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Executive Editor: Franklin T. Wike Jr
Editor/Proofreader: Bonnie Hayes
Food Editor: Peggy Dixon
WW II Interviewers: Tim Foskett California
 Marie Cammock Florida
Interviewers: Karen Jackson England
 Rita Redd Georgia
 Sarah Lamb Illinois
 Elwood K. Tutt N.C.
Photographer: Huyen Tsang California
Web Designers: Richard Lees
 Allison J. Hazen
 Steven Kitto
 Thomas Hart

In addition to our volunteers, we would also like to thank the following professional freelance writers.

Australia: Glenn Woodley
Canada: Kelly Denise Baker
USA:
 California Jennifer Sidle Kathi Rubin
 Dr. Kelly Roberts Kim Diehl
 Colorado Teresa Kay Samuels
 Florida Marie Cammock Anne Humphrey
 W. Scott Bowlin
 Indiana Franklin T. Wike, Jr. Karen Patton
 Massachusetts Ursula Furi Perry Beverly Ballaro
 Michigan Susan J. Woodward
 Missouri Michelle Fitzpatrick
 Oklahoma Steve Gust
 Texas Eric N. Guel
 Washington Reysha Silverhair

Cover: Photograph of Garland Hostetter in handmade outfit, taken around 1930

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

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Letter from the Editor

By Franklin T Wike Jr

A new year brings with it a chance for new growth, new accomplishments, new hopes and dreams. One of the traditional images of New Year's Day is Old Man Time being replaced by the New Year's Baby.

Over time our New Year's traditions have changed. As we mature, our goals, ideas and thoughts change also. As a young man, I would look forward to the celebrations and parties plus the prospects of having the future look brighter and better than the past had been.

Now that I am involved with *US Legacies*, part of my thoughts are about the new growth and improvements we will be making this year, but I also think about the older people that will be lost during this coming year. Although we may not be able to prevent the loss of older people, we can prevent the loss of their memories and stories.

I travel around the coun-

try interviewing people in order to record their memories. When I start asking questions about the stories told by someone's parents or grandparents, the one comment I hear most frequently is, "I wish I would have asked more questions, or paid closer attention to the stories my parents told me when I had the chance." As much as adults love their parents, they are usually so busy making a living and taking care of their own children, that they don't take the time to sit down and record their parents or grandparents memories.

Even in my own life, I can remember seeing photographs hanging on my mother's wall for years. Every time there was a visitor in her house she wanted to show off these old family photos, but I was always too busy to listen or write down the names of the individuals in them. When I finally took the time to sit down with her and go through the hundreds

of old photographs, it was too late. I don't know if it was a result of her strokes or just old age, but she had forgotten the names of many of the relatives in these photos.

I ran into the same thing when I tried asking her questions about her childhood years or about my father. The body was still there, but so many of the memories were gone. Now that she is gone completely, I can think of thousands of questions I wish I would have asked her and recorded before it was too late.

While reviewing a recent surge in gift subscriptions over the holidays, I noticed that some of our older subscribers have figured out a way to protect their memories and stories for other family members. Some families are obtaining gift subscriptions for all their children, nieces, nephews and cousins. Then by sending us copies of old family recipes, photographs or stories each month, these family memories get shared with enough relatives to keep

them from getting lost or forgotten. Personally, I think this is a great idea. So if you are aware of any other family member that is getting our magazine each month, we want to encourage you to dig through your oldest family photographs, recipe collection or scrap book of memories and share anything you believe will be of value to other relatives that read and keep our magazine.

Another project that we are working on to help preserve family memories is to encourage school age children to interview their grandparents as part of a class project.

Our goal with this new project is to encourage every school in this country to pick one class each year that will compile a *Legacies Year Book* as a class project.

The concept is to have the students interview the oldest living family member or neighbor in order to learn about lifestyles prior to the use of electricity, or during the WW II era. Once the interviews are complete, the

students can utilize their writing techniques by converting the audio or video recordings over to written stories.

We will then publish a book containing the stories from each class, as a keepsake. Each student that participates in this project will get a free copy of the book containing the stories of their family member. The students would be much more likely to keep and preserve this book than they would if it were just a written paper. As an incentive to the school, additional copies of these books will be offered to the school at a discounted price so the students can use the proceeds from sales to local residents as a fundraiser.

As an added bonus, we will also send a copy of each book to the Library of Congress for historical preservation.

In setting up this project, there are some things you can do to help us, your town and your family. The first thing we need is the mailing address of every school in

your town. It would be helpful if you would also send us the names of any principals, history or English teachers.

If you have a child, grandchild, niece or nephew in school and would like us to send you a letter about this project for your relative to give to their teacher, please let us know. By working together we can encourage these children to cherish, respect and learn from today's seniors.

This is a winning situation for everyone involved. The students get to learn about history first hand, the local seniors get to have their childhood memories or WW II memories preserved, the school gets to earn money and local citizens get a chance to have copies of a book that contains historical stories and memories from their friends, family members and neighbors.

Happy New Year

We hope you have a great year. May it be filled with the best memories of the past and the brightest dreams for the future.

LETTERS AND COMMENTS

Letter from England

My name is Karen Jackson and I am in Staffordshire England.

I happened upon your site by accident and have been absolutely fascinated by it for the last few hours.

I have just got to the section where you need volunteers and it occurred to me to ask if there is anybody doing this type of site/magazine in the UK? If there is I have never come across them.

My husband and I are very much interested in World War II and love to read about the stories (that are like you said, disappearing every time somebody that was involved in the war passes away).

I am a stay at home mom

with time on my hands to get involved in some sort of project, that may eventually lead to something that will give me some sort of income.

So would you be interested in branching out

abroad and letting me get involved from this side of the sea.

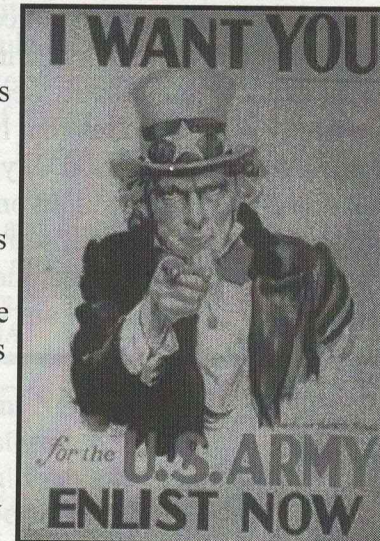
By the way I am a bright enthusiastic 27 year old and my husband is 31 so it does show that the younger generation are still interested in hearing and learning about

their history.

I look forward to hearing from you .

Our Reply

We are always pleased to learn that our efforts are ap-



preciated. Since the US and England worked together during WW II, we would love to get input and stories from English veterans.

As for publishing our magazine in England, that is something that we would consider if we found enough interest to cover the expenses.

Volunteer from GA

I am interested in volunteering for your program. I am a freelance writer. I worked from 1977 until 1996 as a nurse. My experience as a nurse was in Nursing Homes and Home Health. I feel my experience in the nursing field with the elderly, being close to several VA Nursing facilities, with the added expertise of my husband who is a history buff (he is like a walking encyclopedia of war time events) could greatly be of assis-

tance to you.

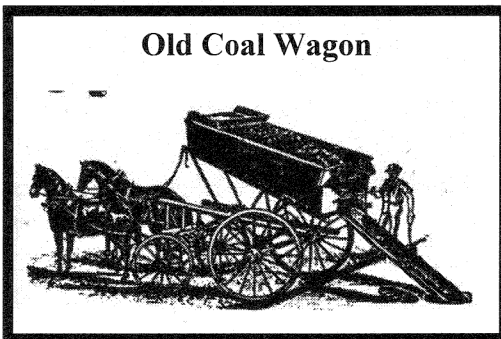
I am also interested in many other areas concerning the elderly and veterans. I have the ability to know if a person is confused or not feeling well. Then have the judgment of asking questions or waiting until another day. I have had the gift of having many talk to me who would talk to no one else.

I also come from a long line of Cherokee Women who have lost information and identity because it use to be hidden that Indian was in your blood. My Great grandfather fought on both sides of the civil war.

Please let me know how I can help. I am willing to research and write on any topic you need. I am disabled but able to make some trips. I just have to take my time in walking.

Rita Redd
Eatonton, GA.

Old Coal Wagon



Volunteer Photographer

Hi, I am a 29 y/o documentary photographer residing in Los Angeles, CA and I'm interested in helping out with your project. I have some publication experience. I don't consider myself much of a writer so I would prefer to team up with one. Regards,
Hoyen Tsang

Volunteer Editor

Hello, I would be interested in volunteering under the umbrella of editor, typist, or proofreader. My experience is limited, but my love for the elderly and history will more then make up for that. Thank you.
Bonnie Hayes, GA

Volunteer from NC

I am very interested in writing for you! I am a retired military person with a passion for writing. I also happen to work for a nursing home (4 years). My goal is to become a freelance writer. Geriatrics is one of my primary areas of interest. During the course of my day I speak to several of our resi-

dents. They love to talk about themselves, their experiences, families, and things that concern them.

The most pleasurable part of my job is being able to "listen" to these elderly gems! The experiences they've endured could fill volumes.

One resident in particular, "Miss Sadie", loves to talk about how she reared 12 children, and a "no-good husband." When she talks about her children joy fills the room. You can't help but be caught up in it. Sadie puts on a rough exterior, but when she really gets going her deep ebony eyes gloss over with gentle moisture -- the realization of years of love and loss. I only wish you could see her, talk to her. It is truly a life-changing experience. The best part is that there are many more like her. That's the blessing! If you would have me I would be proud to write for you.

Elwood K. Tutt
Burlington, NC

GRANDMA'S KITCHEN



Comments and Requests

If you have a recipe that can help any of our readers, please send it to us.

INDIANA RELISH

You shared a recipe for Indiana Relish by Lizzie Long Hostetter. The recipe sounds good but how long do you cook it and can you can it?

Thanks, Carol

Searching for OLD grape butter recipe

I have been searching desperately for a recipe for grape butter. What I am

looking for is a apple/pear butter type recipe that is cooked up the old fashioned way, in an old copper kettle with a large wooden stirring paddle.

I have approx. 2 1/2 gallons of applesauce to which my, country as cornbread, cousin has told me that we'd need 1 Concord grape frozen concentrate per gallon of apple sauce.

As far as what spices to use, I don't know. My cousin has made many a turns of apple and pear butter from her ol' copper kettle, but has never made grape butter before.

My father-in-law & grandfather have told me of their mother's making grape butter. Neither of them have had it since, both are in their 80's.

I intend on making this soon, be it right, wrong, or indifferent; but I'd appreciate some help. We've got the basic idea, but not the old time recipe.

Would be most grateful if you could help me out with this.

Thanks, Sara

Spinach Recipes

I would like a recipe with spinach as a salad.

Turnip Pie

I am looking for a recipe for Turnip Pie. Does anyone have one they could send to me?

