THEODORE TURLEY FAMILY ORGANIZATION

OCTOBER 2013 NEWSLETTER
VOLUME 31 ISSUE 3

WWW.TURLEYFAMILY.ORG

PICTURE COLLAGE FROM THIS NEWSLETTER

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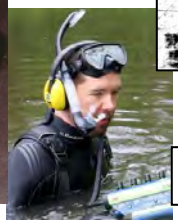

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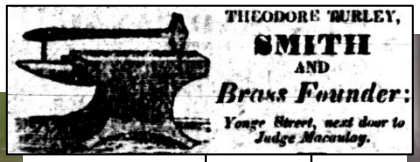

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The next organization leadership meeting will be Friday October 4 at 10 a.m. at the Ensign Stake Center church building (located at 135 A Street, Salt Lake City, UT) on the lower floor, west side of building. Lunch is included. Everyone is welcome to attend.

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Do you have a research question you would like to ask the extended family? Send in your question to turleyfamilyorg@gmail.com by January 10, 2014 to be shared in the next newsletter.

THEODORE TURLEY FAMILY WEBSITE: www.turleyfamily.org

Please send any letters, newsletter contributions, or membership renewals in care of Hilary Turley to: 6028 Old Quarry Loop Oakland, CA 94605

MESSAGE FROM OUR PRESIDENT

We Serve to Honor Theodore Turley and
His Children from Whom We Descend

Dear Members of the TTFO,
I just finished reading the last TTFO newsletter and I hope all of you enjoyed it as much as I did. I again congratulate Hilary Turley and all of those who have contributed stories, photos, etc. What a wonderful way to become better acquainted with our cousins.

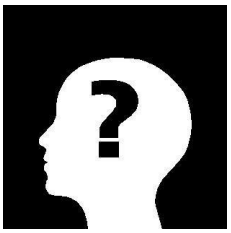
I am looking forward to our October meeting which will take place one day before the October General Conference. We expect to be updated on what has been occurring in our family organization with respect to our objectives. Since we last met, for example, Ann Lewis and Richard E. Turley, Jr. carried out their plans to visit the area in Canada where Theodore and Frances Kimberley Turley learned about and accepted the restored gospel of Jesus Christ. It was life changing and that event affected the lives of all of us who are Theodore's descendants. They began their pioneering life when they accepted the message and began their trek to the United States. They were met with all of the opposition that the Mormons received in Missouri and Illinois. Every time that I sing the hymn "Come, Come, Ye Saints" I feel a bit of emotion thinking during the 4th verse when we sing "*And should we die before our journey's through, Happy day! All is well!*" I think of them traveling as weary travelers across the Iowa territory in the middle of the winter. I lived in Iowa for 4 years and I know what those winters are like. Then, they settled temporarily in Winter Quarters where Frances and others died. She was a relatively young 50-year old woman, but as the hymns states, "*All is well*".

Theodore went on to live for another 20 years without the bride of his youth, but he endured, had a large family, and pioneered to Utah, California, and back to Utah. The Theodore Turley Family Organization hopefully will honor his name as we carry out what this organization can and will do with the help of so many talented and dedicated family members. May the Lord bless all of you is my hope and prayer.

Thanks again to all who serve so valiantly,
Richard E. Turley, Sr.
(Richard – Edward – Edward – Isaac – Theodore)

YOUR CONTRIBUTION

This space could be used to share your story! We need your contributions to keep the newsletter interesting, relevant and informative. Please consider sending something in to share with our extended relatives!



THEODORE TURLEY FAMILY LEADERSHIP

Leadership Role	Family Member		
President	Richard Turley, Sr.		turleyri@q.com
Vice President	Natalie Tanner	801-377 3565	natalie.tanner@yahoo.com
Secretary	Marie Waldvogel		kona0044@msn.com
Treasurer, Membership & Newsletters	Hilary Turley	510-457-1413	hnturley@gmail.com

Contact your Family Representative with questions or submissions for the newsletter.

Family Group			Family Representative		
Theodore Turley & Francis Amelia Kimberley	Mary Ann Turley Cook		Lorie Okel	360-546-1219	ljokel@comcast.net
	Priscilla Rebecca Turley Lyman		*(Volunteer Needed)*		
	Fredrick Turley		Carolee Pyper		pyperfamily@gmail.com
	Sarah Elizabeth Turley Franklin		Donald Mitchell		dmitchell@neb.rr.com
	Isaac Turley & Sarah Greenwood	Theodore Wilford Turley	Natalie Tanner	801-377 3565	natalie.tanner@yahoo.com
		William Henry Turley	*(Volunteer Needed)*		
		Alma Rubin Turley	Annette Raley	623-412-9493	annetteraley@ajrmarketing.com
			Robert Judd	435-628-5041	rjudd@pes.washk12.org
			Wayne Turley	480-246-6505	wayneturley@gmail.com
		Joseph Hartley Turley	Julie Adair	928-333-4185	jadair3@juno.com
		Hyrum Turley	Richard Lee	480-814-8374	richardo.lee1@mac.com
			Berneil Lee	928-288-9060	iblee@cableone.net
		George Albert Turley	Tami Thompson	702-476-6337	
		Charles Dennis Turley	Nancy Eldridge	505-867-5760	eldridge42@hotmail.com
		John Andrew Turley	Susan Hanes	360-225-7455	shanes@hughes.net
	Isaac Turley & Clara Ann Tolton	Edward Franklin Turley	Marie Dugger	480-926-8828	jim.dugger@cox.net
			Luana Rogers		dan.luana@comcast.net
		Esther Turley McClellan	Claudette Jones	480-969-6022	bandcjones@cox.net
			Bill Jones	480-830-5090	azbillj@cox.net
			Doug Roy	801-834-1371	roys4wellness@hotmail.com
		Frances Turley Romney	Ted Pyper	303-845-2562	tedpyper@gmail.com
			Mike Mullen	915-593-1973	mmull1625@aol.com
		Ernest Tolton Turley	Tony Turley	208-356-8673	turleytt@yahoo.com
			Gordon Turley	208-206-2782	intelligentbydesign@yahoo.com
		Clara Ellen (Nellie) Turley Walser	Bud Breillatt	847-949-7292	breillatt@juno.com
			Adrienne Williams	801-492-4110	adrienne.w1@gmail.com
		Isaac Turley, Jr.	Marc Haws	208-484-7816	marc.haws@usdoj.gov
		Anna Priscilla Turley Van Wagoner	Becky Cushing		robertjcushing@hotmail.com
	Charlotte Turley Bushman		Ann Lewis	801-224-9355	annlewis@byu.net
T. Turley & Ruth Jane Giles	Joseph Orson Turley		Susan Ethington	801-374-5103	sbethington@msn.com
			Robert Barrett		robert_barrett@comcast.net
	Jacob Omner Turley		*(Volunteer Needed)*		

NICHOLAS CRAIG ITRI (1949 ~ 2013)

Nicholas Craig Itri, (Glenna Hatch Itri, Josephine Turley Hatch, Alma Rubin Turley, Isaac, Theodore) age 63, passed away on August 31, 2013, in Media, Pennsylvania after a four year battle with colon cancer. He was born in Philadelphia on October 7, 1949 to Joseph and Glenna Hatch Itri. He was the oldest of four children, Kent, Jack and Cathy.

After graduating from Yeadon High School, he attended Drexel University and obtained a Bachelor's degree in Business Administration. While attending Drexel, he played on the school's baseball team as pitcher. Upon completion of his schooling, he continued to play semi-pro baseball in the area's Delco League. Later, as his boys became old enough to play little league baseball, he coached their ball teams. Of course, he was an avid Phillies fan.

From 1974-1976 he served in the Italy, Milan Mission where he grew to love the people and learn the language of his ancestors on his father's side of the family. Over the years he has served in many church positions including bishop and stake executive secretary. Professionally, he became a licensed public accountant and worked at his father's accounting office for many years before taking over the business upon his father's retirement.

He was the loving husband of Margaret Anne Johnson and father of Robert (Stephanie), Scott (Lisa), Todd (Megan), Dan (Kelsey), Brian and Kyle. He was also the grandfather of 8.
(Nick – Glenna – Josephine – Alma Rubin – Isaac – Theodore)

Question: **Does anyone have the original of this picture?**

It has been uploaded to several websites like Ancestry.com and Find-a-Grave.com identified as Frances Amelia Kimberley Turley, born 1800. There is some question about whether this is really Frances, Theodore's wife. The picture that exists for Theodore was not taken until around 1870, and his wife Frances died in 1847. It has also been offered as Frances Amelia Turley (1824-1846), Theodore and Frances' daughter that died in Winter Quarters, but it looks older than a 22 year old woman. Perhaps it is of another daughter or sister of one of the early family members. Many descendants were named "Frances" after Theodore's wife, which might be causing some of the confusing picture labels. If you know who this is, please respond to turleyfamilyorg@gmail.com. We hope to find some positive identification so that we can correct the many family trees and databases where this picture exists.

TORONTO RESEARCH TRIP by Ann Lewis

Saturday 15 June 2013

Rick [Turley, Jr.] and I leave tomorrow for what was called "Upper Canada" when Theodore and his family lived there in the 1820s-1830s. We are so excited to go see the places we've been studying about. Yesterday after we met at the LDS Church Archives in Salt Lake City, I checked a few more records there and found an amazing journal account by a young woman named Elizabeth Terry Herward [whose husband was usually drunk and very disagreeable] who lived in Upper Canada at that same time. Imagine the thrill when I read her words:

> *In December of 1837, we heard there were "Mormon" preachers in Canada, about twenty miles from us. This being something new, he was willing they should come and preach at our house; accordingly, I sent for Brother Theadore Turley to come, which he did, and the first sermon I heard I believed it was true. He preached several times to us, and, although Kirby [my husband] hated the Baptists, yet as soon as he found that I believed the Mormons, he hated them also and would not let them preach any more in our house, and swore I should not go to hear them.*
>
> *One very cold day in the winter, Brothers Turley and Robert B. Thompson called at our house on their way to my fathers, where they were going to preach. George Thompson sold me a Book of Mormon for $1.25 and Kirby was near me when I received the book and he snatched it out of my hand and threw it into the fire, which was very hot, and it went in open, and he kicked it down between the sticks of wood. I was across the room from the fire, but I sprang as quick as I could and took out the book, which, to our great astonishment, was not burned, and neither was their a letter scorched. At that moment I received a testimony that the Book of Mormon was true. Brother Turley took the book and presented it to Kirby and told him it was the word of God, which, if he did not receive, he would be damned. Kirby cooled down in a minute and told me to give them something to eat and he gave their horses some oats and he also gave Brother Turley his new mittens, which I had just made for him. So, in this instance, the Lord made the wrath of man praise Him. Kirby made Brother Thompson give up the money, but he suffered him to lend me the book, yet he soon hardened his heart and said he would burn Brother Thompson in the fire, and he did abuse the Mormons wherever he saw them. He was now far worse against them than he had ever been against the Baptists. But, in the most of this persecution, the Lord blessed me and comforted my mind.*

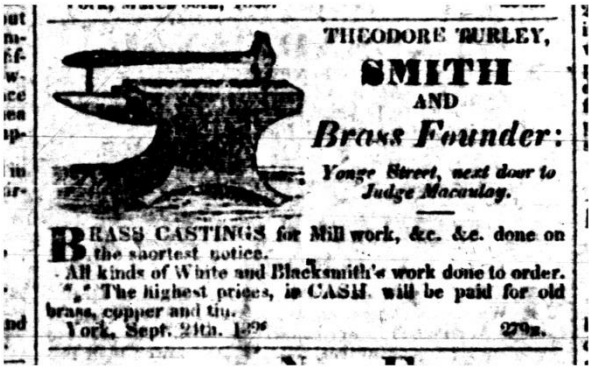
We are hoping to find more details like this about Theodore's life in Upper Canada. This journal entry above gives us a small taste of what we might find in the local archives there.

Sunday 16 June 2013

Our flight today went from Salt Lake to Atlanta, to Toronto. We arrived in Toronto close to midnight. Hertz rental car, GPS and a drive to our Fairfield Inn hotel in Brampton about 15 minutes from the airport. We had 2 rooms, comfortable and basic, no frills. Happy to be there. Prepared (maps and directions) for our 9:00 apt in the morning with Sue deGroot at the Ontario Archives at the University of York.

