

THE LEGACY

Mysteries of the future and secrets of the past
go hand in hand,

to understand one
you need to discover the other.

FTW

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Letter from the Editor

This has been the most difficult letter I have tried to write since the beginning of this magazine, but it has also been the most educational. As I write this letter each month, it is similar to a form of therapy for me because it encourages me to examine and organize my inner thoughts.

As we enter into the month of June, I think of Father's Day. Thinking of Father's Day, I wanted to write something uplifting as a tribute to fathers, the same way I did for Mother's Day. But, I had a problem. My own biological father left when I was just an infant, so how could I pay a tribute to someone that I never knew?

Then I began to think about all of the other men that had a major impact on my life such as my Uncles and my Grandfather. I started to write a tribute toward them, but then I questioned the aspect of paying tribute to them on a day that is supposed to be dedicated to Fathers, since they were not my biological father.

In order to help resolve my dilemma, I decided to look in an old dictionary that I had sitting on the shelf and see what they offered as an acceptable

definition of the word Father. Their response was, "Father: A person regarded as a male parent; protector." That definition did not help me. I looked at the date on my old dictionary and discovered that it was written in 1957, when I was 9 years old.

During this time, I also realized that with the changing society there are many other people in this country that are also the products of divorce, single parents or even now with test tube babies, etc. there are children being born to 2 parents of the same gender where neither parent is a male. I knew that I was not alone in the situation I was facing so I proceeded to look up the word Father in a 1997 dictionary and found the following definition. "Father: A man who begets or raises or nurtures a child." I found it interesting when I realized they were using the word OR in front of the word nurtures and decided to look up the definition of the word nurtures. I found the following definition.

Nurtures:

1. To nourish; feed.
2. To educate; train.
3. To help grow or develop; cultivate.

By using the definition of, "Nurtures a child", I finally felt that it would be appropriate for me to include men other than my biological father in my tribute for Father's Day. You will locate that tribute in a separate story titled, "Mentors and Father Figures." I hope that you enjoy reading the tribute as much as I enjoyed remembering the moments that inspired me to write it.

As for the rest of you, if you were fortunate enough to have a loving, kind and inspirational father, I hope that you will use this time to reflect on your blessings and appreciate the knowledge you received from him, then let your father know how grateful you are to have him in your life.

On the other hand, if you are one of the people that does not know your biological father or has a father that was not a positive influence on your life, then I would like to encourage you to spend some time thinking of the other men that helped you to evolve by having an educational, inspirational and uplifting effect on you. Those mentors or father figures can be the ones that you might want to show your gratitude to on this Father's Day.

In closing, I would like to make one final plea to the

parents reading this letter.

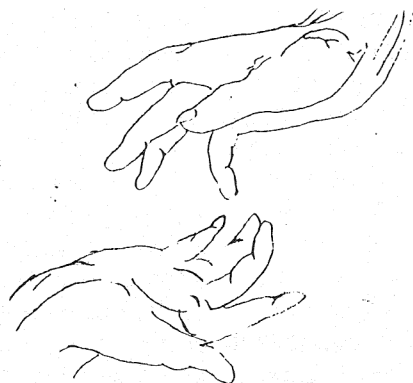
I am 48 years old and there are still times that I feel the sadness as the tears well up inside at the thought at how much I still miss having a Father with strength, wisdom and love to guide me and talk with me.

I am fortunate however to have recently found a dozen older retired gentlemen that I admire, respect and listen to several times a week over coffee. They are all nice gentle and wise men and are exactly the type of men that I would be proud to have had as a father. As such, I look forward to the time that I get to spend with them and the lessons of life that I get to learn from them.

I mention these gentle men for two reasons. One reason is to let them know they are appreciated. The other reason is to let parents know that a child never outgrows the need or desire for a good role model. So please make some time to spend alone, with your child, even if he or she is now an adult. And if your child does not have a father living in the same house, please remember that it is very very important to find a way for your child to be able to spend time watching, listening and learning from a good, positive role model.

Thank You
Frank Wike

The Sandwich Generation



Sunshine,

I am an only child. Yes, one of those that everyone always told, "aren't you lucky?" Well, think of this. I married an only child, my father was an only child, as was my husband's father. My mother had the dysfunctional family of all time; no support or correspondence there. My husband's mother had a brother and no one to help when he had trouble. Yes, that lucky only child had it all alright. She had a husband who couldn't handle any of these affairs so..... here I am. I have cared for and buried in the past 6 years, a father-in-law, a mother-in-law, an uncle-in-law (out of state), a father, a 14-year-old son, and finally a grandmother-in-law. My last great act was to care for my mother, who I finally had to put in a home with Alzheimer's Disease.

Is there anyone else out there that is as lucky as I? I would sure like someone to talk to.

JA

Dear JA:

I don't think that is really what you want to hear. I would suspect that you would love to hear "gee, rest your feet. I will take care of this work for you." I also suspect you would have a hard time deciding on hearing that - or hearing Dick Clark tell you you have won one of those large sweepstakes! :-)

JA, I know this doesn't help much, but if others tell you that you are "lucky," they must see something in you. At this moment, I don't ever remember hearing anyone say "Aren't you lucky?" when that person didn't think that the other person was special. I know you don't think

so, but think about this: if you have had so many people say that to you, could it not be possible that they might see something you don't see?

My mother frequently asks what bad thing she ever did to ruin my life. She feels guilty that I am watching over her. My response is I would rather do this than have someone else care for her. After all, she could be in a nursing home, or with some other caretaker that would be injuring her in some manner. My brother could be caring for her. My brother would be worrying along with her, wondering how everything is going to get done. Then I would have to worry about both of them. Would my mother be better off with my brother? Would *I* be better off if my brother cared for our mother? Even my brother admits that that is NOT a good idea.

I know you feel that you have the world on your shoulders. As difficult as this seems, I would challenge you to consider that the situation could be worse. For one example, how would YOU like it if you were the one seriously handicapped and someone had to care for you completely? I can think of several people who have problems that mean that they are mentally OK, but their body is not. Christopher Reeve may be the best known example

of this. Personally, I would rather be the caretaker than the invalid.

I strongly suggest you investigate alternative help. I agree wholeheartedly with your last statement: "I would sure like someone to talk to." You need to find someone who can listen. You also need some additional help with the daily problems you face. I don't know where you live, but surely, with the number of family members in your care, there must be some agency that could give you at least a few hours of respite each week. I have mentioned some of these places in a past column.

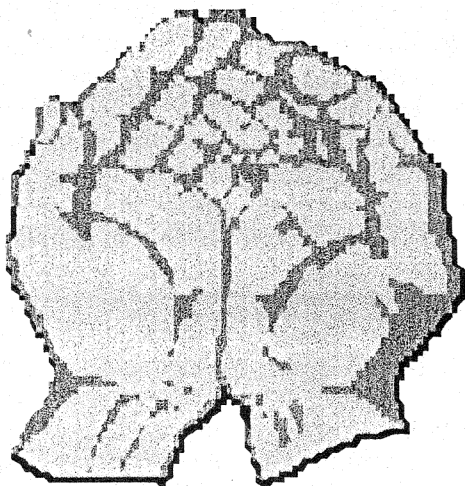
JA, you and everyone else who belongs to the sandwich generation can't do it alone. I repeat that and repeat that, and I find that there are those who still believe they can - until they are totally exhausted. That doesn't help anyone.

You have lots of skills and lots to teach others. There are those who can't manage the burdens you have managed. Now, it is time to help yourself. See if you can find a group of people who share the same kinds of problems and talk with them. You will be surprised, I think, at how much better you feel after you have had a chance to talk to others who have "been there, done that".

Let us know what happens.

Sunshine Ω

Grandparenting



Grandparenting

I just spent seven days with my two grandchildren in Philadelphia. They had never seen the ocean, ridden on a train or subway or seen the Statue of Liberty or Ellis Island where their great, great great grandparents passed through. They've now done all of this with us, and it is with great emotion that I remember it as I hope they will. It is up to the older generation to teach, show and preserve what we have. My own grandparents were always distant and strict; I vowed not to be that way, but to try to show my grandchildren everything I could, and to love them!

Mike

Story telling

As presents for our small grandchildren, I purchased some small books that I liked and felt they also would. Then I set up a tape recorder and started the tape by talking to them and telling them that I was going to read them a story. During the story I would use their names when asking questions about a picture in the book. I then mailed them the book (each grandchild had their own personal book), and it was a great success. My daughter said she made copies of the tape because she was sure that the original was going to wear out very quickly.

Since then, two of my

grandchildren sent me a book called "Grandpa's Story". Inside it asks, "Grandpa, what was it like when you were a little boy?" There is one for grandpas and one for grandmas. It is essentially an autobiography, but I am trying to tell it in "children-language." Communication is a very essential part of grandparenting, and time or distance should not stop you from becoming a vital part of their lives.

Carl

A Gift For The Kids

One of my brothers and I wanted to leave some sense of who we were and what our lives were like for future generations. We set up a camcorder in his living room, and just talked about our lives -- to each other as well as to the kids. It was one of the most moving and memorable experiences of my life. Our children were overwhelmed by the tape. For the first time in their lives, they said, they really saw us as children, brothers, and in general, real people. Each of our children and grandchildren was given a copy. Presumably, the tapes will be around for a couple of generations.

Sally

Tips on Staying In Touch

In today's mobile society, few of us are fortunate enough to have all, or even some, of our

grandchildren living within driving distance. However, you can reach out across the miles to your grandchildren by using some of these ideas.

- Telephone calls are great fun. If you can arrange to make some of the calls shortly after special events

your grandchildren have participated in, such as a program at school or church, you will be able to share the excitement. Ask them to videotape the event and send you a copy.

- You and your spouse can take turns videotaping each other reading stories and then send them to your grandchildren. If possible, have someone videotape the two of you sending greetings, especially on birthdays or other special occasions. If you don't own a camcorder, you can rent one or use a cassette recorder instead. Include a greeting and a short explanation of why the story is special.

- Write letters as often as possible and include interesting newspaper and magazine clippings and cartoons. Use commemorative stamps on the envelopes; you just might spark an interest in stamp collecting.

- Periodically, bake and send them cookies or other treats. If

Grandparenting

possible, use some old family recipes. These have special meaning for everyone. Make some decorated cut-out ones. Package them securely (dry, unsalted popcorn makes good food packaging) and mail to your grandchildren. Enclose a note telling the history of any special family recipes.

- Knit or crochet an heirloom. These will be extra special if you are able to use some yarn from an old sweater or baby Afghan of their parents.

- Create an heirloom quilt for each grandchild. If possible, cut some of the blocks from material you once used to make clothes for either them or their parent's.

- Handy with wood? Create a bird house, toy, or other item. Mark it with the child's name, your name, and the date given.

- Give your grandchildren mementos from your or their parents' childhood. Maybe it's a memory of a special Christmas or a favorite ornament or decoration. Or it might be a long-forgotten favorite toy or book.

- Have your old 8mm home movies transferred to videotape and give each grandchild a copy. They will enjoy watching their parents growing up.

- A scrapbook of pictures from your and/or their parents' past will give your grandchildren a sense of life in the "good old days." Many photo developers will make prints from another print, so even if you no longer have the negatives, you can easily have copies made for everyone.

- Write a family history. You might include funny stories about their parents or tell of the challenges earlier generations faced. Include special memories and traditions your family shared.

- Depending on your grandchildren's ages, you might give them a bit of family history. Frame an old map, the deed to the family homestead, a special letter, or a square of needlepoint or embroidery made by a great-grandmother.

- Create a video family history using old slides and pictures. Narrate it or set it to music.

- Watch a television program together -- even though you are in different cities. For example, at Christmas, plan to watch a favorite holiday movie such as *White Christmas*, *It's a Wonderful Life* or *A Christmas Carol*.

- Share your thoughts in letters or telephone calls.

