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Photographs of Antiques Needed

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

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

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Check us out on the web at: www.uslegacies.org

Life may not be the party we hoped for,
but while we're here we should dance.
- Unknown

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Letter From The Editor

Freedom



When I think of July, I think of Independence Day. A day of fireworks, picnics and celebrations. This is the month that many Americans show their appreciation for our freedom. But there are many types of freedom and it usually comes with a price.

When I think of the original revolution this country fought, in order to gain our independence, I think about my ancestors and wonder how the war against the British might have effected their lives.

I have ancestors that settled in Pennsylvania as early as 1732 and I don't know if any of them actively defended their land against the British, or even against Indians at some time during their life, but even if they didn't, I wonder what life was like for them, during a time when the threat of loosing your home and life seemed to be constantly around the corner.

I also think about life during the Civil War, when I had ancestors living close to Gettysburg and wonder how they coped with hearing the cannons and riffles blasting away day and night. There must have been a certain amount of fear or apprehension, realizing the possibility that a battle for survival may take place right on their farm.

Another time in history when my ancestors fought to protect our freedom was after Pearl Harbor was attacked. My father was wounded during WWII and his brother-in-law was killed trying to protect our freedom. In addition to the price these men paid, their families also paid a price for our freedom. I can only imagine the worrisome fear that lived inside the mothers and wives of these brave soldiers.

As a result of the many sacrifices made by my ancestors and many other Americans, I was able to grow up in a society where I had the freedom to choose what I wanted to do with my life. And over the years I have always strived to "do my own thing" as long as it makes me happy and does not infringe on the rights of others. Another criteria I tried to maintain throughout my life in the free country was to attempt to spend my time doing something productive,

that would have a positive effect on the lives of others.

Throughout my life, I have always had a thirst for knowledge. I love learning new things but once I learn something, I also enjoy teaching or sharing or that information with others. It was through my desire to learn about the history of my family that inspired me to begin my genealogy research over 30 years ago. After spending so many years digging into the past and learning there are so many questions that can never be answered, I was eventually inspired to "start up" a new organization dedicated to encouraging others to record their memories and stories NOW, in order to help future generations.

Since the conception of U.S. Legacies, we have grown in size as well as in the type of information we are gathering and preserving. Along those lines, I am extremely thankful for every volunteer that has made the gathering, posting and preserving of this information possible. Recently we have been fortunate enough to have acquired several new volunteers that have taken charge of researching, writing and editing the various sections of the magazine, uploading the contents of the magazine to our web site; and we even have a new assistant administrator that is helping to work with the other volunteers. We have also made progress in other areas. I recently obtained a new computer program that allows me to make "training videos" that can be used by our volunteers to help teach them how to operate the computer programs we use. There is one other new addition to our organization that I am quite happy about. I recently purchased a new high quality COLOR laser printer and donated it to U.S. Legacies. As a result of this new equipment, we will now be able to print the covers for our magazine in house. That will reduce our financial losses by around $100 per month, plus it will allow us to utilize color on pages inside of the magazine.

Now that we have these new volunteers to help research, type, edit and layout the material for our magazine and the equipment to publish the magazine, I would like to obtain more input, photographs and stories from our readers. I have noticed that around 10% of our subscribers, seem to offer 90% of the stories, comments, photographs and letters. I have also noticed that 90% of the donations and gift subscriptions seem to come from WWII veterans.

So, in conclusion, as we prepare to celebrate our freedom and independence this 4th of July, I would like to encourage the 90% of our readers that have never shared a story, comment or photograph to write us. I would like for you to share some type of information about your parents or grandparents. I would like

to know what type of stories they told you about their life growing up. I would like to know if they ever discussed their reaction to Pearl Harbor, WWII or any other war. I would like to know if they ever discussed any major events that occurred in their life, such as The Great Depression, a town fire, major health epidemics, or any other event that inspired them to want a better, safer or easier life for their children and grandchildren. I want to know about feelings and thoughts, not just actions. Were they ever afraid of loosing their home, life or a loved one? How about you? Were you ever afraid of loosing your home, life or a loved one? How do you think your lifestyle growing up, differs from the lifestyle your parents or grandparents experienced?

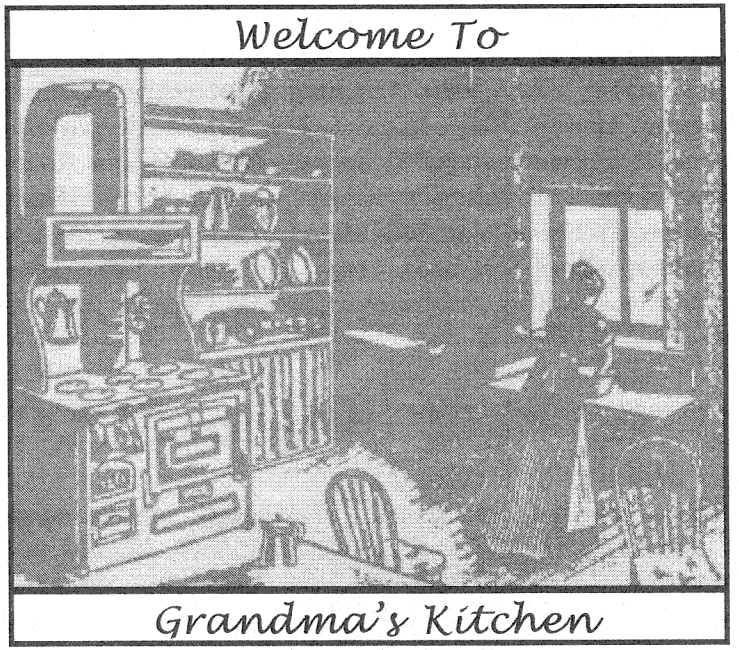
This information is for your children and grandchildren. Every word and thought that you write down today AND PRESERVE will help to answer many questions that future descendents will have. Your parents and grandparents deserve to have the memories and stories they share with you, preserved.

Enjoy your freedom and honor all who helped to make it possible.
FTW JR.

Does someone in your family have a birthday, wedding or anniversary coming up?

A gift subscription to U.S. Legacies Magazine, will be the perfect gift for the adults in your family. To complete your gift, make sure you contribute stories and photographs of other family members to our magazine on a regular basis.

This is a great way to pass on family memories and give them a gift they will cherish for years.



From the Editor's Desk
Rita Redd

Dedicated to Michael and David. Also, all the men and women who have given us Freedom

Michael Mooring fought for his country during Vietnam. David Huff served in Germany during the Vietnam War. They are also avid readers of US Legacies.

Thank you to Michael, David, and all the keepers of our freedom. You have enabled me to write and live in freedom. Your sacrifies have not gone un-noticed.

Without these people many Grandma's might not have a kitchen, much less be able to write and share. My ability to write about Grandma's Kitchen or anything pertaining to women would be taken away, in many countries.

July makes me think of many things and events. But most of all the 4th of July and the celebrations make me appreciate freedom. Not only the events of 1776 that gave us Independence from England, but the many people who have in the past fought wars for that freedom. The people who continue to hold freedom for us.

I feel very humble when I think of these people. Yes I cry for these men and women, past and present. things that might be forgotten. If you have a computer user, visit uslegacies.org. Our message board

receives questions and comments from all ages.

US Legacies is always seeking non-fiction material from our readers. Many times the Editor's consult and help each other. But, we also reach out to others to find many answers. I often ask family members and others. We also need your help.

I'd like to share an experience with our readers. I gave Eunice Hicks copies of US Legacies last week. Eunice will be 89 on Dec. 5, 2003. She had never seen US Legacies before. She is truly enjoying her copies. I have known her for years, but how much do we know unless we ask questions. Many people like Eunice are willing to tell about their childhood and experiences in life.



If you have computer experience, think about someone who doesn't. What a great experience it would be to send in their ideas, memories, recipes and stories.

Rita Redd
US Legacies Volunteer

Comments and Request

Cleaning Mixtures

In April issue we had the question: *People used to make their own cleaning mixtures, since the items they had were limited. Does anyone have recipe for cleaning mixture?*

Dr. Zoe Simmons Writer, Columnist and the Editor of US Legacies Wartime section has come to the rescue. Beginning this month and each month she will share cleaning tips.

Smoke House

We have had many requests on a smoke house. I have found a smoke house that is over 100 years old. This smoke house is still being used today. The owner still raises his own pigs to smoke. Next month's Grandma's Kitchen will feature pictures of this smoke house.

Cake Mix

What cake mix came out 1st? It seems I find many old recipes with the layer cake recipe marked out, Duncan Hines written to the side.

Our Search Continues: If you have information on any of the following items, please share it.

Civil War Recipes
1930's and 1940 Recipes
Simple and Easy to prepare recipes
Poorman's Cake
Tiperay: A recipe using dried beef and tomato base
What are Peppercorns?

Recipe Question of The Month

The Nut cake recipe has no nuts listed? Read this recipe carefully, see if you can help. How many and what kind of nuts should go in this recipe?

We also need information on Mrs. Blouer. Was she a church member or friend of Lizzie Fink Hostetter nee Long. We would like to add these answers to our database.

The recipe was 1 of over 200 recipes inherited by Franklin T. Wike, Jr. from his great-grandmother Lizzie Fink Hostetter nee Long.

Mrs. Blouer's Nut Cake
Blouer nee
From: Lebanon County, PA

2 eggs	1 cups sugar
½ cup butter	½ cup water
2 cups flour	
2 teaspoon B. Powder	

We also need directions for making this cake.

Cleaning Tips from the Ole' Days that Really Work
By: Dr. Zoe L. Simmons

Every new month that passes by, a new commercial with a new cleaning chemical agent comes out. Before you know it, you're spending several hundred dollars just to clean your home. What happened to the good ole' days of just simple cleaning remedies?

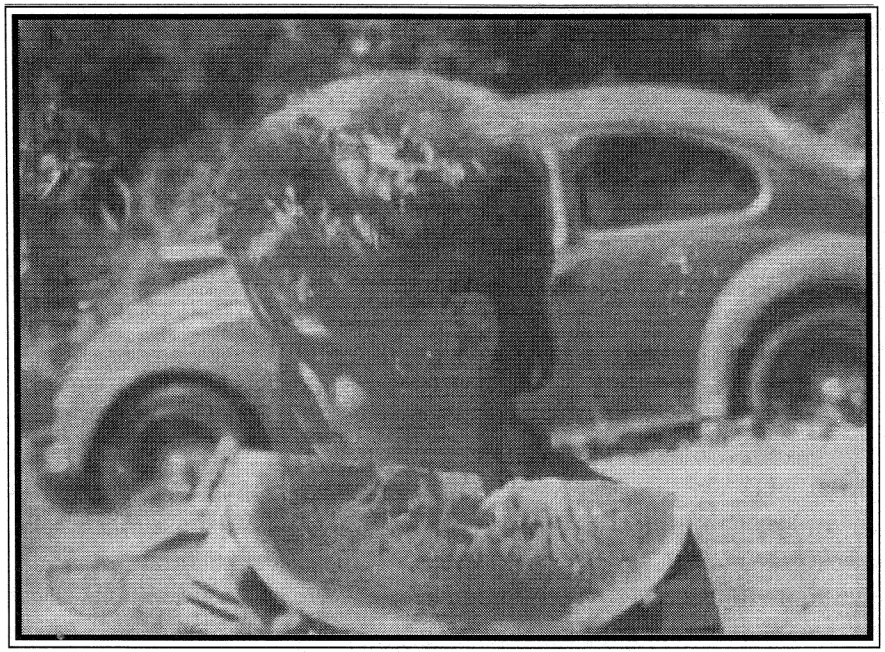
Don't fret, they never left, just merely forgotten. With more and more Americans becoming allergic to chemicals and smells, we are now going back to our roots of cleaning.

Here are some cleaning mixtures and remedies to solve your problems.

-Instead of buying expensive bacterial sprays for the kitchen, just put about 1 tablespoon of household bleach in a spray bottle, filled with water and use it to disinfect around the sink and counters. Especially if you have been handling meat. If you don't like the smell of bleach, purchase lemon scented bleach.

-When your drain is clogged with grease, try pouring a cup of salt and a cup of baking soda down the drain, followed by a generous amount of boiling water. This will usually dissolve the grease and clear the drain.

Clean tips continued next page.



Rita Redd's grandson enjoys a longtime summer tradition.

Cleaning tips continued...

- Use a cloth moistened with rubbing alcohol, club soda, or white vinegar to give your stainless steel a brilliant shine.

- To clean the stubborn stains in your bathtub, make a paste of hydrogen peroxide and cream of tartar. Use a toothbrush to rub it into the stains and rinse thoroughly.

- To clean those irritating coffee stains from stainless steel coffee thermos, just put a tablespoon of cascade and add hot water. Let stand for 15 minutes and stains are gone. This also works great on plastic cups used for drinks, ice tea and coffee.

- I hate coming out of the shower and my bathroom mirrors are fogged up. Well there is a solution to this problem. Apply regular old shaving cream to your mirror in small amounts in a thin layer and wipe clean with a clean rag. Keeps mirror clean and will not fog over.

I hope you enjoy these simple and effective cleaning remedies. The less toxins you inhale the safer you and your family will be. Safe on the pocket book as well.

Contributed by:
Dr. Zoe Simmons

Rita's Sauce
Rita Redd

Note: This sauce is similar to and can be used as barbecue sauce. Also good served on table with any kind of meat, allowing each person to add amount they choose.

2 cups ketchup
½ cup brown sugar
¼ cup Worchester sauce
¼ cup steak sauce
(I use A-1)

Mix all ingredients in boiler. Simmer 20 minutes

Things which matter most must never be at the mercy of things which matter least.
- Geothe

Easy Recipe for the month

If you can open cans, chop or cut then stir. You will be the hit of any summer event. You can also make the day before, when ready to go, just grab it out of refrigerator.

Chicken Salad

4 large cans chicken
1 small can water chestnuts (chopped)
1 cup sweet pickles chopped (or buy them already diced)
1 small onion chopped
1 can crushed pineapple
½ cup chopped celery
(or ½ teaspoon celery salt)
2 boiled eggs chopped
(when I have time, taste just as good without eggs)
1 cup mayonaise
(add more if you like)
Salt and pepper to taste

Instructions: Chop or dice water chestnuts, pickles, onion, celery, and eggs.
Drain chicken pour into large bowl. (I like to mash the pieces of chicken up, then it doesn't give away that you didn't spend hours)
Add your chopped ingredients, all your other ingredients, stir.
You're done!
Easy, great dish and always a hit.

Contributed by: Rita Redd

Carrot Upside Down Cake

Evelyn Leedom (possibly maiden name)
If anyone knows who this is, please let us know so we can update our records.

Put in the bottom of a skillet
¼ cup butter or margerine
¾ cup firmly packed brown sugar
8 slices pineapple
or crushed pineapple
Maraschino cherries

Adjustment for newer use
Melt butter or margerine
Pour into 9x12 pan
Pack brown sugar on top of butter
Arrange pineapple rings, or spread crushed pineapple on mixture
Add a few Maraschino cherries either in center of slices of pineapple or Arrange 10 or 12 if using crushed pineapple

Prepare cake mix as directed on box. Toss carrots in flour and fold into batter pour over pineapple mixture and bake about 50 to 60 minutes Cool about 3 minutes and turn out on serving plate.

Note: We had a request on the message board for this recipe.

I love the recipe above. I also love iron skillets. This recipe would need a very large iron skillet. To anyone that has an iron skillet this large. I am jealous!