Monday 17 June 2013

Didn't sleep a wink. Way too excited to be there. Breakfast at 8:00, then we met with a local researcher for an hour at the Archives. She helped orient us to what collections were there. Then we went to work. We looked at land records, maps and microfilmed newspapers. We know Theodore ran an advertisement in the Canadian Advocate newspaper in 1827. We found his ads, which ran for about 10 months, and took scans of all those newspapers to study later. We worked fast and furiously until closing at 5:00.


THEODORE TURLEY,
SMITH
AND
Brass Founder:
Yonge Street, next door to Judge Macaulay.
BRASS CASTINGS for Mill work, &c. &c. done on the shortest notice.
All kinds of White and Blacksmith's work done to order.
The highest prices, in CASH, will be paid for old brass, copper and tin.
York, Sept. 24th. 1827. 27tf.

On our way home we drove to Churchville, where Theodore purchased 75 acres of land. It was like Heaven. As we entered the secluded area, we immediately felt we were home. Churchville was once a thriving town– perhaps why Theodore bought land there. It was booming in his day, then the railroad came to Brampton, bypassing Churchville, and all the growth dwindled and moved and the town died away. About 20 years ago, Churchville was made a "Heritage" project and incorporated into Brampton. Now it's a small, peaceful, secluded exclusive neighborhood along the banks of the Credit River. It's lush and green, tall trees and thick undergrowth, with gorgeous homes backing the river on both sides. The river bends and there are 2 old single-lane bridges.

And there's the cemetery where our Turley children are buried: Theodore Jr. and Obia. There are no longer any markers or headstones, if there ever were any. The old part of this most beautiful cemetery is on a hill or mound. The stones are old and many crooked and falling. The cemetery is privately maintained. Peaceful and beautiful. We felt moved as we walked through the stones. It was sacred ground. We found the headstones of some of Theodore's friends.

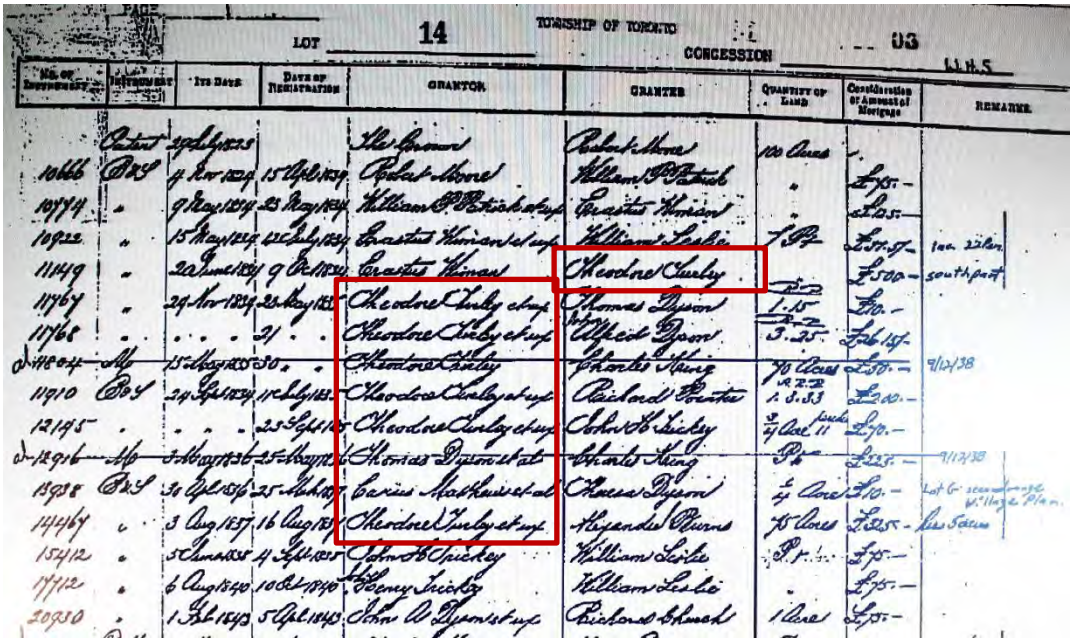
The sun was low in the sky and golden. We were the only ones there. I loved every moment of being in that place. We decided that one of our TTFO projects ought to be to

erect a memorial bench either in the cemetery, or in the community park nearby. We need to represent the Turley family there. I feel these Turley family members near me as I do this work. I know they are aware we are here, searching for them. I know they feel the love and honor we feel, being connected to them.

Tuesday 18 June 2013

Today we headed to the Land Records office in Brampton. I corresponded with them last week about TT's land records. The place was #1 Gateway, Brampton, a gov't office with self-serve land records. We went to work,

determining where to look for the concession 3, lot 14 records. Rick gave me those documents to transcribe last year. We have 6 documents I've spent hours working on. Today we wanted to track down WHERE the land in those documents is. After about an hour of working with the lady employees there, we found the maps, then the large books, then the microfilm with Theodore's property, beginning with the grant from the Crown of England. We can now dispel the family myth that Theodore was given that land by the Queen. He was not the first owner. We found there are some later documents we do not yet have. We will find them in the SLC microfilms. It was pretty thrilling to see his name on each land transaction. With a map we found yesterday we were able to determine where his 75 acres were and it was the most beautiful part of the land we walked on last evening by the river. We spent some time to copy all the land transactions of his land from 1835 to 1998, so we can track what's happened to it.



Then we headed into the heart of Toronto to the Toronto Public Library. We found parking ($18 for the whole day) and spent the rest of the day in the library. We've been studying lists of people who lived in the area and also studying lists of early converts from the area, so we recognize names when we see them in our searching. Today we searched City Directories and films, looking for a possible connection between Theodore and Isaac Russell's families in London. Theodore's sister, Elizabeth married a Walton and Isaac's wife was a Walton. We're not sure if they're connected.

Then we went into Special Collections and found some good material there. We looked at a book of "imprints" or publications/printed materials for Upper Canada from 1830 on. It was wonderful. Photographed the pages with info we want to check or look up later. Everything from almanacs to handbills and notes of meetings.

Then we finally took a break at about 6:00 to eat the 2 oatmeal cookies I got from the front desk late last night. We'd gone non-stop without a break since early morning. We are working hard and fast to get to everything we need to find. 10 min later we were back at it in the basement, with microfilm of the Christian Guardian, the Methodist newspapers. We each took a roll and worked until closing at 8:00 p.m. It was hard going. The paper started in 1829. The print is small and hard to read, page after page of articles. We were both so tired and weary of trying to read hard things. We worked back to back at 2 film readers. Occasionally we'd say, "are you finding anything over there?" and have to respond "no."

Then 5 minutes before closing, Rick turned and said to me, "you'd better come look at this." I went to his machine and there was Theodore, bright and clear, listed as the Vice President of the Sunday School in 1830! Amazing. We had just about decided not to come back to these tedious records that seemed to have no pertinent info. It was as if Theodore shouted at us, "I'M HERE, DON'T STOP! COME BACK TOMORROW!" It was all we needed. We left, eager to return when the library opens first thing in the morning.

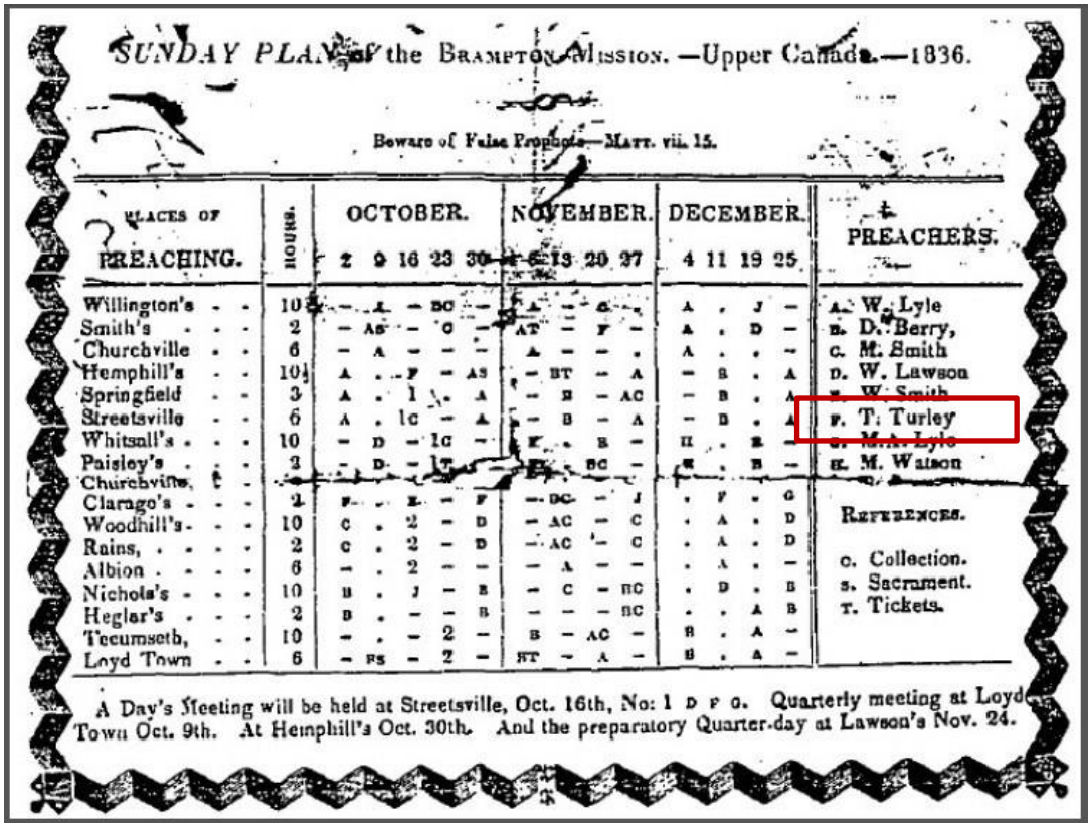
Wednesday 19 June 2013

Today we went to the library with high hopes, expecting to uncover more info in the newspaper microfilms. We worked from 9:00 until 2:00 with very little to show for it. Copied a few random bits. When our eyes were too fatigued, we decided to take a walk outside and unwind from the tension of pouring over microfilms and finding nothing for hours.

We were on Yonge Street and we headed to King & Yonge Streets, the intersection down town where Theodore's business was located (as per the newspaper advertisements). It was about a mile away. King & Yonge are lined with high rise buildings today. Almost like downtown NYC. We walked down each quadrant so we could say we walked where he was in 1827. We ate PB & J sandwiches where we thought his shop would have been, there on the sidewalk. Then headed back.

We were a bit discouraged about not finding anything earth-shattering this morning, so we sat and re-grouped for a few minutes, with our laptops and search engines purring. That's when we discovered something interesting. When you do a common search, your computer reads where you are, and it searches items according to that location, as if it's doing you a favor. It usually is. What we found today is that when you are in Canada, your search engines search Canadian sources that you may never see in America. All of a sudden, a whole new world opened up to us! We started finding things we'd never seen before when searching the same

names, terms or phrases back home. We spent the next several hours at our computers working, until the library closed at 8:00.



SUNDAY PLAN of the BRAMPTON Mission.—Upper Canada.—1836.

Beware of False Prophets.—Matt. vii. 15.

PLACES OF PREACHING.	HOURS.	OCTOBER. 2 9 16 23 30	NOVEMBER. 6 13 20 27	DECEMBER. 4 11 19 25	PREACHERS.
Willington's	10	A – BC –	A – C –	A . J –	A. W. Lyle
Smith's	2	– AB – C –	AT – F –	A . D –	B. D. Berry,
Churchville	6	– A – – –	A – – .	A . . –	C. M. Smith
Hemphill's	10½	A . F – AB	– BT – A	– B . A	D. W. Lawson
Springfield	3	A . l . A	– B – AC	– B . A	E. W. Smith
Streetsville	6	A . lC – A	– B – A	– B . A	F. T. Turley
Whitsall's	10	– D – lC –	E . B –	H . E –	G. M. A. Lyle
Paisley's	3	– D – lT –	F . BC –	E . B –	H. M. Watson
Churchville,					
Clarago's	2	F . E – F	– DC – J	. F . G	
Woodhill's	10	C . 2 – D	– AC – C	. A . D	REFERENCES.
Rains,	2	C . 2 – D	– AC – C	. A . D	
Albion	6	– . 2 – –	– A – –	. A . –	C. Collection.
Nichols's	10	B . J – B	– C – BC	. D . B	S. Sacrament.
Hegler's	2	B . – – B	– – – BC	. . A B	T. Tickets.
Tecumseth,	10	– . – 2 –	B – AC –	B . A –	
Loyd Town	6	– BS – 2 –	BT – A –	B . A –	

A Day's Meeting will be held at Streetsville, Oct. 16th, No: 1 D F G. Quarterly meeting at Loyd Town Oct. 9th. At Hemphill's Oct. 30th. And the preparatory Quarter-day at Lawson's Nov. 24.

