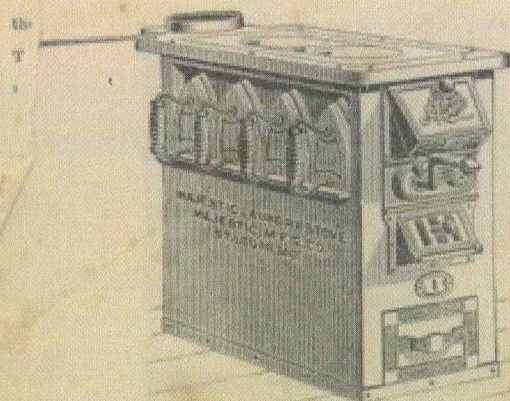




Majestic Laundry Stove No. 1.

For wood or coal—either soft or hard. You can see by the construction that the irons set **under and against** the lining; hence you can do better work with **one-third less fuel** than is required with others.

EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE ONE.

No. 1. Will hold 8 irons on side and 4 on top.... Price \$16 00

The advertisement above is from 1899 and displays a stove, which would heat the old flat irons. There are 4 flat irons located on the left side of this stove.

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U.S. Legacies is a monthly publication produced entirely by non-paid volunteers. All of the stories and articles contained in this magazine are submitted by our readers. Copies of all stories, photographs, questions and comments submitted to this magazine are also posted on our website.

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Photographs can be sent electronically as gif, bmp, jpg or tiff images; or send high quality digital images via postal mail to the above postal address.

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Letter from the Editor

Traditions and Memories

While trying to come up with material for this editorial, I asked several friends to tell me what Thanksgiving was like for them, when they were children. After listening to their stories, I came to one conclusion. For the most part, what many people seem to remember about Thanksgiving is either the preparation of the food or the company the meal was shared with.

The stories I heard ranged from watching grandmothers catch a rooster and cutting its head off, to mothers setting bread dough on the windowsill for half a day, to let it rise, so they could bake it. In my own case, I can remember getting up in the early morning hours to discover that my mother had already been up and working in the kitchen for several hours, preparing the turkey. Her hands would be covered with remnants of food particles and every square foot of the kitchen seemed to be occupied by mixing bowls, dishes, pots and pans.

As a child, Thanksgiving meant a day with no school. A day where I could play or sit and watch the Macy's Day Parade while my mother was busy in the kitchen.



Once I got older and had several step-sons to raise, I would take the boys out squirrel or rabbit hunting early in the morning, and we would get home just in time to eat a nice big hot meal shared with visiting family members.

Now as I look back on the past, I realize the most important part of the day was not the food we ate, but the time, energy and love that went into "doing things" for and with the family. There have been many, many hours spent over the years by grandmothers, mothers, and sometimes fathers and grandfathers, capturing, killing and preparing food, for the family members they love. So as you prepare for this holiday season, if you are one of the lucky ones that gets to SHOW your love by spending time preparing something special for your family, I hope you realize that your actions will be remembered and appreciated for many years down the road.

There are even times that lack of action can have a positive effect

and create a happy memory. A case in point involves my grandfather, Warren David Hostetter. I don't recall ever seeing him help in the kitchen, but on holidays there is one special dessert that my grandmother made. It was mincemeat pie and she ALWAYS served it HOT. Whenever she made her mincemeat pie, my grandfather would go to a large cabinet that he kept locked, take out a bottle of Seagram's 7 whiskey and commence pouring a little dab on top of the pie. Using whiskey on top of that pie, was the only time in my life that I ever saw my grandfather consume any type of alcohol.

I believe the examples of lifestyles and character I witnessed

by observing my family as I was growing up, have helped me to become the person I am today. So my one message to all the fathers, uncles and grandfathers out there is that your actions, moral fiber, and respect for others is being noticed by the younger men and boys in your family. While they may not acknowledge it now, some day down the road, the examples you set by your actions will be appreciated.

I hope you all have a great Thanksgiving day and may the traditions you pass on become the model for many generations to come.

Franklin T. Wike, Jr.

THANKSGIVING FORECAST

Turkeys will thaw in the morning, then warm in the oven to an afternoon high near 190°F. The kitchen will turn hot and humid, and if you bother the cook, be ready for a severe squall or cold shoulder.

During the late afternoon and evening, the cold front of a knife will slice through the turkey, causing an accumulation of one to two inches on plates. Mashed potatoes will drift across one side while cranberry sauce creates slippery spots on the other. Please pass the gravy. A weight watch and indigestion warning have been issued for the entire area, with increased stuffiness around the beltway. During the evening, the turkey will diminish and taper off to leftovers, dropping to a low of 34°F in the refrigerator.

Looking ahead to Friday and Saturday, high pressure to eat sandwiches will be established. Flurries of leftovers can be expected both days with a 50 percent chance of scattered soup late in the day. We expect a warming trend where soup develops. By early next week, eating pressure will be low as the only wish left will be the bone.



From the Desk of:
Rita Redd



The Holidays are fast approaching. Thanksgiving is just a few weeks away and many of us will follow family traditions—a special cake or dish that the family has used for years.

My family will celebrate Thanksgiving at my mother's home, Betty Redd. Everyone will bring a favorite dish or two. For years we celebrated Thanksgiving, then stayed home with our children on Christmas. Thanksgiving has always been a Tradition we love and carry on.

In looking up the word "tradition" I found:

- 1.) An inherited, established, or customary pattern of thought,

action, or behavior (as a religious practice or a social custom.)

- 2.) The handing down of information, beliefs, and customs by word of mouth or example from one generation to another without written instruction.

These explanations hold true with the goals of US Legacies. In each issue of the magazine we are attempting to preserve the traditions and memories of families. We need your help. Traditions you send to US Legacies will be preserved for generations to come.

While reading US Legacies you will find words that are misspelled by today's terms. Holding to tradition we publish recipes, stories,

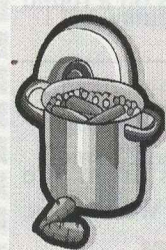
handwritten letters and abbreviations as they were done years ago. If you look at old books, letters and the pronunciation of words, it appears that the spelling changed over the years.

What food do you remember at family gatherings? If you have the old recipes we would like to share them. Old sayings, memories, legends, childhood days, war times, all of these are part of our heritage. A special elderly friend you might want to honor. Everyday items are lost because they were never written down.

Until I was an adult I took things for granted. Now I wish I had asked more, written down more. Our values seem to change with age.

My writing in US Legacies will allow generations to come to find information on my family. US Legacies is not just about my family. We want everyone to participate. Allow US Legacies to record your family.

Comments and Request



The misspelled words in the following request are typical of many old cookbooks and recipes.

Measurements From Stephanie

I have an old cookbook called "The Everyday Cook-book", that was printed in the 1800's. Some of the measurements that are used are not found today. Can anyone help figure out what they would be in today's measurements?

The measurements are: saltspoon (salt spoon), eggspoon (egg spoon), wineglass, breakfastglass (breakfast glass), and teacup.

I would appreciate any help I can get. Some of these recipes sound pretty good for old fashion cooking (with a open fire or fire box in a stove).

Response from Rita

All I can do is guess at the measurements. Maybe some of our readers can give correct measurements, for today's use.

In the 1800's open salt containers were used on many tables. The spoon used for applying salt was small, almost like a spoon used to feed a baby today. I believe that might be close to the saltspoon (salt spoon).

Teacup probably would have been a small cup like the ones used in a set of china.

Eggspoon (egg spoon,) wineglass, breakfastglass (breakfast glass), could vary. Readers help us out on this question.

I also asked Stephanie to share some of the recipes.

Apple Crisp

From *Connie Dysart,*
Red Bluff, CA

I am trying to find the old recipe for apple crisp. The recipe has the "crisp" on the bottom and top.

Response from Rita

Connie, the only recipe I have is a simple one. I don't know the origin of the recipe. I have listed it in the recipe section. If anyone has a recipe for Apple Crisp, please send it in.



From T.K.

In this day and age when so many people seem to be eating at fast food takeouts and in front of the TV set, I wonder what a normal supper is like for the children of today.

Back in the 50's when we ate supper, we always ate together as a family. We used a tablecloth and cloth napkins. The empty plates and

silverware were set in front of your chair the meat was placed on a platter in the center of the table. The potatoes and vegetables were in separate bowls and placed next to the meat. We also had a gravy bowl, sugar bowl, creamer, butter dish, breadbasket, a pitcher of milk, and salt and pepper on the table. We said a prayer before we ate.

That was a typical meal in our home. I would like to know what it was like in other homes.

**Our search continues.**

The items listed below are items we are trying to find answers to. If you can answer any of these requests, please send us your response. We accept email and postal mail.

Patricia is looking for a 1940's recipe used by street vending carts. It is a whipped cream and sponge cake layered with fruits on a round cardboard cylinder.

Looking for old recipes

We need recipes from the 1930's and 1940's, Civil War recipes, candy and cookie recipes.

Apple Crisp

Faye Gray

- 1 can apple pie filling (any other type pie filling can be used)
- 1 box yellow cake mix
- 1 stick margarine

Directions:

Pour pie filling in 9x12 baking dish,
Sprinkle 1 box dry cake mix over pie filling,
Melt 1 stick of margarine, drizzle over cake mix,
Bake 350 degrees, until brown.

Food for Thought:

A closed mouth gathers no feet.

It's not the pace of life that concerns me, it's the sudden stop at the end.
The problem with the gene pool is that there is no lifeguard.

It's hard to make a comeback when you haven't been anywhere.

Living on Earth is expensive, but it does include a free trip around the sun.

The only time the world beats a path to your door is if you're in the bathroom.

If God wanted me to touch my toes, he would have put them on my knees.

GrandMother's (Grandmother's) Old Fashion Tea Cakes

This recipe was taken from an old cookbook. The spelling and punctuation has been printed as found in the book.

- | | | |
|----------------|-----------------|-------------|
| 1 ¾ c. sugar | 1 c. shortening | 2 eggs |
| 3 c. flour | ½ tsp, Soda | ½ tsp, Salt |
| 1 tsp, vanilla | | |

Cream, sugar and shortening. Add eggs one at a time; add remaining ingredients. Knead dough on floured board; chill. Roll dough out on floured board; cut with biscuit cutter, Bake at 325 degrees for 8 minutes.

Minutes Fudge Frosting

Virginia Geary nee Heflin; Evansville Indiana, Born 02/13/12

Contributed by: Ethel Geary

3 Tablespoons Cocoa ¼ Cup Milk 2-4 Tablespoons butter
1 Cup sugar 1/8 Teaspoon salt. 1 Teaspoon Vanilla

Combine all ingredients, except vanilla. Place over a low heat, stirring gently from bottom until the mixture begins to boil. Let boil without stirring for one minute. Remove from heat. Beat with a spoon until it begins to thicken. Add vanilla. Frosting will harden after being put on cake and become shiny. If it hardens too fast before finished frosting cake, moisten with a drop or two of hot water.

Ethel added this note.

This was the one most often used on cakes by my mother back in the 40's. The only time I was allowed to lick the beater was when she made this and the Seven Minute Double Boiler Frosting.

The mind is like a parachute; it works much better when it's open.

Poor Man's Dessert

No name was included with recipe. After asking for Poor man's cake so often. I am not sure if this is a recipe or a joke on me.

12 crackers
3 tablespoons jam (any kind, but must be thick)
2 egg whites, beaten stiff
4 tablespoons sugar

Put some of the jam on each cracker. Add the sugar gradually to the beaten egg whites. This will make a meringue. Cover each cracker with some of the meringue. Place crackers on a pastry sheet. Bake in slow oven for about 4 minutes, or until browned on top.

Venison Ham

Contributed by: Rita Redd

1 Venison Ham or large venison roast 2 large onions sliced
5 strips bacon Salt and pepper to taste
¼ cup Worcestershire sauce 1 cup wine

Place venison Ham or roast in large covered roasting pan. Make slits in ham put onion slices in slits, place remaining onion on top. Spread bacon across ham. Salt and pepper, pour Worcestershire sauce and wine over ham. Cover pan with lid. Bake at 250 degrees overnight.

Thanksgiving finds many cooks already preparing their Christmas fruitcakes. Some traditions call for soaking the cakes after baking in wine or rum.

Mitch's Venison Tenderloin and Bacon

Contributed by George Mitchell

Slice venison tenderloin in thin slices,
Wrap each slice of tenderloin with bacon,
Secure bacon with toothpick,
Cook on grill until done.

November in Georgia means not only Thanksgiving, but deer season is in full swing. My family enjoys venison. Attached are two recipes we use. This recipe by George Mitchell, my son is also tradition. He is expected to bring and prepare it for Thanksgiving.

Rita

Christmas Fruitcake

Mrs. Selma Guilkey, Redfield, South Dakota
(c. in this recipe refers to Cup)

1¾ c. Brazil nuts	3 c. dates	2¼ c. English Walnuts
1½ c. sugar	1½ c. flour	1 tsp. Baking powder
Salt	4 eggs separated	
1 bottle <i>each</i> of red and green Maraschino cherries		

Combine nuts and dates; cover with sugar, cherries and juice. Sift flour, baking powder and salt. Add beaten egg yolks and flour to nut and cherry mixture. Fold in beaten egg whites. Bake for 1 hour and 15 minutes at 350 degrees. Yield; 2 loaves.

The recipe above came from an old cookbook. Cover has been removed so I am unsure of the name or date.

Happy Holidays from the Redd Family



Front, Betty Redd, left to right Rita Redd, Pam Redd, Vickie Mooring, David Redd with the beard 1955 to 2001. Terry Redd.
This photo was taken at one of our Thanksgiving gatherings.

Family gathering and holidays as we grow older, seem to find an empty place at the table. Enjoying the comfort and festivities of the gathering. Also Reminiscing the times when every place was filled.

Persimmon Pudding

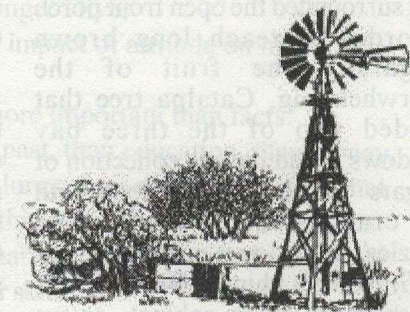
This is an old handwritten recipe with no name added.

1 ½ c. flour	1 c. persimmon pulp
1 c. chopped English walnuts	2 c. brown sugar
2 tsp. Baking powder	1 c. hot water
2 tbsps. Butter	

Combine flour, persimmon pulp, nuts, 1 cup brown sugar and baking powder; pour into 8x8 inch pan. Combine remaining ingredients; pour over batter. Bake at 375 degree for 30 to 40 minutes. Serve with whipped cream. Yields 6 servings.

Persimmon Trees

Persimmon trees were at one time plentiful in the south. But it seems there are less and less of them. The tree is slow growing. The ripe fruit has a taste of it's own, I can't begin to describe it. When ripe it has a deep orange color. It is a very small fruit. I think it is almost a southern tradition to find someone who has never tasted the green fruit. It looks almost like a tiny green tomato. When bitten into in the green stage, it is so sour your teeth want to clamp together. The ability to remove the green fruit from your mouth is almost impossible. The person who has tasted the fruit then tries to find someone, to play the trick on.



More Food For Thought

Never knock on Death's door; ring the doorbell and run (he hates that).
Lead me not into temptation (I can find the way myself).
When you're finally holding all the cards, why does everyone else decide to play chess?
If you're living on the edge, make sure you're wearing your seat belt.

A House so Special

Contributed by: Carol Avro

This article was sent in by a reader. What a great tribute to her Grandmother. She did not send in her Grandmother's name. Her memories are from the 1950's.

A house is a house unless it's your Grandma's house then it's special. I know because I have childhood memories of my Grandma's special house in a German neighborhood now known as Wrigleyville, two blocks from Wrigley Field, "home of the Chicago Cubs."

As a child in the early fifties, I stood on the ledge of the brick railing that surrounded the open front porch in order to reach long brown "cigars." The fruit of the overwhelming, Catalpa tree that shaded two of the three bay windows. I had quite a collection of "cigars" and kept them along with my crayons, color books, and puzzles, in my own private drawer of Grandma's china cabinet. It was no ordinary china cabinet, as we know them today. It was a massive combination of oak, glass, and mirror that was built as one wall of the dining room with glass cabinets trimmed in wood on top and three rows of deep, roomy drawers built under a mirrored shelf, which displayed pictures of everyone in our family for three generations. The frames were lined up like soldiers waiting to march into battle.

While I helped Grandma lovingly shine and polish that cabinet every week, she told me the history of her prized possessions tucked away in

the corners. Once I found a letter that Grandpa had sent to her before they were married.

Unfortunately, I couldn't read it because it was written in German. When I asked her, what it said she held it gently, smiled with every part of her body, and said, "Oh, it's just a very nice letter from Grandpa". After that, I always wished I had learned to read German.

Dark walnut-colored furniture throughout the house matched the china cabinet and the woodwork around all the windows and doors. Even though they were dark, Grandma's house was always bright and cheery. Whatever the weather, sunny or cloudy, enough light squeezed through the holes of the white lace curtains, hung ceiling to floor, to flood the kitchen and living room with God's version of light from several one hundred-watt bulbs.

Grandma and I spent many hours in God's light, rolling out noodle dough to make chicken noodle soup for dinner. Grandma mixed, rolled, and cut the dough on a well-grooved wooden cutting board that almost covered the entire table. While I quietly watched her, sneaking a taste of dough when she turned away. The familiar characters from the afternoon soap operas kept us

company as they described their problems to us, sound effects and all, via the small, square, Motorola radio strategically placed on top of the refrigerator, so that only the adults could reach it. By the end of the second soap opera the noodles had been cut and were ready for drying until Grandpa came home from work.

