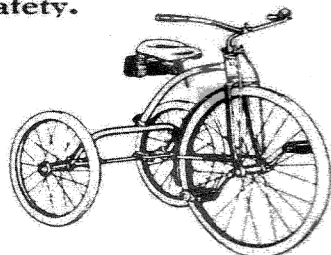


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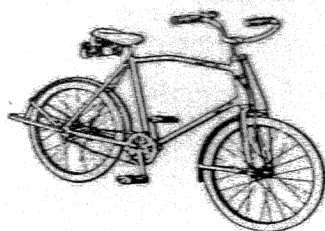
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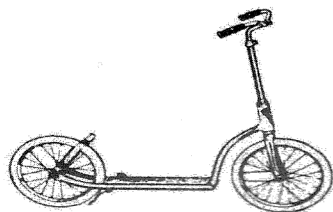
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U.S. Legacies is a monthly publication produced entirely by non-paid volunteers. All of the stories and articles contained in this magazine are submitted by you, our readers. Copies of all stories, photographs, questions and comments submitted to this magazine are also posted on our website.

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Experience the reality of TODAY
for it is tomorrow's memories
and yesterday's dreams.
- Franklin T. Wike, Jr.

U.S. Legacies is run entirely by non-paid volunteers, including the writers, web designers, editors, proofreaders and interviewers listed below. If you would like to join our team, please contact us.

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Letter from the Editor

Here we grow again!

I have been told in the past, that I have a one track mind. That I am like a bull dog and when I dig my teeth into a project, I do not let go until that project is finished. And while I wear many hats here at U.S. Legacies, whatever project I tackle first thing I the morning, that is the project that I attempt to finish before moving on. This technique keeps my nose to the grindstone and many times I get so absorbed in whatever project I am working on, that I become totally oblivious to other things that need tending to.

Thankfully I have email, postal mail and phone calls to get my attention away from the grindstone and keep me reminded of what our readers and visitors to our web site want. This last month was no exception. As I was going through the tons of email we receive, I noticed an abundance of mail from other countries wanting to know if we would ship our magazine to these countries, or if we would help preserve the legacies of people that live in other countries. These requests inspired me to conduct some research. I started by looking at the statistics for one of our web sites. I discovered that last month,



we had visitors from over 60 countries, viewing ONE of our web sites. I also discovered that not all of the volunteers working with U.S. Legacies, are from America. We have a number of proofreaders from England. We have web designers from Croatia, Scotland, and the Philippines. We also have writers from Canada, Pakistan and Australia, plus we have published stories about families or lifestyles in Canada, Jamaica, Hungary, Pakistan and Germany. By combining that knowledge with the fact that most of our ancestors came from other countries, I decided that it was time to expand our area of coverage. Therefore, we have officially started a sister organization called Worldwide Legacies. **THIS WILL NOT TAKE ANYTHING AWAY FROM U.S. LEGACIES.** This magazine and the U.S. Legacies website will continue to contain stories about Americans, however in addition to selling our magazine to subscribers here in the states, we are

also going to start selling the magazine in foreign countries. The magazines sold abroad will be printed in the English language, as well as other languages.

In addition to the U.S. Legacies magazine and website, we will also start collecting stories from other countries and will be publishing them on our sister website Worldwide Legacies.org. Once we obtain enough stories on our sister website to fill a separate magazine, we will begin publishing other magazines for various countries.

This new undertaking will require an enormous amount of new volunteers from all over the world to help conduct research, collect stories and interpret material into different languages. So if you have the ability to translate text into any other language, we can use your help. We are also looking for volunteers that have relatives or family members that live in another country, to assist us in obtaining stories about the historical lifestyles from abroad.

Since we now live in a global society, and so many of our ancestors came here from other lands, I believe that by helping to collect and preserve the memories from other lands, we are helping our own descendants. I also believe that by sharing stories of families, and the history of other cultures, we can help our children and grandchildren to see their neighbors as human beings instead of enemies of the past or

future. So, I have a challenge to all of the vets out there that served in a foreign land. If you have any stories about someone that befriended you while you were serving abroad, we would like to hear about your experiences. If you can remember the person's name, we believe it would make a wonderful gift if we could publish and preserve that story for the children and grandchildren of your friend.

U.S. Legacies belongs to YOU, all of our subscribers, volunteers, readers and even the contributors to our web site, therefore I am asking for your ideas, opinions and suggestions relating to the variety of ways we can help share the knowledge and legacies across borders.

In the meantime, by the time you receive this issue, we will be working on our Halloween, Thanksgiving and Christmas issues, so please send us your favorite family memories that represent the lifestyles in this country also. And don't forget to send us a photo and story about your grandparents.

Till next time.

Franklin T. Wike, Jr.

Nobody can make you feel inferior without your permission.

-Eleanor Roosevelt-



Welcome To Grandma's Kitchen

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

Labor Day will find many in the kitchen or beside the barbeque grills. Many people celebrate as it is the last long weekend of the summer. Camping areas will be filled with boaters, campers, picnickers and

swimming. Many will be passing on family traditions. Some will be making new family traditions and memories. Each day we live, will tomorrow be a memory to others and ourselves.

Traditions and some of the old ways are being lost. I know many of you reading the magazine do not use computers. Please write to U.S. Legacies send in your memories. We also accept tapes by mail. Other staff members or I will put your recipes, or stories in print.

In thinking of lost traditions and recipes. I think about how our ancestors managed life threatening injuries and illness. Kitchens were also the medicine cabinet. What recipe of roots and herbs they had and how did they use them? I wouldn't advise them now. But I do wish I knew some to pass on to the

younger generation. If you have heard of any old home remedies, please let me know.

I would like to ask all of our readers to send in family recipes. One of our goals at U.S. Legacies;

is to record as many family recipes as possible. In reading some of you may think that you don't have recipes that are old. A recipe someone gives you or uses may be much older than you realize.

Comments and Requests

Letter from Linda and Bill Clark dated July 8, 2003

We received U.S. Legacies last week. Bill does not read much, but I do. The magazines are very interesting. I like Grandma's Kitchen and the old family recipes.

Maybe you can help me. I have a very old cookbook. It was given to me as a wedding present. The cookbook is called Kessling's Cookbook. Kessling owned and operated a drug store in Logansport Indiana the year 1899.

I believe on the front it has advertisements. The recipes are real old time recipes. I have been trying to find out if the book is of any value. I was born and raised in Logansport Indiana. Bill was raised in Hershey PA. Bill wants to find out about Donald Wike, they use to bowl together in Lebanon.

God Bless you and thank you ahead of time for any help on my old cookbook.

Linda and Bill Clark

Rita's answer: on the cookbook.

Linda,

Thank you for your comments on Grandma's Kitchen. You will have received a letter from me before this is printed.

Many old kitchen items have value in the collectable market. A few examples would be cookbooks, canisters, iron skillets, Pyrex and much more.

I am unsure of the value of the cookbook. My advice, is keep it until the value can be determined. Make sure the person quoting the price is reliable.

The price is determined in books usually by: Condition of jacket, binding, pages, and edition, number of books printed. First editions are usually more valuable.

In the collectable market, it also depends on how bad the collector wants the item. Many collectors pay above the value, simply because they want the item.

I did a search online of rare and collectable book sites. I found only 1 Kessling's Cookbook listed. The date listed was 1893, it stated revised edition. So I am unsure when the

first edition was printed. The asking price of the book in poor condition was \$149.95.

B.F. Kessling is the Editor. The Kessling family ran a drug store in Logansport ID. There were advertisements for their items for sale on one page, then a recipe on the following page.

I hope I have answered your question. Some of our readers may be able to help.

Rita

Please send any information on Kessling's Cookbook or Bill's request for information on Donald Wike, so we may forward it.

Request: From Shirley Fudge Recipe

I have been looking for an old fudge recipe. The recipe on your online recipes sounds like my grandmothers recipe, which I have lost. But it doesn't have directions.

Rita's, answer.

Shirley this is like many of the really old recipes. The women only listed the ingredients. The recipe and directions I would use are included in this issue. During the time of the fudge recipe, there were no cooking thermometers. Candy was trial and error using the string method or soft, formed ball method.

Shirley's comment, added to her note. *Learn from yesterday, live for today, hope for tomorrow.*

Readers:

Please share your candy recipes. The Holidays are a short distance away. Candies make a great gift.

Question from a reader, who did not leave a name.

What ingredients should be in a well, stocked kitchen?

Ethel Geary, a new member of U.S. Legacies Staff contributed the following.

I grew up in a military family. In spite of our many moves and assorted living accommodations my mother always kept a well-stocked kitchen. Many times our belongings were in storage and the military completely furnished our living quarters, especially when it was a Quonset hut. On these occasions cooking utensils were scarce and what was provided was unique at best.

During the war years there was rationing to contend with; I remember one time mother tried to save by packing sugar in an oriental carved chest, along with blankets and linens. Unfortunately, it spilled. Moving food and already opened containers was not a recommended option.

What goes in a well- stocked kitchen depends on several factors- how you learned to cook, how good a cook you are, and how much you

like to cook. Your ethnic background and past and present socioeconomic status will have an influence. No matter how or how well your ability in the kitchen was developed, the following basic items appear to apply to nearly everyone;

Baking powder, baking soda, cream of tartar, salt, pepper and flour.

Sugar, including granulated, powdered and brown.

Cocoa, cornstarch

Bouillon cubes, olive oil, vinegar, Worcestershire sauce, soy sauce, lemon juice

Vegetable shortening, margarine, butter

Eggs

Garlic cloves, onions

Pasta, rice, beans

Honey, preserves

Homogenized milk, evaporated milk

Herbs and spices, including thyme, sage, rosemary, allspice, basil, bay leaf, cinnamon, cloves, cilantro, ginger, marjoram, dry mustard, nutmeg, oregano, paprika

Condiments, including mustard, ketchup, horseradish, mayonnaise

Your favorite canned fruits and vegetables.

Canned tomato puree, sauce and paste

Cold and hot cereal

Other ingredients such as meats and fresh fruits and vegetables can be added as the meals are planned.

Breads, cakes, muffins and other baked items can be added or made from the above ingredients. From

this point it depends on the cook.

Our search continues;

This list is a mixture of items we are trying to answer. Help us out as I know one of our readers holds the answers.

Old herb or spice called "Pot. Herb";

This was used in stews and meat dishes. Is it a mixture of spices?

Recipes from men;

You men out there, give us some of your recipes.

Picture of an outside kitchen;

In the 1800's many kitchens were in a building away from the house.

Civil War recipes wanted.

What cake mix came out first?

"For a long time it had seemed to me that life was about to begin.....

But there was always some obstacle in the way, something to be gotten through first, some unfinished business, time still to be served, a debt to be paid. Then life would begin. At last it dawned on me that these obstacles were my life."

— Alfred Souza

Fudge Candy

2 cups sugar
1 cup milk
1 tablespoon butter

4 tablespoon cocoa
1 teaspoon vanilla

Directions: Mix sugar, cocoa and milk in heavy boiler. Bring to a boil stirring constantly, reduce heat but continue to boil. When mixture dropped from spoon into a cup of cold water makes a small ball, remove from heat. Stir in butter and vanilla. Stir until mixture begins to thicken. Pour into 8x10 pan that has been buttered. Let stand until completely cool, cut into squares.

Contributed by: Franklin T. Wike, Jr.

The recipe above is the legacy of Lizzie Fink Hostetter nee Long, born 1881 in South Annville, PA. I have added the directions I would use. I need your help. Are these the same directions you would use? Send your directions or suggestions

Easy Recipe of the month**Strawberry Shrub**

1 ½ pints fresh strawberries, hulled and sliced
¼ cup sugar
¾ cup fresh orange juice
½ cup reduced-fat (2 percent) milk
2 cups chilled club soda
4 mint sprigs for garnish

Directions: Put berries, sugar and orange juice, in blender. Whirl until berries are pureed. Add milk, blend until smooth. Divide puree among four chilled glasses. Top off each glass with ½ cup club soda. Garnish with mint. Serve immediately.

Contributed by: Dr. Zoe Simmons

Cream Cheese Cake

1 box Duncan Hines butter cake mix.
8 ounces cream cheese (softened)
16 ounces cool whip
½ cup granulated sugar
½ cup powdered sugar

(Original Recipe calls for Blueberry pie filling.)
(1 can)
The Barnes family uses pie filling of choice
Blueberry, Strawberry, Cherry.

Bake cake layers and allow too cool.
Blend sugars and cream cheese in large bowl (electric mixer on low) until smooth. Must be well blended. Slowly add cool whip mixing well. Frost 1st cake layer using ½ cream cheese mixture, top with ½ pie filling. Apply second layer cake, apply remaining cream cheese mixture and pie filling.

Note: Cake must be refrigerated to allow frosting to firm before serving. Takes 1 hour or more to firm.

The recipe above was cut out of The Market Bulletin and used by Dorothy Spencer for years until her death. Contributed by her Sister In-law Gwen Barnes

Baked Butternut Squash

Butternut Squash (1 medium, serves 2 persons).

¼ cup butter
¼ cup brown sugar
¼ cup white wine
¼ cup water

Legacy of A. Leonard Bourney
Born: 1895 in Athens Greece
Died 1998 Lithonia GA.

Directions: Wash and cut squash in half, lengthwise, remove seeds. Spread butter evenly over open part of the 2 halves, sprinkle with brown sugar. Put water and wine into baking dish, then place squash in baking dish. Bake uncovered at 325 degrees for about 45 minutes. Baste squash with wine and water mixture several times during baking.

I was fortunate to know Leonard and his wife Caroline. I met them when Leonard was 96. Leonard was in WWI and WWII. The Navy ship he was on was sunk in both wars. Leonard was also a chef and ran a restaurant for a few years. He was still cooking and caring for his wife when he was 101.

Contributed by: Rita Redd

Casserole Beans

- 1 tall can large butterbeans
- 5 tablespoons brown sugar
- 1 large can # 2 ½ tomato puree (I use catsup)
- 1 large onion cut fine
- 8 slices bacon cut fine

Directions: Put in casserole and bake in slow oven 1 hour or put in covered pan and simmer for 1 hour.

Note added to recipe. I use catsup, but not as much as puree only for taste, use your own judgment.

