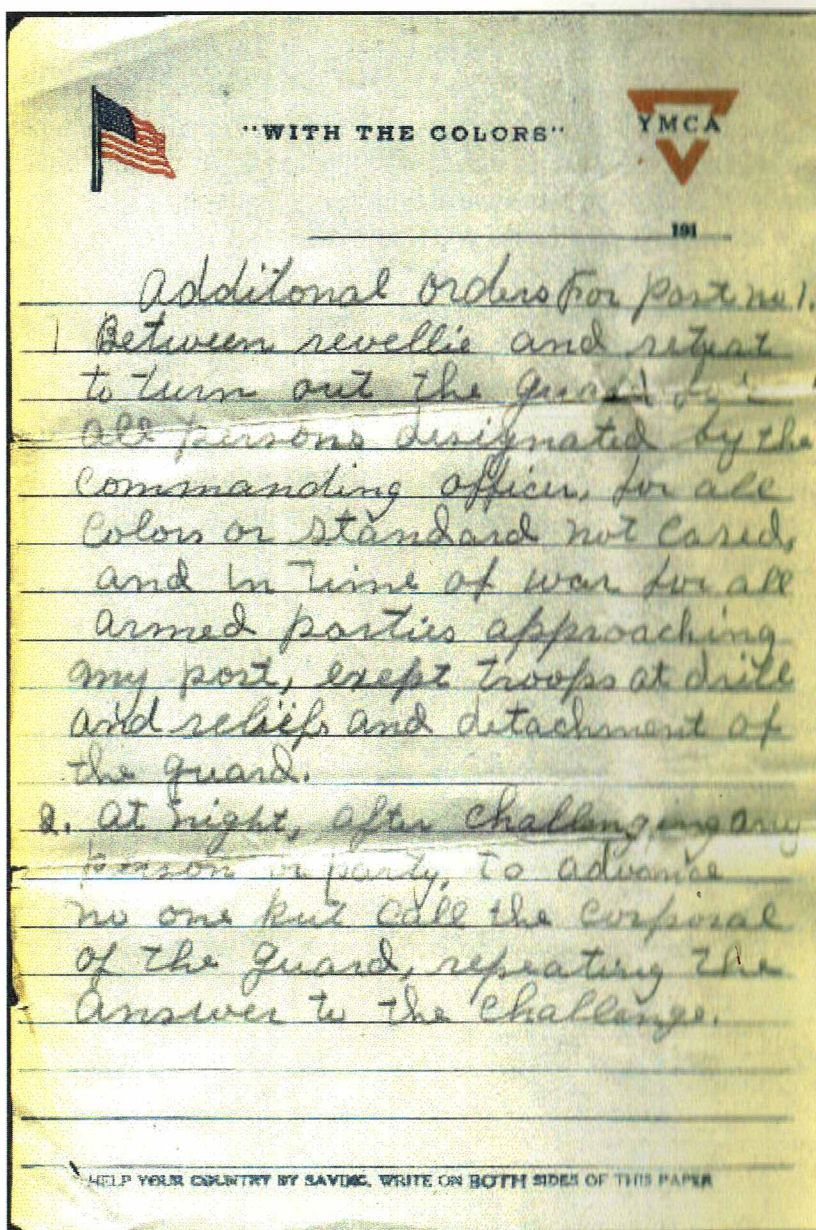


This paper, is dated between 1910 and 1919. We have no idea who made these notes, but this paper reflects the sentiment of our country during this era.

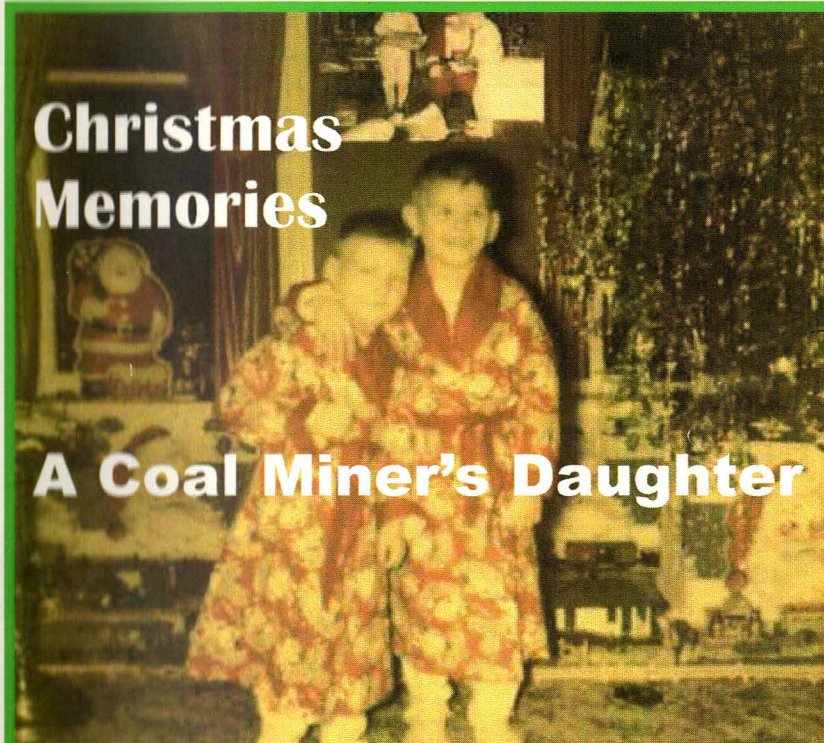


December 2002

\$3.50

Christmas Memories

A Coal Miner's Daughter



WW II MEMORY: **FIRST KILL**

Civil War Diary of William H. Morgan

**US Legacies is a team effort requiring many
Volunteers, Writers, Web Designers, Editors and
Interviewers such as the ones listed below. If you would
like to join our team, please contact us.**

USA

Tim Foskett	California
Dr. Kelly Roberts	California
Kathi Rubin	California
Jennifer Sidle	California
Teresa Kay Samuels	Colorado
Marie Cammock	Florida
F. Anne Humphrey	Florida
Sarah Lamb	Illinois
Karen Patton	Indiana
Franklin T. Wike Jr.	Indiana
Thomas Hart	Massachusetts
Ursula Furi Perry	Massachusetts
Michelle Fitzpatrick	Missouri
Steven Kitto	Ohio
Steve Gust	Oklahoma
Reysha Silverhair	Washington
Allison J. Hazen	Washington, DC

Glenn Woodley	Australia
Kelly Denise Baker	Canada
Richard Lees	Scotland

Cover Photo

**This photograph from 1953 was taken in
Lebanon, PA.**

**Donald M. Wike is on the right and
Franklin T. Wike Jr. is on the left.**

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US Legacies is a monthly publication dedicated to preserving the memories, lifestyles and traditions of the past.

Subscription rates are \$36 per year within the continental US. To subscribe within the US, send check or money order to: US Legacies, PO Box 73, Birdseye, IN 47513. For rates to foreign countries, please contact us.

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For additional stories from WW II or the Horse and Buggy Days go to:
<http://www.uslegacies.org>

For more recipes, genealogy information or old photographs, go to:
<http://www.uslegacies.com>

Letter from the Editor

By Franklin T Wike Jr

What makes Christmas special for you?

As young children, our interest in Christmas leaned more towards getting gifts than giving them.

To me Christmas was a time of anticipation, excitement, fun, surprises, and toys. I didn't give any thought to the hours my mother spent cooking the turkey, dressing, cranberry sauce, potatoes, etc. All I could focus on was those brightly colored presents under the tree and the dreams of what new and wonderful toys I might be getting.

When I became a parent, my priorities changed. My source of happiness came from seeing the excitement and joy my children experienced as they opened their presents.

Seeing them happy made the many hours of shopping and late nights spent in the basement assembling or making gifts all worthwhile.

My most memorable Christmas was the one I spent in the hospital with my mother right before she passed away. Giving her my time, attention and love seemed to mean more to her than any other gift. But once both your parents are gone and the children are grown up and move away, thoughts about the Christmas season change again. By being alone and not having someone to give gifts to, you miss seeing the joy on someone's face as they open your gifts.

I learned to adapt. I discovered that even if I didn't have any children or blood relatives close by, that did not mean that I couldn't enjoy the gifts of family, love or giving.

I found myself spending more time writing to aunts, uncles, cousins and other relatives. This not only helped fill the void left behind by the loss of my parents, but it also helped me

learn more about other family members, including stories about my grandparents and great-grandparents.

I also started spending more time volunteering to help others and that is when I discovered that some of the greatest gifts I can give to others is my knowledge, time and friendship.

One of the rewards of volunteering is the feeling of being useful and appreciated. But there are also other rewards. I remember one Christmas when I answered my door and found Dan Lampert, the manager of a local auto parts store, standing there with a **LARGE** meat and cheese platter plus a fruit and nut basket.

This surprised me because there are very few people that know where I live. As a writer, I like my seclusion and do not give out my address. But, I had volunteered to set up a new inventory database for the auto parts store Dan managed and as a gesture of his appreciation and friendship, he tracked down my address and deliv-

ered this unexpected gift.

I also volunteer to help repair technicians at local computer stores. In return I have not only made new friends, but I have also been able to obtain older used computers that can be used by *US Legacies* volunteers.

Another reward for volunteering to help these computer stores is that I have been able to buy new computer parts and accessories wholesale. As a result of these cheaper prices, I have been able to build and donate a brand new computer and printing equipment that will allow *US Legacies* to print this magazine in-house instead of farming it out to other companies.

That is very important to us for several reasons. First off, from now on we will be able to reprint back issues whenever someone has a request for extra copies from a certain month.

Another important advantage is the improved quality of graphics. Due to the new laser printer (part of our new in house printing equipment)

the quality of the photographs we publish will have a much better resolution. But one of the most exciting advantages is the cost factor. For the first time since we started, we are finally able to publish, print and deliver the magazine for less money than we get for subscriptions.

This does not mean we are making a profit because we still donate almost as many copies of the magazine as we sell through subscriptions, but this lower cost will allow us to increase the number of pages in our magazine. As such, this month you will see that we have increased our magazine from 60 pages to 64 pages.

Our next goal is to raise an additional \$7,500 so we can start printing color photographs inside the magazine. But until that time comes, we can take satisfaction in the knowledge that all the black and white photographs in our magazine can be saved and preserved for future generations. So this year as I prepare for

the Christmas Holiday, I will be in great spirits. Through the many letters that I get from our readers, I know that instead of bringing joy into the hearts of just one family, the time I have donated to *US Legacies* will have a positive effect on thousands of families for years to come.

So if you are lucky enough to still have little children or parents to share the holidays with, savor the moment for it will not last forever. On the other hand if you are one of the seniors that lives alone, why not volunteer to write letters to soldiers that are overseas, visit the elderly that are homebound, or help some non-profit organization. I am sure you too will discover the many rewards and personal satisfaction that comes from giving.

I hope that each and every one of you have a very happy and memorable Christmas, and may the joy of giving a part of yourself bring the greatest rewards of your life. **Ω**

LETTERS AND COMMENTS

House Warming Traditions

from Cindy

I am looking for old time traditions for someone who moves into their first home. I know the following traditions: a loaf of bread so you never go hungry, a bottle of wine so you never go thirsty and salt so your luck never runs out.

I am trying to put together a "house warming basket" for my niece and would like to fill it with sentimental, traditional items like the ones I listed. Can you help me?

I would appreciate hearing any ideas you may have. Thank you in advance for your time.

Magazine Torn Open

from T.C. Langford
of Florida

As a new subscriber, I have just received my first issue [October 2002] & thought you would want to be made aware of the following:

I received it with the little "closure tab" torn open -- if there was an insert, I would appreciate it being resent.

Except for that, the condition was really O.K. & no pages were torn/missing. I wonder if maybe someone along the postal line was so intrigued by the booklet they just had to open/look at it?!

I look forward to upcoming issues & I have already told several others about it. As I become more familiar with your publication & its needs, perhaps I can find ways to help promote/offer suggestions/assist in some capacity in future. Thanks

Our Reply

In order to protect the contents of our magazine, we have started shipping them enclosed in envelopes and will be switching over to plastic covers in the future.

We always appreciate comments, ideas and suggestions that will help improve the quality or content of our magazine and web sites.

GRANDMA'S KITCHEN

Fetching Milk for Dinner

The girl in this photograph carrying milk is Marion Lee-dom.