Florence's Sweet Pickles

Florence Rochner nee Kochert
From: Harrison County / Born 1915

Dissolve 2 cups salt in
1 gal of scalding water
Pour over 2 gal cucumbers (up to 6 in long)
Let stand 1 week.
Pour off brine, rinse and cover again with boiling water to which a piece of alum the size of a hulled walnut has been added
Let stand 24 hours
Drain and split cucumbers

Mix together 8 cups sugar
2 tablespoons celery seed
¼ cup mixed spices and sticks of cinnamon
½ gal vinegar
Heat and pour over pickles in jars and seal.

Contributed by:
JoAnn Wright nee Rochner

Inspirations:

Success is not the key to happiness. Happiness is the key to success. If you love what you are doing, you will be successful.
—Herman Cain

He that always gives way to others will end in having no principles of his own.
—Aesop

Each day, and the living of it, has to be a conscious creation in which discipline and order are relieved with some play and pure foolishness.
—May Sarton

There is great force hidden in a gentle command.—George Herbert

I still find each day too short for all the thoughts I want to think, all the walks I want to take, all the books I want to read, and all the friends I want to see.
—John Burrough

Fried Eggplant

Heavy batter
1 medium size eggplant
2 eggs
¼ cup milk or buttermilk
1 cup flour
Vegetable oil

Light Batter
If you prefer a lighter batter, omit the eggs, let the sliced eggplant soak in milk or buttermilk a few minutes, flour and fry.

Slice eggplant making thin round slices
Beat eggs by hand enough to mix
Add milk or buttermilk to egg mixture
Heat enough vegetable oil to cover bottom of frying pan.
Dip eggplant in egg, milk mixture
Then roll the pieces in the flour
Cook until brown then turn
Drain on paper towel.

Note:
Due to the flour mixture absorbing the oil, more oil may need to be added as you fry the next pieces.

Contributed by: Rita Redd

Funny: The Sunday School teacher asked, "Now, Johnny, tell me, do you say prayers before eating?" "No sir," he replied, "We don't have to. My mom is a good cook!"

Funny: "Oh, I sure am happy to see you," the little boy said to his grandmother on his mother's side. "Now maybe Daddy will do the trick he has been promising us." The grandmother was curious. "What trick is that?" she asked. "I heard him tell Mommy," the little boy answered, "that he would climb the walls if you came to visit."

Homemade Butter
Dr. Zoe Simmons

1 qt. size glass jar with a screw-top lid
2 cups of whipping cream
4-5 ice cubes (leave in freezer till ready to use)
¼ teaspoon salt
Mixing bowl
Butter dish

Wash jar and lid thoroughly. Dry completely.
Take cream from the refrigerator (leaving in its original container).
Place cream and jar in a warm place, such as the stove or in the sun for 2 hours.
Put warm cream in the jar and tighten lid. Hold the jar with one end in each hand. Shake non-stop for 20 minutes.
As the butter begins to form from the cream it will separate or "gather" and stick together in a solid mass. If after 20 minutes the butter has not begun to gather, add a few teaspoons of water. Continue mixing.

Once the ball stops getting larger, open the jar and pour the buttermilk into a glass.
Put the butter in the mixing bowl and add the ice cubes.
Work the ice cubes into the butter just until it feels cold.
Discard the remaining ice cubes and water.
Sprinkle with salt evenly over the surface of the butter and then mix into the butter until it disappears.
Shape into any pattern.
Discard the remaining buttermilk.

Dr. Zoe Simmons added this note to recipe. I started making homemade butter after my gallbladder surgery. I'm allergic to preservatives used to keep food in longer duration.

Vinegar Green Beans
Loma Redd

½ Dish pan green beans snapped and washed
(I believe a dish pan is 15 qts.)
Cover beans with water bring to boil
Add ½ cup Apple cider vinegar to boiling mixture
Turn heat down but keep at a slow boil for 1 hour
Pack into jars
Add 1 teaspoon plain salt per jar
Pour remaining water over beans
Add lids that seal
Listen for seals to pop any that do not seal put in refrigerator

Contributed by: Rita Redd

Canning Recipes

Many of you continue to have a garden or go to a farmers market. I thought these canning recipes would be appropriate.
These are old recipes used before processing was recommended.
Neither *U.S. Legacies* nor myself can recommend the right way for you to use these recipes. But it is now recommended that all can goods be processed.

Juggling The Values Of Life

"Imagine life as a game in which you are juggling five balls in the air.

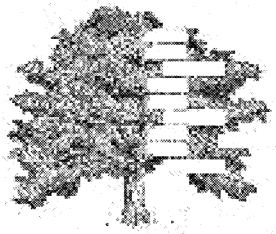
You name them - work, family, health, friends, and spirit -

And, you're keeping all of these in the air.

You will soon understand that work is a rubber ball. If you drop it, it will bounce back. But the other four balls - family, health, friends, and spirit are made of glass. If you drop one of these, they will be irrevocably scuffed, marked, nicked, damaged, or even shattered.

They will never be the same. You must understand that and strive for balance in your life."

— Brian Dyson, CEO of Coca Cola Enterprises from 1959-1994



The Genealogy Corner

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

Independence Day

By Connie Sychowski
Editor Genealogy Corner



In keeping with this month's celebration of our country's independence and the tradition of a fireworks display, I thought it would be interesting to review our first celebration of Independence Day.

The earliest settlers (around 1600) brought their love of fireworks with them to the new world. A far cry from the fireworks we know today, it was still in its infantile stages. They used black powder to celebrate and impress the natives. At one point in time, its mischievous use became banned in Rhode Island in the year 1731 because of pranksters in the colony.

By the time of American Revolution, its use was widely known as a way of celebrating important events. It was only natural that fireworks were thought of by the signers of the Declaration of Independence as a tool for celebrating this country's independence. The first official Independence Day celebration didn't take place until 1777, only one year after the signing of the Declaration of Independence and six years before the Americans would even know if their country would survive the war.

Philadelphians marked the first anniversary of American independence with a spontaneous celebration. Observing Independence Day only became commonplace after the War of 1812. Soon, events like ground-breaking ceremonies for the Erie Canal and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad were scheduled to coincide with July 4th festivities.

The birthplace of fireworks is actually China. It seems that a cook accidentally combined 3 common kitchen ingredients, potassium nitrate or saltptre, sulphur and charcoal (black powder), which resulted in colorful flames and when placed in a hollowed out bamboo shoot it made a tremendous explosion. The theory took root that the loud sound chased away evil spirits and was great for celebrating victories in battle and weddings.

During the Renaissance in Europe (1400-1500), the Italians began to develop fireworks into a true art form. Since this was a period of artistic creativity and expression, many new fireworks were created for the first time. Military rockets could be modified by adding powered metals and charcoal in order to create bursts of gold (orange) and silver (white) sparks in the sky. Until the 19th century the fireworks lacked multiple colors.

Pyro-technicians began to use a combination of potassium chlorate and metallic salts to make stunning colors. The salts of these metals produce the different colors: strontium burns red; copper makes blue; barium glows green; and sodium, yellow. Magnesium, aluminum, and titanium were found to give off white sparkles or a flash.

If you have relatives who have served our country and help to keep us a free nation, send us their stories. What a wonderful gift to give back for all they have done!

Wishing you a colorful 4th of July,
Connie Sychowski

Online Forum

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

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

Genealogy How-To #2

Talk to your parents.

Write down your parents' names, birth dates and where they were born. Also write down when and where they were married. As you did with yourself, write a story about your parents. It can be your fondest memory of them and/or it can be a story of what they mean to you. Have them write down a story of how they met each other and what it was like when you were born.

I believe the family was established long before the church, and my duty is to my family first. I am not to neglect my family. -
Dwight L Moody (1837-1899)

"Springs Valley Gazette"
School Newspaper from French Lick, Indiana 1932
(continued from last month)

Grade 5A-B

The children in this room are making an Indian wall panel. Each child plans a stencil of an Indian, wigwam, canoe or pottery for the panel of unbleached muslin. The pictures are colored with wax crayon and will be pressed with a hot iron.

The 5A class has been studying the life of Robert Fulton and the "Story of Ships". The pupils have made a collection of pictures of ships.

The class has organized a Current Events Club in connection with our English work. The following Officers were elected:

Wilma Mae Jackman – President
Alta Marie Morgan – Vice President
Edith Dixon – Secretary

The current topics are discussed at the regular English period on Monday of each week.

Grade 5

The fifth grade pupils have been collecting seeds while studying how they are scattered.

One section of the Arithmetic class has started its work on fractions.

Richard Seybold moved to the country at the beginning of this month's work.

Grade 4

The students of grade four have found it very interesting studying the Spanish Explorers in history. They are studying fables in their reading class and find that this teaches them good lessons.

John Salyers took an airplane ride and says he enjoyed it very much.

Grade 3

Winston Mayfield was visiting down in Missouri last week and brought back cotton plants. The children are studying about cotton and also in the sand table they have all kinds of flowers.

Grade 2

This class's nature study for the month of October has been the different ways plants and animals prepare for winter. Only plants and animals were included as subjects which could be easily observed by the children.

Surname Requests, Comments and Photographs

Beaty
Submitted by James Bullington

William Abraham Beaty (born Dec 03 1887- age at death 80 son of Jack Beaty and Syntha Jane Nash Beaty) and Rella Mae Mathers (born May 22, 1882-age at death 81-daughter of Thomas G. Mathers and Emma (Underhill) Mathers

Were united in marriage February 13, 1904 at English, Indiana
To this union 11 children were born, 3 sons and 8 daughters.

Inez Florence Beaty
born April 17, 1905
death April 10, 1980 age 74

Russell Beaty
born September 16, 1906
death May 21, 1979 age 73

Lilly Edith Beaty
born November 03, 1908
death May 17, 1993 age 84

Alma Beaty
born November 01, 1910
death June 14, 1999 age 88

Charlie Beaty
born December 31, 1913
death July 10, 1992 age 79

Ruth Ann Beaty
born September 27, 1918
death August 16, 1994 age 75

Albert Paul Beaty
born April 03, 1924
death December 27, 1992 age 68

Doris Helen Beaty
born December 19, 1926
death September, 1989 age 62

Grace Evelyn Beaty, living

Edna May Beaty, living

Mary Ellen Beaty, living

Beaty Family Reunion



Front row, left to right:
Albert Paul (deceased),
Edna May (living),
Mary (living),
Grace (living)

Standing left to right:
Inez (deceased), Russ (deceased), Lilly Edith (deceased), Alma (deceased), Doris (deceased), Ruth (deceased), Charlie (deceased)

Berhow

Hi, do you have anything on the Berhow family my name is Christina Berhow. I'm told by my Grandma Lois Berhow that my 16th Great Grandfather fought in the civil war. And I was wondering if you had anything on him I'm sorry but I don't know his full name. But I do know he had an honorable dismissal from the war and that it was signed by Abraham Lincoln. Please let me know if you have anything on him or any one else whose last name is Berhow thank you.
Sincerely,
Christina Berhow

Response

Hi, we are in the process of rebuilding our databases at the moment, not all files have been transferred in. I did however do a little research and found some information on the name "Berhow". Once our database is completely back online with all the information a search can be performed. You are also welcome to submit the information you have and we can include it in the database for others who may also be searching this name.
Connie

Census Records for surname Berhow

Census: 1895 Census for Hancock Co., IA (Amsterdam Twp district)

Name: **Berhow, Andy B**
Sex: m

Name: **Berhow, Ora E**
Age: 1
Sex: f

Name: **Berhow, Martha C**
Age: 28
Sex: f

Name: **Berhow, Henry**
Age: 28
Sex: m

Pedigree Chart

/Henry BERHOW
/Lloyd BERHOW b: 5 Jun 1899 d: 27 Jan 1972
| | /Hemming JOHANNSEN b: 1798 d: 1866
| | /Johannes John HEMMINGSON b: 27 Feb 1827 d: 27 May 1890
| | | \Anna EIDE
| \Martha Caroline HEMMINGSON b: 20 Apr 1866 d: 10 Jul 1901
| | /Halver HAUGE
| \Ingeborg H. HAUGE b: 2 Jul 1833 d: 4 Jul 1918
| \Stenvor TVEDT
Aldo BERHOW
\Edith ESPE

Fitzpatrick

Dear U.S. Legacies, in the May issue Michelle had asked if there is a chance that our family might be connected. I don't think so as I am the oldest in our family, I have two members of my uncle's family and both are into genealogy. Their names are Gary and Jerry twins early 60's. Write to me and I can get you in touch with them. Thanks for your interest..... Tom.

P.S. my parent's names were Chester and Emma. Grandparents were Daniel and Seena. I have sons, Michael and Dennis (twins) Gary and Terry (Terry is deceased)... T.....

Genung, Benjamin F.

Document #1
Transcribed by Connie Sychowski, gg-grandaugther

State of New York
County of Chenango

Thomas A Dye being duly sworn deposes and says his place of residence is South New Berlin in the County of Chenango and State of New York, where he has resided for more then thirty years last past, that his present age is seventy years and upwards.

That during the entire term of years which he has resided at South New Berlin as aforementioned he has followed the business and occupation of Undertaker, deponent further avers that he knew Benjamin F Genung in his lifetime and knows the fact of the sickness and death of said Benjamin F Genung.

That Benjamin F Genung died on or about Oct. 28, 1873, at the town of New Berlin in said County of Chenango and that on the 30th day of October 1873 deponent at the request of friends of said Benjamin F Genung furnished a burial casket and went to the house of one Gilbert Genung in said town of New Berlin being only three miles from the residence of this deponent and there and then assisted in placing the dead body of said Benjamin F Genung in said casket and afterwards upon the same day after the usual service, deponent at the and place adjusted the cover to said casket over the remains of said Benjamin F Genung and accompanied relatives and bearer and procession with said dead body of Benjamin F Genung to the cemetery at the village of New Berlin in said county.

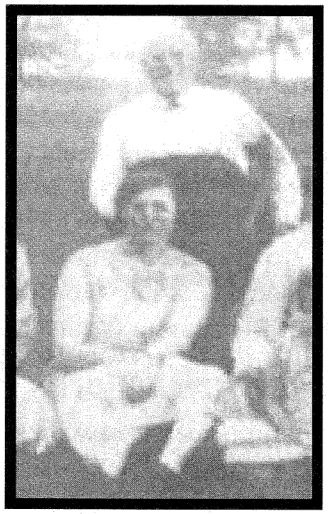
Where deponent saw the same placed in the ground and assisted in burying the same and that deponent has no personal interest in the prosecution of this case and has received full payment for all claims and charges for services rendered in the burial of said Benjamin F Genung or otherwise and memoranda of which burial and the payment of the expense therefore

may now be seen and examined as entered upon the books of account of this deponent at the time and which entry bears date Oct 30, 1873.

Sworn and Subscribed before
Me this 8th day of October 1890
Thomas A Dye
C H Babcock
Notary Public

Within said County with certificate of Official character on file in Pensions Department at Washington D.C.

Landis



Rev. Morris Landis
United Christian Church around 1929 Annville, PA

Rev. Landis is sitting in the chair, on the back row.
Carrie Landis sitting on the ground

Mangold, Charles Roy

Charles Roy Mangold married Charlotte May Bearup in 1930; they had 5 children: James, Robert, Mary, Georgia and Sharon.

The only information the family has on CRM is that he was born in Paducah, Kentucky and has many siblings. If you have any information or may be related, please send information to U S Legacies Magazine.