Contributed by: Franklin T. Wike, Jr. Mr. Wike is unsure if this recipe was from his grandmother Marion Hostetter or his great-grandmother Lizzie Hostetter.

The recipe below would have been used years ago on a wood stove or open fire. They would have only had plain cornmeal. Many times eggs were not available. Without the soda and baking powder in the self-rising cornmeal, and not using egg. The flavor would be very bland. But would fill a hungry stomach.

Fried Cornbread

- 3 cups self rising cornmeal
- 1 egg
- 1 cup shortening
- Buttermilk or sweet milk can be used

Directions: Heat ½ cup shortening in frying pan. Mix cornmeal, egg and ½ cup shortening together, add enough buttermilk to make a thick mixture. Drop each tablespoon-full into hot grease. Brown on both sides. Flatten with spatula when turned the first time.

Contributed by: Rita Redd

Ham and Cheese Omelet

- 6 eggs
- 2 slices cheese
- 2 slices ham
- 3 tablespoons margerine

Directions: Heat margerine in skillet on medium heat. Beat eggs, well with fork, pour into hot skillet. When eggs thicken and rise slightly, place cheese slices and ham on top. Using spatula fold half the mixture over the other half. Cook until cheese is melted.

From Ryan Mitchell (12 years old)

One ought, every day at least, to hear a little song, read a good poem, see a fine picture and, if possible, speak a few reasonable words.

- Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Onion Salad

- 8 large onions
- 2 large tomatoes
- Salt
- ¼ cup olive oil

Directions: Slice onions thin in colander, cover with salt. Using hands, mash onions, let stand 30 minutes. Rinse salt off with cold water. Must be rinsed several times. Pour into bowl after draining. Chop tomato, add to onions, and add olive oil and toss.

From Tulunay Stevenson. *This is an old Turkish Recipe.*

Cleaning Tips

By: Dr. Zoe Simmons

White; Not the Forbidden Color With Children

My goodness every woman knows with children that white is the absolute forbidden color, not anymore.

Recently, my children and I moved into a beautiful California home. One major problem, we were surrounded by nothing but white. White walls, white carpets, white floors, white everything.

A mother of a six and eight year old, I knew white was not going to last too long. I was going to be a slave to all this white. It was a matter of time before the carpet was getting stained from Tiffany's artwork, Christopher's clumsy acts of spilling food, and my friend spilling black coffee. White carpet had become white no more. Let me not forget the fingerprint marks on the walls, the drink stains on the counter tops, and well lets just say the list goes on and on.

All of us moms have gone through this and are still dealing with this. What are we to do? We are slaves to the color white or any other colors no more. I have discovered some wonderful quick, easy and safe cleaning solutions to it all.

To get those irritating stains out of white carpet, simply use a little three percent hydrogen peroxide from the drugstore, blot on the carpet with a clean white towel, works well on colored carpets too. I do recommend you test a sample of the carpet not visible to anyone, preferably in the closet. Hydrogen peroxide takes away marker, food

and coffee stains right away. For quick spills, hot water and a clean white towel. Works like a charm. Your carpets will be forever grateful.

We all know children run their hands up and down the walls, leaving behind their fingerprints for all to admire. Soap doesn't work; bleach leaves behind gray spots, so there is a very safe and effective cleaning tip for walls. You will need; 1-gallon warm water, ½ cup ammonia, ¼ cup white vinegar, and ¼ cup baking soda. Combine ingredients into a bucket. If you have a drop cloth or large towel, place it on the floor next to the wall. Dip a clean white towel into the homemade solution until it is thoroughly wet. Always when cleaning walls start from the bottom to avoid water streaks. Wash the wall in a circular motion. Never stop in the middle of the wall, always wash the entire section. Washing a wall halfway will only leave marks showing where it was and was not washed. This may take a little extra time, but definitely worth the nice clean look in the end.

Now if you don't feel like washing you can always paint. A quick tip on painting, to avoid that awful smell, add one tablespoon of vanilla extract to the gallon of paint, the smell goes away.

I use to laugh at my mother in-law you could open her cleaning closet and find just about every product. For her that may work, but for me, I don't want to use the toxic chemicals or spend the extra money

just to clean my kitchen. I have found that using laundry detergent to clean counter tops works well.

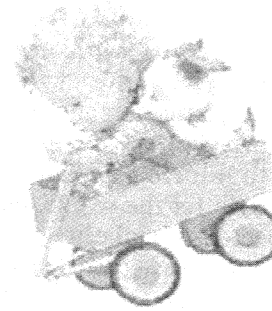
I wipe down my counter tops with bleach and water solution: 90% water 10% lemon bleach. Not only does it sanitize your counter, but leaves a very clean fragrance. Taking these little steps will ensure no trips to the family to the doctor or emergency room. Salmonella and ecoli are not good to have.

I have to admit I was lazy, and went to the store and purchased those new mops, you know the ones

you apply a pad to the bottom. Oh I thought, how great, and the time I will save. Wrong was I. Not saying the product doesn't work, it just doesn't work well for floors that are dirty. I found just using a good old fashion wring out mop really does the job.

Well to sum things up, I have saved my white carpet, the white walls, the white counter tops and the white floors. Now if someone could convince my significant other, that he needs to bring color into the house other than white.

Love Heals

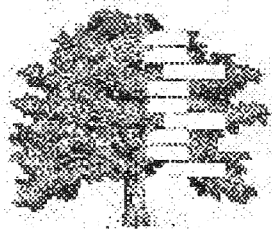


Early in the 20th century, two young medical school graduates and their father started a small sanitarium for mental patients on a farm outside Topeka, Kansas. This was a time with the "rest cure" was in vogue in psychiatry, and patients were sent to impersonal institutions to live out their lives.

This father and his sons had a different idea. They were determined to create a loving, family atmosphere among their patients and staff. The nurses were given special training and were told "Let each person know how much you value them. Shower these people with love."

The doctors were Karl and William Menninger, and the Minninger Clinic, with such "revolutionary" methods, became world famous and has helped countless numbers of people. Karl Menninger said, "Love cures people - both the ones who give it and the ones who receive it. This intangible thing love ... enters into every therapeutic relationship. It is an element which finds and heals, which comforts and restores, which works what we have to call for now, miracles."

The Genealogy Corner



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

Bittersweet Memories, a Tribute to My Daddy

Connie Sychowski
Editor Genealogy Corner

When growing up all holidays were special ones. The family would always gather at our home, all of dad's children present and accounted for. It was just a special time for him to take a break from his busy schedule and make time for his family. BBQ's and watermelon, I can almost remember the smell of my dad cooking London broil on the grill.

This holiday though for me is bittersweet. My dad, Charles Henry Cassell, born March 04, 1910 died on September 06, 1976, Labor Day. He had been very ill for over a year, trying to recover from a major stroke. He was in out of the hospital that entire year. My mother was tirelessly by his side day and night. I, being only 12 years old at the time was not allowed to visit with him during his hospital stays. He went back into the hospital for the last time in the middle of August and was not improving. That first week of September the doctors told my mom to get away for the weekend. So,

my mother and I flew to the Bahamas for a retreat from the stress of my daddy's illness. It stormed terribly while we were there and unbeknown to us, the family had started to page us almost immediately after our arrival to return to Florida as daddy had taken a turn for the worse and was not expected to make it.

We returned to Florida on Monday, Labor Day. My brother George and my Aunt met us at the plane, before others had even disembarked. George grabbed my mom's hand and said "Come on dad has been waiting for you." It wasn't until that time did we know they had been trying to reach us all along. We arrived at the hospital; I said goodbye to the only man I had ever known as my father and left the room so mom could be with him... he had indeed waited for her to return and passed on only minutes after my mother told him it was alright, that she would see him in the morning on the other side.

Every year when this holiday

approaches I greet it with joy and sorrow; joy for all of the wonderful memories of childhood family gatherings and great sorrow for losing the most important man in my life at that time.

I shall miss you always, Daddy!

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 #4

Where to go to do research?

Library: Note - see the genealogy research kit lists in the next section.

After you have asked the above questions it is now time to go and begin your research. A good place to begin is at your local library. Most libraries have a genealogy or

family history section. If you are not sure, ask the librarian they will assist you in finding that area of the library.

When you have found this section, walk around and make yourself familiar with what books are available. These books are kept at the library so you will have to do your research while at the library. See if they have books that other people have written on the surname you are researching. Also ask the librarian where and if they have information they keep that other researchers have donated to the library. These would be called vertical files. Also ask them if they have a list they keep of surnames that others are researching that have visited the library. The majority of libraries will allow you to make copies from books. The price to make copies averages between .15 to .25 cents per page.

Then you will want to go from the books to microfiche or to microfilm. If you haven't used a microfiche or microfilm reader/printer you might want to get the librarian to assist you. The average price range for copies that you will make of documents on these machines is between .25 & .50 cents.

Archives:

While at the library ask if your county has an archive. This will be a location where all and most actual documents will be kept and preserved for future generations. In some archives you will be able to hold the actual documents of your ancestors. Also the people who work in the archives are very knowledgeable about the history of

the area. They are sometimes knowledgeable of others in your communities that are working on different families in your area. Normally getting copies of actual documents is more expensive than getting them off of microfiche or microfilm. You will need to ask, because the cost varies greatly from one archive to the next. Ask if they keep the deed records in the archives or are they kept in the Court House. Here you will find the records of property. This will be helpful in knowing what lands your ancestors owned, where they were located and their neighbors.

Court House/County Court Clerk:

Here you will find deeds, marriage records, divorce records, tax lists and voter polls. In some counties you will still find wills and probate records in the court house.

Cemetery:

Yes, you can do research at a cemetery. Well sorta... What you can do at a cemetery is take photographs of headstones of your ancestors. This will assist in keeping records of them for later years and preserving a record of them. Most counties will have a book that is on the cemeteries, so you can refer to this book for your ancestors.

"Springs Valley Gazette"

1932 school newspaper from French Lick, Indiana.
(continued from last month)

The following businesses placed ads placed in this 1932 school newspaper.

Chas. Gollaway & Son
Milk and Cream
Guaranteed
4¢ Pt 7¢ Qt
Cream 15¢

Full Dinner 25¢
Fresh Oysters
Special Selects 40¢
Welcome to
Baxters Cabin

Modern Shoe Shop
C. Thruman
Shine 5¢
Church St.

Ebbs Barber Shop
First Class Service
Welcome
120 Wells Ave.

Say It With Flowers
Lena Wagoner
Flower Shop

Learn To Fly
Fisher's Field
Passenger Flights
Daily and Sunday

Fresh Meats And Groceries
J.O.Deel

Davis Transfer
Largest Moving Van In The Valley
107 Wells Ave.
Phone 97

Valley Music & Radio Shop
Blanche Lashbrook
Radios - Everything In Music

Valley Garage
On the Corner
The Main Garage On the Main St.
Insured - Tires

Guy McMickle
W. S. Hayes
First Class
Harness and Shoe Repairing

Springs Valley Herald
Keeps you posted

T. E. Simmons2
General Store
A Home Town Man

Memorial
French Lick
Monument Works
E.E. Tanksley

The McCoy Drug Co.
Prescriptions
Our Specialty
On the Corner

Surname Requests, Comments and Photographs

Cassell

In the November 2002 issue of U. S. Legacies there was a request for **Eliza Cassell** (Seeking information on Eliza Cassell who was married to John Miller in Dauphin County, PA. She was married in 1828, gave birth to John Cassell Miller, 5 August 1831 and died 4 April 1833. Any help would be appreciated. D.J. L.). At the time this was posted, I was just becoming familiar with the website but not the magazine. This request may have ties to my own family. I was adopted by Charles H Cassell (1910 - 1976) of New York. He had two sisters; Mary and Muddy (I am sure that was not her real name) and two brothers; Ronnie and James all of whom are deceased. I do not know much about my dad's family line. I do know that there was some type of connection to PA. The only relatives of my dad that I can recall from my childhood are Great Aunt Nettie (not her real name), Uncle Charlie and his wife (cannot recall the name) and some relatives who had branched off to Massachusetts. This would have been in the very

early 70s that I would have seen any of them. Great Aunt Nettie was in her 80s or 90s at the time...

So, whomever sent in the request for information on the Cassell name please contact me through the magazine or website and let's see if the lines are the same. My dad had 3 daughters (other then myself) and 2 sons. I have loads of information I can share on the Florida line of the family.

Connie S.
Editor Genealogy Corner

1918 Deed

Flowers and Pierce

"Beginning on two rocks and an the Brimstone Bluff, thence Northward of the river bluff, thence a straight river with the river to Paul Neal's b's line, thence with Babb's line to h John Cope's line to the beginning, xxx
To have and to hold unto the

We have a deed, dated 1918 from Pickett County, TN. for 10 acres of land sold to S.J. Pierce. This deed contains the names of the

sellers, Taylor Flowers and his wife Cassie Flowers. It also mentions land marks such as Paul Neal's line, W.J. Babb's line, John Cope's & Babb's corner, and Wolf River.

{example of contents}

For and in consideration of the sum of one hundred and twenty five (\$125) dollars, seventy five (\$75) dollars paid in cash the receipt of which is hereby acknowledged and a note of this date for the sum of fifty (\$50) dollars due twelve months from this date, said note retaining a lien on the land until paid for in full, we, Taylor Flowers and his wife Cassie Flowers, have this day bargained and sold and quit claimed to S. J. Pierce a certain tract or parcel of land lying in the 6th district of Pickett County, Tennessee on the waters of the "Wold? Rivers" and bounded as follows:

If you are a relative of the Pierce family and would like to have this document, please contact U.S. Legacies.

Gilliam, Ernest P.

That is my fathers name and if anyone has any information about any of his relatives, please email me. He is from North Carolina. Thanks.

Response

Hi, thanks for posting. If you could please supply us with some further information, we could be of more help. Do you know his date of birth, city/town and state of his birth, is he living or has he passed away? If he is passed then the date of passing would also be helpful.

There may be more then one Ernest P. Gilliam.

Jacobs, Harold H.

Looking for any information on a Harold H. Jacobs who served in the Korean War, stationed at Pusan. Possibly an army captain. Hometown Brooklyn, NY?

Response:

Thanks for posting your message! At this time I do not have any information to share. I will research the name, though any additional information you can share would be of great help. I will also post this in the September issue of our magazine; hopefully we can come up with a hit for you.

