

THE LEGACY

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

to understand one
you need to discover the other.

FTW

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Letter From The Editor

Changing Seasons

For many of us that live in areas of this country that have four distinct seasons, October is the month where we begin to see the leaves on the trees change from their deep forest green color to various vibrant shades of amber, gold and brown. Then as they fall from the trees, they float gingerly to the grounds where they will help to protect and blanket the earth beneath them, from the cold harsh winds that will be arriving soon.

It seems like everything around us is changing so fast that it is sometimes difficult to keep up with it. There was a time in my life when I was afraid of change, but then I took a walk into a forest and realized that the Master of our Universe created a changing world for a reason. He designed our bodies and minds so that we would go through certain changes in order to accomplish particular goals that HE has in mind.

The other day, a friend and I were talking about computers. He was thinking about buying his first computer and wanted to know what type to get. As we

talked, I told him the one important lesson I have learned about computers is that you have to be willing to change your ideas and thoughts and continue learning on a consistent basis. Since there are so many things that you can use a computer for, it seems like you start learning the day you buy it and the learning never stops.

As I thought about how scary and confusing it is to some people when they hear others talking about this new world of computers, I can not help but think how scared and confused our ancestors must have felt, when they heard about "The New World" called America.

How difficult it much have been for them to leave the comfort of their city life or their farms, their families, friends, furniture and everything else that was near and dear to them, and travel to a strange land where there was nothing but a savage wilderness awaiting them. To leave their security behind and face a new life, where they had no friends or family and might not even be able to speak the

same language as their new neighbors would have taken a great inner strength as well as an enormous faith in God.

Another more recent example of people taking a risk is in the Oklahoma Land Run. It has only been 108 years since the Government offered 180 acres of FREE land in the Indian Territory to anyone that was willing to build a home. On the first day this offer was made available, over 10,000 people arrived in Oklahoma to stake their claim and start building their new home. As I travel around Oklahoma, I have been able to meet people that still live on the "homestead" their grandparents settled on and I can not help but wonder how "special" they must feel, knowing what their grandparents went through to get that land. Yet, there is a part of me that can not help but wonder how many people even know half of the "changes" our grandparents or great grandparents went through, in order that we can have and enjoy our lives today.

The next time you look outside your window and see a shades of yellow and red appear on the leaves, I would like to encourage you to think upon all the changes you have endured in your life. How many of those changes have ended up helping your children or grandchildren to have a better, safer and happier

life? Did you do your part to help keep this country safe in a time of war? Did you learn how to perform a special job, that has effected the lives of others? Did you willingly give up a profession or career in order to be at home with your children and be their full time teacher and caretaker? Did you leave family and friends behind in order to relocate to another area? Each and every one of us has endured a variety of changes in our lives. Wouldn't it make a great Christmas Gift this year, to be able to offer our children or grandchildren a written journal of the changes we have gone through and how they effected out lives.

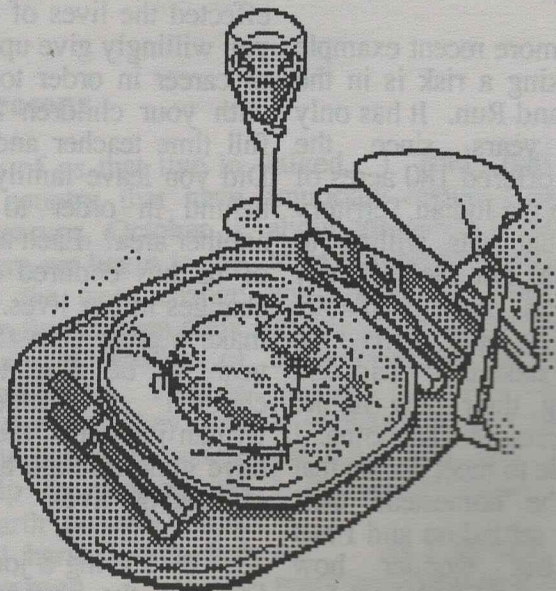
By leaving a journal of your life and the changes that have taken place, you are not only sharing a part of your life and leaving a legacy for future generations, but you can also help teach others that "changes" take place in our lives for a reason and can end up being very beneficial to those around us.

Since we are about to enter into the holiday seasons, I would like to take a moment to encourage you to share your favorite nostalgic Christmas, New Years or Valentines story with us.

Thank you and have a great month.

Frank Wihe

The Sandwich Generation



Dear Sunshine:

I am finding it difficult to start this message. I realize how much more difficult things are for a lot of people than me. I am so grateful mum is not ill or dying. Some-one wrote one time about how the thought of her mother's death fills her with cold terror and that is how I feel too. When she dies (selfish thought again) I will be alone, no family I mean. I miss her already because of the old stranger she is becoming in front of my eyes. She also refuses to admit she is hard of hearing which makes communication difficult. She doesn't understand a lot of the time and I get frustrated!!! How could I??? I try so hard not to be...she just seems to press the right buttons. I don't want to get irritated with her and have a row, I don't want her to be like that, well I just have to face facts and get on with it. We just seem to have missed each other somewhere along the way.

Can you love some-one but not like them? I am sure she loves me but doesn't like me much. Well, that's how she makes me feel!

Thanks for the Column. Knowing there are people who share similar experiences makes it

a lot easier, makes it all less frightening and I feel less isolated!?

Barb

Dear Barb:

Thanks for your comments. I also thank you for sharing your experiences. I recognize myself in these comments, as, I am sure, others do.

"Can you love someone but not like them?" Hollywood makes money on this concept. Many families, I would guess, have at least one relative who falls in this category. I would suggest you change that to "I can love my mother, but not like everything she does". This is more likely to be the case with you, and most people, I think. Loving someone, anyone, doesn't mean that we need to like everything they do, just as they don't like everything we do.

Hearing for example. My mother refuses to wear a hearing aid. I have had her tested. We even purchased a set of hearing aids. These were returned, because they stayed in the drawer. She says they bothered her.

I asked the audiologist if he thought vanity was the main issue. He said sometimes, but usually people don't want any kind of helping aid because they

don't believe they need it. Once someone is convinced that the aid is necessary, they adapt to it quickly. He told me of a woman who refused to get hearing aids -- until her daughter told her the grandchildren couldn't come to visit. Grandmother's hearing was not good enough to hear if the children were in trouble. Once the woman decided that she wanted her grandchildren to visit, the hearing aids were no problem.

I must agree, in my mother's case at least. She has me caring for her. I do the hearing she needs. She doesn't have to hear what she doesn't want to hear. Smart woman. I won't stop listening for her, so she can have that part of life on her terms. She, of course, disagrees adamantly with this theory. What do you think?

This is another instance of knowing what buttons to press. Our parents learned that about us years ago. I suspect they don't know they know. Do you still have contact with any friends from high school or earlier? These are people who remember us "way back when". They know things about us we don't want others to know. In some cases, they keep the secrets, because we know things about them!! Our parents know some of these things and more. They were having lives long before we were

The Sandwich Generation

born and it is harder for them to change their ways than it is for us to recognize that we might need to change some of our behaviors.

Way, way back in ancient history, when my brother was a toddler, my mother left him in his play pen and left the room to do something elsewhere. When she returned, she found that he was throwing his toys out of the playpen ---- and I was dutifully picking them up and putting them back. She got the camera and took a picture. She laughs at how easy it was for my baby brother to "take advantage" of me like that. Even infants and toddlers can learn to push other's buttons.

I was too young to realize that the best thing for me was to leave his toys where he threw them. He would have then tired of his

game. If you wish to stop this game with you and your mother, you need to stop reacting. Yes, your mother could learn the same lesson, but you are bothered by it, which leaves you as the person who wants a change. Until you stop reacting to her behavior, she won't stop. If I stop listening for my mother, she would probably get a hearing aid. I don't stop, so she has no reason to stop. This means I have to learn to accept this, and let it go. I have a choice, to change my behavior, or not to change it. I won't change it, so I better accept the consequences. I don't know about you, but it makes like a lot simpler for me when I do.

I hope this helps.

Sunshine

Make it great

Whatever you do, make it great. Whether you're developing a product, developing a customer, building a relationship, serving a cause, raising a family or planning your life, make it great. There is a place for greatness in every life, in every job, in every situation.

Make it great. There's no reason not to. Greatness definitely takes more effort than mediocrity, yet in the end it is no more difficult. The discipline and energy required to make it great, are far less painful than the regret you'll endure if you settle for anything less.

Greatness comes from living with purpose and passion. Know what you want, know why you want it, commit to doing whatever it takes, and you cannot help but make it great.

-- Ralph Marston

Angels and Other Visitors



Ministering Angels

Angels seems to be everywhere these days. People are fascinated with them. Writers, film makers and manufacturers can't keep up with the demand for stories about an individual's experiences and angel symbols.

As a child I was told that everyone had a "Guardian

Angel." Although the Church doesn't talk much about Angels, even in Christmas liturgies, Guardian Angels do have a Feast Day. Like most adults, I forgot about my "angel" and never discussed the subject. The image was foreign to daily experiences, as angels were placed in same category as elves or unicorns.

Angels

Then, after months of debilitating illness, I had major surgery. I was so weak and felt so ill, I was convinced it was time to "let go." I retreated into my world of illness and reconciled myself to the fact that I would probably not recover after surgery.

It was the second post-operative day, late evening when I awoke from my still groggy state to find an old priest friend standing at the foot of my bed. I had known the priest since childhood but had not seen him for years. In fact, I thought he had died.

"Hi, Mary," he said cheerfully. "I just came by to bless you. I know you've been ill a long time, but don't give up, you'll soon be well again."

I closed my eyes for the blessing and when I opened them again, he was gone. It was late evening, and visiting hours long past, but priests had special privileges so it wasn't an unusual happening. However, when I asked the nurse on duty, she said no one had been in my room all evening. My family also made light of the experience, attributing the entire episode to a post anesthetic dream. I was not convinced and decided to just hold onto the memory which defied rational explanation. I just wouldn't discuss the episode again.

That is, until recently and the onset of the current "new wave."

Reflecting on angels can serve an important function in our materialistic world. Our understanding of angels from Scripture, tells us that most often they are sent in human form by God to intervene in people's lives either by conveying a message, offering help, or protecting a person from harm. Angels remind us that we can believe in something even though we can't prove it exists. If we believe in a loving God who looks after us and takes care of us, we believe in angels. At least I do.

I'm glad I was re-introduced to my Guardian Angel again. My health did improve and I've been well for many years now. I also feel better knowing my special angel is always with me.

Mary Elizabeth Martucci

Mr. Charles Frances Coe's passing

In 1956, when I was a nurse in Palm Beach, Florida, I was on special duty with Charles Frances Coe, once welter weight champion of the world, editor, mystery writer and lawyer of Worth Avenue in Palm Beach.

He had cancer which had traveled from a kidney to both lungs. A whole round of x-rays were ordered. The x-ray department was in confusion because it was being moved to

other rooms. I stood there it seemed for hours, seeing but not really seeing what transpired. I did see radium containers carried out. All I could think of was my patient's comfort. He said he had a rough time getting prepared the night before. When the doctor finally said he was through and would take another set of x-rays tomorrow, Coe was upset! I asked, "Does he have to be prepared again?" As the doctor started asking me leading questions, my patient opened his eyes and watched him. He had seen many lawyers pinning a client that way and wondered why the doctor was doing this to me.

When we got ready to leave the hospital for Coe's Worth Ave. Home after the next set of x-rays, I was asked to see Miss Gold. Mr. Coe asked me who Miss Gold was and I told him she was the head nurse at the hospital.

