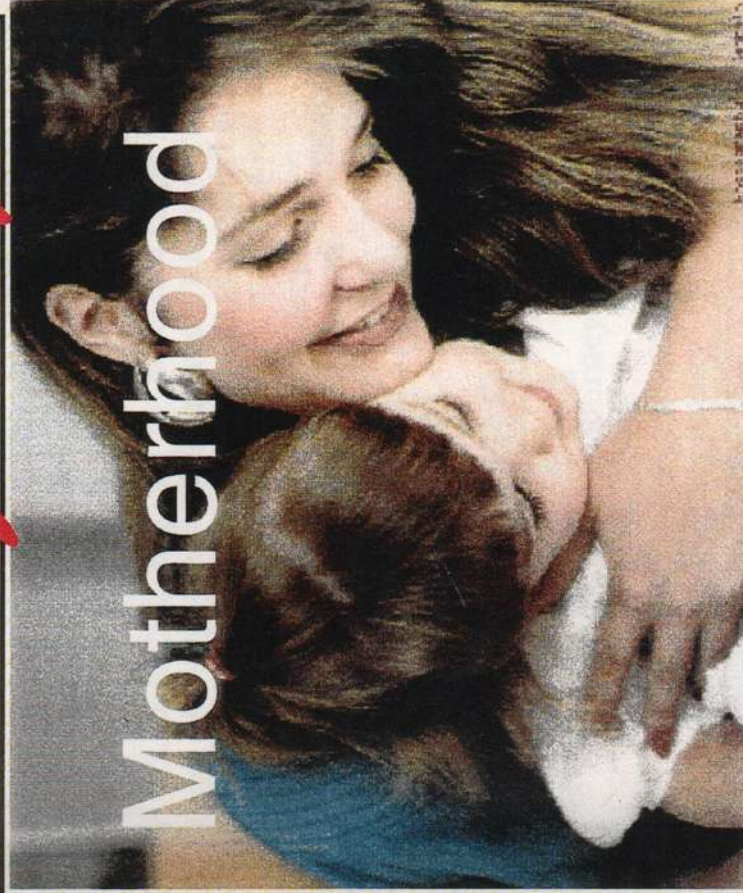


The

Legacy

May 1997
\$ 2.95



Florida Sharecroppers

Amish Country

Viet Nam: A Road Trip

Mamaw

The Legacy Continues

THE LEGACY

Mysteries of the future and secrets of the past
go hand in hand,

to understand one
you need to discover the other.

FTW

Editor-in-Chief:

Franklin T. Wike

Executive Editor:

Marilyn Wells, Ed.D.

Art Director:

Jeff Belanger

Senior Editor:

E. Valerie Hewitt

Column Editor:

Linnea Miller

Editor-at-Large:

Morgan A. Jarema

Assistant Editors:

Karen Manente
Maria Isabel Viana
Ashley Helsel
Kristi Gray
Megan Peckman
Bobby Collings

Comic Strip Editor:

Sam White

The Legacy is a
monthly publication.
Subscription prices are \$30
per year.

To subscribe, send \$30 in
check or money order to:
The Legacy, P.O. Box 201,
Perkins, OK 74059.

To submit articles, e-mail
to: Legacy Mag @aol.com in
text format only or send to:
The Legacy, P.O. Box 201,
Perkins, OK 74059. Reprints
are acceptable.

The Legacy, Vol 2,
Number 5, May 1997. All
rights reserved. Unauthorized
reproduction, in any manner,
is prohibited.

© 1997 *The Legacy*
Printed in U.S.A. Postage
paid at Perkins, OK and at
additional mailing offices.

CONTENTS

May 1997

Features

Embarrassing Moments	25
What My Mother Taught Me	28
Indian Board Schools	29
A Road Trip	
An American Soldier takes a trip into Viet Nam	33
Motherhood	35
Amish Country	37
Mamaw	
Continuing the Legacy	39
A Family of Florida Sharecroppers	
Memories of a different time	47
Tommy's Prayer	56

Departments

Letter From The Editor	2
Grandparenting	4
The Sandwich Generation	
For Caretakers of Parents and Children.	7
The Nostalgia Corner	
Memories of the Past	10
The Genealogy Forum	13
Trace your family tree	
Coffee Shop Conversation	19
Angels and Other Visitors	21
Cottage & Company Cartoon	55
Blank Pages	59
Write your own personal Legacy	
Mother's Day Tribute	30
Subscription Card	27

Letter from the Editor



May is for Mother

Since starting this magazine, I have been very busy performing many of the operations involved in trying to maintain an educational and uplifting publication. Sometimes, I have been so busy printing other's stories, I have not had much time to write down many of my own thoughts. But since I have been receiving requests from many of the valued readers of this magazine for more input from me, plus the fact that my "Maker" is constantly inspiring me to share more thoughts and ideas, I have decided to lengthen my letters. I hope that you enjoy them.

Ever since I was a teenager, I knew that I had a talent for communicating with people. I originally used this talent to earn money as a sales person. As I experienced life and matured, I realized that God had given me very special communication skills and I decided to utilize this gift any way that I could, as long as I could help others and still glorify my Maker.

Since May is the month we honor Mothers, I started

thinking that God may be my maker, but he chose to use Mothers as the carrier and protector of life until the day that new life enters our world. What a great tradition we have -- a special day set aside to honor mothers, for without mothers, none of us would be here. I am a male and as such I will never know the internal emotional connection that a woman feels for her children while she carries them inside her body and then eventually pushes them out of her womb and into our world, so they can live, learn and continue to multiply.

Yet a mother is so much more than an incubator. She is also the primary teacher of her child. From the very moment the umbilical cord is cut, the mother is the person that is primarily responsible for teaching her child to become an independent human being.

It was not until I became a parent myself and saw with my own eyes, just how much time, energy and love children require, that I began to fully appreciate all of the sacrifices that my

mother made and all of the strength and endurance it took on her part. I learned many things from many people during my life time, but the most valuable lessons I learned, came from my mother and my grandmother.

From my mother, I learned the real meaning of the words manners, honesty, truthfulness, having respect for others, caring about others, compassion, and love. I also learned that she will always be my mother and love me, regardless of my actions, age, or situation in life. She taught me the true meaning of unconditional love and for that I will always be grateful.

I think it is very appropriate that May had been declared as the month that we honor and celebrate mothers especially since my mother's middle name is May), so let me take this moment to publicly tell my mother, Verna May, that I love her.

I normally do not publish many poems, especially long ones, but this month, I am going to make an exception. There is a poem that my mother used to recite in church, when she was a little girl. I recall hearing it many times as I was growing up. The last time I heard her recite it was a couple of years ago, and it still brings tears to my eyes. Due to a series of strokes, my mother's memory is not as good as it used to be, but fortunately I

had her write down the words to this poem so that it can be passed along to others. The words alone cannot relay the tenderness and emotion she uses in her voice when she recites it, but until I can get her to make a tape recording of it, the words in print will have to suffice. I hope that you are as moved by it as I am. It is called, "Tommy's Prayer" and you will find it printed in this month's issue as a Tribute to my mother.

In closing, I would like to share one final thought. I realize this is not a perfect world and not everyone is fortunate enough to have two loving and wonderful parents. If you do not have a loving mother to teach you and care for you, why not try to locate a surrogate mother or grandmother as a substitute, and if you are a woman that knows of someone that could use a good teacher and role model, why not take them under your wing? If females in the animal kingdom can take other types of animals under their wing and help to protect them and teach them about life, then we as human beings can do the same thing. What better way is there to help create a better world, then to share a little love, compassion, understanding and knowledge with someone else. You do not have to be related by blood to love and help someone else. Thank you, and I hope that you all have a great month.

Frank Wife

Grandparenting

by Mike Moldeven



A most worthwhile project

In 1987, I compiled several dozen letter/stories I had written to my too far away grandchildren, into a booklet of more than 150 pages. Then I taped the stories, in my gravely grandpa voice, and my readings went over well indeed. Mom or Dad didn't need to read grandpa's mail letter stories to them because "Grandpa" was right there, himself, to do the reading with his put-on grunts, groans, and other expressions. It was Grandpa, who "told" them his stories, his way.

When grandchildren reside far away, one of the best ways to be with them when "they" want you is through your voice. Telephone calls are fine, but storytelling takes time -- you need to be comfortable. Taping your stories

is an excellent way to interact with your grandchildren, when you can't be there in person. Try to interject family anecdotes, like: "When I was about your age I used to ... (anecdote)," and "Do you know what I learned from that experience?" Through these stories, you can pass on traditions, values, family history, and all the knowledge and guidance that is the essence of family intergenerational communications. There is no real substitute in family life for this essential communication, and it is sorely needed in our society.

"Turn the page stories"

I received a letter today from a grandmother who told me about one of the ways she "reads"

stories to her very young, far away grandchild. I couldn't phrase it any better than she did.

"I'm always looking for ways to keep our grandson closer to us," she wrote, "though he lives 1,000 miles away. I do read books on tapes, reading a page, discussing the pictures, then tell him when to turn the page. We also talk to him on tape. He loves it and tells his Mom he wants to listen to the 'turn the page book.' When they are too young to read, they can enjoy a book independently if you can tell them when to 'turn the page'."

A GIFT FOR THE KIDS

A few years ago, one of my brothers and I decided to leave some sense of who we were and what our lives were like. We set up a camcorder in his living room, and then just talked about our lives, to each other, as well as our children. It was one of the most moving and memorable experiences of my life. Our children were overwhelmed by the tape, which lasted some five hours. They told us that for the first time in their lives, they saw us as children, brothers, and in general, real people. Each of our children and grandchildren was given a copy. Presumably the tapes will be around for a couple of generations.

Homework Assignment

Have you ever worked with your

grandchild on a homework assignment? Hear this...

During a recent visit, my granddaughter, Aliza, mentioned that her class was studying mythology. She had a homework assignment to write a story that included a "family" myth.

"Any ideas, grandpa?"

"Who? Me? Hmmm, ahhh," I mumbled, leaning back in my chair. "Let me think." Pause. "Well, now, here are a few facts. It'll be up to you to add the myth part."

*** Granddaughter's story ***

Fact: My mother was born with an even temperament. An incident occurred when she was an infant.

Myth: The incident changed Mom forevermore!

Facts: It was a raining heavily. My mother, six months old at the time, departed by commercial airplane for Spokane. Washington, accompanied by the rest of her family: my grandma, grandpa and uncle. Grandpa, who worked for the Air Force, had been transferred to an air base near that city. The long flight, originating in Dayton, Ohio, was one not to be forgotten -- by any of the airplane's passengers.

Getting settled on board,

Grandparenting

grandma asked the flight attendant to store my mother's milk bottles in the refrigerator until it was time to feed her.

Soon after the airplane took off, clouds closed in, lightning flashed all round, and the flight became very bumpy. The airplane shook, rattled and rolled, and the fact that their seats were near the tail didn't help at all. But the situation outside was nothing compared to the situation inside.

My mother, who was being tightly held by grandpa, became restless, which under the circumstances is understandable. She began to cry and grandma asked the attendant to warm one of the bottles. The attendant returned with a "so sorry" look on her face, holding the bottle up for grandma to see; the milk was a solid block. It had been stored in a container of dry ice. The

attendant said that the galley had only a shallow pan and hardly any electricity for heating water. Keep in mind this was like a million years ago, and airplanes were still sort of primitive -- like with propellers.

It took over an hour to melt down the frozen milk and warm it enough to feed a baby. With my mother's lungs, that must have been the longest hour of all time for every person on that plane. When the milk was finally warmed and flowing, mom quieted, concentrated on the job at hand, and that made the rest of the trip a bit more bearable for everyone despite the plane's tossing about which went on for hours.

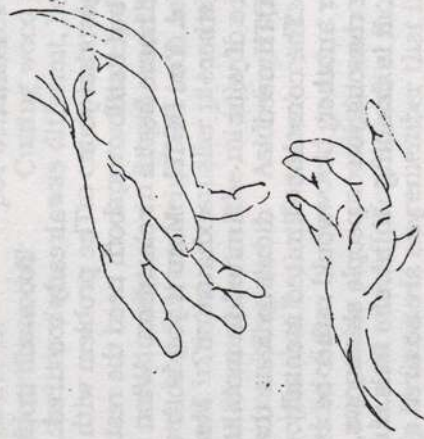
Myth: The effects of that airplane trip to Spokane never wore off. To this very day my mother is irritable -- or maybe it's just that I'm a teenager. Ω

If you have an interesting and heartwarming story about your grandparents, if you are a grandparent and you have a cute story about one of your grandchildren or if you simply have some advice you would like to share with others, please send your comments and suggestions to: The Legacy, P.O. Box 201, Perkins, OK 74059 or you can reach us by e-mail at LegacyMag@aol.com

I am sure my Mom is in heaven laughing everytime she sees me doing things her way that I told her was the wrong way! Apples do not fall far from the tree!

The Sandwich Generation

By Sunshine



Sunshine,

My mom had a bad stroke about 2.5 years ago, and my dad has been taking care of her since. She has limited mobility (is in wheelchair paralyzed on her left side with significant brain lessening). I work full time but do go over their house at least one of the weekend days to see my mom and relieve my dad.

It seems (and rightly so) that my dad is at wits end taking care of her. We did have home health care in the beginning, but the quality of the home care workers was less than optimal (workers tried to get my mother to give her money and another wanted to bring her children into the house). My dad won't even think of home care now.