She was born in Elizabethtown, PA, 1903 and died 1981 in South Bend, IN

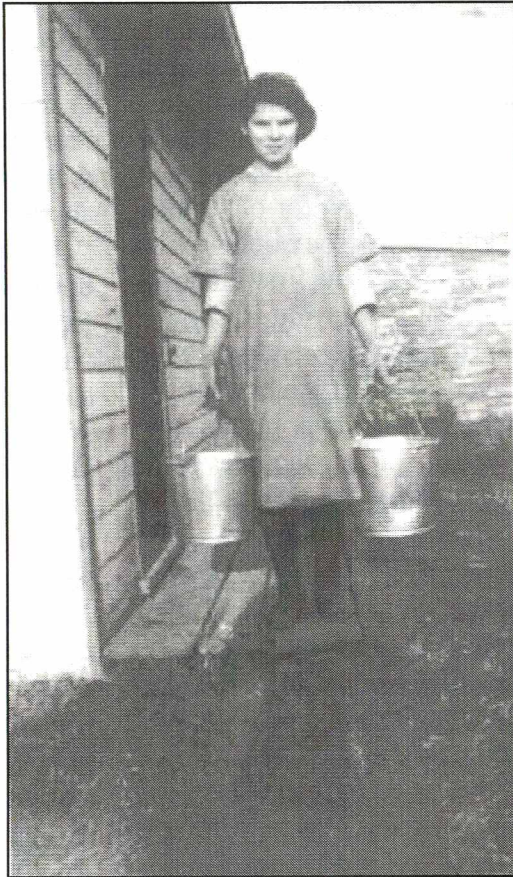
From Our Readers

Mulberries and Root Beer from Harvey Wike of Texas

In the October issue, Kim asked if Mulberries are eatable. Yes they are, as we kids ate a lot of them on the farm. They are only ripe if they are dark purple. As far as use in a recipe, I couldn't say. You could eat them in cereal or on ice cream. They

are good and sweet.

Also, about William Sturgis making root beer out of sassafras roots. My mother, Emma Wike nee Feaster, used to make sassafras tea. You would dig up the roots, clean them real good and then boil them. The tea was very good. As for the Pull Taffy recipe of Verna Wike nee Hostetter's, my mother



used to make a lot of it and put black walnuts, or pecans, or even peanuts in hers. We used to buy the root beer and birch beer extract at the store and bottle our own on the farm. We had our own bottle caps and the tool to put the caps on the bottles. We made our own catsup and apple cider and bottled it also.

Love Your Site Elizabeth in New York

Hi ... looking for green tomato recipes I came across your wonderful web page of recipes. I am very interested in two of them as my husband use to make wine and has forgotten how. You have a recipe for potatoe wine and hints at a grape juice wine.... please, can you give me explicit instruction on the making of each of these? I would love to see him get interested in doing something since he retired he has become a couch potato. Would love to get his buns off of the couch. Thank you so much...

Answer to Making Wine Darrell Wiseman Indiana

The most important part of making wine is to make sure it is allowed to breath while it is fermenting. This is done by making sure the container holding the ingredients is large enough so there is several inches of air between the liquid and the top of the container.

Next, you need to place a small tube into the container, so the end of the tube is exposed to the air. Do NOT let the end of the tube get submerged into the liquid ingredients. Once the tube is in place, you need to seal the top of the container, so no air can get inside it. This is usually done with candle wax.

The next step is to place the other end of the tube into a small jug that is filled with water. This end of the tube needs to be below the water line, so that no outside air can enter the tube. If this is done correctly, once the wine starts to bubble, the pressure and gasses will go

through the tube and into the jug of water. It is allowing these gases to escape that keeps the wine from exploding. And the reason you have to keep all the air away from the wine, is to keep it from turning sour, while it is bubbling.

It normally takes at least 30 days for the wine to quit bubbling. That is when it is referred to as having fermented. At that point, you can remove the hose or tube, and place the wine in jugs.

Here is a base recipe that can be used for most fruit wines, such as grape. This is for one gallon of wine. Measure these ingredients into a 1 gallon large mouth jar, then transfer into a larger container.

1- 48 oz jar of pure grape juice
5-cups sugar
1-1/2 Teaspoons yeast
finish filling jug with water.

I hope your husband enjoys making this.

Donut Cookies **from egist**

Anyone who has a donut cookie recipe, please email to egist@innova.net.com. Thank you.

Tomato Jelly **from Auntie T**

I am interested in making tomatoe jelly but can't find a recipe..

My grandmother made it when I was a child but she passed on and took the recipe with her..can u help me???

We have received quite a few requests for Tomato Jelly, but no one seemed to have a recipe to share until now. Thanks to Karen Clapp of Indiana, we are posting several Tomato Jelly Recipes in this issue.

Send your food related questions or comments to us at US Legacies, P.O. Box 73, Birdseye, IN 47513 or e-mail us at: uslegacies@aol.com

OLD FAMILY RECIPES

In our recipe section, we have two types of recipes: Our main goal is to publish recipes that were handed down from one family member to another. Sharing these recipes, it helps to preserve the legacy of the person that passed them on. Preparing and eating the same foods as your ancestors, also helps family members to feel closer to their relatives that have passed away.

The other recipes we share are cultural or traditional recipes. These are recipes sent to us without a family name attached, but they help to show the traditional foods prepared during a certain time period or for a particular holiday or ethnic cultural group

So, enjoy our recipes and please be sure to send in your favorite family recipe and help to preserve the legacy of your loved ones.

Legacy of Mrs. Florence Rochner nee Kochert
1915-1996 Crawford County, IN
Submitted by her daughter, JoAnn Wright

Slaw to Freeze

1 med. head cabbage-shredded.

1 tsp. salt

Set for 1 hour and drain.

Heat 3/4 cup vinegar

1 tsp celery seed

1 tsp mustard seed

1 1/2 cup sugar

Grate 1 carrot & green pepper. Bring to boil 10 minutes & cool. Then pour over cabbage. It's ready to freeze.

Legacy of Emma Wike nee Feaster
1907-1974 Lebanon and Fredricksburg, PA
Submitted by her son William H. Wike

Nanny's Christmas Cookies

1 qt buttermilk
1 can Carnation evaporated milk
5 tsp baking soda
4 lb light brown sugar
2 lb Crisco
2 1/2 tsp baking powder
2 oz vanilla extract
2 oz black walnut extract or to taste [added by her son.]
10 lb flour.

Mix buttermilk-evap milk and baking soda.
Let set while you mix other ingredients.
Mix light brown sugar, Crisco, baking powder, vanilla extract, black walnut extract.
Add milk mixture: mix, adding flour until you can not use mixer.
With hands, mix in balance of flour.
To make stiff cookie dough, let set overnight.
Roll out to thickness of cookie cutter.
Cut out and place on cookie sheet.
Paint with egg white.
Bake at 400 until they rise.
Move to top rack until golden brown.

Legacy of Mrs. Lizzie F. Hostetter nee Long
1881-1961 S. Annville, PA
Submitted by her great-grandson, Franklin T. Wike, Jr.

Oatmeal Cookies

1 cup granulated sugar
1 tablespoon butter

2 eggs, beat the white
2 1/2 cups oatmeal
2 teaspoons baking powder
Drop on tins.

Due to the age of this recipe, there are no temperatures or baking instructions given.

TOMATO JELLY

from Karen Clapp of Indiana

7 lbs. ripe tomatoes
2 cups vinegar
1 T. whole cloves
3 cinnamon sticks
3 T. sugar

Scald and peel ripe tomatoes.
Cook 45 min. (add no water) stirring often to prevent burning and sticking.
Strain thru a sieve discarding the juice and saving the pulp.
In saucepan combine vinegar and spice (tied in spice bag).
Boil for 20 min.
Remove spice bag and add sugar and pulp to the vinegar.
Cook slowly for 6-7 hours or until thick and sticky.
Pour into sterile jars, hot water bath for 10-15 min.

Another TOMATO JELLY

from Karen Clapp of Indiana

8 cups sliced tomatoes, about 3 lbs fresh
3 hot chili peppers
3/4 cup fresh basil leaves
1-1/2 cup water
1 pkg. fruit pectin
2 T. lemon juice

1/2 t. salt
4 cups sugar

Place tomatoes into lg. stainless steel pan, tie chilies and basil in spice bag, and add water.

Bring to boil; cover and simmer 25 min. or until soft.

To extract juice pour mixture into a jelly bag suspended over bowl.

For a clear jelly do not squeeze bag.

Measure sugar, set aside,

measure 2-1/2 c. juice into clean stainless steel pan.

Stir in pectin, lemon juice, and salt, bring to full boil over high heat.

Add sugar, return to full boil for 1 min. stirring occasionally.

Remove from heat, skim off foam using metal spoon.

Quickly pour jelly into hot jars to within 1/4 inch from top.

Remove air bubbles by sliding rubber spatula between glass and food, readjust head space.

Wipe jar clean, put on lids and process 5 min in boiling water bath.

Remove jars, cool 24 hours and check to see if sealed.

Store in cool dry place.

Baked Ham (PA Dutch Style)

1 10 pound ham
1 cup brown sugar
2 1/2 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons whole cloves

Wash ham well; place in pot, and let boil slowly for 60 minutes.

Allow to remain in water until cool, pour off water.

Taking a sharp knife, remove the fatty rind.

Put ham in roasting pan.

Spread the brown sugar and flour on all sides 1 1/2 inches thick, and stick with cloves 1 inch apart.

Add 1 cup cider, gingerale, apricot juice or pineapple juice, pouring it all over the ham and using this juice for basting.

Bake in a slow oven about 4 1/2 hours, or 25 minutes to the pound.

Baste often. Add another layer 1 1/2 inch of brown sugar, lower the oven heat, and let bake slowly for 15 minutes without basting so that the ham will be well glazed.

Slices of pineapple placed on top of the ham when inserted in oven will add much to the taste.

SLOW OVEN

- {The term slow oven was used on wood burning stoves. These were descriptions used prior to thermostats. The way to determine the temperature of a slow oven is if the hand can be held in oven 60 seconds.

By today's standards it would be 200-300 degrees.]

Raisin Sauce for baked ham

Serves family of 4

1 cup raisins
2 cups water
1/2 cup sugar
1 1/2 tablespoons lemon juice.

Add raisins to water and simmer until soft. Add sugar, cook 15 minutes longer. Add lemon juice. Pour over ham and bake.

Pretzel Soup Pa Dutch Style **(Shdreis'l suppee)**

Heat a bowl of milk for each person to be served.

To each bowl of milk add a small chunk of butter, and serve. At the table each person should break up enough large soft pretzels to fill the bowl.

Fried Eggplant

Wash eggplant well.

Remove skin, and cut in very thin slices.

Sprinkle with salt, and pile slices on a plate.

Cover with a plate to draw out juices, and let stand for one hour.

Sprinkle with flour and fry slowly in a little butter until golden brown and crisp.

These slices may also be dipped in egg, and cracker crumbs, and then fried.

Cooking techniques: 100 years ago.

Where I grew up, our traditional Christmas dinner consisted of Turkey or baked ham. I also know that some cultures, especially the English, cooked Goose for Christmas. Since we gave the instructions for Goose and Turkey last month, I decided to try and find the instructions for baking a ham. However, in looking through our old recipe books I could not find any instructions for baking meat. I know they had ovens and baked bread

and pastries, but apparently baking meat was not yet widely accepted.

Therefore, I am printing the techniques for roasting and broiling a ham.

Pork

Pork is one of the less wholesome meats. While obtainable during all seasons, it should be eaten only in winter, and then sparingly. Pork contains a larger proportion

of fat than any other meat and requires long, slow cooking. The fat should be a clear white and the lean pink. Salt pork, bacon and ham are more wholesome than the fresh meat; and bacon fat is considered by physicians to be a more valuable and easily assimilated form of fat than any other.

All meats should be removed from the wrapping papers as soon as received, wiped with a damp cloth and placed near, but not directly on, the ice.

To roast meat

First, wipe with a damp cloth, then skewer and tie if necessary to keep the meat in shape. For veal and pork allow 20 minutes to the pound and 20 minutes over. These close grained meats are very indigestible unless well cooked. Some cooks flour meat before roasting.