Thank You
Ivan Gromling
Manchester, PA

Sugar Cream Pie

Hello, I had a really good recipe for sugar cream pie, but I lost it. Does anyone have a recipe they can send?
Mz Kitty Kat

Carmel Cake

Hi, I saw your Carmel Cake recipe, and wanted to make it but no directions. Does anyone have any directions they can give to me?

Thanks

Linda

Editor and Proofreader Needed

The *Grandma's Kitchen* section of our magazine needs an editor and proofreader. If you have a good working knowledge of grammar, punctuation and capitalization and would like to volunteer to help edit these letters and recipes, please contact us.

This is a non paying position, but the emotional rewards of helping others is priceless. Would be a great opportunity for a retired teacher or cook.

Old Family Recipes

Whether these family recipes help to take you back to your favorite childhood mealtime memories, help preserve the legacies of your grandparents, or simply allow other generations to experience preparing and eating the exact same foods as their ancestors, each recipe is a keeper.

Nanny's Chocolate Cake

Emma Wike nee Feaster

1907-1974

Fredricksburg, PA

1 ½ C flour

1 ¼ C sugar

1 tsp. soda

1 tsp baking powder

1 tsp. salt

½ C cocoa

The woman in white is Emma Feaster Wike.



Sift these ingredients together.

2 eggs
½ C shortening
1 C hot water
Melt together & mix with above ingredients.

Grease & flour oblong pan and pour mixed ingredients into pan.

Bake @ 350

for 30 minutes.

Submitted by her son
William H. Wike

100 Year Old Pork Cake

Karen Clapp

Birdseye, IN

1 lb. salt pork (all fat)

1 pt. boiling water

4 cups sugar

1/2 cup molasses

1 egg, well beaten

1t. baking soda

1t. nutmeg

1t. cinnamon

1t. cloves

1 lb. raisins

6 cups flour

Directions: Put pork through grinder, add boiling water and let stand until lukewarm. Stir in sugar, spices, soda, egg and molasses. Sift flour and raisins into pork mixture, stirring until well blended. Pour into well greased baking pans and bake for 2 hours at 300

Notes: This cake can be eaten as soon as baked and cooled or it will keep for weeks.

Why did everything
seem to taste so
much better when
we were children?

Applesauce Spice Squares

Beverly Fisher

Glen Ridge, NJ

2 cups flour

2 tsp. baking soda

¾ tsp. cinnamon

¼ tsp. cloves

¼ tsp. nutmeg

½ cup butter

1 cup granulated sugar

1 egg

1 tsp. vanilla

1 ½ cups canned applesauce

1 cup coarsely chopped nuts

1 cup light or dark raisins

Preheat oven to 350° F
add flour with soda, cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg. In large bowl at med. speed cream butter with sugar until light and fluffy. Add egg and vanilla. Beat well at low speed, beat in flour until combined. Add applesauce and raisins. Stir with spoon. Bake 25 min.

Green Bean Salad

Louise Weaver

Elkhart, IN

½ cup vinegar

½ cup sugar

1 tsp. salt

dash pepper
dash Accent (seasoning)
4 cups green beans
1 cup onions sliced thin
1 cup green pepper sliced thin
1 can pimentos

Frank's Rum Pudding Cake

Franklin T. Wike

1925-1986 Riverside CA



Submitted by his brother
Harvey A. Wike

1 box Devil's Food Cake Mix (2-layer size)
2 small boxes instant chocolate pudding mix
1 small box pistachio instant

pudding mix
1 small box butter pecan pudding mix
1 box dry *Dream Whip Mix* (4 packets)
5 Tbls. Rum flavoring or rum
1 package chocolate fudge frosting

Grease and flour 2 round 9-inch cake pans. Prepare cake mix following directions on the package using 1 package of instant chocolate pudding mix. Stir 1 tablespoon rum into the batter before dividing equally between the greased and floured cake pans. Bake following directions on package. When baked, remove from oven and allow to cool. Chill in refrigerator until very cold, at least 1 hour.

When cold, cut each layer in half to make 4 layers.

While cake layers are baking put each of the remaining packages of pudding into a separate bowl. Following directions of pudding mix box, add enough milk to the mix to make a thick pudding filling. Chill

puddings until very cold.

Place 1 of the chilled cake layers cut side up on a serving plate. Cover with layer of pistachio pudding. Place second cake layer on top of pistachio pudding. Add a thick layer of the cold chocolate pudding. Place third cake layer on top of pudding. Spread over a layer of butter pecan pudding. Place fourth cake layer on top of the butter pecan pudding. Refrigerate.

While filled cake is chilling, prepare chocolate frosting mix following directions on package; add 1 tablespoon of rum or rum flavoring. Remove chilled cake from refrigerator. Frost top and sides with chocolate frosting. Return frosted cake to refrigerator until ready to serve, garnished with whipped cream. This can be made and refrigerated overnight. Yield: 16 servings.

Tip: Before cutting the cake, dip the knife into hot water. Cut the cake in half before cutting separate servings. Continue to dip the knife into hot water before cutting each slice.

Recipes

Yorkshire Pudding

Heather Gale Roberts

Ontario, Canada

Submitted by

Kelly Denise Baker

Yorkshire pudding is a simple, quick pan bread traditionally made for Holidays to go with roast beef and mashed potatoes.

1 cup unbleached white flour
1 cup whole wheat pastry flour
1 teaspoon salt
2 egg replacements, beaten
1 cup soy milk
1 cup very cold water
2 tablespoons margarine, melted

Preheat the oven to 425 degrees. In a mixing bowl, combine the flours and salt. Make a well in the center and add the egg replacements. Stir together briefly, then add the soy milk and water, a bit at a time. Stir until the batter is smooth, but don't overbeat.

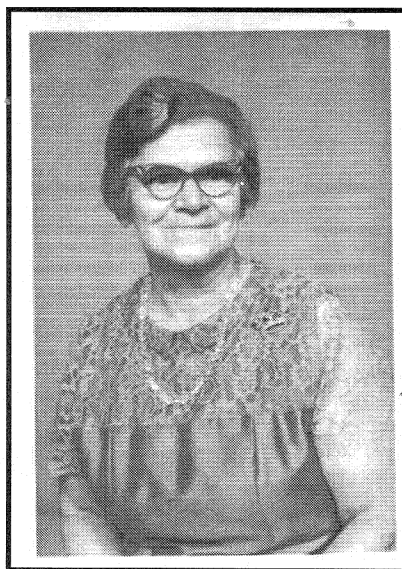
Swirl the melted margarine around a shallow, 9 by 13-inch baking pan. Pour out any excess and reserve. Pour the batter into

the pan and pour any remaining margarine over the top. Bake for 20 minutes, or until golden on top and a knife inserted into the center tests clean.

Apple Butter
(Oven Method)

Marion Hostetter nee Leedom

1903-1981 South Bend, IN



7 lbs. apples or (6 cups apple sauce)
3 lbs. brown sugar
1 cup vinegar or cider
2 tbsp. cinnamon

Cook apples until soft & press through sieve. Add rest

of ingredients & put in oven. Bake 3 ½ hours at 350. Stir occasionally. Pour into jars and seal. Makes 5 qts.

Irish Whiskey Cake

Marion Roberts

Ontario, Canada

Submitted by

Kelly Denise Baker

1/2 c walnuts, chopped
1/2 c Irish whiskey
12 oz chocolate chips
1 c margarine, softened
1 1/2 cup of sugar, divided
8 eggs, separated
1 tbsp vanilla
1 1/2 c flour
1/2 tsp salt
3 c heavy cream
1/2 c confectioners' sugar
4 squares chocolate

Preheat oven to 350. Butter two 9-inch round cake pans. Line bottoms with wax paper, butter and flour paper. Combine walnuts and whiskey, let stand 30 minutes. In double boiler over hot, not simmering water, melt chocolate. In bowl with mixer at high speed beat butter and 1 cup granulated sugar until light and fluffy. Beat in egg yolks and vanilla

until light and lemon-colored, for about 5 minutes.

Reduce speed to medium; beat in chocolate. Reduce speed to low; gradually beat in flour and salt. Stir in raisins and walnuts.

In another bowl beat egg whites until soft peaks form. Beat in remaining granulated sugar, 1 tbsp at a time, until stiff peaks form. Stir 1/3 of mixture into chocolate batter to lighten, fold in remaining mixture. Spoon batter into pans. Bake 35-45 minutes or until inserted toothpick comes out clean. Cool in pans 10 minutes. Remove from pans, peel off waxed paper and cool on racks. In bowl with mixer at high speed beat cream with confectioners' sugar until soft peaks form. Spread top of 1 cake layer with whipped cream, top with other layer. Spread top and sides of cake with remaining whipped cream. If desired, sprinkle cake with chocolate shavings and curls.

Let chocolate stand in warm place. Place 1 square

on wax paper. In short strokes, slide vegetable peeler across surface, repeat with second square. Press shavings onto sides of cake. For curls; place remaining chocolate on wax paper; pull peeler across in long, thin strokes. Makes 16 servings.

Winter Fruit Salad

Verna Wike nee Hostetter

1925-2000 Elkhart, IN



1 cup chopped apples
1 cup diced orange
1 cup diced banana
½ cup chopped dates
½ cup broken nuts

Juice of half lemon
1 head lettuce
1/2 cup mayonnaise
1/2 cup whipping cream
1/2 cup green or red grapes
Mix first 6 ingredients.
Serve on lettuce leaves. Mix
mayonnaise with whipped
cream & add grapes. Top
each serving with dressing.

Angel Cake

**Lizzie Fink Hostetter nee
Long**
1881-1961 Annville, PA



1 cup Swansdown flour
1 1/2 cups granulated sugar
1 level tea spoon cream
tarter
Sift flour 4 times before
measuring.
Sift sugar twice

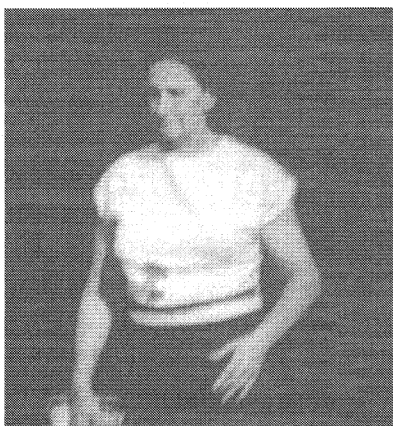
Beat almost stiff, then add
cream tarter.
Beat till you can hold upside
down without spilling, then
mix sugar. Fold flour last.

Directions: Start in slow
oven for about 20 minutes,
bake taking at least 1 hour

Notes: The notation of using
a slow oven is an indication
this recipe was used in a
wood burning oven that did
not have a thermostat.

