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NEW FEATURES

This month, we have started a new column dedicated to Grandparents. This column will offer our readers an opportunity to share favorite memories of their grandparents as well as tips and advice on how to be a better grandparent to your own grandchildren.

NEXT MONTH

We will be starting a new column for winners. It will offer uplifting stories from people that have survived and moved past various forms of sexual, physical and mental abuse or physical limitations and challenges. These stories will also offer survival techniques for people that are just beginning their healing journey.

The Legacy is a monthly publication. Subscription prices are \$24 per year.

To subscribe, send \$24 in check or money order to: *The Legacy*, P.O. Box 201, Perkins, OK 74059.

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

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Printed in U.S.A. Postage paid at Perkins, OK and at additional mailing offices.

Happy Valentines Day

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Letter from the Editor

February is one of my favorite months. Why? Because of Valentine's Day, the one special day set aside each year for lovers to declare their emotions. Being the romantic that I am, I have always enjoyed taking advantage of this special day in order to let people know they are important to me.

However, Valentine's Day does not have to be just for romance. I remember one year I had flowers sent to every woman that worked in the offices of the company I worked for, even the owner's wife.

As we approach this Valentine's Day, there is another thought you might want to consider. This month, we have started our column on Grandparents. In this column, we are trying to show the importance and value of grandparents not only as a part of the family, but also as a part of society.

One common bond that we all have is that every one of us had grandparents. All of us may not have been fortunate enough to have known them, but we all had them.

If you were one of the lucky ones that got to know your grandparents, this month would be a good time for you to start writing down some of your favorite memories of the times that you spent with them. What games did you play, what foods did you eat and what are some of the favorite stories they told

you? Then if they are still alive, send them a card telling them how they helped to have a positive influence on your life.

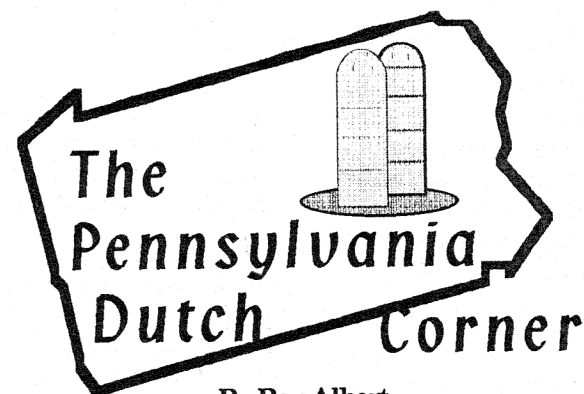
Grandparents are one of the most precious commodities we have. I cannot tell you the number of times I have spoken with someone in the later years of their life, and when I ask them about their own grandparents, almost every one of them will say, "I wish I would have asked them more questions while I had the chance" or "I wish I would have listened closer to the stories they were telling me." After all, our grandparents are our family historians, teachers of life and mentors.

If they are not alive anymore, why not take your memories and share them with other family members or even send them to us and we can share them with our readers.

One closing thought is that you are never too old to learn something from an older person, so if you don't have a grandparent of your own, why not adopt one? There are plenty of senior citizens that have no grandchildren of their own, and I am sure many of them would love to share their time and knowledge with someone just like you.

Enjoy the spirit of love that is flowing this month, and I will write to you again next month.

Franklin Wike



By Bev Albert

Will the Pennsylvania Dutchmen have to endure six more weeks of blustery winter weather? The approach of February 2nd is widely known as "Groundhog Day" or "Wood Chuck Day." On this much-anticipated day, our little furry friend will awaken after his long winter's nap to decide if we will have an early spring, or if we will endure six more weeks of Old Man Winter.

Punxsutawney is a small town of approximately 6,700 residents in Western Pennsylvania. Every February 2nd, hundreds of people will gather at Gobbler's Knob, which is just outside of Punxsutawney, to wait for the world's most famous groundhog, "Punxsutawney Phil" to emerge from his burrow. If furry Phil sees his shadow, that means we will be in for six more weeks of winter weather, but if Phil doesn't see his shadow, it means spring is just around the corner.

The legend of "Punxsutawney Phil" has been around since 1889, and this toothy little ball of fur has delighted millions of

people with his weather predictions ever since. Some claim "Punxsutawney Phil" is correct 90% of the time.

February 14th is also "Sweethearts Day." For the Pennsylvania Dutch gal who hasn't yet landed her honey, here are a few tips of the Pennsylvania Dutch for getting him to say "I Do."

1. A young lady who is anxious to get married should feed a cat from her right shoe.
2. Swallow a raw chicken heart, and the man you are thinking of at that time will be your future husband.
3. Know how to make a man's shirt before you marry.

And for you Dutchmen who want to sweep your gal off her feet, you should:

1. Take feathers from a rooster's tail and press them three times into your gal's hand
2. Take a turtle dove's tongue into your mouth and your gal cannot love another!

Pa. Dutch Corner

3. If your sweetheart snubs your attention, place some sugar under your armpits and then place it in her drink. If she drinks it, you will always have her affection and attention.

After you've captured your sweetheart and are ready to say, "I Do," you may want to examine the Pennsylvania Dutch folklore and superstitions on the subject of marriage.

1. Marry your sweetheart in something borrowed.
2. If a minister marries two couples the same day, one couple will be unhappy.
3. A married couple should step over a broom before entering their new home to bring good luck. This will also prevent the couple from being bewitched.

Pennsylvania Dutch Recipes!

"Amanda's Angel Food Cake"

1 1/2 cups (about 12) egg whites
1/2 teaspoon of salt
1 teaspoon of cream of tartar
1 1/2 cups of sugar
1 cup of sifted flour
1 teaspoon of vanilla extract
Add salt to the egg whites and beat until frothy. Beat in cream of tartar. Continue to beat until rounded peaks are formed. Sift the sugar and flour together four times. Sift about four tablespoons of the sugar-flour mixture over egg whites and gently fold together. Repeat until all of the mixture has been used. Fold in extract. Turn batter into greased tubed pan. Bake at 350

degrees F. about 45 minutes, or until top springs back when lightly touched at center. Makes one 10-inch tubed cake.

"Shdreis'l Suppee"

(Pretzel Soup) Heat a bowl of milk for each person to be served. To each bowl of milk add a small piece of butter and serve. At the table, each person should break up enough large pretzels to fill the bowl.

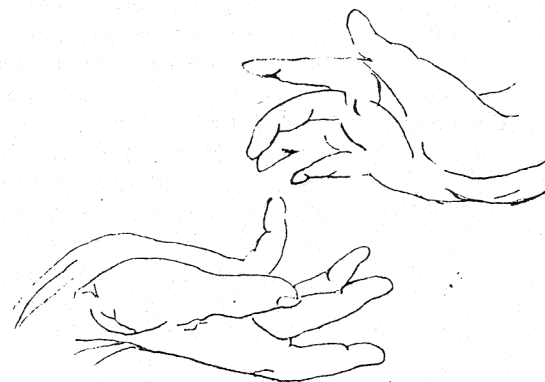
Amish Tall Tale !

Two men were sitting in a bus station in Reading, Pennsylvania. One was a bearded Amishman in his early twenties and the other a very old man. The old man, on seeing his bus approaching, arose slowly from his seat, and placing his hands on his hips, he said in a painful voice, "I am suffering from arthritis."

"Well now, I'm right glad to meet you," replied the Amishman. "I'm Stoltzfus from New Holland."

Next month appearing in the Pennsylvania Dutch Corner will be a very special feature story, "Life on a Pennsylvania German Farm 1920-1940" by Mr. Schuyler Brossman of Rehrersburg, Penna. This wonderful story is entertaining and full of fascinating facts on the everyday farm life of the Brossman Family. You won't want to miss the March Issue of "The Legacy." **"Remember that a man's best fortune, or his worse, is a wife."** Ω

The Sandwich Generation



Sunshine,

My mother-in-law lives by herself in Southern California. I call all the time, but I'm afraid she is going to need me for something on one of those days I "forget" to call. Sometimes, I regret to say, I simply don't have time to call her, and that's why I called Care Line. Now, for less than \$10, I know she gets to talk with someone other than myself three days during the week, and she absolutely loves it! They talk about life, family... everything! Her Care Line representative has become an important part of her social life. Recently, it was discovered that they both enjoy knitting, and they've started exchanging patterns by mail. This is a wonderful way to get peace of mind - knowing that if there's a problem, I will be notified by Care Line - and also, for no extra charge, my mother-in-law gave her representative a list of her "most important days" (there

must have been 20!) and is now reminded of each coming event at least a week before the "special day." I highly recommend Care Line services to ANYONE who worries about a senior or homebound person. ("Monitored" must live in California.) I know there are a lot of worried people out there, I was one...but I'm not anymore.

TG

Dear TG:

Congratulations for locating the service!

And Congratulations to others for recognizing the need and establishing such a service!

There are several such services throughout the country. My mother had something similar seven years ago! (I don't know who has a harder time, my mother or me!) In this case, she had someone call twice weekly.

The Sandwich Generation

My sister or I also called at other times, so mother was covered almost daily. The ironic thing is that mother outlived her caller! Mother wasn't sure how she felt about that. She always seems surprised at New Year's and her birthday - she has made it through another year! When others die before she does, she gets to wondering, which is harder on me, because she then wonders if I can take care of myself after she is gone. Since I am now fifty, I think the answer is "Yes," but I have yet to convince mother of that....

The service is indeed that, a service. If done well, it can provide lots of security for everyone, and lets people become "friends," not just service provider and providee - as happened when your mother and her caller discovered that they both liked to knit. I would urge many of you to check your local areas for similar services. You might never have thought about them, but they can be useful. You might want to lobby for one in your community if one doesn't already exist.

Think of it as a former way of life being modernized. Many people used to check up on their

neighbors. It was just a part of life. Many of you remember your parents doing that. Even if you are living with a parent, you might want to see if your parent can get a weekly call. Most of our parents are losing their social outlets and that means they rely more on us. A call from a friend, even once a week, can do remarkable things for your own well-being, not to mention your parents'.

Then too, think about the idea of having your parent be the caller! It might be something that would be fun, and necessary. No matter what the physical problem with your parent(s) (loss of memory the obvious exception) there is probably someone "out there" who needs a call, and your parent could get a much needed feeling of usefulness, if (s)he were the one doing the calling.

I know it doesn't sound like much, but to those of us familiar with the service, it is worth its weight in telephone company stock!!!

Think about it. Remember, it is the little things in life that make the biggest difference sometimes.

Sunshine Ω

A four year old girl was kneeling beside her bed saying her bedtime prayers. Her mother said, "Sally, I can't hear you." Sally answered, "That's because it wasn't you that I was praying to."

Coffee Shop Conversation



Tom: Hey guys, do you remember the other day when Mack made the comment about the fact that we have to talk about what happened 50 years ago because we can't remember what happened yesterday?

Joe: No, I can't remember him saying that.

Tom: Well, I was talking with the preacher the other day about that and I told him there are advantages to having short-term memory loss.

Bill: What kinds of advantages are you talking about?

Tom: Well, just think about how much money we can save. My son spends a lot of money buying movies on video. I can buy one movie and watch it over and over. Since I can't remember what it is about, every time I watch it, it's just like watching it for the first time.

Sam: I know what you mean. Charles was telling me a great story the other day about going to the movies when he was a kid. Seems there was a man in town who would sit through the movies on Saturday--all day. He'd see the same movie over and over again. One day, when Charles was a little boy, he went to a western on Saturday night and there was the old man, having sat through the same movie all day. When someone popped out from behind a wall and shot one of the main characters in the back, the old man jumped up, shouted, "You dang fool! That's the third time today you've fallen for that!" and threw a beer bottle through the screen.

Joe: I know what that is like. I was at the State Fair in 1942 and they had an electronics display. When I went in to check out the electronics, they had this box with a 4" x 6" screen. They had a

Coffee Shop Conversation

camera on the other side of a curtain and they were taking moving pictures. That was the first TV I ever saw. But you know, I couldn't even tell you what year I bought the TV I have at home right now or what brand it is.

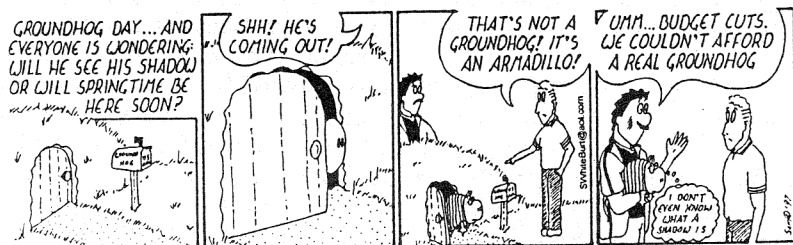
Mack: I can remember going to a traveling medicine show when I was a kid. It was one of those shows where they would sell an elixir to make you feel better. I even remember they had a crier who would walk through the audience and say "This elixir

will make old men feel young and young men feel old." Yet, I was watching a movie on TV last night and I can't even remember the name of it.