As the object in roasting is to keep the juices within the meat it is necessary to apply intense heat at first, so as to

sear the outside and form a firm coating through which the juices can not escape. Therefore, when roasting, have the oven sufficiently hot when the meat goes in to accomplish this result. At the end the of 15 minutes the heat may be reduced and the cooking proceed more slowly. The meat should be frequently basted with the fat that flows from it, to prevent the outside from becoming burned or dry. It may also be dredged or sprinkled once or twice with flour and salt. Some cooks use covered roasting pans, claiming that the meat is kept more moist and the work of basting eliminated.

To broil meat.

Broiling is practically the same method as roasting, but it is applied to smaller pieces of meat, only choice portions being suitable for this method of cooking. The fire must be hot and clear, the object being, as in roasting, to keep the juices in the meat and, therefore, it is necessary to sear the outside quickly.

When this is done the meat should be moved a little farther from the fire and the cooking proceed more slowly. The broiler should be slightly greased and heated before the meat is placed on it. When broiling

by gas have the burners lighted fully seven minutes before the meat is placed under them, that the heat may be sufficient to sear the outer surface at once; otherwise the meat is likely to be tough and dry.

Holiday or seasonal recipes and traditions needed.

Did your family have any special New Years foods or traditions that involved eating certain foods? In some parts of Oklahoma, they believe you need to eat black-eyed peas on New Years day for good luck throughout the year. What was the tradition where you grew up? Share your stories, traditions and favorite holiday recipes.

We are also looking for special traditions that we can use in the February and March issues, so if you have any special Valentines or Springtime recipes or traditions to share, please send them to us and help to keep them alive.

Music, dances, clothing styles, foods and stories are all great ways to preserve your family heratige for future generations. We are here to help you preserve them for future generations and distant relatives. Send your submissions to:

**US Legacies
P.O. Box 73
Birdseye, IN 47513
or e-mail uslegacies@aol.com**

GENEALOGY

Reuniting Families
and Preserving Legacies

Comments and Requests

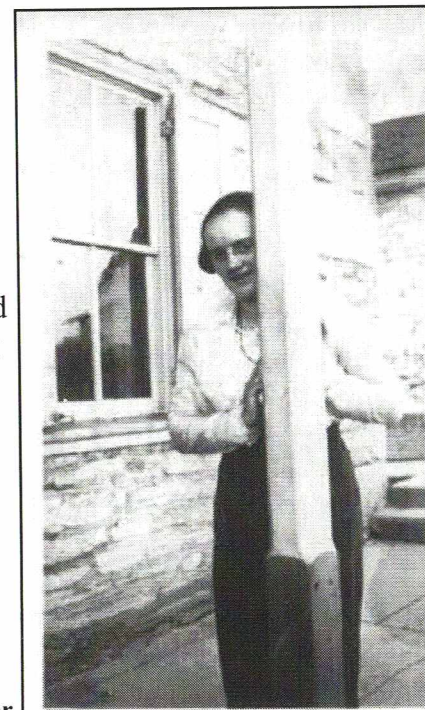
Amanda Light Long

As a result of recently attending the Long family reunion, I can identify one of your pictures. If you look at #85, that is **Amanda Light Long**.

She was married to David Long. He was gassed during WW I.

Amanda and my mother, Helen Hostetter were pretty good friends. I can remember going to Amanda's house. In fact, her daughter Verna, was at the reunion I just attended.

**Mariann Arbuckle nee Hostetter
California**



Leedom

Hi, I'm trying to research my name Leedom. I was born in Ottumwa, Iowa. Any ideas?

Thanks
Christie Leedom

Heilman

Hi, I found your site while trying to locate a family named Heilman. Years ago, I found a box of several hundred photos that I can identify with that family, yet I've not been able to find them. I'm making another effort.

I saw that you seem to have pictures on your site, and will explore it further, but I was wondering if you can help me connect with these people.

These photos, where they of MY family, would be priceless to me, but they ARE private. I obviously can post many of them in hopes of getting a response.

I'm not a relative of this person, I'm just doing this search because I would be grateful if someone did this for me. These pictures show many views of the US west coast in the early 20s and include many railroading and shipboard adventures.

I was sort of attracted to the photo of a Heilman on the motorcycle because one of MY pictures also shows a young man on a vintage Harley. People have been wanting to buy that picture just for the Harley, but I was more hopeful that it perhaps indicated a family interest in motorcycles and wondered if maybe your Heilman had gotten the interest from his

dad or granddad?

Does your family have a John Heilman in it, a man who appears to be about 25 in the 20's, which would make him born around 1900? He was apparently a railroad employee of some sort (maintenance or civil engineer probably). He may have come from or stayed with relatives in S. CA, Antelope Valley area, as I have a number of pictures of this area and what look like "residential" activities (parades, houses, banks, businesses, cars and motorcycles).

He worked for the C M and St. P and I can place him in Port Angeles WA in 1924 with that RR from a return address on the envelope the pictures came in. I also believe he took a trip from WA to Alaska. That may have been mentioned in the family as a story? There are pictures of this trip as well as his railroad journey from S CA to Washington.

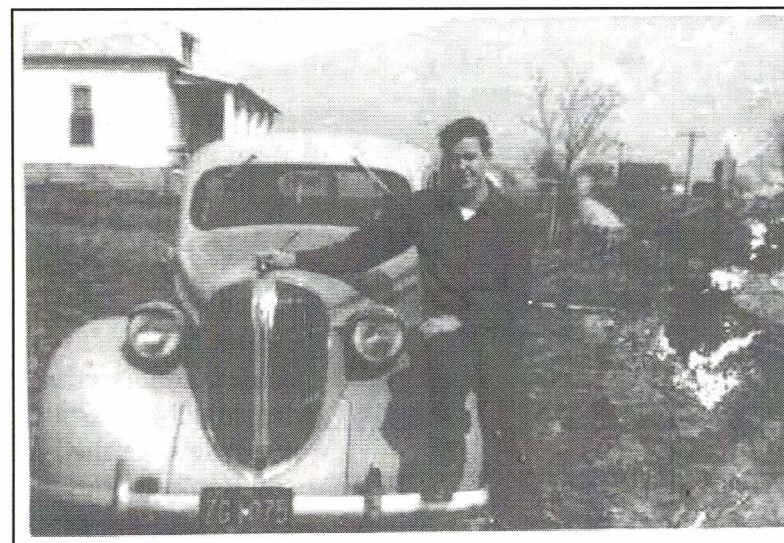
If you have any readers that fit this sketchy description, or if you can post this

info as a general inquiry and have people write either yourself or me at my email address, I'd like that.

K Picard

Clifford Luff

Here is a photo of an old car for your collection. The



man sitting on the fender is Clifford Luff of Crawford County, Indiana.

This photograph was taken in 1950. I know the car was between a 46 to 48 model Chrysler product, but can not remember if it was a Plymouth, Dodge or Chrysler. Maybe one of your readers can help to identify it.

Also, does anyone know what year they did not make any new cars because of needing the steel for the war effort. I think it may have been '43 or '44?

Thanks

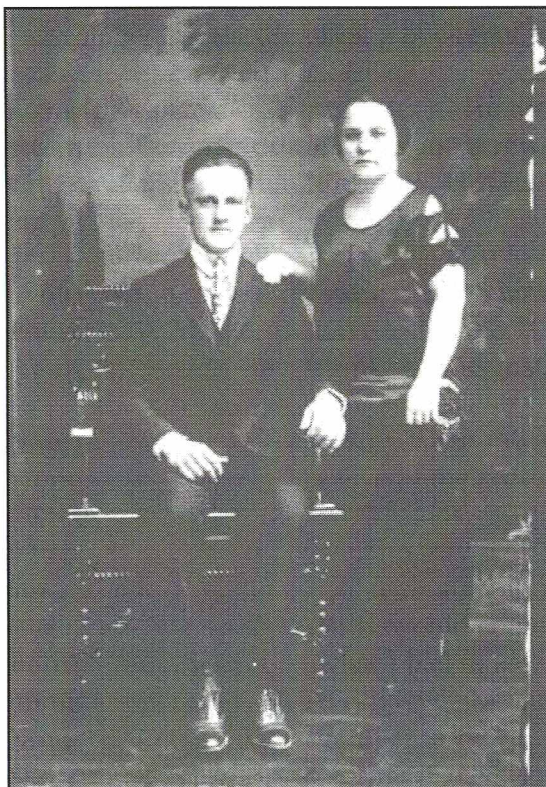
Darrel Wiseman

Sadewasser

Hallo -

I was serving on the NET and have found your site, I was looking for the family name 'Sadewasser'. Very interesting !! Could you give me some more information on this name in the USA ?

Hans-Joachim Sadewasser



Wecker

Hello: I came across the following on the Internet. Do you know if Frederick Andrew Wecker had any sibling, or do you know his parents' names?

I am researching Wecker ancestors from the South Side of Pittsburgh. Frederick Wilhelm Wecker, my gg grandfather, born about 1923, immigrated from Nordhausen, Prussia, Germany and died

February 09, 1874, in Pittsburgh. He married Emma Friederica Hardtung (unknown date), and they had at least three sons, Emil Carl, Theodore, and Frederick.

Thanks,

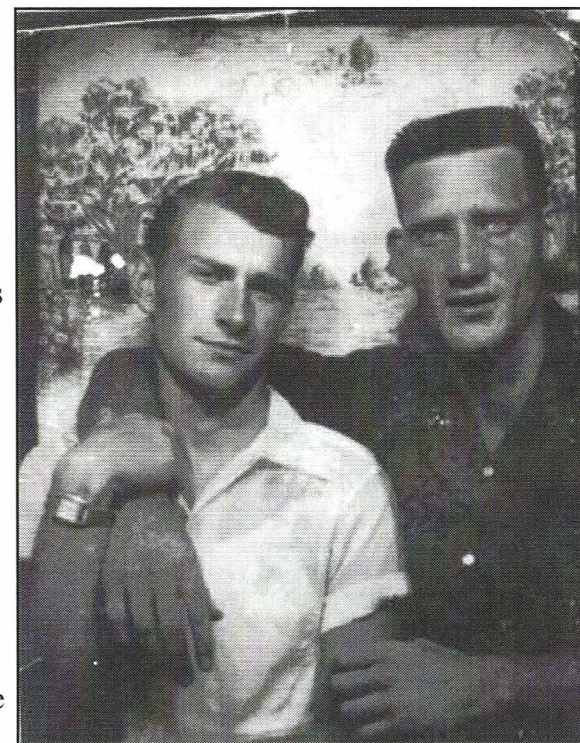
Cathy Fimbel
Home of Princely English
Springer Spaniels

Raymond Fink Long

The photo above is on your web site with the comments: "Raymond Long, born 1903 in Lebanon County, PA. If anyone knows who this woman in this photo is, please let us know."

I believe this woman is my Grandmother, Florence Cora (Starry) Long.
 kpl0009@yahoo.com

This photo was found in a dumpster in Du-bois County, Indiana. There are no names on the photo, however other papers with them had the last name of Veatch. If you are from Dubois or Crawford County Indiana, and think you can identify them, please let us know, so that we can return the photo to the rightful owners or their family members.



Do you recognize these men?

Jacob Leedom

I would love any info you have on Jacob Leedom and his descendants. Does the g stand for Gebhardt? My gg grandfather was Jacobs brother, Harry Gebhardt Leedom. I know their father's name was Jacob, but I don't have much other info....

I believe that Jacob's mother was Rebecca Gebhardt.

We have a few pictures of Harry and Emma, and there is one of a Leedom reunion that was held in a park near Harrisburg, PA. It must have been about 1933-1935, because my grandfather and his siblings were young children. It is a wonderful picture... Lots of people in it.



We believe this is a photo of Jacob Leedom, however we are not sure if it is Jacob Jr or Jacob Sr.

My grandfather (John M Leedom, son of Leroy Fisher Leedom, Son of Harry G Leedom) can identify some of the people, but not everyone. We also have pictures of Fannie (I don't believe she ever married). Miles married Edna C, and their child is Evelyn J.

Miles and Edna are buried in Mt Tunnel Cemetery in

Elizabethtown along with Harry and his wife Emma Fisher Leedom. He (Miles) was somewhat of a mystery to me.... I wasn't sure if he was a sibling or not. He lived with Harry and Emma for a number of years, my grandfather thought he was a sibling, but he wasn't sure.