Our best find was a thesis by a Canadian university student about women preachers in Upper Canada. In the paper was a copy of a Sunday Preaching Schedule (flyer) for a group of Methodist Preachers and Theodore Turley was among them. It showed their speaking/ traveling assignments for October, November and December 1836.

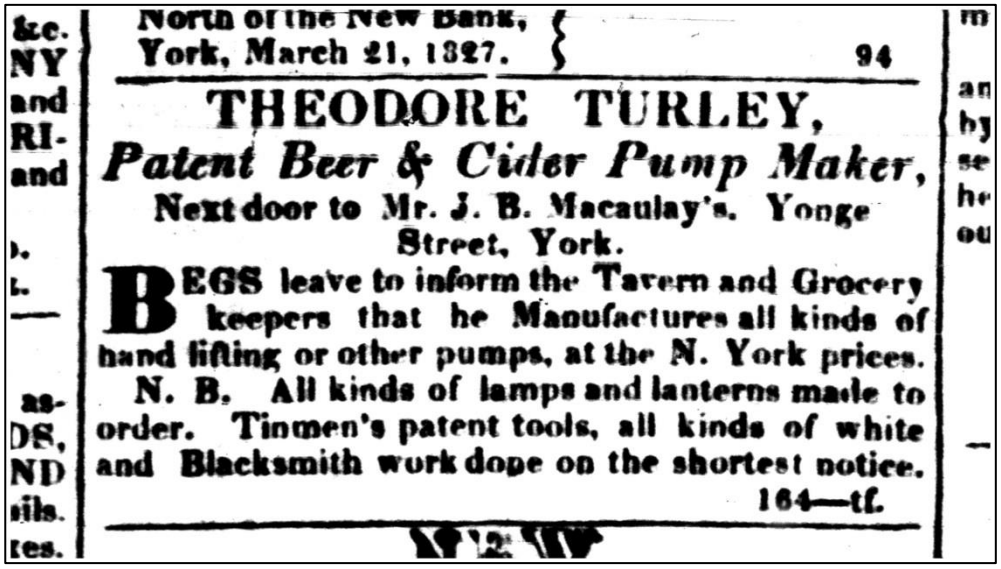
<u>Thursday 20 June 2013</u>

Today we went to a different Toronto Public Library, this one was also downtown. We worked in the Canadiana Local History room with a very helpful librarian named John. He kept our table filled with books and documents he pulled from the stacks and the back room. Many were rare, some with original historical photographs. He brought dozens and dozens of books to us relating to the time period we were researching. We read (*devoured*) and photographed pages non-stop from 9:30 this morning until 7:00 this evening without so much as a food or bathroom break. Our heads and our computers are full of fascinating maps, photos, documents and pages of the history of York, which became Toronto in 1834, and Churchville and the surrounding areas.

There were 3 books we decided we needed for our research, so we ordered used copies on Amazon ($40). We looked at a lot of Methodist histories. No mention of Theodore. We're thinking that because many of the things we saw today were compiled histories, the Mormon converts were stricken from their records. We found a few interesting statements about the Mormons–those malignant vipers–who were preaching in the area and causing havoc. Tomorrow we want to go back to the newspapers where history was recorded as it happened. Back to the copies where Theodore placed his ads.

Friday 21 June 2013

Today was our last day to find what could be found. We woke early and headed back to the Archives of Ontario at York University in Toronto. The words on my Archives pass to get in say, "The Thrill of Discovery." I crossed my fingers, said a prayer and put my first roll of microfilm into the ScanPro machine at the computer. It was a film of The Colonial Advocate Newspaper in York for 1829. I advanced the film to the first screen shot, fitting and focusing the large image on the monitor, then my eyes scanned the page and adjusted to words set in type 184 years ago in this small frontier town. After reading through many articles and headlines, I noticed a small add for a Patent Beer & Cider Pump Maker. THEODORE TURLEY. Next door to Mr. J. B. Macaulay's on Yonge Street, York.



North of the New Bank,
York, March 21, 1827. 94

THEODORE TURLEY,

Patent Beer & Cider Pump Maker,

Next door to Mr. J. B. Macaulay's, Yonge Street, York.

BEGS leave to inform the Tavern and Grocery keepers that he Manufactures all kinds of hand lifting or other pumps, at the N. York prices.

N. B. All kinds of lamps and lanterns made to order. Tinmen's patent tools, all kinds of white and Blacksmith work done on the shortest notice.

164—tf.

We found him again. It was thrilling. Rick and I spent every last moment we had before racing to the airport this evening in those Archives, scanning and reading hundreds of pages of newspapers and documents. I think we're bringing home over 700 pages of newspapers alone to study as we have time to go through them. Theodore is in those pages. Today I found 3 different ads he ran during 1829 and 1830.

As we headed back to the airport, we felt as if our week in Toronto passed in a few hours. We covered lots of ground and read from hundreds of books, documents and films, and looked at hundreds of photos. We are already talking about what to do the next time we come back.

Ancestral research is a thrilling discovery. It's hard to explain to those who haven't experienced that thrill yet, but it's like stretching out your soul to embrace and to learn to love others in more meaningful ways. Both those around us and those who have gone before us.

(Ann – Grace – Ruby – Grace – Charlotte – Theodore)

August 12, 2013

Dear Turley Family Organization,

I recall some decades ago a plaque across from the Joseph Smith Mansion in Nauvoo saying that a Turley built the first home in Nauvoo. I don't recall seeing it on our most recent visit to Nauvoo. Do you know what happened? Should we re-establish the plaque?

Romney Biddulph, rbiddulph@earthlink.net *(Romney – Helen – Frances – Isaac – Theodore)*

September 15, 2013

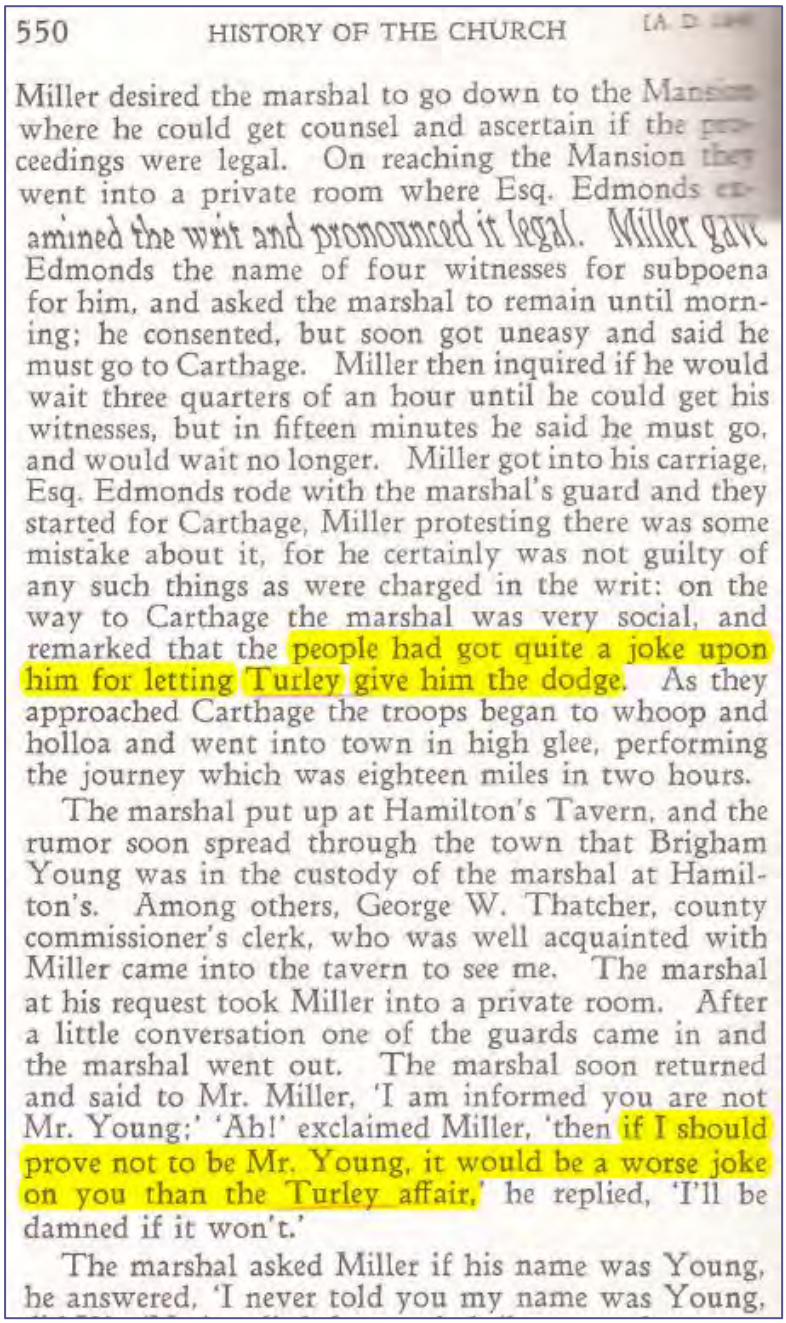
Hilary,

I was reading in the History of the Church about a William Miller leading the marshals astray when they were after Brigham Young (see attached copy). There was reference to a previous "Turley affair" that apparently caused the marshals some embarrassment. Do you or any of the vast number of historians in the family know what is being referred to here? Where is it recorded?

Thanks for your help – Look forward to seeing you in October.

Kay Lovell, klovell7@comcast.net

(Kay – Louise – Ida – George – Isaac – Theodore)



550 HISTORY OF THE CHURCH [A. D.

Miller desired the marshal to go down to the Mansion where he could get counsel and ascertain if the proceedings were legal. On reaching the Mansion they went into a private room where Esq. Edmonds examined the writ and pronounced it legal. Miller gave Edmonds the name of four witnesses for subpoena for him, and asked the marshal to remain until morning; he consented, but soon got uneasy and said he must go to Carthage. Miller then inquired if he would wait three quarters of an hour until he could get his witnesses, but in fifteen minutes he said he must go, and would wait no longer. Miller got into his carriage, Esq. Edmonds rode with the marshal's guard and they started for Carthage, Miller protesting there was some mistake about it, for he certainly was not guilty of any such things as were charged in the writ: on the way to Carthage the marshal was very social, and remarked that the people had got quite a joke upon him for letting Turley give him the dodge. As they approached Carthage the troops began to whoop and holloa and went into town in high glee, performing the journey which was eighteen miles in two hours.

The marshal put up at Hamilton's Tavern, and the rumor soon spread through the town that Brigham Young was in the custody of the marshal at Hamilton's. Among others, George W. Thatcher, county commissioner's clerk, who was well acquainted with Miller came into the tavern to see me. The marshal at his request took Miller into a private room. After a little conversation one of the guards came in and the marshal went out. The marshal soon returned and said to Mr. Miller, 'I am informed you are not Mr. Young;' 'Ah!' exclaimed Miller, 'then if I should prove not to be Mr. Young, it would be a worse joke on you than the Turley affair,' he replied, 'I'll be damned if it won't.'

The marshal asked Miller if his name was Young, he answered, 'I never told you my name was Young,

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

August 13, 2013

Hilary, I received the printed copy of the newsletter and wish to thank you for all that you do. I was curious about the on-line version, so I went to the TTFO website and found an outline of what is in the August 2013 Newsletter, but I could not open it. Can you tell me how to open it? Also, there was a place to "sign in" and I was supposed to put a log-in name and a password. This is the first time I have been asked for that information. I put something in, but it did not accept it. Can you give me some direction on this? I would like to let my family know about it. Thanks.

From your "Sleepless in Salt Lake" cousin,
Richard Turley, Sr., turleyri@q.com *(Richard – Edward – Edward – Isaac – Theodore)*

Hi Richard,

Thanks for visiting the Turley Family website and for sending me your questions. If you are having difficulty opening the electronic version of the newsletter from the www.turleyfamily.org website, one tip is to right click on the newsletter link and choose the option to open it in a new window. Depending on the internet program on your computer, this may work better than just clicking on the newsletter link directly.

For now the Turley Family website is very basic. Only an administrator has the ability to post messages. Even though you see the place indicating you should "sign in", we do not have that feature enabled for family members to log in. What you see on the main page is what is available for our family members to read. When we upgrade our website, the new site will have more functionality, including a restricted access section that will require users to log in to see additional information. When the new website is ready to go, we will communicate to all the members of the Turley Family Organization.