It's been fifty years since I last visited Grandma's house by Wrigley Field. Fifty years since I smelled a helpless chicken turning homemade

noodles into delicious soup, fed my goldfish in the big, glass bowl on the living room end table, or helped Grandma can peaches and pickles in the basement, but I remember Grandma's house as if I had been there yesterday. My love for that old house still lives in my memories. Memories that remind me of the love and warmth that oozed from every corner of every room, covering me like a blanket to keep me warm. Only a grandma's house could be so special.

Grandma's Kitchen

Attitude

The longer I live,
the more I realize the impact of attitude on life.

Attitude, to me, is more important than facts.
It is more important than the past, than education, than money,
than circumstances, than failures, than successes, than, what
other people think or say or do.
It is more important than appearance, giftedness
or skill.

It will make or break a company, a church, a home.
The remarkable thing is we have a choice everyday regarding the
attitude we will embrace for that day. We cannot change our past,
we cannot change the fact that people will act in a certain way.

We cannot change the inevitable.
The only thing we can do is play on the one string we have, and
that is our attitude. I am convinced that life is 10% what happens
to me and 90% how I react to it.

And so it is with you...
We are in charge of our attitudes.

Author - Unknown



The Genealogy Corner

"The real measure of a man's wealth is what he has invested in eternity."

Giving Thanks

Connie Sychowski
Editor Genealogy Corner



women who are willing to put their lives on the line everyday for our protection and to keep our country free.

Isn't that what this season is all about? Yes, some would say, "it's all about the **FOOD**". I am truly sorry for anyone who feels this way as they are really missing out on the many blessings of life.

What can you recall from this past year that you can be thankful for? Maybe someone went out of their way to drop off a card because they heard you weren't well. Something simple like a husband putting a load of wash in for his wife seeing she had a trying day with the children or just someone who took the time to listen to you when you needed to talk. These are the treasures, gifts from the heart that we receive everyday. Yet many times the good deeds go unnoticed and unappreciated. Take time during this holiday season to be thankful for those around you. Thankful we live in a country where we are protected more than most. What if like others we faced suicide bombers almost daily? Thankfully we have men and

I personally am thankful for the wonderful family I was given, a loving husband and six incredible children, two beautiful grandchildren, my spunky 80 year old mother, great in-laws, and for each and every volunteer here at U S Legacies that helps to keep this magazine going each month! Thank you Franklin T. Wike; for without your vision we would not enjoy the blessing we receive each month in the mail. A huge "Thank You" to all of our subscribers for your continued support and participation, you help to make us a success!

Why not take this time to consider giving a gift subscription to a family member or friend as a way of thanking them for the little things they do. Have a wonderful Thanksgiving Day, may each of you enjoy and cherish this time with family and friends, make memories that will last a life time and don't forget the turkey and pumpkin pie!

Connie Sychowski

Online Forum:

For our readers, who have Internet access, please take some time to visit and participate on the many message boards available. It is a great and easy tool to use and a wonderful way to share. As a side note; in trying to assist you along in your search, our goal is to have the largest free listing of names on the Internet. So let me encourage you to become active participants with us to reach our goal. By sending in obituaries, cemetery, census, ship passenger listings, and engagement, wedding and birth announcements, you can help us to reach our goal. If you haven't already done so, send in your genealogy information in GED format so it may be added to the database.

If you do not have Internet access, send your family information to us here at U S Legacies Magazine and one of our volunteers will enter the information for you.

Genealogy How To #6 - Set Goals

I bet that many of you are surprised with this suggestion. Just hang with me and see where I am going with this. Your research strategies will differ greatly depending on what you are looking to accomplish:

- To identify and trace all of your genealogy back as early as possible.

- To trace back to the original immigrant and identify their country of origin.
- To identify all of the descendants of a particular ancestor.

Use this list as a starting point to jump-start your mind into gear, plan an outline of how you would go about accomplishing this mission. Generally in genealogy the assumed goal is to extend the pedigree back in time. Depending on your ultimate goal, you can now decide on an immediate goal.

Example: The goal to find the immigrants town of origin in the parent country.

1. Basic - Single strategy using most basic sources
2. Medium - Check every source available if necessary trying to prove or disprove various theories and to identify new clues: land records, tax lists, voter registration, county histories, state census, and court records, probate records, oaths of allegiance, land registration books, etc.
3. Expert - Reevaluate findings, study sources on different level, and expand research to include entire community. Check for compiled research on this line, it is possible you may

come across data that has already been documented. Then look for the deeper patterns in sources already identified. Chaos theory seems to work well in genealogy (if you find the right level of analysis what looks like chaos will fall out into distinct patterns).

As you extend your pedigree back generation after generation, each time there is more of a chance others have previously worked on the same lines. With each generation, the number of descendants expands dramatically. At each new generation, it is good to again see if compiled research has already been done on these families.

Surname Requests, Comments and Photographs

Editor's Note: We would love to hear from you, the reader. If you see a request, comment or photograph that you can share information on, please contact us here at the magazine.

Inscriptions from the Bryant Ridge Cemetery Burlington, Maine

Bowers, Turner, Wakefield

BOWERS

Benjamin F. Sept 16 1825 - Aug 16 1906.

Wife Marrion died March 28 1867 age 33 yrs.

Wife Arvilla died June 28 1888 age 47 yrs.

BOWERS

Harry G. 1868 - 1945

BOWERS

John died May 5 1867 age 67 yrs 4 mo.

Phebe died Mar 24 1890 age 81 yrs 11 mo.

Their children:

Rebecca died Sept 4 1855 age 19 yrs 5 mo.

John W. died Nov 12 1858 age 14 yrs 6 mo.

TURNER

Marcellus F.

Co G, 9th Me. Vols.

May 13 1841 - June 6 19??

Kate P. April 9 1847 - July 3 1924

TURNER

Ralph L. 1882 - 1959

Wife Georgia E. died April 12 1910 age 24 yrs

Wife Lulu M 1888 - 1971

WAKEFIELD

Ralph J. 1869 - 1959

Angie T. 1871 - 1964

U. S. Legacies needs obituaries from ALL local newspapers.

Cut them out and mail them to us or send them via email.

Be sure to tell us the city and state they are from and the date they were listed.

Senior Class of 1942 Lebanon PA, High School



Patricia Helen Frick

College Preparatory - Patty

"And maiden she lived with no other thought then to love."

Mixed Chorus 1, 2; "The Student Prince"; French Club 3; Tri-Hi-Y 2, 3;

Intramural Basketball 2, 3;

Intramural Volleyball 2.



Mary Gardner

College Preparatory

"Believe me if all those endearing young charms..."

A Cappella Choir 2, 3; Mixed Chorus 2, 3; French Club 3;

Intramural Basketball 1; Intramural

Tennis 1.



Harry Grant Gamble

General - Hap

This dark haired boy is always on the go;

He certainly is a nice fellow to know.

Intramural Basketball 1, 2, 3;

Intramural Badminton 1;

Intramural Ping Pong 1, 2 3.



Willmar H. Garrett

Vocational - Sonny

"I have a good suggestion. Let's dance."

A Cappella Choir 1; Mixed Chorus 1, 2; "The Student Prince";

Senate 2; Intramural Basketball 1, 2, 3; Intramural Ping Pong 1, 2 3.

Old Highschool Yearbooks Wanted.

Please help us display and preserve old photographs by donating old school photographs or yearbooks to us.



Richard DeWalt Gates

College Preparatory – Fudge

Just give me stores and stores of women.

Mixed Chorus 1, 3; "The Student Prince";

Varsity Football 1, 2, 3; Varsity Track 2, 3.



George Stoever Gerberich

Vocational – Gerb

Pleasant, buoyant, big, and brave;

Seeks a life on the ocean wave.

Archery Club 1; Intramural Basketball 1, 2, 3.



Betty Jane Geib

Vocational - Betz

She hails from out Independent Borough Way;

She's the quiet type with not too much to say.

Girl Guards 3; Girls Athletic Club 2; Intramural Basketball 2;

Intramural Ping Pong 2.



Betty Lou Gerhart

Secretarial

When I open my lips let no one speak –

I can talk you to death in just one week.

Girls Athletic Club 2, 3; Intramural Volleyball 3;

Intramural Ping Pong 2, 3.

Recognize Anyone?

If you recognize an old friend or family member and would like a nice 5x7 copy of their photograph, please contact us.



Kenneth P. Gerhart

General Business – Bungy

"I'd rather have a fool to make me merry,

then experience to make me sad."

A Cappella Choir 1, 2; Mixed Chorus 3;

Intramural Ping Pong 2.



George William Gettle

College Preparatory – Gettle

"The healthy huntsman, with a cheerful horn summons the dogs and greets the dappled morn."

Varsity Baseball 1, 2, 3; Intramural

Home Room Manager 3;

Intramural Basketball 1, 2, 3.



{Editor's Note: In the yearbook this name is printed twice with two different pictures.}

Elizabeth Jane Gingrich

General Business – Betty

She stole the show, according to people in every row.

Girls' Chorus 3; "China Blue Eyes";

"The Adorable Spendthrift";

"The Bat".



{Editor's Note: In the yearbook this name is printed twice with two different pictures.}

Elizabeth Jane Gingrich

Secretarial – Betty

A daughter of the gods, divinely tall, and most divinely fair.

Mixed Chorus 2, 3; Girls' Chorus 1;

Intramural Ping Pong 2.

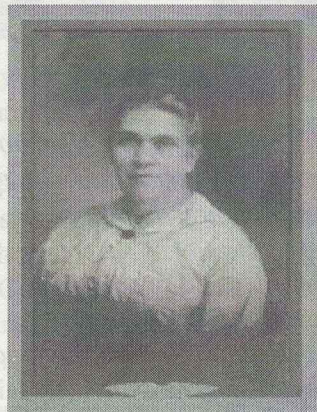
Old Newspaper Items Wanted

Volunteers needed to obtain copies of old newspaper items containing names of local residents and/or advertisements displaying prices from the past.

Help us identify these photographs.



The photographs above were obtained at an auction in Jasper, Indiana. We have no idea who these people are, so if you can help identify these people, please contact us.



The photographs above were inherited from Myra Riley Wagaman nee Wike of Gettysburg, PA. and submitted by her daughter, Pauline Mazariegos nee Wagaman. We have no idea who these individuals are. The photo of the boy has Black or Block written on the back. If you can help identify these individuals, please contact us.

Early History of Canton

Prepared by Members of the Canton Home Economics Club in 1938.

(*Note: The following information was provided by Hazel Hollen nee Garrott, niece of Fern McCoskey, one of the coauthors of this story. The town of Canton is located in Indiana.)

Settlement

By ARTIE MORRIS CAUBLE

Canton was once a prosperous business village, situated four miles northeast of Salem.

The first permanent white settler of Canton was Alexander Little, who came from Mercer country, Kentucky, in 1807 or 1808 and built a log cabin in Section 11, which was later purchased and occupied by Robert Green Sr.

Roger Thompson came from Kentucky in 1809 and located one-half mile north of Section 1, on the creek just north of Canton. His cabin was built of round logs, 16x18 feet, stick and clay chimney, no windows, except a port hole, and floors made of puncheons.

Arthur Parr came in 1809 and built a cabin in Section 11. This cabin was used as a fort.

Other settlers who came in the next year or two and settled in the immediate neighborhood were John Moore, J. H. Trueblood, Dr. Benjamin Albertson, James McCoskey, Thomas Green and Eli Overman.

Eli Overman was Canton's founder. In October 1838 he laid out 35 lots on the line running between Sections 11 and 12. In 1850, about the time the town was the most

prosperous, Charles Albertson added ten more lots to the original 35 and Mr. Overman added 106 lots more.

The settlement developed rapidly and was first called Greensburg and later sometimes called Egg Harbor, but the town was really named Canton upon the suggestion of John S. Harned Sr., who became the first Postmaster and continued in that capacity for many years. Mr. Harned operated the first store here in the early twenties in a hewed log building that stood on the lot now owned by Jimmie Powell.

Many industries were in a thriving condition here before the railroad missed Canton by passing through Salem and Norris (then called Harristown.)

I believe I have exhausted the subject allotted me namely, "When and by whom was the town of Canton plotted and why it has remained a village."

There are any number of industries I might mention and probably describe from hearsay, however, but the history of Canton as its development, as it industries, etc., has been assigned to other members, so will refrain from infringing on their right.

Early Day Businesses and Industries

By FERN McCOSKEY STEWART

The business activities of Canton date from about 1830, when stores were built—at different times on corner lots where streets intersect. Only one store building is now standing. Succeeding merchants: Trueblood and Harned; Charles Poole; Dr. Benjamin Albertson; John Wilson; John Parr and later on Parr and Tatlock, Robert Moore, Charles Orrington, Reuben Wilson, who erected a brick two-story building at an early date, which was torn down in 1804. Samuel Slade was also an early merchant and later Gray Brothers, Sip Perdue, John H. Trueblood, R. B. McCoskey, Claud Tatlock, E. W. Cadwell, W. T. Albertson and Brother, Barton Trueblood, Mrs. Anna Wilson Henderson, James Tidwell, James Calvert, Havilla McCoskey and at present Albert Winslow.

Many industries were in a thriving condition here before the railway passed through Salem. James White, Charles Proctor, John McDaniel, and John Anderson were shoemakers. Richard Walpole built and operated a tannery, east of the Canton bridge, and the one just west of this was built later in 1863 by Nixon Morris. Alvin Poore, had a cooper shop; a saddlery was operated by Benjamin White and James Trueblood. Rayford Arnold, Riley Coombs, Willis Carr, Lewis McCoy and A. A. McCoskey had



Front row, left to right is Fern McCoskey, Robert Benton McCoskey, Orin McCoskey, and Florence McCoskey. Sarah McCoskey nee Tatlock is standing in the back row.

woodwork shops where the woodwork for wagons and buggies were all made my hand. Only one shop now stands which was later used by R. B. McCoskey for painting all kinds of vehicles.

Joseph Faulkner made plows and later formed a partnership with Robert Green and they did a large business in the manufacture of plows, wagons, carriages, and buggies, until their business was ruined by a destructive fire.

James Faulkner and Warren Wilson also conducted smith and wagon shops for several years. Later blacksmiths were Robert Green Sr., Robert Green Jr., Baxter McCoskey, Sidney Robbins, Robert Clegg, and at present Earl Sease, who also grinds feed for the farmers.

John Mills was the first cabinet-maker, and was succeeded by Berry

Christy, a colored man. Oliver Albertson built up one of the largest nurseries in the state, just west of Canton on the farm now owned by Osborn Spurgeon. He was succeeded by Hobbs & Green, when he went to Bridgeport, Indian, where he established another large nursery now one of the leading nurseries in the United States and still owned and operated by Oliver Albertson's descendants. Albert Albertson and Jefferson Mead were later engaged quite extensively in the nursery business. Young boys were employed as helpers in this work and R. B. McCoskey, who is now Canton's oldest life long citizen, began working in these nurseries when about eleven years old.

In 1820 Green & Overman built a horse-mill, the grinding being done with home-made burrs in the upper story, while the horse, sweep and drive-wheel occupied the lower room. A canning factory was built on the creek north of Canton in 1903 and operated four years, when it was removed to Salem.

We gathered some meager information about an old tavern in the very early days of Canton, being located in the field owned by Cleatis Fultz, and located just across from the home of Mrs. Artie Cauble. Mrs. William Berkey states this was a long, low building and the Brooks family spent their first night in Indiana in this tavern. At the time her mother, the late Mr. E. Hicks Trueblood, was a baby about one year old.

The Brooks family traveled overland from Pennsylvania.

In February 1875, the town suffered a large fire, which destroyed much valuable property. Gray

Brothers, were the heaviest losers, their store and contents being valued at ten thousand dollars.

The old-time coverlids were at one time woven in Canton by people by the name of Cregg on the U. P. Anderson farm. They were also woven at property now owned by Tom Jones by two brothers named Young. Mrs. Verle Trueblood has a coverlid woven in 1853 by them. Mrs. Earl Sease has a cover woven by Earl Sease's grandmother.

John S. Harned Sr., the first postmaster, was followed by John Randolph, Henry Dosh, John Anderson, Charles Albertson, John H. Trueblood, J. F. Sawtelle, John Dennany and O. A. Tatlock, who continued in office until the rural free delivery supplanted the post office at Canton. Post office days were Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Daily mail has been carried by Otis Shields, Albert Wright, Roy Watts and Richard Newlon.

In addition to all this work, the farmers of the community employed many laborers. Very little farm machinery was in operation and work was all done by hand. Wheat was cut with an implement called a cradle, and when the binder was invented the old method was discontinued. Many people then feared that there would be little work to be done any more.

So we see that in its early history, Canton was a lively little town and had the railway not passed through it we might now have a large, prosperous town or small city! After the coming of the railway through Salem, the business gradually declined as all industries moved to larger towns, leaving Canton only the memory of busier but not happier

days. The residents are now occupied on small farms or have work in nearby towns and with all modern inventions made available by good roads, automobiles and electricity, the inhabitants can enjoy some of the conveniences of a city without its smoke, noise and heat.