Brad: I remember going to the movies one time when I was a kid. It cost 10¢ if you were under 12 years old and 25¢ if you were over 12. I got in for 10¢ and my TWIN brother had to pay a quarter. But on the other hand, I couldn't tell you how much I had to pay the last time I went to a movie theater. Ω

Welcome to "Cottage & Co" by Sam White

Burt Cottage is the straight man to a town full of kooks in the land of Cottage & Co.



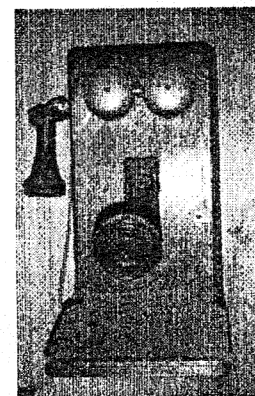
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Nostalgia Corner



I can well remember the steam engines, electric street cars, Saturday morning double features, blackouts, radio soap operas, ration cards for food and gas, black and white TVs with one channel and the start of WW 2.

Bill Dixon, Long Island, NY

Activities

Skateboards were made out of orange crates by big brothers when I was a kid, and so were scooters and little cars. Big brothers were the best thing going for little sisters.

Sally Weldon, Harrisburg, Pa.

I seemed to have had more opportunities than my own kids because we did not have TV. It was necessary to create our own entertainment and did I ever have fun. Hide & Seek, Kick the Can, Red Rover, Marbles,

Cowboys and Indians. I could go on and on.

Carl Hardy, Des Moines, Ia.

We always had a jigsaw puzzle laid out. We would work on it every night under the kerosene light. We also cut out quilt block pieces. It was an honor to be trusted to cut them straight and not on the bias. Cut on the bias, the pieces would stretch. We also played Chinese checkers and Monopoly.

Sharon Teters, Paris, Tn.

Comic books were 'in' for everyone and traded like baseball cards. It seems like years ago we did a lot more saving. In addition to comic books we saved scrap books, marbles, milk caps, 'tin' foil, stamps and anything else we could find. We had the time with no TV and few formal activities.

Joe Long, Three Rivers, Mi.

Nostalgia Corner



The first radio I remember was a long horizontal box with dials on the front and a lid that opened across the top so you could see the burning tubes inside. On top of the closed lid sat the octagonal speaker, with a design stitched into the cloth that covered it.

What magic came out of that speaker. We used to sit around as a family and listen to programs like "Jack Armstrong", "The All American Boy", "The Shadow", and "The Green Hornet"....and how much fun it was to IMAGINE what those voices looked like and what actions were taking place.

What a lovely way to use the mind....a way that may be fading in the face of visual entertainment.

Verna Jackson, Rockford, IL.

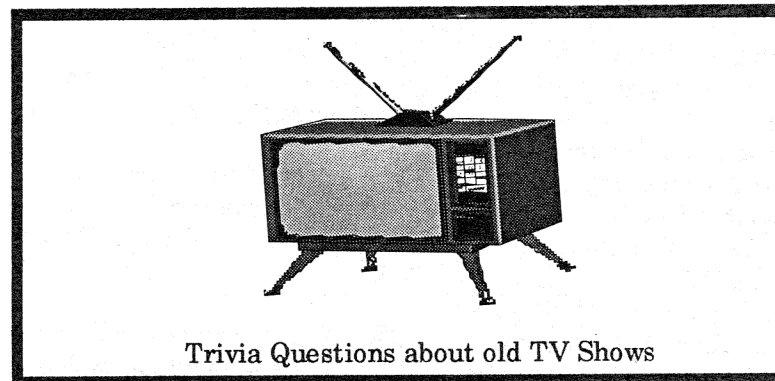
The old theater was the place in town where most very young teenagers first encountered the opposite sex in a more or less intimate way. There existed a routine in which the boys went through with the girls. Some

time had to elapse into the movie before it was appropriate to reach over and take the girl's hand. It must have taken a lot of courage for the boy to make this first move. I seem to recall hearing sighs of relief upon successful contact with the girl.

With the first move accomplished, more time was allowed to go by, and then the boy would slip his arm around the back of the girl's seat as if he were only stretching his arm. It was intended to be a cool move.

Slowly he would drop his arm until his hand rested on the girl's shoulder. The tension for the two was tremendous with each step along the way. If the boy was especially brazen, he might sneak in a kiss on the cheek long before the movie came to an end.

Usually though, boys waited until the movie was almost over before taking that risk. Courting was a lot different back in the early 50's as I recall. If you were a good girl, you never kissed a boy on the first date, otherwise you



Trivia Questions about old TV Shows

risked getting the proverbial "bad reputation". Mothers warned their daughters incessantly about the "bad reputation" syndrome. Maybe this is part of what is wrong with our society today. The "bad reputation" has gone by the wayside.

Susan Berry, Hershey, Pa.

We recently heard about putting a rating on the TV shows our kids watch. In a time when children can watch sex, violence and drugs displayed as part of the norm for society, it makes me wonder why some of the simple, but moral, shows of the past had to leave the air waves.

As we reflect back to some of the shows we grew up with, I hope it reminds you of the innocence some of us enjoyed in our youth.

The Howdy Doody Show had a puppet as its star. Some of the co-stars were: Clarabelle, Mr. Bluster, Dilly Dally, Flubadub

and Inspector John. Howdy Doody had a brother and a sister. Does anyone remember their names?

Then Came Bronson. Michael Parks starred as a guy who quit his job in the big city and traveled the U.S. on his motorcycle. He worked at different odd jobs and in various cities while helping people who were in trouble. Michael put out an album with the title song from the show. Does anyone remember the title of that song?

The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis.

Remember Dobie and Zelda and Maynard G. Krebs? Remember how Zelda used to wrinkle her nose at Dobie?

The statue of **The Thinker** would always be in the background to help Dobie out with his problems. Dobie, played by Dwayne Hickman was the nice guy, and the beatnik "Manard G.

Nostalgia Corner

Krebs" was played by "Gilligan" himself.

Zelda is now a lawyer in L.A., active in legitimizing alternative lifestyles. Maynard lives in West Virginia and still pops up on TV.

Frank Faylen played Dobie's father, Herbert T. Gillis, and Florida Fribus played his mom.

What type of business did Dobie's parents own?

Courtship of Eddie's Father? Bill Bixby played the part of a widowed father trying to raise his son with the help of a housekeeper. James Komack, creator of many TV shows, played the part of Bill Bixby's co-worker, Norman Tinker and Miyoshi Umeki was the actress that played the housekeeper, but what name did she use in the show?

Trivia: Do you remember this song? "Mairzy doats and dozy doats and little lambs ea-idy a kid'll ea-idy too, wouldn't you?" This version is actually a hyper-speed version of another set of

words. Do you know what the "real words" are?

The Howdy Doody Show:

Howdy's twin brother was Double Doody and Heidi Doody was his sister.

Then Came Bronson. Michael Parks put out an album with the title, "Going Down that Long, Lonesome Highway."

The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis.

What type of business did Dobie's parents own? They had a grocery store.

Courtship of Eddie's Father?

Miyoshi Umeki played Mrs. Livingston.

Trivia: The real words are: "Mares eat oats, and does eat oats, and little lambs eat ivy. A kid'll eat ivy too, wouldn't you?"

If you have a favorite memory you would like to share, or if you have any questions about an old TV show, write to us at The Legacy, P.O. Box 201, Perkins, Ok. 74059

If you give a subscription of *The Legacy* as a gift to a family member, we will ask them to give us a history of their grandparents and parents, that we will pass on to you. Also, as they write down stories about their favorite Christmas, Valentines Day, Mother's Day or any other holiday, on the blank pages in our magazine, your family will get some very important records of their most precious memories. So, give a Special Gift that will please the ones you love and come back to you in the form of a personal legacy from them to you.

Snow Day Taffy

by Marilyn K. Wells, Ed.D.



Was I dreaming? Did I actually hear children cheering and mothers moaning? When my radio alarm clock clicked on and I heard the disc jockey announce that there was no school today, I realized I had not been dreaming....so I joined in and cheered with the children. The storm that dumped 10 inches of snow during the night not only created a breath-taking winter wonderland outside my kitchen window, but from the weather report it also produced some mighty treacherous roads. School closings and slick roads mean a day of relaxation to this veteran director of a Special Education Co-op.

As I drank my coffee I listened to all the closings on the radio and watch the snowflakes float down while my mind drifted back to my childhood school days. The only way we knew that school had been closed was because the old school bus didn't show up. I would look out the

kitchen window and watch the country dirt road, until finally my mother would say, "Well, I guess you get to stay home today! What would you like to do?" Now that was about the easiest question I'd ever been asked! I could hardly wait to get outside and begin building my snowman, snow lady, and snow baby.

Creating that frosty family resulted in a very cold and happy six year old girl. It felt so good to come inside, take off the layers of clothing, and warm up in front of the blazing fire in our fireplace. While I was looking out the kitchen window, admiring my creations, Mother began fixing lunch. She told me about the things she did on cold winter days when she was a child. She talked about heating irons by the fire, then wrapping them in toweling to put at the foot of the bed to keep her feet warm while she was going to sleep. She talked about eating

Snow Day Taffy

snow ice cream, home-made sleds made from feed troughs or car hoods, surrounding her house with beautiful snow angels, then suddenly her face lit up in a radiant smile. She said, "I just remembered one of my very favorite things to do on a cold winter day. Let's make Snow Day Taffy!" As she began taking ingredients out of the cabinet she explained that taffy is made with sugar, butter and other stuff but there were a couple of secrets that her grandmother had taught her many years ago and now she was going to teach me. Am I lucky or what?!

This is the recipe that my mother used to teach me how to make taffy, but she also taught me about tastes, smells, textures, time, sharing traditions, and love.

1 cup firmly packed brown sugar
2 Tbs. butter
1/3 cup water
2 cups molasses (or some people use corn syrup)
1 Tbs. vinegar
pinch of baking soda
(try different flavorings.....
butterscotch, vanilla, chocolate,
maple, peppermint)
pinch of salt

One secret was to use a pinch of salt because the very first taffy made in Atlantic City in the late 1800s had salt water in the mixture and mother said it was important to remember the beginning of a tradition and our ancestors.

We combined all the

ingredients in a heavy sauce pan. Then we cooked it over a high heat until the sugar had dissolved. We had to stir it constantly so that it would not burn. Then we turned down the heat and put the cover on the pan and continued to cook, stirring it occasionally, until the syrup reached a "firm ball stage" (260 degree F.) Mother taught me how to butter a pan, then we poured the hot syrup into the pan.

As soon as it was cool enough to touch with buttered hands, we took a glob of the gooey stuff out of the pan. I began to imitate my mom's hands as she pulled it with slow long stretches for 10 - 15 minutes. It finally became a light creamy color and looked like satin. The other secret my mom told me was that taffy pulling gave you a chance to learn about doing the right thing at the right time. The taffy must be the correct temperature and you must pull it at the right speed. My mom explained,

"The best taffy is made by smooth stretches--if we yank too hard, the taffy will snap."

Some things in life must be done slow; you just can't rush it. Finally when it was ready we rolled it into a long snake then cut it into bite-size pieces with my scissors. We wrapped each piece in waxed paper so that it didn't dry out. I could hardly wait until my dad came home to taste our "Snow Day Taffy."

As I got my second cup of coffee I thought about traditions in years past. Taffy pulling was a social activity that brought friends and family together. I wonder if taffy pulling is very popular these days or have we become too busy. It's easy to buy good taffy at the candy store and there is no mess in the kitchen. Do parents and grandparents encourage their kids to put down the controls of their Super Nintendos, Segas, and computers long enough to spend some time together while plunging their hands into the warm, gooey glob that will be pulled into the tasty, chewy candy. I'm so glad that my mother didn't worry about messing up the kitchen and that she was not too busy to teach me about taffy. Little did my mother realize that she was giving me a moment in time that I would remember and treasure the rest of my life. Such a simple activity triggered a tradition that I hope to pass along to my grandchildren.

Now that I'm on the topic of taffy, a couple of other memories come to mind. Interesting how a simple word allows me to reminiscence about past events. I remember a game we played in when I was young. We called it the "Taffy-Pull Game" and it was one of my favorite. Everyone got to play and everyone was a winner.

We would divide into two teams- -the **taffy team** and the **taffy-puller team**. The **taffy**

team all sat down and linked hands, arms, and legs in a tangled mass. They would decide what flavor they were and chanted, for example: "Peppermint, Peppermint, Peppermint." The **taffy team** needed all the spirit and cohesiveness they could muster in order to "stick" together.

The **taffy-puller team's** job was to pull the **taffy team** mass into human-sized bites. They would start with the parts of the **taffy team** that appeared to be the most stretchable, and firmly (but gently) tugged at them until they come loose. It was easy to remember that real taffy is made by smooth stretches and if we yanked too hard the taffy would snap; the same kind of pulling happened in our game. It was up to each **taffy team** member to decide how much he/she wanted to stay a part of the sticky mass. With these two important rules in mind, no one worried about getting hurt.

The **taffy-puller team** got more powerful as they did the job. Each piece of the **taffy team** that got separated from the mass joined the **taffy-puller team**, until the last two diehards were pulled apart. Then it was time for the original teams to switch roles for a new round of tasteful tugging, if everyone would "stick" with it.