Thanks, Hilary

FAMILY SPOTLIGHT from HYRUM TURLEY FAMILY

BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENT

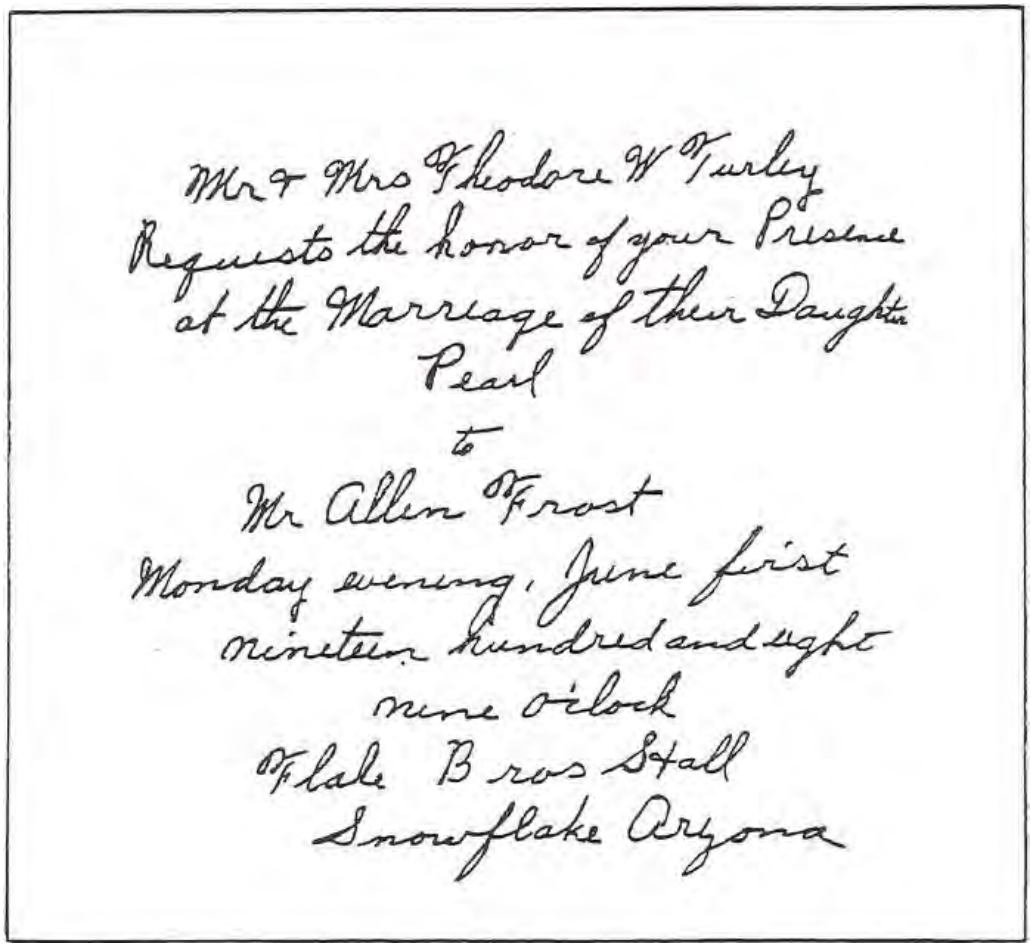
Adam and Sarah are pleased to announce the birth of Emma Lynn Stout on 19 July 2013 in Alexandria, Minnesota. Emma weighed 8lbs 2oz and was 20 inches long. *(Emma – Sarah – Rick – Ronnie – Ivan – Hyrum – Isaac – Theodore)*

PEARL TURLEY FROST LIFE SKETCH, submitted by 2 nieces:
Wanda Turley Smith *(Wanda – Fred – Theodore Wilford – Isaac – Theodore)* and
Kathryn Bates Romans *(Kathryn – Lucy – Theodore Wilford – Isaac – Theodore)*

Pearl Turley Frost

Pearl Frost was the oldest daughter of Theodore W. Turley & Mary Agnes Flake, born 16 March 1884 in Snowflake Navajo, AZ. She married Allen Frost 1 June 1908. They had nine children of which six survived to adulthood. Pearl lost her husband on 19 October 1937. She lived as a widow for 32 years and then passed away 25 April 1970 in her home in Snowflake. Pearl was a member of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers & the church Relief Society for which she taught for several years. She also was a 4-H Club leader and a Gold Star Mother of the American Legion Auxiliary.

The following image is Pearl & Allen's wedding invitation, all personally handwritten by Pearl. Wanda Turley Smith is in possession of the original invitation.



Mr & Mrs Theodore W Turley
Request the honor of your Presence
at the Marriage of their Daughter
Pearl
to
Mr Allen Frost
Monday evening, June first
nineteen hundred and eight
nine o'clock
Flake Bros Stall
Snowflake Arizona

The following update on her family was published in April 1972 in the "The Flake Round-Up", a family newsletter. As of 2013, Marjorie is the only one of Pearl's six daughters still living.

Artist Proof of Pearl Turley Frost
By Sharon Reed Gray

Children:

1. **AMELIA ACUFF** retired in August of 1971 after 25 years as a surgical nurse in Atascadero, California. She has one daughter, DORIS JEAN who graduated from Business College in San Luis Obispo, CA. Doris married ARTHUR R. OLIVERA, who died in 1967. They have four children, Cynthia, Susan, Brady Allen & Louis Dale.
2. **DICIE WILLIS** manages employees at Morgans Laundry in Holbrook, Arizona. She has six children and seventeen grandchildren. Her second daughter attended Eastern Arizona Junior College in Thatcher, AZ.
3. **CHESTER** preceded her in death on 5 February 1968. His wife, ANNIE, lives in Snowflake & they have four sons. The eldest, Allen, just completed his service in the Navy & married JOLENE BAIRD on 11 August 1971. She is the daughter of JOE & NADINE BAIRD of Love Lake, Arizona.
4. **MARJORIE SANDQUIST** lives in Searchlight, Nevada. She has seven children and 15 grandchildren. All her family live in Nevada with the exception of her oldest boy who is a construction foreman in Colorado.
5. **THELMA HARRIS** owns and operates Thelma's Beauty Shop in Winslow, Arizona. Thelma has three children and one grandchild. Her oldest daughter is attending Arizona State University and just gave birth to Thelma's first grandchild. Her second daughter is attending Mesa Community College where she is going into nursing. Her son-in-law graduated with distinction from Arizona State University.

Pearl Turley Frost

6. **MINNIE RAMSEY**, the 5th daughter, lives in Snowflake, Arizona. She has five daughters & three grandchildren, two girls & a boy. Her oldest daughter attended Brigham Young University in Provo and her third daughter is attending Good Samaritan Hospital School of Nursing in Phoenix. Her fourth daughter is attending Ricks College in Rexburg, Idaho.
7. **ALLA PEARL REED** is Supervisor at the Morenci Hospital in Morenci, Arizona. She has three children and 2 grandchildren. Her daughter and son-in-law, Howard Richard Gray, graduated from Brigham Young University & is teaching seminary in Casper, Wyoming. Her son Robert Alvin is a senior at Brigham Young University.
8. **GUY FROST**, her youngest son, was killed during World War II in Germany on 30 March 1945.

Theodore Wilford Turley's 60th birthday, August 17, 1923 at Sundown Ranch, Arizona. (Left to Right): Harry, Ormus, Pearl, Roberta, Harvey, Lucy, Aunt Saline (Theodore's second wife), Barr, Theodore, and Fred.

(Pearl – Theodore Wilford – Isaac – Theodore)

FAMILY SPOTLIGHT from THEODORE WILFORD TURLEY FAMILY

BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENT, submitted by Natalie Tanner

Maggie Mecklenburg was born Saturday, August 31, 2013 in Lewiston, ID to our daughter Erin Tanner and Chris Mecklenburg. Their first and our first! 7 lbs. 10 oz., 20.5 in. Both mother and daughter are doing great. It's been so incredibly fun for me to be here with them and share this time with them!!
(Maggie – Erin – Natalie – Monita – Fred – Theodore Wilford – Isaac – Theodore)

WWII ACE'S CRASH SITE DISCOVERED IN GERMANY AFTER 69 YEARS, by Grant Olsen

This is a reprint of a 3-part series written by Grant Olsen and published on KSL.com in July 2013. More pictures and a short video of a WWII air battle from Grant Turley's fighter pilot camera are available online. (Part 1: www.ksl.com/?nid=1010&sid=25795589, Part 2: www.ksl.com/?nid=1010&sid=25796129, Part 3: www.ksl.com/?nid=1010&sid=25783379)

My great-uncle Grant Turley was a fighter pilot during World War II. I'm named after him and he has always been my hero. At the age of 21, Grant went on a ten-day tear over the skies of Europe and became Arizona's first ace of the war. Newspapers dubbed him the "Snowflake Storm" and writer H.I. Phillips dedicated these lines to him in a classic wartime poem:

> *"Snowflake—there's one that is new to you—*
> *It's only a whistle-stop,*
> *But from it Grant Turley is with a crew*
> *That's making those Berlin hops."*

Under the command of Lieutenant General James Doolittle, Grant took part in the first major daylight raid on Berlin on March 6, 1944. He was also one of the hundreds of U.S. airmen who perished during that mission. Amidst the chaos of war, my family never knew many crucial details of his death, including where his plane crashed. Nearly 70 years later, the key to solving these mysteries came in the form of a soft-spoken German aviation expert named Werner Oeltjebruns. This is the story of Grant's life and how the quest to uncover the truth about his death led me to scuba dive in a lake in northern Germany.

Born to fly

Grant was born in Aripine, Arizona on June 18, 1922 to Fred and Wilma Turley. As a boy, he was captivated by the exploits of pilots like Charles Lindbergh. "Grant's earliest desire was to be a flier," his mother later said. "I think he was born to fly! It seemed to be his only interest in early childhood, as he was always drawing planes, and as he grew older, he spent long hours meticulously making delicate models. He knew the names of them all."

Grant with his older brother Stan

Grant with pair of bobcat kittens

This love of aviation continued to burn bright, and as a teenager, Grant sent a letter to the commander of the Air Corps inquiring as to which college courses would best prepare him to be a pilot. “I am a senior in high school and have decided for some time that I would like to […] be trained as an Army pilot,” he wrote. “I would surely appreciate your kindness if you would send me data on how to become a flying cadet.”

Grant excelled at Snowflake High School and was valedictorian of his class and captain of the football team. He earned a scholarship to play football at Brigham Young University in Utah, but his college years were interrupted on December 7, 1941, when Japanese forces attacked Pearl Harbor.

Feeling a strong desire to join the cause, Grant signed up for private flying lessons in Arizona in preparation for volunteering with the Air Corps. On March 1, 1942, his dream came true when he piloted a plane for the first time. “I can’t explain just how it feels,” he wrote his family, “but after having wanted to fly for so long, you can imagine how I enjoyed it.”

Arizona flight school, including Grant Turley’s friend Phil Shumway (photo from Ron Shumway, Phil’s nephew)

Two months later, Grant took his high school sweetheart, Kitty Ballard, to the local airport to watch planes come in for landings. As they talked and laughed, he surprised her by pulling an engagement ring from his pocket and placing it on her finger. They were married on August 4, 1942, just three days before he shipped out for training in Alabama with the Air Corps. Kitty stayed behind in Arizona.

In the letters he sent home to Kitty during flight training, Grant continually marveled that he was living his dream as a pilot and getting paid to do it. He received an expert rating in aerial gunnery and was assigned to fly the P-47 Thunderbolt, which he described to his family as the “safest fighter flying,” though he admitted that he would’ve preferred a P-51 Mustang. Nicknamed the “Flying Jug,” the P-47 weighed 14,500 pounds—nearly twice the weight of some of the German Luftwaffe planes it would face in combat—and was heavily armed with eight .50 caliber Browning machine guns.

In May of 1943, Kitty traveled to Florida to stay with Grant while he awaited orders. After spending only two months together, the young couple faced a crucial decision. As an officer, Grant was given the option to remain in the States and serve as a flight instructor, or go into combat overseas. Although devastated by the idea of leaving his sweetheart, Grant chose combat. He later told Kitty in a letter:

Kitty & Grant, 1943

"My every desire is to be with you, yet there is something within me which urges me to defend and protect what I know is right. I am defending everything you mean to me."