Patton

"It sure is a small world Yesterday I received the May issue of U. S. Legacies and was in for a big surprise. On page 19 the person Glen seeking genealogy for his mother, Margie Nell Patton, is from the church we go to. I have been in contact with his mother as she is one of the secretaries in our church. I took the magazine up to the church today and let her look at the article. Glen is her youngest son; he is 36 years old and married. They have one son and one on the way, Glen and his wife that is.

Margie's married name is Kearns, she wanted to buy the magazine and I told her I would ask you if I could get a copy of the May magazine. I am enclosing $5.00 if you can send me a copy.

Her husband's name is Kenneth and was a Captain in the army serving under General Patton. She told me her son Glen is a computer buff and that is how he got in touch

with you all. I told her she can tell him she beat him to the punch.
Harvey Wike

Tribute to Myra C Riley Wagaman nee Wike

By daughter, Polly Mazariegos



Myra C. Wike
April 4, 1926 - May 31, 2002

She was more than a mother, friend, humanitarian grandmother, great grandmother and all the adjectives that can describe a wonderful person. She was love. She was a survivor. She lasted through the death of her first love and husband during WWII at age 18 and had two small children to raise during a war going on.

After learning her young husband had been killed she had to go to work to support her young girls ages 8 months and 2 years old. For seven years from shirt factories to chicken factories – she lived in the country with her mother and later built a small cottage for her small family. Her husband had been in an orphanage until he turned 18 and enlisted in the service. He has a sister he met after she left the orphanage. Myra's deceased husband's sister live in Gettysburg, PA.

Once on a visit with Betty Lawrence (Merle's sister), she took Mom to a store in the area and introduced her to Andrew J. Riley they fell in love and married, he also was a WWII vet. When Mr. Riley passed away after 35 years of marriage, Mom had a total of nine children. Since most of the children were adults and mom was suffering with arthritis, she retired from her nurse's aid job and tried to keep their small grocery store open.

Eventually she sold the store and house and moved into a small apartment in downtown Gettysburg. She was happy here for 13 years. When she became too ill to stay by herself, her daughter Pauline (Polly) Mazariegos nee Wagaman moved up from VA and took care of her until Mother kept falling. Her doctor said she had to go to a nursing home as I could not continue taking care of her.

Her health was declining as she was on dialysis and was in end renal stage. Anytime you asked how she felt she'd say, "I'm so tired". On May 31, 2002 the Lord took her home to be with her mother, father, 2 husbands, 2 sisters and one brother,

Frank Wike. Mother's best asset was she always had a smile on her face. She never complained if she was in pain, everyone would tell her she had such a beautiful smile.

I started this tribute first as a note on our family Christmas time. As you can imagine, with a lot of kids there were many presents to be opened. There was much joy and happiness.

Mother was a Christian woman and made sure her children went to church Christmas Day. The turkey was precooked during the night of Christmas Eve. The aroma went through the two story large house.

As Christmas Day arrived no one went downstairs until mom went first. We would anxiously sit on the steps begging her to come down. We opened our gifts in our night clothes and then went up to get ready for church. No picking in the candy dishes. We could not wait to come home from church to eat. Mom went to finish with basting the turkey, getting potatoes ready, candied sweet potatoes, stuffing for the bird and extra stuffing and all the other trimmings. On occasion someone would spend Christmas with us. Mom was a great hostess. They would be asked to stay over even though our house was already full of just family. She'd say, "There's always the sofa". That's where my fiancé spent his first Christmas with me and my family.

Tribute to Myra C. Riley nee Wike

By her son, Charles T. Riley

This is a funny story I like to share with people. It happened a long time ago to my mother, Myra C. Riley nee Wike while she was a teenager. What follows is the story as I best remember it.

One Sunday my Aunt Doris invited my mom Myra along with her and a neighbor woman to church. Little did my mom know what was about to happen. During the service a lady parishioner got very worked up and started singing "Jesus loves me" to the point of being a mumble. While this woman was saying this she started rolling around on the floor and her dress flew up over her head. When 2 other woman went over to pull the dress down the preacher yelled, "Let her show herself"! My mother would then chuckle and explain on the back side of this woman's undergarment was the words "Pillsbury's best".

My mother then told us it was common practice to make clothes out of flour sacks while she was growing up.

This story is not meant to offend anyone it is one of my fondest memories of my mother, Myra C. Riley nee Wike who passed away May 31, 2002 after a lengthy fight with kidney disease. There are many stories I can recall and my brothers and sisters are always asking me to put them down in writing so I thought I would try one. It is my hope that this story brings a smile to others faces as it does to mine every time I hear it.

Myra C. Riley nee Wike was born April 4, 1926, died May 31, 2002. A memorial picnic was held in Gettysburg, PA on May 25, 2003 in the hopes of rekindling a family spirit that has been idle for many years.

***Editors Note**: Does your family have a reunion or gathering coming up? We will gladly post it for FREE in our classified section. Please allow 90 days prior to date of function for inclusion.*

Question

Hi, how do we add our information to your database?
Tina

Question

I live in VA How can I help? How do you send in info?
Janet

Response

Hello and thanks for your questions.

There are many things you can do to help us to build the largest FREE database of surnames and information.

You can start with your own family information... if you already have genealogy information set up in GED format, great, you can email (uslegacies@aol.com) or mail it to us here at:

U.S. Legacies
PO Box 73
Birdseye, IN 47513

No GED, no problem... myself or other volunteers will gladly help to get your information in the database. Also, email/mail me your family story... I will gladly go over it, rewrite it for publication and send it back to you for approval.

Contact uslegacies@aol.com subject: attn Genealogy Corner or U.S. Legacies Genealogy Corner PO Box 73, Birdseye, IN 47513

Do you know of anyone who wishes they could tell their family's history and see it published? Have them contact me also. Send in pictures (scanned or originals) with or without information, by getting the photo out in view someone may recognize it.

Send in the obits from your local paper, this will give us a wealth of information on someone. Cemetery, ship passenger listings, church records... If you are in a thrift store and happen to see an old Bible, take a look at it. It is possible there could be family information in it we can use.

Thanks,
Connie

One Came From Across the Sea:

The Story of a Farman Family

by Erik Fortman

Understand that as you read this, I'll most likely have gone to God. I can only tell everything from my point of view. It may be my point of view, but every Farman adheres to a policy of not lying...well, most of them. Because of World War I and II, we know relatively little about our family prior to my Grandfather. Allied Forces' bombings destroyed many records in Germany, most of which were on paper. The fires burned many people's past. "Varrmann" was the original spelling of our family surname, but it has taken on two new spellings since it landed on American shores. Farrmann was first alteration, and finally it was changed to the now accepted Farman. The second incarnation of our name was because the government office that first issued my dad his U.S. documents thought that the 'V' in German was the English 'F' sound. The final spelling of Farman was because we later dropped the middle "R" and the last "N" to curb German-American persecution that happened during World War II.

My father told me that his father was an artisan, a furniture maker, in a small Bavarian village. I thought he said this village was called Depoltz, but I've never been able to find that on a map. During the late 1800s, Germany was still a patriarchal society. The eldest born son was allowed to take over the family business, and the younger boys were often conscripted into the Prussian Army, often at young ages. My father, as the second eldest son decided that he would go to America. See, the Kaiser was going to invade France, and we, living near her border, had friends and even relatives that were considered French simply due to the dividing line. My Dad didn't want to fight against his own family.

So he took all his possessions, rapped them up in a bandana, and went to the port to join a ship crew bound for America. The only problem with this was that once at sea, the captain and his cronies wanted the men to be indentured servants, going back and forth across the ocean hauling all sorts of expensive merchandise bound for the rich Bostonians' and New Yorkers' lush mansions.

The boat docked in Cincinnati, and Dad somehow managed to escape

at the first opportunity. There was a thriving German community in Ohio then, and Frederich Varrmann soon made a contact with a well-to-do landowner named Schmidt. Schmidt took a shining to Dad, and soon was letting him live in the servants' quarters. My Father became Herr Schmidt's gardener and general valet. This all transpired in the 1880s. It was in Cincinnati that my dad met a girl at the Protestant church, a Miss Frieda Schroeder. After two years of courting, they were married by Rev. Hermann Ohlen.

In the 1890s land in Oklahoma was still practically free, and Frederich had read about this "pristine farm and ranch land" in the local German newspaper. He told me that after figuring it all out for over three years, he went to Herr Schmidt with $300. This was almost 80% of the wages he had been paid during that time. He asked his employer and friend for a loan of $700 more dollars so that he, Frederich Varrmann, could purchase his own piece of land, to call his own for his family. Mr. Schmidt did better than that. He gave my Dad $1500 and two horses. All he asked was that Dad claim two adjoining pieces of land and hold one for him, Mr. Schmidt.

My dad was one of the many who traveled west into the Oklahoma Territory and was given land by the government. After erecting a crude cabin, and the beginnings of a producing farm and ranch, he called for Frieda to join him, and they began a family.

My name is Henry Frederick Farman. I was born in 1899 in what was still considered Indian Territory back then. I had eight brothers, two older and six younger. I also had two sisters, both younger. I remember working, and I remember learning to read and do math at the school, where mothers took turns teaching all of the five through twelve year olds simultaneously. I learned how to till the earth, plant and sow seed, birth and kill cows, fix tractors, listen to the air to know the weathers intentions, and to worship the Lord every Sunday. We had to grow up young back then, and plow the fields and herd the cattle. When the sun came up, my momma would already have bacon and cabbage cooking, with a heavy rye bread and milk from Greta or Olga, or one of the other heifers. We ate, and I can tell you, nine boys or not, there was silence at the table. Now, once I was in the fields, Bill picked on Mark who picked on me, and on down the line of boys. But at the breakfast table, you were asking for a whoopin if you breathed too loud or squirmed too much. Or so it seemed to me at thirteen.

Bill was the oldest, and as such acquired a demeanor of responsibility early on. Mark, however, was the rebel even from the beginning. It is a funny thing that I idolized him more than Bill until I

was in my thirties. Mark was the first one to steal Daddy's tobacco and he rolled it behind the barn and smoked it. He passed it to me, and the puff made me cough, and get dizzy, and become sick.

One thing about Mark: he was about as true a cowboy as there ever was. He loved to be out in those pastures with the cows and the air and a hand-rolled cigarette. When I was only fifteen he decided to go to the Rio Grande Valley in Texas with forty head of cattle, and I went with him. We struck a deal to be partners, and that was my first mistake as a businessman. At seventeen, Mark was already a gamblin', drinkin', whorin' fool. We had some beautiful Longhorns that our Dad had bred into a choice meat when butchered, and a few goats for milk and cheese. Also some chickens for eggs. We dubbed our new 240-acre spread Double V Ranch, and our brand with two adjoining 'V's are still patented. My own son, Keith Edward, renewed the patent even after my death.

We employed the Gomez family down in the Texas Valley, and they lived on a small cabin sitting on the land. Poncho Villa was menacing the countryside then, and that was when they burnt down our house. We got three of those Mexicans, though. They came in the night and tried to steal our cattle; we got our shotguns and defended ourselves. Beto Gomez and his young son, Enrique, stood at our shoulders. The bandits torched our house, but we were on a wooded hill just past the barn, where we fired on them in defense. I may have shot one of those hombres, I don't know; but when the third one fell, the other fifteen or so rode off amidst a mess of hollerin' and gunshots.

We began to rebuild the old farmhouse, and that took a while. Mark, however, drank and whored more and more as the ranch's profits mounted. Our sister, Franka, was visiting us from Kansas with her preacher husband one summer. He was Baptist, but that was OK (many years later I would become a Baptist, myself). One evening at supper, Mark had gotten really tight on some home brew that was potent enough to run a Packard. When Franka made a reference to Mark's excessive drinking, he told her to shut up. Then he called her a word I won't repeat. That's when I beat the heck out of him. After that, we decided to sell the land, split the livestock, and go our separate ways.

Mark never learned, and later he was caught cheating at cards with the Sheriff in a town near Oklahoma City. He was put in jail, and it took a whole year of letter writing and a few dollars to get him out. As for me, I met my wife in Kansas while visiting my sister. Her name was Diana Shillings. She was Dutch-German, and as sweet as could be. After having two girls, I ventured out again and bought a farm in a small

community outside of Austin, Texas. My son still resides there with his wife, and maybe a grandchild or two every now and then, when they come home. I had cattle back when I bought the property, but I started to concentrate more on corn and tomatoes, vegetables of all sorts. The market seemed to be slowly shifting away from beef, I noticed, even in the '60s.

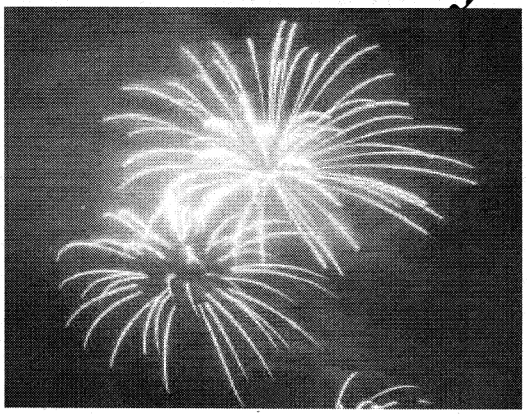
My son was born in Lockhart, and unfortunately for him, we were uneducated farmers. He was drafted to go to Viet Nam when he was eighteen. Darn it, that war messed him up.

My son's name again is Keith Farman. He wasn't great in school, and he probably had a mild form of what we now know as dyslexia. Keith was good with numbers, though, and he could strip apart a tractor or lawnmower by the time he was in his early teens. He liked to work more than study, and became an auto mechanic's apprentice when he was fifteen. Keith wasn't interested in farming. He kept getting into trouble, with his drinking and racing cars. Luckily he met Jan Van Clef, the young woman who would become his wife. She settled him down a good bit, got him back into college. They moved to Corpus Christi and they both graduated from Texas A&I. We were very proud, and even more so when they had the first boy that would carry on the Farman name, Heath Henry Farman in 1971.

Keith and Jan moved back to Lockhart with their new son and bought a house in town that my brother, Bill, and I built for $10,000. They had a girl, Tracy Lynn, and another boy, Lee Parker. Heath Henry's middle name comes from my first name. Lee Parker's middle name was Ed's platoon Sergeant's name. Heath had a brief battle with the bottle himself, he now manages an Austin Tex-Mex restaurant, owns rental property, and is a published writer. Lee went to a technical school and is now a successful motorcycle mechanic. Neither is married, and it looks like they may not have any children, much less boys to pass on the name. Luckily, the writer remembers the stories that I've told him. You know, that's how he wrote our story, the one you're reading right now.

Erik Fortman is a recently published author from Austin, Texas and one of U.S. Legacies recomended freelance writers. If you have a relative living in or around Austin and would like to hire Erik, please email fortman@uslegacies.org

Good Old Days



Happy Independence Day

Celebration and Gratitude

Like many people, the thought of July brings back fond memories of Independence Days past, as well as anticipation for the upcoming Forth of July. And what do we think of? We think of fun family get-togethers, vacation, parties, and fireworks. Sometimes I think we lose sight of what we are celebrating, that American spirit that had won our freedom over two hundred years ago. We celebrate also the same spirit that has kept us fighting for our freedom and for the freedom of others ever since. This is the spirit that made our country a safe and prosperous place, without a doubt the best country in which to live. In light of current world events this is something we have all certainly reminded ourselves of.

