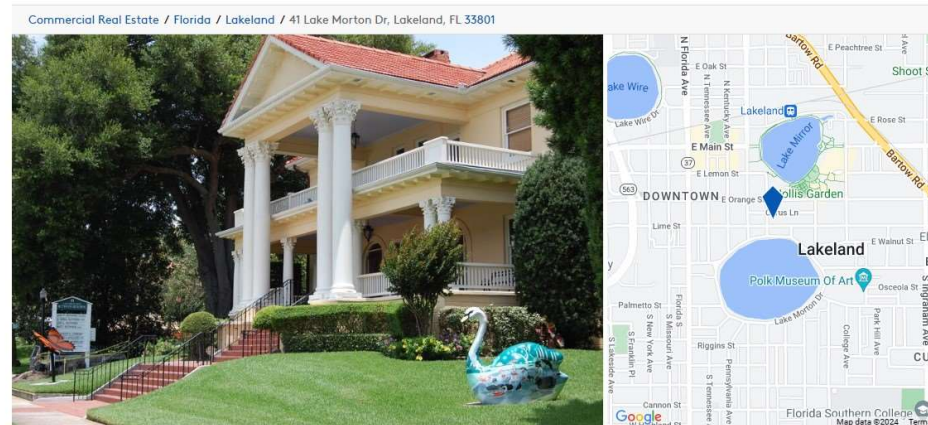
Dad was fascinated with mom's last name "Hatfield." The Hatfield-McCoy feud, a legendary and violent conflict, has captured imaginations for generations.

I understand the longing for liveliness and the ache for familiar faces. The days stretch, and the nights blur—a rhythm of work and rest. Amidst the quiet, Charlie's words reach across the void, seeking connection. He'll drop those lines, like whispers carried by the wind, hoping they find Jeanne well.

Postcard with picture of boarding house where Charles W. Burleson lived in Lakeland, Florida

41 Lake Morton Dr  
Lakeland, FL 33801

Ruthven Building · Property For Lease



### Charlies Boarding house in 1946

June 20<sup>th</sup>, 1947

Dear Jean

Will write a letter soon, received your letter yesterday. received a 2<sup>nd</sup> degree been (Burn) on my arm yesterday. It will be a couple of long days before I will be able to write much.

Always

Charlie

Charles W. Burleson  
41 Lake Morton Drive  
Lakeland, Florida

To  
Miss Jean Hatfield  
406 Blessing Ave.  
Wooster, Ohio



**406 Blessing Avenue Home of my Maternal Grand Parents,  
Waldo and Velma Penny Hatfield**

Saturday June 21,1947

Dear Jean

Here I am again. Boy you should be here; it is so darn hot until you can't hardly bear it.

It is good to hear from you, for it is so darn dead here, and that fills you up to fast with no effect.

I have a few cans of beer now, but it is hot. My stupid roommate really tied on a good one last weekend.

Sunday morning. Say! From what I can make of your letter you said something about coming down July, is that right or did I miss understand. I wrote you a card yesterday I hope you didn't mind. You see I was burnt the other day working and

it put a cramp in my writing for a few days but getting along pretty good now. Got a hold of some hot wires and couldn't turn loose, but things are rough all over.

I'm trying to talk Duke in going to the auto races, but anything that has to do with spending money he has against it so I guess I will be going by myself-

"Fran" was by here for a couple of days said she had seen you, lucky gal. I wish was in her place. Excuse the stationary, but

The only thing I can think of doing is study, "I sure need it."

I still have all of my teeth, but before school starts, I probably have a new set of lowers. Well, I guess by now you are tired of reading all of this bull so I will let you rest, please write often, it is better than a good drink just to hear from you.

**Always**

**Charlie**

June 8, 1947  
11 p.m. (damn it)  
41 Lake Morton Drive  
Lakeland, Fla

Dear Jean,

Will take time out from studying, please excuse the stationary, but after this weekend I don't believe I could write a straight line.

It was good to hear from you, was glad to know you arrived safely, for about the time you left there was quite a few plane crashes and I knew you were flying. Duke and I were in Tampa this weekend. Mr. Tools went on a trip and left us his car; said we could go anyplace we wanted to go – so I guess you know we had a good time.

So, you are the Lady in white – I would love for you to be the dentist assistant, the one I have to go to boy what a bat he has.

Everything is still dead here, even if summer school has started, about five hundred going, 4 teachers and they are about ready for the grave. No wonder a man takes up drinking after looking at them. I will not go on any more conventions until you get back. If you come back early let me know will look you up and we will pitch a big one. I will be here until school starts in Oct. except for a week. I don't know when.

I will take this week off to rest. I was hurt last week working, not to bad. Well Hatfield it is getting late and I still have a hangover. Oh yes you can get drinking material up there, if not, let me know and I will send you a bottle or so. Write again soon it is lonely here and I will keep you posted on all of the dirt. Dr. Ludd has left for the summer so we can raise hell now. So long for now.

**Always**

**Charlie**

July 15, 1947

Dear Jean

A few lines tonight, and hoping this finds you well rested after your quick trip. I'm very sorry that you didn't get to stay longer and more so that I didn't get to see you. That was a great disappointment. Hell, I thought you would be here for at least one night, could of gotten a gang together and pitched a good one.

For some reason I haven't wanted a drink since the 4<sup>th</sup>, I still think I'm well socked. Things are about the same here except we are working like hell. Boy for the past two nights when I get home all I feel like doing is hitting the bed.

At the present time we are installing showers, toilets in the girl's side of the gym also raising the second floor up about four inches where the old timbers have broken. As usual I have had my troubles that is getting more cuts and bruises. It seems every time I can get my share in the past two weeks, I have increased my scars, including falling and running a nail through my wrist damn thing went in one side and out the other so far, I'm still kicking.

I don't know if Duke told you or not, I'm not attending second term of summer school, too hot.

Well, there is not much more dirt from this way drop a few lines when you have time.

**Always**

**Charlie**

July 16, 1947

Dear Jean

Just a short note to let you know I received your cute letter. At times I wish I could write an interesting letter, but after spending three years learning how to write everything in a brief form it is rather hard to string it out.

In fact, the way I write it is better if I do just bring things straight to a point. Now after a page full of excuses I will say a few words. I'm having house mother troubles; the boys insist on drinking beer and walking around with nothing on. I guess that is alright, but I wish they would pull the shades down. I even have my beer in the room, but do wear clothes. We only have a few in the house this summer but they are worse than a whole house full. We are having lovely weather in the past couple of days, although it is hot during the day it does cool off at nite.

Note: save that fire cracker, might use it sometime during a celebration. On the fourth of July I had a cracking noise in my head, it took me three days to get over that one.

If you do come back to rebel county early and need any help let me know. I will bring a couple of quarts, up on a weekend and help you. I guess the first week in Sept. I will take a week off, don't know where I will go, but can assure you I will leave the City of Lakeland.

Oh, yea can you picture me with a "cookie duster" well, have started celebrating about a week old now, at the present time it is growing wild, but I will trim it in the next few days.

Well, there is not much more from rebel county. So, I guess you are tired of this by now so I will sign off (going to the show) Whop Wee! Write when you have time.

**Always**

**Charlie**

P.S. We are raising hell while Ludd is away.

July 24 I think? Anyway, it is Thursday night

Air Mail Miss Jean Hatfield  
240 W. Market St. Wooster, OH



**240 North Market Street, Home and Office of My Grandfather Dr. Waldo Emerson Hatfield, DDS**

Dear Jean

Lakeland is full of excitement tonight. Flash! Airplane Crash! No blood – at least didn't see any, climbed all over the darn thing and couldn't see any and they say they had to cut the pilot leg off to get him out. (he was dead). It was a cub the guy was flying to low land cracked into the side of a house. They pulled one out of the basement he was still living.

Will that is about all there is except some of the guys went around the house and took the wires off the light switches, that is high school stuff – I will be glad when this bunch leaves here, they are as common as dirt.

I guess I shouldn't be so catty but that is the way I feel and they know it.

You talk about children. I love them too, but it is a funny thing my little niece gets on my nerves so bad and she is cute as they make them

So you are going to black mail me if I don't hold to my promise well let me know when you are ready and I will be there. I try not make a statement unless I can hold it up.



Sometime in Sept. I'm going to take my vacation but I don't know where I want to go. Yes, it is very hot here and we don't need a fire, hell I have to have a fan to keep cool enough to sleep.

I will be glad when school does start. It's awful here at nites nothing to do sometimes I walk around the lake two or three times at nite just to pass the time away until it gets late enough to go to bed. Well, I guess you are tired of my bull by now so I will close. When a fellow gets my age, he should be getting to bed early, soon will be 26 damn the next thing I know I will be an old bachelor

Write soon, and hoping to see you soon – that is in Sept.

**Always**

**Charlie**

Chas. W. Burleson  
Odessa, Florida  
c/o St. Petersburg Water Plant

Air Mail  
Miss Jean Hatfield  
240 W. Market Street  
Wooster, Ohio

Dear Jean

I will try to pick a few lines, maybe you will be able to read this instead of my hand writing. As you can see, I have a new address don't let this alarm you for it is for only a short time. My dad was hurt and I'll working in his place for a few days probably for a week.

I have never seen such hot weather damn I have been burning up all day, and at nites it is even hotter. They say there is a storm heading this way, that is one of the reasons I'm working for this company.

If it does hit, they need someone to get around fast and do electrical repair work and they no I don't have any since of fear so here I am.

Say when are you coming to Fla? I went into Tampa this morning was supposed to have been on a business trip, but hell I finished it early and sat in the Hillsboro bar from nine to one so maybe that is the reason it was so hot this afternoon.

We went to the beach last week and I must say that it was very over there plus I lost my shirt in poker this damn typewriter doesn't spell very well for some reason. I'm going to have to have a talk with it. Or lay off the beer. Dad bought me some beer this afternoon said that might cool me off some. Well Jeannie Dear it is about time for the nite operator to come on duty so I will close. Be sweet until I see you.

**Always**

**Charlie**

No date

Dear Jean

First please excuse the stationary, but this is all I could find. This is one of the forms I have fill out every half hour. It is getting very tiresome. I guess you are listing to the radio for the news of the hurricane, well so far it is very rough around here as yet but I am not going to brag about it for I have seen them pass and come back much worse.

They have kept me very busy all day making sure everything is all fastened down, and I guess that I will be on standby duty tonight, the wind has picked up a little in the past couple of hours. The barometer is staying about the same I have to take a reading every hour. Last nite this time it was 29.86 and tonight it is only 29.76 only dropped 10/100 but when it gets down about 29.40 we call the trouble crew. For things will be blowing like hell then

What makes it so bad I can't even have a beer must keep a clear mind they don't know me. The wind is blowing more like a March wind. My Dad is so nervous until he is driving me nuts since he has hurt his back and can't get around he is driving everyone else batty to make sure everything is safe. He finally gave up around four and went home. I'm working in this place until seven thirty then I go eat and come back (Hell of a life). Wish I had a bottle boy I could raise hell.

Half to sign off and do some more work see you later. (24 hours latter) Dear Jeannie maybe I will finish this some time, the Hurricane has passed over. At the present time I'm wet as holy hell. In about 45 minutes I will be off duty and I will be so damn glad. This place is about fifteen miles from any town and what makes it worse is there is no young folks around. The wind hit here around seventy miles an hour so they say I went home and went to sleep about nine last night.

I guess you think I'm a nit wit carrying this letter around with me all day, but if I didn't the public would be reading it. You can't leave a damn thing laying around here without someone reading it. Well, I guess I will close and get this ready for the mail probably go to Tampa to nite to have a good drink, wish you were here to have one with me. I'll see you soon.