On July 23, Grant and Kitty shared a tearful farewell at the train station. Grant wrote in his diary: "A good-bye and Kitty was gone, taking most of me with her. It gave me the most empty feeling I have ever had."

Grant arrived in Europe on his one-year wedding anniversary. Given the opportunity to choose which fighter group he wanted to join, Grant chose the 78th Fighter Group based in Duxford, England, which was comprised of some of the Air Corp's most talented veterans and dubbed by one newspaper as the "Big Leagues of Fighters." Grant's main role would be as an escort over enemy territory, protecting the massive B-17 Flying Fortress and B-24 Liberator bombers from the Luftwaffe's brutally efficient warplanes.

When bad weather grounded the fighter planes at Duxford, the heavy bombers, which took off from airfields in other parts of England, often proceeded over Germany unprotected. Grant recorded the tragic outcome of one such mission in his diary: "We found the [bombers] suffered terribly. Probably lost one fourth to one third of the entire flights ...Those bomber pilots and crews really have guts."

After months of waiting, Grant finally received his own P-47. He named it "Kitty" and had the name painted just below the cockpit, along with the coat-of-arms from the Sundown Ranch, where Grant grew up in Arizona. He was anxious to finally get into combat, but the next three months brought more bad weather, canceled missions, and frustration. He had never even fired his guns in combat. So when the winter weather finally began to clear in February of 1944, Grant took full advantage.

The "Snowflake Storm"

On February 10, Grant was on an escort mission over Germany when twenty German fighters rushed in to attack the bombers. Despite being outnumbered, Grant fearlessly plunged into the fray and zeroed in on a diving Messerschmitt 109. As the plane leveled off, he struck it with a solid burst from his guns. The German plane burst into flames and plunged into the ground. Grant then got on the tail of a second plane and sent it flaming out of the sky.

While thrilled to finally contribute to the war effort by knocking out enemy fighter planes, Grant took no joy in the loss of life. "It worries me that I have caused the death of one man and probably another," he wrote in his diary that night. "I guess I'll get callused. However, it is nicer to say 'ships destroyed' and not think of the pilots."

The following day, Grant scored two more aerial victories on a mission over occupied France. First, he shot down a Messerschmitt 109 and then engaged in an intense dogfight with a plane piloted by a German squadron commander. Unable to gain the upper hand and low on fuel, Grant broke off the attack and headed for home. He encountered an airfield along the way and shot down a Focke-Wulf 190 that was taking off, then got lost over the English Channel and sputtered to the closest base, with a nearly empty fuel tank.

Grant's four aerial victories in two days put him on the verge of becoming an ace. To qualify as an ace, a pilot needed five victories that could be verified by film. Fighter planes like Grant's P-47 had cameras in the wings, which activated whenever the pilots fired their guns. Officials watched these films after each mission to confirm victories (pilots tended to be overzealous in their reports) and to analyze combat situations.

Grant stationed in England with his P-47

The press got wind of Grant's remarkable two-day tally and he became a sensation back home. A headline in the Arizona Republic dubbed him the "Snowflake Storm." A modest and thoughtful man, Grant was likely embarrassed to be described in the article as a "tall, raw-boned ex-cowboy who used to punch cows on a ranch near Snowflake, but who now is 'punching' Hitler Airmen."

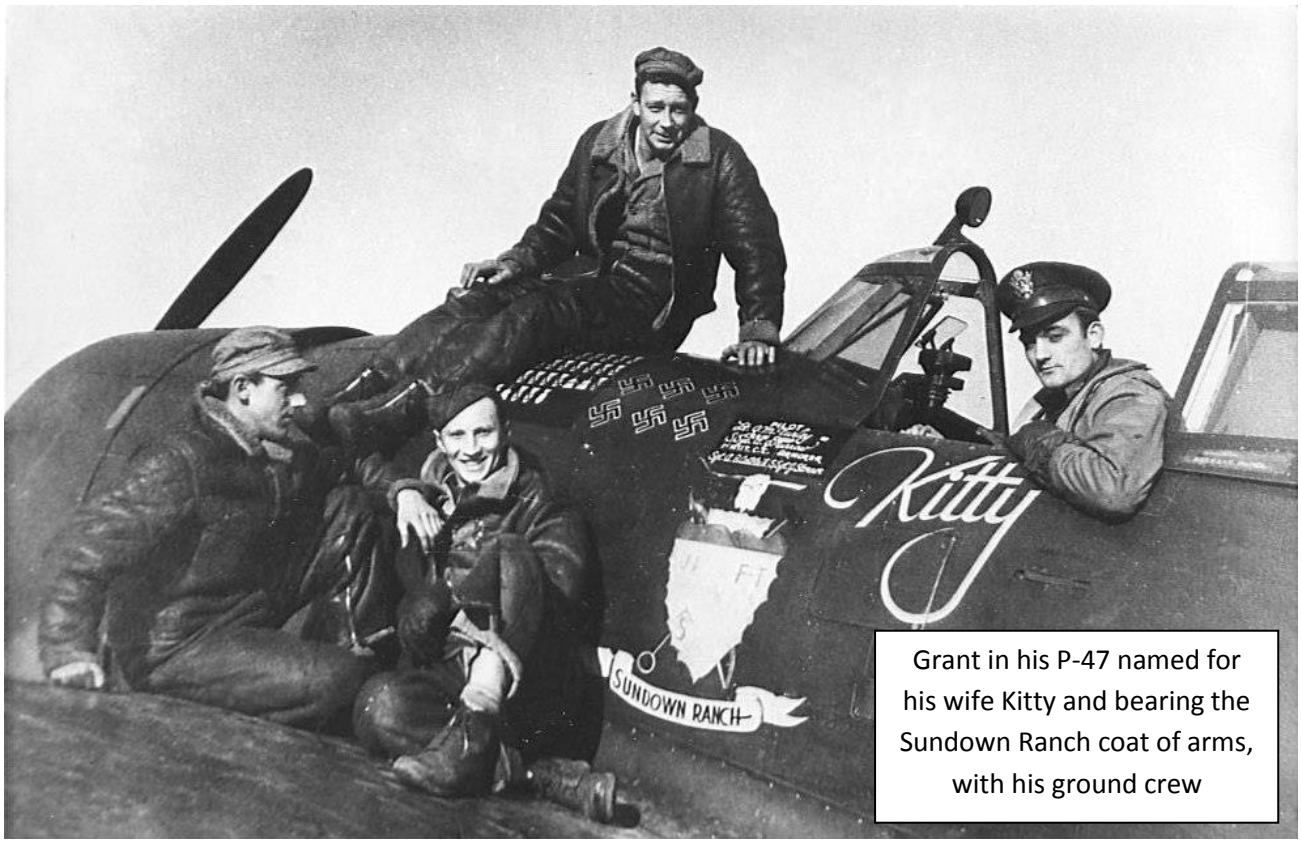
Grant shot down his fifth German fighter on February 20. Only ten days since first firing his guns, he'd become Arizona's first ace of the war. In a letter to Kitty, he attributed his success to a lot of luck and "maybe a little skill." He also confided in her that now that he'd become an ace, it "doesn't seem so important anymore."

Grant was promoted four days later, and on his debut mission as a flight leader he shot down his sixth enemy aircraft. He wrote to Kitty the next day: "Sometimes it seems as if this is all just a dream and that I'll wake up some day and be with you where I belong …I was interviewed by an NBC correspondent and am all in all getting too much publicity. There is really nothing spectacular about it, just all in the day's work, so they shouldn't make much fuss about it." But people were bound to make a fuss about it, because Grant's commanding officers considered him one of the most fearless pilots in the 78th Fighter Group.

Bombs over Berlin

Lieutenant General James Doolittle, a bold and innovative man, took command of the 8th Air Force in early 1944. He is best known for orchestrating the first raid over Tokyo in 1942. The bombs dropped during the Doolittle Raid on Tokyo inflicted minimal damage, but the broader effects from U.S. aircraft invading a seemingly unreachable enemy stronghold helped turn the tide of the war in the Pacific. Doolittle believed a major assault on Germany's capital, more than 500 miles from airbases in England, could yield similar results. At the time, Berlin was the heart of the Nazi war effort and home to a dozen aircraft assembly plants. With the planned Allied invasion of France only months away, crippling the dangerous planes of the Luftwaffe was a critical objective.

Grant and 59 other fliers from the 78th Fighter Group were assigned to protect the 1st Bomb Division on their approach to Berlin. As dawn broke on March 6, airfields across England came alive with the roar of engines from 814 heavy bombers and 644 fighter escorts. Once assembled, the bomber stream stretched nearly 100 miles from the first plane to the last. One of the largest air raids of the war was underway, headed into the fiercest air and ground defenses Germany could muster. And leading the way was the 1st Bomb Division, protected by Grant and his fellow P-47 pilots.



Grant in his P-47 named for his wife Kitty and bearing the Sundown Ranch coat of arms, with his ground crew

The Germans' early warning radar detected the formations and as the scale of the raid became apparent, a formidable force of Focke-Wulf 190s and Messerschmitt 109s assembled in the east and rushed to meet the invaders. The first major clashes of the day were only moments away.

Grant was in formation with three other P-47s when they saw several enemy planes headed for the bombers and rushed to intercept them. The German planes dived evasively and Grant pursued. Three more enemy planes then pounced on Grant and his wingman. Grant and his wingman split up, each targeting one of the fighters. Grant shot down the Focke-Wulf 190 he'd followed, but in the meantime, the third plane positioned itself behind Grant and let loose with its guns. Grant's plane was hit several times and he was last seen diving rapidly with the Focke-Wulf 190 on his tail. Following the dogfight, Grant's wingman rejoined the formation. Captain May, who was serving as flight leader, later reported that neither he nor the other pilots ever saw Grant's plane again.

March 6 proved to be the costliest day of the entire war for the 8th Air Force. Along with Grant, more than 230 U.S. airmen lost their lives in the raid. But the ambitious attack had breached the enemy's stronghold and 66 Luftwaffe fighters were knocked from the skies, paving the way for Allied aerial dominance and the success of D-Day.

Aftermath

Back in Arizona, Kitty received a telegram on March 17 notifying her that Grant was missing in action. For six grueling months, the family waited for more news. Kitty contacted pilots and leadership from the 8th Air Force in an attempt to learn more, and many responded with encouraging letters. Grant's commanding officer sent her a kind note, referring to Grant as "the ideal American boy" and offering the small hope that he may have been taken prisoner.

Kitty was working at the county assessor's office one day in September when a Western Union representative called to notify her of a telegram. When she asked if they could please deliver it to her, the man said no. They didn't deliver death messages. Heartbroken, Kitty walked to the Western Union office to pick up the official telegram informing her of Grant's death. The military sent additional letters over the next year, but none offered details of Grant's death or the location of his body. In April of 1945, Kitty and the Turley family held a memorial service for Grant in Snowflake's Main Street Chapel. The Air Corps had sent them some of Grant's personal belongings, including his uniform, which they proudly displayed with the medals he'd earned throughout his time in Europe: the Silver Star, the Distinguished Flying Cross, the Air Medal with three Oak Leaf Clusters, and the Purple Heart.

In January of 1946, nearly two years after Kitty first learned Grant was missing in action, news arrived that U.S. military personnel had translated captured German records and located Grant's body in a prisoner of war cemetery in northwest Germany. Then, in April of 1947, Kitty received word that his remains had been transferred to Belgium and interred in the Ardennes U.S. Military Cemetery. His final resting place was Plot D, Row 14, Grave 23.

While Kitty and the Turley family were thrilled to have a permanent grave marker for Grant, the ambiguity surrounding his death gave some a nagging feeling that maybe it wasn't him in Grave 23. The answer to that question, and many others, was buried in a mountain of military documents. And decades later, an aviation expert named Werner Oeltjebruns would begin the daunting process of uncovering the truth.

Finding the lost

World War II aviation has long been a part of the Oeltjebruns family's lives because they live in Wardenburg, Germany. The region had multiple Luftwaffe airfields and was also on the bombing corridor that thousands of Allied planes followed during the war, setting the stage for a stunning amount of combat and carnage. Thirty years after the war, 15 year-old Werner stumbled upon wreckage from a crashed German fighter plane in a swampy area near his home. He also found the remains of the pilot. The idea of pilots being lost to their loved ones struck him as tragic, and he has since dedicated his life to finding the war's lost airmen.

