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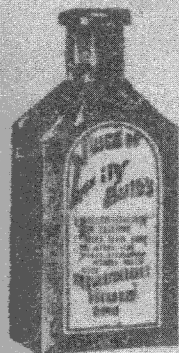


Advertisement from 1909

Genuine Juice of Lily Bulbs.

After many futile efforts we finally succeeded in obtaining the genuine and pure juice of the fresh bulbs of pond lilies, so that our customers are in a position to obtain from us the real, genuine article of this toilet preparation, recognized as one of the best in the world. When used for a limited time only this preparation always assures a clear complexion, soft and transparent, giving at the same time an extremely healthy color.

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Letter from the Editor

The Passing of Time

Sometimes it amazes me to realize how quickly the years have passed. It also saddens me to think about all of the priceless stories and memories that have been lost as a result of individuals passing away without having their memories preserved.

I was recently speaking with a friend, Gene Throop, and he was telling me a story about a trip that he made some years ago. During his trip, he noticed an elderly gentleman sitting on a porch and stopped to make an inquiry relating to directions. Gene ended up spending many hours on that porch listening to true stories about things that took place in that town during the days when Wild Bill Hickcock and others lived and died by the gun.

Gene also told me of another town he knows of where Al Capone had a hideout that he used during the roaring '20s. According to Gene, there is a building in that town that still has "rotating walls." Apparently that building was once used for gambling and when the police would show up, the people running the establishment would turn the walls around to hide the gambling equipment.

While reviewing material for future issues of the magazine, I came across a story written in 1938, in which the author mentions



Morgan's Raiders showing up at her family's farm during the Civil War. The story goes on to mention the type of food her mother served to the "Rebels" along with information relating to a horse that was taken.

When I look at stories, one of the things I pay attention to is the age of the person telling the story and the date when it was shared. Back in the '50s, '60s or '70s, it was easy to find people still living that grew up in the old west and might have seen gunfights or any number of interesting things.

When you find stories or letters written from 1900 to 1950, it is possible to find first hand accounts of things that took place during the Civil War. As recent as the mid-1990s, I was able to talk to people that traveled in covered wagons as children, but with each passing day there are many historical stories that become lost forever.

People are constantly telling me to talk to so-and-so in order to get their story and as much as I would love to, there just are not enough hours in the day, week or month for me to personally collect

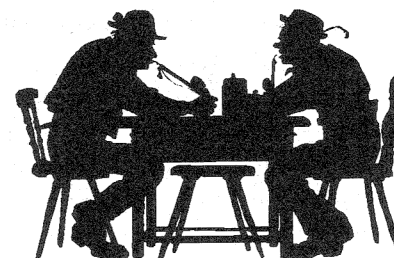
all these stories myself. Therefore, I am making a request to every one of our volunteers, subscribers, readers, and even the visitors to our website. If you would take one or two hours out of your busy schedule and spend it "listening" to an elderly family member, friend, neighbor or even a stranger, you can help preserve a piece of history. You do not have to be a professional writer or even know how to type. All you need to do is take a tape recorder along with you as you listen to someone recall the "old days." The only special request that I have is to make sure you record the person's full name, and if they ever mention another

person by relationship, such as their father, uncle, great-grandmother or whatever, please ask them to spell out that person's full name. Then take the tape recording, or a copy of it, and send it to us. We have typists that will take the contents of that recording and type it up so that we can publish it and preserve those details and memories for future generations.

Give someone a very special Christmas gift that will let them know how much they are needed and appreciated. Send us a copy of their historical stories and let them see a copy of their memories preserved in our magazine.

Franklin T. Wike, Jr.

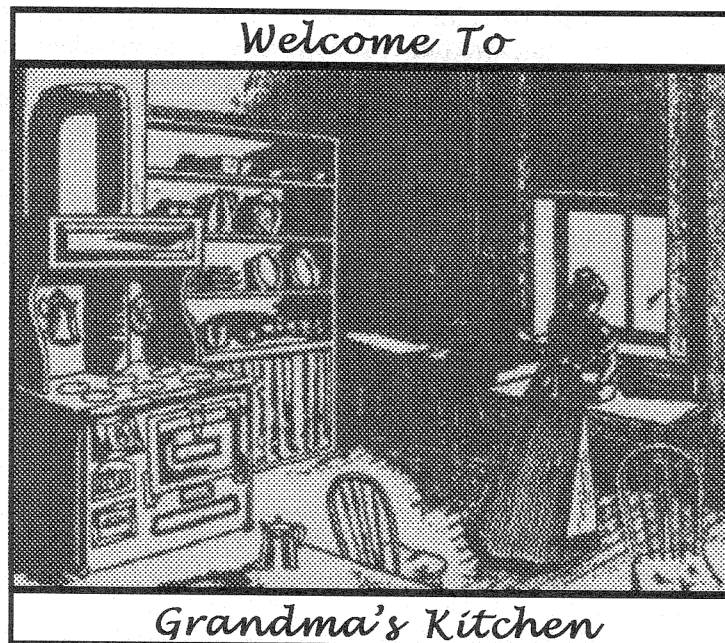
Last Respects?



Three guys were standing around talking about dying when one asked, "What would you like people to say about you as they come to pay their last respects?"

The second man said, "I hope they say I was a respected doctor in my field, a good family man, and had lots of friends."

The third man said, "I hope they say I was a well spoken attorney, helped my fellow man, good citizen, and played a mean round of golf." The first man said, "That's probably what will be said of the two of you." My hope is that when they look down in my coffin they say, "Look...he's moving!"



From:
The Columnist and Editor's Desk
of Grandma's Kitchen
Rita Redd

Happy Halloween! The only day of the year you can dress any way you want. The worse you look, the more in style you are. Decorated pumpkins and hay bales, are seen throughout the south.

In reading the history of Halloween, I found that Halloween is the country's second largest commercial holiday.

Thinking of Halloween makes me think of my childhood. It has not been so many years ago that Halloween was a safe day. All of the neighbors and friends were not feared, except when they jumped out of the bushes to scare you.

Many people gave out candy

bought from the store. Some went to great lengths to prepare for the night. Popcorn balls and home-made goodies given out were truly a treat. I wish that all the children of today could know the safe and trusting feeling that seems to be a thing of the past. Safety and trust, history, what a sad thought.

I would like to invite you to write to U.S. Legacies. If you would like to address a certain section or editor it will be forwarded to us immediately. All of US Legacies staff welcome your articles, letters, questions or help in answering questions. In the past months I have received letters stating, "I hope you can read my writing." If you write in English (the only language I know) I can read it. I also accept tapes. If you have a story, recipes, etc., please

send them in. I will personally answer you, if your letter is for the kitchen section or for me. Help us to record you or your family's memories.

So many memories and recipes are never written down. Please share your thoughts and memories. What would you like to see in Grandma's Kitchen?

Rita

Comments and Requests

We have received responses this month, answering questions we have searched for.

What are Pepper berries?

Ethel Geary: Responds

Pepper berries are grown on bushes. The dark purple berries house small black seeds. These seeds provide a fairly hot taste that lingers a while after eating. It's my understanding they come in several degrees of hot, and they add a peppery "spark" to food. Pepper berries can be used sun dried and, of course, ground in pasta sauce, batters, used as marinades, or on pepper steak in place of pepper or in chili. They reportedly are very good with any kind of game. The only place I know of they are grown in Australia, but they come from other locations as well.

What was the first cake mix?

Ethel Geary answers our question

Jiffy Mix claims to be the first cake mix invented. It was the brainchild of the grandmother of the then President of the Chelsea Milling Company in 1930.

Reportedly, Betty Crocker's first mix was called Ginger Cake and appeared in 1947.

What are Pot Herbs?

Ethel Geary has again come to the rescue!

Examples of pot herbs; would be dandelion greens, beet tops, spinach, or any other vegetable plant that can be eaten as a food as well as used to season. The term was created in about 1876. Prior to that any plant that was cooked in a pot was a "pot herb."

Patricia has sent in this request for help

Searching for 1940s Recipe

I am looking for an old recipe from Brooklyn New York. In the 1940s street vending carts used to make a whipped cream and sponge cake layered with fruits on a round cardboard cylinder.

The recipe Patricia is looking for sure sounds good! I hope one of our readers can help!

Question received March 11, 2003

My Mother use to make a cake, which she called poor man's cake. Made in a 9 by 13 pan she used swans down and it had raisins in it and a glazed topping. I would love to find the recipe.

After months of searching one version of the cake has been sent to me.

Ethel Geary and her Mother Virginia Geary nee Heflin have been able to provide the answer to many questions, including poor man's cake. Virginia is 91 years old and she continues to do her own grocery shopping. I'd like to say a special thanks to her and also to Ethel for all their help.

I tried to obtain a picture of Virginia from Ethel, but she is camera shy. Maybe in the up coming months she will let us see her.

Memories of Poor Man's Cake, told by: Virginia Geary nee Heflin

Born 02/13/12 Evansville, Indiana

Contributed by: Ethel Geary

Poor man's cake probably got its start on the farm. It became popular again in the Depression years and again during World War II. Virginia remembers her mother making poor man's cake, when they lived on a

farm in Indiana. The cake wasn't necessarily for poor people. Farms who had to go miles to town to shop and were running low on supplies prior to their next excursion "threw" it together.

Her mother would get out the big crockery bowl she mixed everything in, reach into the flour bin and dump unmeasured amounts of flour into the bowl. She would make a well in the middle of the flour. With her bare hands she would reach into the lard bucket and plop an unmeasured amount of lard into a pan, add water, sugar and whatever spices were available, usually cinnamon and nutmeg then bring this mixture to a boil. How many and which spices depended on what was in the kitchen at the time. When the mixture cooled, a little she would pour it into the well in the flour and mix it all together. The cake was then put in a greased pan and baked. There were no temperature controls on the oven, so her mother would put a pan of water into the oven and wait for it to boil.

During World War II butter, eggs and milk were rationed so Poor man's Cake was again popular, although it was also know by other names.

Virginia also reports she has seen recipes for Poor Man's Cake that used brown sugar instead of granulated, another one that calls for baking powder. It is a heavy cake that keeps and freezes well.

Poor man's cake ingredients in recipe form, later in this issue. It is one of those recipes you have to experiment with. I plan on trying it. I'll let you know how mine turns out.

The following letter was received in response to Smoke Houses

Smoke House Memories

By: Eldena East nee Street

Recently there was an article on a smoke house, for smoking meat. First of all believe me, I am not an expert. My parents, Bill Street and Sophia Street nee Ziegler, had an ordinary building (with all the boards on it) that was where we smoked meat.

We always butchered in the winter so the meat wouldn't spoil. What wasn't canned, we smoked. Dad would run a wire through the meat, and hang it from the rafters in the building. Then there would be a big iron kettle in the middle of the building. I am sure some kind of kindling would be put in the bottom of the iron kettle, to start the fire. The kettle was then filled with green hickory. A piece of tin was used to cover the top so it wouldn't blaze up. We usually smoked the meat for 4 or 5 days.

Mom usually took care of the smoking. In February, 1946 she was expecting a baby. The night of

February 27, 1946 she had my sister. The next morning she said "Eldena you'll have to miss school today to smoke the meat." I was 10 years old at the time and it didn't sound like fun to me.

I did it, but when I'd lift that lid off to put more green hickory wood in the kettle. You never saw anyone move so fast in your life, to get that done and get back out in the fresh air.

So much for the "good ole days."

Our Search Continues

We need your help!

These are questions sent in by mail or to our online message board. In continuing the search each month, we get responses from our readers. Send in your answers by regular mail or email.

Looking for 1930s and 1940s recipes.

Tiperay: Looking for a recipe using dried beef and a tomato base.

Looking for Civil War recipes.

Cooking history tidbit:

Self-rising flour became available in 1854

Sliced Cantaloupe

Lizzie Fink Hostetter nee Long, South Annville, PA

1881 to 1961, Contributed by: Franklin T. Wike Jr.

3 qts cantaloupe	Boil very good 2 hrs
2 cups sugar	Then pack in jars
1 small cup vinegar	
Spices cinnamon & cloves tie in a bag	

Cooking History:

Baking Powder was available 1850

Tomato Juice

Beside title is written (Very Good)

Lizzie Fink Hostetter nee Long, South Annville PA., 1881 to 1961

Contributed by: Franklin T. Wike Jr.

7 qts tomato juice	About 10 bay leaves
6 tablespoon sugar	Strain and boil good & seal
1 shaker celery salt	Salt to taste

Favorite Squash or Pumpkin Pie

Lucy M. Lofton, Dayton, Ohio

1 cup sieved winter squash or pumpkin	1 tsp (scant) nutmeg
1 tsp. (scant) cinnamon	½ cup sugar
2 eggs well beaten	1 c. sweetened condensed
9 inch pie shell unbaked	milk or sweet cream

Mix squash, nutmeg, cinnamon and sugar; mix thoroughly.
Pour into pie shell. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 to 40 minutes or until well done.

This recipe was taken from an old cookbook. The book cover is missing. I am unsure of name of cookbook or exact date.

"We should not pretend to understand the world only by the intellect; we apprehend it just as much by feeling. Therefore, the judgement of the intellect is, at best, only the half of truth, as must, if it be honest, also come an understanding of its inadequacy."

-- Carl Jung

Poor Man's Cake

Virginia Geary nee Heflin, Evansville Indiana

Born 02/13/12, Submitted by: Ethel Geary

Flour
Lard
Water
Sugar
Spices usually
Cinnamon and nutmeg

Place flour in bowl then make a well in the middle. Bring all other ingredients to a boil allow mixture to cool a little. Pour into flour well, mix all together. Pour in greased dish, bake in oven.

Holidays and Traditions

Thanksgiving and Christmas are just around the corner. Culture, ethnic backgrounds and other statistics affect the traditions. Share your recipes, memories and traditions with U.S. Legacies allow us to print them for our readers.

Old Home Remedy

Cherry bark was used to cure thrust in babies.

The First Abrasive Cleaner:

Probably the first abrasive cleaner was sand or dirt. Cooking utensils had to be able to with stand fire or high heat. Sand or dirt at the creek provided an easy way to scrub cooking utensils.

The following recipe came out of an old cookbook. I am unsure of the cookbook title. To me it is an example of how recipes progressed and were changed along the way. Often cooking ingredients were added or changed. I did not look up all the ingredients, but found that **Baking Soda** was not available until 1881. Since baking soda was not available it had to be added at a later date. Unless the family was wealthy, most of the spices and molasses would have been items they did not have in their kitchens.

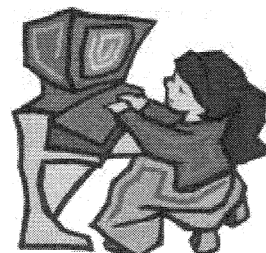
Civil War Gingerbread

Eva R. Farmer, North Fork, WV

½ c. butter
½ c. sugar
1 egg
2 ½ c. flour
1 ½ tsp. Soda
1 tsp. Cinnamon
1 tsp. Ginger
½ tsp. Salt
2/3 cup molasses
½ c. hot water

Cream butter and sugar; add egg. Stir together; dry ingredients. Mix molasses with hot water. Add dry ingredients, alternating with molasses to creamed mixture, beating after each addition. Bake in moderate oven for 40 minutes. Serve with whipped cream.

Out Of The Mouth's Of Grandchildren



When my granddaughter Allison, age 4 (at the time) asked me how I made money, I didn't know how to explain Social Security Disability, and I was selling a few items on the computer. I told her I worked on the computer. A few months later my two grandsons Ryan and Chase were discussing what they would do when they grew up. Allison informed them she was working at home on the computer like Meme. (Meme is the name my oldest grandson Ryan labeled me with 12 years ago).

Remember the great old fashion candy apples? Not a month goes by that we don't receive one or more requests for Caramel Frosting. This recipe was printed in February Since it is so popular we are printing it again. The original recipe probably would have been used not only as a frosting, but if boiled to different stages, would also have been used to make candy and caramel apples.