Miss Gold showed me a letter from x-ray saying (1) I was derogatory to the doctors; (2) said an enema would kill the patient; and (3) questioned orders. Miss Gold said, "If you don't apologize, I'll bring charges against you with the District nurses."

I told her, "I refuse. I didn't do any of the above! I have a witness."

"Who?" She asked.

"My patient." I replied as I walked out.

When Mr. Coe heard what had happened, he called the head man at the hospital. They talked for an hour. When I walked in, Mr. Coe was saying, "I'm sure it was a misunderstanding, but just in case a notarized statement will be forever in my law office, Broburg, Richardson and Coe."

Mr Coe's wife said that he was getting better and that I would no longer be needed, so I was let go. Seven weeks went by and I had already been on other cases. I was working 7 to 3 at St. Mary's Hospital and had been going to bed early. I settled in to sleep on a late December night at 10 p.m. I was sleeping soundly and dreamed I was with Mr. Coe and that he was dying. He was struggling. His soul was trying to leave his body. I, with my angel, stood at the side of the room watching him.

He finally stood up, leaving his body on the bed. He walked to a window, opened it and started out. I called out for him not to go out the window because he would fall. He turned his face to me. It was filled with joy and peace. "I'll never fall!" He replied. He stepped out the window, put his arms upward and went right up! I felt great peace and closure. I had the answer of a loving father!

Next I wakened in my bed at home. It was 12 midnight. I went back to sleep and had some

Angels

snatches of dreams about Mr. Coe. On the bus going to St. Mary's, a private duty nurse seated herself beside me. I told her Mr. Coe died at midnight last night. I was there and told her my experiences at 9 a.m. The nurse was at my patient's door. "Look here," she said, looking at

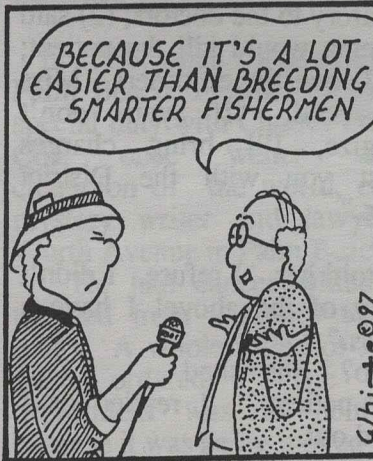
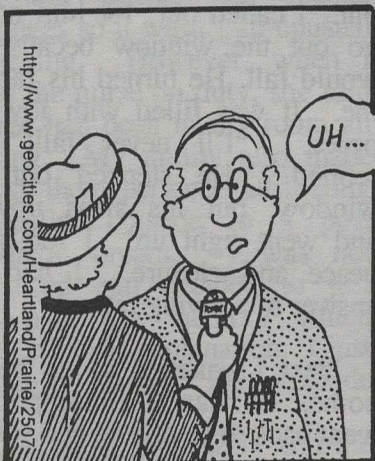
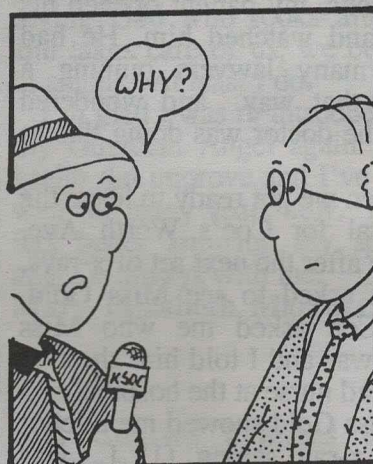
the newspaper. Big headlines on the front page said, "Mr. Coe died at midnight!"

The Lord is loving and forgiving and His angels watch over us.

Mrs. Mary Smith Lewis

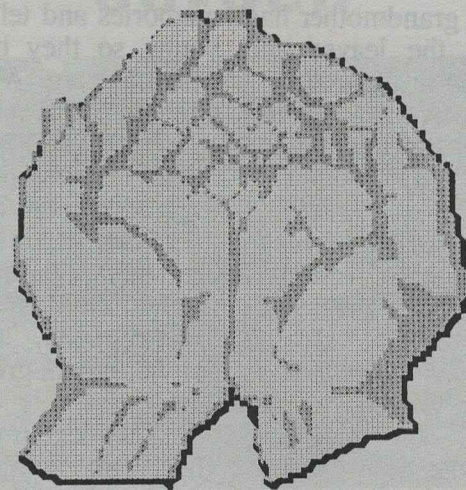
Cottage & Co. by Sam White

✓ OUR LATEST PROJECT
HERE AT THE INSTITUTE
IS TO DEVELOP A DUMBER
BREED OF FISH



Grandparents

by Connie Lucas-McRoberts



I remember being a little girl in the Ohio hills, in the fall, at my grandmother's.

My grandmother lived in a huge, 13-room farmhouse on a few acres of land. When I visited, I'd help her with chores, and then in the afternoon we'd sit on the old porch swing on the walk-around porch and enjoy some freshly-baked molasses cookies. That, to me, is as secure as a child can feel. Sitting there, listening to Grandma's stories of her youth, watching the fall leaves explode against the brilliant blue sky, was pure bliss. Vivid yellows, oranges, vibrant reds, golds, and hues of brown

and green, all thrown together in a kaleidoscope of color.

She'd tell me about the autumns of her childhood, of playing in the leaves after her work was done. There hadn't been much money, but she and her siblings always had a way to have fun with whatever God had provided. They would pile up the leaves as high as they could and jump into them, over and over again. She told me of how they would gather the last of the vegetables from the garden, and the big pots of vegetable soup that simmered on the stove on cool fall days. She remembered gathering nuts and canning

Grandparents

pumpkins, and planning for the winter and the upcoming holidays.

I listened to her stories and the memories of this beautiful time of year, and I was awed. The fact that my beloved grandmother had once played in the leaves and laughed in delight at the colors -- just as I did -- was to my young heart an amazing thing.

As we sat that day, watching the playful wind free the leaves to dance slowly to the ground, I asked her, "Why do the leaves fall?" She told me that they had died and were leaving the tree, as their time to live was over. I was saddened that something so beautiful had to die.

"Everything has to die, but everything leaves a part of itself behind to help start new life," she said.

She pulled me closer and gave the swing a little push with her toe. It creaked as it lazily swung back and forth. "The old leaves die and go to the ground to help the new life in the spring to grow," she said. "When a human being dies, they leave behind children and grandchildren, and

hand-me-downs."

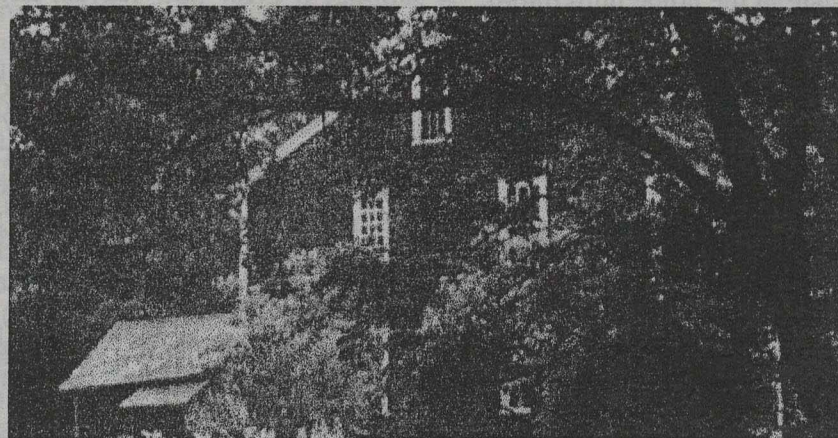
Grandma, of course, wasn't talking about hand-me-downs in the usual sense of the word. She was talking about hand-me-down memories: taking valuable memories and telling them to the young so they have a sense of who they are. A sense of where they are from, something to build a life on. Hand-me-down memories are told and retold over time, sometimes changing a bit in the telling, but always becoming a cherished family story that teaches children that there is a loving history to support them and help them grow.

The next time you are with your grandchildren, take a moment or two in this beautiful season to tell them about the autumns of your childhood, or of their parent's childhood. In passing on memories of their parent's Halloweens, fall activities and more, you'll help strengthen family ties. Someday, these grandchildren will have children of their own, and hopefully, will be passing your hand-me-down memories on to them.

Kind words can be short and easy to speak,
but their echoes are truly endless.

- Mother Teresa

My Grandmother's Garden



Grandfather was a widower with three children when he married my Grandmother. He was a tall, well built man, but Grandmother was rather slight. My father was the second of nine more children that were born to them.

They lived in the village of Sommerfeld, Manitoba, where they had a mixed farm. Most of their groceries were home grown: eggs, milk, butter, cottage cheese, meat and lard. Grain from the crop was ground in the local mill, often in return for a share of the flour.

Grandfather had had a heart

condition for many years, but his only medication was some little green pills. It was the beginning of January, 1930, in the middle of a cold winter. As usual, Grandfather was having a short nap before dinner. When the meal was ready, Grandmother knocked on his door and announced, "Come for *Fesper*." After while, she called again, but there was no reply. The door was opened by force, and they found Grandfather on the floor. He had died as a result of his heart condition. It was unexpected.

Grandmother had always leaned

Grandmother's Garden

on Grandfather for guidance and direction. The country was in recession, and her youngest son was only 12. In those days, there was no funeral home, and the family made the funeral plans themselves. The body would lie in state in the home until burial.

My grandmother could not sleep: Was this reality? She got up in the night, went into the next room where Grandfather was and touched him.

My father and Uncle Peter built the coffin. The neighbors baked buns, and coffee was served after the burial in the family cemetery. I was only three years old at the time, but small incidents remain in my mind. The neighbors were very helpful and supportive, especially the Brauns. They had a weekly Bible study in their home and invited Grandmother. She was not interested in the Bible study, but was attracted by the friendliness of the people and went just for the company.

The Word of God is powerful, inviting and comforting. Grandmother realized that she needed the assurance of heaven, and accepted Jesus as her Savior. What a perfect answer to the mystery of life and death!

She now had joy, but along with that came another question. Was Grandfather ready? Did he know? Had he accepted Jesus? Where was he? Grandmother wanted so much to know that at the end of the road she would meet

Grandfather in heaven.

One spring day, Grandmother said to herself, "At the head of his grave, I will plant a little sapling, and if it grows, that shall be my answer that I will meet him in heaven." She watched the sapling; it grew new leaves, and she knew that it was alive.

That spring, my parents moved to another farm 16 miles away. Sometimes in winter, Grandmother would bravely take the train and come for a week's visit. Or, she and Uncle Peter would suddenly arrive by horse and *cabus* (a closed-in sleigh). We had no telephone, so these delightful visits came without warning.

With time and endurance and very hard work, the recession changed to better times. Many family gatherings were held at Grandmother's farm: Christmas, Easter, Pentecost and birthdays. A highlight of the farm was the huge garden. First was the flower garden, at the end of which was a fascinating *laubhaus* (a shelter consisting of lattice work and grape vines) with two benches. Then came the vegetable garden. Just beyond that were white and mauve lilac bushes and shrubs called "shlee". Then there were the fruit trees, with lots of chokecherries and plums. At the very end of the garden was the little family cemetery. My aunts still at home kept the yard and

garden meticulously tidy and attractive. During summer visits, often the whole family would enjoy a leisurely promenade through the gardens.

Uncle Peter, too, had a failing heart and was not strong for farm work, but he had a happy heart. He was witty and clever, and a great support for Grandmother. In August of 1940, after a lengthy illness, we had to let go of him, and he too was buried in the family cemetery. He was only 39. The one comfort that the family had was that Uncle Peter was a believer.