**Always**

**Charlie**

August 6, 1947

Dear Jean

I few lines to nite. I'm very sorry that I'm late in answering your last letter. We are busy as heck moving the Chemistry and Physics dept. in the new building also sanding the floors in Allen Spivey Building. Also putting showers etc. in the Girls side of the gym.

Then to top of all that we have to move all the machinery in the Wood Work Shop down where the old Chemistry Bldg. was and making a soil Science Lab out of the Industrial Shop and since we don't have anything else to do we have to finish putting the equipment in the Boys' infirmary. Then next week at nites I'm going to have to work with a bulldozer and try to fix the darn road around the campus.

Hell of a vacation, isn't it? Oh yes, I also forgot we putting up a Quonset hut at times I get so busy and messed up I say the hell with it and go over to the jook and have a milk shake, I wish they would make a bar out of that dump.

You asked when my birthday was well it is Aug. 22 and I will be sweet sixteen.

Duke and I are planning a hell of a drunk this weekend. He graduates Sat. I will be glad when school starts again. It is really dull here.

I gave Duke a radio for graduation. It does everything but push you out of bed and make coffee. It turns on automatic and has a alarm clock built in it.

I know by now you are tired reading what we are doing, trying to improve Dear? Our Southern College, so I will close, mail this and have a few beers. Write when you have time.

**Always**

**Charlie**

Wednesday Nite  
Aug. 18, 1947

Dear Jean

I will answer your letter to nite so you will not be so worried. I'm still living, in fact, I feel fine, nothing wrong, no new cuts or bruises. But give me time something is bound to happen.

Please don't commit succeed for if you done that we wouldn't be able to have a big time lighting the one fire cracker. And don't worry over any blonds, so far this summer I haven't had much time for wolfing around, and any way I'm not a wolf? I don't think?

There are five of us in the house now. Monday nite we had a little poker game, plenty to drink, and I think I had more than my share from eight until one. I drank a fifth by myself plus losing about five dollars in no damn penny Annie game.

Well, our work is getting along pretty good in fact at the present we are about a week ahead. But it is killing all of us working as long as the sun shines through the rain and everything. Worked late to nite came in wet as all heck.

Oh yes, about breaking my arm, I might need it, but will let you break my neck if you do it my way "Oh Boy"

I don't know for sure but I think we will have all of the roads paved around the campus by the time school starts or soon after. Must close going to the show will write soon.

Write when you have time.

**Always**

**Charlie**

Air Mail  
Aug. 22, 1947  
Miss Jean (rebel) Hatfield

Dear Jean

Thanks for the cute Birthday card, it was really cute. I feel like bringing out a bottle and having a shot, in fact I sent my buddy out for ice and ginger so you know I will have a short one about three fingers in a bathtub.

Say when are (you all) going to move to rebel county. In fact, you should be now it is rather cool at nites and I have seen it much hotter. I think it is about time for me for me to get on a damn good bender.

Oh, hell I almost forgot I have a new scar right across my mouth, in fact it is not healed up yet, one of the Boys the other day threw a water pitcher for me to catch and at the time I was putting my shirt on and had both arms where I could catch it, so I caught it in my mouth of all silly things.

I hope I will be in one piece when I see you.

Also had a card from Val mighty sweet of her. Have to stop and make a drink also move off the front porch into the bedroom, isn't it hell when you have to hide to take a drink. (2 hrs. latter) at the present time I feel pretty good in fact I'm not responsible write three of us finished off a fifth. We are going out now to get something to eat. I can eat a cow (I think)

I had better close now while I can still write be sweet and write soon.

**Always**

**Charlie**

Air Mail  
Jean "Rebel" Hatfield  
Aug. 25, 1947

Hello Jeannie Dear

Well too start off with, I will warn you I have been drinking beer all afternoon. I know what you mean by hot weather. We are having it now.

I feel very good, my mother is home out of the hospital and that means so much too me. At the present time I'm in the Freeman house by myself. Hell of a big place when you are alone.

If I sound a little screwy forgive me at times. I have to let myself go down under. I'm not quite serious as I seem to be around the Campus. And tonite is now of those nites I feel like cutting loose and raise a little hell that is it could be done around in this dead town. I will save it and when you come back and put some spank in this town or some pace. All kidding aside I will need some rest before school starts, but I don't know when I will get it, I promise this spring I would work until everything is ready for fall term. I don't want to sound like I'm bragging or anything but they need me.

Duke is a hard worker but he can't get along with anyone on the job and that is where I come in. They tell him what has to be done and he tells me and it is left up to me to see that it is done.

Boy sometimes I think I will be gray all over, but I look every nite and can't find a gray hair so I guess I can take it.

Oh yes, we are getting one hundred damn rabbits. I'm building a big pen for them by the time you get here I guess we will have ten times that many.

They are to be used in the Science dept. By the looks of things it will rain before morning. Who in the hell cares I'm not going any place.

One of my buddies I grew up with is getting married Sunday boy we are giving him a rough time. I'm going to the wedding drunk or sober, probably drunk or at least feeling good.

Remember how rough the road was by the Art Building well I have it fixed where you can go like everything down it now.

Jean it is very hard for me to write much. The only thing I can talk about is the school that is where I spend most of my time. Work there eight hours a day come home clean up – go out and have a few beers – then go to bed back to work – exciting isn't it.

Oh yes I'm going to give you hell the last letter you started off by saying Dear Sir I'm not in the Army. I'm a civilian now and you can call me Charlie.

Well the gang is back so I guess I will close and get something to eat and more beer.

Be sweet Jean and write soon.

**Always**

**Charlie**



Sept. 5, 1947

Dear Jean

I will take time out to talk to you for a while. So you didn't care for the farm life, under the condition you gave I don't think I would be so much in love with it either.

Things here are really messed up. They brought a dozen fellows from N.Y. to clean up the dorms, at the present time it looks like all hell has broken loose.

I'm glad they are doing it instead of me. We have enough to do without that.

Dr. Ludd gave everyone hell around here yesterday including me the only thing I said was to give me my pay. It shocked him so much he didn't know what to say, finally after another talk I went back to work. But he has a wild idea now, remember those damn quansit huts we are putting up well we have to go back and put a sliding roof and fix it so they won't leak. The damn things look bad enough without having a sliding roof.

When are you going to come south? One of my buddies was moving last Sunday nite boy did I get drunk. So this weekend we are going over to the beach to see him so I guess I will be drunk again.

I'm all talked out, so I guess I had better shut up. Hope to see you soon, be sweet.

**Always**

**Charlie**

Dr. Ludd Myrl Spivey 1925-1957 President Florida Southern College

Dr. Ludd Myrl Spivey was born in Eclectic, Alabama on December 5, 1886. Soon after, his family moved West, where he attended high school in Oklahoma City. College work was done at Epworth College and Vanderbilt University. In 1912, he was ordained a Methodist minister and married Clara Louise Helmkamp of Jackson, Missouri.

By 1920, he had received two degrees from the University of Chicago, where he has also gained a great admiration for the teachings of the American philosopher and educator, John Dewey. He then was appointed to a teaching position and later as Dean at Birmingham-Southern College in Alabama.

Dr. Spivey came to Southern College in Lakeland in 1925. The modern buildings and equipment on the new Lakeland site meant a sizeable indebtedness, and Dr. Spivey's first years coincided with the post-Florida-boom years as well as a nationwide depression. As late as 1933, the trustees voted to close Southern; however, Dr. Spivey took up the task of continuing the College with such engaging enthusiasm and tireless energy that the entire enterprise seemed destined to prosper from that time forward. In 1935, Spivey oversaw the changing of the College's name to Florida Southern College.

By 1938, he had successfully persuaded Frank Lloyd Wright, a nationally known architect to build a series of campus structures, while admitting that no money was in hand at the moment. By 1941, Wright had not only completed Annie Pfeiffer Chapel, the first of ten campus structures, but another one was in progress. During his tenure, the campus increased from two buildings to more than forty.

The student body increased from less than 300 to over 1400. The operating budget went from approximately \$114,000 to over \$1 million. Official accreditation came. Graduate and community-oriented programs were added. Intercollegiate sports began. The achievements of past and future graduates were acknowledged and celebrated in the form of the Honor Walk. The Citrus Institute began with the state's first ever Grove Management program.

After a remarkable 32-year tenure, Dr. Spivey retired from the College in 1957; he passed away on December 27, 1962 at the age of 76.

Air Mail  
Sept. 20, 1947

Dear Jean

A few short lines, getting ready for supper.

If I don't work next Sat. I will meet you at the airport in Tampa.

If I'm not there call Tampa H 49-682 and they will tell you where I am.

Will see you soon.

**Always**

**Charlie**

In the quiet of October, when leaves whispered secrets and the moon hung low, Charlie Burleson stood at a crossroads—a compass needle pointing toward duty. The rumbles of war in Southeast Asia tugged at his heartstrings—a call to serve that echoed through generations.

His education at Florida Southern, textbooks and lecture halls, seemed distant. The classroom's walls couldn't contain the urgency—the need to be more than a student, more than a name on a roster. Charlie, like countless others, felt the pull of destiny—the weight of history.

And so, in the middle of the night, when stars blinked conspiratorially, he packed his bags. The barracks at Fort Jackson, South Carolina, awaited—a brotherhood of soldiers, bound by shared purpose and sacrifice. The 2nd Infantry Department of the 5th Infantry Division became his new classroom—a syllabus of drills, discipline, and devotion.

Charlie's heartstrings, like taut violin strings, resonated with the call to serve. His boots, laced with resolve, stepped onto the path of duty. The moon, a silent witness, bathed the scene in silver. He left without a word to Jeanne Hatfield, His Love.

Jeanne Hatfield, her name a whisper on the wind, stood by the window—a sentinel of longing. The room, once filled with laughter and promises, now held echoes—the creak of floorboards, the rustle of curtains.

Charlie, his silhouette etched against the moon, moved silently. His footsteps, like fading heartbeats, carried him away. Jeanne’s eyes, the color of twilight, followed him—a plea, a question, a silent scream.

The door closed—a chasm widening. The threshold, once crossed hand in hand, now divided their worlds. Jeanne’s fingers brushed the glass—the cold kiss of separation. Her love, like a fragile bird, fluttered against her ribcage.

He left without a word—a silence more profound than any farewell. The letters, inked with longing, remained unsent. The work textbooks, a relic of their time at Florida Southern, lay abandoned in his room.

Outside, the night held its breath. The stars, indifferent witnesses, blinked. Jeanne, her heart a constellation of ache, whispered his name—a prayer, a plea, a memory. And Charlie, his footsteps fading into the dark, carried their love—a secret etched in the moon’s silver. The road ahead, uncertain and winding, led him away from Jeanne Hatfield—the girl who loved him beyond words.



**Crest, 2nd Inf. Rgt., 5th Infantry Division**

Nov. 5, 1947

Miss Jean Hatfield  
Allen Spring Hall  
Florida Southern College  
Lakeland, FL

Sgt Charles W. Burleson  
RA 14084366  
Co. L 2<sup>nd</sup> Inf. Dept.  
5<sup>th</sup> Inf. Division  
Ft. Jackson. S.C.

Postage due

Dear Jean

Finally at last I have settled down in one spot for a while, will be here for a short two weeks then I guess I will go to Baltimore. Tomorrow, I take the exam for Officer Candidate School. If luck and the good Lord is with me I might make it. Talk about cool weather, damn, they have the worse weather here than I have seen any place. Cold, wet and then hot as hell.