Later Days—Women's Work

By FERN McCOSKEY
STEWART

Perhaps the most exciting day in Canton's history was during the Civil War on July 10th, 1863, when General John Morgan and his raiders passed through Washington county. The raiders entered Salem at nine o'clock in the morning and left at three o'clock in the afternoon, going east through Canton and New Philadelphia. The people were badly frightened but suffered no serious loss, except for captured horses. The "Rebels" stopped at the home of Alexander McCoskey and demanded food. Mrs. McCoskey had just baked a batch of berry pies and she served them pie and cold milk, which they seemed to appreciate. One of the Morgan's horses, which was hitched near a young maple tree in the front yard began gnawing the bark from the tree. This tree is still standing in R. B. McCoskey's front yard. They also took "old Charlie," the family's old horse, who later wandered home. John S. Harned Sr., who operated the store at the time, was sitting on the platform adjoining the store and had located the store. One of the raiders came dashing up and said, "Well, Old Peg-leg, hand over that key and be quick about it."

After same parley Mr. Harned handed over the key and they just about cleaned out the store. James L. Thompson, his two sons, Levi and Hiram, and his son-in-law, Acquilla Timberlake, were sitting on their horses under a large tree now standing on Jesse Dennany's farm when a company of the raider's appeared and demanded their horses. They all dismounted except Hirman, who resented being ordered around by a rebel and in plain words told them he was not going to give up his horse, whereupon one of the men struck him over the head with the butt of his rifle, knocking him to the ground unconscious. They took his horse, however. General Hobson's Union forces put in an appearance the following day in pursuit of Morgan.

April 10, 1865, was great day of rejoicing for word came that the Civil War was ended and the Union preserved. Another great day, which is clear in the minds of our present generation, was November 11, 1918, when Armistice was signed, which ended the World War. We can still hear the sound of bells and whistles and see the cars loaded with young people taking a holiday from school and rejoicing that the war was over. Lawrence Mitchell and Warder Morris, were born in Canton, were among those who served overseas and came home after armistice. Herbert Wilson and Glen Thompson were in the Navy and Vilmer Tatlock served as a Y.M.C. secretary during the war. Other soldiers who spent a part of their lives here were Charley Lyles, Harold Lyles, Lawrence Lyles, Robert Packwood, Kelso Henderson and Durward Loudon. Farrell Bosley, James Powell, Durward

Oliver, who are now residents of Canton, were in the service of their country.

Life in the early days was not without some fun and frolic, for according to the old people it was much happier than now. Canton enjoyed the usual pleasures of that age, husking bees, quilting parties, spelling bees, great school exhibitions, singing schools and musical parties which began with kissing games and ended with the old square dance.

In the summer "Spice Valley" located on the farm now owned by Ernest Purice, was the scene of many happy social affairs. Here the Sunday schools held their picnics and church conventions and the grove resounded to the sound of fife and drum for political rallies. Here on this ground were formed many of the lifelong religious and political opinions of scores of people long passed to the Great Beyond.

On Sunday the children and young people enjoyed going to "Spice Valley" where big old fashioned rope swings provided amusement for them and where no doubt many romances flourished among our ancestors. Another grove south of Canton, then owned by Charles Albertson and now owned by Mrs. Emma Mitchell was used for celebrations by different organizations.

When winter came the young people as well as older ones held coasting parties on Harned's hill, which is still owned by Sanford Harned. This pleasure was continued throughout the years. Many of us remember also the pond on the Dennany farm now owned by Joseph Schmitt, where great fun

was had by skating parties.

During the school term literary societies were very popular and people from other towns and communities attended and took part in the literary work. Soul striving debates by learned men on current questions aroused great interest. Young ladies tried to excel each other in recitations and dialogues and the programs were varied with old time "fiddlin'."

Fifty or seventy-five years ago Peterson's Magazine was perhaps the ladies favorite fashion and story paper, several copies of which are now in possession of the writer. The stories and poems were romantic but clean and interesting, and many people would yet prefer them to the fiction of today's best magazines.

Fashions were very elaborate and costly. For a simple dress for a small lady eight or twelve yards of double-width material with ten or twelve yards of ribbon and two or three dozen buttons were required. Silk, velvet and cashmere were suitable materials for best dresses and silk valued at \$1 per yard and up. Aunt Sue Trueblood made Quaker bonnets of brown, black and gray silk for \$25 each. A milliner shop was conducted by Mrs. Ben Harned at an early date, much of the work being hats remade and trimmed season after season. Fortunately the styles lasted longer than now.

Dress patterns were very intricate and made from charts, and dressmaking was a fine art and several Canton women were good seamstresses. Mrs. Thursa Albertson and Mrs. Drusy Curry, were early dressmakers and later Mesdames Anna Trueblood, Anna Wilson, Martha Limin, Lizzie

McCoskey and Vada Harned.

These women also were good at fancy work and fine quilting. Miss Mary McCoskey did expert quilting and her work took many prizes at county fairs.

Mesdames Rhetta Thompson, Anna Wilson and Amanda Tatlock were good spinners. Mesdames Anna Wilson, Amanda Tatlock, Henrietta Anderson and Anne Tatlock owned looms and wove carpets and rugs. For the past forty years Mrs. Stella Tatlock has done sewing, quilting and weaving for many satisfied customers.

The only general store now is managed by Mrs. Nettie Winslow. A filling station and confectionery is managed by William Anderson and son, Everett, and wife. Havilla McCoskey and son, Clarence, ran a Ford garage for a few years and Ernal Elliott ran a garage for a few years with Max Trueblood as an attendant. Mrs. Ella Fultz owns a building on State Road 56, which is sometimes rented as a garage. Sam Gilliland followed the trade of paper hanger and painter until his death in 1936. R. B. McCoskey still follows the trade of painting and Verie Trueblood and Farrell Bosley are carpenters. Carl Stewart is manager of the Stewart Realty company, with offices at Salem. Charles Tarr delivers ice and does general trucking. Mrs. Havilla McCoskey has the honor of being a professional paper hanger. She also does weaving.

John Martin and Jack Allen grow fine strawberries and do truck farming. They, together with several other farmers, grow tobacco.

The Stout-Tucker Fruit farm, just north of Canto, is managed by Max

Fultz. This provides several persons with employment during the spring and fall.

The social activities of the village center about the organizations of the Methodist and Christian churches and the Home Economics club.

Daily papers, magazines, radios and automobiles keep Canton in touch with the world and its citizens are the average contented, peaceful people of the United States.

Outstanding Characters

By Grace Thompson

In reading the various histories of Canton and vicinity, it was difficult to know where to begin and where to leave off relating the many thrilling incidents regarding this community for Canton has one of the finest pioneer backgrounds to be found in the county and few communities throughout the State can boast of any more influential men who stood for the better things in life, then can Canton in the early days of struggle and hardship.

We have not attempted to relate all of the intensely interesting history of Canton, nor to call attention to any but a few of the most outstanding men and women who strived at all times to make Canton a strong, exemplary community. We are indebted to Mrs. Greely Thompson, Mrs. Thomas Morris, Mrs. Sam Gilliland, Mrs. Linas Trueblood, Mrs. Stella Tatlock and Benton McCoskey for giving us many of the early stories told them by their grandparents and parents concerning the early Canton days. Also, we are grateful to Mrs. Harvey Morris for the use of her valuable files and her unstinted effort

in bringing to light valuable facts concerning our home time. She says Cantonians should be proud of the early pioneer background of their town and each should make an effort to secure all the historical data available and preserve these for future generations.

We are unable to trace the date the ground was set aside for the use of the burying ground, or to find the name of donor, or if purchased, from whom. We found many graves unmarked and terribly sunken. The inscriptions on many stones was worn away by the years, and some graves marked simply by rude, rough, unlettered stones. We found three soldiers buried there: a Civil war soldier, Clark Morgan, born 1840, killed in Arkansas Post, January 10, 1865; John Smith, a Confederate soldier, who died in the county infirmary, grave unmarked; William Gordon, regular Army soldier, who was thrown from his horse while on duty, suffering an injury which later on contributed to his death.

Some stones bear the death date of 1848. We found an epitaph on the stone of Thomas Morgan and wife, reading, "Dear parents, how we miss you, but we know you are with God." Their birth dates were 1805 and 1808, he dying in 1889; no death date shown on Mrs. Morgan's stone. We found a stone marking James Zaring's grave, Uncle Jimmy, as we knew him. He was born in 1822, dying in 1901. He was a devoted Christian, gifted in prayer and exhortation, praising his Maker at every opportunity in the old Union church. His was a beautiful life and he was loved by all who knew him. He was the father of the late Judge John Zaring, and he lived on the farm

now leased by the Stout-Tucker Orchard company. We also found the graves of Mrs. Edith Alvis, born 1822, dies 1902; Marmaduke Coker, born 1811, dying at the age of 98 years in 1908. His widow, Mrs. Sarah Coker, aged 98, still resides in Canton and pieces quilts industriously, unwilling to eat "idle bread" as her life has been a very busy one. She also sings many old time tunes in the minor key, and the range of her voice indicates she must have possessed a powerful soprano in her youthful days. She has not used glasses for many years, having her second eyesight. The Rev. E. W. Cadwell, born 1819, died 1899. He was superannuated in 1851 due to ill health. He came to Canton in the late 'fifties or early 'sixties and opened a general store and operated it until his death. He had a brilliant mind and wonderful memory and his knowledge of the Bible and its characters, both in the Old and New Testaments was marvelous and the accuracy of Scripture quotations all but uncanny. He was a talented Sunday school teacher, able to clearly interpret many puzzling passages. We find the grave of Moses J. Mead, born in Kentucky in 1822, died 1897; his wife, Elizabeth Maria Rucker Mead, born in Jackson county, 1825 died 1895. At one time Mr. and Mrs. Mead owned and operated the general store which he sold to the Rev. Mr. Cadwell. Michael Dennany was born in County Carrick-on-Shannon, Ireland, 1842, died 1907. He came to America with an Aunt, Lucy Reynolds, who later married James Cavanaugh. Mr. Dennany had a jovial disposition, was exceedingly kind-hearted, interested in all civic

affairs; was elected county commissioner three terms. His wife, Frances Mead Dennany, lies by his side. Dr. George M. Morris was born in 1850, died 1928; his wife, Margaret Alvis Morris, born 1855, died 1930. We have endeavored to mention the older graves, only, in the cemetery and if we have omitted any that should be mentioned, we invite information that will enable us to correctly complete our record.

As related in the first installment of this history, Alexander Little was the first permanent white settler. He received a grant of 160 acres of land in 1813 from the government. In August, 1814, he sold this parcel of land to Robert Green Sr. and wife, for \$850, a goodly sum in those days. In August, 1857, this tract of land was again sold, this time to John S. Harned and wife, Mrs. Harned being the daughter of Robert Green Sr. On February 11, 1882, it was again transferred to John S. Harned Jr. and wife and then on March 21, 1903, again transferred to Sanford H. Harned and wife. Sanford Harned was the great-grandson of Robert Green Sr., thus this property has been continuously in the hand of the Green-Harned families for a period of 123 years. The original grant to this land was recorded by Basil Prather September 26, 1815.

John S. Harned Jr., was born in a log cabin just back of Ernest Purlee's home, built by Alexander Little. Several years later John Harned Sr., built a log cabin on the Harned farm just above the Cliff Spring. When John Harned Jr., built the house on the site, where now stands Sanford Harned's home, he moved the old log cabin up and joined on to the new rooms. Several years

ago, Sanford Harned remodeled the old home and used many of the logs and much of the old lumber from the old cabin.

Judge Enoch Parr came to Indiana in 1809 from North Carolina, riding through on horseback. When he crossed the ferry at the Ohio river, he had to spend most all of his money to buy corn for his horse, but by teaching school and working at anything he could get to do, he accumulated enough money to buy a farm south of here.

One of the most outstanding men born in this community was Joseph Moore, born February 29, 1832, in a log cabin located on the land now leased by the Stout-Tucker Orchard company. He attended the old Dogwood Grove school and was a member of the famous Dogwood Grove school debating team. He later became a student at Blue River seminary and began teaching at the age of 18. All of his life was devoted to educational and religious work. In 1853 he entered Earlham Boarding school, later known as Earlham college, and in the autumn of the same year, became an assistant professor in the school, holding that position for five years. He became president of Earlham college in 1869 and continued in that capacity for 13 years. He was always deeply interested in geology and established the Earlham college museum, the first one in Indiana. In the winter of 1874-75 he visited the Hawaiian Islands on a religious and scientific mission, and upon his return brought back many valuable specimens for the new Earlham museum. With all of his talent and brilliance of mind, he was exceedingly gentle and kind and greatly loved by all the student

body who reverently called him the "Grand Old Man of Earlham Campus." This profound influence upon all with whom this truly great man came in contact, is incalculable. He remained at Earlham as a teacher until 1900. He died July 9, 1905.

Samuel Milroy donated the land to be used for the erection of the Presbyterian church, known as Franklin, and the adjoining cemetery. This church thrived for a time, then the Union church at Canton was built and the Presbyterian church moved to New Philadelphia.

Craftsmen of Canton

By Grace Thompson

John S. Harned Sr. was born in Virginia in 1812, and began teaching school in Washington county at the age of 17 years. He surveyed the town of Canton, using a grapevine as a rule.

John S. Harned was a man of many talents and having the ability to make the most of these talents, was a valued citizen of the entire county. His records of the old post office, grist saw mill, and all his business dealings were accurately and beautifully kept. He was a man of great refinement and education, gifted in penmanship. One of his granddaughters says "I think the most remarkable thing my grandfather did was the making of family trees for the folks. Mother used to take us children up to Grandfathers on Sunday afternoons and we greatly admired the one he was making for William Lindley Sr. The work was perfect." He also kept a diary that was unique. In it he

would record the birth of all little animals, telling their mother's names, as well as the name of the newcomer, and at the end of the paragraph would draw a likeness of the baby colt, calf, pig or lamb! He made his own quill pens and ink, probably using swamp maple or polk berries and copperas for the ink.

In 1820 a three-story grist saw mill was built in the field now owned by Osborn Spurgeon with Nathan Trueblood, president, and John S. Harned, secretary-treasurer. To provide water with which to run this mill, an immense dam was built further up the creek to form a reservoir, eight acres being used to hold the water, which was carried in a mill race to propel the large overshot wheel. Through the efficient engineering in the construction of this mill pond, the mill was able to run nine months or even longer each year, through the driest seasons. In 1849 it was converted into a stream mill and remained in operation until 1870. Two burrs from this old mill may be seen now at the driveway entrance to Mr. Sprugeon's farm on State Road 56.

It was in this old mill that John Harned Sr. lost his leg in 1849. In performing his duties of inspecting the machinery, he was adjusting a belt on a machine on the second floor and missed his footing, falling down on the flywheel, which so badly mangled the leg that immediate amputation was necessary. He was a man of great will power and refused an anesthetic, even a drink of whiskey, which he abhorred, being an ardent temperance supporter. My grandfather, James L. Thompson, was a man possessed of great strength and nerves of steel,

and was pressed into service, being required to hold the leg firmly while Dr. Edmund Albertson operated. Only one time did Uncle Johnnie cry out and that was when the saw bit into the marrow, and Eli Overman, who was in the room, sobbed out loud, and Uncle Johnnie said, "Be a man, Eli, be a man!", then begged their pardon for his own outcry. One of his granddaughters says, "I have heard my mother say after the leg was amputated grandfather was propped up so he would write a letter that night." She further states in reading a part of one his diaries, perhaps the first one consistently kept, dated 1847-48, she finds "On the 12th day of 3rd month, 1848, planted eight pine trees for Dr. Edmund Albertson." The property of Robert Green is now owned and occupied by Everett Morris and wife, who is a great-great-granddaughter of Robert Green; the Dr. Edmund Albertson property is owned and occupied by a Mr. Motsinger.

Among the descendants of this man are ministers, professional men, bankers, and farmers, all held in high esteem in their home communities. One grandson served as head of the Child Welfare department in Des Moines, Iowa, many years. Mrs. Mary Gilliland, living in Canton, now occupies a house part of which served as the first post office in years gone by. Sanford Harned, a highly respected farmer of Canton, is a grandson.

Canton Physicians

By Grace Thompson

From Dr. Lawrence Paynter's "History of Washington County

Physicians," we find the following have practiced in Canton:

Dr. Benjamin Albertson was Canton's first physician, beginning the practice in 1817. He was an excellent physician and fine psychologist, knowing just how to handle each individual case coming under his care. We have heard our grandmother, Mrs. Sallie Thompson, say that just his presence in her sickroom and hearing his words of cheer and encouragement, did her more good than all his medicine, for the privations and hardships endured by the pioneers were, indeed, depressing and enervating, and he realized that sympathetic, encouraging words were needed for the sick spirit, as well as drugs and herbs for the sick body. He was a versatile, highly educated, kindly man. He was a charter member of the Washington County Medical society, and served as its first secretary.

In January, 1818, there assembled a group of distinguished men in the new court house in Salem, to organize one of the very earliest peace movements in the country, perhaps the first one as far west as Indiana. Doubtless this Peace society organized in Washington county, has had its influence in establishing the Peace Tribunal in the Hague.

The object of this meeting was briefly outlined by Dr. Albertson, followed by the election of officers with Beebe Booth, great-uncle of Booth Tarkington, as president, Dr. Albertson, secretary, and Nathan Trueblood, treasurer.

Dr. Albertson was a man of deep religious convictions and was always a leading spirit in any civic project. Nobel C., Fred and Verle Trueblood

are the only immediate descendants now living in this community, of this great and noble man. Dr. Albertson continued to practice until 1845.

Dr. Edmund Albertson, son of Dr. Benjamin Albertson, followed in his father's footsteps, practicing medicine from 1840 until 1863. He was a skilled surgeon as well as a most successful physician and was recognized as such far and wide and often called into consultation with neighboring physicians.