I have tried this recipe. It is a wonderful blend of ingredients that gives a great caramel taste. The original recipe had only ingredients listed. I added the directions I used. The only thing I would change, I would double the recipe, amounts listed only covers the middle and sides of a two 9, inch, cake layers.

Rita

Caramel Frosting (original recipe Carmel)

Lizzie Fink Hostetter nee Long

South Annville, PA., 1881 to 1961

Contributed by: Franklin T. Wike Jr.

1 ½ cups brown and white sugar mixed ½ cup sweet cream
1/2 cup sweet milk Butter the size of a walnut
Vanilla to taste

Directions: Bring all ingredients to a slow boil, stirring constantly. Boil until a drop of mixture forms a string. Take off heat, add vanilla, cool slightly stirring constantly. Pour while warm onto cake layers.

Italian Cream Cake

Norabelle Redd, Roswell, GA

Contributed by: Maxine Wakefield

Cream together,

1 cup Crisco

1 stick margarine

2 cups sugar

Sift together,

2-1/2 cups flour

1 teaspoon baking soda

1/4 teaspoon salt

Add one at the time, 5 egg yolks. Add dry ingredients alternating with 1 cup buttermilk. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla, mix well. Add 1 and 1/2 cups chopped nuts (black walnuts.) Fold into mixture: 1 small can coconut. Beat egg whites until stiff and fold into cake mixture. Bake in 3 or 4, 9 inch greased and floured pans at 350 degrees for 30 to 35 minutes. This makes a very large cake. Smaller cake can be made using 2 of the layers, freezing the other 2 for later.

My great aunt brought this cake to every family event that I ever remember. Everyone called it Norabelle's Walnut cake. Maxine Wakefield reports that it came from an old cookbook.

The most important single ingredient in the formula of success is knowing how to get along with people.

- Theodore Roosevelt

Icing for Italian Cream Cake

Norabelle Redd

Contributed by: Maxine Wakefield

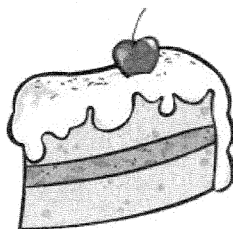
1 box confection sugar

8 oz. cream cheese

1 stick butter

1 teaspoon vanilla

1/2 cup nuts (black walnuts)



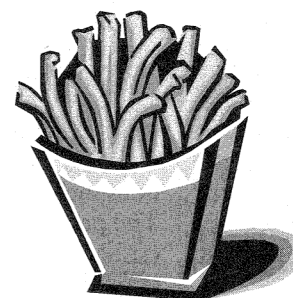
Cream butter and cream cheese together.

Add sugar and vanilla.

Stir in nuts.

Spread between layers, top and sides of cake.

Are French Fries Really French?



French fries are the most popular form of potato preparation in North America. While no one is really sure about the origin of french fries, with France and Belgium each claiming that they were the first to deep fry potatoes in the early 1800s, they remained exclusively a European treat until the turn of the century.

America's craving for french fries can be traced back to thousands of hungry soldiers who were stationed in Northern France and Belgium during WWI. American servicemen were introduced to the irresistible, thinly sliced regional potato specialty by the local people and dubbed them french fries, after the French-speaking Belgians who sold them. The servicemen liked the french fries

so much they wanted to have them at home as well.

French fries have come a long way since the 1830s. The introduction of products such as McCain Superfries, processed using non-hydrogenated oils that are better for managing blood cholesterol levels, are the latest generation of more health conscious fries. This is good news for french fry lovers, since in the last year over 62 million kilograms (136,690,000 lbs) of frozen french fries were sold to Canadian consumers.

So, next time someone asks you if "You want fries with that?" take a moment to remember the colorful history of the fry and answer, "Yes, thank you."

The most basic of all human needs is the need to understand and be understood. The best way to understand people is to listen to them.

-- Ralph Nichols

"Remember, peace is not a season, but a way of life. Live it."

--- Unknown

Wagon Train History

Story-telling Style

Scenes in many of the wagon train movies show some historical content along with fiction. Wagon travel was used from the 1700s into the early 1900s. The last major wagon travel with a large group of people was the great gold rush 1897 to 1898.

Have you ever wondered why the covered iron pot is shown swinging under the wagon? The primary use was to carry coals from one campsite to the next. It was much easier to carry the coals to light the fire. Matches were invented in 1827. Matches would have been a luxury, and in short supply due to length of time traveled. The people did not have money for extras.

Many of our ancestors traveled long distances with wagons. (Some of our ancestors, [Indians] shot arrows as the wagons traveled). They traveled often in groups, in a caravan of wagons. The hardships they endured were many. Leaving in the spring of the year enabled their horses, oxen, and cattle to have grass to eat. Leaving in the spring, they hoped to arrive and build adequate shelter before the winter came.

Imagine loading a wagon with food, cooking utensils and necessities to last six months. Foods that would not ruin included flour, beans, meal and cured or dried meat. Beef and deer jerky were popular. Blankets, clothing,

herbs, roots and barks were used as home remedies. Tools and weapons for protection were also carried by the wagon. Then, imagine no stores along the way. The people traveling tried to barter (trade) for goods, with persons traveling with the group.

The length of travel per day depended on the events of the day. Ten to 12 miles a day would be maximum on a good day. Weather, wagon repairs and other factors meant less miles per day. The horses, or often oxen used for pulling the wagons were the most valuable items owned; they had to be well cared for. Pulling the wagons 10 to 12 miles would be an exhausting day for the animals. Some of these wagon trains traveled 3,000 miles or more to complete their journey.

Camps at night would have been with the wagons in a circle. The closed circle provided protection to the people and their animals. Camps would have been close to a creek or river when possible. Creeks and rivers were safe for drinking, cooking, bathing and watering the animals. Pollution of streams would not come until the 1900s.

The day would have started before daylight. The women cooked over an open fire or used the coals pulled aside to put pans on. Rocks were often used around the fires. Pans for cooking could

be placed on the rocks. Biscuits were cooked on the coals in an iron pan with a lid. Flour was not self-rising until 1854; biscuits, cake and other items would have been heavy (or chewy) unlike the flaky biscuits of today. While some prepared breakfast, others would have been hooking the horses or oxen to the wagons. Then the long bumpy ride to the next campsite would begin.

Think about the old western movies again. Did you ever notice the cows tied behind the wagons were usually light tan or brown? Those are Jersey cows; their milk has the highest fat content. The high fat content is needed for making butter and buttermilk. Owning one of these cows would mean milk, butter and buttermilk for the family. Spare milk, butter and buttermilk could be traded.

Rich and poor alike traveled in wagon trains. Their status was unimportant on the journey. They all had to work together as a team to achieve their dreams. By the 1830s migration had pushed the frontier to the Mississippi Valley.

The tales of fertile valleys in the Oregon region and lands west of the Rocky Mountains tempted many. From the 1840s to the 1860s more than 300,000 people crossed the plains and the mountains of the West. From 1835 to 1855 more than 10,000 people died on the Oregon Trail.

The history of our ancestors can be confusing. During the time period of wagon trains and hardships, there were also plantations, comfortable homes and cities. Not cities as we know them now, but much like the ones seen in the western movies. Comfortable homes for the time period could have been of many sizes and shapes. Comfort might be one room with a fireplace or a very large plantation type house. Breads would be cooked on the hearth of the fireplace. Iron rods were attached to the fireplaces to swing cooking kettles over the fire. Cooking would have all been done on a fire, on the wagon trail, or in the homes.

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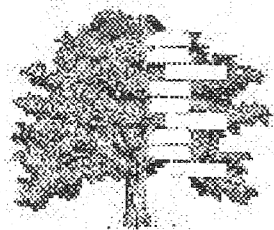
By Author: Rita Redd

Christmas is just around the corner and we need your memories.

Tell us what Christmas was like in your home when you were a child. What was the most memorable gift you recieved? What type of decorations did you use on your tree? What type of special foods did your mother make?

Planning on giving a gift subscription for Christmas?

Why not make it a two year subscription? Order a years worth of back issues, plus a years coverage for the new year, all for only \$62.



The Genealogy Corner

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

What was brought to America in 1840?

Connie Sychowski
Editor Genealogy Corner



Halloween was brought to America in the 1840s by immigrants fleeing Ireland's potato famine. Favorite pranks of today, egging, shaving cream or toilet papering differ from those that happened in New England, which included tipping over outhouses and unhinging fence gates.

With Halloween comes the Jack-o-lantern; this custom probably comes from Irish folklore. As the tale goes, a man named Jack, who was notorious as a drunkard and trickster, tricked the devil into climbing a tree. Once up that tree, Jack carved an image of a cross in the tree's trunk, trapping Satan. Jack made a deal with the devil that if he would never tempt him again he would promise to let him down the tree.

According to the folk tale, after Jack died he was denied entrance to Heaven because of his evil ways, but he was also denied access to Hell because he had tricked the devil.

Instead, the devil gave him a single ember to light his way through the frigid darkness. The ember was placed inside a hollowed-out turnip to keep it glowing longer.

The Irish used turnips as their "Jack's lanterns" originally. When the immigrants came to America, they found that pumpkins were far more plentiful than turnips. So the Jack-O-Lantern in America was a hollowed-out pumpkin lit with an ember.

Trick-or-treating did not originate with the Irish, but with a ninth-century European custom called *souling*. On November 2, All Souls Day, early Christians would walk from village to village begging for "soul cakes" made out of square pieces of bread with currants. The more soul cakes the beggars would receive, the more prayers they would promise to say on behalf of the dead relatives of the donors. At the time, it was believed that the dead

remained in limbo for a time after death, and that prayer, even by strangers, could expedite a soul's passage to heaven.

Happy Halloween!

Online Forum:

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

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

Genealogy How To #5 - File Systems

Set up a file system in which you chronologically deposit the material you have or what you will gather in the future.

A. Suggested file systems:
1.(a). Spiral Five subject binder: Dived by name, dates or area of interests.

(b). Shoe boxes: For each family group use for time periods such as new marriages, beginning a family and continue from there.

(c). Use manila folders by time period, or ancestry.

2. Use a computer software program, divided into appropriate sections. Catalog in alphabetical order all family surnames and given names, locations, or key words contained in your binders, boxes or folders.

B. File your materials according to the categories you have selected in your filing system. This is the basic format for the recording of a written or oral Family Group History.

C. Choose a computer software program such as Family Tree Maker. Create, compile and upload your personal information here at U.S. Legacies or to a personal home page to access World Wide Web coverage.

The following information is from the 1932 "Springs Valley Gazette," a school newsletter. This school is/was located in French Lick, Indiana.

The French Lick Red Devils open their 1932-1933 basketball schedule against the strong Mitchell Five at Mitchell. The schedule is one of the

strongest in the history of the school. Both first and second teams will play. Owing to the request of the Mitchell School, the main game will start at 7:15 and the preliminary at 6:15.

The players who will represent French Lick during the season will be as follows: Paul Pershing, Leroy Mayfield, Wayne Wilson, Clyde Prow, Thomas Robbins, Leon Stevens, Provie Winner, and Lynn Crowe. Second Team: Warren Pruett, Forest Hobson, Hugh Atkins, George Drabing, Harold McIver, Harold Owens, Charles Thurston, Roscoe Thurston, John Gruber, Ishmael Burton, Herman Dejernett, Paul Haynes, and Noble Kendall.

Coen Beatty is the student manager for this year's team. He assists with the care of the lockers, training and conditioning of the members of the team, checking up on the equipment and many other things, which have to do with the welfare of the team. Coen has no easy or unimportant position, so to make his work easier and enjoyable please help him when he asks it?

Volley Ball Teams

Four teams of boys and girls have been organized to play volleyball during the noon hour every school day. These players are mostly from the rural districts and have had more at the game than have the town boy and girls. They have been having some very good games. Volley Ball is one of the games highly

recommended for postural development.

The Origin of Basketball

Basketball was first played at the training school of the Young Men's Christian Association in Springfield, Massachusetts in 1891, under the direction of James Naismith, the originator. This sport was invented for the purpose of taking the place of baseball and football during the winter months. With surprising rapidity it spread to the schools, colleges, and athletic clubs all over the United States and after a time made its way across the Atlantic to the British Isles. Basketball at the present time is one of the most popular games.

Quotes

"The Lord gave us two ends to use; one to think with, the other to sit on. Which one we use will determine how well we do in life.

In other words, heads you win, tails you lose."
unknown-

"It is better to sleep on what you plan to do than to be kept awake by what you've done."
unknown-

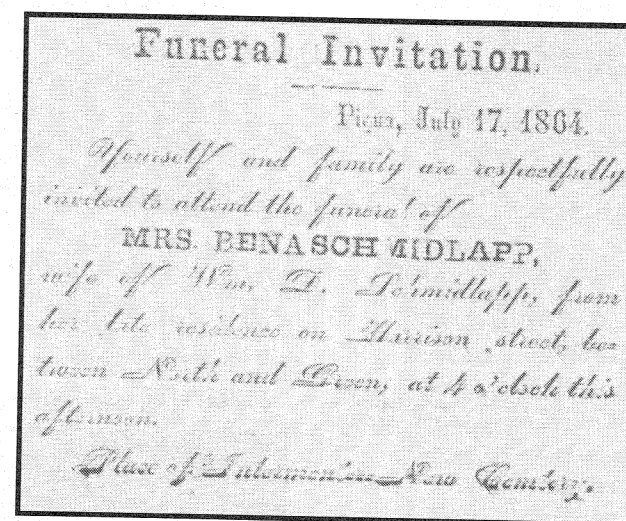
Judge not by the eye but by the heart.

— Native American Proverb

Surname Requests, Comments and Photographs

Editor's Note: We would love to hear from you, the reader. If you see a request, comment or photograph about which you can share information, please contact us here at the magazine.

1864 Funeral Invitation



Editor's Note: We can use some help from you on this one. Do you know of any town from 1864 called Piqua that had Harrison, North and Green Streets, or a family with the name of Schmidlap? We would like to return this paper to the family if there are any decedents still alive..

The following information is from the cemetery in Corinna, Maine.

Atkins, Hewitt, Josselyn, ATKINS
Leighton, Prescott, Shephard, Joseph W. Aug 11, 1832 - Jan 17
Stone 1904.

Abbie W. Mar 30, 1833 - June 1
1924.

ATKINS

Everett M. 1857 - 1936

Addie M 1852 - 1918

Flora M wife of A.L Atkins d: Aug
28, 1886.

Age 31 yrs, 4 mos, 29 days.

ATKINS

Nathaniel A. died May 10, 1877

Age 83 yrs, 3 mos.

Olive died April 1, 1866 age 69 yrs,
11 mos.

HEWITT

A.E. died Jan 6, 1869 - age 43 yrs, 6 mos.

Olive A. died Sept 25, 1861 age 26 yrs, 2 mos, 15 days.

JOSSELYN

John D. died Sept 16, 1879 age 88 yrs, 3 mos.

LEIGHTON

Ezekiel died Aug 21, 1857 age 89 yrs, 3 mos.

Lydia died Aug 9, 1854 age 80 yrs, 2 mos, 24 days.

PRESCOTT

George H. died Jan 23, 1912 age 65 yrs.

son of Martin and Evelina
PRESCOTT

PRESCOTT

Lydia J. died Sept 26, 1836 age 2 yrs, 5 mos.

Franklin died Mar 28, 1845 age 1 yr 9 mos.

Children of Wedgwood and Edith
PRESCOTT

PRESCOTT

Sylvia died May 11, 1854 age 65 yrs.

PRESCOTT

Wedgwood. died Jan 5, 1862 age 62 yrs, 2 mos.

Edith died Mar 3, 1882 age 77 yrs, 3 mos, 11 days.

Catherine died Feb 8, 1886 age 45 yrs, 4 mos.

Sarah J. wife of W. B.

THURSTON May 31, 1837 - Dec 26, 1906.

SHEPHARD

Clara H died Sept 28 1853 age 2 yrs, 10 mos.

Dau of John H and Louise
SHEPHARD

STONE

Alfred M. Sept 21, 1816 - Aug 23 1896.