As a child my favorite candy was Laffy Taffy (ok.....ok, it is still my favorite even as an adult!) I even remember some of

Snow Day Taffy

the riddles that were on the inside of the Laffy Taffy wrappers. The next time you make "Snow Day Taffy" you might want to try out these riddles, then make up your own!

Q: Why was the person staring at the orange juice carton?

A: Because it said "concentrate"

Q: What did the mother buffalo say to her son when he left for school?

A: Bison (Bye Son)

Q: What's the difference between an in-law and an outlaw?

A: Outlaws are wanted.

Q: How can your pocket be empty and still have something in it?

A: When it has a hole in it.

Q: What do you call a chicken that crosses the road, rolls in the mud, and crosses back over the road?

A: A dirty double crosser!

Q: If a rooster lays an egg on a barn, which way would it fall?

A: Roosters don't lay eggs.

Q: Why is a room full of married people empty?

A: There isn't a single person in it.

Q: Which bug gobbles up trash?

A: The litter bug.

Q: Why does a chicken coop have only two doors?

A: If it had four doors, we'd call it a chicken sedan.

Q: Why did the fly dance on top of the pickle jar?

A: It said "twist to open."

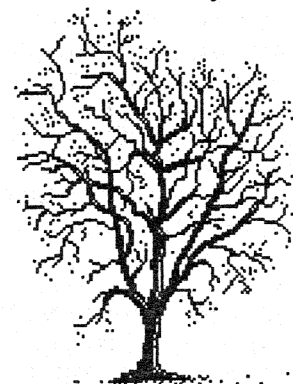
It's amazing how a little bit of simple nostalgia can produce such a warm feeling inside my heart on this cold winter's day. Although my mother passed away over six years ago, I can still "see" her smile and "hear" the excitement in her voice as she remembered the secrets her grandmother told her; but most of all I "feel" her love. Oh, how I hope that I leave such a legacy to my children so they can daydream about a cherished moment in time we shared together.

In this fast paced, high-tech world where we live, maybe having a taffy pull could not only allow us to spend a little time in the slow lane but also provide an opportunity for our children to learn about doing the right thing at the right time. Possibly if parents and grandparents take the time to share some riddles, taste and smell different ingredients, play a game, and tell stories while your hands are busy pulling and stretching the taffy a family tradition can begin at your house. ☺

A young boy was reading a plaque on the wall of the church's entry hall. He asked the Pastor what it was. "That's a plaque honoring the men who died in service", said the Pastor. "Which one?" asked the boy, "the ten o'clock or the eleven o'clock?"

The Genealogy Forum

By Linnea Travis Miller



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

As I sit contemplating my research from last year, I can truly state that I had a very good year!! How about all of you??

When it comes to studying your families, it's always good to have a goal for each year. That helps to keep you focused amidst all the sidelines you may venture into during your research. It's very important to keep good, organized notes, so you don't have to retrace your steps and make extra work for yourself.

I have found keeping a log of my activities is an excellent way of knowing where I've been and where I want to go next. I keep a correspondence log to record letters that I have sent, listing the postmark date, as well as the date I received the response. I also have a column for personal remarks regarding this query.

In addition, I keep a copy of the letters sent and received in an individual family file folder for future reference. Whenever you are sending correspondence, it is important to include a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a response, as well as an offer to pay for any copying costs. You often will receive a quicker response because of this, especially if the people cannot help you out!

Another important log to keep is an actual research log. I separate mine by census records, church records, government records and the like. Each family and generation has their own set of research logs. I keep these in notebooks, so when I am researching a specific family I have everything all together and can refer to what I already know about them and then add to it.

The Genealogy Forum

When you're actually doing your research, it is important to know what information you are actually finding. There are two kinds of information you will find: primary and secondary information. A primary source is one which had its origin with someone directly involved with the event being reported.

Secondary sources are everything else and they should only be used as clues to find other verifying data.

What does this mean? Well, in 1997, a primary source would be a birth certificate, the death information on a death certificate, or a marriage certificate. The birth information on a death certificate isn't considered primary because it has been recorded many years after the birth and probably by someone who was not there at the birth. The birth information on the death certificate is considered a secondary source. Also, delayed birth certificates are considered a secondary source. A delayed birth certificate is issued sometimes years after the actual birth. Sometimes you will find that although you know a parent or grandparent was born in 1918, his/her birth certificate was not issued until 1939 or later! Birth certificates or other corroborating evidence of birth are necessary for a Social Security application and for entry into the armed forces. When my Dad enlisted for World War II it was found that the

courthouse which held his birth certificate had burned along with all the records, so his birth certificate had to be re-issued based upon other (baptismal) information. His birth certificate, although official, is a secondary source, since it was a delayed filing.

Most of the information found on a census return is considered secondary information. The only primary information on the census data is the residence of the family. The ages, birth places and all other dates, except the date of enumeration, are all being recorded long after the event happened. Plus, sometimes this information was not even given by a family member, rather a neighbor, since the family was not home when the census-taker visited! An obituary is a secondary source, except for the death date and funeral information, since this is being given by someone who was not there at the time of the other events. Always be on the look-out for misprints, also!!

Tombstones may be used as sources, also. If you can see that the tombstone appears to be an old one, erected at the time of death, then the date of death can usually be considered a primary source. The birth date is secondary, since it was recorded long after the actual birth with information given by another person. If the tombstone appears to be a new one (which it

should have been erected a long time ago) then all dates should be considered secondary!

For some people, you may find two, three or even more different dates for birth and death. Study them and try to determine when each was recorded. Choose the one you feel was recorded closest to the time of the event and use that one as your "best guess." Keep the notes on the other dates, since you may find something in the future to absolutely verify the date, and it may not be the one you chose! The odds are with you that your careful determination of the one recorded closest to the event is the correct one, though.

On your research log, be sure to record if your source is "primary" or "secondary", since this will let you know if further research is needed for your information! The more primary and verifying secondary sources you can find will determine how good of a family history you have. Also, on your log, make sure you cite the exact source: if it's a reference work, cite it with the author, publication date and page number; if it's a cemetery, list the lot and plot number. You'll never have too much information to pass along to future family historians.

Okay, so how do I go about getting leads to find this information? Start with yourself, then work backwards.

Gather your primary information - your birth certificate, baptismal certificate, marriage certificate. Check with your parents and ask them for copies of the same for them. Some states are very sticky when it comes to requesting copies of birth certificates for people born in this century. If it is not for you, often a death certificate must be furnished for whom you are requesting a birth certificate, and then you must be a descendant or even a member of a state certified genealogical group!

Next, talk to your parents and grandparents about themselves and their parents. I have found recording my conversations to be a valuable highlight of family research. You not only get the information, but the stories you'll hear about their life and times are the really interesting part of genealogy! You'll even have their voices for future generations. If you can video tape them, that would be an added bonus. As you are recording information about yourself, your parents and grandparents, it allows you to find out even more about your ancestors and where they may have lived and what their occupation was.

Besides talking to your older family members, ask them what they may have in the way of family mementos like a family

The Genealogy Forum

Bible, diaries, photo albums, family jewelry and the like. Look through them together, ask questions, record their responses. If they have especially old photo albums, find out who the people in them are - and write the names down! If you're lucky, they may even give some to you.

I have two very old photo albums of my grandparents' families from Sweden in the late 1800s. Going through them with my mother, we are very ignorant of the people, other than direct family, who are pictured. It's a shame, since now that we are finding more out about the families, we do not know if we actually have a photograph of a particular ancestor. The best thing about the photos, though, is that when I visited and "found" my grandmother's family still living in the farmhouse in which my grandmother was born, they had many of the same photos! The language-barrier, though, prevented me from pursuing the exact names and relationships of the people.

So, a very important part of your research and recording of your family history must be to talk to the older family members and friends NOW and find out as much as you can, before it is too late. Try to organize your family files and include correspondence and research logs so as not to retrace your steps in the future. But

most importantly, have FUN!

So, happy hunting and see you next month!

Your Queries

If you can help any of these people with their queries, please contact this magazine with your information and we will pass it along to them. Please include "February 1997" and initials found below query. You may also submit queries or your family histories to this magazine, or e-mail me at <lebco@aol.com>. Genealogy is a group effort, there are many others seeking the same families and hopefully we will be able to connect them with you!

Joseph F. and Margaret (?) CARR, my great-great-grandparents, lived in Brown County (Willis) Kansas from about 1850 until at least after 1901. Children (that I've heard about) are Susan, Martha, John, and Lydia Ann (my great-great-grandmother). Lydia married James William KERR (b.1850, KY) about 1879 - first child, Gertrude was born 10/18/1880 in Brown County. Lydia died about 1890 in Kansas. Gertrude lived with Lydia's relatives in Brown County from about 1895 until her marriage in 1901 to Charles Henry COUCH (b. 1875 in Knob Noster (Clinton) MO.

Other children of James & Lydia Kerr are Truman (lived most of his life in or near Humboldt, NE) and Robert.

Anybody know anything about these people? Any info greatly appreciated.
P.I.

* * * * *

We're researching the family history of Philip and Mary Catherine (TROUSCH) SAND. Philip was born Aug. 15, 1830 in Luxembourg and Mary was born May 15, 1837 in either Germany or Luxembourg. Their parents' first names are unknown. They were married when they arrived in the U.S. on Nov. 15, 1866 and settled in the area around Dubuque, Iowa.

We're also looking for any information on Philip SAND and his wife Mary Catherine TROUSCH. One of their children, Catherine, married Nicholas NILLES.
E.N.

* * * * *

I have a FERRELL question. Does anyone have any info on a Leeroy J. FERRELL born 9-2-1828 married to Susan A. RAWLS born 1-8-1832? They were married 9-4-1853 in Tyler Co., TX. I have traced this line back to the 1700s, but would like to know what happened to Leeroy and Susan. I can find no death records or remarriages

on them. I believe they had 10 children.

Part of this family built the Ferrell Dam Bridge at Sam Rayburn Lake. Any info will help.
B.P.

* * * * *

I am seeking information about Celia Ann "Mattie" Blaylock, second (possibly common-law) wife of Wyatt Berry Stapp Earp. She was born in 1850 in Iowa, and died of an overdose of morphine on July 3, 1888, in Pinal County, Arizona. Her parents were Henry Blaylock (b. 1821 OH) and Elizabeth Vance (b. 1829 IN). She had a sister, Sarah Blaylock (1853 IA-1906), who married Hiram Marquis. Her other siblings were: Martha (b. 1843 IN), Marion (b. 1848 IA), Williams (b. 1855 IA), and Mary Blaylock (b. 1867 IA). Wyatt left Mattie after the gunfight at OK Corral and spent the rest of his life with his "third wife," Sarah Josephine "Josie" Marcus.

I am also seeking information about Clyde Earp and Minnie Lousie Rhodes, married September 23, 1917 in Illinois. Their daughter was Minnie Louise Earp. Clyde's parents were Charles Samuel and Anna Louisa (Fergus) Earp.
D.H.

* * * * *

"What is past is prologue"

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

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

Good luck on your searching and see you next month!
Linnea Travis Miller - Annville PA
GenWeb Volunteer--ltmiller@mail.ptdprolog.net or lebco@aol.com

Ahlquist	Coe	Haas	Lynch	Shurley
Akins	Corbin	Hall	Lyon	Smith
Alford	Cramer	Hardin	Manship	Snyder
Allen	Creel	Hatchett	Matzen	Specht
Angst	Cromer	Headley	Mayfield	Speer
Arnold	Cruson	Heimbach	Mayor	Spillers
Aungst	Davis	Holgate	McConnell	Stauffer
Beckett	Dees	Holtzclaw	McCune	Stouffer
Bethea	Dreese	Hostetter	McRill	Steele
Black	DuSauchoy	Houser	McTiggriett	Stetler
Blair	Earl(e)	Howard	Mertins	Stewart
Bollender	Edmonson	Hughs	Metcalf	Stoberats
Bostick	Enochs	Hunsaker	Neate	Stroehrer
Bower	Fegan	Jackson	Olson	Swartz
Bradley	Fink	Jaggar	Olsen	Taylor
Brazeal	Fiese	Jarrott	Otterbach	Tiffle
Braziel	Flick	Johnson	Parks	Toms
Brixey	Forney	Jones	Paetsch	Tucker
Brock	Fouty	Joyce	Peak	Van Vlecker
Bryan	Franklin	Kauffman	Peterson	Van Vleckeren
Burkholder	Glass	Kimmel	Pike	Walker
Burnes	Gochenour	King	Poorman	Walter
Burnett	Gornto	Lawton	Prothro	Walters
Butler	Goss	Lange	Prudden	Warner
Buxton	Graham	Leedom	Ramsdale	Weick
Caldwell	Green	Licata	Rea	Wells
Carman	Gregory	Lock	Register	Westcott
Child	Grosbeck	Long	Roelofse	Wike
Coate	Gully(e)	Longernecker	Rossignol	Winter
Coates	Guerin	Lovett	Seay	Young

Angels and Other Visitors



My father had a stroke and died very suddenly and unexpectedly. Since my sister and I live in different states than our parents, we did not get a chance to say goodbye to him while he was still alive.