This is also a time to remember the American veterans of all wars past. How grateful we should all be of their patriotism, their dedication, and their bravery. They fight not for themselves alone, but for the liberty of our nation as a whole. Most of us could not fathom the horrors of war. To imagine what our men and women endure, and the impact their experiences have on their lives. So, on this Independence Day, I would like to wish for everyone a fun family get together, vacation time perhaps, or at least a day off work. I wish for the children a beautiful sunny day, and warm summer night, chasing fire flies in bare feet. I hope for everyone a great party, surrounded by great friends and loved ones, and spectacular

fireworks.

And on this Independence Day I would also like to issue, along with my wishes, a request. That request is that we should each take some time for reflection as to what this day is really all about; to take a moment to consider what our active troops are doing on their Independence Day, and to send them our best wishes or a prayer. And I would like to request that each of us make an effort to thank a veteran on this day, and any chance we have, for what they have given us, to express our genuine gratitude. They certainly don't hear it enough.

Jennifer Thompson
US Legacies Volunteer Editor

Requests and Comments

O'Neil Buggy

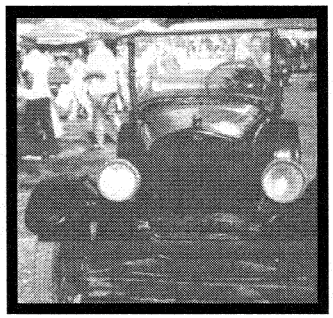
From Frank Dowling

Do you have any information on the O'Neil buggy or O'Neil Buggy Company of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania? There is one on display in the museum of Pennsylvania Companies in Harrisburg, PA.

We have plenty of readers around Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Maybe one of them will be kind enough to check out the museum and see what information they can obtain.

Old Car in May Issue

I asked a friend about the car on page 35 of the May magazine.



It is a Model T Ford. He was unsure of the year. But stated looks like possible 1925.

Rita Redd
Editor of Grandma's Kitchen



Spot Lights

The photo above was taken around 1951 or 52' and may help bring back some fond memories of the days when cars had bench seats, spot lights, sun visors and a "wing" type vent windows.

The girl in the car is Jackie Hostetter.

Submitted by Franlin Wike

Amelia Earhart

We just got a request from "James Bullington" for information on

Amelia Earhart and her navigator Fred. J. Noonan who disappeared in 1937. I thought this would be a great question for the column. Basically he wants to know about some of the theories stating she may have been killed by the Japanese, eaten by cannibals, or whatever. If anyone has any information on Earhart or Noonan, please send it to us.



Old Clothing Styles

The photo above was taken in the late 1910s or early 1920s and will help to show the animal fur and dark stockings worn by women. The man is wearing a double breasted suit.

The girl on the left is Marion Leedom. We do not know who the other people are.

Submitted by Franklin Wike

Help to preserve the past and educate future generations.
Send your stories, questions and photographs to us.

"It Happened This Month"

100 years ago - July 1903

July 1 - Beginning of the first Tour de France bicycle race.
July 6 - Birthday of Axel Theorell, Sweden, biochemist that studied enzymes. He won the Nobel Prize in 1955.
July 14 - Birthday of Ken Murray, New York City comedian of the Ken Murray Show and the Judy Garland Show.
July 20 - Giuseppe Sarto was elected Pope Pius X.

75 years ago - July 1928

July 6 - Lights of New York, the first all talking picture, is shown in New York.

The largest U.S. hail stone fell on Potter, Nebraska, 17 inches in circumference and weighing 1 ½ pounds.
July 8 - The Phillies set a record with an errorless twenty-five inning double header.
July 12 - The first televised tennis match took place.
July 26 - Heavyweight boxer Gene Tunney knocked out Tom Heeney.

Yankees score eleven runs in the twelfth inning, beating Tigers 12-1
July 29 - Walt Disney's "Steamboat Willie" was released.

50 years ago - July 1953

July 11 - Birthday of Leon Spinks, U.S. heavyweight boxing champion, 1978. (Olympic Gold, 1976)
July 13 - J.A. Bruwer discovered asteroids 1658 Innes and 3284.
July 14 - First National Monument dedicated to an African American, George Washington Carver.
July 25 - First use of New York City subway tokens.
July 31 - The Department of Health, Education, and Welfare was created.

Independence Day 65 years ago

by Mack Braziel, Jr

It gets hot and dry during July in Oklahoma, so we looked forward to the Fourth of July for several days before it's arrival, because we knew that it meant we would get into the our '33 Chevrolet and head for the old Deep Fork River where we could cool off and have some good old-fashioned fun.

We made sure that we had our case of pop that usually consisted of a mixture of orange, strawberry, grape, cream soda, root beer and Coca Cola.

We needed to ice the pop down, so we would stop by the ice house and pick up a fifty pound block of ice then chip it up and place it along with the pop into the galvanized tub that we use to take our baths in. When we got to the river, we would spend our day fishing and swimming. We didn't have bathing suits to wear into the river, so the boys would wear our cut off jeans and mother wore an old dress.

When we got done with our activities, we would eat the picnic lunch consisting of fried chicken and potato salad that mom had fixed the night before.

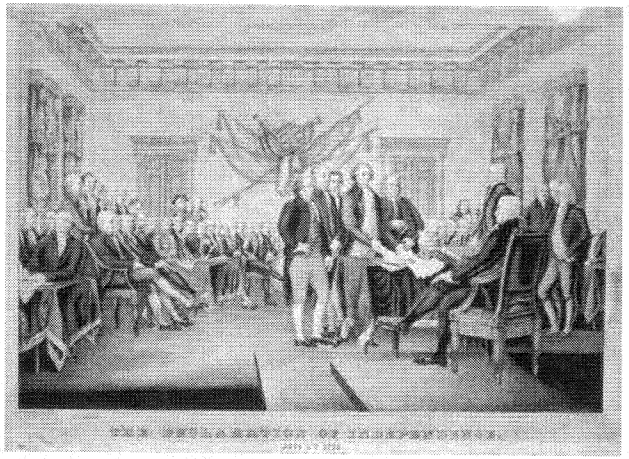
We made sure we would leave the river in time so that we could get home before night fall. When we arrived back home, we would shoot off our firecrackers, sparklers, and Roman candles.

It was a fun filled day spent sharing our time, laughter and love together as a family. We were not wealthy people, according to the world's standards involving money, but we were very, very rich when it came to having the important things in life. We had each other and plenty of love.

How did you spend your holidays as a child? Send us your favorite Labor Day, Halloween, Thanksgiving or Christmas Story.

Paul Revere and His Son

By Franklin T. Wike, Jr.



The Revolutionary War started on April 19, 1775 in Lexington, Massachusetts (the day after Paul Revere made his famous ride) and did not officially end until September 3, 1783. I had ancestors living in this country during that time and although I do not know if they participated in the war directly, I am sure certain aspects of the war affected their life. For as in any war, there were many people that helped our war effort, without actually picking up a gun.

We have all heard about Paul Revere making his famous ride, but this story goes a little deeper into the man, and how his actions affected his family. It also helps to lay a background as to WHY our country went to war and the lifestyles of our ancestors.

On a beautiful spring morning, in 1607, three storm-beaten ships, under the control of Captain Christopher Newport, anchored near the mouth of Chesapeake Bay in what is now known as Virginia. These ships were filled with men who were prepared to build the first settlement in this new land.

One of the men that came ashore from those ships was George Percy, the active and handsome son of the Earl of Northumberland. Percy wrote down several observations pertaining to this new land. He described "noble forests, the ground carpeted with flowers, fine strawberries that were four times bigger than the ones found in England, oysters, plenty of small game, stores of turkey nests with many eggs and an Indian town where

the savages brought them corn bread and tobacco smoked in clay pots." These men laid out the settlement of Jamestown with a fort, a church, storehouse, and a row of little huts. This settlement consisted of male farmers that were employees of the London company who owned the land. Everything the settlers grew (except what they needed to eat for survival reasons), went into a company storehouse and was sent to England to be sold. At the end of seven years, the profits were supposed to be divided up equally between the settlers, but some colonists worked harder than others and many of them did not think this was fair.

In 1614, Sir Thomas Dale, the manager for the company, gave some of the men three acres of land for their own use and discovered that by owning his own land, one man would work as hard as 10 men would before. As a result of this, the company changed its policy and allowed all the men to have their own land.

By 1619, Virginia had no more then 2,000 people and most of them were men, but that was about to change. A ship arrived from England with 90 young maidens who were to be given as wives to those settlers who would pay a hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco for their transportation. This helped convert America from simply being a place to work, into a place where families could start new lives together. And this was a good thing for some families, because problems were developing back in England.

From 1628 to 1640, the Puritans in England were suffering persecution and were in a state of depression and apprehension. The royal authorities were committed to a revival in the church and determined to make it completely dependent on the crown and the archbishops.

The King dissolved the Parliament and ran the country by himself for 10 years. He even imprisoned his chief opponents. Many puritans believed the best course was to leave England and build new lives and homes in America.

In 1629, five ships carrying 400 passengers, 10 head of cattle and 40 goats left London and arrived in Salem, Massachusetts. The people aboard these ships were Puritans. They were members of the Church of England who at first wished to reform or purify its doctrines. In the general emigration from 1628 to 1640, some 20,000 of the sturdiest people left England for America. Over 1,200 ships made the voyage across the ocean with settlers, livestock, and furniture. Many Puritans did not come as individuals or families, but as entire villages. Certain English towns were half depopulated and New England became a microcosm of old England.

Over the years that followed, there were many people that wanted

to come to America and build a new life, for a variety of reasons. One such person was a Huguenot refugee named Apollos de Rivoire. He was a young boy when he first arrived in Boston. As he grew up he learned the silversmith trade. He eventually married and in 1735, he had a son that he named Paul Revere.

In 1749, 200,000 acres of land in the Ohio valley was granted to a group of Virginians. The French did not like this and built two forts on the Ohio River to keep the Virginians out. In 1753, a 21 year old militia officer and surveyor named Maj. George Washington was sent to talk with the French, but was informed that he was trespassing on French territory. Several skirmishes broke out between the French and the Virginians and by 1755 it turned into a full-scale war. In 1756, at the age of 21, Paul Revere went to fight in that French Indian war.

The British and Americans won the war in 1763 but when it was over, England passed a proclamation preventing the colonists from building settlements west of the Appalachians. The land east of the Appalachians was getting crowded and since the colonists had just risked their lives in eight years of war over this land, they were not pleased at being told they could not use the land. Apollos de Rivoire had passed his knowledge as a silversmith, onto his son Paul Revere and after the French Indian war was over, Paul used his skill as a copper engraver to make cartoons and other political propaganda protesting England's proclamation.

It seemed like every year he would get more upset with England and would fight them by using his skill as an engraver to make more plates for printing cartoons and other political propaganda. Then in 1773, he helped to organize the Boston Tea Party.

When Paul Revere had a son, he was named Paul Revere Jr. and on April 18, 1775, Paul Revere Jr. was standing in the doorway to his house. It was almost 10 pm in the evening. And since the top story of his house extended quite a ways over the bottom story, it caused shadows to fall, making the doorway even darker then the street was. Paul Revere Jr. was happy to have this extra darkness because he had stolen something from his parents' house and was trying to hide in the darkness of the doorway.

Since he had become a teenager Paul Junior was not so little anymore, but his mother, Deborah Revere, still called him Little Paul. The silversmith trade was not the only thing Little Paul was learning from his father. Paul Jr. admired his father and wanted to be just like him some day. His father not only had a great talent for working with silver and copper, and was also a war hero, but he was also a great horseman and a devout patriot.

Paul Jr. was to young to remember all of the activities his father was involved in, but he never got tired of hearing his father tell him about his war adventures. With Paul Sr. being such an activist, it was no wonder that Little Paul was known as a mischievous lad by the other boys in the North End of Old Boston. Little Paul was always ready for any kind of excitement and he was sure that something exciting was about to happen.

During the day, he had been watching his father experimenting with casting the chime for bells and making engraving plates from copper, so that pictures could be reproduced from them for the books and news sheets that were being printed. But at night, Paul Sr. seemed to turn into a man of mystery.

Paul Sr. had become an express rider for Boston's Committee of Correspondence and to the Continental Congress in Philadelphia. Several months ago, he rode to New Hampshire with the intelligence that British Gen. Thomas Gage was planning to remove weapons and ammunition from Fort William. As a result of that information being delivered, the New Hampshiremen were able to attack the fort and seize supplies that could later help to save the lives of patriots at the Battle of Bunker Hill.

Paul Jr. could hear the men talking about all of the unrest with the British and he knew that a war with the mother country was not far off. Then just two days ago, his father rode out of Boston to warn the patriots that the British planned to capture their military stores at Concord and arrest John Hancock and Samuel Adams.

There had been many times when Paul Jr. had slipped out of the house and followed his father along the narrow streets until he would slip into a tavern that had a valiant green dragon on the sign out front. Paul had no doubt that his father was at that very tavern right now, because that is where the Sons of Liberty met late at night. Since his buckled shoes had a loud squeak when he walked, he decided to take them off so that he could sneak down the street silently. Just as he took his first step into the street, he saw something that made him retreat back into the shadows beside the house and hide. A man with his three cornered hat pulled low to cover his face and a long cloth cloak wrapped around him, was walking toward Jr. great haste. Suddenly, the man stopped at the doorway and entered the house. It was Paul Sr. A moment later, Paul Sr. returned from the house with a lantern half concealed in his cloak. Looking up toward the tower at the North Church, he walked toward the river.

Paul Jr. followed his father, making sure not to make a sound in his stocking feet. As he followed behind his father, he thought about the letter he had in his pocket that his father had written to him.

The letter said, ***"My Son: It is now in your power to be serviceable to me, your mother and yourself. I beg you will keep yourself at home or where your mother sends you. Don't go away until I send you word. When you bring any goods to the ferry, mark them with my name.***
Your Loving Father,
P.R."

Paul Jr. also thought about the words in a letter that his father had written to his mother.

"Pray tell Paul, by all means, to stay at home that he may help, when the time comes, to bring our goods to the ferry. Tell him not to leave the shop until I ask him to. Tell Paul I expect he will behave himself and attend to my business and not be out of the way in time of need."

The words in those letters gave Paul Jr. the feeling that something big was about to happen, he just wasn't sure what it was. He was hoping for some type of adventure and he figured that if he could follow his father, he just might be able to overhear some of the details. Paul Jr. heard that England proceeded to pass some new laws and taxes governing America; however, these laws and taxes were being passed without letting the Americans have an elected representative in Parliament to represent them. It was this aspect of being taxed by England without having any representation in Parliament that seemed to bother Paul's father and his friends.

As he followed his father, he noticed the door to a house open and two men stepped outside to join his father. As the three men continued to walk down the street in front of Paul Jr., he heard an upstairs window open in the house the two men had just came out of. A young girl that Paul Jr. knew looked out the window and said, "Paul, where are you going so late at night?" The boy put his finger to his lips and motioned for her to be silent and continued on his journey.

When they got closer to the river, with Charlestown on the other side, Paul Jr. could see a boat rocking with the tide. The two men that were with his father got into the boat and looked toward the man-of-war's masts outlined against the new moon. They motioned for Paul Sr. to get into the boat also, but he hesitated.

"The oars will be heard. We cannot risk that." he said.

The sound of his father's words excited Paul Jr. He wanted to help his patriotic father, so he ran back to the house where the girl had called out to him. He picked up a small pebble and threw it at her window to get her attention. When she came to the window, he whispered, "Toss me down a bit of soft cloth in the name of the Sons of Liberty-any type of cloth-for muffling my

father's oars. He is bound for Charlestown in secret, and when I give it to him, I must go home."