Nancy C Dec 12, 1830 - June 5 1913.

Williston M 1857 - 1911

Wike, Charles and Emma



This photo of Charles Wike and Emma Wike nee Feaster holding their daughter Doris, was taken in 1924 at Lebanon, PA This photo was submitted by Harvey Wike.

Lebanon, PA High School Seniors; Class of 1942

Below is a list of names and photographs of graduating seniors from the Lebanon, PA High School dated 1942. These photographs would have been taken shortly after the attack on Pearl Harbor. This list will be continued in future issues.



THERESA ALEXANDER
General **Rhe**
*We should publish our joys and
conceal our sorrows.*
Girls' Athletic Club 2, 3;
Intramural Basketball 1, 2, 3.



ERMINE ALLWEIN
Secretarial **Minie**
There's cheer whenever "Minie's"
there;
Her enchanting ways are very rare.
Newsette Staff 3; Girls' Athletic
Club 1, 2, 3; Archery Club 1;
Intramural Basketball 1, 2; Volley
Ball 1; Ping Pong 2.



HERMAN F. ANSPACH, JR.
College Preparatory **Herm**
*"Should Auld Acquaintance Be
Forgot?"*



ELEANOR THERESA ARNOLD
Secretarial
A pretty girl with a lovely smile;
Striking coloring; quite in style.
Girl Guards 1; Tri-Hi Y 2, 3;
Girls' Athletic Club 1; Varsity Tennis
1, 2, 3; Intramural Basketball 1;
Volley Ball 1, 2.



HOWARD LEO ARNOLD
General Business Bud
Tall and rangy, likes to drive;
Draftsman, maybe; doesn't "jive."



MARK WILLIAM BACHMAN
General Business
Labor conquers all.
Mixed Chorus 1, 2.



EDNA CAROLINE ATKINS
College Preparatory Speed
Happy am I, from car I'm free;
Why aren't they all contented like me?

A Cappella Choir 2, 3; Mixed Chorus 2, 3; Girls' Chorus 1; French Club 3; Intramural Basketball 2, 3; Ping Pong 2.



JOYCE ELOISE BAIER
College Preparatory
Pretty as a picture, sweet as a rose,
Bubbling with laughter wherever she goes.

"The Bat"; French Club 3; Girl Guards 1, 2; Senate 2, 3; Tri-Hi-Y 3; Junior Class Secretary.

Old Yearbooks Wanted

Old school newsletters and yearbooks have an abundance of information that needs to be preserved and shared. If you have any old yearbooks or other documentation that contains names from the past, please send them to us. Old military yearbooks or group photographs with names, would also be appreciated.



DOROTHY MAY BAKER
General Business Butch
Quiet as a summer's day.
Girls' Chorus 2; Girl Guards 3.



FRANKLIN E. BAMBERGER
College Preparatory Diz
Confirmed bachelor, quite the boy;
Mechanic's helper, never coy.
Mixed Chorus 1, 2, 3; German Club 3; LODSTONE Staff 3; Senate 2, 3; School Vice-President; Junior Class President.



EDWARD A. BALDWIN
General Business Ed
Half asleep and half awake.
Hi-Y 1, 2, 3.



PAUL WAYNE BARR
General Business Red
Though I fly a red flag, yet am I no Communist.

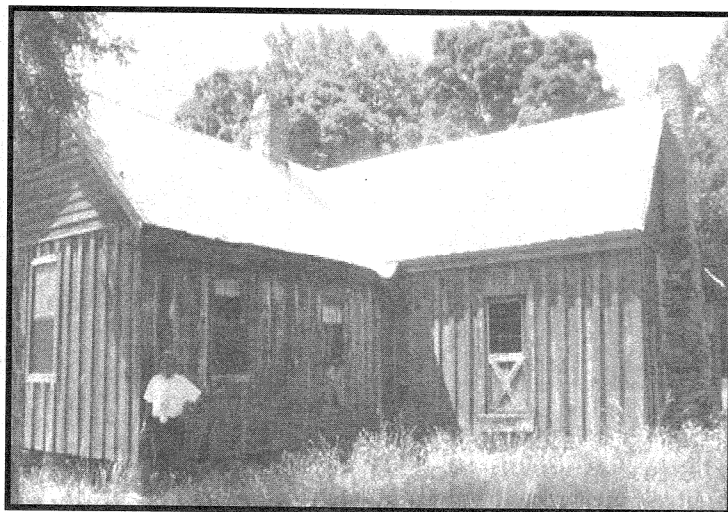
A Cappella Choir 2, 3; Mixed Chorus 1, 2, 3; "The Student Prince: 1; Senate 3.

***Special Note:**

There was a hand written notation beside Paul's photograph stating, "**Killed in Service.**"

"The good times we put in our pocket. The hard times we put into our heart."

Les Brown



The photo is of one of Alice's childhood homes with brother Curtis standing at the left corner. The old building is being restored by Danny Copelan.

Alice Walker—Part II

by Larry Moore

Although Putnam's Alice Walker has published many significant works, *The Color Purple*, which premiered in Eatonton in 1986, still stands out in the popular mind, mainly because of the Pulitzer Prize and the Steven Spielberg and Quincy Jones movie. History is honoring the broad body of Alice's work but it is safe to say that *The Color Purple* put her on the global literary map (she has a sizable international following) as well as helped Putnam County (possibly already there in some minds from the work of Joel Chandler Harris). Dr. John Campbell included the work in the Book of Great Books, A Guide to 100 World Classics. Alice Walker and *The Color Purple*, as with many Pulitzer Prize winners, were both controversial. But history has a way of treating events with a kind of

staying power and objectivity not easily seen in popular views of the time.

What led to the writing of *The Color Purple*, as well as many other works? In my last column we followed the Walker family from great great great grandmother, Mae Poole, who walked behind a wagon from Virginia to Putnam County until the time Alice graduated from high school. A significant event in Alice's youth was losing her sight in one eye from a BB gun accident and the resulting large scar, which according to sister Ruth, changed Alice from a precocious, outgoing child, who spoke articulately to church and other groups to a withdrawn, introverted girl with declining grades.

Alice read quietly for hours and began to write poetry. Alice has been quoted as saying that the results of the accident enabled her to become more realistic in the observations of people and gain maturity in developing and evaluating relationships. Her life turned for the better after the scar was removed and her lack of sight and improved grades led to a handicapped student scholarship in 1961 to Atlanta's Spelman College where Alice became active in the Civil Rights movement. She was able to listen to Martin Luther King speak and to expand her horizons by beginning to travel internationally. She left Spelman (thinking it too puritanical) for Sarah Lawrence in New York where a professor and mentor, Muriel Rekeyser, helped Alice publish her first work of poetry, *Once*. Alice remained active in the Civil Rights movement and continued to write as praise and awards increased for her published works. She spent time in Georgia, Mississippi, Massachusetts, California and New York developing, writing and teaching and became a contributing editor to *Ms. Magazine*. By the mid 1970s Alice had published a number of well-received

works including articles, short stories, poetry and two novels (*The Third Life of Grange Copeland* in 1970 and *Meridian* in 1976). By the late 1970s thoughts for what became *The Color Purple* began to form but the precise plot was not yet clear. On a visit to Putnam County Alice was walking near Wards Chapel Rd with her sister Ruth and they discussed Alice's dilemma with the book. Ruth says they talked about ancestors, relationships "that were not as they should be" and romantic triangles ("two women who felt married to the same man"). The Pulitzer Prize winning novel came together.

It should be noted that there is no authorized biography of Alice Walker and Alice rarely gives interviews. However, an authorized biography by Evelyn White is in the works and may be available by Christmas.

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Worry affects the circulation, the heart, the glands, the whole nervous system, and profoundly affects heart action.

— Dr. Charles H. Mayo

We do not have to become heroes over night. Just a step at a time, meeting each thing that comes up, seeing it is not as dreadful as it appeared, discovering we have the strength to stare it down.

— Eleanor Roosevelt

Believe that life is worth living, and your belief will help create the fact.

- William James

Beaty Family Reunion



Place: 4-H Building, Paoli, Indiana.

Date: September 21, 2003.

Don't forget White Elephant Item for Auction.

Pitch in at 12:00 Noon.

We will be happy to share information about your family reunions.

Please send your notices at least 90 days in advance.

Be sure to include the name of the town and state where it is being held.

This Old House

By Ethel Geary

The first and only time I saw my grandfather, John Joseph Geary, Sr., was in 1942. My father, John Joseph Geary, Jr. had been called home on emergency leave from the military because his father was dying. My grandfather still lived in

answered my inquiry. The gentleman, now a New York resident, wrote that his father lives behind the old Geary house in a home he built on five acres that he bought from my grandfather. He had a picture of the house taken many, many years ago, and would send it to me.

Several weeks later he sent me the picture as well as several current pictures of the house.

The picture, left top, shows the house just as I

remembered it. Today it is divided into apartments and shows some neglect. A new street has been added. The house sits at the corner of Prospect and Geary Streets. How I would love to be able to acquire the house and restore it to its original beauty.

the house that he built just after the turn of the century, and in which he had raised my father and his eight brothers and sisters. We were there for five days, and then my father had to return to duty. My grandfather died a week later. Some years later my father's sister sold the house.

Although I was only six years old at the time, I never forgot that house. I always carried a clear picture of it in my mind.

Several years ago I was searching the Internet for my family name and made inquiry on a message board for information on the Geary family of Woburn, Massachusetts. I was pleasantly surprised when someone



Good Old Days

Tales From the "COUGHIN"

If you ask a group of children what their favorite holiday is, the response from many would be Halloween! Of course, why shouldn't it be? A day to dress up as spooky ghosts and witches, favorite cartoon characters or superheroes, and to play games, have parties, and go door to door collecting candy.

Many of us have our own favorite Halloween stories to tell. I for one certainly do have a story to tell of my own. Being raised on a farm, we didn't have a neighborhood to walk around in trick or treating, so my sister and I were taken out by our parents just one year. This year was special. I grew up in a time and in a place where everything was done homespun. People often made their own treats; I remember candied apples covered with caramel and nuts, and chewy homemade peanut butter candy, and cookies. We imagined the faces that we would carve into a pumpkin; creativity never came in a boxed kit. Games were passed on from previous generations and played in the yard. Those didn't come in a box either.

The one year that we went trick or treating, several cousins and other children from near by came along. We had just the car to haul a crowd to town. We lived in Cameron, Missouri, and my father commuted

over an hour each day to Kansas City. He had purchased a big car to accommodate himself and the few men that rode with him to the Ford Plant each day. My favorite Halloween story is about the year that I went trick or treating with all my cousins and friends, in my dad's 1967 Hearse, with his own special touch, a license plate that read, "COUGHIN."

Jennifer Thompson,
Column Editor

"It Happened This Month"

200 years ago - October 1803

October 2 - Samuel Adams, US Revolutionary, dies at age 81.

October 3 - Birthday of John Gorrie, inventor of cold air refrigeration.

October 20 - United States Senate ratifies Louisiana Purchase.

October 21 - Birthday of General George Wright Brig of the Union volunteers.



100 years ago - October 1903

October 1 - Birthday of "Slapsie" Maxie Rosenbloom of New York City, Light-Heavyweight Champion, 1932-1934, and the first World Series was played between the Pittsburgh Pirates vs. the Boston Pilgrims (now the Red Sox.)

October 5 - Birthday of Jimmy Ritz, comic. (Ritz Brothers, Blazing Stewardesses.)

October 13 - Birthday of Patsy Moran of PA, actress. (Children of the Wild) and "Babes in Toyland", by Victor Herbert premiers in New York City.

October 16 - The first Jewish self defense organization, Homel, is founded in Russia.

October 17 - Birthday of Irene Ryan of El Paso, TX, actress (Granny of Beverly Hillbillies.)

October 20 - United States also wins disputed boundary line dispute between District of Alaska and Canada.

75 years ago - October 1928

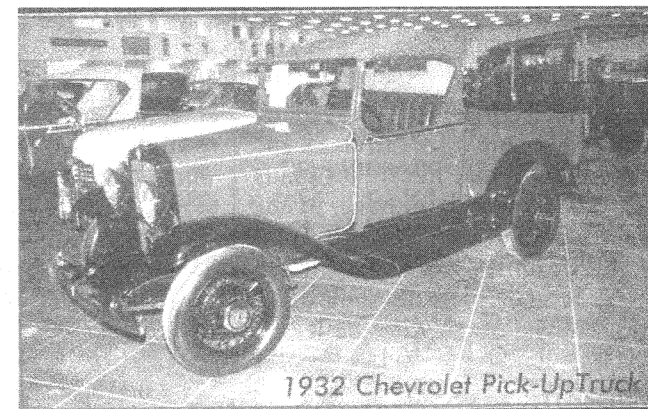
October 2 - Birthday of Spanky McFarland of Dallas TX, (Little Rascals, Our Gang.)

October 8 - The musical "Paris" by Cole Porter and E. Ray Goetz premiers in New York City.

October 9 - In the 25th World Series, the Yankees sweep the Cardinals, Babe Ruth hits 3 home runs in the game.

October 18 - Birthday of Keith Jackson of Carrollton, GA, sportscaster of ABC's Monday Night Football.

October 20 - Birthday of pop psychologist Joyce Brothers.



1932 Chevrolet Pick-Up Truck

Image of 32 Chevy truck
submitted by William Wike.

Comments and Questions

The first car in Etowah County, AL.

The Gilliland's are originally from the North of Ireland in the Belfast area. After coming to the U.S.A., my papa, William Freeman Gilliland bought the first car ever in Etowah County, AL. I am not sure what kind

it was, but I do know he ordered it by mail. When it was shipped to him by train he rode his horse with my dad, O'Banks Gilliland behind him to ride the horse back home. Papa got the car off the train and DROVE IT HOME – although he had never sat in one in his life. I am not at all sure what year this was, but my dad was about eight years old and he would be 85 today.

Jo Hilburn in Alabama

Memories of the '50s & '60s

I have many fond memories of childhood in the 50s and 60s. I would like to know what life was like in other areas during this time. Knowing that culture, area, and ethnic background bring different memories of this period.

Being from the very rural south, I remember playing in the creek and under the big oak trees. Not many cars passed by, so playing in the street was OK! We had no close neighbors until I was about 5 years old. My grandfather sold some of his land. Houses soon were built. We then had neighborhood kids to play with.

My grandmother (Grannie) continued to cook on an old wood stove. Everyone else had gas or electric stoves. But she lived the way she had always lived.

I saw progress from a dirt road to paved streets being built. Atlanta has now engulfed the very small city in which I was born. We had a small grocery and pharmacy a couple of

miles away. Now the area is shopping centers, apartments and houses.

Join Grandma's Kitchen! Share tips with everyone.

Rita Redd

The Milkman

I remember little metal boxes on the porch where the milkman would put the fresh milk when he delivered it. Does anyone know WHEN they stopped delivering milk to the home?

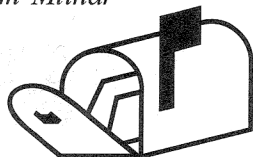
Knapper

I remember the milkman delivering milk in The Milwaukee area with horse and milk wagon. I can't be sure about Milwaukee, but can remember the delivery trucks in the early 1950s. I know for sure in Cudahy, WS, Huebner dairy delivered milk up until 1954.

Tom Packard

I don't know where you live. I live in the Milwaukee area, and home milk deliveries were still being made in the late 50s, although it was dying away rapidly. That was also about the time the ice deliveries began to end. The iceman delivered to homes and to taverns before refrigeration.

Tom Mlinar



Year was realized on November 1. The festival held, called Samhain marked the end of summer and the harvest, and the beginning of the long cold winter. This was also a time for gathering, for reunion; when communities would gather together to build shelter for the winter and make laws. Stories were told, and this was a time that important battles were fought and fairies cast spells. Bonfires were burnt and feasts were had, including religious sacrifices, such as burning of fruits, nuts, and animals.

