

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

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

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

The Legacy, Vol 2,
Number 3, March 1997. All
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Printed in U.S.A. Postage
paid at Perkins, OK and at
additional mailing offices.

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Letter from the Editor

March is upon us, and along with the March winds will come the first day of spring. Being a gardener, I have a special fondness for the beauty of the tulips and other bulb type flowers which emerge to show us that a new season has arrived.

Springtime is a time of changes, and a time for new growth to spring forth.

As the seasons change around us, our lives are going through constant changes also. I believe that changes in our lives can be healthy for us because they allow us an opportunity to grow in wisdom, insight and maturity.

But what good is wisdom and maturity if we do not use it or share it?

Many of the readers of this magazine are mature enough to have lived through a variety of changes in their lifetime and now I am going to ask you for your help.

I recently decided to undertake another, brand-new publication called, "Triumph Over Tragedy". The purpose of TOT will be to help people heal from the emotional trauma incurred after losing a loved one due to death or divorce, coping with the emotional effects of cancer, and surviving the various forms of physical, sexual and mental abuse.

Since I will be supporting TOT out of my own pocket, it will be sold by subscription only rather than through stores. There will also be cases where I

will be providing free copies of the magazine to people who cannot afford it.

Now comes the part where I could use your help. If you have grown through any type of emotional trauma in your life and have a success story that you would be willing to share with others that will help them learn what techniques and methods you used, I would love to hear from you.

If you have a friend who is currently going through a tough time emotionally and could use some support and advice, tell them about TOT. If you care about other people and want to really do something that can make a difference in someone else's life, and possibly even save the life of someone on the verge of suicide, I would ask you to send a donation in the amount of \$24 to this magazine and put TOT on your check; I will use it for a subscription to someone in need.

There is one final way you can help. Since I also own and financially support the printing costs of The Legacy magazine, if you are currently buying your copy of The Legacy out of a store, I would like to encourage you to take out a subscription to this magazine. Or if you have a friend that likes to read your copy of The Legacy, I would like for you to encourage your friend to get their own subscription. Thank You,
Franklin Wike

Grandparenting



LIVING HISTORY

For many of us, our lives are keyed to important events, transitions, locales, or something that has importance to ourselves or our families. For me, the important events and episodes happened to be on a time-line by location: the places where I/we lived and worked over the years; the first 25 years in the city where I was born and raised; after that, a few years in another place, then still another place, and so on and on.

Each location was invariably quite a distance from the previous one, each move had its own history and brought many happenings that were worth writing about. You too, right? I made notes on as many events of significance that I could recall and keyed each to a geographical location. Then, I sketched a brief outline for each

event that I planned to write about -- recognizing that more would be added as one event brought another to mind that needed to be covered. Thus, City A: pre-school and school years (with several sub-headings because those times had been chaotic); the depression years; the first job, etc. City B: why there; the job; etc. When I completed the initial list I numbered each event and found that I had almost 200, arranged so that one followed the other as they had occurred over time. This became my general work outline.

I take the list along when visiting my grandchildren (my daughter briefed her family beforehand about Grandpa's list.) Evenings, relaxed at the table after dinner, Grandson or Granddaughter will call out, for

Grandparenting

example, "Grandpa! Number 67!" I make a big deal out of hauling the list from my back pocket, unfolding it, locating the number and reading the title aloud. Then, on to chin-rubbing, head scratching, ceiling-staring, and "C'mon, Grandpa! Get with it!" urgings from all directions. And off I go, relating with words and body language the events of Number 67, or whatever number they chose. They listen, spellbound (Grandpa is a good storyteller), and often they cut in with comments or questions. To them, it's their family's history and they really want to know. Invariably, the story is followed with reminiscences by their mom and dad as they supplement with details from their memories and relate comparable events in their lives, oftentimes long into the wee hours.

Autobiography becomes living history, not to be forgotten, and the finest kind of intergenerational communication.

WHAT'S IN IT FOR YOU

Long-term studies of large communities give evidence that people with strong family and social ties tend to be healthier than those who live in isolation.

A conference of doctors and social scientists proposed a theory that altruism, particularly when the helper observes the beneficial effects in others, can reduce feelings of

helplessness and depression, and thus enhance health. Also, persons who came in direct contact with those they aided reported a strong and lasting sense of satisfaction, even exhilaration, an increased sense of self-worth, less depression, and fewer aches and pains.

Relating the theory to the theme of this newsletter, what a grandparent gets back relates to the value he or she places on, and efforts he or she makes toward building positive intergenerational relationships. If family has significance, then interacting with a grandchild, near or faraway, manifests that significance and the returns it generates.

"Returns" implies investment. As grandparents age, their "investment" is transformed into a return. The "return" adds vitality, vibrancy, and enrichment to the grandparent's latter years.

Picture Postcards

During a discussion among older adults, one of them said he was having trouble coming up with what to write on a picture postcard that he wanted to mail to his faraway grandchild. He said he'd been a salesman but, in this situation, he was at a loss for words.

I asked him what he had done earlier that day. He mentioned several ordinary activities and added, as an afterthought, that he had strolled along a nearby beach.

"What did you see during your walk?"

"Seals and pelicans on the rocks offshore. Big waves rolling in. One of the seals slid off the rock and into the water. The tide was out, and I explored a tide pool. I saw a...."

He stared at me for a moment, grinned, took his pen from his shirt pocket and started to make notes on a slip of paper.

The Vitality of Older Adults

* older adults are a resource to the communities in which they live.

* older adults provide assistance to individuals both related and unrelated to them, and to

persons of all ages.

* the potential of older people as a resource could be influenced by a number of factors....

Increased life expectancy, in conjunction with increased levels of education and income and technological advances to improve quality of life, may increase the likelihood that older adults will be able to help others, while increased workforce participation and continued threats to financial security (due to cutbacks in Medicare and increases in Social Security retirement age) may reduce the availability of older adults to provide assistance and serve as resources to others.

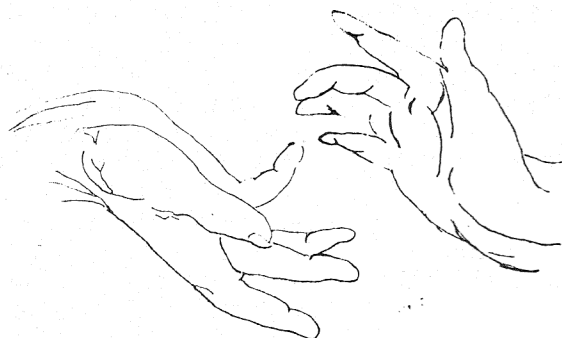
If you have an interesting and heartwarming story about your grandparents or if you are a grandparent and you have a cute story about one of your grandchildren or simply some advice your would like to share with others, please send your comments and suggestions to: The Legacy, P.O. Box 201, Perkins,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

It seems a pastor from Maine skipped services one Sunday to go bear hunting in the mountains. As he turned the corner along the path, he and a bear collided. The pastor stumble backwards, slipped off the trail, and began tumbling down the mountain -- with the bear in hot pursuit. Finally the pastor crashed into a boulder, sending his rifle flying in one direction and breaking both his legs. As the bear closed in, the pastor cried out in desperation, "Lord, I'm sorry for what I have done. Please forgive me and save me! Lord, please make that bear a Christian.

Suddenly the bear skidded to a halt at the pastor's feet, fell to its knees, clasped its paws together and said, "God, bless this food which we are about to eat."

The Sandwich Generation

By Sunshine



Hi All!

I hope you are managing the interesting weather that this new year has brought!

I want to do something a little different this month. Recently, I have realized that many people become card-carrying members of the sandwich generation, believing that they "have to do it all." In some cases, this is because there are no resources available to them or to their families. In many cases, however, they don't realize that resources are available, or they don't know how to access them.

With that in mind, I thought I would discuss some things to investigate that might make life easier or more pleasant for everyone.

My first suggestion is to check where the parent lives. Yes, I know you know the address, but I mean does your parent live in an incorporated city or on county-serviced land? Several of you have found that services are not available to you or your parents because the address isn't in an area covered by a particular service agency. You might live across the street from the serviced area but can't get the service. Knowing that ahead of time saves a few headaches and disappointments. This information can also be helpful if there is any question about moving either you or your parents. In some cases, the services available to your parents become unavailable if

you live with them. Occasionally, you might find that moving your parent in with you, or moving in with them, might be the worst option, because then you really become the sole support mechanism for your parent(s). Your parent(s) might receive more services if no one else lives with them.

Contact your local state human services department. Usually the state has a section for children (18 and younger) and a section for adults over some pre-determined age. This might be 55, 65 or 75. Find that person who can send you information about available services. Ask if there is a contact person for services in the smaller area (that is, city or county, or even a regional area). Sometimes a state will contract with an agency to provide services -- learn if your parents' state does, and what that agency is and who is the contact person.

See if you can discover if there is a program that can appoint a "Case Manager" for your parent(s). If so, get one, or get on the list to get one. A good case manager can save you hours of searching and working -- especially if you live a distance from your parent(s). A case manager will do a "needs assessment" checking on what your parent(s) need, and then it is the case manager's job to locate that service. If your parent(s) qualify, this can be a Christmas present to you, as

much of the daily work will be moved from your shoulders to that of the case manager. If such a program is not available, and you have the energy, you might want to lobby for such a program!

Many of you will be uncomfortable with my next suggestion, but read it anyway! Contact a local mental health agency. Now, I fully recognize that many of your parents are mentally competent. That isn't the issue. Mental Health agencies deal with many geriatrics who have no one to care for them and who have a wide range of problems. This means that they are usually very aware of the available services in a community. They can frequently give you good advice as to what services are provided, and even give you names and phone numbers of someone to contact. Ask if there is a "day treatment program" for the older population. This is usually a program of activities for the older members of the community. Different people sponsor it, and different activities are provided, but the idea is that it gets your parent(s) out of the house and socializing with others. If your parent(s) balk at the idea - but you think it is a good idea - suggest that your parents do it as a community service -- they can volunteer their time to help others "less fortunate." Such programs can usually use volunteers, and it will get them active as well.

Sandwich Generation

Discover if the community has a Meals-On-Wheels program. Many of your parents can get a hot mid-day meal delivered to the home - or can be taken to a community "lunch room" and be given a hot meal, as well as contact with others their age. The cost varies from community to community, but I have found the service to be inexpensive, and much easier than running home to prepare a lunch, or worrying that the parent won't eat the prepared lunch, or any of the other concerns you might have. Again, the organizer of the local Meals-on-Wheels program can also suggest other people and places to call, as they are usually very familiar with services for their consumers.

Don't forget churches. This may be a touchy subject for some, but I am not discussing religion. In many areas, especially rural ones, a local church can be a focal point of various programs. The church won't run the program, but someone there will usually be aware of the services available in the community. If you think a service is necessary, you might want to discuss this with a local church or group of churches. They might agree

with you and lobby the local decision makers to obtain that service.

Also, check with the Postal Service and the local utility companies. You read correctly. Many of these agencies have programs in which their on-the-road employees have a list of people on whom they check. Now, this might not be a door-to-door, face-to-face program, but they can notice and report such things as accumulating newspapers, or other things that seem out of place. For example, some letter carriers will note if yesterday's mail is still in the box. That would alert them to check on the person to insure that something isn't wrong. There may not be, but it can be a relief to know that someone checks up on your parent(s) at least once daily, especially if you don't live close by.

This is just an overview of possibilities. I suspect that if you are new to the sandwich generation, you didn't realize that you could get help from such a variety of sources. Hopefully, one of them is useful to you and your parent(s). Let me know if you found this column helpful!

Have a good month!

One of my favorite Peanuts cartoons shows Snoopy writing one of his masterpieces. He explains (my translation--not exact) "Once a mouse was sneaking through a museum after closing hours. He fell into a suit of armour. 'Please,' he cried, 'someone help me make it through the Knight!'"

Nostalgia Corner



One of my earliest memories is sitting on cakes of ice covered with straw in the icehouse, on hot summer days. My dad used to go out on the lake and cut the ice blocks in winter.

D.B.--Rockford, IL

One of my WWII memories is of what was called a "black-out." I was living in Hartford, CT, and if warning sirens went off, all window shades had to be pulled as tight as possible, and any lights that might show had to be turned off, so that if any enemy bombers flew overhead they couldn't tell they were over a city. I can remember being terrified as the sirens sounded and we sat in darkness.