I have been searching for information on Jacob Leedom

Senior for a long time. Harry's marriage certificate states that he was born in Conewago Twp in Dauphin Cty, PA. This is only a few miles from Elizabethtown, so it makes sense.

The 1870 census for Conewago Twp has a Jacob Leedom, age 55 who is a blacksmith, wife Elizabeth age 54, daughter Catherine age 14. no other listings for that household. But 3 households later there is a Rebecca Gebhardt age 18 listed as a domestic servant. I thought that was interesting.

I checked the 1860 census for Jacob Leedom, None in Dauphin county but there is a Jacob Leedom in East Hanover Twp in Lebanon Cty (it is very close to Dauphin county) his age in the 1860 census is listed as 40, his occupation a blacksmith.

His wife is listed as Mary, also age 40. Then children listed are: Mary age 20, Magdalena age 18, another girl (I can't make out her name) age 16, Jacob age 13 (I think, it could be 15

because the ink is smudged), Carole age 10, and Catharine age 9 or 4.

My instincts tell me that this is our Jacob's parents I don't have any proof.... maybe you have some ideas about where to go from here.... I have been looking for Leedom's for so long that sometimes I get a little frustrated.

My grandfather seems to think that our Leedom family originally came from Bucks Cty PA. Which would be wonderful if we could just find the link. There is a wealth of info on the Leedom's from Bucks county.

Denise

Casteel

I am trying to help a friend find info on her gg grandfather and she has very little info. John Thomas Casteel of SE Tennessee. He was a Confederate soldier. Probably married to an Indian woman by the name of Mary. Later moved to SW Missouri. Thanks for any leads

CUMMINGS

I am researching the CUMMINGS/CUMMINGS family from Bradford County, PA. John Cummins and his wife, Sally Covell Cummins moved to Bradford County, PA around 1800 from New York State - probably from Washington County, NY, but they may have been in Otsego County, NY before moving to PA. I would love to exchange information with anyone researching this or allied families.

Edmons

My great-grandfather's name was Louis/ Lewis Edmons. He died when my grandfather, Joseph Carl Edmons, was around eight years old (around 1877).

His wife remarried, and we have no idea when or to whom. The marriage probably took place in Fannin County, Texas. Joseph was born in Ellis County, Texas, on October 14, 1869. His brothers' names were Sam,

Frank, and Jeff. His sisters' names were Lillian, Mollie/ Mallie, Kattie/Katie, and Ann.

The family moved to Fannin County, and while living there they ginned their cotton in Bonham. As a young boy, my grandfather left home around 1881 at the age of twelve. We are not sure of the reason but my mother (his daughter) says he told her that his stepfather was mean to him. He was gone for four years.

After he returned home (around 1885), his mother sold the house and the family moved to San Francisco. My grandfather went with them) but didn't like California. He returned to Texas in 1890 at the age twenty or twenty-one.

grandmother met him in 1894 somewhere in East Texas or possibly around Blue, Oklahoma, and they married in 1895. Joseph Carl Edmonson never again corresponded with his family, would not talk about them,

and made it very clear that is the way he wanted it. We know he was a kind and loving father who raised six children who worshipped him) and was a good husband and a hard worker.

None of us knows for sure why he broke off from his family other than what he told my mother. His six children were named Homer, Elizabeth, Iva, Reba, Josie (my mother), and Edith. There were six other children who died as infants.

My grandparents moved around a lot after they married, living in Texas, Arkansas, and Oklahoma. For a while, right around 1900, they lived on a houseboat on the Arkansas River. My grandfather was a professional photographer. No one knows how he learned the trade, but he made a living by fishing, and when they would stop in the towns along the way he plied his trade as a photographer. In 1919 they moved to McCurtain County Oklahoma, where they remained for the

rest of their lives.

My parents names are Edward Elmer Jones (Duke) and Josie Claramae- (Edmonson) Jones. Please contact me with any information you might have on my family.

Thank You.

Sue Jones

Edmonson

Sue, Is this Edmonds or Edmondson/Edmonson? I have seen the exact same info - except they are looking for Edmonson. This is not my line, but I do have Edmondson so have looked for this family for another researcher. Can you tell me the reason for Edmonds? That might be what the problem is with the info I have been working from. Do you have this family or siblings on ANY census?

Thanks,

Beverly

When responding to a genealogy request, please let us know what month the original request was published and the surname.

OLD TIME MEMORIES



Old Check

This check from Hardinsburg, Indiana was written Feb 27, 1933 by my stepfather, Lonnie Bullington. It was made out to Spiegel May Stern Co. It is hard to tell in this picture, but this check was made out and signed using a lead pencil, instead of ink. That helps to show how trusting our society was 70 years ago, compared to today's standards. Especially considering how many people were finding it hard to survive, during The Great Depression.

**James Bullington
Indiana**

Car Troubles

My brother, Frank Wike Sr. bought an old Plymouth convertible with a rumple seat in the rear. We all enjoyed riding in that rumple seat once he got the car home, but getting it home from the car lot, turned out to be somewhat of an unexpected ordeal.

We went to pick it up from a used car dealer in Rehrsburg, PA which was about 14 miles from our house in Fredricksburg, PA.

After we picked it up, we drove it into Bethel. Suddenly, the left front wheel came off, rolled back under the fender and running board, then all the way down the hill.



Plymouth Convertible with Rumble Seats

People in photo from left to right:

William H. Wike, surviving WW II veteran

Myra Wagaman Riley nee Wike (1926-2002)
(her first husband was killed in WW II)

Franklin T. Wike Sr. wounded in WW II (1925-1986)

My brother called the dealership to tell them what happened and to have them send a wrecker. In the meantime a group of us got the wheel back, lifted the front of the car up and put the wheel back on then drove off before the wrecker ever got there.

**Harvey Wike
Texas**

Turnpike

I recently read a Civil War Diary where the indi-

vidual referred to a "Turnpike." In today's world, I think of a Turnpike as a toll road on the east coast. Does anyone know the origin of the word Turnpike and what the original meaning was, prior to paved roads?

Tommy

Origin of Turnpike

The turnpike was originally the pole or pike, placed across the road like a gate. It would be turned after you

payed your toll. A toll road thus had a "turnpike" at each end, which made it a turn-pike road.

R. Smith

Custom Interior Lights

Back in the 40's, we used to take marker lights that were used on farm wagons and trucks, and mount them under the dash of our car. Since the lens was white, we could paint it any color we wanted, usually red or blue. These lights were wired with a toggle switch and anytime someone got in or out of the car, we could flip the switch and it would make a real nice red or blue glow.

Darrell Wiseman

Out Houses

I remember using the out-house on my grandfathers farm, but I wonder what people in the big cities used as a privy or toilet.

I know they had chamber pots inside, but where did they empty them?

Billy

Open Sewers

I don't know about all cities, but in Minneapolis, around the turn of the century, there was an open ditch that ran behind the houses, next to the alley. The residents would empty their bedpans in this open "sewer."

It was ok in the winter time, but did not make for a pleasant smell in the summer. Thus one reason for lots of flowers in the house.

**Cassandra Coppenhaver
MN**

Horse Drawn Sleigh

Spring wagons had wooden blocks that when pressed against a wheel, would stop or slow the wagon down as you were going down a mountain road.

In the winter time, some people took the wheels off and replaced them with runners like a sleigh. How did they stop or slow down as they were going down the mountain, when they were using runners, instead of wheels?

T.K. Knapp

Fessell and Rochner Wedding

This wedding picture was taken around 1935 and helps to show the formal clothing styles for men and wedding attire for women.

The people from left to right are:
Leonard
Marcellus
Rochner
(1905-1976).



**1935 Wedding Photo
from Harrison County, Indiana**

Rose
Catherine
Rochner

She was the bride and a sister to Leonard. (1907-1955).

Herbert Fessell, he was the groom. Dates unknown

Florence Kochert
She later married the best man. (1915-1996)
Sent in by JoAnn Wright nee Rochner. Niece to the bride.

Help to educate others and preserve your family memories.

Please share your old photographs and memories with us.

When sending photographs through the mail, please send originals or high quality laser copies.

CHRISTMAS MEMORIES

Denny from Indiana

When I was growing up, things were different then they are now. During the '30s and even into the 40's times were tough for lots of people, until the war was over.

We didn't have electricity until the late 40's, so the radio we used was battery operated. When the battery ran down, my dad had to take it into town to get recharged, so we didn't waste any energy by having it on all of the time. One program I can remember listening to was Amos and Andy. But in order to get good reception, we had to string a wire from our house, across to the smoke house. That wire worked pretty good as an antenna.

Come Christmas time, sometimes we would have a tree and sometimes we didn't. As for gifts, generally mom would put plates on the table and Santa would treat every-

one the same. We each got an equal share of candy, oranges and apples. Sometimes if we were lucky, we might get a banana.

Back then, the local country stores did not have toys on display all year long. They wouldn't put them on the shelves until the 1st. of December.

I remember one year when my brother and I got a basketball for Christmas. We had to share it. We took a metal ring off of a wooden barrel and fastened it to our corn crib to use as a hoop. That became our play area that year.

The following year, we got a football to play with. Those were special gifts to us back in those days.

Wayne Allen from Oklahoma

In 1936, when I was in the first grade, my teacher Elanore Clonts, hung a little red Santa Claus on the

Christmas tree for each one of the students in the class.

When we went home for Christmas, we took our little red Santa Claus home and my mother hung it on our Christmas tree.

When I got married my mother gave it to my wife. To this day, we still hang that same little red Santa Claus on our Christmas tree every year.

James JC (Buck) Evans

I was born in 1914 and we were poor people. We always hung our socks up for Christmas and they would put our presents in them on Christmas morning.

When I was in the fourth grade, dad got me a Barlow pocketknife for Christmas. So I got up on Christmas morning and found that pocket knife and I guess that I was the happiest guy in the world because I was always wanting a pocket knife.

Doyle Roy Harral

I was born in 1928 and back in 1934 when I was

about six years old my Grandma Harral bought me a pair of lace up boots and there was a pocketknife that came with them.

The knife fit right into the sheath that was built right into the side of the boots.

Marilyn Kay Brixey Wells from Oklahoma

What was my favorite Christmas toy? What a fun question! Hmmmmmmmm, all kinds of beautiful images, delicious smells, and warm feelings come to mind because of that simple question, but, let me concentrate on "toys".

When I was young, we didn't have a television; consequently, I didn't have commercials drilling me about all the things I needed to make my life complete.

When Christmas came, there was always one gift that Santa brought me in response to the letter I had written to him.

In 1955, the one and only thing on my list to Santa was "The Bride Doll." She was

about 3 ft. tall and was simply beautiful, dressed in her elegant ivory lace and satin bridal gown. She had real hair! The dark brown ringlets framed her face like a picture.

When Christmas Eve came, my father and I drove to the neighbors Pete and Josie Bostian's place, to take them a basket of the desserts that Mother had baked.

When we got back home, mother met us at the door saying she had some good news and some bad news! The good news was that there was a big present for me sitting by the fireplace! The bad news was that I had missed seeing Santa Claus.

He had come while we were at the neighbors, was in a hurry to deliver all the other presents, and had to move along. I did notice that he had taken a bite of the cookie I'd left for him.

I think my father was more disappointed at missing Santa than I was, because when I opened the big present there was exactly the same, beautiful bride doll that I'd dreamed of for so

long.

I still have that bride doll and someday I'll be able to give it and a copy of this story to my grandchild.

**Mark Brown
from S.C.**

My favorite Christmas toy was a farm set that I got when I was about six years old. It included a barn, silo, rail fence, tractor, stand up cornstalks, other crops and a lot of chickens, pigs, cows, horses and goats.

When I saw it for the first time on Christmas morning, it looked to me like it covered half the living room floor. I found out years later, that Santa spent several hours on his hands and knees setting it up.

**Linnea Travis Miller
from Pennsylvania**

I believe my favorite Christmas toy was the plastic accordion I received when I was about six or seven years old. My cousin Tut, who was 5 years older

than I was, had always had his accordion with him when the family came down from New Hampshire for our old fashioned Swedish Christmas at Grammy and Grampy's house in Connecticut.

On Christmas Eve, he would always get the accordion out, and we would all sing Christmas carols. Tutty was the oldest of four grandchildren, the only boy, and I really admired him!

Of course, an accordion found its way onto Santa's list one year, although this was one thing that I'm sure, even now, that I shared with NO ONE! I still can't figure out how Santa knew this was what I wanted.