After returning home from his funeral, I woke up one night and found my father sitting on the edge of my bed. He explained that he had come to tell me goodbye. Although quite eerie, it was comforting; but I never mentioned this to anyone, believing it to be more of a dream than an actual encounter.

Later, I was visiting my sister and I started to tell her about the dream and watched as her face turned ghostly pale. She then informed me that she had that exact same encounter on the same night and that the conversations were nearly identical. She too had believed it to be a very real dream and

dared not tell anyone. I guess our father couldn't rest until he'd said goodbye to his wandering children. D.H.

My wife was having a very hard time. Her father was sick and had just passed away. We were in bed one night and woke up very suddenly when an angel entered the room. The angel told us not to worry and that my wife's father was safe with her. As the angel prepared to leave, her parting words to my wife were, "Goodbye, Sis."

This confused us as my wife was an only child. We wondered if we there could have been a hidden meaning behind the comment.

Several days later while my wife was going through some personal papers that had belonged to her dad, she started crying. She discovered a birth

Angels and Other Visitors

and death certificate that indicated her parents had had another child before my wife was born. The dead child had been a girl. Apparently my wife did have a sister that no one had ever told her about.

B. M.

I am a nurse, and have been with many people when they have died. I have witnessed many of them go through a transformation within hours before their death.

The person's face will actually undergo a physical change. They look "better;" their color improves, the drawn look fades and they appear more healthy. People that have not opened their eyes in days or months will suddenly be wide awake. Sometimes they will recognize people in the room; at other times they seem unaware of anyone's presence --EXCEPT !!-- They will look up...(usually into one corner of the room). This is not a blank stare, or gaze. It is the look of someone intensely listening and looking at something/someone. No one ever appears afraid, and at most times the look of peace on their

face is incredible. At times they will even move their mouths as if speaking to someone, though nothing is usually heard. I HAVE SEEN THIS MANY TIMES!!!!

After the so called "encounter" the person is totally relaxed and usually dies soon thereafter. I FIRMLY believe that their angel has come to help and guide them the last few steps of the way. I know this sounds strange and had I not seen it so many times, I too would be skeptical. BUT IT IS REAL !!
A.G.

My son, at 4 years old, fell into a lake from a pier. The floor of the pier was 4 feet above the water, and there was no way that most adults and certainly not a 4-year-old, could get up onto that pier. But my son left a trail of water that had dripped from his wet clothes. That trail ran the length of the pier, with the largest amount of water left at the end of the pier that was suspended 4 feet above the lake. When I asked him how he got out of the water, he said, "Jesus lifted me back up onto the pier."
S.V.

A Sunday School teacher asked her class if anyone knew God's name.

One youngster answered "Andy".

The teacher was shocked and asked where he heard that. The child replied that in church we always sing:

ANDY WALKS WITH ME

ANDY TALKS TO ME

ANDY TELLS ME I AM HIS OWN

The Valentines Date

By: *Franklin J. Wike*



The lady came home from work to find her lover waiting for her. As they sat and shared the day's events with each other, they felt so comfortable and relaxed simply being able to talk about anything under the sun.

He suddenly took her hand into his, and asked if she would like to go out for a nice dinner. As the evening progressed, they were able to share a good meal in a comfortable environment, with flowers on the table. But the enchantment of the dining experience was pale in comparison to the loveliness that he saw as he looked into her face and saw all of the beauty that she held, not only in her remarkable complexion, but also from within.

On the drive back to her

house, her head was nestled upon his shoulder as they drove along the country roads listening to soft music playing on the radio. It was almost as if no one else existed in this world except these two joyous souls.

Upon arriving at her house, she turned on the stereo. When he heard the tender love song playing, he walked up to her, took her into his arms and as he held her tightly in his arms, he began to sway with the music, while gently caressing her.

They eventually moved out onto the porch where they could look up at the night sky and listen to the gentleness of the music. As he stood behind her and wrapped his arms around her, he mentioned how perfect this evening had turned out.

The Valentines Date

He slowly turned her around, tipped his head and placed his lips upon hers. He was thinking to himself as he kissed her, ***What more could a person ask for?***

To be able to share a lovely evening under the stars, listening to love songs on the stereo while feeling and sharing the love from within at the same time with the one person he wanted to spend the rest of his life with. This had indeed turned out to be the best Valentine's Day of his life.

Later that evening as they were simply holding each other and letting the warmth and tenderness of their touches do the talking, she finally spoke, and the words that came from her beautiful lips were the grand finale to the perfect date.

For she spoke of them building "their own home" where they could share their future together. This was practical and sensible, as were many things in their relationship. For they would not be living in a building that had memories of her past, nor in a building that contained memories of his past. It would be a home where they could dream and build memories of their own.

What made him happier than all of the practical thoughts was the fact that by her mentioning this new home, she was telling him in her own way that she wanted to spend the rest of her life with him. He realized then what he had suspected. He had

finally captured her heart.

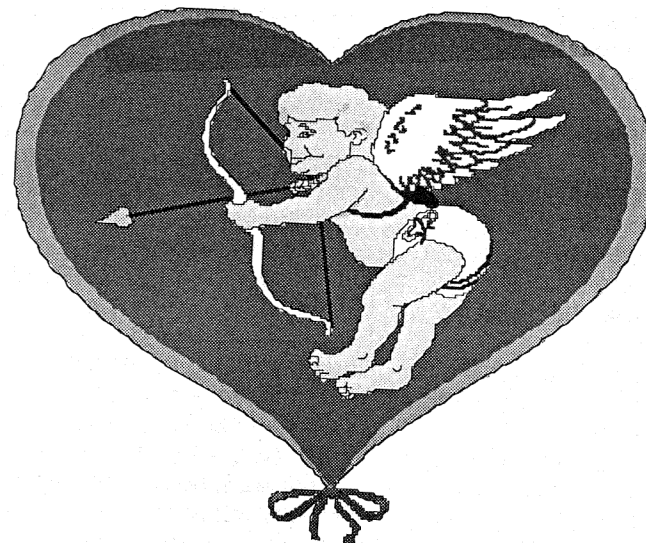
As he reflected back on the past, he thought of how they had met through a personal ad over the computer and how the relationship had evolved and grown. For he used to have a letter waiting for her each day when she would come home from work, every evening before she went to bed and every morning as she woke up, she could read his thoughts from another letter. They had been able to share so many feelings and thoughts with each other through these letters. He even had a picture of her attached to his computer, so that her could look at her beautiful smiling face as he wrote to her each day. It seemed so appropriate that their first date was on Valentine's Day.

They both knew and admitted that they had been in love for some time now. It simply took being able to see the emotion in each other's eyes and feel the warmth of that love in their touches that climaxed the love that had been growing for so long.

Now it is time to start working on building on that love and helping it to grow year after year. And hopefully when they spend their 25th Valentine's Day together, he will be able to write another beautiful chapter about the magic of love.

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The Storyteller



Three Generations of Sweethearts

By Melinda Long

I have so many sweetheart stories that I find it hard to decide which to tell...but this one is my favorite...for the moment.

Circa 1923

Lee Huskey had been living in Cherokee County, SC, for about 4 years when he saw Stella for the first time. It was Sunday afternoon and Lee's family had stopped by after church to visit Mr. Harris, the man they rented from.

Stella was just sitting there with her daddy, and Lee knew, pretty much right off the bat, that she suited him better than

anybody.

Stella liked Lee too, and her four sisters and two brothers knew it. Her younger brother, Carl, did what he could to prevent a romance. The two of them drove to work together every day. Carl worked at their daddy's general store and Stella sewed silk threads into socks at a knitting mill nearby. Each morning, as the two neared Lee's home, Carl would stop the car and make Stella drive so that she would have to watch the road instead of watching for Lee.

But that didn't stop them. Later, Lee came down with chicken pox that everyone, even

The Storyteller

the doctor, mistook for smallpox. Lee was isolated for two weeks...two weeks without seeing Stella. It was Sunday morning when he was finally allowed to leave the house. He met Stella on his way to church, and offered her a ride in his Model-T. Stella's sister, Aida, told her not to go because of the "smallpox." She went anyway.

They were married on April 5, 1925, in the preacher's home. Stella wore a navy blue dress her mother had made for her. What they began that day lasted for over 68 years until Lee's death in 1993.

Lee and Stella had four children, Alice; Farrell; Leonard; and Alpha. All four went on to marry and have children and grandchildren of their own...but I haven't the time to tell all of those love stories today. I'll have to stick to one.

During the summer of 1950, their younger son Leonard met Bobbie Hammett at Buck Creek Baptist Church in Spartanburg, SC. She was there visiting her aunt for the summer. They had their first date on September 3rd and were married on December 23 of that same year. They have just celebrated 46 happy years together.

They also had 4 children, Billy; Kathy; Karen; and Tim.

Tim's high school sweetheart was Gina Miller. They dated off and on during high school and college but after graduating from Winthrop University in Rock Hill, SC, they lost touch. Gina remained in Rock Hill to pursue her career as an artist while Tim returned home to Spartanburg.

Of course, the story doesn't end there. As fate would have it, Gina moved back to Spartanburg and the two began dating again just before Valentine's day of 1996.

Tim worked as a sign painter for Fairway Outdoor Advertising, so maybe Gina shouldn't have been surprised, one August evening, to see her name splashed across a billboard in giant, deep purple letters, with the message,

'GINA MILLER, WILL YOU MARRY ME? LOVE, TIM.'

She said "yes," by the way. They were married on November 16, 1996.

From one generation to the next, love goes on and on. To Grandma and Grandpa Huskey; Uncle Leonard and Aunt Bobbie; Tim and Gina; and all lovers -- young and old -- **happy Valentine's Day.**

The Accident

Dear Sirs:

I am writing in response to your request for additional information. In block number 3 of the accident report form, I put "trying to do the job alone" as the cause of my accident. You said in your letter that I should explain more fully, and I trust the following details will be sufficient.

I am a bricklayer by trade. On the day of the accident, I was working alone on the roof of a new 6-story building. When I completed my work, I discovered that I had about 500 pounds of bricks left over. Rather than carry the bricks down by hand, I decided to lower them in a barrel by using a pulley which was attached to the side of the building at the 6th floor.

Securing the rope at ground level, I went up to the roof, swung the barrel out, and loaded the bricks into it. Then I went back to the ground and untied the rope, holding it tightly to ensure a slow descent of the 500 pounds of bricks. You will note that in block number 11 of the accident report that I weigh 135 pounds.

Due to my surprise at being jerked off the ground so suddenly, I lost my presence of mind and did not let go of the rope. Needless to say, I proceeded at a rather rapid rate up the side of the building. In the vicinity of the 3rd floor, I

met the barrel coming down. This explains the fractured skull and broken collarbone.

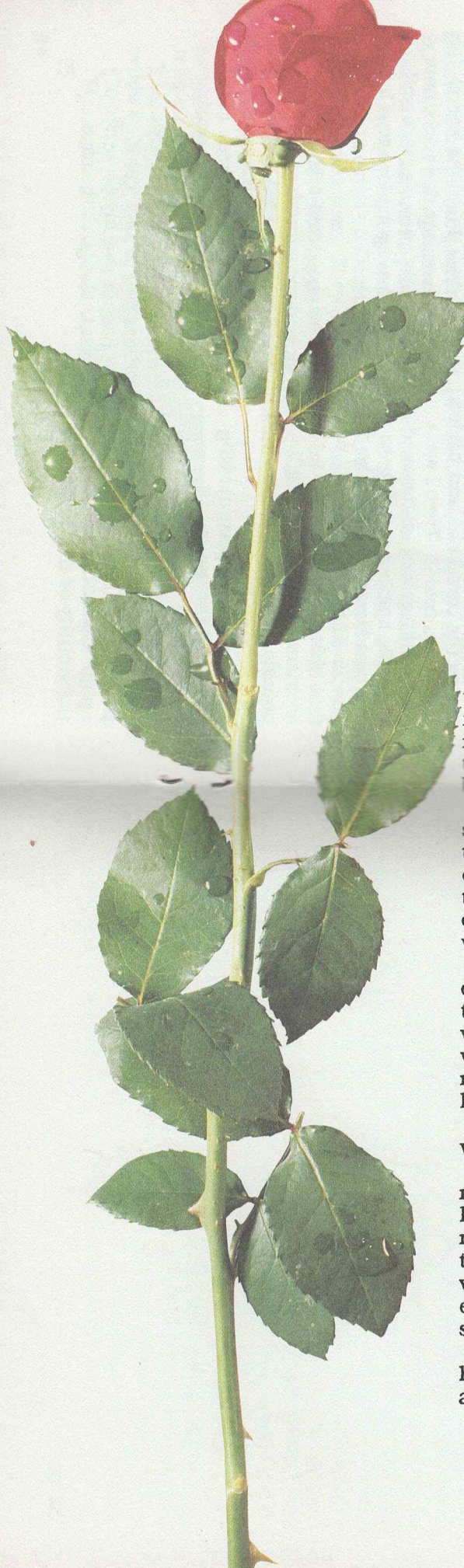
Slowed only slightly, I continued my rapid ascent, not stopping until the fingers of my right hand were two knuckles deep into the pulley. Fortunately, by this time I had regained my presence of mind and was able to hold tightly to the rope in spite of my pain.