I'm sorry I didn't get in touch with you any more before I left, but you know, at least I know the Army does things in such a way it makes it hard to tell when or where you will be next. I started to say something but was interrupted and forgot what I was going to say. Oh, I remember now I was getting ready to say I wish I had a double shot but I will have to settle for a few at the PX.

(3 hrs. later) Feel a little better, was called out for a work detail but about fifteen minutes later I was in the PX drinking beer been there for a couple or three ha so you might know how I feel

I really don't know much to write about. The present time nothing exciting even happens in a dump like this. I did have a good time coming up here. There was a couple of boys from school came with me and we spent our time in the club car, in fact they are still with me.

Say honey I heard something that didn't sound so good. I heard that you didn't attend any more classes the day that I left. I hope it wasn't on account I left., for I'm not worth for anyone to worry or loose time over, but I do miss seeing you around a lot – no kidding.

Jean remember when I said that I didn't want to hurt you, that still goes.

**Jeanne, deep in my heart and soul I can't help it if I'm a soldier and will always be that. I can't help it if I love military life but it is in my blood.**

I'm back and I'm planning on staying, but I don't ever expect to do like the majority of the fellows. Look and act like a bum. I have too much pride in the uniform I wear, it stands for too much. While I'm talking I will get it off my chest what I'm trying to get over. I hope you won't think that I'm screwy for the Army has proven difficult.

What I want to say is, I could never ask a girl to marry me, do to the fact the public thinks the military person in peace time is just a bum and I would never want any one to say the woman I married say she married a bum – I hold that much respect for women

There is one thing I would like to say Jean, any person you see wearing the uniform now is not a bum but a person who is in A1 physical and mental shape. I have never been thru such an examination in my life – to stay in the Army and there are about three more days to go.

I hope what I wrote made a little since it sounds a little screwy to me but maybe you will be able to make something out of it.

Well I had better close and get some sleep please write when you have time.

Love

**Always,**

**Charlie**

Postage due  
Sgt. Charles W, Burleson, R.A. 14084366  
Co. L 2<sup>nd</sup> Inf. Dept.  
5<sup>th</sup> Inf. Division  
Ft. Jackson, S.C.

To Miss Jean Hatfield  
Box 286  
Florida Southern College  
Lakeland, Florida

November 12, 1947

Dear Jean

Was very glad to here from you, but Jean I'm very afraid that you might have misunderstood my letter. First please excuse the pencil and notebook paper.

No Jean you or no other woman was the cause I came in the Army. This is something that cause me to come back. So far there are no women connected with it. What it was or is I can't talk about it at the present. Maybe someday I will be able to tell. So please don't have the feeling you were the cause of my leaving.

Yes, Jean I am very happy to be back in the uniform again and I will be moved so when I receive an assignment to a unit, be settled, it will be nice.

So, Val is in love, the only thing I can say I hope she doesn't make any wild plans, I give her more credit than to do that. One of the reasons I'm in the Army is to clean up my past. The Army is where it started and I hoping I will find the solution for an answer here. It wasn't in civilian life. About me getting married again, well I'm not going to say I am or not, that is one thing you never say if you are or not, but it will be much harder for me to ask any woman to marry me while in service. For there is so much the woman has to give up when they are married to a service man.

Jeannie if I have hurt you, which I'm sure I have, I don't think it will do any good to say I'm sorry. But I'm really very sorry I did. But

remember if there are anything I can do to help you in any way, please don't hesitate to ask for you will always be a close friend.

(Nov. 11, 11a.m. in bed) We are off today and it is a very miserable day raining and cold so I will try to make a little since. Everyone is present this morning, poker games going, bull is being slung and I have a beer hangover. I stopped in the middle of the letter to go to the show, it ended up drinking beer, never did see the show. Oh yes how are the dead Batturn and Davis islands? My wooden leg is holding up fine. It has to wait for the F.B.I. checks my past before I can go to my next assignment.

Say Jean have you ever been back to see Mrs. Hester, I'm very anxious to hear more about myself. If you do go back please write and tell me more about myself.

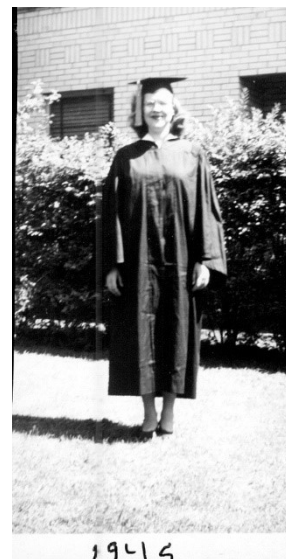
Well, have to close give everyone my regards especially to Dr. Ogden, tell him I'm going to fire the Caliber 30 this week, maybe. I will have the choice to fire the French 75's soon.

Please write soon.

Love

**Always,**

**Charlie**





Sgt. C. W. Burleson, R.A. 1408366  
Co. D 2<sup>nd</sup> Training Bat  
C.I.C. Center, Camp Holabird  
Baltimore 19, Maryland

Postage due  
Nov. 25, 1947

Dear Jeanne

I hope by now you are about given up hopes of hearing from me. First notice I have a new address. Then let me explain. I left S.C. last Tuesday and arrived here Wednesday. From the time I arrived up to the present, of cause I had time to nite to write. But I was writing to see if I passed all of the requirements for school – so I could write the good news or sad. Well so far I haven't finished taking all of the exams. Was supposed to finish today – but they were put off until tomorrow. Maybe I will finish I hope so it gets on your nerves to know you have to make a good or else be thrown out. If I don't make it I'm going to put in a request to be transferred to Mc Dill Field. So far I have made everything except the exams to be taken tomorrow – they count more than anything.

By the time you receive this, thanksgiving will be over. Believe it or not I have K.P. Thanksgiving Day. What luck. I will be glad when we get a full pay day – I think I will down my sorrows in a fifth of good ol??? Guess what – that's enough you guessed it. Sure wish I had a bottle of Anti Freeze – it is colder than hell here.

Nov. 26

I couldn't write anymore last nite, the bull was too deep and of course I had to add my two cents. This morning I went up and finished taking the test. I'm glad to know it is all over. Now all I have to wait for is to see whether I passed, I should know by this afternoon or Friday.

In a way I will be glad to leave here, it is too damn cold for this rebel, get me back where I belong. I have acquired a new buddy here; he is a screw ball – the present time I don't know where he is. Was supposed to have been on a detail – but was taken off. The last time I saw him he was headed to the P.X. for a cup of coffee.

Jeanne the biggest worry I have had for the past couple of years is getting clearer every day. I think within the next year everything will be back to normal (ran out of ink). By the next time you see me again – I’m pretty sure you will -sometimes. I will be an entirely different person. I feel a slight changed person already. I relax more, I don’t know why. Maybe it is that I don’t have any worries. I think the main thing is – I’m getting much needed rest. All I have been doing for the past month is getting about ten hours sleep a day. Laying off of night life and the bottle. For all you know I might be a changed person (But I don’t think that can happen – too far gone). If I’m still in the States in June I will have a thirty-day furlough coming to me. So, if I do – look out we will raise a little hell. Well Jeanne guess I have to close for I have K.P. tomorrow. Be sweet and write soon.

Love,

**Always,**

**Charlie**

Co. D, 2nd Training Battalion at the C.I.C. Center, Camp Holabird in Baltimore, Maryland—a convergence of purpose, discipline, and the indomitable spirit of those who wore the uniform. The barracks, their walls echoing with footsteps and whispered drills, held recruits—their eyes wide, their hearts resolute. The scent of boot polish, the clatter of mess tins, the camaraderie forged in early mornings—they became their own brotherhood.

Camp Holabird, its gates flanked by sentinels, stood as a crucible. Here, Charlie, like countless others, learned the language of service—the commands, the formations, the weight of responsibility. His bunk, neatly made, held dreams deferred—the letters from Jeanne Hatfield, the promise of a better world. The instructors, their voices firm, molded raw recruits into soldiers—a symphony of discipline and purpose.

And Jeanne, her love inked across oceans, waited. Her letters, like lifelines, bridged the miles. The scent of Baltimore’s harbor, carried by the breeze, whispered courage. Charlie, his heart a compass pointing toward duty, stood in formation. The division’s insignia, a badge of honor, adorned his shoulder. His decision, etched in midnight ink, became a chapter in the epic of service—a testament to resilience and sacrifice.

Postage due  
Miss Jean Hatfield  
Box 286  
Florida Southern College  
Lakeland, Florida

December 4, 1947

Dear Jeannie

Gosh! I was glad to hear from you. It seems like a long time since I last heard from you. It sounds like everyone in Dear Ole Southern has gone to hell or on their way. Well Jean things are not going as I planned them everything was going swell. I had very high grades in all of my test except one. That was an English test. That is the one that flunked me out of school. It hurt me, no one will ever know how much it really hurt.

From the information I gather I will probably be on my way over seas again within a couple of months if not sooner. They need men with my classification overseas, you see I am classified as a Construction foreman. Jean I almost wanted to cry a little when I read your letter. Maybe I was reading too much between the lines – Jean if I get off on a ramble please don't stop reading for I'm going to ask a few questions and answers also I have a habit of giving a little advice – so please don't take it the wrong way if I should say something out of the way. It probably not any of my business.

I know more than ever now. I hurt you. I didn't want to. In fact I didn't want to hurt anyone. In the first place I think a hell of a lot of you – even if we did only have a few dates – If I didn't think a lot about you I would have never meet you at the airport that nite. And I will remember it for quite some time.

Jean you are a swell person and will go a long way, but please watch your step. I wouldn't want you to do anything that you might regret. What I mean, please finish school – if necessary do without extra pleasures – I don't want to hear you've been shipped – I feel your folks' wouldn't either.

So Bobby Dunden is giving you the rush since I have left. Well tell him I said to lay off – remind him I'm 6'4" a little bigger than he is. If

anyone is going to wolf you I want to be the person to do it. So Haney has taken over the treasure, well if he wants my ole books tell him to look in the file cabinet that has Kappa Pi records – also ask Louis Minke she has one and the rest are in the file. Donna doesn't have any of the records – I don't think.

Give Mrs. Morton my regards tell her I'm still the sweet little angel??? Oh yes I went on a three day bender the day after Thanksgiving four of us drank nineteen fifths in three days – so you know what shape I was in – but e really had a good time.

I'm going to N.Y. this weekend Oh yes while I think of it ask Elenore Updike what her home address is – she lives in Washington, D.C. I can't get home for XMass but I will be able to get a pass and I thought I would go to D.C. and see her. Don't say it -it will be a business call – not monkey business either – Also I want your address in Daytona in case you are there and I get back that way I want to know where I can look you up – that is if you want me too. So Duke hasn't changed any. I wrote him but never heard from him – doesn't matter – in case he ever asks if you ever hear from me just say once in a while – you would be better off if he doesn't find out too much of your affairs . (Men can be catty too). Oh yes I have another cookie duster started this one is almost a month old – you can even see it this time.

I'm laying in bed and there are several bull sessions going on and it is getting rather hard to think. Tonite the subject is on ships instead of women. Very dull tonite. Back on the subject of women I want something from you, don't guess what it is – a picture of you, please and no excuses – even a snap shot of you will do (had to stop and share) (then I got in a ball game it is about three hours later). Well it is rather late tired of reading this so I will close – don't wait too long to write and careful – and stay sweet

Love  
Always,

**Charlie**

Air Mail  
Miss Jean P. Hatfield  
Box 286  
Florida Southern College  
Lakeland, Florida

December 11, 1947

Dear Jean

Gosh it seems so long between letters. I'm very glad to hear from you and I'm happy to hear that you are in Whos' Who. I know that you are top, see there I told you that you would be someone. This is the first step. I have a little encouraging news. I think I made school. I will know for sure by tomorrow afternoon – maybe today.