Lowell Births as recorded in Lowell, Maine: Buck, Chase, Coffin, Ewing, Fernald, Fisk, Hathaway, Lamb, Lord, McLaughlin, Miles, Stickney, Treadwell

Nellie Frances Buck daughter of James H. and Eliza J. Buck July 26 1857

Joseph F. Chase was born July 10 1809

Lydia wife of Joseph F. Chase was born Dec 3 1815

Daniel L. Chase son of Joseph and Lydia Chase was born Jan 24 1833

Alma B Chase daughter of Joseph and Lydia Chase was born Mar 23 1834

Gerogina Chase daughter of Joseph and Lydia Chase was born Oct 11 1839

Lewall Chase son of Joseph and Lydia Chase was born Oct 14 1841

Sarah A. Chase daughter of Joseph and Lydia was born Aug 9 1843

Stephen Coffin was born Oct 8 1806

Susan Coffin wife of Stephen Coffin was born Feb 1 1808

Sarah Ann Coffin daughter of Stephen and Susan Coffin was born Mar 30 1831

Charles M. Coffin son of Stephen and Susan Coffin was born Dec 2 1833

Amanda M. Coffin daughter of Stephen and Susan Coffin was born April 16 1839

Mary L. Coffin daughter of Stephen and Susan Coffin was born Mar 22 1843

David Ewing was born May 21 1815

Hannah L. wife of David Ewing was born July 20 1818

Mary Ewing daughter of David and Hannah Ewing was born Oct 19 1837

Bethany Ewing dauhter of David and Hannah Ewing was born April 18 1840

John Ewing son of Daivid and Hannah Ewing was born June 17 1843

Thomas Ewing was born July 8 1811

Bethany wife of Thomas Ewing was born April 25 1814

Seth W. Ewings son of Thomas and Bethany was born April 25 1836

Margaret Ann Ewing daughter of Thomas and Bethany was born May 15 1842

Naomi Fernald was born Sept 20 1858 Daughter of Benjamin and

Mary A. Fernald

Leona Fernald was born July 9 1861 dau of Benjamin Ward and Mary A. Fernald

John W. Fisk was born Nov 4 1810 born in Portland, Maine Sophronia wife of John W. Fiske was born Aug 25 1820

Elizabeth C Fisk daughter of John W. and Sophronia Fisk was born March 9 1839

Julia Ann Fisk daughter of John W and Sophronia Fisk was born June 3 1841

Franklin C. Hathaway born in Lowell June 12 1853 son of James A. and Susan J. Hathaway.

Samuel Hathaway was born Jan 7 1860 son of James and Susan Hathaway

Columbas Lamb was born Mar 23 1810

Temperence his wife was born Feb 7 1818

Belinda daughter of Columbus and Temperence was born Feb 13 1835 Columbus son of Columbus and Mary was born Nov 1 1838

Elvia daughter of Columbus and Temperence was born Jan 26 1842

Jeremiah Lord was born July 26 1812

Hannah wife of Jeremiah Lord was born Feb 2 1821

Susanna Lord was born Feb 1 1808

Jane Lord was born Jan 15 1810 Lydia Lord was born Dec 3 1814

Maria Dean Lord was born Sept 2 1819

Daniel Lord son of Jermiah Lord was born April 4 1817

Mary D wife of Daniel Lord was

born June 20 1820
Avoline A. Lord daughter of
Daniel and Mary D. Lord was
 born Oct 17 1843

Emily Lord was born Aug 9th
 1842

William M. Lord was born
 March 16 1822

John McLaughlin was born Aug
 18 1794

Mary wife of John McLaughlin
 was born July 4 1802

Alfred McLaughlin son of John
 and Mary was born April 19 1831
Adeline daughter of John and Mary
 was born Mar 12 1836

Lydia daughter of John and Mary
 was born Mar 21 1840

John son of John and Mary was
 born Sept 23 1843

George A. Miles was born Mar
 13 1854 son of Josiah and Lois
 Miles

Jason C Miles was born Jan 20
 1857 son of Josiah and Lois Miles

Alvin Miles was born May 16
 1859 son of Josiah and Lois Miles

Bisthall Miles was born April 10
 1861 son of Josiah and Lois Miles

Joseph Stickney was born April
 20 1797

Mary wife of Joseph Stickney was
 born May 12 1784

Nathaniel E. Treadwell son of
 James and Hannah Treadwell born
 April 10 1847

'Too many people spend money
 they haven't earned, to buy
 things they don't want, to impress
 people they don't like.'

- Will Rogers

Connecting Cultures: Researching Your Roots Online

By Susan Hopkins

I stood in a small Irish cemetery. The weather was unusually warm for Ireland. The sun shone brightly, and there was not a trace of the common "soft" Irish rain in the air. The grass grew very high, uncut for months—a traditional Irish custom, I later found out, to help preserve the natural feel of the setting. The tombstone listed the names of distant relatives I had only discovered a year earlier.

With me amongst the graves stood my cousins, as I guess I should call them, very far removed in my family tree—but still family. Sean, a 30-something-year-old farmer, had an Irish brogue as thick as a pint of Guinness. His lovely wife, Anne, frequently had to "translate" for me. Their young son, Shane, ran freely among the old stone ruins of what appeared to be a church. I marveled at how amazing the experience was—traveling across an ocean to meet people I didn't know but were still a part of me.

I was the first in my immediate family to travel back to the "old country." This was my second trip to the Emerald Isle, but definitely not my last. I wondered that summer day what my grandmother would have thought—and I hoped she would have been proud.

My genealogy research took me to a place I never thought I'd see. What an unbelievable experience it was at the age of 23 to connect with "strangers," in a distant land and different culture,

who treated me as one of their own and warmly welcomed me into their home. This intensely human, emotional experience was made possible by the cold, hard, unfeeling wires of the computer. I would not have met my relatives without the Internet.

My research started online. I had tremendous success finding information not just on the Irish branch of my family tree, but on others as well. Albeit, it does help if some member of your family began research in the past and left you his or her notes to ponder. But don't fret if you are starting from scratch....

The Pros and Cons of Researching Online

There has never been a better time to research your roots. Gone are the days when you would spend all your waking hours searching through ancient, yellowed documents in dusty back rooms of libraries or churches. You might still have to do this, but now you can find a lot of your family history just by staying at home. Online genealogy research has quickly become a new technological and cultural trend in the Information Age—it accounts for 6% of online "traffic." It is the second most researched topic on the web after, you guessed it, pornography. And it is also the second most popular hobby in America after gardening. An estimated 100 million Americans have researched their roots in some way or another. At any given time, there are approximately 80 million Americans actively researching their roots, and more

than 480,000 websites contain some kind of genealogical information. This is positive news, but there can be drawbacks to researching your roots online.

The convenience and 24-hour availability of the Internet, and the plethora of genealogy information floating around in cyberspace, can actually stall your research. Be wary of what you find. Information on the Internet is still put there by a human hand, and, thus, errors can exist. The only foolproof method is to obtain from reliable sources copies of the original papers documenting your ancestor's birth, death, or marriage.

Also, the sheer volume of material available on the Internet can be intimidating and overwhelming. The easiest thing to do is to get out the archaic paper and pencil and devise a research plan. Know what you want to look for before you start looking. It is far too easy to get sidetracked online. Start by listing the family names you plan on researching. Then list all the related family members and everything you know about them. This may take awhile in itself, but it's so important to be focused before you head to the Web. Gather what information you already have and then head online.

Where to Go

Deciding what URL to explore first can be a daunting task, however, there are several large sites that can be the backbone to your research. Try starting with www.vitalcheck.com if you still need to retrieve your ancestors' birth, death, marriage, or divorce certificates. Vitalcheck provides

links to state agencies where you can order the required records online with a credit card. This service is a little costlier than simply sending a letter and self-addressed stamped envelope to the appropriate agency, but it is a much faster way to move ahead with your research. Vitalcheck has a service charge of at least \$7.00, in addition to the costs of the certificate(s) you request. If you want a single copy of a certificate, you can obtain one directly through your state agency for as little as \$3.00. To bypass Vitalcheck and go directly to the website for the specific state or county agency, go to www.vitalrec.com.

When you decide to really delve into your work, Roots Web (www.rootsweb.com) is the oldest and largest free online genealogy site. The very popular surname lists consist of a registry of over 1 million surnames submitted by more than 225,000 online genealogists. This site also has more than 26,000 mailing lists and more than 11 million postings on 132,000 message boards—proof that millions of people have been drawn into this new era of family history research. But beware. It is easy to be sucked into the mailing list and surname sections, which rarely produce any results and can eat up much of your valuable research time.

One of the best things about Roots Web is its list of links to many useful resources: the Social Security Death Index, the U.S. Town/County Database, the WorldConnect Project, and many other search engines and databases. On Roots Web you can

also sign up to receive free genealogy newsletters. This site is a great destination for achieving the overall picture of what online genealogical research is about.

Roots Web provides a link to the USGen Web Project..... (www.usgenweb.org). This site is attempting to provide complete records of the federal census for every state at no cost. However, the project is solely organized by volunteers who, understandably, need time to enter all of this information. Therefore, you may not find what you are looking for on this site. But it is a good place to just check. Plus, you'll find suggestions and helpful hints for how to start your online research on the "Information for Researchers" page. Through WorldConnect you can also view family trees that other researchers like yourself have posted, and you can submit your own family tree after you have successfully found who and what you are looking for. The WorldConnect Project contains more than 250 million ancestor names.

Roots Web is just one of the sites run by MyFamily.com, Inc. This leading network for connecting families and generations on the Web is the largest and most active online community of its kind. The other sites hosted by this network are Ancestry.com, FamilyHistory.com, and MyFamily.com. Ancestry.com is the most comprehensive—but mostly subscription based—site for online genealogical research. Subscription plans range from \$79.95 to \$189.95 annually. Ancestry.com currently boasts a

subscription base of over 800,000, proving that money is no object for many who are searching for information on their family's past. Subscribers have access to hundreds of millions of individual records and historical documents, including 1,400 online databases and U.S. census records from 1790 to 1930. Only the Social Security Death Index is free, but this is very helpful if you are trying to locate an ancestor who died in the U.S. in 1937 or after. The Social Security Death Index lists the names of all deceased individuals who received Social Security benefits or whose families received survivor benefits.

FamilyHistory.com provides free family history message boards. These allow researchers to share their newfound information and post queries regarding surnames and different geographic areas. But remember, queries are rarely successful, and it may be months before you receive a response. But, in case you decide to post one, here are a few tips for posting queries:

- Type your ancestor's surname in all capital letters. It will be easier to read and more recognizable.
- Keep the query short, but make sure to include the pertinent information: name of relative, names of spouses, children, and parents; dates of birth and death; locations of birth and death; and other information you are seeking about this person or their family.
- Include your email address so someone can respond to your

query.

MyFamily.com is a popular password-protected genealogical site. Users can create family albums and talk to other researchers like themselves in a chat room or by live voice. Free online software is also available wherein family members can update the same family tree. This site lets you securely document the information you find and allows others in your family to share their successes as well.

Another option is to search the extensive genealogical records compiled by The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. Members of the Church believe that the family is one of the most important things in life, and family can also continue beyond death. Therefore, the more you know about your relatives, the better you'll be prepared to meet them—someday. In addition to online resources, there is the Family History Library, located in Salt Lake City, Utah, which is the largest of its kind in the world. Open to the public free of charge, this library contains over 2.2 million rolls of microfilmed genealogical records. The Ancestral File contains about 35 million names, and The International Genealogical Index database contains about 725 million names. A good bit of this information is available online at www.familysearch.org. The Latter-Day Saints also has several branch libraries across the country.

The Latter-Day Saints's website includes searchable Census records, the U.S. Social Security Death Index, a vital records index,

and the Pedigree Resource File, which contains over 50 million names. This is a database of records submitted by individuals through the FamilySearch Internet Genealogy Service. This site also gives excellent step-by-step instructions to help you get started in your research process.

Finding Treasures and Obtaining Success

But what about the millions of us who have roots outside the U.S.? The main part of my genealogical research, for example, did not involve U.S. records. After my first trip to Ireland, which was 3 years before my second trip, I had a deep admiration for the country and was determined to find out the county from which my Irish ancestors emigrated. I was one of the fortunate ones; my mom had an old Roman Catholic family Bible dating back to the mid-19th century, and there someone along the line had recorded several relatives' names and dates of marriage.

But the most important item in the Bible was a copy of an ancestor's baptismal certificate that was dated 1850. The name on the certificate was Martin Grady, born June 4, 1840, baptized June 23, 1840 in the Parish Church of St. Michael, Ballinasloe. The town and parish listed did not seem "American," so I went to the Internet to conduct a search on the town name. Sure enough, I found that the town was located in the western part of Ireland. With that information, I searched Irish websites for any information I could find on genealogical research

in western Ireland. One site had a link to a family history society in the county where my ancestor was baptized. It would cost money, but I could send them the information I had, and they would search civil and church records for any related information.

Within about 2 months, I was astonished and thrilled to receive a chart of my ancestor's immediate relatives. The history society recommended that I write the county's Postmaster to inquire about relatives with the same surname who still live in the area. Several months later, I received a letter back from the Postmaster listing the names of two men. I wrote letters to both and included a copy of my family tree, which I had created with the help of Family Tree Maker software. A couple months after that I received a mysterious message on my home answering machine. A man named Paul from Atlanta, Georgia, called and left a message stating that he believed I had written his relatives. By returning his call I found out that he was related and had found the same relatives a year earlier and had already visited them in Ireland!

Paul and I exchanged copies of our family trees and made copies of old family photos for each other. By verifying lots of information, we found that we are indeed related, although the relationship is that of "very" distant cousins. I still have not met Paul face-to-face, but we talk on the phone every now and then and exchange letters. He has performed a lot of research and has information on more distant branches of our family tree. The

distance some people are willing to go to find out their family's history is awe-inspiring and commendable.

Although, if you are one of the many researchers who are simply looking to add to your family tree and not actually to unite with living relatives, there are many software programs that will help you organize and simplify your research data. The most popular software program is Family Tree Maker from Broderbund Software. This user-friendly program allows you to keep records of multiple generations, up to 2 million individuals to be exact, and generate charts to observe family relationships. Pedigree charts, descendant charts, outline reports, family group sheets, and kinship reports can be created in seconds, and the result is a visual documentation of your hard research efforts. You can even electronically send your family tree to the Family Tree Maker's website (www.familytreemaker.com) for others to view worldwide.