It's such a "half and half"

situation--my heart breaks when I see them struggling with this and yet I get so tired myself of worrying and crying (being sorry for myself for no reason). There's not anything that can make this better, but I just wanted to vent.

Thanks for listening.

KT

Dear KT:

I understand. I, too, have seen a variety of home health care people. Not all of them are... well. We wouldn't want to think about our parents being left alone with them.
BUT --- Many of them are

The Sandwich Generation

working hard to do a good job. Like everything else, there are good employees and bad employees. Does anyone know a profession that doesn't have its share of "problems"? I can't think of any.

I hesitate to suggest that your father try it again, but I still think some form of home health care would be helpful. You BOTH need some time together - without the presence of your mother - and you BOTH need time to yourselves. The constant feeling of caring for another person is one of the reasons you feel the way you do. It is draining you both.

What is necessary to make this work, is knowing who the supervisors of these people are and finding a system that you can "try before you buy". Obviously, I don't know where you live, but I would be willing to bet that there are either state, regional, or federal laws, or all of them, that guide and direct what home health care workers can or cannot do. You need to know what these rules are. You need to know to whom you can complain.

Yes, yes. You don't want to complain. Baloney. We are discussing the care of your MOTHER!!!! You have every right to complain. If a company indicates that you or your father are complaining too much, then I would find another company. If there seems to be no other company, then there is the local government systems. Trust me

on this one. There are rules about this and they should be strictly enforced, because the work these people do affects our loved ones.

Too much trouble and you are already too tired... I know. The problem with this is that you both need the rest and relaxation. What happens to Mom if you both collapse from exhaustion? Mom may be limited in mobility, but you didn't indicate that she was limited mentally. Sure, she would rather be cared for by the people she knows, but how do you think she feels if one or both of you are so tired all the time???

If your father doesn't want to leave the house, he can at least go to a room and take a nap, read a book, or engage in something he enjoys. That way he can supervise the help, yet have some time to himself. Once he learns the system, once he feels that he is in control of the situation, he might actually leave the house and take a walk around the block!

Your father will hesitate and put up a fight. I know. But he needs to ask himself how long he can care for her before his care becomes as hap hazard as those people he had before? Does he want you to have to care for mother and him??? He needs to realize he is more in control of this than he seems to think he is. He also needs to realize that he can not do it all himself. I

suspect that is a large part of the problem. You and he might need to have a serious talk about what would happen if he couldn't take care of your mother. Wouldn't you both be happier knowing you had something arranged that satisfied everyone? This might even help him live longer.

There are decent people out there who work hard doing the kind of work he would want done for your mother. You and he need to find some. If nothing else, see if you can find someone who can help you search. Someone who knows what is available and what the rules are. If you have access to a computer, there may be local programs you can search. Check with your

local government. Check with the Better Business Bureau. There should be some branch of the state health and human services system in your area. Ask them for help.

Help is out there. There might be some trouble finding good help, but your mother, your father and you will all benefit from it. And isn't that what you want for your mother???

I realize you wanted someone to "listen" but You also need to have someone remind you that both of you can't burn the candle at both ends. That won't benefit anyone. The readers of this column are all on your side. Let us know how it works out!

Sunshine.

Life is like a game of cards. Some are dealt better hands than others. While many of those who are dealt good hands don't play them well, others who are dealt lousy hands play them to their best advantage - ending up victorious.

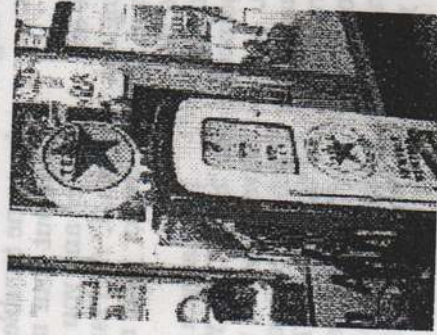
It's difficult to understand why some people seem to have it so much easier than others, but bear in mind that no one gets through this life unscathed.

Whatever your mode of operation, the sooner you learn float with the feelings you experience, rather than fight them, you'll have a much easier time of it.

As we get older it becomes more and more evident that it's not so much a question of *what* happens to us over the course of a lifetime, but *how* we react to that which happens.

When life hands you a lemon - make lemonade!

The Nostalgia Corner



This month I am going to do something a bit different for this column.

Last week I watched an old movie. The name of the Movie was, "The Last Picture Show" and it had Jeff Bridges and Ben Johnson in several of the starring roles.

The setting was in a small Texas town during the early 50's. As I observed the movie, I began to pay more attention to the historical or nostalgic content of the movie then I did the plot or story content.

One of the things that got my attention was an old "Dr. Pepper"

bottle that still had the old logo with the numbers 10-2-4 on it. If my memory serves me correctly, in the advertisements for "Dr. Pepper," they used to suggest the idea that you should drink Dr. Pepper at 10 a.m., 2 p.m. and 4 p.m.

As I reflect back on the soft drinks I had available as a child, (and I can still remember being able to buy a "Coca Cola" out of one machine in front of the Coke bottling company for 5 cents -- all of the other machines went to 10 cents). It seems to me that the drinks used to come in 8-ounce bottles, then they went to 12 ounces, and finally 16-ounce

bottles.

Of course, that was in the days when you paid a deposit on the bottles, so it was to your advantage to return the bottles to the store in order to get your money back. I believe the deposit used to be 2 cents for a 16-ounce bottle. I always thought that was a good way of recycling the glass - and it kept people from throwing the bottles out the windows of moving vehicles, the way they do with cans.

At one point in the movie, they also had an old show playing on the radio called "Strike It Rich." The announcer stated that the show could be heard five days each week at 11:30 New York time. I mention the time frame, simply as a point of contrast to today's standards where we use Eastern, or Pacific time zone as a point of reference.

In one of the scenes, there was a woman that was supposed to be around 40 years old. This character was portrayed by Cloris Leachman and the part of the character that got my attention was the fact that as she was preparing to make a trip to the doctor's office. She had a small hat on her head, put white dress gloves on and she wore her hair pulled straight back and fixed in a bun -- on the back of her head.

The appearance of this character reminded me so much of my own grandmother. She

always wore her hair in a bun and I can remember waking up late one night, while I was spending the night at her house.

As I walked into the living room, late that night, I noticed her sitting in a chair, brushing her hair. This was the first and only time I had ever seen her with her hair not fixed in a bun and I was really surprised to discover that she had long hair. It actually went all the way down to the middle of her back. I was so accustomed to seeing her with her hair all pulled back and tied into that bun, that I never thought about what she would look like if she ever let it down. And I will say, now that I reflect back on that moment, that she had very beautiful hair.

As for the "little hat" that I mentioned earlier. My grandmother also wore a little hat that I referred to as a 'half hat' because it was shaped similar to a half moon. There was no brim on her hat and it laid flat on her head. The back part of the hat was worn in front of her bun and was kept in place by several long hat pins.

As I reflect on the hats and dress gloves worn by my grandmother and many other women of the past, it has made me realize that we have witnessed the end of several more traditions in this country.

As I continued watching this old movie, I saw many other

The Nostalgia Corner

objects that I can remember from my childhood and no longer exist such as the 45 R.P.M. records, the squeaky metal bed springs, restaurants with jukeboxes, the old style black telephones with the rotary dials, wallpaper with all of the little flowers on it, girls wearing the black and white shoes, boys wearing shirts with their sleeves rolled up, women wearing scarves to cover up their hair, cheerleaders wearing sweaters with the letter of their school on them, percolator-style coffee pots, actually setting a dining table for the family using table cloths, salt shakers and cups with saucers, pick-up trucks with the old-style hand choke, starter buttons on the dash board and shifters on the steering column.

One final object I noticed that brought back memories was the handles they had on the screen doors. Years ago, the small grocery stores used to have a tin plate mounted to the wooden screen doors as a type of protection for the screen, so people wouldn't push on the screen itself. These metal plates would usually have the name of some product such as "Kremo Bread," "Tastykakes," "Pepsi," or "Camel" cigarettes.

After watching some of the older movies on TV, I have decided that we are indeed very fortunate to have grown up during the making of movies, for through them, we can always see enough reminders of our youth -- helping us in our journey down memory lane.

School project during WWII

When I was a freshman in highschool, our class roamed the countryside collecting milkweed pods. The pods contained very light silky filaments that would be blown by the wind for seeding and they would also float on water.

These were placed in life jackets to provide buoyancy...We were all happy doing this because of the hope that we might be part of saving some servicemens life!

Our class received a national commendation for having collected the largest number of pods.

The Genealogy Forum

May 1997



By Linnea Travis Miller

"Genealogy: The science or study of family descent."

Other Avenues of Gathering Data

The "roots" of many of my husband's ancestors easily trace back 200 years in the same community - and he's still here!! One may think this makes for an easy research project, but not necessarily. . . especially when you attempt to determine the siblings and their families for a true "family tree!"

Much information can be found locally, at the historical society, county courthouse and library. What wasn't found there I have been able to locate by actually visiting the churches,

funeral homes and cemeteries. Except for the cemeteries, which are always "open," I always called first and explained what I was doing and hoping to find.

The church secretaries were always gracious enough to set up a convenient time for them to retrieve the church books and they always had a room with a very large table for me to work in. The various church books usually contained the minutes, confirmations, baptisms, marriages and deaths. These were the originals, so extra care

The Genealogy Forum

was taken by me in utilizing them, even down to the wearing of "disposable" plastic gloves, so I wouldn't accelerate the aging process through the body oils on my hands!

I had no problem visiting the local funeral homes, either - always calling first and setting up a convenient time to visit and peruse their funeral books. These books uncover some rather interesting information, as well. Not only births and deaths, but also cause of death, the minister who buried them, when and where they are interred, next of kin and parents.

The records from the past few decades will probably also include a copy of the death certificate and any newspaper clippings regarding the death and funeral.

Two important things to remember when visiting churches and funeral homes, even when coming from out-of-state: call first to make an appointment and always ask and pay for any copies you are making (often they will not charge you, but it's always common courtesy to ask!!)

Snyder/Schneider

Lorin Snyder is desperately trying to find some lead on the ancestry of his 4th-great grandfather, Ludwick "Lewis" Snyder, born in 1770. Little conclusive ancestral information can be found on

Ludwick, but a few tentative accounts are available.

In a book published in 1912, Ludwick's granddaughter, Rebecca (Snyder) Strickler, said Ludwick was "born in Germany [and] came to America and settled in Lancaster with his parents, who died and left him without resources. He was bound out to a cooper who taught him his trade." In that scenario, Ludwick's parents likely died before he reached age 18, and, since he was "bound out" and not adopted, he was likely close to his teenage years. Perhaps a good range for the parents' deaths might be 1778-1788, but that is completely speculative.

Ludwick was a preacher of the German Baptist Church of the Brethren, or Dunkard religion. Due to religious persecution, the Brethren of the Dunkard denomination had almost completely left their native Germany by the 1730's - over three decades before Ludwick's birth.

It may be that Ludwick entered into the Brethren through the direction on his guardian, or it may have been that Ludwick's parents converted after emigrating to America. It is likely that he entered into the Brethren through the former, or even as an adult, and that his parents were of some other German religion.

At some point, Ludwick ended up in Washington County,

Maryland, where he married Elizabeth Garver, in the early 1790's. Elizabeth was born in about 1775, in Beaver Creek, of said Washington County, a daughter of Christian and Elizabeth Garver. Whether it was that Ludwick's parents moved the family to Maryland before their deaths, or that his guardian moved to that state from Lancaster, or that Ludwick moved there on his own accord is presently unknown. It should be noted that, in 1790, a Jacob Snyder resided next to Ludwick's father-in-law Christian Garver, in Washington County. If the orphan story holds true, it would be highly unlikely that this Jacob is Ludwick's father.

Ludwick and Elizabeth set up residence in Hagerstown, Washington County, Maryland, where Ludwick was likely employed in a cooper's shop. In the span of their four year stay in Hagerstown, the couple had two sons, Jacob and John. In 1799, Ludwick and Elizabeth packed up their belongings and, with their two young sons, traveled across the state border into southwestern Pennsylvania.

The family settled in Bullskin Township, Fayette County, Pennsylvania. In that township, Ludwick and Martin began to hold meetings of religious worship, practicing their German Baptist faith in various residential dwellings. While in that township, Ludwick and Elizabeth had the final five

of their seven children: Mary "Polly", Ludwick "Lewis" Jr., David G., Elizabeth, and Eleanor "Elon".

In April of 1813, Ludwick moved his family to Tyrone Township, of the same county, where he continued to practice worship in private dwellings, with their membership at that time numbering thirty. In about 1817, Ludwick built a stone church (which doubled as a schoolhouse) at Jacobs Creek, on the land of Philip Lucas. A church congregation was promptly established with Martin Stockman, Ludwick's brother-in-law, as chief bishop, and Ludwick Snyder as under-bishop. Of some note, a Jacob Snyder, who had lived in the Bullskin/Tyrone Township area since at least the 1780's, was an elder of that church.

Can anyone with Snyder, Schneider, etc., information provide any help on this? As you can see, this is a particularly difficult situation in genealogical research.

Well, happy hunting and see you next month!

Your Queries

If you can help any of these people with their queries, please contact this magazine or myself with your information and we

Genealogy

will pass it along to them. Please include "May 1997" and the initials found below the query. You may also submit queries or your family histories to this magazine <A Legacy@aol.com>, or e-mail me at <lebco@aol.com>.