Dr. Flack practiced here for some time, but the only data obtained was he was a great lover of flowers, and the little bell shaped white flower now blooming in many Canton yards was brought here by him and named "The Dr. Flack Flower," by John S. Harned Sr., also a great flower lover.

Dr. Harvey is listed as practicing in Canton, no other data is given.

Dr. Crouts also is listed, no data.

Dr. James Cothran, a highly educated, refined man, practiced here for a time.

Dr. W. A. Huston, also is listed as practicing in Canton, no other data.

Dr. Sanford Herrod came here from Scott county, where he was born. He came in 1856. He graduated from the Ohio Medical college in 1857, and was considered a skilled surgeon, and possessed rare ability in diagnosing and treating various illnesses. He was highly intellectual and very artistic and had a great love for the beautiful, especially flowers and geology. His yard was a garden of rare and beautiful flowers, paints, shrubs and geological specimen. He owned one of the finest collections of rare geological specimen in Southern

Indiana. At his death this valuable collection was given to the Borden museum, Prof. Borden having married his daughter, Edith Herrod. Dr. Herrod was a member of the Christian church, the Washington county and state medical societies. He was a man of fine personality, strong character, honorable in all dealings, loved and held in high esteem by his patients and the whole community. His great love for all nature was demonstrated by the selection of some of his pets. One was a black snake he kept around the yard and house and would wiggle down the front walk to meet him. However, not all of his visitors shared his love of nature, especially snakes—and many a caller took to his heels, when approaching the house a snake ran out to meet him! His house was located on the beautiful knoll, where Joe Schmitt's house stands.

After Dr. Herrod's passing, a Dr. Kirkpatrick practiced for a time, boarding in the home of John Dennany.

Dr. James J. Mitchell was born near Beck's Mill in 1849, died 1918. He came to Canton in 1888. He was a graduate of the University of Louisville. He had an impulsive nature, a keen sense of humor; was ambitious, studious and greatly interested in all community affairs, constantly striving for the improvement of the community. He was a member of the Odd Fellow's lodge and one of the pillars of the Christian church, donating the land for the Christian church site. He loved music and was an excellent tenor singer. He was a member of the Washington and Jackson counties and State Medical societies. He was

a successful physician and held in high regard by the entire community and all his patients. He was the last resident physician in Canton.

Dr. Wilber Morris, reared in Canton, graduated from the Louisville Medical college, but never practiced here.

We gathered meager information of a Dr. Marshall Herod who practiced dentistry many years ago and lived in the cottage on the site now occupied by Ruth Winslow's home.

Dr. George M. Morris, came to Canton in 1875 and practiced dentistry until his death in 1928. He began the practice in 1871, practicing 57 years. It is needless to say he was successful for the long time he practiced verifies that fact. Dr. Morris was a public spirited man, always ready and willing to give of his means, strength and ability for the betterment of the community. He held many township and county offices. He was a member of the Methodist church and the Masonic lodge. His funeral was an unusual one for Canton, due to the fact, the minister, the undertaker, all the pallbearers, flower carriers were dressed in full Masonic regalia, and the services throughout were conducted according to the Masonic ritual. Many Masons from all over the county attended, for he was held in high esteem by all who knew him. He had a wonderfully keen sense of humor and wit and always had a reply to every spare thrust.

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Churches and Schools

By Grace Thompson

We are unable to trace the donor of the tract of ground on which a union church was built in 1829, with the cemetery nearby. Jonas Parr give us information that his grandfather, Judge Enoch Parr, quarried the stone from his farm and burned the lime to make the plastering for this church. This building was set back from the road and was used for lectures and literary purposes as well as for religious meetings. The Baptist, Methodist and Christian denominations all used this church for their marriages. Time does not permit naming the number of consecrated preachers expounding the gospel in this church.

In 1889 or 1890 Brother Shutts from Jackson county organized the Christian church and in 1890 Edward Tatlock built the church and on November 8, 1891 the Rev. Charles Devoe dedicated it. This church is an influence for good in the community and has a strong, though small in number, Sunday school. The Rev. Esten Martin faithfully serves the congregation as its pastor.

The Methodists rebuilt the old church and a Rev. Mr. Jackson rededicated the remodeled building. This old church was used by the Methodist congregation until on August 27, 1899, the Rev. Mr. Denny dedicated the new building on ground donated by the Rev. E. W. Cadwell and wife. The Rev. Mr. Cadwell was very ill the day of the dedication and early the following week passed away and his funeral was held on Friday, September 1, the first funeral to be preached in the new church. There is a very nice parsonage on the adjacent lot.

Many years ago, Hannah

Albertson Peed, daughter of Dr. Edmund Albertson, was an ardent worker in the county and state W.C.T.U. She was a sainted soul, gifted in Sunday school teaching and directing peace and temperance contests. Her knowledge of the Bible was marvelous and no matter what the topic of conversation was, she could always quote a fitting Scripture verse. She dearly loved little children.

Washington County Academy was erected in 1817, the first school house to be built and used as a school building in the county. Today it is one of the few log buildings standing in the state. A few years ago, a feature story together with sketches drawn by Frank Hohenberger, appeared in an Indianapolis newspaper. The citizens of Washington County raised funds to erect and start this school. It was built of round logs, and at the time John S. Harned taught the school, had dirt floors, the windows being made by cutting out the upper part of a log and the lower part of its neighbor and tacking strips across the pasting greased paper for the panes. It was heated by a huge fireplace, large enough to use an 8 or 9-foot backlog, then piled high with other wood and with this roaring fire the room was kept comfortable. The roof was of rough clapboards laid on poles and weighted down by other poles and huge rocks. The seats were of logs split in two and dressed on top, with holes bored on the under side into which pins were driven for the legs. There were but few books then and the children often brought any kind of book found at home, to be studied. Many of the books were so advanced, they today would be considered too difficult for a high school pupil. Just so a girl was able

to read and write was considered sufficient learning for her. In 1839 this log building was sold to Dr. Benjamin Albertson, who converted it into a dwelling. At present, the owner, Ernest O. Purlee, uses it for a tool shed. At the time Dr. Albertson bought this building a new school house was erected on the knoll north and a little to the west of the Kelso Henderson property. The early school teachers were dubbed "Knights of the Birch", as they were in most cases very severe and believed in the free use of the rod and ferrule to maintain discipline.

James Cochran was the first teacher in the Washington County Academy. He was a classical scholar and in 1822 was considered a profound astronomer. He had been very wealthy but lost his wealth through the Embargo Act in 1807 and came out west to forget his financial troubles and became a Hoosier schoolmaster. Though he lost his wealth he still retained his brilliantly trained mind and his vision for the greater things in life. There is very much more that could be said of him, for he was one of the greatest men of his day. One farmer declared, "James Cochran was a master workman in the teacher's calling."

Among the many teachers who taught in this old school were: Thomas Armstrong, Acquilla Timberlake, John S. Harned Sr., and Alexander McCoskey. Some of the teachers who taught in the school house on the hill were: William McCoskey, who was Benton McCoskey's first teacher, and from whom he received the only lick ever received in school. Benton and Cash Mead became involved in some

difficulty and were both marched up in front of the school and each given one lick. Leonadus Cochran, Mollie Thompson, Lee Wilson, Henry Dawalt, Martin Shrum, Mary Tatlock, Frank Hobson, Henry Gregory (whom we are told was very cross and crabbed.) Some of those teaching in this house located on the present site were: Asaw Elliott, Enoch Parr, John Zaring, Will Thompson, Susie Thompson, Al Denny, Flora Herrod and many others. Flora Herrod married a Mr. Wilson, a millionaire, and at her death bequeathed \$5,000 to the Salem Christian church, in memory of her parents, Dr. Sanford and Margaret Thompson Herrod, and left a substantial sum to the Salem Cemetery association. Many more fine teachers deserve mention, but again time does not permit.

Reba Trueblood tells us that at one time two private schools operated simultaneously. Mrs. Watson, wife of the Methodist minister, decided to teach a subscription school and secured the names of about twenty children of her husband's parishioners. Carrier Albertson decided she, too, would teach a subscription school, Mahlon, her father arguing she needed the money more than did the minister's wife, so they started out and secured a like number of subscriptions, also the permission to use the school house. The Methodist men, not to be outdone, gathered and repaired the old school house on the hill and Mrs. Watson taught her school there. The term was six weeks; tuition \$1 per pupil for the term. Then Carrie Albertson, thought she would again outdo Mrs. Watson, and as there was a minstrel show or concert in the

Masonic hall, she dismissed school one afternoon and took all the pupils to it. Mary Gilliland was her youngest pupil, being four years of age, and says she sat by Carrie Albertson during the performance, and still recalls the wonderful thrill of being able to attend a musical performance, though she does not remember who the musicians were nor the kind of instruments used. She also relates here greatest thrill of all was when her mother bought her a primer from the Rev. Mr. Cadwell's store, paying for it with home-made lard. She says for years it was her most highly prized possession.

Reba Trueblood says the pupils promoted themselves. Whenever they decided they wanted to go into a higher class, they just had their parents buy an advanced McGuffey Reader or Ray Arithmetic and went into the higher class without advising with the teacher as to their fitness. She states her delight was in spelling bees. She feared only two opponents. Henry Dawalt and Johnnie Shrum. She would be able to stand on the floor long after the other spellers had taken their seats, but eventually either Mr. Dawalt or Mr. Shrum outspelled her. She also says the pupils were required to memorize long poems, exercises in arithmetic and to parse very long sentences in grammar.

We find Canton maintained a free kindergarten many years ago. Mrs. James Heacock, a former school teacher, felt the need of educational training for the little children of Canton, and established and held school two hours in the morning and two hours in the afternoon, in the little log kitchen of her home.

In the fall of 1873, Canton Lodge, F. & A. M. was organized with W. K. McKnight, T. B. Hobbs, Carey Morris, Peter Morris, Willis Tatlock, D. C. Alvis, James Faulkner, George W. Morris and Warren Wilson as charter members. Only one member was lost by death, and this was Johnnie Dawalt, who was buried with all the solemnities of the Masonic funeral ritual. At one time their membership numbered 35, the fire of 1875 destroyed their property and they established a lodge room in an upstairs room in the home of Dr. George M. Morris and met there until, through the loss of members moving away, they were forced to surrender their charter to the Grand Lodge in 1884.

Recollections

By Grace Thompson

The water supply in Canton, during dry seasons has always been a source of worry. Many years ago a public well was located just at the corner where Cleatis Fultz's woodhouse now stands. During one drought of great severity, most all of Canton depended on the Cliff spring for their water supply, this spring was located on the north part of John Harned's farm. It was not unusual to have to stand in line two or more hours waiting one's turn, because of the number wanting water and too, because the water trickled slowly. One lady would often go down at four o'clock in the morning to avoid the rush, as well as the hot sun. Today, water is supplied from the cisterns and wells in our homes.

Sam Gilliland built one of the very first telephones in the county. This

was before his marriage and at that time he resided with his grandmother in Harristown. This line extended from the depot up to Jake Garriott's store and was made of small boxes put together pyramid fashion, the base being about 8x10, the next section 7x9—four sections in all. A hole in the center about the size of a teacup was cut out and over this hole was stretched a dried squirrel skin, drawn very tight, and in the center of this "sounding board" the wire came through, fastened to a common button to hold in place, and to call party at other end of line, a tiny mallet was used to strike the button and give signal, or "ring." After his marriage he brought this telephone to Canton and connected his house with that of Mrs. Gilliland's parents. Many of us here remember having used this phone to talk with the Harned girls.

Stella Tatlock relates Mary McCoy owned the first carpet loom in Canton. She lived in the home now occupied by my sisters and myself. She tells us the women made their dyes in those days, many raising madder and various herbs for their dyeing. They used walnut hulls for dark brown, white oak bark for grays, logwood for blacks and copperas and keel rocks for yellows; indigo for blues, setting these blues with copperas, chamber lye and yeast. To obtain some shades they buried their dye pots in the ground for a period of time. Mrs. Tatlock says a little girl, she disliked very much to go to one neighbor's house because the dye pots "stunk up" the whole house.

Mrs. Greeley Thompson tells as a little girl she pastured the family's cows on the highways. The cleared ground was too valuable to use as a

pasture, being needed to produce grains and garden truck for the family's use. She also says she would often have to ride horseback for miles rounding up the cows, that would run down the steep hills and up the ravines, saying these hills and ravines are now graded down to fine roads. Said some of the farmers turned out their hogs on the highways to graze, and they were harder to round up than the cows, for the cows were always led by a belled cow and they could tell where to find them, but one just had to hunt for the hogs. She says the roads were merely bypaths and not laid out as now. She often rode one horse and led another one down to Jim Faulkner's blacksmith shop to have them shod, riding through mud up to the horses' knees. A trip to Salem was one of hardship and required the greater part of a day, the red clay was so deep, the horses had to stop for rest often and, too, the sticky mud would have to be pried off the wheels with fence rails, and often the wheels pried out of the ruts. She says, "Traveling was not a pleasure in those days for the roads were full of deep ruts and stones and any trip was a tiresome one—not like you travel today, hop into an automobile and be there before you know you are started." Most of the farmers had sugar camps and raised sorghum cane and maple sugar and sorghum molasses were used to sweeten instead of sugar as it was very "dear" and used only when company came. She said they boiled cider down to sweeten apple butter. They did not have cream separators then and churned and sold butter. She had to use an "old stone churn and I just hated it!" She displayed some flax

that she helped her father "pull" when her brother, Pritchard Winslow, was a baby in long dresses. She and her sister, Mrs. Sarah Morris, interestingly told of the process employed in preparing the flax read to be woven into linen. Every farmer grew his own flax to be made into dresses, pants, shirts, sheets, pillow cases, towels and underwear. It seems to us it was real task to prepare this flax. It was cut with a sickle, curved similar to the grass hooks now used, and then put into bundles like oats and what. It then was spread out to rot (or ret) then in course of time was broken with a flex "break" to separate the sheaves from the inside fibre. A scutching (or scotching) knife was then used to knock the sheave off, then it was taken through the hackle, separating the two from the fine fibre. It was then ready to be scarf made from a sheet woven by her grandmother many years ago. The soft yellow stripes were dyed with keel rock picked up in the creek bottom by Mrs. Thompson and Mrs. Morris. The lace was crocheted from some tow thread made for the husks of flax; the beautiful white and cream-colored lines were made from the inside of the flax. They told us they would gather the keel rocks from the creek and would then pound into powder, then boil and strain and add a pinch of copperas to "set" it.

Girls were not considered qualified to marry until they had acquired a thorough knowledge of the use of application of nature's remedies then in use. The treatment for various diseases was vastly different then from methods now employed. For instance, a fever patient was kept in a closed, warm

room with no ventilation whatever, and on no account must a drink of water be given! Instead, a warm decoction of slippery elm was substituted, and the idea of ice or snow being used in a sick room was preposterous! Lobelia was always the first remedy given, regardless of the ailment. Most women grew bitter herbs, (we have heard some older folks say 'yarbs') in their gardens and with the barks and roots gathered in the woods would make teas and cordials; the use of poultices was another favorite remedy.

The farmers "swapped" work, especially at hog killings. My cousin, Mrs. Ella Timberlake Maddock, told us that our grandfather, James L. Thompson, butchered 125 hogs at one time. After dividing with the neighbors, he had enough spareribs and back bones to fill a wagon bed on which he had put two sets of side boards, these he took into Salem, selling from house to house. Having about half a load left he took them to the poorer sections known as "nigger town" and "Stinky Flat" and gave them to the residents there. He went to Louisville market to get an offer for his "joints", but they offered him the very lowest price, evidently thinking he was some uncouth farmer and doubtless having "razor back" type pork for sale, but when he arrived there with his pork, he was paid a price, and as a premium given a barrel of Coffee A Sugar, one barrel of brown sugar, half-barrel of tea, large bag of coffee, (we have been advised these sacks contained 250 pounds), and many smaller cartons of fine rice, prunes, dates, raisins and various kinds of spices. My cousin lived in our grandfather's home at the time and said she never

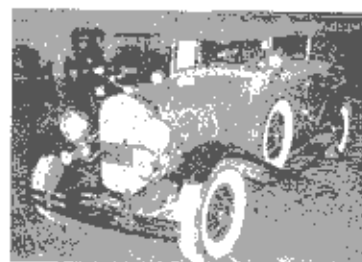
was so tired of anything as she was of those "hog works", as the children were expected to work after returning from school.

Benton McCoskey tells of the Canton string band. He played the fiddle, Claude Tatlock and Nasby Herrod the bass viols, Nale Tatlock the French harp and Sam Gilliland the guitar with June Cannon at the organ. June Cannon and his bother, Dillard, Newell Motsinger, Dr. Martin Crim, Winfield Crim and Clell Sinkborn, all taught singing schools at various times. He says writing schools were also popular as well as spelling bees, quiltings and wool-pickings where the woman vied with one another to see who could have the biggest pile of wool freed from the cockleburs, bits of sticks, tickets, etc., before the delicious dinner was served.

The older people had very little time for recreation, as the men had land to clear, rails to split, and crops to plant and harvest and the tools used were very primitive ones; the women had the flax and wool to prepare and weave into cloth to be made into clothing for the entire family, sewing machines were almost unknown and the sewing was done by hand.

After learning of the many hardships and privations endured in eking out the barest of living, one wonders that they even had the courage and energy left to participate in the frolics, and we pause to pay tribute to their willingness and eagerness in aiding a neighbor in distress, and it is with no surprise doubt in our minds that they grew up to do and be good.