Chess Pie

Henretta (Pyle) Alexander
1920-2001 Tell City, IN



Submitted by her granddaugh-
ter Peggy Dixon
1 stick warm butter
1 1/2 cup sugar

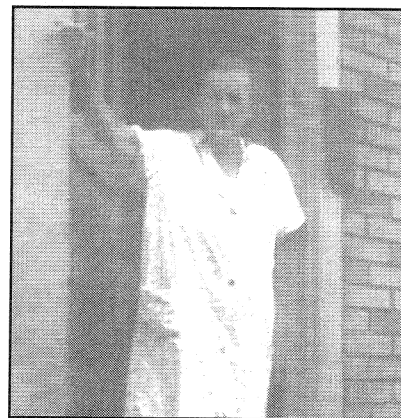
3 eggs
1/2 cup coconut
1/2 cup pineapple
1 tablespoon corn meal
Mix and bake in unbaked
crust at 350 degrees for 1
hour

PIE CRUST

2 cups of flour
1 cup shortening
1/2 cup of cold water
Pinch of salt.

FLOUR FROSTING

**Minnie (Marchal)
Weatherholt**
1899-1981 Tell City, IN



Submitted by her great-
granddaughter Peggy Dixon
3 tablespoons flour
1 cup of milk
pinch of salt

Recipes

Cook stirring constantly
until thick Let cool
Cream: 1 cup shortening
1 cup sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla

Add flour paste a little at a
time to creamed mixture.
Beat until frosting is real
fluffy.

Bread Pudding Sauce

Pauline Summers
Owen County, IN

1 cup sugar
2 tablespoons corn starch
2 cups boiling water
1/4 cup butter
2 teaspoons vanilla

Corn starch may clump in
boiling water, so try adding
it to cold water and bring to
a boil.

**Honor Thy Mother
or grandmother or any
other favorite cook in
your family.**

Send us a copy of your
favorite family recipe,
along with the name and
photograph of the person
that you inherited the recipe
from.

Genealogy Corner



This photo MAY have been taken at a Feaster or Wike family reunion. If you recognize anyone in this photo, please let us know.

Jackie Brown

Hi, I am seeking info for a friend of my daughter. He wants to know where his dad might be. Can you help? His blood father's name is Jackie Brown, possibly with the middle name Lloyd. He was born around 1960, possibly in Texas. Jackie had a child out of wedlock with Carla Denise Germann. This is a

nice kid. He turned 17 years old yesterday. Thank-you for your time.
Becky B.

Linda Josey

My name is Linda Josey and my husbands name is Ricky Dale Josey. I was looking on my name and I saw our name in the computer from your website but I could not pull it up. If

you can help me, please let me know. Thank you.

Reply

Yes, your name is in our genealogy database and the reason you could not find any additional information is because we remove all the dates. This is a result of our desire to protect the privacy of living individuals.

We have sent you a copy of the genealogy information we have on your family. If

you have any additional questions, please let us know.

Vance Bumgarner

I am searching for ancestors for my family tree. My grandfather was Vance Monroe Bumgarner.

For some reason I am having problems with finding information on his side. He had many brothers and sisters.

I am new to this but

We believe the school photo below was taken around 1909, possibly in Elizabethtown, PA.



The girl on the far right is Marion Leedom.

If you recognize the school or anyone else in this photo, please let us know.

would really like to know about my heritage. What can I do for some help in finding out about this? I know he served in the Army and also I think worked on the railroad or something to that effect. Please help me. Thank you very much. Tamie Bumgarner Blackburn

Reply

We have volunteers that can help point you in the right direction and even help do some of the re-

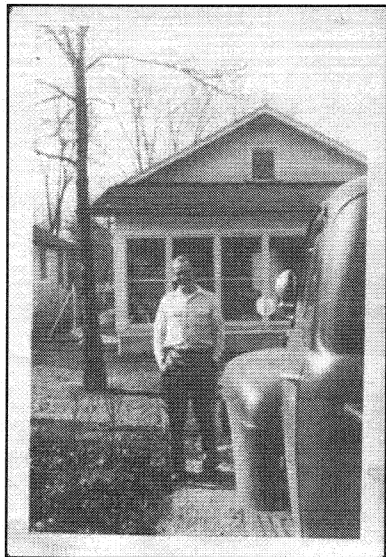
search for you, but a little additional information such as the state and town where your grandfather was born or died, will help.

If you have the dates as to when he was born or died,

that will help also. If he died after 1936 and had a social security number, one good starting point would be to check the Social Security Death Index. This can be done over the Internet or you can contact us and we will do the search for you. Once you have obtained your grandfather's SS #, you can apply for a copy of the application he filled out to get a SS#. This application form will have the date and loca-

Old Truck

This photo was taken around the 1950's and we are trying to find out what type of truck this is. The man in the photo is Warren Hostetter of South Bend, IN.



Ford Truck

In the photo shown above, I think you have a FORD truck there. Princeton91142

tion of his birth plus the name of his parents.

Holdredge Nebraska

I'm in the process of trying to find an old photograph of my father's gas station. The gas station was a Sinclair station located in Holdredge, Nebraska and was probably in operation during the late 40's to late 50's. I'm not sure if there was ever a photo taken, but thought I would research it. The "Buildings and Towns" portion of the old photographs location on your websites did not have any photos from my area. Any assistance would be greatly appreciated. Thank you. Judi

James Leroy Heaver

James Leroy Heaver had six children and was married twice. He had one child out of wedlock. The first wife's name was Donna {do not know maiden name.} They had four children together. 1 James Leroy Heaver Jr. 1958 or 1959 still living. 2 Kimberly Heaver, I think

she was born 1960. 3 Michele [Mickey] Heaver. 4 Sharyann Heaver, born 3-31-1966 and she died 8-6-1995 in IL. The second marriage was to Martha [do not know her maiden name.] They had one child together. 5 Jamie Shawn Heaver. The sixth child was with RUTH Ann Cowley. 6 James Michael {Cowley} Heaver. All the children are still living except Shayann. Anyone with additional information on this family, please contact Cowley112000@aol.com

Ott/Mehr Genealogy

Both these surnames are linked to my family. I am curious if your circa 1800 Ott family is from Pfalz, Bayern or Bavaria, Germany, near the Aschaffenburg area. Also, my name is Mehr, but they are from the Trier area/Luxembourg/Prussia. There are many from Pfalz area as well.

My father told me they were all connected and knew of each other, whether it be Luxembourg/Trier areas or Pfalz, Bayern. He indicated there were branches of these

families that moved together and intermarried. But, as we all try to do, is to first establish the direct links, which then may lead to other findings of shirt tail relatives. Thank you.

Zudak

Lucia Redwell

I have been investigating my genealogy and found your e-mail address on the internet. I am very curious about how you found Lucia's Redwell's name and geneal-

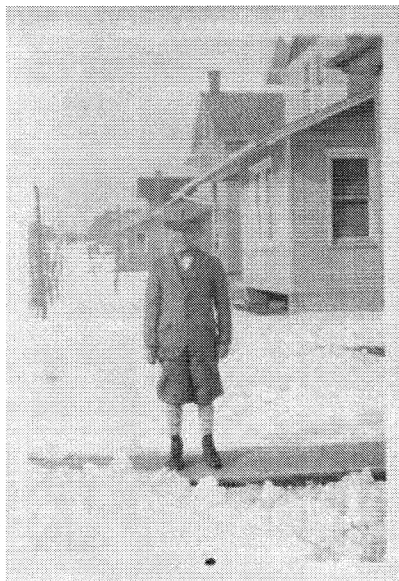
ogy. From my investigation Dr. Patrick Briscoe, who was my great great grandfather, was married to a Lucy P. Marable in Monroe GA on May 24, 1853 and their off springs were John Rodwell Briscoe and Emma Jordan Briscoe Paschal. Do you have proof of Lucia's name and parentage, etc. We have some discrepancies in regard to this. I will appreciate any information you can contribute.

Stonehaven@erols.com

1920's Clothing Styles

This photograph was taken in the 1920's, around Lebanon, PA. It shows the "typical" dress pants worn by city boys during the time frame. Does anyone know what these type of pants were called and how old a boy had to be before he was allowed to wear long pants?

The boy in this photo is **Bruce Brown**. If you are related to Bruce and would like a copy of this photograph, please contact us.



This photo was taken around 1907.

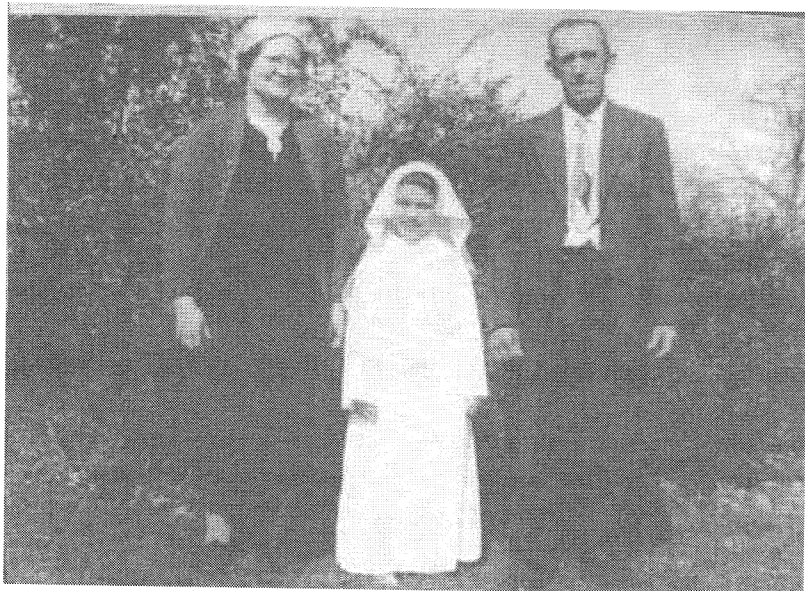
William Abraham Beaty (left rear) was born in 1887 or 1888.

Rella Mae Beaty nee Mathers (right rear) was born between 1882 and 1885.

Inez Florence Beaty (standing) 1905 to 1980

Russell Beaty (baby) 1906 to 1979

If you are related to this family and would like a copy of this photo, please contact us.



Rochner Family

This photo was taken around New Albany, IN during the early 1950's.

From left to right

Florence E. Rochner nee Kochert: 1915-1996

Jo Ann Rochner: Living

Leonard Marcellus Rochner: 1905-1976

If you are related to this family and would like a copy of this photo, please contact us.

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Send your digital images in a jpg format to: uslegacies@aol.com. If you do not have access to a computer, most print shops will scan your photographs and put them on floppy disks that you can mail to us, or send us your originals and we will scan them for free.

The Centenarian

The Story of Irene Murphy

by Michelle Korgis-Fitzpatrick

Irene Murphy, a past resident of Springfield and Clever, Missouri, now a resident of Memphis, Tennessee, was born in Purdy, MO to William Marriott and Effie Lokey on September 4, 1902. She celebrated her 100th Birthday on September 4th.

Her maternal grandfather was the Reverend Jame Lokey who rode circuit for the Methodist church out of the St. Louis Conference. Jame dedicated the Hurley United Methodist Church, August of 1903. Many of her cousins from both sides of the family lived in or around Barry and Christian Counties. Irene lived in the Purdy or Clever area until 1908 when she moved with her parents to Colorado where they homesteaded.

