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same price.
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WHEELS—Sarven's patent wheels, 1-inch screwed rims fitted with 1/4-inch oval edge steel tires, bolted between each spoke; 40 inches front and 44 inches rear. Made of second growth hickory; fully warranted. 38 inches front and 42 inches rear if ordered.

TOP—Four-bow, leather quarters and back stays; quarters cut deep and back stays lined and padded, with fancy needle work on lining; roof and back curtain heavy rubber. Nickel curtain fasteners. All wool head lining and lined back curtain. Comes complete with good side curtains.

PAINTING—Body, black, with neat decoration and striping; gear, Brewster gear green, neatly striped. Will furnish blood carmine gear.

TRIMMINGS—Upholstered with heavy dark green body cloth over coil spring cushion and solid panel spring back. Storm apron, boot, quick shifting shaft couplers, carpet, lined panels, wrench, 15-inch leather dash and shafts leather trimmed.

TRACK—4 feet 8 inches or 5 feet 2 inches. Net weight, about 315 pounds.

No. 11E124 Price, with double braced shafts..... **\$38.70**

Price, with 1/4-inch Kelly Springfield guaranteed rubber tires.... **\$53.85**

Price, with 1-inch Kelly Springfield guaranteed rubber tires. .. **\$66.55**

For cheaper rubber tires, see page 202.

EXTRAS.

Pole in place of shafts..... **\$1.60** | Both pole and shafts..... **\$3.75**

Genuine leather upholstery..... **1.65**

Weight, crated under 30 inches, about 400 pounds. Shipped from factory.

Photographs of Antiques Needed

We are looking for photographs of antiques that you inherited. Send us a snapshot, along with a description of the item, details as to how it was used and the complete name of the person you inherited it from.

This is a great way to let other relatives know what family treasures have been preserved.

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Experience the reality of TODAY
 for it is tomorrow's memories
 and yesterday's dreams.
 - Franklin T. Wike, Jr.

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Letter From The Editor



The Change in Families

U.S. Legacies has basically become a magazine of memories and while working on this magazine I find myself thinking about the past, every single day of my life. That is not all I think about, because I try to stay up with the newest computer advances and other current events, but remembering the past seems to become more important to me with each passing year. I have a tendency to be somewhat analytical at times, I even tried to figure out why the past seems so important to me. I finally came to the conclusion that many of my fondest memories revolve around the days when I was surrounded by family. It is not that my family was always smiling and happy. It is the fact that I BELONGED to a group of people that loved each other, cared about each other, and helped each other. This made a major impression on my life.

One of my goals in starting this organization was to try and bring families closer together. Along those

lines, this issue is a tribute to the importance of grandparents. We all had grandparents and many of us are or will one day become grandparents. If we share the stories we remember and the lessons we learned from our grandparents, maybe we can help other grandparents discover how valuable an asset they can become to their own grandchildren.

As I think about families and grandparents, I also think about the changes that have taken place in families over the years. As a result of these changes, I believe the need for preserving some of the family values from the past is more important now than it has ever been.

One change in families is their size. Back in the days before birth control pills and abortions, when much of the population consisted of farmers, it was not uncommon for parents to have from 6 to 12 children. This was useful when it came time to work the crops in the fields, but there were also other rewards. Children grew up learning about responsibilities, working together, depending on others, and respecting their parents.

Another change in families came about with the industrial revolution. I can look at my roots and find many generations that were born and died in the same county. Many of these people never traveled more than 30 miles during their entire lifetime. However, after the industrial revolution, many children left the

farms in search of higher paying jobs. Now it is not uncommon for children or grandchildren to be living a thousand miles away from each other.

There is always a price to pay for progress. The invention of birth control or having a global society is no exception. In my opinion, the greatest price we have paid as a society can be seen in the breakdown of family. Part of this is a result of the geographical distance between family members and another part is a result of divorces. In my case, I fall into both categories. When I was young, my parents got divorced and moved to separate states, causing my connection with certain family members to be severed. Since the separation of families due to people moving to other states, getting divorced or both, seems to be an everyday occurrence in our society today, I feel that we have a certain responsibility to preserve the memories of our grandparents for our future decedents.

Through genealogy research, I discovered that, UNTIL the 20th century, many of my ancestors lived and died in the same county for several hundred years. One of these ancestors was my great-grandparents Harvey and Lizzie Hostetter. They were born and died in Lebanon County, PA. I was old enough when they died that I still remember standing on a ladder at their farm and picking cherries. I learned to ride a bicycle on the old country road that ran past their place. I also remember their storm cellar under the house, the church

camp meetings that took place across the street and the old gray sweater that my great-grandfather always wore. My great-grandparents were relatives that I was proud to call my family and I still am proud of them. They always seemed happy and surrounded with love. It was nearly 40 years after my great-grandmother died that I found a letter she wrote, indicating there was at least one point of sadness in her life. At the point in her life when she wrote this letter, her children were grown and had moved away, some of them to another state. Her husband had also passed away and according to her letter, she felt like she was all alone in the world. She still had friends from her church, but her family was gone and she felt abandoned.

I mention the fact about her feeling all alone for a reason. This is another price that some of us will pay for progress. I currently live in a "retirement" complex filled with divorced and widowed seniors and as I sit here at my computer looking out the window, I can see the doors of many apartments where the occupants sit inside day after day, waiting for family members to come visit them or waiting for the mail to be delivered to see if they have a letter from someone that cares about them.

Earlier, I mentioned that years ago many farmers wanted large families because they needed the help with the crops. Back in the 50s, during the summer when school was out, my mother would put my brother and me on a train and we would travel by ourselves from Pennsylvania to

Indiana to help my grandfather work on his farm. I did not spend a lot of time chatting with my grandfather when we were working. However, every day I spent with him was an education in life that I am lucky to have stored away in my memory as I watched him swing a scythe through the tall grass and weeds, cultivate the fields, work with his horse or take corn to the local feed mill. I also learned many things from my grandmother watching her in the kitchen, or as she worked in the garden with her flowers, or even as she helped paint their house. Although I didn't realize it at the time, one valuable lesson I learned by observing my grandparents and great-grandparents was the interaction between a husband and wife.

Since my own parents were divorced, my home life did not offer a "Father Knows Best" example of how a married couple should behave. The lifestyles of many younger couples was considerably different than the interaction I observed between my grandparents and great-grandparents. What I saw was not all the hugs and kisses you might see with young couples, but the mutual respect, understanding and friendship that took years to develop and lasted beyond the death of one partner.

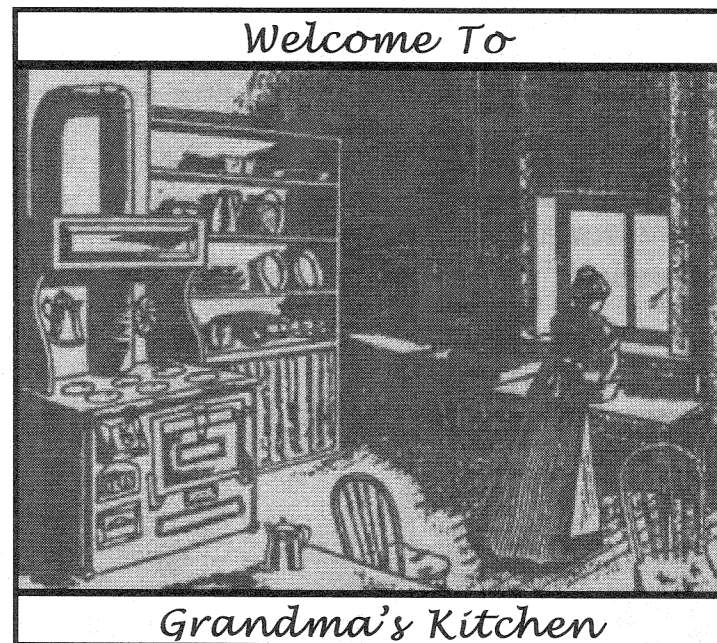
In addition to the things I learned from my grandparents, I would be remiss if I did not mention or give credit to my Uncle Clyde Hostetter or Donald Hostetter for the time they shared with me, during the years when there was no male figure in my home. Having the chance to

spend time with and learn from other male relatives helped to shape and mold my character.

Being raised in a single parent family, I did not get to meet or know my father's side of the family as a child. However, I got lucky and several years ago was able to track them down, and discovered I still have aunts, uncles, and cousins with whom I can communicate. While I have still not met these relatives face to face, through the stories published in this magazine, phone calls, letters and the Internet, I am constantly learning new things from them about my family and my heritage as well as about life. My fondest memories are of the days when I was surrounded by one side of my family, but the fact that I still have other relatives I can learn from and share life with, fills a major part of my life also.

In conclusion, if you have your parents, or grandparents, please pay attention to them today and their memories will live within you forever. If they are already gone, you can preserve the things they taught you by sharing your memories and time with others. Also, if you have children or grandchildren, it is important for them to get to know family members from BOTH sides of the family. This includes the children of divorced parents. Parents, Grandparents, Aunts and Uncles are a valuable asset to every person. Homes, money and property can be replaced, but family can not.

Franklin T. Wike, Jr.



From the Editor's Desk

I hope everyone has had a pleasant summer. **August** is usually the hottest month (well in Georgia anyway).

It's also the **month of children going back to school** and the finishing of the **garden harvesting and canning**.

I think of my grandparents often, but summer, in particularly, brings many **fond memories** of them and how they **harvested, canned and put away their garden goods**. I'm grateful for these many memories and some of their ways I carry on. Some of the smallest things they did will forever remain with me.

If your grandparents are still living, remember **Grandparents Day is coming up September 7th**. (See article included later in this magazine "This Little Piggy.") It is a great way to **make memories with your children** or grandchildren.

Remember, the US Legacies staff has a thirst for knowledge and we're always looking for more information. We want to **record your memories** to share with other readers of the magazine, as well as online.

Of course, Grandma's Kitchen can never be complete. Does anyone ever have enough recipes or tips? **Send in your ideas and recipes**. Tell us what you would like to read. We are always ready to research your questions. We also need you to

help us find some of the answers. Your answers and articles sent in will enable us to record many different types of history.

With the help of our readers, we have been able to answer many questions this month.

We welcome your mail and email. We receive questions each month from all age groups. The answers to many depend on location, culture and ethnic origin.

Rita Redd



Comments and Requests

I have been able to answer or find answers to some of the following. Please help our readers out with your response or recipe.

Question: I am looking for a list of ingredients every kitchen should have.

My Answer:

This is a hard one as there are so many ingredients that can be used in a kitchen. To make it easier, when you first begin to stock a kitchen, I suggest you start out planning for a few days or one week at the time. Check your list to make sure you have the ingredients needed to prepare those planned meals. The next week, do the same. Eventually, you'll find that you have a good stock

of the basic items needed for your style of cooking. By doing this you can buy a few ingredients at the time.

Request from Jan: Thief Boys

Rolls: My 74-year-old neighbor was telling me about rolls her mother used to make in the 40's. The shape was similar to a crescent roll. They were rolled in butter, cinnamon and nuts. She called them **Thief Boys**. If anyone has this recipe, my neighbor would be absolutely thrilled when I bake them for her!

My answer: Recipe included on page 6, I think may be close to **Thief Boys**. If anyone has the original recipe, please send it in. The world today needs more neighbors willing to do a little extra, like Jan.

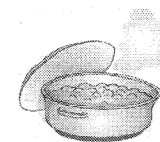


Our Search Continues If you can help us solve these, please share.

- ◆ Need directions and amount of nuts for Mrs. Blouser's Nut Cake
- ◆ Civil War Recipes
- ◆ 1930's and 1940's Recipes
- ◆ Simple-easy to prepare recipes
- ◆ Poorman's Cake
- ◆ What are pepper berries? Last month I made an error and put peppercorns.
- ◆ Tipera: Looking for a recipe using dried beef and a tomato base.
- ◆ What cake mix came out first?

Recipe Question of The Month

Often recipes that are hand written and handed down are unclear. Many cooks just jotted down the ingredients. If you read the recipe and know how it should be used, please let me know so we can add corrections to our database.



The following recipe was 1 of over 200 inherited by Franklin T. Wike Jr., from his great grandmother, Lizzie Fink Hostetter nee Long. She was PA Dutch. She spent over 40 years as a cook for the United Christian Church Campmeetings in Lebanon County, PA.

Canned Peas or Corn

Lizzie Fink Hostetter nee Long From: South Annville, PA -
Born 1881

Shell peas and fill jar
Put a teaspoon of salt to each jar
Let boil one hour for 3 days
Remove from fire and seal



If you have any easy recipes, please send them in. Often people are faced with cooking for the first time. These recipes help them greatly. Easy recipes are great when you are pushed for or wish to cut time in the kitchen.

Easy Recipe of The Month

Strawberry, Shrimp, Melon Salad

Dr. Zoe Simmons

1 cup lemon yogurt	2 cups cantaloupe balls
1 tsp. lemon juice	2 cups halved strawberries
2 Tbsp. honey	2 cups watermelon balls
½ pound cooked medium shelled shrimp	

In a small bowl, combine yogurt, lemon juice and honey and blend well. In large bowl, combine remaining ingredients. Pour dressing over and toss very gently to coat. Serve immediately on lettuce lined plates. Calories: 210, Fat: 8 grams, Sodium: 140 mg, Vitamin C: 120%, Vitamin A: 60%

Old Bread Pudding

Pauline nee Summers From: Owen County, IN

2 cups milk 4 cups bread crumbs ½ cup sugar
 ¼ teaspoon melted butter ¼ teaspoon salt 1 teaspoon salt
 2 eggs slightly beaten ½ cup raisins

Directions for modern use: Grease glass baking dish with margarine. Put bread crumbs in dish. Mix all other ingredients pour over bread crumbs. Stir, then bake at 350 degrees 40 to 60 minutes. Serve with Bread Pudding Sauce. Original directions: Pour over breadcrumbs. Mix and bake 40-60 minutes. Serve with Bread Pudding Sauce. Contributed by: Mrs. Smith Thank you!

The following is a great way to make memories and have fun. Can you imagine the squeals of delight from your children or grandchildren.

This Little Piggy

Contributed by: Dr. Zoe Simmons



Everyone loves sugar cookies. Most children love to go barefoot. Why not let your kids help make a batch of "Barefoot Cookies"? Have each of them stand on a piece of sturdy cardboard. Trace patterns around each foot. Next, whip up a batch of your favorite dough, roll it out and cut carefully around your patterns. With a spatula, gently transfer the dough "feet" to greased cookie sheets and bake. When the cookies are cool. Your children can decorate them. "Toes" can be polished with sprinkles. Sandal's can be drawn in frosting.

Dr. Zoe Simmons reports: I did this with my children and their friends 36 to be exact. We had an absolute blast. I have never seen children so happy about something so simple.

Bread Pudding Sauce

Pauline nee Summers From: Owen County, IN

1 cup sugar 2 tablespoons corn starch 2 cups boiling water
 ¼ cup butter 2 teaspoons vanilla

Original Directions: If corn starch clumps in boiling water, try adding it to cold water and bring to a boil. Adapted directions for modern use: Mix sugar, 1 and ¾ cup water, bring to a low boil. Put cornstarch in bottom of cup. Slowly add ¼ cup cold water mixing well pour into boiling mixture. Stir boiling mixture, constantly until thickens. Remove from heat, stir in butter and vanilla. Pour warm over bread pudding. Contributed by: Mrs. Smith

Salsa

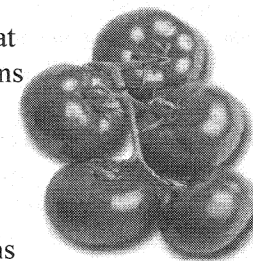
Rita Redd

1 quart fresh tomatoes diced ½ bell pepper diced
 1 small onion diced ¼ teaspoon salt
 1 teaspoon chili powder

Mix all ingredients in boiler. Bring to a slow boil, then turn to simmer. Simmer until thick. Can be used as dip or relish. For spicy hotter taste add more chili powder to taste, or hot pepper. Stores 5 to 7 days in refrigerator

Tomatoes for Men

Physicians are now advising male patients to eat more tomatoes and tomato-based products. It seems that the red pigment found in tomatoes contains a powerful antioxidant called lycopene. Lycopene is found to be a strong deterrent to prostate cancer. Surprisingly, lycopene may cut the chance of prostate cancer as much as 45%. Lycopene seems to settle in the prostate. Men who have high levels of the antioxidant in their blood seem to have fewer cases of prostate cancer.



To reap the benefits from lycopene, men should eat at least five servings of tomatoes each week. In addition to preventing prostate cancer, tomatoes are believed to help prevent other types of cancer.

Tomatoes for Everyone

Research studies are saying that lycopene in tomatoes is being credited for preventing Atherosclerosis (a hardening of the arteries due to deposits of plaque). **Great news for all of us!**

Foods High in Lycopene:

Tomatoes fresh, cooked or canned
 Tomato juice
 Ketchup
 Apricots raw or dried
 Guava fruit and juice

Tomato paste
 Tomato sauce
 Salsa
 Pink grapefruit
 Watermelon

Thief Boys

We are looking for the original recipe. I found a topping similar to Jan's request.

Thief Boys

Using your favorite bread recipe, roll dough into crescent shape and bake. (Or use crescent rolls from your grocery.) While warm, roll in one of the following toppings.

Powder Sugar Frosting

1 cup powdered sugar, sifted ½ cup finely crushed pecans
1 or 2 tablespoons milk ½ tsp cinnamon
In small bowl, combine powdered sugar, cinnamon, and milk. Stir until smooth. Roll warm crescent rolls in mixture then roll in nuts.

My Forgetter

My forgetter's getting better,
But my rememberer is broke
To you that may seem funny
But, to me, that is no joke



Sometimes I put things away
Where they are safe, but, Gee!
The person they are safest
from usually is, me!