Connecting Communities

Finding your ancestors can be a life-changing experience. Staying connected with them, however, can sometimes prove challenging. My relatives in Ireland live on a rural farm. They have a landline phone, even a cell phone, but not Internet

access. It amazes me that even though I found my relatives partly by using current technology, to stay in touch with them I have found myself resorting to the almost outdated method of using pen, paper, and postage stamps.

The Internet is a convenient and useful tool for finding your roots. But don't get frustrated if you don't find all you are looking for online. A trip to your ancestor's hometown, a day of sorting through old, dust-covered documents, or strolls through strange cemeteries may still be needed. But you will feel an overwhelming sense of accomplishment when you have found what you were searching for. Finally understanding where your family came from makes your efforts worth it.

Current technologies are in effect helping to bring to life and preserve family connections that were once only visible on pieces of paper. We now have the ability to interact with people, all over the country and the world, who share the same interest in genealogy research and who may actually be related to us. We have a wonderful new opportunity to find the missing pieces of our past and to stay connected to them throughout our whole lives

Our task is not to fix the blame for the past, but to fix the course for the future.

—John F. Kennedy

"The foolish person seeks happiness in the distance, the wise person grows it under his feet."

—James Oppenheim

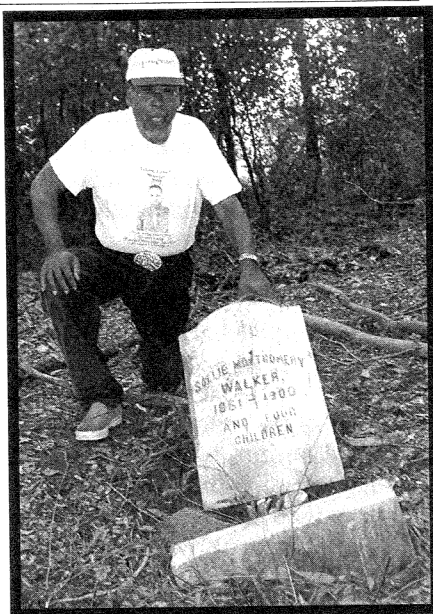
Alice Walker

First of Alice Walker Series as appears in "Eatonton Messenger," Eatonton, GA. Author Larry Moore

Below is my column for 7-17, "The Alice Walker Story" which will be the first of a series. The photo is of Alice's brother, Curtis, next to their great grandmother's (born as a slave) headstone. Great-great grandfather, JM Montgomery, is also buried there along with a number of unmarked graves, many of which are probably children. With the help of several Putnam cemetery sleuths we recently located the cemetery in a remote overgrown wooded area which had to be cleared.

The Alice Walker Story (The first in a series on Putnam's Alice Walker and her family)

Alice Walker's family is one of the oldest in Putnam County, the first ancestor arriving almost two hundred years ago. The story goes that Mae Poole (Alice's great-great-great-great grandmother) carrying two children walked behind a wagon from Virginia to Putnam County sometime after the County was formed in 1807. There was no room for slaves in the wagon. The years brought many other challenges but the family survived and finally Alice, as well as her seven brothers and sisters, left the area (as Joel Chandler Harris did a hundred years earlier) to seek greater opportunities. Some returned later to live and Alice returned for visits and family functions. Brother Curtis bought property on Wards Chapel Rd. in 1975



where their mother's family (Grant) once lived. The Walker family lived on Wards Chapel Rd. for generations. Brother Curtis, Putnam Cemetery sleuth Lamar Griffin, and I with the help of Lee Hicks and Anne Hoersten located the gravesites of slave ancestors in a remote wooded and overgrown area (see photo of Curtis with great grand mother Sallie's headstone). I have discussed this find with Alice and she is very interested in incorporating the cemetery into the family history. (This find is part of a year-long data collection effort leading to a planned cemetery book covering all Putnam cemeteries, the publishing of which will be a joint effort of the Historic Piedmont Scenic Byway and the Eatonton-Putnam Historical Society with support from the Probate Court and a variety of citizens.)

Of course, Alice gained worldwide acclaim writing about the places and people of Putnam she

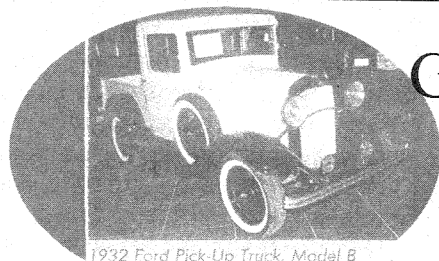
knew well (with doses of fiction added as necessary), and more importantly the breadth of relationships that were loving though many were often strained and even brutal. The healing qualities of the land and even the unifying thread of blues music are also woven into some of her work. A recent book of poetry is titled *Absolute Trust in the Goodness of the Earth*. Her critics complained of her treatment of some groups and of her activism but history is honoring her body of work, which includes children's books, articles (New York Times, Ms Magazine, etc.) as well as poetry and she has emerged as one of the truly significant writers of the twentieth century. Of course, the Pulitzer Prize winning *The Color Purple* and the subsequent movie produced by Quincy Jones and directed by Steven Spielberg, which premiered in Eatonton in 1986, stand out in the popular mind.

Alice was born in Putnam County in 1944 to poor sharecroppers, Willie Lee Walker and Minnie Tallulah Grant Walker. Willie Lee made only about \$300 a year and Minnie was a seamstress who could help with the family finances. According to Alice's sister, Ruth, who now lives in Atlanta, Alice wanted to learn to play the piano, but the family did not have the money for lessons so she began to spend more time writing and possibly was "born with the inspiration to be a writer." The impact of another childhood event was even more significant. At the age of eight Alice was playing Cowboys and Indians and was accidentally shot in the eye with a BB gun and blinded in that eye. Ruth

referred to the resulting scar as "the big white glob" that changed Alice from a precocious, outgoing child, who spoke articulately to church and other groups to a withdrawn, introverted girl with declining grades. The teasing at school over the scar made matters worse. 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. At 14, Alice visited her brother Bill in Boston where he arranged for the scar to be removed. Life turned around. Top grades returned and Alice was later able to graduate as valedictorian of her high school class with a scholarship to Spelman College in Atlanta (she later graduated from Sarah Lawrence in New York). According to Ruth she became "the wonderful, happy, smiling person she was before." Her class elected her Miss Butler-Baker and she became the May Queen of the senior prom. Brother Curtis has the same memory of events and the "fun times" they had playing together as they grew up.

Alice went on to college, sought many developing experiences (some very risky and painful) and pursued life as an activist and a writer and mother.

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1932 Ford Pick-Up Truck, Model B

Good Old Days

Summer's Last Hurrah

Labor Day has come to mean two different things in our country, a day to honor the working man and the last three-day weekend of summer. Both are great reasons to celebrate!

Coming from a family of hard workers, I appreciate the day in their honor. Our country was built by these people! My grandfather toiled each day on the railroad, and my father spent over thirty years building automobiles. I'm grateful to have been taught their strong work ethic and to have learned the satisfaction that a hard day's work brings.

Labor Day is the last real chance for a summer getaway or get-together. Don't miss the chance to take the family on a mini vacation to the lake or beach, or an opportunity to have another barbeque or big summer bash. The weather will change soon, the kids will go back to school and the transition into another season begins yet again.

Jennifer Thompson, Column Editor

Comments from our Readers

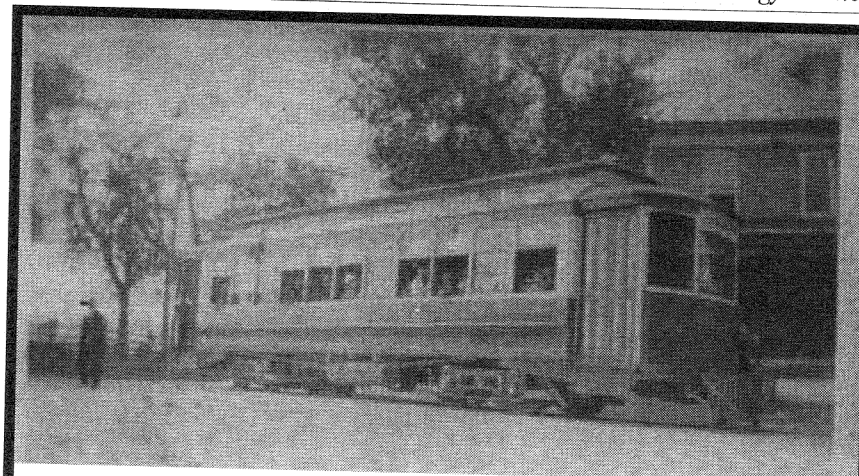
Trolley photo

I have some information for you about one of your photos on

your web site. The photo is titled "Old Trolley 1910s or 1920s PA". My ex-father-in-law is an authority on trolleys. His name is Clarence L. Groff, age 97 from Palmyra, PA. I showed him the picture of the trolley and he immediately identified it as one of the Hershey Transit Co. trolleys. The trolley on the photo is either #1,2,3 or 6. The roofs on those trolleys have a smaller higher roof with small windows on each side of the roof. The other Hershey trolleys have a rounded roof.

Trolley # 2 was used as a funeral car for a short time. The first four windows on each side of the car were covered and the casket was placed in the front part of the trolley. The family and other mourners sat on the seats in the rear part of the car. It was soon found that this use was not practical since most of the burial places were too far from the trolley line and the funeral car use was discontinued.

The trolley company was established by Milton S. Hershey at the same time he was building the chocolate factory in Hershey. The trolleys were purchased by Mr. Hershey in 1905, and were used



Marion Hostetter nee Leedom is in the trolley and worked at the Hershey Amusement Park. This photo was taken in Hershey, Pa between 1915 and 1925.

to transport factory workers from surrounding communities. The main line ran from Hershey to Lebanon, and from Hershey to Hummelstown. Another line ran from Hershey to Elizabethtown, but it was discontinued after some years. The trolleys ran until December 22, 1946 when they were replaced by buses.

In 1946, I rode the last trolley from Hershey west to Hummelstown and have pictures of the trolley in Hummelstown before it return to Hershey for the last time. The old "car barn" is still standing in Hershey.

Joe Long

Changing Times

Where I grew up in Dubois County, Indiana, we did not have electricity until after WWII, so we didn't even have fans in our house

to keep us cool in the summer time. In the evening we would go out and sit on the porch, and it was nice and cool out there. Going to town was different, too. When I was young, we would only go to town one time each month. While we were in town, we might get a large ice cream cone for a nickel, or one candy bar or a bottle of pop, but money was tight so you could not get four or five candy bars at a time or several bottles of pop each day like the kids do now.

There were also times that we would make ice cream at home. You could take your vanilla, ice and what ever else you wanted to use and put it into a bucket. Then by twisting the bucket from side to side for about half an hour, you would have ice cream. It was not as hard as the ice cream is that you get today, but it was still good to eat. What we didn't eat, we would throw away, because we didn't have any way to store it.

Charlie Hobbs.

"It Happened This Month"

100 years ago - September 1903

September 6 - Sherlock Holmes "Adventure of Creeping Man" begins.

September 7 - The Federation of American Motorcyclists organized in New York.

September 13 - Birthday of Claudette Colbert [Lily Chauchin], Paris, actress (Texas Lady)

September 14 - New York Giant Red Ames throws a no hitter vs. the Cardinals; game reduced to five innings.

September 15 - Birthday of Roy Acuff, Maynardville, TN, of TV's Hee Haw.

September 21 - The first cowboy film, "Kit Carson", premiers in the United States.

75 years ago - September 1928

September 4 - Birthday of Dick York, Fort Wayne, Indiana, actor (Darrin - "Bewitched", "Inherit the Wind.")

September 11 - Birthday of Earl Holliman, Delhi, Louisiana, actor ("Policewoman", "Tribes", "Cry Panic")

September 14 - Birthday of Albert Shanker, American Labor leader (American Federation of Teachers)

September 15 - Kalmar & Ruby's musical "Good Boy" premieres in NYC

September 17 - Birthday of Roddy McDowall, London, England, actor ("Planet of the Apes", "Lord Love a Duck")

September 18 - Birthday of Phyllis Kirk, Syracuse, New York, actress ("Thin Man", "Red Button's Show")

September 20 - Birthday of Joyce Brothers, New York City, New York, pop psychiatrist (\$64,000 Question Winner)

September 30 - Birthday of Elie Wiesel, author ("Souls on Fire") Nazi Hunter, Nobel Prize 1986.

50 years ago - September 1953

September 4 - Birthday of Lawrence Hilton Jacobs, New York City, New York, actor (Freddie - "Welcome Back Kotter")

September 10 - Birthday of Amy Irving, Palo Alto, California, actress ("Yentl", "Carrie", "Crossing Delancy") Swanson sells it's first "TV dinner

September 12 - Senator John F Kennedy, 36, marries Jacqueline Bouvier, 24

September 13 - Birthday of Tayrn Power, Los Angeles, California, daughter of Tyrone Power.

September 14 - Comedians Jerry Stiller & Anne Meara marries.

September 16 - Birthday of Jerry Pate, Macon, GA. PGA Golfer, won US Open in 1976 and also the Canadian Open, 1986.

American League approves St. Louis Browns move to become Baltimore Orioles.

September 17 - The first successful separation of Siamese twins.

Ernie Banks becomes Chicago Cubs first black player.

The History of Labor Day The Movement That Created More Than Just a Holiday

Peter McGuire was already working at age eleven, selling newspapers on the streets of New York City, shining shoes, cleaning stores and running errands. It was his job to help support his mother and six brothers and sisters when his father went away to fight in the Civil War in 1863.

Peter's parents were among several immigrants who had settled in New York, and among the majority finding the dream to not be what they had imagined. Living and working conditions were poor; families crowded into single-family dwellings and everyone worked long hours for low wages, including the children. It was difficult to complain about the work when so many were eager to take jobs that others may lose.

