LAW OFFICES OF
F. HUNTER CREECH
SUITE 95 RUST BUILDING
WASHINGTON, D. C.

NATIONAL 7436

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Mr. F. L. Black
Engineering Laboratory,
Ford Motor Company,
Dearborn, Michigan.

Dear Fred:

I suppose you are beginning to think that I have forgotten you. However, the Robey assignment was not as simple as a couple of week-end drives. I tried that, but it proved fruitless. However, I spent yesterday and closed the matter up. I took Eddie Simons along with me so that I would have an additional witness if it proved necessary to make affidavits. The question was complicated by the fact that I ran into another Hubert Robey, who had recently died and was buried in Piney Cemetery, about two and a half miles southeast of Waldorf. I finally located his widow, and then found that his name was Joseph Hubert Robey, and he was the son of one Sylvester Robey, who died many years ago in a hospital in Baltimore. This party seemed to have but little information about the other Hubert Robey and Franklin Robey. I finally did get out of her that she heard last year that Franklin Robey's widow was still living at some place in Virginia, and that Franklin Robey had married a Miss Tucker. I think the lady was in error in this respect, and she was probably referring to Franklin Robey's daughter, who was Mrs. Edward Tucker.

We finally found a Newtown Cemetery, and it proved to be a Negro burial ground. Upon further inquiry, we found very close another Newtown Cemetery, which was an old burial ground for whites. I do not believe there had been any burial in there for the past twenty-five years. The place was overgrown with underbrush, briars, etc. However, just recently someone had cut down the most of this over a large portion of the cemetery, so as to make accessible one family burial plot. There was nothing available at this cemetery to show that Robey had ever been buried there. However, I took some snap-shots of it, and we will see how they turn out.

Now, following another hunch, we went to the local newspaper, which was established in 1874 and has existed since then through the usual vicissitudes of such an enterprise. Finally we got the young fellow to go up and look through his attic and see if he could find any files for 1896. He found six or eight copies, and we were about to give up the task when he finally threw down the issue for December 25, 1896,

and in that we found under the caption "Deaths" the following statement:

> "Mr. Franklin Robey, a highly esteemed and prosperous farmer, died at his home near Hill Top on Friday morning last. Mr. Robey was stricken with Typhoid-pneumonia about three weeks ago, but he soon recovered sufficiently to go around again. About a week ago he accompanied a few friends on a fox hunt and was suddenly taken with a chill and thrown back in bed with a relapse from which he died as before stated. He leaves a widow and two children - Mrs. Edward Tucker, near this town, and Mr. H. F. Robey, of Hill Top neighborhood. His funeral took place on Sunday and was followed by a large number of friends and relatives. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. J. W. Mitchell, in the M. E. Church, this town, and his remains were laid to rest in Newtown Cemetery. The pallbearers were, George W. Price, J. W. Golden, John S. Greer, Wm. T. Hindle, James A. Franklin and J. T. Higdon.
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> Mr. Robey is the last of the several persons of this county who assisted Booth across to Virginia after the latter's assassination of President Lincoln. The three main participants in the event were Col. S. Cox, Mr. Thos. A. Jones, and Mr. Robey. Col. Cox was the first to die, then followed Mr. Jones, and now Mr. Robey has passed away. All of them were men of great force of character and highly respected citizens of this county."

Newtown Cemetery is about three miles southeast of La Plata on the road toward New Market.

After some dickering back and forth, I finally succeeded in purchasing this file copy of the paper - Maryland Independent. It was the only copy they had, but they let me have it. I consider it of such historical importance and value that I am not entrusting it to the mails.

Sabine and I are expecting to be in Detroit Monday (We will probably carry our wives along and let them see the village while we are transacting business.), and I will carry this copy of the paper along and give it to you when I see you.

Sincerely yours,

F. Hunter Creech

F. HUNTER CREECH.

FHC:J.