Genealogy is a group effort, there are many others seeking the same families and hopefully we will be able to connect them with you!

OWENS is the surname I'm searching, specifically my father Emmett Guy OWENS b. August 23, 1938 who may be in New York at this time. My grandfathers name was also Emmett Guy OWENS from Farnville, VA. There were 11 siblings in all. Any information concerning this family is welcome. Thank you!
C.O.C.

James MCGINLEY is my twice great-grandfather. He was a Revolutionary war soldier in the York County PA Militia. Born Nov. 20, 1763, he married Susan Alexander (born Dec. 12, 1772) on Aug. 30, 1787 and moved down the Great Valley to what is now Blount County, TN in 1793. He served as a Militia Lt. Col. during the Indian Wars. I have a lot of detailed documentation on Lt. Col. James and his

descendants from my line. He is the qualifying ancestor for our family for membership in the First Families of Tennessee.

Our problem is that we have no documentation relating to his father, who we believe to be the John MCGINLEY that appears in the 1790 census of York County, PA. Nor do we have documentation on his grandfather James MCGINLEY who is first noted in 1739 at "Head of Elk", Delaware, which I believe to be now located in Chester County, Pennsylvania. We have no knowledge of any antecedents past the elder James.

Is there anyone who can fill in the blanks with documentation on James' father, John, and his grandfather, James? Also, we have always been told that we were Scotch-Irish, can anyone help us find our original immigrant? We would like to know whether we came from Ireland or Scotland.

The few surname references that even show the name tell us that it is definitely of Scottish origin, but is found mostly in Northern Ireland. Yet when I access those genealogical resources, I find no references to it at all.

Am willing to share my data for other researchers of this family.
Thanks in advance!
A.L.M.

I'm interested in finding information about James PORTER, born about 1753. He was a Revolutionary War veteran, "went from Lancaster County" and served three months as a Militiaman. He then enlisted at Amboy in the Flying Camp regiment in the Pennsylvania line. He was captured at the battle of Fort Washington and was taken to Savannah, GA where he was kept on a prison ship. He escaped and made his way to Guilford N.C where he fought in the battle of Guilford Court House and others. He married Mary (surname

unknown) in Guilford, NC. They later moved to Smith County, TN where he died 18 June 1838. Any information about where he might have been raised or his parents will be appreciated. P.M.

Please send queries and/or family histories to: The Legacy, P.O. Box 201, Perkins, OK 74059, e-mail or <lebco@aol.com>.

Good luck on your searching and see you next month!

We have readers looking for and /or offering information on the following surnames. If you have or need information on any of these names, please contact us.

Ahlquist
Akins
Alford
Allen
Angst
Arnold
Aungst
Beck
Beckett
Betha
Black
Blair
Blaylock
Bollender
Bostick

Bower
Bradley
Brazeal
Braziel
Brixey
Brock
Bryan
Burkholder
Burnes
Burnett
Butler
Buxton
Caldwell
Carman
Carr

Child
Coate
Coates
Coe
Coffin
Corbin
Couch
Cramer
Creel
Cromer
Cruson
Davis
Dees
Dreese
DuSauchoy

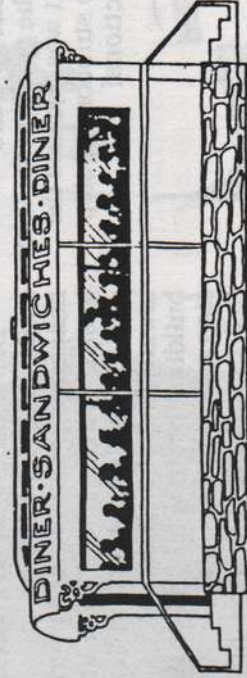
Genealogy

Earl(e)	Joyce	Ramsdale
Earp	Kauffman	Rea
Edmonson	Kerr	Register
Enochs	Kimmel	Roelofse
Fegan	King	Rossignol
Ferrell	Koehler	Sand
Fink	Lawton	Seay
Fiese	Lange	Severs
Flick	Leedom	Shurley
Forney	Lewis	Smith
Fouty	Licata	Snyder
Franklin	Lock	Specht
Glass	Long	Speer
Gochenour	Longenecker	Spillers
Gornto	Lovett	Stauffer
Goss	Lynch	Stouffer
Graham	Lyon	Steele
Gray	Manship	Stetler
Green	Matzen	Stewart
Gregory	Mayfield	Stoberats
Grosbeck	Mayor	Strocher
Gully(e)	McConnell	Swartz
Guerin	McCune	Taylor
Haas	McMillan	Tiffle
Hall	McRill	Toms
Hardin	McTiggriett	Trousch
Hatchett	Mertins	Tucker
Headley	Metcalf	Van Vlecker
Heimbach	Neate	Van
Holgate	Olson	Vleckeren
Holtzclaw	Olsen	Walker
Hostetter	Otterbach	Walter
Houser	Parks	Walters
Howard	Paetsch	Warner
Hughs	Peak	Weick
Hunsaker	Peck	Wells
Jackson	Peterson	Westcott
Jaggar	Pike	Wike
Jarrott	Poorman	Winter
Johnson	Prothro	Young
Jones	Prudden	

Genealogy

Earl(e)	Joyce	Ramsdale
Earp	Kauffman	Rea
Edmonson	Kerr	Register
Enochs	Kimmel	Roelofse
Fegan	King	Rossignol
Ferrell	Koehler	Sand
Fink	Lawton	Seay
Fiese	Lange	Severs
Flick	Leedom	Shurley
Forney	Lewis	Smith
Fouty	Licata	Snyder
Franklin	Lock	Specht
Glass	Long	Speer
Gochenour	Longerneck	Spillers
Gornto	Lovett	Stauffer
Goss	Lynch	Stouffer
Graham	Lyon	Steele
Gray	Manship	Stetler
Green	Matzen	Stewart
Gregory	Mayfield	Stoberats
Grosbeck	Mayor	Strocher
Gully(e)	McConnell	Swartz
Guerin	McCune	Taylor
Haas	McMillan	Tifle
Hall	McRill	Toms
Hardin	McTiggriett	Trousch
Hatchett	Mertins	Tucker
Headley	Metcalf	Van Vlecker
Heimbach	Neate	Van
Holgate	Olson	Vleckeren
Holtzclaw	Olsen	Walker
Hostetter	Otterbach	Walter
Houser	Parks	Walters
Howard	Paetsch	Warner
Hughs	Peak	Weick
Hunsaker	Peck	Wells
Jackson	Peterson	Westcott
Jaggar	Pike	Wike
Jarrott	Poorman	Winter
Johnson	Prothro	Young
Jones	Prudden	

Coffee Shop Conversation



Joe:

Steve, my wife said that you wanted to see me. She said that while you were researching your family tree, you discovered some information about some of my family also. Did you learn anything interesting about any of my family members?

Steve:

Yes I did. I discovered that your great grandfather was the first person to occupy the chair of applied electricity at a leading New York institution.

Joe:

Wow, that sounds impressive; but exactly what does that mean?

Steve:

It means that he was the first person to be executed when the electric chair was installed in Sing-Sing Prison.

Joe:

Well, I know that I offered to give you \$100 to trace my family tree, but now I will make you a better offer: I will give you \$500 NOT to tell anyone what you discovered.

Carl:

I was researching some death records one time in an old newspaper and found one story

Coffee Shop

about a guy who was shot in the back. The official cause of death was listed as "running away from a police officer!"

Sally:

I had my family tree traced and discovered that my ancestors spent 40 years roaming in the wilderness. Then I discovered it was because the men were too stubborn to stop and ask directions!

Fred:

My wife and I were driving through Texas on our way to a family reunion where we were hoping to be able to exchange some family stories with distant relatives.

When we passed a sign that said, "Waxahachie" we began arguing about how to pronounce it. Finally we decided to stop for some ice cream. We went inside and ordered our banana splits.

When the waitress brought them to the table, I decided to have her end the dispute over the pronunciation of the town, so I asked "Would you please tell us, very slowly and very distinctly, where we are?"

The waitress replied,

"D--A--I--R--Y Q--U--E--E--N."

Tony:

That reminds me of a story my son-in-law told me. He's a helicopter pilot, and one day he was flying around Seattle when an electrical malfunction disabled all of the aircraft's electronic navigations and communications equipment.

Due to the clouds and haze, he could not determine the helicopter's position and course to steer to the airport. Then he noticed a tall building and flew toward it. As he circled the building, he drew a handwritten sign and held it up to the helicopter's window. His sign said "WHERE AM I?" in large letters.

People inside the building quickly responded to the aircraft. They drew a large sign and held it up to one of their windows. Their sign said :
"YOU ARE IN A HELICOPTER."

My son in law smiled, waved, looked at his map, determined the course he needed to steer in order to get to the SEATAC airport, and landed safely. After they were on the ground, his co-pilot asked him how the "YOU ARE IN A HELICOPTER" sign helped determine their position.

His response was, "I knew that that had to be the Microsoft computer software building because they gave me a technically correct but completely useless answer."

Angels and Other Visitors



My Baby's Angel

I had just found out that I was pregnant. I was already in a bad state of mind because my mom was dying of cancer, and I had suffered 4 previous miscarriages. All in all, I was a wreck, and this unplanned pregnancy made every minute of every day a nightmare of worry. My doctor could do nothing to make my fears go away, we just had to make it through those first 4 months.

I was sitting up in bed, reading. I had all the lights on, I was lost in my book, and suddenly I heard a voice say quietly and firmly, "Nicholas." I looked around the room but there was no light, no

presence, but I knew that I had not been asleep or dreamed it! Nicholas? What could it mean? I asked out loud, "Is that my baby's name?" but got no answer. But I felt so much better. Whatever it meant, whatever it was supposed to be, I felt comforted.

A few months later, I was going to my doctor's appointment to see the baby on the ultrasound. I was scared to death, and my husband was not able to go with me. On the drive there, I said out loud, "Nicholas, stay with me..." and I turned on the radio for company. Just then the song started playing, "Ooooh, Child, Things are going to get

Angels

easier!" When it came to the part about, "Someday, yeah, we'll walk in the rays of the beautiful sun!" the clouds actually parted and a ray of sun shot out of the sky. It was such a moment, I will never forget it! And as I hadn't dared to dream, the baby looked fine on the scan.

She was born 3 weeks early, barely hours before my mom finally passed away. I heard a line in a movie once, saying of a similar situation, "She lit a path down from heaven, and Mom followed that same path back up." I truly believe that. She was beautiful, healthy and a joy to all... and that's for both of them.

She's now two, that little angel baby. I told this story to a friend, and the friend turned to me and said, "Don't you know who Nicholas is? He's the patron saint of children!" She had even named her first child after him. This gave me chills, and then a glow. To think that Saint Nicholas himself is watching over my sweet baby..... such a deep honor and a thrill.

Oh, I have to say, too... when we took our first family vacation, we were driving over this long bridge, and that song came on the radio once again, and once again the gray skies lit up for just a moment. It must be their song!
G.M.

Mom's Angel

There are many things that happen in life that are just too perfect in timing to be mere coincidence. My family had an

angel experience also. We were backing our boat on the trailer into the water to launch the boat. My mother was on the end of the pier holding a rope that was attached to the boat. I was in the passenger's side of our van looking out the back window at my mother, when suddenly the boat came loose and my mom was suddenly yanked into the water. The water was about 7 feet deep, and the pier was about 3 feet above the water level. I screamed at my dad to stop.

I jumped out of the car to run help my mother, but she was already laying on the pier, soaking wet, badly bruised, but safe. There is no way she could have reached the dock to pull herself out, much less in just a few seconds. She said when she fell in it felt like someone put their hand over her nose and mouth, and the next thing she knew she was back on the dock. Amazing.

Cynthia J.

My Angels

I was about 8 years old when I was walking on the beach at night with my dad and brother. We were walking on some rocks, my dad was a little bit ahead of me and there was no one else on the beach. It was pretty windy and the waves started picking up. All of the sudden, a wave came up and swept me off the rock. I remember not being able to breathe and thinking that I was drowning. Four arms pulled me out and I heard a voice say, "It's okay Laura, your daddy is right over there." My dad was trying

Amish Country

was a teenager, I used to travel through that area quite frequently. I can remember when they had an auction and flea market in Topeka every Wednesday morning. At the auction, you could purchase wagon wheels for buggies, plow horses and all different types of equipment that would enable you to live in a house on a farm that had no electricity. This was Amish country. I can even remember hearing people talking about people coming to the flea market from all over the world to purchase some of the exquisitely made Mennonite quilts.

There was also a general store across the road from the auction barn where you could buy the black flat-brimmed hats the Amish men wore, or material to make your own shirts and jeans.

If you traveled south and a bit to the west after leaving Topeka, you might find yourself in a little town called Eva. If you made your way into Eva, you had to be very careful driving through the area and make sure that you did not blow your horn, for if you did, you could scare a horse and cause some serious damage to the occupants of the buggy.

You never had to worry about putting any money in the parking meters in Eva, because they didn't have any. However they did offer a hitching post, right on Main Street, where you could tie up your horse, if you were so inclined.

I remember back in the 70's when I took my mother to Eva

for the first time. We walked into a small general store and that was the first time I had ever seen penny candy, unwrapped and placed in bulk form in the little bins so you could buy it by the pound. My favorites were the little black licorice babies and the red hot hearts.