- "Adopt" some children in your area whose grandparents live far away. Be stand-in grandparents for them, especially at special times like birthdays and holidays. This can make you feel closer to your own grandchildren and give you insights into what children today are thinking and doing. This also can ease some of the loneliness of being separated from your grandchildren and make some other children's holiday a little brighter.

- Send older grandchildren a book of blank pages. Ask them to use it as a journal to create their own memories.

- Play checkers or chess by mail.

- Of course, visits should be planned as often as possible. Visit them or send them travel money so they can visit you. These ideas can help bring you closer to your grandchildren, even when miles separate you physically. Ω

Life is constantly changing. How can it be otherwise? Even if we aren't changing for a little while, other people in our lives create challenges that force us to look inward, adapt and ultimately change something about us because of their changes. There's a saying -- "What looks like the end of the road is simply a bend in the road and a new beginning."

It's amazing, all the wisdom we're able to garner over a lifetime. We're human sponges - living, experiencing and, hopefully, learning from every experience - bad or good, of our own volition or imposed upon us. How we utilize that wisdom to the best of our advantage is the key.

If you have an interesting and heartwarming story about your grandparents, if you are a grandparent and you have a cute story about one of your grandchildren or if you simply have some advice you would like to share with others, please send your comments and suggestions to: The Legacy, P.O. Box 201, Perkins, OK 74059 or you can reach us by e-mail at LegacyMag@aol.com

Angels



Mother's Angel

My mother was 75 years old, looked 60 and was the center of our extended families life. I was 44 and my mother was my best friend in the world. She was diagnosed with terminal lung cancer only 13 days before she died. She had gone to the emergency room bleeding (without clotting called D.I.C.) and almost died in the emergency room from hemorrhage before they realized that she had cancer everywhere in her body. Those 13 days in intensive care with my mother were amazing, horrible, inspiring, and final...

I was with her when she died. She was hooked up to many machines including a heart monitor. My family had been there all day and went to get dinner outside of the hospital and urged me to come as well since I had really not left

the room for some time. Mom had been sleeping for the past 3 days, but I somehow felt I needed to stay. Suddenly the heart monitor began to beep. The nurse came in and I asked her what was wrong. She said "your mother is dying". Within 10 minutes, my mother's heart went to flatline while I was holding her hand.

The nurse came back in the room (they monitor the machines from the main desk) and said "your mother has passed away, please stay in the room as long as you need to".

As I sat with my mother's still warm hand in my hand...I started to cry. Probably 5 to 8 minutes passed and suddenly I heard a beep from the heart monitor and looked up to see the heart line surging she was alive again! The machine beeped loudly a second time as

her heart rate rocketed up.

Slowly she opened her eyes and looked at me and I heard a voice in my head say "give her permission to leave". And I knew what to do. I told my mother it was okay for her to leave. I would be okay. She needed to go, it was the right thing to do.. My mother closed her eyes and died a second time.

The nurse arrived shortly thereafter and told me they saw the heart beat come back. They said it often happens. They see things the doctors rarely if ever see...the spiritual side of death. She was not the least bit surprised when I told her what had happened. She said that patients often need permission to die...from their loved ones.

What puzzled her was that I knew instantly what to do. How did I know? I didn't know how to tell her that I heard a voice in my head as clearly as I heard her voice..telling me what needed to be done.

Clearly my mother had an angel with her at death whose job it was to guide all of us. I will be forever grateful.

B.D.

My Son's Angel

I was always very close to my grandmother. She was always there for me. She also babysat for my children when they couldn't go to the

babysitter for some reason, so my children were also very very close to her and loved her very much. When she died, we all missed her terribly.

My kids talked of her constantly and my youngest was about 5 years old and was sad but seemed comforted from my talk with him about how Grammy was not really gone, but that she was in heaven and was watching out for him.

He told me he wanted to talk to her and I told him that she would always listen and would make sure he was okay and maybe if he was real quiet and listened with his heart he could hear her, but even if he didn't hear her, he would just know she was listening.

One sunny afternoon, I was walking through the kitchen and noticed my son looking out the window waving to someone. We live on a farm and he was just looking out at the open field. I looked out to see who he was waving to but I didn't see anyone so I asked him. "Who are you waving at?"

He very happily told me he was waving to Gramma and seemed puzzled that I asked. He said matter of factly "You said she would always be watching over me and I was just saying hi to her" He then went off playing.

S.R.

Angels

Dad Angels.....

My dad died suddenly and unexpectedly during one of the big snow storms last winter.

He was shoveling snow and my mom looked out and saw that he was looking tired. She went out and sent him back into the house. When she finished the job she went inside and found him on the floor. It took over a half hour for the ambulance to make it to the house through the snow and another half hour to get him to the hospital. During all of that time my mother was alone and hysterical.

I live three thousand miles away in sunny southern California. The day he died the weather was beautiful here in the morning. I was all set to take the kids out Christmas shopping after lunch. But when we went out to the car, the sky had suddenly filled with dark clouds. I took one look and thought that I better cancel my shopping trip. Within five minutes it was lightening and thundering, something very rare in this area. I sat looking out the window and suddenly had this feeling that I had to call home - but when I did no one answered.

A half hour later my mother called from the hospital to tell me that my father had died. I honestly believe that the sudden thunder storm was dad's way of saying goodbye, and more

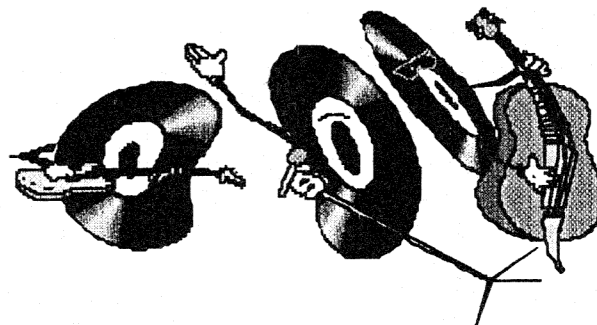
important, making sure I was home when my mom needed me.

My dad was always ragging me about making sure the tires on my car were OK. He'd always use the same phrase "You'll have a real blow-out if you don't get that fixed." Six months after he died, I was sitting in McDonald's with my kids. I was thinking about dad and missing him when I happened to glance out the window and see a man about my father's age looking at my car in the parking lot. The man came into the restaurant and walked right over to me (there were other people in the restaurant at the time.) He said "Did you know your front tire is almost bald? You'll have a real blow-out if you don't get that fixed. Now you take care of it, OK?" My mouth dropped open but I managed to thank him. He smiled and said "Everything's OK." and then walked out of the restaurant. I went right to the gas station after lunch and sure enough the tire was completely bald even though it was relatively new.

Just like my dad managed to get me a message to stay home to help my mom when he died, I believe the man at McDonald's was an angel sent by my dad to follow-up on his work and make sure my kids and I were safe.

C. S.

The Nostalgia Corner



The Nickel Pepsi Jingle: Can you still sing it?

Pepsi Cola hits the spot
Twelve full ounces (that's a lot)
Twice as much for a nickel too
Pepsi Cola is the drink for you

I remember carrying the milk can to the store, and buying a few cents worth of butter that was cut from the large tub. I also remember hanging around the market, and dipping my hand into the big barrel of kraut, and the equally big barrel of dill pickles!!
J. Y.

I remember dad carrying beer home in tin cans. Our milk was delivered - in bottles that had baby faces on the top where the cream was. In winter it would have a two- inch column of frozen cream sticking up from

the bottle. This was before homogenization was discovered.
T. R.

I loved the Creamsicle ice cream covered with orange ice for a nickel, but I hated those wooden spoons that came with cups of ice cream. I would gag on those wooden spoons. I still can't taste anything out of a wooden cooking spoon. Did anyone else buy those little tin-pan pies with a little metal spoon that cut your mouth when you dug out the pink "pie?" And for only a penny, you got a nice sore lip. Those were fun days!
J. D.

The Nostalgia Corner

How did those candy store owners have the patience to stand and wait, while we children decided what to buy, as if it were the most momentous decision of our young lives?

Were we being trained as consumers when we spent our pennies and nickels carefully at the candy store? I wonder whether, during the depression years at least, every nickel sale counted and the storekeepers were glad for each one.

I vaguely remember once being given a couple of dimes by my rich cousin, the bookie, and being trailed to the candy store by several "best friends" who watched while I, intoxicated by this wealth, splurged on our favorites.

I'm sure this would have included "chocolate licorice," as well as red and black, and Mary Janes, chocolate soldiers, green leaves, candy buttons, Walnettos, candy bananas, and maybe even one of those ghastly little pies.

I even bought "penny chances," the gooey marshmallow and chocolate that might, but never did, contain a paper awarding the purchaser (what else?) some free candy. Such wealth never came my way again, until I was too old to patronize the candy store and we were saving our pennies to have

a nickel for candy and a dime for the Saturday movie.
F.E.

I wonder how much of the fun of buying the tin-pan pies, the wax bottles, the strips of paper with pink or yellow "dots" of candy stuck to them, etc. (as well as the unsanitary hokey-pokey ices in a dirty piece of paper) lay in thinking we were doing something our parents thought was dangerous?

Today's kids have so many more dangerous things to experiment with, heaven help 'em.

Yet, my "respectable" neighborhood had several bookie joints, at least one blind pig, more than one resident gangster, and assorted dubious characters, some of whom were parents of kids I played with...but I never saw a gun except in the mounted policeman's holster.

B.R.

"Blind Pig" is a midwestern term for a speakeasy. During Prohibition there were various ways of getting liquor illegally: A doctor could prescribe it "for medicinal purposes," or (adults only) could go to a storefront location or apartment building and if they knew what to say, or were with a known person, they would be admitted. (There

used to be a tag line, "Benny sent me," that wise kids said to show they were in the know.)

I suspect that many stores, including probably the corner candy store, sold bootleg liquor under the counter.

There was a soft drink called Green River sold in pretty green bottles which, when emptied, were filled with bootleg hooch. Strictly speaking, blind pig is the term now used for an unlicensed enterprise that sells liquor after the legal closing time, 2 A.M. or whatever.

Don't I sound corrupt? I was the dumbest little kid who ever drew breath, but this was all part of the culture in our "respectable" community.
D.L.

Before my parents got a car, they rented the garage. After the renter had defaulted on the rent for a month or so, they went out and found he was using it to store bootlegging stuff - assorted old bottles, etc. They were in a large wooden chest. My parents threw the bottles away, but saved the chest and my son still has it. We have referred to it as the bootlegger's chest for 65 years.
H.I.

In New York City, where I grew up during the depression and prohibition, one could easily pick out the store fronts

that were speakeasies. The decor in the windows was either black and silver or red and gold.

The cop on the beat would stop in on Saturday afternoon and pick up his "gift" bottle. Once a month the police raided one or another speakeasy just to show they were doing their jobs. The owners of the establishments would pay their fines and go their merry way. I strongly believe that the "prohibition" on drugs is being conducted very much the same way.
K.T.

Bookie joints!!! We had a guy who came to the house every day to get my mother's "numbers." She usually played a nickel unless she had a hot dream or something. I remember boxing numbers and the minimum was a penny! Hard to believe that they gambled for so little - yet it must have been profitable 'cause our neighborhood bookie did nothing else for a living!
O.W.

My father used to say things did not taste as good as when he was young. My husband used to comment that he wished that I could cook as good as his mother did. Then she came to stay with us. He asked her, "What happened? Your cooking was so much better when I was

The Nostalgia Corner

growing up!" She laughed and told us that her four growing boys thought that everything she put before them was delicious because boys are always hungry. Any reasonably good food tasted wonderful to them. As we age, our taste becomes jaded.

M.A.

Remember the "double boiler" of oatmeal on back of the coal stove in kitchen." Made you feel cuddly warm in the morning after a frigid bedroom. Now I microwave oatmeal, cream of wheat, grits and anything else that gets in my way.

