

PARKERSBURG PUBLIC SCHOOLS

OFFICE OF THE SUPERINTENDENT

PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

August 1, 1922.

To Whom It May Concern:

It gives me great pleasure to write in behalf of Miss Elizabeth Moore, a teacher of exceptional qualities.

Miss Moore attended the Parkersburg High School during my administration as Principal. I found her to be a pupil of marked scholastic ability and strong social attitude. Her scholarship ranks the highest during my administration in the city schools.

After completing her A. B. course in the Ohio State University, we engaged Miss Moore to teach in the Parkersburg schools.

After teaching two years, she requested a year's leave of absence to study for the Degree of Master of Arts.

Her work as a teacher was very strong, and we did not hesitate to obligate ourselves to give her this same position on the completion of her post-graduate work.

She desires, however, at this time to secure a position as teacher in a College. I do not hesitate in stating that she will prove very successful in this capacity.

It is a pleasure indeed to recommend one of such outstanding qualifications.

Respectfully yours,

A. E. Odgers
Superintendent of Schools

O-N

Encl.

TELEGRAMS: "STEVENSON, CLEVEDEN, GLASGOW."

SIR D. M. STEVENSON,
5 CLEVEDEN ROAD,
GLASGOW, W.2.

31st March, 1936.

TELEPHONE: W. 2470

Dear Miss Moore,

It was indeed kind of you to think of sending me a photograph of your late father, which I am delighted to receive along with your letter. Had it come without a letter I hardly think I would have recognised it as a portrait of my old friend; 60 years makes such a difference.

As I told your sister in my letter of 11th January, I have happy memories of the time we spent in Rome. We must have travelled together in many other places as I well remember going down with him to the café on the Little Island in the Rhone where its swift waters leave the Lake of Geneva. The head waiter was a negro; your father went up to him, shook hands and said: "How are you uncle", after which we had a talk about the kindly feelings between the Southerners and the negroes as compared with the stand-offishness north of the Potomac.

I need hardly say that if you and your sister ever visit this side of the Herring Pond I shall be only too pleased to have you here as my guest.

TELEGRAMS: "STEVENSON, CLEVEDEN, GLASGOW."

5 CLEVEDEN ROAD,
GLASGOW, W.2.

TELEPHONE: W. 2470.

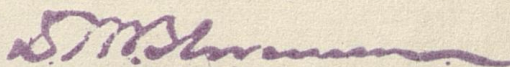
2.

Meanwhile, I send you a photograph so that you
may have some chance of recognising me when we meet.

With kind regards to yourself and your sister,

I am,

Yours sincerely,



Miss E. L. Moore,
11, Elm Street,
CANTON, New York.

Accademia Americana, P.O. San Pancrazio
Roma 8-28, Italia January 27, 1955.

Dear Elizabeth I'm sorry the summer of
research proves to be almost too much
for you. I knew you were very tired when
I was at Western, but that is such a
usual condition at the end of the academic
year that I wasn't too much perturbed.
I'm sorry that I'll not be home next
summer. Otherwise you might be taking
part of your rest cure in Bradford,
Vermont. Perhaps you can come to
summer after when I hope to be home
again. Though if I return then, I'll
have to come back here to finish, for
my present grant includes two years
after this. I had a Christmas card from
Helm Mayer. He hopes to get over here
next year. Edith Haight also is wanting
to hear from her request for a sabbatical
next year. If it goes through all right,
she'll be over then. More immediately
Mary Ashley Cheek plans to descend
upon me. She is in Paris now. I shall be
glad to see her. I can show her a lot
in ten days or two weeks if the weather
co-operates. I'll have a friend with her
so I'll not be obligated to go everywhere
with her. I've been working so steadily
a late that I'll be glad of an excuse

so lay off a bit.

I'm now preparing the construction of the first century as a separate volume. In fact, I've got to the point of typing with all the final checking out that involves. At the present rate it will keep me busy for quite a while. If it proved to be not long enough to stand alone, it can become Part I of a larger volume.

This year the Academy has a youngish Italian topographer for whom there was no post available to conduct his trips in town. I was skeptical at first, but he talks slowly enough so that the students can follow his Italian and he knows how to get permission for places not open to the public. Last week I went with him to the shores of the lake because little lake which I had never seen was on the itinerary. I felt doubly rewarded because a number more rooms of the D. A. had been cleared out since I was there and a late Republican house uncovered under two or three of them. The reservoir (little lake) was very impressive. Furthermore the vaulting is obviously Trianon.

greater than neuronal which is important
for my work. Tomorrow, I go to
St. Albans will be because he has
permission for the parts of the Villa of
St. Albans which are on the Barbican
property. That's up my alley too.