My name is on notice I don't know what it is for, but will find out soon. This past week I have been in charge of the enlisted men service club – all I do is set around – close the place up. But it is better than pulling K.P. or some of the other details they have to offer.

I didn't make my trip to N.Y.C. last weekend – but hope to make it soon. We are off for lunch now, there are a couple of kids here supposed to be soldiers but they aren't over 18 and they have to play as kids do. (just had a talk to them). They have settled down somewhat, you know me when I talk something usually happens.

Say can you imagine they call me rummy. I don't know why, of course I do go to the N.C.O. club. Don't drink much. Last nite only about 10 beers. They had a dance there last nite but I couldn't get up the nerve to ask anyone to dance.

There was only one gal there tall enough for me, but she was well rushed and I didn't care to much about dancing, you know me. So I played the slot machine and drank beer came in around ten and went to bed – I was I town and took in some of the nite spots. I swear I was dopped in one place because I know how much I can drink and I had only three shots in this place. I had one and it knocked the hell out of me. I realized things was't right and I was alone so I left. It took all I could do to get to a cab stand and yesterday I felt bad all day, as though I had been on a week bender. The

formation I mentioned in the beginning is to sign some papers at 1:30 so I still don't know anything.

Thanks a lot for the address in fact both of them. I will be sure to write you while your at home. Those two damn kids are still raising hell, I guess I will have to pull some rank (they are O.I.T.) so the big bad sargent will raise hell.

Going to a show tonite "My Wild Irish Rose" saw the previews the other day.. I think it will be very good. One of the boys went out last nite and had a big nite had lipstick smeared on his face in fact he hasn't realized that he should sober up – quite a creature thou. He is always good for a laugh. Well Jeanne be sweet, maybe I might see you sooner than you think.

Love,

**Always,**

**Charlie**

Dec, 16, 1949

Miss Jean P. Hatfield  
Box 286  
Florida Southern College  
Lakeland, Florida

Dear Jeannie

A short note don't have much time for I am on K.P. received your lovely card thanks. To clear your mind up a bit I will probably see you within the next couple of weeks, if not sooner.

I'm getting ready to leave for Japan within a month. Will write you more when I receive more information. Don't worry over me. I will tell you all that is to be told when I see you. Will write tomorrow, will send it to your home address.

Love

**Always,**

**Charlie**

Please write soon.



December 17, 1947

Miss Jeannie P. Hatfield  
420 Ribault Ave  
Daytona Beach, Florida



**430 Ribault Avenue, Daytona Beach, FL  
Home that the Hatfield's purchase in 1949**

Dear Jeanne

I few lines to nite, I'm in a very good mood, although I don't know why. They have me on M.P. duty tonite at a dance – in fact I'm in charge of the Mp's tonight. What a wheel it spoiled a good evening I was planning on going to a cowboy show tonite then to bed but it will be around two before I will hit the bed.

(Dec. 18) Sorry, I didn't finish last nite but I was called for duty didn't get in until around three this morning and had to go over to the service club this morning at eight. I'm so damn sleepy until it is taking all I can do to stay awake. The dance was very nice – in fact one of the best G.I. dances I have ever been too. We were not on duty all through the dance, and I finally got up the nerve to ask someone to dance – I guess I was OK because the person didn't dance with anyone else but me. Maybe it was that I stepped on her feet so much she couldn't. Well so much better if I stepped on your feet you would of told me to stay the hell off of them.

Jean I don't know much more about when I will be leaving here but it will be around the fifth of January, if so I will be home around the 7 or 8 for a short stay. I won a turkey the other nite playing Bingo don't know what in the hell to do with it.



Next Wednesday I think I will go to Washington for the day. I guess I had better close for I don't know too much to say today (have a slight hangover) also I have to write folks and let them know. I'm getting ready to ship over seas again haven't told them – be sweet – hope to see you in January.

Love

**Always**

**Charlie**

Dec. 26, 1947

Air Mail

Miss Jean Hatfield  
420 Rebault  
Daytona Beach, Florida

Dear Jeannie

A few lines to nite while I'm settled. Last Saturday nite I went in town feeling rather blue. The next thing I know I was on a bus heading for Pittsburgh, Pa. I went through several steel plants, etc. then back on the bus to Erie, Pa – visited General Electric plants and came back Tuesday Morning – Tuesday I went to see one of my cousins and ever since then I have been tight. Arrived back to Camp at four this morning – it was snowing like hell – slept off the hangeover and I feel wonderful except I burnt my left eye with cigarette ash – will live.

I haven't heard of any more news of when I will leave here. There are some orders in but I don't know mine are there or not. I will have a chance tomorrow a buddy of mine is on duty then and I will snoop around and find out. hope so I would like to know where in the hell I'm going to . I also received a letter from you – and you must be having a swell time relaxing over the holidays. Take a drink for me New Years Eve for I will probably be here.

I wish your Dad was here I could give him some business – the Army wants to pull those three teeth I was supposed to have had pulled last summer. I say no! They said yes! Wonder who will win. They will of course.

(next morning) I stopped here last nite and ended up by going to the show. A very good picture “Cass Timberland” with Spencer Tracy – Lammer Turner – wow! What a woman. I’m going to get around after a while and see if I can find any orders – it’s almost to cold but I guess I can take it. The snow has frozen over you have to be lit in order to walk around here. Now I wish I was in Fla. Would be good to see some sun again. It looks like it is going to snow more – if it does I’m going back to bed – going there any how.

There is not much more so I will close, have a drink for me and “Happy New” hope to be able to see you soon.

Love

**Always**

**Charlie**



**Jeanne**

December 29, 1947

Miss Jeannie Hatfield  
420 Rebault Ave  
Daytona Beach, Florida

Dear Jean

I'll try to stamber a few lines. Had a big day yesterday. I spent the day with my cousin and he was still celebrating Christmas and of course I had to help him along. We had a large turkey dinner and I was miserable the rest of the day. I kept drinking soda and my cousin's wife couldn't figure out why I was taking so much soda but she didn't know that it was 100 proof and I was getting tighter every minute.

My other cousin was there and took some pictures while I was sober and then a few while I was quite gay. I'm very anxious to see how they came out. There was a couple of shots he was going to blackmail me with. I came across a bundle of mistletoe and my cousin's secretary and her sister were there well you know me and I have a few drinks I get brave. I'm afraid he has proof of me not on good behavior, will send you one so you can tell how I act. I can be very childish and foolish.

But he did not take some very good shots when I was trying to act like I should so I will send one I promiss. I was planning on a New Year Eve in N.Y.C. but I have to be on M.P. duty that nite so I guess I will be sober. One of the sergeants here asked me when I was going to sober up, I told him it was too much fun staying about half shot. Could forget all of my troubles that way.

I can't blame your Dad for moving to Florida. I thought I would like this cold climate but after a while it gets damn tire some cost too much for the anti-freeze. If I ever get back to Fla. That is where I'm going to hang my hat, but I guess that will be quite some time for I have about twelve more years to serve in the Army before I will be able to retire on Army pay. But I don't think that I will be able too old, only thirty-eight. Almost I will still have young ideas.

Say you never did tell me joke you said you would. I have some new ones I will have to tell you some time when we are on the bottle. I couldn't tell them sober. You should of seen me today. I was doing a three week wash I didn't know one person could dirty so many cloths mostly underwear hell I'm going to stop wearing them. The rest of my clothes I can have dry cleaned except for a few shirts. Was ironing one the first time in my life. I had the damn thing all over the floor I'm not sure but I think the damn thing will half to be washed again before I will be able to war it. Can you iron I thought I was looking for a woman to cook, but I have changed my mind now, hell I will do the cooking she can do the ironing.

I haven't heard any more when I'm going to be shipped out, say maybe you have talked to your congressman. I hope someone has. I guess that you are wondering why I typed this or at least trying. I couldn't sleep so I'm in Headquarters Building with my roommate he has to be up all nite, Charge of Quarters (C.Q.). The present time he out rounding up some beer hope the hell he makes it. Rather dry been over twenty hours since I have had a good slug. Well I guess I had better close for you are probably tired of all of this non sence. Be sweet and write soon.

Love

**Always**

**Charlie**

Insert Holiday Greeting C.I.C.



Air mail  
Miss Jeanne Hatfield  
420 Rebault Ave.  
Daytona Beach, Florida

January 6, 1948

Dear Jeanne

You have me owing you two letters. Now instead of one didn't expect to receive two in two days. But I'm not complaining – I love it. Well everything is about back to normal now, inspections every day and duties again. I have it rather easy now since they made me a group leader all I have to do is see that the boys get up in the morning and clean the barracks and make their duties, after that I'm free for the day.

Jean, you remember when I said I was going to start making a change well I'm starting with new year's. I went to a dance new Years eve feeling like hell. They say it was malaria but it was really from drinking – anyhow I never had a drink New Years Eve and only a small one since. I'm going off the bottle believe it or not. I can't take it anymore. Last nite is when I had my first drink – and today I'm very nervous – don't feel worth a darn so I guess I'm getting older than I thought. Maybe I won't even be able to take married life if some gal did look at me. She sure won't know what she is getting into. Anyhow I want to see first how a woman can appreciate man – see if her nerves are steady or not. Remember sweet thing I have been through the state of wedlock and when you ask the final question, well you sure do shake.

Anyhow any man with a mug and build like mine they don't have to worry – for very few women even give a second look.

(after dinner) You know of any person ever say anything about Fla. Weather. I think I will be compelled to knock hell out of them, this damn weather, snowing not hard enough to stay, but melts, and don't ever say Georgia has all of the clay for Baltimore has a little – every time I go over to the service club after coffee I have to shine my shoes.

I'm very sorry to hear that you have a lump, I know how you feel. I can't wear wool clothing and the present time we are wearing winter cloths

and these has caused a rash, I have to take two showers a day and bathe in alcohol (rubbing alcohol that is) and it burns like hell. I wish you were here. I'm going to the dentist about every other day – could use you to hold my hand. I didn't know my teeth were so bad, sometimes I think they like to practice a little, one tooth he filled yesterday never did bother me until he finished now it hurts. I think they are going to pull the teeth I was supposed to have had several months ago. I dread to have them pulled – don't mind filling.

Sweet thing I'm having a hell of a time trying to write, the fellows are in this afternoon so the bull is getting deep. You know if you keep on your going to meet the qualifications of a good rebel wife. Lets' see you can cook, iron, work and now learning to fish – hummmm!

Oh yes I have added on to my qualifications a little – I'm learning how to number.

but they do it different here than we do down there, the few steps you taught me, well they don't use them at all. They have a dance every Wednesday nite here, and I go. I'm getting a little more accustomed to - I don't feel so stiff.

I'm talking with some Major yesterday and he said that I should be leaving here soon, they have been saying that for over a month – but if I do leave here and leave for over seas I'll do my best to come back to Fla. – I really want to – for some reason I am home sick -don't know what it is but would love to see Florida, or the people there. I guess I had better close for I know that you are tired of reading by now – Be sweet and for God sake take care of yourself – you know I think you need someone to make you mind, and don't get the idea your too big to be spanked – because I will do it. (not hard) and I want you well no telling when I might pop in and I want you well – Be sweet Darling

**Always, Love**

**Charlie**

Keep writing here.