No one felt the loss more than my grandmother. How could death be so cruel? Once she said to me that every ten years some tragedy happened in the family, Grandfather dying in 1930 and Uncle Peter in 1940--life goes on, but they were irreplaceable. After Uncle Peter was gone, the family agreed with Grandmother's wish that the first Sunday in August be kept as a memorial for Grandfather and Uncle Peter. My parents, uncles, aunts and cousins all walked to the graveyard. There, among the tall trees, we sang, read the Bible and prayed together.

How I treasured this walk through the garden with my grandmother, to see and smell the many flowers. Grandmother said, "Child, we cannot help that a bird flies over our head, but we must not let it build a nest on our

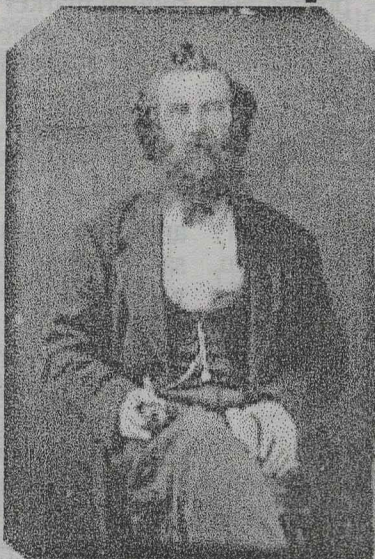
head." At the small cemetery, we would stand in silence. There was Grandfather's grave, with a rugged marker and the words from Revelation 14:13 printed in white: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from now on." There was a vacant plot and next to it Uncle Peter's grave. Grandmother stood motionless and speechless. Not a lot was said as we walked through the garden back to the house.

In time, Grandmother became very ill, but she was still hoping that something could happen so that she could get well again. How I hurt to see my grandmother suffer. I said, "Grandmother, it could be that Jesus will come and take us all." She smiled and squeezed my hand. It was 1950. The plot next to Grandfather is not vacant anymore.

My grandmother has left a lasting impression on my life. It touches me deeply to know that this little lady loved me. In July of 1994, I had the privilege of visiting the family cemetery. As I stood by the graves of my grandparents and Uncle Peter, I cried and felt very close to them. A tall tree stands at Grandfather's grave, and another at Grandmother's. It is true what the Bible says: "The memory of the righteous will be a blessing" (Proverbs 10:7).

S.S.

Road Trip



It was my first road trip since we moved to Seattle last fall. Linda was off on a business trip to Dallas, and I was doing one of the things I liked best: heading down the highway. The ultimate destination was Mendocino, 750 miles south. My friend Scott had just moved out there from Texas, and I was on my way to visit him in his new home.

This would be the first time I'd seen anything of Washington south of Sea-Tac Airport. First time on California soil in 15 years. And the first time I'd been in Oregon since 1959, when my family took our second and final trip from San Antonio to my grandfather's farm somewhere west of Cottage Grove. Pop and my grandmother, Mama Lou,

sold the farm and moved back to Texas a couple of years later, and that was it for me and Oregon.

Seattle's morning rush hour had passed by the time I rolled out of town. A few miles north of Vancouver, I stopped for barbecue. The woman who ran the place told me her life story while her husband, an ex-minister-turned-barbecue-smoker, built me a sausage sandwich to go. By the time I crossed the Columbia River in Portland, I was sorry I hadn't ordered two sandwiches. And by the time I had driven 10 miles into Oregon, I had decided to see if I could find Pop's farm.

Pop was what I called my grandfather. He was never

Granddad; that wouldn't have worked, since Granddad was what I called his father, who was still alive back then. Pop wasn't a Granddad type, anyway. I never sat on his knee. He was a wiry little guy with a bad haircut. He enjoyed his whiskey, and the nails of his thumb and first two fingers were stained a deep orange-brown, almost black, from cupping tens of thousands of unfiltered Pall Malls in his right hand. He was funny, and he cussed, and he'd been a Texas Ranger when he was a young man. I thought he was great.

I don't remember much about the first trip to the farm. It was the summer of 1956, I'd just turned six years old, and the thing that stands out from that vacation was visiting Disneyland, which was in its first year of operation. The whirling teacups made quite an impression on me, and so did seeing 5,000 miles of American highways from the backward-facing rear seat of a Plymouth station wagon. But the next time up, I was nine years old and ready for adventure. Pop's farm gave me a lifetime's worth. My brother Jimmy and I found a little cemetery with hundred-year-old graves on a hilltop less than a mile from Pop's property line. I stumbled onto a spring deep in the woods, under a canopy of wild blackberries, and spent hours there drinking ice water and imagining I was both Lewis and

Clark.

I gathered fresh eggs, and stared in awe at the business end of a hen one morning as she squeezed out her day's work. I left the door of the guinea house open by mistake and got to hear some of Pop's cusswords. I dug fresh potatoes out of the dirt and ate them raw, there in the field. I rode through those same fields with Pop on his tractor, and I fell in love with the feel and smell of a good working barn.

I also fell in love with Pop, and with Mama Lou, and with their son Jim, who was my father. I fell in love with my life that summer. And now, 37 years later, I amazed myself by driving straight to the farm with only one stop for directions. I knew it was outside of a little crossroads town and, because it seemed to me to be a perfect place to get away from the grownups for a while, I suspected that every teenager in the county would know where that Oregon Trail graveyard was. They did, and 30 miles off I-5, on a two-lane backroad called Territorial Highway, I pulled up in front of Pop's farm.

I sat there next to the road for several minutes, staring in disbelief, laughing out loud, my heart going wild. I had found it. There, three-fourths of a mile up a rocky driveway, was the farmhouse I had visited in my dreams for nearly four decades.

Road Trip

The land hadn't been subdivided, as I had feared. The loggers hadn't leveled the acres of forest behind the house.

The gate was open, and I couldn't see any cars from the road, so I drove slowly up the long drive to my grandparents' house. Halfway up the road, I realized I was crying. I parked at the house and looked around. Everything I saw was familiar, but I was stunned by the distance I'd come—the distance of my life—to see these things again. The barn. The house. The infamous guinea coop. The place where my father had almost died when he sliced a hornet nest in half with the backswing of an idiot hoe.

The house was empty. The kids in town had told me the property was now owned by the winery whose headquarters were on the next hill over, and judging from the looks of things, the owners were apparently in the process of restoring the house to its 19th-century condition. I wandered through the barn, wondering which of the rusty tools my grandfather had used when this was his farm. I walked the fields. And I sat for a long time on the east porch of the farmhouse, remembering its small rooms, the linoleum in the kitchen, the aroma of my grandmother's cooking. I touched a long scar on my finger and remembered how I had bled into the utility sink for what seemed like hours one day when I

had sliced the finger nearly off on a jagged piece of metal.

Pop's farm was the only place I was ever privileged to spend an extended period of time with my father and his father. I know now what an important gift it had been to see my father being a son, and to understand that I wasn't unique; my dad had a dad, just as I did. A man he looked up to. A man he felt protective toward. A man he feared and loved simultaneously, and one whose inevitable death he grieved long before it happened.

It occurred to me there on the porch that the current generation of fatherless sons-and daughters—is being deprived of the chance to acquire first-hand what I see as a profoundly humanizing and humbling piece of knowledge: that we humans are links in a living chain of men and women. We come not just from somewhere, but from someone. And most of us will in turn live on in others to come.

What we do matters, but not just because it affects our present circumstances. The lives we lead and the actions we take move up and down the line, affecting our children—even those yet to be conceived—and determining how we will honor or dishonor our ancestors, starting with our parents. It doesn't much matter, I believe, what the details of our circumstances happen to be. Whether we are raised by

thoroughly honorable biological parents, or by average people, or by monsters. Whether we are orphans, or fatherless, or shipped around to relatives and foster homes like the Christmas fruitcake that no one really wants to eat.

Certainly, not every parent is worthy of honor, or respect. Monsters, after all, are monsters. But every human soul becomes a richer place when it can find a way to connect to the past, even if it's necessary to skip a generation or two in the process.

What matters is the understanding that we are not in this thing alone. We're all sleeping in a giant waterbed, and it's just about impossible to roll over without disturbing others. A boy who senses his connection to the past and the future is not likely to be the triggerman in a drive-by shooting. He's not likely to rape, or to commit suicide. And a man with this understanding is far less likely to harm his partner or his children, or the earth.

But if all I can see is that I've been plopped down here on earth as a self-contained unit, responsible only for myself ... Watch Out. All these thoughts—true or not—occurred to me on the porch of my grandfather's house. My time was almost up, and I had hundreds of miles yet to drive. Before I could leave, though, I wanted to take care of one more

thing. I like rituals. They center me and serve to punctuate my life in a way that I find necessary and comforting. I'm also a seriously addicted fisherman.

I'd been eying the stock pond on Pop's farm ever since I'd arrived. From the circles on the water, it was obvious that something in there was rising every few seconds to snatch whatever flying insect was hatching on this day. I knelt on my grandfather's porch and prayed. I expressed my gratitude for the miracles that had brought me there, today and long ago. I honored my family. I asked for hungry fish. I put a tiny spinner bait on an ultralight rod and began to cast. I had assumed the tank was full of pan fish, but on the second cast a fat rainbow trout attacked the spinner, tail-walked across the water like a large mouth bass, and finally allowed itself to be caught. Another followed quickly, and a third, completing my ritual. I had landed a fish for my grandfather, for my father, and for myself, as I had set out to do—three generations of men. I unhooked the fish and gently returned them to the water, so they could continue to live on Pop's farm. It's a good place to live.

Pop had a stroke a few years after he left the farm. He stayed at Grand dad's house on the hill overlooking a little town in Texas, for a while, then moved down to the old hotel/rest home

RoadTrip

above the Chevy dealership once he got to be too much for Mama Lou to handle. I was a teenager by then, and I was scared and fascinated by that darkened room full of sick-old-man smells and sad relatives. I visited him anyway, and he still managed to make me laugh.

The stroke that paralyzed him left Pop the use of his right arm, so he could still smoke. The only word his injured brain would let him speak was "goddamn," which really only cut his vocabulary by about half. After a while, I got to where I could usually tell what he was trying to say if I paid close attention to his eyes when he said it. One of his god damns might mean, "That's a nice hat." Another, "I could sure

use a smoke, boy." And once, when a particular man dropped by for a surprise visit, I was able to translate his single word into "What's that sorry bastard doing here? He's owed me money since '37 on a busted cotton deal and I never liked him worth a damn anyway. Get his raggedy ass out of my room." At least, that's what I think he said.

Pop died in 1967. Seventeen years later, my dad's heart attacked him one day at work and he was dead within seconds. I miss them both. But I'm still alive and the farm's still there. My daughter and her husband are now doing their best to turn my wife and me into very young grandparents. That chain keeps getting longer.

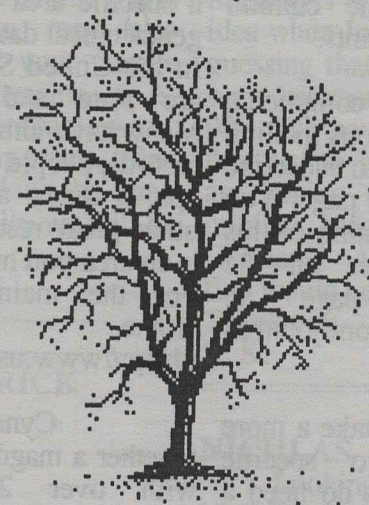
Joy

We may miss a great deal of joy because we expect it to be unusual, dramatic and spectacular. We are waiting for lights to flash and bells to ring.