Well, when I was 8 years old, my folks started me in accordion lessons. I got the "real thing"! I took lessons all the way through high school and still take the instrument out periodically for my family. It's still a bit rough on the top, where I would need to rest my chin when I was 8 years old, since it was too long for me.

Christmas Memories

Accordion playing must be in the family. I have old pictures of my grandparents when they were growing up (circa 1890), and someone ALWAYS had a concertina in them! I'm glad I was able to carry on one of my Swedish family's traditions-- which started for me with a Christmas gift from Santa!

**Alpha Brown
from S.C.**

The Christmas toy I loved the most was a doll with carved and painted wooden arms, legs and head. Her hair was carved in swirls and painted brown. The doll's facial features were also carved and painted, but her mouth was open just enough to show a single white tooth. Her body was cloth. She had on a beautiful dress that my mother made. She wore white, cloth, lace up shoes with pasteboard soles. I lost the shoes but I still have her.

Send us your favorite New Years, or Valentines day memories. Help preserve the traditions and memories.

A Coal Miner's Daughter

The story of
Dorothy Pauline Brown

**Recorded and
written by
Karen L. Patton**

1905

I was born somewhere in Sullivan County, Indiana. All eleven of us kids (Verdie, me {Dorothy Pauline}, Kenneth James, Lucy Elizabeth, Gilbert VanHorn, Violet Rosetta, Danny, Darrell, Edna May, Connie and Paul) were born at home. Mom and Pop and the eleven of us lived in a 4-room cinder block house.

Our house looked like all the other houses because they were company houses. The company or coal mine owned the houses, and the stores and we knew we belonged to them. Everyone knew everyone else. We never lived anywhere else



but in a mining camp or 'the blocks,' as everyone called it. We didn't have electricity – just oil lamps. We didn't have a pump, or plumbing, everything was outside. We didn't have tubs or showers. When Pop came home from the mine, he was

covered with black stuff. Pop would use a big white dishpan to wash up in when he came home. That was his bath. We heated our stove with coal and heated him some water.

When the coalmine whistle blew each evening, we knew to go home. My mother, Ada, stayed at home to raise us eleven children. We had straw ticks for mattresses. We would split them down the middle and put straw in each corner and then stuff the middle part. I think most of us shared one bedroom. We just laid crossways in the bed. We were poor, but we were clean. Mother had bare floors and she would scrub them with lye until they were white. When I got older, I use to polish the little one's white shoes. I set them around the stove to get dry.

In the winter, if we left the water in the pan setting in the kitchen over night, it would be frozen in the morning. Pop would buy groceries at the mining store and he would carry that big

load of groceries (large cans of lard and big sacks of flour) over his shoulder. My dad would get up about 4 a. m. to go to work. My older sister, Verdie, and I would take turns getting up with Pop a lot. We knew we had to get up when he said or he would come in there and whop one of us. My sister would pinch me because she knew I would get up. I got Pop's breakfast and fixed his lunch bucket. I pretty much raised the other kids. Pop walked to work every day, regardless of the weather. We ironed everything. We ironed with handles that clipped on the iron. The irons set on the stove. Sometimes the iron heat up so much you had to have a pad to hold them. I even ironed the baby's diapers. I did all the work but Pop always helped with the washing. We had a large fire and put the big lard can on it and put soap in it. We pushed our clothes around with a broom handle. We had two tubs and I would rub the clothes in one and rinse in another. My Pop was the best washer

around. His clothes were white as snow. We put them in rinse water with a little bluing and hung them on the line. My mother would never undress in front of her husband. Mother would go behind the stove and get dressed.

FOOD

For food, we had beans, fried potatoes, tomatoes from our nice garden, and if mom felt like it, she baked pies or cakes. We had a cool off stove that was an oven you set on the burners. It was a coal oil stove. I could make pies in it. When we lived in the blocks, we had to build a fire and keep it going. When we ate dinner, there were not enough plates for everyone. One of us kids ate out of pie tin and someone ate out of the top of Pop's lunch bucket. We had silverware and we were just glad everyone had something to eat. We had oatmeal for breakfast and hot water in milk and sugar. We never had bacon, eggs or other cereal. For lunch we had beans, one kind one day,

one kind another.

Grandpa Ammerman, my mother's father looked like Abraham Lincoln. He was a great carpenter. He made a long stool and it set behind the table. As the kids got older they went from the stool to the chairs. The coal miners would go on strike during the summer. They lived well in the winter and starved in the summer. Even with eleven kids, we never went on welfare. My dad could get clothes for kids at 'Shelburne' during the depression. They called it the 'graboff' and Danny hated those clothes. Everybody else was poor, so we didn't think about being poor. We never had a telephone. My parents really never knew what it was. My grandmother had one, though. We had a big, battery radio when we lived in the blocks. It had more news and talk shows. We did not take a newspaper because we couldn't afford it. We didn't have cupboards; we kept our pots and pans on the stove. I had a big, old safe that our cupboard. I painted it, my

chairs, and the high chair a different color every year. My floor was pink linoleum.

HOLIDAYS

We saw relatives and cousins that lived near by for family gatherings. Grandpa Ammerman lived in Farnsworth down near Sullivan. Everyone brought a dish and we had a good time. For birthdays, we didn't do anything.

I never had a Christmas tree for my kids. We didn't know what Christmas was when I was growing up. We would hang our socks up in the living room. Pop was a real teaser and one time he put coal in my sister's sock. We didn't get toys and things, we might get an orange or a banana, but we were poor.

I went to church for the first time with my grandmother. A neighbor took me to the Church of Christ, that's where everyone is buried. The church is gone now.

Coal Miner's Daughter

TRANSPORTATION

Once we moved from one company house to another back in the woods. We walked four miles from 'the blocks' where we lived to Stop #23 where the streetcar stopped. The streetcar was a regular trolley with wires on top. I sat on the end seat so I could see what was happening outside.

We had a two-seater carriage. Our horse was named old babe and we could hardly get her up. When Emerson, a fellow I dated, got a new buggy, I thought I had it made. We didn't have a car for a long time. I learned to drive on a car with a crank. My son, Billy, and I learned as he sat on my lap and I drove in Sullivan. One time I was driving Pop into town and we were going down a hill and we went into a ditch. Pop said, "Who said you could drive?" When I lived on Addison, in Indianapolis, we used the trolley cars. We had to use transfers to go from one trolley to another. It was nice.

RACE RELATIONS

There were a few blacks in Sullivan, but you didn't know they were any different. They were nice and treated just like everyone else. They didn't eat separate; the children ate together and played together. Elsie and George, who had a barbershop in his house, were the best friends I ever had. When Pete, my first husband, was in one of his moods, I would go to their house and stay all night. There was one black man who had a convertible and every time he went by the house, he would tip his hat at me.

ENTERTAINMENT

Mom and Pop went fishing for entertainment. They went to 'the Bayou,' 'the Cutoff' and other coalmine ponds. They fished for everything they could catch. We ate them all. He would bring them home by the tub full. My favorite thing was going to the movies, the Sherman and the Lyric.

They were the only movie houses in Sullivan. We went to Hymera, a city nearby, to see what was there. We went to carnivals in Sullivan but Pop didn't want us to go. Grandma lived in between the carnival and the streetcar line. Verdie and I told Pop we were going to Grandma's but we went to the carnival. Pop was waiting on us when we got home. He really got us told. He wanted us to stay home. I took my mother to the first talkie in Sullivan at the Lyric. There wasn't much else to do.

ILLNESS AND DEATH

We experienced a lot of death during my childhood. There were lots of old people. They didn't live very long. All of us were delivered at home. The doctor came when he could by horse and buggy. Pop went to the neighbor or sent one of us kids to get a phone. Mom was sick a lot. She had a baby every 16 months. She had a pain in the top of her head all the time. She kept a bag of ice on her head

and a scarf tied around her head. Pop even took her to Indianapolis once but they didn't know what the problem was. She died of lung cancer and never smoked a day in her life; however, she did chew tobacco from the age of seven.

The worst memory of childhood was when my little brother, Paul, who was 18 months old, died. No one ever knew what it was. Kenneth and he had made a tent in the hot sun. Pop wasn't home. Grandma wasn't home, she was out berry picking so we couldn't get to a phone to call anyone. Verdie and I just layed down on the grass and cried and cried. Mother took it awful. She ran over to a big hole and Pop caught her. If he hadn't stopped her, she would have thrown herself in.

When little Paul died, my dad took it so bad he couldn't go back to work for a while, he couldn't take it. Every day little Paul would meet him after work. The bottom of his dinner bucket had water in it and the top had food. Pop would save

Coal Miner's Daughter

something for little Paul. He would give little Paul his dinner bucket and Paul would eat the little food that was left. That night Pop said to kiss Paul good night and his face was beginning to get hard. There was no embalming.

When Uncle Ross, my dad's brother, was killed by a streetcar while walking home from Shelburne, they laid him in the parlor. There were singers who wore white gloves that went above the elbow. The dead were taken from the home to the cemetery.

For little Paul's funeral, Verdie and I sat in the back seat and held that little coffin on our laps all the way to the cemetery. After the funeral everyone came back to grandma's house to eat. Danny was 13 and in high school when he died of colon cancer. One of the flower arrangements was shaped like a wheel with 13 spokes, but one was broken.

We had his funeral at home, too. He was dressed in his usual white pants and I combed his hair the way he

like it. He lived six months from the day he was operated on. He knew he was dying but he told mom he was going to get well.

He said, "I'm going to build a ladder that will take us to heaven."

Grandma Ada, my mother's mother, died when baby George was born. He was born tongue-tied and his feet together. He was retarded but he played with us kids. When we ran around the house, he would run around with us. George would come down to borrow something for grandpa. We would mention a lot of things and when we came to the thing he wanted, he would say, "Yeah! Yeah!" They finally put him in a home in Sullivan.

CLOTHES

Mother, when able, made the little ones clothes. Outing flannel dresses even for the boys. When little Paul died he wore this little flannel dress. She made me a percale dress and she trimmed it in rickrack. I

thought I was really something. My sister, Verdie, didn't care whether she had runs in her stockings like I did. Verdie wanted to borrow my girdle and I wouldn't let her, so she burned it up. One time I bought myself a pair of black, patent leather oxfords. I had to use a buttoner, a long hook to button my wedding shoes. My wedding dress was brown tricolette. I borrowed \$2 from my grandmother to buy a brown hat. I spent my money on clothes. I bought me a blue taffeta dress once. It wrinkled easily. I pressed it so much it split.

GAMES

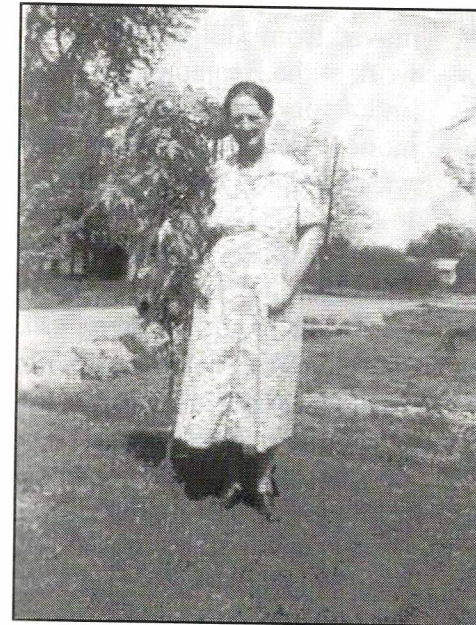
We played dandy-over. One child would take a baseball, with one team on one side of the house and another team on the other side and throw the ball over the house. Whoever caught it, won the game. Stepping on wood was a game that if you stepped on a piece of wood you were fined. We also played hopscotch. All the boys and girls played together.

Coal Miner's Daughter

take an examination and write to go to high school. My sister took the test three times and didn't pass. She quit school and got married right away. I loved school and I made good grades. I was only 12 or 13 when I had to leave school.