After January 1948, Charlie embarked on a journey—a voyage across oceans, a bridge between duty and longing. Japan, its shores distant yet beckoning, became his canvas—a place where ink met paper, where letters carried love and yearning. Charlie did not return to the States, until his father’s death, in June of 1949. We do not have any letters from January of 1948, until August 7, 1949. I know that they were communicating, as my mother flew to Tampa to be with Grandma “B” right after Arthur’s untimely death. She beat Dad home by about three days. As Dad tells the story, he had to get special dispensation from General MacArthur to get leave to go home for the funeral of his dad.

The letters, like paper cranes, flew between continents. Jeanne Hatfield, her heart a compass, wrote of sunflowers blooming in Florida. Charlie, his pen dipped in memories, described cherry blossoms—their fragile beauty against Tokyo’s skyline. But the silence—the gap between January and August—became a chasm. The inkwell, once brimming, ran dry, a relic of Florida Southern College appeared to be untouched.

And Jeanne, her love inked across oceans, waited. Her heart, a lighthouse, guided him home. The scent of magnolias, carried by the breeze, whispered courage. Arthur’s untimely death—a chapter in the family saga. Jeanne, her eyes the color of twilight, flew to Tampa. Her footsteps, like echoes, traced the path Charlie would soon follow.

And so, he stood before General MacArthur—a plea for leave, a son’s duty. The funeral, a solemn procession, became Charlie’s pilgrimage. His father, now a memory etched in oak and earth, awaited. The war, its echoes fading, yielded to grief. Charlie, his uniform pressed, boarded a plane—a soldier returning not from battle, but from loss. Jeanne, her hand in his, held him—a lifeline across time.

The Japanese cherry blossoms, their petals falling like whispered prayers, witnessed his departure. The letters, once inked with longing, remained—a testament to love’s endurance. In August Charlie reported back to duty and awaited a return trip to Japan.

Air Mail  
Miss Jeanne Hatfield  
573 North Market Street  
Wooster, Ohio



**573 North Market Street, My Grandparent's Home in 1949**

August 7, 1949

Darling

Well, my first weekend without you again, I have never missed anyone as I have missed you. I wonder sometimes if I can last these next eight months.

When I get back let's get married soon, I know now that I love you more than anyone in my life – it seems like a dream when I had to leave you but the dream is over and I'm alone – but I still have more than ever before your love and you have mine. So, in my heart I'm not lonely I'm very happy as long as we are together.

I meet another boy here from my outfit. He got married while he was home – only had ten days with his wife. Last nite we were blue so we went into town and bought a bottle a piece and went to a movie – got high as hell in the show, came to camp by nine thirty and went to bed.

Darling, I heard the boat I was taking back is going to stop in Honolulu for two weeks boy what a long drawn out trip this will be. Will be leaving here in five days.



Sweet excuse the pencil, I left my good pen at home. I know damn well there was something I had left but couldn't figure out what it was. I picked up the wrong pen when I left. Will have mother to send my good pen to me when I get back to Japan. Well sweet it is time I went to dinner so will close; be sweet love I miss you very much.

All my love and kisses

**Always**

**Charlie**



**The USS General Darby  
The ship that transported my Dad back to Japan**

Air mail  
Miss Jeanne Hatfield  
573 North Market Street  
Wooster, Ohio

Aug. 10, 1949

Good Morning Darling

It was wonderful to hear your voice again. Darling, I don't think I've been so damn lonely in my life as I am now.

I will be so glad when I can come back to you and we can be together again. I wish now that I had taken another thirty days but it is a good thing I didn't on account of they counted this against my regular furlough time, therefore I will only have thirty days when I come back – but honey we are going to be married soon when I get back and we will spend the next thirty days together as man and wife, not an engaged people just wishing.

I couldn't get a full page here to the fact they have my pay card in Japan so I will have to wait until I get back. I did draw \$140.00 so I sent mother a hundred maybe that will hold her until I can get to Japan. Darling I'm going to have to force myself to live on \$15.00 a month so we will have a little to start life on. God only knows we need it.

Well so much about the financial problems – know how much I love you. Darling, I don't think there would be enough paper for me to write just how much I really love you. Darling this furlough really done so much for me. It cleared up several things – in the first place it took all doubt in my mind. I really love you with all my heart, before I wasn't sure for after my first marriage everything was so different for a while – but now I have grown up and I really know what love really is, and I know we have it and I know that we will always will keep it.

Darling I am so happy that I have met your family, I don't feel so much about being a stranger any longer. But darling you know I didn't ask your Dad if it was alright if I married his baby – but they had a chance to say no – now by damn it is too late for them to change their mind and you too – for I have made the first payment and I always pay off all my debts. Never did like refunds – do you?

I'm going to write Riley this morning and let him know what boat I'm taking so that he can meet me there. By the way it is the "General Darby" in case you would like to know. We are departing on the 12<sup>th</sup> about three in the morning – from what I understand we are going to be in Hawaii for two weeks but I don't think so for I have never heard of them keeping a boat in port loaded with troops.

Oh yes sweet just heard a joke but can't remember all of it. I think it went something like this, three fellows were talking about what they bought their wives for Christmas –

First fellow said "I got my wife a Kaiser to surprise her".  
Second fellow said "I got my wife a fraiser to admaise her"  
Third fellow said "I got mine a tucker ...."

Well darling there is not much more – keep the three dollars – wish you were here and we had it. I would say the hell with it all, be sweet love, I miss you very much.

All of my love

**Always**

**Charlie**



**Mom with her convertible**

This was the last letter in the Cedar Chest, I am certain that there must have been many more, but they have been lost to the wind. Dad came home from Japan in May of 1950 and he and Jeanne were married in Saint James Episcopal Church, in Wooster Wayne County, Ohio on the 10<sup>th</sup> of May, 1950 by the Reverend Eugene Buxton. Saint James was Mom's home church. By now Jeanne had graduated from Florida Southern College, receiving her degree in fashion design,

The cedar chest, its timeworn wood guarding secrets, held fragments of their story. Letters, inked with longing, whispered across time—a bridge between continents, a lifeline across oceans. Charlie, returning from Japan, stepped onto American soil—a soldier transformed, a lover yearning. Jeanne Hatfield, her heart a compass, awaited. The church bells, like echoes of memory, chimed—a symphony of vows and promises.

Saint James Episcopal Church, its stained-glass windows casting kaleidoscope hues, witnessed their union. Jeanne, her veil like morning mist, walked the aisle. Charlie, his uniform exchanged for a suit, stood—a sentinel of love. The Reverend Eugene Buxton, his voice steady, spoke of commitment. Rings exchanged, hearts entwined, they became one—a tapestry of dreams and shared laughter.

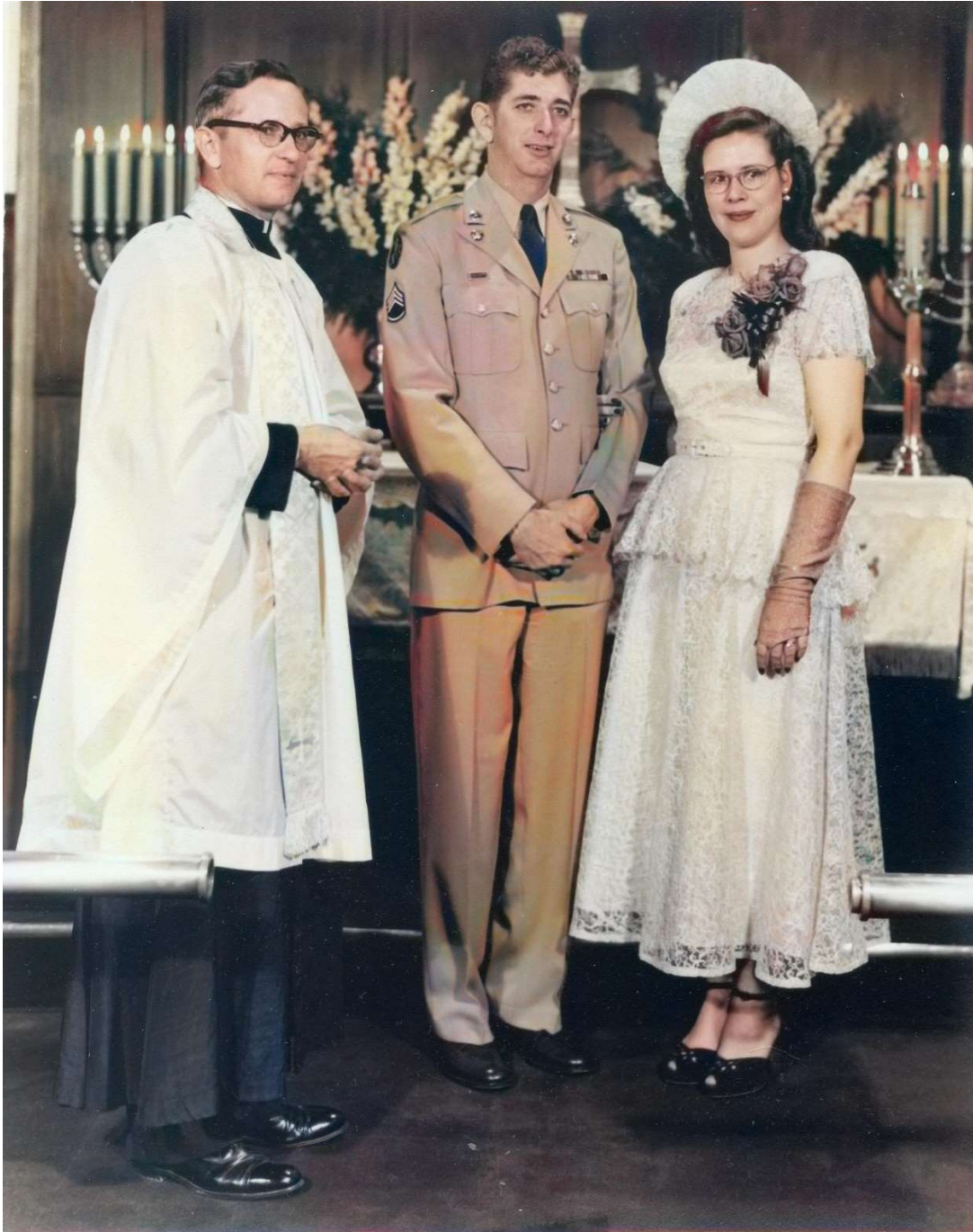
And Jeanne, her degree in fashion design, wove threads of creativity. Her sketches, like whispered prayers, danced across paper. Charlie, time at Florida Southern, now a relic, a team of two, bound by love. The cedar chest, its hinges creaking, held their legacy. The scent of cedar, carried by the breeze, whispered courage. Jeanne's letters, inked with devotion, remained—a testament to love's endurance.

And so, they embarked—a couple in the grand narrative of life. Japan, its cherry blossoms fading, became a memory. Saint James, its walls echoing hymns, held their vows—a promise etched in oak and stained glass.





**Edith Burleson, Grandma "B", Charlie and Jeanne, Velma and Waldo Hatfield**



**Fr. Buxton, Charles William Burleson, and Phyllis Jeanne Hatfield Burleson**



**The Cake**



**Bev Beaver Crafton Cutting the cake**



**Front Row: Brooks and Martha Ebert, Dick and Bev Beaver,  
Velma Hatfield and Verla Beaver**

**Second Row: Dr. Waldo Emerson Hatfield, DDS, Charles William Burleson,  
Phyllis Jeanne Hatfield Burleson, Edith Odel Burleson, and Paul Beaver.**

In June 1950, Charlie's path retraced—a voyage across oceans, a return to Japan. But fate, like a tempest gathering, had other plans. The Korean War erupted—a tempest of conflict, a canvas for courage.