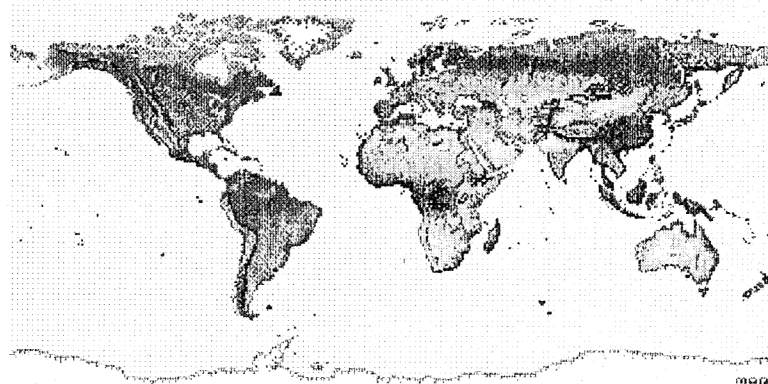
I think I ate so much oatmeal growing up, that I got my fill. Mother would make sure we had oatmeal on those cold mornings before leaving for school. I cooked oatmeal for my daughters and I cook it for the grandkids, and yes I have had a small bowl once in awhile with the grandkids. I remember feeding oatmeal to our puppies. We couldn't afford regular dog food, so the pets had to eat what we left. They didn't seem to mind and were healthy. We also had cream of wheat and malt-o-meal and milk toast Mmmmmm, that was good. L.N.

Welcome to
"Cottage
& Co"
by
Sam
White



Diet Nam Surveying the Field

by Charles J. Jefferson © (1997)



I was assistant communications officer of a non-divisional heavy artillery group (the 52nd), which was pretty much permanently garrisoned on Artillery Hill in Pleiku. As such, I had the time for -- and was frequently assigned -- a variety of extra duties.

One time-consuming and paperwork-intensive task was that of survey officer. That is, I would be assigned to investigate the loss of, or serious damage to, government property. In the resulting report of survey, I would determine whether gross negligence had been involved. If so, I would recommend to the Commander that the person or persons involved be held pecuniarily liable, the cost of the lost or damaged property to be deducted from their pay.

This is normally a rare

occurrence in a combat or combat support unit during a war. If a unit were rocketed or -- better yet, from this viewpoint -- overrun, everything the parent organization had lost, mislaid, ruined or traded to another unit since the last enemy attack would have somehow magically have been present at that precise time and place, allowing it to be wiped off the unit records as a combat loss. Nevertheless, surveys were called for from time to time.

At my previous unit, for example, I had been assigned to do a Report of Survey on an M-16 rifle lost by one of our Forward Observers (FO -- someone who accompanies an infantry or other combat unit to call in supporting artillery fire). This was sheer vindictiveness on the part of the Battalion Commander, as

Surveying The Field

the fellow was out with a 173rd Airborne Brigade unit when he lost his weapon, and the incident could easily have been overlooked. But I'd heard rumors that the lieutenant concerned had run afoul of the Battalion staff soon after arriving in country and as a result had been kept on (dangerous) FO duties during his entire assignment rather than for the normal six months.

The very fact that the infantry unit the guy had been with wouldn't certify that his weapon had been lost in combat told me something about him, and left me no choice but to find him grossly negligent and thus pecuniarily liable.

Later, I was assigned to do the required Report of Survey when the 52nd Group Commander's driver wrecked the CO's jeep. This hot potato, involving a kid who was extremely popular around the headquarters but who had wrecked his jeep while (as far as I could tell) drag racing. The diplomatic way in which I handled it convinced the Group XO (Executive Officer) that I was just the man to handle another potentially embarrassing situation when it arose. At the beginning, I had no idea just how complicated and ultimately dangerous the investigation would be!

The background was this: almost two years before, a

decision had been made at the Corps (IFFV--First Field Forces Vietnam) level to establish an artillery headquarters at Buon Me Thout in support of operations along the Cambodian border. The 52nd Group's XO and a number of other senior officers and NCOs (Non-Commissioned Officers) from Pleiku were sent south to establish a Provisional Group.

Later, this organization was made permanent and the people who had gone down to Buon Me Thout were reassigned. They had taken all the equipment (mostly communications gear, generators, etc., valued at about \$900,000) with them needed to establish a forward Tactical Operations Center (TOC). The equipment came from the Headquarters and Headquarters Battery of the 52nd Group and thus technically belonged to the HHB's commander, a captain. A hand receipt had allegedly been signed by the senior NCO involved, a sergeant major.

As time passed, everyone involved had rotated. A new HHB commander had assumed command, accepting the hand receipt as evidence that the equipment for which he was signing was accounted for. Then he suddenly developed a serious illness and was med-evaced out of country to Japan. His replacement refused to sign for the unit without a sight inventory of all the

equipment. Moreover, the legendary hand receipt couldn't be found! (Actually, the printed hand receipt form itself stated it was only valid for a certain period -- I believe 90 days -- and must be renewed thereafter.) So there it was, a whole passel full of senior officers and NCOs had made off with some \$800-900,000 of the 52nd Group's stuff -- and a captain in the hospital in Japan was on the hook for it. What was I to do?

I started by questioning everyone on Artillery Hill who could remember anything about it, noting in particular the names of the eight or nine people most clearly involved. I then consulted with the S-1 (adjutant) about these people's onward assignments and sent them all letters of inquiry. (Ultimately, only one of them answered.) After that, there was nothing to do but go to Buon Me Thout armed with the relevant serial numbers and look around for the actual equipment.

It was a long, tiring helicopter ride over seemingly endless jungle. Though we flew as high as we could, the door gunners were on constant alert for signs of ground fire.

Once there, I was -- not unexpectedly -- a thorn in everybody's side. Basically, I got "I know nuzzin" from everyone I could find who would even talk to me. I was allowed to check the serial

numbers on all the radios and generators, but to no effect. Maybe they're in the field, I was told. The Prov. Group had deployed a number of elements along the Cambodian border. The theory was that since each was within range of another, they could provide mutual support in case of attack. I went out in a helicopter that was delivering the mail to see if I could find our radios.

It quickly became apparent that this was a problematic mission from several viewpoints: I soon learned that the communications officer of one unit's parent battalion had recently been killed by a sniper while delivering the mail. It also developed that the routine for the chopper was to touch down, deliver the mail and pick up outgoing, plus perhaps drop off a few parts or other supplies, then leave immediately. All I had time to do short of staying behind was ask about the radios. As a person with less than a month left in country and a son at home whom I had never seen, I was not anxious to stay behind at these small fire bases (they weren't even big enough to qualify as landing zones) to check the serial numbers on their radios.

One of the places we landed at will stick in my mind forever. It was on the top of a steep but heavily vegetated mountain, overlooking a jungled river valley along the Cambodian

Surveying The Field

border. The cleared area was no more than 40 by 100 yards, with two 105mm howitzers and about 20 US troops. Around the perimeter on the downward slope 80 or so Vietnamese troops were precariously dug in.

The place was overrun the following week; afterwards, B-52s bombed it in an effort to destroy the captured equipment. This event brought to an end the ill-fated notion that artillery could somehow be a combat arm on its own without the grunts. Back in Pleiku, we heard that some of the troops had E&E'd (escaped and evaded) their way through the jungle to safety. (Ten years later I happened to run into one of the officers I had met there, who confirmed this.)

After a little more of this, I gave up and returned to Pleiku.

On one hand, my rotation date was nearing and I had no idea how to resolve the situation. On the other hand, no one was asking me about the survey, either. Finally, I typed up a Report of Survey which concluded, naming each individually, that all of the senior officers and NCO's and the two previous HHB commanders involved had been negligent (but not grossly so) in failing to maintain proper accountability for the equipment. My bottom line, though, was that the equipment was almost certainly still in government service and should be written off the Group's books. As my ride to the airport for the trip to Cam Ranh Bay waited, I placed the signed report in the XO's in-box. Then I left for home.

When my son was very young, I tried to use everyday experiences as teaching tools. When our strawberry patch needed fertilizing one spring, I took my son, his little red wagon and a some gloves to the pasture to gather dried horse manure for that purpose. Along the way, we talked about how plants need food (fertilizer), water and sunshine to grow, just like little boys do...yadda, yadda, yadda...

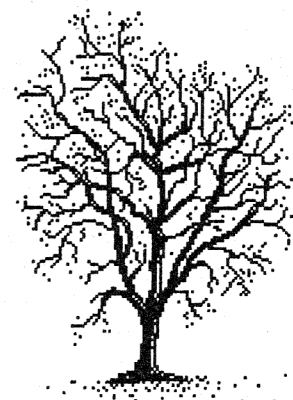
I thought he understood, until he said: "So, what are we doing with the pony poop?"

With infinite patience, I said. "We're taking it back to put on the strawberries."

He thought for a minute, then said, "Okay, but can I have whipped cream on mine instead?"

The Genealogy Corner

June 1997



by Linnea Travis Miller

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

This year, the town in which my husband grew up and in which we now live near, is celebrating the 250th Anniversary of the original land patent issued to Andrew Miller in 1747! The settlement was originally known as Millerstown, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, but due to another Millerstown in Perry County, the Postal Service requested that the name be changed in 1813, so now we are known as Annville, Lebanon County, PA.

I have been helping the

committee with a publication which will highlight some of the buildings in the town as well as their occupants.

Brief biographies, based mainly on genealogies and other historical publications are being used to compile the information. I have also been working with another local historian who is more familiar with where these residents lived.

It's fascinating seeing the town evolve from a very small Scotch-Irish settlement to a town of over 4,000 people!

Genealogy

Until even the 1950's, most services could be found in Annville, so people did not have much reason to leave town. Early on, we had the churches, wheelwright, carriage maker, harness maker, blacksmiths, the grist and sawmills, the butcher, general stores, hat makers, shoemakers, weavers, the inns, schools, physicians and undertakers. Many of these occupations endured even into the 20th century!

Residents not only had these services, but they also had employment. Most people kept at least one cow, had chickens and perhaps sheep, and a horse or two.

What I have found most interesting is the research into the deeds for these properties. Not only am I finding where the property was located, but also approximately when a structure was built on it, wives' names, names of their neighbors, and names and dates of previous sales or transfers of the property all the way back to the original land patent!

What is now Lebanon County, PA was first part of Chester County, then Lancaster County, then Dauphin County. Even in the Lebanon County Deed Books, I find the information necessary to search these other counties. References to where to find the original patent are also included - all of them were

found in the Philadelphia Patent Books which is on microfilm at the Pennsylvania State Archives in Harrisburg. I'm sure in other states the information will be similar, so search those deeds as an integral part of your research!!

From the family history aspect, I have done much searching into local published biographies and papers presented at the Historical Society about certain residents. I have searched church records and census for the families and also a few submissions by my friends on the internet who are also interested in this project. We are trying to create a lasting publication about Annville which will be properly cited and of great value to future historians! I'm really excited about this project and see it as being a never-ending search for our town's history and its people!

Well, happy hunting and see you next month!

----- Your Queries

If you can help any of these people with their queries, please contact this magazine with your information and we will pass it along to them. Please include "June 1997" and initials found below query. You may also submit queries or your family histories to this

magazine, or e-mail me at <lebco@aol.com>. Genealogy is a group effort, there are many others seeking the same families and hopefully we will be able to connect them with you!

I am interested in locating information on my Great-Great Grandmother, Mary Magdalena MENG (MANG), who was born in St. Jean, Moselle, France on July 18, 1828. She married John Anton ZAHM (SAUM) of Baden-Baden, Germany on August 23, 1853 in Thompson, Seneca, Ohio. Mary's father was Siman MENG (MANG) of Germany. Any assistance would be greatly appreciated.

K. W.

Seek information/ancestry on Martin and Anna (BALDWIN??) WELCH residing in Spring, Crawford Co in 1850. Martin b. ca 1801 NY and Anna b. ca 1801 VT. They had the following children (from census): Truman b ca 1825, Lydia b ca 1828, Charles b ca 1830, Isaac b ca 1832, James b 18 Mar 1834, Berien?? (perhaps the name was Francis as per 1860 census when living with Charles) b ca 1836, Maria b ca 1839, Esther b ca 1841 (All children b NY except Maria and Esther b PA). James (AKA James Henry in bible record) married 1864 Martha Phebe SCOTT d/o Oliver Barns and Elizabeth

Lodema (SAUNDERS) SCOTT. He died 1869 and Martha m/2 Erastus R. BLOOD and soon moved to Portland Oregon.