In order to maintain a homestead, it was required the homestead have a "sod"

house dug into the side of a hill. On this land, her family raised horses, cattle, and grew a vegetable garden. During the winter months, her family lived in the town of Springfield, Colorado.

In 1913, Irene's father became ill and moved to the warmer climate of San Diego, California. The rest of the family moved back to Springfield, Missouri where Irene attended school for a while before moving back to Clever. Her father passed away in 1914.

After her father's death, Irene's family moved back to Colorado to live with relatives; She remained there until 1992. While living near the town of Greeley, she married Jack Murphy. Jack sold cars and trucks for a Ford dealer and played the banjo in a dance band.

They had a good life to-

gether and raised two sons. Her husband, Jack died in 1977, and Irene moved to Memphis, Tennessee to live with her youngest son, Jim. Irene is proud to be the grandmother of four grandchildren, one deceased, and five great-grandchildren. Not only has she been a wife, mother, grandmother and great-grandmother. She has also lived through five different wars; World War I, World War II, Korea War, Vietnam War, and the Gulf War. This includes the Terrorist Attack on New York City one year ago. About the wars, Irene says, "I hated them all."

She says that living through the depression years didn't significantly affect her because her dad always had work and they didn't do without. However, her family was still acutely aware of problems other people were having.

When asked what she thought were significant changes in the world since she was a girl, she responded, "The world has become a much more wicked

world. The pace of life is too fast. People are too concerned with material things like, cars, airplanes, TV's, space travel and computers." Irene believes life is too complicated to allow the happiness they experienced as extended families in the early days. But over all, she loves the idea of having been able to live for one hundred years. She's felt God left her on earth for different purposes at different times.

Her youngest son, Jim lives near the retirement complex that Irene now calls home. Her fellow residents in the retirement home, *Heritage Place*, say that Irene is an inspiration for them to keep on being independent and live a full life. Irene still recalls her early days in Missouri - she has fond memories of Clever and Springfield. She says that she has led an exciting life and has always felt, "His will be done" and that is what has sustained and nourished her for all of her one hundred years.

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Michelle Korgis-Fitzpatrick

Gladys Catherine Casper

by Susan J. Woodward

I was born in the province of Saskatchewan, Canada on March 7, 1918 on The Casper Farm. The first memory I recall is traveling in our horse and buggy as we bounced over the rough road, visiting our friends and neighbors on Sundays. We hitched up our horse and off we went, Mom and Dad in the front, my brother, my two sisters and me in the back. It was a great adventure and great fun. At the end of the day, we headed home, up the long, beautiful road with maple trees creating an arch to our simple farmhouse. The farm was beautiful and Dutch; our faithful collie greeted us with a happy wag.

We left Canada when I was seven. Dad lost the farm due to a dry spell, which ruined all the crops. Dad's sisters lived in Detroit, MI and convinced him to load us on the train and head to their

house. And so we did. At the border, we were stopped for identification and Mom did not have a birth certificate. We weren't sure they were going to let us in but eventually they did. After that she never felt confident leaving the states as she worried she might not get back in.

We lived with Aunt Mabel in Detroit for a few months until Dad got work painting and interior decorating. Then he built us a small garage house. A few years later, he saved enough money to build us a nice brick home where we lived until the depression. Then, once again, Dad lost the house. Sometimes I wondered how he could keep going without losing his faith but somehow he did. From then on, we rented houses.

Mom was a great cook and took care of the house and

the kids while Dad worked. They had some good friends named the Savages. When they visited us we had great fun playing and arguing over which of us got to sleep on the floor.

Dad died suddenly when he was 69 from a cerebral hemorrhage. My brother Bill, Aunt Helen and I bought a house together to provide for my Mom. Somehow, we all pulled together and managed to enjoy our lives until once again death knocked on our door. My brother Bill was diagnosed with Hodgkin's disease and died a few months later at the young age of 29.

I worked at Twin Pines which later became Sealtest Creamery. I enjoyed the fun and camaraderie of the work place. It was there I met my future and only husband, Harold. I married him 38 years later when I was 51 years old. My first marriage! Needless to say, we never had any kids but we had fun! The best times of my life were with Harold. He sang

Barber Shop Quartet and traveled around the world competing. When he sang my heart soared.

Today I am 84 years old and live alone in Northville Michigan. My husband passed away 7 years after we married. I have a sister I am close to, two nieces who are like my own daughters, and their children to fill my life. Sometimes I wonder how much longer I will be around, but then I remember that none of my life was written by me, and neither will the ending.

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Susan J. Woodward

**Editor and proofreader
needed for the Genealogy
section of our magazine.**

If you have a good working knowledge of grammar, punctuation and capitalization and would like to volunteer to help edit letters and requests for the genealogy section, please contact us.

This is a non paying position, but the emotional rewards of helping others is priceless.

THE MOUNTAIN

by W. Scott Bowlin

Our water came from a small creek that ran down the mountain from Papa's pond, although it originated higher up in the top of the mountain where it was actually a spring that bubbled out of a large crack in the rocky face of the mountain. We had hiked to that spring on numerous occasions, and as best I can remember it was between one and two miles up into the mountains, as we had to first walk down the holler and then head up by Walter's cemetery, following some old coal mining roads until they became nothing more than what was probably a mule path.

The water capturing process was simple. My father would lead us all down to the creek carrying one gallon syrup jugs our mother had gotten from Howard Johnson's where she worked. He would then begin filling the

jugs with a metal dipper from the creek. My sister and I were charged with carrying the filled jugs back to the house, one in each hand, and returning with two empty jugs apiece. My mother would assist in the filling until there were only eight jugs left and then we would all return to the house carrying two gallons of water each. There were about twenty-five jugs in all, and the distance from the creek to the house was approximately 150 yards. We did this once a week from the time I was three until we left Kentucky in 1977.

On the occasions that it rained, a whole new system went into action. A large twenty-five gallon trashcan was placed under the eaves of the house and allowed to fill up with water. We then drug it into the house where my father would pour it

through a sheet into another trashcan, filtering out all the sediment from the roof. After a couple of strainings, my sister and I were then trusted with the dipper to fill whatever empty jugs had accumulated throughout the week. Of course, the two trashcans were set aside for the next rain, as this was their only function.

We were always excited about the rain, because after the water was complete my sister and I could run out and play in that cool mountain rain, which to people who had never seen a shower or running water for that matter it must have really been a novel indeed. Perhaps in our childhood minds we pretended to be splashing about under the Cumberland Falls, or maybe it was just a joy to be in the cleansing rain. Whatever it was, it was about the best fun we ever had. And of course after the rain we could splash about in the mud puddles, which somehow always seemed to be chock full of crawdads. Later in life I would associ-

ate mud puddles with little puppies, but for different reasons. At that time period it was just good to be alive. The rain was cool and cleansing, the strawberries were wild and ripe, and there were blackberries and apples for the picking.

Nothing can compare to a fresh picked apple eaten in that cool Kentucky rain. Right after it quit raining, the whole world would cautiously sniff about to see if it was safe to come back out. The rain frogs would slowly start their melody, the katydids would begin their whirling, and a bobwhite would call off in the distance. The raindrops would drip from every leaf and the corners of the house, splashing in the puddles and on the rocks to give the whole ensemble the accompanying rhythm that every good orchestra needs. And the fresh smell! Nothing could possibly smell as good as the cool, damp air of a mountain that has just been watered from Heaven. The air was pure and clean, with maybe a hint of sassafras, or

perhaps a tinge of the wild onion that my sister's feet had just run across. And then, out came the mocking birds to welcome the sun as he pokes his head back over the mountain and smiles satisfactorily on the whole thing.

We spent many of our days down at that creek, my sister, my Uncle John, and myself. We would splash in it, go exploring, or build a dam out of the river rocks to form a pool deep enough to swim in. That crystal clear water harbored minnows, crawdads, and other sorts of life. We would sit on the bank and catch whatever we could, or make shapes out of the clay we dug. Perhaps we would make a grapevine swing to cross the creek with. Often we would just sit there and talk about nothing. Uncle John was a self-proclaimed expert on everything. He would smoke one of the Camels he had pinched from my father and enlighten Tammy and myself with things we never dreamed. It was from John

The Mountain

that I learned a real camel could go years without drinking, and then when he finally did drink he could swallow up a whole pond of water and store it in his hump.

One night we were at my Papa's house, upstairs in John's room. He had a back door that exited out at ground level, as the house was carved into a mountain. John confessed to sneaking out that door every night and meet with a friend of his who lived over on the next mountain, and they would go prowling around. I honestly could not figure what they would find to do; there were no other houses within a mile or so.

Anyway, on this particular night, all the adults were downstairs smoking corncob pipes (including my mom and Velma), and we were upstairs watching John. He was attempting to summon the spirit of Hank Williams, who was greatly revered in that area. We were sitting on the bed, and the kerosene

lantern was throwing shadows about the room in an uneasy pattern. That back door was open, and the whippoorwills and screech owls were trying desperately to outdo each other. There was a steady wind wailing across the mountain, and right when you thought things couldn't get any worse, the light almost completely died.

I mean it leaned right over and winked dark, before it slowly raised its head and lit the room back up. Of course, John knew right away what happened. Obviously, Hank Williams was in the room!

Things can get pretty creepy in the mountains. At night it gets so dark that you can feel the blackness pushing down on you. All kinds of nighttime creatures make a ruckus. Perhaps the absolute scariest would have to be the screech owl. On the walk up to Papa's house, we had a large garden spot plowed up. In the middle we had your customary scarecrow. A screech owl had decided he

wasn't scared of it, and set up his nightly vigil on the shoulders of this lonesome fellow. Now that scarecrow tirelessly watched over our garden, so that no less than nine or ten Bowlins would have plenty of fresh vegetables for cooking and canning. It seems a shame that that screech owl would sit on his shoulder and deliver such a blow to our scarecrow's self esteem. Nonetheless, he continued to guard our crops faithfully through all kind of weather.

The worst part was that every night after dinner we would walk around to Papa's house. Every night, in that pitch-black night, that screech owl would be waiting. Tammy and I would walk slower and slower, bug eyed and hugging tightly. Without fail, we would get halfway past that scarecrow, and Old Mr. Owl would let loose. That sound would burn the hair right off your feet. We would scream and run the rest of the way, the gravel digging in our bare feet the whole time.

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W. Scott Bowlin

OLIVER BEAULIEU

By Kim Diehl

Santa Rosa has a ghost that refuses to be forgotten. It whispers its name down the street that runs alongside the old Rural Cemetery, but as time passes, its memory becomes increasingly distant and its identity obscured. Its name is Franklin, and it is the ghost of the town that died giving birth to Santa Rosa. Everyone in Santa Rosa knows Franklin Avenue, but only a few are aware of its history-and even that is sketchy at best. Until now, all we've known is that in the early 1850s, a man by the name of Oliver Beaulieu bought a beautiful parcel of land from the Carrillo family and established a small town on it. But within a few short years Franklin gave way to Santa Rosa and Oliver Beaulieu left the valley, his legacy reduced to being remembered only as a "French-Canadian fur trapper."