Charlie, his uniform pressed, stood on the precipice. The cherry blossoms, once symbols of beauty, now whispered of battles. A remembrance of summers past, became a talisman—a touchstone for resilience. Jeanne Hatfield, her love inked across oceans, waited. Her letters, like lifelines, bridged the miles. The scent of magnolias, carried by the breeze, whispered courage.

And so, he stepped into the fray—a soldier transformed, a lover yearning. The Korean Peninsula, its hills and valleys etched in history, became his battleground. The French 75s, their echoes like thunder, marked the hours. Charlie, his heart a compass pointing toward duty, faced combat. The war, its rumbles and smoke, blurred days into nights. Jeanne, her prayers like paper cranes, held him—across time zones, across fear.

The Korean War, its chapters written in blood and sacrifice, became Charlie's crucible. His letters, inked with longing, remained—a testament to love's endurance.

KOREA had its "Flying Tigers," too. And like their counterparts of the first and second World Wars--the Lafayette Escadrille in France and the Tigers assembled in China by Gen. Clair Chennault--this new group of American fliers fighting from advance fields in Korea is creating a legend in air combat worthy of the best handed down by its predecessors.

In the 1990s, a tale of valor and shadows emerged—a story woven in snow and steel. Charlie Burlison, once a soldier in Korea, now a quiet retiree in Melbourne, Florida, found himself at the crossroads of memory and duty.

The Flying Tigers, their emblem a snarling tiger, descended upon his doorstep—an honor, an award. Their eyes held respect—the kind reserved for those who tread where angels fear. The tale unfolded—a pilot shot down, captured in North Korea's icy grip. The POW camp, a fortress of despair, held secrets—barbed wire, watchtowers, and hearts frozen in longing.

And they called on Charlie—a man who knew the dance of shadows. His special forces training, etched in muscle memory, became his compass. The night air, thick with anticipation, carried him—an air drop into the heart of danger. Armed only with a .45 caliber pistol and his Gurkha knife, Charlie moved—a phantom in the snow. The guards, unsuspecting, became his prey. One by one, their throats met the blade—their last gurgles lost in the night.

The pilot, a life reclaimed, became his charge. They took off—the helicopter’s blades slicing through history. South Korea, a beacon of safety, awaited. And so, the tale lives—a testament to courage, to the quiet heroes who walk among us. Charlie, his Gurkha knife now a relic, wears the medal—the weight of survival, the echo of gurgles in the night.

Charlie Burleson, a name etched in the annals of courage, resurfaced—a phoenix from memory’s ashes. The Flying Tigers, their emblem a snarling tiger, embarked on a quest—a determined search for the man who once danced with shadows. The article, titled “Who’s Charlie?”, became a beacon. Researchers, like detectives of the heart, followed leads—tracing footprints across decades. Their mission: to find the man who wielded a .45 caliber pistol and a Gurkha knife in the snows of North Korea.



**Gurkha Knife**

And they found him—my father, the quiet hero. His sacrifice, like a star in the night sky, guided a lone pilot home. The Flying Tigers, their eyes filled with respect, met Charlie—a man who knew the dance of shadows. The reunion, a bridge across time, held echoes—the gurgles of guards’ throats, the wind carrying whispers. Charlie, his Gurkha knife now a relic, stood before them—a sentinel of memory.

The lone pilot, once lost in captivity, now found solace. His eyes met Charlie’s—a silent gratitude, a bond forged in blood and survival. And so, the tale lives—a testament to sacrifice, to the quiet heroes who walk among us. Charlie Burleson, a name now etched in their hearts, became more than a question mark. He became a legend—a whisper in the wind, a guardian of skies.

In the frozen heart of Korea, where frost clung to boots and silence weighed heavy, Charlie Burluson faced a battle more personal—a war waged against the cold. His feet, once nimble, now bore the scars of frostbite—a price paid for valor. The rescue, etched in memory’s frost, had consequences. The pilot, saved from captivity, returned to life. But Charlie, his own savior, carried the chill—the ache of frozen toes, the gurgle of guards’ throats.

And then, in 1951, a different kind of battle unfolded. His platoon, a band of brothers, upset their 2nd Lieutenant—a tempest brewing in the ranks. Revenge, like a bitter wind, swept through camp. The order came—a twenty-mile hike, backpacks laden with rocks. The men, their shoulders sagging, followed orders. But by the third day, complaints echoed—the frostbitten feet inflamed, the rocks a burden too heavy. Charlie, his patience worn thin, faced his commanding officer. Words, sharp as his Gurkha knife, hung in the air. The threat, unspoken yet understood, hovered—a dance of shadows. But a senior officer intervened—a voice of reason, a thaw in the tension. It was time—an honorable discharge, a return home to Jeanne Hatfield.

And so, Charlie left Korea—a soldier transformed, a lover yearning. His feet, scarred by frost, carried him toward warmth. Jeanne, her eyes the color of thawing ice, awaited—a beacon across oceans. The wheel chair, its wheels spinning memories, became his chariot. Charlie, once a warrior, now a survivor, rolled toward home—a hero who fought not only on battlefields but against the frostbite that clung to his bones.

### **“Homeward Bound”**

In the fading twilight of 1951, Charlie stood on the deck of the ship, the salty breeze tugging at his uniform. The war had left its indelible mark on him—etched memories of comrades lost, nights spent in foxholes, and the distant echoes of artillery fire. But now, the horizon beckoned—a promise of home, of familiar faces, and the quiet streets of Portland, Washington.

Meanwhile, Jeanne’s convertible sliced through the heartland, its engine humming a melody of anticipation. Dr. Waldo Hatfield, her father, sat beside her, his eyes crinkling at the corners as he glanced at his daughter. Jeanne was a force of nature—an artist with a penchant for adventure. Her laughter danced in the wind as they crossed state lines, chasing the sun westward. The roads stretched out like ribbons, leading them to Charlie. He had become more than a memory—a lifeline woven into Jeanne’s heart. Their letters had bridged the miles, ink on paper carrying whispers

of longing, hope, and dreams. She imagined his smile, the way his eyes crinkled when he laughed, and the warmth of his hand in hers.

And then, at the crossroads of fate, they met. Jeanne's convertible pulled into the station, and there he was—Charlie, standing tall, his uniform exchanged for civilian clothes. His eyes widened as he saw her, and time hung suspended—a fragile thread connecting past and present. Jeanne's heart raced; she stepped out of the car, and their embrace was a symphony of joy and relief.

Charlie's return to Wooster, Wayne County, Ohio, marked a new chapter. The streets welcomed him—the familiar faces, the scent of freshly baked bread from the local bakery, and the old Courthouse in the town square. He found work Sheller's Meat Processing Plant as a butcher, hands calloused from hammering nails and measuring wood. The war had taught him resilience, but it was here, among the rolling hills, that he learned to mend broken pieces of himself.

Jeanne and Charlie walked those streets hand in hand, their laughter echoing off brick walls. They shared stories—the ones that made them laugh until tears flowed and the ones that left a bittersweet ache. Dr. Hatfield, ever the wise observer, watched them from his study window, knowing that love had a way of healing wounds. And so, in the quiet of Wooster, they built a life—a canvas painted with ordinary moments. Charlie tended to his job, Jeanne sketched dresses, in her mind while working at Annettes Department Store in Wooster as a buyer. Dr. Hatfield went back to work with his wife Velma as a dentist in town, spinning tales of his home in West Virginia. The convertible gathered dust, but its memory lingered—a testament to journeys taken and hearts entwined. In the evenings, as the sun dipped below the horizon, Jeanne and Charlie would sit on the porch swing, fingers brushing against each other. They spoke of dreams—the house they'd build, the children they'd raise, and the promise of forever. And when the stars blinked into existence, they knew that love was their North Star—a constant, unwavering guide.

So, as the seasons turned, Charlie's war wounds healed, and Jeanne's sketches adorned gallery walls. Their love story became a legend—a whispered secret passed down generations. And every now and then, when the wind carried the scent of pine, someone would say, "Ah, that's where it all began—the day Jeanne's convertible brought Charlie home."

## **Charlie's Odyssey: From Steel to Asphalt**

In the heart of Wooster, where the hum of industry blended with the rustle of leaves, Charlie embarked on a journey—a tapestry woven with steel beams, blueprints, and the open road.

### **1. Fabricators: Forging Dreams in Metal**

Charlie's career unfurled at Fabricators, a haven for steel dreams. As a designer and salesman, he crisscrossed the highways of north-central Ohio, his briefcase heavy with blueprints. The sun painted the metal buildings in hues of promise—warehouses, barns, and solo's rising from the earth like phoenixes.

- Steel girders whispered secrets: They held the weight of aspirations—the farmer seeking shelter for his harvest, the entrepreneur envisioning a bustling workshop, and the dreamer sketching a blueprint for tomorrow.
- Charlie's hands traced angles: He negotiated deals, his words a symphony of persuasion. The open road became his canvas, dotted with prospects and possibilities.

### **2. Construction Chronicles: Metal Buildings Rise**

In the late fifties, destiny took a turn. Charlie, fueled by ambition and camaraderie, ventured into the construction business. Three partners—each with calloused hands and dreams etched in steel—joined forces. Their specialty? Metal buildings—a fusion of art and engineering.

- Foundations were laid: Concrete met steel, and beams kissed clouds. The town watched as warehouses sprouted, their frames sturdy against wind and time.
- Charlie's laughter echoed: Amidst rivets and welding sparks, he found kinship. They were architects of shelter, builders of resilience.

### **3. Akron's Asphalt Symphony: Designing Highways**

But life is a winding highway. In the early sixties, Charlie left the construction business behind. His compass pointed east—to Akron, where asphalt ribbons stretched toward horizons. There, he joined Schaffer and Parrott, architects of movement.

- Blueprints unfolded: Roads curved, bridges spanned, and intersections choreographed dances of traffic. Charlie's pencil traced arcs of connectivity.
- Highways whispered stories: Tires hummed ballads of commuters, families, and wanderers. Each exit held a promise—a detour to adventure or a return to home.

#### 4. The Road Home

And so, Charlie's odyssey wove through steel and asphalt, leaving tire tracks on the map of memory. Wooster's streets knew his footsteps—the designer, the builder, the highway poet.

As the sun dipped below the horizon, he'd sit on his porch, hands weathered, and gaze at the stars. The metal buildings stood silent witnesses, and the highways hummed lullabies. Jeanne, by his side, would smile—the girl with the convertible, the artist who sketched sunflowers. Together, they'd whisper: "Life, like steel and asphalt, is a journey. And every road leads home."

In the late fifties, Jeanne pursued her education at Ashland College with the goal of obtaining the necessary credits for a teacher's certificate. Ashland College offers a variety of programs, including undergraduate degrees, teacher certification with related degrees, and certificate or graduate programs to enhance professional growth. Additionally, they provide advanced preparation in leadership. Jeanne's commitment to education and her pursuit of a teaching career demonstrating her dedication to making a positive impact on the lives of students and their communities. Jeanne's passion for design led her to a fulfilling career as a traveling art teacher in the Northwestern and Smithville local schools. As she traversed different classrooms, she shared her expertise, ignited creativity, and inspired countless young minds. Her dedication to nurturing artistic expression left an indelible mark on her students, fostering a love for art that extended beyond the classroom walls.