The St. Albans will be celebrating
their golden wedding in February
5-6. I've bought a Decade box with
good music as an appropriate though
not very practical gift. Elsie Richardson,
who has the big villa next to the
Academy, has invited us to dinner

to celebrate the occasion.
We are having ^{unusually} mild
weather. The heating systems ^{are} not
at the Academy and here are
adequate to this temperature. In fact,
a wool dress is almost too hot, and
I regret to say that I am just
getting over my winter cold! The
memora is almost in full bloom.

My poor stricken nephew was flown
from Ottawa to a new rehabilitation
center in Philadelphia, just a mile
from his wife's home. I doubt if it
can do much for him at this late date.

(It's over two years now since he was
written, but it probably has the
facilities for making him more
comfortable and the whole setup
is better for Anne and the children.
His dated letter sound happy. I
was has something to do on the
geological line for the U. of P., which
is pretty wonderful considering that
he is totally paralyzed except for
his hand and tongue.

Have you read your Annis book
or are you waiting to see it in
print? I'll be on the lookout for
reviews of it. I'm very glad for her.
Have all her children shaping up?
There were two, weren't there?

Please give my greetings to all at
Winton who would like to receive
them. I remember my brief joyous
with pleasure. Take life as easy
as you can

Much love to you as always,

Marian E. Blake

P.O. Box 378
Rancho Santa Fe, California 92067
15 November 1968

Dr. Elizabeth Lowndes Moore
1325 Market Street
Parkersburg, West Virginia 26101

Dear Cousin Elizabeth:

Thank you for your letter. I am quite interested in the family stories you can tell, so please write any or all you have time for. The explanation of my ignorance you have given me in part - my great-grandfather John Dove Isaacs Sr. you said was not interested in the past, or in talking about it at least. My grandfather his son died when my father was 7 years old, and my father was not raised with any of the Isaacs. Of course, in more recent years, Aunt Lillian Morris was quite interested in the family - I believe you knew her, no? - but I don't think she knew a great deal. She passed on when I was about 13. But perhaps you will be interested to know that before that time I had elicited from her a paper (written by the Hughes?) with everything she knew about the Isaacs and Doves! So you see my interest in the family began early. Aunt Emily, my father's sister, took care of Aunt Lillian's things and she gave to my safe-keeping the Ege book, the vestrybook of Henrico County, and hundreds and hundreds of pictures. When I was somewhat older (about 17) I began the tedious job of investigation in libraries. One of my first finds was the Omohundro family, and perhaps it was that early luck that made me persist. At any rate, this research has become a regular pastime now - I have found many friends and much relaxation from it. It also encourages travelling and sightseeing - when I went to Wisconsin, I was able to make a sidetrip to Kentucky to see the home of my grandmother's people (JDI Jr's wife). Three or four years ago I stayed with Aunt Emily when they were living in Washington D.C. and we made a trip to Norwalk and visited the church there. I believe this kind of research sharpens one's memory, because it becomes necessary to remember so many key dates with associated names and places. I have recently found a cousin (not a cousin of yours however) who is a retired Air Force Major, about 50 years of age, with two young children, who is part Cherokee, lives in Antioch (Ohio), and has been all over the world, including some months living with pygmies in Borneo or some such place! It is quite fascinating.

Let me tell you about our family. There are four of us children - my sister, Ann Katherine Isaacs, born 1943; Me, Caroline Marie Isaacs, born 1946; Jon Berkeley Isaacs, born 1948; Kenneth Zander Isaacs, born 1949. You will notice no JDI Iv - my parents also felt that children should not be named for family members. (Still, my mother's name is Mary Carol, her parents names were Mary and Carl, and I am Caroline Marie! The Virginia Berkeleys are cousins. And my mother's brother is Kenneth Zander. So they didn't quite stick to the principle!)

My two brothers are 19 and 20 and are at the University of California, Davis. My sister is 25 and was married a year ago in the summer to an Italian in Milan, where she has been living for about five years. She naturally is fluent in Italian - also French. My father told a funny story about walking down a street in Paris while my sister was reading a guidebook about the city to him in English. Some Americans nearby were curious about something and looked over her shoulder to find the guidebook she had been reading fluently was in Italian! She has been doing a thesis for her "Doctora Laura" on the history of the city of Sienna (in the 13th century?). Her husband is an economist and teaches at Ancona at the moment. He studied many places as a child and can speak German as well as French Italian and English - he got his masters ~~in~~ at Berkeley, where they met. (But she could already speak Italian, having been an exchange student in high school.) She has only been back to the U.S. once in the five years, but my mother has been there three times to visit, and my father several more I think. (Scientific conferences that he ordinarily would decline are more acceptable if you can visit your eldest daughter along the way!)