At approximately the same time, however, the barrel of bricks hit the ground and the bottom fell out of the barrel. Devoid of the weight of the bricks, the barrel now weighed approximately 50 pounds. I refer you again to my weight listed in block number 11.

As you might imagine, I began a rapid descent down the side of the building. In the vicinity of the 3rd floor, I met the barrel coming back up. This accounts for the 2 fractured ankles and lacerations of my legs and lower body.

The encounter with the barrel slowed me enough to lessen my injuries when I fell onto the pile of bricks, and fortunately only 3 vertebrae were cracked. I am sorry to report, however, that as I lay there on the bricks in pain, unable to stand, and watching the empty barrel 6 stories above -- I again lost my presence of mind. I let go of the rope. Ω

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THE BOX OF FLOWERS

by Franklin T. Wike

She was busy at work. Her mind was occupied, when suddenly she was startled by someone standing at her desk. As she looked up, she saw a young man standing there with a long white box in his arms. Tied around the box were 10 bright balloons with the words "**I LOVE YOU**" on them. On top of the white box was a large red heart shaped box.

Finally the young man spoke and asked her name. When she replied, he handed the boxes and balloons to her.

Upon the long white box in bold letters was the message "**Open me first**". As she opened the box she saw 2 dozen long stemmed red roses but as she looked a little closer, she noticed 5 yellow roses toward the center surrounding 2 white roses tied tightly together.

She took out the card and began to read "The exquisite beauty of these Roses becomes pale in comparison to the perfection of loveliness that I see in your heart, soul and mind. Yet they are the closest thing I could find to represent the beauty of the love that I feel in my heart for you.

The number of red roses represents the number of times I want to not only tell you how much I love you each day but also the number of times that I want to show you with my actions how much I love you. The 5 yellow roses represent the number of decades that I want to be able to walk this earth with you by my side as my friend, partner, lover and wife, holding hands so that we might gain strength and comfort from the constant love that flows back and forth from one heart to the other. The 2 white roses represent us once we have left our bodies behind and prepare to spend all of eternity together. Two souls, tightly bound together by the love that has grown so strong throughout the years."

If you agree to let me spend the rest of my life on this earth, showing you how much I love you as we journey, hand in hand, toward our destination, where we will be able to spend an exquisite time together in a heavenly paradise, then please open the Heart that I offer to you, reach in to the very center and take out the brightest, most valuable part of my heart and place it where you can feel my love every day."

As she opened the big red heart, she had tears of joy running down her cheeks. Then she saw the Diamond ring in the center of the heart, surrounded by the sweet candy. She knew that she would have to sit down before she fell down. She was so overwhelmed by all that had just happened that she did not see the man walk up behind her. It was not until she felt him touch her hand that she saw him, down on his knees.

It all seemed like a dream that she hardly recognized his voice when he asked her if he could put the ring on her finger.

Suddenly her body shook. She had been sleeping and some movement woke her. Had this only been a dream? As she opened her eyes, she looked over and saw her loving husband of 50 years, reaching out for her hand. He was rocking in his chair, sitting on their front porch right beside her, looking out over the fields and watching the sun set, just like he had been doing together with her every night for as long as she could remember, but this time something was different.

Then she saw the big white box and she knew what was in it, for he gave her the same flowers and card every year on their anniversary as he had on the day he proposed.

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My Valentines Memories

Blank Pages

Special People, Places, and Memories



Grandparenting



By Mike Moldeven

A TOO-FAR-AWAY GRANDPARENT

During a talk I gave to a senior citizens group, a woman in the audience remarked, "I'm a helper in a class of first graders at a nearby school. I've learned that some youngsters see their grandparents rarely and others see them not at all. For a few, grandparents live too far away; others don't know if they have grandparents, but saddest of all are those who don't know what grandparents are."

Grandparents and grandchildren are natural allies, but when their homes are too far apart, or other barriers intervene, their alliance

weakens. Everybody loses, including the youngsters' parents—the generation in the middle.

NO ANSWERS

Among the letters that I received, occasionally there was one that reflected deep disappointment and anguish. The writer had tried to contact a grandchild or a grandparent who was too far away geographically, or, for some other reason, was beyond a barrier of circumstance. There were no answers.

A man in his eighties wrote that

he had a couple dozen grandchildren and great-grandchildren scattered around the world. Not one had written to him or telephoned, either on their own or in response to his letters and gifts. He was a widower, lived alone, and was the only remaining grandparent. He wanted his grandchildren to know that he was still alive. He had much to offer them, he said, about the family's history and traditions.

"Should I just give up?" he asked.

In my reply, I suggested that he, as the only living grandparent, persevere and not accept defeat. Whatever the past might have been, his advanced years called for him to be non judgmental, empathic and healing. I suggested that his grandchildren have or will have families of their own and, in time, will also be grandparents.

As elders, they will reflect on their lives and, with a perspective vastly different from their youth and middle years, will recall that Grandpa, in his advanced years, had tried to reach out to them as a grandparent in deed as well as in name. In remembering, they would better understand their own roles as grandparents and their needs as elders. Through their remembering he will become the "grandpa" he had sought, long before, to be.

Persistence, I felt, and not

giving up was vital to his well-being if not his life. To stop trying would be to accept defeat. The elderly do not take defeats lightly; at some point the added weight accelerates their downward spiral.

What he was doing for his grandchildren might have profound effects long after he was gone. Grandparenting is both here and now and for the long haul, and it influences grandchildren across their entire life span, not merely for the few years that grandparents were right there to offer guidance and hold them close.

Grandchildren rarely realize it when they're kids—very often not even well into their middle years—but the grandparents in their lives are forever. Most adults finally figure it out in their later years. In time, grandkids figure it out—in their turn.

The other side:

A woman wrote about her pre-teenage daughter's repeated but futile attempts to communicate with her grandfather. He was in his eighth decade and resided in a distant state; the youngster was his only grandchild. Intelligent and caring, she had written to him regularly, sent holiday cards and gifts, and baked and mailed cookies, to no avail. He did not acknowledge her. When he did telephone—not often—he

Grandparenting

spoke briefly with the youngster's parents but avoided talking to her. He had not visited for a long time, lived alone, and was a loner with few friends. The letter did not mention a Grandma, and appealed for a "suggestion."

I responded that the parent review grandfather's wellness and what his self-image might be in the light of his past. Had he always been as withdrawn as he now appeared to be? How had he related emotionally to his family when his children were young? Had the family been close, or had Dad been distant even then toward his children and their mother? If he had been a close and caring father, when did changes occur that were significantly different, as now evidenced toward his only grandchild?

What might have brought the changes on? Advancing age, I wrote, can be an important factor: changes that occur during a person's eighth decade and beyond can be ravaging, especially if health had seriously

deteriorated or a great personal loss experienced. If such was the case, Grandpa might feel strongly not to impose his difficult problems on to Grandchild?

"I don't know if Grandfather can be changed," I wrote. "I do believe that Grandfather needs your understanding and your compassion, and the same from your spouse or partner. Equally, but perhaps not aware of it, he needs the understanding and compassion of his granddaughter. She keeps reaching out to him; I conclude her sense of compassion is strong. Compassion will not be a burden to her; to the contrary, reaching out strengthens her sensitivity and her developing maturity.

In closing, "I address to Granddaughter the 'suggestion' you asked for: 'Granddaughter, keep trying. Grandpa might not respond, but he hears you. Do not default; do not ever, ever give up.'"

A Pastor went to visit one old lady of the church who had recently had her last tooth pulled and was having an abnormal reaction to her medication. As he sat by her bedside and spoke with her, he couldn't resist but munch on some peanuts on her nightstand. At the end of the visit, he promised he'd bring her more peanuts the next time he came to visit. But the old lady refused and replied, "Ain't no need for the peanuts, I can't eat em' anyway. I just suck the chocolate off."

I Am Indian

by Christine McCarty



I am Indian. Some people would say "an Indian," but that is only grammar.

"Indian" is not the number on a "Date of Birth" card; it comes from inside a person's mind and heart. It is a reverence for all living things. It is a sense of honor so great that to disregard that honor is unthinkable. It is laughter and it is joy. I have told my children this since they were very small.

My father was a perfect example of this. **His heart was truly that of an Indian.**

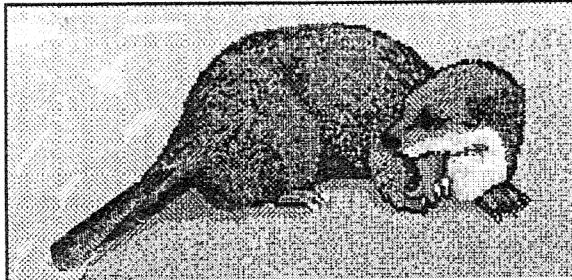
Dad gave me a picture of the last Choctaw execution in Oklahoma. A man was convicted in tribal court and sentenced to death for the murder of another man. His execution date was set, then he was told to go and harvest his crops and prepare his family for the coming winter. On the date of his execution, he returned. He chose the person who was to be the executioner. It was usually a friend who would shoot straight and not let

who would shoot straight and not let him suffer. An oak leaf was pinned over the man's heart as a target. On this occasion the shot was not true and he was not killed immediately, so the family of the victim smothered him until he was dead. The picture my dad gave me shows several Indians standing around the corpse of the executed Indian.

In another court case, my grandfather, John Benge, was once brought to court on the charge of attempted murder. He was accused of shooting a man that he knew pretty well. At the trial, witnesses testified that if John Benge had shot at the man, the man would not be alive to bring charges. Years later when their land was purchased by the government, Grandad moved that man's grave to another spot so that it would be on the land that belonged to the man's family.

There are many more stories, but to tell them all would be to lose a part of myself, so I will stop for now. Ω

The Origin of Groundhog Day



"The Seer of Seers, Sage of Sages, Prognosticator of Prognosticators, and Weather Prophet Extraordinaire." aka Punxsutawney Phil

February brings to mind several significant holiday traditions..... President's Day, Ash Wednesday, Valentine's Day, and Groundhog Day. Groundhog Day? How in the world did a groundhog become a worldwide recognized prophet of predicting future weather? Why did this fascinating tradition begin? Whatever the reason, it is such fun to discover the origins, purpose, and heritage of traditions. The basis for this Legacy article is based on stories that interpret traditions, recollections, and every once in a while, have a historical fact thrown in. The wish is that you have fun and enjoy reading about the origin of Punxy Phil.

Candlemas Day

The tradition of Candlemas Day

stems from the early Christians in Europe.

For centuries, it was the custom to have the clergy bless candles and distribute them to the people. This day marked a milestone in the winter and the weather on that day was important.

According to an old English song:

If Candlemas be fair and bright,
Come, winter, have another flight
If Candlemas brings clouds and rain,
Go, winter, and come not again.

There is also an old Scottish couplet:

"If Candlemas Day is bright and clear,
there'll be two winters in the year."

Roman legions, during the conquest of the northern regions, supposedly brought this tradition to the German peoples who picked up on it and concluded that if the sun made an appearance on Candlemas Day, an animal, the hedgehog, would cast a shadow thus predicting six more weeks of winter.

As Europeans sailed for the new world they brought with them their beliefs and traditions. Pennsylvania's earliest European settlers were Germans, the "Pennsylvania Dutch." There were no hedgehogs in Pennsylvania, but they found groundhogs in profusion. The groundhog resembles the European hedgehog, and as it turned out the groundhog, or "woodchuck," was already esteemed by the Indians.

According to the original "Creation" Story of the Delaware Indians, the "Lenni Lenape" (or original people), who were their forebearers, began life as animals on "mother earth" and emerged centuries later to hunt and live as men. Thus, it was that Oijik (Wejak), or Wojak, which was carried over to us as "Woodchuck," came to be recognized as the "grandfather" of the earliest known inhabitants of this area.

Since it was observed that the groundhog is a most wise and sensible animal, if the sun did appear on Feb. 2nd (Candlemas Day), he would see his shadow and hurry to his underground home for

another six weeks of winter.

The birth of a tradition.....

It is said that in the summer of 1887 a group of local hunters and gourmets held a groundhog hunt and picnic and celebrated the event by barbecuing their game and washing it down with locally brewed beer. The city editor of the Punxsutawney Spirit newspaper was a man named Clymer H. Freas. Inspired by the hunt, the fellowship or the beer, he dubbed the picnickers the "Punxsutawney Groundhog Club."

He recalled the Pennsylvania Dutch legend of the groundhog a weather prophet and claimed for the Punxsutawney groundhog all weather rights. He created a home for him on Gobbler's Knob and a fame that is now world wide. He maintained that the only groundhog who could properly interpolate a shadow and upon whom anybody could rely as a high-grade Weather Prognosticator was located on Gobbler's Knob.