The schoolhouse was a one room, brick schoolhouse. I was the

Daniel Brown

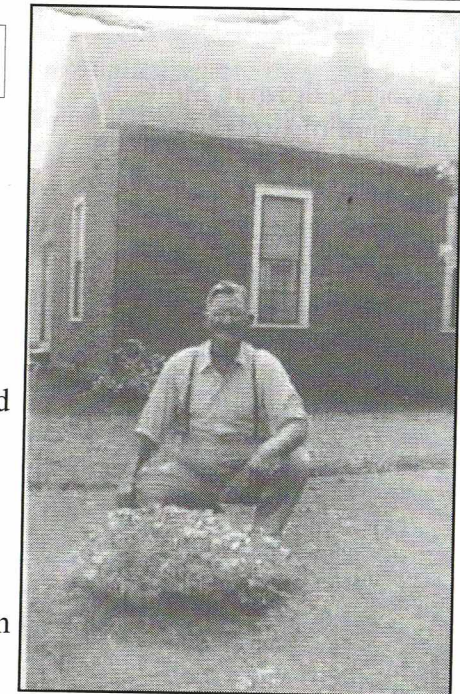


Ada Ammerman Brown

SCHOOL

I loved school. We had to walk several miles to school. When my mother had Violet, Pop took the baby over to Grandma Brown's because Mom had the flu. Grandma Brown, my father's mother, didn't take very good care of the baby and Grandpa Brown didn't like it. Pop took me out of school then. I was in the 7th grade.

Back then you had to



teacher's pet. The kids didn't like me because I was the teacher's pet. The classroom was full. We used to have spelling bees and I could spell all the students down. We all learned to read and write. We had geography, history, arithmetic, and reading. I wished I had gone back to school. I got married early so I didn't get to go back to school. I always wanted something better. We were comfortable but I wanted nice things.

WORK

I worked down in Sullivan on millionaire's row. I was a maid. I made between \$5.00-\$7.00 a week and I could eat and live there. I didn't eat at the table with them. We would eat in the kitchen. I saw an ad in the paper for a job on the west side with Dr. Graddy. I had to clean his big house, do all the cooking and clean Dr. Gaddy's office, too. I never got any complaints. When I went to Chicago I was my sister, Lucy's, maid for a short while. Everyone

moved from Sullivan to work at the Benjamin Franklin Factory. They sent money back to the folks. It was work that caused them to leave. Edna worked all of her life at RCA and retired from there.

Even when I had my fourth child, Ada Jane, I went and cleaned people's house. They paid me \$8 a day and it took me all day. Often I worked for some of the women from church. I also took care of other people's children. We never got rich, but we lived a nice life.

DATING AND MARRIAGE

My dad said I was too young to have dates. I was 16 and my sister was 17. Pop thought I was too young. When I met this fellow Emerson, he lived on a farm. I knew Pop wouldn't let me go. My sister, Verdie, and her boyfriend came by one night with Emerson hiding in the buggy. Pop knew something was up. After a while he let me date Emerson.

Coal Miner's Daughter

1922

The kids' dad, Pete

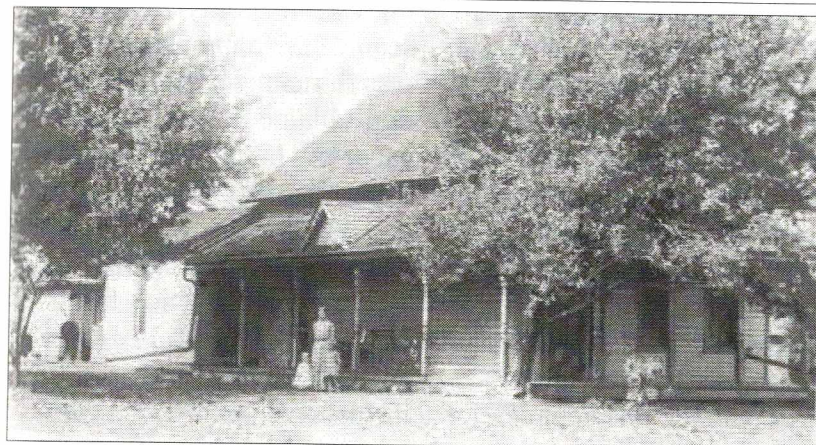
I met Pete, the kid's dad, when I was taking Danny to the doctor in Sullivan. Streetcars turned around in front of the pool hall and there was Pete standing in the doorway. Pete was a clerk in the poolroom.

Danny and I went to the doctor's. Pete saw Danny and I coming back and he got on the streetcar and gave Danny a candy bar. Pete lived with his dad until he got a stepmother. Their house was an old shotgun house with very wide floorboards. Pete asked me for a date but he didn't have a car. He walked from Stop #23 to

Mildred Blocks, where we lived, to date me. I don't remember what we did. We just walked around the hills and hollers. Grandpa Brown said that Pete told him if he couldn't marry me, he would jump down the well. I was 17 and he was 18 when we married.

His folks lived at 333 W. Graysville, Sullivan, by the hospital. They built a house on the next lot. I helped them build the house. They didn't treat me very good. Pete's folks thought I was from across the tracks. They called where they lived the Owings addition. They had money. His sister, Dottie,

Owings Homestead



worked at the Index. My parents didn't care if I got married. His dad was with us when we got married by a Justice of the Peace. After Pete and I got married, he wouldn't let my folks come for Christmas or anything. He was an Owings, a bad attitude, the same today as then. They were all grouchy. I didn't let anyone run over me. He had another woman five years before I found out. They called it depot town and her name was Eva Pigg. He didn't marry her.

1932

Divorce

He sued for the divorce in 1932. I cried for my kids, not him, I had lost all respect for him. I was up the crick without a paddle. I knew I had to leave the house with the kids. The boys went to Florie's house. This Eva Pigg's friend was a friend with my sister Lucy. While Lucy was there, Pete came over to see this Eva. He never paid the one cent of

support I was a fanatic about cleanliness. Pete had his boss come down and see how nice our house looked. We had a well first and then a pump. I had Norma Jean, my second child, and the well had wooden curve. She kept putting her feet in it. I knew she would get into it. Pete's uncle Charlie covered the well and built us a pump. I never had the screen unlocked until I saw what kind of mood Pete was in. But I am still sorry it didn't work out for Pete and me. I am sorry for my children. But he didn't change. People will remember me for my dust rag.

It ended up that my boys wanted to stay in Sullivan until they graduated from high school. Only Norma Jean came to me when she was thirteen years old. I don't blame Pete totally, because my house and my kids came first. I really think I had a lot to do with it. We were married 10 years. There was no reaction from the towns' people. My mom and dad were glad we got the divorce. One time Pete

took a bucket of water and sloshed it all over my new wax floor. He took all of my clothes and threw them out the door. He was hitting me and I took my pan and almost beat him to death. If I hadn't beaten him, he would have killed me. He didn't drink, he was just mean. He had a terrible temper. His family hated the divorce because of the kids.

My sons, Billy and Bob, went to stay with Florie and Bo, their aunt and uncle. Billy would come by and see what I had to eat. If he didn't like what I had he would go over to Florie's to eat. Norma Jean stayed with Aunt Nell, an Owings, every summer. They were crazy about Norma Jean. The kids were afraid of their dad. He wasn't mean to them. He never showed them any affection.

After graduation, Billy came to live with me in Indianapolis. If I had to do it over again, I would try to make things better to stay with my husband and my children. I always sent the kids money. I got them each

Coal Miner's Daughter

a watch when they graduated. Neither family said anything when I had to go away. Bob came to Indianapolis for a short while but he didn't stay. The kids liked living with Florie and Bo. Bob slept with Florie until he was 14 years old. Billy slept with Bo. When Bo died, Florie said it was worse for her when Bob left. They were so attached. The kids had it made there. They were 8, 6, and 4 when they went to live with these people. My heart was broken so many times for my kids. Pete never saw the kids except to try and live with the people they were staying with. He then married Edith. She wasn't the one he had an affair with. They had a child, Tommy. I saw him at Grandpa Owings' funeral. Pete never came to see the kids after that. When Pete was dying, Tommy called Norma Jean and said, "Dad wants to see you."

Edith wouldn't let them in when they went to Chicago. They hadn't seen him in 20 years.

Eddie Young

Husband #2, Eddie Young, and I were married 5 years. He was from Vincennes, Indiana. We always lived in rooms and never had a home. He was a coal miner. I wanted more from life. Eddie's friend was a lawyer and he helped us. Eddie got drunk and was put in jail. I couldn't put up with that boozing. We never had a car. He always called me Buddy. He married a friend of mine, named Frankie.

1939

Bill Emery

I met Papaw or Bill Emery at his barbershop in the Ben Davis area of Indianapolis. The lady I was working for and taking care of her two children introduced us. There wasn't enough room for everyone to sit in Olive's beauty shop, so I sat in the barbershop.

Olive said, "Dottie, there is the best looking barber in our first chair."

Norma Jean was living with me. The barber said to Ollie, "Who's that lady?"

Olive said, "That's the girl who lives with me."

He said, "She has a good looking rumble seat."

It took him about six weeks to ask me for a date. At that time he had an old Willy's. I hated that old Willy's. My knees touched the front of it. We went to Danville, Indiana and he got out and went to the drug store and bought a bottle of wine. He thought if he got me drunk, we would have a party. He got fooled. We parked some place where it was dark. I fought him all over that Willy's until his wrists were black and blue and my knees were black and blue. He thought this old lady has been married and we would have a good time.

I was engaged to Jim Swift at the time. When Jim came out to Olive's I would lay down in the car so Bill Emery couldn't see me. I was playing both of them. Jim's mother was the only mother-

in-law I ever knew. I was supposed to tell Jim if I was going with him or Bill. I told him I was going with Bill. He kissed me goodbye and said it's been nice knowing you. That was it. He married after that and his new wife was so jealous. Jim was so crazy about me.

A Justice of the Peace in Louisville, KY married Bill and me. My sister, Lucy, went with us. We just drove down there to get married. Bill Emery and his first wife had been separated for years. Papaw was a ladies' man. I didn't break up the marriage. Eva, his first wife, lost her sight before she died. When his son died, Eva told me she lost both the men she loved. Bill's son had two girls. Everyone from Sullivan liked Papaw. Papaw gave my Pop the last \$50 to pay off his house rather than buy a dog. Pop had an attorney or something and they sold the house when he died. It is torn down now. There is a big tree there now.

Coal Miner's Daughter

1940

INDIANAPOLIS

I was 35 and Papaw (Bill Emery) was 40 when our daughter, Ada Jane, was born. She was our entertainment besides going to church. We had a TV, radio and car. While living in Indianapolis, we went to the movie and to Riverside Park. Norma Jean was with me then, and Olive's brother, Skeeter, lived with us, too. Papaw (Bill Emery) and I were married lacking 2 months of 60 years. He died at 104.

Papaw and I had Ada Jane, Norma Jean, my son Billy, my son Bob, his wife, Jo, and their kids living with us. Each family slept in one bedroom and they put their clothes in boxes under the bed. We got a long fine. The guys were in the service so the girls lived with me. They were all good, and they all helped. My brother, Darrell, even stayed with us. We didn't have air conditioning, had only a window

fan and it was an oil fan.

In Indianapolis, we had a coal stove and I had to take the ashes out. Papaw had just bought a load of coal but I had made up my mind I wasn't taking those ashes out anymore. I had to do it all. Papaw didn't do anything around the house. I even mowed the yard. I went to the west side of Indianapolis and I bought an oil stove that looked like a big television. Papaw threw a shoe because he had just bought a ton of coal. It was just delivered to the garage in back. Someone came every so often and filled up the oil. I just didn't pay any attention to Papaw.

We washed our porches down to keep them nice. I had nice rugs in the dining room and living room. I would get on my knees and scrub them.

Papaw Emery had a sister Clare and Goldie. We saw them and they were crazy about Ada Jane. Grandpa Emery would go to the door and he would ask us always where is my baby. She was

afraid of Grandpa because he was old and didn't get along too good. The three of us went to church every Sunday. The best thing that happened was when I married Papaw and I became a better Christian. Papaw became a Christian, too. Greatest thing was when I was baptized at 21 yrs.old.

When my son, Billy, came up after he graduated, I lived in Maywood, a small area outside of Indianapolis. Billy and I would go out in his car and drive and he would see if he could spell me down. Billy and I went together to the movies a lot. That's how we entertained each other. Papaw was gone every night and he went coon hunting. I made Ada Jane, our daughter, who he called Ada doo-dle daddle, wait for him to come home to eat. He was never home. One night I went to a church board meeting and Papaw was in bed sick. When I came home from church there hung two raccoons. I wondered who had brought those raccoons home to Papaw.