(THE END)



1930 Buick Marquette

Good Old Days

About Being Truly Thankful

I've decided that in speaking to the readers of *U.S. Legacies* this month about Thanksgiving, I'll say a little more about being thankful and grateful than what may be expected. Perspective is important in the world we live in today, and our perspective of our lives sometimes becomes very unrealistic. Being over optimistic, true, may cause more harm than good, but in today's American society, the goals we set for ourselves are often so high and we expect so much that it becomes all consuming. We miss noticing the things that we have to be happy about.

I don't exclude myself in making this point; in fact, I consider myself a good example. As a not-so-wealthy student, I spend a little too much time punishing myself for starting college so late, while at the same time struggling to begin my career as a freelance writer and holding a full time job. Sometimes I have to remind myself that instead I should feel fortunate that I have a job in a time when too many are unemployed, and the opportunity to

receive my education and to spend time doing what I love. As for wealth, statistics show that if you own a computer, you are among the world's wealthiest one percent.

Take this month to slow down and reflect, if just for a moment. In light of current world events, it should be especially easy to recognize those things for which we can be grateful. In comparison to most of the world, we are lucky to live in America and to have an abundance of food, homes, choices and freedoms. The majority of the world's citizens don't even have the conveniences that we view as necessities. Enjoy the holiday with your family; be happy to see them and appreciate these people that are part of you, and cherish the heritage that you each share. Concentrate on that, instead of the inconvenience of the trip to get together. If it gets on your nerves that old Uncle Ernie tells the same story over and over, focus instead on the value that you have in a family to celebrate with that shares the same memories, and be glad that Uncle Ernie is still here to tell it.

*Jennifer Thompson,
Column Editor*

Old Time Radio Shows

If you are a fan of old time radio shows and have internet access then you are in luck! Revisit the days when the family gathered to hear old comedies, westerns and science fiction radio shows instead of staring

into a television set. This website lets you hear these shows for free, and almost anyone can find their favorite! Abbott and Costello,



Amos and Andy, Bob Hope Show and Evening with George Burns are sure to keep you laughing. Hopalong Cassidy and Gunsmoke will remind you of the great old west, and Batman and Buck Rogers will keep you on the edge of your seat.

Visit <http://www.radiolovers.com/>
Jennifer Thompson

My motto is this:

Just wake up and have a good day, have a good time, and no matter what goes wrong, turn that into something good. Still come out smiling, still come out having a good time.

Magic Johnson

The richest man, whatever his lot, is he who is content with what he has got.

Dutch Proverb

"It Happened This Month"

300 years ago - November 1703

November 24- First Lutheran pastor ordained in America, Justus Falckner at Philadelphia.

200 years ago - November 1803

November 18- Birthday of Cornelius Broere Catholic clergyman/poet and Haitians defeat French in the Battle of Vertieres.

November 29- Birthday of Christian Doppler, Austrian physicist (Doppler effect).

November 30 - Spain cedes her claims to Louisiana Territory to France.

100 years ago - November 1903

November 3 - Colombia grants Panama independence.

November 7- Birthday of Dean Jagger, Lima, Ohio, actor (Albert Vane-Mr. Novak, "Elmer Gantry").

November 9 - Birthday of Gregory Pincus inventor (birth control pill) [or Apr 9].

November 12 - Birthday of Jack Oakie, Sedalia, MO, actor (Great Dictator, 1974 Photoplay Award).

There is nothing wrong with men possessing riches.

The wrong comes when riches possess men.

Billy Graham

November 16- V. Herbert & H. Smith's musical "Babette," premieres in NYC. ("Hullabaloo," Carol Burnette Show) and Herbert Hoover (R) defeats Alfred E. Smith (D) for president.

November 18 - Hay-Bunau-Varilla Treaty gives US exclusive canal rights in Panama. **November 8** - George & Ira Gershwin's musical "Treasure Girl," premieres in NYC.

November 23- Enrico Caruso's US debut (Metropolitan Opera House, NY) in "Rigoletto." **November 9** - Birthday of Anne Sexton, Newton, MA, poet ("Live or Die"; Pulitzer 1967).

November 24 - Clyde Coleman of NYC patents automobile electric starter. **November 10** - Birthday of Norma Crane, NY, actress ("Tea & Sympathy," "Fiddler on the Roof").

75 years ago - November 1928 **November 12** - Birthday of Grace Kelly, Philadelphia PA, actress ("Rear Window"); Princess of Monaco.

November 3 - Turkey switches from Arabic to Roman alphabet. **November 18-** The introduction of the Mickey Mouse cartoon strip.

THINGS OVERHEARD ON NOAH'S ARK

11. Did anyone think about bringing a couple of umbrellas?
10. Hey, there are more than two flies in here!
9. I finally get a bass boat and now I have to take the whole family....
8. Wasn't someone supposed to put two shovels on board?
7. Help! I need some Pepto for the elephants, QUICK!
6. OK, who's the wise-guy who brought the mosquitoes on board?
5. "Don't Make Me Pull This Ark Over And Come Back There!"
4. No Ham, you cannot eat the Pig!
3. "And whatever you do, DO NOT pull this plug out."
2. Nice Doggie!

AND THE NUMBER ONE THING OVERHEARD ON NOAH'S ARK.....

1. "Are We There Yet?"

"Questions and Comments"

Prices From The Past

From Knapper

I can remember going to an all night restaurant and paying 10 cents for a cup of coffee, 20 cents for a LARGE order of fries, 25 cents for LARGE hamburger. Then I would go to a full service gas station and pay 20 cents for a pack of name brand cigarettes and 25 cents for a gal of gas, so we could cruise the main drag.

For ONE dollar, I could eat, smoke and drive. Wages were ok too. I was working at a factory getting \$5.00 per hour and still living at home rent free. There are lots of fond memories of the 60's.



lot of money, in our family. Loaf of bread was 12 cts. milk 12cts a qt. gas 11cts a gallon,

we had a farm, ma baked bread and made most of the food, garden stuff, and butchered meat, from cow and pig, chickens. all seemed normal at the time. My first job I earned 45 cts and hour in a Auto dealer ship, washing, greasing, and preping new Plymouths and Desotos for delivery. How I remember how envious I was when someone would come in to get their new cars.



Prices

From Tom

I can remember as a youngster, in the early 40s, there was a drug store in the city, we lived on a farm. During the war the movie theater would let you in free if you brought a piece of scrap metal in for war drive. We usually had a quarter to spend, and bus fare was a nickle in each direction, so that meant a dime spent, and 15 cents left. so we would walk, about 7 miles to the theater, and back home to save the quarter for a Malt. that cost 20cts. and a nickle candy bar. A quarter was a

Hard Time or Better Times?

From T.K.

I can remember using a little red wagon and taking stacks of old magazines to the scrap yard. i don't remember how much we got paid, but know it was not much.

I also remember my uncle talking about picking up coal off the railroad

tracks to heat their house during the depression years.

My how spoiled we are now days. But I sure did enjoy life back then. The world was a different place and people were a whole lot friendlier. Even little kids could feel safe walking down the street alone.



Ledger Showing Prices

From James Bullington

You wanted to know about prices from the past. I have a ledger dated 1953, that belonged to my stepdad, Lonnie Bullington. Here are some of the wages he had listed.

Working for Thomas Stroud:
\$6.00 for 8 Hours labor.

Working for Clyde Clouse:
\$8.64 for 8 hours labor.

Working for Chas Bersick:
\$10.00 for 8 hours labor.

Working for Lester Sprinkle:
\$10.00 for 8 hours labor.

"The most damaging phrase in the language is: It's always been done that way."

Admiral Grace Hopper (1906-1992)

Working for Ivan Dugerty:
\$12.00 for 8 hours.

Working for Lois King:
\$12.00 for 8 hours.

I also have an old pin that he wore. It has a number stamped on it, which I think was his automobile



license number. If anyone has any information on pins of this type and can tell me the significance as to why someone would display their license plate number on a shirt or hat, I would appreciate it.

Dr. Pepper

From Cathy

I remember years ago when Dr. Pepper had advertisements stating you could drink their product hot or cold. They also had the numbers, 10, 2, and 4 on their bottles. Does anyone remember what those numbers were for?

Babies

By: Karen Patton

These Stories are written exactly as told. The misspelled words are written showing the exact sound used by the person telling the story.

The early 1900's watched families grow whether you lived on a rural farm or in the ethnic neighborhoods of booming cities. Brothers and sisters often paint different pictures of the same family events. Birth order and whether male or female sex determined the responsibilities in the family.

This Story told by Dorothy Baker Akins

My mother had a child every nine months or so. She used to say that every time dad hung his pants on the bedpost another brother or sister was on the way. Some pregnancies ended in miscarriages, no one really knew why. Women didn't stop working in the fields or at home just because they were pregnant. There turned out to be eight of us kids, born 1910-1927. I was in the middle with four sisters and three brothers. My older sister always complained that she dreaded another new baby. My mom and dad would have her, and my other older sisters take turns going to our one-room school so that one of them was always home to take care of the little ones. My sister said that's why she never got a full education.

Babies were born at home.

Sometimes the doctor was there if he could make it and if we had something to give him for his services. We never paid him any money. My mother stayed in bed up to six weeks after each birth.

Babies were breast-fed and of course, they had cloth diapers that usually were rags of some sort. We carried the babies around as we didn't have a stroller or anything but our arms. Wherever we went the baby went. We didn't know whether it was going to be a girl or a boy. It didn't matter too much. All of us kids wore hand-me-downs, including the babies. There was lots of yellow and green. Mom was a wonderful seamstress. She sewed all of our clothes. She used whatever material was around like flour sacks and such. The new baby might get a new blanket if mom had time to make one. We didn't have many toys and neither did the baby.

My husband was the middle of five children. They were all born at home. He had another little sister that died around 18 months. The kids knew her name, but no one ever talked about her and even as we got older, we could never find her grave. Babies died young. They were usually buried beside others in the family cemetery. Sometimes when the mother and baby died, they were buried together.

I don't know how Mom and Dad kept a record of all of us. I know Mom would write it in the Bible. In fact, when my husband's brothers went to get their social security, they found out their names were totally different from what someone had recorded when they was born, or as small children.

In those days, there weren't any

pills or affordable birth control to prevent having children. And Mom didn't tell Dad no. They just quit sharing a bedroom.

Many of the boys were not circumcised except where religious customs dictated. Inadequate nutrition and lack of doctor care, left babies with physical problems or mentally retarded. Unless it was real bad, they stayed home with the rest of the children.

When I was young and trying to have children, I had several miscarriages. In fact, the doctor told me not to have any more after my son. But I was determined not to have an only child. They didn't have medication for pain like they do now. You were pretty much on your own unless you had some type of home recipe. Having a long labor was usual. When my children were born, women stayed in the hospital for a week and then we were told to stay in bed for another month.

Usually the grandmother or other family member came, to stay to help take care of the new mother and baby. The year my son was born, my mother spent three months, going house to house to take care of her new grandchildren. My younger sister had a daughter in July, I had a son in August, and my older sister had a son in September. Mother made a beautiful quilt for each one.

Gladys Marie Short tells this story about the day the youngest child in her was family born.

I was 5 years old the day that my brother Walter Clark was born in 1919. There were neighbor women

and the midwife and my dad's sister, my Aunt Belle, at our farm near West Liberty, Kentucky, to help my mother with the birthing. The grownups sent all of us kids outside so we wouldn't be underfoot, but we saw the pots of water boiling and the stacks of bleached white rags.

Aunt Belle told Dad (she called him Clark Alexander, but everyone else called him Jake) to go hoe the tobacco in the lower field by the creek, as the baby wouldn't be here for a while, and he was just in the way. She said she would send for him when the baby was about to be "borned." I could see he didn't want to go, and he was used to getting his way, but he must have thought better of it when he looked his sister in the eye and saw that glint which only came when she was dead serious about something. She was so sweet-natured that people paid attention when she got the glint. So my dad rode off to the field on his big chestnut gelding and was muttering under his breath.

We played around the yard and the barn all morning then, we decided to climb the hill behind the house. My sisters Myrtle and Nina had drug me up the path because I insisted and they knew they wouldn't get any peace (as the baby, I was used to getting my way). We had reached the very top and were looking down at the farmhouse way below when Aunt Belle came out the kitchen door and started hollering for my oldest brother, Archie. He was nowhere to be found. Then she started calling for us girls. We answered from up top of the hill, and she urged us to come down to the house so as to go get Dad, cause the baby was coming.

Myrtle and Nina forgot me and

took off down the hill going lickety split. I got scared and mad and started jumping up and down. Screaming at the top of my lungs. I tripped on a root, took a tumble off the path and kept on rolling down the hill. Myrtle and Nina came struggling up the hill again to catch me in my tumble. All the time yelling out all the dire things that they were going to do to me. I saw a black log coming and rolled right over it, then somehow managed to stop my roll. Myrtle and Nina reached me just then, snatched me up, and kept on running. I said "Niney, Niney, stop, stop!! But she kept on running. We finally got to the house below and Myrtle was sent off on the mare to get Dad.

The neighbor woman, Lizzie

McKenzie, was cleaning my scrapes and bruises and she remarked to Nina, "Lordy child you must have been excited about the new baby coming, the way you come running full tilt down that hill."

"Nah," replied my sister, Nina. "It was just that Gladys landed on a black snake and thought it was a log, so I grabbed her and run before she could figure it out and start making more fuss. She never has been quite all there."

At that moment I was afraid the baby would be cursed with the face of a black snake (country folk were superstitious back then) but he turned out to be just fine. That was the day my brother Walter Clark was born."

Kids Say The Funniest Things...

Some grade school teachers must agree with that, because they keep journals of amusing things their students have written in papers. Here are a few examples:

1. The future of "I give" is "I take."
2. The parts of speech are lungs and air.
3. The inhabitants of Moscow are called Mosquitoes.
4. A census taker is man who goes from house to house increasing the population.
5. Most of the houses in France are made of plaster of Paris.
6. The people who followed the Lord were called the 12 opossums.
7. The spinal column is a long bunch of bones. The head sits on the top and you sit on the bottom.
8. We do not raise silk worms in the United States, because we get our silk from rayon. He is a larger worm and gives more silk.
9. A scout obeys all to whom obedience is due and respects all duly constipated authorities.
10. The climate is hottest next to the Creator.
11. Syntax is all the money collected at the church from sinners.
12. Iron was discovered because someone smelt it.
13. In the middle of the 18th century, all the morons moved to Utah.

Route 66

The American Memory Lane



It becomes clear how drastically the lifestyle of Americans have changed when asking folks to reminisce about old Route 66. It was a time when so many were becoming mobile and moving into cities across the country. Yet memories revealed a slow pace of life, with family trips and plenty of time to stop at an old diner or spend the night in a roadside motel.

The origin of Route 66 can be traced back as far as pre-Civil War era, when the government sponsored a wagon road program to link the rural areas to populated centers by rough trails. In the early part of the twentieth century, it was decided that all-weather roads were necessary, to connect not only metropolitan areas but also coast to coast. This became increasingly important during the movement into the automobile age, where personal mobility became a priority to many Americans. The National Old Trails Road Association was greatly responsible for the idea of an ocean-to-ocean passageway to retrace the

historic trails and road construction, with which the federal government had been directly involved. This was the beginning of the tracing of the trails. The first was the Cumberland Road from Washington D.C. to St. Louis, then the highway in Missouri that followed the Santa Fe Trail to Albuquerque and Santa Fe, and then south through Arizona to Flagstaff, the gate to the Grand Canyon.

In 1921, the Federal Aid Highway Act brought new legislation, and Route 66 a few years later. This was neither the first nor the longest, but it was significant. Not only did it eliminate two hundred miles of travel between Chicago and San Francisco, but it was much easier travel than



the uneven course of the Lincoln Highway, which was about ten years old then, and like the Dixie, a linear highway. Route 66 followed a sort of diagonal formation, linking several cities. Although entrepreneurs Cyrus Avery of Tulsa, Oklahoma, and John Woodruff of Springfield, Missouri knew the importance of their idea, it is doubted that they knew the importance of their plan being realized.

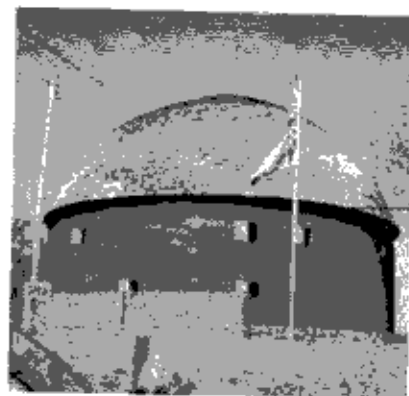
Credit is also due in part to Dwight D. Eisenhower, who at the time was a young captain in the Army, for the nation's development of highways to aid in the war effort. On a coast-to-coast maneuver, his command became immobile near Fort Riley, Kansas due to the mud left from a springtime storm. During World War II, the War Department decided that the west was ideal for military training bases, and several military bases were established near Route 66. Further highway development occurred after World War II, when again Dwight D. Eisenhower, then in his second term as president, spoke of how impressed he was while in Germany, with Hitler's Autobahn. He commented, "During World War II, I saw the superlative system of German national highways crossing that country and offering the possibility, often lacking in the United States, to drive with speed and safety at the same time."

The highway had become famous for other reasons as well. In 1939, author

John Steinbeck's novel *The Grapes of Wrath* titled Route 66 "The Mother Road," to which it has been referred several times since. During the Great Depression approximately 210,000 people left their farms and homes across the Midwest and headed to California to escape the Dust Bowl and to search for new lives. More recent study shows that most did return to the area from which they originally came. Although after the publication of the book and a year later the movie, it was shown that in lieu of finding prosperity traveling the road to California, more unemployed people actually found an opportunity working on the highway. This was due to President Roosevelt's New Deal program for work relief. However, in the forty years following World War II, the mass population of the west was greatly attributed to the existence of Route 66.