My father is professor of oceanography at the University of California San Diego (Scripps Institution of Oceanography). He is very frequently in the east, as he is on numerous committees. Once I remember some years back he was chosen as the scientific advisor for the senate and was ~~asked~~ chosen to answer all their technical questions because he had such an unusual range of scientific knowledge. However, there are lots of committees - he seems to go east every other week in my estimation. I have already seen him twice without having been home in 1½ months. (I am at Berkeley now, but will be moving shortly, so I am giving you the home address on the heading and your letter will be forwarded.) Since you are part of the family, I'm sure you won't mind my bragging a little bit. My father, although he has been a full professor for several years with the university, has never done any graduate work and got his B.S. with honors from Berkeley in civil engineering (not much like oceanography) when he was...31 years old and after my older sister was born! As you can tell, this is our (us children's) favorite story. Once when I was working at Scripps for a biochemist he said to me - of course, your father doesn't have a ph.d. He's smart. It's just us stupid people that have to get degrees!

Enough of the immediate family. As far as my researches go, I am writing up everything I know about the ancestry of the Isaacs (and Doves) - because, as I said before, I feel sure that I know more now than most of the immediate family and I want them to have the benefit of my work. I am going to tell you about the Omohundros in a minute. There is so much information about Wm. Bryan Isaacs' ancestry that I am writing it up in a monograph. I collected as much as possible from all sources - not all reliable, of course - and have organized it so as to give all information about each direct ancestor and a list of their children with all information known about them and a source for their descendants when it is known. This is as much as can be done and is hardly "interesting" reading, but I have tried to include sources of biographical information when it is available. Naturally, this includes female lines as they are just as important in my mind as the surname line. I think it would be nice to have some of the family pictures duplicated, too - I have located a place where this can be done relatively cheaply. Naturally, I don't have too many. Pictures of the portraits would be nice, but that is quite an enterprise.

I have pictures of John Dove, Julia Lee Dove Isaacs, William Bryan Isaacs (Sr.), Benjamin Isaacs ("Judge Isaacs"), Frances Bryan his wife, Ann Eliza Ege Dove (this one is a drawing I think). We have portraits of Ann Eliza Ege and John Dove and one that is reputedly of James Dove - do you know anything about that one? It is the portrait of a child. There are many other pictures of uncles and aunts and cousins - I have many from Parkersburg, infact. If you knew of pictures of other ancestors, I would be fascinated at least to know about them.

Now for the Omohundros. It has always been said that John Dove was the son of James Dove from Edinburgh Scotland and Julia Lee, a member of the Lee family of Virginia. Actually, he was the son of James Dove and Julilee Omohundro!

James Dove came to America in 1785 according to tradition. on 19 April 1791 he married Julilie Omohundro, daughter of Mary Thompson. (It is believed that her mother had remarried). On 2 Sept 1792, John Dove was born. James Dove died about 1795. 14 November 1799 Julia Lee Dove, widow, married David Holloway. This couple had a daughter Caroline who married Samuel Dunn. There is a little more about this, but I can't find it at the moment. Anyway, then Julilie Omohundro Dove Holloway died about 1806.

The original marriage bond of 1791 is listed in a book published within the last 10 years or so. There is also a very large genealogy of the Omohundro family, which gives the following information:

Richard Omohundro (I) whose children were born 1672-1690, married Ann Moxley, daughter of William Moxley (residents of Westmoreland County, Virginia) and died the last of March 1698. Among his sons, our ancestor:

Richard Omohundro (II) born about 1684 in Westmoreland County, married first Mary Browning of Westmoreland County, daughter of Thomas Browning. R.O. was a farmer in Westmoreland County and moved about 1740 to Fairfax County with his second wife. He died about 12 July 1745 in Fairfax County, Va. His eldest son was:

Richard Omohundro (III) born about 1709 in Westmoreland County, moved with father to Fairfax County about 1740. After his father's death he moved to King and Queen County. His wife's name is unknown. ^{one ab} His second son was:

Thomas Omohundro, born in King and Queen County about 1754.

He was a schoolteacher and lived in Richmond. He married

~~Mrs~~ Mary _____ and had the one daughter. He died about 1785
Julilee Omohundro born about 1775 married 19 April 1791 James Dove. The marriage bond was signed by Richard Thompson and his wife Mary.

Well, so that is the end of the tale. I will hope to finish the other paper soon - I have just got hold of a typewriter. Please write me anecdotes about the family. You spoke of stories about John Dove - I don't know ANY and would be delighted.

With love,

Caroline
Caroline M. Isaacs