But who was Oliver Beaulieu? Who was the man behind the "fur trapper" myth? In 1999, some of his descendents were found who were thrilled to help solve the mystery. Listening to them leaf through the pages of Oliver's life is like reading an Old West adventure book, full of danger, intrigue and romance. But most of all, what his story contains is the type of formidable courage and spirit that defined the American frontiersman. His life spanned almost the entire 19th century, and the tales of him as he moved across the continent, battling every danger that God and Man could place in his path, are so notorious that they have been handed down from generation to generation of Beaulieus who know him today as Grandfather Oliver.

Here, in him, is an outstanding piece of early California history. Headstrong,

adventurous, restless, multi-talented, tough and nobody's fool-these are some of the words his descendants use to describe him. The most common adjective they use, however, is "wealthy."

Oliver attracted money, and a photograph taken of him in the early 1850s forever puts an end to the grizzled fur trapper image. With the face and bearing more like Cary Grant than Grizzly Dan, he could, if alive today, forego the dusty trail in favor of the silver screen.

The spelling of the name Beaulieu received quite a beating for most of the Oliver's life, and county records display every possible vowel transposition that can be imagined (Bolio, Bolew, Bolyo... at least fourteen different spellings have been counted). Very French, the name is traced to Pierre Hudon, a seventeenth-century Canadian who was awarded a manor for deeds-well-done. The name of the estate was Beaulieu, which translates as "beautiful place" and Hudon took the name for his own.

Oliver's life began on March 15, 1810, in Trois Rivieres, near Quebec. The son of a farmer and miller, Oliver's independent nature matured quickly. Nearly 200 years later, there is still whispered among his descendants several somewhat shadowy tales of Oliver's "stern" father, who, by today's standards, might have been considered abusive. At any rate, Oliver left home at the age of fourteen and spent the next seven years working and traveling throughout Canada and New England. At 21 he landed in Boston and it was probably here, where he worked with a banker known as Childs, that he honed his great money-handling skills. Boston and banking held his interest for three years; then he moved on, traveling though Canada, New Hampshire and Michigan. While in Michigan he tried his hand at ranching but, the story goes, he was driven off his land by hordes of rattlesnakes. On the road again, his travels eventually led him to New Orleans. In 1844, when he was 34, he

joined Capt. John C. Fremont in the first of two expeditions that brought him to the West. His tales of adventure with Fremont include battling the perils of freezing weather, exhaustion, cholera and near starvation, but all the while he continued to build his personal fortune. By the time of his second Fremont expedition, his success was so well established that Beaulieu funded Fremont with \$5,000-a loan that, his descendants insist, was never repaid.

But to the family, more important than the slight of payment is the slight of recognition. They believe that the mountain peak named for Fremont in San Juan Bautista, where Fremont is credited for spying Castro's army as they gathered below during the Mexican War, should really be named for their illustrious ancestor. Oliver told his family that it was he himself who first ascended the peak, and if not for him, Fremont would never have made it up the mountain at all. Beaulieu family lore avows that Fre-

mont was in fact so ill that Oliver, after first scouting the mountain, returned to his company and carried Fremont up the mountain on his back. As an adult, Oliver's daughter Katherine lobbied every year until she died to have the name of the historic spot changed to Beaulieu Peak.

He left Fremont and went on to establish a tannery and distillery at Sutter's Fort, where he was in charge of producing saddles, brandy and aguardiente, an extremely expensive and potent concoction similar to cognac. His personal wealth was also growing through land deals he made in Sacramento. The county's Bidwell Park is said to be on land donated by Beaulieu.

The year 1846 found him in Sonoma as the distiller at General Vallejo's Lachrymis Montis headquarters. Old land deeds reveal that he was involved in many Sonoma County land transactions while he was there, and evidently he was no stranger to the old Blue Wing Inn. He was on site for the Bear Flag

Revolution-Sonoma County's infamous addition to the battle for control of the state-but exactly whose side he was on is a little vague. It is most likely that the independent Beaulieu was on the side of Beaulieu. Barbara Warner, in her book *The Men of the California Bear Flag Revolt and Their Heritage*, lists him as a Bear Flagger, but somewhat reluctantly. Her research uncovered some evidence of a rumor that implicates Beaulieu of having acted as a spy for Fremont. It's a rather romantic notion that would be in keeping with Beaulieu's daring character but, if true, might be more in keeping with his mercantile side: he probably seized the moment and capitalized on it. Warner cites Vallejo as saying, after the revolt was over, that Beaulieu was the *mallisimo oso superlativo* "the worst Bear of all." This may be because Beaulieu reportedly acted against Vallejo's orders by opening a bottle of the powerful aguardiente and passing it around the Bear mob. But

considering that the men were half-starved and wholly exhausted (and therefore easily knocked out) one has to wonder what Beaulieu's real motive might have been.

Regardless of where he stood during the Revolt, there doesn't appear to have been any unconquerable bad blood between Oliver and the Vallejos or Carrillos. Not long after the dust settled on that piece of history, they were doing business together again, and David Mallagh, the husband of Juana Carrillo, was present in 1852 at Oliver's wedding.

Oliver chose Mary Hood for his bride. It is possible that she was connected with the powerful Hood family of Los Guillicos, but the legend handed down through the Beaulieu family is that she may have been of Native American descent. They had a son together-Oliver Jr.-but their union was to be short-lived. Mary Beaulieu died within a few years of their marriage, but she has hardly been forgotten. The Beaulieu family still speaks of her to-

day.

There are a couple of pieces of evidence that revise the history of the Santa Rosa Rural Cemetery. Until this study was conducted the popular belief was that the cemetery was started by the Fulkerson family in the 1870s. However, the headstones date back to 1854, and we know now that this was during the Beaulieu occupation. Also, there is a tiny line in the old Cemetery Records book, compiled in 1922, that flatly states "Mary Hood-Bolio" as the donator of the land in 1853 (unfortunately the book offers no hard proof of this). And it appears that there was no cemetery there in 1852, or pre-Beaulieu. This can be proven by a bit of unwanted notoriety that Beaulieu received that sensationalized the Valley in that year. According to an 1852 edition of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, two men from San Francisco appeared at Beaulieu's door one evening that year. Five days later, both men were dead, and someone was spotted bury-

ing the men down at the bank of the creek. Scandal ensued and a coroner's inquest was demanded. The inquest revealed that the two men were Canadian-French friends of Beaulieu's partner Pinard and, having heard that the men were deathly ill, Oliver dispatched a buggy to carry them to his house so that they might recover their health. Unfortunately, the men were so advanced with Panama fever that the men died within minutes of each other a few days later. Fearing contagion to his family, Beaulieu wanted them buried immediately. Ultimately the inquest proved Beaulieu innocent of all possible misdeeds, and in the end praised him for his generosity and kindness.

Ten years later, the story was exposed again when a season of heavy rains caused the coffin and its skeletal contents to surface from its muddy grave. Witnesses insisted that the case be reopened and Beaulieu was forced to clear his name for the second time. But the importance of the story for our

story here is that if there had been a cemetery on the land at the time of the two deaths, the men would most likely have been buried there, not by the creek. This places the establishment of the cemetery between the years of 1852 and 1854, during the Beaulieu period. This was also about the time when Mary Beaulieu died, though the exact date or cause is still unknown. It is possible, then, to believe that perhaps the cemetery was not donated by her, but in honor of her. Mary Beaulieu may in fact have been the first to be buried in the Rural Cemetery.

Oliver sold his land in Santa Rosa in 1856 and moved with his son to San Jose. The family story is that he wrote home to Elise Pinard—who was probably his partner's sister—for her hand in marriage. Miss Pinard agreed, but only under the condition that if she were to travel to California from Canada, she must be allowed to bring her family. The deal was struck, and several Pinards are cited in the late-

19th century Santa Clara Valley directories.

Oliver settled in San Jose in the prestigious Willows District. The home he built for his family was so elegant that it was included in the 1888 publication of *Pen Pictures from the Garden of the World*, a book that features Santa Clara County's pre-eminent citizens. He bought 190 acres of choice agricultural land and began life as an orchardist and vintner, while at the same time investing in the highly successful Almedan Quicksilver Mining Company.

Elise Beaulieu is remembered as being a very lovely and kind woman. Oliver is remembered as being strict and autocratic father, ruling his family with an "iron fist in a velvet glove," but much loved and respected nonetheless. Together, the Beaulieus had twelve more children. His four handsome sons were considered the town catches, yet none of the Beaulieu children were allowed to go to the neighborhood dances. (That didn't matter. They conspired and

snuck out through an upstairs window after dark.) Oliver was a strict father, but music, art and literature were highly encouraged. Descending from him today is a line of prodigal and instinctive musicians.

He had a well-known temper. The courts in San Jose are laden with records of his complaints over stolen stock issues and the like. As he aged this temper seems to have caused him to become downright cantankerous, and there is within the family a rumor that someone once tried to have him committed to the local mental institution.

During an interview in 1999, Jessie MacGraw repeated a story she heard as a little girl from her Aunt Katherine, who was Oliver's daughter. It's possible that Oliver had a hard streak in his nature, because Katherine remembered that her mother would often lock herself in her room and cry because of something Oliver had done or said to her.

Even so, most memories of him are fond ones and his

Oliver Beaulieu

reputation as a trustworthy banker withheld. Dorothy Beaulieu, whose husband was Oliver's grandson, reports that Oliver became an in-home banker and was nicknamed "Old King Midas." Dorothy also says that there was a room reserved in his house that he used as a vault to store the money and gold he had been entrusted with. His children were allowed to play games with the gold pieces as long as they were responsible about it, and the door to the room was stopped by bags of gold.

For the rest of his life, Oliver Beaulieu resided in San Jose, his days of free-spirited adventure coming to a peaceful close. He died of natural causes in his Willows District home in 1896 at the age of 86, the patriarch of a family still proud to tell his tales—none of which involve fur trapping.

His elusive name-spelling problems were at last put to rest when he was. Carved into the tombstone, the inscription reads, "Beaulieu."

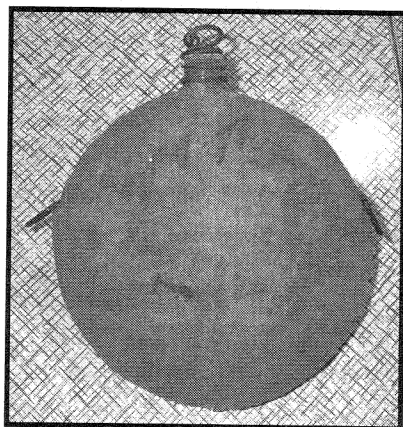
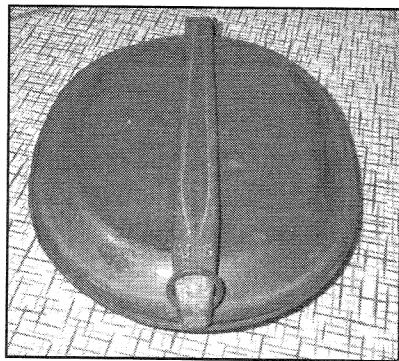
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War Time Memories

Spanish American War

My uncle got a canteen and mess kit from an uncle of his, with the last name of "Bingham." When he passed them down to me, I was told they were from the Spanish American War. The canteen does have the date August 9, 1918 scratched on it. Do you know how I can find out if these are really from that era?