The little girl tossed down her red homespun petticoat and the young patriot took it to his father where it helped muffle the oars on the boat that took Paul Revere to the Charlestown side of the river, so he could mount the saddled house which Deacon Larkin had sent for the "Midnight Ride of Paul Revere."

The British forces left Boston that night. Their orders were to seize the rebellious leaders, John Hancock and Samuel Adams, and to destroy the rebel stores of ammunition, believed to be hidden in Concord.

As a result of the ride made by Paul Revere, the Minutemen, made up of farmers and tradesman of the colonies militia, got together and raised their arms to protect themselves against the British.

On June 10, 1776, Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, and Robert R. Livingston were appointed to draw up a formal declaration that was intended to be an expression of the American mind. On July 4th, 1776, the final proclamation was adopted by the American Congress. Even though the war did not officially end until the Peace of Paris was signed on September 3, 1783, we celebrate our independence on July 4th because that is the day our "Declaration" of Independence was accepted by congress.

Paul Revere Jr. went on to become a Lieutenant in the Continental Army at the age of 16. His father, Paul Sr. was the Commander of the Boston fortress from 1778 to 1779. When the war was over, father and son worked together in their shop to cast over 60 church bells. They also made bolts, spikes, pumps and recoppered the ship named, "Constitution." There is an old letter written about that ship that states, "When it was finished, the Carpenters gave nine cheers, which were answered by the seamen and the Caulkers, because in fourteen days they had completed coppering a Ship with Copper 'made in the United States'."

Paul Revere Sr. also designed and printed the first Continental Money. His legacy as a great American continues. He lived to the ripe age of 83 and still dressed in his Revolutionary clothing as a reminder to himself and others of the part he played in helping a growing nation. His strength and beliefs were handed down through many generations and I am sure he was proud of his grandson for continuing the legacy when he fought in the Civil War.

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MINNIE MA

by Joyce Livingston

Minnie Ruth Kelly/Lewis/Marshburn/Leggett (my grandma) was born on October 18, 1915 in Bladenboro, North Carolina, and in my humble opinion, she was the greatest woman that the Good Lord ever saw fit to grace this fine Earth. Being the oldest of her twenty-one grandchildren, I feel blessed to be able to be the one to tell the world about this wonderful, Christian woman.

Minnie Ruth Kelly only had a fourth grade education. Like so many others during that era before the Great Depression, she had to drop out of school to help raise her flock of younger brothers and sisters, pick the cotton fields, and crop tobacco. Her parents were just as strict with her as the parent of four girls and two sons that she eventually became.

Minnie Ruth's first husband was my grandfather, a half-Cherokee Indian by the name of Donald (Donnie) Alton Lewis. Minnie Ruth's heritage included the Fighting Irish, so you can just imagine the tempers that flared on more than one occasion between these two. She would get mad at him every time he cussed or drank, and he would cuss and drink every time she got mad at him. I do believe they must have been the original creators of the infamous Catch 22.

My mother, Rena Mae, was Minnie and Donnie's firstborn. I was born in 1953 and by the time I learned to talk, I had labeled my grandparents with the names that would stick with them for the duration of their lives. They became known to one and all, throughout the state of North Carolina, as Minnie Ma and Daddy Donnie.

Daddy Donnie was wounded in World War I and ended up selling newspapers to help make a living. He was run over by a drunk driver on Halloween, October 31, 1960; I had just turned seven years old. It was shortly after his death that Minnie Ma taught me a song, the words of which have stayed firmly planted in my brain all these years. She never told me the name of the song, but I always assumed it must have been, "Which Way is Heaven." The words to that song were:

A little girl was waiting for her
Daddy one day,
It was time to meet him when she
heard her Mama say,
Come to Mama darling, and please
do not cry,
Your Daddy's gone to Heaven,
a way up in the sky.

How far is Heaven?
When can I go?
To see my Daddy,
He's there I know.

Which way is Heaven?
Let's go tonight,
I want my Daddy
To hold me tight

To this day, I always think of my Daddy Donnie whenever I remember that song.

Minnie Ma was a working woman. That woman never slowed down for one minute of the day; she was always, constantly on the move-with a dishrag in one hand and a switch in the other. She managed to keep all of us under control and we never doubted her ability to do just that.

She didn't wait long to remarry. She met Allan Marshburn while cropping tobacco in Clarkton, North Carolina. Allan became my second grandpa, but he never replaced Daddy Donnie in my heart. He was a good man, but he, too, liked to drink and carouse. I remember visiting their farm and having to use the outhouse because they hadn't gotten indoor plumbing yet. I actually slipped and fell into one of those deep, dark holes inside that outhouse when a mooing cow outside the door scared me. By the time the rest of the family missed me, I was drenched with an unsavory aroma that prevented me from being allowed inside the house. Minnie Ma had my Uncle Rock strip me and hose me down outside before she allowed me back inside her spotless abode.

My family and I had moved on to Georgia by the time Allan died of a heart attack. Chalk up number two for Minnie Ma. I don't think the ground had a chance to get good and cold before she up and married husband number three, Mr. Leggett. If Mr. Leggett ever had a first name, none of us ever knew it. We always called him Mr. Leggett. Now that I think about it, so did Minnie Ma. She called her first two husbands by their first names, but always referred to the third one as Mr. Leggett. I asked her once, after I was grown, if she had sex with all those men. After she threatened to get the switch after me, she offered a mischievous grin and said, "What do you think, shoog?" She called everyone "shoog"; I think it must've been short for "sugar."

Minnie Ma became a day care worker in her church after she married Mr. Leggett. From that point on, there were hundreds upon hundreds of children who came to know her as Minnie Ma, the best cook of down-home cooking in the United States. Her buttermilk biscuits, fried chicken, and

countless cakes earned her a reputation that has carried over even after her death on June 6, 1994.

I've got to master her technique of getting those buttermilk biscuits just right. Too much or too little lard, or too much or too little kneading will either make or break a reputation as a damn fine cook!

I sure do miss Minnie Ma. I only wish the rest of the country could have gotten to know and love her like those of us who were fortunate enough to have been part of her life.

Joyce Livingston is one of our "recommended" freelance writers from Columbus, Georgia. If you have a loved on living in her area and would like to hire a professional freelance writer to interview and record the memories of your loved one, please contact JoyceLivingston@uslegacies.org or contact U.S. Legacies

A Father Is:

A father is a person who is forced to endure childbirth without an anesthetic. He growls when he feels good and laughs very loud when he is scared half-to-death.

A father never feels entirely worthy of the worship in a child's eyes. He is never quite the hero his daughter thinks. Never quite the man his son believes him to be. And this worries him sometimes. (So he works too hard to try to smooth the rough places in the road of those of his own who will follow him.)

A father is a person who goes to war sometimes ... and would run the other way except that war is part of his only important job in his life, (which is making the world better for his child than it has been for him).

Fathers grow older faster than people, because they, in other wars, have to stand at the train station and wave goodbye to the uniform that climbs on board.

And, while mothers cry where it shows, fathers stand and beam — outside — and die inside.

Fathers are men who give daughters away to other men, who aren't nearly good enough, so that they can have children that are smarter than anybody's.

Fathers fight dragons almost daily. They hurry away from the breakfast table, off to the arena which is sometimes called an office or a workshop. There, with callused hands, they tackle the dragon with three heads; Weariness, Works, and Monotony. And they never quite win the fight, but they never give up.

Knights in shining armor; fathers in shiny trousers. There's little difference as they march away each workday.

I don't know where a father goes when he dies, but I've an idea that, after a good rest, wherever it is, he won't just sit on a cloud and wait for the girl he's loved and the children she bore. He'll be busy there too — repairing the stars, oiling the gates, improving the streets, smoothing the way.

~by Paul Harvey~

Norman H. Gehrman

A Tough Man Tells a "Tuff" Tale

As told to: Jodi L. Severson
March, 2003



He was born Norman Harry Gehrman on September 25, 1921, in the rural farm community of Turtle Lake, Wisconsin. Or so he thought. It wasn't until he was ready to retire and went to the local Social Security Office to apply for benefits that he learned the truth.

"The only record of my birth was a card filled out by old Doc Tanner," Gehrman explained. "You see, since all us kids were born at home, Doc just filled out one of these here cards. But you couldn't always read his writing. When I retired and went to get my benefits, it took them *(the Social Security Administration)* three tries to get the amount figured right. It wasn't until the third man turned the card over and saw the stamp from the post office on the back and it said, 1920! So my real birthday is September 25, 1920. I was sorta mad at first. Hell, I lost a whole year of fishin' just 'cause no one could read old Doc Tanner's writin'! But you know something? If it weren't for that mistake, I probably wouldn't be here today."

The third of eleven children born to Albert and Minnie (Bents) Gehrman, Norman was nick-named "Tuff-boy" by his father. This eventually was shortened to "Tuff",

in the summer and ice skating in the winter. We had a lot of fun." On weekends, Tuff recalls the neighbors getting together for dances at each other's homes. "Everyone made "home brew" (root beer) for the kids to drink and the ladies would make the food pies, cakes, potato salad and of course, turtle. "Fried, barbequed, or in soup, any way you fix it, turtle tastes just like chicken," Tuff quipped. Naturally, turtle were quite plentiful in Turtle Lake, WI. Live music was provided by neighbors who played the violin, guitar, and accordion. "It was great fun," Tuff recalled with a smile, "and then the next week we'd do it all again at someone else's place."

Holidays were another special memory for Tuff. "We didn't get presents as such on Christmas. Mom would get some candy for each of us through the church, and then she'd make us mittens or warm socks or some such thing. She'd take the sheepskin from our worn out coats and make moccasins for us, too."

Birthdays were special events as well. "Mom made sure we always had birthday cake. And sometimes we'd make our own ice cream. We'd get ice from town, put it in the machine and add cream and sugar and eggs and then we'd crank away. We put salt on the ice because that made it colder so it worked faster . . but I still remember turnin' and turnin' that crank till I thought my arm would fall off! But it was worth it. That was some damn good ice cream—there's nothin' like homemade—and I never had none so good since!"

TRANSPORTATION

"Our first car was a Model-T Ford. There was a place to sit up front and we made a box on the back to haul our things in. You had to crank it to get it started, and let me tell you those bastards were tough to crank! A lot of good men broke their arms on those damn things!" Tuff notes that he drove the family's Ford for years before he actually got a license when he was 16 years old. "At that time, all you had to do was go down to town, fill out a form, pay a buck fifty ($1.50) and you got a license—no written test, no road test, no nothin'!" And he still drives to this day.

FROM THE CCC TO WWII

In 1935, when he was about 15 years old, Tuff left home. "It was time. I was old enough to work and earn my own way." He recalls working for several farmers in neighboring towns for room and board, or small wages. "I worked for W.S. Davidson on his farm north of Turtle Lake, then Fred Pabst on his farm east of Clayton for a little over two years. Then I went to John Laconic's farm in Winter, WI. When I worked for Herman Kozer we built cement silos in the summer and I made about $25 a month plus room and board. In the winter I helped on the farm and earned $15 a month. That's all he could afford."

With President Roosevelt's *New Deal* plan in effect to help lift the nation out of the Depression, Tuff and two of his brothers eventually went to work for the CCC (**Civilian Conservation Corps**). This was one of Roosevelt's pet projects, and one of his most successful. "For about 2 ½ years I drove truck for the telephone company while I was in the CCC. We installed new lines all throughout northwest Wisconsin." During this time, Tuff lived in the tent communities set up by the CCC. He worked hard, was well fed, and was able to help his family financially with his monthly allotment checks.

"After that, Uncle Sam took care of me for the next 38 months." The United States entered WWII following the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor on December, 7, 1941. Tuff was drafted into the army on September 9, 1942. After eight months of basic training at Fort Lewis, McCord Field in Washington state, he was eventually stationed in England. He was a foot soldier and spent a year building airports. As a member of the 843rd Aviation Engineering Battalion he took part in the Omaha Beachhead landing at Normandy, France, two days after the D-Day invasion on June 6, 1944. "That was a hell of an experience," Tuff recalled, his voice quieter now, less animated. And the spark in his eyes that was there a moment earlier suddenly began to fade as he remembered the horrifying experience. "It was about 2:00 a.m. on June 8th (1944) when we hit Omaha Beach. We were all scared, I think, but we really didn't have time to be scared, you know? We laid on that beach for four days as we made our way across. We lost half of our company during the first two days. That's about 200 men," he explained as his voice trails off. "Yeah, we lost a lot of men—a lot of *good* men—damn good men."

As tracer bullets screamed across the sky overhead Tuff, and what was left of his company, dug in. "I learned to dig a fox hole quicker than any gopher could dig his own! You had to. You did whatever to survive. I'll tell you what, the sky was lit up like fireworks on the fourth of July, but it was nothin' like I had ever seen back home. Bullets were flyin' and exploding all over the place. The airborne units were dropping Banger rockets full of burning sulfur that lit up the whole beach. Yeah, it was like nothin' I'd ever saw before—or ever wish to see again. I was just damn lucky to survive it all. Remember when I told you if it weren't for old Doc Tanner's bad handwriting on my birth certificate, I don't think I'd be here today? Well, I do believe that. If the army thought I was born in 1920, I would a got drafted a lot sooner, and I would likely been in one of the first waves

on D-Day, and I doubt I would have made it out alive. So I guess it's not so bad I lost a whole year of fishin' when I think about it!"

After France was liberated, Tuff spent the next two years in England. "I never saw a cot or sheets the whole time I was over there. I was never so glad to get home to a bed—even to eat a meal and be able to put your feet under a table." Tuff remembered the French people being "as grateful as they could be," once the Allies liberated their country from Germany. "But let me tell you, some of those French kids were thieves. One day I was taking a shave. I had put some water in my helmet and then I set it on the hood of the jeep to get warm. Anyway, I took off my watch and laid it on the bumper of the jeep, and one of those damn kids ran up and stole it right off the bumper! Never did get my watch back." The French people were starving after the German occupation, "he probably sold it to buy food," Tuff reasoned, "but it was damn good watch!"

For his bravery and service to the United States during WWII Tuff was awarded the Good Conduct Medal. Although he sustained a shrapnel wound to the knee during the war, he never received a medal for being wounded in the line of duty. "Hell, you had to be killed I guess to get a medal like that." Then Tuff added with a laugh, "I'm grateful that wasn't the case for me." In January, 2003 Tuff received a framed Certificate of Appreciation from the French Government who bestowed this honor to WWII vets for their role in the liberation of France. Tuff proudly displays this certificate on his living room wall.

"Medals are nice and all, but they don't put food on my table now." And they don't replace the good men, his friends that were lost during battle.

As he recounted his own service to our Nation, Tuff was sitting in his living room in his home in Spooner, Wisconsin. It was a warm, sunny, Sunday afternoon in mid-March 2003 and most of the town along with some Wisconsin State government officials had gathered at the local high school located across the street from Tuff's home for a farewell send off for the local National Guard Unit that had been activated for the first time in 40 years in response to the conflict in Iraq. As Tuff gazed out his front room window, he motioned toward the high school and said quietly, "I hate to think of these young people today going off to a war. The grief I know they and their families will suffer. They have no idea what war is like," his speech much slower and deliberate now as he remembered the horrors he witnessed in Normandy some 59 years earlier. "But I do. And I don't wish that on nobody's kids. Nope you couldn't get me to go back to that—not ever."