C.S. --Hartford, CT

In San Francisco during WWII

we had to paint our windows black so no light would show through. We often had scares when Japanese subs were off the coast or planes flying overhead. We would have air raid warnings and be told to run home as fast as we could.

A.H.--Salem, OR

My dearest memory was sometime in 1955-56. Mom and I visiting Gram, sitting on her screened front porch. I was on the "glider sofa" with Gram. My head was in her lap. It was a small town then. So quiet. All I could hear was the soft murmur of Mom's and Gram's voices and the passing of a few cars, the clack of the shoes of passersby. Gram just kept gently stroking my hair as they spoke and she rocked the glider gently. I have

Nostalgia corner

never again felt so safe, loved or peaceful. I dozed in Gram's lap. Now I am a 46 year old woman and still hear and feel it all and weep sweetly.

B.M.--South Bend, IN

We wore skirts and blouses to school - no one dreamed of wearing slacks. Small children had to wear leggings in the winter and girls were relieved when they were judged old enough to forgo the leggings and just wear knee-socks. Girls didn't often wear tennis shoes - unless they were in gym class. We wore shorts for gym in jr high and high school and hoped no one would see us in those horrible uniforms. Little girls usually had one or two good dresses - and when I was very little, the most wanted dress was a "Shirley temple" style. Later, in my teens, skirts and sweater were the in thing.

H.W.--Lebanon, PA

In the fall we made leaf houses, by raking leaves into rooms and pretending we were mom and dad. We could use the rakes to open and close doors, and we had a grand time for nothing and our parents got the yard raked without asking.

W.A.--Springfield, IL

Do you remember wooden orange crates, wooden Kraft cheese boxes, wooden cigar boxes, metal tobacco cans with hinged lids, metal cookie tins with screw tops? How many useful and entertaining things

we used to make with those "disposable" containers!

F.B.--Toledo, OH

We had a Ben Franklin 5 & 10 store and I used to spend my allowance on those plastic bubbles, and the balsa wood airplanes you could use a rubber band to wind up the propeller, and snakes that you would light with a match and they would poof up real SUPER BALLS fly back paddle ball.

S.R.--Three Rivers, MI

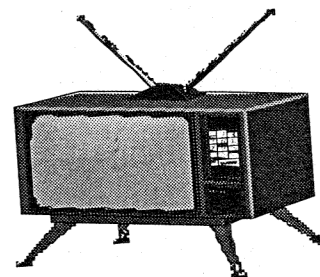
Remember the "bop", charcoal gray and pink coordinates, dragging main, James Dean, red red lipstick, can-can slips, white penny loafers, rolled up blue jeans, scarfs around the neck, Rock Around the Clock, Sal Mineo, Ed Sullivan, What's My Line?, and "parking" -those were the days...

H.D.--Arlington, VA

There was a dress code in school. Boys had to wear shirts and slacks (no blue jeans); ties were not required and they could not wear their hair long. Girls had to wear dresses, skirts, or slacks, never blue jeans and NEVER shorts or noisy jewelry.

L.C.--Iowa City, IA

Summer meant chasing butter flies, picking butter cups and water melon at night when it was cool. But when it really got hot. We would all go down in the cellar, Which was not every big. But big enough to keep the can



Trivia Questions about old TV Shows

goods and sit at night. It seems like it was always cool down there.

R.U.--Palmyra, PA

We had table games boards, such as bingo or hearts. The only thing that was allowed in my Grandmother's home was radio and I still can remember listening to Jack Benny, The shadow, The Lone Ranger, The Green Hornet, Abbott & Costello, and Fibber McGee & Molly.

J.A.--Washington Court House, OH

As a child, my favorite place to eat a candy bar was at the movies on Saturday when I was watching the Old Westerns (Gene, Roy, and Hoppy) and the Serials (The Green Hornet).

M. S.--Grand Rapids, MI

Many of us grew up watching westerns either at the movies or on TV. How many of you can remember the names of the horses that belonged to our favorite cowboy stars?

- 1: Roy Roger's horse was.....?
- 2: Dale Evans' horse was.....?
- 3: The Lone Ranger's horse was.....?
- 4: Tonto's horse was.....?
- 5: Gene Autry's horse was.....?
- 6: Hopalong Cassidy's horse was.....?
- 7: The Cisco Kid's horse was.....?
- 8: Cisco's side-kick, Poncho's horse was.....?
- 9: Tom Mix's horse was.....?

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

Answer to question about horses.

- 1: Trigger
- 2: Buttercup
- 3: Silver,
- 4: Scout,
- 5: Champion
- 6: Topper,
- 7: Diablo,
- 8: Loco
- 9: Tony

Coffee Shop Conversation



Preacher Bob:

Shorty, I missed seeing you in church last Sunday. Is everything okay?

Shorty:

Yes, I am still a bit sore from the accident, but other than that, everything else is fine.

Bill:

Accident? What happened? I didn't even hear about you being in an accident.

Shorty:

You remember last Tuesday when it was snowing so hard that you couldn't see ten feet in front of you?

Bill:

Yes, I saw it from out of the window. It was snowing so hard that I decided to stay home.

Shorty:

I was trying to get home. I had

been out of town and was trying to get back when I ran into the storm. Well, it was snowing so bad that I couldn't see where the road was, so I stuck my head out the window, thinking I would be able to see better. Well, it turns out that another farmer was coming from the opposite direction and he had his head out the window too, because he couldn't see the road either.

I never saw him until it was too late and we had a head-on collision. My head hit his head and we both had to go to the hospital to get checked out. But the good news is that neither one of us had any damage to our cars.

Preacher Bob: I am glad that you are feeling better but you sure missed an interesting service.

Shorty:

I kind of figured I would Preacher. I know that Steve, our

music director was gone on vacation last week. Who led the singing in his absence?

Preacher Bob:

I did Shorty and I'll be truthful with you, it became quite interesting.

Shorty:

Why? What happened?

Preacher Bob:

As you know, I never learned to read music, so I decided to let the congregation pick their favorite songs in hopes that they would be able to sing them without having to be led. So, I told them we would pick the songs by using word association. I mentioned a word and they would tell me what song it reminds them of. Then I would let the person that suggested the song, lead the congregation in that particular song.

Bill:

Well, how did it turn out?

Preacher Bob:

Actually they did quite well. The first word I mentioned was "Grace" and Mrs. Carson was sitting up toward the front and she called out "Amazing Grace". That was an old favorite that everyone knew so I figured I would try something a bit harder. The next word I mentioned was "water". Charlie Simpson was sitting about 6 rows back and he replied, "We shall gather by the river".

By that time, I figured this crowd was pretty sharp and I decided to try to throw them off a bit, so I mentioned the word "Sex". It was real quiet for a moment, then suddenly grandpa Wilson stood up from one of the back pews and yelled out, "Precious Memories".

Mike:

Shorty, it sounds like you are about as fond of snow right now as I am. Did I ever show you my diary from this past winter?

Shorty:

Your diary? I didn't even know you kept one.

Mike:

Yes, I started keeping one years ago. It's right here in this little notebook that I keep in my pocket and it says:

December 8th-6pm It started to snow. The first of the season and the wife and I took our cocktails and set by the window watching the soft flakes drift down all over the area. IT WAS BEAUTIFUL!

DECEMBER 9th-We awoke to a big beautiful blanket of crystal white snow covering the landscape what a fantastic sight! Every tree and shrub covered with a beautiful white mantle. I shoveled snow for the first time in years and loved it. I did both our driveway and our sidewalk. Later the snow plow came along and covered up our sidewalk with compacted snow

Coffee Shop Conversation

from the street so I cleaned them again! my bait.

DECEMBER 12th-The sun has melted all over our lovely snow. oh well I'm sure we will get some more before the lovely winter is through.

DECEMBER 14th- It snowed about 8" last night and the temperature dropped to 20 degrees below zero. Shoveled the driveway and sidewalk again and the snowplow came by and did it's trick again.

DECEMBER 15th- Sold my van and bought a 4x4 Chevy Blazer so I can drive in the snow, bought snow tires for the wife's car.

DECEMBER 16th- Fell on my butt on the ice in the driveway. All that was hurt was my feelings.

DECEMBER 17th Still cold below zero in the am sand icy roads make for very touchy driving.

DECEMBER 20th-Had 14 inches of the white garbage last night. More shoveling in store for me today. that gosh darn snowplow came by twice.

DECEMBER 23rd- I was going to go ice fishing today but my worms froze and I didn't want the fish to break their teeth on

DECEMBER 24th-If I ever catch the sadistic bum that drives that snowplow, I'll drag him through the snow by his hair. I think he hides around the corner and waits for me to finish shoveling and then he comes down the street 100 miles an hour and throws snow all over what used to be my lawn.

DECEMBER 25th- Merry Christmas!!! They predict 20 more inches of the dad burn white stuff tonight. Do they know how many shovels full of snow 20 inches is? To heck with Santa, he doesn't have to shovel that white crap. The snowplow driver came by asking for donations I hit him over the head with the snow shovel.

DECEMBER 26th- We got 20 inches and then some. I must be going snow blind or have a severe case of cabin fever because the wife is beginning to look good to me.

DECEMBER 27th- The toilet froze. if you go outside don't eat the brown snow.

DECEMBER 28th- I set fire to the house to keep that all of that white crud from falling off the roof and onto my clean sidewalk. Now I am taking the insurance money and looking for a house in Miami.

THE COLORS OF MY WORLD

By Christine McCarty



I figure that most people are aware of the love Indians have for bright colors. Nobody appreciates the colors of nature more. Actually each of the primary colors have a significance and meaning for the Indian people, but I won't tell you about that.

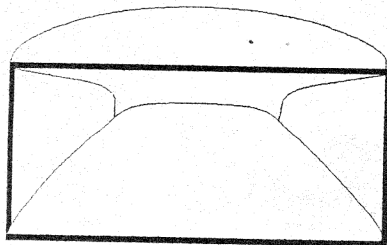
My family would point out to each other the beautiful trees in the fall, and my Father would drive miles out of his way to show us a particular maple tree he had seen earlier in the day.

I taught elementary students in a school with a high enrollment of Creek students and when colored paper was offered for art they almost always chose red. The white children would mull over their choice of colors trying to decide between the options, but my little Indians would immediately choose red.

My mother tells a story about teaching in an Indian Boarding School (some of us still use that term, ha). She and my Father could not afford new clothes

very often and when they did buy something it was a notable occasion. One of her students made the comment that she always wore the same clothes and when was she going to get something new. (Understand that he was not criticizing, just making an observation and doing so with great respect. You just have to know Indians.) When my Father heard he was insistent that my Mother buy a new dress and drove her to Hinds Department Store to make her choice. Being the practical person that she is my Mother chose a brown dress which would be appropriate for many different occasions. The next day she proudly wore her new dress to class, all of the students noticed and made polite comments. The boy who had first remarked about her clothes came up, admired her dress and said, "that's a nice dress, but why didn't you get a red one." Mother promised him that the next new dress she bought would be red, and it was.

Let it Fly!



by Marilyn K. Brixey-Wells,
Ed.D.

What in the world is a "Round Robin"? Here are three hints:

1. It flies all over the United States and like a boomerang, comes back to you.

2. It makes people smile and feel very special when they hold it in their hands.

3. It holds the thoughts, joys, sorrows, news, and events of family members.

A simple brown envelope (stuffed with pictures, letters, newspaper clippings, invitations, and memories) is what our family calls a "Round Robin." What pleasure it brings as I discover that it has magically appeared in my mailbox. I first quickly scan each letter and picture, then arrange my life so that I might

be able to savor and enjoy reading each and every word from my relatives. This "Round Robin" has been flying across the country, keeping the Brixey family current on all kinds of news for many years. My parents, Erma & Harvey Brixey, began this tradition in 1969, and recently a copy of their original letter was sent around in the "Robin."

The following letter began a family tradition that has lasted almost thirty years. I've added a few clarifications in regard to family relationship in brackets.