If you continue southbound, you will run into U.S. Highway 6. Then you can travel west through Napanee, Indiana, and you will find a place called Amish Village. The last time I was there was in 1996 and this is still a fantastic place to eat. They seat you in a large barn and serve you actual homemade real potatoes, homemade gravy, homemade bread, complete with homemade apple butter and some of the freshest, most tender meat you have ever had the pleasure of tasting. And everything is served to you family style. That means they place the food on the table in a large serving dish and you fix your own plate.

After dinner, you can even take a tour of the Amish farm in a horse and buggy.

If you have any young children or grandchildren, this is one farm that I would very highly recommend as a place for you to take them. The experience into a different lifestyle will be an experience they will never forget.

If you know of an Amish community, we invite you to send us a story about your memorable experiences visiting it.

Angels

well as the daughter I was carrying. Then she touched my hand. I instantly felt warmth and kindness and love, that was a direct connection to God Himself. I felt God go through her and into me and I felt it move through my heart, and explode in warmth and love. I felt the Holy Spirit move through my very soul. At that moment, I ultimately knew everything would be okay, even though I would experience a devastating loss very soon. I would also be experiencing a new life when my daughter would be born, and this daughter would always remind me of my mother and of myself. Even though my mother wouldn't be here in physical form, I would continue to be friends with her in a new way I hadn't considered before, through the Holy Spirit and would come to understand many things about her. I also knew my relationship with my mother would never be broken, so long as I had faith in God.

I had never seen her before in my life, hadn't said a word to her about why I was crying, and wasn't obviously pregnant. I did have a daughter, and she's the spitting image of me, and I'm the spitting image of my mother. All connected. My daughter was born two months before my mother's death, and my mother had a chance to come to the hospital to see me and the baby. I named my daughter after her.

The night before my mother died was the second occurrence. I had gone to bed early because I hadn't been getting much sleep, as my daughter was only two months old. I was almost asleep, when I heard a voice say as plain as day: "Lori, your mother is going to pass over at 9:26 tomorrow morning. Say goodbye right now, she will hear you." I immediately started to cry and said my goodbyes. I cried myself to sleep. She died the next morning at approximately that time.

Lori L

At the end of a long day, Mrs. West was helping Lisa, one of her Kindergarten students, put on her rain boots. Mrs. West tugged and pulled and pulled and tugged until she finally got the rain boots on over Lisa's shoes. After the boots were on, Lisa said, "These are not my boots!"

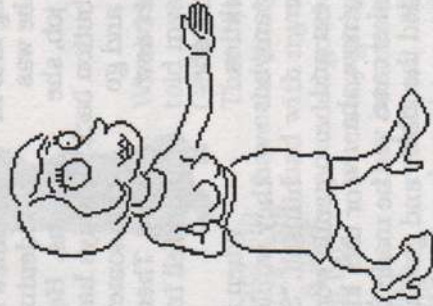
Mrs. West gently smiled and began tugging and pulling and pulling and tugging to get the boots off. After she finally peeled the rain boots off, the little girl said, "These are my brother's boots and my mommy said I had to wear them."

Mrs. West took a deep breath and began again to tug and pull and pull and tug until she finally got the tight rain boots on Lisa's feet again. Then Lisa said, "My mommy said I should wear my gloves - but I need help putting them on."

"OK" said Mrs. West, "where are they?"

Lisa replied, "In the toe of my boots!"

Embarrassing Moments



The Job Interview

I had a friend who was the classic case of if it's going to happen to anyone, it will happen to her. She was a tall, stately, and attractive woman in her fifties. She was also looking for work, after being employed by the same employer for about fifteen years.

She had a job interview scheduled and was very nervous. She decided to wear her fancy new outfit, a pleated skirt with a fitted jacket top that had two buttons.

I'll never be able to tell the story like she did but here goes...

She got to the interview and an

attractive man in his late twenties showed her to a conference room. They got through the first part of the interview and he announced he was going to have another man come in for additional questions.

At this point, she shifted in her chair, and...you guessed it, her top button flew across the table and she popped out of her blouse. She had luckily put on a pretty bra that morning, but almost died anyway.

One gentlemen just looked away, but the other one put his

Embarrassing Moments

head down on the table.

She tried to keep her composure and asked to be directed to the ladies' room to fix her blouse. She had one of those little emergency sewing kits in her purse, and since she was determined to get the job, she figured she'd sew the button back on, swallow her pride and go back to finish the interview.

Once in the bathroom she decided to use the facilities. When pulling up her pantyhose she managed to put her fingernail through them and created a huge run. By now, she was turning into a basket case. But, she still, she needed the job!

So, thinking that maybe they wouldn't notice the run, (to hear her tell it, it wasn't just a run, but the kind of run that looks like your cat clawed you) she proceeded to take her blouse off, sat down on the toilet seat, and sewed the button on. When she got up and went to walk out of the washroom she felt something wet on her legs. To her horror, she found that the whole back of her skirt had fallen into the toilet. At that point, she couldn't take it anymore. She never went back to the two men in the conference room.

She left the building and went home for a good cry. She never did call that company back. By the time she told me the story, she was laughing about it, but we both agreed it could only happen

to her. >>
M.B.

Baked Beans

I knew a man who had a maddening passion for baked beans. He loved them, but they always had a very embarrassing and somewhat lively reaction on him. Then one day he met a girl and fell in love.

When it was apparent that they would marry, he thought to himself, "She is such a sweet and gentle woman. She will never go for this kind of carrying on." So, he made the supreme sacrifice and gave up beans. They were married shortly thereafter.

Some months later, his car broke down on the way home from work and since they lived in the country, he called his wife and told her that he would be late because he had to walk home.

On his way home, he passed a small cafe and the aroma of freshly baked beans was overwhelming. Since he still had several miles to walk, he figured he would work off any ill effects before he got home, so he stopped at the cafe. Before leaving, he had eaten three large orders of the best baked beans he'd had in years.

All the way home, he putted, and after arriving home, felt reasonably safe that he had putted his last. His dear wife

seemed somewhat agitated and excited to see him and exclaimed delightedly, "Darling, I have the most wonderful surprise for dinner tonight."

She then blindfolded him and led him to his chair at the head of the dining room table. He seated himself and just as she was ready to remove the blindfold, the telephone rang.

She made him vow not to touch the blindfold until she returned, and then went to answer the telephone.

He seized the opportunity, lifted his weight to one leg, and let go. It was not only loud, but as ripe as rotten eggs. He took the napkin from his lap and vigorously fanned the air around him. Things had just returned to normal when another urge came on him so he shifted his weight to the other leg and let go again.

B.K.

This was a true prize winner!!!!

While keeping his ear on the conversation in the hall, he went on like this for ten minutes, until he knew the phone farewells indicated an end to his loneliness, and freedom.

He placed his napkin on his lap and folded his hands on top of it, and smiling contentedly to himself, was the picture of innocence when his wife returned apologizing for taking so long.

She asked if he had peeked and he, of course, assured her that he had not. At this point, she removed the blindfold and there was his surprise.

Twelve dinner guests seated around the table for a "Happy Birthday" party for him.

Subscription Card

We are doing our part to preserve the heritage of our ancestors. Now it is your turn to do your part by collecting every issue of *The Legacy* so that you can pass them along to your children and grandchildren.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Place this card in an envelope along with a check
in the amount of \$30.00 and mail to:

The Legacy
P.O. Box 201
Perkins, Ok. 74059

What My Mother Taught Me



By: Debbie Jordan

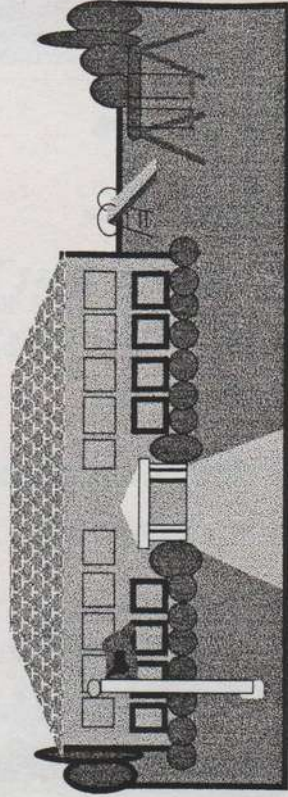
My mother, Katherine Cross, has taught me many things over the years by instructions such as sewing and cooking, gardening and quilting—the list goes on and on. But the most important things she has taught me have been by example as she has lived her life before me.

A love for God and others. I have witnessed a servant's heart in her many acts of kindness, giving to her church and loved ones, but especially to those in need. She freely gives of her time and talents, using every resource available to her to help others. She has taught me the gift of hospitality as she opens her home to loved ones and strangers alike, making them feel welcomed, comfortable and at home as they quickly recognize they have entered a house of peace.

Food and fellowship are always available for anyone who stops by, served with a big helping of laughter and fun. Even though times were hard when I was growing up and we didn't have much, she made us rich in love filled with plenty of good times. She taught me to find happiness where I am, not depending on how much I have or the circumstances that surround me, but finding the good in every situation and trusting God to teach me lessons of life in the troubled times. Still today she teaches me to live by faith as I witness the struggles she faces, both physically and spiritually, and watch her in patience, persistence, and prayer overcome trying circumstances as her sweet gentle spirit speaks volumes of faith, hope and love, but the greatest of these is love! **I love you, Mom.**

Indian Board Schools

by Christine McCarty



Jones Academy, Sequoyah, and Chilocco are the names of Indian Boarding schools where I lived.

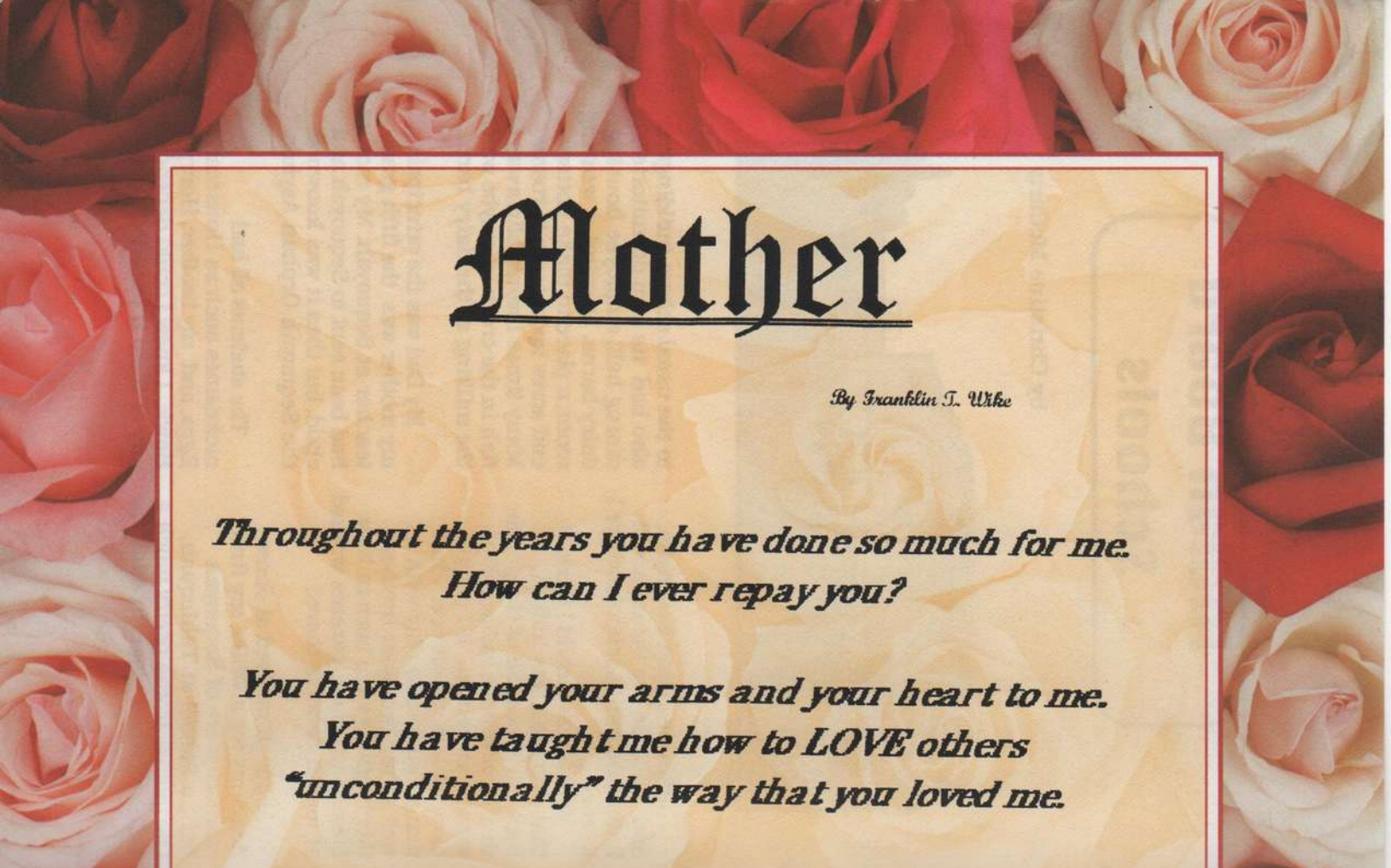
When I was a child I thought that everyone was Indian, because almost all of the people that I knew were Indian. My world was perfect. If I played alone, it was my choice. I had many children to play with as well as my two older brothers. (My brothers were born in New Mexico when my parents worked at Indian Schools there.)