D.B.

Seek information and ancestry of Charles J. SAUNDERS b ca 1793 CT married before 1815 in Litchfield?, CT to Diana SMEDLEY b ca 1795 CT, d Apr 1870 Crawford Co. PA. Children included Elizabeth Lodema b. 9 Mar 1815 Litchfield CT and Warren who removed to Warsaw, NY. Extensive research into Smedley writings have come up empty.

D.B.

Looking for Glass Blowers from Sweden.....

Great Grand Father Olaf (Ole) NILSSON-KRAFT was one of four brothers from Eidskog, Norway area and came across border to Eda Sweden and became glass blowers by trade. Olaf was born 1847 and was married to Selma Antonia KJELLMAN. They left for USA in 1887. She died en route and was buried at sea. Their daughter was Elen Aurora Dagmar, age 14. She was separated from her father and brothers in New York Harbor and was never heard from again. Their sons were Albert Franz Napoleon and Richard Kristen Isidor. Both boys later

Genealogy

became glass blowers by trade. Olaf remarried a lady name Mary KRAFT. He died at Washington, Pennsylvania in 1906.

Looking for information on the KRAFT's, especially Elen and Great Uncle Richard as well as Olaf's second wife Mary KRAFT. I have found relatives from the other 3 brothers living in Sweden. Any help will be greatly appreciated!

D. K.

I am researching the following MILLER family. Would love to share information.

1. John MILLER b. North Carolina, m. Elizabeth (Betsey) MILLER, b. North Carolina, d. Pike County, Indiana. John died Pike County, Indiana.

Second Generation

2. Mary (Polly) MILLER b. 15-Apr-1825, North Carolina, m. 24-Jan-1846, in Pike County, Indiana, Vincent WILLIS, b. 15-Apr-1805, Rowan County, North Carolina, (son of George "Duck" WILLIS and Mary (Polly) PATTERSON) d. 27-Mar-1882, Pike County, Indiana, buried: Willis Cem., Jeff. Twp., Pike Co., IN. Mary died 23-Jul-1916, Pike County, Indiana, buried: Willis Cem., Jeff. Twp., Pike Co., IN.

Any additional information for this family would be greatly appreciated!

G.W.

Looking for other researchers on the following Baer/Bear line:

Jacob Baer Sr, born Switzerland; arrived maybe on "Molly" 30 Sept 1727; in PA by Aug 1728, bought land in Lancaster Co PA in 1734. Moved to Rockingham Co, VA by 1746, may have purchased 272 acres in 1740.

Jacob's two known sons were Jacob BAER Jr 1724-1783/9 m Anna Barbara MILLER, d/o Adam and Barbara MILLER; and John BAER d 1791 Rockingham Co (my line) m Catherine/Elizabeth MILLER, d/o Adam and Barbara MILLER.

Happy to exchange information!

P.H.

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

Good luck on your searching and see you next month! >>

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

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

Coffee Shop Conversation



Tom:

I was reading a story where they talked about the tradition of Shivarree, where they used to play practical jokes on newlyweds. Did any of you guys ever hear of Shivarree?

Joe:

Originally it was a noisy celebration like a mock serenade with kettles and horns dedicated to a couple on their wedding night. Then it became more like teasing or razzing married couples. One of the most common traditions was the tying of shoes, and tin cans on the bumpers of cars. I think the tradition of Shivarree died out in the early 50's.

Sam:

When I got married, some of our friends put liquid soap in my wife's hair and cracker crumbs in our bed.

Brad:

We got home and went to bed

only to discover that someone put Cockleburs in our bed. Then in the morning, I found out those rascals had taken my car and hid it out in the pasture. It took me several hours to find it.

Tim:

On my wedding night, a couple of my friends stopped by to play one or two hands of cards. It started getting late and they wouldn't leave. They ended up staying all night just so I wouldn't be able to go to bed on my wedding night.

Mack:

When I got married, they chased us down town and made me put my wife in an old steel wheelbarrow and push her down the main street of town.

Leon:

It was October when I got married so, it was kind of cold out. When they caught me, they decided they were going to

throw me in the pond. I was determined that if I was going in, I wasn't going in alone. I ended up taking 3 other guys with me.

Bob:

Someone threw a firecracker down our stovepipe around 2 in the morning. I When it went off, it blew the stove pipe loose and blew black soot all over the room.

Don:

I have always been an avid fisherman and my wife like to eat fresh fish. When we came out of the church and got into our car, we discovered that someone had put some dead fish on the front seat my car. They were not wrapped or anything and they sure did smell.

Officer Mike:

Talking about fish I got a story for you. Two guys from Lincoln County were seriously injured when their pickup truck left the road and struck a tree.

These guys were returning from a day of fishing when the truck's headlights went out. They decided the headlight fuse on the older model pickup was burned out and they didn't have a replacement. The passenger noticed that a .22-caliber bullet from his pistol would fit perfectly into the fuse box, next to the steering

column. So, they stuck the bullet into the fuse box and the headlights came on, allowing them to continue on their way home.

After traveling some 20 miles down the road and just before crossing the bridge over the Cimmaron river, the bullet apparently overheated and discharged, hitting the driver in the genitals. The vehicle swerved sharply to the right, running off the road and hitting a tree.

The driver suffered only minor cuts and abrasions from the accident, though he required surgery to treat his other wound.

The passenger suffered a broken arm and was treated and released.

I've been a police officer for 20 years and this is a first for me. I couldn't believe those two would admit how the accident happened. But what surprised me the most was that when I notified the drivers wife that her husband was in an accident on his way back into town and I told her the details of the accident, instead of her asking about her husbands medical condition, especially considering where the bullet injured him, all she asked me about was how many fish had been caught and if anyone had brought them back from the truck. Ω

The Women in My Life



by Julie R. San Miguel

When I look back over my life, I am flooded with precious memories and great stories. I sometimes cry, sometimes laugh. The older I get, the more I appreciate the past and "my people." Born in the early sixties and coming of age during "disco" puts me (and my comrades) in a unique place. We remember not having televisions in every room, microwaves, personal computers, video games, video tapes, cable TV, cordless phones, cell phones, caller id., voice mail, email and the internet. But for the most part, as adults we have or have had most of these things in our own homes. Our children on the other hand ...

What is your best "well, when I was a kid we didn't have" story? What in the

world did we do to entertain ourselves? I wonder what my son would do if he had to go one month without these luxuries. I spent a lot of time as a child pretending and day dreaming. I wrote plays and skits, complete with choreography and music. I "cast" my cousins and friends them, but was too introverted to ever tell anyone about them! As I got a bit older, my girlfriends and I would "play like" we were different ladies that we knew, mostly from church. (Let this be a lesson to me!) We played in make up and dressed like ladies, we had boyfriends or husbands, whichever the case may be. We often had to trade ladies because there were, of course, the favorite ones, and "you've been her for two weeks already!"

Many women shaped my life. Mostly for the good. I have always been very observant and I enjoy studying people. I don't forget little details about people, though I can forget milk at the grocery store. I would like to introduce you to the women on my mother's side of the family. Each one had a profound impact on my life. Each one did and still does have a unique place in my heart and life. They are weavers, each with threads in the tapestry of my life.

It is hard to chose which memories to put on paper, and which to keep locked in my heart. I have thousands to pick from. Of course, my mother probably had the greatest impact on my life. She raised me and I lived with her until I was 18 when I "got out on my own." I have two older brothers and we were typical kids. Very well-behaved and obedient, but when Mother wasn't looking ... watch out!

My brothers and I are all three years apart; so when I was 4, Danny was 7 and Jody was 10. (Jody was the ringleader by default.) We "spied" on Mother one day when I was about 4. She was in the backyard talking to a man on the other side of the fence. We opened the window and tried our best to hear what they were saying. Three little monsters pushing and shoving, each trying to get the best place at the window. What we were unaware of though,

was that the window sheer had blown into the gas heater and was smoldering. It eventually burst into flames and boy! did we have 'splainin' to do! I don't know if we got into more trouble for nearly burning the house down or for spying. I don't think I ever spied on Mother again.

While living at this same house, another "memory" that has followed (haunted) me came into being. We had a dog names Princess. She was a lovely collie, I called her a "Lassie dog." She was fiercely protective and devoted to us kids. One day, mysteriously, my beautiful pink satin music jewelry box, complete with dancing ballerina, somehow wound up in the yard filled with dirt. "Who did this!" Mother exclaimed.

Looking at each of us in the eye (because you can't lie when she does that, it's a rule) she tried and tried to get to the bottom of this horrible misdeed. Of course, no one was about to claim responsibility.

Finally, unable to take the pressure, and knowing if I valued my life I would not tell on my brothers, I said, "Princess did it." That phrase became a taunting joke that to this day, my loving family uses whenever we don't know who did something or no one wants to take the blame, uh I mean responsibility.

My brothers confessed (when I was 25!) that they had (Continued on Page 32)



DAD

When I was little and I would look up to see
you towering above me, you seemed so
BIG and STRONG, yet when you would hold me
I always felt SAFE and SECURE in your arms,
because your touch was so GENTLE
that I could feel your LOVE for me.

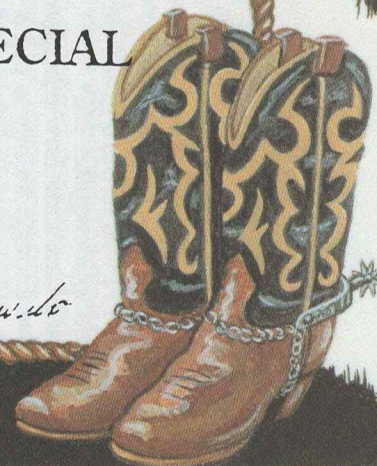
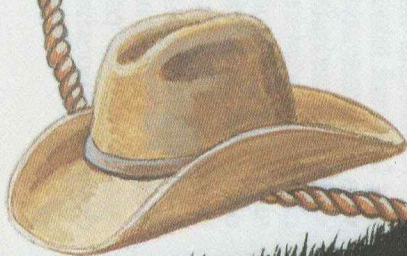
Now that I have grown up, I realize just how
SPECIAL of a person it takes to have that
type of GENTLE STRENGTH.

You always have and always will be SPECIAL
in my EYES and in my HEART.

I LOVE YOU

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The Women in my Life

(Continued from page 29)

in fact been the guilty parties. (Duh, I could have told you that.)

When I was in third grade we moved to Mesquite, TX.

Mother had somehow managed to save enough money to put a down payment on a house, one of our very own. How she did this with three kids and \$75 a week I will never know. But the years spent in that house were formative ones.

We lived there five years, from the time I was 9 until I was 14. I discovered boys, fell in love (many times), learned to drive, became a Christian, started wearing make-up, became a woman, learned to (sort of) cook and clean house, and dreamed about and planned my life, to mention only a few of the life-changing events that occurred while there.

From the time I was 11 until I was about 13, we had what seemed like one massive slumber party. Someone was always having one.

My mother was really cool, but I did not know that until I was a mother myself. She would pile as many girls in the car as possible, including sitting in laps and even occasionally in the trunk (way before seat belt laws) and would take us to roll houses. (This is also called "t.p.i.n.g." "wrapping," or "papering" depending on where you're

from.) We called the craft of covering trees, bushes, houses with toilet paper rollin'. She actually got out and helped too, she was not a mere chauffeur.

Also during this time she was my Sunday School teacher. We met in a building that was soon to be torn down and rebuilt. So the last year we were there the Sunday School teachers let us paint our rooms whatever color(s) we wanted. Our class chose pink and purple. The colors were alternated on each wall for effect. The 13 year old girls chose lime green and bright yellow. This would have been in '73 or '74. I have to wonder if I would be that cool.