For when I'm "here" I'm wondering
If I really should be "there"
And, when I try to think it through,
I haven't got a prayer!

When shopping I may see someone,
Say "Hi" and have a chat,
Then, when the person walks away
I ask myself, "who was that?"

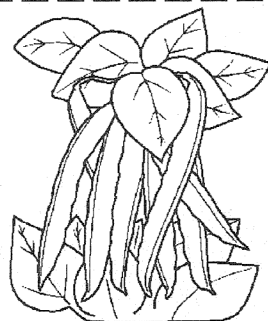
Some times I walk into a room,
Say "what am I here for?"
I wrack my brain, but all in vain!
A zero, is my score.

Yes, my forgetter's getting better
While my rememberer is broke,
And it's driving me plumb crazy
And that isn't any joke.

Author Unknown

Dried Green Beans Old storage method

Green beans were often strung using a needle and thread to dry for the long winter ahead. The dried beans were placed in a dry place for storage. When needed, water was added. The beans were cooked until tender. They lost most of their vitamins. But were filling to an empty stomach.



Fruit Storage of Old



Peaches, Apples or Pears were sliced thin, placed in single layer's on white sheeting. The sheeting had been hung across chairs or whatever was available in the sun. Fruit was brought in then placed outside the next day. This was repeated until fully dried. The dried pieces were stored in bags or jars in a cool, dark place. Could be used as snacks or boiled in water to make pies.

Quotes To Share

- ◆ All men are born equal but the tough job is to outgrow it. - Don Leary
- ◆ Do not let the good things in life rob you of the best things. - Buster Rothman
- ◆ The difference between a hero and a coward is one step sideways. - Gene Hackman
- ◆ Expect people to be better than they are; it helps them to become better. But don't be disappointed when they are not; it helps them to keep trying. - Merry Browne
- ◆ To have a right to do a thing is not at all the same as to be right in doing it. - G.K. Chesterton



The following old peach preserve recipe is typical of many old recipes. The amount of each ingredient is not listed because it was used in small or large amounts. If there was a small amount of peaches a smaller pan was used.

Grandma Jackson's Peach Preserves

Rosa Rains nee Jackson

From: Perkins Oklahoma Born 1900

In the late evening, Peel cling peaches and chop fine, Fill the pan pretty full as they will shrink when they sit overnight. Cover generously with sugar (quite a lot). Slice a lemon and add. Cover with a towel. Next morning start cooking slowly. Cook until syrup is thick. Pour into sterilized jars and seal.
Contributed by: Marilyn Brixey Wells

Smokehouses: Preserving Meat and Preserving Tradition



*Smokehouse above owned by:
Ira and Gwen Barnes*

Smoke House

Smoke Houses are built different, as described in the following. **A shelter built to protect meat from animals and the weather.** These shelters provide a way to process and store fresh meat for many months. You will see that smoking is a long process.

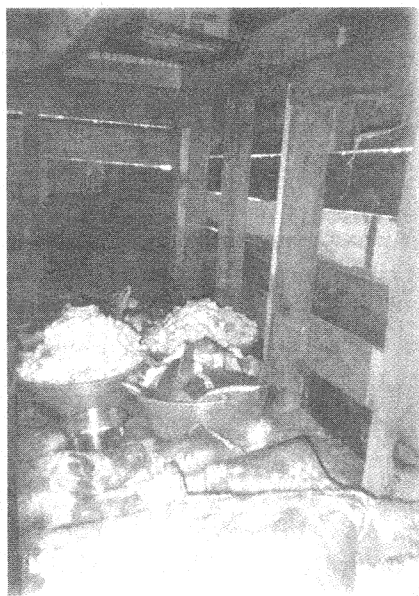
Ira (called Jr.) Barnes, Born: July 14, 1934,
and Gwen Barnes, Born: Nov. 30, 1946

The Smoke House pictured belongs to Ira (everyone calls him Jr.) and Gwen Barnes. Believed to have been built around 1864. The same date the old house they lived in, until it burned a few years ago, was built. They continue to use the smoke house. As you can see from the pictures it is in great shape. Anyone that has ever tasted their hams or bacon will tell you it is the

best you ever put in your mouth.

Gwen and Jr. were truly a southern hard working couple. They have been married 41 years. They raised 4 children of their own, plus Gwen's 2 young brothers. They always had children's friends or cousins spending the night or week.

The children grown, they continue to work hard milking cows at their son's dairy. Which means they get up at 3 am 7 day's a week. They milk from 3:30 am to 9 or 10 am come home. They are then back at the barn from 2 pm until 7 pm for the second milking. They continue as they always have. They can and



freeze vegetables every summer. They continue to raise their own hogs. The first cold weather finds them slaughtering hogs for the smoke house.

The smoke house has a dirt floor. Gwen says at one time it was half dirt and half platform type floor. They have had to replace a few boards. But most of structure has held strong.

Processing and Smoking

As told by Gwen Barnes

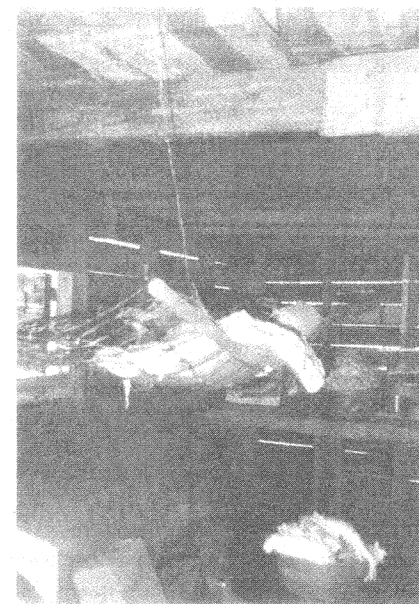
The hogs are killed, cleaned and hung over night to drain. The second day the meat is packed in salt. The meat remains in salt for four weeks. The meat is hung using hooks or homemade racks. A small fire is built using hickory wood. You only want the smoke, so small amounts of wood are used. The meat is kept smoking for four to seven days

Article by: Rita Redd

Smoke House Description

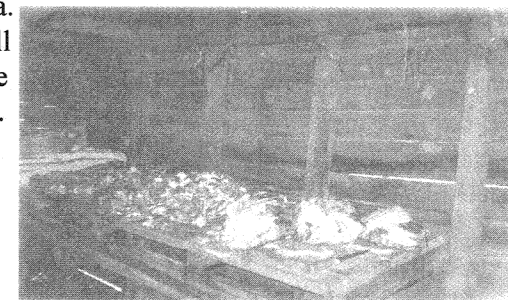
Sent in by Harvey Wike

I can fill you in on the subject of the smoke house. We had one back on our farm in Pennsylvania. All it takes is a regular small wooden shed. Cover the outside with tar felt like paper. The kind you use on a roof. Hang bars or pipes on the inside ceiling to hang the meat.

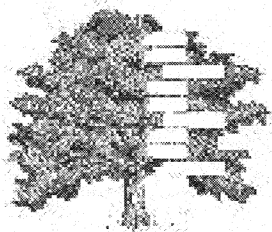


Dig a pit in the dirt floor. Place logs in the pit. Use apple, oak or whatever you would like the meat to taste like. Keep the logs wet, as you want them to smoke not burn.

We did our own butchering. We would have beef, pork and sausage smoking. I remember one day on the way home from school. I noticed the smoke house was on fire. The fat dripping on the logs started the fire. We did put out the fire and saved the meat.



The Genealogy Corner



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

Remembering Our Grandparents

Connie Sychowski
Editor Genealogy Corner



**Harvey Snell with (daughter from first marriage)
Cecile Warden nee Snell**

The theme for the August issue is "Grandparents." I was a late-in-life child and never had a chance to know my grandfather, so why would I choose to write about him?

Over the years from my childhood on I have heard so many stories about the "man" who was my mother's father. Though short in stature, standing only 5'1" nothing seemed to hold him down for long. He was a self-made man, more than once.

My grandfather, Harvey Aldelbert Snell, was one of 16 children born to George and Harriett Snell. He had an 8th grade education with a diploma of which he was very proud. He married twice; his second marriage was

to Mary M. Bosman, my grandmother. He learned all about the building industry and decorating, which in those days was referred to as painting and paperhanging. He was successful with this line of work and built the home my mother was born in. About 1926/7 he built another house on the street behind their first home. Winter came and around October 1927 my grandparents, his brother, my mother and her sister piled into what was called a "touring truck" and headed for the west coast of Florida. My mama recalled how good the oysters were in those day and how her mother would flour and fry them in a greased pan.

Then the CRASH came, New York was a mess, people jumped out of windows because they had lost all their money. My grandfather decided to go back to Michigan, went to the bank and all the money was gone. Mama said she never did know how much they really had except that they were worth a lot in those days. So all they had to go home on was a fifty dollar gold piece. There was no work when they returned so Grandpa sold both houses and with that he rented a farm and bought a team of horses, a couple cows, pigs and chickens. So farming became the way of life with painting and papering hanging as time would allow. Eventually my grandfather became a Christian and an Evangelist.

He certainly sounded like a very

"big" man to me and I wish I would have had the pleasure to have known him. Grandparents are a very valuable asset in our lives. They are the keys that unlock our history. Make time to enjoy and learn from them while they are around.

Until next month,
Connie Sychowski

Online Forum:

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

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

"There is only one corner of the universe you can be certain of improving... and that's your own self."

—Aldous Huxley

Genealogy How To #3

Talk to your Grandparents

Write down your grandparents' names, birth dates, who their parents were and where they were born.

Write down when and where they were married. How many children did they have?

It is best to write down as much detailed information as you can about their past.

Write a story about your grandparents - your fondest memory of them and what they mean to you

Have them write a story of how they met and what they thought when they first saw you as a baby.

Using a tape recorder is also another useful tool. It can be easier then trying to write as they speak and in turn this helps you to focus on them as they speak and gives you an idea as to the feelings they express as they relive their past.

Here are some questions you can ask your parents, grandparents, aunts and uncles.

1. Ask them their full names including any nicknames they have or may have had in their past.

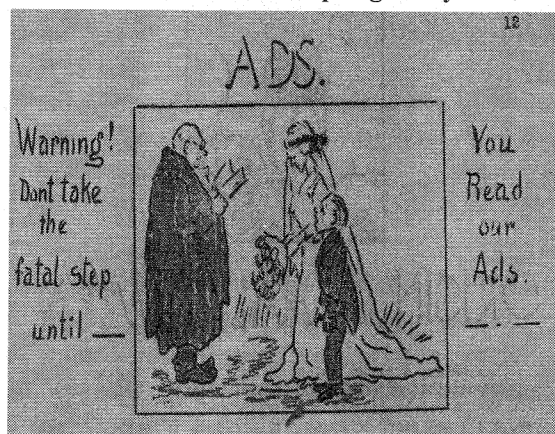
2. Ask them for their birth date, marriage date and locations of each.
3. Ask them for their parents' names and their grandparents' names. Also ask about any nicknames they may have had in the past.
4. What was it like for them growing up in such and such time period?
5. Did the family move often and if so where and what time periods?
6. What is their fondest memory (of whomever you want to know about or they want to share)?
7. What kind of house did they live in when they were children?
8. Did your parents or grandparents come to this state from another state?
9. When did they come to this state?
10. What was the city, county, and state?

"Springs Valley Gazette"

(continued from last month)

The next couple of issues will focus on ads placed in the school newspaper.

Cartoon in the Spring Valley Gazette



The next couple of issues will focus on ads placed in the school newspaper.

Seneff and Sutherland
Cleaner and Taylor
We call and deliver
Phone 134

Wilson Electric Shop
Radio and Accessories
Phone 198-J

F. C. Rhodes
Insurance
French Lick, Ind.

French Lick Bank
for Security

Schmutzler Ambulance
Phone 21

Toney's Motor Shop
Auto repairing

Wolfington Studio
High Class
Photography

The Star Store
Everything
To eat and wear

Wm. W. Elledge
General Contractor
Concrete blocks
Roofing, Paint,
Sand and gravel

Surname Requests, Comments and Photographs

Hostetter information, lost father...

My mother passed away some time ago and I have been searching for my father ever since. I am looking for a John W. Hostetter that lived in the state of Delaware in the mid seventies. He married Patricia Adams around that time and had a daughter, Nicole. The last known place he was seen was in Wilmington, DE and I believe his family might live in Fort Worth, TX. Thanks for any info.
Nicole Hostetter

Response:

Nicole, Thanks for posting your information. I checked in our database here and did not come up with a John W. Hostetter.

Do you have any additional information I can use in my search? Dates of birth/death, places of birth/death... any names on parents of either your mother or father... it is possible that someone else in this family has records that we can find but I really need more information.

I will post again when I come up with something. Also, your request for information will be placed in the August 2003 issue of U.S. Legacies Magazine

Possible connection?? James W. Hostetter

This has a TX link but without birth place or dates there is no way of knowing. Information supplied by David Bachman. This is as close as I can get-not too sure if it's the right family.

James W. Hostetter 1909b. Lebanon, PA-1970 died where? m'd 21 Apr. 1939 Lebanon, PA (Catholic) w. Henrietta M. Daullary 1913 b. Lebanon, PA-1980 d. Dallas Tx. Son: John b. ca. 1940 in 1980 resided in Dallas , TX area Day. Joan b. ca. 41 or 42.resided in L.A.,Calif., MD to _____ Ligon Last found in Lebanon City Directory1945-46.

Editor Genealogy Corner

Response

Just saw the post about James W. Hostetter. From what little information I have, I know that my father was older than my mother, it was guessed to be about 15-20 years, making James' son to be about the right age. The divorce was before I started school, 1979 and we moved out of the state in 1986.

Response

Patricia Ann Adams of Wilmington, DE dob Dec 4, 1956 - dod Oct 2?, 1991(Las Vegas, NV). She remarried in '88 to a Michael Kinsella in Las Vegas, NV. I was not adopted. Her parents were Mary Desmond and Joseph Adams.

Response

I know there is a Hostetter family reunion in PA every year. I am not sure when it will be held this year, but I will contact the person in charge and see if I can find a date and location. I will also send him a copy of the issue of U.S. Legacies Magazine that contains these

messages so that he can compare the data and requests against his mailing list and genealogy records.
FTW



Photo on page 20 of the May 2003 issue

Kaiser Family

The adult male is Albert Kaiser, his wife is Lilly Kaiser. The name of their adopted son is Phillip and he may still be alive and in his 60s. The adults may be buried in Birdseye, Indiana.. The person that sent this information to the magazine, said they received it from Joy King, who was a niece to Lilly.

How U.S. Legacies came to have this picture of the Kaiser Family.

The chain of events that happened relating to this photo is a sample of why US Legacies exists. I live in an apartment complex for retired individuals and it seems like there is a death around here every other month or so. Last year, there was an elderly lady named Pearl Veatch that was taken to the hospital, and then moved to a nursing home, prior to her death. When her apartment was being cleaned out, there were several sacks of papers and photos that were thrown in a dumpster. I do not normally go

through dumpsters, however, while throwing my trash away, I noticed the old photos and figured some relative may want them someday, so I removed them from the trash and brought them home.

Most of the photos do not have names on them, however this is the second one that has been identified by publishing them in our magazine. One person was identified by an old school mate that happened to see our magazine in a computer store, and this photo was recognized when someone purchased a single copy of our magazine and took it with him to church.

As we continue to place names with the faces in these photos, we now have the ability to give these photos to surviving family members. Even if it turns out that none of the current relatives want the photos, I am sure that somewhere down the line, some future decedents will be very happy to have and preserve the originals.

FTW

Rosella Pope nee Smith

I am looking for any information on the death of Rosella Pope nee Smith. When did she die and where she is buried?

She was born 1868 in Indiana. Her father John Smith was born 1846 possibly in Leavenworth, Crawford County, Indiana. Her mother Nancy Jane Redden was born in 1854.

Rosella married Wilbur L. Pope and together they had the following children. Minnie M. Pope, b. Sept 1887 (in the photo.)

William B. Pope b. April 1891

Charles L. Pope b. May 1893

Mamie E. Pope b. March 1900.

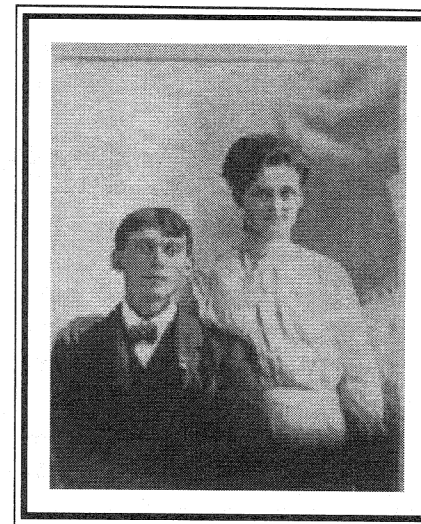


Photo of Minnie M. Pope and Henry Street

A copy of the 1900 census page from Sterling Township, Crawford County, Indiana lists this family, however the 1910 census does NOT list them. There is a possibility that Rosella may have died prior to 1910 and the family moved away.

Eldena East nee Street

A wholesome regard for the memory of the great men of long ago is the best assurance to a people of a continuation of great men to come, who shall be able to instruct, to lead, and to inspire. A people who worship at the shrine of true greatness will themselves be truly great.

—Calvin Coolidge

Family Reunion....

A time of

CONNECTION

"Is that Sherry, I can't believe it, it's Sherry," my Aunt Estell says, turning to a group of young people following her, who, I assume, maybe, are her great-grandkids. "Everyone come look, it's Sherry," she says again, just for good measure.