Although we lived at Jones Academy for a while, my first memories are of Sequoyah Indian School at Tahlequah, Oklahoma. It was pretty much a self-contained place. In addition

to the usual school buildings, it also had its own dormitories, dining hall, employee housing, dairy barns, hospital, a weaving room, a place to make pottery and acres upon acres to roam. Many times I would slip away to fish in the creek or maybe watch the milking at the dairy barn.

My Dad was the principal and my mother was the fifth grade teacher at Sequoyah. My mother had been sent to Sequoyah as a child, but then it was known as the Sequayah Orphan Asylum.

The students all had nicknames such as Housecat, Eggs, and my brother, Henry Hawk. I knew I could depend on any of them if I needed anything,



Mother

By Franklin J. White

*Throughout the years you have done so much for me.
How can I ever repay you?*

*You have opened your arms and your heart to me.
You have taught me how to LOVE others
“unconditionally” the way that you loved me.*

because they too, were family. I remember so much laughter and fun. There was always a game of some kind in our yard. When the students had to go back to their dorm or to the dining hall, the employees children stayed in our yard and continued the game.

At that time May day was a big thing. We celebrated May day at Sequoyah and also our school in town held pageants. My Mother's class was the May Queen one year and there was always a Maypole and many other games for us to play. I can still see my Mother sitting in the sun with her umbrella shading her face watching her students compete and cheering them on.

Once the school went to the Oklahoma City Zoo and the kids were going to ride the carousel, of course they wanted their teachers to ride too. I can still remember the kids in my Mother's room bragging about my mother, Mrs. McCarty riding side-saddle instead of "a-straddle" like the other teachers. She always was and still is a lady.

There were so many students

whose lives were touched and influenced during their time at Sequoyah. Daddy made sure that those who wanted to go on the college had every opportunity to do so, and Mom made sure that their academics and social skills would be assets to them.

Everyone had a job of some type, some worked in the dining hall, the boys worked with the livestock or the gardens, and everyone was expected to keep their dorms clean.

On Sundays, in the beginning everyone was required to go to church and Sunday School, but then the word came down that students were not to be made to attend.

Mr. Brown who was the Superintendent at that time required that everyone dress up on Sunday because, "I don't know of an Indian who, when he is dressed up, doesn't want to go somewhere."

I have so many memories of Sequoyah, and to think back on them is like seeing an old and dear friend. After all, how can I forget where I was bitten by a rabid dog? But that's another story.... Ω

Top Five reasons computers must be female... :-)

5. No one but their creator understands their internal logic.
4. Even your smallest mistakes are immediately committed to memory for future reference.
3. The native language used to communicate with other computers is incomprehensible to everyone else.
2. The message, "Bad command or filename," is about as informative as "If you don't know why I'm mad at you, then I'm certainly not going to tell you."
1. As soon as you make a commitment to one, you find yourself spending half your paycheck on accessories for it.

A Viet Nam Road Trip

by Charles J. Jefferson © 1997

I had moved from Landing Zone (LZ) Uplift on the coast to Artillery Hill in Pleiku in the central highlands, becoming assistant Communications Officer of the 52nd Artillery Group. As such, I naturally drew a number of extra duties. One was pay officer. This unfortunate individual must, after signing for the cash to pay the troops, get it into their hands 'toot sweet'.

We had units in several out-of-the-way places, including Kontum and Ben Het, and getting to all of them within the deadline wasn't so simple. As a non-divisional unit, we didn't have ready access to helicopters. The alternative was to accompany a convoy.

Since our unit in Ben Het was due for a resupply of fresh food, I was riding shotgun in a 'reefer' (refrigerator truck) as we joined a 4th Infantry Division convoy en route to Kontum (about halfway to Ben Het). About an hour out of Pleiku, the front end of the very long convoy was hit by rocket fire from across the valley. We could see the smoke and hear the return fire, and shortly saw the covering Cobras helicopter gunships zoom in to strike the ambush site.

Eventually, the convoy commander decided to turn back.

This didn't suit me at all. I had two units to pay and a deadline to meet. I really had to go on. Plus, the stuff in the reefer would spoil if it wasn't delivered soon. We joined up with a small Engineer element that had the gun jeep and radio required for independent movement on the roads. They planned to go on past Kontum to Dak To. At Dak To, we and some other Ben Het-bound vehicles were able to arrange for a Vietnamese APC (armored personnel carrier) to go on with us.

The Special Forces base at Ben Het was dug into an isolated hill in the middle of a plain, with mountains overlooking it from the Laotian side of the border. As we neared the recently besieged base (where my predecessor had earned a Silver Star leading in a convoy), it looked like a World War I battle scene. There were a few scraggly tree stumps and the ground was covered in all directions with brass of every caliber and other detritus of battle. A brand-new 'Fat Albert' (M-88 tank retriever) with a big hole in the side was in a roadside ditch. A small mountain of destroyed equipment was piled up by the airstrip.

As I sought out our unit and started to pay the troops, the arriving vehicles were unloaded

Road Trip

feverishly. Joined by a few others from the garrison, they started back toward Kontum immediately so as to get there before nightfall. Clearly, I was going to spend the night at Ben Het. Outlining my plans to join a convoy to Kontum the next day so I could pay the unit there and then return to Pleiku, I was told, "Not so fast." Our unit in Kontum had two guns (175mm self-propelled howitzers) out on a 'hip shoot' just off the road on the way back to Kontum. I would have to pay them there.

The next day, I rode shot gun on a gun truck (a heavily-sandbagged two and a half-ton truck with a 50 caliber machine gun and other weaponry in the bed). As the convoy neared the hip shoot (a brief artillery deployment to a field location, intended to surprise the enemy), the driver touched the brakes and I jumped out into the ditch along the road. I made my way over to the unit, discovering as I approached that they were in the process of closing down. With our two howitzers were a battery (four) of Vietnamese Army (ARVN) towed 155mm howitzers and a company of ARVN rangers. With the Vietnamese troops were their families.

I paid the troops as the planned departure time came and went. We had major problems! It was already late afternoon. One of our guns couldn't move under its own power, and then the ammo carrier towing it broke down. It

became clear we weren't going to get to Kontum before dark, when the roads closed. In fact, we weren't even going to get to the next town with a garrison.

Eventually, we pulled off the road next to a small ARVN watchtower with an apron of wire around it. We strung up what concertina we had, as did the ARVN artilleryists. The Rangers, however, decided to push on down the road. We learned later that one of their trucks hit a mine, with many casualties.

It was quite a night! The lieutenants called in our position and plotted supporting fires in case we were attacked, but in truth we were essentially defenseless in the middle of a prime North Vietnamese Army operating area. Seemingly unconcerned, the Vietnamese lit a large bonfire around which they sang and danced after dinner. As a Captain, I was the senior US officer present, though I had no mind to interfere with the two artillery lieutenants in running their unit. On top of that, I had \$40,000 in MPC (Military Payment Currency) with me for which I was personally responsible. I don't think I've ever been more relieved to see daylight than I was the next morning. The rest of my road trip was a breeze, but then I had already had all the adventure I wanted. Ω

Motherhood



I think that it's important that we all remember that being a mother is the most difficult and most important job in the world. And, in light of this fact, we need to cut moms a little slack. I remember growing up, especially hitting the teen, independent years, I was not kind to my mother. Her life revolved around her children, and we were trying to cut her out of that very life. My children are now older (14, 16, & 21) and they are spreading their own wings. This is incredibly painful for me.

It also makes me remember my attempts to fly from the nest and how my mother tried to keep that from happening until I was ready to deal with it. It would be so much easier if babies arrived with an owner's manual.

My mom still has the ability to make me nuts.....just as I have the ability to make her crazy. But I always treat her with the dignity and respect she deserves. I hope my children do the same.

Susi

I've become my mom

I became my mom sometime in the last six or seven years.

When I had my baby girls, I told myself that I WAS GOING TO DO IT RIGHT!

That I was NEVER going to have the kind of relationship I had with my mom. Well, that sounded good and worked fine when my girls were small, but as they became teenagers and more rebellious, I felt I wasn't doing a darn thing right. All of a sudden, I found myself saying the same things my mom had said to me. THAT was when I finally was able to make peace with my mom. I called her up one day after a particularly nasty fight with my daughter and apologized for being so mean when I was younger. I was 42 years old! That's how long it took ME to grow up. I'm just glad I was able to tell her. My daughters are 22 and 18. The older girl is on her own now, and I'm sure it will take her awhile to realize that SHE doesn't have all the answers, but I am comforted in knowing that that realization will occur eventually with life experiences. Humble Now!

Jesse

Generation After Generation

I went to visit my mother this

Motherhood

weekend and, after a couple of glasses of wine, it slipped out that I thought I was turning into her. To my surprise, she admitted that she thinks she is turning into my grandmother. We both had a laugh at that.

Barb

Just like my mom/almost

I look in the mirror these days and really see my mom looking back. I just turned 40 a few years ago, and I remember how tired she looked at that age (had 5 kids, her mom living with us and was pregnant with her 6th child). I feel and look that tired these days and I only have two kids at home, but I work full time also. She is the most disorganized person that I know. I grew up in a home that was always messy, the kind that us kids couldn't help clean because it was bills, her papers, and tons of items with no place to put away. There was never any food in the house--we were always running out of milk, bread, and the like. I could never bring friends home because of the mess. She still shops daily for her dinner, says she doesn't

have the time to make out a list or shop for a week... But that is my mom, and I've come to accept it. Even now, when any of us go to see her she has to clean off the table and chairs for us to have coffee with her. But she has a heart of gold, and I wouldn't trade all that for anything. She may have been a lousy housekeeper, but she loved us so much. She was the mom who took us on trips with just her and her mom. Always doing something with us or taking us someplace. We didn't have much money, but with her it didn't matter, she made do. She always worked for herself, buying items for resale, and she still does this, working long hours. She is an inspiration to me now. I taught myself how to be organized, and I am a good housekeeper. She says that she wishes she was more like me! I'm glad I'm like my mom in some ways. And what I remember that I didn't want to be like, I work on that part of me so I'm not (at least most of the time!) But I make sure to love my kids the way Mom loved us. Thanks Mom!

Sally

Be grateful.....

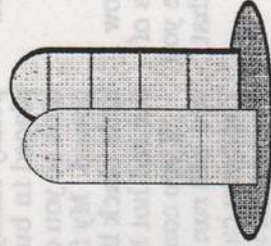
for children who put away their things and clean up after themselves. They're such a joy you hate to see them go home to their own parents.....

Motherhood is full of frustrations and challenges..... but, eventually they move out.

If it was going to be easy to raise kids,

It never would have started with something called labor.

Amish Country



by Robert Williams

If you travel down some of the scenic secondary highways through parts of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Iowa and even a few other states, you are liable to see a few road signs that say, "Caution, Horse-Drawn Vehicles."

When you see these signs, if you get off the main roads and take a little trip down some of the side roads, you are liable to have an experience you will be able to treasure for a lifetime. These signs are indicators that you are in Amish Country.

The Amish are a very plain people that live by the teaching of their religion. Their religion is not a secret society or cult, it is everyday Christianity with one difference—they choose to live a very simple lifestyle without the use of electricity, automobiles or many of the things that modern mankind perceives as necessities in order to resist the temptations of the world.

Many of the Amish also choose to work as farmers, so

they can stay at home and attend to taking care of their families.

The children attend a one-room Amish school that teaches them as far as the eighth grade. They use bicycles or horses and buggies rather than school buses. The men do not wear a wedding ring, rather they grow a beard as a sign they are married.

Every family in the Amish community gives a portion of their earnings to the church, then if a church member is ever in need of help, the others will offer a hand physically as well as financially. They also do not accept welfare or social security. They take care of their own.

As a result of their lifestyle without electricity, they are very hard workers and they are very quality conscious.

Visiting Amish Communities.

U.S. Highway 20 traveling past the southern tip of Topeka, Indiana is one location where you will find these signs. When I

Amish Country

was a teenager, I used to travel through that area quite frequently. I can remember when they had an auction and flea market in Topeka every Wednesday morning. At the auction, you could purchase wagon wheels for buggies, plow horses and all different types of equipment that would enable you to live in a house on a farm that had no electricity. This was Amish country. I can even remember hearing people talking about people coming to the flea market from all over the world to purchase some of the exquisitely made Mennonite quilts.

There was also a general store across the road from the auction barn where you could buy the black flat-brimmed hats the Amish men wore, or material to make your own shirts and jeans.

If you traveled south and a bit to the west after leaving Topeka, you might find yourself in a little town called Eva. If you made your way into Eva, you had to be very careful driving through the area and make sure that you did not blow you horn, for if you did, you could scare a horse and cause some serious damage to the occupants of the buggy.

You never had to worry about putting any money in the parking meters in Eva, because they didn't have any. However they did offer a hitching post, right on Main Street, where you could tie up your horse, if you were so inclined.

I remember back in the 70's when I took my mother to Eva

for the first time. We walked into a small general store and that was the first time I had ever seen penny candy, unwrapped and placed in bulk form in the little bins so you could buy it by the pound. My favorites were the little black licorice babies and the red hot hearts.