But the truth is that joy is here, right now, waiting for us to notice it.

The Genealogy Corner

By Linnea Travis Miller



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

Exciting things in genealogy research have been happening in the past few years for those of you who have e-mail, news group and Internet access! You don't necessarily have to "be there" to find some of the clues or others searching similar surnames. There is also much data being "stored" on web pages and in archives, accessible through on-line connections!

is a very convenient way to receive queries and responses applicable to a specific group of researchers. There are state or country groups, regional groups, ethnic groups, plus specific surname mailing lists. There are literally thousands of research-specific e-mail groups available for your use - and all you must do is send a subscription request to a certain e-mail address. Once you're subscribed you will receive usually daily "postings" to

Joining an e-mail mailing list

Genealogy Corner

the entire group in your "mailbox". Most of the lists concentrate on the tracing of family roots, although some are also interested in the cultural aspects of these emigrants.

John Fuller has compiled a directory of these various mailing lists and you are able to subscribe directly from his web page. You will find this great listing on his "Genealogy Resources on the Internet" home page at <<http://members.aol.com/johnf14246/internet.html>>.

Usenet groups take a more general approach to specific genealogy areas. You do need a news reader program in order to utilize this and they are also dependent on your internet service provider's access. On a news group, you are anonymous until you post a message! Since there are readers from all over the world, you are often able to have someone help you with information. I was able to "find" someone who obtained obituaries for my great-grandparents! On your news reader program, search under soc.genealogy and you will find numerous news groups which you can utilize.

With an internet browser there are just tens of thousands of web pages you can view to help with your genealogy research! The GenWeb Project is the basis for much hard data being put on-

line for anyone's access. The GenWeb Project has a network of web pages, all administered by volunteers, where you can "visit" a specific area for historical and genealogical data.

In the United States, these pages are state and county-specific. Many have church and cemetery records, people to help with look-ups, a query area and links to other great resource pages. This is an area you must not miss!!

For the main U.S. GenWeb Home Page see <<http://www.usgenweb.com/>>.

Cyndi Howe has put together a magnificent home page with over 20,000 links to genealogy web pages. This certainly is a page you should "bookmark" on your browser!! Visit her page at <<http://www.oz.net/~cyndihow/>> and have fun!!

One note I would like to add to the use of the internet for genealogy research: remember, unless you are looking at an image of the original document, this information has been transcribed and errors can be made! Always verify for yourself by viewing the document referenced!!

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 "October 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!

FLECK-GARVERICK DAUPHIN CO, HARRISBURG, SUSQUEHANNA TOWNSHIP.

I am trying to find information on my great-great-grandparents, John Fleck and Elizabeth Garverick. They were married in Harrisburg in the New Salem Reform Church by a Rev. Philip Gloninger on April 19 (or 11) 1811. The 1830 census shows him as a residence of Susquehanna Township. According to Elizabeth's claim for War of 1812 bounty lands, John served in Capt. Richard Crain's regiment of the PA militia from Aug 31 1814 until Dec 5 1814 during the War of 1812. These records show that he died on Dec 8, 1831. We know that they had one child, Charles Fleck but do not know if there were other children. Our problem is that we

can find nothing concerning the identity of parents of these two or where they might have been born. From the bounty records we calculate that Elizabeth was born in either 1796 or 97, but have no idea when John was born. We are guessing that He must have been born between 1780 and the mid 90's. We have come so far with this just to hit a brick wall. We are hoping to at least find the original Fleck that came from Germany. Anything you could find would be greatly appreciated.

Thank you,
S. S.

NICHLAS / NICHALUS.

Looking for info on Adam NICHLAS of Montgomery Co. PA. He was born in Wurtemberg, Germany about 1824. Married Matilda ??? He had 3 children Frederick, Emma and William M. born in Pa.
K.W.

ELIAS SHARP/E.

Looking for ANY information on parents/siblings/spouses of one Elias Sharp/e who was in Fayette, Clark, Bracken and Pendleton Cos., KY. He witnessed the will of Robert Frank of Fayette Co., KY in 1792. Elias Sharpe died 1849 in Pendleton Co., Ky near Bracken Co. line. Known children: John, Tilford, Jefferson, James,

Genealogy Corner

Rebecca, Eliza, Deborah,
Susan/Susannah, Anna, America,
Amanda, Delia, Barbara.

Any assistance greatly
appreciated!

K.K.S.

SMITH/CHANDLER.

Looking for info on Jane Smith
who married George Chandler in
1669 in Wilcot, England. George
died enroute U.S. in 1687. The
remaining Chandler family
members attended Arch St.
Meeting House in Philadelphia.
Any help greatly
appreciated.

R.R.

COSS - Mid to late 1700's.

Need parents of John COSS, b
1752. He married Barbara about
1780. Need her surname and
other personal information. They
had eight known children born
1782 - 1807. I've been unable to
find records of the marriage of
John and Barbara COSS or
church records of infant baptisms
in Washington or Frederick
Counties, Maryland. Four of
their children were married in
Wash.Co., Md beginning 1804.
I have both John and Barbara's
wills both probated in Wash.
Co., Md. in 1835.

They could have begun their
married life in Pa. as it was said
he owned land there, possibly in

Fulton County.

I have data on their children
and grandchildren to share.

B.M.

WELDON-ERIE CO PA.

I'm looking for any leads on
Lucinda H. Weldon Howard.
Father might be Joseph Weldon.
She married Solomon Howard in
Erie Co. between 1844 and 1848.
She was born about 1828, one
son's death certificate says Clyde,
OH, all census info says PA. I
lost Lucinda and daughter
Rachael in 1867, when she
"absconded".

She was married twice that I
know of, first to Solomon
Howard and second to his brother
John Rhodes Howard. Solomon
d. 1853 and John in 1863. Her
children by Solomon were
Rachael born about 1849 PA &
Lavina Abigail born June 23,
1852 IA, my g-grandmother.

Rachael could have been born
in either Erie or Crawford Cos.
PA. Her children by John were
Jay Weldon Howard born 1855
IA and James Solomon Howard
born 1859 IA. John & Solomon's
parents were Adolphus (Dolpha)
Howard & Chloe Rhodes
Howard.

Any leads will be greatly
appreciated. I have a lot of info
on the Howard line. Willing to
share.

J.W.

Please send queries and/or
family histories to: The Legacy,
P.O. Box 99, Perkins, OK
74059, or e-mail
Legacymag@aol.com or

Good luck on your
searching and see you next
month!

If you have or need any information on any of the names
listed below, please contact The Legacy Magazine at P.O. Box
99, Perkins, Oklahoma 74059 or legacymag @ aol. com.

Also, if you have information on a surname that is not
listed here, and you would like to share your information
with others that may be looking for it, we would like to
encourage you to send us a copy of your information. We will
then place it in our data base and offer it FREE to anyone
that is researching your family name. We will also contact
you and give you any additional information that we come
across, on your family name.

Ahlquist

Akins

Alford

Allen

Angst

Arnold

Aungst

Baer

Bassler

Beck

Beckett

Bethea

Black

Blair

Blaylock

Bollender

Bostick

Bower

Bradley

Brazeal

Braziel

Brixey

Brock

Bryan

Burkholder

Burnes

Burnett

Butler

Buxton

Caldwell

Carman

Carr

Cassell

Casteel

Child

Coate

Coates

Coe

Coffin

Corbin

Couch

Cramer

Creel

Cromer

Cruson

Cummins

Davis

Dees

Dreese

DuSauchoy

Earl(e)

Earp

Edmonson

Enochs

Fegan

Ferrell

Fink

Fiese

Flick

Forney

Fouty

Franklin

Glass

Gochenour

Gornto

Goss

Graham

Gray

Green

Gregory

Grosbeck

Gully(e)

Guerin

Haas

Hall

Hardin

Hatchett

Headley

Genealogy Corner

Heimbach
Hilton
Hofius
Holgate
Holtzclaw
Hostetter
Houser
Howard
Hughs
Hunsaker
Jackson
Jaggar
Jarrott
Johnson
Jones
Joyce
Kauffman
Kern
Kerr
Kimmel
King
Koehler
Kraft
Kuder
Lawton
Lange
Leedom
Lewis
Licata
Lock
Long
Longernecker
Lovett
Lynch
Lyon
Manship

Matzen
Mayfield
Mayor
McCauley
McConnell
McCune
McGinley
McMillan
McRill
McTiggriett
Mertins
Metcalf
Miller
Moll
Neate
Nohrenhold
Olson
Olsen
Otterbach
Owens
Parks
Paetsch
Peak
Peck
Peterson
Pike
Poorman
Prothro
Prudden
Ramsdale
Rea
Register
Roelofse
Rossignol
Sand

Seay
Severs
Shurley
Smith
Snyder
Specht
Speer
Spillers
Stauffer
Stouffer
Steele
Stetler
Stewart
Stoberats
Stroeher
Swartz
Taylor
Tiffle
Toms
Trousch
Tucker
Van Vlecker
Van
Vleckeren
Walker
Walter
Walters
Warner
Weber
Weick
Wells
Westcott
Wike
Winter
Young

A rock in the Connecticut River was known as the Mother Perry Rock. It was a rock that jutted out of the water, but had an opening in one side. During Colonial times, a Mr. and Mrs. Perry and child were fleeing from an Indian raiding party coming down the river. Mr. Perry hid his wife and child inside the rock. He then hid his canoe on the Vermont side of the river among the brush. He hid in the woods overnight while the raiders were busy burning down his house on the New Hampshire side of the river. He, his wife and child all went undetected and survived the raid.

Coffee Shop Conversation



Tom:

Hi, guys, how y'all doing today? I'm glad that I ran into you guys 'cause I have a question for you. With Halloween coming up, I was wondering how you celebrated the holiday when you were kids. What type of costumes did you wear, what type of candy did you get and what type of pranks did you pull?

Wayne:

Well, we lived out in the country and most of us kids went in to town to go trick or treating. We didn't have any costumes to wear. I grew up during the depression, and we didn't have money for costumes. I don't think kids started wearing costumes until the late 50's or early 60's. So, we just took a paper bag and went from house to house. Generally the candy

we got was the homemade rock candy. It was hard candy, like you might see now days around Christmas time, or we got homemade taffy that was wrapped up in wax paper, or we might even get some apples, fudge or cookies. But everything we got was homemade. None of it was store bought, because nobody had money to buy "treats" like that.

Then by the time I turned 14, I remember going with a bunch of boys one time and we was looking for a bit more mischievous things to do. Well, this old man had retired from farming and he'd had a sale and sold all his equipment except for this one farm wagon. When he bought a place to live in town, he still had that one old wagon sitting in his yard.

Road Trip

On this one Halloween night, a bunch of us teenage boys decided that this wagon needed to be sitting right down town instead of in this old man's yard, so we all got around it. We had someone on each corner and someone on each wheel, and we was fixing to relocate it to a spot downtown. Just as that wagon started to move, this man rose up out of that wagon box with a shotgun and started shooting it into the air.

I'll tell you what, that put the fear of God into a bunch of boys. We took off running and in our haste, we ended up running into and tearing down about every clothes line on that end of town in our attempt to get away.

Tom:

Sounds like you boys had lots of fun with a bit of an education mixed in with it. How about you Mack, how did you spend your Halloweens?.

Mack:

We never went trick or treating much, but I do know that some of the boys used to go out and get into a bit of mischievous by turning outhouses over or carrying them off and taking them downtown and putting them on street corners.