Every Feb. 2nd his accounts became more exaggerated and descriptive until all other weather forecasters, man or animal, were considered impostors! Freas brought us the language of the groundhog, "Groundhogese," by which the groundhog communicates with man. Soon, through his efforts, newspapers across the nation publicized the yearly event.

Some examples from Freas' work include the following:

* "Last Monday was Groundhog Day. The little beast saw his silhouette reflected on the brown earth, chuckled malignantly, and scrambled back into his burrow. This, of course, insures six weeks of very severe weather." (Feb. 4, 1903)

* The lookouts on Canoe Ridge report ...there has been great activity in the vicinity of the Punxsutawney Weatherworks. Several sedate and spectacled woodchucks have been busy oiling up the spring breeze tank and it is said that last night a wireless was sent to the branch works at Pittsburgh....notifying that hereafter, seasonable spring and summer weather could be expected. (Apr. 22, 1907)

The ceremony in Punxsutawney was held in secret until 1966, and only Phil's prediction was revealed to the public. Since then, Phil's fearless forecast has been a national media event.

In 1973, the PA Bureau of Travel and Development knew they had the two most famous groundhogs in the nation. A debate was held at the Philadelphia Zoo to determine who

had the rights to course, and the Slumbering Groundhog Club of Quarryville was represented by John Rengier, the "Dr. of Hex and Lex."

The debate was televised on Philadelphia's WPTI Connie Russin Show. No decision was made as a result of this debate, so they took the debate to New York City and appeared on the WCBS John Tucker Show. After finding out that Quarryville had four groundhogs and Punxsutawney had only one, Punxsutawney was declared the true "Home of the Groundhog."

If Punxsutawney Phil sees his shadow, it means six more weeks of winter. If he does not see his shadow, it means spring is just around the corner.

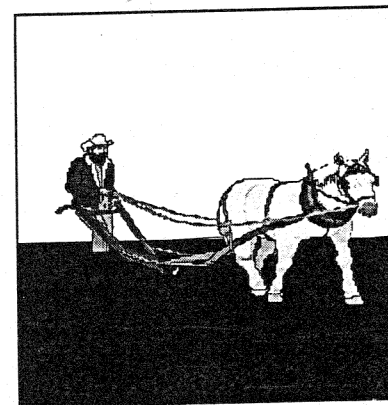
Approximately 90% of the time, Phil sees his shadow. Residents contend that the groundhog has never been wrong.

.....The Seer's prediction is now recorded in the Congressional record and routinely gets front page coverage in the nation's newspapers and in English-language newspapers throughout the world. Ω

A little boy accompanied his parents to church one Sunday morning, his first time ever in church. After services, his parents asked him how he had liked it. "Well," said the boy, "the music was just fine, but I figured he coulda shortened the commercial a whole lot".

Childhood Memories

By Ella Goethe Henry



On a small farm in Hampton County, South Carolina, near Furman, in the Staffords Cross Roads Community, my father, the late John Luther Goethe, and my mother, Sarah Ella De Loach, married on December 20, 1899, and established a home in the early 1900s. To this union, five children were born. One child, James Cornelius died at an early age. Another child, Ida Florine died at age six weeks. This left Jacob Sidney, and, when he was seven years old, a set of twins came into this home for them to love. The twins were named John Luther, Jr. after Daddy and I. Sarah Ella Goethe was named after Mama. It seems to me that God gave my parents a set of twins to replace the two children that died. Now, as an 81-year-old widow, I am the only survivor of this immediate family and as I live

alone, quite often I recall various experiences that I feel an urge to share, because I have truly been blessed in many ways.

Daddy owned and operated a farm on which he planted corn, beans, peas, peanuts, watermelons, sweet potatoes, sugar cane and cotton.

Having his own sugar cane mill, driven by a horse, he harvested the cane, ground it, put the juice in a big boiler, gathered firewood and cooked this juice for several hours until it became syrup. People in the community who didn't own a mill brought their cane to our mill. For this work, Daddy was paid in syrup. Daddy also owned a grist mill and cotton gin powered by steam. The corn sheller was operated by hand and the grains of corn were measured - some were ground

Childhood Memories

into grits or corn meal for our pantry. The remainder of the grain went to feed the livestock. Friends in the community also brought their corn to be ground and paid for this in corn.

When time came to harvest the cotton crop, everybody on our place worked. We donned cotton picking sacks and joined the hired hands and proceeded to gather the crop and haul it to the gin where it was ginned, baled and made ready to be sold.

When working in the cotton fields, we sometimes felt the need to relax for a few minutes. Well, Daddy took care of this earlier in the season by planting a few watermelon seeds between the rows of cotton. The expensive soft drinks that are so plentiful today can't begin to compare with the delicious watermelons we busted on the ground and fed ourselves with dirty cotton-picking hands. When the peanuts were harvested, some were to boil and eat as soon as gathered. Some were dried and stored to roast later. Our peanut crop was enjoyed by the family and the hogs.

On our farm, we had cows to supply milk and butter for our table. Some were meat to eat, some to keep, and some to sell. Our hogs gave us pork, ham, sausage, back-bone and liver pudding. Also on this farm were chickens, turkeys, guinea fowl and sometimes geese and pigeons. We always had poultry and eggs to eat and some to sell.

Mama operated several

incubators kept warm by kerosene lamps. The eggs had to be turned daily, and I had a special assignment to turn eggs and keep the lamps filled, trimmed and burning. Mama advertised the baby chicks in the market bulletin. Quite often, while we got ready to go to school, Mama counted and packaged the boxes of chickens to be mailed that morning. Daddy got "Ole Lou" harnessed and hitched to the buggy and we left in time to get to school via the post office which was always open at 8:00 A.M. Upon arriving at school "Lou" was detached from the buggy and put in a stable for the duration of the school day.

Our social life consisted of cane grinding parties out in the yard at night. While the syrup was being cooked, the young folks of the community gathered and laughed, talked and played games. This took place in October and November. Peanut boilings were lots of fun in the summer. Friends were invited over in the evenings. The Peanuts had been gathered and boiled previously. This party also took place in the yard. We shelled and ate peanuts while we played "Drop the Handkerchief," "Fishing for Love" and many other games. Those were the days!

On special occasions we had dinner on the grounds at church, which everyone enjoyed. I especially remember Mama's contribution of a dish pan full of chicken or ham and rice and a

jelly cake. The dinner and the fellowship were good and we enjoyed many visitors. In those days, we had Sunday School at 3:00 and preaching service at 4:00 in the afternoon. After church was dismissed, no one seemed in a hurry to go home. This was a special time of fellowship and catching up on the happenings since "last Sunday." As you know, there were no telephones or automobiles and while the adults talked the children romped and ran on the grounds outside the sanctuary (never inside the building.)

Our mules pulled the plows and wagons on work days, and on Sunday they pulled the surrey in which we rode to church. Yes, it truly was a "surrey with the fringe on top." While we attended the services, the mules were tied to a hitching post. Their names were "Frank" and "Dave." "Ole Lou" pulled us to school.

Mama's hobbies were sewing, tatting, knitting and crocheting; also growing pretty flowers. She had a flower yard and plenty of house plants. They lived in a pit in the yard during the winter months. She also made lye soap. I shall never forget her sweet voice as she sang and played the dear old familiar hymns on the old pump organ that is still there in the old home that was built in 1914. Mama was always ready to help nurse a sick neighbor. She always had time to cook and invite people for a meal.

"Daddy sang bass."

Even though he never learned to read music, he was able to harmonize beautifully. Many times when he had worked all day and was very tired, he ate supper and retired to the front porch to relax. He sat in his favorite rocking chair and put his feet on the bannister. As he began to feel rested and relaxed, immediately we heard "sounds of music" from his mouth organ. He played and sang tunes and entertained us until bedtime. It was beautiful to me. He told us that when he was a young man, many times he played his mouth organ and danced his way through square dances.

Daddy had several hobbies that he enjoyed with my two brothers. I'd say fishing in the nearby creeks headed the list. Sometimes they went 'possum or coon hunting at night. At times they arose early in the A. M. and went hunting for rabbits and squirrels. Mama played a very important part in this inasmuch as she anticipated their return by getting a fry pan greased and ready. The boys found another kind of entertainment in the woods and streams that was truly off limits for girls --for they enjoyed swimming in their birthday suits.

Every farm had animals and sometimes they got sick. A veterinarian was seldom available in those days so Daddy bought and studied some books on animal diseases. He was the

Childhood Memories

doctor when the mules developed colic - he vaccinated the hogs against cholera. When the cow had trouble giving birth, Daddy assisted when necessary. Quite frequently, friends and neighbors came for him to help with their sick animals. He loved people and people loved him. Our family lifestyle was no exception. In those days everybody worked hard. Money was scarce, but brotherly love was plentiful.

What I have written has been indelibly impressed in my storehouse of memories. Now, at this late time in my life, I thank God and my parents for all my experiences. All of this has been a very valuable part of my limited amount of education.

In retrospect, as I compare living the way things were when I was growing up (I was born in 1909) to the way we are living now, there is a vast difference. For this, we owe our Lord a tremendous debt of praise and gratitude. Our forefathers managed to do their very best with what they had to work with and used it to the best advantage. They thanked God and praised Him for their many blessings. They exercised their faith daily and as they worked and prayed they received strength, courage and inspiration to carry on. God blessed men with ambition and creative ability. Some were inquisitive, others were curious, some were prone to adventure, and some liked to experiment. It was by the minds and hands of

these people that discoveries and inventions came about to simplify and revolutionize our style of living.

Here are some examples of the many changes that have taken places over the years.

Then: Water for all purposes was drawn from a well dug by hand. Buckets were tied to chains lowered into the well and filled and pulled up by the chain. Each bucket full of water was carried by hand and foot to wherever it was needed.

Now: Wells are bored with electrical equipment. The electric pump draws the water up and it is piped to wherever it is needed.

Then: Kerosene lamps were used for lights.

Now: The blessing of electricity is light for us at all times.

Then: Food was cooked on a wood burning stove or in the fireplace of kitchens or sometimes in an outdoor oven.

Now: With electric stoves and microwave ovens, our cooking is much easier and takes less time.

Then: We had no refrigeration. In summer during hot weather, my mother put the milk and butter in jars, placed the jars in a sack and tied it with a cord. The sack was lowered several feet down into our well. Thus, we always had cool milk and butter.

Now: Thanks to electricity, we use the refrigerator and freezer

instead of "the old oaken bucket in the moss covered well."

Then: Transportation was accomplished by riding horseback, in horse-drawn carriages, buggies, or wagons, and in boats and trains.

Now: We ride and enjoy everything from automobiles to jet planes. The distance to be traveled could be as near as a neighbor's house or possibly a trip to the moon.

Then: Harvesting farm crops was done by hand. In those times, the family, along with some hired help, was the cotton picker. Each person carried a sack with a shoulder strap.

Some pickers bent over, some went on the knee, and everyone used their hands to pull the cotton out of the pods. Hired help was paid by the pound. A wood burning furnace made the steam power that ran the cotton gin which removed the seed and baled the cotton for market.

Now: Using modern inventions, cotton is picked, ginned and baled in the field to be sold.

Then: Grain was harvested by a man using a cradle and scythe. He swung this through the oats and rye and dumped the straw with grain heads to the ground where it was picked up. It was then tied in a bundle and stood in a shock. From there it was dried, hauled into the barn and stored there to feed the livestock.

Now: Due to modern inventions,

all this hard work is done by gasoline or electric powered machinery.

Then: Even music was different back then. Our parents sang to us and took us to church on Sunday where we thoroughly enjoyed the organ music. The sounds of music were brought out by pumping air into the bellows which filled the pipes of the organ. The organist was kept busy; her knees pushed the knee swells, and her feet pedaled to keep air in the instrument. At the same time, her hands and alert mind brought out melody, harmony and rhythm for the congregation to pour out their hearts and soul in song, praise, and thanksgiving.

Now: Thanks to electricity, with a flip of a switch or push of a button, you can listen to your choice of music with no effort on your part. The fact is many people don't invest or take an interest in learning to play instruments because music is so easy to buy. Therefore, many God-given talents are wasted.

From these examples it can clearly be seen that life today is much more convenient and requires much less effort. This was made possible through the efforts, foresight and determination of our forefathers along with God's bountiful blessings. Now we can sing "How Great Thou Art" and praise God for almost a century of progress.

Ω

It's About Family



A Segment in the Life of William Wayne Allen

My grandfather, James Morgan Allen, lived in Ashland, Illinois. He was a laborer and worked for the farmers during that period. My father, George Thomas Allen, grew up working for the same farmers.

My father had a cousin named Arthur Hiles. Arthur's wife, Jenny Hiles, had asthma and the doctors in Illinois told them they would have to move west.

In 1907, when a person moved, they could put their livestock; furniture; and everything else they owned in a train car. This car was called a "Family Car," and if there was livestock in that car, the person that was

moving had to ride along in that car to take care of the livestock. So my father helped his cousin move by taking care of his livestock that was in the family car on the trip from Illinois to Carney, Oklahoma.