If you continue southbound, you will run into U.S. Highway 6. Then you can travel west through Napanee, Indiana, and you will find a place called Amish Village. The last time I was there was in 1996 and this is still a fantastic place to eat. They seat you in a large barn and serve you actual homemade real potatoes, homemade gravy, homemade bread, complete with homemade apple butter and some of the freshest, most tender meat you have ever had the pleasure of tasting. And everything is served to you family style. That means they place the food on the table in a large serving dish and you fix your own plate.

After dinner, you can even take a tour of the Amish farm in a horse and buggy.

If you have any young children or grandchildren, this is one farm that I would very highly recommend as a place for you to take them. The experience into a different lifestyle will be an experience they will never forget.

If you know of an Amish community, we invite you to send us a story about your memorable experiences visiting it.



Mama

by Julie R. San Miguel

Oh, the smells of my grandmother's house. Her bedroom smells like Avon hand lotion, her bathroom like bath powder and soap. Her house always smells clean, but never like cleaning products. I remember as a child walking in and pretending to gag when she was cooking turnip greens. (Supposedly the taste far outweighs the smell; I will never know!) Lots of times we would walk in when someone was getting a home perm. Whew! That was not a favorable smell either. But overall, in all my years, the

smell of my grandmother's house has been that of love.

Cookies always in the cookie jar, Dr. Pepper and Coke always in the fridge. And iced tea! The best glass of sweetened iced tea you will drink -- anywhere. And, oh my gosh, my favorite: fried potato sandwiches. (Mmm!)

A few years ago, my grandmother was diagnosed with diabetes. While it has changed her eating habits, she still always has a sweet something made up and ready for her company.

Mamaw

From the time I was about five until I was about eight, we lived next door to her. These are precious memories. These are the days my aunts and uncles talk about most when they talk about the "good old days." I feel fortunate that I was around and old enough to actually remember some of it. My cousins are all five to eight years younger than I am, so most of them have no recollection of that time, except for pictures. (Guess there is something good about being the oldest granddaughter, besides getting to be favorite!)

Back then, Wednesday was hamburger night at Mamaw's. People would just "happen by" about suppertime. The funny thing is, there was always enough for just one more. She never ran out of food! And if she had, I am sure that she would have come up with something.

If we are generous with what God gives us, He promises to continue to bless us -- so we can continue our lifestyle of giving! You will barely be seated in my Mamaw's house before she's in the kitchen "fixin'" you something to eat. Her income is limited and there isn't a lot of food in her kitchen, but what the Lord has given her is hers to share. I want to love people that way. Sow sparingly, reap sparingly. Sow generously, reap generously -- so we can give it away again!

Mamaw has always been wise and gentle. Always Mamaw. I

look at old pictures and have to realize that she was once just a mother, before that just a wife, before that just a lady, before that just a daughter, just a girl, just a baby. She has had an entire life, with memories and special moments, hard times and good, sadness, love and joy. I have been guilty of seeing her as one dimensional -- just my Mamaw. She has stories and recipes, ideas and skills. She has patience and insight and godly wisdom. And she is such a comedian! Some of the funniest things come out of her mouth.

I love to go through her picture box with her. She can tell who, what, when, where, and sometimes even why about each photograph. Among my favorites is the one of her as an infant with her parents, older brother and sister, her mother's brother (Uncle Gaskel) and a goat, located at the beginning of this article! At the top of the next page, there is one of her grandparents, Eli and Fannie Underwood, and her little cousin, also named Fanny. I look into their faces and try to imagine how their voices sounded or if they ever laughed. (Turns out Fannie and Mamaw, whose given name is Frances, used to argue about who was named after Grandma -- I thought my cousins and I were the only ones who did things like that.)

I love the one of her as a young woman holding my mother as a baby. Interesting thing about old pictures, most people did not



E. W. & B. J. Woodward, 1911

smile in those photographs.

A picture of my Mamaw is what you will see if you look up the word "grandmother" in the dictionary. Her life is the definition of "grand mother." Her cooking, laughter, the whistling of hymns, handmade quilts (mine is the prettiest) and the busy loving hands are just some of the things that make her house a home. When I was eight months pregnant with my son, Noah, I went over there around 11:00 one night with a hankering for her homemade chocolate turnovers. She got busy in her robe and slippers, whistling all the while, and made me some! When I worked in Dallas, every

year she would make cornbread dressing for 100 (!) for our Thanksgiving spread.

When I was a girl and trying to learn to sew (still am trying to learn to sew, huh Mamaw?), she was always very encouraging. Even when I put a five inch hem in a pair of bell bottom (!) blue jeans -- at the bottom of the pants (the part that touched the ground) instead of at the top of the turned under part -- she said "You're doing good!"

Mamaw's hands. They are so beautiful, always doing for others. They are soft, yet strong. They are busy, but always have time. They cover her mouth when she giggles. They hold her

Mamaw

Bible; they fold in prayer. They sew, crochet, quilt -- create! They complete the hugs she gives.

She giggles when she gets tickled. I love to hear her laugh. It's like music. I love to hear her stories. I could sit for hours (and have) begging for just one more. Mamaw is the youngest 85 year old I know. She knows the Lord and loves the Lord. Her counsel is sound and ground in the Word. What price would I offer if I had to pay for her? She is priceless. I saw a plaque once that said "Grandmothers are antique little girls." That just about sums it up. A valuable treasure -- an antique little girl.

Mamaw was born Frances Ella Underwood in January, 1911. Family and friends in Arkansas call her Ella or "Aunt Eller" (pronounced "ain't"). When they moved to Dallas in the mid-50s, she began using the name Frances because that was how she filled out her job application. So I can always tell from where someone knows Mamaw by what they call her. People around here either call her Mrs. Beason, Frances, or more than likely, Mamaw. I always took special pride in the fact that she was

actually my grandmother, even though lots of people at church called her that. (Mine, mine, mine!)

In August of 1995, as a surprise for my family, I videotaped her telling some of my favorite stories. With her permission, I transcribed the tape to share with you here. I only wish there was a way for you to actually hear her tell these stories instead of only reading the words. I get a charge out of picturing her doing some of the things she tells about when she was a child, especially at her grandparents' house. And her grandfather! Wonder if Grandma had anything to do with his silence?

To picture my very ladylike grandmother swinging from a tree and behaving as a common urchin is almost too much for my imagination! But here I go ruining the surprise, shame on me.

At the end of the tape, she prays over her family and thanks God for us. It is truly a treasured family heirloom. Following is her story (at least part of it). I hope it blesses you and lifts your spirits, as it does mine each time I watch it.

If you would like to share an interesting or educational story about a loved one with our readers, please send a copy to The Legacy, P.O. Box 201 Perkins, OK 74059 or e-mail a copy in txt. format to LegacyMag@aol.com



"My name is Frances Ella Beason. My dad was Robert M. Underwood and my mother was Grace Underwood; she was a Murray. We had a large family with 11 kids, Ed was the oldest; I had a sister, Pearl, then I'm next. I had a sister, Bedie, two years younger than me and then a brother, R.M. Next came Marie and Louise, then James, Grace and Paul. Finally Ruth, who was the baby. We had a good life. We

were poor, but I don't ever remember being unhappy when I was growing up. We didn't have lots of money, but we had a good time.

When I was a little girl my dad got saved. There was a meeting in a little town called Hopeville, Arkansas, a little ways from Bearden. They had a camp meeting under the trees and my dad went. He got under conviction and after a short

Mamaw

time, he got saved. When he was under conviction, though, he would go down to work in the field and he'd pray.

He'd come to the house and cry because he was so heartbroken because he wanted to be saved. He'd go back and work a while and then he'd come back up and pray and cry. So finally he got saved, and after that he took us to church as a family. We never missed church after that. We'd all go in the wagon to church. And then God called him to preach. As we were growing up, we all learned to sing and he wanted us to sing for him in his services. We did a lot of that. We had a good life.

He was a man who could pray the prayer of faith. A lot of people, if something happened to their child or something, they'd call him to pray for them. One time my uncle's little boy fell off a wagon and the wagon rolled over him. They thought he was dead. They brought him to my dad and he prayed for the boy and he got well. He was just a man who could pray the prayer of faith.

My dad prayed a lot. We'd hear him down in the corn field, in the tall corn. We'd hear him down there praying. He was a good Christian man. He taught us all to be Christians. He raised us up in a right way.

My dad was a farmer most of the time. In the off season he would go to a job in a little town about four miles away. He'd get up early in the morning and I would still be in bed, half asleep, and would hear him "a' hollering" a tune as he was going down through the woods on his way to work in another town, and it made me so lonesome. (See footnote on hollering at bottom of page.) He was good. He provided for us.

We would go to my grandmother Frances Underwood's house in a wagon when we were little. They lived in a log house with a sandy white yard and a well in the yard that wasn't very deep. You didn't have to go very deep to get the water. My grandpa was real white-headed with a long gray beard. He just walked around and didn't say much. My grandmother was very little.

When we would go to her house, we had to open the gate before we could get onto their property. My little grandmother would hear the chain rattle on the gate and she'd open her small window in the kitchen and look out and see us coming. I could see that little bitty lady, she was so little, with her head sticking out of that window. We had a good time when we went to Grandma's house.

• Editors note: The phrase "hollering a song" is a term used by the slaves when they escaped in the night. They would sing songs, masquerading directions for escape, telling the way for the next person to follow. It was a loud, lonely, echoey-type singing with a haunting melody.

My mother used to sew. Most of the time she wore dark green or brown and always made her own clothes. She wore long skirts down to her feet and long-sleeved blouses. She always looked nice. We loved our mother, but we didn't let her know we loved her so much. But I can realize now that I loved her a lot. She was a wonderful lady. My dad was always singing or whistling so I developed the habit. I'm always whistling or singing or something. It's just a habit with me.

My grandmother was a little bitty woman. She had a little bitty waist and wore brown, long skirts and black long-sleeved blouses. I thought all grandmothers were small because mine was so little. I found out different!

I had a cousin, Fannie Thornton, who lived with my grandpa and grandma. They raised her; her mother had died. We were about the same size and we just had a ball. We'd go through the apple orchard, and if they weren't quite ready to eat, well, we'd just eat green apples. We'd pull the peaches off before they got ripe. They never did say anything to us; well, if they did, I don't remember it. But my grandpa, he just walked to and fro with his walking cane and didn't say anything. I guess he didn't get mad at us because I don't remember him saying anything.

Then when I grew up, I didn't exactly care about getting married, but I was afraid I was

going to be an old maid. I thought, "I'm nearly 19 years old and I don't want to be an old maid." Then I met Herschel Beason. We didn't have any sense; we just thought we'd get married. We didn't have a thing, not even a place to go. We were poor; nearly everybody was poor in those days.

We snuck off and got married and didn't tell my folks about it. We thought we were going to keep it a secret. I went to church that night and I told my parents about it and it like to have killed them. And then I went home with them because we were going to keep it a secret and because we didn't either one have a place to go. So I went on home and the next day I had to go to work. My husband's mother and dad lived not very far from where I worked. His mother sent him up to get me and told him to bring me home with him. So we started living together then.

Later on we got us a house. At first, we just had a little two room apartment. We had a pretty hard life. Work was hard to find. I worked at the textile mill. That wasn't much, but it was better than anything else.

We've been doing better ever since. We had a wonderful family of seven children. Bob was my first child, and then Jane. We stayed in Malvern, Arkansas, for a while. Then we moved to California. Bob was about six and Jane was four and one-half. My husband got a job and we lived in California for about six years. Judy and Betty were born

Mamaw

there. Then we moved back to Arkansas. Madge was born in Pearla, and Randy in Little Rock. Then we moved to Dallas, Texas, where Gary was born. We have been here for over 40 years. We had a big family, but we had fun.

We got married December 7, 1930. Bob was born in 1933 and Jane in 1936. After they started growing up and got to be about 4 or 5, they would watch for people who passed by my house -- if they looked like they were hungry or needed something to eat, they would stop them and have them come to the house so I could fix them something to eat. Several times they did that, wanted me to fix people something to eat. In California they did the same thing. They took a guy a meal out to their little table in the yard once. Some of them were really burns, but we fed them anyway.

I was working when they were little. When they were growing up around the house they would sing together. They got to where they could harmonize. Then we started going to a church and the people had them sing and that's how they started. They had a trio, Madge didn't sing with them very much. I wish she had because they made a record and she wasn't on it.

I have a lot of good memories. I am thankful for my family. I had seven children and we raised them all to be grown. We lost Bob in 1986. I am proud of all of my family. I love all of them and they turned out to be really good children. They are all good to me and I appreciate each one. They

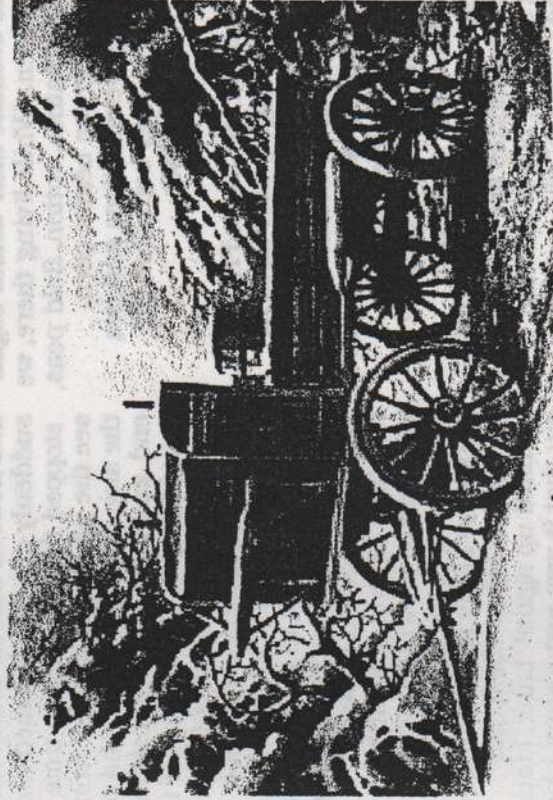
grew up well and I am thankful for all of them and all the grandchildren I have. I would love to do something for everyone of them. I am retired and getting old, but I am thankful I am able to do the things I am able to do. I love all my family. We had a hard time; we weren't rich and we had to be careful how we spent our money, but we had a good, happy life together.