Bill:

I know some boys that went out turning outhouses over.

There was one outhouse that was sitting on the edge of a cliff, and when they turned it over on its side, it fell over the cliff.

When this one boy got home, his dad asked him if he was involved in pushing that outhouse over the cliff.

The boy replied, "Yes, Daddy, I pushed it over the cliff." The boys father proceeded to beat the tar out of him.

After the boy got his whipping he looked at his dad and said, "Dad, I told you the truth. George Washington told the truth after he cut down the cherry tree, and I don't remember hearing about his dad whuppin' him.

The father looked at his son and said, "That's true son, but George Washington's dad wasn't sitting in an outhouse that got pushed over the cliff by his son either.

Burt:

I used to take an empty spool that thread came on, drive a nail in the end of it and wrap some string around it. Then I would go up to someone's window, and push the nail into the window sill, close enough so the spool was touching the glass. Then when you pull the string, the spool would spin like a top against the glass and make a screaming sound that would scare the tar out of people Ω

Page from a diary

1905

My father was an Outdoor man, loving the mountains, and the forests, and one of his joys was Camping Out. He had a cousin who shared his pleasure and the two families use to "go camping: whenever the weather or time permitted.

I cannot go back beyond the time. I must have been only four or five years old the first time I went camping with my father.

We went out into the country which was near in that early city of Tacoma, Washington. The men pitched three big tents on the grey brown prairie, and we camped for several days. This was of course a brand new experience to me, and I followed the men about as they pounded in tent pegs, and crushed the grass into a lovely fragrance. I remember only probably our first night, when we lighted lamps in the Dining Tent, a still cool evening, with the whistle of the little tree frogs, "zee-ing" everywhere, and the sing-song crackle of crickets in the thickets around us. There was no other sound.

How difficult it would be today to camp safely in that spot, not too far from town, for the first place, and in such silence, with no cars, airplanes, or motor cycles to break that stillness. I remember how almost frightening it was to see our great shadows on the tent walls and the roof. And then the novelty of sitting on the long benches at the table where our mothers set out bowls of dry cereals and milk, I can even remember that the cereal was called "Force".

Snuggled down in a folding cot, with blankets tucked in tight, I lay in the darkness, except for the light in the next tent, listening to the crickets and the tree frogs, and the low talk of our elders near. It was on that camping trip, that we awoke one morning to an eery orange light which was weird and a bit frightening.

"What was it!" even the Grown-ups were alarmed. By noon it was as dark as night, and it was finally said that some mountain miles away had "erupted" (what-ever that meant to me) and that was ash. Ω

The Farmer

By; FTW

The farmer looks at his pretty wife with a gleam in his eyes. "I have been planting different varieties of this same seed for many seasons and this time I finally picked the right variety for my soil", he said, happily.

As she looks at his rough but gentle hands and kind, weathered face, she replies; " You deserve it. We have both had some rough years and some good years, but this coming year will be the best one yet for both of us."

"Yes honey, it will, but you know what makes all of the hard work worth while is the fact that this year is only the beginning. Think of all the years to come that will give us an improved harvest over what we will enjoy this year"

"It's kind of sad that so many of those smart city folks just can't seem to figure out that by us slowing down enough to talk with each other every day about how we feel and what is going on around us, we have grown closer then 2 ticks on a dog. If they spent half as much time invested in their relationships as they do in their attempt to make money, they just might learn how to enjoy life without spending all of their money on those drugs they're killing everybody over," he said.

She looks at the wisdom and understanding in his eyes as she reaches over to gently caress his cheek. Then she whispers softly to him. "Thank you for taking the time to plant the seeds of love, water them with your patience, fertilize them with your compassion and get rid of the weeds with your understanding. Now if you want to come into our bedroom, you can enjoy the fruit of your harvest."

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The Letter

Just a line to say I'm living,
that I'm not among the dead;
though I'm getting more forgetful,
and mixed up in the head.

I got used to my arthritis,
to my dentures I'm resigned;
I can manage my bifocals,
but, God, I miss my mind.

For sometimes I can't remember,
when I stand at the foot of the stairs;
if I must go up for something,
or have I just come down from there?

And before the fridge so often,
my poor mind is filled with doubt;
have I just put food away,
or have I come to take some out?

And there's times when it is dark,
with my nightcap on my head;
I don't know if I'm retiring,
or just getting out of bed.

So if it's my turn to write you,
there's no need for getting sore;
I may think that I have written,
and don't want to be a bore.

So remember that I love you,
and wish that you were near;
now it's nearly mail time,
so I must say good-bye, dear.

Here I stand beside the mailbox,
with a face so very red;
instead of mailing you my letter,
I have opened it instead. Ω

S.O.S.

by Charles J. Jefferson
© 1997



The four of them (mother and her three kids) had been away from their real home a little less than a year. They'd been here, in this small house in this small California coastal town, even less than that.

They spent a few weeks at a hotel in a nearby city, and about a month at one on the beach here, while his mother looked for work. But eventually they'd moved into this house on the edge of town, which was now supposed to be home.

Behind the houses across the street, the ground dropped off rapidly into a slough that ran into the ocean under the highway bridge coming into town.

Exploring the slough was kind of fun. Sometimes he lit fires down there and cooked slices of Spam® over the flames.

There were also huge rocks on the way out of town where kids could explore. One had a kind of bowl at the top where you could camp out in a sleeping bag and look at the stars.

School was a problem, though. The local school went up to the 8th grade, and as he was still sucking his thumb when he arrived toward the end of the 4th grade, this meant teasing by -- and fights with -- much older boys.

He also was a new kid in a small town; friends were not easy

to come by. His best friend was his pet "Ratty," the white rat he'd brought along from home. Ratty would go from his palm up his shirt sleeve, then poke his head out of the collar and scamper down into his pocket to eat sunflower seeds. Sometimes he would even stick his head out of the pocket with a seed still in his paws, but the cat kept sitting on top of his box and scaring him.

Finally, Ratty chewed a hole through the wood of his cage and ran off. When they found him, his leg had been mangled by a mouse trap. He died from what Mom said was gangrene.

Another friend was the old fellow who ran a shop at the corner, where their street intersected the highway. The old fellow was always nice and would ask how you were doing. His shop carried antiques, junk, used books and about anything else you could think of. The crate of used science fiction magazines, with their lurid covers, drew his attention immediately, and every time a nickel came to hand it went toward another edition of *Fantasy* or *Science Fiction* magazine. They were excellent companions for an expedition through the slough or out to the rocks.

Clamming was another fun, though somewhat dangerous, activity. In less than a year, he had put a clam fork through his foot three times. One time hardly counted, as it happened with one

of the really sharp, six-pronged forks when he was almost knee deep in very cold water. He hadn't really felt it much when it happened and only discovered what he'd done when he came out of the water.

The rusty old three-pronged pitchfork that went right through his shoe was another matter all together. Not only did it hurt, but it happened right in the middle of the town's beach festival and all kinds of grown-ups had rushed over to "snoopervise."

After first aid was administered on the scene, a police car took him home, where he was subjected to an interrogation by his mother and hot epsom salt soaks. Plus, he missed the rest of the day's activities down at the beach. He'd always figured that a clam fork through the foot was just like stepping on a nail, which used to happen all the time as he prowled through the new construction near his real home. The worst part was the inevitable tetanus shot, which always made his arm stiff for a day or two.

One worrisome thing was the Mom's job, and money always seemed to be a problem. With the money situation like it was, Mom could only go to the movies once every few months, perhaps to see the latest Fred staire film. He usually went as her date, while a sitter watched his sister and brother.

There was rarely enough to

eat, leading to nocturnal pilfering of neighbors' fruit trees. Sometimes the neighbor would give them freshly-caught fish, which his mom made him clean. It wasn't clear whether he hated all fish but fish sticks because he had to clean the freshly-caught ones, or just that he hated cleaning them because it meant they would have to eat fish.

Once, a farmer in town, about five miles away, placed ad in the paper for all-you-could-pick-vegetables-at a low price. Mom dispatched him with two dollars and he trudged out, wearing his knapsack, to find the place. But the family at the farm wouldn't hear of being paid. The farmer's wife filled his knapsack with green beans and gave him a cereal box full of ripe tomatoes to carry in his arms. On the way back, some folks in a pick-up stopped and gave him a ride to town in the back!

Because his Mom worked at a day care center, she didn't get off until parents had picked up their kids, at around 6 p.m. Then she'd walk the mile and a half or so home. In the winter, of course, this was after dark.

One night, she didn't get home at the hour she was expected. He was worried, but went ahead and read to his siblings (a chapter or two from one of the *Little House* books), and then they listened to the radio as usual.

When Mom finally arrived home, it was by ambulance. She

had been hit by a car while crossing an intersection. Nothing was broken, but her whole leg was bruised for weeks -- it looked so ugly and scary!

Then Mom heard that a plan to widen the highway would take it right through town, and also through their house and the day-care center! She assured the family that she didn't know what they would do or where they would go, but that something would work out.

Then one night she didn't come home at all. After a few hours of worried waiting, with the normal routine exhausted, he fixed what he could for dinner. Then they all went back out to the living room to wait. Recalling the code for S.O.S from one of the *"Swallows and mazon's"* books, he clicked the front light on and off continuously, dih-dih-dih, dah-dah-dah, dih-dih-dih. The kids fell asleep, and eventually, so did he.

The next morning, Mom still hadn't come home. He instructed the kids to get dressed, then led them downtown to the Western Union office. He told them his dad's name and the town he lived in, and asked if he could send his dad a message. In a few hours, his dad and Peggy, his new wife, drove up to their front door. The children packed up their clothes, toys and books, got into the car, and went on to a new time in their lives. Ω

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William H. Morgan's,
"Personal Reminiscences of the Civil War."

1860

Following John Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry, the young men in the vicinity of present day Gladys, Virginia, organized a volunteer infantry company. My father, Richard Morgan, gave the company its name "Clifton Grays" after a nearby stream.

Officers were Capt. Adam Clement, 1st Lt. Joseph A. Hobson, 2nd Lt. H.H. Withers, 3rd Lt. James A. Connelly, and 4th Lt. Robert M. Cocke. (Lt.

Cocke was my brother-in-law.) I was elected the company's Orderly Sergeant. Two of my brother's also served in the outfit: Sergeant George W. "Coon" Morgan and Robert W. "Bob" Morgan. We wore uniforms of steel gray with matching caps.

May 1861

The Clifton Grays were mustered into Confederate service at Lynchburg as one of ten

companies of the 28th Virginia Infantry, under the command of Col. Robert T. "Bob" Preston.

There was some discontent among the troops when they learned they would be receiving old flintlock muskets instead of Mississippi Rifles. I told my comrades that it was their duty to defend their home state even if they were armed with nothing but "rocks and sticks", and called each man willing to fight under present circumstances to follow me. I marched out of camp with the whole company following me. We camped in a grove west of College Hill, in what is now Miller Park.

June 1861

The regiment received orders to proceed to the front, and marched through Lynchburg to the railroad depot. The streets were lined with cheering crowds. En route to the front, we stopped briefly at Culpeper and fought high winds to pitch our tents. But, before we could finish, we were ordered to strike camp and reboard the train. We proceeded to Manassas, where my company was transferred to the 11th Virginia Infantry, commanded by Col. Samuel Garland of Lynchburg, and attached to Gen. Longstreet's Brigade. We camped on the north side of the railroad tracks, just west of the depot.