I was just glad she knew me, and, that she didn't call me "Annie". Annie was my mom, her sister, who passed away over twenty years ago. The last few times I'd been to see Aunt Estell, she'd thought I was Mama at first and that was several years ago. With it having been so long since I'd see her, I've been worried about her remembering me at all, now..

At long last I'd made it to the Clemons family reunion. First time in, oh, I don't even want to think about how many years.



warmness spread through and it felt like I'd never left.

Judy, my cousin, comes up to greet me and a flood of warm memories wash over me and I feel tears leak from the corner of my eyes as we hug. Turning, she introduces me to her now, grown kids, and her grandbabies. Eagerly, I pull out my billfold to share mine.

Strange faces come up, hoping for recognition and I struggle to pull a connection hidden somewhere in the back of my memory. Pretending to know them anyway, I hug their neck.

So many faces, so many memories, so glad to be here.

A family reunion is important. It's only one day out of our lives in a year, but it's a day that gives us balance. Gives us connection.

I'd lived away so long, that I needed this, perhaps, more so than many. Needed it to remind me

where I came from and, quite possibly, where I'm going.

And so, I spent the day reacquainting myself with aunts, uncles and cousins that I hadn't seen in many years, as well as many that I'd never seen. I also noticed missing faces and received the belated news of their passing.

Once all the hellos, hugs and sharing of recent family photos were over, I pulled open a box I'd brought with me and stood up.

"I have a request for everyone," I said, as they all looked at the box I held in my hand. "This box is full of pictures that Grandma Clemons left to Mama when she passed, and then Mama to me. Problem is, many don't have names or dates on them. I was wondering if you could help?"

Within minutes everyone had crowded around the table. "Oh my, I can't believe you have that picture, why that was your Great Uncle Droopy, your Grandpa Clemon's brother, when he was just seven years old, and can you believe it, why that's Junior when he graduated school. First one in our family, you know."

So rapid my fingers fled across my notebook as I tried to record all that was said. All that was shared.

And so, the hours passed. Photos, faces, people, all nameless for all these years, now had names, ages and many, many wonderful and amusing stories to go along with them. What a wonderful gift, these photos and these memories shared at the family reunion.

Through it all, I was reminded that this is what they call the "circle of life". A flowing of family. A flowing of memories, blood, and life.

Reunions go far in reminding us that in the end, family is all you have. It's where you came from, and it's where you're going.

They say blood runs thicker than water. I wonder sometimes if what they meant was that as water renews the body, blood renews the spirit. So it is with a family reunion, you get a feeling of renewal, kind of like being reminded that no matter how alone you may feel, that you have many others that share your genes, your spirit, your present and your past.

Copywrited by: Sharon Romine March 1993



But, as more and more familiar faces gathered on the scene, a

"We are coming to understand health not as the absence of disease, but rather as the process by which individuals maintain their sense of coherence (i.e. sense that life is comprehensible, manageable, and meaningful) and ability to function in the face of changes in themselves and their relationships with their environment."

— Aaron Antonovsky, *Unraveling The Mystery of Health: How People Manage Stress and Stay Well.*



Good Old Days

Celebrating Grandparents
*With Love and Appreciation
 for my Grandmother,
 Mary E. Douthit*

Family life certainly has changed over the years, but it wasn't really that long ago that it was commonplace for Mother to stay home with the children while Father went away to work each day. This situation was fortunate for various reasons, but especially as children received a great deal of their education and values at home.

Mother had a tough job in those days, without many of today's technological advances and modern conveniences. Luckily, most relatives lived near each other then.

Often times extended families were either neighbors or even shared the same house.

I was blessed in having grandparents that were neighbors. To me, Grandma and Grandpa's house wasn't just a place to be spoiled and fed too much candy, but they were in a sense supplemental parents. They were, in part, also responsible for my upbringing, and I remain grateful.

I suffered the loss of my

grandmother at age twelve, and feel the loss comparable to that of a mother. Being the baby of the family, I became Grandma's shadow. I followed her through her daily chores, and she taught me to quilt in the afternoon.

Each morning after the breakfast dishes were done I'd beg to hear stories of when she was young. And the stories this woman had to tell! I still say she was before her time, so strong, independent and free thinking.

She was born in 1916, to a large family in Arkansas, and like the rest of her siblings she only had an elementary education, as they went to work young. She lost her father in her teens and later went through a divorce, unheard of in her days. In the thirties and forties she was a singer. Of all of her old record collection, the recordings of her voice are still my favorite.

Along with her record collection was one of old books, filled with four leaf clovers she had collected from the yard, and cases of old *Avon*

perfume bottles, which she used to sell.

Grandma's influence has certainly shaped my life. This poor country girl from Arkansas remains my role model, who had grown into a confident, brilliant woman with little education, but incomparable experience. I aspire to someday master the perspective she had on things, to really grasp that money and material things do not make a life, but what makes a life are the other lives that we touch. I hope to have the ability to completely disregard judgment from others, and to live my life the way that I want to. I strive

to find my own faith, to examine things closely and live a good life, without fear.

I would desperately love the opportunity to thank Grandma. Her lessons are still staples in how I live, and her voice often echoes in my head with bits of wisdom. If you are fortunate enough to still have grandparents around, spend some time with them. Beg them to tell you their stories. Care for them as they did for you while you were young. Thank them, and let them know their life was important, as was their influence on yours.

Jennifer Thompson,

Comments and Requests

Hi, I am Lisa Butler. I am 33 years old. I love old stories and collect all old things. I accidentally came across your web site while trying to find some old time names for my new colt. I wanted a name that is really unique. My horse just had a little philly and I am looking for an old fashioned name.

In response to Lisa Butler's request for old time horse names, I found the following names from old Western movie horses: Chief and Mrs. Thunder Cloud had two horses, names Sunny and Smoke. Both have graves with tombstones at the S.O.P.H.I.E Pet Cemetery in Calabasas, California.

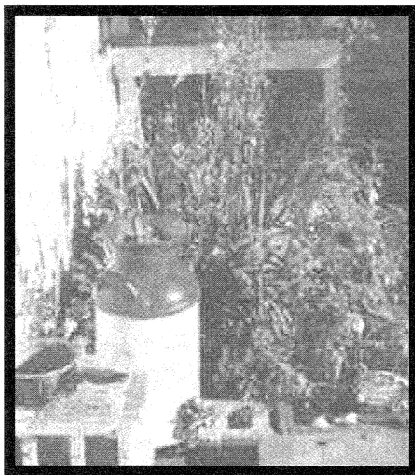
Also the famous black Rex, who starred in serials, such as *The Vanishing Legion*, *The Adventures of Rex and Rinty*, and *Law of the Wild*.

Other old name suggestions from movies and various sources include Cimmaron, Trigger (Roy Rogers), Isham, Champion, Hoppy, Scout, Silver (of course!), Topper, Phantom, Tornado, and Diamond.

Lisa, I hope this helps. Congratulations on the birth of your new Philly, and thanks for your inquiry, and your readership!
Jennifer Thompson, Column Editor

Quote: "Only those changes that are loved into being are permanent."

Louise Hay



From the Past

I am sending you a photograph of an old milk can that might help bring back some fond memories for your readers. Also, I would like some information on Amelia Earhart and her navigator Fred J. Noonan who disappeared in 1937. Basically, I want to know about some of the theories stating she may have been killed by the Japanese, eaten by cannibals, or whatever.
James Bullington"

In response to your inquiry about what happened to Amelia Earhart, there were several rumors, but no one really knows what happened on the day of her last flight. These include suspicions that she was on a spy mission authorized by President Roosevelt and she was captured, or that she was captured by the Japanese and forced to do the broadcast of "Tokyo Rose" to the

American GI's. Other theories include that she either purposely dove her plane into the Pacific or lived on a remote island with a fisherman. In 1961 it was thought that the bones of Earhart and Noonan were found in Spain but it turned out that it was those of natives. Several searches have been initiated but none have turned up any evidence of the accident if there was one. The case still remains a mystery.

Jennifer Thompson, Column Editor

Ice Cream

I noticed a long line of people buying ice cream today and remembered the days when my family would get together at my grandparents house and placing rock salt, milk and lemon juice into a ice cream freezer. Then we would take turns cranking that freezer until the ice cream was ready to eat. My grandparents had a freezer in the house where they could store the ice cream but I wonder how people stored their ice cream before refrigeration and freezers were available.

Franklin T. Wike, Jr.

Response From Judy Gudger

When I was young, we lived in Kentucky and didn't have electricity. We would make Jello and place it in the stream to get cold. That water was cold enough to make the Jello, but we never had Ice Cream.

(ice cream letters continued next page)

(More ice cream letters)

Response From Goldie

In our family, the whole family would get together and the neighbors would even come over to help make the ice cream. We had 2 ice cream freezers, and would spend all day cooking and making ice cream.

My dad used to store cabbage and apples in the ground. He would dig a ditch and on one end, he would place the cabbage, complete with their roots, in loose dirt. On the other end, he would place apples in a basket. He covered the ditch with wooden boards then covered the boards with dirt. He left a little door for an opening where he could brush away the dirt and get whatever item he wanted out of the ditch when we were ready to eat it. But we never had a place to store the ice cream, so we had to eat all of it, whenever we made it.

Everything has its wonders,
even the darkness and silence,
and I learn, whatever state I
may be in, therein to be content.

- Helen Keller

Knowing others is
intelligence; knowing yourself is
true wisdom. Mastering others
is strength; mastering yourself
is true power.

If you realize that you have
enough, you are truly rich.

-- Tao Te Ching

The Way Life Was, When People Cared About Their Neighbors and Customers.

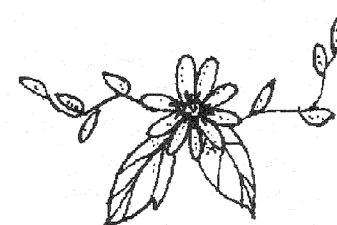
The following true story was actually used as an advertisement and took place in 1953 at a Scotty's Market, possibly in Louisville, KY.

She had been shopping at Scotty's and the clerk had just helped her put the groceries in the car.

When she pushed the starter button, nothing happened. The car just wouldn't start. What made it worse was that she was already late for the children who had an after school dentist appointment.

One of Scotty's clerks heard of her trouble and loaned her his car. She accepted gratefully and by the time she returned, her car was fixed. That very night the lady's husband called Scotty to personally thank him for helping his wife out of a jam.

The moral of this story is that when you shop at Scotty's modern stores, you not only have the advantage of famous brands and low prices, you always get a dividend of friendly, personal service-this incident being a typical example of same.





Digging Mussel Shells By Eldena (Street) East

When I was a kid, my parents dug mussel shells out of White River in Martin County, Indiana. There are several kinds of shells. I don't know them all, but some paid more than others.

When we were small, us kids stayed on the bank and Mom and Dad would go out in the boat to where they thought the shells were and they'd get out of the boat and you have to lean down in the water to the bottom and find the shells. I know they were better around sand bars. Then they'd put them in the boat, then when they were done for that day, we'd take them home and Dad would cook them out.

To cook them, Dad had built a wooden box about 2 feet wide and about 5 feet long and this box had to be covered on the bottom with tin for this was set "over a pit." The pit was like a trench dug out about a foot deep and not as wide as the box for the box was placed on this. The pit was at an angle so you could put wood under it.

We put the shells and plenty of water in the box, then you could start the fire under it. Then when the shells got hot (most of the time the water was boiling) the shells would open up and they would have meat in

there. You could also find Pearls and mom had one real beautiful pearl made into a ring and after she passed away, I got that ring, then after my daughter got married, I gave it to her. Dad used the meat for fish bait on his trot lines. When we'd get enough shells we'd take them to Shoals, Indiana to sell them. I was always amazed at such a high pile of shells. They were used for making buttons. I tried digging after I got older, but can't say I liked it.

AMBER GOLD

On the dresser, white sheets,
folded neatly, waiting to be
spread.

Treasure, within their folds,
hidden.

Amber gold, against bleached
white. Seldom touched,
but in secret.

A taste, a nip, now and then,
to heal the bones, warm the
blood.

A smack, a sigh, a lingering
smell. Known, but unknown.

Just a taste, here and there,
to warm the toes, help the
heart.

Grandpas' amber gold, within
white sheets, hidden.

by: Sharon Romine

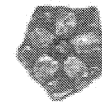
Grandma's Earrings

By: Sharon Romine

They weren't really. She never even wore them, but only held them in trust until I turned sixteen, at which time she was to give them to me.

They were given to me by Mrs. Stumps, an elderly lady, that the neighborhood took turns caring for.

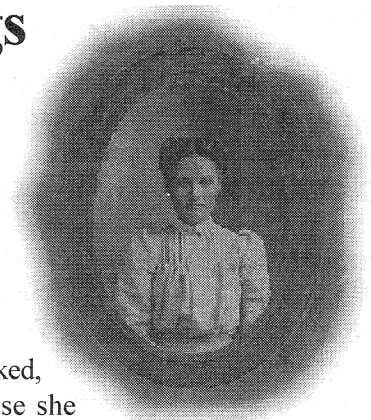
Mrs. Stumps was in her eighties and couldn't get around much, and if she had family they must have lived far away, because I don't remember anyone calling on her. What I do remember, though, is that every lunch and sometimes dinner, Grandma would fix an extra plate and one of us, usually me, would take it over to Mrs. Stumps and sit with her as she ate.



The whole neighborhood took part in her care. It wasn't something talked about or unusual. That was just the way it was done back then.

Aunt Mary, next door would fix her breakfast, Granny Smith, across the way, would come over and feed her chickens and cats and even Grandpa would help out when the yard needed mowing or the house needed work.

I recall walking around her yard to the back door that was always left



unlocked, because she usually wasn't able to get up and come let you in. Walking through the house I'd make my way to the back where her small bedroom was.

Images of her room are still strong with me, even now, although I couldn't have been more than about twelve or thirteen at the time she died. The combined odors of lavender and aged stuffiness mixed to create a rich almost suffocating aroma.

There she'd lie, huddled beneath thick homemade quilts, lost within their folds. Frilly drapes at her window blocked the bright Florida sunlight, making the room dark, and in the corner, a small TV droned in low tones with "Days of our lives" or some other soap characters moving about.



Rising from the foil-covered plate in my hand, the odor of garden fresh peas, corn and perhaps a slab of pork that had been cut into tiny

pieces, would mix together and drift about the small room.

Mrs. Stumps words were almost always the same as she'd push herself up on her pillows to get ready to eat. "I don't know what I'd do without you and your Granny," she'd say. Our answer of "We love to do it, it give us an excuse to come see you." came automatically.

A lot of times, she'd have me pull a book down and I'd sit and read out loud while she ate. Other times, she'd talk in-between bites about long ago, when she was young.

One of the stories she told was of the day her fiancé gave her the earrings. It was one of my favorite stories and perhaps that's why she wanted me to have them.

She'd have me get her tin down and as she held the tiny mine-cut diamonds in her hand, she told the story of a young man so infatuated with her beauty that he was continually getting her in trouble with her Dad. Of how her heart broke when she had to give back the earrings because they weren't married, yet, and her Dad said it wasn't "fittin'."

It's been almost forty years since I sat and listened to her stories, and the earrings that she wore on her wedding day in the

1800's have become a tradition in ours in the 1990's. Four brides have worn them as they've said their vows, and by the time you read this, it will be five... This weekend my oldest son will be married and as he takes Maria's hands in his and vows to love and

cherish her for the rest of his life... their tiny twinkle will barely be noticed.

But, there, in the sparkle of their faucets are the eyes of a tiny wrinkled woman, who watches from somewhere and claps her hands in glee.

Copywrited by:
Sharon L. Romine October 1990

Do you have neighbors that need a helping hand, or pehaps, just a friend? Bake a pie, a batch of cookies, or a casserole and take it over, saying that you accidentally made too much.

Strike up a conversation, get to know them. Make a connection. See if there's ways that you can help.

You'll be giving them the gift of friendship, but you'll be receiving much more. Sharon

"It Happened This Month"

100 years ago - August 1903

August 1 - The first automobile trip from coast to coast, San Francisco to New York, was completed.

August 2 - Death of Martha Jane Cannary (Calamity Jane) US Desperado.

August 14 - Birthday of North circus director John Ringling.

August 26 - Birthday of US blues singer, Jimmy Rushing.

August 31 - Birthday of Arthur Godfrey of New York City, radio and TV host of *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scout*.

80 years ago- August 1923

August 2 - Vice President Calvin Coolidge become President, with new Vice President Charles Dawes.

75 years ago - August 1928

August 9 - Birthday of Bob Cousy of the Boston Celtics, 1957 MVP.

August 10 - Birthday of Eddie Fisher, singer of "Oh My Papa", and "Lady of Spain". Also the birthday of Jimmy Dean of Texas, actor and singer, of the *Jimmy Dean Show*, and "Diamonds are Forever."

August 14 - "Front Page", from Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur premiers in New York City.

August 27 - New York City's 2nd worst subway accident kills 16.

August 30 - Birthday of actor Bill Daily of Des Moines, Iowa, *I Dream of Jeannie* and *Newhart*.

August 31 - Birthday of actor James Coburn Laurel, of *Our Man Flint* and *Magnificent Seven*.

50 years ago - August 1953

August 1 - Fidel Castro arrested in Cuba, and KMBC TV channel 9 in Kansas City, Missouri begins broadcasting.

August 3 - Frank Blair becomes the new anchor of the *Today Show*.

August 5 - Korean War prisoner exchanged at Panmunjom in Operation "Big Switch".

August 7 - Eastern Airlines uses the Electra prop jet, entering the jet age.

August 8 - Birthdays of "Sweet" Lou Dunbar of the basketball team Harlem Globetrotters.

August 11 - Birthday of World Wrestling Federation heavyweight champion (1984-89) Hulk Hogan. Also US General Omar Bradley becomes chief of staff.