"TOOTSE"

Three weeks before he left Turtle Lake to enter basic training, Tuff attended a going away party for him and several of his friends. One of his best friends was Harold Severson. Harold's younger sister, Viola "Tootse" Severson, came to the party and left in love with the 22-year old Tuff. "No, I didn't give her the nickname—she had that when we met," Tuff explained with a laugh. "We hardly knew each other before I left for the Army, but she wrote me every week, and I answered every letter."

On June 27, 1946 25 year-old Norman married 22 year-old Viola in the Lutheran church in Almena, Wisconsin. The Reverend Otto Braem officiated the ceremony with Harold as the best-man and June Gehrman, Tuff's sister, as the maid of honor. "I used to kid Tootse about keeping all my letters after the war. She got mad at me one day and threw them all out!"

During their nearly 44 years of marriage the couple resided in various cities in Northwest Wisconsin including: Turtle Lake, Comstock, New Richmond, Matthew Lake, and finally settling in Spooner. The couple moved mainly as Tuff changed jobs. He worked as a lumberman, drove a milk truck, was a factory worker at the Stella Cheese Factory for ten years, and eventually went to work for Healy Mechanical a Minnesota based company where he installed new sewer lines, water mains and storm sewers as a contract estimator until he retired in the late 1980's.

Between the ages of 25 and 30 (1946-51) Tuff engaged in his other favorite pass time—baseball. He and his best friend, Harold Severson, played for the local Comstock city league. "I loved to play baseball, and I still enjoy watching it to this day. I remember going down to the gas station in Turtle Lake and watchin' the games on their T.V. before I had one of my own. I also remember this little kid named Beecroft who lived east of Comstock at the time. He used to watch us play, and one Sunday he came round the house and I could tell he didn't have much. I gave him an old glove and ball I had and you should have seen that kid's eyes light up as he put on the glove and ran his hand all over it. Oh and his feet! Nine years old and the kid had feet like a duck! I gave him an old pair of my baseball shoes, and do you believe they fit him? Nine years old and feet as big as a duck! He was sure appreciative and I was glad to do it," Tuff recalled with a smile, his own eyes lit up now.

But this was not to be the last time Tuff came to the aid of a youngster. "One fourth of July we drove over to Rice Lake to watch the fireworks. Tootse and me were sitting on the grass near the bank of the lake, and I saw these two young boys playing awfully close to the

edge. Their parents were talking and not payin' much attention to the little ones, and no sooner did I say this to Tootse than one of them kids fell in the lake. His mom heard the splash and his dad jumped in grabbed him just in time, and I looked around for the other little boy. I caught sight of the top of his head just under the surface of the water floatin' down in the other direction." Without hesitation, Tuff jumped in the lake and snatched the other young child from beneath the surface, just seconds before he would have disappeared under the current and an almost certain death. When asked what it felt like to be a hero, Tuff replied modestly, "Well, I don't know about all that. I just did what anyone else would have done." I remarked that God must have had it in his plan to bring him home safe from the war so he could return this child safely to his family. "Well, whatever His plan was, I'm just grateful to be here."

Tuff and Tootse's union produced one son and two grandchildren. He lost his beloved Tootse, in April, 1990 following a brief illness. But he is still one of the most active 81 (I mean 82) year-olds you'd ever want to meet. He spends his days working in his yard, visiting with his family and countless friends, watching baseball and doing his best to, make up for that lost year of fishin'!

Jodi L Severson is one of our "recommended" freelance writers from Rice Lake, Wisconsin. If you have a family member or loved one living in Wisconsin and would like to hire Jodi, please email jodis@uslegacies.org or contact us.

Quotes to Ponder

"Friendship is the only cement that will ever hold the world together."
- Woodrow Wilson

"Love is an attempt to change a piece of the dream-world into reality."
- Theodor Reik

"No man is rich enough to buy back his past."
—Oscar Wilde

"There is surely nothing other than the single purpose of the present moment. A man's whole life is a succession of moment after moment. If one fully understands the present moment, there will be nothing else to do, and nothing else to pursue."
— Hagakure

Wartime Memories



From the Editor

Besides Christmas, I would have to say that the Fourth of July is one of my favorite holidays, not to mention it is my birthday.

I remember growing up and my father taking me to see fireworks, always telling me that they were just for me. That the world was celebrating my birthday.

With any day it is our responsibility as Americans to be grateful for our freedom, but I think this Fourth will impact us all. We as a nation tend to get so involved with the unimportant aspects of life, until reality once again knocks at our door. Millions of us watched as war was declared on Iraq, millions of us cried tears of joy and sorrow, and millions of us thank God for living here, in the United States of America.

I look back at my families life, to see how my family contributed to this country, a father who served in the Marines, a husband who served in the Army, brother-in-law who served in the Air Force, and a father-in-law who served in the Army, all who have said each and everyday, that if called by their country, they would proudly go and serve. I thank my family and all other families in the military that proudly serve this country with honor, pride, commitment, and love. It is because of you, that my inner child can still strongly hold the belief that the fireworks in the sky belong to me.

My children, Tiffany and Christopher are my companions when watching the evening news. Two children asking every question about the war. The morning that Saddam Hussein's statue was taken down, I sent my children late to school. I wanted them to witness what freedom is for people who were not free. I wanted them to see how a country who once hated us, now loves us. I wanted them to see

how we are all equal and can all work together for one common goal. I wanted them to be proud and grateful to live in this country. As young as they may be, I can see in their eyes the joy when they see our President and when they see the children of Iraq smiling, laughing, and just being them.

This wartime section we have dedicated to the heroes of our country, and the current ones who lost their lives in war. This section is also dedicated to our country and our flag.

This Fourth of July, remember everyone who gave you the right to barbecue, the right to celebrate, and remember to look at those fireworks and to know that you are FREE.

Thank you to all that have contributed to this section and all sections in this magazine.

God Bless America! God Bless everyone!

Happy Fourth of July.

Dr. Zoe Simmons
Editor
Wartime Section

Questions and Comments

Question by: James Bullington
Have we had any 5 star Generals since WWII and if not, why not?

Answer: With the death of General of the Army Omar N. Bradley in April of 1981, the five star ranks passed into American history. And it is that passing which seems to make a brief survey of the five star insignia of the General of the Army and the Admiral of the Fleet appropriate.

It was WWII, which precipitated the creation of this rank. The enormity of the war and the fact that several American commanders found themselves in the awkward position of commanding Allied officers of higher rank necessitated its creation.

The original title for the grade was to have been Field Marshal (after the British title), but the Army Chief of Staff, General George C. Marshall, refused to be known as "Field Marshal Marshall." Congress finally approved the rank in December of 1944, almost too late to achieve its purpose. Generals' Marshall, Eisenhower, MacArthur, Arnold, and Admirals Leahy, King and Nimitz were named at that time. Admiral Halsey was promoted to Fleet Admiral in December of 1945, and General Bradley to General of the Army in 1950—the last to be promoted to this rank. Thus a total of nine men in America's history were attained this elevated rank.

The only period at which the rank of five star general would be granted would be during the time of a world war.

Thank you Mr. James Bullington for your question.

Patches and Pins

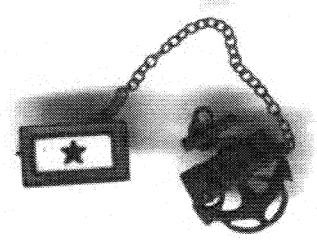
From SSG A William H. Wike, Ret.



Pictures shown on page 54 of the February issue, and page 68 of the March issue with 3 stripes are "Navy Insignia of Rank" for Petty Office 1st Class.

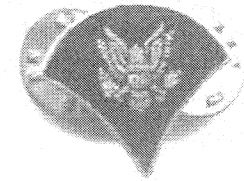
Patches with 2 stripes are for Petty Officer 2nd Class and 1 stripe is for Petty Officer 3rd Class.

The center design designates rating such as Boatswain, Machinist Mate, Quartermaster etc.



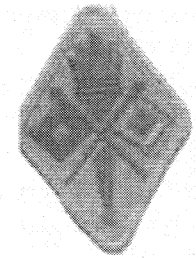
On the Navy pin shown on page 43 of the January issue: The star, in the flag, designates a son or daughter in the military. In this case, in the Navy.

In the March issue, the Eagle Pin is Army Specialist 4th Class insignia pin.

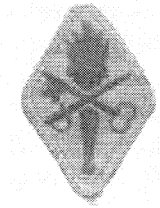


The patches shown on page 53 of the April issue are:

Signal School



Quartermaster School





The "Indianhead Patch" shown on page 56 of the May issue is the insignia of the 2nd Infantry Division.

A Letter From a Marine

This is a poem being sent from a marine. For those who read it, please pass it on to all those you know. It makes you truly be thankful for all of our troops.

HEY DAD,

Do me a favor and label this "THE MARINE" and send it to everybody on your distribution list. Even leave this paragraph in it. I want this rolling all over the U.S. I want every home reading it. Every eye to see it. And every heart to feel it. So can you please send this out for me? I would but I am sorta on the USS SAIPAN and my e-mail time isn't that long. You know what Dad, I wondered what it would be like to truly understand what JFK said in his innaugral speech, "When the time comes to lay down my life for my country, I do not cower from this responsibility, I welcome it." Well, now I know. And I do, Dad, I welcome the opportunity to do what I do. Even though I have left behind a beautiful wife, and I will miss the birth of our first born child, I would do it 70 times over to fight for the place that God has made for my home. I love you all and I miss you very much. I wish I could be there when my wife has our child, but tell her that I love her, and Lord willing, I will be coming home soon.

SEMPER, FI.~ ~AARON~

THE MARINE

We all came together,
Both young and old.
To fight for our freedom,
To stand and be bold.

In the midst of all evil,
We stand our ground,
And we protect our country,
From all terror around.

Peace and not war,
Is what some people say.
But I'll give my life,
So you can live the American way.

I give you the right
To talk of your peace,
To stand in your groups,
And protest in our streets.

But still I fight on.
I don't bitch, I don't whine.
I'm just one of the men
Who is doing your time.

I'm harder than nails,
Stronger than any machine,
I'm the immortal soldier,
I'm a U.S. MARINE!

So stand in my shoes,
And leave from your home.
Fight for the people who hate you,
With the protests they've shown.

Fight for the stranger,
Fight for the young,
So they all may have,
The great freedom you've won.

Fight for the sick,
Fight for the poor.
Fight for the cripple,
Who lives next door.

But when your time comes,
Do what I've done.
For if you stand up for freedom
You'll stand when the fight's done.

Corporal Aaron M. Gilbert
UNITED STATES MARINE
USS SAIPAN, PERSIAN GULF
MARCH 23, 2003

*Please KEEP AARON AND HIS WIFE AND HIS UNBORN CHILD IN YOUR PRAYERS!

Our Allies!

A different perspective on our German allies. Our governments may be at odds over Iraq Policy - Military understands Military.

Sunday, March 30, 2003, as usual I was running late. So, you can imagine my frustration level as I approached the main gate of Ramstein Air Base only to find traffic backed up! Nearing the checkpoint I realized that not only was there a long line of cars, but traffic had come to a complete stop as a result of all entrance gates being closed. Over the past 18-months, there have been many opportunities to practice our patience as we have had to "hurry up and wait" as a result of heightened security. While we realize the necessity, it's still frustrating at times for even the most easy-going folks. This was one of those times for me! I needed to be where I was going, and I needed to be there NOW! The German soldiers, the ones manning the entrances of American military installations here in Germany, were just milling around, chatting as if those of us in line had all the time in the world. Things seemed to go from bad to worse! The German gate guards began walking among the stopped cars, asking us to turn off our engines and headlights. I realized that no traffic was exiting or entering the Air Base. My feelings of frustration began to turn to ones of concern. Just what was going on?

A few minutes later I noticed blue lights approaching from the direction of the air terminal. Close behind were two military medical buses with their RED CROSS . Lights were on in the buses, and I.V. bags could be seen hanging. It was then that I realized that these were more of our wounded warriors being transported from the battlefields to Landstuhl Regional Medical Center for treatment. I certainly wasn't prepared for what happened next. All of the German soldiers, our gate guards, began walking toward the concrete barriers that divide the inbound and outbound lanes of traffic.

As the blue lights neared, more German soldiers seemed to appear from nowhere, lining the road, shoulder to shoulder. Right on cue, without a word being spoken, these

soldiers snapped a sharp salute as the buses drove pass, rendering arms until well after the last bus had passed. Needless to say, I was speechless and deeply moved. What a show of respect for fellow soldiers! (Angie McLean)

Flag Etiquette

When displaying the flag, it is important to remember certain guidelines of proper flag etiquette. They are:

*******When on display or carried in a procession with other flags, the flag should be positioned to its own right. Also, it should be placed to the right of a speaker or staging area, while other flags are placed to the left.

*******When the flag is displayed from a staff projecting horizontally from a window sill, balcony, or building, the stars of the flag should be placed at the peak of the staff unless the flag is at half staff.

*******The flag should be at the center and the highest point of the group when a number of flags of states, localities, or societies are grouped for display.

*******When the flag is displayed either vertically or horizontally against a wall, the stars should be placed at top of the flag's right and the observer's left.

*******When the flag is unfurled for display across a street, it should be hung vertically, with the stars to the north or east.

********When the flag is flown with flags of other nations they are to be displayed from separate staffs of the same height, and each should be of equal size. International law forbids the display of the flag of one nation to be flown above that of another nation during time of peace.

*******During a time of national mourning, the flag can be flown at half mast by order of proclamation of the President of the United States. When flown at half-mast, the flag should be hoisted to the peak for an instant and then lowered to the half-staff position. The flag should be raised to the peak before it is lowered at the end of the day. On Memorial Day the flag should be displayed at half-mast until noon, then raised to the top of the staff and flown until sunset.

*******When the flag is used to cover a casket, it should be placed with the stars at the head and over the left shoulder. The flag should not be lowered into the grave or be allowed to touch the ground.

Fifteen Stars & Stripes

When two new States were admitted to the Union (Kentucky & Vermont), a resolution was adopted in January of 1794, expanding the flag to 15 stars and 15 stripes. This flag was the official flag of our country from 1795 to 1818, and was prominent in many historic events. It inspired Francis Scott Key to write

"The Star Spangled Banner" during the bombardment of Fort McHenry; it was the first flag to be flown over a fortress of the Old World when American Marine and Naval forces raised it above the pirate stronghold in Tripoli on April 27, 1805, it was ensign of American forces in the Battle of Lake Erie in September of 1813, and it was flown by General Jackson in New Orleans in January of 1815.

However realizing that the flag would become unwieldy with a stripe for each new State, Captain Samuel C. Reid, USN, suggested to Congress that the stripes remain 13 in number to represent the 13 colonies, and that a star be added to the blue field for each new State coming into the Union. Accordingly, on April 4, 1818, President Monroe accepted a bill requiring that the flag of the US have a union of 20 stars, white on a blue field, and that upon admission of each new State into the Union one star be added to the union of the flag on the 4th of July following its date of admission. The 13 alternating red and white stripes would remain unchanged. This act succeeded in prescribing the basic design of the flag, while assuring that the growth of the Nation would be properly symbolized.

Eventually, the growth of the country resulted in a flag with 48 stars upon the admission of Arizona and New Mexico in 1912. Alaska added a 49th in 1959, and Hawaii a 50th stars in 1960. With the 50 star flag came a new design and arrangement of the stars in the union, a requirement met by President Eisenhower in Executive Order No. 10834, issued August 21, 1959. To conform to this, a national banner with 50 stars became the official flag of the United States. The flag was raised for the first time at 12:01 am on July 4, 1960, at Fort McHenry National Monument in Baltimore, Maryland.