Oct. 29, 1969

Dear Ones,

Faye [Harvey's sister], let's start something--a chain letter. Please, mail this as soon as

you can add your letter. When it has gone the complete round, each will remove his own letter. We hope this will encourage all to write as all will be sharing news of family. Since I am starting this, I will always mail my letters to Faye. Faye, you will mail it to whoever you wish, but hoping it will make the complete cycle of [Brixey] brothers and sisters only. This should not take over six weeks.

Well, news of my family. Bob [son] and Barbara [daughter-in-law] and Robert [grandson] were home this past weekend, and also Rosetta [daughter] and Twyla [granddaughter]. Robert will soon be celebrating his third birthday. Twyla is trying to learn to read. She can hardly wait. Rosetta has a week's vacation coming up the last of November to Hawaii.

Marilyn [daughter] will be in Lisbon, Portugal tomorrow. She has been to London, Amsterdam, and Paris so far. We received a long letter from her written while on the ship. She was enjoying it all, even the stormy weather. The crew is all Holland or Dutch. We miss her, especially on the weekends. During school she was always home and other friends too, and we miss all of them.

Harvey has been drilling wheat and fertilizer in his pastures on this place and the Armstrong farm. He manages to keep pretty busy most of the time. I haven't sewed for almost a month. I helped Marilyn make her clothes she took with

her, but I put the machine up and haven't been in the mood to sew since. Sunday, we enjoyed Bud [Harvey's brother] and Dell [Bud's wife] and family, and Ora Jane [Harvey's sister]. They were here for Homecoming, and Ora Jane came Sunday and spent the day. We had dinner at "Mom's [Harvey's mom]." I think she enjoyed it. Kinda like ole times. Monday, when I called, she [Ella Brixey] was doing pretty good. She went to a meeting at the church with me. She didn't stay the whole time (for the lesson). We were amazed at how much Robbie, Janie, and Teresa [Bud & Dell's children] had grown. Of course Twyla loves her Uncle Bud--I believe more--than she does her grandpa! I guess I'd better sign off. If anyone should enclose pictures they should be enclosed each time until they get back to the owner. Then she can remove them. I hope this is a success.

Maybe we can hear from Glen [Harvey's brother] and Tilly (you never write us). But I realize, too, how busy you must be. Faye, several asked why you weren't at the [homecoming or alumni] banquet.

Our love to all,
Harvey & Erma

[Harvey Lee Brixey, 1921 - 1988]

[Erma Franklin Jackson Brixey, 1923 - 1990]

My mother established the route or flight path that the first "Round Robin" would travel and it has been going in circles ever

Let it Fly!

since. It has become dizzy a few times but has never fallen. Originally, it "flew" to the brothers and sisters in the Brixey family; whereas now, twenty-eight years later, the children of the original Brixey's are continuing the tradition.

The "Round Robin" is based on the concept that when you receive the "Robin," you take out the letter you last wrote, write a new update, then send it flying. As simple as that--but one of the most fun and wonderful ways to keep up with what everyone is doing. It costs between fifty cents and \$1.00 to mail the "Robin" and it comes around to each family every 2 - 3 months.

In addition to keeping up with all the family, it also allows you to keep your letter that you'd written as a journal or diary for future generations. Please, join me as I share a few of the letters in this "Robin" from December 1996. There is a note from Aunt Ora Jane and Aunt Florence that they were on their way to Georgia. My aunts are always on the road (it seems) to a church function somewhere or other. I love reading and hearing about their escapades. From Aunts Ora Jane and Florence the "Robin" flies on to Oklahoma City. Aunt Faye's letters are always picturesque. They went to the big craft fair at War Eagle, Arkansas in their travel trailer with five other couples. They have their "evening meals together around a big camp fire--that is started when we get there and it never goes out until we

leave."

They described the family reunion at Summit Point in Utah last August and what fun they had getting their sticks to go on the bear hunt! Included in the envelope is a picture of Uncle Glen's license plate collection on the old outhouse at the family homestead (must be around fifty). The next stop is Plano, Texas. My cousin Terry is Faye's daughter and has joined the Robin's ranks. Terry keeps us informed about her married children. Now on to Utah. . . . Uncle Glen and Tillie [Brixey] keep us informed about all their children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren. I love the quote that Glen included, "I have been retired from my regular job for twelve years and haven't had time yet to stop and smell the roses." Uncle Barney and Cleo [Brixey] are using the "Robin" to inform us that their fiftieth or Golden Wedding Anniversary will be Friday, July 11, 1997! We all need to make plans to be with them on this special day.

Next is Cousin Margie in California. I enjoyed reading about her birthday party when her daughter, Marilyn, flew in from Texas and hid in a big box. When Margie opened the box, Marilyn jumped up and scared her. My aunt and uncle Bud and Dell Brixey from Hooker, Oklahoma, always include a special joke, story, experience, picture, or news clipping that everyone enjoys.

In addition to the exchange of

daily living activities, the "Robin" provides a unique opportunity to question and wonder about old family customs or traditions. Whether it is finding out how to make a pie crust, keep weeds out of the garden, plan a birthday or wedding anniversary, or remind each other about a touching story of a deceased family member, the "Robin" reminds us to be caring human beings, and gives us a sense of belonging.

It may sound strange, but I also enjoy reading the letter that I wrote two months ago. As I reread it, I smile as I place it into the "bird nest" that holds all of my own "Robin" letters. One of these days, my sons will get this "bird nest" to read the letters to their children. Yes, I

do believe in my heart that what I'm holding is definitely magic. The invisible strings that hold our family together are strong.

A blueprint for living can be the result of investing our time and effort to retain memory and meaning within our family. In today's world of drug and alcohol abuse, delinquency, apathy, and discord, having a family tradition can provide a focus toward self-identity, purpose and a sense of belonging.

There are so many benefits to beginning a "Round Robin" in your family. . . but someone has to make the first flight plan. While this idea is fresh on your mind, why not sit down and write a little note to a family member, then just. . . let it fly! And the tradition continues. . . .

There was once a preacher who called in sick one Sunday morning just so he could "visit the Greens and Links" (another ministerial pun). As he was fixing to tee off, Simon Peter called out to the Lord, "Hey, Master! Look at this guy! He's supposed to be preaching Your Word, but he called in sick to go play golf! WHAT YA GONNA DO ABOUT IT?!!?"

Jesus saw the preacher, smiled, and told Peter, "Don't worry. I'll take care of this."

The preacher teed off on the 475 yard, par 5, first hole. The ball carried beautifully, bouncing in front of the green and rolling into the hole for a HOLE IN ONE.

Peter just couldn't handle it. "LORD!!! I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU WOULD TAKE CARE OF THIS!!!! AND NOW HE HITS A HOLE IN ONE!!!!" Jesus smiled at Peter and said, "But, Peter, who's he going to tell?"

Angels and Other Visitors



My aunt had been sick for many years. She smoked for as long as I can remember, and she had a lot of problems with circulation in her lower extremities. In the days before she died, she said that she had seen many family members, all of whom were dead. One day she was bustling around, trying to pack her clothes, having someone fix her hair and makeup, all the while saying,

"I have to hurry, John is here and he is waiting for me."

I knew she was talking about her husband who has been dead for over twenty years. Later that same day, she died peacefully. She really did look beautiful, and I am sure that her husband was there to take her home.

D.B.--Tulsa, OK

We spent one of the most uncomfortable times of our lives watching my mother die. In the last days before her passing, she would often mention that other departed relatives were with her and that she could not join them yet because there was something else she had to do. She also mentioned that my grandmother was with her, and on several occasions when no one else was in the room, I could feel a hand on my shoulder.

When my daughter finally arrived from out of state to say her goodbyes, my mother passed away. My daughter was with her at the time and said that she too felt a hand on her shoulder, right before she died.

I do believe that my grandmother was with my mother during her last moments.

L.F.--Houston, TX

When my sister was on her death bed, one thing I noticed was that she kept reaching and looking up as if she saw someone. She also seemed to be talking with someone, yet no words were coming out of her mouth.

Before she got that sick, she had asked me to bring a fresh red rose into the room every day. No matter what we did, they were dead by the next morning. The day she died, the rose stayed fresh. It was very strange to witness the rose incident---and the way she was just before before death. Moments before her passing, she seemed to look years younger. To me there was clearly something or someone she saw that we didn't! Her passing was very peaceful.

M.C.--ST. Paul, MN

I believe I was saved by my guardian angel last year. I was driving down the freeway when my car started slowing down. I thought my car was out of gas or something. It had never had any problem before, and I was not sure what was going on. As I looked down at the gas gauge, I noticed that I still had half a tank of gas.

When I looked back at the traffic in front of me, I witnessed an auto accident that

killed three people. I was two cars behind the car of the deceased when this happened, and due to my car slowing down, I was not harmed a bit. The odd thing is that as soon as I got my car stopped, it ran just fine and I have never had any other problems with it since.

A.L.--Knoxville, TN

One Friday night at 3:30 AM I woke up from a bad dream. A woman's voice filled the bedroom and said, "Wake up, it's time to bury Ben, so he can be with me." I was in a panic. I have an 18-year-old son named Ben. I woke my husband up and said, "Where is Ben? Is he home? I went into his room and found him sound asleep in his bed.

As I returned to my room and reflected on my "dream,"

I recalled seeing myself in a funeral home, crying in the arms of my mother.

One month later on a Friday night at 3:30 AM, my telephone rang. It was my mother. My grandfather had just died and his name was Ben. It was my grandfather and not my son that I had the dream about, and the voice must have been my grandmother who was already up in heaven waiting for him.

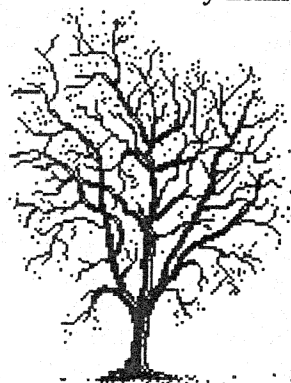
H.K.--Denver, CO

An actual tombstone from a bible-believer...

Beneath these clouds and beneath these trees,
Lies the body of Solomon Peas,
This is NOT Peas, it is only his pod,
Peas has shelled out, and gone home to God!

The Genealogy Forum

By Linnea Travis Miller



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

A rather interesting addition to my husband's family tree is the surname STROH from the area of the northern Alsace, today part of France.

This was a "find" from a copy of a deed in the local courthouse! This particular one included the will of ancestor Mary BREWER, which named her parents John and Anna Maria STROH. An example of "being at the right place at the right time!"

A bit of history is in order to understand why a lot of people, particularly from this area, left their homeland. In the 1500's the area of the northern Alsace was a refuge for Huguenots who were expelled from

French territory due to religious reasons. During the 1600's, there were a few major ruling changes, which affected the worshipping practices of the residents. The Thirty Years' War

was a significant reason behind this area changing hands. In 1629, the Catholic Duchy of Lorraine held the land and expelled the Reformed pastors.

Many Huguenot families emigrated during this time period. In 1670, the region was returned to the Counts of Nassau, so the Reformed religion was again the "state church." In 1676, King Louis XIV of France again took control and issued an edict that all reformists convert to Catholicism. He even threatened death to those who would try to emigrate! In 1697, King Louis XIV withdrew, but Protestant services were still forbidden. The forced conversion to Catholicism eventually ended. Most emigration to America was during the 18th century. After 1697, the northern Alsace was a German territory and only

annexed to Alsace in 1793.

Researching ancestors from this area, during this time period, can be very complex due to the problems of choice of religion. Most churches were Lutheran, there were a few Reformed and some Catholic.

All records must be searched in order to get a complete picture of the families. This was the case for the older STROH. Often, birth dates had to be calculated based upon the record of death, since the Lutheran church was banned and therefore had no records.

The emigrant ancestor of this STROH family in America was Johannes Jost STROH. He was married to Anna Margaretha MILLER. Johannes Jost brought his family from Rimsdorf, Nassau-Saarwerden the Alsace, to Philadelphia in 1750. They settled in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.

Johannes, son of Johannes Jost and Anna Margaretha STROH, was born in 1736 in Rimsdorf. He married Anna Maria FISCHER of Lancaster County Pennsylvania in 1758. They, in turn, had four children, one of which was the ancestor, Johannes STROH.