It was believed that during this transition of seasons the barriers between the dead and the living weren't as defined, and on the night of October 31 the dead would walk the Earth. It was thought that these spirits had the ability to cause trouble and damage crops, but also that they held secrets about the future. Often costumes and masks were worn to avoid being recognized by the dead, and skins and furs of animals were worn during the bonfire ceremonies to enable the Celts to tell each other's futures. This is where the tradition of the Halloween costume came from.

The act of trick-or-treating came from various old customs as well. During the time of Samhain, food and wine were left out for the wandering spirits of the dead. After the Christian faith had spread into the Celtic land around the 800s, All Souls Day was declared by Pope Boniface IV and celebrated on November 1. Poor citizens would go door to door during the parade and beg for food. They were given Soul Cakes, pastries handed out to the poor by families in exchange for prayers for deceased relatives. The



Beaty & Bullington

I am submitting a photo of Russ Beaty on the left and Lonnie Bullington on the right. By looking at the clothing styles, can anyone give me an idea when this photo was taken? Also, does anyone know when, how and why the name Uncle Sam started?

Thanks

James Bullington

From Pagan to Playin' The History of Halloween

It is recognized by many that Halloween originated as a Pagan celebration. However, what is not acknowledged is that the original festival was a holy event. Over 2,000 years ago, in the area that is now Ireland, United Kingdom, and Northern France, the Celts' New

church encouraged this in lieu of the tradition of leaving food out for the spirits. This became known as "going a-souling."

Halloween has become a very profitable and popular holiday in the United States. The customs were established when immigrants came from England with beliefs about ghosts and witches, and more so from Scotland and Ireland with their Halloween traditions. German settlers brought ideas of witchcraft; Haitians and Africans brought voodoo superstition of black cats, and their ideas of fire and witchcraft as well. By the end of the 1800s, Halloween customs varied by region around the United States. In New Hampshire, barn dancers became tradition, and in the North Carolina mountains people listened for the future to be whispered in the wind. In Louisiana, a midnight dumb supper was prepared where no one was

allowed to speak as they waited for a spirit to join them at the table. In New York, a parade was held and fireworks were displayed.

Today, Halloween grosses an estimated 6.9 billion dollars in America from the sale of costumes, cards, decorations and candy. Most homes are decorated with scarecrows, jack-o-lanterns, window decals, tombstones and other Halloween symbols.

*By Jennifer Thompson,
Contributing Writer.*

Works cited:

Lesley P. Bannatyne, "Halloween", World Book Online Reference Centre, <http://www.worldbookonline.com/ar?/na/ar/col/ar243460.htm>, August 17, 2003

"The History of Halloween" The History Channel Exhibits, <http://www.historychannel.com/exhibits/halloween/hallowmas.html>

Humor:

The orthopedic surgeon I work for was moving to a new office, and his staff was helping transport many of the items. I sat the display skeleton in the front of my car, his bony arm across the back of my seat.

I hadn't considered the drive across town. At one traffic light, the stares of the people in the car beside me became obvious, and I looked across and explained, "I'm delivering him to my doctor's office."

The other driver leaned out of his window. "I hate to tell you, lady," he said, "but I think it's too late!"

Rosa Jackson Rains

by Franklin T. Wike Jr.



Shown above is a photograph of the first car that Rosa ever drove. It was taken when she lived in Perkins, Oklahoma. Her dad Merit Edward Jackson is the driver. Her mother Margriet Lavern Mansell Jackson is in the passenger seat next to Rosa's father. In the back seat are Rosa's two brothers, Thomas Roy Jackson on the right side and Robert Lee (Bob) Jackson on the left side. On the running board from left to right is Dorthy Cottman, Ida Delon Jackson, Sue Cottman, Blanch Rains, Etta May Jackson, and Zora Marie Jackson. Three of the girls in the picture were neighbors and three of them were Rosa's sisters but Ida Jackson, (second from Left), married Clifton Cottman, a brother to the two girls on each side of Ida. Rosa ended up marrying Cecil Rains, a brother to Blanch Rains, another neighbor girl that

is in the picture.

Back in 1996, I was asked to accompany a couple of ladies on a visit to an elderly relative who was in an "alternative living establishment". As we approached the building, it reminded me of a nursing home, yet I was told that it was quite different from a nursing home. When we arrived at the front door, I discovered that it was locked and that we had to either enter a password into a little computerized keyboard that was mounted on the wall, or speak into a speaker and have an attendant come open the door for us. Once we entered the building, we walked past a nurse's station down a long hallway until we reached a small efficiency apartment where the lady we came to visit was living. The apartment was quite nice with a small bedroom, bath, kitchenette, and living room. The kitchenette was simply used

for snacks, since there was a central dining hall where the residents went to eat meals prepared by the staff. In the apartment, I was introduced to Rosa Jackson, a very sweet ninety-six-year-old lady:

There were some things Rosa could not remember while I was talking to her, but she had several interesting stories to tell. I am not quite sure where she was born. According to her son, her birth certificate says she was born in Durant, Oklahoma, yet there is some speculation in her family that Rosa may have been born before her family arrived at Durant. But regardless, of where she was born, this is the story, of Rosa Jackson, in her own words.

Background

"I, Rosa Jackson, was born January 7, 1900. My mama was **Margriet Lavern Mansell**. Mother came from **Giles County, Alabama**. Mama had only one sister and her name was **Mattie Mansell**. I still have an old picture of my mama, her ten brothers, and Grandpa Mansell.

"My Uncle **Walter Mansell** was crippled and had to walk on his knees. He owned a shoe shop in **Perkins, Oklahoma**. I also had an uncle that was a barber down at Fort Sill- in **Lawton, Oklahoma**. We called him **Babe Masell**. Most the rest of them were farmers. The one we called **Bud Masell**, had a farm in **Perkins, Oklahoma** and one day he fell out of the hayloft in his barn and broke his neck.

"My dad was **Merit Edward Jackson**, and he came from Tennessee. My mama and dad met back east in either Alabama or Tennessee.

"We lived in **Eube, Texas** for a while, then we moved to **Durant, Oklahoma**, but we were only there for a short time. Then we moved to

Perkins, Oklahoma. There was such a family of us, that when we came to Perkins we had to use two covered wagons. We had a team of mules on one wagon.

"When I was seven years old, my mother had twins, **Thomas Roy Jackson** and **Floy Jackson**. The twins were babies when we made this trip in the wagons. My mother had three babies, then, and so we led a cow behind the wagon to have milk for them. We were on the road for eight days coming 160 miles, from Durant to Perkins. My parents settled on the south side of the **Cimarron River** with some people that we met. We camped there until we rented a farm from the **McGee** family."

Holiday Memories

"I remember one time when we was living in an old three-room house, Mama was going to have company at Thanksgiving. Well, we had this old smokehouse they built out back—it was just a little house. So, they moved that old smokehouse up to our house and were going to use it for a kitchen. My folks built a fire back there in that room, and Mom and Dad were out there papering it with some stiff tar paper, when they think the chimney flue got plugged and started a fire. Mama was out there working, and she happened to look around and saw my little sister **Zora Jackson** asleep on the bed. **Sissy** went in and got her. It was an old house, and it had been a dry fall, and the house just burnt like powder. We lost everything in that fire, except what we had on our backs, even our coats. And here it was just a day or two before Thanksgiving. People from town brought blankets and stuff to keep us warm. None of us kids had any coats to wear to school. Mama used to make all of our cloths for us, but her sewing machine even got

burned up. So, folks took us into nearby **Stillwater, Oklahoma**, and got us new shoes and coats and things like that. Dad picked up a new sewing machine for mom, but it was a cheap one and she didn't care for it much, so later she traded a cow for a good **Singer sewing machine**. After the fire, they built a new house on the same land and that is where my niece **Erma** was born in 1923.

"We had a fireplace in one house we lived in. At Christmastime, we put nails up and hung our stockings all along the fireplace. One Christmas Eve, I slept with one eye open. I wanted to see who the real Santa Claus was, so I stayed awake. I told Mama about that later on and she said, 'Well, you little stinker.'

"On Christmas Day, we would get an apple, orange, banana, or some candy. We always had a big Christmas. The fruit was a big treat then, because we didn't get stuff like that very much. We always had a Christmas tree, but we didn't have no boughten fancy stuff to decorate our tree with, so we made our decorations out of paper. We would make rings and paste them together to make a chain to decorate our tree. We colored the paper with crayons because we didn't have no boughten paper."

Editor's Note: While I was visiting Rosa, She sang a little Christmas Song for me, that she used to sing when she was a little girl. I have included the words to that song.

When I was just a little tot,
I went to sleep one night.
I woke up early every morn',
almost before it was' light.

I saw a tree so tall and green,
it stood upon the floor,
And scattered all around were
toys I'd never seen before.

I said, "Oh, Mother see that tree.
Who brought those toys in here?"
My mother said "'Twas Santa Claus,
who comes to us each year.

If we have been real good," she said,
"and tried to do what's right,
Good Santa would remember you,
on every Christmas Night."

Chorus

Ha rah for good old Santa Claus,
he loves the girls and boys.
He brings us all some useful things,
and lots of pretty toys.

And so we show our love for him,
by sharing with our folks.
Ha rah, ha rah, ha rah, ha rah,
for good old Santa Claus.

While playing with my toys that day,
I looked across the way
And saw the little house where lived
my playmate, Jenny Ray.

"Oh, Mother, mayn't I go and give one
toy to Jenny dear?
Because, you know, she's poor and
lame,
and can't come over here."

"Of course you may," my mama said,
"For Jenny has no tree.
If you should be her Santa Claus,
how happy she would be.

Just share your toys and nuts and cake,
and fill her with delight.
Good Santa will remember you,
on every Christmas Night."

Transportation

"When I was a youngster, we would get together with the neighbors and go to church in our buggies. We didn't have no cars then. Cecil, (my boyfriend), **Effie Emerson** and a whole bunch of us teenagers would go to church on Sunday night. We would have a string of buggies nearly a mile long and on the way home from church we would put the tops down and sing all the way home. Lord, we had fun.

"The first car I ever saw was the one my folks owned. It was a Ford, and it had a canvas top, but we kept it down. I'd always sit in the front seat to watch how Dad drove and shift the gears. We were fixin' to go to town one day, and I was around sixteen at the time, so I asked him, 'Dad, let me drive?'"

"Oh, you'll have a wreck. You can't drive," he said.

"One time when Dad was driving, he went around a curve and some way or another the car went over an embankment and Mama fell out. Dad was standing up there on the road. He looked like he had been shot at and missed, he was so scared, you know. He was afraid Mama was hurt, but she didn't get a scratch on her. She just got up and was standing down there looking up at dad and laughing. It didn't hurt her, but she had had a bucket of eggs with her and she rolled over on them eggs, and if she wasn't a mess! She got back into the front seat with dirt and eggs all over her.

"One day we drove the car in the mud and got it muddy, and we had to take it to the barn to wash it, because we didn't have enough water down at the house and we had a good well at the barn. So, I had Dad to drive the car out there so we could wash it. We pumped the water and washed that car in a hurry. My sisters, Etta, Ida,

and I got that washed, and I cranked that thing up, opened the gates, and drove it down to the house. I crawled out of the car and Mama came to the door and said, 'Whatcha doin' driving that car?'"

And I said, 'We're going for a ride. Come, go with us.'

"Noooooo you're not! You'll get out and have a wreck and kill all y'all selves," she said.

"I said, 'Yeah, I'm driving this car. I'm going down to the **Cottman's**. That was **Clifton Cottman's** folks."

"And she said, 'Well, if you're going, I am a goin' with you.' So she came out and got into the car with me."

"Well, I drove down to the Cottman's and into their yard and turned it around and drove it back home. So when Dad got back home, Mama said, 'She drove the car!'"

Mama didn't know how to drive, so Dad said to her, 'Well, give her the keys and she can take you to town.'

"So after that, Dad didn't have to get out of the fields to take Mama to town. That old Ford didn't have a starter button. You had to turn the engine over by hand with a crank to start it. Well, Sissy was trying to help crank it one time, and somehow her hand slipped and she fell against something and knocked both her front teeth out. We kidded her for a longtime, saying, 'All I want for Christmas is my two front teeth.'"

Comment from Rosa's son Grover Rains:

"Rosa drove all those years and never had an accident until she was 88 years old. Then one day she was going to the grocery store and ended up driving right through the big plate glass window in front of the store. She said she hit the gas pedal instead of the brake. She never drove again, after that accident."

Illness

"In 1918, when I was eighteen years old, I had a big ole abscess on my left lung. The 'flu was so bad that year that all of the hospital beds were full, and they didn't have room for me. So, the doctors came down to my house and put me on my mother's dining room table and operated on me. The doctor cut into my lung and put a silver tube in there, and they drewed off a half-gallon bucket full of liquid. That's what drained while the doctor was standing there. My mama had to take it out every day and sterilize that tube by boiling it for ten minutes. After it would cool off, she would put it back into me. We all wore long hair back then and mine all fell out while I was sick. I had to go around wearing a cap until it grew back."

Dating

"When we went on dates, we would go to a party or a dance. We always found something to do. On Saturdays, we would go into town to hear a band playing, and we would dance in the street. I used to date this boy named **Evert Clark** and he wore bib overalls. One time during a thunderstorm some lightning came down and hit the metal button on his overalls and killed him. Then, I started dating **Cecil Rains**. He and I grew up together. His folks owned a farm right across the road from us, and we went to school together. Cecil and I ended up getting married."

Marriage

"I had all four of my babies, **Carnez Rains**, **Grover Rains**, **Barbara Jean Rains**, and **Berdean Rains** at home. They just tore down the house on Main Street in **Perkins, Oklahoma** that my son **Grover** was born in seventy years ago. He weighed eleven pounds, two ounces when he

was born. I wanted the old doctor to give me something to rush things along and he said, 'We're going to stay with nature.'

"After **Berdean** was born, I would put her on a **pallet of a sack or blanket** and, then, I would go pick or hoe cotton. My father-in-law bought a farm on the next section line west of us. We was in this little two-room house off the highway, up on a hill, and I had to fix him a bed in the same room with us, when he was trying to get his house settled. He sure was a good old man, and he thought lots of me. He thought I could make the best biscuits he ever ate. I had to make bread or biscuits every morning, and of course it was daylight by the time I got it made sometimes. He told his wife, 'I know that Rosa can make the best biscuits of anybody I know.' She said, 'I wish you'd of got her instead of me.' They were really good old folks."

Being A Parent

"Later, my husband, the kids, and I moved to Midland, Texas. I always had a yard full of kids. **Carnez** and **Grover** would argue sometimes, like brothers do, so I would have to go out and part them from each other. Sometimes when they was unruly, I would put them under their beds. We had two beds in one room, and I would make one get under one bed and the other under the other bed, and I would sit on one of their beds and they would lie there and say, 'Mother, if you will let us come out, we won't do it anymore.'

"Grover said he got so tired of looking at those bedsprings. They hated to get under those beds so bad. They had those iron bedsteads that were high up off of the floor, but they still would hate to get under those beds."

"Their daddy bought them a team of goats and a wagon so they could

hook them goats up to that wagon. Lord, kids would pile on there, and those little goats would be pulling the wagon all over 'til their tongues would be dragging the ground. One goat was black and one was brown. They called them Blackie and Brownie. The black one was Grover's and the brown one was Carneze's. The boys couldn't drive the wagon without both goats. The boys would get to arguing sometimes and say, 'You're not going to drive my goat,' but they had to work it out between themselves, or else neither one could use the goats.

"We was just renting there, in Midland. We had a big pen in back of the house with chickens and goats, right there on the main drag going to El Paso. Later, we moved into a house we called "the peanut house" because it was made of stucco that was painted pink.

"My husband was in the oil business and he traveled a lot. Cecil owned oil wells and he did a lot of drilling in Texas. He wasn't home very much. When he came home, he liked to cook. He would make things real hot and spicy. In 1936, he died in an automobile accident. When he died, he had several oil wells. He was doing real well. There's no telling what would have happened if he had lived.

"Every summer after my husband passed away, I would come up to Oklahoma and bring the kids, and we would stay with my parents, the Jacksons, where Erma and Morcie, my nieces, lived.