In his late teens, Peter began classes in the evenings in economics and social issues. Labor conditions were a concern among those attending these meetings. Finally, after enough talk of these issues and support among the masses, 100,000 workers, including

McGuire, went on strike and marched the streets, demanding a shorter workday. Deeply moved by the organization, Peter realized the importance of workers rights and spent the next year speaking to workers and unemployed people, and lobbying to city governments on their behalf. He strived for jobs and relief money to be provided to the workers, while he himself was out of a job. He traveled, speaking to workers of the idea of unionizing. Peter moved to St. Louis in 1881, in an effort to form a carpenter's union. At a convention in Chicago he succeeded in forming a national union of carpenters. He took the position of General Secretary of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of America.

Soon the concept of unions spread, and workers of several trades began to organize, demanding a shorter workday and security in their jobs. Peter McGuire planned a holiday for workers the first Monday of each

September. On September 5, 1882 the first Labor Day parade was held in New York City, followed by picnics and fireworks around the city.

As it turns out, we have this man to thank not only for an extra day off work, but also for his bravery in enforcing an idea of organization of workers to strengthen the fight for fair working conditions and job security. After all, these are the types of people who deserve credit for the growth and prosperity of our country, and the opportunities available to every American.

There is some dispute as to who actually founded Labor Day. Some insist that credit is due to a man by the name of Matthew Maguire, a machinist, and the Secretary of Local 344 of the International Association of Machinists in Paterson, New Jersey, who was said to have proposed a working man's holiday in 1882 during his service as Secretary of the Central Labor Union in New York.

By Jennifer Thompson, Column Editor and Contributing Writer.

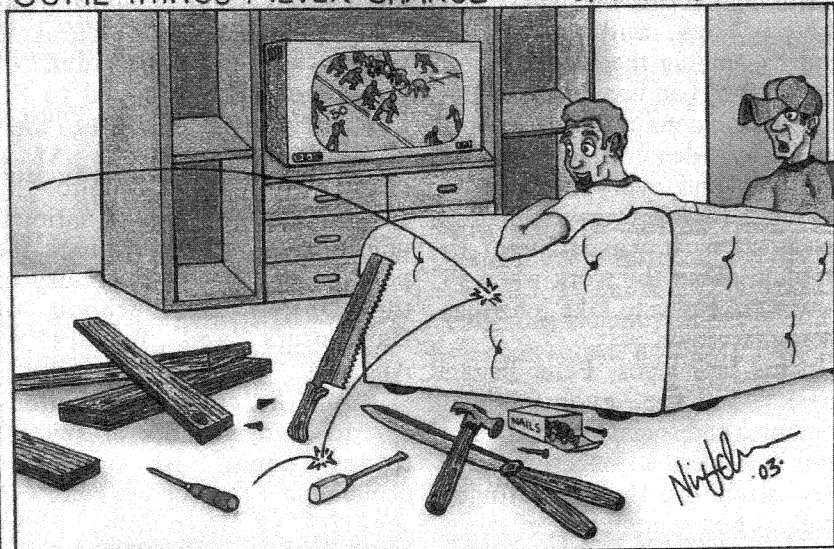
The difference between a hypocrite and a wise man is that one states his beliefs while the other lives them.

Words of Wisdom...

Beware lest you lose the substance by grasping at the shadow. - Aesop (620-560 BC) —Greek storyteller

SOME THINGS NEVER CHANGE

BY: NICHOLAS JOHNSON



"WE GET THE HINT LADIES BUT TODAY IS LABOR DAY, NOT MANUAL LABOR DAY!"

My Grandmother's Early Life in Michigan

by
Kim Mack

This story was told to me by my grandmother, Sylva Beaumont Coonley, before she died in 1995.

My parents, Harry F. Beaumont and Pearl B. Beaumont nee Halleck lived in a nice little white house on a corner, on Lake Street, in Pontiac, Michigan, where I was born, February 20, 1912. My earliest recollection is waiting on the steps every day for my father to come home from the Spring Works. He worked very hard hammering red-hot steel into springs. When I'd see him coming, I would run down the sidewalk and throw myself into his open arms for his usual hug and kiss. My father then was a very muscular man. I remember that my Grandfather Beaumont was Pa's helper on his fire. I was about three-years old at this time.

In the living room against one wall and about in the center, was a big pot-bellied stove which was fed

coal and wood that glowed red through the isinglass (mica) windows in the door. Beside it was a large coal scuttle, usually full of large chunks of coal. The kitchen, off the living room, had a huge black cooking stove, also fed coal or wood, with an oven at the bottom. My mother ironed with two irons that had removable handles, which were used interchangeably to transfer the irons from the stove to the ironing board and back to the stove.

Many nights before going to bed, I remember laying across my father's lap while he scratched my back. I also remember him rubbing Arnica salve on my chapped legs and wrapping them in torn strips of sheeting in the winter time. My skin has always been very dry and in winter would literally crack open and bleed. Dorothy was born there on June 19, 1914, which makes us two years and four months apart.

About this same time my father and mother attended dances and

card games where they played a game called Pedro. They must have always taken me with them as I remember climbing on the coats thrown on the bed and going to sleep. At other times I remember slipping and sliding on the dance floor with the other kids. All her life, my mother loved to dance, but Pa didn't care about it much.

One clear winter night on the way home from some social function, my father was carrying me. It was so quiet, so white, only the sound of my parents' footsteps squeaking on the snow. I remember a feeling of comfort, coziness, and inner warmth, although it must have been very cold.

A lamp-lighter came by at dusk every evening to light the gas street lights with his long pole. I suppose he came by at first light to snuff them out.

We must have lived near town, because we had no transportation in those days; wherever we went, we walked. However, grass and trees abounded with a lot of empty space surrounding our immediate area. The only other house nearby was Clark's large white house on the left hand corner from ours. William Clark was a farmer who always seemed busy with hay and stuff, although I recall no animals, farm or otherwise. He seemed always to smell like a farm yard. His wife, Leone, was the midwife at my birth, however, there was

always a doctor in attendance, because I remember my mother saying later that the doctor used large forceps and she thought he was going to pull my head off. Leone and my mother remained friends all their lives. I suspect she must have also attended my mother when Dorothy was born.

The Clark's had an abandoned chicken coop about one hundred yards from their back door and there hangs a tale. I must have been under six-years old and Stanley Clark, who was a little older, mischievously locked our younger sisters in the chicken coop. Then one of us dropped a lighted match in the straw outside. Instantly we were terror-stricken and ran and hid under his back porch. Mrs. Clark and Mamma came running at the smoke and all the screaming, broke the window and pulled the kids out. There was more smoke than fire, but I have often wondered what my life might have been had I had to carry the guilt for my sister's death or maiming the rest of my life.

My punishment? Well, there was a tree just outside our back door. Mother tore off a long switch, pulled it through her hand to peel off the leaves, and laid it, not too gently, on my bare legs. She used that form of punishment quite frequently, I might add. No matter where we lived, we must have had a handy tree for my mother's exclusive use. When my father

came home, he took me aside and pointed out the possible consequences of my act. I think that did far more to make me realize the terrible, thoughtless thing I had done than the welts on my legs.

On a shopping trip with my mother, I walked out of the store with a whistle. My mother told me I had to take it back and apologize. I put up a fuss and begged her to take it back for me. She said, "No, you stole it, I didn't. So you must take it back." All this time she is pulling me back into the store. The grocer said, "Oh, that's all right, let her have it." But mother won out. I had to confess I stole it and that I was sorry and promised never to steal anything again.

My first recollection of school leads me to believe I must have been a dreadful dreamer. While sitting at my desk one morning, the sun streaming in the windows, I sat gazing out, almost mesmerized. What a beautiful day it was, early in the morning, blue skies, and the green and gold of the great outdoors. I remember this as if it were only yesterday.

At a later date, I must have put into action my longing for the outdoors by skipping school. I was meandering down the railroad track going nowhere in particular when my mother caught up to me. The specifics of this escapade could not have made much of an impression on me as I do not

remember. My mother related this episode and we were still living in Pontiac. Therefore, I would have been not over six years old.

I remember playing with my Uncle Ervin, who was my father's youngest brother, but whose age I do not know. We were chasing each other around the living room and I fell and struck the pointed edge of the rocker just above my left eyebrow and it left quite a scar.

The following tragedy was told to me by my mother. Gramma Beaumont had just set a pail of hot water on the kitchen floor in preparation of washing it when Ervin backed into it. He was so severely burned he later died. There is no way for me to check on Ervin's age, because most certainly his birth certificate was destroyed when the courthouse burned, as was mine.

I remember milk was delivered to the house in quart bottles by a milkman.

Uncle Frank, my father's next younger brother, was some years older than I. He would take me bobsledding in the wintertime. Mamma didn't like the idea as I recall. She thought it was too dangerous. It was a real racing bobsled with four separate runners about four inches wide and 26 inches long, two on each side. The two front runners moved independently from the two back runners and the front man steered. Boy, could that thing travel! And I

just loved it!

One time when visiting Aunt Mable in Detroit, there was a fire some place and when we heard the “clang clang” of the fire bell, Buster and I rushed outside just in time to see four huge horses, two abreast, come pounding down the street, pulling the hook and ladder and the large water tank which was shiny brass. Pandemonium, kids running and screaming, dogs barking and running alongside, and all the while that loud “clang clang.” Golly! That was exciting!

I received a beautiful doll for Christmas, made of fine white kid leather sewn at the knees to form joints. It had a china head and was stuffed with sawdust. I know because I crawled behind the sofa and tore it all apart, I suppose to see what it was made of. Is it surprising I was never given another one?

All I ever asked for were books and paints. One of my most cherished possessions was a book of Bible stories. The cover was read leather with gold lettering and the first page was a colored picture of Lucifer descending from Heaven with his host of angels. Some other books which enchanted me when I was very young were the “Wizard of Oz” and other books by Baum.

We must have had a well when we lived in Pontiac, and the water must have been piped in because we did not have an outhouse. Also,

I remember Clark’s had a pretty bathroom, but it’s strange because I don’t recall one in our house. In fact, I don’t remember how we took a bath.

There is one outing that stands out in my memory of Pa and I fishing from a boat on a lake. It was a cool day and no sun, so it was probably late in the afternoon. I can still conjure up the feel of the boat rocking gently and the sound of the waves lapping on the sides. Suddenly it became dark and a strong wind came up and Pa said, “Get down in the boat,” and he started to row as fast and as hard as he could, but I could tell the boat was not going where he wanted it to go. Eventually the boat ended up in a vast swamp-like expanse of tall grass. By this time, it had been raining quite a while. I just knew Pa was lost as he picked me up and started wading in the knee-high water and hip-high saw grass, leaving his rod and reel behind. By this time, it was raining very hard. The rest of the adventure escapes me.

Mamma and Dorothy and I took the train to Duluth, Minn, where Gramma and Grampa Halleck lived at this time. The berths in the train were made up in smashing white linens and the colored porter in a white jacket, white shirt and black bow tie walked my crying sister, Dorothy, so my mother could get some rest. I think she cried all the way there. She was a babe in arms.

I recall the clickety-clack of the wheels on the track, the swaying and the moaning of the train whistle from time to time. To me it was a great romantic trip.

The flu epidemic of 1918 killed 20 million people worldwide and ½ million in the United States. Hardly anyone was untouched – rich or poor. It was called “The Great Plague,” the worst epidemic the modern world had ever experienced. It started in the trenches and was spread from there into prisoner-of-war camps and hospitals and eventually into the United States by returning troops and the returning European troops infected the whole of Europe. The authorities and doctors were at first slow in reporting the seriousness of the disease for fear of causing a panic. Hospitals were overwhelmed. They ran out of some drugs and others were in short supply, as was linens and other hospital necessities while one out of four people died.

Uncle Roy, Uncle Percy, and Uncle Jimmy all served in the First World War. Uncle Roy lost all his hair and Jimmy was gassed and burned on the bottom part of his face and neck by mustard gas.

There were several home remedies my mother used often. Croupy coughs were relieved by a mixture of goose grease and turpentine, rubbed on the chest and then covered by a warmed flannel cloth. Every spring, Mother mixed

up a cup of sulfur and molasses and gave each of us a big tablespoon full – something to do with the blood. She also made a paste of powdered mustard spread on a warmed flannel cloth and applied to the chest to break up pneumonia. There were several things used to draw out infection or bring boils to a head. One I especially remember was a poultice of bread soaked in milk spread on a cloth and applied to the site of the infection. For a toothache, a piece of cotton was soaked with oil of cloves and packed into the cavity in the offending tooth. Mamma had the pharmacist mix up a mixture of rose water and glycerin, which was used for dry, chapped hands. Much later this same remedy appeared on the shelves of every drug store. Salt water was used as a gargle for sore throats and we drank black pepper in boiled milk for diarrhea. Baking soda was used as a toothpaste.

The Spring Works closed down and my father went to Detroit, Michigan and joined the police department October 2, 1918. The war was over, it ended officially November 1918. The flu then was abating, the worst was over. Mamma wasn’t too happy about Pa going on the police force and I know she worried all her life. But as it turned out, he loved police work and was happy in it until his retirement.

The first place we lived in Detroit was upstairs above a Jewish family. A flat, I suppose you would call it. We had our own entrance, three bedrooms, a large living room, and a nice kitchen. The people were very friendly, but I can't remember their names or even if they had kids. There were some weird odors emanating from downstairs at meal times. Once a month this kindly Jewish lady brought up a bowl of Gefilte Fish. So who wouldn't like Gefilte Fish? Well, we didn't. It was chopped fish, mashed potatoes, onions, garlic and whatever rolled together into balls and boiled in water. Mamma always graciously accepted them, one couldn't hurt her feelings, but what we did with them I don't know. I just know we didn't eat them.

I remember the ice cream wagons with their clanging bells and the kids on the block running with their small, large, and larger bowls for as many scoops as mommy said. Now that was real ice cream!

One afternoon, my mother was sitting in a rocking chair, sewing or knitting. For some reason, whether for meanness or because I was simply bored, I went into one of the bedrooms and proceeded to light kitchen matches in a corner of the window. They kept piling up because they wouldn't stay lit. Suddenly the curtain caught fire and I calmly walked out, closed the

door, and sat in the bay window waiting, as I recall, for the fire department. My mother sniffed and asked me if I smelled anything, got up and went down the hall opening doors. The fire had burned up the curtain on one side, across the top and down the other side, setting fire to the mattress. My mother opened the window wide and stuffed the mattress out the window. The fire department never did arrive and that is all I remember about the fire or this house.