This Johannes was born in Lancaster County, PA in 1762. He first married Elisabeth TRUMPF, who died, then Anna Mary MEUSE who bore him nine children. Johannes and

Anna Mary settled in what is now Annville, Lebanon County Pennsylvania. Johannes was the town wheelwright, and a very successful one, as well, since he was considered a prominent citizen of his day.

The sixth child of Johannes' and Anna Mary's children was Anna Maria STROH. She was born in "Millerstown", Lancaster County, as Annville was known in 1795. In 1815, Mary was married to Thomas BREWER. They had eight children and lived the rest of their lives in Annville. Thomas died in 1829 and Mary died before 1850.

The STROH descendants from Johann Jost STROH, the emigrant parent, have spread out throughout the United States. First, many traveled to Ohio, then Indiana, Kansas and Michigan as examples. Some descendants changed the spelling of the surname to STRAW. There was also a STROH/STRAW family from the New England states, which should not be confused with the STROHs from the Alsace who emigrated through Philadelphia.

In tracing this family, I originally started with the census records and confirmed family members with available church records. The farther back in time, the church records were the best source, since the

Genealogy

census becomes less informative before 1850. Many of the church records have been compiled in various books which can be found at local historical societies or libraries.

The records from Nassau-Saarwerden were obtained through microfilm from a local Family History Library of the Church of Jesus Christ Church of Latter Day Saints (the FHL or FHC). These libraries are a genealogist's Goldmine!! Most local FHLs have basic resources for your area like the census, church records and wills, most all on microfilm. Other microfilm or microfiche may be ordered for a small shipping fee to be viewed at the FHL.

They have records from all over the world. If you're lucky enough to be able to visit the main Family History Library in Salt Lake City, Utah, all of these records are at your fingertips! Plus, the use of any of these FHLs is FREE!!! Call your local Mormon Church and find out where the closest Family History Library is in your area. The volunteers are very helpful (and they will not talk religion, either!) More on this subject later.

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 "March 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 looking for Josiah (maybe Joseph) PARKER of Monmouth County, New Jersey born about 1806. He was married to Maria? They were the parents of Elizabeth b. 1832/33. Her marriage certificate said she was of "Forked River." Elizabeth m. ASHER COTTRELL in 1847. Would love to share information. I sure hope to hear from someone who can help. P.P.

I need help on my PLUNKETT research. My great grandmother Mary (PLUNKETT) (BRADY) WILT b. 23 Sep.1834 KY; d.9 Apr.1912, buried at the Harvey Cemetery, LaRussell, Missouri. Her death certificate names David PLUNKETT as her father b.in Penn. Maiden name of mother was also PLUNKETT, no first name, b. in Ohio.

Another rooter searching for

Piney Anne(PLUNKETT) CLOUSE b 4 May,1846; d2 Feb.1927 in Illinois. Found the same parents listed for her great-grandmother. Thanks for any help on either name. CL.

I am trying to locate information re: Joseph GEORGE and Isaac GEORGE, believed to be brothers. They resided in Sumner County, Tennessee circa 1805, and then may have moved to Alabama. Isaac's wife was Elizabeth GREGORY; Joseph's wife was Susannah -?-. Hardin Wesley GEORGE (b 1805 Sumner Co, TN; d 1877 Yell Co, AR) and Byrd GEORGE were brothers and the sons of one of these couples.

Can anyone help document this puzzle? D.H.

I'm searching for info on Joel CHILDRESS, father of Sarah CHILDRESS, who married President James K. POLK. I have the kinship of the POLK family but none of Sarah's family is mentioned. One thing I do know about Joel is that he was a well-to-do merchant and planter is there more?? Please help! P.C.

Giles VENABLE is my g-g-g-grandfather. I find him married

in Oct. 29 1830 to Margaret Sarah HARRIS and they have a child. He bought property in Allen County, Kentucky before the marriage around 1820, near Trammel Creek. He died around 1834, unknown place. He and Sarah have a child, "minor" VENABLE.

After his death Maragaret marries a man, William H. Smith and have several children. I am looking for anyone who might have any information on this man or connection. Thank you! K.L.

Orisa GOODNOW married William WILCOX/WILLCOX 12 August 1850. William served in Co. G 46th PVI. He was taken prisoner and later died in a Confederate prison in Florence, South Carolina. In an application filed in 1875, Israel GOODNOW, Orisa's brother, gave a description of what the loss had done to Orisa.

About 1868, (the exact date is unclear in my copy of the affidavit, but it appears to be June), she could stand the stress no longer, and abandoned her two youngest children to the care of her brother Israel. She apparently lived in the oil regions of western Pennsylvania for another 2 years, and then in May of 1870 decided to head west in the company of Edward Grant, whom she married "on the way

Genealogy

west" at Corry, Pennsylvania on May 24 of that year.

Her children stayed with her brother, while she and Grant settled in Black River Falls, Wisconsin (at least they were there in 1873). The childrens' residence cannot be substantiated, as some appear in the home of Isaac WILCOX in 1870 Hebron Twp., Potter Co., Pennsylvania.

Israel GOODNOW's parents would be greatly appreciated.
B.R.

* * * * *

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.

Any help, assistance or advice as to where to look for Orisa and

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
Akins
Alford
Allen
Angst
Arnold
Aungst
Beckett
Bethea
Black
Blair
Bollender
Bostick
Bower
Bradley
Brazeal
Braziel
Brixy
Brock
Bryan
Burkholder
Burnes
Burnett
Butler

Buxton
Caldwell
Carman
Child
Coate
Coates
Coe
Corbin
Cramer
Creel
Cromer
Cruson
Davis
Dees
Dreese
DuSauchoy
Earl(e)
Edmonson
Enochs
Fegan
Fink
Fiese
Flick
Forney

Fouty
Franklin
Glass
Gochenour
Gornto
Goss
Graham
Green
Gregory
Grosbeck
Gully(e)
Guerin
Haas
Hall
Hardin
Hatchett
Headley
Heimbach
Holgate
Holtzclaw
Hostetter
Houser
Howard
Hughs

Hunsaker
Jackson
Jaggar
Jarrott
Johnson
Jones
Joyce
Kauffman
Kimmel
King
Lawton
Lange
Leedom
Licata
Lock
Long
Longerneck
Lovett
Lynch
Lyon
Manship
Matzen
Mayfield
Mayor
McConnell
McCune

McRill
McTiggriett
Mertins
Metcalf
Neate
Olson
Olsen
Otterbach
Parks
Paetsch
Peak
Peterson
Pike
Poorman
Prothro
Prudden
Ramsdale
Rea
Register
Roelofse
Rossignol
Seay
Shurley
Smith
Snyder
Specht

Speer
Spillers
Stauffer
Stouffer
Steele
Stetler
Stewart
Stoberats
Stroeher
Swartz
Taylor
Tiffle
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Tucker
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Van Vleckeren
Walker
Walter
Walters
Warner
Weick
Wells
Westcott
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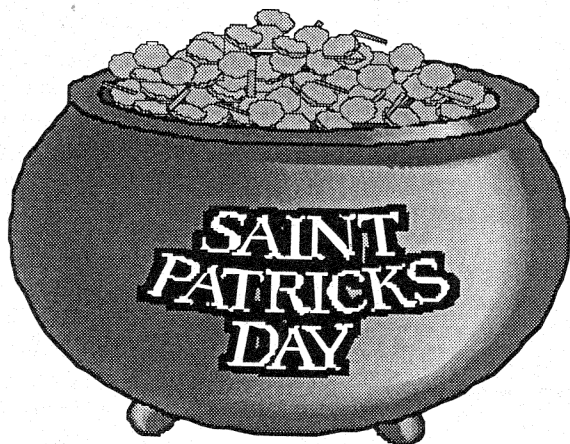
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The Origin of St. Patrick's Day



Saint Patrick's Day (March 17th), is an Irish holiday honoring Saint Patrick, the missionary credited with converting the Irish to Christianity (in the A.D. 400's).

Saint Patrick was not actually Irish. Historical sources report that he was born around 373 A.D. in either Scotland (near the town of Dunbarton) or in Roman Britain (the Romans left Britain in 410 A.D.). His real name is believed to be Maewyn Succat (he took on Patrick, or Patricus, after he became a priest). He was kidnapped at the age of 16 by pirates and sold into slavery in Ireland. During his 6-year captivity (he worked as a shepherd), he began to have religious visions, and found

strength in his faith. He finally escaped (after voices in one of his visions told him where he could find a getaway ship) and went to France, where he became a priest (and later a bishop).

When he was about 60 years old, St. Patrick travelled to Ireland to spread the Christian word. It's said that Patrick had an unusually winning personality, and that helped him win converts. He used the shamrock, which resembles a three-leafed clover, as a metaphor to explain the concept of the Trinity (father, son, holy spirit).

Legend has it that Saint Patrick drove all the snakes out of Ireland -- that they all went into the sea and drowned. Poor snakes. I don't know why he

would want to do this, except that the snake was a revered pagan symbol, and perhaps this was a figurative tale alluding to the fact that he drove paganism out of Ireland.

In America, Saint Patrick's Day is a basically a time to wear green and party. The first American celebration of Saint Patrick's Day was in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1737. As the saying goes, on this day "everybody is Irish!" Over 100 U.S. cities now hold Saint Patrick's Day parades, the largest held in New York City.

Green is associated with Saint Patrick's Day because it is the color of spring, Ireland, and the shamrock. Leprechauns are also associated with this holiday, although I'm not sure why. Leprechauns of legend are actually mean little creatures, with the exception of the Lucky Charms guy. They were probably added later on because capitalists needed something cute to put on greeting cards.

What's good luck on Saint Patrick's Day?:

- * Finding a four-leaf clover (that's double the good luck it usually is).

- * Wearing green. (School children have started a little tradition of their own -- they pinch classmates who don't wear green on this holiday).

- * Kissing the blarney stone.

An Irish blessing to take with you today:

May your blessings outnumber the shamrocks that grow and may trouble avoid you wherever you go.

Glossary O' Terms

Leprechaun

Irish fairy. Looks like a small, old man (about 2 feet tall), often dressed like a shoemaker, with a cocked hat and a leather apron. According to legend, leprechauns are aloof and unfriendly, live alone, and pass the time making shoes...they also possess a hidden pot of gold.





Welcome To Springtime

By Franklin T. Wike

*Springtime is a special time,
full of wonderful new life
new hopes and new dreams.*

*The air is filled with a fresh aroma
while the birds are celebrating the
new season with a joyous song.*

*It is time to put the memories of
the cold harsh winter behind you
and enjoy all of the happiness
and warmth that awaits you.*

*Open your heart and your mind
like a spring flower in full bloom,
and appreciate all of the beauty
that surrounds you*

*Feel the magic deep within you
that is longing to spring forth
as you walk through the
beautiful garden of life.*

© Copyright 1996 FTW

The Origin Of St. Patrick's Day

Treasure hunters can often track down a leprechaun by the sound of his shoemaker's hammer. If caught, he can be forced (with the threat of bodily violence) to reveal the whereabouts of his treasure, but the captor must keep their eyes on him every second. If the captor's eyes leave the leprechaun (and he often tricks them into looking away), he vanishes and all hopes of finding the treasure are lost.

Blarney stone

The Blarney Stone is a stone set in the wall of the Blarney Castle tower in the Irish village of Blarney. Kissing the stone is supposed to bring the kisser the gift of persuasive eloquence (blarney). The castle was built in 1446 by Cormac Laidhiv McCarthy (Lord of Muskerry) -- its walls are 18 feet thick

(necessary to thwart attacks by Cromwellians and William III's troops). Thousands of tourists still visit the castle each year.

The origins of the Blarney Stone's magical properties aren't clear, but one legend says that an old woman cast a spell on the stone to reward a king who had saved her from drowning. Kissing the stone while under the spell gave the king the ability to speak sweetly and convincingly.

It's tough to reach the stone -- it's between the main castle wall and the parapet. Kissers have to lie on their back and bend backward (and downward), holding iron bars for support. Can you imagine kissing something that has had people's lips all over it for 500 years? Yuck! Ω

Welcome to "Cottage & Co" by Sam White
Burt Cottage is the straight man to a town full of kooks in the land of Cottage & Co.



Now you can visit us on the Internet at
<http://www.angelfire.com/ok/Legacy>

Lillian Blair's Legacy

by Kathy Gundaker

In hand we walked, my first day of school..
Fear in my heart; in her's the Golden Rule
She made things better with the words she said
And I drew her a picture...the color was red.