"**Effie Emerson** and her husband ran a gas station in Perkins, Oklahoma called, "**Rosco's**." I would give the kids a nickel to go and get a **Nehi** pop, and Effie's daughter **Maxine** thought we were rich because I was always handing out money to the kids to go and get pop. Maxine said that she was always so excited when the kids came

to the station. She would say, 'Here comes those rich folks.'

"Maxine's parents had three daughters, and, for a while, Maxine envied my kids because she thought they got so much candy and pop. She said that her dad had everything counted and they didn't get very much.

The Rocking Chair

"My son Grover was walking down the street almost 68 years ago, and there was this little rocking chair sitting out on the sidewalk. Grover was just old enough to start walking then. He was just toddling up the street and he saw this little chair, so he went over and picked it up and started on down the street with it. I had to run and get him. He wasn't going to let me take the chair away from him. He clung to it and sat down and held on to that little chair. He didn't want me to take it away from him, so I went in and bought it and we took it on home. Grover is seventy years old now, and he still has that little chair."

Editor's Note: This is a great example of the types of stories we would all like to be able to read about the lives of our own grandparents. If your grandparents are still alive, we would encourage you to take a tape recorder along on your next visit, and start asking them as many questions as you can think of about the lives of their grandparents and their own childhood. If you are old enough that your grandparents are already gone, then it is time for you to preserve their lives, by writing down anything you can remember about them. And please send us a copy that we can share with our readers.

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Brain Teasers



1: A murderer is condemned to death. He has to choose between three rooms. The first is full of raging fires, the second is full of assassins with loaded guns, and the third is full of lions that haven't eaten in three years. Which room is safest for him?

2: A woman shoots her husband. Then she holds him under water for over five minutes. Finally, she hangs him. But five minutes later they both go out together and enjoy a wonderful dinner together. How can this be?

3: There are two plastic jugs filled with water. How could you put all of this water into a barrel, without using the jugs or any dividers, and still tell which water came from which jug?

4: What is black when you buy it, red when you use it, and gray when you throw it away?

5: Can you name three consecutive days without using the words Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, or Sunday?



6: This is an unusual paragraph. I'm curious how quickly you can find out what is so unusual about it. It looks so plain you would think nothing was wrong with it. In fact, nothing is wrong with it! It is unusual though. Study it, and think about it, but you still may not find anything odd. But if you work at it a bit, you might find out.

Answers:

- 1: The third. Lions that haven't eaten in three years are dead.
- 2: The woman was a photographer. She shot a picture of her husband, developed it, and hung it up to dry.
- 3: Freeze them first. Take them out of the jugs and put the ice in the barrel. You will be able to tell which water came from which jug.
- 4: The answer is charcoal.
- 5: Sure you can: Yesterday, today, and tomorrow!
- 6: The letter "e," which is the most common letter in the English language, does not appear once in the long paragraph...

Wartime Memories

October 2003

By: Dr. Zoë L. Simmons

Trick or treat! Watch out for the wacky wizards, flying witches, and goblins galore! Two thousand years later and the tradition of the Celts thrive in America.

Recently I had asked several of my friends who are veterans of WWII about their memories of Halloween. How was it celebrated during the war? What types of costumes were worn? There was a long pause and soon the responses were, there was no Halloween during WWII, people had other things on their minds.

As a mother of two, I can't imagine how it would be to not celebrate Halloween. From the first Halloween that Tiffany & Christopher celebrated dressed as peas to the age of seven & eight now, we have enjoyed the endless hours of collecting candy to more importantly picking out the best Halloween costumes.

This country has been through many wars and is currently in the latest. Many of us have loved ones overseas, or who are serving their country assigned at a military base. Times have changed, as well as wars. We cannot change the wars, but we can change the effect that they have in our homes and country. We should all keep in mind that our

children are our most precious gifts, and that we should not stop their lives for this war. We should allow them to continue the traditions of trick or treating...well maybe not the trick of soaping windows, stuffing potatoes in tail pipes, stealing bags of candy, and walking through graveyards. I wonder how I know about these tricks?

Happy Halloween from the family of U.S. Legacies to your family.

Comments and Questions

Shelter Half

While reading your W.W.II story in the September issue about the "Reluctant Solder," I noticed the mention of a "shelter half." What is a shelter half and do soldiers still use them?

Thank you for sharing such personal memories.

David

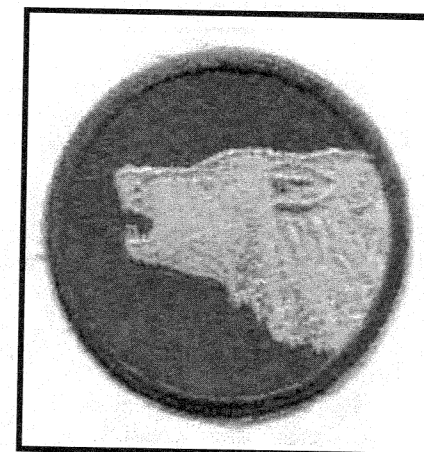
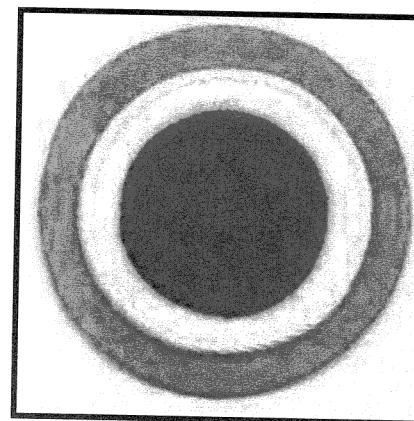
First Patch

I would like to know why the military decided to have different patches on uniforms for various units? When did the first patch originate?

Thanks for your help.

Christopher

Army Overcoat and Silver Wolves from Ssg. A Ret. William H. Wike



104th Infantry Division.

Army Ground Forces Replacement Depots.

On page 47 of the *U.S. Legacies*, August issue Steve had, was trying to identify an Army Overcoat with a circular patch that had a bullseye type design. The outer ring is red. The middle ring is white and the center ring is blue. That is a U.S. patch for the Army Ground Forces Replacement Depots.



On page 48 of the same issue, Jackson wanted to know about a Silver Wolf patch. If the described patch is round, has a green background, with the head of a howling Silver Wolf, it would be the 104th Infantry Division.

As a retired supply sergeant, I am always happy to help.

Robert J. Ignash

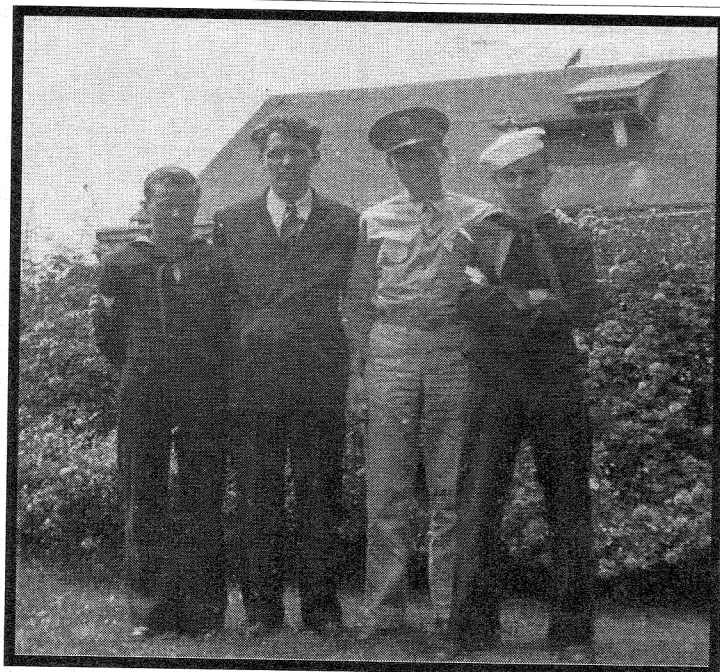
This is a photo of Robert J. Ignash in Vietnam in 1967, the 2/35th Arty. A typical day near the rice patties around Xuan Loc just prior to the Tet Offensive

I hope this can be added to your site.

Thank You, Robert J. Ignash

Questions Needed

Every time you ask a military question, it helps a veteran feel like like somebody cares about their knowledge and memories, so please send in your questions and comments on a regular basis.



McClelland Brothers home on leave, 1942

McClelland Brothers Picture. L. to R.
James McClelland (age then 20, now 82),
Pastor Rev. Vernon Kotter (now deceased),
John McClelland US Army, (age then 23, now 85),
Charles McClelland (white hat, age then 18, now 80).

Both James & Charles, US Navy, were wounded at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941.

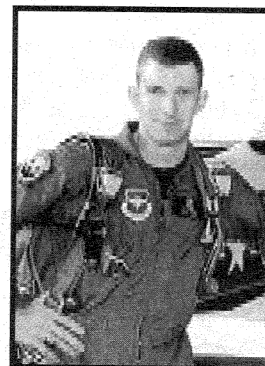
Picture from Charles. Thank you for your interest in the picture taken in Detroit, Michigan, summer 1942.

Did you know

When you send in photographs of yourself and/or family members in uniform, a copy of every photograph also goes on our website. By placing the name of the person in the photograph on our website, anyone in the world searching the Internet for your name or the name of anyone else listed in the photograph, will be able to find and view your photographs. This is a great way to share old family images with distant and future relatives.

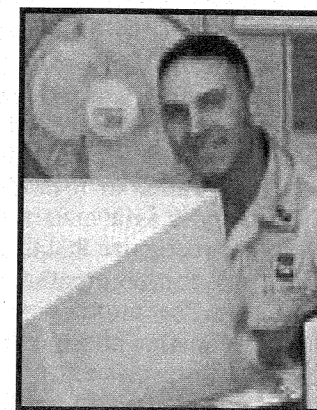
Fallen Heroes of Operation Iraqi Freedom

By: Dr. Zoe L. Simmons



Air Force Capt. Eric B. Das, 30, of Amarillo, Texas.

Das was the pilot of an F-15E that went down during a combat mission in Iraq. He was assigned to the 333rd Fighter Squadron, Seymour Johnson Air Force Base, North Carolina. Died on April 7, 2003.



Army Master Sgt. Robert J. Dowdy, 38, of Cleveland, Ohio.

Killed in action after his convoy was ambushed in Iraq on March 23, 2003. He was assigned to the 507th Maintenance Company, Fort Bliss, Texas.

"Army Master Sergeant Robert J. Dowdy had been awarded the rank of First Sergeant in the field, before the 507th was ambushed and he was killed. While Robert was in Kuwait, his mother received and shared with her friends some photos of Robert and of his unit. This photo of Robert in Kuwait before deployment to Iraq is about my favorite.



Army Staff Sgt. Wilbert Davis, 40, of Hinesville, Georgia.

Died in Iraq when his vehicle ran off the road into a canal. He was assigned to the 3rd Battalion, 69th Armor, 3rd Infantry Division, Fort Stewart, Georgia. Died on April 3, 2003.

"Robert's death has been especially tragic, since the unit was not a combat unit. All of us who came to know Robert through his communication with his mother were devastated to hear that he was missing - and what should have been unmitigated joy, the release of his fellow 507th unit members by those Iraqis who held

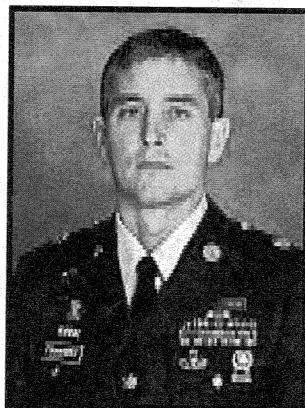
them, was bittersweet, for us, in that Robert was not among them. One thing that struck me was that Robert took time to send his mother a photograph of a bit of desert wildlife - a creature that was seen while Robert's unit was still in Kuwait. I'm not sure just what it is - it looks rather like a turtle without a carapace, to me. But what it represents is a man who took the time to recognize that there is a greater power, that created all life, in all its different designs. A man who appreciated that power, and who now knows the comfort of peace and plenty, in God's presence and love."



Marine Cpl. Mark A. Evnin, 21, of Burlington, Vermont. Killed in action during a firefight in Central Iraq. He was assigned to the 3rd Battalion, 4th Marine Regiment, 1st Marine Division, Twentynine Palms, California. Died on April 3, 2003.

NO PHOTO AVAILABLE

Army Pvt. Ruben Estrella-Soto, 18, of El Paso, Texas. Killed in action after his convoy was ambushed in Iraq on March 23, 2003. He was assigned to the 507th Maintenance Company, Fort Bliss, Texas.



Army Master Sgt. George A. Fernandez, 36, of El Paso, Texas. Killed in action in northern Iraq. He was assigned to Headquarters, U.S. Army Special Operations Command, Fort Bragg, North Carolina. Died on April 2, 2003.



Army Spc. Thomas Arthur Foley III, 23, of Dresden, Tennessee. Killed in Iraq when a grenade exploded inside his HMMWV. He was assigned to the 2nd Battalion, 44th Air Defense Artillery Regiment, Fort Campbell, Kentucky. Died on April 14, 2003.



Marine Lance Cpl. David K. Fribley, 26, of Fort Myers, Florida. Killed in action in the vicinity of An Nasiriyah. He was assigned to the 1st Battalion, 2nd Marine Regiment, 2nd Marine Expeditionary Brigade, Camp Lejeune, North Carolina. Died on March 23, 2003. The last time

Gary Fribley spoke with his son, he gave him some advice, based on what he'd heard about an earlier war. "I told him that in Vietnam, they had little kids with hand grenades under their armpits," Fribley told **NEWSWEEK**. "This is a war and there are no rules. Don't trust anybody." Fribley's fears were prescient. Nine Marines died on March 23 when a group of Iraqi soldiers pretended to surrender, then pulled out weapons and began firing; David was among them. It was the terror attacks of September 11 that inspired Fribley to quit his job at a southern Florida retirement home and sign up with the Marines—ending his farewell letter to his co-workers with the Corps' slogan, "Semper Fidelis." He was an all-conference football player and a track-and-field star (shot put and hammer throw) at Warsaw Community High School in Indiana—"one of the best we've had here," according to athletic director Dave Fulkerson. He went on to graduate with a degree in recreational-business administration from Indiana State, and was engaged to a woman he met just before he enlisted. Shortly after arriving in Kuwait, he told his mother that conditions in Iraq were "worse than you can imagine," adding: "Something has to be done." The military offered the Fribleys a plot for their son in Arlington National Cemetery, but the Fribleys have turned it down, saying they want their son to be buried nearby. "His mother and I want him home," Gary Fribley told a reporter.

Wartime Memories

The story you are about to read comes from a very dear friend of mine, Dr. Jim Kirby. I had the opportunity to meet Dr. Kirby in a WWII chat room on AOL called WW2 Vets and Friends, which James Vernere and Dr. Kirby co founded. This is a wonderful chat room full of veterans and friends. The room meets everyday at 1 p.m. and 7 p.m. EST. Please join us and share your stories.—Dr. Zoë Simmons

Dentist Recounts Okinawa

By: Daniel McCann

Provided by: Dr. Jim Kirby

He spoke slowly. His voice on the telephone sounded gravelly and strained. He never identified himself. And he never paused to allow his listener to respond:

"I saw the notice in the June 19 ADA news for Okinawa vets. Well, I'm one. What is it you want to know? I have to tell you first that it was one of the worst experiences in my life. It was terrible, terrible time. In fact, I really don't want to talk about it. Goodbye."

On Easter Sunday, April 1, April Fools' Day, 1945, an assault force of 180,000 American troops, aboard 1,300 battleships, destroyers, aircraft carriers, cargo ships and assorted landing craft, lay in wait about a mile off Okinawa Island.

At 2 a.m. many of them were trying to sleep. In another hour, Dr. Williams Ditto, a 2nd Lt. in the U.S. Marines, would be awakened for the traditional pre-invasion "blitz breakfast" of steak and eggs.

Along with 50,000 other Marine and Army troops, Dr. Ditto was slated for the first day's assault of Okinawa.