Traditionally a symbol of liberty, the American Flag has carried the message of freedom to many parts of the world. Sometimes the same flag that was flying at a crucial moment in our history has been flown again in another place to symbolize continuity in our struggles for the cause of liberty.

One of the most memorable is the flag that flew over the Capital in Washington on December 7, 1941, when Pearly Harbor was attacked. This same flag was raised again on December 8, when war was declared on Japan and 3 days later at the time of the declaration of war against Germany and Italy. President Roosevelt called it the "Flag of Liberation" and carried it with him to the Casablanca Conference and on other historic occasions. It flew from the mast of the USS Missouri during the formal Japanese surrender on September 2, 1945.

Fallen Heroes of Operation Iraqi Freedom

By: Dr. Zoe L. Simmons

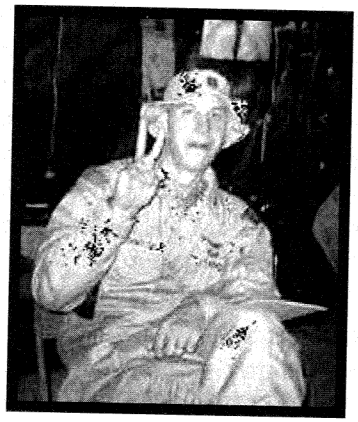
Never before in any war that the United States was in, did we as Americans sit in front of the television crying with the families who lost their loved ones. Prayers were heard from the West to the East coast, and the from North and South. Every American shared one common belief, bring our soldiers home safely.

With any war, there are always political issues; but this war was one of a joyous occasion for the Iraqi people. A country who knew not what freedom was, until the day Saddam's statue came crashing down.

Our soldiers, men and women, who served their country with pride, wearing their uniform, leaving their loved ones behind, did not give their lives in vain. They are honored as heroes who freed the Iraqi people, and honored as heroes who have kept freedom, prosperity, hope and the American dream alive. They gave their lives to us to allow us to remain that free country, to not ever fear another September 11.

We thank you the Fallen Hero. We will forever keep your legacy alive. We will forever remember you.

Beginning with this issue, we are listing our Fallen Heroes of Operation Iraqi Freedom.



Army Capt. James F. Adamouski, 29, of Springfield, Virginia.
Killed in UH-60 Black Hawk helicopter crash in central Iraq. He was assigned to the 2nd Battalion, 3rd Aviation Regiment, Hunter Army Airfield, Georgia. Died April 2, 2003.



Navy Lt. Thomas Mullen Adams, 27, of La Mesa, California.
Killed when two Royal Navy Sea King helicopters collided over

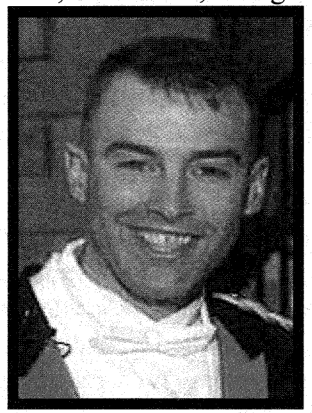
international waters. He was assigned as an exchange officer with the Royal Navy's 849 Squadron since October 2002. Lt. Adams would have turned 28 on April 16. He is now buried at Ft. Rosecrans National Cemetary in Point Loma, California. Died March 22, 2003.



Army Spc. Jamaal R. Addison, 22, of Roswell, Georgia.
Killed when ambushed by enemy forces in Iraq. He was assigned to the 507th Ordnance Maintenance Company, Ft. Bliss, Texas. Like many young soldiers, Addison, who had a 2 year old son also called Jamaal, was more interested in going to college someday than in fighting a war. Although he supported it, said the minister at his family's church. Just before he went into combat, he called his wife, Tekla, and shared his fears with her. Died March 23, 2003.

NO PHOTO AVAILABLE

Army Spc. Edward J. Anguiano, 24, of Brownsville, Texas.
Spc. Anguiano was in a six-vehicle convoy on Highway 7 in Iraq when enemy forces ambushed them on March 23. His remains were recovered on April 24. Anguiano was assigned to 3rd Combat Support Battalion, Ft. Stewart, Georgia.



Army Capt. Tristan N. Aitken, 31, of State College, Pennsylvania.
Killed in action in Iraq. He was assigned to the 1st Battalion, 41st Field Artillery, 3rd Infantry Division, Fort Stewart, Georgia. Died April 4, 2003.

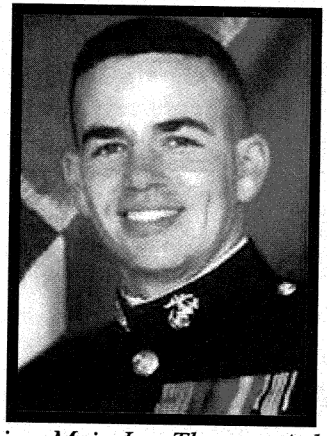


Marine Lance Cpl. Brian E. Anderson, 26, of Durham, North Carolina.

Killed in a non-hostile accident west of An Nasiriyah, Iraq. Anderson was manning a .50 caliber rifle on top of a 7-ton truck when the vehicle passed under and apparently snagged low hanging power lines. He was assigned to the 2nd Light Armored Reconnaissance Battalion, 2nd Marine division, Camp Lejeune, North Carolina. Died April 2, 2003.

NO PHOTO AVAILABLE

Marine CWO Andrew Todd Arnold, 30, of Spring, Texas.
Killed in a non-hostile accident when a rocket-propelled grenade launcher they were firing for familiarization malfunctioned on a firing range near the city of Al Kut, Iraq. He was assigned to the 1st Battalion, 10th Marine Regiment, 2nd Marine Expeditionary Brigade, Camp Lejeune, North Carolina. Died April 22, 2003.



Marine Maj. Jay Thomas Aubin, 36, of Waterville, Maine.
Killed in a CH-46E helicopter crash in Kuwait. He was assigned to the Marine Aviation Weapons and Tactics Squadron-1, 3rd Marine Aircraft Wing, Marine Corps Air Station, Yuma, Arizona. His father flew puddle-jumpers in the Maine woods, and Aubin began riding with him in the cockpit when he was 2. He joined the Marines right after high school, hoping to become a fighter pilot, but his eyesight fell just short, so he settled for flying helicopters. Aubin, married to a Marine, with a son and daughter, became one of the 1st casualties of the war when his CH-46 Sea Knight chopper crashed in Kuwait.



Marine Lance Cpl. Andrew Julian Aviles, 18, of Tampa, Florida.
Killed in Central Iraq when an enemy artillery round struck the Amphibious Assault Vehicle in which he was riding. He was a member of the US Marine Corps Reserve assigned to the 4th Assault Amphibian Battalion, 4th Marine Division, Tampa, Florida. Died April 7, 2003.

(Continued next month)

RELUCTANT SOLDIER:

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

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

1943
Co B 331 Inf. Camp Atterbury, IN

Trying to put a rifle together was a problem for me for awhile. I never was able to remember the names of all the parts of it or of anything else.

A very embarrassing thing happened to me one Saturday after I came back from a detail. I saw the men cleaning their weapons and presumed that there was plenty of time before inspection. I had it all apart on my footlocker and then the whistle blew to fall out for inspection and it was impossible for me to put it together. I put all of the insides of the rifle into my large overcoat pockets and fell out. I almost got away with it except for the fact that the loose bolt in the rifle went clank every time I had to do the manual of arms. Lt. McMahon heard this noise and came near me. That's when I got very red. I tried to explain but got punished anyway by having to do one evening's extra duty. I had to do some scrubbing around the barracks. I can picture the lieutenant having a big chuckle over this later. Most sergeants were very mean and strict with the men during basic training. Sgt. Charles was cruel to those he didn't like. He constantly harangued us as we marched and cursed us individually. He used judo on some of the poor souls and handed out punishment right and left.

There was one fellow who just couldn't get into the Army way of doing things. He ridiculed, punished, tripped, pushed [him] into the water on problems, and everything else that he could do to make the boy's life miserable. One day with the C.O.'s permission, he hit him. That was the last straw as the boys's father appealed to Washington, and in short order [he] received a discharge.

None of us dared say anything because the C. O. stood behind the cruelty of his noncoms. Corporal

Bass made the mistake of treating us like men and was quickly transferred. Sgt. Nuskey was hard but fair. Captain Bauknight said that he didn't want a noncom who was afraid to push the men around. Sgt. Charles was encouraged to mistreat this poor recruit even if he had to drown him on one of the water problems. Sgt. Stanek from Cleveland, Ohio and I had a lot in common because he had also been a grocer and was bald. He tried to give me a break whenever he could.

[During] one memorable week, eleven men went AWOL, including a sergeant. This was investigated and Captain Bauknight was transferred to another unit. From then on, we had more humane treatment. Up to this time, we had been too green to know our rights.

Gambling was not allowed during basic, but after that the men did [gamble]. There was a rule against noncoms gambling with the men. Whenever they were caught, they had to scrub out all of the three barracks. Still they did it more and more. Sgt. Stanek was a sucker for gambling and lost every cent that he made. During basic the men had been honest, but now anything of value was not safe. I started carrying a money belt day and night.

One day after an extremely muddy exercise on the field, we had to scrape off the excess before we could enter the barracks. In the process of which I picked up another rifle by mistake. The other fellow left mine leaning outside and I was called into the office for questioning as to why I had left my rifle outside. According to regulations this was a crime, and so I had to be punished. Lt. Winters handed out my punishment. I had to carry my rifle everywhere I went and whatever I did for one week. Did I get razzed as I carried it to the washroom, to the mess hall, and even when I had K.P. I had to set the tables and wait on the men with the rifle slung over my shoulder. It turned out to be a lot of fun and made me one of the fellows.

Also in January 1943, Mother and Dad came to visit me at Indianapolis. We had arranged to meet there at a certain place. A 25-mile hike two days before had left my ankles in bad shape. That and the fact that I hadn't slept the night before did not help my condition either. They felt so sorry for me and did their best to cheer me up. We had a nice evening together. It had been the first time we had been together in months. The Army was now weeding out the 45 year old men as unfit for duty. I almost wished that I had been that old too. We had one man who had been at Camp Drum during the first war but found the training at his age too much for him. They used him in the kitchen for months until his discharge came through.

I received my first furlough on February 15. It was wonderful to get back home again and to be free from

the routine of camp life. I made a point to visit most of my relatives but found that they all had their own problems, and they thought that I had the best deal being in the Army. I was disillusioned over the attitude of some. I didn't realize that the civilians had a rough time trying to get food and other things due to rationing. Mother was embarrassed because all she was able to serve me was beef heart. I thought it was pretty good anyway as I wasn't too fussy.

It took nerve to go to see Evelyn as we were still strangers, and I knew nothing as to how to treat girls. Our meeting wasn't the best at this time. I had no idea where to go or what to do, her likes or dislikes. Outside of the family relationship, we had nothing else in common.

Soon I was getting restless and looked forward to returning to camp. The coaches on the train were jammed with service men and civilians. I was embarrassed by the talk and actions of some of these fellows. Bad language and drinking seemed to be very common. I arrived back at camp a day early because the First Sergeant had lied to me about when I had to be back in camp.

Then they sent me to communications school, but I didn't do too well. I learned to climb poles, learned about codes, telephones, messages and other things which I couldn't learn. The younger men took to this much better. Anyway it was a pleasant change in the routine.

In March I had my first bivouac. It was one I thought I would never forget. We fell out with a 60 lb pack and took off at high speed up and down hills to an area fifteen miles away. We found out by experience that to be in the end of a long column was the worst place to be. While the front of the column moved along steadily, those in the back had to run to close up the gaps caused by the men failing to keep the right interval. We paired up and put up tents. It had started out as a mild day but by night, the temperature dropped to below zero. Fires were built to keep warm.

Then we tried to go to sleep. Even with four blankets and all of our clothes on, we still almost froze. That was bad enough but we were camped on slope and we kept slipping out of the tent during the night. There was snow on the ground in the morning, and we had a hot breakfast which had been brought out from camp to us. They took us out on a problem despite the fact that it was impossible to move around in the cold and snow. Someone felt sorry for us and so in the afternoon we were ordered to return to camp. This wasn't as easy as it sounded because our tents and blankets were frozen stiff and we found it impossible to roll them up into a decent pack. Then we were on the way back to camp. The march back was harder and the upper part of my leg hurt so badly that I had to drop out of the column. An ambulance

picked me up. The medic treated my blister and ankle and put me off to continue walking. Then I fell out again and this time I just couldn't go any further. They took me and many others back to camp. The First Sergeant wanted to know why I fell out. The next day at the dispensary they treated over 50 men for swollen and blistered feet. This is the Army.

[Then at the end of March] they sent me to intelligence school for two weeks. They tried to teach me more about radio, telephone, booby traps, etc. I found that the Army was always making requests for men to learn new things and that the Company would send men that they didn't think would make good soldiers. It wasn't my fault that I didn't make an outstanding soldier. This school was held inside so I did manage to miss some training in the bad weather.

We went out on our first problem with live ammunition. Each one of us [was] afraid of shooting one of our fellows. We had a good idea as to how powerful our weapons were. A couple of the men [got] wounded. I had to put cotton in my ears to keep them from hurting from the explosion of the shells as they were fired from the rifles. Our officers did their best to keep us safe. One day they marched us to an artillery area where we witnessed a demonstration of tanks and artillery firing at a vacant house a mile away. This demonstration made me think that nothing could live under such concentrated shelling. I found out later how wrong I was.

By April 1943, bivouacs, camping out, and night problems were very common. I hated them, but it didn't alter the fact that I had to go. Eating in the dark, sleeping on the cold ground, and marching cross country in the dark wasn't very funny. It was advanced training and we had to take it. There was often some fun mixed with our misery. I was always afraid of drowning when we crossed a deep stream with all of the equipment to help us sink faster.

Our group had to go over the ranger course one day and it was terrifying. It was especially hard for me because there were so many obstacles to climb and jump over. This wasn't for me. On top of this they threw sticks of dynamite around us to simulate combat conditions. I did the best that I could and balked at some of the things that I knew I couldn't do despite threatenings from those in charge. I had heard of too many getting hurt over that same course. At this point in our training we knew how much they could force us to do and how much to refuse.

Then one day our company received a new Jeep and so they needed a name for it. They promised the man who turned in the best name a three-day pass. Just for fun I turned in the name "Beecompeep," and I was very much surprised to receive a 3 day pass and the

congratulations of the men. I toyed with the idea of trying to get home in that short of a time. It just wasn't possible, so I went to Indianapolis and tried to see more of the town. I ate in cafeterias and slept in a hotel for two nights. I also enjoyed my first church service in six months with civilians.

Evelyn sent me a picture of herself and three other girls taken from a Harvey Cedars program. She looked beautiful, and I felt good to know that I was privileged to have her write to me. Since my furlough, I had been writing oftener to her and our letters were much more friendly. I was still writing to two other girls but less often. Love was beginning to shape up.

Suddenly one day in May 1943, we readied for a secret mission.

Dressed in our best and with most of our equipment, we started a very interesting trip to West Virginia through Ohio. The Army trucks raced through all the towns at breakneck speed until we came to Chillicothe, Ohio. There we spent the first night on the lawn of the Government Reformatory. We pitched tents in neat rows amid a lot of confusion. We spent our second day at Parkersburg. The third night we camped near a railroad somewhere in Virginia. We found out that our mission was to guard the railroad over which President Roosevelt and Churchill were to travel.