August 16 - Birthday of Kathie Lee Gifford, hostess of *Live with Regis and Kathie Lee*.

HERSCHEL NIX

By Denise Nix

When Herschel Nix started the first grade, he was 8½-years-old and towered over his younger classmates. It wasn't long, however, until the principal of the two-room brick schoolhouse realized that Herschel surpassed the other first graders not only in height, but in his ABCs and 1-2-3s, too.

While Herschel advanced through the first three grades quickly and began the next semester in the fourth grade along with kids his age, those first few days in the first grade stayed with him a long time. "When I started school there the first of January, the teacher had me stand up and she said: 'Boys and girls, we have a new member in our school, in our grade today - Hershey Chocolate Bar.'

"... You know what happened: everybody called me old Hershey Chocolate Bar, and I was, talk about green," Herschel says. His teacher, though, got what was coming to her, Herschel recalls with a laugh, noting that her name was "Mrs. Snoddy."

This was 1923 in the panhandle of Texas, where life for young Herschel was a balance of schoolwork, athletics, farming, family duties and, once in awhile, a little bit of fun.

Herschel lived with his mother, Zoe, his grandfather, Fred Bidwell, and other family members. He never really knew his dad, who his

grandfather would run off with a shotgun when he dared to come around.

Zoe and Herschel's father were divorced when Herschel was six months old. His father, a barber, eventually remarried and moved to Eastland Texas.

Herschel and his family lived in a ranch house, the old Grimsley Ranch, up on the salt fork of the Red River, about eight miles north of Hedley, Texas - an area he refers to as the chinery (a scrub oak) country and sage brush country.

Zoe mostly helped Herschel's grandfather with the livestock and fields, which grew cane and watermelons, and, one year, cotton. His Aunt Fern took care of the house and Herschel, and was responsible for his home schooling and, later, his studying, which kept him on par with his peers.

"I did real well in school because (of) Aunt Fern..." Herschel says. "Mother worked in the field, to see how grandpa ran the ranch, and Aunt Fern run the house and did the cooking and tutored me and she was a wonderful, wonderful person."

There was no running water or electricity at the house, and it could get cold out on the plains, especially when "those northerners come in," Herschel recalls.

The family would bring a wagon-load of coal from Hedley to get them through the winter, but getting water

from a windmill located through a grove of trees about two blocks long, especially during the frequent sandstorms, could be a treacherous experience.

"We had a No.9 wire, that's a heavy-duty wire, and we had it strung from the house down to the windmill," Herschel says, his Texas drawl now a combined with a Missouri accent.

Once Herschel was old enough to bear the responsibility of fetching water, Aunt Fern would cover his head with a pillowcase to protect his face from the blowing sand.

"I'd hold on to that wire all the way down to the windmill to get a bucket of water and I'd hold on to it all the way back.... "Boy, I'll tell you, those sandstorms were horrendous," Herschel says, adding that they would sleep with a sheet over their faces, then have to shake the dirt off when they got up in the morning. Life on the farm involved a lot of work.

For a while, they grew corn and a hard melon, called pie melon. Both of these went to feed the cattle, who especially liked the melon. "Boy, that was candy bars to those cows," Herschel recalls. "They loved that."

Also living at the ranch was Herschel's Uncle Frank, his mother's brother who was about 10 years older than Herschel. Herschel remembers Uncle Frank as a "prankster" who one time put shotgun powder in his grandfather's pipe.

Every night, Herschel's grandfather read the Ft. Worth Star Telegram by the coal stove while smoking his pipe. After he smoked

it, he would set it on the window.

Uncle Frank got hold of the pipe, knocked out the tobacco and put the powder in it. When Herschel's grandfather lit the pipe, it ignited, Herschel laughs, remembering how he and his Uncle Frank watched through a window.

"It's a wonder he didn't burn the ... house down," Herschel says with a chuckle.

When Herschel was about 10 years old, they moved to a little house on the highway that was closer to Hedley. Uncle Frank became a barber and Herschel worked in the fields, taking pride in the cotton and watermelon crops he helped cultivate.

"So when the water- melons were ripe, we loaded the wagons and brought those watermelon into town by the wagon loads," Herschel says. They set up next to the highway and people would stop and buy them for 50 cents each.

"Back in those days, that was quite a bit. Boy, they were delicious watermelon."

Zoe remarried when Herschel was 12-years-old, to Walter Coester, a man she had corresponded with who lived in Kansas.

Herschel remembers the strange way he found out about Walter:

"I was out playing over with the Edwards kids and she called me home - I was at the people's across the street from us - and I came home and here was a perfect stranger.

"And she said: 'Now, this is Walter Coester and we



are going to get married this afternoon ... and in the morning, we're gonna pack up and we're all gonna go to Kansas.'

"Well, that was news to me. I didn't even know they had been writing to each other, see. So the next morning, we get up, and I didn't even get to tell the Edwards kids goodbye or anything, I was so tore up, I didn't go over there. I thought, sure she was kidding when she said we were gonna leave for Kansas.

"But the next morning at daylight, we were on the road and headed for Kansas. Everything we had we had packed in a four-door Chevrolet sedan."

It was 1926 and they were living in Walter Coester's house in Brazilton, Kansas, along with Walter's three children, Eileen, Leland and Marvin.

Herschel remembers Walter as a decent man, but with a tough hand in disciplining him and his stepsiblings. Herschel didn't get along with Walter, mostly because he was also in constant battle with Leland, who was close to his age.

Herschel remembers the Coester kids treating him "like dirt" when they were younger, except for Marvin, who he said always stood by him.

This was especially hard because he also was constantly on the outs with Zoe.

"Mother was the best step mother in the world and she loved all those Coester kids and they loved her because you couldn't have asked for a better stepmother, or a worse mother," Herschel recalls.

After Zoe died in the late 1970s, her other sister, Aunt Jessie, who

they called Aunt Jack, asked Herschel what went wrong in his relationship with his mom.

"I told her that she wasn't a mother to me ... that she had taken after my family and just made life miserable for them, too, which was true," Herschel said, referring to a time later in his life when he was married to Maywood and they lived in Oklahoma.

His stepsiblings, who were listening to this conversation with his Aunt Jack, completely turned around after that, Herschel says. He corresponds with them frequently now and they are a part of his life.

After moving to Kansas, Herschel attended a little one-room schoolhouse about a block from their house. That school is still standing today, painted bright red and housing the 4-H Club center. There were nine students in the school. It wasn't long until Herschel and Leland graduated and attended Hepler High School.

The family owned a 1923 Ford Model T that Leland and Herschel drove to and from school, often giving rides to a friend of theirs that lived nearby, Clarence Tam.

One time, Herschel and Clarence got in a fight, causing Leland, who was driving, to run in a ditch on their way home from school.

"Tipped the ... thing over on its side, and a farmer come along with two guys ... and we got behind it, tipped it over and drove off down the road," Herschel says. "Clarence and I never did finish our battle."

Herschel had four classes that first year of high school, but he flunked three of them. The only subject he passed, and liked, was English. Herschel remembers that time as difficult: "I was mad at the world and mad at everybody in it and then, all of the sudden, I told myself: 'Old buddy, that if you're so unhappy and so miserable, that if you ever want out of this situation, you've got to graduate from high school.'"

The next year, Herschel enrolled in six subjects, and carried extra classes through the end of high school, graduating with extra credits. He also became involved in more activities, including glee club, mixed chorus and school plays.

His height made him eligible for basketball, but because they played at night, Herschel could not participate. "I had to go home and feed those ... cows, so I missed that." He did get to play football, though.

Herschel was the only one at his school that owned a football helmet and shoes, but he can't remember how he got them.

He got along well with the coach, Joe Skubitz, who later served Kansas in the U.S. House of Representatives.

Back then, Skubitz was doing work at his alma mater, Kansas State College in Pittsburgh, and since Herschel had a car and knew how to drive (some people still came to school on horseback), he asked

Herschel to drive him there.

Skubitz also liked to have fun, and caused quite a laugh riot at a diner where the team went after a big game. He pulled out a hair and put it in his pie, then called the waitress over to complain. They all "got a big bang" out of her reaction when Skubitz confessed to the joke.

While football could be a dangerous sport, it becomes even more hazardous when tornadoes are thrown into the mix.

This happened one time during a game against Hepler's archenemy. Herschel remembers he looked up and saw a twister headed right for them. It turned out, he was the only who had seen a tornado before and, remembering how dangerous it was, he tried to convince his fellow players to seek shelter in the nearby coal bin that had a concrete top. "They laughed at me and called me a coward, and I stood on the steps of that ... coal bin and watched that ... tornado come up within a block," He says.

Everyone stood there with mouths' hanging open, and the twister lifted, went over a mile and dropped again, sparing all of them.

"So I had seen a tornado and knew what they were, so at that high school deal, I wouldn't have stood out there and been blown away," Herschel says. "If that ... thing hadn't lifted up, it would have killed everyone of them."

The Swedish Cowboy

By Franklin T. Wike, Jr.

One day while sitting in a restaurant in a small farming community, I noticed a kind looking gentleman around 80 years old, sitting at a big round table and passing on some words of wisdom to his fellow farmers.

As I listened to some of the stories this gentle man was telling, I decided to ask him if he would mind giving me a private audience, so I could write down some of his stories and pass them along to others. This is the story of that mild mannered gentleman named Cliff W. Olson.

"Grandad Olson, lived and died in Sweden. I don't know what his first name was, but he was a stonecutter. He built the stone house my dad was born in, and it is still standing. There are people still living in it over a hundred years later. Grandpa was a wealthy man until his wife died. Then he got to running with the wrong crowd and went broke.

"My dad, Olof Olson, was born in Sweden around 1872 or 1873. He didn't know exactly when he was born, because his mother died when he was really young. After Grandad Olson lost the family money, the kids had to go to work to help support the family. Olof never went to school, except through the second grade, 'cause, by God, he had to help make a living for the family.

"He hauled potatoes with a team of oxen to the distillery for his

uncle. The distillery in Sweden was like the co-op here. You and I and four other fellows owned the distillery. Well, this month is your turn to use it, next month is his turn, etc. You would take your potatoes in there and make alcohol out of them. Well, they could make the trip to the distillery in one day with the team of oxen.

"Dad said, 'Boy, them little old things would trod just all day long. For dinner, you'd stop and lay a piece of linen cloth on the ground and cut up a loaf of bread and that's what the oxen got to eat.'

"In Sweden they bake bread twice a year. They didn't bake every day. It was just like a hogkilling in this country where half a dozen fellers get together. Well, the women in Sweden got together and had a big rock oven and they baked the bread in that. When they got all the bread baked they wrapped it in linen cloth which they made themselves out of flax.

"That stuff would keep for six months. After they got done with the oven, they would store the bread in the oven because it was waterproof and moistureproof. It got hard, now. Boy, don't think it didn't get hard.

"Dad continued, 'After you got done giving the oxen a rest period, then you'd go on up to the distillery and stay all night. You'd go back the next day after another load of potatoes. Going back you could

make it without having to stop, but with the load you'd have to stop and rest the oxen.'

"He said, 'It was quite an experience, but them little old oxen, would just trod all day long, with an empty wagon.

"Taxes in Sweden were 72% of the wages.

"The state took 72% of the wages, then when you got old the government took care of you completely including your medical expenses, your lodging, everything.

"Dad said, 'That was the downfall of Sweden. Nobody had to save because everything was taken care of. That caused more alcoholics and more trouble because people didn't have no responsibility.'

"The money situation got so bad with my grandad, well, the fact is, the law was even after Grandad, because he was in debt so bad.

"In 1888 or 1889, when he was 16 years old, my dad decided to come to America from Stockholm, Sweden by himself. Boy now, that took guts. Think of a 16 year-old boy coming across the ocean to America alone and he couldn't speak the language or anything. He came to New York, got on a train and spent three days riding down the East Coast, back up, back and forth until he finally arrived in Dwight, Kansas.

"Dad's uncle lived in Dwight and had paid Dad's passage to America, so Dad worked as a farm hand for his uncle for \$12 a month to pay it back. Dad came over here and worked for his uncle, Charlie Olson, for about two years and saved enough money to send after his brother. Then his brother came over

and they put together enough money to send after their sister. They also had a retarded brother and they sent after him and got him over here. Before they saved up enough money to get their dad over here, he passed away. So Grandpa is buried in Sweden.

"When Dad's first brother came over, Dad went to New York to meet him. He got a hotel room and had a suitcase with enough food in it to last the two of them long enough to get back to Dwight, Kansas. Dad went to the ship to meet his brother and forgot what hotel he was staying in. So the two of them didn't have no food for three days until they got back to Dwight, Kansas. He told me, 'By God, we just drank water. That's an experience, when you can't speak the language and you had no food.' 'Politics wasn't dirty in those days and when Dad turned 21, his uncle took him into town to register to vote. If you registered as a Democrat, it cost you 50 cents in Kansas. If you registered as a Republican, it was free. With dad working for only \$12 a month, you know how he registered. Fifty cents was as big as a ferris wheel in those days. Dad raised six boys. Because of that 50 cents that it cost you if you registered as a Democrat, he raised us all Republican. The oldest boy drowned before he was 21. Of the other five boys, they are all still Republicans. But we never did know how my mother, who lived 'til she was 89 years old, voted. You know women's suffrage came in around 1820. 'That's my privilege and it's none of your business,' she would say.

"My mother, Mary Fostrum, was

born in 1878. She came to this country from Stockholm, Sweden with her folks in about 1886, when she was eight years old. They moved to Dwight, Kansas. Dwight is a Swedish and Norwegian settlement. They had one of the biggest Swedish Lutheran churches in the country. We were visiting some friends one time and my grandad Fostrum (he was a stonecutter, too) had whittled out a rock at the spring where you could go fill your bucket with water. It was saucer shaped on one end and had a trough on the other. You could dip your bucket into that rock and fill it with water. I'd give anything for that rock today.

"My dad worked in the stone quarry there in Dwight and his uncle from Foreacre, in Osage, Oklahoma, came to him one day and said, 'Olof; I'd like to borrow enough money to buy 100 head of steers.'

"My dad said, 'Well, wait 'til dinner time 'til I go to my room.' Dad loaned him \$900 to buy 100 head of steers.

"My uncle said, 'I'll give you a note.'

"Dad said, 'No, If your word isn't any good, your note isn't either.'

"So, he just loaned him \$900 cash and that fall when his uncle Austin sold his steers, the first place he went was to pay Dad off.

"'By God,' my dad always said, 'Make your word good, if it takes the skin off your nose.' And that's the way they lived. A hand shake and your word was good enough for anything they done. In them days if you went bankrupt, you was ruined for life.

"My parents met at Dwight and

got married in 1901. Mom and Dad had lived in Kansas for two years when they had the big flood in 1903, on the Kaw River in Kansas. It worried Dad to death because he had a brother that almost drowned in it. They were building a rock bridge and he lost his footing and fell into the river when it was flooding.

"That just scared Dad to death. Mom's folks were living in Minnesota then, so they talked my dad into moving to Minnesota in 1903.

"Dad bought a farm in Minnesota and built his own home. The house that Dad built was made from wood and stone. They sawed trees off his place and would he borrowed lumber off of a neighbor that already had some cured. Everybody trusted everybody in them days. He borrowed lumber off his neighbor, but Dad replaced it the next year, cause his was dry then. The stone was round granite rocks that was formed when the glacier came through. Boy, they'd lay them stones up in mortar and they'd last forever.

"It was pretty much timber country when he bought the land. Dad would rub out five to seven acres every year. He would pull the trees out with an old stump puller and plant potatoes in that new ground. That's the way he cleared the place.

"Dad would dig a freightcar load of potatoes, and ship the carload in 100 pound sacks to Minneapolis. Then he would take the team and wagon and go down there and peddle them. People used to buy their potatoes a year's supply at a time. In them days, they could keep them year to year. You would have to carry them down into the cellar,

put them in their potato bin, which was always dark, where the potatoes couldn't get sunlight on them.

"Dad would sell his carload and wagonload of potatoes, then he would go back home. One of us boys would always be digging potatoes while he was gone. He would take two or three carloads a year to Minneapolis. He had regular customers. People knew his potatoes was good.

"When he first started, he would give women two or three potatoes and tell them to cook them and see how they liked them. That sold his potatoes for him. One of them would tell her neighbor, and that one would tell her neighbor and so on and he said, 'You'd just sell a whole wagonload without having to move even. The women would come to you.'

"One time he was going home about two in the morning. He had money in all of his pockets. He sat down on the floor of the wagon, put a burlap sack between his legs and emptied out all of his pockets. And, by God, an old boy stepped up on the sideboards of the wagon. You know, them wagons had steps on the side of them.

"Anyway, this boy pulled a gun on him and said, 'Give me your money'

"Dad said, 'when he jumped up there, I covered up my money with a sack and said, 'What's going on over there by the railroad?' and that old boy turned around to look and I hit that team just as hard as I could with that whip and the old boy fell off and put two bullets in the tail end of the wagon.'

"Dad said, 'By God, I was laying flat and the team was moving on. The old boy never did get me. All he did was put two holes in the back of my wagon.'

"I was born in Anoka, Minnesota, February 6, 1916, and didn't have a name until 1994. I was registered in the courthouse as "Olson male #5".

"I pulled a hitch in the army and carried the mail for 28 years and my name never was registered at the courthouse where I was born. But I have always been Cliff Woodrow Wilson. My brother was head custodian in the court house there in Anoka County and, by God, his name was Stanley Leroy Olson. When we went to check my name, he found out he was listed as Stanley Roy Olson instead of Leroy. He done his hitch in the army and worked in the courthouse for years and they didn't have the right name listed for him the whole time.