My in-laws, all the family, were so good to me. They have always treated me just like one of the family and I love all of them just like I do my own family. To this day, they are still good to me."

Here is a copy of Mamaw's Prayer of Blessing for her Family:

Lord, I thank you for the wonderful family you've given me. I want to thank you for a wonderful life. I thank you that they are all Christians and living for you. Thank you that their families are being trained up in church. We love you and praise you for all of that. Without God we are nothing. I want you to bless all my children, and all my grandchildren, and all my great grandchildren. Bless me and Papaw. Help us to be able to get along and take care of ourselves until you call us home. We give you the praise. In Jesus' name. Amen.

A Family of a Florida Sharecroppers



I was born William Alvis Proctor in High Springs, Florida, on October 26, 1927, and as a boy I was known as "Billy." When I reached adulthood, I became known as "Bill," but many of my relatives still referred to me as Billy.

I was a boy when my father, Oscar O. Proctor, and my mother, Minnie Bell Camp, moved to Clearwater, Florida. Dad worked for the Atlantic Coastline Railroad and was transferred to Clearwater. I was their third child, with my brother Oscar Eugene being the oldest, and Laura Katherine, the second. While in Clearwater, my twin sisters, Juanita Nell and Lorita Bell were born in 1931.

I think it was 1933 when we all moved to Pedro (pronounced Peed-row), Florida, to take care of my elderly and sickly paternal grandparents, John R. and Laura Proctor. Incidentally, the community was named by Mexican sharecroppers and migrants, after Peter Perry. The name Peter, meaning "Pedro" (pronounced Paid-row) in the Mexican language, was adapted by the predominately white population, but with a slightly southern pronunciation. Peter Perry's grandson, who was also named Peter, married one of my dad's sisters, Lorena Proctor.

When we moved to Pedro, we lived in a sharecropper's house, and Dad sharecropped for a

Florida Sharecroppers

friend of his named John L. Remington. From that location, my Dad could farm and look after my grandparents, who lived only a few miles away. In 1935, we had to move in with them because their health began to worsen. While living there, we grew tomatoes, cotton, field peas, tobacco, green beans, corn, peanuts, velvet beans and pea vine hay. They both died the next year in 1936.

John R. and Laura Proctor owned an eighty acre farm in Pedro, and the farm became Dad's after their death. We lived there until 1944, and it became a period in my life that will forever remain sacred to me because of the wonderful memories that were born there. Those memories are the basis for this story, in hopes that the "good Old days" will remain forever in the minds and hearts of my children and grandchildren.

In 1943, while still on the farm, Dad went back to work for the railroad in Wildwood, Florida, which was about ten miles from Pedro. I was sixteen years old at the time, and I farmed our last year there growing corn and pea vine hay for the cows. Dad sold the eighty acre farm for \$2,500 in 1945, and we moved to Summerfield, Florida, about five miles away.

I remember one time on the farm, however, when I was just fourteen years old. I was out plowing the field with our mule and mare horse, when I heard an

airplane flying overhead. Back then, it wasn't a common sight to see an airplane, and they were always very interesting to me. While slowly plowing the furrows, I looked up at the plane, and noticed that its motor had suddenly cut off. I immediately stopped the team just in time to see the plane begin to fall from the sky. It began falling end over end, and I just knew that it was going to crash right on top of me! I left the team standing there, and ran as hard and fast as I could to get out of the middle of that field! Then to my surprise, I heard the plane motor start up again, as it pulled up and regained control. I went back and started plowing, and the same thing happened again! This time I only ran a few yards, and looked up as the motor cranked up again! Later, I found out that it was just a stunt plane practicing, but it sure scared me half to death! I had never seen anything like that before.

I recall a time when Dad sold "Ol' Henry," one of our mules, and bought a work horse named Della. Since she was just a work horse, he didn't know if she had been broken to ride. One day, Dad put our old 'McClellon' army saddle on her back, and proceeded to ease up on her.

I think that they were both surprised at what took place next! Like an explosion, Della bolted and bucked with every ounce of fire that she could muster up, and Dad flew one way, and the saddle the other!

The old belly girth that held the saddle on had come apart, and that's why Della bucked the saddle off, too!

That didn't stop my Dad, however. He then put a tight rope around her belly so he would have something to hold on to, and took her out in the middle of a freshly plowed field. Being in that plowed field would tire her out if she started bucking again, not to mention bein' a whole lot softer to land on!

By putting a "twist" rope on her nose, it sort of paralyzed her and took her mind off of what he was about to do. Dad said, "Billy, go get the cow whip! When I get on her and she tries to stop bucking, you take that cow whip and pop her on the rear!" We did this until old Della couldn't take it anymore, and decided that lettin' Dad ride was a heck of a lot easier than bucking! My Dad was only five foot seven and weighed about 165 pounds, but to me he was a giant of a man!

The Heroes, The '2-Holer', & The Sugar Cubes

Life in Florida was much different back then. When I look back at those good old days, I now realize that we were very poor, but we never knew it. We were Florida 'Crackers,' and we had everything but money. Everyone else that we knew were just the same as us. My brother, sisters, and I were happy children, and we just knew that we had the best parents in the world. Life was hard like the

work that we had to do, because we were just poor dirt farmers. Mom and Dad showed both discipline and love, and since I was "all boy," I got to experience a little of both from them! I remember once when Mother saved my hide when I got caught for drinking some cheap wine, and broke my glasses in a fight! I think that my Dad's tongue-lashing, however, was worse than getting a "whippin'!"

Our farm house was very old. It was made of wood, and had wood shingles for a roof. We had a front porch across the front of the house, and the back of the house had an "L" shaped porch. Dad built a wooden walkway from the back porch out to the water pump. Just off of the back porch was a room that had a fireplace.

On one Saturday morning, Mother, Dad, and my sisters went to Ocala to shop, and Gene and I stayed home. Gene was then twelve years old, and I was nine.

We were sitting on the front porch around mid-morning, and for some unknown reason, we decided to go around to the back porch. As we walked around to the back and on to the porch, we heard the crackling sound of fire. Looking up, we saw that the roof on that back room had caught fire from sparks from the fireplace!

We grabbed two buckets, and Gene climbed up the ladder and on to the roof with a bucket full of water. He threw the bucket of water on the fire, and then

Florida Sharecroppers

ordered me to fill the other bucket from the pump. I brought the bucket of water to the corner of the house, climbed up and handed it to him! We repeated this as fast as our little legs could go, until the fire was finally out and smoldering! Needless to say, we were heroes when Mother and Dad got home!

The first few years of our farm life, as I recall, were without electricity and plumbing. We had kerosene lamps for light, and a "Numbr 2" pitcher pump on our well for water. I'm not sure why they called it a "Number 2" pump, but I guess it must have been because of the size of the pipe coming out of the well. Then there was the other necessity in life, the "2 Holer" outhouse.

The two things that stand out in my mind the most, were getting those wonderful electric lights into our home, and the joy of getting a brand new "2 Holer" outhouse with a real concrete floor! My, did that cypress wood and new concrete floor smell good! When those electric lights first came on in the dark, it seemed to me like the heavens had opened up and shown down on us! I heard that it was President Franklin D. Roosevelt that had made allox this possible in the late 1930's.

During the week we worked very hard, but on Saturdays, Dad and Mother took my sisters to Nelson's Grocery Store in Summerfield. Sometimes, however, they would go to Ocala

to shop. Dad would buy hog and cow feed in sacks that had flower designs, and Mother would make my sisters clothes out of them.

Our family came from a generation that was known as the "use it up, wear it out, make it do, or just do without" people! If we wore a hole in our shoes, we would put a piece of cardboard in them. As time went by, and the hole got too big, Dad would glue rubber soles on our shoes. If our clothes got holes in them, Mother would sew patches over them. If our farm plow or wagon broke down, we would fix it with hay baling wire.

Mother, with all of the family's help, canned our corn, tomatoes, beans, and peas, but on Sunday mornings and evenings, we went to church. If it was summertime, we would make homemade ice cream in a wooden, one gallon churn during the afternoon. Our "Ice Man" delivered ice to us twice a week, and we kept it in an icebox since there weren't any refrigerators. The icebox was where we kept our meat, butter, and milk.

Mother cooked on a wood stove, and later advanced to a five burner kerosene stove, where two of the burners were under the oven. She had a "safe cabinet," or Pie Safe, that had a screen on the doors and sides. This is where left-over food that would keep without refrigeration was kept until the next day.

Once when I was about ten years old, I remember standing

on a chair looking into one of Mother's kitchen cabinets looking for something good to eat. I found a box of sugar cubes, and thought to myself, "She'll never miss just one!" I put that sugar cube in my pocket and walked innocently away. Later, I ate it and it was so good! Next week, I went back for another, and continued until that whole box was empty! When I realized what I had done, I knew that Mother was going to find out and immediately know it was me!

I knew that I had to get that box of sugar cubes replaced, and soon!

I wrote down the exact name of the brand, and saved up my money. One day while at school and during my lunch period, I went down to Nelson's Store and bought the right box. While riding home on the school bus, I hid that box of sugar cubes under my coat. When I got home, I slipped into the kitchen and replaced those sugar cubes.

Mother never knew what had happened!

Sunday Afternoons, Open-Range, & Chicken Thieves

On Sunday afternoons, kids on the farm spent much of their time playing games, since there was no television. Some of the games that we played were called Sand-lot Football, Cans, Hide and Seek, and Hailey Over. Sand-Lot Football was basically the game of football as we know it, but was played on a lot with mostly sand and weeds.

The game of Cans was similar to Hide-And -Seek, but each player had a stick called a "stick 'n can." There were three cans stacked up on top of the other, and everyone hid from the person appointed as "it."

The hidden players then tried to sneak back and knock over the cans with his stick before being caught by "it."

Hailey Over was a game where the players were divided up on each side of the house. The ball was then thrown over the house. If someone on the other side caught it, that person would sneak around to the other side of the house with the ball, and try to hit the other player without them knowing it. If a person was hit, he then had to go over to the other side's team until no one was left on one side of the house.

Gene and I made slingshots, kites, and softballs, and we used tin cans or gourds as a football. We made Lorita and Juanita play sand-lot football with us! Our kites were made of newspapers, and we used a mix of flour and water as paste to hold it together. Palmetto limbs (short, scrub palms) were used to make the cross braces, and strips of old bed sheets were used to make the "tails."

When Sundays were over, we went back to farming and taking care of the livestock. We had two milk cows from which we had milk, butter, buttermilk, and clabber. Buttermilk came from the milk after the butter was

Florida Sharecroppers

churned, and clabber was thickly curdled milk that had "gone sour." Clabber was used to make bread, or to stir it up with syrup to drink. Mother always made plenty of biscuits and cornbread.

I remember making a meal out of biscuits, or cornbread and milk! We always had a large garden with all kind of vegetables.

In the wintertime, when it seemed to be the coldest, we had what we called "hog butcherin' time." The cold weather would always keep the meat from going bad, too soon. We had pork shoulders, ribs, liver, ham, fat-back, bacon, sausage, pigs-feet, and hog'shead cheese! The fat-back and belly were cut up into pieces about 2" by 2", and Mother would cook it down in the big iron kettle outside in the yard to use as lard. Lard, or the fat from hogs, was grease that we used to fry everything. We smoked ham, sausage, and shoulders in the smoke house, but had white, unsmoked bacon, too. This was salted down and preserved, and later used for frying or for cooking in black-eyed peas, mustards, or collard greens for flavor.

We had no heat in the wintertime except for our fireplace. We sat in front of the fireplace to shell peanuts to be used as seed for the next year's crop. Dad used to get a little irritated with me, because he said that I would eat about half of what I shelled! Keeping warm

with just a fireplace was a little tough, so later on Dad closed it and installed a pot-bellied wood stove in its place. The wood stove would put more heat into the house. On one cold night, while I was taking a bath in a Number 3 galvanized tub, I can remember trying to get warm by standing close to that stove. I stood so close, however, that I burned my stomach pretty bad. Boy, was that ever a close call!

Our old cane mill was used to grind the sugar cane that we grew. Our mule, Old Tobe, did a lot of the work for us, however. The cane was placed between the two large steel rollers, with Tobe walking around and around squeezing the juice into a fifty-five gallon drum. The "juice" was then placed in a one hundred gallon kettle with a wood furnace beneath it. The juice was then cooked until it got thick and turned into cane syrup. Boy, that was especially good when mixed with peanut butter!