We didn't live here long because Pa got a transfer to another precinct. However, we still lived here when the armistice was signed. Mamma and I were out among the crowd and the celebration was tumultuous. We were squeezed, pushed, crushed and otherwise manhandled. It was all in good fun, but along with the horns and other noisemakers, the screaming and shouting was sometimes accompanied by weeping. It was intimidating and frightening. Everybody was kissing and hugging perfect strangers. Suddenly we saw Pa in his uniform and Mamma fought the crowd to get to him. When he boosted me up over the crowd, I then felt more secure. He continued to carry me along on his shoulders, as the crowd was not unruly, just boisterous.

Kim Mack is a freelance writer from Ogden, Utah.

Wartime Memories

From the Editor

By: Dr. Zoë Simmons; Assistant Administrator & Editor

Life is just a yummy plate of garden vegetables. Yes, it sounds corny, but I've always found comfort in the simple truth of this metaphor. Tasty, homegrown vegetables from my garden remind me of the beauty, joy, and serenity, which more than compensates for all the hard work, muscle strain, pest and diseases encountered along the way.

With the end of summer, Labor Day announcing the beginning of fall, the tasty vegetables eaten and the returning of children to school, what I'm getting at in my own way, is that gardening like life has its ups and downs.

As our country waits for the glorious news of the capture of Hussein, we also must sit and listen to the announcement of American soldiers perishing in combat.

In my own home, I think back to my father-in-law, Sgt. Charles H. Simmons, who bravely served in Vietnam, my father, Sgt. Ralph P. Sanchez, Vietnam veteran, and my husband, Sgt. Terry L. Simmons, who was called for duty by the United States Army. Two of whom

served in a horrible war and one with the chance of going to one.

We may not all agree with our President, or the war. What we can agree on is that these soldiers are our sons, husbands, brothers, uncles, nephews, friends and neighbors. Through our differences we must come together and support them. In this section of the magazine we have provided a list of soldiers who are fighting on the front line. Please write to them with encouraging words and prayers.

With next year's gardening season in mind, the mistakes made and lessons learned, I know next year's garden will produce more vegetables. Just as each day of the war goes by, each day also brings us to an end.

This Labor Day as we enjoy the final gatherings of the summer, please say your prayers for our soldiers abroad, and for WWI, WWII, Korean, Vietnam, Desert Storm war veterans.

A special thank you to my father-in-law, Retired Sgt. Charles H. Simmons, for the hours of gardening you shared with your mini-me;

Christopher and your granddaughter, Tiffany. Thank you for all the helpful gardening tips.

To Sgt. Terry Simmons, you are your son's role model. You have raised a son who is so proud that his daddy is an American soldier. How

your son wants to walk in your shoes. You have a daughter who sees a man full of courage, strength, and love. You are in our thoughts, prayers, and in our hearts. We love you.

Computers for Disabled Veterans

The Madison Disabled Vets, <http://www.madisondav.com>, has posted the following on its Web site:

Computers for Disabled Veterans are available at no cost if you qualify. You must have been honorably discharged from the Armed Forces, awarded 100% Disability, and have received the Purple Heart to qualify. This is what you will receive: A Dell computer complete with monitor, keyboard, hard drive, mouse, speakers, and an Epson printer. In addition, you will get five hours of free instruction in your home.

This offer is available through Help Disabled War Veterans, an organization in Northern California. To apply, call or write to:
Help Disabled War Veterans
36589 Penfield Lane, Suite D
Winchester, CA 92596.
The telephone number is: (909) 926-2210

Attach a copy of your DD-214 (make sure your Purple Heart is listed on it) and a copy of your 100% Disability Award letter to the application. You will be put on a list of qualified recipients. About 100 computers each month are being sent out.

Did You Know?

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

Letter to all readers.

I noticed the request for assistance in buying a heavy duty paper cutter for the magazine, in our latest issue.

What a great opportunity for all of us who enjoy the magazine and who have been helped through the voluntary research, to give back in some small, but important way.

I would like to issue a challenge to my fellow readers to send a donation, now. A lot of even small donations have a way of mounting up to the needed \$400.00, quickly. So let's get going and get this equipment on the job ASAP. I know we can do this together as a gesture of the great appreciation we feel to

this devoted organization, for all they do on our behalf.

Thanks to all of you...and my check is in the mail!!

CSM Thomas Fitzpatrick
(USA RET)

1970 photograph of
CSM Thomas E.
Fitzpatrick outside the
326th Medical
Battalion (Airmobile)
Headquarters.



Shirley C.
Glory nee
Wagaman,
a nurse in
the U.S.
Army.

Fallen Heroes of Operation Iraqi Freedom

By: Dr. Zoe L. Simmons



Marine Staff Sgt. James W. Cawley, 41, of Layton, Utah.

Killed during a firefight with enemy forces. He was assigned to F Company, 2nd Battalion, 23rd Marine Regiment, 4th Marine Division, Salt Lake City, Utah. Died on March 29, 2003.

James W. Cawley met and married his wife Miyuki while serving in the Marines on the Island of Okinawa. They have two children, a son named Cecil, age 8, and a daughter Keiko, age 6. He served for 12 years in the Marine Corps, retired and became a Salt Lake City Police Officer, Detective, and a SWAT team member. He enlisted in the Marine reserves and was called back to active duty in early 2002. He was tough, and yet very soft-hearted.

He was fluent in Japanese and could read and write in Kanji. He also served as a missionary for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in the Fukuoka, Japan Mission. He was one of America's best, a

truly moral family man who loved his wife and children as well as his country. He believed in what he was doing and was supportive of efforts to free the Iraqi people of oppression. His family, friends and community will truly miss him.

Source: Debbie Cawley Seamons, sister of SSG Cawley

A Memorial Fund for Sgt. James W. Cawley's children has been set up. Contributions may be made to any America First Credit Union in Utah.

NO PHOTO AVAILABLE

Marine Cpl. Kemaphoom A. Chanawongse, 22, of Waterford, Connecticut.

Killed in action during operations on the outskirts of An Nasiriyah on March 23. Chanawongse was assigned to 2nd Assault Amphibian Battalion, 2nd Marine Division, Camp Lejeune, North Carolina.

"A gentle word,
like summer rain,
May soothe some heart
and banish pain.

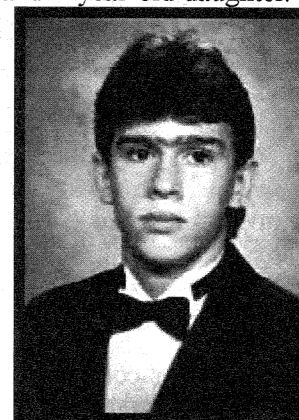
What joy or sadness
often springs
From just the simple little things!"

By Willa Hoey



Marine CWO Robert William Channell, Jr.

36, of Tuscaloosa, Alabama. Killed in a non-hostile accident with two other soldiers when a rocket-propelled grenade launcher they were firing for familiarization malfunctioned on a firing range near the city of Al Kut, Iraq. He was assigned to the 1st Battalion, 10th Marine Regiment, 2nd Marine Expeditionary Brigade, Camp Lejeune, North Carolina. Died on April 22, 2003. Channell leaves a wife and 5-year-old daughter.

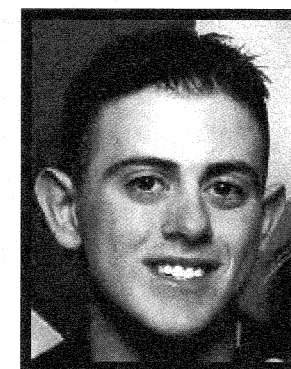


Marine 2nd Lt. Therrel Shane Childers, 30, of Harrison County, Mississippi.

Killed in action in southern Iraq. He was assigned to the 1st Battalion, 5th Marine Regiment, 1st Marine Division, Camp Pendleton, Calif. Died on March 21, 2003.

He fell in love with the Marines at the age of 5, when his father, a Navy Seabee, took him on a visit to the U.S. Embassy in Tehran, Iran. "He saw those Marines in their dress blues guarding the embassy, and he wanted to be one himself," Joseph Childers recalls. He was one of the first ground casualties of the war, killed on March 21 while leading his platoon toward an oil-pumping station in southern Iraq.

Shown in a 1990 Harrison Central High School yearbook photo in Gulfport, Mississippi

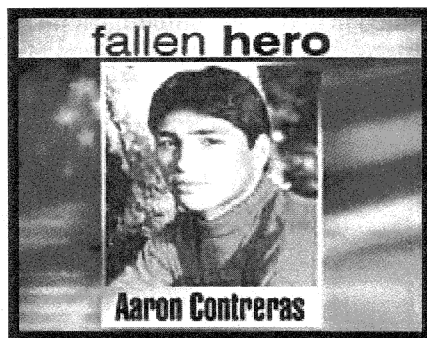


Marine Lance Cpl. Donald J. Cline, Jr. 21, of Sparks, Nevada.

Killed in action. Cline was engaged in operations on the outskirts of An Nasiriyah on March 23. He was assigned to 1st Battalion, 2nd Marine Regiment, 2nd Marine Expeditionary Brigade, Camp Lejeune, North Carolina.

It is not good enough to have a good mind; the main thing is to use it well.

- Rene Descartes



Marine Capt. Aaron Contreras, 31, of Sherwood, Oregon. Killed in a UH-1N Huey helicopter crash in southern Iraq. He was assigned to Marine Light Attack Helicopter Squadron (HMLA)-169, Marine Aircraft Group-39, Marine Corps Air Station, Camp Pendleton, California. Died on March 30, 2003.



Army Spc. Daniel Francis J. Cunningham, 33, of Lewiston, Maine. Killed when his vehicle fell into a ravine. He was assigned to the 41st Field Artillery Regiment, Fort Stewart, Georgia. Died on April 4, 2003.

Everything that irritates us about others can lead us to an understanding of ourselves.
—Carl Jung



Army Cpl. Michael Edward Curtin, 23, of South Plains, New Jersey. Killed when a taxi carrying a car bomb drove up to an Army checkpoint in central Iraq. He was assigned to the 2-7th Infantry, 3rd Infantry Division, Fort Stewart, Georgia. Died on March 29, 2003.

THE UNIVERSAL Rx

No moving parts, no batteries.
No monthly payments and no fees.
Inflation proof, non-taxable, in fact it's quite reliable.
It can't be stolen, won't pollute, one size fits all, do not dilute.
It uses little energy, but yields results enormously.
Relieves your tension and your stress, invigorates your happiness.
Combats depression, makes you beam and elevates your self esteem.
Your circulation it corrects without complicated side effects.
It is, I think, the perfect drug.
May I prescribe, my friend. . . .
... the hug!

The Story of the 143rd AAA Gun Bn. and the Battle of the Bulge

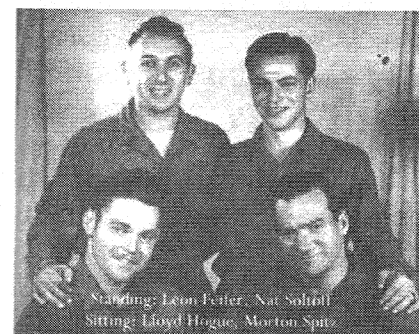
by
David Spitz
Morton Spitz (1943)

Continued from the August 2003 issue.

One more set of memories from Leon, a great and generous guy. Over the years I have grown to understand why you and my dad were so close:

"The six weeks during the Bulge were the only time that I was able to have an idea of what the foot soldier went through. Dug in on the gun, I handled the ammunition, the guns were horizontal...it was so

traveled in armored personnel carriers, 15-20 guys. One night riding through a town, we were told to be ready for anything, locked and loaded, rifles at the ready. Thankfully they let us go through. Dad probably had a rougher time than I did on the front lines; he only came back into the office after I left. Maybe he was on the guns, radar or electric, guard duty, fox-holes, trenches."



Nate Soltoff, another of dad's closest friends, shared some of his thoughts with my brother, mother and I:

cold, lying in trenches, sleeping in sleeping bags, wet, waking up covered in snow, gunfire, machine guns...your dad, I seem to remember, had even more duties of a foot soldier. We all had personal weapons. Germans were across the way riding bicycles, never firing on each other. We

"Ft. Lee, VA: after induction, we took a train to where, I don't remember, but we arrived for a stop over in New Orleans. I met Mort and Leon on the train, 12 hours in New Orleans, 'be back by 7PM, no AWOL, no late, no excuses!' Of course, us three Jewish boys, God forbid we should get into any trouble. We were back to the train by 5:30 P.M. Training in the desert, hot as hell during the day and cold at night. During training we would shoot at targets being dropped by

planes and once we hit the tail of the plane. The 90mm was not so accurate. Leon, Mort and I would go out together on weekend passes. Leon was the office manager and would give out the details so that we could get passes together. We would hitch hike into LA from Camp Haan. Go to the USO, Hollywood Canteen, and parties....

"Met some crazy guys in the army. Driving in convoys some guys would shoot their MIs to target shoot off the trucks at trees and signs, etc.. The sergeants would yell to, 'Cut it out, you could kill someone off the roads' and the guys would reply, 'So what, that is what we're here for, to kill Germans.' I remember a guy from Kentucky, great guy, used to always keep some grass and dirt in his boots so his toes would feel the grass and dirt and remind him of home.

"We shipped out overseas, England and landing in France-Utah Beach late August 1944, 90mm guns to protect Paris, an open city by then so no bombing. I went to work in supplies with Lt. McMullen. Mort, I think, went onto the guns. Paris was with no lights and it was pitch black at night. I was on guard duty once and fell into a foxhole. I remember all the buzz bombs outside of Liege. Shooting at the buzz bombs, on 24 hours, off 24 hours."

"The Bulge was the worst! During the Bulge, Captain Napier, a good man, had us covering crossroads. We had to go up each road, dug trenches, laid land mines to damage any tanks that might have come up the road. The 90mm was being used then as an anti-tank gun. Once we were working on tractors, with the cranes and a German plane strafed us, could hear the bullets pinging off the metal of the crane. Thank God, no one was hurt. We saw many German prisoners at different times being guarded and marched to the rear, rounded up. We moved up to the Rhine. Watched the Remagen Bridge collapse and engineers built a new one. The 90s we had to dig in deep to guard the crossings. One night, in Cologne I think, we were in a youth home or something and found barrels of whiskey or cognac, three-fourths of the boys were drunk that night. If the Germans would have attacked us, forget it!