Mother used to take this same Sunday School class out to the "country" on Sunday afternoons. We would change into our bell bottoms and hip huggers and load into the car. We had picnics and played baseball with horse apples. We even bowled with them. It was fun and we had a blast. We were never "bored," or felt like we were missing out on anything. And best of all, it was free!

When I was 10 or 11, my oldest brother went into the service. That left Mother, Danny and me at home. Danny had less to occupy his mind and so he focused on me, tormenting me that is. He was a typical big brother. If he could embarrass me, make me

cry or scream, he was a happy man. And his wonderful friends, they loved me "like a sister" as well. I was not real pleased with this arrangement. But I know now and knew then that if I was ever in trouble, he would rescue me.

We spent lots of time playing games. I still have the family "Trouble" game. Speed, Skip-bo and Yahtzee were also favorites.

Danny went into the service on my 14th birthday (I am now an "only" child). I thought at the time that there was no better gift in the world. I was so happy that he was out of my hair -- or so I thought. He came home from boot camp and surprised us. We weren't expecting him, I wasn't even there when he got home. I came into the house and saw his duffel bag there, still not realizing it was his and that he was home. "Mother, who's bag is this?" I asked. No response. "Mother, are you home?" (She had to be, her car was there.) I was confused by the silence and the bag. Hmm. It took about 30 seconds for me to realize that the initials "D.L. White" were

Danny's. "Danny! Danny! Are you home?!" I shouted. I was so happy, I couldn't wait to see him. He came out from hiding and I began to cry.

It was only then I realized how much I had missed him. We had a great relationship after that.

Mother taught me to drive in the parking lot of Town East Mall in Mesquite, Texas. "Well, when I was a kid," the malls were closed on Sundays so we had the place to ourselves. We drove up and down the aisles and practiced parking. I had to "play like" there were cars parked on either side of me. I dented many imaginary fenders. This was something I looked forward to doing with my mom, it was really fun and we both got a kick out of it.

When I was 17 Mother got a new car. It was a 1976 silver Malibu Classic with a burgundy top and interior. I thought I had died and gone to heaven. It was the most beautiful car I had EVER seen. That was also the beginning of my "car pride" problem that was to plague me for years to come. (I now have it somewhat under control.)

We had a special arrangement for the automobile. I got up early and took Mother to the bus stop, then went back home and got ready for school. I went to work after school, which was on the bus route. I parked the car near the street and when she got off the bus, she hopped in the car and went home. She would come pick me up at 9:00 p.m. when I got off work. (Now, I must have my own car so I won't be stuck in the house you see.) This worked for us until I got a dependable car of my own.

The Women in my Life

Mother made me take typing in high school. That is the only class she ever insisted on. "You'll thank me one day" she kept saying. Yeah, well, whatever. But she was right. I have used typing in multitudes of ways in my jobs and personal life. (But why didn't she make me take shorthand too?)

Mother let me make a lot of my own decisions, and encouraged me to think about things and the consequences of my actions (she tried to do this before the fact). I did not have a clue of the valuable lessons I was learning until much later. But even if I had, I'm sure I would not have told her so. (See, I now have a child of my own ...) Okay, you want to hear it? Mother, you were right.

My son becomes a teenager this month. I stand in awe of my mother, she raised three. Don't misunderstand, I think Noah is the greatest child ever born and I wonder what I ever did to deserve such a gift from God. But he is also a normal 7th grade male child coming into his own. (You know: "Don't talk to me, look at me, act like you know me, embarrass me, expect anything from me, take a bath!?, clean my room?!, got any money? take me to the movies, feed me, I hate school, why do I have to? ...)

I ask my mother lots of questions now. Seems like the

older I get the smarter she gets.

I used to ask her questions when I was a kid sometimes. (Not sure why I asked her, after all parents don't know anything!) When she told me she didn't know I would be horrified. "You're the mother, why don't you know!?" Well, now I understand -- your new baby does not come with instructions or a warranty. You have to take a driving test before you get a license, go to school before you get a diploma, schooling and training for jobs and promotions. But "poof" anyone can have and raise kids. It is often too late before we realize the mistakes and the effects of those mistakes on our kids. I pray a lot for my child, my self as a mother, and for my husband as a father. I want to raise Noah to know and love God, to be a Christian and a gentleman, to be a good citizen and have social skills. I want him to be at ease with people and care about people and their souls.

I used to wonder how mother knew things I had done. When I was little she told me she had eyes in the back of her head (it's true, I got mine when I had my child!). But as I grew into my "terrible teens" it was bigger than that. There is still one incident that I cannot for the life of me figure out how she knew about. She told me then that she "just knew."

Mother never lied to me, so it must be true.

I have been able to blow my child's mind with this "mother skill" on a few occasions as well. I attribute it to knowing my child well and to staying prayed up and tuned in to God and His promptings. God is truly a mother's best friend.

My Aunt Judy is one of the prettiest women I have ever personally known. (Actually, all of the women in my family -- even "married-ins" are beautiful women.) She is prissy and feminine. Always perfectly coiffed and accessorized. She is an inspiration to me to be beautiful.

It's as much a feeling as a feature you know. But the thing I enjoy most about her is that she is so real. She laughs out loud and slaps her knee when something is funny. She hoots and hollers when the mood strikes her. Don't you just hate being around stuffy or "proper" people?

She is a bundle of energy and ideas. Her home is beautiful. She is bold in her faith and loves the Lord with all her heart, with all her soul and all her strength. When I grow up I want to be more like Judy in these ways.

My Aunt Betty's bed is a favorite place of mine. I love to crawl up in it. She's got giant fluffy pillows and warm snugly blankets. I have spent many

an hour piled up in that bed over my lifetime. Sometimes with company and sometimes without. And I never get in trouble because the "bed is made!" Naps taken there are the most restful around. We have solved the problems of the world lying there. We have giggled and snickered. I have sent intruders out of the room more than once. We have shared concerns, questions, stories and thoughts -- answers to questions and questions to answers. We've had cousin pow-wows there. We have contemplated the universe and what makes men do the things they do anyway! Boys, boys, boys! (from a much earlier time in life, as well as currently -- from different perspectives!) What is the meaning of life? What is real love? How come God does things like He does? What does God want to do with my life? What does He want to do with our kids' lives?

I wonder how many thousands of prayer hours are logged in from that location? I know at least half a million have been for me. When it must have seemed liked it was hopeless and her prayers were "just words," she kept on praying. How could I possibly say thank you to her for never giving up on me and for never forgetting to pray? Betty's prayer life is one way I would like to emulate her when I grow up. Even when things look impossible, she does not lose

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faith. After all, if it's according to God's will, how can the answer be no? It might not be the exact "yes" we are looking for, or when we think it should happen, but to quote Mamaw, "God doesn't usually ask me what I think about things!"

My Aunt Madge has always believed in me. She has been an encouragement to me. She has always made me feel like I could do anything I set my mind to. What a precious gift -- to have and to receive.

Looking back over my life, it is so clear that my family loved and accepted me. While they may not have approved of everything I did (or didn't do), they loved ME regardless. I have happy memories of my childhood and early years. I also have some "Oh my gosh, I can't believe I did that! Please God, don't let anyone EVER find out!" memories.

In that category, the absolute worst was when I was 14 and cut my cousin Vicki's hair (Madge's daughter). I have never in the (mumble mumble) years since been able to think about it without crying. I was so ashamed and sorry. I was scared to death of my Aunt Madge and Uncle Leon for at least six months after the "incident." Thank goodness we were in Missouri or I would have hidden and never come out. I know they had to have been angry! It was atrocious. But neither of them ever, not

even almost, let on. They never said a word to me about it. And until I confessed Christmas of 96, no one else in the family (my mother!) ever knew. Madge went out of her way the next time they came to town to make sure I knew she wanted to see me. How did she know how much I needed to know she still loved me? I learned a valuable lesson from her because of that haircut: "How to Treat People and Consider Their Feelings Regardless of Your Own." (Poor Vicki, I don't think she learned a lesson from it!)

When I grow up I want to be like Madge and love people the way she does. She is always there and willing to do whatever is needed, even if not particularly convenient.

"Love" is not an emotion -- it's a verb. These are just a few of the women who shaped my life. I am grateful for godly role models. But if the truth be known, I think I pay more attention and watch them more closely now than I did when I was young! I am also aware that people watch me, whether they realize it or not. I pray that I will be a blessing and an encouragement to someone else. I want my actions to be a testimony of Christ's love and God's forgiveness. May I encourage you to bless someone by telling him or her about a positive impact he or she had on your life? Ω

The 1920's...Country Style

by Mary May
Smith Lewis



My maternal grandparents, Thomas Magirl Patten and Mary Elizabeth McKaig (Mollie), (see photo on front cover) of Olathe, Kansas, were in the Oklahoma run of April 22, 1889, into the unassigned lands. They were late getting to the starting point due to the wagon breaking down. They spent the night on the north fork of the Salt River in Kansas, and on the 22nd of April, 1889, traveled from the starting point in Kansas to a site 17 miles northwest of Guthrie, O.T. (Oklahoma Territory) and 7 miles southwest of Mulhall.

Grandpa Tom stopped to

water the horses at the spring. They had their babies, Lida and Johnnie, with them and grandma was pregnant with my mother. Grandma Mollie said "Tom, the babies are tired and hungry and night is coming on. Let's stay here tonight." When morning came, the claim was staked all around them. All of the land bordering the piece they were on had already been staked and claimed by other settlers during the night. So all they had to do was place one stake to claim their land. They lived and raised nine children on that very spot.

They quickly got the crops planted and grandma Patten kept

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her garden watered from the spring during dry times. The spring came out of the rocks and there was a bathtub hewed out above the big spring that Indians had used. There was no time to build a house, so they lived in a sod dugout. It was cool in summer and warm in winter. My mother, Maggie, was born there the last of November, 1889.

The summer of 1891 was very dry, but they lived through it with the water from their spring. There was another spring near the north edge of the claim and it had even more water than the one near the home site. So they used the north spring to water the livestock.

As the years went by, Grandma Patten was very organized. Each child had a task on Saturdays while grandma and grandpa Patten would take off for the day and travel to Guthrie to visit with friends and go to auctions.

"Lida" did the delicate washing and ironing while Maggie did the regular wash in a black pot, using lye soap and a scrub board. John supervised the farm chores and milking. At the auctions, Grandma bought marble top tables and Grandpa bought calves for 50¢ which he placed with his other cows till they were raised. This became profitable for him.

Mary May Smith arrives.

I was born May 18, 1919, in the Gypsum Hills, 8 miles south of Freedom, OK. To my father, the Rev. James Thomas Smith, and my mother, Maggie May Patten, I was a special treasure; my four older siblings were all boys. With four older brothers, I learned how to defend myself with my fists -- against my rowdy brothers.

1922

The last week of March arrived. My brother Jim, who was 9 years old, was ill with diphtheria. We children were all given antitoxin. The doctor won against my fists this time. On the 9th day of Jim's illness, after his fever had been spent and he could breathe better, he told mother "Hold me up. I'm fainting away." Then his heart stopped and he was gone! I was less than 3 years old at the time but I do remember my brother Fred putting pennies on Jim's eyes, then he put a dime on and I laughed. I thought it was just a game. I knew nothing of death.

My father called a friend to hold the funeral, but he was unable to make it because of muddy roads. So my father performed the funeral. We all went to the Haskew Cemetery in a spring wagon. I watched as the pinewood casket was lowered into the grave. I sang all the songs: " Shall We

Gather at the River?" and "Jesus, Lover of my Life". I knew them all.

When they started to shovel dirt onto the casket, I ran screaming to them, "Don't do that. He can't breathe down there!" Then I burst into a flood of tears. Mother carried me away, sobbing.

In his grief, my father left the ranch to a couple of cowboys to manage and took off and held religious meetings in numerous towns in Oklahoma like Gage, Sharon and Shattuck. He left mother and all us kids with the Patten grandparents until the next spring.