Thank You
J.D. Browne



45th. Infantry Division

I am interested in obtaining information on the 45th. Infantry Division, during the time frame of 1952 to 1953, Korea. I served in the 279th Inf. Company "E" Thanking you in advance.
Tom Fitzpatrick..
Kernersville, N.C.

Reply

When the 45th Infantry Division moved to Korea in December, 1951, it was the

first National Guard division to go into combat in this war. It first served in the Yonchon-Chorwon area, and in sectors fronting Old Baldy, Pork Chop Hill, Heartbreak Ridge and Luke's Castle.

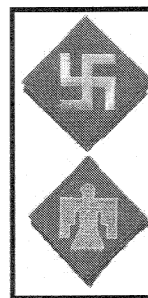
It was a different kind of war, because at that time the

mission was to hold positions and not to significantly advance. During most of the combat period, a battalion combat team of the Philippine army was attached to the 179th Infantry Regiment.

Beginning in the spring of 1952, the Oklahoma National Guardsmen, who had been called to duty for a two year period, began to phase out of the division to return to the United States.

Patches:

For the first 15 years of its existence as a division, members of the 45th proudly



wore on their left shoulders an ancient good luck symbol, the swastika, in yellow on a square red background. But when the swastika, albeit with tentacles facing in a different direction, was adopted by Adolf Hitler and his Nazi party in Germany during the 1930's, it became such an odious symbol that it had to be abandoned as the insignia of the 45th Infantry

Division.

For many months division members wore no insignia, while the design for a new emblem was being explored. Many designs were submitted, and the Thunderbird was selected. The design, which was to become famous in World War II and the Korean War, stated that the Thunderbird was an American Indian symbol signifying "sacred bearer of happiness unlimited."

Patches of Amphibious Truck Companies.

In response to the question in the November issue asking what patches would have been worn by members of an "Amphibious Truck Company," they would be a part of a "Transportation Battalion" assigned to a specific unit. In Korea, I was in the 514th Transportation (Truck) Company, of the 69th Transportation Battalion. We were directly under the 8th Army and wore the 8th Army Patch.

William H. Wike
Ssg A. Ret

49th AAA Brigade

Some members of the WW II 563rd Anti Aircraft Artillery Weapons Battalion have been searching to obtain the 49th AAA Brigade Patch for their own personal displays. Only a few of the patches were issued in our battalion during the war and no one seems to have saved one.



I have inquired about having one made but it is too expensive. They range from \$40 to \$100 for just one patch. I would like to obtain just one patch if it can be found.

I am sending along the history of the 563rd Battal-

ion, a picture of our weapons and a picture of myself.

General Timberlack of the 49th Brigade gave me a battlefield commission from a Gun Sgt. to 2nd. Lt. in Germany, April 1945

Grady Sink
N.C.



Reply

We found a supplier for the patch you are looking for. We are currently in the process of purchasing it and will be donating it to you, free of charge.

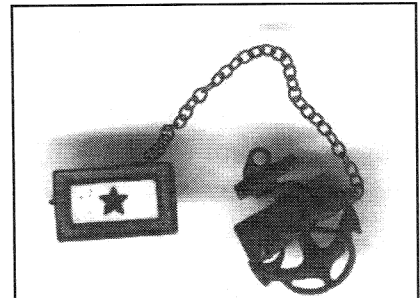
Thank you for sharing your photographs and for the many sacrifices you made to help keep our country free.

Navy Pin

The pin on the right, came off the uniform of my grandfather, Ivan Williamson of Tell City, Indiana.

Does anyone know what the star stands for?

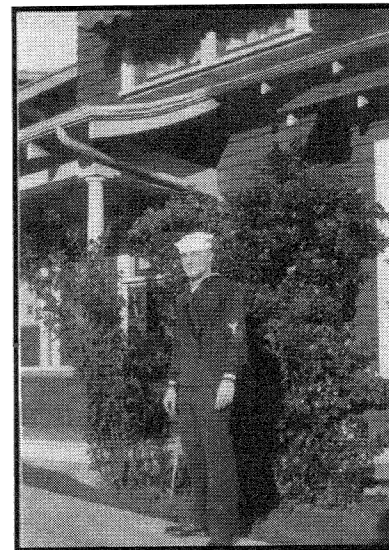
Thank You
Peggy Dixon



Milligan Family

The photo on the right is my father Donald Andrew Milligan. taken around 1946 in Mt. Pleasant, Michigan. He enlisted in WWII and was in for the duration of the war. He served in the infantry in Germany.

He was born June 6, 1920 in Oconto Nebraska and died



Jan. 20, 1990 at Mt. Pleasant, Michigan.

The Navy photo is a picture of my Grand-Uncle Harland Glen Milligan 1901-1941 CWT US Navy.

He enlisted in WWI and was in the Navy until his death in 1941.

Submitted by
James Milligan.

Unknown Soldier

The photo on the right was inherited from the estate of Henrietta (Pyle) Alexander, Tell City, Indiana.

If anyone knows who this person is, or what time frame this photo may have been taken, please contact us.

We would also be interested in knowing what branch of the service this uniform would be for.



Harold Raasch

The back of this photo has the name and address of Harold Raasch
1710 Olive Street
Higginsville, Missouri.

If you are related to Harold or know who he is/was, please contact us. We would also be interested in knowing what time frame this uniform represents.

His Finest Hour

by Beverly Ballaro, PhD

Few of the patients John W. Keller treated during his 38-year-long career in internal medicine at Massachusetts General Hospital would have suspected that his life-long dream of becoming a physician took flight with the pinning on of a pilot's wings.

During Keller's senior year at Harvard College, England was losing the war, its Royal Air Force struggling valiantly to hold off Hitler's Luftwaffe and delay the expected Nazi invasion. Keller found the contrast between the extravagant parties at Harvard and the suffering overseas unbearable: "By that time, two million Europeans, mostly Jews and forced laborers had died, and our newspapers every day showed the agony and bloodshed in England as hundreds of Nazi bombers visited English cities almost nightly. But there was de-



nial—incredible denial—of what was occurring. America was divided, with great rallies in Madison Square Garden proclaiming isolationism and the vote to start conscription passing in Congress by only one vote!"

The spirit of isolationism extended to college campuses. A petition stating "Under no circumstance will I bear arms in defense of my country" was circulated in Harvard's dining halls in 1940 and signed by nearly all undergraduates. "Far into the night," Keller recalls, "I would argue with my classmates about the tragedy in Europe. My friends goaded me with, 'If you are so sure Europe is in flames, why don't you join up?' So I did!" Unable to pay his way over to England, Keller joined the Royal Canadian Air Force under the Civilian Pilot Training program started by President Roosevelt. He began reporting regularly to Logan Airport, where he learned to fly in a tiny, 40-horsepower Piper Cub.

In Elementary Flying School in Canada, Keller learned to fly old biplanes called Fleet Finches. His instructor tied long red ribbons to the struts of his plane when he made his first solo flight. "I guess

it was a warning for other planes to steer clear!" he notes wryly. He polished his training on Prince Edward Island, where he graduated to the powerful 450-horsepower planes called, ironically, Harvards. "The Good Lord was watching over me," he says, recalling how he once lost control of his plane after a landing and knocked over a kerosene pot marking the end of the runway, spreading flames everywhere.

Near the end of his training, Keller received an offer to remain in Canada as an instructor but he was determined to join the action overseas. Three weeks before Pearl Harbor, Keller both earned his wings and got married. "The world seemed to be coming apart," he says. "My wife, Patsy, and I just prayed that, if it broke in two, we might both end up on the same piece of it." Three days after Pearl Harbor, he boarded the TSS *Letitia*, a converted hospital ship, out of Halifax for the two-week journey to Liver-

pool.

"The North Atlantic Ocean in December was an fearsome sight," Keller remembers, "especially at night on the blacked-out deck in a convoy of 20 ships. The U-boats were at the height of their success, so we all wore life jackets during daily drills." While Keller made the crossing, his wife headed home to Boston unaware that she was carrying their first child; Keller himself would not learn that he was to be a father for another five months.

When he arrived in England, Keller was told that no Hurricanes were available for training, as the fighter squadrons needed every last plane to defend against the daily Nazi raids. "Hurricanes," Keller explains, "were the real workhorses that won the Battle of Britain, even more so than the more celebrated Spitfires." To get his final flight training without delay, he boarded another troopship bound for the Middle East.

Keller was eventually ordered to report to No. 680 Squadron in Beirut, where he learned photographic reconnaissance in Hurricanes. In July 1943, he began flying missions on Spitfires traveling at 28,000 feet and 400 miles per hour while documenting the movement of Nazi troops and supplies below. Their Spitfires carried high-octane fuel in extra tanks inside their wings, enabling them to stay aloft for three or four hours at a time.

"On occasion," Keller remembers, "the engine would just come to a complete stop at 28,000 feet—quite alarming, until one switched a few valves and restored the flow of gas to the Merlin engine." He was later posted to Libya and ended up flying a total of 81 missions over Greece, Crete, and the Dodecanese Islands, for which he would later be honored with the Distinguished Flying Cross.

Keller had a number of close calls during his 81 missions.

His plane was subjected to anti-aircraft fire on occasion from German 88-millimeter guns on the ground below; the bursts were inaudible above the noisy Merlin engine; only the tiny, blinking lights visible at the mouths of the guns signaled to Keller that he was being shot at. There were natural hazards as well: "On one occasion, I was returning from Greece at 28,000 feet when the Spit began to shake pretty violently. I barely maintained my altitude and headed for the nearest base. After landing, I switched off the engine and discovered that ice had thrown the wooden propeller off balance; a foot was missing off one blade, and two feet off a second of the four-bladed prop."

Keller still has the bright red shirt he wore on ops. Each pilot in his squadron sat on a two-inch foam rubber pad covering a two-inch inflatable dinghy and a four-inch parachute; the red shirt was for maximum visibility should Keller end up in his dinghy in the mid-

Mediterranean. Occasionally, this type of dinghy had been known to inflate accidentally, pushing the stick forward and sending the plane into a fatal dive. So, Keller carried a hunting knife in his flying boot to stab the dinghy if the need arose. His only other weapon was a flare gun for sending up a signal in case he ended up in the water. Yet, Keller says, "I was delighted to be flying the world's best aircraft, the Spitfire, behind the best engine, the Rolls Royce Merlin, and in the world's best airforce. We flew unarmed, unpressurized, and, for the most part, unafraid!"