To broaden the impact of his work and to network with other aviation experts, Werner helped found an organization called Flieger, Flugzeuge, Schicksale (roughly translated to Pilots, Planes, Fates) in 1992. Over the course of his career, he and his colleagues have located more than 250 crash sites and conducted 35 excavations. Most importantly, they have found 20 lost WWII airmen who went down with their planes, helping to bring peace and closure to their families. Werner's research and accomplishments have been featured on the BBC and in countless magazines and newspapers.

Werner first learned of my great-uncle Grant in the late '80s, while studying the March 6 raid on Berlin. He was intrigued by the story of the young American ace and began tracking down declassified German military records on Grant and cross-referencing them with Grant's Individual Deceased Personnel File from the U.S. Army. One of Werner's earliest discoveries was that Grant's plane had crashed into a lake in Aumuehle, a town in northwest Germany. Documents revealed that it was a full month before a German salvage team removed the plane and took Grant's body to the prisoner of war cemetery.

According to army files, when U.S. officials found Grant's body in the cemetery following the war, they initially misidentified it as another pilot named Turley. This unfortunate mix-up explained why Kitty had to wait so long to receive word on the location of Grant's remains. The files explained that in 1946, officials were finally able to conclusively identify Grant's remains based on dental records.

Werner had now confirmed that the body buried in the prisoner of war cemetery and later transferred to Belgium was indeed Grant Turley. But he still didn't know where the lake was in Aumuehle where Grant's P-47 had crashed. The big break came when an eyewitness to the crash read a newspaper article about Werner's efforts to find lost pilots and contacted him in 1994. The man took Werner to a privately owned lake in Aumuehle and showed him where Grant's plane had struck an island at one end. He said that Grant was attempting an emergency landing on the lake, but had too much speed and his P-47 plowed into the mud at the base of the island. Werner then found Luftwaffe records confirming this eyewitness account.

Another discovery came in 2012, when Werner studied Luftwaffe air victory records and found that Lieutenant Rolf Hermichen had shot down a P-47 on March 6 near Aumuehle at the time of Grant's death. Cross-referencing this information with Grant's Individual Deceased Personnel File confirmed that Hermichen had been the pilot who shot Grant down. One of the Luftwaffe's great aces, Hermichen had commanded the initial force of fighters that attacked the American planes on March 6. He finished the war with 64 air victories.

As Werner searched online for additional information on Grant, he came across Lt. Grant M. Turley: Ace Fighter Pilot World War II, a biography compiled by Wanda Smith (Grant's sister and my great-aunt). Werner contacted Wanda and told her about his research. My great-aunt was stunned by the wealth of information this stranger in Germany had uncovered about her brother.

"You cannot know how pleased I am to receive the emails of your interest and research regarding locations of American planes that went down during WW II and of your kindness in helping families' hearts heal," she wrote to Werner. "Of course, we always have wondered just where and how it was that day 6 March, 1944."

Wanda sent him a signed copy of her book. Reading about Grant's ranch upbringing and how much he loved horses, Werner was reminded of his own family hero, his uncle Heinrich. Like Grant, Heinrich grew up on a large family property with horses. He became an accomplished rider and won many championships. Drafted into service in the German Army, Heinrich was part of a cavalry brigade and was killed in Russia in 1943.

"I must say that I felt emotional when I saw Grant as a little child and with the knowledge that such a nice person was killed during the terrible War," Werner wrote to Wanda after seeing family photos in the book. "It is so good to know that our two countries now are in good friendship and that you, Wanda, and I came in contact with each other and build new bridges over the past!"

Werner provided Wanda with all the research he had gathered, including the document reporting Rolf Hermichen as the pilot who downed Grant's plane. Wanda shared this information with her three siblings—Stan, Monita and Marilyn—explaining that she felt more at peace as she learned the details of Grant's death and hoped it could do the same for them. Despite Werner's meticulous research, one major question remained—was wreckage from Grant's plane still in the lake? The Germans had removed the plane in 1944, but the engine and other large pieces might have sheared off during the crash. And perhaps the impact had deposited debris on the shore of the island. The only way to know for sure would be to conduct an underwater search, something Werner and his team had never attempted.

Rallying the troops

I've dreamed of finding Grant's plane since I was a boy and heard the stories of his bravery. I became fascinated with World War II aviation and the pilot I was named after. The first plane model I ever built was a P-47 Thunderbolt; and at the age of 8, I won a statewide art contest with a drawing of "Kitty" in flight. Grant's plane became a symbol of the man I never knew—a connection to the past.

My wife, Jennifer, and I learned about Werner's discoveries and the location of the crash site from my grandmother (Grant's sister Monita). It was October 2012, and we were visiting family in Park City, Utah. My grandmother had printouts of Werner's research and we read through them in amazement. Jennifer and I love exploring new places and I've been a certified scuba diver for more than a decade, so by the time we'd finished the last pages, we both knew that a search of the lake was on the horizon.

We contacted Werner, who eagerly offered the full support of his team for the search. My younger brother Jon lives in Frankfurt with his family and also volunteered to assist in the project. Jennifer and I spent the next several months assembling search equipment and working out the logistics for our expedition. Meanwhile, Werner and his research partners from Flieger, Flugzeuge, Schicksale conducted interviews and rounded up every scrap of information that could aid our search. They met with the owner of the lake to seek permission for us to access it. The man was familiar with the story of Grant's crash and expressed excitement about our project. He granted us unlimited access to the lake and even provided a rowboat to go to and from the island.

On our first day in northern Germany, we met with Werner and three other aviation experts—Hermann Wilke, Volker Urbansky and Christian Klaiss. After a warm greeting, we made the drive to the crash site. A large

archway greeted us as we exited the highway and drove down the tree-lined lane leading to the lake. After a short distance, we veered right and followed a dirt road through a grove of towering trees. The lake slowly came into view. Surrounded by lush, moss-covered trees, it was roughly the size of three football fields end-to-end. A handful of old farmhouses were visible through the trees at the far end.

Werner and Hermann led the way down a path to the water's edge. Directly in front of us was the island where Grant's plane had crashed. It was smaller than I'd imagined. A family of ducks swam past us, seemingly unaware of our presence. I paused and listened to the aspens sway in the breeze. It occurred to me that although this had been enemy territory, there couldn't have been a more beautiful, calm place for my hero to spend his final moments.

As we discussed our plans for starting the underwater search the next morning, I was touched by how much Werner and his friends cared. It had been 69 years since my great-uncle's plane was lost, and although none of these men had a direct connection to him, they'd dedicated hundreds of hours to helping my family find answers. To help us find peace. I turned to Werner and again thanked him for all he'd done. "It is our pleasure," he said. "Perhaps tomorrow we will find a piece from Grant's plane that you can take home to your family!"

The Search

In the morning, temperatures dipped into the low 40s and a steady drizzle dimpled the surface of the lake. Hauling my scuba equipment from the car, each exhale was clearly visible in the cold air. I sat on the bank and dipped my feet in the water, thankful for my 5-millimeter wetsuit.

Expedition team (L to R): Christian Klaiss, Hermann Wilke, Volker Urbansky, Grant Olsen, Jon Olsen and Jennifer Olsen. Not pictured: Werner Oeltjebruns

I plunged into the lake and the shock from the brisk water felt like a prolonged slap to the face. As I descended to the bottom, a cloud of silt swirled around me. I switched on my Excalibur II metal detector and the dull, tedious hum filled my ears.

Jon Olsen takes aviation expert Hermann Wilke to the island, while Volker Urbansky and Christian Klaiss search on land and Grant Olsen searches the water

Back on shore, Jennifer documented the expedition with photographs, while Jon ferried metal detectors and other equipment to the island and helped Volker and Christian start the land search. They focused their efforts on the shoreline where the P-47 crashed.

I'd been underwater for about thirty minutes when my metal detector picked up a signal from deep in the mud. I honed in on the source and anxiously dug down into the darkness. My fingertips scraped metal and I slowly cleared the mud from around a 2'x3' piece of corroded metal and lugged it to the surface. Bursting from the water, I excitedly lifted the object over my head and called out to Volker. He took a quick look at it and said it was part of a wheelbarrow.

"Are you sure?" I asked. But as I stared at the object, it became clear that he was right. Over the next hour I found more metal garbage, which I loaded into the boat so that Jon could take it to shore and dispose of it.

The property owner had been so gracious, cleaning his lake was the least I could do. With only garbage to show for thus far, I gradually narrowed my search until I was in the shallow water of the crash site. Submerged tree branches repeatedly snagged my diving equipment and the thorns left some nasty scratches. Just as I was beginning to wish I were done and back at the hotel, a commotion above the surface caught my attention and I raised my head from the water.

"Volker found something!" Jennifer shouted from the shoreline. "He found a pipe from the plane!"

Shifting my gaze to the island, I saw Volker triumphantly holding a thin copper pipe about four feet long. He'd found the item about a foot down in the ground, and moments later, he located a handful of aluminum aircraft bolts at the same depth. We rendezvoused on the shore and Werner inspected the pipe and bolts and determined they were from a World War II aircraft. He later consulted a detailed parts list and stated conclusively that they matched parts from a P-47.

We all took turns examining the items and it felt surreal to be holding the relics in my hands. I thought of Kitty and other family members who had lived through the tragic years following Grant's death. Memories flooded back to me from my childhood—the hours I'd spent speculating on the whereabouts of my hero's plane. Throughout this expedition, I'd had my doubts as to whether we'd be successful. And now a 69-year-old mystery had been solved, and we had a tangible piece of history to bring home to my family.

The following day, we finished our search by comprehensively scanning the area around the crash site one last time. Volker and Christian returned to the island to ensure they hadn't missed additional remnants. Werner and Jon used a military-grade metal detector in the boat to scan the bottom of the lake. Each time they registered a signal, I dived to the bottom to investigate. No further pieces from Grant's plane were found.

Our search conclusively verified the eyewitness accounts and wartime documents. Grant's entire plane had been hauled out of the lake by the German military in April of 1944. All that remained were the small pieces we found, and the legacy he'd left with my family, Werner and countless others.

Conclusion

It was a strange experience leaving the lake. The place edified me in ways that I could never have anticipated. As Jennifer and I drove to the airport I felt a sense of loss. I wasn't missing Grant—I'd never felt closer to him. I missed our new friends and the camaraderie we shared while searching.

"It was good that a part of your family was here at the crash place of Grant Turley," Werner wrote to Wanda. "And I felt that your brother was with us at the search all the time."

My wife and I brought the relics from the plane home and gave Grant's siblings a full report of our experiences. Notably absent from our family visits was Kitty, who passed away in 2004. I carefully cut the 4-foot pipe from Grant's plane into pieces so that each of his siblings could have one to remember him by. They insisted that I keep a small piece as well, which is now a treasured possession. Jennifer and I hope to one day return to the special place where we connected with Grant's legacy. Several members of my family plan to visit the lake in the future, and we are currently planning a memorial plaque that will be placed near the crash site.

Wanda accurately summed up our family's emotions when she wrote these words to Werner: "'Missing' leaves so many unanswered questions and a loss that never heals. I cannot tell you of the peace it has brought to my heart to know just where his final moments on this earth were spent."

(Grant Olsen – Sandy – Monita – Fred – Theodore Wilford – Isaac – Theodore)

PICTURE OF WOODRUFF, Arizona Chapel Groundbreaking, circa 1940

Shared by Wayne Turley, who received a copy from his neighbor, Shannon Williams. Shannon had relatives in Woodruff and found this picture among her family's papers.

The picture has numbers at the bottom but they are hard to see. There is a legend with the names. Many family members will have some relation to some of the people in the picture. Here are the names that match the numbers on the bottom of the picture:

1 ?
2 ?
3 Elmer Gardner
4 Levi Brinkerhoff
5 George Turley
6 Bub Smithson
7 Charley Turley
8 ?
9 Joel S. Eager
10 Wallace Turley
11 Q. R. Gardner
12 ?
13 Floyd Turley
14 Hyrum Turley
15 Burt Bowler
16 George Crandall
17 Jess Dewitt
18 Lawn Standiford
19 Jim Brinkerhoff
20 Melvin Gardner
21 Hugh Larson
22 Joe Brinkerhoff

HAZEL TURLEY HEWARD LIFE SKETCH, submitted by Wayne Turley

Alma Rubin & Delilah Turley with their oldest children (L to R): Hazel, Sarah, Rhoda, Wes

Hazel Turley was the first daughter born to Alma Rubin and Delilah Jane Willis Turley on June 19, 1890 in Snowflake, Arizona. She was blessed by Jesse N. Smith, Sr. Hazel grew up in Snowflake near her Willis grandparents and her mother's family. She was baptized by William W. Willis, Jr., her grandfather, and confirmed July 3, 1898 by Bishop John Hunt. By the time her family moved to Woodruff to a small farm in 1900, she had two brothers, Wes and Charley and two sisters, Rhoda and Josephine, and a third sister, Sarah, who had passed away at age three. Hazel was a great help to her mother, as the oldest of a family that eventually grew to thirteen children, nine of whom grew to adulthood. Following Charley after the family moved to Woodruff were Tillman, Leora, twins, Alma and Delilah, who died shortly after birth, Wallace, Martha, and Chester, who died at nine months.