"Your dad was a great guy, always willing to do whatever anyone wanted... USO, dances, parties, 'no problem, that is fine with me.' Yes, a very, fine man, I get choked up when I think of him...."

The earth has music for those
who will listen.

- Sharon Romine

Henry Gonsiewski wrote:

"Your father I knew well. He was in the office with Feifer, but we got to see each other a lot. We had a lot of close calls in our outfit."

Louis Youngblood wrote me and was kind enough to send me a picture:

"Yes David, I remember Morty very well. He was a very nice guy, full of life. I think he must have been 'Special Services.' Very sorry to hear about his death, and so young. He was not in my gun section."

Joe Zupancic also sent me a copy of "The Periscope," the 38th Reinforcement Battalion's newsletter from Mosbach, Germany, November 11 (Mort's birthday), 1945:

"I did not know your dad very well. I only got to know him after the war in Mosbach, Germany. He tried to beat me in ping-pong tournaments. He was a very good player."

Nelson Sunderlin was to ill to respond, but his son wrote me a few memories of his father's:

"He doesn't like orange marmalade because in Camp Haan they were always eating oranges. Rapid fire on the guns. Once a tent caught fire and set off the ammo."

"What worries you, masters you."

- Haddon W. Robinson

Dale Gill wrote me a few times and sent me many personal memories and some stories he had written:

"The winter in Europe during that time was terrible. Frostbite was nearly as much of a problem as were the Germans. We had to change socks sometimes twice a day or more. Our hands and feet would freeze if we got them wet. My job was keeping the 50cal. machine guns firing. I was a corporal and Sgt. Harris and I was in charge of about 20 men in the machine gun section.

"We were in a large convoy going overseas. Navy subs and Cruisers escorted us. We were fired on, but only one ship was hit. Our ship was His Majesty The Highland Brigade. Utah Beach was pretty secure when we landed. There was a terrible devastation on the beach and in the surrounding area. We lost a 90mm gun when a chain broke while loading the gun aboard ship at Southampton, England. That was the last we saw of that gun!

You asked about your dad's duties. I think he was classified as 'Special Services' for a while. He was also Capt. Napier's driver. He handled the mail and worked in the office for 1st Sgt. Banning and Capt. Napier. All reports I heard about him, he was efficient and was well liked."



**"Three Days In December,"
by Dale Gill:**

"It was 1944, only a few days before Christmas and the Allied forces were in the middle of what was to be called 'The Battle of the Bulge.' The German army was making one last desperate attempt to try and stop the advancing Allied forces before they reached their border. The German military knew that they would have to find a way to disrupt the American supply lines if they would have a chance of retaking any of the territory they lost. This meant they would have to use their remaining elite divisions in an all-out effort to crush the Allied armies.

The 143rd Anti-Aircraft Gun Bn. was to play an important role in helping to stop the German army after they made their attack on our forces. I was a machine gun corporal in Battery A. I would like to relate some of my experiences and recollections during those three days in December-between the 18th and the 21st. On the 19th, Battery A was in position, and as historical records would have it, we were in a supporting role to an advance element of the 82nd Airborne Division. They arrived in our position on the night of the 18th, early morning of the 19th.

"The German armored tanks and infantry contingents were in the woods only a hundred or so yards below us. In addition, what was thought to be a German

reconnaissance group with reinforcements and vehicles was attempting to block the road behind us. There was no question, Battery A was in serious trouble. As the old saying goes, 'war is hell,' but, as we know, it is a game of strategy and I'm sure that the fate of Battery A, given those set of circumstances, came into play when the fate of our four 90mm guns were threatened to be destroyed. I have always believed that the 82nd Airborne was to support us, not the other way around. By the time the 82nd got to our position, they had begun to fan out as they started down that long hill. The strain of the thought of what may lay ahead was beginning to show on their faces. Their faces, I remember, showed both fear and courage. It wasn't long after they reached the bottom of that hill that all hell broke out. The firing seemed to be continuous for hours. The 82nd pushed the element of the German SS Panzer Division back, but at a terrible loss of life. At 2AM, on the morning of the 21st we were told to get out of there.

"I wanted to tell this story for two reasons. First, I am happy that most of the men in Battery A got home. The second reason is that many of those young men from the 82nd who walked down that hill into battle never got the chance to walk back up again! I think of them every Veteran's and Memorial Day. I'll never forget the words of

one paratrooper as he walked through our position after it was all over. When asked, 'It was rough down there, wasn't it?' 'Yeah, 'he replied, 'and I hope you never forget we did it for you.'"

Further memories of Dale Gill:

"...I applied for a job as a corporal on a machine gun section and was assigned to a new battalion just being activated at Camp Haan, CA. So that is how I got into Battery A of the 143rd.

"While on a training exercise in the Mojave Desert I was fortunate to be assigned to a machine gun crew that worked with a group of scientists from the Mass. School of Technology who were experimenting with a magnetic device that released a spring that would detonate a shell if it came within a hundred feet of a metal object, such as an airplane. A few months later while in Europe during the war, I saw both German planes and buzz bombs destroyed using this device in different types of shells fired from guns. I also heard that the magnetic device was very effectively used with 90mm guns when fired at German tanks.

"Our big guns fired on a few aircraft and stationary targets. We machine gunners fired on and downed a German plane. At times death and the smell of death was around us. A train full of dead bodies was in Duren, Germany and the engineers were still clearing the

streets when we advanced into town. During the Bulge, when the shelling was heaviest I could sleep soundly, but as soon as it stopped I'd wake up in a cold sweat. We always thought at that point that their infantry would attack us. This was especially true at night."

A recent letter from Dale Gill with more shared memories:

"The picture of your Dad and his three best friends brought back many pleasant memories also. I think we all thought of one another as family...with a few inadvertent squabbles. I can honestly say I don't remember anyone in the outfit that I didn't like!

"Dave, you mentioned the P-47 we fired on...and the question was it destroyed? There is no doubt whatsoever that it was shot down, we saw it fly into the side of a big hill and explode. The question arose afterward as to who dealt it the final blow? There was a 20mm outfit about a mile from us and they claimed that they hit it also, 'ack-ack.' I will give you my version as I remember what happened.

"I was at PFC. Riffle's machine gun position at the time. Sgt. Harris and I seldom stayed at only one position. After the P-47 completed its bombing and strafing run of a field artillery outfit below us, I thought he would fly off in the same direction, as did the other German planes that would be in the opposite direction from us! But, for

whatever reason, he turned and came directly toward the machine gun emplacement where I was. I identified it as one of our P-47s and said so. My first thought was, 'the dumb bastard doesn't know us from the enemy!' The phone was ringing and Riffle answered. I don't remember if it was Lt. Katz or Capt. Napier on the other end, but whoever, they made a positive identification of the German swastikas under its wings! Orders were given to prepare for firing. Now, Riffle was still on the phone when the orders were given to commence firing. I grabbed the 50cal. gun, spun it around and started to blaze away! I know I hit him, he was no more than a few feet above me, it seemed! I saw smoke pour out of his engine; other crewmembers said they hit him also! After he flew off, Lt. Katz ran out into the middle of the area where the big 90mm guns were dug in and asked 'who was firing that machine gun?' Someone spoke and said, 'Cpl. Gill.' Without consultation Katz said, 'I am recommending him for the bronze star!' I was flabbergasted, I never thought of such a thing. I remember so distinctly Sgt. Harris coming over to me and saying, 'Gill, you better think twice. Now, we have to live with these other guys you know.' When Lt. Katz held out his hand to congratulate me, I said that we all hit him, and I truly believe others did because

they had a better angle than I did.

"There is one more incident in this story I'll never forget. When the German pilot seemed to be no more than a few feet above me, at 3 o'clock he looked directly down at me and a black gloved hand came up above the window in either a salute or some other gesture and then he immediately turned and flew straight ahead. I am sure I'm the last person he saw up-close on this earth, as he most certainly died in that crash!"

Burton Levenson spoke with me on the phone and also shared some memories:

"I remember that the *Highland Brigade* was a converted refrigerator ship and all we had to eat was fish and mutton. I remember outside of Liege, all those buzz bombs and we weren't able to shoot at them because our shells may have fallen into the city. During the Bulge the 82nd appeared on the scene dressed in their fancy uniforms because they had to move so fast that they hadn't had the time to change into their dungarees and battle fatigues. Then I think, we were later attached to the 30th Infantry later in the battle. After the Battle of the Bulge I remember being in Chamanoix, in the French Alps and picking up German equipment. The 143rd lost around 15 guys altogether. Out of approximately 900 guys in our outfit I think there were around 25-

35 Jewish guys."

Col. Myron Fleming also graciously responded and sent me a nice message and some copies of official documents from those years, including some interesting maps:

"In the Battery A address book your dad is referred to as 'Mort,' with affection I am sure. I confess that I did not know by name each man of the 900 odd officers and men in the 143rd. As you read names of some men mentioned in the various reports you must remember those results were achieved as the results of the united effort of every member of the unit. We were truly a close-knit group.

To give some idea of the equipment of a 90mm Mobile AAA Bn. Items are listed below:

- 16 90mm guns (4/firing battery)
- 16 M-4 Tank Chassis as prime movers
- 50 2-½ ton trucks each with 50 cal. MG ring mounted
- 4 M-4 Directors with 4 Van Sized Radar units"

Harry Lane of C Battery spoke with me recently:

"We were at Stoumont Station and knocked out 12 German tanks. Darago and Seamon won the DSC there. Yes, I was there than, I was on one of the guns. We were there with our four guns and had to hold, the infantry just pulled out! My

God it was cold and foggy, with all that snow, you could hardly see in front of you. God, it was so miserable and scary! Darago and the other fellow volunteered and crawled up to a hedgerow with a bazooka and knocked a few tanks on their own. My gun knocked out two tanks at a roadblock. Yeah, we had three of our four guns knocked out! We were strafed a few times, too.

After the Bulge we moved into Germany. We were at Remagen to guard the bridge there. Two of the batteries were on one side and the other two crossed over to guard the other side of the bridge. Didn't see any action at Remagen, we were only there to guard the bridge. We were in Bonn when the war ended then we joined the Occupation forces. C Battery did inventory of the German depots."

More from Mr. Gill:

"It was right after the battalion moved into Paris. As soon as the guns were set up and operational a group of men were given six hour passes to see the city. A truck drove them to a spot near the Arc de Triomphe, where they were dropped off with instructions to meet there at 5 P.M for pick-up and return to A Battery. I recalled that there were twelve avenues that make up sort of a hub with the Arc De Triomphe being in the center of the hub. After walking around with some of the others for a while,

I decided to strike off on my own. As I walked through the maze of streets I never thought to keep track of the names of the streets. When 5 o'clock rolled around I realized that I was hopelessly lost! When I finally found the pick-up spot I discovered that the truck had already left. I tried to find my way back, but not being able to speak French I could only describe an area by a railroad track and a garbage dump. On my third day of roaming around I finally was able to hail down a mail truck whose driver said that he could get me back to Hdq. Battery. Well, when I finally got back to A Battery hardly anyone wanted to believe my story. However, there was one man who chose to believe me, and that man was the C.O., Captain Napier. As I look back on it now, what a waste of time and energy. To think how I could have spent those days!"

I have managed to get the official records of the 143rd from the National Archives, all 150 pages worth. Very interesting and informative, but nothing could be more heartwarming than the personal stories that you all carry with you!

My intimate knowledge of Mort's life begins, essentially, in 1942 when he moved to Baltimore and met my mom. I know little of his early years growing up in New York City and his life blanks to a great extent from 1943-46, his

years in the army, which, as I've mentioned to you all in the past, he never spoke about. Unfortunately, when my mother received his telegram in April, 1946 that he was coming home, like "an impetuous, love-struck, young 20 year old girl," my mother ran through her mother's house screaming, "no more letters, no more letters" and threw 2 years worth of letters from Dad into the furnace. So there are not even letters to draw on! I am, again, "bugging" you all by asking for any further memories you may have from those days, good, bad, anecdotal, pictures and letters home that might have been saved that you would like to share with me. I would return everything sent to me. It would be so helpful and exciting to have more of an understanding of your feelings and to try and appreciate what Dad must have been thinking and feeling in those emotional times. Many thanks to you all and I sincerely hope and pray that you are all well!

**Memories From the 143rd
AAA Gun Battalion
Reunion, July 15th 2001**

Attendees from Dad's Battery A:

Harry Watson
Bob Pavela
Joe Zupancic
Louis Carballada
Jim Watson

Dick Olson
Fred Skolaris
Chuck Olszeski
Steve Stephenson
Albert Langley

Dick Olson:

"There was one guy, Hatfield, 'Omar' we called him. He was a real thief! That guy would steal anything. One time, in Belgium, he drove in a command car with a star still on it. Turned out the car belonged to Omar Bradley! Oscar was his name, but after that we all called him 'Omar.' Jesus Christ, he hid it away in a barn and we'd all sneak in, three at a time, to see it. He was in supply, so being a thief came in handy, he could talk anybody into anything and out of anything!

"Stevenson, that guy sitting right there, he found, I don't know, maybe a 20-gallon drum and filled it with schnapps or cognac. The men on his gun were drunk all the time, all the time, and he never even shared any of it!"

Joe Zupancic:

"You know, whenever it is extremely cold out I feel so badly. It always brings back the memories, during the Bulge, my God; it was so cold, unbelievable! We slept with those thin, army-issue sleeping bags, covered ourselves with water-proof tarps and slept outside!"

Bob Pavela:

"I remember this Belgian woman, she must have been around 79-80 years old. I knocked on her door and asked if I could sleep in her house. She said yes, so I went up to the second floor, to the bedroom, and slept. She and her family slept under a table. March order came and we moved out for the Bulge. Afterwards, I returned to the lady's house and she said I was lucky I moved out. She took me upstairs and I saw that a buzz-bomb had shattered the roof and it had come down, along with a huge chandelier, on the bed that I had been sleeping in."

Steve Stephenson:

"During the Bulge we were dug in on top of a hill, with my gun emplacement facing down. We could hear all the German tanks beneath us, smell them, hear them talking, but the fog was so damn thick they never saw us. I was so damned scared! If that fog would have lifted and they saw us we would have been killed!"