Fall-1922

There were several types of wagons used back then. One was called a spring wagon and had leaf springs under the seat to help cushion the ride. The other type was called a jolt wagon and had no springs.

I remember being in a jolt wagon with grandpa Patten and Mother. We met a neighbor who was also in a jolt wagon. They stopped to pass the time of day. I piped up "You should go home and wash that stove black off your face and hands." The neighbor man laughed real hard. I had never seen a black man before and never even knew there were people with different colored skin. Mother shamed

me but nobody explained what was wrong with my statement.

Guthrie had street cars then, and the first time I rode in one was when Mother and I went to visit Aunt Izella. We also traveled by train to visit Uncle Tom in Ponca City. We went to church while we were there. All the ladies with babies got up and left when they heard me whoop. I'd had whooping cough several months before and they were afraid that it might still be contagious, but it wasn't. I continued to whoop for several years every time I got a cold.

Ring

I had a dog named Ring. He was black and had a white ring around his neck. When Ring was a puppy, two small rattlesnakes bit him. Mother cut the site open and washed it out. She washed it again and again with lye water. By the next day she knew the puppy would live, although he was plenty swollen.

Back on the ranch, spring had finally arrived, and I was allowed to run about barefoot. I was taking a path between sagebrush to the " Old Sow's Tree." I think there used to be a pig pen by the the tree and the old sows probably used the tree to scratch their backs and for shade, which explains how the tree got its name.

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Behind me padded Ring. Suddenly, Ring ran between my legs and I fell to one side. Ring grabbed this rattlesnake coiled in the path. He shook it until its spine cracked, then threw it into the air, where it landed some distance away. Ring then rushed about 5 feet further and grabbed another rattlesnake who suffered the same fate. Ring hated all rattlesnakes and knew just where behind the head to sink his fangs and kill them. He never let me out of his sight and he killed many rattlesnakes in the Gypsum Hills area by Freedom, OK.

1923

One morning I found a can of open axle grease. I got a small stick and was covering the pine knots low on the east side of the pine cabin. Mother was milking and when she finished, she said "Mary, when you are through, put the can away." I was left alone, humming and enjoying myself. There were lots of knots high up. I wondered, should I paint them? How?

Nearby was a stick with a black rag in the end which had been used to burn down a wasp's nest. Outside the door was an old time ice box. I took the milk stool, propped it against the ice box and with the stick, the rag and the grease there already, was just able to climb onto the box. I painted every knot on that side of the two

room cabin. After surveying the "polka dots," I suddenly realized that I might not have the approval of my family. The can was empty. I took it, the rags and the stick, and threw them all down a ravine a short distance away. Four hours later my father galloped up and lost his temper when he surveyed my "art work!"

He had my 3 brothers and myself stand in a line. My brothers tearfully denied it. I said nothing as mother had said "It could not have been Mary. She can't reach so high." At last my father sent Fred for a rock. "I'll hit the one who did it!" I ran and hid. The jig was up.

My father asked me how it could have happened. When I finished telling him how I managed to reach the knots, he just laughed! My brothers all thought I should have been punished, so they took me into the woods and left me. Mother found me crying beside a tree. She did not punish the boys.

July 13, 1923

The next event was the arrival of my sister that July. Some neighbor boys, Bub and Monk, came over to see the new baby. Bub liked to get me riled up to see if he could get me to fight. He pulled a pillowcase out of his pocket that he had brought along

and told me "I'm taking her," gesturing toward my sister. He figured that if he threatened to take her, it would get me upset enough to fight. He was right. I tackled him with my fists. "That is my sister and you can't have her!" He backed away from her and started laughing.

Grandpa Patten died in late 1923. In 1924, when my sister was walking, we left the ranch and moved to a place between Fort Supply and Woodward.

Pearl

Pearl was there as far back as I can remember. Her mother died while foaling her. I was told she was raised by the bay mare, Queen, who also had her own colt, named Lola, to raise.

From time to time, my father gave Pearl a bucket of separated milk. If Pearl didn't get her milk, she would balk about and actually pout!

By 1924, she was ready for the harness and was broken in with a mule. Father had no trouble with her as long as she got her milk. That summer, Father took several mules to Woodward to sell. Pearl and the mule pulled the wagon into town. After selling the mules, father spent the night in Woodward. The next morning, he harnessed Pearl and the mule for the trip home. Pearl, missing her milk, rolled her eyes back, stiffened and fell on my fathers

leg, breaking a bone below the knee.

Father spent some time in the hospital. He still loved Pearl. She was a pet!

Answer to a prayer

My father was in the hospital at Woodward with a broken leg. After time passed, x-rays were taken which showed that the bones were not joined. He was informed that an operation would be performed. My father prayed. He prayed often and daily, for he was a preacher, "Your will be done."

That night he dreamt that my brother Fred came into the room with an open pocket knife in his hand. He said "Mr. Knife, I'm going to shut you up in your handle!" Then he tossed it under the bed. My father jumped and felt the bones coming together. X-rays did indeed show that the bones were together. Shortly after, my father was home with us.

1925

I walked across ranch land to a one room schoolhouse. There were my 3 brothers and a neighbor boy in school with me, but I was the only girl in school. Back then, girls wore "teddy bear" underwear that were made of flour sacks and used a button in the back instead of elastic around the waist. When I went to the outhouse I could unbutton

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the back of my "teddy bear" handmade undies, but I would have to back up to the teacher and ask her to button them again.

The teacher would make me stay in the hall when she read to the boys because I would fidget to much. She also told my mother that I memorized too much and knew all the words by heart. Back then, teachers did not want the students to memorize things.

There was a time several years later, when we lived between Woodward and Fort Supply, that we went to school at Liberty School, located 9 miles south of the first school I went to. Our father got us a buggy which Pearl and Lola pulled.

Every day we went by Bucksy Bozeman's place and he knew our horses well. We lived across a ranch from Fort Supply which was a mental hospital. From time to time an inmate would escape and make it across the ranch land and beyond.

Never would they get by Bozeman's place. They mostly were just epileptics. By the time they reached Bozeman's they would be tired and hungry. He fed them, put them to bed and called the Sheriff. He got \$10 for each inmate he reported.

Pearl was grazing when she saw an inmate. She approached him, wanting that bucket of

milk. The inmate tore his blanket into strips and made a halter and reins, then rode her to Bozeman's place. She absolutely would go no further. She balked and turned into his drive. The inmate told Bozeman that his horse was sick and needed something to eat.

Bozeman recognized her at once; so he put her in a stall, fed her hay and grain, then fed the man, put him to bed and called the sheriff.

Turkeys

Mother raised White Holland turkeys and also some bronze ones. My mother found out that turkeys that were mixed bronze and White Holland produced sterile eggs, but they were meatier than the unmixed ones. Mother had an incubator. After 14 days of incubation she candled the eggs.

Candling an egg is when she would light a candle, then take a piece of cardboard that had a small pinhole in the center of it and place the piece of cardboard in front of the candle. Then she would hold an egg next to the cardboard. The light from the candle would shine through the hole in the cardboard and through the egg. That is how she could tell if the egg was ready to hatch. The eggs that were sterile, she boiled and put in the bran-clabber mixture she fed the turkeys.

Clabber

After separating the milk, mother saved the cream for butter and buttermilk. The sweet milk we would drink and the milk that was going sour we made into a product called clabber that was used in the turkey feed. Sometimes she would take the clabber and put it on the stove to warm. When the cottage cheese would rise to the top, she screened it with a flour sack. The part that was left after removing the cheese was called whey and that could also be used in the feed mixture for the turkeys.

Mother knew so very much about natural foods. She always had a garden, a flock of chickens and milk cows. We were a healthy family. We always had good food to eat, even during the depression, which helped us grow up strong and healthy. She made wild plum and grape jam & jelly. We had tender greens such as Curly Dock, Lambs Quarter and many other plants that were healthy for us. She also baked pound cake, bread, bread pudding, and all the other foods that children love.

It was my task to watch the turkey hens and to find their nests. Turkeys are smart, and they would try to hide their nests. They would try to trick me by sitting in false nests but finally they would reach their real nests. They didn't mind

losing the eggs to us as long as a nest egg was left. No so with the guinea hen. Her eggs had to be removed with a spoon. She would not tolerate human scent in her nest and would leave it if we dared reach into her nest.

One of the turkeys became wild. No one could find her nest and she never came home to roost. She was last sighted with her babies. After that, a coyote must have gotten her. One time we even caught a prairie chicken and tried to tame it, but it refused to eat.

Mother would go out with the turkeys early in the morning and stay with them until about 10 am. She left them at a tree. The turkeys would rest there in the shade until about 4 pm. At 8 years old, I would ride Queen out to get them and bring the turkeys home. One day they got away from me and chased clouds of grasshoppers through a barbed wire fence toward a small herd of old stags. Stags were old bulls that had been castrated, and I was deathly afraid of both bulls and stags. I jumped Queen, got through the fence and chased the turkeys back. I picked up a branch of sagebrush and threw it, hitting the upper leg of one young turkey and breaking it. I carried the turkey until I was almost home before letting it down. I knew Mother would take a switch to me if I told her about it. The next morning, Mother set

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the leg. I never let her sell the young turkey and she lived to raise babies for 2-3 years.

One afternoon, the turkeys and I came upon a rattlesnake. One thinks of turkeys as dumb, but read this. The turkeys made a ring around the coiled snake with their bills toward it. All the time they were making this noise with their beaks that sounded like "put, put, put, putting!" The snake did not dare strike at their bills. After a few minutes, the snake finally crawled away.

My sister Susie rode out with me on Queen one afternoon. We had to go through a fence into a ranch as we looked for the flock of turkeys. A young stallion came running up with romantic notions. We hurried Queen to the fence but all the time the stallion kept jumping on her. We had a hard time staying out of the way of his hooves!

When we got to the fence I got off Queen and rolled under her and under the fence. My sister did the same. The stallion soon tired of Queen's cold reception and ran off. I opened the gate and we rode Queen home. The turkeys came home on their own that evening.

Queen died in 1929. Mother took it hard! Queen had been a wedding present to her when she married in 1912, and was very special to her. Mother whipped me once for riding her

up and down sand dunes until I was pitched into sand burrs.

We had this tiger cat. She had been raised as a barn cat. We never fed her; she would hunt on the ranch land. When she had kittens she lost no time presenting them with meat. We were never surprised to see her dragging in a jack rabbit, cottontail, or prairie chicken.

Back then, the state used to have a bounty on rabbits because they thought there were too many of them, so they would pay you for every pair of ears you turned in. We saved the rabbit ears and received 2 1/2¢ a pair for them. In a year, we might have \$2 worth of Rabbit ears.

One afternoon I came upon a mother quail with her little ones I saw one go into some bunch grass. I got it and made a pet of it. After a time it spent the nights in the cedar trees with the turkeys and went out with them. One morning the cat saw it fly out and killed it.

Fishing trip

Once, father took us all on a fishing trip to a lagoon off Wolfe Creek near Ft. Supply. We got there about 4 pm. We had brought 3 cream cans with us to hold the fish. We kids all put out our lines. My father had made dough balls for us to use as bait. The dough balls had

cotton in them that helped them stay on the hook. We children waded in the lagoon and got many mussels to eat. Upon returning to our lines, I discovered that a huge shad was on mine. I got the biggest fish. We slept in the wagon bed that night, and the next morning went swimming. After the cream cans were filled with cleaned fish, we left and arrived back home about 4 pm.

Because of a cyst on my right wrist, I could not milk. Everyone else went off to milk the cows and I was left to salt the fish we had caught and cleaned. No one told me how much salt to use and a whole bag of salt was available, so I put a handful of salt inside each fish and packed them away. The next day we had a delicious dinner, a large platter of fried fish -- oh boy! Then everyone said "Mary, how much salt did you use?" I had no idea that I had used way too much salt on them. We did eat the fish, but my mother soaked them overnight to remove as much of the salt as possible. My brother called me "Salt the fish, Mary!" for months.