Hazel is remembered as kind and loving and a hard worker. She attended grade school in Woodruff and also the Snowflake Stake Academy in Snowflake, staying with her Willis grandparents. Hazel married John Edwin Heward from Heber, Arizona, on 24 September, 1909 in Woodruff. They received their endowments and were sealed in the Salt Lake Temple on October 8, 1909. Ed was seven years older than Hazel, who was 19 when she married. Ed had not been able to get much education due to living in remote locations and on the Navajo Reservation during much of his growing up years. When they were married, Ed and Hazel bailed hay east of Woodruff to earn some money for a few weeks. They lived in a little adobe house in Woodruff where Rhoda and Levi Brinkerhoff (Hazel's sister) later lived. In the spring of 1911, they went to Dry Lake where Ed's parents, Lehi and Susanna Heward, were homesteading. Their first years were spent in Zeniff, or Dry Lake and moving back and forth between Dry Lake and Woodruff.

Hazel & Ed

With a large pioneer family, Hazel served faithfully in the little branches and wards wherever they lived. She was called to be a Primary President, counselor in the Young Women's MIA, a teacher in Primary, Sunday School and Relief Society and a visiting teacher. Ed presided over the branch in Zeniff for a time, and was called on a stake mission to the Indians, as well as serving as a home teacher all of his life. In his later years, Ed was a high priests group leader and worked in the Salt Lake Temple for twenty years.

Hazel and Ed had a large family of twelve children. Their first was John Edwin, born September 24, 1910 in Woodruff. Their second son, E. Marion, was born April 2, 1912. Their first daughter, Nedra, was born October 24, 1914 in Woodruff. The family was living in the old Clark Owens home in Woodruff at the time. It was a little two room frame house. Within a month tragedy struck. Their baby, Marion, just a toddler, caught his long coat on fire when he was too close to their grandparents' fireplace, and died November 26, 1914. Without medical help, Hazel gave Marion a mother's love and soothing touch but he lived only a few days. Hazel bore this great trial with faith and patience. Bitterness was not part of Hazel's disposition. Their fourth child, Margaret, was born November 30, 1916 in Zeniff. Ellen was the next child, born April 20, 1919 in Zeniff. Lester was born June 29, 1921 in Woodruff. Alfred was born October 28, 1923 in Zeniff. Marvene was born February 21, 1926 in Zeniff. The family moved back to Woodruff in 1926, where their children were able to attend school. Margaret graduated from Holbrook High School. Elmer was born September 26, 1928 in Woodruff. Twins, Alma and Ann, were born March 12, 1931 in Woodruff. Their last child, Veri Dale, was born September 28, 1933 in Woodruff.

4 Generations (L to R) in 1942: Margaret Heward Stout holding Hazel Stout, Hazel Turley Heward, Delilah Jane Willis Turley

Tragedy struck again just a month later when their little boy, Alma, a little over two years old, was kicked in the head by a horse and died October 23, 1933.

Nedra wrote about her family: “Dad believed in trusting his fellowmen and held honesty almost above everything. He and Mother have always been devoted Latter-Day Saints, always practicing the teaching of taking their children to church rather than just sending them. The Gospel has ever been taught and discussed in our home. Dad mostly farmed to make a living. He was also a very good rock quarrier and built the only real home we had out of rock which he quarried and cut himself. This home is in Woodruff.” (Nowlin and Leora Kartchner, Hazel's sister, later bought the rock home and lived there the rest of their lives).

About her mother, Nedra wrote: “She had dark brown wavy hair and blue eyes. Very slight of build, weighing usually around one hundred eleven pounds, five feet four and one-half inches tall. She was a sweet, tender loving mother. Nothing was too great a sacrifice for her family. Always so understanding and patient. Truly no greater person has ever lived. She was always very industrious and kept a neat home, even though humble, as well as keeping her children neat and their clothes mended. All her life she held some position in the church, mostly teaching positions. She also played the organ in our little branch at Zeniff, Arizona. At that time Dad was the presiding Elder of the branch.”

Dale remembers that their mother never let anything go to waste. Like other pioneers in that time, she made her own soap, bottled fruit, and made do with what they had for a large family.

Ed made a living farming in tough conditions in northern Arizona. At times, he helped his father dry farm and they raised some cattle. They raised mostly corn, beans, squash and sorghum cane. They planted potatoes in the hills west of Heber. The family went to Heber to harvest the potatoes in the fall. After World War I there was a flu epidemic. The family all had the flu, even though they stayed in the mountains away from people. Hazel gave them all sulphur and molasses. She also used oil of peppermint and consecrated olive oil, for blessings, in which she had great trust. One year the family moved to Prescott to take care of the American Ranch.

Donna Lee Turley, a niece, wrote this about her Aunt Hazel: “Aunt Hazel and Uncle Ed's home was one of my favorite places. How I loved to go there and watch her. I wanted to know how she made bread, to make it so much better than any other bread. I would try to be there and stand at her side and watch for the secret ingredient. What a wonderful, big family they had.”

Ed & Hazel’s family

In about 1945 the family moved to Salt Lake City where Nedra lived with her husband, Arthur Strong. Nedra and Arthur had married in 1939. Arthur helped Ed get a job at the Salt Lake Temple and helped Ed and Hazel buy a house near 2900 South for the family still at home. Hazel and Ed and their children lived in the basement and rented out the upper part of the house. The hard life and tragedies of earlier years took a heavy toll on Hazel. She suffered a nervous breakdown and withdrew from all communications. The family did all they could but Hazel's last years were spent in nursing and care facilities. Ed died in 1971 and Hazel passed away in 1988. What a joyous reunion that must have been with her dear children and husband and loving parents and brothers and sisters who had missed her cheerful company for so many years.

Hazel and Ed have a large posterity, now over 360, one of the largest families of all of Isaac Turley's and Sarah Greenwood's grandchildren, and Theodore and Frances' great grandchildren.

- **John** married Beulah Whiting in 1934. They had five children. From 1973 to 1976, John was called to preside with his wife over the Ecuador Mission. He was later called to be a sealer in the Mesa Temple, where they served faithfully for many years. Their children (and spouses) are: Edwin Marion (Mary Louise Russell), Beryl (Robert Dean Fisher), Loraine (James Vreeken), John Richard (Diane Troutner), and Ernest J (Alaina Sherrell Longmore).
- **Nedra** married Arthur Strong in 1939. They had two sons, Brent (Margaret McKean) and Brian (Mary Ann Matheson). Arthur and Nedra were called to be the President and Matron of the Santiago, Chile Temple.
- **Margaret** married Lawrence Stout, also in 1939. They had one daughter, also named Hazel (Gilbert Merryman).
- **Ellen** married Robert Shamo in 1937. They had four children, Merla, Robert Lee, Jr. (Kathleen Partner), Kenneth Dean (Beverlee Claire Leavens), and Floyd (Paula Stratton).
- **Lester** married Marcia Hunt in 1944 after he had enlisted in the Navy. They had three children, Ronna Lynn (Thomas Carl Jensen), Camille (Scott Mortensen), and Leslie Ann (Robert John Lehn).
- **Alfred** married Betty Jane Hayes in 1946, after he also served in the Navy. They had three children, Alfred Lee (Jackie Sue Sheldon), Daniel Roland, and Shauna Kaye (John Christopher Ferrando). After Betty died in 1990, Alfred married Erma Elizabeth Hegstrom.
- **Marvene** married Lyman Elvin Duncan in 1948. They have three children, Elvin Lowell (Tethinia Leona Johnson), Gary Don (Tara Lynn Bates), and Marilyn (Mark McKirahan).
- **Elmer** married Ruth Barker in 1951. She died in 1952. They had one daughter, Susan Marveen (Timothy John Jackson). Elmer then married Jean Snader in 1953. They have four children, Gary Elmer (Diana Pia Biagi). Kim Alan (Michele Good), Brent, and Marlyce (James Cagle).
- **Anna** married Leroy Christiansen in 1949. They had four children, Linda (Larry Slade), Kathy (Michael Young). Charles Leroy (Daryl Jean Fulmer), Paul (Teri Lynn Williamson), and Kevin John (Marci Holmes). Leroy passed away in 1984. Anna married Dean Seeley in 1987, and they have blended their families together.

Ed & Hazel's children at a Woodruff Reunion in 1959

- **Dale** married Jeanine Hanson in 1956. They have seven children, Randy (Becky Child), Cheri (Randeel Wallace Bergeson), Stacy (Kirk Allen Russell), Timothy Samuel (Kathleen Sleigting), Kristine (James Lincoln Arveseth), Spencer Leroy (Kellee King), and James Cameron (Jessica Leigh Pope).

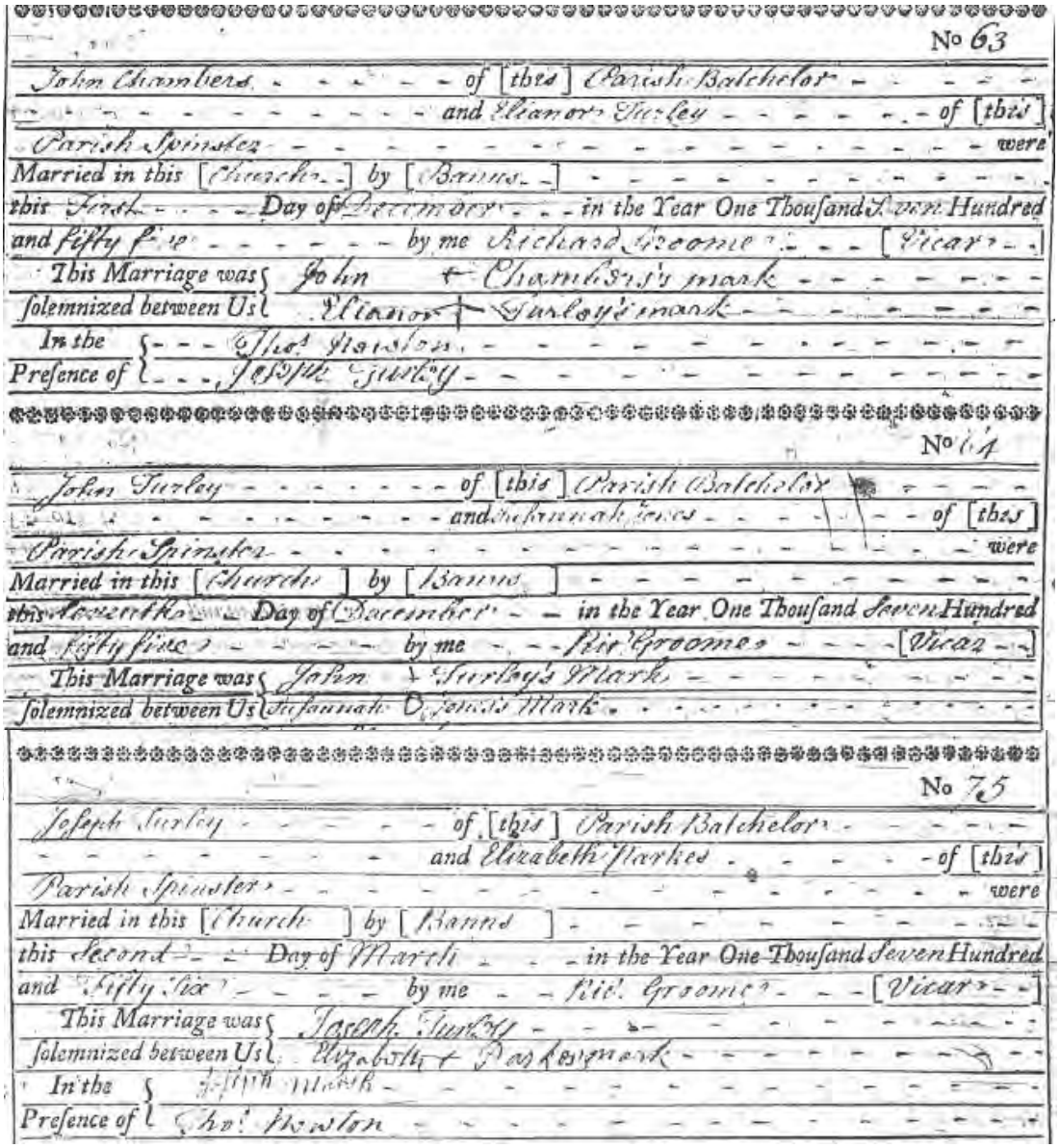
There will be other grand reunions as each of Hazel's children meet her again, thankful for the life that she gave to each one.