In 1965, Jeanne's parents, Dr. Waldo Emerson Hatfield and his lovely wife Velma Floretta Penny Hatfield, decided to embark on a new chapter in their lives. They retired, bidding farewell to their professional careers, and sold their house on Market Street. Their destination? The sunny and welcoming city of DeLand, Florida.

In DeLand, they enjoyed the warm climate, explored local attractions, and discovered new hobbies, such as fishing, caning chairs, sewing, knitting, and painting. Retirement can be a time of relaxation, reflection, and adventure—a well-deserved reward after years of hard work.

Jeanne, Charlie, my sister, and I embarked on a delightful Christmas vacation to Florida. Our destination was the serene Hontoon Marina, nestled along the picturesque Saint Johns River. The cozy cabin became our home base as we immersed ourselves in the natural beauty and adventure that Florida had to offer.

Here's a glimpse of our memorable two weeks:

1. Fishing: We would load into the marinas rental flat bottom boats, powered by my grandfather's twenty horsepower Johnson motor. With fishing rods in hand, we dipped our cane poles into the river's tranquil waters. The anticipation of a tug on the line, the sun warming your skin—it was a perfect escape from the everyday hustle.
2. Boating: The gentle sway of the boat as it glided across the river created a soothing rhythm. As we explored hidden coves, watched birds take flight, and reveled in the freedom of being on the water, we were being drawn to life in Florida.
3. Exploring Florida: From moss-draped oak trees to vibrant wildlife, Florida's landscape unfolded before us. We visited nearby Blue Springs, and DeLeon Springs, hiked through lush forests, and marveled at the unique flora and fauna.

And all the while, the spirit of Christmas infused the air—the joy of togetherness, the laughter shared, and the warmth of love. As the sun dipped below the horizon, casting hues of orange and pink, we knew that this vacation would forever be etched in our hearts.

The azaleas—those vibrant bursts of color—painted the landscape around Waldo and Velma's home in DeLand, Florida. Their petals, like delicate whispers, carried the promise of spring. The orange, pink, white, and red blossoms danced in harmony, each hue telling a story of renewal and beauty. As the construction took form, it was more than just bricks and mortar—it was the embodiment of dreams, love, and shared laughter. The walls would echo with the warmth of family gatherings, the aroma of home-cooked meals, and the patter of footsteps down the hallway.

Waldo and Velma, with hearts wide open, welcomed us all. Their cozy haven, bathed in sunlight, awaited the memories yet to be made. They envisioned evenings on the porch, sipping sweet tea, and watching the azaleas bloom under the Florida sun. And so, amidst the construction dust and the scent of fresh paint, love settled into every nook and cranny. The azaleas stood witness, their petals unfurling like pages of a cherished book—one filled with laughter, shared secrets, and the quiet joy of being together.

May those azaleas forever bloom, their colors a testament to the love that enveloped that cozy home.



**Velma and Waldo at their New home at 503 Holly Lane, DeLand, Florida**

In January, we returned home to the hustle and bustle of our lives in Wooster, Ohio, along with the snow and freezing weather. As our life went on, fate had other plans—the Vietnam War broke out, and Charlie again felt the tug of service calling his name. He wanted to go to Vietnam and help erect steel buildings for the Seabees.

Meanwhile, Mom had a different path in mind: she wanted to move to Florida, to be near her parents while Charlie was overseas. And so, decisions were made. Our home at 327 Bloomington Avenue was put up for sale, and soon enough, it found new owners. In late April, we packed our memories, hopes, and dreams into boxes and, all the while in a late April snow storm, we embarked on our journey southward.



**327 Bloomington Avenue, Wooster, Ohio**

Florida welcomed us with open arms—the warm breeze, the scent of orange blossoms, and the promise of new beginnings. The sun-kissed days and balmy nights became our canvas, and we painted our story against the backdrop of palm trees and



azure skies. Waldo and Velma, their cozy home in DeLand, awaited us. The construction that had begun earlier now stood complete—a haven of love and cherished memories. As the azaleas bloomed, we settled into this new chapter, weaving our lives into the fabric of Florida.

And so, from the bustling streets of Wooster to the tranquil riverside of DeLand, our journey unfolded—a tapestry of resilience, family bonds, and the courage to embrace change.

Dad, resolute and determined, embarked on a journey back to Chicago, Illinois. His purpose: to undergo the rigorous physical examination required for service. The winds of fate, however, had other plans. As the doctors assessed him, they discovered the remnants of harsh winters etched into his body—frost-bitten feet that bore witness to battles with the cold, and degenerative discs in his back, a testament to years of tireless labor.

The verdict was clear: Dad’s health stood as a barrier to military service. The dream of joining the ranks, of serving alongside comrades, faded like a distant echo. But sometimes, in the twists of life’s narrative, fortune smiles upon us. Within a mere fortnight, Dad retraced his steps, this time not toward the icy streets of Chicago, but toward the sun-kissed shores of Florida.

And so, reunited with family, he stepped onto the warm soil of DeLand. The azaleas nodded their approval, their petals whispering tales of resilience and homecoming. The cozy house, now complete, welcomed him—the walls infused with love, the porch awaiting stories shared over sweet tea.

In this dance of chance and destiny, Dad found his place—a hero not in uniform, but in the quiet strength that carried him through life’s seasons. And as the Florida sun bathed the landscape, he knew that sometimes, the greatest battles are fought not on distant battlefields, but within the chambers of the heart.

In the coming weeks, Mom and Dad embarked on new chapters in their lives, both embracing teaching positions within the Brevard County School System. Let’s delve into their journeys:

1. Dad’s Vocational Drafting Career:
  - Initially, Dad taught vocational drafting at Merritt Island High School, dedicating two years to shaping young minds in the art of design, precision, and technical skills.

- However, in 1969, he made a significant move. Like a compass needle pointing toward destiny, he transferred to Eau Gallie High School, where he would continue his teaching journey.
- For the next two decades, Dad poured his expertise into the classroom, guiding students through blueprints, measurements, and the intricate dance of lines on paper. His legacy became woven into the very fabric of vocational drafting education.

## 2. Charlie's Dual Role:

- But the story doesn't end there. Charlie, ever the adventurer, accepted a different kind of challenge. He donned the badge of the Eau Gallie Police Department as a Reserve Officer.
- He patrolled the streets under moonlit skies, safeguarding the community. Maybe he stood at crossroads, where duty met compassion, and decisions weighed heavy.
- In this dual role—teacher by day, guardian of peace by night—Charlie became a bridge between knowledge and safety, leaving footprints on the asphalt and imprints on hearts.



### **Defend our Police, It May be “Always Charlie”**

And so, within the walls of classrooms and the pulse of law enforcement, our family wove its narrative. The corridors echoed with laughter, the chalk dust settled on desks, and the police radio crackled with life's unpredictable symphony.

Brevard County, with its sun-kissed shores and eager learners, became our canvas. Each lesson plan, each patrol route, etched a chapter—a testament to dedication, service, and the indomitable spirit of those who shape the future.

Jeanne, with her passion for both art and language, stepped into the halls of Central Junior High School. Her dual role as an Art and English teacher allowed her to weave creativity and communication into the lives of countless students.

For twenty-five years, she stood at the intersection of inspiration and education. The canvas of her classroom bore witness to brushstrokes of imagination, essays penned with care, and the quiet magic of understanding.

Perhaps she encouraged budding artists to explore colors beyond the palette, to find poetry in everyday moments. Maybe she dissected sentences, unraveling their secrets, and instilled a love for words that would echo through lifetimes.

And as the seasons turned, Jeanne’s legacy grew—a mural of impact, a symphony of learning. Her retirement, when it arrived, was not an end but a crescendo—a final stroke on the canvas, a closing chapter in a book well-read.

The corridors of Central Junior High whispered her name, and the walls held echoes of laughter, curiosity, and dreams. Jeanne, the artist of hearts, left her mark—a masterpiece of dedication and the timeless beauty of teaching.

On May 10th, 2000, a golden sun painted the sky, casting its warm glow upon Charlie and Jeanne. Fifty years—a tapestry woven with threads of love, resilience, and shared laughter—unfurled before them.

In the quiet of their hearts, they traced the journey: from whispered vows exchanged under blossoming trees to hands held through life’s seasons. Their love story, etched in time, was a symphony of commitment—a melody that danced across decades.

Charlie, the steady oak, stood by Jeanne’s side. His laughter echoed through the years, a compass guiding them through storms and sunsets. His eyes held the promise of forever, eternally reflected in hers.

And Jeanne, the artist of their canvas, painted their days with hues of joy. Her laughter was a brushstroke, her kindness a palette of compassion. She wove memories into quilts, each stitch a testament to fifty golden years.



**“Always Charlie” and Jeanne, Look at me finally dancing**

Together, they weathered life’s tempests—the ebb and flow of tides, the changing seasons. They built a home where love was the cornerstone, where laughter echoed in every room.

As the sun dipped below the horizon on that momentous day, it whispered secrets to the moon. It spoke of vows renewed, of hands still entwined, of hearts that beat as one.

And so, on their golden anniversary, they danced—a waltz of memories, a celebration of a love that defied time. The stars applauded, and the universe leaned in to witness their legacy.

**ANNIVERSARIES**

■ **Charlie and Jeanne Burleson** of Melbourne celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary May 10. They were married at St. James Episcopal Church in Wooster, Ohio.

The Burlesons, now retired, moved to the Eau Gallie section of Melbourne in 1966. Jeanne taught art at Central Jr. High School for 21 years and also taught art in Ohio for five years prior to that. Charlie taught drafting at Eau Gallie High School for 18 years, and at Brevard Community College.

They have two children, Paul Arthur Burleson of Melbourne and Wally Sue Burleson of Port St. Lucie; and three grandchildren, John Robert Burleson of Boone, N.C., Christina Diane Burleson

(Burley) of Melbourne and Sparky Marlin Burleson of Melbourne.

Their anniversary was spent quietly with family and friends with a lovely dinner at Banana Bay Restaurant. They also received more than 140 cards from family and friends with their best wishes.

*Compiled by Dottie Ross*

Send your 50th wedding anniversary information to *Anniversary Milestones, Florida Today, P.O. Box 419000, Melbourne, FL 32941-9000. Please put an address label on the back of the picture and send a self-addressed stamped envelope for return of the picture.*

Charlie and Jeanne, your love continues to shine—a beacon for all who seek the warmth of forever.

The final chapters unfold, inked upon the pages of eternity. On March 10th, 2004, “Always Charlie” penned his last lines in life—a quiet passage from this world to the next. His new home nestled in the embrace of Pine Creek, in the heart of Melbourne, Brevard, Florida.

And then, on May 20, 2018, Jeanne joined him—a reunion across the celestial veil. Their love, once written in whispers and laughter, now etched in constellations. Together, they reside eternal in the heavens, their story a cosmic love letter.

“Always Charlie”, a name whispered by the stars, a legacy woven into the fabric of time. His laughter echoes in the rustle of leaves, his kindness in the morning dew. He walks the celestial shores, hand in hand with Jeanne, under moonlit skies.