Route 66 is better known for all of the old gas stations, campgrounds (to eventually hotels) and diners along the way. After the war, many people felt nostalgic when taking a vacation drive down the highway, remembering trips with their parents.





Round barn in Oklahoma along
Rt. 66

This was the highway, after all, which granted freedom to so many to travel after ownership of automobiles became more common. This was the signature highway of the time when the country underwent such major changes, and for most played a very important role in what they thought to be the good times. For many the construction of this roadway had made it possible for them to see new parts of the country that otherwise would have been near impossible to travel, including the

mountains, deserts, and Indian reservations. Its popularity spawned a television series, *Route 66*, starring Martin Milner and George Maharis in the 1960s, and of course the ever popular song by Bobby Troupe, (*Get Your Kicks on*) *Route 66*.

Although the highway was fully replaced by the late 1970s, it is legendary and will always remain a great part of American history. There are actually old segments left, still in physical existence as well as many of the old gas stations, hotels and diners, of which only a few are still open. There are Route 66 associations that provide memorabilia, as well as travel guides for those who want to explore the regions where the old highway ran. Old signs have been also posted to commemorate the highway. Many who have taken the trip retracing the old highway, to try to capture the experience of a time past, claim to have actually felt the spirit of the old "Mother Road."

By Jennifer Thompson,
Column Editor and Contributing
Writer

The greater danger for most of us
is not that our aim is too high and we miss it,
but that it is too low and we reach it.
Michelangelo

If you could see the outcome,
the game would be no challenge.
Compete to your own standard.
Then the outcome will be what you make it.
Unknown

A Typical Thanksgiving Day: For Mack Braziel and family 50 years ago

We would plan and look forward to Thanksgiving Day for a week or two.

On Thanksgiving Day, we got up early and headed out to some of our families house. Sometimes we went to our parents, sometimes to Viola's sisters or to the home of Viola and myself.

We would have the traditional Thanksgiving dinner. Turkey, dressing, giblet gravy, mashed potatoes, sweet potatoes, pumpkin pie and ham.

Oh Yes! The turkey was usually won by some of the boy's in a trap shoot.

The women did practically all of the work. Us boy's would go quail hunting in the morning and come back at dinnertime. Then we would go back hunting in the afternoon.

Thank the Lord we were able to do these things.

My hopes are that young people of this day are still celebrating Thanksgiving. I hope they will never lose sight of their people of long ago, who worked real hard and helped pioneer this country.

Contributed by: Mack Braziel
Perkins, Oklahoma

Most of the important things in the world have been
accomplished by people who have kept on trying when
there seemed to be no hope at all.
Dale Carnegie

A three-year-old child is a being who gets almost as much fun out of a
\$300 set of swings as it does out of finding a small green caterpillar.
Bill Vaughan

THANKSGIVING FORECAST

Turkeys will thaw in the morning, then warm in the oven to an afternoon, high near 190F. The kitchen will turn hot and humid, and if you bother the cook, be ready for a severe squall or cold shoulder.

During the late afternoon and evening, the cold front of a knife will slice through the turkey, causing an accumulation of one to two inches on plates. Mashed potatoes will drift across one side while cranberry sauce creates slippery spots on the other. Please pass the gravy. A weight watch and indigestion warning have been issued for the

entire area, with increased stuffiness around the beltway. During the evening, the turkey will diminish and taper off to leftovers, dropping to a low of 34F in the refrigerator.

Looking ahead to Friday and Saturday, high pressure to eat sandwiches will be established. Flurries of leftovers can be expected both days with a 50 percent chance of scattered soup late in the day. We expect a warming trend where soup develops. By early next week, eating pressure will be low as the only wish left will be the bone.

THE TURKEY SHOT OUT OF THE OVEN

by Jack Prelutsky

The turkey shot out of the oven
and rocketed into the air,
it knocked every plate off the table
and partly demolished a chair.

It ricocheted into a corner
and burst with a deafening boom,
then splattered all over the kitchen,
completely obscuring the room.

It stuck to the walls and the windows,
it totally coated the floor,
there was turkey attached to the ceiling,
where there'd never been turkey before.

It blanketed every appliance,
It smeared every saucer and bowl,
there wasn't a way I could stop it,
that turkey was out of control.

I scraped and I scrubbed with displeasure,
and thought with chagrin as I mopped,
that I'd never again stuff a turkey
with popcorn that hadn't been popped.

Thanksgiving: A Tall Tale

By: Michael J. Files

Author's note-This story was told to me several times over campfires and coffee tables by my grandfather, William Wiley Shaddox. He always swore it to be the utmost truth, but judging by my grandmothers sideways glances the story always pulled, I'm not quite sure-M.J.F.

It was cold and dreary in the early pre-dawn as the eleven year old William Shaddox stepped out of his mother's single room shanty. Behind him, he could still hear the quiet noises of sleep made by his older siblings, his mother Mellie, his brother Henry and his two sisters Lilly and Bobbie, still in their warm bed fast asleep. His father he had never known. The man whose name he carried had left when William was still an infant neither hide nor hair had been seen of him since.

The gaunt young man cast a weary eye to the east; shades of orange and purple signaled the ascent of the soon to be risen sun. In his right hand, an antiquated, rusty .410 single shot shotgun, in his left hand a single smallish brown shell. This was the last shell in the Shaddox home and young William had hopeful plans for it.

Today was Thanksgiving the year 1937 and the only food in their home was perhaps enough flour for another mess of biscuits and watery gravy. Enough if they were lucky, to provide another breakfast for the family.

His face was grave as he started down the path toward the river. The task ahead was a serious one. Devoid of almost, all even their most

basic staple items. It was not only Thanksgiving dinner he hunted but for the continued survival of those he cared so much for. Having only one shell for the gun, William knew he had no room for error. He had to make his one shot count.

Slowly the damp darkness began to give way to the dawn. Earthy smells filled his nose as he made his way between the trees and through the low underbrush. Black shapes had surrounded him, now they were turning wet. Standing in a small area free of brush, a drake was apparently searching for its own meal. It was an open shot and not too far, William knew for the small firearm in his hands.

He raised the gun to his shoulder slowly, careful not to alert his quarry of the prescience of the hunter and took a step forward. He sighted the weapon on the unsuspecting fowl. Just as he was beginning to squeeze the trigger, a noise above him and to his right caught his attention. Keeping his aim on the duck, William glanced in the direction of the noise and once again found himself not believing his luck.

On a relatively low branch of a hickory tree, maybe ten long paces away, were two wild turkeys sitting side by side. "Momma's gonna be

so proud" he thought to himself. He slowly turned the gun in the direction of his new targets. He knew he could only hope to get one of the birds, but even one of the large turkeys could easily make three of the drakes across the river. And turkey, on Thanksgiving! Shifting his weight onto his left foot and pivoting, he moved his right hand planted it firmly and prepared for his triumphant shot.

Once again as he began to squeeze the trigger another noise caught his attention. Unfortunately this time the noise was familiar and dreaded. The staccato tat-tat-tat of a rattlesnake about to strike was not unfamiliar to the boy and he knew in an instant he was in trouble. He lowered his gun gingerly, his eye staying on the sight at the end of the barrel and brought the shotgun to bear on the snake. Barely a foot away from the foot William had just put down. There it was three feet long, marked with grey and black, lay the large snake. It was coiled and ready to strike; its tail rattled menacingly. All thoughts of the duck and turkeys and Thanksgiving dinner were gone from William's thoughts as he pulled the trigger and fired the lone slug into the head of the viper.

The slug instantly struck its target, killing the snake.

William ducked as he heard the zing of the slug ricocheting off a stone slightly under and behind his target. Instinctively he dropped the gun and crouching down low, brought his arms up protectively around his head. At the same instant from above he heard another crack and zing as the projectile bounced off yet another object and went wheezing over his head and across

the river.

He slowly rose, shaking and his eyes fell on the remains of his would be assailant. As the pounding of the heartbeat in his ears subsided, shrieking squawks and squabbles made their way into his thoughts. Turning back to the tree where the turkeys had been roosting, the site William saw there stunned him.

Slowly a giggle rose up in the boy, giving way to outright gut bursting laughter. The two turkeys were still there, flapping their wings, screeching and flapping about wildly. The ricocheting slug had struck the branch on which they had been resting and the old hard hickory had split. In the instant the branch was burst open, the resting birds feet had fallen into the gap. Then the limb had snapped back together, trapping the now obviously distraught gobblers.

As William bent over, holding his sides, with tears of laughter flowing from his eyes, he turned his head back toward the river. What he beheld there only increased his already uncontrollable glee. It seemed the duck, to had fallen prey to the wild slug. It lay still on the far bank of the river.

After a few minutes his laughter finally subsided, and despite the wet and cold, warmth filled the boy's body. He decided that the duck wasn't going anywhere, so he had better get to work on the turkeys before their thrashing might get them free. He walked over to the tree in which they were trapped, thinking to himself of how no one was going to believe this story. He pulled his knife from his pocket, clambered up to a limb just below, the one holding the birds. Grasping the rent branch in one hand he began to whittle it off at the

base. Presently the limb snapped under his steady hacking. Knife still in hand, he quickly reached up and got the free hand on the branch, trying to steady the ever increasingly wild flailing birds.

Trying desperately to escape, the gobblers lunged forward. Pushing William backwards and losing his balance, he braced himself for a fall. But the impact never came and for that matter neither did the fall. Not relinquishing his grip on the branch, the turkeys had taken flight, carrying him with them. Petrified the young boy was helpless and his fright forbade him to let go. So slowly upward the strange trio rose, crossing the river and looking like they had a really good chance of clearing the tree line beyond. William watched the ground get further away and thought he didn't know what. He knew he must do something and fast.

As some of the smaller trees passed below his feet, he looked ahead to see an old rotten dead tree. The snag looked like the only thing the boy had a chance of getting a hold of. So as the birds drew him near it, he let go and flung himself mightily towards the old tree.

His intent had been to wrap his arms and legs around the tree and once on it, slide down to the safety of the ground. But the tree rotten as it was did not support his intentions and so through the side of the tree he went, sawdust and old worm eaten bark filling his eyes and nose and mouth. With a dull thud he struck the inside wall of the back of the tree, which showed itself now to be not only rotten, but hollow as well. In the darkness he tumbled until he finally came to a stop in the dank,

dark softness that was the bottom of the hollow tree.

He rubbed the dust from his eyes, nose and the raucousness from his mouth, took a deep breath and began to check himself for injuries. He felt himself over and satisfied that nothing was broken he righted himself in the tight hole. Looking up, daylight seemed to be a long way away. A small dim circle was all of the outside world he could see. Propping up on one weary arm to think, Williams hand came to rest on his pocket knife, which as far as he could tell had seemed to survive the tumultuous fall, too.

As he was thinking things just couldn't get much worse, the dim light above him abruptly blinked out. Dust rained down on him and great scratching noises came from above. As the noises drew nearer, now accompanied by the grunting and breathing sounds of a great beast. William did the only thing he could think of. Rolling into a ball, he raised his left hand over his head and prepared to fight for his life.

It happened to be the bear's tail that reached the hand first and as that hand latched onto it. The other rose up from the darkness to shove the small knife deep into whatever it could reach. The unsuspecting bear who never knew that he wasn't alone until it was too late, let out a terrible roar. Well actually it was more like a terrible scream, but who could blame him.

Faster then lightening, the howling bear changed his direction and shot upwards through the tree. William without a chance to think or even react maintained his grip on the animal's tail. Upwards and out of the

old rotten tree the pair flew, and at the top the boy let go. The bear went one way and William the other.

Crashing down through the limbs and vines and nearby trees and finally coming to a rest in a rather awkward position amid the brambles of the forest floor. The only sign of the bear the boy could hear was the sounds of the bear crashing through the underbrush as he fled away, still expressing rather profoundly his indignity. The wind had been knocked from him and it was several moments before he gained his composure. Oddly he realized laying there among the brush, it had stopped raining, though the clouds overhead still darkly threatened to resume their previous relentless punishment.

Finally his breath returned and William weakly arose to stand shakily next to the old snag. He began to wearily make his way back towards the river, picked up the mallard from the river bank, and headed slightly downstream towards a ford, where crossing would be easier. As he neared the ford, a sight caught his eye that if he had not been so bedraggled would have brought another laugh up within him. Apparently the earlier flight and weight of the turkey's unwanted passenger had tired them out, and they had come to settle in a somewhat large blackberry patch. The branch, which still held them shackled, had become entangled in the thick thorny spines of the berry bushes. Setting the duck nearby, he carefully made his way into the briars and with his trusty knife made sure that another flight would not accompany his attempt to return home with the birds.

After wrestling the old gobblers from the brambles, he gathered the duck up from where he had left it, and began the arduous task of getting them across the swiftly running, but shallow waters at the ford. On the other side of the river, an exhausted William placed all the birds in a rather large pile and sat down, back against the trunk of an oak and resting wondering silently to himself how he was going to get the rewards of the day's adventures up the long trail home. He decided that after a short rest, he would return home, hitch up the families, old mule to the drag sled behind the house and let the beast bear the burden.

It took the better part of an hour for William to get home, hitch up the mule and return to the spot near the river where he had left his quarry. The rain had begun again, and by the time he had all the birds loaded on the sled and relocated his dropped firearm, it was pouring so hard that he could barely see the trail in front of the mule ahead of him. He ducked his head and peering through squinted eyes, made his way home.

Pulling up in front of the old house, the rain finally slacking off (as of course it would now that he was home?). The cold, wet and tired boy doggedly turned to unload the sled and much to his bewilderment, the sled was no where to be seen. The rainwater had soaked the leather strapping of the harness and all he could see were the leads stretching off into the trees, out of site and down the path. This was just quite simply the last straw, more than the boy could handle and in exasperation, he threw up his hands and sighed and turned toward the house.

The occupants in the house

looked on in surprise as a soggy, rag doll version of William staggered through the door of the shack. Not hearing his mother and sibling's questions of where he had been, what happened and why he looked so darn bad, he made three steps towards the bed they all shared each night and collapsed upon it, where he fell into a deep sleep known only to weary adventurers whose names pop up here and there in myth and campsite stories.

He had no idea how long he slept, or even when he did, so hard was his slumber. But when he awoke it was late afternoon, sunlight peered through the windows, adding warmth to that of the old pot bellied cook stove, from which wonderful scents were now emanating.

His older brother Henry, smiling radiantly, told William that after, coming into the house and passing out on the bed. The older sibling had gone outside to try and gather some clue as to what had gotten the best of his brother. The storm had just passed, the clouds had broken and the sun was just beginning to shine. Henry told him. The mule had been standing there looking bored as always, and the leather leads stretched off into the nearby woods with no load to be seen. As he stood there looking at the strange sight, the warm rays of the sun shining down began to dry the soaked leather straps, and with squeaks and creaks they began to shorten.

Henry just stood there and watched, amazedly as a few minutes later, the sled slowly rounded the bend in the trail and within the space of half an hour it had drawn itself up to precisely where it should have been. The older brother had called

out to their mother at the sight of the two large turkeys and the mallard drake on the sled.

After pondering the sight, the family had unloaded the birds and set about preparing dinner, chattering noisily amongst each other, all proliferating their prospective ideas as to exactly what had led to William showing up as he had, a veritable feast trailing, quite literally behind him.

Quietly, William listened and letting his brother finish this account and look questioningly at him, obviously expecting his younger sibling to tell his story. William looked thoughtfully around the room and after a moment smiled softly. Raising his own eyes to meet the warm brown of his mothers, he quietly spoke.

"Let's just say this is one Thanksgiving I don't think I'll ever forget."

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Michael J. Files is one of our "recommended" freelance writers from Missouri.

To contact Michael mail your requests to Michael Files here at U.S. Legacies or send your email to myrddinthegrey@uslegacies.org

Memories Wanted

Writing down the stories told by your parents or grandparents and sending us a copy is a great way to preserve their legacy for future generations.

Wartime Memories

From the Editor

Dr. Zoë Simmons

This issue of *U.S. Legacies* magazine is our Thanksgiving edition. Thanksgiving, the day to gather with family and friends, and give thanks for what we have. As Americans we tend to be thankful for the house, the cars, the career, and other material items. I think we all have a tendency to forget to be thankful for the most important thing of all, our lives!

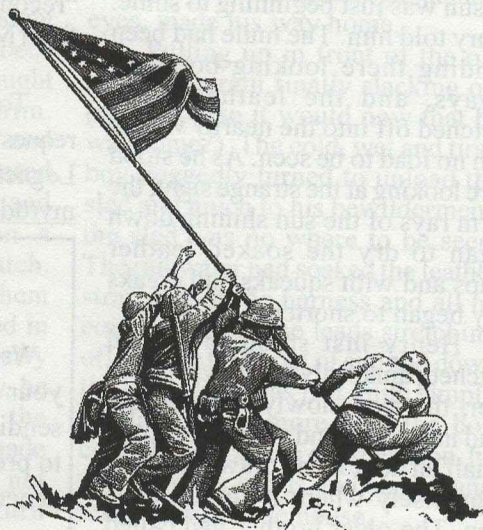
Months ago when I joined the staff of *U.S. Legacies*, I was also invited to join a WWII chat room group on America On Line. In the months since, I have had the most wonderful opportunity to speak with, interview and become friends with the most amazing WWII veterans. Tragically, a very good and dear friend of the group is in passing. Norm Shoemaker a WWII veteran filled our hearts and souls with laughter, friendship, and smiles. Norm, you are in our prayers and hearts. May God grant you the peace you so deserve.