But Keller keenly appreciated the dangers he survived. He was one of only four Harvard College men from his class to volunteer and one of only two to come home from the war. And Keller's only brother, Russell, a naval officer, had been shot down and killed over Japan in 1945. When his service ended, Keller says, "I don't think I have

ever felt such joy as we headed home to Patsy, to my son Jeremy, to America, and back to *life*!" In his elation at arriving home, Keller left his full duffel bag leaning against one side of the car as he drove off from Boston's North Station. All his possessions, including his logbook, were never to be seen again.

Keller was admitted to HMS in September 1945, just after the war ended, a 24-year-old war veteran who was able to attend HMS in large part because of the Canadian equivalent of the GI Bill. He also relied on the generosity of his in-laws, with whom he and his family lived for the first two years of medical school. During his third year of medical school, the Kellers moved to the third floor of a house in Chestnut Hill. They had to economize on everything, driving an ancient 1924 Model T Ford, brewing their own root beer, and even roasting rabbits that had been used for pregnancy testing at the Boston Lying-in Hospital. After his



graduation from HMS, the hospital where Keller interned paid \$24 a month plus room and board.

Yet Keller relished the post-war freedom and opportunities won with the sacrifices made by those who served and, in too many cases, lost their lives. "The moral of all this," Keller insists, "is that extraordinary things can be done by ordinary people—and I was very ordinary."

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Beverly Ballaro, PhD

The Beach

by Eric N. Guel

The quiet tranquility of the seemingly undisturbed ocean was a stark contrast to the utter chaos just above the water's surface. Marion could practically feel the warmth of the Nazi bullets whirling past his head as he bobbed up and down, under the water one second, above it the next – a human target.

From a distance, the beaches at Salerno looked so peaceful, so calm. They reminded him of the beaches at Galveston, Texas, not too far from his home. He knew he was no longer viewing the beach from a distance; he was a mere 20 yards away from it, with the full knowledge that his short life could soon come to a terrible end. "It's all for God," he thought. "It's all for my country."

Marion was one of the few who actually volunteered for the war. His voluntary submission to the U. S. Army came when he saw

his brother's draft summons. The cold reality of war was now knocking on his door, pulling his brother from the safety of The Lone Star State, and into the grasps of the armed forces. At that moment, Marion knew he wanted to go, not as a draftee, but as a willing servant. "If I don't go, they'll get me to go anyway," he said stoically.

Despite his seemingly indifferent disposition, Marion wanted to go to war. He wanted to help rid the world of evil and to help liberate captives in lands far, far away. But now, this was far too real...

The water was cold; he hadn't noticed that before. The boats were under such intense fire that they abandoned their cargo in water that was at least seven feet deep. Unfortunately, Marion stood tall at 5'8". As his head popped above the water's surface, he filled his

lungs with life-saving oxygen, while keeping an eye out for potentially fatal bullets. Slowly, he made his way to the beach. It was the longest 20 yards he would ever swim. What was he swimming toward? The uncertainty made his legs feel like rubber, he prayed to God for strength.

Having both feet on the beach meant he didn't drown to death, a small victory. To his left he could see other Americans making their way to dry land, only to be shot upon arrival. At that moment, he declared to himself, and God, that he was going to live.

The beach was horribly loud. Marion remembered noise. "So much noise, you couldn't get a feel for where you were," he said. "Was this a dream?"

In the midst of the surreal drama, he managed to make his way closer, and closer to safety. The barrage of bullets seemed to lessen, and the next half-hour of his life was spent inching his way to cover. "Please, God, let me live," he prayed. "Please,

God, let my friends live."

His story of that day on the beach at Salerno isn't about heroics, and it isn't about serendipity. It's about a simple man from Texas who gave his life for his country. He followed the piper, Uncle Sam; he followed him to a beach where dozens of men, his friends, lost their lives. He knew someone had to go. He knew someone had to be willing to blaze the trail, to fight oppression – to die.

Death hasn't come to Marion yet. His body's still in good shape, even at 89. His progeny has multiplied and, thankfully, neither his children, nor their children, have had to witness war first-hand. "War does something to you," he said. "It makes you appreciate life; it makes you appreciate your family. There's nothing more dreadful than walking up to a village that's been ravaged by war. Everything there is dead. People, birds, dogs...everything."

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Eric N. Guel

Civil War Diary

of William H. Morgan

The conclusion of a diary that began last month. To order a copy of last months issue, send us \$3.50 and indicate that you want the December 2002 issue.

December 14, 1862

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

December 16, 1862

My brigade marched back a mile or so south of Fredericksburg and made camp near Guinea Station on the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad. Here, the men took to snowball fights, pitting regiment against regiment. While in camp, one of the soldiers in my company took sick and died.

February 1863

I was sent home on a detail to obtain supplies for the troops. I met my wife and

son at my father's plantation at Shady Grove. We then went to the home of my father in law, Capt. William Cocke, where our young son became very ill. He went into convulsions and died a few days later. He was buried in the Morgan family cemetery at Shady Grove. The day after the funeral, I had to return to my company at their new camp near Chester Station on the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad.

March 20, 1863

The brigade boarded a train at Petersburg and departed for North Carolina. We stopped at Goldsboro and made camp just north of the town. Here, we witnessed the execution of three deserters. From Goldsboro, we went to Kinston on the Neuse River. We proceeded down the Neuse to New Berne, which was occupied by the Yankees.

April 4, 1863

The brigade left North Carolina by train and stopped at Franklin Station on the Blackwater River, south of Petersburg. We crossed the river and marched in the direction of Suffolk, where we skirmished with the Yankee occupiers of the town.

May 9, 1863

The brigade arrived in Petersburg, and departed for Taylorsville in Hanover County.

June 2, 1863

The brigade received orders to join General Lee's army on his Gettysburg campaign. We marched through Hanover, Spotsylvania, Orange and Culpeper counties. On the march, I fell ill and had to ride in an ambulance to Culpeper. From Culpeper I was sent by train to Lynchburg. There, I went to the home of my brother in law George Burkes on College Hill. I was soon joined by my wife and father. My illness lasted three weeks, and I missed the battle of

Gettysburg.

July 1863

Battle of Gettysburg

My company lost six men. My brother Bob was wounded in both feet. While going forward as a part of Pickett's charge, he was shot in the instep of his right foot. He stopped to determine the extent of the wound, and another shot hit his left foot. He used his musket and that of a fallen comrade to fashion crutches and hopped to the rear. There, his faithful slave Horace took him on his back and carried him south of the Potomac, through the Shenandoah Valley, and eventually reached Shady Grove. The rest of the regiment eventually retreated to Culpeper where I rejoined the them at the end of the month. From there we marched to Spotsylvania County.

October 1863

The brigade was put under the command of General W. R. " Buck " Terry since General Kemper had been disabled by wounds received

at Gettysburg. They marched from Spotsylvania to Taylorsville in Hanover County. I was wearing a pair of new boots, and my feet became sore and blistered. After a while, I took off the boots and walked in my socks until the sand worked through them. Then I took off my socks and walked barefoot until the sand and gravel became unbearable, and was forced to put my boots back on. The brigade remained at Taylorsville through the winter, guarding the railroad bridges over the North and South Anna Rivers and doing picket duty to the east down to the Pamunky River.

January 1864

The brigade moved to a new camp at Chafin's Farm, below Richmond, and facing Drury's Bluff. I visited the batteries on the bluff, as well as the Confederate ironclad gunboat "Patrick Henry" which lay at anchor in the river nearby. While camped at Chafin's Farm, I was sent as a messenger by General Terry to the headquarters of

General Henry A. Wise and the Office of Colonel Isaac H. Carrington, provost marshal of Richmond.

January 10, 1864

The brigade was ordered to return to the area of North Carolina we had visited earlier in the war. We went by rail from Petersburg to Goldsboro, then marched to Kinston on the Neuse River.

February 1, 1864

The brigade accompanied General Pickett in his march down the Neuse River to New Berne, which was occupied by the Yankees. There was some fighting, but my brigade was kept in reserve and saw no action. We eventually marched back through Kinston to Goldsboro, where we remained until the end of the month. I received a 20 day furlough when we returned to Goldsboro.

March 1864

I returned to North Carolina to meet my brigade at Wilmington, where they had been ordered during my ab-

sence. Soon thereafter we marched up the river to Goldsboro.

April 1864

The brigade left Goldsboro and marched to Tarboro.

April 15, 1864

The brigade was put under the command of General R. F. Hoke and ordered to march on the town of Plymouth, on the south bank of the Roanoke River near where it empties into Albemarle Sound.

April 20, 1864

Plymouth was recaptured from the Yankees. An entire Yankee brigade was taken prisoner and large quantities of arms, supplies, and provisions were confiscated. My brigade made camp in front of Fort Warren, which had been erected by the Yankees during their occupation of the town.

Early one morning, I was put in command of a force consisting of my own company and Company G and ordered to attack the Yan-

kees who remained in the fort. The Confederate artillery was supposed to drive the enemy from the fort so that my men could engage them, but the battery was not successful and I had to order a retreat. Six of my men, including two from my company, were killed by the defenders of the fort. By the end of the day, though, the Yankees were forced to surrender the fort when they realized that the other fortresses in the area had been captured and they were surrounded by the Confederates.

April 25, 1864

The brigade was ordered to take the town of Washington, about 30 miles south of Plymouth, on the Tar River near the head of Pamlico Sound. When we arrived, though, we found that the Yankee occupiers had evacuate the area. So, we continued to march south to New Berne, a distance of about 35 miles.

May 2, 1864

The brigade surrounded

New Berne and prepared to attack the town, but were unexpectedly ordered to withdraw and march up the Neuse River to Kinston with all possible speed. At Kinston, we boarded a train for Goldsboro. At Goldsboro, we learned that the Yankees were threatening Petersburg and that we were being sent to protect the city. We could only take the rail as far north as Jarratt's Station, because the Yankees had destroyed the track. We marched seven miles up the torn up track to Stoney Creek where another train took us the rest of the way to Petersburg. We marched north of the city toward Richmond to occupy the line between Drury's Bluff and the railroad.

May 15, 1864

General Beauregard ordered my regiment to the extreme left of the Confederate lines, near Drury's Bluff, and to assault the Yankee breastworks* in the morning.

May 16, 1864

Battle of Drury's Bluff

My brigade arose before daybreak, marched along the river road, crossed a small creek near an old mill, and formed a line of battle to the right of the road with an open field in front. We were just behind an Alabama brigade commanded by General Gracie.