The Box Supper with dad for my Girl Scouts Troop,
The chicken she fried (enough for a group)
The pride in my eyes so visibly seen
For the box she helped make...in the color of green.

To Cheerleaders Camp I just had to go..
Didn't know how, the money was low.
She managed to find the funds that we lacked
And bought me the uniform...bright orange & black.

The baby was due, in California no less..
She rode on a bus without any rest
By my side she stood...for a month I think,
And a blanket she made...in the color of pink.

When the boys came along, she just said "when"
(Getting to be an "old hat" by then).
The wisdom she gave...the advice so true,
And this time for sure...the color was blue.

As the years went by and time slipped away,
Her love & her wisdom still guided the way.
Words seemed not enough, but my thought was "she knows,"
So I gave her a flower...the color was rose.

I can see her now, a smile on her face,
Her hand tucked in His, her heart filled with grace..
Her beautiful Jewels shining brightly and bold
In a crown made by Him...in the color of Gold.

Thank you for a place to put our memories. I wrote this poem for my mom, months before she died, but at a time when I could do it rationally. The inspiration of all the good things she gave me came from a beautiful rainbow I observed while going to the nursing home to see her one day. This writing entails the comparison of her life to that rainbow.

Kathy Gundaker
Arlington, TX



The Piper

Once upon a time, there lived in the borders of Scotland a piper called Angus McDougal. He was a lanky fellow because he spent most of his time traveling around from village to village and from town to town trying to make the odd penny by fixing pots and pans or doing odd jobs with the tools he carried in an old leather bag, and playing his pipes for his supper and bed for the night at the various taverns and inns he would stumble upon. His tartan clothes were shabby from the years of abuse and from sleeping in some very rough places. His boots... well, they weren't exactly what you'd call boots. They were made from old canvas and had worn through in many places leaving Angus's feet often very cold and wet.

It was one particularly cold and harsh winter that Angus decide he should head south across the border into

Northumberland. After many days of walking, he came across a small hamlet which had an inn. This, he thought, would be a good place to start as evening was falling. And indeed, he was received warmly and for a few tunes on his bagpipes he was given some supper and a few drinks.

But after those few drinks, he became a little bit too pushy for the landlords liking, and soon he was so rowdy that he was turned out into the cold snowy night by the scruff of his neck, bagpipes, toolbag and all. So he gathered himself up and decided that there was nothing for it but to carry on along the road until he came across somewhere that would offer him some hospitality (and maybe by that time he might have sobered up a little).

The snow was thick on the ground, which was frozen hard underneath, so progress was

slow for Angus. But he kept going, for if he stopped, he would surely freeze. After a time, he thought he could see a light in the distance, and thinking that this was a sure sign of civilization, he continued towards it. A short distance further along the road, his weary and drunken foot suddenly struck something hard and large enough to trip Angus over. As he landed in the cold snow he swore out loud and wondered what had been stupid enough to be lying in his path in the middle of the road.

Assuming it was a log, he turned round and started to brush the snow off the long lump in the road in order to try and move it, being a conscientious fellow and not wanting the next traveler to suffer the same indignity. As he did so, he realized that he was not uncovering a log, but that it was in fact a body.

First he uncovered the face, then the torso and finally the legs of a merchant who had perished in the cold. He took a back at this, and was about to run in the other direction, when he suddenly thought about his cold, damp feet. A wicked thought suddenly crossed his mind. Well, after all, who's to know whether the man was wearing boots or not? So Angus tried to lift the legs of the corpse.

But they were frozen to the ground. He looked about him, and seeing a half buried branch, broke himself off a stick to use as a lever. With great effort he pried the legs off the ground and

then set about trying to remove the almost new leather boots.

But poor old Angus wasn't having much luck this night, because the boots were frozen solid to the man's legs. Only one thing for it, thought Angus, and he took out his tool bag and removed a saw from it that was carefully wrapped up in a rag.

He balanced the frozen leg on his knee and started to cut just above the top of the boot. It was just like sawing through wood. After giving the other leg the same treatment, he levered the body off the road and rolled it into the ditch next to the road. Tying the laces together, he hung the boots around his neck and made off in haste for the cottage whose light he could now clearly see. Bold as brass, he went up to the door and knocked loudly three times. A moment later an old man hunched over with the weight of years opened the door slightly and peered out in the dim light.

"What do you want" he snapped.

"I was wondering whether you might be able to offer me a bit of hospitality and maybe a bed for the night. It's ever so cold out here" said Angus.

"NO! Go away" snapped the man back again, and was just about to close the door when Angus stuck his foot in the doorway.

"I'll even sleep in your barn, if you'll let me. I'll be no trouble" pleaded Angus.

"Well, all right, but don't expect any food. Goodnight!"

The Piper

and the old man slammed the door in Angus's face. How rude he thought, but decided that this was likely to be the best offer he would get tonight and so headed to the barn behind the cottage.

When he got to the barn, he saw that he was not going to be the only one sleeping there, for in the middle of the floor amongst piles of hay was a cow lying down with steam gently rising from its warm body.

Angus gently approached the cow, but found it was totally docile, and so he snuggled down next to it hoping to share some of its warmth. Just before he closed his eyes, he remembered the boots around his neck, and being cautious not to disturb the cow he gently slid them between the cows back legs so that they might defrost during the night.

As the sun hit the barn the next morning and the cockerel made its first alarm call, Angus woke up feeling refreshed, if a little stiff from sleeping awkwardly. The cow was still dozing, so he removed the boots which had indeed thawed out nicely. He shook them a little. They sloshed with a mixture of water and blood, so using a wad of hay, he pulled out the sawed off feet one at a time. With a suction noise, they came out. Eager to try them for size, he cleaned them out with straw and removed his old footwear.

He couldn't believe it, a perfect fit. He felt very happy at his find. As he was admiring his new acquisitions, he thought about the unkind farmer the

night before and his attention was drawn to the feet lying in the hay next to the cow. Slowly and idea began to form in his head and a smile crept across his face. Sliding the feet into his old boots, he placed them next to the cows head and gently smeared the mouth of the unsuspecting animal with blood. He then hid himself in the barn loft and waited.

He didn't have to wait too long before he heard the clatter and ring of a metal bucket being carried by the farmer's wife towards the barn. As she looked over the door at the cow, she let out an enormous scream.

"Husband, husband, come quickly!" she cried

Hurrying over to her from the house, the farmer said "What on earth is the matter woman", and then seeing the feet in the hay with the blood stained mouth of the cow turned very pale.

"Goodness me, Mary has eaten that wretch that stayed here last night. We had better bury the feet in case anyone comes and sees them." he exclaimed.

So, lifting the feet away from the cow, they hurriedly dug a hole in their vegetable patch in front of the cottage and buried the feet therein. All the time, Angus was watching from his hiding place in the barn. As soon as dusk fell, he gathered up his pipes and went to the cottage. Peering inside, he could see the old man and woman consoling themselves with a bottle of whisky next to the roaring log fire. Snow was beginning to

drift down from the sky.

Angus went to the spot where the old couple had buried the feet and he took up his pipes. Slowly and gradually he started to play, getting louder and louder. As he stood there, snow settled upon him and a mist began to swirl around him. The old couple noticed the haunting sound of the pipes and went to look out of the window. There they saw the apparition of the piper whose feet they'd only just buried this very day, and they both turned white as sheets and ran as fast as their legs would carry them out of the back door and over the hill and didn't stop until they had got to the next valley.

Laughing merrily, the piper walked up the path and entered the cottage. There on the table was a meal laid out; bread, cheese, soup, a joint of ham and all the whisky he could want. He settled himself comfortably by the fire and tucked into the fine feast. A little later, after he had eaten his fill, there came a knock at the door. Angus got up and answered it. Opening the door he saw a fellow looking rather cold and damp.

"Can you offer me a little bit of hospitality and maybe a bed for the night?" the man asked.

"Of course," said Angus "come in and warm your feet by the fire"

"Oh I would... if I had any"

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Dorothy Parks

A Life of Service and Independence

by Kim Justesen



Dorothy Parks' life is a model of giving. She is claimed by many of the young people in Utah as an official mascot and an adoptive grandmother.

While she has no children or grandchildren of her own, Dorothy dedicates a tremendous amount of her time to supporting Masonic youth organizations in Utah. She is an active member of several Eastern Star chapters, and has served in many capacities for that organization.

Dorothy was born in October, 1910, in Indiana. Before she was a year old, her father died

from complications of typhoid.

Dorothy moved with her mother and older brother to Plymouth, Indiana, to be closer to her mother's family. In order to support her family, Dorothy's mother worked as a stenographer for the County Agriculture Agent.

"We walked everywhere. Even to school, which was about three miles. Of course there weren't many cars then, so we didn't have much choice."

"My mother used to take my father's shirts to the Chinese laundry. One day she went to pick them up for him. When she asked the laundress for the shirts for Mr. Parks, they didn't

know who she was speaking of. After a few tries, mother asked for the shirts for the man who worked for the bank. The Chinese woman said 'Oh, Bank-man shirts,' nodded, and got mother the shirts. Things were very different back then."

Dorothy remembers a day in November, 1918.

"In our little home town there, in Plymouth, we didn't have a fire department; it was all volunteer. When the sirens rang, it'd go up and down the scales so many times and then it would stop. There would be so many short and so many long toots. Then the volunteers would know which area to go to."

"But this one didn't stop. It just kept going 'Whoo, whoo, whoo.' I think my mother's younger sister, she was a teenager then, I think she went to town to see what was going on. But I think the siren just woke up everybody in town. And that was in November. Armistice for World War I."

"I had three uncles in World War I; my mother's two younger brothers and her brother-in-law. And they all came back. One uncle loved to play the piano and he told us some wild tales about running from here to there, carrying a pitch in his mind 'til he could get to a piano somewhere and play it. He could tell the wildest tales, and the other two wouldn't say 'boo.' They wouldn't talk about the war."

When Dorothy was about 14 years old, her mother

remarried.

"My mother wanted a stationary tub and my stepfather wanted home-baked bread. It was a pretty good arrangement for them both. That's when we got our first real bathtub," she chuckles. "We had hot and cold running water, a furnace and a washing machine. It was pretty exciting for us kids."

After graduating high school, Dorothy briefly attended the University of Wisconsin. She struggled through a semester in 1929, but it proved too much of a challenge.

"When I was very small, the doctor told my mother I had a glandular imbalance. It made it very hard for me to learn what I was supposed to be learning. It was hard for me to absorb information."

For many years she worked and lived in Indiana, but the western part of the country gripped Dorothy's imagination and she headed to Denver to take a job as a clerk in 1947. Shortly thereafter her stepfather died and she returned to Chicago to help her mother.

"I tried to get on with the Mr. Foster Travel Agency, but they said I wasn't aggressive enough." In 1949, Dorothy again "got the itch" to head back west. This time she landed in Salt Lake City, where she has remained ever since.

"For three years I worked for the Army in Clearfield, Utah. After that I went to work for

A Life of Service

the VA hospital in Salt Lake. I worked there for 18 years. I finally bought my first car in 1957 and had a policeman teach me how to drive. I went back a few years later to visit my mother and drove her out with me. I kept hopin' that she'd comment on my driving, but she never said anything. Finally I asked her why she didn't comment. She said she didn't have anything to comment about it, so I guess my driving must have been okay."

After 21 years of government service, Miss Parks retired from her job. However, she is as busy today as she ever was.

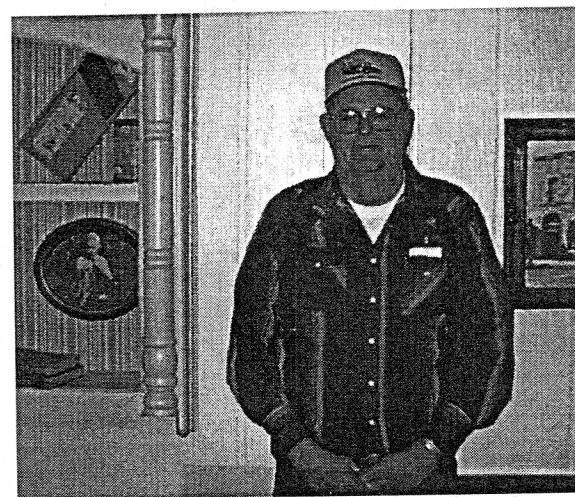
"I volunteer at the Salt Lake Public Library and I sing in the Oratorio Society." She is actively involved in Eastern Star and Daughters of the Nile.