As we sit around our table for Thanksgiving dinner, let us remember and give thanks to our veterans and active-duty soldiers at war today, if it were not for them, WE as Americans

would have no life, liberty, or pursuit of happiness.

We are losing our WWII veterans at an enormous rate. If you are a veteran or family member of a veteran, I urge you to please sit down and take the time to share your story. Your experiences are the ones that cannot be taught in history books, on the Internet, or by the media. Only you can provide and share the truth with the children of today. Through your triumphs, children will learn, grow and share your stories and wisdom with generations that follow. Let them know the truth and share the honor and respect that is so rightfully deserved by all veterans.

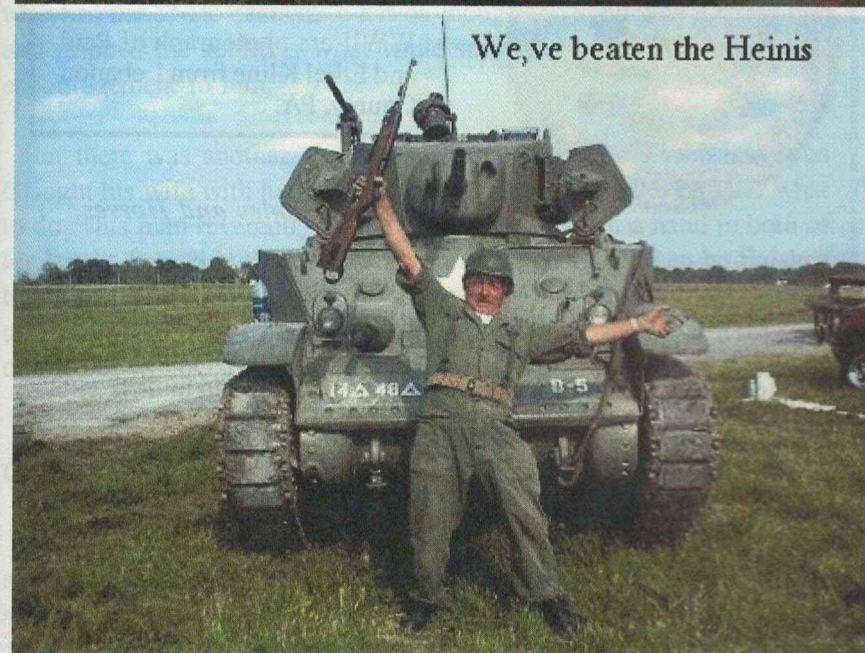
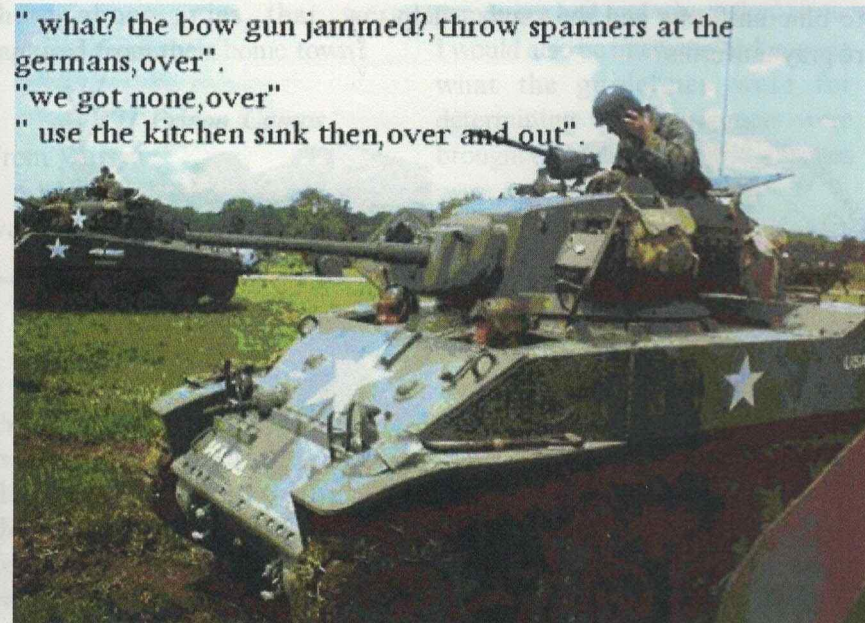
The staff from *U.S. Legacies* would like to wish each of you a very Happy Thanksgiving.



Questions and Comments

Photographs courtesy of Milt Long

" what? the bow gun jammed?, throw spanners at the germans, over".
"we got none, over"
" use the kitchen sink then, over and out".



Civil War Question

From James Bullington

During the Civil War, why was the south called the Confederate? Also, does anyone know why the north wore blue uniforms and the south wore gray uniforms?

**Question about Seals**

From Tom Fitzpatrick

I have attached two Seals to this request, One being the current one in color and the other one (black & white) I found on papers that were in my old Army box stored away. Can you please help me to see what they are? Most were on old certificates of training dated in 1959 and this way forward. All in all there

are more than 25 of these. The words WAR OFFICE is on each and the U.S. Flag is on the Right or the wrong side. The form is a D.A. Form 87 dated 1 Sept. 54. Thanks for your help.



WWII era photograph of Paul and Ethel Kline from Lebanon County, PA.

Army Mules and Horses

From S.D.

I have an old leather bridle with US on one of the buckles and would like to find out when the US Army quit using horses and mules?

WWII Spies

From Franklin Wike

Recently one of my neighbors told me a story about a German doctor that was practicing medicine in the small town of Birdseye, Indiana

during WWII. This doctor was captured trying to board a ship back to Germany and was charged with being a spy. I would like to know if anyone else has stories they can share about spies that were captured from their home town?

WWII Prison Camps

From Warren

I heard that during WWII, there was a POW camp in Fort Bliss

Texas for German prisoners. Apparently these prisoners were brought to this country from Germany during the war. I would like to know how many other POW camps we had and where they were. I would also be interested in knowing what the guidelines were for determining which prisoners were brought to American and which ones were not.

Honoring a wounded soldier

At Walter Reed Medical Center in Washington DC recently, the Sergeant Major of the Army, Jack Tilley, was with a group of people visiting the wounded soldiers. He saw a Special Forces soldier who had lost his right hand and suffered severe wounds of his face and side of his body. The Sergeant Major wanted to honor him and show him respect without offending, but what can you say or do in such a situation that will encourage and uplift? How do you shake the right hand of a soldier who has none? He decided to act as though the hand was not missing and gripped the soldier's wrist while speaking words of comfort and encouragement to him.

But there was another man in that group of visitors who had even brought his wife with him to visit the wounded who knew exactly what to do. This man reverently took the soldier's stump of a hand in both of his hands, bowed at the bedside and prayed for him. When he finished the prayer he stood up, bent over the soldier and kissed him on the head and told him that he loved him. What a powerful expression of love for one of our wounded heroes! And, what a beautiful Christ-like example!

What kind of a man would do such a thing? It was the wounded man's Commander-in-Chief, George W. Bush, President of the United States.

This story was told by the Sergeant Major at a Soldiers Breakfast held at Redstone Arsenal, AL, and recorded by Chaplain James Henderson, stationed there.

Iwo Jima Remembered

By Stuart Simpson

On Sunday, Dec. 7, 1941, the day Japan attacked Pearl Harbor, 23-year old J.W. "Bill" Simpson wasn't worried about much of anything. His mind was far from the growing world conflict that day as he sat in a car parked off Second Street in Monticello, KY, shooting the bull and drinking moonshine with one of his buddies. An announcement on the radio, however, quickly put all the small talk to rest. Word had just reached the states of Japan's military action. Our country would soon officially join in the war effort, and life for Simpson and hundreds of thousands of other young men and women was about to take a drastic turn.

Beginning on October 24, 1942, Simpson spent three years, six months and six days as a signalman with the amphibious troop transport the *U.S.S. Thurston*, (AP77). From his post above the bridge, he had an



Bill Simpson

unparalleled view of many of his nation's bloodiest and most important battles during the war.

Taking part in the invasions of North Africa, Southern France, Sicily, Normandy, and the assaults on Iwo Jima and Okinawa, the *Thurston* and her crew earned seven Battle Stars. This is the story of

Simpson's view of one of the most memorable moments of the war.

It was at 6 AM on February 19, 1945 that the *Thurston* began landing operations at Iwo Jima. The invasion of the small Pacific island turned out to be one of the bloodiest and most remembered battles of World War II.

For the next eight days, until Feb. 27 when it got underway for Saipan, the ship and her crew took part in the invasion during the day and retired from the area during the night.

Resistance to the Allied troops was fierce. The nearly 22,000

Japanese defending the island were secured in bunkers, which provided strong resistance to the landing. For U.S. troops, advancing 30 or 40 yards on shore during a day was not uncommon.

The advancing soldiers also found that the sands of Iwo Jima were only a myth. The terrain on the volcanic island was all ash - nothing but ash. "It was no trouble to dig a foxhole," one Marine said. "You could dig it with your hand."

It was on the third day of fighting that Simpson and many other *Thurston* crewmembers witnessed one of the most symbolic events of World War II, the raising of the U.S. flag on Mount Suribachi. Suribachi, the highest point on the small island, was near where the Marines had landed. The *Thurston* held its place just off shore. When the flag was raised and captured in the now-famous

photograph, Simpson was at his post near the top of the ship watching.

The flag, he says, was raised and lowered a couple of times, apparently for photographers at the ceremony. He later wrote home to his mother that the sight of seeing

Wartime Memories: Iwo Jima Remembered

"our flag" flying atop Mt. Suribachi was one of the most thrilling sights he had ever seen. A sculpture of the flag raising was the basis for the famous sculpture now at the entrance to Arlington National Cemetery.

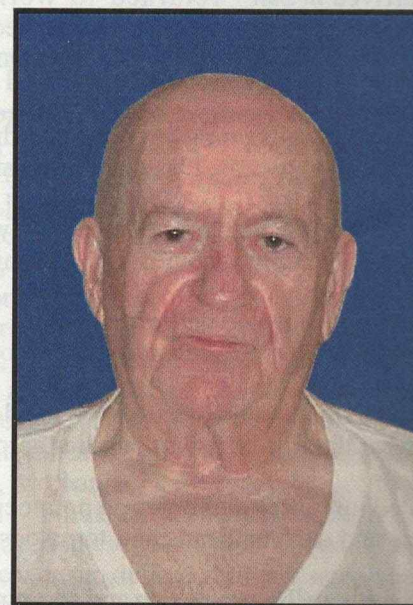
Although the U.S. flag was flying above the island, the Japanese were far from relinquishing their territory. The battle continued for another 29 days. In the end, it took the Marines 32 days to finally take control of their

eight-square-mile objective. The cost of victory, however, was very heavy. The U.S. suffered 25,852 casualties and nearly 7,000 killed. Almost all of the nearly 22,000 Japanese defending the island were killed.

For the *Thurston* it was on to Saipan, Guam, Talagi, Espiritu and Ulithi before taking part in the final invasion of the war, Okinawa. The ship arrived at the island on

April 9 and withstood a Japanese bomber attack for 17 hours. On April 14, the ship began its return to Saipan.

During the spring of 1945, the crew of the *Thurston* and the rest of the U.S. forces were preparing



Today, retired at age 85, Bill Simpson still has vivid memories of his days on the USS Thurston.

for one last invasion on the mainland of Japan at Yokohama. After seeing how the Japanese troops had defended their turf on Iwo Jima and Okinawa, most expected the coming landing to be the bloodiest and deadliest yet. However, a new weapon in the U.S. arsenal made the invasion unnecessary, the atomic bomb.

When the U.S. dropped its second atomic bomb on Japan and the country surrendered, the *Thurston* and her crew had just arrived in San Francisco. The ship was in port there from August 14 until August 25, 1945. With the coming of V-J Day,

the war was over. All that was left to do was bring our boys home. The *Thurston* set out for Eniwetok on August 25.

After a return "Magic Carpet" trip to Manila, Guadalcanal, Espiritu Santo and Noumea in New Caledonia, the ship returned to port in Seattle, Washington, arriving Oct. 17. It was here that Simpson took his leave of the Navy and made his way back home.

Returning to Kentucky, Simpson returned to work in the family newspaper, married Eileen Simpson and raised two sons.

'Twas the night of Thanksgiving but I just couldn't sleep
I tried counting backwards, I tried counting sheep.

The leftovers beckoned, the dark meat and white
But I fought the temptation with all of my might.

Tossing and turning with anticipation
The thought of a snack became infatuation.

So, I raced to the kitchen, flung open the door
and gazed at the fridge, full of goodies galore.

I gobbled up turkey and buttered potatoes,
Pickles and carrots, beans and tomatoes.

I felt myself swelling so plump and so round,
'til all of a sudden, I rose off the ground.

I crashed through the ceiling, floating into the sky
with a mouthful of pudding and a handful of pie.

But, I managed to tell as I soared past the trees
"Happy eating to all - pass the cranberries, please.

May your stuffing be tasty, may your turkey be plump
May your potatoes 'n gravy have nary a lump.

May your yams be delicious, may your pies take the prize
May your THANKSGIVING dinner stay off of your thighs."

RELUCTANT SOLDIER:

THE WORLD WAR II MEMORIES OF
JOHN FRANK MATZKO
(1912-1991)

The following story is the seventh installment of a series of chapters we began presenting in our May issue and will continue to present in the months to come. It traces the life of an American of Eastern European heritage who served the U.S. as a soldier in World War II. His memories are a wonderful preservation of, as well as tribute to, a true American life.

On February 4, I was offered a pass to nearby Monguno. I wasn't anxious to go, but I didn't want to turn it down either. Two of us from our company went, [taking only] a blanket and toilet articles. We walked a couple of miles to battalion headquarters. At Monguno, we were ushered into a bare room with cots. There were candles, books, cards, etc. It wasn't nearly as comfortable as the houses that we had left. Next morning after an unbroken night's sleep on a hard cot, we had a late breakfast with battalion headquarters. I enjoyed the chow and the fact that there were no duties to perform. We were then given directions to the showers, which were not working. There was a movie on the field, but I had to sit on my helmet to see it. There was a nice Red Cross in town at which I spent some time, but I was glad to get back to my front line home with the other fellows.

After a few days we were relieved and moved to a big house in the rear. We were terribly crowded but happy. We learned to fire new weapons and had some training. One

day we had to fall out for showers and we were taken by truck many miles away over bumpy roads that made us hurt all over from the jars and bumps. None of us enjoyed this ride just to get a shower when we had had one just a couple of weeks before. On the way there and back we saw many ruined homes and gun positions. There were passes, and I would have liked to have gone to Rome, but all I could get was one to Montecatini. We had one hour to be ready to get to the meeting place where others from other companies also waited. A couple trucks came, but we were so crowded that only half [were able to] sit. I had thought that the shower ride was bad, but this one left me half sick by the time we got to the first stop. At a warehouse we left our equipment to be picked up on our way back. Then we were taken to a rest home where we were to live for the next three days. Food cards were issued and had to be punched at each meal.

It was wonderful to be back in Montecatini and to take in all the entertainment possible: movies, shows, church services, and beautiful

parks to walk in. There was no snow here, and all was green. Again clean clothes and showers made us feel respectable again. Late sleeping, no details, and the extra fine food were wonderful. Then there was the surprise of having hot and cold water come out of the spigots and heat in the radiators. This was luxurious living. The time went quickly and [soon] we were on our way back.

When I got back on February 14, there was no room for me. With much reluctance some of the fellows moved a little to give me enough room to lie down. There was mail, and I was glad to be back. [Back at the front,] there were some details, but we lived very well in our cramped quarters. [We did have] a narrow escape when a fellow accidentally fired a burst of shots from a BAR into the ceiling near where I was standing. He was a replacement, unfamiliar with the weapon, and was badly frightened to think of what might have happened.

After a few days we got on trucks and headed to a new and dangerous position. This was an unforgettable ride because of the shattered countryside with hundreds of wires hanging from the poles. There were ambulances galore both on the way up and back. Our medic carried plasma because we expected to be far away from other [medical] aid. The further we got, the more the air became thick with smoke and mist. Heavy gunfire could be heard. It looked like the scene of a war movie. When we got as far as the trucks dared go, we walked for miles on muddy highway before turning off on an even a muddier road in which the going was even

tougher. The clinging mud made each step an effort. Rafferty got stuck, and it took several men to pull him out. During this time the column got separated from the front, and it was a while before we got together again. After what seemed like miles of this, we reached our positions.

By February 20, we were back in dugouts within a few hundred feet of the Jerries. Our side fired a terrific barrage of mortar shells at nearby positions, which seemed like a waste of ammo. Fortunately the Jerries didn't seem to know how close we were or they would have given heavy return fire. Mostly we got heavy shells, which we could hear coming. We had a good view and could see them land. We ate canned rations and drank water, which we had to go for at great risk [during the] night. It was always hard to get a couple of men to get this water because the well was next to a mortar emplacement. One day a couple of men got wounded, one fatally.

Three of us shared a dugout about 4 X 5 X 6. It was pretty comfortable at that. During our stay the weather was perfect, and we were able to sit out in the sun to write and eat. Like animals, we scampered back into our holes at the first sign of danger. Over in no man's land, we saw many bodies, [but] guard duty was quiet and uneventful. Later we heard that half of the men who replaced us were captured by the Jerries.