"When I was 15 years old, I picked 8,400 pounds of potatoes in one day. I worked for a neighbor and I got three cents a sack. A hundred pound sacks too, I mean, and I was a little kid! But I could work. My fingers was fast. And I made too much money for a dang kid. The old boys working up at the shed sorting potatoes was getting two dollars a day and I made over two dollars and fifty cents a day. There was this 80-rod row of potatoes. That's about a quarter of a mile. They would give this kid about a hundred feet, and that kid about a hundred feet, and the next one, the whole way down the row.

"Here this team with four horses would come by digging the potatoes. The things they used too dig potatoes

out of the ground look about like those peanut diggers they got out here. They were about 30 inches wide with a runner that raised the potatoes up and onto this chain. The chain was about a foot wide and it had oblong rollers. The rollers shook the potatoes and the dirt, and that shakes the dirt out of the potatoes and the potatoes went up and out the back end of the machine. You had the vines and the potatoes left. The dirt's already shook out. The machine had little old teeth that pulled the vines over to the side, so you just got potatoes in a row.

"As soon as the team went by, I would start picking them. Well, the team would go to the end of the row and while they was turning around and coming back, well, you was supposed to have your station picked up by the time they got back. Where here they had more potatoes for you to pick up, you just stepped over and went to picking in the next row. And when they turned and came back, you ended up having two 100-foot stations, the one he had just dug and the one he was just starting. Well, I would talk to the kids that was a bit lazy and tell them to give me a part of their station. The one on one side of me and the one on the other side of me. Heck, I was picking up two stations by myself. So they cut my station down the next day, because I was making too dang much money for a kid. So I only picked 7,300 pounds the next day. But that was big money, two dollars a day for a dang kid.

"Dad bought a new 1925 Ford touring car for \$500. "Before that he had an old touring car that didn't

even have a top on it. Mom sat on top of the gas tank in the old car. The old gas pumps were hand pumps. Mom had to get out and they would take up the cushion and there was the gas tank. We'd pump the gas in it, put the cap back on, put Mom's seat back and she'd get back in the car.

"The next new car I remember him buying was a Model H around 1927 and it had the gas tank right up against the windshield. It was right in the middle of the windshield, in the front. And the radiator cap was the same size. Well, the gas cap had a vent hole in it and the radiator cap didn't, because it was under pressure. Well, if the caps got switched, you'd get about five miles down the road and the car would quit because you'd get a vacuum in the gas tank. In those days cars didn't have fuel pumps. They used gravity flow. With the caps switched, after the vacuum built up in there, you didn't get any gas because the vacuum was like a seal holding the gas in the tank. That car even had balloon tires on it. I bet they was three-and-a-half inch tires. The car came out with 30 x 2 1/2 tires, but Dad got the balloon tires on his.

"My parents left Minnesota in 1928, right after World War I. They moved to Kansas to be next to Dad's sister and he farmed on the Kaw River, 16 miles east of Manhattan, until 1948.

"I came to Oklahoma in 1932 when I was 16. My aunt died and I came down to the funeral with my cousin. My Uncle offered me a job at \$20 a month plus room and board. And I slept in a granary without heat,

water or light for the first year. And we worked 16 to 18 hours a day, those days.

"Dad's brother was a stonemason. One time I helped him cut out a fireplace in Osage County on a hillside. It was in the wintertime and the place had a roof over it so the snow and the rain wouldn't get in and he could still work. He used an old wooden ruler that folded up to measure it. "When we got ready to lay it up, he said, 'Cliff, now you start carrying this rock to me the way I've got them laid out.' And we laid up that whole fireplace and we never had to cut a rock. He kept track of how many inches he needed, using a variable of four-inch to eight-inch rock, in the back of his head, and, by God, the whole thing fit all the way from the floor to the ceiling. But he was a master. He wanted to teach me to be a stonecutter, but I was 18 and thought I already knew everything.

"He used a two to two-and-a-half inch chisel, which was straight on one side and slanted on the other. That's what they did the pretty stonework with. They used a barrel full of sand to lay their rock on when they cut it. They knew how to lay it on there so that it would jar the stone and cut just right. To split a rock, they used a chisel that had teeth that were about a quarter of an inch wide on it. To split the rocks, they would start on one side of a row and come across it and just tap each rock. Then they would go back to the beginning of the row and come back and tap each one again. They might have to make three, four, or five passes, but they would just hit it with the same

pressure every time and finally here it would just pop open.

"My oldest brother still has my dad's wooden mallet. The face of the mallet is about six inches in diameter and the handle is about four or five inches long, just long enough for a good grip.

"Dad was a pretty good corn farmer too. In 1933, Dad sold his corn for 13 cents a bushel. An old colored guy hauled it about 16 miles away for three cents a bushel. He had a little old Ford truck. Well, I guess you'd call it a ton and a half nowadays. And it had racks way above the cab on it. I remember one day, he had such a load on it that when he tried to turn out onto the road, one front wheel didn't touch the ground. But, he hauled it down there to Alma, Oklahoma and scooped it off for three cents a bushel. But, by God, a dollar looked like a Ferris wheel in them days.

"I ranched in '32. We pastured a couple thousand head of cattle for the big ranchers, Chapman and Barnard - Old Ben Johnson, a world champion calf-roper, was their foreman. Well, his son wasn't 21 years old when we pastured cattle, 'cause I remember old Ben caught young Ben smoking a cigarette with us down there at the bunkhouse and he just slapped the "H" out of him.

"Now, the son was Ben Johnson, the movie star, who died in '96. I worked cattle with the world champion calf-roper, Ben, Senior, and the world champion steer roper, his son. All of the ranchers worked together. You'd have 30 or 40 cowboys working together out there. The first roundup I ever went to, a

steer broke out and went south, and the younger Ben, "Son", and Kid Smith took off and went after it. One of their buddies, Dudley, said, 'Son broke his back.' What he meant was that young Ben hit the steer in the back with the rope. He had missed him. Then come another yell, 'Kid broke his back, too'. The Kid and Ben, Jr. rode a little bit more, then Son finally snared him. They caught him and

put two ropes on him and brought him back to the herd. The old boy who had popped off about the missing the steer, rode out there and heeled the steer, (put him down on the ground) and stretched him out.

"That was the first time I ever worked cattle in my life. They told me, 'You hold him down while we take the ropes off of him.' Heck, I know that steer still has my fingerprints in his horns. Dudley stepped back and I pulled the steer's head back to keep him from getting up while they took the ropes off. When they said to turn him loose, all three of those cowboys had their horses right there between me and the steer so that he couldn't hurt me.

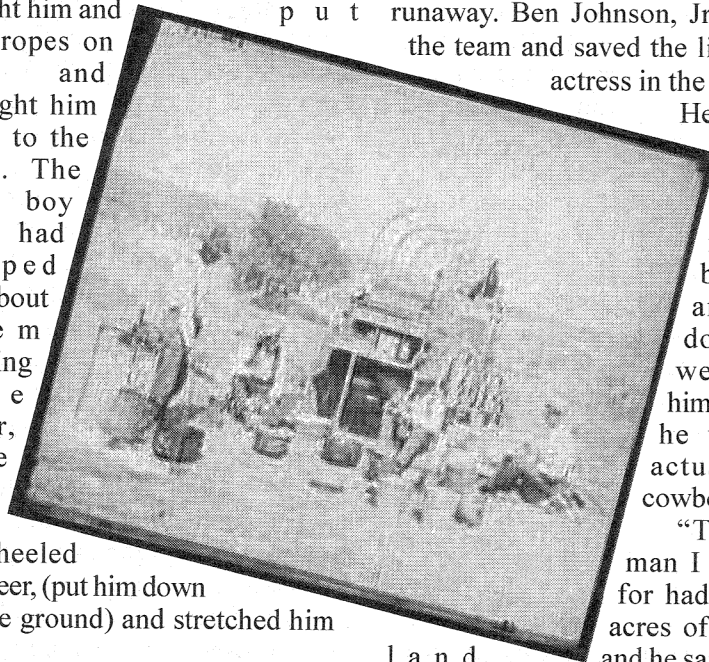
The old steer got up and ran to the herd. Now they were dang sure cowboys. They really knew how to cowboy.

"About three years later, Son and Kid went out to California. They were stable boys for some big movie actor out there and, by God, there was supposed to be a faked runaway team of horses in a movie; but it wasn't no fake, it became an actual runaway. Ben Johnson, Jr. caught the team and saved the life of an actress in the process.

He started right then in the movie business and he done real well for himself. But he was an actual real cowboy.

"The old man I worked for had 27,000 acres of deeded land and he said it was

just a fence corner to some of them ranchers. Some had hundreds of thousands of acres, yet they was out there cutting cattle just like you or I would. One time, I and the boss's boy, Bill, had just bought two new saddle slickers, the big ones that cover your horse and saddle. It started raining and the boss rode over to Bill and me and asked us to give him our slickers so he could give them to Mr. Chapman and Mr.



Barnard. So we had to peel off our slickers and give them to the old man. He rode over to them and they said that if the other hands working had to set out in the rain, they would too, and they wouldn't put them on. They told him to take our slickers back to us.

"Old man Chapman rode, Old Midnight, the best cutting horse in the world. And he rode him 'til he was 23 years old. They would haul him to roundup, unload him, cut cattle with him, and when we were finished, they'd load him back up in the truck and haul him to the next roundup. Boy, that old horse was a cutting horse. When you said, pick that steer, he brought him out. He was just the world's best cutting horse at that time.

"When I worked on the ranch, I counted more cattle than any other cowboy in the whole outfit, besides old Ben Johnson, who counted steers seven at a time. Each finger stood for seven head of cattle. Now, I counted by twos. Whenever we counted out a carload of steers (there were 28 big steers to a car), I'd hold my hands up if I wasn't sure of my count and we'd recount them. You know, after about half a dozen times like that, it was cut and dried, old Cliff should do the counting. I'd admit when I was wrong or wasn't sure, by God, and I built a good reputation.

"I worked with Old Man Johnson 'til he died up at Sedan, Kansas. He had back problems. They had him working all over the United States in spite of his back. He got sick one morning while he was working cattle up by Sedan and they ran him into

the hospital, a dang little old one-horse hospital up there. And the doctors found a cancer behind and inside of his spine. The men told the doctors, 'Don't spare the horse, save Ben,' but there was no saving old Ben. He died there in Sedan, Kansas at the hospital. So I worked with the best of them and I worked with the sorriest of them.

"I worked on the ranch 'til I went into the U.S. Army during World War II. I was 26 when I went into the army. I volunteered on a Monday and on the following Saturday, I was done with my basic training and working on airplanes. About four months later, I was a buck sergeant. When I got out of the army, I went back to the ranch where I had been working, and, heck, it had turned into a dude ranch. The hired men came to work in a company pickup at 8:00 A.M. and at 5:00 P.M. went to the house. When I had gone into the army, we had been working 16 and 18 hours a day.

"About a year after I got out of the army I got married. My wife and I moved up next to my folks at Manhattan, Kansas. We talked them into selling out and coming to live with us. They was way up in their 70's and 80's, so they sold out. My father had farmed 84 acres of deeded land and 20 acres of quick claim land which had been built up by soil deposits from the river. The farm had a big rock two-story sweet potato cellar, a rock chicken house, the main house and a big orchard beside the house. He sold it to a bunch of professors in Manhattan. Then there was a big flood, and when the flood was over, all that was

left of the farm was the house and one acre of land. The river had Changed its course and cut the rest of the land off of the farm.

"I had saved some money while I was working on the ranch and while I was in the army, so I bought 160 acres for \$5,000 and furniture, machinery and a harness for \$100. That was in '45. I finally got electricity in about 1946. I tried to wire the old house myself, because I couldn't get an electrician I soldered and taped every joint. We didn't have any connectors then, so I used black tape. A friend and I worked under the house all one morning, 'cause we was running the wires up into the house from underneath it, and after we ate dinner we came back out and laid down in the crawl hole on the south side of the house and there was two copperhead snakes there. Turns out, we had been under that house all morning with those copperhead snakes. Now, you talk about two old boys that got spooky, by God, we was spooky from then on. We got running water in the house about a year later.

"Dad died when he was 94. He farmed until he was 75. He had six boys, Arvid, Rollien (Ollie), Mayby, Stanley, me and Phillip, but my oldest brother, Arvid, drowned at a Sunday school picnic at a lake in Minnesota when he was 17, before my youngest brother, Phillip, was born. I was Mom's helper. Ollie and I were buddies 'til he died in 1993. Mayby died in 1989. Stanley still lives in Oklahoma and Phillip is in El Centro, California.

"My wife and I had 51 years

together and the secret to staying together is "give and take." Now, you might disagree, but you don't have to fight. You can discuss anything and talk it out. I've always felt that way. You can settle any argument by sitting down and just talking. Nip problems in the bud. That's the best thing to do. Discuss them immediately. Don't wait until tomorrow or next year, by God. Discuss it right now. You clear it up and, by God, if you're wrong, admit that you're wrong.

Author's note:

I want to thank Cliff for sharing a part of his life and memories with us. As you read this story, I hope that you find it interesting and somewhat entertaining, but there is also something that we can learn from reading about past lifestyles.

The one part that I find interesting in Cliff's story is where his father worked for two years in order to save up enough money to bring his brother to this country. Then both of them then worked and saved their money to bring other family members over.

Was this done out of obligation, respect, duty or love? We hear so much about family values in today's society, I wonder how many people in this country would spend two years' salary to help a family member now?

As I travel around this country meeting people, I see many people that have not talked with their own brothers, sisters, parents or some other family member for months or even years.

What kind of example are we

setting for our children? As a parent and the teacher of our children, are we teaching them that money is more important than family or that family unity and closeness are too precious to be replaced and are much more important than money?

In this modern day of technology it only takes a few seconds to call someone on the telephone, so what excuse do we give to our children for not taking the time to talk or spend time with another family member?

The lesson we teach through our actions and by example, will be remembered long after our words are forgotten. Make the effort today, for you may not get the chance tomorrow.

I would like to encourage every reader to share some time with a family member, and while you are talking with them, why not spend some time sharing stories about other family members and memories of childhood days. And remember to take along a tape recorder, so you can preserve those stories for future generations.

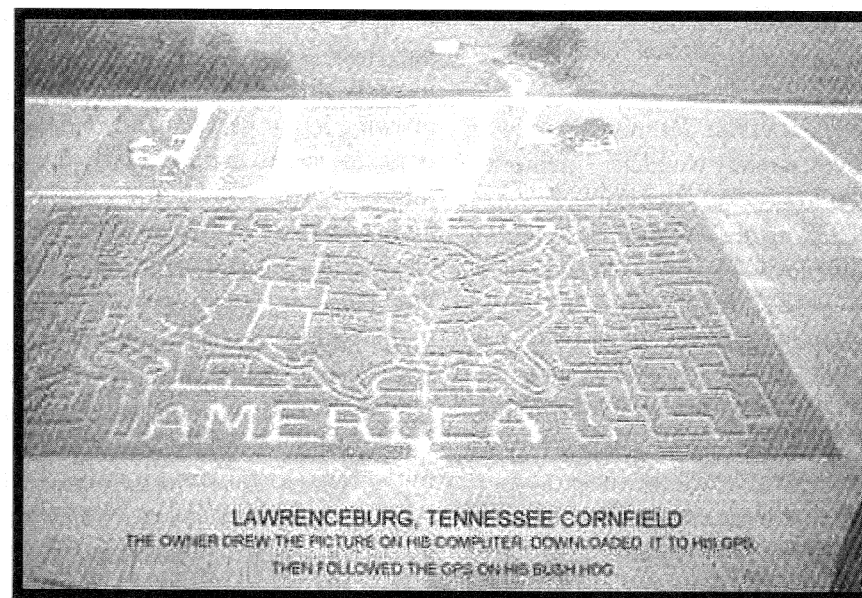
Franklin T. Wike

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This is a picture from the air of a cornfield that has been cut to show a map of the United States along with the words

"God Bless America."

This is the work of a farmer in Lawrenceburg Tennessee. He cut this while being guided by a GPS device connected to his computer.

Wartime Memories

From the Editor August 2003
Dr. Zoë Simmons

From the moment Tiffany and Christopher were born, the love they received from their father along with myself was immeasurable. You realize at that very moment that forever in your heart there is love for your children. What you don't realize is the love that emanates from grandparents.

The many endless Sunday's that we spent at the Simmons home has provided many wonderful memories for Tiffany and Christopher. Paw-pee taking them to the creek, letting them play in his truck, teaching them to ride bikes, and growing strawberries for his little baby girl, and sharing the family tradition of fishing with his little mini-me, Christopher. Ome always having goodies baked for them; well I must be truthful; for all of us. The cooking classes, the warm baths, the fuzzy blankets, shopping trips to the stores, and the list can go on and on.

Charles and Rose-Marie Simmons hearts flow with love, love that only come from grandparents. We have moved from Georgia, and not a minute goes by that my children

don't bring things up about their paw-pee and ome. Nothing can compare to the love of grandparents.

Christopher recently won first place for growing a turnip at the Del Mar fair. We talked about him winning the next day and the first thing he spoke about was his paw-pee, that his paw-pee taught him how to grow things. We have a garden growing in our backyard around the pool; tomatoes, potatoes, radishes, lettuce, herbs, strawberries, grapes and peaches. While planting them, Christopher would tell me, that's not how paw-pee does it, paw-pee said to do it this way. As frustrating as it was to be corrected by my son, I also enjoyed him telling me his memories. Till eternity and beyond, paw-pee and ome will be remembered, cherished and loved by their two special grandkids.

Thank you Charles Henry Simmons and Rose-Marie Simmons for sharing your hearts, your minds, your home, your kitchen, your truck, and your love to our children. Tiffany and Christopher are the luckiest grandchildren in the world!!!!