July 17, 1861

Longstreet's Brigade marched down Bull Run to Blackburn's Ford, but my regiment was held in reserve south of the stream and above the ford. The remainder of the brigade engaged Yankee pickets in some heavy skirmishing.

July 18, 1861

My regiment was sent to relieve the troops who had skirmished the previous day. We took position on both sides of Bull Run, and saw our first dead Yankee.

July 21, 1861

The Battle of Bull Run.

Most of the fighting occurred to the left of my position at Blackburn's Ford, where my regiment was pinned by Union artillery. It was a hot day, and I grew sleepy, dozing between artillery rounds. The battery ceased fire in the afternoon, and Longstreet's Brigade marched forward toward Centreville. We stopped at an abandoned Yankee campsite, strewn with abandoned food and equipment. We were afraid to eat any of the food for fear that the enemy might have poisoned it before their departure. In the evening, General Longstreet passed by the camp and the men gave him three cheers.

July 22, 1861

I joined my brigade in scouring

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the area between Centreville and the Stone Bridge for abandoned weapons and supplies. The men converged at the Stone Bridge, crossed it, and made camp atop a long hill along the Warrenton Turnpike. During our march we encountered a dazed, wounded Yankee soldier and made him our prisoner.

July 23, 1861

The brigade marched back to Manassas, passing over the battlefield. We saw many unburied bodies of New York Slaves.

July 24, 1861

The brigade marched to the outskirts of Centreville and set up camp. We were occupied with drills for the next few weeks.

August 10, 1861

The brigade marched 7 miles to Fairfax. An intensely hot day, many men fell victim to heat exhaustion. At Fairfax, my brother "Coon" contracted measles. I arranged for a sick furlough, and sent him by train to Lynchburg. Rev. H.M. Linney, a Methodist minister from our neighborhood, accompanied "Coon" on the train and delivered him to my brother-in-law George A. Burks. "Coon" spent the duration of his illness in the Burks home. Meanwhile, the brigade was occupied with picket duty near Alexandria. We were close enough to Washington to

see the Capitol dome. Once, on picket near Annandale, my company was warned of cavalymen approaching our position on the Centreville road.

We took position along a roadside fence in hopes of ambushing the horsemen. But, the approaching men turned out to be Confederate cavalry. Another time, when on picket near Falls Church, my company was assigned to protect an artillery unit as it fired on a house in which the Yankees had established a post. The inhabitants of the Falls Church vicinity were very friendly with the Confederate soldiers and I remember one family feeding us a huge breakfast of buckwheat cakes with butter, honey, and milk.

October 1861

We returned to Centreville and made camp on the same site we had previously occupied. We still picketed as far as Fairfax. While on picket there during the winter, I became ill with fever and was sent home on a sick furlough. I was cared for by Dr. Robert Withers, and got to meet my firstborn son, Dixie Morgan, who was born September 25th.

During my absence, my company suffered its first casualty when William H. Hobson, a cousin of my wife, was killed in a skirmish near Drainesville. When I returned to the camp at Centreville, the troops

were visited by Gov. John Letcher, who presented each Virginia regiment with a new state flag.

March 1862

My company followed the rest of the Confederate Army in its withdrawal from Manassas. On the march south, since our term of enlistment was about to expire, we elected officers for the upcoming year. Adam Clement was reelected captain, I was elected 1st Lieutenant, James Connelly was reelected 2nd Lieutenant, and Jabez Rosser was elected 3rd Lieutenant. Joseph Hobson and H.H. Withers, not being reelected, retired.

The troops marched through Prince William, Spottsylvania, Hanover, and Henrico counties. Meanwhile, Gen. Longstreet was promoted Division Commander and Col. A.P. Hill was promoted to Brigadier General and placed in command of my brigade.

April 12, 1862

The troops reached Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy. There, we were put on steamboats and sent down the James River to King's Landing. We marched seven miles through Williamsburg, continuing down the peninsula to the lines near Yorktown.

May 1862

Gen. Joseph E. Johnston ordered the Confederate Army to

retreat back up the peninsula when he received word that the Union Army was planning on sending troops up the York River and surround us. My brigade marched back through Williamsburg and made camp in an open field just west of the town.

May 5, 1862

Battle of Williamsburg

Gen. Hill marched his brigade back through Williamsburg to take up position on the extreme right of the new Confederate line east of the town. My company was on the left side of the 11th Regiment, putting me very close to Col. James L. Kemper, the commander of the 7th Regiment.

I spotted a number of Yankee soldiers moving through the woods ahead and brought this to the attention of Col. Kemper. Col. Kemper alerted General Hill, who looked through his field glasses and confirmed that they were indeed Yankees and ordered the men to attack. Col. Kemper called out, "Now, boys, I want you to give it to those blue-coated fellows! Ready, aim, fire!" After the initial volley, General Hill took out his pistol and rushed to the front and called the men to follow. The whole line rushed forward, over a fence, and down a slope of about 50 yards. During the charge, I came across a Yankee straggler and pulled my pistol; but, it failed to fire, and I had to pick up a loaded musket

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from the hands of a dead soldier. About this time, word reached my company that the Yankees were in full retreat.

My regiment pursued them for over a quarter-mile until we got to the eastern edge of the woods where the Yankees had constructed a fortress of rough-hewn timber. Col. Garland came forward and ordered the men to charge the fortress, and many of the Yankees fled in front of us. A good number of prisoners were captured, and the men returned to the safety of the woods until nightfall. After dark, we marched back to the edge of Williamsburg. We slept on the wet, muddy ground.

May 6, 1862

My regiment left Williamsburg and marched toward Richmond. We did not hurry, and spent a number of days camped on the east bank of the Chickahominy River. We tallied up our casualties from the recent battle and found eight dead and many wounded. Among the dead was my brother-in-law Miffram Bailey, who had only been with the company about a month.

Col. Garland was promoted to general and put in command of a North Carolina brigade. Col. Kemper was also promoted and succeeded General Hill as commander of my brigade. I became ill on the retreat, and had

to be transported by ambulance as far as the Chickahominy. The men passed by many old historic homes, including that of former President John Tyler, whose newly erected tombstone stood by the roadside.

May 15, 1862

My regiment made camp at Darbytown, near Richmond. I obtained a pass into the city where I purchased an officer's uniform.

May 27, 1862

The regiment moved to a camp near Howard's Grove.

May 31, 1862

Battle of Seven Pines

I was temporarily in command of my company as Capt. Clement had been promoted to major and had gone home for his horse and equipment. I was nervous and had a premonition that I would be wounded in the pending battle. Our brigade was held in reserve, and posted in an open field about 3/4 of a mile from the front. Eventually, we were ordered to charge to the front. We found a great number of Confederate dead and an abandoned Yankee breastworks and campsite. We continued to pursue the retreating Union Army, but were forced by heavy return fire to fall back to the breastworks. In the retreat, Capt. Henry Fulks of Company F was shot dead only a few feet from me. My company lost three

men in the fight. We remained in the breastworks until after dark when we were relieved and marched back a short distance to sleep under some oak trees. George Bright, a kinsman from Prince Edward County serving as a courier for Gen. Kemper, came to ask how we had fared and gave me a Yankee blanket he had picked up in the battle.

June 1, 1862

Kemper's Brigade marched back toward Richmond and set up camp northeast of the city.

June 26, 1862

Kemper's Brigade received orders to march north, and crossed the York River Railroad, where we observed an observation balloon tracking the movement of enemy forces.

June 27, 1862

While crossing the Meadow Bridge over the Chickahominy River, my company had a brief encounter with Gen. Robert E. Lee riding his horse "Traveler". He asked the men what regiment we belonged to, and a dozen or more men answered "Eleventh Virginia."

In the ensuing Battle of Gaines' Mill later that day, the regiment was held in reserve so we saw no fighting.

June 28, 1862

I became ill, and obtained a

sick-pass to return to the regimental campsite. Soon thereafter, several old men from my neighborhood came to Richmond to look after the welfare of my company. They put me up in a hotel to recover in a comfortable bed. Eventually, I was sent back home to recover completely. In my absence, the brigade was engaged in a fight at Frazier's Farm.

August 30, 1862

Second Battle of Bull Run

I was still recovering at home when this battle was fought, but my brother Bob was badly wounded in the thigh. He was taken to Warrenton where our father, Richard Morgan, met him. But, our father came down with a severe case of typhoid fever and was not much help. My company lost four men in the battle.

September 25, 1862

I rejoined my company near Winchester, where they had retreated from the Battle of Sharpsburg. We had lost two men in the fight.

October 25, 1862

The brigade left Winchester and marched up the rock road before turning toward the Blue Ridge. We waded across the Shenandoah River and crossed through Thornton's Gap near Sperryville. We passed through Madison, Rappahannock,

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Orange, and Culpeper counties.

November 19, 1862

The brigade left Culpeper and moved toward Fredericksburg.

November 25, 1862

The brigade arrived in Fredericksburg and built what we thought would be our winter quarters some two miles south of town. The Yankee army was in plain view, camped on the opposite side of the Rappahannock River.

December 11, 1862

I was awakened by the sound of Yankee artillery shelling Fredericksburg.

December 13, 1862

Battle of Fredericksburg

The Confederate lines stretched for four miles, and I was near the middle. The morning was very foggy, and did not lift until after nine o'clock. When it did lift, the battle began. My brigade was held in reserve. Eventually, we were ordered to relieve the troops on Marye's Hill and marched down the telegraph road toward Fredericksburg. About sundown, the firing ceased and we went around the hill to the left and relieved the front line troops. We were stationed on the outskirts of Fredericksburg, to the left of the stone wall.

December 14, 1862

From our position at the stone

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

December 16, 1862

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

February 1863

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

March 20, 1863

The brigade boarded a train at Petersburg and departed for North Carolina. We stopped at Goldsboro and made camp just north of the town. Here, we witnessed the execution of three

deserters. From Goldsboro, we went to Kinston on the Neuse River. We proceeded down the Neuse to New Berne, which was occupied by the Yankees.

April 4, 1863

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

May 9, 1863

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

June 2, 1863

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

July 1863

Battle of Gettysburg

My company lost six men. My brother Bob was wounded in

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

October 1863

The brigade was put under the command of Gen. W.R. "Buck" Terry since Gen. Kemper had been disabled by wounds received at Gettysburg. They marched from Spottsylvania to Taylorsville in Hanover County. I was wearing a pair of new boots, and my feet became sore and blistered. After a while, I took off the boots and walked in my socks until the sand worked through them. Then I took off my socks and walked barefoot until the sand and gravel became unbearable, and was forced to put my boots back on.

The brigade remained at Taylorsville through the winter, guarding the railroad bridges over the North and South Anna Rivers

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and doing picket duty to the east down to the Pamunky River.

January 1864

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

While camped at Chafin's Farm, I was sent as a messenger by Gen. Terry to the headquarters of Gen. Henry A. Wise and the office of Col. Isaac H. Carrington, provost marshal of Richmond.

January 10, 1864

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

February 1, 1864

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

March 1864

I returned to North Carolina to meet my brigade at Wilmington, where they had been ordered during my absence. Soon thereafter we marched up the river to Goldsboro.

April 1864

The brigade left Goldsboro and marched to Tarboro

April 15, 1864

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

April 20, 1864

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

Early one morning, I was put in command of a force consisting of my own company and Company G and ordered to attack the Yankees who remained in the fort. The Confederate artillery was supposed to drive the enemy from the fort so that my men could engage them, but the battery was not successful and I

had to order a retreat. Six of my men, including two from my company, were killed by the defenders of the fort. By the end of the day, though, the Yankees were forced to surrender the fort when they realized that the other fortresses in the area had been captured and they were surrounded by the Confederates.