Because we were so close to the Germans, surrender leaflets often dropped on our positions. One night a strange thing happened as all became quiet and an unnatural silence fell over the area. Then a

loudspeaker blared in German for them to surrender or desert. The voice also gave them a variety of news and facts several times that night. This deathly silence on this beautiful night was finally broken when the Germans sent over some heavy shells. We saw no one take advantage of the offer to come over; but we heard that some men did try to desert but that they stepped on a mine and then were mortared to death by their own men. It was things like this that made surrendering too dangerous. Still this event was so unusual that we could hardly get over it.

One thing that we couldn't understand was why from behind us 50-caliber machine guns kept firing all night, every night. Often we had to complain that the shells were coming into our positions. Then they would raise the gun. Perhaps the firing was to cover the sounds of our movements. Each night a very noisy mule train would come with supplies, [and] we were always afraid that the Germans would hear it. It was fortunate that the Germans had no reconnaissance planes, as they might have spotted our position easily. Before we left we buried a huge dump of empty tin cans and equipment littering the area.

On March 8, we were taken about forty miles to a training area. The trip was terrible, and I was sick when I got there. About fifty big tents were lined up, and we had to find a place to sleep. It was a cold damp place and I wasn't very pleased. There were a couple of small stoves which helped take off the chill. We used candles or gasoline filled bottles for light. There were plenty of blankets and a sleeping bag for each

person, so we managed to stay warm. We were able to get hair cuts and a shower right away, as well as candy and rations. There always was something to keep us busy. Some of the nights were terrible because of drunks literally raising the roof off the tent. They never bothered me as they had developed a respect for me.

On March 11, there was a memorial service for all those that had died so far in Italy. It was held on a hillside on which thousands sat facing the speaker's platform. The pine trees looked so beautiful standing tall and straight between the men. A Red Cross at camp provided us with movies and a stage show [as well as] coffee and doughnuts. There were facilities for us to keep clean, and we had to act and dress as if we were in garrison at home.

The next day we took our first hike up the mountain, one of many to harden us for mountain combat. I did enjoy the scenery and the freedom from fear in these pretty mountains, [though] there were the usual details and guard duty. Malley slept on my left and Rafferty on my right. They both had been away a long time in the hospital. There was saluting, lecturing, close order drills, and all kinds of stuff to keep us busy and out of mischief.

On March 19, I got a pass to Florence and visited a monastery with many rare pictures, figurines, and carvings. This was part of a regular tour from the Red Cross with a guide who spoke English. As usual we had to hurry and couldn't see enough.

[At the training area, I had] K.P. for the first time in a long while. One night we had boat crossing across the Arno River. Another day we had

a division parade near Florence, and General [Mark] Clark spoke to us about the coming conflict. There was a lot of brass there that day. We had a wonderful time at this camp.

On March 30, orders came for us to tear off our arm patches and paint out the insignias on our helmets. This didn't look good. On April 1, Easter, we left camp at dawn and after many hours of riding, we saw the Leaning Tower of Pisa. Within sight of it we entered the beautiful redwood forest called The King's Forest. Another unit was ready to leave as we arrived. They also had no insignias [because we were] trying to fool the Germans and Italians as to our identification and location. We knew that there would be a surprise attack one of these days. [The weather was] warm, and we were comfortable even without cots and with only blankets on the ground. The food was good, the shows were good, and the rain was light. The river crossings we did not care for. I imagine that the redwoods are like those in California but smaller. They are so stately that we looked at them with awe and respect. The forest was big and quiet; but we were limited to certain sections because the retreating Germans were supposed to have left mines.

On April 5 we made an all-night river crossing of the Arno River. We had practiced it the during the day before, and now we did it as if it were the real thing. First we came up silently and spread out in the woods near the river; then we broke up into groups of about ten and silently carried an assault boat into the water. There were about twenty such groups who paddled like mad (but

as quietly as possible) to the shore where we tried to reform. While we made an assault on certain points, the boats went back for other groups. Flares, explosions, and all kinds of noises simulated war. I did not think that we did very well because we bunched up too much; this would have been a fatal mistake in the real thing. We got this training for a possible attack on the Germans across the Po River. I began to notice sores beginning to form on my body, and when I hit my shin, another one formed. I was getting impetigo on my lower limbs.

On April 7, we left Pisa without ever getting close to the tower; I would have liked to get a better look. From here we went to Futa Pass, within artillery range of the front. [It was] cold, windy, barren, and steep. We paired up and pitched tents. There was straw with which we made ourselves as comfortable as possible, [but it was] nothing like the King's Forest. Anyway, we still got cooked meals and plenty of time to sleep. They made us take part in attack problems, which had us puffing. Most of our free time was spent in our tents with raincoats over the opening to keep out the cold wind. [When we were] ready to leave, the trucks didn't arrive; so I put down my raincoat and covered myself completely with a blanket, and even at that I nearly froze.

On April 12, the trucks [took us to] our hiding place under the cover of darkness. The little village looked dead; but every barn and house was filled with combat men waiting for the push off. We did nothing but eat K-rations and sweat out the time. On the 15th, waves of planes came over us and bombed the German

positions. Then at 2200, the 2nd and 3rd battalion moved up. The sky was lit up by thousands of flashes, and the earth shook like a vibrator from the concentrated force of our cannon, mortar, tanks, machine guns, and all sorts of bombs. We huddled in cellars and shivered as the terrible softening-up bombardment was going on. We couldn't figure how anyone could be alive up there after that. Then it got quiet, and we knew that it was the cue for the attacking battalion to hit hard and take the hill. It was hoped that this could be done with little loss of life. The mountain was like a cone and so one battalion went around each side.

[The next day the weather was] beautiful. The attacking battalions took some [German] positions, and from our house we could hear shots and see men running like ants. It was hard to believe that what was going on was a life and death struggle. [On the 16th, we prepared] to attack and turned in everything that we didn't need. My decision was to take one blanket, a raincoat, two bandoliers, and two grenades [along with my rifle]. Others armed according to their place in the squad. We received orders to leave after dark and in double file walked slowly toward Monte Rumici. So under the cover of darkness and heavy fire we went toward our objectives.

First we made our way to the base of the mountain, treading carefully to avoid land mines that had already been marked by experts. There was one small stream to be crossed; but the engineers had built a small suspension bridge over it. Silently and softly we made our way up the steep hill, tense and scared. The odor of decaying flesh didn't

make us feel too good as we plodded onward. Many times we stopped for rest and security. Then the ground became loose shale which went over our ankles. As we neared the top a shell hit behind me and hit Rafferty, who let out a terrible scream and yelled for the medics. Then all was quiet. The shell had hit the medic and several other men, [but] we didn't know this at the time. Now we figured that the Germans knew our location and would let us have it.

We never turned around but kept going up. More shells fell and we were told to pair up and dig in; but the dirt was so loose that about all we could do was dig out a half of a hole. Every time a shell hit, we tried to dig deeper. Machine gun fire sprayed over our heads, [and] we wondered who was going to be brave enough to try to knock out [the machine gun]. We lay quiet for a long time while the officers figured out a strategy. Meanwhile as Sergeant Gutman was about to throw a grenade toward the machine gun, an enemy grenade dropped in on him, seriously wounding him and my squad leader, Sergeant Wenge.

While things were going on behind the scenes, we strained our eyes and nerves waiting for a counter attack. My foxhole buddy fired his rifle at an object rolling down the hill, which he thought might be a German. Then the company messenger ran toward us. He never knew how close he came to being shot. Lieutenant Bair did shoot one of our men in the leg by mistake. A couple of our men had a foot blown off by mines. The way we ran around the hill, it was a wonder more of us weren't killed or wounded.

Toward dawn on April 17,

another company came up and took our places. Above us forty Germans had surrendered, so this company was able to move upward. Meanwhile we were diverted to another hill on our right. Heavy fire from holes in the hill kept us pinned down. Under the command of company commander Captain Lynch, the company attacked toward the hill. What was left of our platoon fired over the heads of those advancing; we fired at every possible opening in which an enemy might be. Then as the advancing men neared the top, out of the ruins of a little house, a machine gun opened up and cut down our men. To make it worse, they called for mortar fire, our men were right in the middle of it. Captain Lynch, Lieutenant Polcari, Sergeant Brown, the blonde giant of a man, were among the others killed in this advance.

We tried to do something about the machine gun, but it was like firing marbles at a stonewall. Between the mortar fire and the mined grounds, we were afraid to move around. The mortar fire took a heavy toll on the men, and more were wounded that way than by rifle fire. Wounded men, in groups and alone, made their way downward toward the aid station. As they streamed past, we shuddered as the shells dropped around them. My ammunition grew low and as a bullet whizzed right over my head, I went deeper in my crater. As we waited for something to happen, I ate my K-rations, read my Testament, and wished for water to drink. Then a squad from another company knocked out the machine gun position, which allowed the rest of the company to take the hill.

[The whole] day had been spent

taking this section of the hill. At dusk we were put into reserve behind another company. They attacked a small fortified house nearby again and again and were driven back with heavy losses. We found out later that the shells that went over our heads were not ours but German 88s trying to hit us. We in reserve dug into the banks along the road and shivered as the shells barely skimmed over our heads. I had another narrow escape as my shovel hit an unexploded shell. I picked it up gingerly and laid it down carefully nearby. Then it got quiet and the wounded started to drag themselves away from the house. During this lull the Germans left in a hurry.

While [another] company took these positions, we went back to rest. Only about half of our company was there. We dug in and tried to rest during the remainder of the beautiful morning of April 18. We had had two terrible days without sleep or rest. I was troubled by the lack of water and searched until I found a rill that gave me a cupful. We cleaned our weapons and at noon made our way slowly down the other side of the hill. Little wonder that the enemy had been able to holdout so well; they had elaborate caves dug deep into the mountain, and nothing could shake them loose. Lieutenant Jackson led us as we checked out caves and houses; but we found nothing but wild disorder. We spent the night in one of the little towns. Our group stayed in a small church.

On the morning of April 19, we walked until we thought we would drop. A South African armored vehicle picked us up and took us to a large house from which the Jerries

had just fled. We made ourselves comfortable, shaved, and slept until we got orders to move on. We started marching [again] but were halted by shrapnel. We hugged the dirt and dug in [and could see] a German plane bomb an artillery position. We stayed close to our holes until things got quiet.

[The next] morning we were told to stay where we were, at Mount Mario[?], for the rest of the day to rest. We had a wonderful day as we bathed, washed some clothes, and wrote letters. It was our first chance in many days to relax. Now we in the infantry who had been in the front watched as the roads were jammed, bumper to bumper with Army vehicles: tanks, jeeps, and all sorts of cannons that were following the fleeing Germans. Now it was their turn to press the advantage. It hadn't taken long for us to lose the credit that we had won to other units. It now seemed as if we hadn't done anything.

On April 21, fully armed and rested, we moved out toward the famous Po Valley. Lieutenant Dornacher, our new commanding officer, led us as we checked every house and hole until they decided that there were no Germans anywhere except for the prisoners that were walking and riding by. We were exhausted from walking up and down the hills. Besides [it was a] strain to watch for the enemy and for mines. Toward evening we came to the little town of Battibido. There we spread out by squads in houses and expected to relax for the night. I had to stand some guard [duty], and just when I thought I could relax we were told to move on again.

[The next day] we started up hill

again toward Crevalcore; here we rested and had something to eat. We were tired and weary from the long walk. Late that evening we started up again; but made no headway even with tanks, so we stayed in a house for the night.

On April 23, we started off early again with tank support in battle formation, checking each house. Each house had to be approached cautiously, and many prisoners gave up, although many fled. We were so tired from the strain and the walking that we could barely continue on. In the afternoon we got aboard the tanks and moved forward faster. I saw one of our Piper Cubs shot out of the sky. All roads were littered with enemy equipment. Hundreds of prisoners were busy repairing bridges and roads. I felt sorry for these poor men in their misery.

The fleeing Germans had left everything behind, so we had a whole day in the little town to relax from the chase. Some of the boys had a good time riding horses, motorcycles, and trucks left by the Germans. Toward evening replacements arrived, and we marched to a town close to the Po River. Here we loaded on Army vehicles called Alligators. As they dipped into the water, we crouched low as we had no idea what would be waiting for us as we crossed the water. We were surprised that there was no attack as we made good targets. The crossing seemed long in the moonlit night. As we hit the shore, we rushed out in battle formation, tense and nervous, [looking] for any sign of an enemy; but there was none.

Slowly and with every precaution, we made our way to the

next town of Pieve Di Coriano. After searching the area some of the local people were awakened, and we were put up in their homes by squads. In the morning we started off by foot to Verona. From now on we were heroes. Bells rang and the people gave us bread and wine. They jumped and shouted for joy to be liberated. It made us nervous because our position was given away by the noise. As we followed the lead tanks, we often had to jump for cover as the tanks shot it out with some of the enemy who were left behind to delay us. We also had a heavy weapons company to help us at times.

We passed by Verona and entered a small village where the natives gave us bread and eggs. Things seemed quiet, so we asked a family to cook the eggs for us. Someone set the table, and we were ready to eat when all of a sudden a platoon of Germans in battle formation passed the house within 100 yards. This was the first time that I had seen the Germans so close, and I was excited and shouted. They dropped for cover as our men started to fire at them. The poor people huddled in fear as fire was exchanged from both sides. Most of the squad had been well wine'd up and had no fear.

Schaefer mounted one of our tanks, and it moved into position trapping the Germans in a draw. With glee he mowed down many of them. Some badly scared Germans were captured. I was disgusted with the actions of a GI from another unit who was methodically searching the drawers in the house while the battle was going on. To think that souvenirs could be interesting while life hung

in the balance! Others of our own men gleefully stripped the dead and dying Germans of their watches, etc. I abhorred these actions.

On April 27, we left San Martino along Highway 11. We were joined by tanks, which we boarded, about ten men to a tank. We raced off on an all-night ride in the cold and rain. Most of the highways were good, and the tanks roared ahead at high speed. Every so often they engaged in a fire fight and we jumped into a ditch while the action went on. We would lay and quiver until they were ready to move again. Near every town the tanks would stop and rake the town with heavy machine gun fire; if there was no response they would move on. At one place the bridge was out and we had to wait while the engineers built a new one. Meanwhile we dozed and froze in the chilly air. Once I almost toppled off when I fell asleep for a second.

After the all-night ride on the tanks, we arrived at Vincenza. It was raining lightly and was miserable. Here we met heavy opposition from snipers and anti-tank weapons. Three tanks were knocked out right away and two men killed and several wounded. We crouched behind the moving tanks as we went into the city. It was a terrible feeling not be able to see who was shooting at us.

Suddenly opposition ceased, and the Germans gave up by the hundreds. Now the Italian partisans took over and rounded up the Germans. While these partisans with great delight rounded up their and our enemies, we made ourselves comfortable. Some of us went sightseeing. Once I went out without my rifle, and I felt naked and helpless. While walking around I met

Johnny Gathright who was amazed to see me alive as I had been reported as killed. He told me that Malley cried when he heard that I had been killed. I was pleased to be able to report being alive and well. Thanks to the partisans this had been an easy victory. The local people were happy that we had taken the city with not too much damage. We then packed up and started off for the north [with] only our infantry weapons for protection. As we marched forward in open columns, time and again we dropped to the side of the road when there was shelling ahead of us.

On April 29, we arrived in San Pietro after midnight and proceeded to make ourselves comfortable in the homes of the people. We hardly got settled when an alert was called because the Germans were attacking the town. We were tense, waiting at every window. I fumbled around in the dark trying to pack up my equipment at the same time. Much shooting went on outside; but no one seemed to know what was going on. After awhile things got quiet, and we found out that the Germans had swooped down and captured about fifty men and some vehicles and were heading back to their lines. Our forces had advanced so fast that neither friend or foe knew our location. We were placed in different houses and put on guard until morning. Things were quiet, and some of our mechanized equipment started to pass us. Passing GIs in trucks and tanks spotted Germans in the woods, rounded them up, and sent them to the rear.

That afternoon I thought it might be a good time to visit the medic and see about my impetigo. The medic

gave me a slip of paper and told me to be ready to report to a hospital. I went back to my unit and turned in my equipment and weapons. After awhile a Red Cross ambulance came and took me and a couple of wounded Germans to a receiving station. Here were many wounded Germans and GIs waiting for attention and for ambulances to be taken to rear area hospitals. Here at the station I was given a cot and blanket and then went to sleep. Sometime during the night I was awakened, and the two Germans and I were put in an ambulance. We rode for what seemed like hours through torn up roads and demolished towns. What galled me is that the driver took delight in the groans of the wounded as he hit the bad spots in the road. Also he was busy searching the wounded with his free hand as he drove.

We finally came to a big tent hospital late at night. We were separated and I was taken to a large tent almost filled with men and officers on cots. A kindly speaking nurse came around and made me comfortable. I slept soundly until morning and they had a chance to look at those around me. There was hot water for showers and a tent mess hall to make us comfortable. Here I got acquainted with penicillin as I got a shot every four hours for a day and a half. I disliked the needles; but they did seem to help me some. Then the hospital packed up and moved somewhere south.

In the hospital at Capri, I was placed in a building and made comfortable. They didn't have as many casualties as expected, so we received plenty of attention. Here after an examination the doctor

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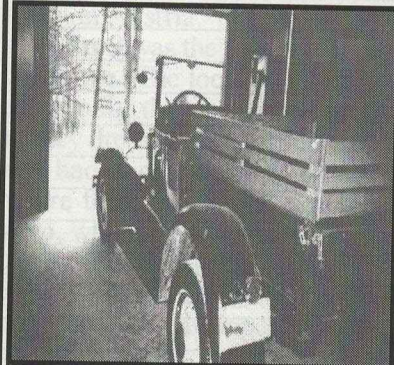
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