Questions and Comments

"Split wall"

My Dad called his unit patch the "Split wall", and truly that's what it looked like. I'm trying to find what unit he was in. He passed away recently, and when I was young, never spoke of Viet Nam. By the time he was ready to talk, he was ill with TIA's (mini strokes) and suffered so much damage he made little sense. But my mother claims the second unit he was in he called "the split wall", and I wanted to know what that was.

Has anyone heard this reference before?

Teresa

Large Caliber Brass Shell

Ever since I was a child we have had in our possession a large caliber brass shell. Measuring about 5" high and approximately 1.5" in diameter. When my g'daughter married, her husband coveted this badly, lol, and I gave it to him for Christmas. However, I've always wanted to know the history of it.

When I was a child it just stood on a bookcase, and when it came to me it still stood on a bookcase. The only info I ever heard about it was that someone had given it to my daddy after WW1. I assume, because it is in such good condition, that it was never fired. It comes

apart; the top is shaped like a bullet and is extremely heavy, with two narrow copper bands around it. The bottom is brass and polishes beautifully. Inside the casing, someone had tucked a small square of parachute silk, real silk, not WW2 nylon. There are double rows of letters and #s on the bottom of the shell casing, near the firing pin hole. (I am guessing that is what it's called)

The row closest to the firing pin hole has the numerals: 37.85. The row above that has the letters: PDP with a space and a lowercase "s" near the top of the last "P", thus appearing as (PDP s 140 9.17)

Do you have any idea of how, or where, I can get information as to what these letters and numerals might mean in the way of identifying the shell's origin? I am interested in finding out where it may have been before my daddy acquired it. G.W.

Wool Army Overcoat

Hello. I recently obtained a heavy wool Army overcoat that has a patch on the left shoulder that I am unable to ID. Internet sources do not seem to have this one. The patch is circular design with a bulls-eye like pattern. The outer ring is red, middle white, and center blue.

I'd say that it's a UK patch but the coat is US made and old Bakelite chocolate Army buttons. If any one can help, please let me know. Thanks!

Steve

Silver Wolves

My grandfather was in WWII and received a purple heart. We are having a difficult time tracking down what his specific unit was.

I thought he was in the 5th Infantry or the 5th Armored Division of the Army. His patch has a wolf on it and my dad thinks they were referred to as the Silver Wolves. But I am not finding anything.

Thanks.

Jackson

Dear K. Jackson,

After doing some research and from my own knowledge, I do hope the information here will be of some help.

The Timberwolves dates back to 1921 where they were organized as a reserve unit at Fort Douglas, Utah.

In 1942, the Army activated this division at Camp Adair, Oregon. General Terry de la Mesa Allen commanded the Timberwolves when in he joined them in 1943. The Timberwolves were noted for their night attacks while they battled Hitler's Wehrmacht troops in

Western Europe.

With the information that you provided your grandfather most likely would have been in the 102 Infantry, 5th Armored Division.

If you know of specific military bases or dates, I could possibly provide more information. Dr. Zoe Simmons

Discharge Papers

Can anyone tell me where I can find discharge papers for my grandfather? He was born in Italy, came over as soldier and lived in Brooklyn NY in the 1800's, don't know when for sure. This is all the info an Aunt could remember. He died in 1925 in Brooklyn. Thank you for any information I can receive. My email address is oldpost@hintonet.net

502 AAA Gun BN CAC

My name is Bonnie and I am in desperate need of some help. My grandfather served as part of the 502 AAA Gun BN CAC in World War II. (Maryland). The unit had an official military photograph taken, in which all soldiers had a number pinned to their uniform. Each of their names appears at the bottom of the picture along with their corresponding number.

After the death of my grandmother, my uncles decided that it would be a good idea to take the photograph from the frame and in doing so, they destroyed it. I understand that it could

possibly be restored, but hard feelings among most of the family prevents me from contacting the family member with the original. Does anyone know where I may acquire a copy of this photograph? It would mean so much for me to get a copy for my family history.

If anyone can help me, please email bonbon210@yahoo.com. Thank you in advance for any help you can provide.

To Frank Wike, Jr.

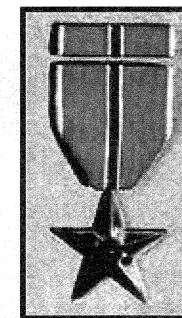
I received your June issue of "U.S. Legacies." I liked your article on your father. Your one error on him being wounded during the "Battle of the Bulge." He was there, but he wasn't wounded until 5 March 1945, during the Rhineland Campaign.

I can tell you, it was an artillery round. They have 2 types of fuses; (Time and Point Detonating). He was under a tree, and the round hit the tree and detonated. He had to be lying on his stomach, as a piece of Shrapnel went into his back, into his lung, and a piece went through his thigh cutting the muscle which controls the movement of the foot, (holds the foot up). He [later] started wearing cowboy boots, to hold his foot up, so he didn't have to wear a brace.

From SSG A William H. Wike Ret.

Franklin T. Wike, Sr. received the following awards for actions in WWII.

Purple Heart (3) Bronze Stars



Tank Destroyers

He belonged to a Tank Destroyers Unit and was attached to the 10th Armored Division, under Gen. George Patton.



10th Armored Division

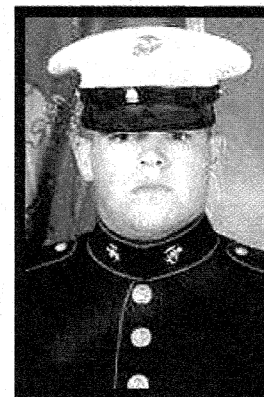


Franklin T. Wike, Sr. is sitting on the ground. His leg brace is open and sticking out on the side of his left foot. Standing behind Frank, is his brother Harvey with his arm around their sister Doris. Their other sister Myra and brother William are in the back row. This photo was taken on their farm in Fredricksburg, PA around 1946 and was submitted by Harvey Wike.

"True creativity quite simply starts with balancing your emotions and activating the power of the heart. Through practicing emotional management from the heart, you tap into the highest form of creativity possible--recreating your perceptions of reality."
-- Doc Childre

Fallen Heroes of Operation Iraqi Freedom

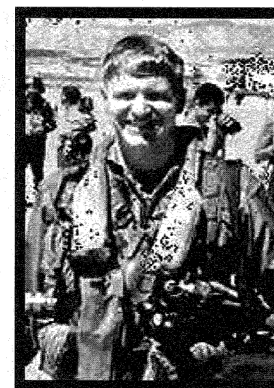
By: Dr. Zoe L. Simmons



Marine PFC. Chad E. Bales

20, of Coahoma, Texas.

Killed in a non-hostile vehicle accident during convoy operations east of Ash Shahin, Iraq. He was assigned to 1st Transportation Support Battalion, 1st Force Service Support Group, Camp Pendleton, California. Died on April 3, 2003.



Marine Capt. Ryan Anthony Beaupre, 30, of St. Anne, Illinois.

He was assigned to the Marine Medium Helicopter Squadron-268,

3rd Marine Aircraft Wing, Marine Corps Air Station, Camp Pendleton, California. A graduate of Illinois Wesleyan University, Beaupre quit an accounting job to join the Marines so he could fly. Before he was killed in a March 21 CH-46E helicopter crash in Kuwait he had hoped to get back to the States in time for his sister's wedding in May. "He's the kind of kid you want your daughter to marry, you want your son to be," says Patricia Gould, a family friend. "This is when war hits home."



Army Pfc. Wilfred D. Bellard, 20, of Lake Charles, Louisiana.

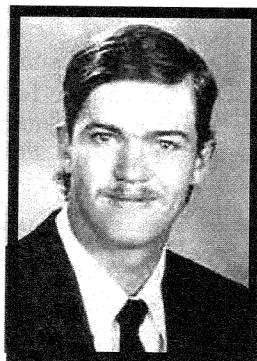
Killed when his vehicle fell into a ravine. He was assigned to the 41st Field Artillery Regiment. Died April 4, 2003.

**There is no better exercise
for the heart than reaching
down and lifting someone
else up.
--unknown--**



Marine Sgt. Michael E. Bitz, 31, of Ventura, California.

He was assigned to the 2nd Assault Amphibious Battalion, 2nd Marine Division, Camp Lejeune, North Carolina. Died on March 23, 2003. Killed in action near An Nasiriyah, leaving behind a widow, Janina, and four young children. "This time around I had this terrible feeling," says his mother, Donna Bellman, who had encouraged Bitz to join the Marines after a few aimless years after high school. "He loved the service and direction and purpose in his life."



Marine Lance Cpl. Thomas A. Blair, 24, of Wagoner, Oklahoma. (Shown in this 1997 photo from the

Broken Arrow High School yearbook.) Killed in action. His unit was engaged in operations on March 24 on the outskirts of An Nasiriyah in Iraq. His remains were recovered on March 28. He was assigned to the 2nd Low Altitude Air Defense Battalion, Marine Control Group-28, 2nd Marine Aircraft Wing, Cherry Point, North Carolina.



Marine Gunnery Sgt. Jeffrey E. Bohr, Jr. 39, of Ossian, Iowa. Killed in northern Baghdad while engaging enemy forces. He was assigned to the 1st Battalion, 5th Marine Regiment, Camp Pendleton, California. Died on April 10, 2003.



Army Staff Sgt. Steven A. Booker, 34, of Apollo, Pennsylvania. Killed by enemy fire in Iraq during a

raid into Baghdad. He was assigned to A Company, 1st Battalion, 64th Armor Regiment, Fort Stewart, Georgia. Died on April 5, 2003.



Army Spc. Mathew G. Boule, 22, of Dracut, Massachusetts. Killed in UH-60 Black Hawk helicopter crash in central Iraq. He was assigned to the 2nd Battalion, 3rd Aviation Regiment, Hunter Army Airfield, Georgia. Died on April 2, 2003.

NO PHOTO AVAILABLE

Army Spc. Roy Russell Buckley 24, of Portage, Indiana.

Buckley was aboard a M818 truck traveling in a convoy when he exited the passenger compartment, climbed into the trailer and did not return. Buckley was discovered lying on the side of the road with serious injuries. Medical aid was summoned and he was pronounced dead. Buckley was assigned to the 685th Transportation Company, Hobart, Indiana. Died on April 22, 2003.



Marine Lance Cpl. Brian Roy Buesing, 20, of Cedar Key, Florida. Killed in combat in the vicinity of An Nasiriyah. He was assigned to the 1st Battalion, 2nd Marine Regiment, 2nd Marine Expeditionary Brigade, Camp Lejeune, North Carolina. Died on March 23, 2003.

His father and grandfather had served in the Marines, and Buesing couldn't wait to enlist, joining less than a month after graduating from high school. "He never showed any sign of fear," says his stepfather, Roger Steve. Buesing was killed in a firefight with Iraqi soldiers who had feigned surrender.



Army Sgt. George Buggs, 31, of Barnwell, South Carolina. Killed in action after his convoy was

ambushed in Iraq on March 23. He was assigned to the 3rd Forward Support Battalion, 3rd Infantry Division, Ft. Stewart, Georgia.

NO PHOTO AVAILABLE

Marine Pfc. Tamario D. Burkett, 21, of Buffalo, New York.

Killed in action. Burkett was engaged in operations on the outskirts of An Nasiriyah on March 23. He was assigned to 1st Battalion, 2nd Marine Regiment, 2nd Marine Expeditionary Brigade, Camp Lejeune, North Carolina.



Army Sgt. Jacob Butler, 24, of Wellsville, Kansas.

Killed in action in Assamawah, Iraq, when a rocket-propelled grenade hit his vehicle. He was assigned to Headquarters Company, 1st Battalion, 41st Infantry Regiment, Fort Riley, Kansas. Died on April 1, 2003.



Texas Tribute to a Fallen Hero

What follows is a message from Vicki Pierce about her nephew James' funeral (he was serving our country in Iraq):

The service itself was impressive with wonderful flowers and sprays, a portrait of James, his uniform and boots, his awards and ribbons, his boots. There was lots of military brass and an eloquent (though inappropriately longwinded) Baptist preacher. There were easily 1000 people at the service, filling the church sanctuary as well as the fellowship hall and spilling out into the parking lot.



However, the most incredible thing was what happened following the service on the way to the cemetery. We went to our cars and drove to the cemetery escorted by at least 10 police cars with lights flashing and some other emergency vehicles, with Texas Rangers handling traffic.

Everyone on the road who was not in the procession, pulled over, got out



of their cars, and stood silently and respectfully, some put their hands over their hearts, some had small flags. Shop keepers came outside with their customers and did the same thing. Construction workers stopped their work, got off their equipment and put their hands over their hearts, too. There was no noise whatsoever except a few birds and the quiet hum of cars going slowly up the road.

When we turned off the highway suddenly there were teenage boys along both sides of the street about every 20 feet or so, all holding large

American flags on long flag poles, and again with their hands on their hearts. We thought at first it was the Boy Scouts or 4F club or something, but it continued for two and a half miles. Hundreds of young people, standing silently on the side of the road with flags. At one point we passed an elementary school, and all the children were outside, shoulder to shoulder

holding flags ... kindergartners, handicapped, teachers, staff, everyone. Some held signs of love and support. Then came teenage girls and younger boys, all holding flags. Then adults. Then families. All standing silently on the side of the road. No one spoke, not even the very young children. The last few turns found people crowded together holding flags or with their hands on their hearts. Some were on horseback.

The military presence...at least two generals, a fist full of colonels, and representatives from every branch



of the service, plus the color guard which attended James, and some who served with him ... was very impressive and respectful, but the love and pride from this community who had lost one of their own was the most amazing thing I've ever been privileged to witness.

The Story of the 143rd AAA Gun Bn. and the Battle of the Bulge

*by
David Spitz*

This is a piece that I have put together through extensive research in memory of my father, Morty Spitz 1917-65, to honor both him and the men he served with during WWII, a time he rarely spoke about. The piece deals specifically with his units operations during the "Battle of the Bulge" in the Ardennes in Belgium and includes some memories of those days and of my father as recalled by some of his comrades with whom I have been so fortunate to locate and communicate with over the years.

Thank you,
David Spitz

Starting with December 5, 1944 the 143rd began to hear rumors that they were to move forward from their present deployment around Liege to fire on the sites launching the buzz bombs that were landing in and around Liege. Recon parties started leaving the area, coming back with reports of the situation at the front and stories were heard of emplacing the batteries within 1800 yards of German outpost positions.

Finally, on December 14th, the radars of "Hq" and "C" Battery, together with recon elements of all batteries, left to check the battery sites that had previously been selected by map and ground recon in the vicinity of Mutzenich, Monschau and Kalterherberg, Germany. The batteries were to follow and set up in front of the buzz bomb launching sites that were then being used to attack Liege. At Kalterherberg, on the morning of December 16th, the recon parties received the opening barrage of von Rundstedt's counter-offensive, which was then thought to be only a local counter-attack. Part of the recon party returned to Liege on this day and found that the projected move was cancelled. There was a possibility of an all-out German offensive. A small party returned on the 17th to Eisenborn, south of Kalterherberg, where the 18th AAA Group was located, to learn more of this position and to find out what had happened to the radars that had been left there previously. On arrival, the party saw the 18th Group evacuating their position and moving to the rear in the face of the German offensive. Both radar crews

to return to Liege with the equipment as quickly as possible had received Word. This was accomplished after considerable difficulty due to the roads necessary to travel over in order to evade enemy forces.

All batteries were in March Order but when the recon party returned, the orders were changed and the 143rd was returned to its original positions. The men were uneasy and everything was too quiet. Then it broke loose! Word came down that the batteries were to March Order, leaving as soon as possible on an anti-mechanized mission south of Liege. Recon parties left in 30 minutes and were on their way to meet the Commanding Officer of the 11th AAA Group that would give the 143rd its Bn mission. The members of the recon party remembered the atmosphere of that hotel room in Aywaille when they learned that the whole German front was erupting in a major counter offensive. The Battalion had been given four important road nets that were to be held at all costs regardless of men and material. The party made a hasty reconnaissance so that the main column with the guns would be met within a space of 3-4 hours later.

Battery "A", my father's battery, had the farthest to go, moving down highway N-15 past Werbomont to Manhay, then turning east to the crossroads at Snamont. "B" Battery was assigned the defense of the road net at Habiemont, just east of Werbomont. The recon party from



Morton Spitz (1943)

"B" Battery, consisting of Captain Browne, Capobianco, Rankin and Sproat, proceeded on the basis of these orders. The main column of "B" Battery continued to the battery center at Werbomont and, upon finding that its recon party had been cut off by a blown bridge, moved into its emergency assembly area and was later picked up by the Bn recon party going to the Bn CP. Immediate recon was made for new positions since original map positions were without in the hands of the enemy. The guns set up abreast, beside the road leading west to Werbomont. Later, when John Sproat managed to come back through the German lines, it was learned that the rest of the members of the recon party of Battery "B" ran into a German forward outpost and were killed.

Battery "C" turned east and south from Aywaille and set up anti-mechanized defenses in the vicinity of Stoumont. In connection with the 119th Infantry of the 30th Division, "C" Battery provided the immediate defenses for the road net leading to Aywaille from the east. Early next morning, Charlie attempted to move Gun 4 to a more advantageous position in the town of Stoumont. The gun became mired in mud and while the men worked to emplace it, enemy fire destroyed it, together with the M-4 tractor. The crew of the gun was evacuated and fell back as infantry to the vicinity of the next gun. At 0730, Gun 2, which was emplaced in Stoumont, engaged a Mark VI tiger tank at a range of 40 yards, knocking it out and setting it afire with seven rounds. The crew of the tank was completely destroyed. Here a major engagement was developing. A mortar shell landed in a US halftrack, which was parked in the vicinity, setting off its ammo and the 90mm ammunition of Gun 2. This destroyed the gun, which had to be abandoned in the face of the enemy advance. The gun crew took their place as infantry along with the crew of Gun 4. During this time, in answer to a request for volunteers by an infantry officer, Pfc's Darago and Seamon volunteered to attack two German Mark VI tanks with bazookas, which they had never fired previous to this time. After crawling behind the building where the tanks were parked, each man fired his one

round into the rear radiator, setting the tanks ablaze. Retiring around the building, the men were given another round of ammo apiece and crept forward again to make sure of their kill. For this heroic action, these two men were awarded the DSC. During this engagement, the medical detachment of the Bn could pride itself on knowing that all of its personnel conducted themselves in the tradition of the medical corps. On several occasions the medics aided not only their own batteries, but also infantrymen who were near by. All of them gave untiring attention to the men assigned to their care.