For the U.S. High Command, the battle marked the penultimate step in a campaign destined to take the war to Japan's doorstep.



Dentists recount Okinawa

BY DANIEL MCCANN

He spoke slowly. His voice on the telephone sounded gravelly and strained. He never identified himself. And he never paused to allow his listener to respond:

"I saw that notice [in the June 19 ADA News] for Okinawa vets. Well, I'm one. What is it you want to know? I have to tell you first that it was one of the worst experiences of my life. It was a terrible, terrible time. In fact, I really don't want to

See OKINAWA, page 23



Front line action: U.S. Marines battle units of Japan's 32nd Army two miles north of Naha, in southern Okinawa.

They called it island hopping—Earlier, Guadalcanal, Tarawa, Guam, Saipan, Iwo Jima and others had all fallen to American forces.

Next was Okinawa and victory there was key. Just 380 miles from Japan, the island would serve as the springboard for the Allied invasion of the Japanese homeland, set for November 1945.

At 4 a.m. Vice Adm. Richmond Kelly Turner gave the order to begin the attack.

Shortly afterwards, the bombardment began. For the next three hours, Navy ships and aircraft shelled, bombed and strafed the island in preparation for the landing.

One observer recalls, "The crisscrossing of shells and rockets looked like an illuminated net in the sky."

It was the heaviest pre-invasion bombardment of the war. More than 100,000 rounds exploded around the

eight-mile stretch of beach near the town on Hagushi, where the troops would go ashore.

Around 8 a.m., under a cloudless sky, the landing craft headed toward the island. Despite the shelling, U.S. soldiers were braced for a furious battle on the beach. "We heard about the great loss of life at Iwo Jima, a month and a half earlier," says Dr. Ditto, "and we knew that in Okinawa, right up there at Tokyo's back door, we could expect them to throw everything they had at us."

One Marine was overheard saying to another, "My theory is to keep moving, don't stop moving."

As his landing craft approached Okinawa, Dr. Ditto, in charge of a mortar platoon, recalls, "wondering whether I could do my job. Could I do it right under all the pressure? And could I take care of my men and get them under cover as soon

as we hit the beach? But as it turned out, all of those were lost worries.”

War correspondent Ernie Pyle, newly arrived in the South Pacific after spending two and half years with American troops in Europe, was with the seventh wave of soldiers to go ashore that morning.

“I had dreaded the sight of the beach littered with mangled bodies,” he wrote later. “My first look up and down the beach was a reluctant one. And then like a man in the movies, who looks and looks away and suddenly looks back unbelieving, I realized there were no bodies anywhere—and no wounded. What a wonderful feeling!”

Unlike earlier Japanese commanders defending islands in the South Pacific, Lt. General Mitsuru Ushijima had decided not to contest the beaches.

His defense, for the most part, would concentrate on the southern end of the island.

About 80 miles long and ranging from four to 20 miles wide, Okinawa is a varied landscape. From north to south, the thick forests and mountainous terrain gradually give way to rich, flatter land, punctuated with coral ridges and ravines. In addition, the relatively new tactic of using kamikazes—piloted suicide

planes carrying high explosives—would be employed in full force and target, primarily, the U.S. Navy.

Gen. Ushijima, with an army of 110,000 soldiers and Okinawa conscripts, had settled on a strategy of attrition. He would rely on the kamikazes to batter the U.S. Navy and then wear down the assault troops by forcing them to fight a very slow, protracted struggle. Out numbered and overpowered, Gen. Ushijima intended, at the minimum, to inflict heavy losses on the Americans.

Col. Hiromichi Yahara, a senior staff officer at Okinawa, was the architect of the Japanese strategy. Earlier this year his 1973 book, “The Battle for Okinawa,” was published in English.

In it, Col. Yahara recalls the scene April 1 as Japanese senior officers watched the American

My first look up and down the beach was a reluctant one. And then like a man in the movies, who looks and looks away and suddenly looks back unbelieving, I realized there were no bodies anywhere—and no wounded. What a wonderful feeling!

landings.

“The commanders of Japan’s 32nd Army,” he writes, “are standing on the crest of Mt. Shuri near the southern end of Okinawa’s main island and quietly observing. The group simply gazes out over the enemy’s frantic deployment, some of the officers joking, a few casually lighting cigarettes. How could this

be? For months now the Japanese army has been building its strongest fortifications on the heights of Mt. Shuri and its adjacent hills.

“Here they will lure the American forces and confound them, hence their air of nonchalance. The battle is now progressing exactly as expected. All the Japanese command needs to do is to await the completion of the enemy’s landing...and watch them finally head southward.”

With little opposition on the beaches, U.S. forces made the quick progress inland. By the end of the first day, Dr. Ditto’s platoon had advanced about a mile—a distance they originally estimated would take four days to achieve.

By April 3, U.S. forces reached the east coast, effectively cutting

the island in half. The next day the Marines set out to secure the northern part of the island and the Army turned south.

On April 6, the Japanese unleashed their aerial offensive against the American fleet. Dr. Joe Kanter, a lieutenant in the U.S. Navy was aboard the U.S.S. Vega, a cargo ship.

“We had what were called destroyer picket duty ships, about 50 miles out from Okinawa, and they had radar to warn ships in the harbor when enemy aircraft were approaching,” says Dr. Kanter.

“Well, the kamikazes usually hit the picket boats first, but when they got past them, they’d come in toward us low and pick out targets to dive on. At night, they would follow our guns’ tracer fire down and dive straight into the ships.”

More than 700 Japanese aircraft, including 300 kamikazes, attacked the U.S. fleet between April 6-7.

The toll was heavy: six ships sunk and 27 badly damaged.

Dr. Ray James, a Navy fighter pilot aboard the U.S.S. Intrepid aircraft carrier, routinely flew missions to

intercept enemy planes.

On one such mission, he recalls being alerted of Japanese planes nearby, traveling at an altitude of 8 to 10,000 feet.

“Dog fighting is pretty much like wrestling,” he says. “It’s to your advantage to be on top. So we planned to encounter the ‘bogies,’ as we called them, at 10 or 11,000 feet.”

“Here they will lure the American forces and confound them, hence their air of nonchalance. The battle is now progressing exactly as expected. All the Japanese command needs to do is to await the completion of the enemy’s landing...and watch them finally

Dr. James and the other three Corsair pilots searched the sky for the enemy planes.

"We were looking down to see where they were. Then all of a sudden we realized there were about eight of the Japanese Zeros and they were well above us, at about 15,000 feet."

The Japanese pilots began a steep descent toward the American planes. They approached from behind, firing on the Corsairs. Dr. James saw that two of his wing guns had been destroyed.

"But they did something foolish," he continues. "Their descent was so steep that by the time they recovered we had the advantage."

"I chased one from an altitude of 12,000 feet down to about 500 feet before I finally shot him down," Dr. James says. "I recall watching the film (taken by a camera inside the cockpit), and when I finally shot him the insignia on his plane, the Rising Sun symbol, practically covered the entire screen. And that's much too close for comfort. I never should have been that close. But at that point you get pretty keyed up."

Five of the eight Japanese planes were shot down. "The fact that all of the Corsair pilots made it out of there was very, very fortunate," says Dr. James. "Because there's a lot

to surviving in war that's luck, over and above skill."

On April 18, the Marines declared the northern sector of Okinawa secure.

That same day, correspondent Ernie Pyle was shot and killed by a

sniper on the island of Ie Shima. Pyle's straight forward and conversational newspaper columns celebrated the common

soldier, the unusual heroism displayed daily by young men who just a year or two earlier were farmhands or gas station attendants.

The soldiers with him buried Pyle in a wooden casket and erected a sign above the grave: "At this spot the 77th Infantry Division lost a buddy, Ernie Pyle."

In late April, Marine units headed south to assist the Army.

Dr. James Kirby, a Private First Class in the Army's 184th Infantry, served as a forward intelligence observer.

He would look for the nearest highpoint, for example a hill, and from there try to observe enemy movements.

On May 28, Dr. Kirby was with G Company, setting up a command post near the Chinen Peninsula. At about 9:30 p.m., Dr. Kirby and another soldier were ordered to set

"But they did something foolish," he continues. "Their descent was so steep that by the time they recovered we had the advantage."

up advance post to bar a possible counterattack.

They found a shell hole about 30 yards up. An hour later four other soldiers joined them, and they began to alternate guard duty.

"I and another soldier rolled up on the backside of the hole and went to sleep," says Dr. Kirby. "Then all of a sudden—it must have been about 4 a.m.—the group in the hole started firing."

"I rolled into the hole, and as I did, an enemy light machine gun hit three of the soldiers there. I don't know what happened to the other one, but now it was just a new replacement and myself."

Dr. Kirby heard Japanese soldiers talking in low tones as they approached his position. "I realized they were around us," he continues. "I then threw a total of eight hand grenades out there."

Everything was still for maybe 20 minutes. "Then small arm fire started hitting a poncho lying at the

edge of the hole."

Two enemy soldiers about five yards away started to rise and move toward Dr. Kirby's hole. "I raised up and started firing at one of them. I got off maybe three rounds, and then I don't know what happened."

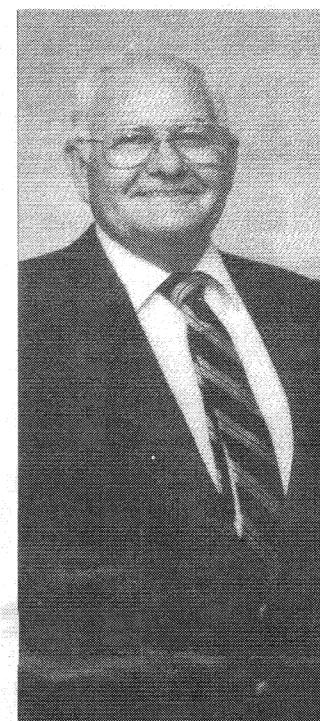
"There was a large flash of light. I was dazed. I reached down to get my rifle and picked up nothing but the barrel and sling. I had been hit in my left arm and shoulder, and another bullet hit the magazine of my rifle and blew it in two."

Any remaining Japanese soldiers had apparently retreated. Dr. Kirby and the other soldier with him made their way back to the American front line.

Throughout the month of May, U.S. troops fought practically cave to

cave to dislodge Japanese soldiers. With each U.S. advance, the Japanese would fall back and set up another defensive line.

But the end was in sight. On June 11, Lt. Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner, commander of the U.S. land operations, sent Gen. Ushijima a note asking for his surrender. The



Fifty years later: Dr. Kirby (above) is retired and lives in Anniston, Ala. In Okinawa (below), he served as a scout in the 184th Infantry.

Japanese leader refused.

Eleven days later, U.S. troops raised the American flag on Okinawa. The same day, Gen. Ushijima committed suicide.

The victory had come at a high cost: 36,000 Americans were wounded at Okinawa and 12,500 died, including Gen. Buckner, killed by a sniper on June 18.

About 100,000 Japanese died and nearly 10,000 captured.

Thirty-six U.S. ships had been sunk and 378 damaged.

The Japanese lost 3,000 planes—about 1,900 of them kamikazes—and 16 ships.

From the end of June into August troops continued to arrive in Okinawa to prepare for the invasion of Japan.

Then on August 6, 2:45 a.m., three U.S. B-29 bombers took off from South Pacific island of Tinian, bound for Hiroshima.

WWII vs. Iraq

During WWII there was 1 causality out of every 15 American soldiers, and during Iraq they were shooting for a ratio of less than 1 out of every 1,500 soldiers.

Sears

Have you seen the reports about how Sears is treating its reservist employees who are called up? By law, they are required to hold their jobs open and available, but nothing more. Usually, people take a big pay cut and lose benefits as a result of being called up...



Sears is voluntarily paying the difference in salaries and maintaining all benefits, including medical insurance and bonus programs, for all called up reservist employees for up to two years. I submit that Sears is an exemplary corporate citizen and should be recognized for its contribution.

Suggest we all shop at Sears, and be sure to find a manager to tell them why we are there so the company gets the positive reinforcement it well deserves.

RELUCTANT SOLDIER:

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

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

October 19, 1944: On Mount Grande, the view wasn't very good. There were some heaps of dirt from the foxholes, boxes, cans, paper, ammo, equipment of all sorts. It looked like a dump. The worst part was the bodies of two dead Germans and one American. The Germans lay about twenty feet away from us but the GI lay about six feet from our hole. The gruesome corpse was there for us to see every time we looked out. Evidently he had been a machine gunner as the weapon was still there with the ammunition belt in it ready to fire. This hill had been under so much fire that the bodies could not be moved during the three weeks that we spent in that position. There was no place to go, so we had to stay in the same place.

One morning I was on detail to get some water below us, about 1/2 mile away at the battalion headquarters. It wasn't the distance but the fact that it was so steep that one had trouble trying to stand up. We waited until a barrage of mortars had stopped and then the group of

us hurried down to the battalion. It was located in a small stone house in the valley. Filth, dirt, equipment, human waste, and dead sheep were all around the house. On the trail there were two dead GIs, one covered and the other in the open, with a rifle stuck into the ground beside them with his helmet on it. It was like a scene from the movies that I had seen at one time. There was a broken well near the house, and we drew the water using a helmet as a bucket to fill the canteens. A few of the men brought back cases of K rations. The kitchen from the rear sent mail and cake. I had so many canteens to carry that it was all I could do to get back up the hill.

On our way back, the mortars let loose again and we dove into the first holes available. I was happy to make the dash back to my hole after the barrage ended. Gilmore taught me how to heat a cup of water by burning the wax carton off the K rations. With this system it was possible to make a cup of coffee

without smoke if we had the water. We had plenty of time to get acquainted. I tried very hard to be nice to him. [We] talked ourselves out and then just crouched and thought of home, and [I] tried to visualize the mailman bringing a notice of my death to my folks. I would try to dream of the time when the war would be over and would at this point [have] given anything to be back with my folks and Evelyn. Even our dreams were interrupted by the methodical mortar barrages. I learned to hate the mortar. Men would have killed them without hesitation just to have them quiet.

A very distressing fact troubled me. The average wounded and dead for infantry units was 90%. I couldn't help but wonder how long we could keep whole. I did trust the Lord, but I didn't know whether it was meant for me to live or die. I knew it would be a shock for the folks to receive bad news. I was glad at this point that I wasn't married because it wouldn't be fair to Evelyn if I was killed or crippled. It was a terrible existence at best. Matlack had gone on patrol the first day and was captured; so the war was over for him the first day on the front. Then came the rains. It rained and rained. We put our shelter halves up, but there was no way to keep the water out of our hole. It ran down our necks and made us miserable. As we had no other water at times we drank the water from our shelter halves. Sometimes we were able to get the water and sometimes it just ran all over us. I laughed at our misery; but Gilmore would curse if he thought that it was my fault that he got wet. Whatever happened, he would blame it on me. Everyone was

wrong but him.

On October 21, 1944, I was picked as one of twelve to go out on patrol in the evening. I had opened my big mouth and told Greg that I was able to understand German. I tried to get out of it but couldn't. We dressed lightly and carried no equipment but a rifle, two grenades, and bandolier of ammo. We went off silently in single file along a beaten trail. Suddenly a machine gun opened on us and we dropped for cover. They decided to get us to return; but at this time the mortars opened up on us and we ran as fast as possible to a house nearby. Right there I disproved the theory that I could run much faster when scared. The shells fell in a arc and we barely made it to the house and safety. We lay on the floor and waited for the barrage to cease. When it got quiet, we made our way back to our holes, which now seemed like home. This was my first and last patrol, and I didn't want to go on any more of them.

Since Gilmore was such a miserable character, they decided to leave him alone and they gave him no details. I had to go on outpost duty that same evening; which pleased him as it gave him the hole for himself. I had a terrible time trying to find the outpost; so the fellow with whom I was to be with came for me. Gilmore talked me into staying with Fulcher after our time was up. Fulcher and I stood guard in a small foxhole about 2 feet deep on the side of a hill overlooking a valley. There was no shelter of any kind in case of danger. The best we could do was sit on the edge of the muddy hole and listen. From our position we looked down into the valley about a

thousand feet.