We were spread over the track and ordered to keep off anyone who would come near it. Our rifles were loaded with ammo, and it was all very serious. We paced back and forth in a military manner. The special went by so fast that it was only in sight for a couple of seconds. All that effort for that! We took the bayonets off of our rifles and went back to our tents to get some sleep. Early in the morning with much effort we rolled up the equipment, policed the area, and were on our way back to camp. The scenery was beautiful. There were so many steep mountains to go over.

We received a wonderful reception from the people on the way back. As the convoy roared through town, they would wave and throw fruit and candy into the trucks. We enjoyed this change from the routine training even though those over us were very strict and watched every move that we made.

We no sooner got back to camp [than] we had to go out on a two week bivouac. There were thirteen straight days of rain in which we slopped around in six inches of mud. Sometimes we had to walk in water up to our armpits. Everything got even wetter and I was scared for fear that I might slip and drown in one of the holes of the river. Not being able to swim was my great fear. To eat, sleep, and train in the

rain and mud was all that we could bear. Our C.O., who was still Capt. Bauknight, gave us a very rough time. We had to jump at his word.
In June 1943, [I] had another visit from the folks. We only had 24 hours together as I had to be back. I had only six hours sleep in three days. We enjoyed talking and walking together and I was glad that they were able to come. I believe they went to Florida from here.

[Then] we started another week of problems. They woke us up at 3 and we had breakfast at 0330. They gave us two sandwiches for lunch and supper at 1030 at night. We were hungry and thirsty, and we suffered. The bugs were fierce. I counted 120 mosquito bites on my arms and 50 on my body. I figured that I was immune to any further poisoning.

Now the time came to leave Atterbury, and I couldn't help but think at the difference in us and the camp since we came there. It had been nothing but a mud hole. Now there were paved sidewalks and some lawns. It had been cold, raw, and muddy most of the time, and now it was nice. It had been our home for months, and we couldn't help regret leaving. Most of the fellows said that they were glad to leave. Many of those wished later that they could be back.

We started with sixty men in each barracks, but by the time they let the over-40-[year-old] men go and the illiterate, we were down to about half. There must have been a thousand of these who despite all the schooling and training that the Army tried to give them never became responsible soldiers. Many of them had personal problems and would take off for home at any sign of unfaithfulness from girlfriends or wives. We all had to read the mail to these men and write an answer. Some had difficulty in wearing shoes and a necktie. They were strong and active and might have been good in the field if they had been given a chance. As replacements, we received men from the Texas Indian Head 2nd. Division.

Because Gen. (Yoo Hoo) Lear was to review us, we had to learn the words of the song which was popular at the time, "This is the Army, Mr. Jones," because he liked it. So we sang it as we marched and hated every word of it because when we returned to camp in the afternoon we could barely keep instep, let alone sing. The day came for the review, and he didn't show. We didn't have to sing, for which we were glad, but [we were] resentful for having [had] to learn the thing. It seemed that one day General Lear was playing golf as a column of G.I.'s marched by and they went "Yoo Hoo" at some of the girls playing on the course. As punishment, he made these men march 25 miles the next day with field packs. That is where he got the name.

Some men that I remember from basic training were Sergeant Nutski, the platoon leader; Sergeant Stanek,

the squad leader; Private Hojara, and especially George Petchico from Fall River, Mass. He did all in his power to get out of the service. He was 5'2," 180 lb., and a ball of fat. He was sick, he cried and stormed because he hated the Army, the food, the training and his Uncle—who being on the draft board couldn't have him deferred. He took a fancy to me, and I was unable to turn around without him tagging along. I tried to pacify the anger that he had for his uncle and to encourage him to accept his lot which he finally did. He finally took an interest in the training, lost a lot of weight, and then did a good job as a soldier. He even got used to the mildly seasoned food and told me later that he was getting to like it better than his mother's cooking.

After a short ride we arrived in the hot, dry state of Tennessee [to take part in maneuvers]. Trucks picked us up at the station, and we were taken deep into the woods. There we pitched tents and tried to make ourselves comfortable. The only water available was from a Lister bag and this we had to practically steal to get enough to drink. The first week we did little more than hike and exercise.

The first taste that we had of the heat was when we assembled in a large open area to be welcomed by the General. We sat in the blazing sun to listen to his welcome and to instructions for our conduct in the maneuver area. After about two hours we started back for camp, and that was when our ordeal began. About 25% of the men fell out on the way back. Between the heat and lack of water, the men just couldn't take it. I just barely made it to my area. One thing in favor of camping out was that we had no barracks to clean. Of course, we did police the area day and night to pick up anything that didn't grow.

I saw my first accident one day as we were marching down a road. A horse that had been grazing suddenly became frightened at seeing us marching by, and it panicked and headed straight for us. Our training of staying in marching order kept us from opening up a path for the running horse and it tried to jump over the column. One of its hooves kicked into a man's helmet and knocked him down. That was a good lesson to prove the value of the steel helmet even though it weighted about 3 lbs. I was always afraid of the wild horses and mules during the times when we had to cross fields near them. I don't believe that I ever saw a dog or cat in Tennessee.

About once a week, PX rations came and we thought it was wonderful to be able to buy something special. We had money but no way to spend it as we were so deep in the woods. I was now a messenger for Headquarters.

One hot day they took us out for a 25 mile hike. We started about noon and kept going until 9 at night.

It was a blistering hot day and

our canteen of water that was supposed to last all day was soon empty. We were allowed to pour water over our heads as we crossed streams but were forbidden to drink. Most of us dipped our helmets into the stream, poured the water over our heads and down our throat. We didn't care that it was dirty. After a few hours, the men began to sway and stagger and fall by the side of the road. Before it was over, about 25% of the strong, young men were lying unconscious and delirious in the ditches. Some were so bad that they had to be hospitalized.

I was one of those that made the hike and was completely exhausted. I don't believe that I had been so tired before. They brought water and food at night to appease our hunger and thirst. Finally things got back to normal. The men were in such a bad way that they didn't care about anything. It was the closest that we had ever come to mutiny. There was no discipline that night.

In July, 1943, a tank battalion joined us, and we began problems together. The size of these tanks terrified us. It looked as if nothing could stop these iron monsters. They drove them through fences and fields of corn just as if it had been grass. I had my first ride inside a tank destroyer. It was thrilling and novel. Maneuvers were fun most of the time, but the hike from one area to another in the blazing sun was not.

We learned how to get water from streams and farmhouses and risked punishment. They were trying to train us for desert warfare and wanted us to live on one canteen of water per day. This was impossible and so when a man is thirsty, he will do most anything to get some. I even drank water out of ruts. At this point, I thought that the most wonderful thing would be to see water run out of a spigot. I saw more wells in Tennessee than I knew existed. Some of the bucket type but most were the kind that you lower a cylinder into a small hole and draw up the water that way. As it was,these poor people didn't have enough for their own use and it was a sacrifice for them to give it to us. Every home had its own rain barrel for washing of clothes. There was also many kinds of water, some good and some bad. The worse smelling being sulfur water, once you got it past your nose it was alright. We made several river crossings which were exciting and dangerous.

[I] enjoyed my first visit to Nashville, especially the shower at the YMCA. Nashville is sort of hilly, but I liked it fine. I never saw so many GI's as in town. We took a cab back to camp and then our problem for the next hour was trying to find our tents in the darkness of the woods. [I] attended my first field church service.

One week of a problem, I spent on K.P. It was rough cooking out in the field but the hardest part was loading the trucks each day and get

ting set up in a new location. There was little sleeping in tents from now on except at a problem's end. We just lay down where we were without anything off.

We had to be careful where we lay because tanks would move around at night, and some fellows were run over.

Often we would awaken and find a cow looking us over. [I] got a good case of jiggers and mosquito bites. Watermelon and ice cream were my favorite treat as we were dried out from the lack of water.

In [I] had my first brush with death as lightning struck near me as I climbed over a wire fence and the shock went through me. I felt that God was with me in keeping me from being hurt.

[I] was on guard duty for one week protecting a bridge across a river. It was a snap except we ran out of C-rations and some of the fellows had to go out to see what they could buy. In addition the people gave us biscuits and eggs. The southerners were nice to us even though we cut down their fences and drank the water which was so scarce at this time of the year. We were entertained in the woods one day by a Nashville hillbilly group. This music seemed wild to us Northerners.

Our platoon sergeant now was Sergeant Norski. He treated us very well as his object was to borrow money from everyone, which he never returned. He got me for a few dollars also, which I wrote off as a donation.

After many weeks of problems were over, we were taken by truck to Springfield, Tennessee. We bivouacked in this area for 2 weeks. We lived in two-man tents and had it pretty good. It seemed as if they were trying to fatten us up before we were to go on furlough. I shared my tent with Sergeant Stanek. We got along very well together. He also kept me off many details. He would have nightmares sometimes and the tent would collapse as he would try to make a new exit. One night I saw him ready to do this again and I said to him in a loud voice, "This way out!" and he went out the right way and saved the tent.

[Although] most of the days on maneuvers had been dry, [by September 1943], we began to have heavy rains. It was a struggle to keep ourselves and the equipment dry. [I] visited Nashville for the last time and saw my first field movie.

The dreaded maneuvers were over and they hadn't been too bad. We enjoyed being out in the field and didn't look forward to routine training and barracks life again. We had been away from close order drill and parades, too.

There were humorous incidents that happened during some of these problems. One night, after a very hard day, we stopped along the road to rest for awhile and the whole

company fell asleep. We were supposed to be on the alert. The next thing we knew an enemy machine gun was facing us and we were all captured. The C.O. was very unhappy on account of our failure to stay awake. But we did get about two days rest out of our capture. Another time during a heavy battle, I was separated from my unit behind enemy lines. I met a couple other fellows and we spent several days wandering around trying to find our unit. We received one free meal from some people and paid for one. Finally we were captured by the enemy. They fed us and let us go the next day. There were some goldbricks who got lost on purpose to avoid the hard training.

During one problem, in which we had to take a bridge, feelings ran so hard that the men fixed bayonets, and only the quick intervention of the umpires prevented bloodshed. It proved that the Army did a good job in making these maneuvers seem like the real thing. It seemed that the men were unhappy over the decision of the umpires after the men had been struggling over this bridge problem for three days.

The river problem was interesting but dangerous. We made a midnight crossing in rubber boats. Getting into and out of these was difficult because of the muddy banks. After we got across, the engineers hastily constructed a foot bridge over which we had to run at double time. Again we crossed the river at another point. Some of us were successful, and some were driven back. Some were separated from the company and some built makeshift rafts to try to get back. They had bad luck as the rafts with all their clothes and weapons turned over and they lost all. Some of the other men had to share their clothes with them.

Then after a couple of weeks rest at Springfield, we began the march to Breckenridge, Kentucky. They would drive us part of the way each day and let us march about 15 miles each day. It was hard on the feet but a lot of fun, too. As we marched through the towns, people lined the streets and cheered us as if we had been heroes. It was very hot and some of the people handed us pieces of ice to quench our thirst. Late in the afternoon we camped, ate, stood retreat, and we were free.

Suddenly, Italy surrendered.

Now we thought the allies would be at the Brenner Pass, and the war would soon be over. We felt very good.

To be continued

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Personal Memories For July

My Name _____

Relatives that were born, married or died in July _____

A Favorite Story About Someone Listed Above _____

How we celibrated the 4th of July when I was a child _____

My Most Memorable Independence Day _____

Other Favorite Memories _____

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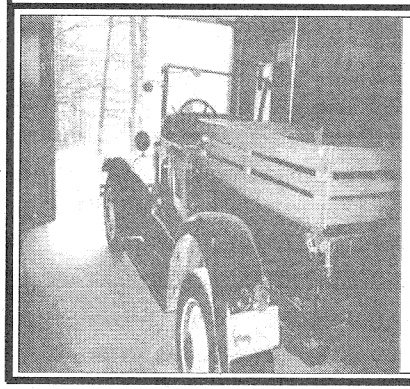
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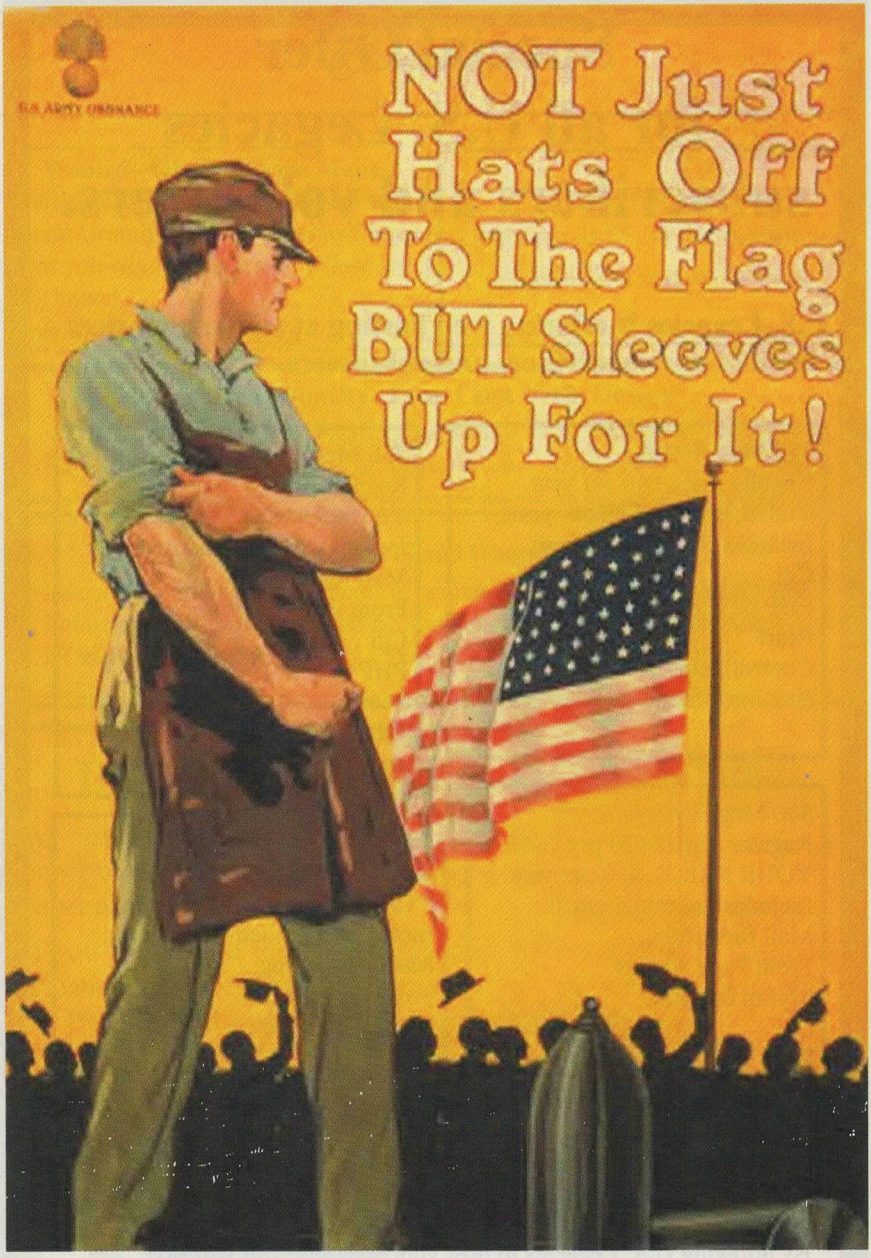
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