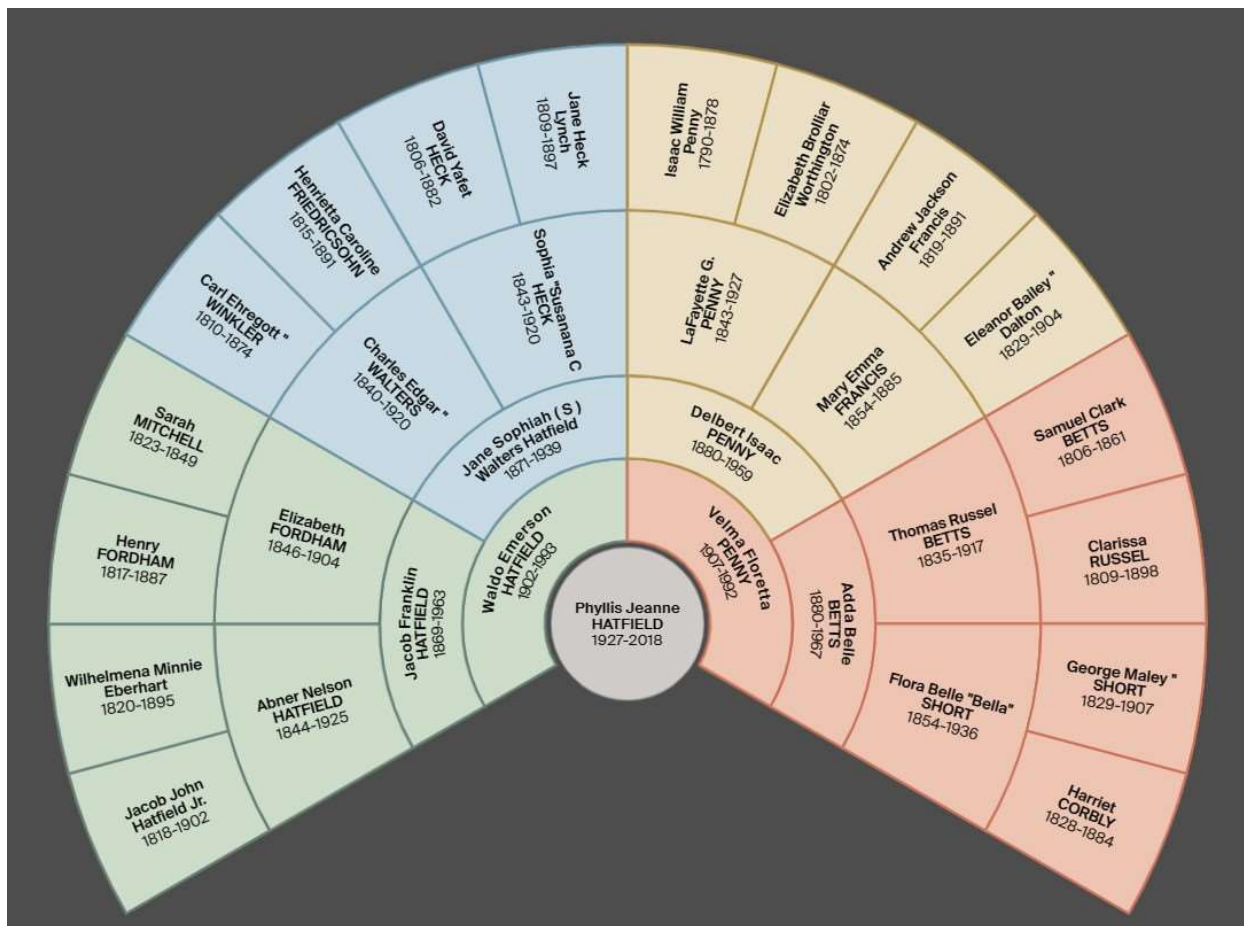
And Jeanne—the artist, the teacher, the keeper of dreams—she paints galaxies with her brushstrokes. Her eyes hold the colors of sunsets, her heart the rhythm of stardust. In their celestial home, they dance—a waltz of souls, a symphony of love.

So, let the heavens sing their names. Let the constellations trace their journey. For Charlie and Jeanne, the final chapter is not an end, but a beginning—a love story that transcends time, a legacy written in stardust.

And so, they reside eternal, their love letter whispered by the winds that had it’s start with **“Always Charlie”**



**“Always Charlie” and Jeanne  
Forever in Love**



### Jeanne Hatfield Genealogy

And yes, Jeanne is related to the Famous “Devil Anse” Hatfield. He is her 4<sup>th</sup> cousin, 2 X removed. Jeanne being related to Devil Anse Hatfield is quite fascinating, quite possibly the subject for another book!

### Florida Southern College, Where Charlie and Jeanne’s Story Began

Florida Southern College (FSC), with its rich history and stunning campus, indeed played a pivotal role in the journey of Charlie and Jeanne. Let’s explore the fascinating story behind this institution: Founding and Early Years: FSC traces its roots back to 1883, when it was founded as the South Florida Institute in Orlando. It later moved to nearby Leesburg in 1885. The institution’s formal establishment occurred when it was sponsored by the United Methodist Church following the move to Leesburg. At that time, it was known as Florida Conference College.

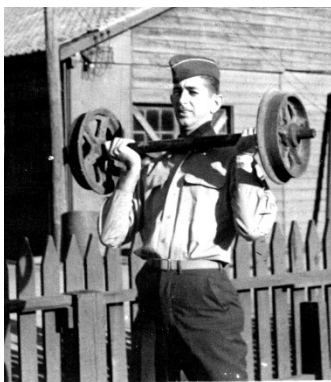
In 1901, Florida Conference College relocated to Sutherland (now Palm Harbor), where it would remain for two decades.

**The Move to Lakeland:** Due to fires in the early 1920s, the college was temporarily relocated to Clearwater Beach. Finally, in 1922, it found its permanent home in the picturesque city of Lakeland, Florida. It was during this transition that the institution was renamed Florida Southern College.

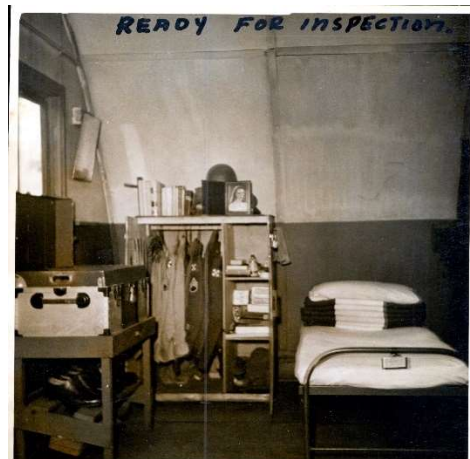
**Architectural Marvels:** FSC's campus is a treasure trove of architectural wonders. It boasts the world's largest single-site collection of Frank Lloyd Wright architecture. The Florida Southern College Architectural District is listed on the National Register of Historic Places due to the historical significance of its buildings. In 2012, FSC became part of the National Historic Landmarks of the United States. **Campus Beauty and Accolades:** In 2011 and 2012, FSC was selected as the most beautiful campus in America by The Princeton Review. Travel and Leisure also recognized it as one of the most beautiful campuses in the United States, noting its status as an endangered cultural site under the World Monument Fund watch.

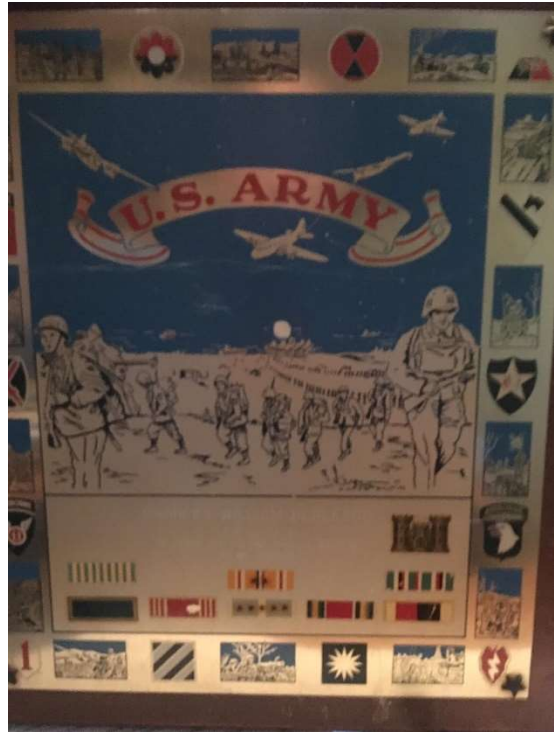
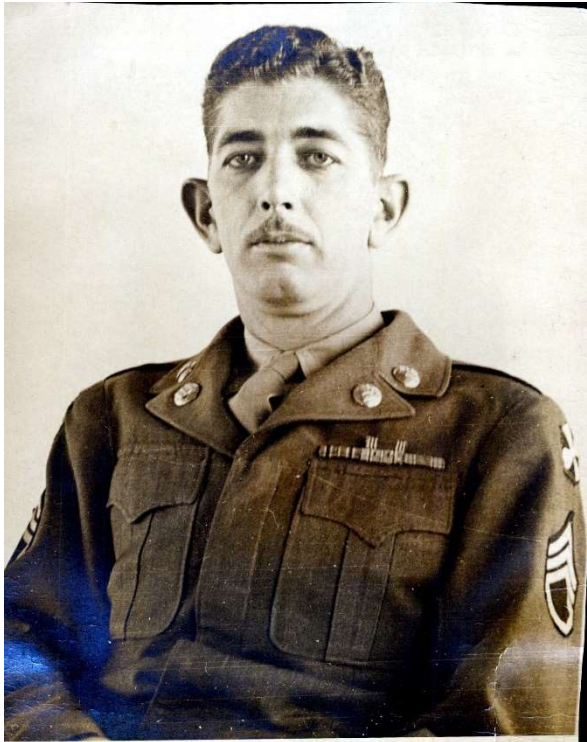
**Robert A. M. Stern's Contribution:** In 2005, FSC commissioned Robert A. M. Stern, dean of Yale's architecture program, to lead their expansion efforts. Stern, an accomplished American architect, designed the Barnett Residential Life Center, which includes Nicholas and Wesley Halls. These lake-view rooms complement Frank Lloyd Wright's existing architecture on campus. Florida Southern College stands as a testament to education, architectural brilliance, and the enduring spirit of learning.

### **Parting Shots**











# Empty Cockpit

## TO OUR DEPARTED COMRADE

His is a place no one can take,  
The void he leaves cannot be filled,  
For the mark he made, stays fresh on us,  
Although his heart has stilled.

Though the years pursue their relentless course,  
And images are replaced,  
And memories grow dim and fade,  
And time obscures that familiar face,  
And even a name be forgot,  
And the things he said and did,  
And lives more noble may come and go,  
But what he was cannot be hid.

The lessons he unknowingly taught,  
By being what he was,  
Have certainly changed the lives he met,  
As his life touched ours.

So that the course which they now take,  
Points somehow higher than before,  
A true and gentle comrade,  
Has opened an unknown door.

So although his life on earth is done,  
His heritage will not rust,  
For parts of him, that was, remain,  
And live on as part of us. AMEN

Presented at Arlington National Cemetery Memorial Services by  
The "Flying Tigers" of the 14th Air Force Association.



*The Flying Tigers*  
of the  
14th Air Force Association, Inc.

presents this

**Tribute to the Memory of**

**Charles W. Burleson**

**R**esolved, that *The Flying Tigers of the Fourteenth Air Force Association* individually and collectively feel deeply and keenly the passing of a true friend and comrade. One who has served country and mankind with distinction and honor. One who typifies the ideals of patriotism that impacts on all who have been touched and contacted.

One whose friendship we all will miss:

**B**e it further Resolved, that deeply aware of the loss sustained, *The Fourteenth Air Force Association* expresses its sincere sorrow and its sympathy to family and friends, and directs that this Resolution be spread upon its records as a permanent Memorial.

*Arthur T. Cobart*

EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT



*Hal Lator*

PRESIDENT