Masonic organizations for women.

"My mother and father were involved in Star, but I didn't take an interest until 1951. In the late 1950's I got involved with Bethel 1 (International Order of Job's Daughters) in Salt Lake as the Director of Music."

Dorothy continues to support Masonic organizations around the State of Utah. Over the past four decades she has become the unofficial mascot for hundreds, perhaps thousands of members in both Job's Daughters and DeMolay (a Masonic-sponsored organization for young men). She still drives herself to most of her activities, and travels whenever she can. When asked why she never married, she replies, "It's just one of those things. I guess I wasn't aggressive enough."

The Decline in Farming



In last month's issue we printed William Wayne Allen's experiences as a person and parent. This month we will be talking about his experiences as a farmer, and the farming economy.

Farming

During my growing up years and before my father bought his first combine, we would exchange labor from one farm to the next at harvest time. We bound the wheat and shocked it, loaded it up on the wagons, and hauled it to the thrashing machine to thrash it. It took a lot of labor; therefore, we always got someone to come in and

thrash grain for us because not everyone owned a thrashing machine.

It wasn't like combines back in those days. You might have your own binder and get your own grain bound, or maybe a neighbor would bind it for you and then you would have it shocked. When it came time to thrash it, you either had to hire the grain haulers and the pitchers or exchange the labor with your neighbors -- which meant that you'd work it off.

When the thrashing machine came into our area, well you would go to that man and ask "You want to exchange work with me and we'll help you thrash?" You'd make a deal with

A pastor was visiting members of his congregation one day. He came to one house and rang the bell but no one answered. However, he could hear someone moving inside so he knocked again. Still no one answered so he left his card. On it he wrote Rev. 3:20 (behold I stand at the door and knock, If any man shall open the door I shall come in to him...)

The next Sunday morning after the sermon the pastor was shaking hands with the people and the lady who refused to answer her door came by.

She handed him a card that said only: Gen. 3:10. The pastor quickly excused himself and went into his study so he could look up the passage. It read "I heard thee in the garden and I was afraid because I was naked and I hid myself" !!!!!

The Decline in Farming

him, and if you worked two or three days for this man, maybe then he would come over and work three or four days. Well, he'd work so many days for you that you'd pay him for the other days too.

When we were combining that grain and baling the hay at the same time, it would take from 12 to 15 people to run the equipment, haul the grain, and put the hay into the barns.

When I graduated from Perkins High school in May of 1948, my father was crippled with arthritis. He had just bought the farm and owed a lot of money on it. Since I was the youngest child and still living at home, I farmed the land in order to make the payments.

On June 5th, 1949, Geraldine Lacy and I got married. We lived with my folks for five years. Geraldine worked in the grocery stores in Perkins and I continued to farm my father's land.

In 49', when we got married, I bought a corn picker and used a little Ford tractor. A corn picker is a machine that you pull down the rows. It has two rollers on it, and you roll that stalk between the two rollers and drag it along until the two rollers pinch the ears off of the stalks. Then it takes the ear and puts it into the wagon you're pulling behind it.

I cut for neighbors all over the county. On a good day you could get 10 acres, and I got \$4.00 an acre for picking corn with that

little corn picker. I'd pick about 300 acres a year with that picker; that is how we got our start.

In 51', I borrowed enough money from the bank to buy a new combine for \$1900. We had enough wheat in one field to pay for the combine. I did custom combining for \$4.00 an acre. You could get a few more than 10 acres. It would cover more ground. We wore that combine out running up and down the fields. It had a motor on it, and it was the top-of-the-line. Back then, wheat was \$2.25 a bushel. In 1991, I sold the wheat off that same field for \$2.15 a bushel, and that \$1900 combine was worth \$100,000.

We bought the first new tractor in 52'. In 10 months I had it paid for and bought me a car. I paid \$2300 for the tractor and plow. I don't remember what I paid for the car, but it was a dandy. It was a 1952 Ford, four door. The wheat in 51' was \$2.25 a bushel. At that time, a two plow tractor was all that anybody needed. That was about as big a tractor there was around here. I farmed three quarters-- that's 480 acres-- with a two plow tractor.

In 1954, we bought our first farm. It was a 160-acre state school lease, and it had a house on the land that we made livable. We lived there for 15 years. Our farm continued to get larger by renting land from our neighbors. We did custom harvesting of corn and wheat.

During the late 50's, wheat prices went down to a low of \$1.17 per bushel, so we started raising alfalfa hay. Our neighbors did the same thing, and as a result, there was so much alfalfa hay being grown locally that I couldn't sell the hay around my own home town. I checked around and found a market for good hay in Texas. During the winter I would load my old two-ton truck with 250 bales and take the hay down to Texas where I could sell it. Throughout the 1960's and 70's, since we could make a better profit on alfalfa than we could with wheat, the alfalfa fields got larger; we were farming 2400 acres. I ended up using a bigger truck so I could haul up to 700 bales at a time.

We also raised cattle on the grassland, so as our farming operation grew in acres, so did our pasture land. In the earlier years, we bought yearling calves to put on the wheat pasture. Eventually, we had enough mother cows to raise a sufficient number of calves so that we didn't have to buy calves to stock our wheat pasture. We raised our own replacement heifers and kept the rest until they were ready for the feed lot.

We also raised Holstein heifers. When they were heavy with their first calves, we rented them to dairies. We eventually had cows rented to five dairies with as many as 100 head in one dairy. We kept the baby calves and raised them on bottles for eight weeks, then they were put on self

feeders until they were big enough to go on the wheat pasture or to the grass pastures in the summer.

In 1971, I had a neighbor who would not keep his fence up, and secure fences were needed to keep the cattle on their own land. He was renting the place from a lady in Boise, Idaho, so I called her up to get her to fix the fences. It turned out that she wanted to sell the farm, and by the time we'd finished our conversation, I'd bought our second farm. She set it up on a 15 year note and let us pay it out. She passed away shortly after we paid the farm off and I always hated the fact that we never got to meet her.

Then one of our landowners decided they wanted to sell their farm to us. It adjoined our home farm we had been renting for 20 years. They wanted us to pay it out over 10 years at 6% interest. So we ended up buying that also.

My father passed away in 1969. In 1972, my mother decided that if we would buy the farm from her, she would get a mobile home. So we bought the family farm and sat my mother's mobile home across the drive from the big house.

It was a good old two-story house, built in 1893, and had been well taken care of through the years. We remodeled and moved into it in September 1973.

By this time the school lease was paid for, so all we had to do was to work hard to make the

The Decline in Farming

payments on three 160-acre farms at the same time. There was a profit in farming at this time. We had a good operation, good people working for us, and we paid all our farms off.

Throughout years of my farming, people would come into the feed store wanting work, and the feed store would send them to me. I would always give them work. I always had something that somebody could do to make a little bit of money in order to go on their way. Once they had worked for two days, I could tell by the way they worked if they were interested in working or if they were just there to spend a little time. If they weren't much interested in work, I gave them two day's work and sent them on down the road, telling them the job was finished.

I couldn't count the number of nephews I had. All my sister's boys and my brother's boys would come and stay all summer with us, and of course if they stayed the summer, they had to help us work. So now there are all kinds of boys out there who are morticians, mechanics, one of them designs the telephone systems for the Air Force. All of these kids turned into super individuals and I think it is probably training, not necessarily from me, but partially from working on a farm and their association with the farm and farm life.

Of course, we tried to teach them right from wrong and we

also played just as hard as we worked. We always took time to play with the kids and to go and do things and see things. Also, many of the young men that grew up here in the Perkins area helped us on our farm and we learned to love them as if they were our's.

Decline in Agriculture

I really don't know where to start with the decline in the agriculture. We made money when we first started farming. In 51' or 52' they wrote the new farm bill, called the sliding scale. Before that time, there was a farm bill that said you could not sell agricultural products under 90% of parity. Parity is equality in pricing. Parity is what an agricultural crop should bring on the market, equal in pricing with anything else around it.

They wrote the new farm bill in 51', when Eisenhower was in office. They wrote it 80% of parity and called it "The Sliding Scale." That meant that agricultural prices dropped. But that was all right; all we had to do was get a bigger tractor, and it seemed like there was always more land we could rent because someone else would get old and retire. So we would take on another farm and get a bigger tractor.

Then the next farm bill was written and they lowered the parity to 70%. They kept lowering the prices on agricultural products, and every

time we would get a bigger tractor and work longer. They put lights on the tractors and we had ran them around the clock a lot of the times to get the job done. Every 4 years they wrote a new farm bill and we had to get a bigger tractor. The last parity got as low as 27%, about one fourth of what it should have been bringing. It is a guaranteed loss and that is what happened to agriculture.

At the same time our level of parity dropped to a low of 27%, our input costs, like the fuel that we used in those tractors, went from 15¢ a gallon to \$1.00 a gallon. The price of wheat went down and the cost of fuel and tractors went up. Around 1985, the parity went down to 27% and that is the year I went out of business.

In 76' I made a trip to Washington D.C. with some other co-op members to talk to our congressman and senators. We told them what our problems were with the margin of profit. It kept getting slimmer and slimmer until there was no longer any profit.

Our prices kept declining, and in 1977 a group of farmers in Colorado were sitting in a coffee shop, talking about the problems in agriculture, and they decided they had to do something about it. In September, they had a meeting in Pueblo, Colorado. I was real busy with hay and other farming and I couldn't go, but we sent a couple of fellows from our

town to the meeting. They came back and reported the content of the meeting to us, and as a result of that meeting the farmers formed an organization called the American Agricultural Movement.

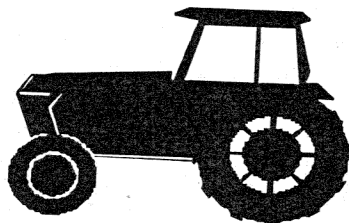
Then we had the tractorcade in Oklahoma where we drove our tractors to the state capital just like all of the other states had. We were protesting the farm program the government just wrote and the pricing that was set on our crops. All of our fuel prices, equipment costs, and other input were going up, yet they were setting the prices of our crops lower and lower.

In January of 1978 we had a fly-in to Washington. Farmers from all over the US flew in to Washington to protest. There were about 50,000 farmers there, but the newspapers tried to scale it down by reporting there were only 5,000. We talked to all of our congressmen and senators again and explained to them that the new farm bill they were writing was disastrous.

Our trip did not do any good, so we went back in April with another 50,000 or so and meet with them again. But it still didn't do any good.

I made a lot of trips to Washington, and every time I went it cost me a lot of money to go there, stay in a hotel, and eat for a week while I was lobbying.

In 1979, we had the big national tractorcade in Washington D.C. We decided that we had been driving these



tractors to the state capital in Oklahoma, so we took our tractors to Washington. There were 5 or 6 people who went from our town. We didn't take my tractor, but we did take a tractor from Perkins. The whole community chipped in and we raised the money to send one tractor. I went with them as far as Nashville, came back home to attend to some business, then flew back and went in with the tractors.

We had a tractor pulling a travel trailer that we slept in. We also hauled my pickup on another trailer so we would have transportation for around town. In Little Rock, Arkansas, I took my truck off the trailer and sat on side of road and waited for all of the tractors to get past me, then I passed them. When we got to Little Rock, I drove my pickup past the tractors and the line was 20 miles long. I was going the same direction at 65 miles per hour and they were going 12 or 15.

We met with the congress and senate and told them we could not survive with the prices of farm crops, and that something had to be done. We insisted that we needed a better price and believed it should come from the marketplace. All they wanted to do was give us a subsidy instead of raising the price. That does not work because the tax payers end up paying for the product instead of the people using the product. The subsidy is only enough to tease the farmer, not enough for them to make a living.

The prices for our agricultural products are controlled by the farm bill and the Chicago Board of Trade, and they are not allowing the farmers to make a decent living. This does not happen by accident. Our congressional delegation is allowing this to happen by their unwillingness to act, after we made many trips to Washington, D.C., even when we drove thousands of tractors protesting

these low prices.