Liberty School

Behind my desk at liberty school sat a boy named Art Porter. Art came from a large family of boys. He delighted in reaching into his shoes and getting the "toe jam" to put in

my braids. I never told on him because I was kind of quiet and reserved.

One noon recess, my friend Beulah and I were playing farming. We marked off the house and the barn on the ground. Crochet mallets were my horses. I put them in the barn and went in the house for lunch. Just then, my "wife" Beulah had to go to the outhouse. I looked around and Art Porter had grabbed my horses. I said, "I am playing with those," and we started struggling. Then the bell rang. The teacher asked why we were fighting, and I told her I was playing with the mallets. She asked, "Were they on the ground?" I said yes. She did not give me time to explain and told Art that he could go. Then she said to me, "You lie, and liars don't go to heaven." I wanted to try to explain to her that even though they were on the ground and that I was not using them at that precise moment, they were my horses, and as such, they were still a part of the make believe game I was playing, but I didn't know how to convince her. After lecturing me, she pulled down my panties and paddled me with a ruler. I always knew I did not lie! They were my horses.

A few days later Beulah called me out to the outhouse

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and told me the teacher would keep her in after school and paddle her for not knowing her Bible verses.

Before the term was out, the teacher's beau, "Wallen," from Chicago, would come for her each day. I'll never forget Wallen standing on one of the desks one day, singing an old song called, "The Baggage Car Ahead".

When they were courting, we kids used to stand up on a railroad viaduct and watch them while they were parked down by the creek. Not long after that, she came in late one day and told us all about her marriage and "Shivaree."

A Shivaree was a fun-type ritual where friends of the couple being wed would play tricks on them. In her case, some friends had tied some cow bells to their bed springs so that every time they would move in bed, the bells would ring. After her marriage, she quit teaching and went off to Chicago.

On Sundays, a picnic dinner was held on the school grounds. The ladies brought all kinds of goodies to eat. After that, church was held inside and sometimes my father preached the sermon.

Hard Winters

We had some real hard winters, and at times the weather was so bad that the teacher took me to spend the night with her

or to spend the night with some family nearby rather than having me try to make the 10 mile trip home. One cold day, the teacher put hot bricks next to our feet and we were snuggled up in blankets as the horses drew the buggy northward the 10 miles toward my home. After going about 4 miles, a blizzard struck. It frightened the horses and we tumbled out into the snow. Along came a neighbor in a Model-T who took us home.

Some winters were so cold that chickens that hadn't roosted in the chicken house had their combs frozen off.

Father

My father's health was breaking and he thought a change of climate would help. He had a auction, selling 27 head of cattle and 10 head of horses. My father sold Pearl when he held that sale. The last I saw of her, she was trotting behind a car with her colt trailing behind her. She was sold to Bozeman's step-daughter. One thing about Pearl: she always got her separated milk from time to time.

After the sale, we moved to Sunshine Valley at Hoehne, Colorado. It was an irrigated farm. We were there 3 years, then moved near Fisher's Peak, east of Trinidad, CO.

During the depression, grandma Patten divided the oil

royalty she received among her children each year. It really helped the Smith family in Colorado when my father's health declined.

My father knew how to make me feel I had some worth. He let me help him work on the farm and that made me feel like I was pulling my own weight and contributing something worthwhile to the family. I would monitor the broom corn. A "monitor" was a piece of farm equipment that was pulled by two horses and would aerate, or break up the hard soil around the broom corn. I helped pull the broom corn also. He built up my confidence, nurturing me in helpful ways. When I had trouble with my spelling, he took time to help me out. I could talk to him about anything that was troubling me.

1928

My father started having trouble with the veins in his legs. He went to a doctor and was given some medicine that came in a jar, called "Denver Mud," to rub on them. He spent long hours in the fields, and would come home with terribly swollen legs. I helped him undress and get into bed, then I elevated his legs and tried my best to massage the blood out of his legs so the swelling would go down. I remember he said "Mary, you must become a trained nurse."

Years later, after my father had been gone 15 years, I did indeed become a trained nurse and served in the ANC, (Army Nursing Corps), in the Pacific area.

My father would have been proud of me! I owe all the good things in my life to him. Raising a family at his age was too much for him. He was around 55 years old when I was born and almost 60 when my little sister was born. He died June 15, 1933, and I still miss him.

After my father died, we returned to grandma Patten's. One interesting story about Grandma was the one about her grandson, Ray Gene Patten. His mother died before he was a month old. His father, Tom, tried all he could think of but Roy just couldn't keep anything down. Tom took him to Grandma for help even though she was in her 70's and bent with age. She took him to a chiropractor in Guthrie and was told that children have an easier time digesting goat's milk. Grandmother got some goats and always kept some around the rest of her life.

They had the most delicious canned goat meat that tasted super on cold evenings. She knew exactly how John was to butcher the young goat, using lots of water and getting the skin off quickly, never letting it touch the meat.

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She boiled the meat first, then stuffed the fruit jars with the pieces of meat. The fruit jars were then put into a tub with water and simmered for hours before sealing the jars and being put in the cellar. I never knew of any meat ever spoiling.

Grandma died in 1944. All those Patten times were in the past. The house burned down, and John went to a veteran's home in Oklahoma City. The home insisted that he will all his 80 acres to the head of the home, to cover their expenses. After his death, the head of the home had everything bulldozed, even the Indian bathtub was filled in. A man named Paul Taylor bought the land and had the Paul Taylor Well drilled there.

Thomas Magirl Patten and Mary Elizabeth McKaig Patten's nine children were Izella, Alice, Tom, Beulah, Mary, little Jim, Lida, John and Maggie. All of them have gone to a better land now. Beulah was the last to go. Most of them are buried in the family cemetery north of Guthrie at the Laurie Cemetery.

Laurie once was a railroad switch and a town. It is remembered only for an auction where a man put his nice looking wife up for bid. A man in a covered wagon was the highest bidder. He paid a team of horses, farming implements, some household articles and a

wagon for her. She happily climbed up in the covered wagon and they took off for Texas.

1945

I became a RN from the Oklahoma General Hospital (later Mercy), and joined the AMC in 1945, then served in the South Pacific. When I went over to the Philippines, I was on a ship called "Comfort". The ship was late in picking me up. When I got on board, I talked with a man who had already been on the ship and found out the reason they were late was because they had been hit by a Japanese Suicide Plane.

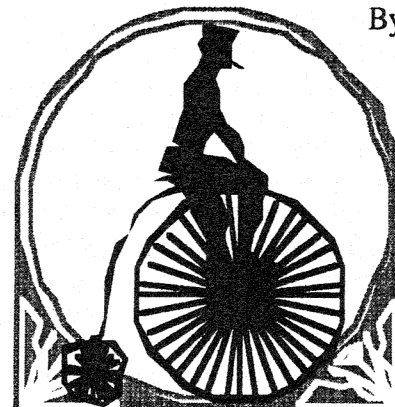
Apparently, the Japanese soldier was so high when he started his dive that the force when he hit the ship was great enough to send him through 5 decks of solid steel and end up in the surgery room. Twenty-seven doctors and nurses were killed immediately. One patient woke up, and found he was the only person in the room still alive.

My mother moved to Guthrie, OK., where she died November 12, 1957. She is buried north of Guthrie, near her parents. I nursed in the US for 39 years, mostly in the Palm Beach area, and was widowed. I am now married to an old beau I went with in 1944.

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Father Figures and Mentors

By Frank Wike



The following article should be read twice, by every Father, Grandfather, Uncle, Mother, Grandmother, Aunt, neighbors and every other adult that knows any boys between the ages of 3 and 53 years of age.

We are now living in a society in which more than half of the young couples getting married are also getting divorced. Many young girls are getting pregnant and having children without the physical or financial support of a man; also, there are even some women who want a baby without being with a man so they choose to use artificial insemination to have their child.

This article is about the children, their needs and the

positive influence others can have on these children. It is especially about one little boy without a father, the men who helped to mold him and teach him how to become a man, and the effect that teaching had on others. That little boy was me and this is my story. Many of you have read my letters from the editor over the last year or so, and have been able to get a glimpse into who I am now. You might also have read several articles that I have written about the lives or childhood of other people whom I have interviewed and about whom I have written. Now you will get an opportunity and a rare glimpse at how I became the person that I am today.

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In preparation for writing this article, I went on the Internet to look for letters from other men, and to see what type of tributes and comments they had to offer about their own fathers. I was amazed to discover that out 100 plus letters that I read from men under the age of 40, only 3 men had positive comments to make about their own fathers. This is partially a result of men growing up either without a father or with a father that was not a positive influence in their lives.

There was one 12 year old boy who was crying out for help because he was developing physically, but he wasn't sure if he was developing correctly and he wanted to talk to a man who could guide him.

One teacher informed me that in the inner city area where she worked, 85 % of the children come from single family households. When she was working on a playground project building birdhouses, the young 2nd and third grade boys were lined up, wanting her to show them how to use a hammer and nails because they had no man in their life to show them how to use tools.

One corrections office informed me that 75% of the men behind the walls where he works, come from single parent families.

There are children out there of all ages who are being deprived of the type of education that two parents can offer them. If we, as responsible adults, do not reach a hand out to help others, then we have no one else to blame when the drug users and convicts start reaching their hands into our homes.

There are three things that everyone has, and that others need. They are called Time, Knowledge and Love. It will cost you nothing to give them, yet the rewards can be more valuable than all the money in the world.

I was lucky. I had several uncles and a grandfather who offered their time, knowledge and love to me. If they had not, I would not be publishing this magazine. What type of accomplishments could the person you help achieve?

Exactly what is Father's day for? If we look at the media advertisements, we might think of Fathers Day as a time to buy tools, boats, fishing gear and all sorts of toys for the big boys. Father's Day is about so much more than simply buying toys for the man in your life. It is a time when we should all pay tribute to all the men who have had a positive influence in your life.

You might notice that I

mentioned ALL of the men instead on simply one man. I did that for a reason.

When I was an infant, my father left. I did not see him again until I was 18 years old and then it was only for a 1 hour visit. That comment in and by itself, is nothing unusual, because now over half of the boys in this country are growing up without fathers; however, in the 50's, it was not that common.

Let me tell you a little bit about what it was like for a boy to grow up without a father at that time. To grow up in a house with out a father means that you are growing up in a house with a part time mother, because the mother has to work in order to keep a roof over your head. I love my mother very much and I know that she did the best that she could to help me grow up, but there is only so much that a woman can do by herself. During the 50's, the job choices for women were very limited. My mother worked as a waitress, which meant she worked nights, so I did not get to see her during the day because I was in school, and I did not get to see her at night, because she was working. I can remember when I was around 8 years old I would go to the restaurant where she worked for supper every night. My choice

for supper was hamburger, French fries and applesauce. If it was a slow night, she might be able to spend a few minutes talking with me before another customer needed a coffee refill or wanted to place an order.

When all of the other boys were being taught how to play football, baseball, basketball, how to fish and hunt, I had to stay at home, because I had no man available to teach me these things.

There were a few thing that I learned during those young years that I can attribute to various men, although my memory is clouded and I do not remember who the men were. One of the things I learned was that if I did not have anyone available to teach me directly, then I would have to learn things by simply watching and listening to others. Here is one example of using that technique.

I have a brother that is two years older than I am. When I was real young, some man was teaching my brother how to play chess. I was sitting close enough that I could watch every move and hear every comment, but I never got to play. Twenty years later I finally had a chance to play the game of chess and ended up becoming the president of a local Chess Club, winning a few tournaments, putting on exhibitions and

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teaching the game to other boys at schools, as well as teaching the game to my own son and step-sons.

By the time I was about to become a teenager, my mother, brother and I moved 600 miles to be closer to her parents and her brothers. That is when my life began to change.