Back in those days, the country side was still open range, with few fences to keep the cows in or out. Cows roamed freely, but had their owners brand, or special "cut mark" on their ears. The brands or marks were registered in the county courthouse, and were the legal identification of the cows.

We always had chickens as well, and the young roosters were used for our meat. The pullets, or young female chickens, were usually allowed to grow into

hens, and therefore we had plenty of eggs. When we had more than we needed, and since money was always in short supply, we would trade our eggs at Nelson's Grocery Store. In exchange, we would get the other necessities of life such as rice, grits, and flour.

I recall that we occasionally had chicken thieves, hog thieves, and cow thieves back in those days. One night, as I remember, our chickens began cackling and creating such a ruckus that I woke up in the middle of the night. I pulled on my pants, grabbed my shotgun, and took off to the chicken coup as fast as I could run. It wasn't chicken thieves that time, but only an opossum, or "possum" as we called them. Possums like to steal chickens, too, but this one got shot while he was trying to enjoy his last meal!

Farmers used Number 8 birdshot in our shotgun shells to shoot thieves in their backsides in those days. They weren't trying to kill them, but just make them regret being in the wrong place, at the wrong time!

If they were shot on your property stealing your possessions, in those days the law would allow it.

The moss man, the peanut boys, & my rich relatives

Being open-range with few fences, we gathered firewood from everywhere. Loading it into

our two-horse wagon, we brought it home for use in the wood stoves. We used my Dad's two-man crosscut saw and axes to cut the wood to fit the fireplace or pot-bellied stove.

Cutting wood for the cook stove was different, however. We had to cut down a pine tree into approximately eighteen inches in length, and then split the eighteen inch sections into smaller pieces about the size of the middle of a baseball bat.

Aside from splitting the wood for Mom's cookstove, Gene and I would go out at night in the moonlight and cut wood to sell for "spendin' money." I remember that it took about three or four hours for the two of us to cut and split a "strand" of firewood. A strand, as I recall, was wood stacked about four feet high, and about ten to twelve feet long. We loaded it up in the wagon, sold it, and delivered it for the grand sum of \$.75 cents to \$1.25 per strand!

In the late 30's or perhaps 1940 or 1941, Gene and I would collect scrap metal, aluminum, and copper from around the farm, or everywhere else we could find it. We sold it to the "Scrap Metal Man" who came around every so often. He sold it to the government to be melted down into guns, ammo, and tanks. We were at war with Germany and Japan at that time, which was known as World War II. The war with Germany ended on May 8th 1945, and Japan on September 2, 1945.

Florida Sharecroppers

There was another way that we made spending money, and that was by gathering Spanish Moss out of the trees, and hanging it on a fence to dry out. When it dried out, we picked all of the small sticks out of it, and sold it to the "Moss Man." In those days, moss was used to stuff furniture, cushions, car seats, and mattresses. I can't remember exactly what we got paid for the moss, but judging from what we made from selling firewood, we probably had to pay the Moss Man to haul it off for us!

When I was six or seven, and Gene was nine or ten years old, I can remember Mother boiling and parching peanuts for us, which she put in little bags, and then in a low cut box. On the box, she wrote what was in it. She then took us to Ocala and dropped us off at the downtown square with our peanuts. I was afraid that I would get lost, so I stayed close to Gene as I yelled out "Fresh boiled peanuts, ten cents a bag!" It seemed that most of the people bought their peanuts from me, because I was younger. Gene got mad at me and always tried to lose me, but he never did! Through the years, I was always there to aggravate him!

At our school in Summerfield, we played six-man football, basketball, and softball. At home, we had peanut boiling parties and pound parties, where everyone brought a pound of something good to eat, and we

had the parties around a big bonfire. Most of the kids in our rural community would be there, and we played games. Life was much simpler then, and everyone knew each other and their families. We had great times together, and to us life was good.

Sometimes when I think back, I think that maybe we had it a little easier than most. I say this because I remember that Mother had a "gas" washing machine with a wringer. Most people had to wash their clothes by hand using a washboard. Saturdays were always wash day, and you could hear that motor running all day long! It sounded like a lawn mower does today.

Television, of course, wasn't around back then, and we didn't see one until the 1950's. We did have a battery powered radio, however, and we listened to programs such as Fibber McGee & Molly, Amos & Andy, The Shadow Knows, and many more. One of our favorite times was listening to the Grand Ole Opry every Saturday night!

Thanks to my Mother, we always had a good Christmas. There were always five little piles around our tree from "Santa." I remember one

Christmas when I was around eleven years old and Gene was fourteen, we got one 26" inch bicycle to be shared by both of us. I didn't know how to ride it, so I insisted that Gene tow me on the handlebars. After all, half of

that bike was mine!

He reluctantly agreed, and we rode down our hard rock, slag-graveled road. We had ridden only a few hundred feet when my foot slipped off of the front fender, and into the spokes! We flipped over, and Gene and I and our new bike were scratched up pretty bad! Now if that wasn't enough, Gene really told me off.....big time!

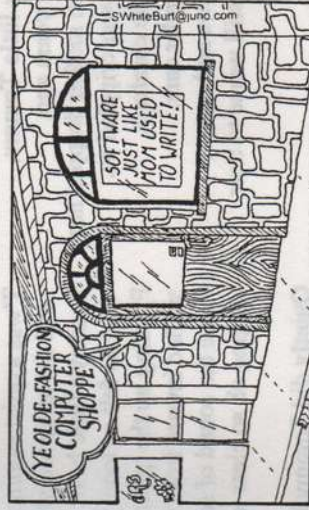
We had a lot of fun in the summer after the crops were harvested and the canning was done. The hogs were butchered now, and it was time to play! I went to visit my first cousin, Marion Camp, who lived in

Mulberry, Florida. His parents, Ernest and Bessie Camp, ran a dry cleaning business, and to me they lived in "the city!" I thought that they must be rich, because they lived in the city and owned a dry cleaning business! As most everyone in Florida knows, Mulberry was a small place, but my little eyes saw it differently.

At a later time, Lorita and Juanita would go there to visit Uncle Ernest and Aunt Bessie's two daughters, Betty Rae and Patricia. Then later, they would come to visit us on the farm. What great times we had! As I said in the beginning, we were poor and had little money.

We had the greatest thing of all, however. We had love. >>

Welcome
to
"Cottage
& Co"
by
Sam
White



TOMMY'S PRAYER

The following poem was recited in front of a whole church full of people - by a girl named Verna Hostetter - in the 1930's.

It is printed here as a tribute to Verna, my loving mother.



Franklin J. White

In a dark and dismal alley,

where the sunshine never came,

Dwelt a little lad named Tommy,

sickly, delicate, and lame.

He had never yet been healthy,

since the day when he was born.

Dragging out his weak existence,

well nigh hopeless and forlorn.

He was six, was little Tommy,

it was just five years ago.

Since his drunken mother dropped him,

and the babe was crippled so.

He never knew the comforts,

of a mother's tender care.

For her cruel blows and curses,

made his grief still worse to bear.

There he lay within the cellar,
from the morning till the night.

Starved, neglected, cursed, ill-treated,

naught to make his dull life bright.

Not a single thing to love him,

not a single thing to love.

For he knew not of a Savior,

or a heaven up above.

T'was a quiet summer evening,

and the alley too was still.

Tommy's little heart was sinking,

and he felt so lonely till--

Floating up the quiet alley,

wafted inward from the street.

Came the sound of someone singing --

singing oh so clear and sweet.

Quietly did Tommy listen,

as the singer nearer came.

Oh that he could see the singer,
how he wished he wasn't lame.

So he called and shouted loudly,
till the singer heard the sound.
And on noting whence it issued,
soon the little cripple found.

'Twas a maiden rough and rugged,
hair uncombed and naked feet.

All her garments torn and ragged,
her appearance far from neat.

"So you called me," said the maiden.

"Wonder what you want with me?"

Most folks call me 'singing Jessie,'
what may your name chance to be?"

"My name's Tommy. I'm a cripple,
and I want to hear you sing.

For it makes me, oh so happy --
sing me something, anything!"

Jessie laughed and answered smiling,

"I can't stay here very long,

But I'll sing a song to please you,

which I call the Glory Song."

So she sang to him of heaven,
pearly gates and streets of gold.

Where the happy angel children,
are not starved or nipped with cold.

But where happiness and gladness,
never can decrease nor end.

But where kind and loving Jesus,
is their sovereign and their friend.

Oh, how Tommy's eyes did glisten,

as he drank in every word -

As it fell from singing Jessie,

was it true what he had heard?

Then so anxiously he asked her,

"Is there really such a place?"

And a tear began to trickle

down his pallid little face.

"Tommy, you're a little heathen,

why it's up beyond the sky.

And if you will love the Savior,

you will go there when you die."

Then said Tommy, "Tell me Jessie,

how can I the Savior love -

When I'm down in this here cellar,

and he's in the heaven up above?"

So the ragged little maiden,

who had learned at Sunday school,

All about the way to heaven,

and the Christian Golden Rule.

Taught the little crippled Tommy,

how to love and how to pray.

Sang a song to him of Jesus,

kissed his cheek and ran away.

Tommy lay within the cellar,

which had grown so dark and cold.

Thinking of the little children,

in the streets of shining gold.

But he hated not the darkness,

of that black and chilly room.

For the joy of Tommy's bosom,

could despise the darkest gloom.

"Oh, if I could only see them,"

thought the cripple as he lay.

"Jessie says that Jesus listens,

so I think I'll try to pray."

So he put his hands together,

and he closed his little eyes.

And with accents weak yet earnest,

sent his message to the skies.

"Gentle Jesus, please forgive me,

for I never knew before.

That you cared for crippled children,

that are weak and very poor.

But I never knew of heaven,

Tommy's Prayer

till that Jessie came today.
And she told me all about it,
so I want to try to pray.

"You can see me, can't you Jesus?
Jessie told me that you could.
And I almost must believe it,
for it seems so kind and good.
And she told me if I love you,
I will see you when I die.
In that bright and happy heaven,
that is up beyond the sky.

"Lord, I'm only just a cripple,
and of no use here below.
For I heard my mother whisper,
she'd be glad if I could go.
And I'm cold and hungry sometimes,
and I feel so lonely too.
Can't you take me gentle Jesus,
up in heaven along with you?

"Oh I'd be so good and patient,
and I'd never cry nor fret.
And your kindness to me, Jesus,
I would surely not forget.
I would love you all I knew of,
and would never make a noise.
Can't you find me just a corner,
where I'd watch the other boys?

"Oh, I think you'll do it Jesus,
something seems to tell me so.
For I feel so glad and happy,
and I do so want to go.
How I do so long to see you,
you and all the children bright.
Come and fetch me, won't you, Jesus,
come and fetch me home tonight?"

Tommy ceased his supplications,
he had told his hearts desire.
And he waited for an answer,

till his head began to tire.
So he turned toward a corner,
and he cuddled in a heap.
Then he closed his eyes so gently,
and was quickly fast asleep.

Oh, I wish that every scoffer,
could have seen that childish face -
As he lay there in that cellar,
in that damp and noisome place.
For his countenance was shining,
like an angel clear and bright.
And it seemed to fill the cellar,
with a holy, heavenly light.

He had only heard of Jesus,
from a ragged singing girl.
He might well have wondered, pondered,
till his brain began to whirl.
But he took it as she told it,
and believed it then and there.
Simply trusting in the Savior,
with his kind and loving care.

In the morning when the mother,
came to wake her crippled boy.
She discovered that his features,
wore a look of sweetest joy.
So she shook him somewhat roughly,
but the crippled face was cold.
He had gone to join the children,
in the streets of shining gold.

Tommy's prayer had soon been
answered,
for the angel of death had come.
To remove him from that cellar,
to his bright and heavenly home.
Where sweet comfort, joy and gladness,
never can decrease nor end.
But where kind and loving Jesus,
is their sovereign to the end. Ω



Blank Pages

My Memories



Memories

"Writings of Love" by FTW

Special Package Deal

Each package contains 5 Writings of love

Each writing is printed on a beautifully decorated
8 1/2" by 11" sheet of paper and suitable for
framing.

Package #1

Spirituality

Jesus and a Tree
Jesus Wins
Lord Help Me
My Master's Plan
Why Me Lord ?

Package #2

Family

Grandma's Kitchen Table
Mother
Dad
Brother
Son

Package #3

Marriage

With This Ring
Marriage is a Journey
What is a Wife ?
Prince Charming
Happy Anniversary

These writings have sold for as much as \$5.00
each, but now you can have **one** package of 5
writings for only \$5.00.

Send your check and the package number of your
choice to : **Franklin T. Wike**
P.O. Box 99 Perkins, OK 74059

**75% of the profits from the sale of these
writings will go to help survivors of abuse.**

Just Released

An Entire Book filled with

"Writings of Love" by FTW

This is a collection of 100 of my favorite original
"Writings of Love" similar to the ones in the
center of this magazine.

Each writing is printed on a beautifully
decorated
8 1/2" by 11" sheet of paper.

Topics such as:

Children

Family

Spirituality

Motivational

Romance

Friendships

General Thoughts

These writings have sold for as much as **\$5.00**
each, but now you can have this entire collection of
100 of my favorite writings for only **\$25.00.**

Please send your check to : **Franklin T. Wike**
P.O. Box 99 Perkins, OK 74059

**75% of the profits from the sale of this
book will go to help survivors of abuse.**