Some consumers have sat back and watched the protest for 20 years thinking that it does not affect them. During this time, they have watched their jobs move to foreign countries, one by one. They have watched many businesses close on our main streets.

Every time five farmers go out of business there is a business on main street that goes with him, because the money that was being spent on clothing, equipment, groceries, fuel and parts is no longer being spent by the farmer or his employees. Yet many citizens still do not realize what is happening.

In 1985, when the parity level was down to 27%, I knew that if I continued farming the way I was going we would lose our land and everything we had worked our whole lives for. We drew the line and decided we would not mortgage the land that we had already paid for simply to keep losing more money every year.

I decided to quit farming. We liquidated our assets and when we got through we had paid off all our debts and satisfied the IRS. We ended up keeping the land that we owned, our cars, and the trucking company that we put together in 1981.

After closing the farming operation, I rented my farm land out to two of our neighbors. Then I took one of my semi-trucks, leased it to a trucking company, and drove it until

January of 1995. I turned 65 in March and retired.

Organizations

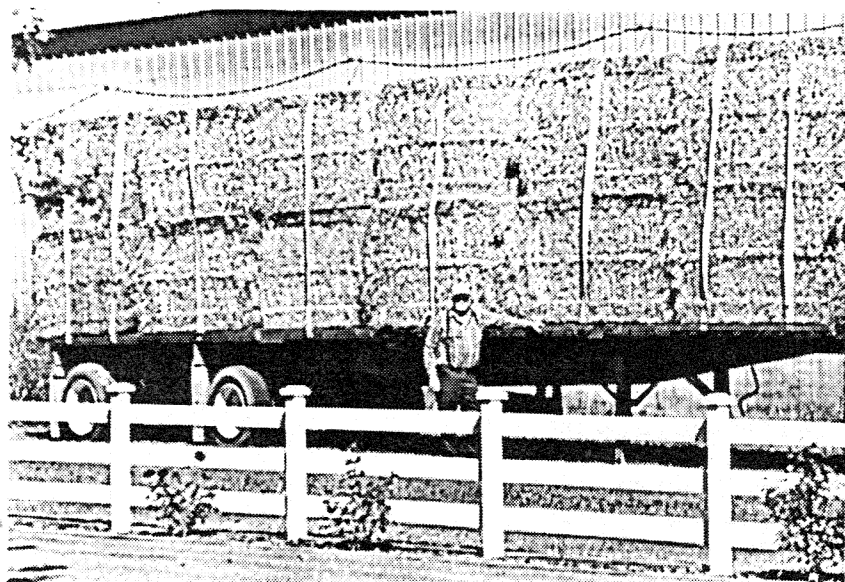
I compare the emotional trauma of losing a farm that you have spent 50 or 60 years with to the same emotions you might feel after losing a spouse with whom you shared a lifetime. It can be a very traumatic experience.

In 1985, I became involved with the Oklahoma Conference of Churches. With several friends who I met through the Oklahoma Conference of Churches and The American Agriculture Movement, the Ag-Link Hotline was formed. Our goal was to offer counseling, financial planning and mediation to farmers involved in foreclosure and bankruptcy.

Country music entertainer Willie Nelson's Farm Aid concerts helped us by providing food and home heating fuel for hungry farmers. We also received help from other organizations including state and federal funding.

After management changes at the Ag-Link Hotline prompted the loss of the counseling area of our efforts, I decided to form another non-profit corporation called The National Farm Crisis Center, where we could continue offering the much-needed counseling along with financial and other types of help.

I will share an example of why I feel the counseling is needed: Several years ago, a gentleman



called our crisis number. He was on the verge of suicide because of the financial and emotional burden he was under. While our lady who answers the crisis phone was talking with him, he had his gun out. She could hear it click as he pulled the hammer back. She continued to talk with him for over two and a half hours, until someone showed up on his doorstep to talk with him in person.

I was around 75 miles away from that gentleman, and when they got ahold of me, I drove down to his farm and spent over four hours talking with him. I am happy to say that he has gone one with his life and is now

helping others who are in the same situation he was in at one time.

Another example of the type of work that we do at the The National Farm Crisis Center is to help farmers when there is a financial burden due to a drought. Several years ago when North Carolina had a drought, farmers from other states helped by shipping hay and other products to them. This past year when Texas had a drought, these same farmers in North Carolina who were helped years ago, shipped their hay to Texas. When the first truckload of hay arrived in Texas, Willie Nelson was there waiting, and

helped unload it. I was also involved in shipping several truck loads of hay to Texas this year. Part of my job with The National Farm Crisis Center is to contact farmers who have been helped in the past and ask them to donate hay for other farmers in need. Then we find someone to donate a truck to haul it, and transport it to whatever state needs it. The Lutheran Social Services helps by covering the cost of the fuel so that the owner of the truck is not out any money. This is simply a case of several organizations working together, and people helping people.

Our involvement with helping the farmers cope with the stress of losing their farms has helped us to handle the stress that we had when we were closing out our farm. Ten years later, it still hurts to be denied the right to a profit, to be denied the right to do what we were trained to do: to produce food for our country.

I feel that the Lord has truly blessed us with the friendships of the people that helped us

during our farming years. The wonderful people we have met with the American Agriculture Movement. Our involvement with the farm crises center has been very rewarding. I feel that I learned to help other people from my parents helping their relatives and the people in the street during the great depression of the 30's.

I feel like the work I have done with the organizations I've been involved with has been to try to make a better life for the agriculture industry. And I know that by making a better way of life for my neighbors, it will help me.

The National Farm Crisis Center continues with funding from Farm Aid and donations from individuals. If you would like to help support farmers in need, you can send your tax deductible donation to: The National Farm Crisis Center, Rt. 1, Box 240, Perkins, OK 74059.

**Our 24-hour Crisis Hotline number is: (405) 795-2791
Fax # (405) 795-9120**

A little boy who had 3 older sisters was asked in Sunday school "Where does God live?" He answered that God lived in the bathroom.

The perplexed teacher asked him to explain.

The boy explained that every morning when the 3 sisters have been in the bathroom a long time, that his Dad always says "My God, are you still in there?"

The Pennsylvania Dutch Corner

By Bev Albert



Life On A Pa. German Farm 1920-1940

By Schuyler Brossman,
Rehrersburg, Pa

The Pennsylvania Farm Census fascinated me so much, I thought I should write an article about our family farm from the 1920s to the 1940s. I interviewed my sister and brother and the information came pouring in. I didn't realize we remembered this much from our days on the farm. My sister said, "But that is not genealogy,"

and I replied, "At least it will give readers an idea what their ancestors lived like, as well as ours." I hope these articles will bring back pleasant memories of years gone by.

~ Although most of the grain from our farm was used to feed the animals, some wheat was taken to the mill to be ground into flour. We consumed a lot of

flour in many ways including bread (although Mother did not bake much bread), pie dough, Christmas cookies, sugar cookies, pot pie, noodles for soup, doughnuts, dumplings for the schnitz and knep, pancakes, muffins and more. Corn was used mostly for grain for the animals, sometimes shelled and sometimes not. The whole ears were taken to the mill and ground up, cobs and all, for feed for the cows, the ground-up corn cobs providing roughage, or fiber as it is called today. It was also ground up for chicken feed, pig feed and our horses. We humans used it in different ways. About 30 or 40 of the nicest ears were roasted in the oven of the kitchen stove until nice and brown and then the ears were shelled. The shelled corn was taken to the mill and ground into flour/mush meal. This was cooked for mush, something like oat meal, eaten with milk and sugar or molasses. That which was left was allowed to harden, and then fried for a morning meal, like scrapple, with molasses over it.

Corn meal was also used to make corn cakes later with milk, sometimes called corn pone, and oftentimes eaten as the evening meal.

Sometimes I get my wife to buy corn meal and make mush for me in the morning. I imagine many folks now-a-days would

turn up their nose at thinking of eating these things which were in our staple diet years ago.

Sometimes corn meal was also used to make muffins. We also used corn eaten as corn-on-the-cob, corn pies, corn fritters. Corn was also dried in the oven of our cook stove in a wooden tray with brown paper on the bottom. It was dried in the same manner as apple schnitz, dried beans, and the dried product was hung in a muslin bag in the attic until ready for use. There could be no Thanksgiving dinner without dried corn! After the corn was husked and the ears were put in the corn crib, the stalks were brought in and fed to the cows instead of hay. A by-product was the corn husk, some of which I picked out (the softest part), and put into the bed-ticks as a mattress. I always knew when the corn husk was changed in my mattress because it was very full, but after a few nights, there was a nice deep hole where one could snuggle up and be warm.

Sometimes the corn husk was also braided into rugs/shoewipers.

Other things we grew in the corn fields, in addition to corn used for grain to feed the farm animals were sweet corn, popcorn, watermelons and cantaloupes, string beans planted so they could climb the cornstalks, pumpkins, both

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round and neck pumpkins used for pies, also cut into slices and fried like eggplant, pudding, and some people even made pumpkin soup. Pickle and cucumbers were also raised in the corn fields. There was always a row of sweet potatoes planted at the edge of the field.

A non-edible product was broom corn. We saved the broom sticks when the brooms wore out and put them in the attic and about every three or four years, when we had 10 or more broomsticks, we would plant broom corn and when it matured we took it out to Howard Hagey at Shubert, and had brooms made, about 10 or 15, which lasted about three or four years and then we repeated the process. We had pear trees and these pears were eaten in season and canned for winter desserts. I remember those pears to this day, especially the ones which were canned and had a Maraschino cherry put into the place where the core used to be, almost too beautiful to eat.

The most important tree on the farm was the apple tree. Some apples were sold as a cash crop and others were peeled and dried in the oven of our kitchen stove for schnitz to make schnitz and knep (apples and dumplings). After being dried, they were put into a muslin bag and hung in the attic. Sometimes apples were canned, too, but we didn't have many of these. Apples were also taken to the cedar mill to make cider for drinking, while it lasted, and then vinegar. Also

some of the cider was added to the peeled apples and apple butter was made. What a job, it took all day to make that big kettle of apple butter, some of which was sold as a cash crop. What a delight to eat the apple butter when the snow was blowing. Sometimes the core was taken out of the apple and butter inserted into the cavity and nutmeg and baked in the oven. What a treat!

The making of the apple butter resulted in a social event, an apple peeling party. Friends and neighbors came to help to peel the apples the night before. It was like a party and they were served fresh cider and cake and everyone got some apple butter and it was a good excuse for friends and neighbors to get together for an evening of fellowship. Walnut and hickory nut trees provided nuts for pies which we loved, nuts for cakes and Christmas cookies. We had cherry trees, black, sweet and sour, the latter used for pies in the winter. They were preserved by canning or drying. We had crab-apple trees; the apples were used to make jelly. We had mulberry trees used to make pies and the chickens which roamed the farmyard freely, loved the ones which dropped on the ground. We also had a persimmon tree in our meadow. They were good only after the first heavy frost, and especially good when one picked them out of the fresh snow, by that time thoroughly frosted. Sometimes they were gathered and brought

home but seemed to taste best when you ate them right under the tree. We did not have peach trees, but were allowed, by a friend, to pick up the drops for 10 cents per basket, these were brought home and canned for the winter months. We never had many trees which could have been cut into lumber, in fact not much in the line of timber at all. However, friends of our family, John Schaffner and Frank Derr had mountain land and Dad would cut wood in their land, bring it home and they would work together to cut it into firewood for use in cooking and heat. This wood also cut down the need to buy expensive coal used during the cold winter months. Wild plants on the farm were raspberries, blackberries, elderberries, strawberries, and quince, all which were used to make jellies and jam. We also picked dandelion which was made in bacon dressing loved by all. The bark from the wild cherry trees was used for making a concoction of cough syrup for the cold season, also there was sassafras root to add to the apple butter made when the apples were in season. A most unusual wild plant was Polk berries. My friend, Daniel Klahr, and I were going to make ink from these dark purple berries. We stopped at the plants on the way home from school and picked some while still in our "good" school clothes and needless to say, our clothes were all stained. My mother put a

screeching halt to the ink production.

Another product which "grew" wild was the ice from the ice dam.