He had gotten up out of his sick bed and caught him two raccoons. He sold them to the black people for money. They ate them. We didn't eat them. I ate a possum once, but it tasted like fatty pork. My favorite thing to cook was pork chops and dressing.

SHOPPING

In Indianapolis, I had a milkman and a bakery man. They came by door to door. We bought our clothes ready made. Stores were like they are now. They were not big like we have now but they had an upstairs. You would take your purchase upstairs and then go downstairs and pay for it. They sent the money up on a wire to pay for it and then they gave you the stuff you bought.

GREATEST INVENTION

The greatest invention we have had in my lifetime? Well—I don't care for the computers but I am real glad for electric lights. Whenever the wind blows here the

Coal Miner's Daughter

lights go out and I am so glad for electric lights. I went on an airplane the first time 2 years ago. I couldn't see the scenery because I can't see too well now.

SOMETHING DIFFERENT

If I could do anything different, it would be to stay in the church. When I was married to Pete, I was baptized in the Christian church and I tried to live a Christian life. After our divorce, I didn't go until Papaw and I got married. I was the President of the Mary's Circle at the Methodist Church for 28 years. I was president of my Sunday school class. I did this until 1982, when we moved down to Brown County and my daughter, Norma Jean, passed away.

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Karen L. Patton

Karen L. Patton is one of our recommended freelance writers from Indianapolis, IN

WAR TIME MEMORIES

The story which follows is a remembrance of a World War II veteran. It is one chapter of a book published on-line at www.sirius-books.com. It is printed here with permission from the author and sirius-books.com.

First Kill

by Louis McDoupe

His face underwent an incredible metamorphosis as I entered the room.

I knew from the nurse's note that he suffered from a painful and swollen knee, and as I drew back the examining room's curtain, his appearance fit such a man. He was about seventy years old, and his wizened visage was drawn up into a grimace that seemed to have been there long enough to carve deep furrows into his face and brow.

Seated on the litter, he looked up at me, and those creases immediately rearranged themselves into a charismatic smile that bordered on being a grin. I

liked him instantly. I introduced myself and extended my hand. He took it in his and clasped it in a firm handshake.

"Got a hurting knee?" I asked.

"Yep," he answered, pulling back the sheets to expose the recalcitrant joint. His black skin ballooned outward visibly on either side of the knee, but not sufficiently to disguise the manner in which it had been deformed by arthritis. "Been that way about three or four days. Usually goes away on it's own, but not this time, I guess."

"Does it hurt?" I asked.

"Not bad," he lied

amiably, and his grin widened.

I fell to examining him, asking a few more questions to fill in the blanks of his history. It was clear he had a great deal of fluid in the joint, and he would benefit from having it withdrawn.

"I think you'd feel better if I remove some of that fluid."

"Okay."

"It involves putting a needle into the joint. I'll numb it up first with some Novocaine, but it still might be a little uncomfortable." I explained.

"You're the doc. You do what you gotta do."

I left to attend other patients while a nurse set up a tray with the instruments I'd need for the procedure. When I returned, he showed no evidence of annoyance. He seemed to understand that in a busy emergency room, there were other crises that took precedence over his pain.

I began by painting the area overlying the knee with an iodine solution to sterilize it, narrating my actions as I

worked.

I lifted a syringe filled with local anesthetic, pointing the needle upwards and pressing the plunger to eject any air. Often at this point, despite my best attempts to allay their anxiety, many patients were grasping the handrails of the stretcher with sweaty palms. I turned to my patient, who was seated upright, intently watching me work, not with suspicion, but with curiosity. "Wouldn't you feel better lying down?" I suggested. "Just in case you feel lightheaded?"

"I'll be fine," he answered. I injected the anesthetic, and he flinched not at all.

Minutes later, I had guided a larger needle into his knee capsule. Straw colored fluid leapt into the syringe. It would have to be sent to the lab for studies to exclude infection or gout, but my eyes told me those conditions were not present. This was fluid produced by a tired, arthritic knee whose bone-protecting cartilage had been worn

down by seven decades of walking, running, dancing and other human activities. "You must be one tough guy," I ventured.

"Why?"

"Well, a lot of patients really don't like having this done. But you didn't seem to mind it at all. You didn't budge."

"This ain't nothing," he said, and then he seemed to drift a bit. He was silent for a few moments while I pulled a few more milliliters of fluid from his knee. "Ain't nothing compared to some things I've been through."

"Like what?"

Silence again, then a sigh. "Seen a buddy die. WW II, South Pacific. One minute he was next to me talking, next minute he was dead." He seemed like he wanted to go on. I stopped what I was doing and gave him my full attention, inviting him to continue.

"We were crawling, crossing a clearing. I was on my belly when I saw the ground sort of twitching or

something in front of me. Little puffs of dirt. At first, I thought it was bugs jumping through the grass. I must have watched for a minute or so before I realized it was bullets hitting the ground from a sniper. He was far enough away we couldn't hear the shots. I turned to warn my buddy, but he'd already been hit. A round had torn off his face.

"I was too damn mad to be scared. I should have been, but I just laid there, looking into the jungle. It took me a few minutes to figure out where the sniper was. He was hiding behind a tree, peeking out to take his shots. I took aim at where his head would be, and when he leaned out to shoot, I pulled my trigger.

"I yelled that I'd got him, and ran up ready to finish him off if I needed to. He was still alive when I got to him, but he was dying fast. The shot had hit him in the throat, and he was all sort of blue and making gurgling sounds.

"He couldn't have been

more than eighteen, just like me. I'd shot my weapon at the enemy before, but as far as I knew, I'd never actually *killed* anyone. I just stood there looking into his eyes until he stopped breathing. I'll remember the look on his face until my dying day."

His face had contorted again into that expression he had worn when I had first seen him, conveying an eternal sadness that he had somehow grown to be at peace with. I tried to imagine what he was remembering, but it was beyond my ken. He had been to war, and thanks to him and thousands of others like him, I had not.

I moved on to other patients while the nurse wrapped up his knee and discharged him. I was standing at the desk reviewing a chart when he sauntered past me towards the exit, the limp he'd had coming in replaced with a Mr. Bojangles-like spring in his step.

"It feels great, Doc. Thank you," he said.

First Kill

"My pleasure," I said.

The limp would return, of course. The effects of age on a human body are inexorable, and the powers of physicians to hold them at bay limited. When one battles with the Grim Reaper, one does so with the certain knowledge of who will eventually emerge victorious.

But every once in a while, one can offer something, even if it is only a brief respite from pain, to a deserving soul.

And tonight, that had been enough.

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You deserve to be honored and remembered.

Submit your WW II stories and memories to:

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Birdseye, IN 47513
or e-mail us at
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**Civil War Diary
of
William H. Morgan
1860**

Following John Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry, the young men in the vicinity of present day Gladys, Virginia, organized a volunteer infantry company. My father Richard Morgan, gave the company its name "Clifton Grays" after a nearby stream.

Officers were:

Capt. Adam Clement
1st Lt. Joseph A. Hobson
2nd Lt. H.H. Withers
3rd. Lt. James A. Connelly
4th Lt. Robert M. Cocke (He was my brother-in-law.)

I was elected the company's Orderly Sergeant. Two of my brother's also served in the outfit: Sergeant George W. "Coon" Morgan
Robert W. "Bob" Morgan.
We wore uniforms of steel gray with matching caps.

May 1861

The Clifton Grays were mustered into Confederate service at Lynchburg as one of ten companies of the 28th Virginia Infantry, under the

command of Col. Robert T. "Bob" Preston.

There was some discontent among the troops when they learned they would be receiving old flintlock muskets instead of Mississippi Rifles. I told my comrades that it was their duty to defend their home state even if they were armed with nothing but "rocks and sticks", and called each man willing to fight under present circumstances to follow me. I marched out of camp with the whole company following me. We camped in a grove west of College Hill, in what is now Miller Park.

June 1861

The regiment received orders to proceed to the front, and marched through Lynchburg to the railroad depot. The streets were lined with cheering crowds. In route to the front, we stopped briefly at Culpeper and fought high winds to pitch our tents. But before we could finish, we were ordered to strike camp and re-board the train. We proceeded to Manassas, where

my company was transferred to the 11th Virginia Infantry, commanded by Col. Samuel Garland of Lynchburg, and attached to Gen. Longstreet's Brigade. We camped on the north side of the railroad tracks, just west of the depot.

Longstreet's Brigade marched down Bull Run to Blackburn's Ford, but my regiment was held in reserve south of the stream and above the ford. The remainder of the brigade engaged Yankee pickets in some heavy skirmishing.

July 18, 1861

My regiment was sent to relieve the troops who had skirmished the previous day. We took position on both sides of Bull Run, and saw our first dead Yankee.

July 21, 1861

The Battle of Bull Run

Most of the fighting occurred to the left of my position at Blackburn's Ford, where my regiment was pinned by Union artillery. It was a hot day, and I grew sleepy, dozing betweenartil-

lery rounds. The battery ceased fire in the afternoon, and Longstreet's Brigade marched forward toward Centreville. We stopped at an abandoned Yankee campsite, strewn with abandoned food, and equipment. We were afraid to eat any of the food for fear that the enemy might have poisoned it before their departure. In the evening, General Longstreet passed by the camp and the men gave him three cheers.

July 22, 1861

I joined my brigade in scouring the area between Centreville and the Stone Bridge for abandoned weapons and supplies. The men converged at the Stone Bridge, crossed it, and made camp atop a long hill along the Warrenton Turnpike. During our march we encountered a dazed, wounded Yankee soldier and made him our prisoner.

July 23, 1861

The brigade marched back to Manassas, passing over the battlefield. We saw many unburied bodies of

New York Slaves.

July 24, 1861

The brigade marched to the outskirts of Centreville and set up camp. We were occupied with drills for the next few weeks.

August 10, 1861

The brigade marched 7 miles to Fairfax. An intensely hot day, many men fell victim to heat exhaustion. At Fairfax, my brother "Coon" contracted measles. I arranged for a sick furlough, and sent him by train to Lynchburg. Rev. H.M. Linney, a Methodist minister from our neighborhood, accompanied "Coon" on the train and delivered him to my brother-in-law George A. Burks. "Coon" spent the duration of his illness in the Burks home. Meanwhile, the brigade was occupied with picket duty near Alexandria.

We were close enough to Washington to see the Capitol dome. Once, on picket near Annandale, my company was warned of cavalrymen approaching our position on the Centreville road.

We took position along a roadside fence in hopes of ambushing the horsemen. But the approaching men turned out to be Confederate cavalry. Another time, when on picket near Falls Church, my company was assigned to protect an artillery unit as it fired on a house in which the Yankees had established a post. The inhabitants of the Falls Church vicinity were very friendly with the Confederate soldiers and I remember one family feeding us a huge breakfast of buckwheat cakes with butter, honey and milk.

October 1861

We returned to Centreville and made camp on the same site we had previously occupied. We still picketed as far as Fairfax. While on picket there during the winter, I became ill with fever and was sent home on a sick furlough. I was cared for by Dr. Robert Withers, and got to meet my firstborn son, Dixie Morgan, who was born September 25th.

During my absence, my company suffered its first

casualty when William H. Hobson, a cousin of my wife, was killed in a skirmish near Draisessville. When I returned to the camp at Centreville, the troops were visited by Gov. John Letcher, who presented each Virginia regiment with a new state flag.

March 1862

My company followed the rest of the Confederate Army in its withdrawal from Manassas. On the march south, since our term of enlistment was about to expire, we elected officers for the upcoming year. Adam Clement was reelected captain, I was elected 1st. Lieutenant, James Connelly was reelected 2nd Lieutenant, and Jabaz Rosser was elected 3rd. Lieutenant. Joseph Hobson and H.H. Withers, not being reelected, retired.

The troops marched through Prince William, Spottsylvania, Hanover, and Henrico counties. Meanwhile, Gen. Longstreet was promoted Division Commander and Col. A.P. Hill

Civil War: Morgan

was promoted to Brigadier General and placed in command of my brigade.

April 12, 1862

The troops reached Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy. There we were put on steamboats and sent down the James River to King's Landing. We marched several miles through Williamsburg, continuing down the peninsula to the lines near Yorktown.

May 1862

Gen. Joseph E. Johnston ordered the Confederate Army to retreat back up the peninsula when he received word that the Union Army was planning on sending troops up the York River and surround us. My brigade marched back through Williamsburg and made camp in an open field just west of the town.