Somewhere below us the Germans were dug in; and so shells kept crashing into the valley all of the time. We could see and hear the explosions and wondered what if anything they were hitting. Fulcher carefully lit a cigarette. It worried me for him to take such a chance in such a place. I asked him how far away he thought that the Germans were. He said about a couple of thousand yards. After our first hour was over, we were relieved and we went back to his hole. Fulcher didn't think that we both could get into his narrow hole but because I wanted to please Gilmore, we made an effort to squeeze in. His hole was about 1 by 4 by 6 covered with a shelter half. We were very uncomfortable and could not turn; to make it worse it was muddy. We pulled the canvas over our heads and tried to make the best of it.

Then just as we tried to relax we heard the burst of a grenade, the firing of the BAR and a lot of shouting for the squad leader and for help. Just about fifteen minutes after we had left the outpost, three Jerries had crawled up the draw and were heard by York and his partner. The squad leader yelled for me to come. With difficulty I wormed my way out of the hole and ran toward the excitement.

There I found three very scared Germans pleading for their lives in German. I being the only one who could understand them, I reassured them that we didn't shoot prisoners. It was the funniest thing to see York cover them with his BAR, shaking so badly that he had no control over his weapon. Also his teeth chattered. At this point, I didn't know who was

the most frightened. The German noncom tried to turn over his P38; but as he tried to reach for it, they made as if they were going to shoot. So here he was with his hands going up and down not knowing what to do. Finally someone took his weapon. Before we knew it, there were a dozen of us in a bunch; and with all of the noise that was made they surely must have heard us far away. It seemed that our men were more interested in souvenirs than in the prisoners.

One of the prisoners had been hit in the buttock by a grenade fragment and he was in much pain. Then a couple of us had to take them to the CO Camp. It was so slippery at times that the two Germans could not pull up the other man without help, so I would sit in the mud with my feet wrapped around a small tree and give them my hand. With much effort we got them to the top. As we went along in the dark we tripped into holes and over objects. The wounded man was groaning with pain at each jolt. I felt sorry for him. Finally we got to the command post, which was in a blacked-out house. There in the light of a lamp we saw the prisoners for the first time. They too were covered with mud from head to foot, and they looked very pathetic.

One of our officers spoke to them very harshly trying to find out whether there were others with them on this patrol. They were then put into a room to spend the night. In the morning we took them to the battalion command post, which was much further. Some places we had to just slide down embankments to get down. The wounded man was pale from his ordeal; but [we] had

no medics and were unable to give them any attention. Seeing these three made me realize that these men were no different than us. We were all just doing our duty.

On October 25, 1944, after seven days in that horrible place, we withdrew hurriedly to a location near the battalion command post, which was located in a small house along the road. [We] were fairly comfortable here; but we had to make ourselves at home in foxholes along the bank of another road. We enjoyed some peace here as the shelling was very light. It rained very hard most of the time and we had a wet time of it. We took turns guarding the road in the darkness which was so dark that it was hard to identify anyone over ten feet away. Along this road, repair men were going all of the time adding new telephone wire to take the place of broken wire from the shells.

[I] had my first opportunity to write a letter since coming to the front. They brought us a change of long underwear and socks. There was also a well nearby which supplied us with all of our water. The area around the house was filthy beyond description with rubbish, broken equipment, and human waste. There was a poor sheep with one leg shot off wandering around in its misery before a GI shot it. There was a family living in the stable part of the house in one stall. Here they lived in the most miserable conditions possible. About fifty GI's crowded into the same stable. It was dry in here but so crowded that everyone was miserable. Here I had my first look at the First Sergeant who the other fellows said was a coward and who would get

conveniently sick whenever the outfit moved into a dangerous position. Sure enough, as we moved out on the 27th to another position, he got sick and had to go to the rear. On the afternoon of October 27, we moved out to relieve another company that had taken a high point on Mount Grande. As we moved out, a tired, bedraggled, sad looking column of men moved into the place that we were vacating. They said that they had a rough time of it. The point that we were going to was only a couple of miles; but the mud was so deep and the hill so steep that we could only walk a few minutes before taking a break. Some of the places were so slippery that it was all we could do to keep up with the rest of the column. After what seemed like hours, we managed to reach a paved road. Now we took [up] our five yards' interval and were ready for anything to happen. The road was littered with German and American weapons of all kinds.

The air was clear and dry; and we could tell the difference at once. Shells came in as we approached a little shot up village, and I dropped to the ground. It was like a scene from a movie. Guides came and led us to certain buildings. We dropped our packs and made ready to relieve some men on outpost duty. We walked down a road between road mines to another road on which we ran swiftly and silently to a group of holes that we were to occupy. Gilmore and I were put in the last group of holes about six hundred yards away from the house and about five hundred yards to the next outpost. So many times that night we were to make contact with them by running over a road littered with

bloated oxen. The Germans were very near to us now. Gilmore and I [were] in one hole and McEwen and Greg, the assistant squad leader, [was] in the other.

Gilmore and I went out on the first contact patrol, and then McEwen and I went the second time. We found the men in the next outpost asleep and uninterested in the contact, so we didn't bother going anymore. We were glad to be in the safety of our holes. We were replaced before dawn; this group had to stay out there all day, and we had to stay out of sight in our houses. In our house, a dozen of us lay down on the straw on the floor and tried to get some rest. Some of the men heated up ten-in-ones, which is a better variety of canned rations. With the few utensils that we had, it took much time to heat this food, and it was served on cardboard. There were no sanitary conditions and no place to wash anything. Every so often the town was shelled, and it seemed that [the shells] just barely skimmed over the room in which we lay. We lay as flat as possible and wondered what would happen if our room was hit. During daylight hours we didn't dare come out or show where we were.

I was having diarrhea, and the only place to go was to a room reserved for this purpose; but to get to this room, one had to climb up a door to the second floor and then down to another. It wasn't something one wanted to do very often. I don't know whether it was worse sweating out the shellings and the inconvenience or being out in the outpost. Still we managed to get some rest between dawn and sunset. About the third evening, on October

29, we ran to the outpost as usual. When it got real dark, I went out to get some water at a well. Things were quiet with only the constant whoosh of shells going over us into the valley below. Some of these burst, and some were duds. We were feeling in good spirits again. Then it happened: shot, flares, shouting, machine guns chattering. We could see tracers coming from the house. There was much confusion and shooting, and all we knew was that our positions were being attacked. As our hole was way out, we didn't know what was happening or going to happen. We held our weapons ready and shivered. Greg ordered us to stay put while he ran over to see what was going on. Gilmore wouldn't stand guard; but [he] put his blanket over his head and shook. McEwen and I took turns sticking our heads out trying to see the enemy.

Then the artillery shells started to fall all around us and we had the sinking feeling that we were surrounded by the Jerries. Shells hit around us so close that we were jarred around something awful. One of the Germans was hit, and he let out a terrible scream and cried for help until it became quiet. Besides our shells, there were the German screaming memes which would come in our direction in a terrible way, frightening us so that we got down into our holes as deep as we could. During the couple of hours of the counterattack, our artillery sent out over five hundred shells, many of them coming too close for comfort. There were many duds; and I think [both] we and the Germans were glad that they didn't go off.

Dawn came and we were relieved and found out what had

happened. A German paratroop unit had attacked with flame throwers and machine guns. Fortunately they were not able to get close enough before being heard. Greg and another man were captured and taken away by the Germans. A few of the men in the outposts were wounded. More men were wounded at the house when the Germans threw in a grenade. There were a few GIs and Germans killed. During the day a German sergeant gave himself up and provided some information as to the location of weapons and such. The German captain swore to take the town or die. Well, he died.

By the next day, October 30, things were quiet, but we were on constant alert. That evening we were relieved by another company and sent to the rear. This time, we only had to travel about a half a mile through deep mud to our new positions. There alongside a mountain on a road, we tried to find ourselves a hole. Gilmore and I found a hole 4 x 6 x 3 feet deep. We laid down, and tried to make ourselves comfortable as possible.

The next morning, we found that we were located in a shell shattered forest being shelled often and causing us to fear above all tree bursts. We put up our shelter halves and tried to make the hole as rain proof as possible. That night it rained, and the hole started to fill up, forcing me to bail the water out with my helmet every few minutes. As usual Gilmore was as mean as could be; but I tried to be amiable.

During the night a returned GI, Leo Fugluicg needed a place to stay. There seemed to be no other place for him to go but with us; so the three

of us crowded into the small area. Gilmore stayed warm and dry in the center; but Fugluicg and I were wet from the water seeping into the sides. We could only lay sideways; when one turned the others also had to turn. Many times during the night I had to dash out on account of my GIs. It made it very bad because it disturbed the others. Gilmore would curse and bawl me out; but I just had to go.

As miserable as it was, it was better than being outside in the rain, dodging shells. After each miserable night, we were happy to see the sun and have our clothes dried out. Then we would get water from a flooded hole near us, add a halazone tablet to the canteen, and it would be ready to drink. After a few miserable nights, I managed to dig a drain for the water so I didn't have to bail anymore.

On November 3, a colonel brought us [the] good news that we were to be relieved by a British unit and we would go to the rear for a rest. At this point our weapons were covered with rust and mud; so he asked us to please clean our weapons. This was funny because back in the States, we would have been court marshalled for a lot less. He came back the next day and asked us to shave our 3 weeks growth of beard. It was painful; also we hardly recognized each other without the growth. It was surprising how each man's beard grew differently. So for the next few days we stood guard and dreamt of what it would be like to get away from this misery of mud and shells.

On November 6, the British came. We turned our holes over to them and wished them luck.

Although we felt sorry for them being stuck with our holes, we were glad to be away from there. Fortunately there was a lull in the shelling, and so [we] were able to make our way away from Mount Grande. The mud was deep, thick, and slippery as we traveled through the darkness. We followed a marked path over hills and valleys until we cried out with exhaustion. I could hardly pull one foot after the other and fell behind. With me, cursing loudly, was the man who had taken the BAR. He was exhausted and angry, cursing the Army, the sergeant, the weapon, and everything else. He threw the BAR down and carried on; but there was no one to help him carry this twenty-pound weapon.

A couple of miles away we holed up for the night. Gilmore sarcastically told me to hurry up and get with him or find myself another hole. I couldn't find another one, so I had to go with him again. Here we had a little shallow hole on the side of a hill. We were close to the front, and the shells came into our little valley.

In the morning we were given ten-in-ones and ate in groups. It was still very muddy; but it was nice overhead, so we spent a few comfortable days here. We watched British Indian [troops] lead mule trains through the mess. When a mule slipped, it took much effort to get it up on its feet again. Here we also received our first edition of the Stars and Stripes, our Army paper, and found out how we and our Allies were doing.

After a couple days, we packed and moved up the mountain after dinner. The climb was hard and

backbreaking, but by midnight we had made our way up the mountain along a ridge and then down to another valley. The valley was flooded, and we had to wade along with water over our boot tops much of the time.

Now we were in a dangerous area. Our artillery blasted away in the darkness, and return fire came in and shook the area. Trucks came, and we climbed aboard. We were impatient to leave because we felt we were a good target for an incoming shell. The ride was cold and windy in the open trucks. We wrapped our blankets around us and tried to be as comfortable as possible. The truck shook as it bounced over the rough roads, and we slid from side to side. Another fellow and I had diarrhea during the ride, and so besides our regular stops, I had to hang over the tailgate to get relief. After riding many hours, we arrived at Montecatini Terme [on November 9], worn out and weary.

Montecatini Terme, was completely blacked out, and so all that we could see was that we were in a small street with tall buildings. The quartering party came and assigned us to certain buildings and then to rooms. There were at least ten of us to each room with nothing to lie on but the hard floor. We tried to cram ourselves and equipment into the little area available. After living outside like animals for so long, we hardly knew how to act in our surroundings. There was only one bathroom. It had running water only part of the day, and so with a dozen sick, there was yelling and cursing as the men tried to get into the room with the result that the bathroom was completely messed up with vomit in

the bathtub, urine in the basin, and waste on the floor. In the morning a detail was picked, and the place was cleaned up.

It was a wonderful change for us to be far away from the front, to be in the center of a city, to see people and be able to walk out in the open. Montecatini Terme was a beautiful town, with art works and parks. The palms and evergreens everywhere were such a contrast to our foxholes in the mountains. Our kitchen was located on the first floor of the hotel, so we had regular meals. The food was good and plentiful, but my diarrhea and the fact that our stomachs had shrunk from eating K-rations kept me from fully enjoying the meals. Nevertheless, in a couple days I had my appetite back again. I visited the medics to see if they could help me with my problem. The fellow with the BAR developed an imaginary ear ache and succeeded in having himself transferred to another company. It was his greatest desire to get away from combat duty. We were taken to the showers and had a chance to have a warm shower and clean clothes. Then with a fifteen-cent haircut and shave, I felt like a new man. The Army had built a long building in which one entered at one end and then kept moving down while showering until he was ready to dry and receive his clothes. My favorite place in this town was the Red Cross, writing letters, seeing a movie, or going to the cookie bar where we could get coffee and cookies for five cents. The line [at the cookie bar] was always long. I caught up on my mail and sent out some Christmas cards. We got our PX rations and had plenty of sweets for a change. As we

expected to leave soon, our Thanksgiving Day was early, on November 16. There was everything from turkey to a fair imitation of ice cream. These were pleasant days and evenings for most of us.

The nights, however, were a nightmare at times when some of the men came back drunk, falling over loaded weapons and grenades. Between the bickering and arguments, it was a wonder that nothing happened. [It is difficult to believe that] we could sleep under such conditions with grenades lying at our heads and the danger of a drunk going berserk.

Then as the men began to have too much time, they took us out on hikes, [practiced] close order drill, [had] rifle inspection and even [gave us] some rifle practice with tin cans as targets. There was a well-attended church service. Men fresh from the front went to church.

I was sent to a school to learn about mines and booby traps. I was not happy about learning this subject; but I did learn something about explosives. We were to go ahead of our companies and probe for mines. This idea didn't appeal to me at all. I hoped never to be called to do this work.

A group of us from different companies had the pleasure of getting a pass for Florence (Firenze). We dressed in our best and met in front of the Battalion Headquarters in the morning. The kitchen gave us an early breakfast before we left for our meeting place. After much waiting, trucks came and took us to Florence.

Florence was a big place, teeming with people and GIs. In the center of the city, the armed services

had a rest house for servicemen of all kinds. It was fenced in; and we could enter or eat there only with a pass. In this big building was the Red Cross, a restaurant, a photographer, a library, showers, gift stands, and all sort of things for our use. After we arrived, the first thing that most of us did was take a luxurious hot shower and get a change of clothes. Then a shave, haircut, shoe shine and we were on our own to go sightseeing. As it was lunch time, we went to the GI restaurant for a meal. For ten cents they gave us a small but good meal. We received good service from the many waiters. I went for a long walk during which I met a fellow that I knew. Together we visited a large church. We were amazed at its high ceilings, carved doors, immense size and no pews or seats. Back at the rest home, I bought Evelyn a sweater and hat. I went back to the Red Cross where I did some reading and letter writing, had supper, and then waited for the first truck to take me back to Montecatini. It was a day that I enjoyed. I took [with me] the memory of the friendly, warm atmosphere of the rest home, the hot showers, and the GIs and Italian girls dancing. Just being away from the company was good.

No matter where I went, I still longed for my country and loved ones. I was just marking time until the war would be over. We knew we would be on our way again when the Red Cross girls came and served us coffee and doughnuts. Some of the fellows tried to have a party, but [they] were unable to get any girls to come, so they got drunk instead. The day we left, the GIs threw all their rations of candy, shaving cream, etc. to the natives. There was almost

a riot in the scramble. A candy bar was worth about a dollar in their economy.