Now the full pressure of this German armored column became apparent as the enemy pushed on to Stoumont Station close on the heels of the retiring American tank and infantry units. There was a heavy fog that morning and the reactions and sensations of the boys from Charlie were mixed as they saw the troops retiring, realizing that they were to stand in place in front of this armored thrust. The last American tank to leave made a temporary roadblock by pulling a "daisy chain" of mines across the road. The explosion of these mines did not stop the tiger tank but it did warn the men that shortly out of the fog would come the spearhead of the German advance. At the first appearance of the dim shape of the tiger tank at approximately 400 yards, Charlie opened fire and destroyed this tank with seven rounds. A second tank

following closely on the heels of the first attempted to pass the disabled Mark VI but as it did so, Gun 1 opened fire again and destroyed this second tank in such a fortunate position as to form a roadblock.

The counter fire that was received during this action did not destroy either men or material. However, the enemy sent up infantry to reduce this strong point. The crew of the first machine gun, which brought the men of Charlie under fire from the right, was driven off or killed by small arms fire. Second machine gun opened up from a well-concealed position and it was impossible for "C" battery to hold the strong point any longer. The 90mm gun was destroyed and the men fell back to the fourth and only remaining gun. It was during this action that Pfc Donald Eyanson was killed and Pvt's DP Phillips and Charles Schofield were seriously wounded. During this time the 119th Infantry regiment reorganized, counter-attacked and held the enemy. "C" Battery had helped to stop the spearhead.

Batteries "A" & "D" were in position supporting the 82nd Airborne Div's advance elements that had arrived during the nights of the 18th and the 19th December. Battery "A" formed an advance strong point with one company of the Parachute Infantry and Battery "D" became part of the integrated anti-tank defenses supporting the advance of the 504th Parachute Infantry

Regiment. A new conception of mobile warfare was gained when it was discovered that between these two batteries were approximately 15 to 20 German armored vehicles that were attempting to advance. Leon Feifer, one of my father's best friends in "A" Battery, remembered, "we were dug in and blissfully unaware that we were actually surrounded by the enemy. We could see the enemy on a hillside but we never fired on them and they never fired on us. We could hear the artillery and gunfire and could smell the gunpowder but we were not attacked. It was so cold, lying in trenches, in the morning covered in snow and wet." The men breathed a sigh of relief when the 82nd attacked the morning of the 20th and drove the enemy back. Cpl. Dale Gill of "A" Battery recollected, "By the time the 82nd got to our position they had begun to fan out as they started down that long hill. The strain of what lay ahead had begun to show on their faces. It wasn't long after they reached the bottom of that hill that all hell broke loose. The firing seemed continuous for hours." During that day various reports were coming in regarding the progress of the American counter-attacks. Early on the morning of the 21st, around 0200, came that cry "March Order!" The Bn was then attached to the 30th Division, under the XVIII Corps Airborne. The 143rd was to move immediately to the Francorchamps - Stavelot - La Gleize - Malmedy area

where another armored column threatened a breakthrough. Recon elements left in the middle of the night to report to the battalion report center at Spa. At this point orders for the disposition of the batteries were received and the battery recon parties left to make actual ground reconnaissance of positions for the individual guns. On arrival of the Bn recon parties at 30th Div Hdqs, the situation had changed. An immediate breakthrough by the Germans was now possible and all guns had to be emplaced immediately in order positions outlined in order of priority regardless of the original dispositions. Although everything seemed to be in a complete state of confusion, the guns were set up as fast as they arrived. Fortunately, the expected penetration was beaten back and our positions were improved as further reconnaissance became available.

"B" Battery discovered on the 22nd, as a result of reconnaissance by elements of the 30th Division, that there were a considerable number of German armored vehicles assembled in the area of La Gleize. From the maps and Baker's own ground recon it was seen to be possible to move Gun 4 forward, under cover of darkness, to a defile which would command this pocket at a range of about 1500 yards. On the night of the 22nd-23rd this move was completed. The 23rd was a very foggy day and it wasn't until late in the afternoon that the mist cleared enough for German artillery to fire a

few rounds in the vicinity. Counter fire was delivered by the guns of "B" Battery at the point of the flash and they received no further fire. The men spent a restless, cold night anticipating a clear day ahead.

At approximately 0830, liaison parties were received from the 743rd Tank Bn and the 119th Infantry. Div which indicated targets in the La Gleize pocket to fire upon. What a thrill the men felt as their first rounds were fired and a camouflaged tiger tank shot up in flames, "B" Battery's first destroyed tank. As fire was delivered on this first tank, it was noticed that there were two other tanks moving in the bushes. Fire was shifted to these two targets and they were destroyed. Finally, fire was directed at various other suspicious looking targets with the result that several small dumps and one enemy-manned Sherman tank was destroyed. During this engagement 42 rounds of 90mm ammunition was expended. Cease-fire was given so that elements of the 743rd and the 119th could move in and mop up the pocket. Later in the day, around 1200, "B" Battery in conjunction with the 639th, opened fire and shot down a ME-109 in flames.

"C" Battery, at this location, had no action until around 1240 when they were strafed by two ME-109's while going into position. "C" Battery's answering fire from their 50 cal. machine guns brought down one plane and the other departed, leaving a trail of smoke.

On the 24th December, "A" and "D" Batteries, together with the operations section of Hdqs and the service elements of Hdqs, received orders to move to the vicinity of Aywaille. They were attached to the 11th AAA Group to establish the AA defenses of the two bridges at that location. As a result of this move, the guns of "B" and "C" Batteries were rearranged to cover the forward positions. "A" and "D" Batteries left on the morning of the 24th and were in their new positions and ready to fire by 1900. On Christmas day the Batteries all had a relatively quiet day and, despite the conditions, all managed to have turkey for dinner. The morning of the 26th was another clear morning and "A" and "D" Batteries were strafed by low flying P-47's, one plane bearing German insignia. The planes were engaged with no observed results. Enemy air activity was general throughout the area during the day and in the vicinity of Francorchamps a fighter bomber dropped a bomb right in the crater of a gun pit that had been evacuated by one of "C" Battery's guns the day before. The house adjacent to the gun, which was being used as a forward CP was almost completely destroyed by the blast and four members of the battalion were wounded. No further action occurred in the vicinity of Francorchamps and December 31st, the men of Batteries "B" and "C" were relieved of their mission and returned on the 1st

January 1945 to Aywaille, reverting back to their normal AAA mission. The men of the 143rd felt pride in the box score they had accumulated since December 18th, which totaled twelve German tanks destroyed, two "category one" and one "category two" claim as well as incidental scores and numerous enemy dead. Unfortunately, on the debit side, the 143rd suffered four KIA, six WIA and three 90mm guns and one M-4 tractor lost in action.

On the 3rd January 1945 the 143rd AAA Gun Bn was relieved from its present mission and moved to Namur, setting up under the control of the 31st AAA Group as the AAA defenses of the bridges and the marshalling yards at Namur, Belgium.

The 143rd received a commendation for its "outstanding drive, tenacity of purpose, and aggressiveness with which the 143rd AAA Gun Bn. performed all combat missions in the Northern France, Ardennes, Rhineland and Central European Campaigns." The commendation continues:

"When the German Ardennes Counter-offensive was launched on 16th December 1944, the Bn., which had been given the mission of destroying PAC over German territory, was enroute to the Anti-Robot-bomb Belt east of Monschau - St. Vith, but was diverted to an anti-tank mission in the Houffalize - Manhay - Werbomont - Stoumont - La Gleize area, directly across the

path of the 2nd German Panzer Army seeking to reach the Meuse. Moving into positions under cover of darkness, the 90mm guns of the 143rd, with practically no infantry support, brought to an abrupt halt the breakthrough aspirations of German Armored Force commanders in the above area. The Bn. becoming, in effect, the front line until the arrival of the 82nd Airborne Division of the XVIII Airborne Corps from the rear, when its guns became the rallying point and later the line of departure for the attacking infantry of the Corps. Twelve German Royal Tiger M-VI tanks and their American uniformed crews were definitely destroyed by the 143rd AAA Gun Bn in the vicinity of Stoumont Station and Stoumont alone. No prisoners were taken, while many other tanks, armored cars, assault guns and motor vehicles were found which gave evidence of being hit by 90mm fire in the La Gleize pocket.

Attached to the 30th Infantry Division of the XVIII Corps on 23rd December 1944 in the anti-tank mission, the 90mm guns of the 143rd leap-frogged ahead under cover of the thick fog prevailing during this period, seeing out and destroying German Royal Tiger tanks and closely supporting the assaulting infantry attacks of the Corps, which converted the 'Ardennes Bulge' into the 'Ardennes Bubble.'

During the period 18 December 1944 to 3 January 1945 the Bn., with blazing courage and tenacity of

purpose, fearlessly stood and fought the enemy on the ground and in the air, shoulder to shoulder with the infantry in the bloodiest battle of the European Campaign. When their 90mm guns were overrun or destroyed by tanks, the gun crews of the gallant Bn unfalteringly battled on as infantry, seizing bazookas and other abandoned infantry weapons, in implementing their attacks along the line Trois-Ponts - Stavelot - Malmedy.

With the launching of the Roer and Rhine offensives, the 143rd AAA Gun Bn.. utilizing its weapons to the maximum in an anti-aircraft role at Duren and Remagen, successively supported the pulverizing smash of the 1st Army, which terminated all German resistance in its zone of action of the Rhineland. The termination of hostilities on 8 May 1945 found the Bn well on the road to Berlin with a record that no objective defended by it had been damaged by air or taken by ground attack."

HEADQUARTERS, 49th AAA Brigade, 10 May 1945
Memories of Some of the Men of the 143rd AAA Gun Bn:

I'll begin with Leon's (Dad's best friend) memories:

"Your father and I were good friends from the early days while training in California until our discharge. I was discharged earlier than Mort. Actually, he took over for

me in the office when I left Germany. Morty, Hogue and I got to know each other one day in formation. The 1st Sgt. asked for anyone that could type and the 3 of us raised our hands. We were put to work in the office typing rosters until we were blue in the face. Eventually, I remained in the office and Hogue and Morty were assigned other duties in the battalion.

A Battery, I feel, was lucky. Our harshest moments were in the Battle of the Bulge. We were converted from our normal anti-aircraft function to a ground artillery function. Anyhow, we were dug in and blissfully unaware that we were actually surrounded by the enemy, who had bypassed us and struck the battery behind us. We could hear the artillery and could smell the gunpowder, but we were not attacked! The 82nd Airborne came in and opened up a corridor for us to get out. Before that, we went through a small town at night and didn't find out until later that the town was full of the enemy, who held their fire because they didn't know what our strength was. We were also strafed a time or two.

Your father and I shared a good sense of humor and got along well. There were bright spots as well as the tense moments."

More memories shared by Leon during a phone conversation:

"Your Dad and I befriended the family of a French wine merchant.

One day, the 2 children, a boy 14 years and his sister, 11 or 12, came to where we were and invited us to dinner. This was very special considering the fact that there was little food to be had because of the war. In between each course a new bottle of wine was opened. By the end of the meal neither your dad nor I could stand up. The children were laughing at us as they were used to the wine. We were pretty drunk and the kids had to walk us back. This was in Nanterre, France, outside of Paris."

"We also befriended a Belgian family outside of Liege, the Sornin family, consisting of a man, his wife and their little girl Carmen. We were invited to stay with them. Because of the constant falling of the buzz-bombs the family slept in the cellar, but Dad and I were so excited about a soft bed with clean sheets that we said to hell with the buzz-bombs, left the window open and slept upstairs in the bed."

"I was with the only man in the battery to receive the Purple Heart when he was wounded. His name was T/4 Marvin Buzzo. We were driving to pick up the mail when a buzz bomb came down and struck a building. We were showered with glass and debris and a brick came through the windshield and struck Buzzo in the shoulder. Once when the convoy was strafed Dad and I had to leap together from the half-track we were riding in and take cover in a ditch on the side of the

road, 'hit the ditch.' At difficult times, as we approached the battle lines, we could hear the gunfire and shelling, shells were going overhead in different directions, you could smell the gunpowder, but thankfully we never had to kill anyone or personally shoot anyone. Of course, we had to fire the big guns at planes, but that was different, because you did not know whom you were shooting at. We were blissfully unaware of the danger we were in on certain occasions. There were times when we could see the enemy on a hillside or in the distance, but we never fired on them and they never fired on us. We did pass dead bodies on the sides of the road on a number of occasions, but they were already covered with sheets."

"Two soldiers in Battery A were killed after the war ended. Their names were F.A. Risley and Earl Testerman, Jr. The battery was on a salvage detail, going into German villages and through the countryside collecting weapons and ammunition from the Germans. One day we approached some railroad tracks and a German civilian motioned us ahead, giving an all-clear sign. Just as the truck got onto the tracks a train struck it. The civilian had trapped them. Of course, everyone in the battery was terribly upset, especially because those two boys had survived the war without a scratch, only to be killed afterwards. I'm sure that German civilian did not have happy fate!"

"Morty and I missed most of the tours after the war because we had so much work to do. We were able to go on boat trips down the Rhine visiting some of the castles, go to dances with some of the local girls, to the theater and movies and occasionally go out to dinner and have a beer. But movements were real restricted, after all Germany was still considered enemy country. I was able to get out before Mort because I had to cross the Rhine to pick up the mail so I got extra points. When they told me I could leave early I certainly didn't argue!"

"Your dad was a mellow, low-keyed guy with a wonderful smile. An open guy who never got upset and always stayed under control. I was also like this, we both had a good sense of humor and that is why we stayed together always, for days, weeks, months, and years! I always considered your dad to be my best friend in those times!"

(To be continued next month.)

Sincere forgiveness isn't coloured with expectations that the other person apologize or change. Don't worry whether or not they finally understand you. Love them and release them. Life feeds back truth to people in its own way and time .
-Sara Paddison

RELUCTANT SOLDIER:

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

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

Military discipline started as soon as we neared the [Camp Breckenridge, Kentucky]. We reached camp tired, dirty and ready for a good rest. The first day about all we had in the way of work were details.

They now started sending men on furloughs. My turn came from September 18, 1943 to October 2. A few of us took a cab to Evansville, Indiana to the railroad station. From there I left for Philadelphia. I was very happy to be on my way home even though I had no plans. But I did need the rest and change. I had wired my folks who were in Florida at the time that I was coming home. They didn't receive it as they were already on their way home. Everything looked so strange to me when I got to Philadelphia early in the morning. I let myself in and laid down on the couch while waiting for them to rise. Dad came into the parlor and was very surprised to find

me there.

After a few days, I decided that I had better call Evelyn at the office (Camden Fire Insurance). We made a date for dinner in town at Wanamaker's Crystal Tea Room. Afterwards we looked at some exhibits nearby and then not understanding Evelyn, I insisted that we go see a movie. This was a total failure because she hadn't wanted to go in the first place and didn't enjoy it, and I was unhappy because I could see that she only went to please me. We didn't stay in there very long. The next day we boarded a bus for Atlantic City. The bus was rough, old and slow. But we enjoyed being together, and we had a good day there. The next week we had another date to see a stage show called "Life with Father." This we enjoyed although Evelyn didn't care for some of the profanity in it. We were falling in love more and more and to me it seemed that Evelyn was

fighting hard against doing so. After the play, we took a bus to Westmont to take her home. She waited with me while my bus came and that is where I first kissed her as we could see the bus getting nearer. That kiss seemed to do it, as we were never the same after that. I treasured that first kiss and well remember how she looked up at me with her pretty blue eyes.

The furlough being over, Bill Costello, the man who had bought my store, insisted on driving me to the railroad station. I choked up some as I was unhappy over parting from my loved ones again. Grandma Hantwerker cried a little too.

[I] arrived at Terre Haute, Indiana and had to wait a couple of hours for another train. [I] arrived at Evansville during the night and went over to the Red Cross canteen. There they served coffee and doughnuts. I tried to lay on a bench to get some sleep but the bench was hard and it was very cold in the morning. "San Antone Rose" made an impression on me as I heard it being sung by a GI with a guitar.

[I] worked on the rifle range, lowering and raising the targets to let the marksman know what he had hit and to replace the paper. When my turn came to fire on the targets, my rifle slipped and I got a black eye. We were sent out in the field for a week of problems, and from there I received a field pass for Evansville. I slept in a building next to the Episcopal Church. The young people

treated us as well as they could with refreshments and records. There was some dancing, for [the] most part we were just glad to have a comfortable place to stay away from camp. I predicted [that the] war would be over by October 27, 1943.

They taught us to dig and use spider holes. It was surprising how well a person can hide themselves in one of them and not be seen. We spent one whole day doing his. While in the hole, a letter and picture came from Evelyn. I enjoyed both and loved her even more. From this time on, I started to open my heart to her more and used more endearing terms. In November 1943, I unofficially started to learn to cook and had a job in the kitchen that I liked. I went to cooking school a couple of times.