My father was around 22 years old when he came to Oklahoma, and there was a big ranch in Ponca City called "The Hundred and One Ranch." At that time the 101 Ranch had a Wild West show that toured all over the United States and Europe, putting on performances under the big top tent. They did trick riding and rodeo-type performances.

My father worked on the 101 Ranch for a while during the summers, then he would go on a wheat harvest into Kansas. In the winter he would go back to working on the big ranches in the Osage country and he would feed cattle and ride fences and stuff like that. He would work like that for a while, then come back to Carney. So he was in and out of Carney quite a bit and that is where he met my mother.

Many people are familiar with the big Land Run of 1889 in Oklahoma. Well, it turns out there were actually six times that land was made available in Oklahoma. One of those occasions was in 1891 when certain land south of the Cimarron River became available.

My mother, Adaline Ellis, was born in Cisero, Kansas, before the Oklahoma Land Run in 1891. Austin Ellis, her father, made the run in 1891 and homesteaded 160 acres, three miles east of Carney.

My grandfather built a log cabin. He cut the shingles for the roof out of oak, then went back to Kansas to settle his business. He had a grocery store in Kansas. He sold his business and in August moved his family to Oklahoma. The first thing they did when he got back was to put those shingles on the roof. Of course, those oak shingles had cured and they were very hard to drive a nail into. He did mash his finger many times and Grandma had to carry the

hammer back after he kept throwing it away every time he would hit his fingers.

My grandfather was not a farmer; he was a business man, so he didn't farm his land very long. As soon as he got his crop planted, he went into Carney and opened a grocery store. At that time, they had to haul their groceries from Guthrie, Oklahoma, with a team and wagons. Every week, he made a trip to Guthrie to get his groceries. And so, when they started talking about a railroad coming to Carney, Oklahoma, he was real interested.

I have a list of names of the people that made a donation to a railroad company to help bring the railroad to Carney: Mr. Page, the man who ran the Cotton Gin; Ed Wilcox, the man who ran the Drug Store; and my grandfather gave \$500 each.

My father and mother got married in 1910, when Mother was 19 and Dad was 24. With the type of work Dad was doing in Oklahoma, he couldn't take my mother to live on the ranches with him, so he went back to Illinois to work. They made the trip on the train and when they arrived back in Illinois, he went to work for some farmers. He helped them plow the ground in the spring. One farmer had a large farm with rows of corn two miles long. They would plow that land and plant corn in the spring, and all of this was done with horses. Once the corn had been

It's About Family

planted, they would cultivate the corn until it got nearly to the tassel stage. Then, in the fall, it had to be shucked. It had to be shucked by hand back then, and my dad was a good corn shucker.

During that time they had acquired a home, but they could never get enough money to buy machinery and rent a farm. It cost more money there to rent a farm than it did in Oklahoma.

My parents had five children, myself being the youngest. I have two brothers and two sisters. My oldest sister, Melba Wynona Allen, was born in Illinois. But when my mother was pregnant with George Ellis Allen, my oldest brother whom I call Bud, she came back to Carney, Oklahoma, to have the baby, then took him back to Illinois.

In 1917, my grandfather Ellis found an 80 acre farm in Oklahoma for my parents to rent, so they came back. They farmed out north and east of Tryon, Oklahoma -- in the Sandyland Community -- and raised a lot of cotton. After my parents moved back to Oklahoma, my sister Jessie Marie and my brother Robert Noel were born in Carney. Finally I, William Wayne Allen, being the youngest child, was born at Wellston.

Growing Cotton

Dad plowed the land, and once the cotton was planted, would cultivate it. When wheat harvest

time came along, he'd help other farmers harvest their wheat and leave my mother at home, where she would cultivate and hoe their cotton herself. Then they would hire people to help pick the cotton by hand.

One would walk between the rows of cotton and stoop over picking the bolls of cotton off the stalks and put into a sack that was dragged by a loop over the shoulder. Once the sack was full and brought to the wagon, somebody like my mother would be there helping to weigh the cotton. She would read the scales and write down how many pounds of cotton there were. Then the sack was dumped in the wagon and another sack would be started. At the end of the day, she would add up how much cotton they had. If they wanted their money that night, she had to pay them so much for a hundred pounds, or if they wanted to wait until they got through, she added it all up and paid them when the job was finished.

When the wagon was full, they would get in and tromp the cotton down so they could get more in the wagon. When the wagon was full, they would take it to the gin.

In the fall, when he couldn't make any more money in the wheat harvest, Dad would come back home and work in the cotton gin. He worked in the cotton gins for 23 years. He was the ginner. The gin was powered by a steam engine and his job was to make sure the gins were

working properly. The gin had a big suction tube that sucked the cotton out of the wagon and distribute it into these gins. The gins were box-type machines with knives that shredded the cotton and cut the seed out of it. It was a real dangerous job because if a stick or foreign object was in there, someone would have to reach in and get it out, often tearing up a hand in the process. My father had scars on his hands where they'd been cut.

The seed would go off in one compartment and the lint would go into another area. The lint went into a bailer and the cotton was baled and bands were put around them. Each bale weighed around 500 pounds. A netting was put around them, then they were shipped out on a horse and wagon until they got the railroad. It was real expensive to ship it that way; that's why they were so anxious to get the railroad.

First Car

The first car they bought was in 1925. It was a 23 Model T Ford and they drove back to Illinois for a visit in 1925. It took four days to make the 600 mile trip. They would cover roughly around 150 miles per day and stay in camp yards because there weren't even tourist courts back then. Every town had a park with a camp yard. They slept on Army cots or in the car.

One time, my brother Bud made himself a bed on the running board of the car.

Later, they moved to a bigger farm in Carney, Oklahoma, that was owned by a banker. After working that farm for a while, my dad decided that he wanted a better place to farm and he was going to move to another location. The banker found out about it and he came to talk with him. He wanted to know why my dad was leaving. Dad told him that he just needed better land to farm.

The banker said, "No you're too good a farmer. We can't lose you. My dad has a farm down at Wellston. You go down and look at that farm. You can have it. We don't want to lose you."

My parents went down and looked at the farm and decided to move there. That was in 1929, because that is the same year Dad bought a new '29 Model A Ford.

I was born in 1930, and most of the farm kids my age grew up using coal oil lamps and lanterns, but when my family moved to this farm in '29, there was already electricity in the house and in the barns so I never knew what it was to live without electricity.

At that time, we were close enough to Oklahoma City that a milk truck came to town every morning from Oklahoma City to get milk, so my dad went to milking cows. Mainly, the crops that we grew such as corn, alfalfa hay, wheat and barley were fed to the livestock to help them produce milk.

It's About family

My parents bought a farm about in '32 or '33, along in there, but they never did live on it. After they bought it, they decided they didn't want to move on it and they rented it out to sharecroppers. I think the reason they didn't want to live on that farm was because of the schools. It was too far from the schools and we would have been going to a little country school. They had that farm until about 48 and they had renters on it all of that time. Then they sold it.

My grandparents later moved to California. They drove there in a model T Ford and it took two weeks to make the trip. Grandma Ellis died in California. My grandfather couldn't live there so he came back to Oklahoma. He opened a restaurant after he came back and worked in it until he lost his sight. Then he had to quit the restaurant and came to live with us. I believe he was 81 years old when he died in 1937. He'd lived with us for two years. He was a real nice fellow, I liked him, but he was blind and we had to lead him everywhere. We had to lead him to the outhouse and to the old hand water pump where he would pump water for the livestock.

Water well

Where water is shallow to the surface of the ground, there is a type of well tip made that has a point on it. It is called a Sand Point and you can screw a pipe into the top of this point. Then

you take a sledge hammer and drive it into the ground. You drive it down, until you find water. There is a fine screen around the sides of this Sand Point and that lets the water into the pipe. Our water was real close to the surface of the ground and a pitcher pump was set onto the top of the pipe. At sea level a pitcher pump will draw water 21 feet, so the higher you are above sea level, the less distance it will draw water. A pitcher pump is a short pump with the piston in the head of the pump. It pumps just as much water as a large handle pump, depending on the size cylinder that you have on the pump. It was used quite often to pump water from cisterns and places where the water was shallow like there was down where we lived. Our water was within 10 to 12 feet of the ground. We had a big old box there for our hand pump to sit on and when we would take my grandfather out to pump water, he would sit on that box and pump the water for the animals.

The Depression

We had a dairy throughout the depression days, and because of where we lived, had the cows, and sold our milk to Oklahoma City.

We had a milk check come in twice a month. Therefore, like my mother always said, "They never knew there was a depression except for the fact that they had so much trouble finding money to buy clothes."

They raised all of the food that

we ate and my mother canned all of the time. We didn't have any money, but we ate good.

We lived close to highway 66, and during the depression I can remember seeing people walking down the highway pulling little red wagons or pushing wheelbarrows loaded down with clothes. These people would walk a half mile from highway 66 to our house because they could see the house and barn from highway 66. They would ask for food or something. Mother always fed them.

There were a lot of people. It wasn't just once in a while, it was every day that someone would be there and there is no telling how many people walked by without ever stopping.

The men would come to our house at night and want to sleep in the barn. My dad would always let them, but he always instructed them, "There would be absolutely no smoking in the barn," and they respected that. They were good people; they just didn't have any way of getting around other than on foot. They all had a story that if they could get to Oklahoma City or some other town, they usually had a brother, cousin or some other family member there that had a job and if they could get there, they could feed them until they could get work.

There were individuals and families. I can remember young women coming to our house wanting to sleep on the porch. My mother had a wash house just off the back porch and she

always made a bed in the wash house for the women to sleep, where they could lock the door and feel secure.

Seeing my parents take care of my family plus helping these people is one of the reasons I have always helped other people.

My birth name is William Wayne and in my early years they called me Bill. When I started school, there were three Bills in my first grade class, so my teacher went to calling me Wayne and that stuck.

While I was in school, some people came to the school and they measured some of the children for clothes. They would call them out of the room and take them to the office and measure them up and the boys all got Union Alls, (a pair of coveralls). They didn't call me in and I cried because I didn't get any of those clothes.

I went home and told my folks what happened and they explained that the clothes were being furnished by the Welfare for children whose parents didn't have enough money to buy any clothes. Since my parents were able to buy my clothes, we didn't need the free clothing.

My dad bought a '36 Ford for around \$550 when it was 6 months old. It was a repo that someone had bought and couldn't pay for.

It was a two-door sedan. There were two models, a two door and

It's About Family

a four-door. The four-door generally had a trunk on the back. The one that we had, the back was sloped down and had the spare tire on the back and it had a v-8 in it. It was one of the best cars on the road at that time. It was considered a fast car. It had no radio but it had a hot air heater, and the only way the heat got into the body of car was from the motor fan that cooled the radiator. There was a grill-type deal on the exhaust that pushed that air through and right into the cab of the car. Going down the road you had a real good heater, but you couldn't idle because then you wouldn't get any heat.

The seats were cloth; the dash was all metal. It had a round place that you could pop out and put a radio in if you bought one.

I remember going to Illinois in the '36 Ford after we got it. It wasn't even a year old when we made that trip up there with it. It rained and the windshield wiper was a vacuum wiper but it wouldn't work. So my dad, he got himself some heavy cord and tied it onto that wiper. He put one string through one door and the other through the other door and my mother would sit there and pull the string back and forth, running the wipers.

In 1938, my older brother Bud was in California, working in a garage for a car dealership and my father was wanting him to come back to Oklahoma. My dad promised my brother that if he'd come back and go to farming,

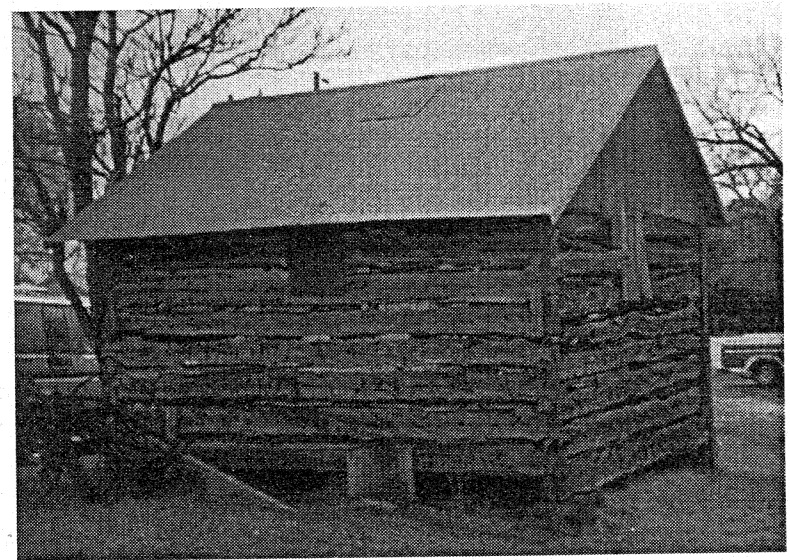
he'd rent a farm and buy a new tractor and set him up farming. But my brother wasn't much interested in farming, so two years later he ended up buying a truck and went into the trucking business.