April 25, 1864

The brigade was ordered to take the town of Washington, about 30 miles south of Plymouth, on the Tar River near the head of Pamlico Sound.

When we arrived, though, we found that the Yankee occupiers had evacuated the area. So, we continued to march south to New Berne, a distance of about 35 miles.

May 2, 1864

The brigade surrounded New Berne and prepared to attack the town, but were unexpectedly ordered to withdraw and march up the Neuse River to Kinston with all possible speed. At Kinston, we boarded a train for Goldsboro. At Goldsboro, we learned that the Yankees were threatening Petersburg and that we were being sent to protect the city. We could only take the rail as far north as Jarratt's Station, because the Yankees had destroyed the track. We marched 7 miles up the torn-up track to Stony Creek where another train took us the rest of the way to

Petersburg. We marched north of the city toward Richmond to occupy the line between Drury's Bluff and the railroad.

May 15, 1864

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

May 16, 1864

Battle of Drury's Bluff

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

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

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flanked the enemy and surprised them from the rear. The entire Yankee brigade had surrendered. My regiment went to the breastworks to make the Yankees their prisoners. My brother Bob was fired upon by an enemy officer, but was spared because his aim was bad. Seven men in my company lost their lives in the assault, and many more were wounded.

May 20, 1864

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

May 21, 1864

Cavalrymen came into the camp to report that the Yankees were planning a raid on Milford Station. Major Norton, commander of the 1st Regiment, ordered his men to take position at a bridge on a hill some 600 yards away. My regiment was held in reserve until the raiders

approached. Then we marched across the river, crossed the railroad track, and took position on the hill. From the hilltop, I could see thousands of Yankee cavalry in the distance, the advance division of General Grant's army. I reported this to Captain Bob Mitchell of Company A, the ranking officer, but Mitchell replied that they had been ordered to hold the hill "at all hazards". I thought that a messenger should have been sent to inform Major Norton, but this was not done. The Yankees continued to approach on two sides of the hill, firing on my regiment. Captain Mitchell was shot in the chin, and left the hill under the command of Captain Thomas B. Horton of Company B. Captain Horton and I then discussed the situation and determined that retreat was the only option, but the men refused to leave the hill for fear they would be shot in the backs by the approaching Yankees. So, we determined to make our stand in the remains of an old icehouse at the top of the hill. It wasn't long before the Yankees rushed up the hill at our trenches and all 75 of my surviving comrades were made prisoners of war. As the Yankees approached, one of them was shot from behind by one of his own men and his brains splattered the Confederates in the old icehouse. Seventeen of the Confederates were members of my company, including my

brother Bob

May 22, 1864

My brother-in-law Robert Cocke wrote to my wife to tell her of my capture. His slave Horace gathered my belongings together and carried them back to Shady Grove. All of us prisoners were marched to the post of Torbet's Cavalry and surrounded by a strong guard. We were well treated, and the Yankee officers even gave us wine and cake. Then we were confined in the captured depot at Milford and watched Hancock's Corps cross the Mattaponi River. We spent the night in an old barn. One of the Yankee guards asked me, "Old man, were you drafted?" The reason he asked was because my hair had gone gray during the war, though I was only 27 years old.

May 23, 1864

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

May 24, 1864

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

Afterwards, the prisoners were turned back for Port Royal on the Rappahannock River. During the march we passed a large number of Negro troops, the first I had ever seen. As we continued, my brother Bob and I both took ill and stopped by the roadside. A Yankee officer commanding the rearguard left a big Dutch corporal in charge of us, with instructions to bring us along when we were again able to march. He took us to a nearby house, where we rested under the shade of some locust trees. The lady of the house gave us ice water and biscuits with peach preserves. After about half an hour, the Dutch corporal put the us on horses and led us back along the road for about a mile. Then, he tired and Bob and I, who had recovered sufficiently, gave up our mounts and continued on foot.

May 26, 1864

We arrived at Port Royal. I wrote a letter to my wife including a list of the local men who had been captured, and asking that she have the Lynchburg papers publish the names.

May 27, 1864

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

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separated from the enlisted men.

May 28, 1864

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

June 1864

We were moved from Washington to Fort Delaware. We went by boat down the Potomac to the Chesapeake Bay, passed out into the Atlantic Ocean, went between Cape Charles and Cape Henry, then up the coast into Delaware Bay. My brother, James Lorenzo Morgan, was then living in Brooklyn, New York, and was able to furnish the prisoners with clothes and supplies. James also sent supplies to my brother Bob and his brother-in-law Watkins Leigh Brown, who were both imprisoned at Point Lookout. I was assigned a bunk with my comrade Captain Horton of Company B.

August 20, 1864

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

assigned a bunk with Captain Horton. The pilot of the steamboat was a Southern sympathizer and planned to run the ship aground near a Confederate battery on the Carolina coast. Instead, he ran aground on some of the barrier islands out of sight of the mainland. Col. Van Manning of Arkansas determined to take control of the ship, and I was with him when he wrote a letter demanding the Yankee officers to surrender. But, a Yankee gunboat appeared before the Confederates could take the ship.

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

September 7, 1864

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

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

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

October 18, 1864

We were marched out of the stockade and put on barges to be towed to Fort Pulaski on Tybee Island, Georgia, at the mouth of the Savannah River. The fort was under the command of Lt. Col. Gurney's superior, Col. W.W. Brown of the 127th New York, who treated the prisoners kindly. But, General J.G. Foster, Brown's superior, ordered that the prisoners should

be fed wormy cornmeal and pickles in retaliation for the Confederates feeding the same to Yankee prisoners. Scurvy soon set in and my bunkmate Capt. Horton had it pretty badly. I was able to trade a ring to a Yankee soldier for a good chunk of meat, which helped me avoid the disease. Some prisoners even took to eating cats, and I tried a small piece myself. One compassionate Yankee major went out net fishing one day and brought back a large catch of fresh fish for the prisoners, but he was forbidden to repeat the gesture.

I occupied my time playing chess, and my chess club even put out a newsletter that we passed around the fort. I was one of the scribes and preserved a copy which I later gave to the Confederate Museum in Richmond. It was put in a glass case in the Virginia Room in the White House of the Confederacy.

March 1865

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

March 3, 1865

The prisoners' guards told us that they had received orders from

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General Grant to take them to City Point, Virginia, on the James River, to be exchanged for Yankee prisoners.

March 4, 1865

We steamed up the coast to Hilton Head, where we took on more prisoners. But the ship was so heavily laden, that the captain refused to put out to sea. So, the prisoners were transferred to the ship "Illinois" and sailed for Norfolk. No effort was made to seize the ship from the guards as all the men expected to be exchanged shortly. I came down with severe seasickness on the voyage.

March 7, 1865

The "Illinois" dropped anchor at Norfolk.

March 8, 1865

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

March 12, 1865

We arrived at Fort Delaware.

April 1865

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

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

April 15, 1865

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

May 21, 1865

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

June 1865

After I had two weeks to recover, I was able to join James and his family in returning to Virginia. We took a steamer from New York to Norfolk. From there, we proceeded up the James River to Richmond and found the old capitol city in ashes. Here, I was reunited with General Kemper and other former comrades-in-arms. We continued our journey to Lynchburg on the old Richmond & Danville Railroad, but the track had been

partially destroyed and we had to stop at Burkeville. James and his family continued to the next station at Farmville while I stayed behind to guard their luggage. I followed them to Farmville the next day, and continued by rail to another break in the road at the James River below Lynchburg. Here, we transferred to an old canal boat, drawn by mule to the city. We spent the night in Lynchburg before traveling the

remaining 21 miles to my father's home in Campbell County. The family had lost many thousands of dollars in property during the war, and had been forced to sell our plantation at Shady Grove. But, all of the family had survived the war. Brother Bob returned from Point Lookout, and brothers Coon and Taylor (who had served in the cavalry at the end of the war) also returned.

Ω

Nobody's looking

What do you do when nobody is looking? Do you work just as hard, do you remain just as reliable, are you just as responsible, are you just as considerate of others?

True success depends on what you do when nobody is looking. Because the things you do when nobody is looking, are driven by what you expect of yourself. And whatever you expect of yourself, is what you will become.

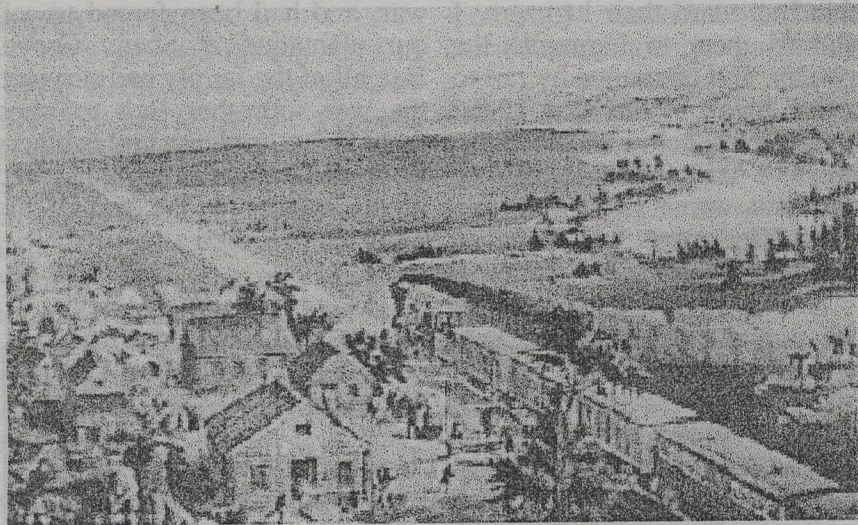
If you "cheat" when nobody's looking, you're cheating your own destiny. When you focus only on what you can "get by with", all you'll do is "get by."

The seeds for achievement are sown when nobody is looking. The Olympic athlete whose gold medal performance is watched by millions, spent years in training while nobody watched. The millionaire entrepreneur with a successful business, spent years working late into the night while nobody watched.

Nobody's watching. Now is the time to be your best, and rise above the crowd.

-- Ralph Marston

Memoirs of The California Gold Rush



Early one morning, in better spirits than we had enjoyed for a week previously, we started for Yuba River. About a mile from the camping-place, we struck into the mountains, the same range at whose base we'd been traveling before, and which are a portion of the Sierra Nevada. The hills here were steep and rugged, but covered with a magnificent growth of oak and redwood. As we reached the summit of a lofty hill, the Yuba River broke upon our view, winding like a silver thread beneath us, its banks dotted with white tents and fringed with trees and shrubbery.

We had at last reached the "mines," although a very different portion of them than that for

which we started. We turned out our tired horses, and immediately set forth on an exploring expedition. As my clothing was dirty and wet, I decided to indulge in the luxury of a new shirt.

Down to the river I found a shrewd Yankee in a tent surrounded by a party of naked Indians. He was exposing for sale jerked beef at a dollar a pound, flour at a dollar and a half, and for a coarse, striped shirt that I picked up with the intention of purchasing, he coolly asked me the moderate price of sixteen dollars! I looked from my dirty shirt to the clean, new one I held in my hand, and finally at my little gold bag, not yet

replenished by digging, and concluded that I would postpone my purchase until I had struck my pick and crowbar into the bowels of the earth and extracted at least a sufficient amount by which to purchase the shirt.

The diggings on the Yuba River had at that time been discovered only about three months, and were confined entirely to the "bars," as they are called, extending nearly a mile each way from where the road strikes the river on both its banks. The principal diggings were then called the "upper" and the "lower diggings," each about half a mile above and below the road. We started for the upper diggings to "see the elephant."