In the camp there was a compound for prisoners who had to serve time for many reasons but mostly for being A.W.O.L. They lived outdoors in small tents all year round, and their lot was a hard one due to the severe discipline and weather. It was my lot one day to take one of these fellows out to police the area. I was given live ammunition and threatened with punishment if I should let this fellow escape. I felt so sorry for this fellow as I followed him around with my loaded rifle. We were forbidden to talk with these men or to allow them any privileges. We spent so many hours outside and so many inside during this tour of guard duty. The whole division was taken out away

from the camp and a demonstration for plane identification was held. It was interesting, but I could never tell one from another. [I] sent Evelyn a box of candy and a chain for her neck as a souvenir.

[I] became [a] full time assistant cook now and was immune from details. It was wonderful to be free and not to have to hide. We cooks did have to go through the infiltration course one evening. The way the tracers bounced was awesome. We bivouacked for weeks at a time now, and the cooks and I bunked in double tents. We had to get up at three to get the food ready for the men's breakfast. Then we were able to go back to the tent for a few more hours of sleep. It was bitter cold now and my hands got very stiff working with the water and food.

How I hated the V. D. pictures. I usually kept my eyes closed to avoid seeing the results of this sin. As terrible as they were, they seemed to make no impression on the actions of most men.

Rumors started that all furloughs would be canceled, that we were leaving for California and that I was to lose my cooking job.

The USO in Evansville gave me some very happy hours away from camp. [I saw] Cassello in Evansville one time. At camp I always filled my spare time at the P.X., [the] movies, and [the] service club. I helped prepare Thanksgiving dinner. It was like a party, and the cooks received compliments for a

job well done. I had never seen so much on the table. Because a cook's helper had to be a P.F.C., they had to give me the rating. I was pleased for it and the four extra dollars a month.

In December 1943, I had to qualify with the Browning automatic rifle, but I didn't do very well with it. I made a good score with a Garand rifle and qualified as a marksman. We saw a demonstration of mines, booby traps, explosives, flame throwers, and other explosives. The boys had a party in the mess hall. It was a sloppy affair, lots of food and beer. There was hardly anyone sober. It was disgusting the way they got sick.

[I] went Christmas shopping in Evansville and had to pay someone to mail it for me from the field.

[I] told Evelyn about how I had made a fool out of myself asking Wanda K. to marry me. I thought that it was a personal secret but found that everyone knew. Then I had the gall to tell Evelyn that she was also in love with me and that made her very angry at me. This platonic friendship had progressed too far to suit her. She had never considered me as being the right one for her.

I suddenly received a furlough (seven days and two days travel time). I surprised the folks and then came over by bus to see Evelyn. They were not home so I waited around until they [came]. They also were very surprised to see me. I

made several visits, and we became affectionate. The night before I had to go back to camp we were together until 3 A.M., and it was almost dawn before I was able to get back to my home in Frankford. The Christmas package that I had sent from camp arrived during this time, and I had the pleasure of seeing her open it. Telling her that she was in love with me had made her lose some sleep, but now she agreed with me [that] there was a mutual love between us; and she was happy and lovely.

One of the big things that troubled Evelyn was the question of whether I had been "saved." This word I didn't understand at all, and I recited to her all of the work that I had been involved in at church: my faithful attendance, choir, teaching a class, being a member of the church council, etc. It was quite awhile before I understood this term "salvation."

I was filled with deep emotion this third and, what I thought, would be my last time. I left more behind this time: the girl that I loved and my parents who weren't too well. Dad was suffering from a severe thyroid condition. (It hadn't been diagnosed as such yet.) We were all sorry that I could not stay for the Christmas holidays, and [I] received my Christmas packages after I got back to camp.

[My brother Mike and his wife Eunice] came home after I had left for camp, and Dean was born December 19, 1943. Eunice and

Mike had to make a hurried and dangerous trip over icy roads to get home in time for the blessed event. After a few days, Mike had to rush back to Indiantown Gap.

At camp, the combat obstacle course caused me much misery. There was a trench about eight feet across that we had to jump over. I just couldn't get the nerve to do so. I would run up to the edge and stop short almost falling in. After much coaxing and threatening, I did make it. When I tried another day, I jumped short and bruised my leg badly. From this time on I even refused to try. Bob Miller never even made it once. With tears in his eyes and much effort, he failed. To make him feel even worse, the other men ridiculed him. He was extremely happy when we left this camp. It was here on this course that I lost my wristwatch while crawling under some barbed wire obstacles.

[I] made no New Year's resolutions in January 1944. [I] found myself eligible for a three day pass. After much thought as to whether I should try to go home; I decided to try to visit Mike since he was about ready to ship overseas, and we might not see each other again. The pass was only good within the radius of fifty miles but I wanted to see him so badly that I was willing to chance it. Lost a lot of time waiting for trains; but finally I was on my way to Camp Crowder, Missouri. The M.P. looked at my pass and at me and said nothing.

It was snowing early in the morning as I got into Neosho. I had no idea how to get to see Mike so I called the camp, and he came out to meet me at the gate. There were tears in our eyes as we met as we hadn't seen each other in a long while. He being an officer and I a private was a handicap. But he introduced me to his friends, got me something to eat at the mess hall, and then took me out to see his trailer where he lived on the outskirts of town. I was so very proud of my officer brother. Mike had tears in his eyes as the train pulled away from camp with me on it. There was a long wait between trains in St. Louis and so I saw some of it.

All of us extra cooks had to run a problem, and I do mean run. I was relieved of my duties as a cook and was sent back to join the squad again. [I] started writing poems to Evelyn. [I] went to lots of movies as I had more time, and I visited Owensboro, Kentucky and saw the muddy Ohio River. We had a big parade in honor of some big General. We were now given a lot of judo and bayonet practice, and I hated both.

In February, 1944, [we] had a buffet supper and were entertained by the U.S.O. We practiced digging invisible foxholes so cleverly made that a man could stand on them and not be aware of them. It was fun scaring the daylights out of the men. [I] was concerned about Dad's condition as he was getting thinner all the time. My lieutenant brought

me a Good Conduct Medal, which was a surprise to me.

On February 14, 1944, I was on a R.S.O. detail delivering bread to the kitchens and would have to jump on and off the truck each time. It had been a freezing cold day and some how the catch on the chain stayed open and when I tried to swing back onto the tailgate, I was thrown heavily on the hard ground. At first I wasn't sure whether it was a sprain or break, but my wrist turned all colors, and so I was taken to the hospital. An X-ray was taken and I lay down on a table and [was] given a needle and told to count; the next thing I knew I was in a bed with a cast on my wrist, and I was uncomfortable. I was in a ward with about fifty men with assorted breaks of limbs. There was a lot of laughing and talking going on all the time and there was never a dull time. It was fun to have the nurse wake someone to get them to take a sleeping pill.

I was sure my accident was an act of God to keep me from leaving the country with the 83rd. At this time the division was in the process of leaving. The cast was uncomfortable for about a week; otherwise my stay in the hospital was wonderful: good food and beds and entertainment every day of some sort. Outside my buddies were still training in near zero, and it was warm in the ward. My ward companions were friendly. I met an Army nurse whom we nicknamed "Gremlin Wildcat."

My letters from the hospital to Evelyn were pure love letters, and she sent me a beautiful framed picture of herself which I loved. She also sent me a book of poems by Edgar Guést. I made the embarrassing error of mixing the letters that I was sending to Evelyn and the folks. Now they knew how we felt about each other. Evelyn wasn't accepting dates from anyone else now.

In March, they took off my cast and X-rayed my wrist. I had to start moving it and exercising it to bring it back to normal. During an artillery problem an error was made and they zeroed in on the men who were running a problem. The first we knew of this was when our ward was filled with wounded in serious condition. All night there was the groaning and crying of the men in pain. The tragedy left four dead and 20 wounded. The hospital was a madhouse with nurses, doctors, and high-ranking officers running around.

My Lieutenant Stanket and Sergeant Petchico and Hojara visited me. Petchico cried and felt that the outfit was going to leave without me and that he expected to get killed overseas. I found out later that he was killed in action.

On March 18, 1944, I was discharged from the hospital. It was a cold and rainy day and I felt blue as I would have to face the future again. I went back to my company to pick up my belongings. I found

them all packed up and ready to leave with many new replacements. I felt ill at ease. There were many of us now waiting for reassignment to another division. There was nothing to do but avoid details and be there for roll calls. Henry Ford predicted that the war would be over in two months, and we were encouraged. I was in the 1570 service unit while waiting to be assigned to another unit. They put us on trucks and took us to Henderson, Kentucky and then by train to Evansville, Indiana and from there to Little Rock, Arkansas through St. Louis. We were to have sleepers, but we wound up sleeping on the hard benches while waiting for another train.

My next address was Co. K, 242 Inf. APO 411 42 Division, Camp Gruber, Oklahoma. We were welcomed at the station by a stern welcoming committee, and they left us cold, feeling badly, and hating the place. It was a barren and sandy looking place and so very far from home. Some fellows ran away, and others threatened to hurt themselves to avoid duty in this tough outfit. We were restricted to camp for one month.

I was transferred to another regiment in a training battalion (Co. G 222nd. Inf. 42 Rainbow Division) on March 28, 1944. There was little time for anything as the schedule was tough and strict with night problems and evening work to keep us busy. I had to start making new friends again. Meanwhile, [my

brother] Mike got to be company commander in Missouri. I was on a detail to welcome some more unhappy replacements. The band played, and speeches were made, but I remembered how I had felt when I first came. I had K.P. here and never saw a more dictatorial mess sergeant; he acted as if we were slaves. We had to work hard, and [we] hated him, for he went out of his way to make life miserable for us.

Every morning at reveille we had to stand and freeze while the band marched up and down for 15 minutes. At least at this camp, we had more time to get ready for it. I found out how terrible the wind and sand can blow in Oklahoma. There was a fine film of sand over everything in the barracks. I made arrangements to send flowers to Evelyn for Easter. The war was scheduled to be over this Easter, but it wasn't.

I had a new experience in a foxhole as I crouched in it and a tank ran over the hole. It was enough to scare the daylights out of a person. I wouldn't care to have the enemy do that. I got myself behind the eight ball.

While on special duty, my rifle was examined and rust spot was found, with the result that I received one week of hard labor. Then I wanted another furlough so badly that I didn't tell them that I had one. My conscience bothered me, and I confessed. Captain Hahn gave me

a lecture and week of hard labor. The bright spot was that I didn't have to take part in night problems. The bad part was working all day Saturday and Sunday. There were always at least 50 men on these details because this punishment was handed out right and left. I didn't mind being punished for a lie, but I did mind it for a fleck of rust that developed after a rain.

[I] had to go through the gas chamber and put on the mask after we were inside. My heart pounded, and I fumbled some but got the mask on with a minimum of tear gas in my eyes.

A group of us suddenly received orders to have our clothes and equipment checked. We had to tear off our insignias and turn in some stuff. Now we just stayed around the barracks waiting for further orders. They checked my teeth and found that I needed a plate; so I had to sew on my insignias and draw my equipment and expected to stay with the company until my plate was made. Two teeth saved me from going to the Pacific with the others. The morning exercises were tougher now. Running over the bayonet course didn't please me either. I never was able to jump over the bayonet course before, and with fixed bayonets, it was even worse. Throwing practice grenades wasn't in my line either. I couldn't throw them far enough. The live grenade scared me as I was afraid that the pin might fall off. There was just

nothing in the Army that I cared to do but cook, and they took that away from me.

In May 1944, I started a two week course in driving jeeps and trucks. I visited Tulsa, Oklahoma. We disliked and ridiculed the Rainbow salute. Our Saturday afternoon lectures on V.D. were important but thought lightly of by those who didn't care about the consequence of loose living. S.T.P.A. boys were thrown out of school and into the Infantry; they didn't like the change at all. I found my name on another shipping list. I was [put] on guard duty around the officers' B.Q.Q. There was too much saluting in this area.

I sent Evelyn an Indian doll from Tulsa. She was much pleased with it as to her it was more than just a souvenir of Tulsa. Evelyn sent me a book on courtship and marriage, and I received many packages this birthday. In June we were having roll call preparatory to shipping out when suddenly everything was canceled for thirty days. The Normandy invasion was taking place. Memorial services were held in all churches for those who gave their lives in the Normandy invasion. Most of the men were transferred to other companies but not me, and the barracks were empty. George Biddington and I became friendly and went to town together.

I received a furlough of seven days plus three days traveling time. So by confessing a lie, I gained three

days. This furlough was unexpected and [brought] Evelyn and [me] closer together. My heart beat and tears came as I neared the new home on Foulkrod Street where the folks now lived. Dad looked very poor and we both cried. He had been ill for some time now, and the added strain of having Dean and Eunice living with them didn't help any. It was hard on him having both of his boys away. There was gasoline rationing, and I was able to use Dad's Studebaker very little.

I called Evelyn at Camden Fire and made a date for that evening. She had saved a week of her vacation, a few [days] one week and few the next. That evening, June 15, we became engaged without a ring. We promised to be true to each other and not to get married until I came back from the Army. We went several places together. One day we took a train to New York City, and there we had dinner in a big hotel. Then we walked and talked until we were exhausted. Another day we took a bus to Atlantic City and had dinner, walked the boards, and sat on the beach in some chairs. One evening we went to Willow Grove and rode many of the amusements. This also was fun. Sunday evening Evelyn took me to a large church in Philadelphia. Then it happened. One Saturday before I was to leave, I visited Evelyn and kissed her as she opened the door. Her mother saw us, and we knew that our love could be a secret no longer. We were no

longer friends of the family. We asked our parents to keep it quiet until we could get a ring.

Sunday we had dinner at the Michael's. I felt sure at that time they knew about us. They didn't, but they did suspect something because Evelyn was never in the habit of holding hands, as she did with me. Eunice had wanted to go to Chicago with Dean, and so now that my furlough was nearly over, Dad suggested that I drive them in their car. I was able to get enough for gas for this trip from the ration board. We had trouble with the car overheating and had to stop for water every 40 miles or so. It took us 2 days to make the trip. We [stopped] at Eunice's grandmother's and spent the night. I had the misfortune to drop my wristwatch there. I learned to love that rascal Dean on the trip.

The next morning I left for Oklahoma by train. On my way to camp, I wrote a letter to Tom asking permission to marry Evelyn. I got to camp in plenty of time. When I got back to camp, I found that I had been transferred to another company, "I" Company, and I had to take off my rainbow patches again. I started in the kitchen; but this time it was a pleasure as the rest of the company was out on bivouac. I suffered from a very bad ingrown toenail, and I had to get it cut out painfully at the dispensary. I offered to send Evelyn the money to buy the ring herself, but she didn't think too much of the

idea. I visited Muskogee but didn't care for it very much.

In July 1944, I was told to fall out with bag and equipment. We had a roll call and then after much confusion we were told to go back to our barracks. The C.O. gave us a lot of do's and don'ts for [when we would] be shipped. We still had no idea when we were going or in what direction. I wished so hard that it would be east and not west. I had no desire to fight Japs or to fight in the jungles. The heat was terrible this summer. We [did nothing] now but await orders. We were supposed to keep busy, and someone would watch out for officers. An officer did walk in on us, and we were all asleep. But he was a good fellow and didn't say anything. There is bed check every night as some men have wives in town and would rather be there.

We separated ourselves from all unnecessary personal things. On July 10, 1944, we got up early, packed our stuff and marched to an area where everything was checked. Trucks came and took us away. The band played and the general spoke to us telling us how good we were and how sorry he was to lose us. His speech went in one ear and out the other. We were heading for [Fort] Meade via the southern states. It was a dirty trip although we had sleepers and were fixed up comfortably. I even had hopes of getting home again.

On July 12, we were greeted by the band [at Fort Meade], and then they took us to our barracks. We didn't like the looks of the place. [My address was now] Co.B 18Bn. 5 Reg. AGFRD' #1 Fort Meade, Maryland. They fed us well and then we had roll call and a medical checkup. Finally we had a chance to relax. At this camp there was little saluting or anything. We were a happy group. The officers were very informal and tried to be of help to us. Here it was just the opposite from the other camp. I was with new men again [though] and had to find friends again. This constant changing was hard; it isn't bad if you know someone. Now we were hoping and praying for a pass.

On Saturday July 15, I got a pass, and it only took me a few hours to get home on a train. I called Evelyn before I got home and asked her to meet me there. Dad had had an operation on his thyroid and was [still] very sick. He cried with joy to see me again. It made me feel bad to see how he looked. He had prayed to see me once more before I went overseas, and there I was. I asked him to go to Frankford Avenue with me, and there at Barrs, I bought a ring for Evelyn. I hid the ring from her. We took a long walk in the evening, and then I borrowed Dad's car to take her home. After awhile I popped the ring, and she was delighted. We were now officially engaged. Next morning I went to my church and she to hers to display the

ring. Her friends were astonished as they had heard little of me. They hadn't even seen me.

After church I drove over to pick up Evelyn and her mother to bring them to our home for dinner. Then we took a long walk in the park. As the time was getting short, we took a ride to a place where we could say goodbye. We loved so deeply that it was hard to leave this time. Evelyn and her mother went as far as the station with me. It was the last pass. God had made it possible for me to see my folks and to present the engagement ring. That little ring made a big difference in time to come.

July 17 was Dad's birthday; so we celebrated it while I was home. I wrote a letter to Mike in England rebuking him for certain things that he had written to Dad that had hurt him. I felt that I must do everything in my power to help Dad; otherwise he might not last very long. Knowing that I would sail soon, and in the light of Dad's condition, my heart was heavy.

To Be Continued

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Personal Memories For August

My Name _____

Name of my Father's Father _____

Things I Learned From Him _____

Maiden Name of my Father's Mother _____

Things I Learned From Her _____

Name of my Mother's Father _____

Things I Learned From Him _____

Maiden Name of my Mother's Mother _____

Things I Learned From Her _____

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