The dam was destroyed before my family moved there, but about 1910-20 ice was a good "crop" for there were at least seven ice houses in Rehrersburg. The ice was sawed and taken to the ice houses and packed in sawdust for insulation. It was used during the summer months to make ice cream, iced drinks and fill the ice boxes. This was the time before everyone had a refrigerator.

Butchering Day was always an important day of the year; in fact at our house it took two days, sometimes three, to complete all the tasks involved. Early on the first day the professional butcher arrived, and he led the various activities until the job was done. The first part was to kill the animals. I never liked that part of the day. Then the beef had to be skinned and the hide laid aside to sell to the scavenger who in turn sold it to the leather plant to make shoes, belts, etc. out of the cured leather. The pigs had to be scalded and the bristles scraped off, also put aside for the scavenger who took them away to send to the brush factory. The animals were then dressed and cut into quarters. The intestines were saved and cleaned for

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sausage casings; the liver and heart were put aside, the best to be kept for frying, and the balance put into a big black kettle to be cooked for scrapple and pot pudding.

Next began the job of cutting up the meat into roasts, pig feet, tenderloin and cuts to make dry beef, etc. The fat was cut into little cubes to be rendered for lard. The cuts were trimmed and the pieces cut off were also put into the black kettle. Bones which had meat on them afterwards were put in the same kettle. This mixture of liver, kidneys, hearts, beef scraps, leg bones, tail bone and whatever was boiled until the meat was extremely tender and then put through the grinder and ground to the consistency of hamburger. Seasoning was added and some was dipped out into crocks for Pott Wurst, (pot pudding). A layer of lard was put on the top so it would not spoil, and this mixture was used as a breakfast dish, fried in a pan and eaten with horseradish or catsup.

The balance of the mixture was then put back into the kettle, and corn meal, buckwheat flour, salt and pepper were added and it was again brought to a boil, after which it was dipped out into bread pans. It was left to cool, and then a layer of lard was poured on each pan about a half-inch thick. This was known as Pan Hass/scrapple. It too was a breakfast dish and slices were fried in a pan, also served with horseradish or catsup.

While the kettle with the ingredients for the pot pudding and scrapple was boiling away, another kettle was boiling the cubes of fat for the lard. After it was done, the cubes were put into a lard press and then squeezed to render the lard. After it was all squeezed it was put into lard cans and left to cool. The remainder, known as cracklins, was put aside for another purpose I will tell about later.

These operations extended over a two-day period. Usually the jobs of making scrapple, pot pudding, lard, etc. were done the second day as was the sausage making, and did we ever make sausage! I forgot to say we usually killed a beef and four pigs.

The job of cutting up the meat consisted of making roasts tenderloin, spareribs, cleaning the pig feet, after the hooves were removed for pig feet jelly, cleaning the stomach of the beef for tripe and numerous other operations.

Four pigs meant there were 16 hams, eight slabs of bacon, meat for the dried beef and sausage, all kinds of bologna, sausage meat put into muslin bags, into intestines for fresh and smoked sausage. We made sausages called Thaler Wurst, which were about one and a half inches in diameter, thus the name, about as big as a silver dollar and about a foot long. The hams were "cured" in our cellar by rubbing them with a salt, sugar and salt peter mixture. After they were cured, the things were taken to

the smokehouse and smoked for the given amount of time, always using oak or hickory sawdust which smoldered and made a lot of smoke. In this smoke house was our precious supply of meat for the next year.

Imagine the catastrophe about 1943 when we were awakened by a red glow in our bedroom, and we found out our smoke house was on fire, and our precious meat burned.

What a disaster! I don't know how we survived that loss; possibly my father had more pigs to kill. I don't remember. Another time we had a loss was when a man who was supposed to be our friend robbed our smokehouse and stole two of the largest hams, also a heavy loss for my parents who usually sold the excess meat for cash to be used for other things.

The days after the butchering was done were a busy time for the women of the house. The tenderloin (the same meat now used in making pork chops) was cut and fried. After it was fried, it was put into jars or crocks and covered with hot lard which preserved it well into the summer. The fresh sausage was also preserved in this manner.

Now, as I promised above, the cracklins left over from making the lard were saved and the rinds from the bacon, hams and rancid lard, accumulated over

the months, were put into the same black iron kettle.

Caustic soda was added and boiled for a long time to make homemade soap. The slab was cut into bars about three inches square and two inches thick. This soap was used to do the laundry by slicing it into slivers and added to the wash tub water and laundry. Some was used to wash dishes, other to wash the floors. We never used it for bathing as we bought bath soap at the store (usually Lifebouy). The tallow was rendered; I don't know how. Candles were made in candle molds, now antiques. Since we had no electricity in the house, candles were used when we had to go into the cellar for such things as potatoes, onions, smoked sausage, etc. It was always a scary experience for me to have to go down there to get things for my mother, for the light of the candle, which was not very bright anyway, always cast gloomy shadows, and the imagination of a young boy made all kinds of scary impressions.

There was always a big garden on our farm, perhaps about 100 feet square. There was a section for perennial plants such as currants, gooseberries, raspberries, grapes, rhubarb, strawberries, all used to make pies. In addition, there was oyster plant, used to make imitation oyster soup, tame quince for jelly, saffron to add to pot pie to make a golden appetizing color; parsley, garlic

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and lilies to add to whiskey for medicinal purposes; dill to add to canned pickles. There was horseradish to be used on meat, especially pot pudding.

Things grown in our garden on an annual basis were sugar peas, birdie egg beans, bush beans, lima beans, sickel beans, red beets, tomatoes, peppers, carrots, celery, endive and onions. A byproduct of the onions was the skin which was saved to dye the eggs at Easter time.

Cabbage was one of the most important crops from the garden for it was used to make sauerkraut, boiled cabbage, creamed cabbage, fried cabbage, cole slaw and pepper cabbage, just to name a few of its uses. The red beets were canned in vinegar and the juice was used to make "red beet eggs." We never had head lettuce, but the leaf lettuce was used in sandwiches and for lettuce with bacon dressing. Something else common to our area was chow-chow, a mixture of vegetables such as beans, carrot slices, diced peppers and onions, celery, etc., all cooked together in a vinegar liquid and put into jars.

It looked beautiful. Some areas of our country call it "The Last of the Garden," which kind of describes it for most were leftover vegetables which could not be left to go to waste. It was unthinkable to let anything go to waste. Of the above vegetables, much was canned/jarred for the winter

use, especially tomatoes which were canned to make stew and tomato soup. Catsup was also made, perhaps 20 or 30 bottles; beans were canned for making ham and beans; corn was also jarred. Pickles were also canned and looked delicious in the jars, which they were. Sometimes they also put up artichokes in vinegar, but not very many.

There were several kinds of tea on our farm. One was spearmint tea which grew wild in our meadow. There was also a selection of tea which grew in our garden, including blue mint, sage, peppermint, "wooly mint," catnip and others. Occasionally Dad would go with a group of other men to the Blue Mountain and pick Blue Mountain Tea.

We also had root beer, birch beer, grape juice and vinegar punch home-made on the farm.

The Pennsylvania Germans had always liked beauty and color and our family was no exception for there were always roses and other flowering plants including colas, zinnias, gladiolus, dahlias, marigolds, asters and others including lily of the valley.

Milk from the cows was used in making pies, cakes, cookies, sauces and soups. It was also used to make butter (although we seldom made butter at home), instead took the milk to a family friend who made it for us, perhaps for a share, or payment for the work. Schmier

kase(cottage cheese) was also made to spread on bread, topped by a generous layer of apple butter. Cup cheese was also made, but I don't remember much about that, although my brother and sister remember it. The extra milk was taken to the Hershey Creamery and sold as a cash crop, it was taken to Hershey and made into chocolate candy.

Another favorite was ice cream made during the winter months when we could go down to the creek and cut the ice used in the freezer. We always made vanilla. We also had poultry, chickens, ducks and geese. The census said we had 40 hens which laid eggs which were sold for profit. In addition, I am sure we ate a lot of chickens, ducks and geese. A side product was the feathers which were saved for pillows on our beds and sometimes a wing was saved as a feather duster to keep the dust off furniture and the cooking stove which always got dusty from taking the ash out. Needless to say, feathers were not that important to our farm life, although nothing was wasted.

Recycling was the order of the day, nothing was thrown away which could be used or sold. We saved the newspapers and rags for the ragman who took them to the paper mill to be reused. Scrap metal was also sold to him, as were the bones left over from butchering time. The few tin cans we got were cut open and nailed over rat holes, or to patch small holes in the roofs. Food

scraps were fed to the pigs. When an item of clothing wore out, it was cut into patches to make "patch-work" quilts, the other "good" rags were cut into strips and sent to make carpet. We even recycled the Sears-Roebuck Catalogue (you know where, if not ask your grandmother). During the 1940s a new fad developed in the use of feed bags. They were printed in bright prints. After the feed was taken out, the housewife had a few yards of material which was made into dresses, underwear, bedsheets and pillow cases, just to name a few. We were the original Recyclers. We never had much money living on the small farm, but as one can see by this article, we always had lots of food. We didn't have much variety in our meals, but there was always plenty and I learned at an early age not to waste. What one took on his plate he was expected to eat and not waste. Looking back to the 1930s and 1940s, things weren't as bad as they seemed, sometimes I think we were better off then, although we had to work hard, from dawn to dusk, we had plenty to eat.

We didn't have much money but we didn't have to buy much in the store, only things like salt and pepper, sugar, vanilla, baking powder, cheese, crackers, lemons, oranges (mostly at Christmas time), prunes, oysters, on occasion, porkies (fish) also on occasion at 8 cents per pound, nails, chains, rope and other things. My mother

did not bake much bread but bought it from the baker truck at five cents per loaf. I always tagged along to the baker truck (they delivered the bread in those days), and pestered her to buy cookies (sugar cookies, cinnamon, ginger cookies). These cookies were about five or six inches in diameter and about one half inch thick. What a treat!

We never considered ourselves to be poor for we were just like our neighbors and friends. We lived the same way the Pennsylvania Germans had lived for generations. I have heard the settlers would write to Germany telling the ones left behind how good they had it and I believe they felt they had it very good. While they lived in Germany, under the jurisdiction of the lords of the manor, they had so very little. Is it any wonder they were proud of their newfound wealth?

Things were like this until about WWII when the farm youth were drafted and learned about the "outside world." They no longer wanted to live on the farm, instead opted for jobs in industry and textile mills for

they wanted new cars and new houses and did not want the hours required on the farm, working from dawn to dusk. This caused the passing of a way of life which had existed for generations, in some cases hundreds of years. They no longer raised their own food, instead worked in factories and earned the money to purchase most of what they ate and needed.

Are people better off now, or were they better off at that time living on a farm? I know we were kept busy with our chores and didn't have time to get into trouble as so many do today.

Schuyler Brossman writes a syndicated genealogy column and this article is a reprint of his column. It was used with his permission.

Remember: Kissin' wears out-cookin' don't

Send your comments and stories to: The Penna Dutch Corner, c/o The Legacy Magazine or e-mail the columnist at: arciay@aol.com

A family leaving church one day told the pastor of their parrot. All he ever says is, "Let's neck, Let's neck" they moaned. The pastor told them that he had a parrot with much better manners. My parrot always says, "Let's pray, Let's pray" he told them.

The family decided to take their parrot to visit the pastor's parrot and learn some better manners. The family parrot immediately said, "Let's neck, Let's neck." In response the pastor's parrot said, "My prayers have been answered, My prayers have been answered!"

Blank Pages

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Grandma's Kitchen Table

Franklin T. Wike

**Many Years ago — in my Grandmother's House
was a Kitchen Table.**

**It was not fancy or expensive. But it was full of love.
For at this Kitchen Table — the whole family would
sit down to eat together and talk.**

**There were no TV's blaring away or people
eating on the run. We said Grace, ate and
shared conversation as a family.**

**During the hours between meals, Grandma would
sometimes sit at the table and play games with us
Other times a friend or neighbor might stop by and sit
at the table while sipping a cup of coffee and sharing
some friendly conversation.**

**That Kitchen Table was the center piece for
a whole lot of love and kindness.**

**I feel the world would be a better place
with a lot less problems,
if more people spent time eating,
talking, playing, loving, and praying
as a family at Grandma's Kitchen Table.**

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