About November 19, our equipment and ammunition was checked. We were put into trucks and soon were on our way. After a few hours of riding, they let us off and we began to walk and walk. We had no idea of where we were going or how close to the front we were. We made plenty of noise, and we were shocked when we found that the Germans were only a few hundred yards away. At once I was put on guard with a fellow named Boodle. He said that he was sick; so every time it was his turn for duty, I had to take it. Came the dawn, and we went into the house for rest.

There was little rest because we had a hard time trying to get something to eat. After we lay down, [we] were awakened by Lt. Kessterson and told to stand guard by the windows. We had a miserable time of it trying to rest and guard at the same time. Mortar shells raked the valley we were in from time to time. A patrol made a half-hearted attempt to go out but returned soon after firing a few shots at a shadow or something. Part of our squad was in another house in the center of the valley, and Gilmore was there. True to form, he complained that his group was getting the worse of it, and so I had to change places with him.

So I went to house where Sergeant Vornbaum and Private Hale were in charge. We were in what appeared to be an empty house. In the day time we only went out to the rear of the house to relieve ourselves; and at night we took turns guarding one of the three posts near the house. Of course during the day

we still had to watch the area from the windows. So between eating, sleeping, and guard, there was little time. There were few incoming shells, and perhaps the Germans thought that the place was empty. We were so close that we could see smoke coming from their dugouts. We left them alone and they didn't bother us either. Guard at night was a strain as there were so many rabbits and domesticated animals running around.

One pitch dark night we heard what seemed like footsteps approaching; and we stood tense with finger on the trigger expecting the worse. Then there was a grunt, and a big three-hundred pound sow peered in at us. The sow had a litter that ran wild, not knowing friend from foe. Most of these [little pigs] got killed by mortar shells while we were there. The only time that I got away from the house was to get water at a nearby well at night. I still had an awful time with my diarrhea, which was a nuisance all the time.

From my foxhole I could hear much activity, gunfire and artillery. We understood that the British were below us trying to straighten out the line. It seems that we were ahead of them and so had to wait for them to get even with our positions. One night I heard a German scream terribly as he tripped over a mine; then there was a burst of a BAR, and all was quiet. The way that he screamed I cannot forget. Such goings on happened every night; but no one ever found out what had happened or where. Sounds carried so well at night that we could hear over a great distance. Both houses were well stocked with grain; it was a shame to have it spoil when there

were so many hungry. It seemed that the people didn't have much to come back to.

On December 4, I received a package from home of a fruit cake and other goodies. It was cut in pieces and finished in a few minutes. We washed it down with coffee. There was only one burner in that tiny kitchen; and it was a problem fixing something to eat. Someone fried potatoes that were found in the house. Our stay at this house was pretty fair; our fears had been great, but nothing important had happened. On December 15, we packed up to leave. We slung our blankets over our shoulders with rope. It was very hard to carry [them] this way. It had rained, and the mountain we were to cross was soft, slippery mud. We slipped and fell as we tried to make our way up. Some of us were separated, and only with the greatest effort were we able to get to the top. There I and others fell exhausted near a house where other men lay. These men were from another group in our battalion; so we followed them until we could find our own group. My rifle and I were half-covered with mud. The added weight of the mud, plus the slippery conditions, made that night a nightmare. As we neared a small church I recognized some of our men and made my way toward them. At this point I fell flat into a muddy puddle.

We spent a few hours in the church. The first problem was to find a spot big enough to lie down in. Then we threw our blankets into a pile and left them, as some arrangement had been made for us to exchange with the group where we were going. Many trucks came, and we rode into the night. We got

off and made our way up many steps to a big house where we were separated into groups and given a room. There were about a dozen of us in a room with just enough room to lie side by side. In the morning we were given a good breakfast which had been cooked in the kitchen of the house. We then tidied up and made ourselves comfortable.

The house was located high on a hill, so we could get a view of the valley below. The valley was filled with artillery batteries which took turns firing at the Germans and who in turn fired at them. What we disliked was that we knew when our side finished, the enemy would start. German shells fired a ring of shells around a battery, [and] hit and set fire to one of the guns. So while we lived here we saw a constant duel between the batteries. We had felt safer at the front because there was little artillery [there and only] mortar shells. During a few of the nice warm days, we engaged in a couple problems. Equipment was strewn everywhere, and we knew combat had raged here very recently. Only the bodies were missing.

After a week, we marched silently through the valley toward the front to three houses. Our platoon was split into parts so that each group had charge of one house. We were high on a hill overlooking a valley, which is where the invisible Germans were. Here we guarded at night and stayed indoors at other times. I spent some time in a outpost, which was a cave facing the valley. To get into it, one had to crawl on his hands and knees to a little room about six feet high and fifteen deep with a gasoline bottle for light. There was nothing to do but sleep and look at the dirt

walls. Getting something to eat was a daily problem. We would get into groups and wait until someone cooked the ten-in-one.

About the second day a couple of young Germans came up the hill and gave themselves up to a thoroughly startled group in an outpost who had not seen them approach. One day the men found a barrel of wine, and so many of the men got drunk. To our consternation, Sergeant Gutman went out in the daylight, staggering around and daring the Germans to shoot him. We were afraid if he was seen, [he] might draw fire and endanger us. Then in the evening, [our troops] set up a 50-caliber machine gun and fired it in the direction of the Germans, [making] a bright flash. We wondered why the Germans did not return the fire. Perhaps they thought it might be a trap for them to reveal their positions.

Every night we would see and hear the action, but we never saw anyone. There would be burning haystacks and buildings, but nothing of the action could be seen during daylight hours. White oxen grazed in the valley as if all was normal. The men in the cave outpost kept reporting that they heard what sounded like men walking below them. So they threw all they had at the sounds; mortars, rifle grenades, and hand grenades, and still the sounds continued. Finally it was decided that the heavy leaves of the mulberry tree were making the sounds.

On Christmas Eve, Cahill and I had the cave outpost. During the day we took turns watching the valley with field glasses. We never saw any Germans, but we did see German

Red Cross flags flying from many buildings. In the invisible action that night, many fires were set, and it looked a lot like Christmas trees in the valley below. There were three of us in the cave that night, and it was a memorable experience. (There also was a small room upstairs, but I never stayed in it. As the room was small and smoky, one slept as drugged. The entrance was so small that we had to crawl in.) Cahill and I watched and talked about other Christmas Eves and future ones if we came out of this alive and well.

Christmas we celebrated with a special dinner at one of the other houses, where a cook heated canned turkey, potatoes, and peas. It was all cold by the time we were able to bring it back to our house. Cahill had a pot in each hand and fell just as I warned him to be careful. But nothing spilled as he held on to them. We had a good laugh over this incident. Then we were surprised by an order to pack up to be ready to leave. After a few hours of walking downhill, we reached Shrapnel Valley, where trucks picked us up to take us back to Montecatini.

It was wonderful to be in this city of peace and quiet. The Red Cross had put up a couple of Christmas trees, and the place was decorated to give the Christmas spirit. It was wonderful to be able to sleep all night instead of on-and-off as we normally did. I had another pass for Florence, but I got to see little more than the Red Cross because they had enough there for me to enjoy. I had some pictures taken at the photographers, our kitchen served us a real turkey dinner, and the Red Cross gave us

candy and cigarettes. Then our mail came through with many packages; and so there were plenty of sweets. On December 29, I pulled out a filling on a piece of Cahill's candy and so had to go to a field dentist. There was no anesthetic and the grinding was done with a foot pedal; but still it wasn't too bad. To keep us busy we had close order drill and lectures part of the day; but as soon as this was over, the larger part of the men resorted to heavy drinking and women of ill repute. Then they would needle Cahill and me because we declined to take part in their sins. The worst part was that they seemed to be in tip-top condition while I didn't feel too well. Some enterprising gamblers set up tables in front of the Red Cross and proceeded to fleece the suckers of hundreds of dollars. After a few weeks of open gambling, the MPs chased them away. Many more packages came, and we almost got sick from all the sweets.

On December 31, the Red Cross girls came again with doughnuts and coffee, so we knew that we soon would be on our way. An Italian orchestra was hired for our listening pleasure. By late afternoon we were packed up and moving toward the front.

On January 1, 1945, we came back to the same house where we had been before and spent the first day of the New Year trying to forget Montecatini. We ate C-rations and slept. This time the house was used only as a stopping place on the way to a new location. The Germans had begun to be active on all fronts, so we had to go into reserve positions to prevent a possible breakthrough. In the afternoon of January 3, we

moved out on foot through the valley and up a road leading to the top of a mountain. After a couple of hours of plodding upwards with our heavy packs, many of us were exhausted. Finally we reached our new positions, holes that had been dug within a few feet of the top. Here we could see for miles, and yet we were in no danger from German shells.

Below we could see a house occupied by Americans that was used as a target by the Germans. The shells would go over us and land all around and into the house; after which there was a lot of activity as ambulances would appear and take out the wounded. At other times the men would run for their holes like ants as the shells came in. It was like watching a movie. We were fairly safe in our mountain holes. The worst part was climbing down to the latrines and cook tent which were about fifty feet away. It was a feat to bring a mess kit of food back to our holes without spilling it. It was very cold too, except when the sun shone. Then it was fairly comfortable.

It snowed a lot on January 4, but to get something to eat we still had to make our way down. It was hard shaving in the open and trying to keep busy in our nest-like holes. With a shelter half for protection from the snow and wind, it wasn't too bad. We spent a few days here in our nests with nothing to do but talk, write, and watch the shells hit the house below us. Life in that house was too dangerous, and we would not have taken any amount of money to stay there. A few of our men were hit by shrapnel as they were returning from the top of the hill

where they had been digging secondary positions in case of a retreat. This was during the Battle of the Bulge, and we expected [the Germans] to try to attack us at any time. In fact they did attack in some sectors.

Then on the beautiful afternoon of January 8, with deep snow on the ground, we started slowly toward new positions loaded down with our heavy pack, ammo, and packaged rations. We walked for hours before reaching the new positions at night. We relieved troops of the 92th colored division, who were very happy to leave. They had taken several casualties from mortar shells and falling rock from the overhanging cliffs. Our men scrambled around trying to find the best holes. The best I could find was a tiny little room for one person. I parked my equipment and went on outpost duty with Gathright for a couple of hours. It was freezing cold in that outpost and the hole was barely large enough to stand up in. We were tired so we took turns trying to rest on the bottom of the hole, but this didn't work because there was so much ice and snow on the bottom. We spent a couple miserable hours there before getting relieved before dawn. Then I got my first look at my new home. It was made of sand bags and 3 x 5 x 4 feet high. After pushing myself through the narrow opening, I pulled in my equipment and tried to make myself comfortable. I laid down a blanket and so, with my feet doubled up, I managed to rest a little. Our positions were beneath a sheer hundred-foot cliff of stone, and we didn't realize the danger until the snow started to melt. I was standing outside of my hut taking in the

sunshine when I heard a thud and muffled screams. At first we couldn't make out what had happened. A large stone had hurled past my head and had hit the hut 6 feet away from me burying the two fellows who were living there. My friend McEwens was badly shaken, but the other fellow suffered a broken hip. He was a veteran of many battles, and it was ironic for him to be knocked out of the war this way.

There were plenty of ten-in-one rations, but it was difficult to get the men together as many wanted to sleep when it was time to eat. So I stocked my room with all kinds of edibles and ate alone. As water was a problem we tried to melt snow to get it. The well was under observation during daylight hours, and at night it was not always possible to get there. It was not a good idea to be out in the open too often because of the many mortar shells that fell into our hollow. During my stay, I was placed in various outposts, one of which was [such a] small cave that we couldn't have done anything if there had been any danger. The holes were always wet and uncomfortable from melting snow, [but] in every hole we found tins or packages of food so that we were able to eat.

On January 13, we were relieved, and we felt sorry for the new group of men who would replace us in the worse positions that we had ever had. It was a bright moonlit night as we left, silently and quickly. Whenever a flare went up, we froze and hoped for the best. It was downhill all of the way. There were places where the best way to get down was to sit and slide to the

next level spot. We had wet seats and a lot of fun. The trails were so terribly slippery because so many men trampled the snow down. When we got to Shrapnel Valley, trucks came and we were on our way to Montecatini again.

We were happy to be in Montecatini. Cots were issued in our unheated hotel rooms, and we tried to make ourselves comfortable. Just being able to act without fear was wonderful. I received a Combat Infantry Badge and felt proud of it, even though I didn't feel I deserved it. It entitled me to \$10 a month more—which I would have gladly paid them to keep me away from the front. Again we had the pleasure of much food, clean clothes, warm showers and entertainment. Our only regret was that these days would soon end. There was some easy guard duty except when men got drunk and wanted to fight. I had the unpleasant duty of being on guard when Whitebody, an American Indian, tried to pick a quarrel with Sergeant Guerra, a Mexican. They were both drunk, each with a knife ready for the first one to make a move. If I had interfered, they would have killed me. Just as I was at wits end, mutual friends separated them and took them to their rooms to sleep it off.

Cahill and I hung around together as we were the only ones with something in common. We both tried to be decent and law-abiding. We visited snack bars and movies or just took long walks. Once I saw a very strange funeral procession: a dozen men dressed in black and white following a horse-drawn hearse. One of the men carried a large cross. Behind them came several nuns and the relatives.

On January 21, the Red Cross girls came and gave out coffee and doughnuts, and an Italian orchestra played a few numbers. (I never did find out why the Italians in the orchestra played with such hatred in their eyes.) Every time the Red Cross girls came, we knew that we were due to go back to the front. But we were fooled this time as we didn't leave as expected. The first week we had done nothing; but during this second week, we went out on some light training. This part of Italy, with its olive trees and graded terraces, reminded me of pictures of the Holy Land.

On January 25, trucks came and [took us] north. Snow fell and got deeper the farther we went. Then we plodded uphill for a great distance to a small village near the front. Here the battalion was split up and quartered in empty homes. Our squad was assigned to the third floor—which beat foxholes and dugouts. [Each of us had a 3 X 6 space] covered with straw. The kitchen was on the first floor, and we received two meals a day. We thought it wonderful to have these luxuries. At night we stood guard at posts around the house. It was very cold, and we were glad to come back inside. There were also a few evening problems which we didn't care for. But during the day we slept, wrote, or played solitaire. A religious service was held in a nearby barn: just a short sermon from Paul by the chaplain and a prayer. It was a "goodie sermon" and gave us no spiritual blessing.

On February 3, we left our happy home and started for a new and dangerous position. We were warned that artillery and machine

guns were probably zeroed in on the highway that we would use. [Our new] position was only a few miles from the old, except that we were now in the valley. We could see our former positions. Everything was white with snow; and around the few houses were many mortar shell holes. We could see that the occupants had had a hot time. We were taken to a little narrow street with stone homes built in a row. It was pitch dark when we got there, and we had no idea of our location. We relieved some South Africans, but they left behind a heavy weapons crew consisting of fierce-looking British Indians dressed in white camouflage clothes. We wanted nothing to do with them.

We made ourselves comfortable in a big house assigned to us. Part of the kitchen came along, so we had good chow. There were a few close outposts and a couple distant ones. It was a walk of several hundred yards to the far outpost. Here we were on a small hill, and any attack would have cut us off from the others. There were three of us at this post, one would stand guard while the others climbed inside. The hole was such a tight fit that I got claustrophobia and had to get out. I just couldn't bear to be wedged in that hole in pitch darkness. From the distant outposts we had a wonderful view of the snow-covered countryside, but there were plenty of noises to keep us alert.

To Be Continued

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Personal Memories For October

My Name

Childhood memories relating to fall or harvest time.

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal blue or grey ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There is no handwriting or other markings on the paper.

Memories of foods we ate in the fall such as apple cider or?

[illegible]

Favorite memories of Halloween

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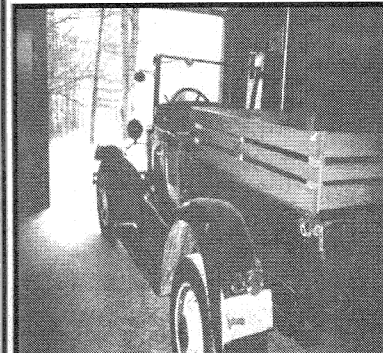
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