Winding through the hills, for it was impossible to travel all the way on the river's bank, we struck the principal bar then wrought on the river. This has since been called Foster's Bar, after an American who was then keeping a store there, and who had a claim on a large portion of the bar.

A curious scene presented itself upon reaching the bar. About one hundred men in miners costume were at work, performing the various portions of the labor necessary in digging the earth and working a rocking machine. The apparatus then used upon the Yuba, and which has always been the favorite assistant

of the gold-digger, was the common rocker, or cradle, constructed in the simplest manner.

It consists of nothing more than a wooden box or hollowed log, two sides and one end of which are closed, while the other end is left open. At the closed end, called the "mouth" of the machine, a sieve, usually made of a plate of sheet iron or a piece of raw hide -- perforated with holes about half an inch in diameter -- is rested upon the sides. A number of "bars" or "riffles," which are little pieces of board from one to two inches in height, are nailed to the bottom and extend laterally across it. Of these, there are three or four in the machine and one at the end where the dirt is washed out, or "tail," as it is called.

This, with a pair of rockers like those of a child's cradle, and a handle to rock it with, complete the description of the machine, which when placed with the rockers upon two logs and the "mouth" elevated at a slight angle above the tail, is ready for operation. Modified and improved as this may be, and as in fact it already has been, so long as manual labor is employed for washing gold, the "cradle" is the best agent to use for that purpose. This was the manner of procuring and washing the golden earth. The loose stones and surface earth being removed from any portion

The California Gold Rush

of the bar, a hole from four to six feet square was opened, and the extracted dirt was thrown upon a rawhide placed at the side of the machine.

One man shoveled the dirt into the sieve, another dipped up water and threw it on, and a third rocked the cradle. The earth thrown upon the sieve is washed with water while the stones and gravel are retained and thrown off. The continued motion of the machine and the constant stream of water pouring through it washes the earth over the various bars or riffles to the "tail," where it runs out. The gold, being of greater specific gravity, sinks to the bottom and is prevented from escaping by the riffles. When a certain amount of earth has been thus washed (usually about sixty pans full are called a washing), the gold, mixed with a heavy black sand that is always found mingled with gold in California, is taken out and washed in a tin pan until nearly all the sand is washed away. It is then put into a cup or pan, and when the day's labor is over is dried before the fire, and the remaining sand carefully blown out. This is a simple explanation of the process of gold-washing in California.

At present, however, instead of dipping and pouring water on by hand, it is usually led on by a hose or forced by a pump, thereby giving a better and more constant stream and saving the labor of one man. The excavation

is continued until the solid rock is struck, or the water rushing in renders it impossible to obtain any more earth; then a new place is opened.

We found the gold on the Yuba in exceedingly fine particles, and it has always been considered of a very superior quality. We inquired of the washers as to their success, and seeing we were "green horns" and thinking we might possibly interfere with them, they gave us either evasive answers or in some cases, direct lies. We understood from them that they were making about twenty dollars per day, while I afterwards learned -- from the most positive testimony of two men who were at work there at the time -- that one hundred dollars a man was not below the average estimate of a day's labor.

On this visit to Foster's Bar, I made my first essay in gold-digging. I scraped up with my hand a tin cup full of earth and washed it in the river. How eagerly I strained my eyes as the earth was washing out and the bottom of the cup was coming into view! And how delighted, when on reaching the bottom, I discerned about twenty little golden particles sparkling in the sun's rays, worth probably about fifty cents. I wrapped them carefully in a piece of paper and preserved them for a long time, but like much more gold in larger quantities which it has since been

my lot to possess, it has escaped my grasp. Where it now is, Heaven only knows.

The labor on Yuba River appeared very severe. The excavations being sometimes made to a depth of twelve feet before the soil containing the gold, which was a gravelly clay, was reached. We had not brought our tools with us, intending that if our expedition in the mountains had succeeded, one of our party should return for our remaining stock of provisions and tools. We had no facilities for constructing a machine and no money to buy one (two hundred dollars being the price for which a mere hollowed pine log was offered us). Besides, all the bars upon which men were then engaged in labor were claimed, a claim at that time being considered good when the claimant had cleared off the top soil from any portion of the bar. We returned to our camp and talked over our prospects, in a quandary what to do. Little did we then dream that in less than six months, the Yuba River, then only explored some three miles above where we were, would be successfully wrought for forty miles above, and that thousands would find their fortunes upon it.

We concluded that we would return to the Embarcadero and take a new start. Next morning we packed up accordingly and set off, leaving at work upon the river about two hundred men.

Having retraced our steps, we arrived at Sutter's Fort in safety on the evening of November 30th, just in time to find the member of our party we had left behind packing all our remaining provisions and tools into a cart, ready to start for the "dry diggings" on the following morning.

Sutter's Fort

The history of John A. Sutter and his remarkable settlement on the banks of the Sacramento has been one of interest since California first began to attract attention. Captain Sutter is by birth a Swiss, and was formerly an officer in the French army. He emigrated to the United States, became a naturalized citizen, and resided in Missouri several years. In the year 1839, he immigrated to the then wilderness of California, where he obtained a large grant of land bordering on the Sacramento River to the extent of about eleven leagues, and made a settlement directly in the heart of an Indian country among the tribes of hostile savages. For a long time he suffered continual attacks and depredations from the Indians, but finally succeeded by kind treatment and good offices in reducing them to subjection and persuading them to come into his settlement, which he called New Helvetia.

With their labor he built a large fort of adobes (sunburnt bricks), brought a party of his

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Indians under military discipline, and established a regular garrison. His wheat fields were very extensive, and his cattle soon numbered five thousand. The whole labor was performed by Indians, whom he paid with a species of money made of tin, which was stamped with dots to indicate the number of days' labor for which each one was given; they were returned to him in exchange for cotton cloth, at a dollar a yard and trinkets and sweetmeats at corresponding prices. The discovery of the gold mines of California has, however, added more to Sutter's fame than did his bold settlement in the wilderness. This has introduced him to the world almost as a man of gold, and connected his name forever with the most prized metal upon earth. He is quite "a gentleman of the old school," his manners being very cordial and prepossessing.

Sutter's Fort is a large parallelogram of adobe walls, five hundred feet long by one hundred and fifty broad. Port-holes are bored through the walls and at its corners are bastions on which cannon are mounted. But when I arrived there, its hostile appearance was entirely forgotten in the busy scenes of trade it exhibited. The interior of the fort, which had been used by Sutter for granaries and storehouses, was rented to merchants, the whole at the annual sum of sixty

thousand dollars, and was converted into stores, where every description of goods was to be purchased at gold-mine prices. Flour was selling at \$60 per barrel, pork at \$150 per barrel, sugar at 25¢ per pound, and clothing at the most enormous and unreasonable rates. The principal trading establishment at this time was that of Samuel Brannan & Co. Mr. Brannan informed me that since the discovery of the mines, over seventy-five thousand dollars in gold dust had been received by them. Sutter's Fort is in latitude 54° 33' 45" N., and longitude 121° 40' 05" W.

With all our worldly gear packed in an ox-wagon, we left Sutter's Fort on the morning of the 1st of December and traveled about seven miles, then encamped in a beautiful grove of evergreen oak to give the cattle an opportunity to lay in a sufficient supply of grass and acorns, preparatory to a long march. As we were to remain here during the day, we improved the opportunity by taking our dirty clothing, of which by that time we had accumulated a considerable quantity, down to the banks of the American Fork, distant about one mile from camp, for washing.

While we were employed in this laborious but useful occupation, Higgins called my attention to the salmon that were

working up the river over a little rapid opposite us. Some sport suggested itself, and more anxious for this than labor, we dropped our half-washed shirts and started back to camp for our rifles, which we soon procured and brought down to the river. In making their way over the bar, the backs of the salmon were exposed some two inches above the water, and the instant one appeared, a well-directed rifle-ball perforated its spine. The result was that before dark Higgins and I carried into camp thirty-five splendid salmon, procured by this novel mode of sport. We luxuriated on them, and gave what we could not eat for supper and breakfast to some lazy Indians, who had been employed the whole day in spearing some half dozen each. There is every probability that the salmon fishery will yet prove a highly lucrative business in California.

The next morning we packed up and made a fresh start. That night we encamped at the "Green Springs," about twenty-five miles distant from Sutter's Fort. These springs are directly upon the road and bubble up from muddy black loam, while around them is the greenest verdure, the surrounding plain being dotted with beautiful groves and magnificent flowers. Their waters are delicious.

As the ox-team was a slow traveler, and quarters were to be

looked for for our new winter home, on the next morning Higgins and I were appointed a deputation to mount two horses we had brought with us and proceed post-haste to the "dry diggings."

We started at 10 A.M. and traveled through some beautiful valleys and over lofty hills. As we reached the summit of a high ridge, we paused by common consent to gaze upon the landscape and breathe the delicious air. The broad and fertile valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin lay stretched at our feet like a highly colored map. The noble rivers that lend their names to these rich valleys were plainly visible, winding like silver threads through dark lines of timber fringing their banks, plunging amid dense forests, and now coming into view as sparkling and bright as the riches they contain, the intermediate plains, here parched and browned with the sun's fierce rays, there brilliant with all the hues of the rainbow and dotted with the autumnal flowers and open groves of evergreen oak. Herds of elk, black-tailed deer, and antelope browsed near the mountain sides, on the summit of which the eagle builds his nest. The surrounding atmosphere, fragrant with delightful odors, was so pure and transparent as to render objects visible at a great distance, and so elastic and

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bracing as to create a perceptible effect on our feelings.

Far in the distance, the massive peak of "Shasta" reared its snow-capped head from amid a dense forest, fourteen thousand feet into the sky. We arrived about dusk at what was then called Weaver's Creek. About a dozen log houses, rudely thrown together and plastered with mud, constituted the little town which was to be our winter home and where we were to be initiated into the mysteries, pleasures, and sufferings of a gold-digger's life. A pretty little stream, coursing through lofty oak and pine-covered hills and on whose left bank the settlement had been made, was the river that had borne down the riches which we hoped to appropriate to our private uses. It was a beautiful afternoon when we reached it. The sun was just declining, and resting upon the crest of the distant Sierra Nevada, seemed to cover it with a golden snow. The miners were returning to their log huts with their implements of labor slung over their shoulders and their tin pans containing the precious metal in their hands. We learned that the "dry diggings" for which we had started were three miles further into the mountains, that there was a great scarcity of water, and that but very little could be accomplished before the commencement of the rainy season.

We found some old friends

here who generously offered us a "chance" upon the mud floor of their log cabin, and remained with them for the night. Stretching our blankets upon the floor and lighting our pipes, we were soon engaged in an interesting conversation on the all-absorbing topic.

Next morning our party arrived with the team, and from the representations of our friends, we concluded to remain at Weaver's Creek and pitched our tent on the banks of the stream. Our teamsters bill was something of an item to men who were not as yet accustomed to "gold-mine prices." We paid three hundred dollars for the transportation -- about fifty miles -- of three barrels of flour, one of pork, and about two hundred pounds of small stores, being at the rate of thirty dollars per cwt. This was the regular price charged by teamsters at that time, and of course there was no alternative but to pay, which we did, although it exhausted the last dollar belonging to our party. But there before us, on the banks of that pretty stream and in the neighboring gorges, lay the treasures that were to replenish our pockets, and the sigh for our money's departure was changed by this thought into a hope that our fondest wishes might be realized in our new and exciting occupation.

Ω

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