I have several uncles that had an influence on my life, but the one uncle I remember the most is Don Hostetter. Don owns a Nursery in Mishawaka, Indiana. When I was a young teenager, I used to work for him. One day, my Uncle Don took me to the first and only major league baseball game that I ever saw. I was never much of a baseball fan but spending those hours alone in the car with my uncle, on the long drive to and from Chicago, to see this game, made me feel very special. The fact that my Uncle wanted to share his time with ME, made me feel wanted and very proud. I do not remember who won that game, or even who was playing, but that part is not important. What I do remember is that over 30 years ago, a man took a young fatherless boy and spent the entire day with him and that one day had a very positive effect on my life.

One special man

There was one very special man that influenced my life more

than any other man. His name was Warren David Hostetter, but most of his real close friends called him "Stubby". He was not a very big man physically as he only stood around 5'5" in height, but he was a giant of a man when it came to principals, honor and kindness. Warren was my Mother's father, my grandfather and he was indeed a Grand Grand Father figure and mentor to me. This is my tribute to him.

Tools

My grandparents had a nice house in South Bend, Indiana. The house belonged to both grandparents, though my grandmother seemed to be in charge of most of the house, except for part of the basement and the garage. Those areas belonged to my grandfather. Grandpa seemed to have a special fondness for tools. I am not sure if he loved them or simply respected them, but either way, I do know that he cared about them and took very good care of them. The walls on the inside of the garage and half of the basement were covered with his tools and each one was always cleaned and returned to its proper place after he used it. He even had a special trademark for all of his yard tools such as shovels, hoes, etc. He painted the handle of each one green except for a 4 inch area on the tip of the

handle that was painted red.

I never saw him buy any tools as replacements, because I never saw any broken tools. The only way I ever saw him add to his tool collection would be when he was driving down the highway. He would suddenly pull off to the side of the road for no apparent reason, get out of his truck and pick up a wrench, screwdriver or some other type of tool that was laying in the road. How he could recognize those spots in the road as tools, always amazed me.

His fondness for tools rubbed off on me. He gave me my first tool box. It was a wooden tray with a dowel rod handle that he made. Then he gave me some of the older tools that he found along the road to put into it. As the years passed, my fondness for tools also grew and when my own son was old enough to learn how to use tools properly, he saw me paint and identify my own tools, including my yard tools, and place every tool in a designated place on the walls of my garage or in one special tool room attached to the back porch of my house.

Trimming shrubs

The first time I saw my Grandfather trimming any shrubs was when a new neighbor had a house built

across the alley from my grandparents house. The neighbor decided to plant a hedge between the side of his house and the alley that ran beside it. After the hedge got tall enough to trim, my Grandfather went over and ran a string the appropriate height, from one end of the hedge to the other. Then he took out a pair of hand hedge clippers and trimmed the hedge as straight and even as an arrow. That really didn't look like such a difficult job to perform and I didn't think too much about it until 2 or 3 years later when I went to work for my Uncle who owned the nursery and lawn service.

I was on my way to a job site where his crew was mowing some lawns. The job site was on Country Club Lane in South Bend. I discovered it received that name because all of the houses on the east side of the street had a Country Club Golf Course adjacent to their back yard. These houses all belonged to doctors, lawyers and other professional people who wanted their yards to look as perfect as possible.

As we were approaching all of these fancy houses, I noticed one house that had these very beautiful pyramid shaped evergreen trees in their front yard and a hedge that reminded

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me of a loose rope that would be fastened to several posts and sagging in between each post. The hedge by the driveway was around 4 foot tall and shaped like a rectangular concrete pillar, then it dipped down into an arc till it was only around 2 feet tall. Then it climbed back in height to 4 feet again like it was another pillar. It held the same shape the entire way around the house. As I looked a little closer, I discovered that some man was out there trimming those hedges. I thought to myself, "Now that guy is a really talented artist." As I looked closer at the man trimming these shrubs, I discovered that it was MY GRANDFATHER !! That is when I found out that he was the one who actually started Hostetters Nursery and taught my Uncle the landscaping business.

Now that my Grandfather is gone, I can not help but wonder what he was thinking as he looked down from heaven and watched me years later as I was the one tying a string across the top of some hedges while I was teaching my own son how to trim hedges or when I would show my son how to trim the intricate spiral or pyramid shapes on various shrubs, when I owned my landscaping and lawn service.

The Farm

Although my grandparents lived in town, they also owned a small truck patch type farm about 10 miles away from their house. As a young boy, when school was out for the summer, I would spend my time working with my grandfather on the farm. The work was hard and the hours were long but it was worth every minute I spent in the hot sun, because I learned not only how to work with my hands and my head, but by watching him deal with other people, I learned that people respect a person because of who he is, rather than what material goods he has.

One day my grandfather allowed me to accompany him in his pick up truck as he took a load of corn to the grain elevator. When we arrived at the elevator, he pulled under a canopy to park and went inside the building while I stayed in the truck. After he unloaded his corn, he parked under this canopy again and this time I decided that I wanted to join him inside the building. He told me I to stay in the truck until he motioned for me to join him. He explained that since I was in the truck when they weighed the truck in with a full load of corn, I had to also be in the truck when they weighed it empty. He told me that it was important to

always be honest with everyone, especially in business dealings.

My grandparents grew many of the regular garden type vegetables such as green beans, yellow wax beans, peas, cucumbers, potatoes, pumpkins, cantaloupe, watermelon, and corn, plus strawberries and blackberries.

Their biggest crop was their blueberries. They must have had over 100 blueberry bushes. I don't remember the exact number but I do know that for several summers, I would get up every morning at 5 am, leave the house with my grandfather and the two of us would pick blueberries until 5 pm. We would not take any breaks except for a 1/2 hour lunch break, then we would go back to work. No matter how fast I tried to work, my grandfather could always fill 2 five gallon buckets of blueberries, to my one bucket. I don't remember how many days it would take us to get through the blueberry patch one time, but I do remember that by the time we got from one end of the patch to the other, it was time to start all over again, until all of the berries were picked for the entire season. There was a part of me that REALLY did not like having to spend my summers working in the hot sun, yet when we would take our lunch

break and I got to spend that half hour uninterrupted, talking about life with my Grandfather, it made it all worthwhile. For that one short period of time each day, he was mine. I could ask any type of childish inquisitive question I wanted to and he would always answer me.

Maybe I did not have a father, but during those summer lunch breaks, I did have a man in my life who cared about me and took the time to make me feel special. There is however, at least one question that I wish I would have asked him. I never did find out how he could stand to work in the hot sun, in 90 or 100 degree temperatures, and always wear a heavy long sleeve shirt. In all the years I spent around my grandfather, I never once saw him in a short sleeve shirt.

My grandfather also showed me that I was allowed to have fun in life. Once we got the blueberries picked for the season, the rest of the work was not as demanding on our time and he would let me be a kid sometimes. I remember the first time he put the saddle on Trigger, his golden palomino, and let me go for a horse back ride. I was riding, actually, it was more like a fast walk, around the barnyard, when I suddenly went flying through the air and landed plum smack

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in the middle of a 8 foot high pile of manure. I was more scared then hurt, and I sure was thankful for the cushioning effect of the manure pile. I do not ever recall seeing my grandfather laugh as hard as he did that day, unless it was the day he doctored my mashed potatoes.

Dinner Time

My grandfather had a great sense of humor and liked to play practical jokes. One time during supper I had to excuse myself to go to the wash room. Upon returning to the table, I proceeded to take a big bite of my grandmothers homemade mashed potatoes, when all of a sudden, I had the hottest burning sensation in my mouth that I had ever experienced. It turned out that my grandfather had mixed some "hot" horseradish in with my mashed potatoes while I was away from the table. As I sat there with my eyes burning and trying to inhale an entire glass of water in one gulp, I was shocked that he would do anything like that to me.

For years, I had watched as my grandfather and my mother play tricks on each other at Christmas time, by giving gag gifts, etc. Now I realized this joke was his way of telling me that I had been accepted within the close inner circle of special people he enjoyed being with

and that I was truly accepted as family.

One other thing my grandfather helped teach me was manners. I am not sure he even know that he was doing this. Many times while we were eating supper, he would get finished eating before I would. Then he would get up from the table and walk into the living room and simply stand by the front door for a minute, like he was looking out the window, then he would return to the kitchen table and talk with my grandmother until I was finished eating. I didn't understand why he would always go look out the window until years later when my mother informed me that he had a problem with gas, and would go into the other room until his attack was over.

Something else I learned during those evening meals around the supper table was communication. Eating supper at the table with my grandparents was quite a bit different from eating a hamburger in a restaurant. Since I had helped plant the seeds, pull the weeds and harvest the crop, and the fact that my grandmother was a great cook, the food tasted much better (with the exception of having horseradish in my potatoes). It was the conversation and

communication that took place at that table made me feel like a vital and important part of the family. That feeling of being important and being included as part of something, helps to build self worth in a child.

There are many other things my grandfather taught me by allowing me to help him paint the house every other year, by letting me ride in his truck so that I could watch him shift gears over and over, until I could tell by the sound of the engine, when it was time to shift, or taking me with him to auctions, rodeos, and the County Fair. He was also the one who allowed me to buy my first pocket knife and then showed me how to sharpen it with a wet stone.

As a young boy, I can remember looking up to him and wanting to become just like him when I grew up. My one regret is that if I lived to be 100 years old, I will never be half as big a man as that great big man I called my Grand Grandfather.

One of the last times I saw my grandfather, was when he celebrated his 50th wedding anniversary. As I reflect back on that day and I remember him as he held my grandmother's hand and kissed her, I can only hope that some day I can tell him how much I loved him, how much I appreciate

everything he did for me and how big an influence he was in helping me to become a man. His influence was far greater then he ever realized. Even the things I learned from my Uncle and my Mother were a result of my grandfather's teachings, because he is the one that helped teach them how to share their time and attention with others. I was not around him as much as my Uncle was, so I did not learn as much about manhood as my uncle did, but I did learn a whole lot more about being a man then I would have if I had not been around my grandfather at all.

I am now 48 years old. By society's standards, I am now a man, yet deep inside me, there still lives a little boy who cries when he sees little boys playing games and interacting with their fathers. I still feel that pain and sorrow when I think about the things I missed as a child. It also pains me to see other couples get divorced and to watch other little boys have to grow up with out their fathers. How can boys learn how to become decent men and fathers, if some adult male does not take them under their wing and teach them ?

There were many times while writing this article that tears came to my eyes. Sometimes it was because of the things I

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missed, other times it was because I am so grateful for the time I got to spend with my Uncle and Grandfather. The end result is that many men have had an impact on my life, some because of NOT being there for me and some because they were there for me.

I never learned how to hunt, fish or play sports as a boy, but thanks to ALL of the men that spent time with me when I was a boy, I did learn how to become an honest, hard working person who takes pride in whatever job I set out to accomplish. I also learned to respect and take care of my tools or the equipment I use to perform a job, to always be honest and tell the truth, not only to others, but to also be honest and respect myself. For if a person does not respect themselves, how can they expect others to respect them?

The greatest lesson of all is the lesson I learned about how much of a difference one person can make in the life of another, by simply taking the TIME to be with them, to TALK with them and to CARE about them.

My one remaining goal in this life is to be able to take

some of the positive lessons that I have learned from watching and listening to all of these men and pass them along to other boys. That is one of the reasons I wrote this tribute. You can be sure that anytime I run into anyone else who is willing to watch, listen and learn, I am always willing to take the time to talk, write, and teach. For every time that I offer to share a bit of who I am with another, I am also sharing a part of my uncles, my grandfather and my many other mentors.

How about you? When was the last time you shared some of your wisdom and knowledge about life, with another? How long does it take to write a short story about the many things you learned from your mother, father, grandparents, teachers, neighbors and mentors? Continue the Legacy of the things you were taught. Send us the story and we will share it with the rest of our readers. Everyone has something to offer and everyone has something they can still learn.

These are just my thoughts
Frank

What do you get when you put together an insomniac, an atheist, and a dyslexic?

...a person who stays up all night trying to prove whether there is a dog...

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