(Hazel – Alma Rubin – Isaac – Theodore)

GATHERING TURLEY DOCUMENTS FOR NEWSLETTER AND FAMILYSEARCH, by Hilary Turley

Have you tried using the new FamilySearch program or browsed the Theodore Turley family tree on Ancestry.com? These are two underutilized places that allow us to share our research, documents and discoveries with the extended family. Going forward we will have a new section of the newsletter focused on documents related to the Turley family. By sharing a few of the discoveries here, I hope it will pique your interest and inspire you to consider contributing documents you may have within your reach. Starting off this series is a contribution from Rick Turley, Jr. and Ann Lewis regarding Joseph Turley, Theodore Turley's grandfather. **What will you discover this week?**

Background on Joseph Turley: He was born 26 March 1734 in Coseley, England, christened 21 July 1734 in Sedgley, Staffordshire. Family records show he married Mary or Margaret Ford (born 1736) in Birmingham around 1769, and list his burial date as 6 July 1819 in Sedgley, Staffordshire. Only one child is recorded: William Turley born 1770 in Sedgley, Staffordshire, died 7 Apr 1841 in Birmingham, and buried 11 Apr 1841 at St. Paul's in Birmingham.



No 63
John Chambers of [this] Parish Batchelor
and Elianor Turley of [this]
Parish Spinster were
Married in this [Church] by [Banns]
this First Day of December in the Year One Thousand Seven Hundred
and fifty five by me Richard Groome [Vicar]
This Marriage was } John + Chambers's mark
Solemnized between Us } Elianor + Turley's mark
In the } Tho. Hanson
Presence of } Joseph Turley

No 64
John Turley of [this] Parish Batchelor
and Susannah Jones of [this]
Parish Spinster were
Married in this [Church] by [Banns]
this Seventh Day of December in the Year One Thousand Seven Hundred
and fifty five by me Ric. Groome [Vicar]
This Marriage was } John + Turley's Mark
Solemnized between Us } Susannah + Jones's Mark

No 75
Joseph Turley of [this] Parish Batchelor
and Elizabeth Parkes of [this]
Parish Spinster were
Married in this [Church] by [Banns]
this Second Day of March in the Year One Thousand Seven Hundred
and Fifty Six by me Ric. Groome [Vicar]
This Marriage was } Joseph Turley
Solemnized between Us } Elizabeth + Parkes's mark
In the } Joseph Mark
Presence of } Tho. Hanson

These are some records of Turley marriages in the Coseley and Sedgley Parish during Joseph Turley's lifetime:

Record 63: John Chambers of this Parish, marrying Elianor Turley of this Parish on 1 December 1755 in the presence of Joseph Turley.

Record 64: John Turley of this Parish, marrying Susannah Jones of this parish on 7 December 1755.

Record 75: Joseph Turley of this Parish marrying Elizabeth Parkes of this Parish on 2 March 1756.

NORTH AMERICA

Mark & Phoebe Turley, Vancouver, Washington Church-service Mission with CES Institutes & Seminaries, February 2013 – February 2014 *(Mark – Lawrence – Edward – Isaac – Theodore)*

Tanner Marriott, Oakland/San Francisco, California Mission (Cambodian speaking), September 2013 – September 2015 *(Tanner – Leigh – Walt – Marguerite – Frances – Isaac – Theodore)*

Adam Wardle, Anaheim, California Mission, September 2012 – September 2014 *(Adam – Jackee – Sylvan – Louise – Ida – George Albert – Isaac – Theodore)*

Nicole Dowd, Riverside, California Mission, June 2013 – December 2014 *(Nicole – Stephanie – Richard – Edward – Edward – Isaac – Theodore)*

Alex Robison, Redlands, California Mission, July 2013 – July 2015 (*Alex – Mark – Monita – Fred – Theodore – Isaac – Theodore*)

Ryan Pyper, Boise, Idaho Mission, October 2012 – October 2014 *(Ryan – Daniel – John – Marguerite – Frances – Isaac – Theodore)*

Dallin Theodore Haws, Pocatello, Idaho Mission, September 2013 – September 2015 *(Dallin – Ted – Annamarie – Tillman – Alma Rubin – Isaac – Theodore)* Dallin will report to the MTC on Sept. 25th. This location is exciting because almost all of Dallin's mother's family and one of his dad's brothers live in the mission boundaries. He has been in most of cities in his mission. He is very likely to run into people he already knows. We are so excited that our baby is starting this next part of his life serving our Heavenly Father.

Benjamin Simpson, Canada, Calgary Mission (Spanish speaking), July 2012 – July 2014 *(Benjamin – Marguerite – John – Marguerite – Frances – Isaac – Theodore)*

Parker Anderson, Rapid City, South Dakota Mission, September 2013 – September 2015 *(Parker – Kerry – Mark – Lawrence – Edward – Isaac – Theodore)*

Chantry Harrison, Illinois, Chicago West Mission (Spanish speaking), May 2013 – May 2015 *(Chantry – Jeff – Peggy – Ida – George Albert – Isaac – Theodore)*

Rachel Pyper, Lansing, Michigan Mission, April 2013 – October 2014 *(Rachel – Rick – Walt – Marguerite – Frances – Isaac – Theodore)*

Bradilyn Bettridge, Columbus, Ohio Mission, July 2013 – January 2015 *(Bradilyn – Richard – Thomas – Frances – Johnathon – Frederick – Theodore)*

Nicholas Trock, Independence, Missouri Mission, June 2013 – June 2015 *(Nicholas – Tami – Kay – Louise – Ida – George Albert – Isaac – Theodore)*

Daniel B. Christensen, Birmingham, Alabama Mission, January 2012 – January 2014 *(Daniel – Russell – Betty – Ida – George Albert – Isaac – Theodore)*

Sarah Klein, Birmingham, Alabama Mission (Spanish speaking), June 2013 – December 2014 *(Sarah – Denise – Marie – Lawrence – Edward – Isaac – Theodore)*

Morgan Myers, New York, New York South Mission, September 2013 – March 2015 *(Morgan – Daylin – Mar Lou – Henry – Edward – Isaac – Theodore)*

Lindsay Robison, New Jersey, Morristown Mission, May 2013 – November 2014 *(Lindsay – Bart – Monita – Fred – Theodore – Isaac – Theodore)*

AFRICA

Susan and Vernon Moon, Kenya Nairobi Mission, 2012 – present. Served previously together in Poland Warsaw Mission. *(Susan – Velma – Josephine – Alma Rubin – Isaac – Theodore)*

EUROPE & ASIA

Brandon Carter, Ukraine, Dnipropetrovsk Mission, June 2013 – June 2015 *(Brandon – Debbie – Kay – Louise – Ida – George Albert – Isaac – Theodore)*

D. Alexandra Williams, Japan, Fukuoka Mission, May 2013 - November 2014 *(Alexandra – Adrienne – Bud – Ruth – Clara – Isaac – Theodore)*

CENTRAL & SOUTH AMERICA

Dallon Klein, Dominican Republic, Santa Domingo West Mission, October 2011 – October 2013 *(Dallon – Denise – Marie – Lawrence – Edward – Isaac – Theodore)*

James Marriott, Guatemala, Quetzaltenango Mission, August 2012 – August 2014 *(James – Leigh – Walt – Marguerite – Frances – Isaac – Theodore)*

Joe Pyper, Guatemala, Cobàn Mission, August 2013 – August 2015 *(Joe – Rick – Walt – Marguerite – Frances – Isaac – Theodore)*

Maryn Turley, Guatemala, Cobàn Mission, January 2014 – July 2015 *(Maryn – Wayne – Wallace – Alma Rubin – Isaac – Theodore)* and *(Maryn – Nancy – Kathryn – Lucy – Theodore Wilford – Isaac – Theodore)*

Kaden Bond, Brazil, Joao Pessoa Mission, February 2012 – February 2014 *(Kaden – Casey – Phil – Louise – Ida – George Albert – Isaac – Theodore)*

Colton Bond, Chile, Santiago Mission, May 2013 – May 2015 *(Colton – Casey – Phil – Louise – Ida – George Albert – Isaac – Theodore)*

Jordan Tanner

Jordan Tanner, El Salvador, Santa Ana/Belize Mission, May 2013 – May 2015 *(Jordan – Natalie – Monita – Fred – Theodore – Isaac – Theodore)*

Aaron Laemmlen Lewis, Chile, Santiago South Mission, January 2014 – January 2016 *(Aaron – Ann – Grace – Ruby – Grace – Charlotte – Theodore)* Aaron will report to the Santiago MTC January 15, 2014. His older brother Adam returned from the Santiago West mission last year. Since then, the borders have changed and a good part of Aaron's mission will be where Adam served.

Aaron Lewis

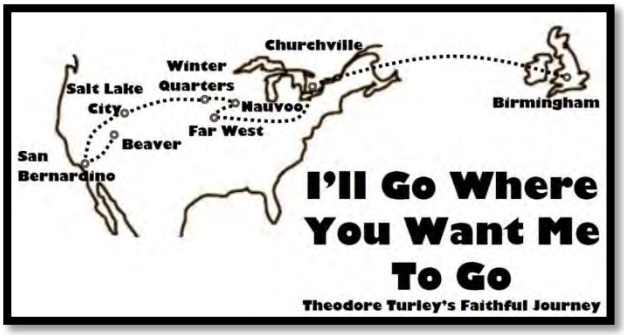
T-SHIRT FUNDRAISER

Back by popular demand! From now through November 1st, you have another opportunity to order a Theodore Turley Family Organization t-shirt or sweatshirt. The Theodore Turley Family Organization is offering these shirts to help raise money to be used to cover the costs of running the organization, including newsletters, research, website hosting, leadership meetings and other expenses. The prices for the various styles of shirts are listed in the form below. All prices include shipping. At least $5 from the sale of each t-shirt and sweatshirt will go directly into the general funds of the organization. Thank you for your support!

To order one or more of the shirts, please fill out this form by marking the quantity of each size and style, and send it in by mail or email by November 1st. If you place your order by email, please follow up with a check in the mail (checks need to arrive before the shirts can be mailed out). Please make your check payable to "Theodore Turley Family Organization". You may also pay by PayPal balance transfer to turleyfamilyorg@gmail.com. Please do not pay by credit card because PayPal charges fees to process credit card payments.

Mail To:
Theodore Turley Family Organization
c/o Hilary Turley
6028 Old Quarry Loop
Oakland, CA 94605

Default Color:
Navy with white print
(If you would like a different color, please include your preferred color with your order. If there are enough orders to place a bulk order in other colors, we will do our best to get you the color you want.)



Design on the front:
Map of all the places Theodore Turley lived, with the text "I'll Go Where You Want Me To Go"

Design on the back:
"TURLEY" in block letters (like a sports jersey)

Name:	
Shipping Address:	

SIZE	SHORT SLEEVE T-SHIRT Quantity (Price $13 each)	LONG SLEEVE T-SHIRT Quantity (Price $17 each)	HOODED SWEATSHIRT Quantity (Price $26 each)	Order Total $ (Shipping is included)
Child S				
Child M				
Child L				
Child XL				
Adult S				
Adult M				
Adult L				
Adult XL				
Adult XXL				
Adult XXXL				

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Check the renewal date next to your mailing address to find out when your subscription expires. A $10 donation pays for a 12-month membership and three newsletters a year. Membership renewals can be paid by check, made payable to "Theodore Turley Family Organization" and mailed c/o Hilary Turley to 6028 Old Quarry Loop, Oakland, CA 94605. Include your email address to receive a confirmation of your payment. Or dues can be paid securely online by balance transfer, using PayPal to turleyfamilyorg@gmail.com.

CONTRIBUTING TO THE NEWSLETTER

To have your news included in the next newsletter, please contact your family representative or send an email directly to turleyfamilyorg@gmail.com with your name, address and family line from Theodore Turley. The submission deadline for the February newsletter is January 10, 2014.

Theodore Turley Family Organization
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Oakland, CA 94605

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