May 5, 1862

Battle of Williamsburg

Gen. Hill marched his brigade back through Williamsburg to take up position on the extreme right of the

new Confederate line east of town. My company was on the left side of the 11th Regiment, putting me very close to Col. James L. Kemper, the commander of the 7th. Regiment.

I spotted a number of Yankee soldiers moving through the woods ahead and brought this to the attention of Col. Kemper. Col. Kemper alerted General Hill, who looked through his field glasses and confirmed that they were indeed Yankees and ordered the men to attack. Col. Kemper called out, "Now, boys, I want you to give it to those blue-coated fellows! Ready, aim, fire!"

After the initial volley, General Hill took out his pistol and rushed to the front and called the men to follow. The whole line rushed forward, over a fence and down a slope of about 50 yards. During the charge, I came across a Yankee straggler and pulled my pistol; but, it failed to fire, and I had to pick up a loaded musket from the hands of a dead soldier. About this time, word

reached my company that the Yankees were in full retreat.

My regiment pursued them for over a quarter-mile until we got to the eastern edge of the woods where the Yankees had constructed a fortress of rough-hewn timber. Col. Garland came forward and ordered the men to charge the fortress, and many of the Yankees fled in front of us. A good number of prisoners were captured, and the men returned to the safety of the woods until nightfall. After dark, we marched back to the edge of Williamsburg. We slept on the wet, muddy ground.

May 6, 1862

My regiment left Williamsburg and marched toward Richmond. We did not hurry, and spent a number of days camped on the east bank of the Chickahominy River. We tallied up our casualties from the recent battle and found eight dead and many wounded. Among the dead was my brother-in-law Miffram Bailey, who had only been with the com-

pany about a month.

Col. Garland was promoted to general and put in command of a North Carolina brigade. Col. Kemper was also promoted and succeeded General Hill as commander of my brigade. I became ill on the retreat, and had to be transported by ambulance as far as Chickahominy. The men passed by many old historic homes, including that of former President John Tyler, whose newly erected tombstone stood by the roadside.

May 15, 1862

My regiment made camp at Darbytown, near Richmond. I obtained a pass into the city where I purchased an officer's uniform.

May 27, 1862

The regiment moved to a camp near Howard's Grove.

May 31, 1862

Battle of Seven Pines

I was temporarily in command of my company as Capt. Clement had been promoted to major and had gone home for his horse and

Civil War: Morgan

equipment. I was nervous and had a premonition that I would be wounded in the pending battle. Our brigade was held in reserve, and posted in an open field about 3/4 of a mile from the front.

Eventually, we were ordered to charge to the front. We found a great number of Confederate dead and an abandoned Yankee breastworks and campsite. We continued to pursue the retreating Union Army, but were forced by heavy return fire to fall back to the breastworks. In the retreat, Capt. Henry Fulks of Company F was shot dead only a few feet from me. My company lost three men in the fight.

We remained in the breastworks until after dark when we were relieved and marched back a short distance to sleep under some oak trees. George Bright, a kinsman from Prince Edward County serving as a courier for Gen. Kemper, came to ask how we had fared and gave me a Yankee blanket he had picked up in the battle.

June 1, 1862

Kemper's Brigade marched back toward Richmond and set up camp northeast of the city.

June 26, 1862

Kemper's Brigade received orders to march north, and crossed the York River Railroad, where we observed an observation balloon tracking the movement of enemy forces.

June 27, 1862

While crossing the Meadow Bridge over the Chickahominy River, my company had a brief encounter with Gen. Robert E. Lee riding his horse "Traveler". He asked the men what regiment we belonged to, and a dozen or more men answered "Eleventh Virginia." In the ensuing Battle of Gaines' Mill later that day, the regiment was held in reserve so we saw no fighting.

June 28, 1862

I became ill, and obtained a sick-pass to return to the regimental campsite. Soon thereafter, several old men

from my neighborhood came to Richmond to look after the welfare of my company. They put me up in a hotel to recover in a comfortable bed. Eventually, I was sent back home to recover completely. In my absence, the brigade was engaged in a fight at Frazier's farm.

August 30, 1862

Second Battle of Bull Run

I was still recovering at home when this battle was fought, but my brother Bob was badly wounded in the thigh. He was taken to Warrenton where our father, Richard Morgan, met him. But, our father came down with a severe case of typhoid fever and was not much help. My company lost four men in the battle.

September 25, 1862

I rejoined my company near Winchester, where they had retreated from the Battle of Sharpsburg. We had lost two men in the fight.

October 25, 1862

The brigade left Winchester and marched up the rock

road before turning toward the Blue Ridge. We waded across the Shenandoah River and crossed through Thornton's Gap near Sperryville. We passed through Madison, Rappahanock, Orange and Culpeper counties.

November 19, 1862

The brigade left Culpeper and moved toward Fredericksburg.

November 25, 1862

The brigade arrived in Fredericksburg and built what we thought would be our winter quarters some two miles south of town. The Yankee army was in plain view, camped on the opposite side of the Rappahannock River.

December 11, 1862

I was awakened by the sound of Yankee artillery shelling Fredericksburg.

December 13, 1862

Battle of Fredericksburg

The Confederate lines stretched for four miles, and I was near the middle. The

morning was very foggy, and did not lift until after nine o'clock. When it did lift, the battle began. My brigade was held in reserve. Eventually, we were ordered to relieve the troops on Mary's Hill and marched down the telegraph road toward Fredericksburg. About sundown, the firing ceased and we went around the hill to the left and relieved the front line troops. We were stationed on the outskirts of Fredericksburg, to the left of the stone wall.

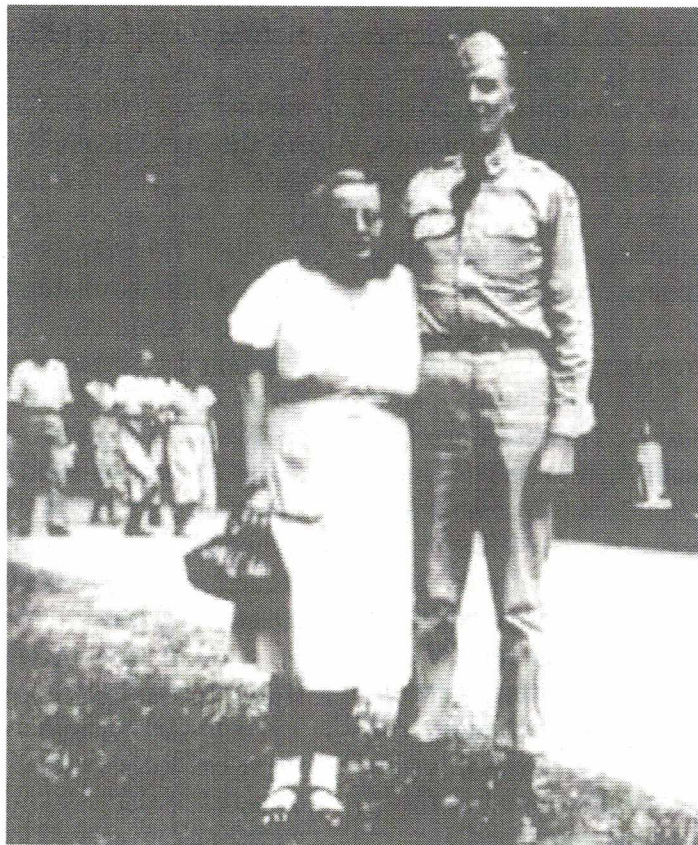
December 14, 1862

From our position at the stone wall, my company was engaged in sharpshooting with Yankees posted in the houses of Fredericksburg. This continued for two days.

To be continued in next month's issue.

Preserve your war time memories and the heroism of other family members.

Send us your war time memories, stories and photographs, so that other can learn the truth.



Jack Dale

Asher (pictured above) entered the US Army August 17, 1949 at Evansville, Indiana. He was attached to the 3rd. Armored Division and served his basic training at Fort Knox, KY. From there, he was assigned to Fort Henning, Ga. where he served as an M.P.

He went to Pusan, Korea August 18, 1950 and was

promoted to Corporal. On Feb. 15th, 1951, while fighting against the North Korean Communists and Chinese Communists, he was wounded. He was hospitalized at Pusan, South Korea, near Seoul but died the following day, February 16, 1951. He was only 19 years, 4 months and 5 days old at the time of his death.



This family picture was taken at the family homestead in Oconto Nebraska.

Seated are William Harland and Emma Milligan.

Back row: Harland Glen, Mary and Walter Milligan.

My Grand-Uncle, Harland Glen Milligan CWT US Navy was born Feb. 16, 1901 and died Mar. 12, 1941. He enlisted in WWI and was in the Navy until his death. He was born in Nebraska and is buried in Viola Cemetery in Custer County Nebraska.

Submitted by James Milligan

Can you identify this patch?
From: research@nycountry.com

The patch that you have, is a unit patch for the 172nd Infantry Brigade.

Combat arms colors are represented with the bayonet

alluding to the Infantry and symbolizing attack. The Great Dipper and North Star al-



lude to Alaska and the mountains refer to the terrain over which the units will maneuver to gain and hold ground. The shoulder sleeve insignia was authorized on 28 Aug 1963.

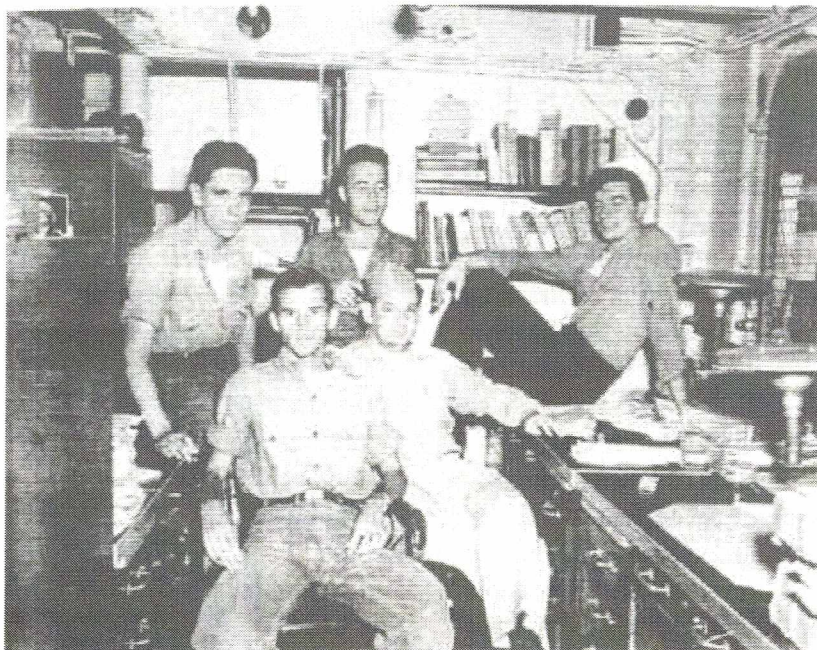
Patch for the 49th AAA Brigade, WW II

I would like to see if there is a patch for this Unit. The person who wants to find this patch, has no computer so I am trying to help him. We both are members of the same American Legion post.

Thanks in advance
Tom from N.C.

The 49th Artillery Brigade wore a felt patch shown on the next page, from 1943 to March of 1946.

My dad Michael T. Shrak is on the far right in the photo below. He is the one that looks like Gregory Peck, with jet black hair, & smokey eyes. This photo was taken around 1942 on the USS Montpelier
Sent by Mike Shrak Jr. N.Y.



Hello,

My grandfather is a World War Two veteran living in Jacksonville, FL. He served in the African and European theater during the war. He chased Rommel's forces in Africa and landed on the shores of Marcias, France in Europe following the 101st Airborne through France, Belgium and into Germany. He did his Basic Training in Alabama in 1942 and did not come home until 1945. My grandfather is full of stories that I feel (as I am also a teacher) would benefit any history class. My question to you is; my husband is in the military and we are currently stationed a great distance from Jacksonville, do you know of any volunteers in that area that would be willing to conduct an interview and record my grandfather's memories of the time? I appreciate any help you can provide. Thank you

Yvonne McKinley

We contacted a writer from Florida, that is willing to interview your grandfather. They should be contacting you shortly.



49th AAA Brigade, WW II Patch

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