When the attack began in the wee hours of the morning, my men followed Gracie's brigade up the hill. After some fighting though, the Alabamians retreated. General Gracie was outraged and asked General Terry to send a regiment to take their place on the front. Terry gave him two brigades, one of them was mine. We raised the rebel yell and stormed the hill, where we encountered heavy fire. I came upon Colonel R. F. Maury, commander of the 24th Regiment, severely wounded and lying on his back. Soon, the men were ordered to cease firing as the remainder of our brigade had flanked the enemy and surprised them from the rear. The entire Yankee brigade had surrendered. My regiment went to the breast-

works to make the Yankees their prisoners. My brother Bob was fired upon by an enemy officer, but was spared because his aim was bad. Seven men in my company lost their lives in the assault, and many more were wounded.

May 20, 1864

My brigade marched through Richmond proudly carrying a Yankee flag we had captured at Drury's Bluff. We marched into Capitol Square, where a great number of dignitaries had gathered to watch us deliver the captured flag to the Confederate War Department. Afterwards, we departed by rail for Hanover to reinforce General Lee's forces. From Hanover, we were ordered to continue by rail to Milford Station in Caroline County, on the RF&P Railroad. Upon arrival at Milford, we made camp across the Mattaponi River, just west of the station.

May 21, 1864

Cavalrymen came into

the camp to report that the Yankees were planning a raid on Milford Station. Major Norton, commander of the 1st. Regiment, ordered his men to take position at a bridge on a hill some 600 yds. away. My regiment was held in reserve until the raiders approached. Then we marched across the river, crossed the railroad track, and took position on the hill. From the hilltop, I could see thousands of Yankee Cavalry in the distance, the advance divisions of General Grant's army. I reported this to Capt. Bob Mitchell of Company A, the ranking officer, but Mitchell replied that they had been ordered to hold the hill" at all hazards." I thought that a messenger should have been sent to inform Major Norton, but this was not done.

The Yankees continued to approach on two sides of the hill, firing on my regiment. Captain Mitchell was shot in the chin, and left the hill under the command of Capt. Thomas B. Horton of Company B. Capt. Horton and I then discussed the situation

and determined that retreat was the only option, but the men refused to leave the hill for fear they would be shot in the backs by the approaching Yankees. So, we determined to make our stand in the remains of an old icehouse at the top of the hill. It wasn't long before the Yankees rushed up the hill at our trenches and all 75 of my surviving comrades were made prisoners of war.

As the Yankees approached, one of them was shot from behind by one of his own men and his brains splattered the Confederates in the old icehouse. Seventeen of the Confederates were members of my company, including my brother Bob.

May 22, 1864

My brother-in-law Robert Cocke wrote to my wife to tell her of my capture. His slave Horace gathered my belongings together and carried them back to Shady Grove. All of us prisoners were marched to the post of Torbet's Cavalry and surrounded by a strong guard. We were well treated, and

the Yankee officers even gave us wine and cake. Then we were confined in the captured depot at Milford and watched Hancock's Corps cross the Mataponi River. We spent the night in an old barn. One of the Yankee guards asked me, " Old man, were you drafted? " The reason he asked was because my hair had gone gray during the war, though I was only 27 years old.

May 23, 1864

As prisoners, we followed the Yankee army to the north side of the North Anna River, opposite General Lee's position. We were joined by more prisoners, including Colonel Brown of South Carolina, and slept in a clump of bushes near General Grant's headquarters.

May 24, 1864

General Grant rode by the prisoners and I got a good look at him. He reminded me of my uncle Mack Morgan, " not to striking or prepossessing " in appearance. Afterwards, the prisoners

were turned back for Port Royal on the Rappahannock River. During the march we passed a large number of Negro troops, the first I had ever seen. As we continued, my brother Bob and I both took ill and stopped by the roadside.

A Yankee officer commanding the rear guard left a big Dutch corporal in charge of us, with instructions to bring us along when we were again able to march. He took us to a nearby house, where we rested under the shade of some locust trees. The lady of the house gave us ice water and biscuits with peach preserves. After about half an hour, the Dutch corporal put us on horses and lead us back along the road for about a mile. Then, he tired and Bob and I who had recovered sufficiently gave up our mounts and continued on foot.

May 26, 1864

We arrived at Port Royal. I wrote a letter to my wife including a list of the local men who had been captured,

and asking that she have the Lynchburg papers publish the names.

May 27, 1864

The prisoners were put aboard an old freight ship and steamed down the Rappahannock into Chesapeake Bay, then up the Potomac River to Washington. In Washington, the officers were separated from the enlisted men.

May 28, 1864

The officers were sent to the Old Capitol Prison in Washington, while the enlisted men (including my brother Bob) were shipped out to the prison at Point Lookout, Maryland.

June 1864

We were moved from Washington to Fort Delaware. We went by boat down the Potomac to the Chesapeake Bay, passed out into the Atlantic Ocean, went between Cape Charles and Cape Henry, then up the coast into Delaware Bay. My brother, James Lorenzo Morgan, was then living in

Brooklyn, New York, and was able to furnish the prisoners with clothes and supplies. James also sent supplies to my brother Bob and his brother in law Watkins Leigh Brown, who were both imprisoned at Point Lookout. I was assigned a bunk with my comrade Capt. Horton of Company B.

August 20, 1864

I was one of 600 prisoners selected by the Yankees to be taken to Charleston Harbor, to be placed in front of their artillery batteries on Morris Island. This was done to discourage the confederates in the city from firing on them. We were sent by sea aboard an old freight steamer, "The Crescent."

Again, I was assigned a bunk with Capt. Horton.

The pilot of the steamboat was a Southern sympathizer and planned to run the ship aground near a Confederate battery on the Carolina coast. Instead, he ran aground on some of the barrier islands out of sight of the mainland. Colonel Van Manning of Arkansas deter-

mined to take control of the ship, and I was with him when he wrote a letter demanding the Yankee officers to surrender. But, a Yankee gunboat appeared before the Confederates could take the ship.

We were pulled off the sandbar and continued to Charleston. But, preparations to receive the prisoners in Charleston were not complete so we continued to steam down the coast to Port Royal Sound. Here, we remained a few days at anchor in shark infested waters. A number of prisoners attempted to escape by swimming to the shore, but only one was successful.

September 7, 1864

Preparations now being ready to accept prisoners, we steamed back to Charleston Harbor and landed at Morris Island, about halfway between the Yankee garrisons at Fort Gregg and Fort Wagner. We were met by two lines of Negro soldiers who marched us two miles up the island to a pine stockade

where several small fly-tents had been arranged. The stockade was under the command of Lt. Colonel William Gurney of the 127th New York Regiment, who was greatly despised by the prisoners because he gave them worm infested food. The Negro guards treated us much better than their white commanders.

One day, we were taken out of the stockade, put on barges, and towed out into the harbor. We stayed there overnight while the stockade was searched for contraband and inspected for tunneling. Another time, the ladies of Charleston sent a boat out to the island under a flag of truce to supply the prisoners with pipes and tobacco, as well as some good food. The Confederate artillery very rarely fired on the nearby forts after the prisoners were put on Morris Island, but I did witness a fight between an ironclad ship and a mainland battery.

October 18, 1864

We were marched out of

the stockade and put on barges to be towed to Fort Pulaski on Tybee Island, Georgia, at the mouth of the Savannah River. The fort was under the command of Lt. Colonel Gurney's superior, Colonel W. W. Brown of the 127th New York, who treated their prisoners kindly. But, General J. G. Foster, Brown's superior, ordered that the prisoners should be fed wormy cornmeal and pickles in retaliation for the Confederates feeding the same to Yankee prisoners. Scurvy soon set in and my bunkmate Capt. Horton had it pretty badly. I was able to trade a ring to a Yankee soldier for a good chunk of meat, which helped me avoid the disease. Some prisoners even took to eating cats, and I tried a small piece myself. One compassionate Yankee major went out net fishing one day and brought back a large catch of fresh fish for the prisoners, but he was forbidden to repeat the gesture.

I occupied my time playing chess, and my chess club even put out a newsletter

that we passed around the fort. I was one of the scribes and preserved a copy which I later gave to the Confederate Museum in Richmond. It was put in a glass case in the Virginia Room in the White House of the Confederacy.

March 1865

Rumors abounded that the prisoners were to be moved, and the men plotted to take over the ship. The plan was to overpower the guards and run the ship to Nassau or some other neutral port in the West Indies.

March 3, 1865

The prisoners' guards told us that they had received orders from General Grant to take them to City Point, Virginia on the James River, to be exchanged for Yankee prisoners.

March 4, 1865

We steamed up the coast to Hilton Head, where we took on more prisoners. But the ship was so heavily laden, that the captain refused to put out to sea. So,

the prisoners were transferred to the ship "Illinois" and sailed for Norfolk. No effort was made to seize the ship from the guards as all the men expected to be exchanged shortly. I came down with severe seasickness on the voyage.

March 7, 1865

The "Illinois" dropped anchor at Norfolk.

March 8, 1865

The prisoners heard the bad news that, instead of being exchanged, where were actually been sent back to Fort Delaware. Apparently, the Yankees were too embarrassed to turn over the prisoners in our horrible condition.

March 12, 1865

We arrived at Fort Delaware.

April 1865

Word reached us that General Lee had surrendered, and the Virginia officers held a meeting to determine what should be done. The Yankees had offered us

freedom if we would take an oath of allegiance to the United States government. Captain Don Halsey of Lynchburg urged the men to "take no action at present", which motion I seconded and was carried unanimously.

April 15, 1865

Word reached us of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. The guards were angry and vindictive, and we feared for our lives.

May 21, 1865

My brother James obtained a special order from Washington calling for my release from Fort Delaware. He brought the order to Fort Delaware and escorted me back to his home in Brooklyn. We traveled by sea aboard the steamer "Mentor", going up the Delaware River to Philadelphia, then by train to New York.

June 1865

After I had two weeks to recover, I was able to join James and his family in returning to Virginia. We took

a steamer from New York to Norfolk. From there, we proceeded up the James River to Richmond and found the old capital city in ashes. Here, I was reunited with General Kemper and other former comrades in arms. We continued our journey to Lynchburg on the old Richmond & Danville Railroad, but the tracks had been partially destroyed and we had to stop at Burkeville. James and his family continued to the next station at Farmville while I stayed behind to guard their luggage. I followed them to Farmville the next day, and continued by rail to another break in the road at James River below Lynchburg. Here, we transferred to an old canal boat, drawn by mule to the city. We spent the night in Lynchburg before traveling the remaining 21 miles to my father's home in Campbell County. The family had lost many thousands of dollars in property during the war, and had been forced to sell our plantation at Shady Grove. But, all of the family had survived the war.

Brother Bob returned from
Point Lookout, and Brothers
Coon and Taylor

(who had served in the cav-
alry at the end of the war)
also returned.

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US Army Dress Blues

We have received a number of requests for photographs of the US Army "Dress Blue Uniform" and the "Dress Whites."

We do not have any photographs available at this time of the "Dress Whites," however we did receive this photo of Harvey Wike in his "Dress Blue Uniform," when he was an Army Recruiter.

This photo was taken in 1972 near Hobby Airport, Houston, Texas. He was working out of a 7 man station in Pasadena, Texas at the time.



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