I didn't drive a tractor before '38 because the tractor we had before '38 was an old Fordson tractor that was made by the Ford Motor Company and it was terribly hard to drive. They were a real popular tractor back in those days. They were kind of a "man killer" to drive because there were no rubber tires on the front end and if you got it cranked too tight, well, then you couldn't straighten it up. Also, it didn't have individual brakes to help you correct your steering like the later tractors did. You would set down between them two fenders and you got all of the heat of that motor back on you and it would get real uncomfortable. They ran on gasoline instead of kerosene. It wasn't until later when the new John Deere tractors came out that you could start them with gasoline, then you could switch them over to run on kerosene. That was nice because kerosene was cheaper to run then gasoline was.

The first car I drove would have either been that '36 Ford or a Model A Ford that my brother drove back from California when he came back in '38. It sat in our barn for a while and my brother Bob and I, we would get

it out and drive it once in a while.

My parents bought a farm in Perkins, Oklahoma, in August of '45. We had to give the people who were living on the farm time to move out, so we didn't get to move onto it until January of '46. When we moved to the farm in Perkins, we didn't have a dairy barn, so we didn't get involved that much with milking cows. We did milk some, but we separated cream and sold the cream. While living on this farm, we grew more corn and we went to raising hogs.



There is a log cabin standing on that farm that was built by a man named Drake who homesteaded the farm in 1891. The Drake family lived in that

log cabin for two years while they built the big house. When the house was finished in 1893, they moved in.

We used that log cabin as a corn crib. That's where we stored our corn. There was a shed on the north side of it, and back in the early days the gasoline that we used in our tractors was stored in barrels and we kept about three barrels of gas in that shed along with oil, tools, etc.

In 1946, when my brother Bob got out of high school, he went into the service.

After he got out of the service, he got a job at Tinker Field Air Base in Oklahoma City and he stayed there until he retired.

Shortly after my father

It's About Family

bought the farm in Perkins, he was stricken with arthritis so bad that he could not work any more. Being the youngest child, fifteen years old and still at home and in school, I was responsible for milking the cows; feeding the hogs; and planting and harvesting the crops in order to make the payments on the farm.

When I started dating, there was very little to do in a little town. I have a real good friend named Walt Martin and his father owned a theater that had a movie two days a week. So we always scraped together enough money to go to the picture show and buy a little popcorn. We also went to basketball games or other school activities during school season.

I had another good friend, Huston Neal, and his father ran the filling station. We ran around together a lot and double dated. We took turns driving. He had an old Model A Ford and I got to drive my dad's '36 Ford. When we went far, we'd use my car and when we ran around in town, we would go in Huston's Model A.

I was dating a girl named Geraldine Jeanette Lacy, and in 1949, we got married. My wife and I had a real nice church wedding. Our parents didn't have much money, so we paid for it ourselves.

After we got married, we lived in the same house with my folks for five years. We lived upstairs and they lived downstairs. I

continued to work on the farm and made the money to make the farm payments. My wife worked in the grocery store. She started stocking the shelves when she was 11 years old, and by the time we got married she was making \$15 for a 6 day week.

We made a choice to wait before having any children. We didn't feel like we wanted to raise a family while living with my folks. I was just about to buy a new hay mower and a rake when we got this letter from a friend that wanted to sell me a farm. It was a school lease.

During the land runs in Oklahoma, each county had 1280 acres set aside for schools. The land they did not use would be leased out. A school lease is land owned by the state, and by buying the improvements on the land, they would transfer the lease to you.

We put that hay bailer on hold, and in the spring of '54 I bought the improvements from my friend that had moved away from it. I paid \$8500 for the improvements. The lease was \$124 per year to the state, which was, at that time, about twice what taxes would have been. It was 160 acres. 102 acres were in cultivation; the rest was in pasture. The place was pretty run down and the fences were terrible. There was a house on the land, but it wasn't much of a house and needed work. We moved into that house and lived there for 15 years. It was a good place to live and we had our

babies there.

On January 29, 1956, my wife went to the hospital to have our first child, Janice Marie. Everything was fine until we got to the hospital. They checked her over and put us in a room by ourselves. When I finally realized there was a problem, I got the nurses in there. They got my wife into the delivery room but the baby never made it. It was too late. She suffocated before she was born. Of course, we were quite inexperienced at this and I felt like it was just neglect on the hospital's part that caused us to lose our baby. If they would have been there, they would have discovered the problem before I did. That was the first real hurt that I ever knew.

My wife didn't cope with it very well. She didn't go back to work. She couldn't function; she would just cry a lot.

Our first wheat crop on the farm had been harvested, and we'd had a terrible drought that year, so I went to work driving a truck for my brother. I was hauling produce from Oklahoma City to Denver and I talked my wife into going with me. She was so tired that I tried to get her into the sleeper to get some sleep. When she finally got in the sleeper and went to sleep, she slept for 15 to 18 hours straight, all the way to Denver. When she came home she was able to function again and she went back to work. That rest is what she needed but we never have completely got over losing

that baby.

After losing our baby, we tried to have another child, but we had several miscarriages. My sister was a nurse and she ended up talking us into seeing a specialist in Oklahoma City. We went down there and he checked my wife all over and discovered that she had never been cleaned up properly after the first baby died. I felt like that was another problem with the original hospital that we went to. Anyway, they took care of her and it wasn't too long after that we had us a baby.

Janet Gale was born in '59. When she was about two years old, I was cleaning the wheat out of a grain drill. A wheat drill is like a corn planter, but instead of having 6 rows like a corn planter it has holes every 8 inches. When you change varieties of wheat or grain, you have to clean all of the old variety out.

I had a 5 gallon bucket sitting on the ground, and Janet and her mama come out there to where I was at. Janet was a little thing and she played in the wheat in that bucket. That evening we took her to the hospital with a terrible asthma attack. She couldn't barely breathe. We never knew that she had asthma before that.

We took her to an allergy clinic in Oklahoma City. It was supposed to be the best, but all they did was take our money. That first office call was \$206 and we didn't do anything but talk to the doctor. They gave us

It's About Family...

a 10% discount for paying cash and I feel like all that was for was to tell them whether or not we could pay our bills. Those prices would be nothing today but that was in 1961 and it seemed like they charged us unmercifully at the time.

Then we went back and they did an allergy test and I held her while they gave her the injections. She was a little thing and she was screaming and crying, but it had to be done, we thought. She was allergic to nearly everything. She had bronchial asthma and it was brought on by all of those allergies. They gave her three injections and said I could give her those injections, but her little arm wasn't even as big around as a silver dollar and I couldn't bring myself to do them. I felt like, if I got an infection in that little arm.....

The specialists in Oklahoma City mailed the serum to us and we took the serum to Stillwater, Oklahoma, where the doctor there charged us \$3 a week to give her the shots. I felt like it was better to pay that than to try to do it myself.

Janet kept getting worse and worse. She got so bad that when she laid down, she couldn't breathe. Finally it got to the point that my wife was sitting up all night holding Janet straight up in bed so she could sleep.

One night, Janet coughed continually all night. She didn't sleep at all, so we took her back in to see the specialist and when the doctor finally got into the

room, he said,

"What are you people doing here? It's not your time. You're not scheduled to be here."

I said, "This child is sick. She didn't sleep all night. She coughed continually all night. She just couldn't sleep."

He said, "You mean that you couldn't sleep. It's a perfectly natural thing to cough. It doesn't hurt the child at all to cough. You mean that you couldn't sleep."

I got up and I said, "Sir, if you will figure up my bill, we'll be glad to pay you and we'll not be bothering you anymore." Then we walked out of that clinic and we have never been back. We decided that if she was alive the next morning, we had to change doctors.

We'd been hearing about this quack in Ada, Oklahoma. Everything we had heard just couldn't be true because his patients allegedly got over their asthma immediately. But we called him and made an appointment and went down there.

We got there a little early so we stopped at a restaurant for something to eat. We were having lunch when some guy stuck his head through the door and asked,

"Does anyone in here own this blue and white Ford, that's parked out front?"

"I do," I replied.

"Well, your car is on fire," he said.

We went on out there and saw

what it was. It was a '59 Ford that we bought new and this was around '65, so it wasn't that old of a car. The regulator had stuck and was feeding electricity into the generator. The generator sat there and tried to turn the motor but the belt couldn't turn. It never did blaze, but it sure did a lot of smoking. I cut that belt off and closed the hood. It was about time for our appointment and we didn't have time to fool with it.

There was a phone right there on the wall of the restaurant, so I went and called a taxi. I also called the Ford garage, told them the car was there and to come get it. The taxi arrived and while we were getting into it, there were some folks standing around our car and they said, "Where you going?"

I said, "Well, we've got a doctor's appointment and we're not going to miss it."

And they said, "What are we going to do with this car?"

I said, "If it goes to blazing, push it out into the street."

We went to the doctor and the doctor looked at Janet and he said, "You people got a **problem!!**"

That scared us and I told him, "That's why we are here."

He said, "I can give her a shot and by the time you get her home, she'll not have asthma and she'll never have it again." That removed all doubt. I figured he was a quack at that point. But we had to do something so I said, "That's why we are here."

He gave her a shot. I don't know what it was but he also gave her four prescriptions and told her no smoke, no feathers, no nuts and no chocolate. She slept all of the way home, slept all night, and woke up hungry at 3 o'clock in the morning.

She had missed a whole week of school right before we took her to that doctor and I don't know how much school before that. She went to school the next morning, and only missed a half a day the rest of the year. It was like she changed overnight. She still has asthma, but it is nothing compared to what it was.

Our next child, Anita Louise, was born in 1962. She was a perfectly healthy child, so we thought. It turned out that on her right ear, she did not have an ear canal. In front of her ear was this little wart sticking out like the head of a match, but there was no hole in her right ear. No ear canal a'tall. We knew about this as soon as she was born, and the doctor clipped that little old wart off.

She couldn't hear out of that ear very well so we took her to a specialist in Oklahoma City and had hearing tests done when she was about a year and a half old. They wrapped her in a sheet so she could not move and I had to hold her little head while they x-rayed her ear. They took x-rays and they advised us at that point not to do anything until she goes to school.

Before she went to school, we

took her back and they did a hearing test on her. I went into the soundproofed room with her where they did a hearing test and decided that she still had 40% of her hearing in that right ear and perfect hearing in her left ear.

They advised us to not do anything unless she lost her hearing in her left ear. They said they could do surgery and make her an ear canal, but there are facial nerves inside the ear and cutting a facial nerve could have distorted her face. They said the risk was too great as long as her hearing was still good.

She gets along real well. Of course, we would always tell the teacher to try to seat her so her good ear was toward the teacher. Some of them did and some of them didn't. But every time a doctor looks in her ear he comes back asking questions. She did not have asthma, and she was the one that could go to the fields, bale hay for me and drive the trucks.

In March 22, 1967, four minutes before my birthday, we had our third daughter, Billie Raye. We didn't have a boy, so we gave her a boy's name. I always thought my wife could have waited that extra four minutes.

The only medical problems we ever had with her was that she was accident-prone. She was always breaking a foot, leg or arm or something. Around the last day of kindergarten, she come home from school with a broken arm. Another time, she was riding a horse, ran into a tree, got knocked off and broke her arm. One time she was

playing basketball and broke her foot. Another time she was jumping hurdles and she broke her foot again.

There were times in the past when I thought we were rich because I could afford to buy a new car or because I got a good price for some grain, but now I realize the true meaning of being rich.

We feel that the Lord has blessed us with three beautiful daughters and they have blessed us with three wonderful men in their lives. Together, they have produced four beautiful grandchildren, two boys and two girls. And to be blessed with the type of loving family that we have, we know that we have riches that can not be bought or sold for any amount of money.

Editor's note: Next month we are going to continue this story with details of the farming experience. Wayne will tell you how wheat in 1951 sold for \$2.25 a bushel while in 1991, wheat off the same field sold for \$2.15 a bushel. He will also discuss the cost of equipment such as the same combine that cost \$1900 in 1951, cost \$100,000 in 1991. He will talk about the Tractorcade in Washington, where he went to help protest the farmers' problems, as well as his connection with Willie Nelson and Farm Aid. Ω

What did Noah use to lite the ark?

...."Flood Lights!".....

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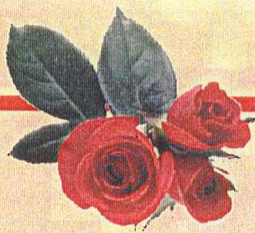


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Jesus and a Tree

By Franklin T. Wike

The son of a carpenter

Jesus put wooden nails
into the flesh of a tree.

The Son of God

Man put wooden nails
into the flesh of Jesus
and nailed him to a tree.

The Stages of Life and Death in:

A TREE

Spring

A bud appears,
showing the first sign of life.

Summer

The buds become leaves
that can shade you
from the sun's heat.

Fall

The leaves change color
to brown and red,
then they die.

Winter

The leaves are dead and
gone, but the tree is still
alive. When the time is
right, you will see leaves
again.

JESUS

Jesus was born
to offer us everlasting life.

The SON OF GOD
can shade you
from Satan's heat.

A brown tree was
stained red when
Jesus died on it.

The flesh is dead,
but the spirit is still
alive. When the time is
right, you will see Jesus
again.

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