Zupancic, Pavela, & Stephenson:

(this is a story I vaguely remember Dad talking about)

"Once, outside of Aywaille, planes came in and started strafing us. Sgt. _____ took off and ran into the woods to hide. Imagine that! Yeah, and he had a big mouth in the States, how he was going to

get over there and win the war all by himself. Always shooting his mouth off! (Zup) ...and I was out in the front, on the line, when the planes came in and I ran back to my gun and Sgt. _____ is gone, with _____, our gunner! Took right off into the woods to hide, and we're all standing there ready to fire, but unable to! Imagine that!

"Remember the time in Germany. We were dug in, in a field, and we started getting shelled, not with buzz bombs, but with 88s and "screaming meemies!" My God, they were loud, right over our heads! We all jumped to the ground, lying face down. (Pavela) This lieutenant, West Pointer, ran over and jumped down next to me. He said he was scared and he asked me if I was scared, too? I said, 'Of course I am!' He said, 'Good, mind if I lay next to you?'"

Fred Skolaris:

"I remember, outside of Liege, we were inside this dining hall and, Jesus, we heard a buzz bomb coming close! Its engines cut out and we all dove underneath the tables. God, that was an explosion! Some went over us toward Antwerp, but many, many were directed at Liege. We saw lots of them and many were very close!"

Albert Langley:

"Outside of Paris we were located in an old German 88 emplacement. Well, there were

two dugouts, and in between them was a large hole. The officers took the dugouts, of course, and I was the communications Sgt. on duty. Well, it was very dark and I was climbing up to string some wire and I stumbled and fell into this large hole! I had to lie at the bottom of that hole until some guys wandered by and helped me out. In the meantime, there was no communications coming in or going out of our battery!"

Leon Feifer's response to the above memories:

"I have to laugh at the comments Dick Olsen made about Hatfield. I know too well about him. He was my roommate for a while in a house in Germany. He stole some steaks and eggs from the Mess Hall and the next morning I had my first taste of steak and eggs for breakfast. The lady of the house fixed it for us. I often wonder what he did after he got out of the service? I wouldn't be surprised if he wound up in jail. He was slick, but likable. I also remember the strafing incident. Your dad and I jumped off the truck and into a ditch along the road. We left our rifles on the truck. Two brave soldiers in a ditch without their rifles!"

Last week (Feb, 2002) I had the pleasure of meeting and spending three hours with Carey Brincefield, who graciously

shared many memories with me:

"I remember your dad's beautiful smile, his beautiful teeth. He always smiled, even during the tough times. We went into Los Angeles a few times on leave, me, your dad and Leon. We would go dancing, the "Hollywood Canteen," the "Derby," some of the stars would have parties for the servicemen, and they treated us great! We went to a party in James Gleason's back yard, they were terrific!"

"I remember that a lot of us stayed with families outside of Liege. We had to fire our guns a lot during that period, so much so that we were burning out the barrels. I was a 'Height Finder', my job was to utilize the equipment necessary to determine the height of the planes or buzz bombs and relay that information to the gunners. We were emplaced near a small airfield where large transport planes were constantly flying in and out. Liege, you may know, had become basically one big supply depot. That is why the Germans were constantly hitting the city and were intent on taking the city. Nearby were also the coal mines. Christ, the only way we could get a shower was to go into the mines. They had small showers inside the mines for the miners to clean up. The water, I think, was cold, but at least we could clean up. Anyway, outside of these mines were slag hills, extremely large hills

made up of refuse from the mines. One day a big transport plane was coming in and it was very foggy. That plane slammed right into one of these slag mounds. All of us from A Battery made our way over to the site and we were climbing up this mound trying to get to the crewmen. I'll never forget what happened, this plane, I remember, was bringing in blankets and the blankets were all over the place. You would have thought the entire population of Liege came out to the site, all these people grabbing at the blankets, we're trying to save the crewmen and they're fighting each other for these damn blankets. One of the saddest things I ever saw!

"The 143rd was all ready to move forward to go after the sites from which the buzz bombs were being launched when the "Battle of the Bulge" began. The battalion was moved forward immediately and all the batteries were emplaced in and around the major roads and intersections in the area to keep anything from moving up these roads. Battery A's guns were dug into this field in a position where we could see anything coming around that road before they could see us. Shuttic and I were ordered to move forward into these trees and dig a foxhole and lay in wait. We were laying mines in the road ahead with wires that had to be pulled in order to be detonated. The Lt. wanted Shuttic and me to get into a position where we would see

anything coming around the bend first and we were to set off the mines. Hell, we told the Lt. he was crazy, that is was suicide for us and we weren't going to do it! Well, he persisted and that is what we did. We climbed in amongst those damn trees and dug a foxhole and that is where we stayed for three days, freezing in that damn foxhole! Battery A was lucky though nothing came up that road. C Battery got hit pretty hard, saw a lot of action, destroyed many tanks. B and C Battery lost some men, but we were fortunate. We could hear a lot going on around us, small arms fire, shells overhead, smoke and the smell of cordite, but we were never hit directly. I never, thank God, had to point my rifle at another man and shoot. I remember when the 82nd Airborne guys came barreling through, boy it was something! Later we were sent into Stavelot, I believe, and I think it was there that we were emplaced near some rail lines. Behind us were some flatbed trains, I, I think this was in Stavelot, [Dale Gill remembered "a train full of dead bodies was in Duren, Germany"] and they were bringing

in bodies of soldiers, men that had been killed earlier in the battle. It was terrible, these guys were frozen solid and they kept piling them up on these flatbed cars, that was horrible!

"Capt. Napier, he was a good guy, looked out for his men. He went and demanded a hot Christmas meal for us and we got it too! He always took care of us! In Germany, in Mosbach, Napier went to the Burgenmeister of the town and they walked down the street and Napier just kept pointing to buildings and saying 'we'll take that one for Headquarters., and that one for the men, and that place for the men to use for recreation [later known as Murphy's Place]. You know, I was a young man right out of high school when I got drafted, and I must say the Army was quite an experience for me! I saw and did things that I would never had imagined, Paris, Germany...there were some tough times, but, I guess I should be ashamed to say, for the most part, I had a great time, it was a real learning experience for me!"

A man's ethical behavior should be based effectually on sympathy, education, and social ties; no religious basis is necessary. Man would indeed be in a poor way if he had to be restrained by fear of punishment and hope of reward after death.

- Albert Einstein (1879 - 1955)

RELUCTANT SOLDIER:

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

The following story is the fifth 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.

Introduction by John A. Matzko

My editing, while casual and unprofessional, is, I believe, true to Dad's intent. For a man with a sketchy seventh-grade education whose first language was German, Dad wrote remarkably good English. I have let him speak for himself. Nevertheless, I have expanded most abbreviations and normalized spelling, capitalization, punctuation, and some of the syntax. The title, the chapter divisions, and most of the paragraphing are mine. Some changes were made silently and others with bracketed words.

On July 19 we boarded a train and were on our way. At first we thought it might be to New York, but the train took us to Camp Patrick Henry, VA. I had never heard of this camp even though it was only about 250 miles from home. This camp was well shaded by giant trees. It looked so cool and beautiful. There was little rank shown, and we were one happy family.

I worked on K.P. one night. It reminded me of my first time in induction camp. There is a USO show, theaters, and other pleasant places to spend my time. I saw my first German POW stockade and observed [the prisoners] as they went about trying to kill time. I wondered how long it would be before they would be free men. In

this camp there was a large group of French Negroes waiting to sail with us. We could not understand each other. They seemed much superior to our American Negroes. I received a letter from Tom, and he seemed happy to hear about Evelyn and me. I had guard duty at the motor pool and then had to help serve in the mess hall. It was a long hard day but a pleasant one as the working conditions were good. The noncoms seemed to go out of their way to be nice to us.

[A]t Patrick Henry I had a very painful ingrown toenail cut out without any anesthetic, and I did sweat. The nail had grown out the front of the toe.

On July 28, we turned in our duffel bags and packed full field

packs with all our necessary equipment. The packs must have weighed 60 lb. We were fortunate that we didn't have any weapons to carry. After all kinds of instructions, roll calls, and much waiting, we boarded a dinky train. After a couple of hours of moving forward and backward, we pulled into the dock at Newport News, VA. As we got off the train, M.P.'s stood guard to keep us from running away. There was a funny feeling as I saw the ship and knew that in a few minutes we would be on our way somewhere, perhaps never to return. We felt like sheep being led to slaughter. The only way we could go was forward. At this point we would have given anything to be able to stay in the U.S.A.

[A]s we stepped aboard the Marine Wolf, we were guided into different compartments. Each of us received a card with our bunk number on it. This we had to use as a meal card, and [it] had to be punched before we ate. There must have been 3500 of us aboard, about half colored. My bunk was 3B, the 3rd floor below. Going down the steep ladders was frightening. Then when I saw how packed in we were, I was really scared. We were bunked in layers of five and I was lucky to be 2nd from the top. There on my canvas bunk, approximately 3 x 5, I had to share this space with my duffel bag and combat bag. Then they gave us Mae West life preservers. There was no room to turn around.

I went on deck to get a last look at the shore and found that we were part of a convoy moving slowly out to sea. We had no idea how large the convoy might be, but it gave us

heart to see what looked like two aircraft carriers on each side of us. We were made up in groups with an officer and noncom in charge. Then there was a loudspeaker system that kept barking orders all day. The movement plus the salt sickening air below didn't make me feel too well. The air conditioning was out of order at first and so it was dreadfully hot below. It was hard trying to sleep under these conditions.

I kept wondering what would happen if a torpedo hit us. We were packed in so tight that I doubted that many of us would get out before it sank. We had emergency drills every day at which time we were told what stairways to use, what equipment to take and where to stand. The crew took part in these drills and would get the lifeboats ready and man the guns. After a few days, we became accustomed to the routine.

We were allowed on deck most of the time from sunrise to sunset. The Red Cross distributed books, magazines, and games to keep us busy. For bathing a special soap had to be used to soften the salt water; still it was terrible. There was a limited amount of fresh water in the water coolers and this we sneaked enough to shave with occasionally. There was one large room for shaving and showers and another with a couple dozen toilets and urinals from which a terrible stench emanated. I wished that the boat wouldn't roll so that I might feel better.

Twice a day we lined up for food. We carried a mess kit, cup, spoon, and card. The card was punched on our way down to the kitchen where they served cafeteria style. There were tables by which

we could stand for a few minutes. There were so many to be fed that we were rushed in and out in a hurry. After getting sick, I found that by the time I got down and up I was too sick to eat the food. After missing a couple of meals, I decided to fill my mess kit and eat it in my bunk bit by bit. After a few days the ocean became calmer and I felt a lot better. I never did have to throw up. From a scenic point, it was a beautiful trip with very good weather.

On deck we would watch for big fish and whales. As far as we could see, there was the convoy around us. Occasionally there were movies, [and] church services several times a week. There were also shots for malaria, etc. About half way across they took away our good American money and gave us Italian script. The trip was uneventful, for which we were glad. Most of the convoy broke away from us as we neared the Mediterranean and headed for some African port. Then we found that what we had supposed were aircraft carriers were only ships carrying planes. They weren't even in condition to fly. We had put our trust in them. During the night we passed Gibraltar; so we missed it going in.

We could see some towns on the coast of Spanish Morocco. We knew it wouldn't be long now before we reached our destination. We were given warnings that our ship might be strafed and that we would have to run off the boat as we touched the dock. It is a helpless feeling to be on a ship that might be target for the enemy.

On August 12, 1944, as we neared the port of Naples, it was surrounded by low-flying balloons,

which were hung low so as to hinder planes from coming in low. For the first time we saw the ravages of war. The whole port was badly bombed and shot up so that nothing seemed to be undamaged. Everywhere in the harbor were ships laying on their sides, charred and wrecked. It took our ship hours to nose itself between these wrecks to dock.

Then we received a startling surprise. [A]s it was too dark to land, they turned on the ship lights and let the men on deck enjoy themselves as they pleased. Now we were sure that the war was almost over. In fact, a lieutenant told us that we might not see combat. That made us feel very good.

We had to take our duffel bag off with us. That plus our own pack and personal stuff made a very heavy load. I could barely stagger down the gangplank with it. We carried this for a couple hundred yards to trucks. It seemed to be strange now to be in a foreign land with the natives jabbering away in a language that only a few understood. The bombed city of Naples was interesting to us. The trip hadn't been so bad now that it was over. In the harbor were many supply and hospital ships. We didn't know it at that time, but they were preparing to invade southern France in a few weeks. The hospital ship made me wonder if I would be coming home in one of them some day. Before we had docked the natives came out to the boat and they would dive into the filthy water to fish out cigarettes which the men threw overboard. The men didn't know that the Italians were paying \$5 a pack for them.

We [marched] through Naples and were impressed with the shabby condition of the people and the damage everywhere. The city was terribly dirty. The water system seemed to be knocked out. It left the people looking for water in jars and containers. Many of the people cooked right on the sidewalk with charcoal. I couldn't help but think of how unsanitary it all was. The signs in German and Italian attracted our attention. The German I could read, and the Italian was interpreted by the Italian-Americans among us.

There were many GI's on pass in Naples. I wondered why anyone would come to such a dirty city. Finally we reached the railroad station, and we got aboard some box cars of German and Italian make. We dropped our packs and sat on them in these crowded cars. We waited several hours before any attempt was made to move us. Around noon we ate our first K rations. We had never had these and thought they were swell. While we waited, we looked at the bombed out buildings, twisted tracks, and burnt out trains. We wondered whether our bombers had done this or it was sabotage. The charred remains of the trains looked as if they might have been very modern electric trains. The Italian children pestered us for whatever we had and it was a full time job for the MP's to try to keep them away. They even hit and kicked some of them, which made our men angry at the MPs. There were also the vendors to contend with.

Our train would creep along and stop from time to time. At each stop, the GI's would scatter in all directions for water to fill the canteens. When

the train would start again, they would come running back from all directions. By the time they caught up, the train stopped again. It's a wonder that we didn't lose anyone. We enjoyed the scenery as it was different from ours, new trees and vegetation that we had never seen before.

After three hours, we arrived at Caeserta, 30 miles from Naples. We got off and prepared to get on trucks. First there was roll call. While we waited, the natives tried to sell us anything they could for cigarettes or money. We wondered what camp would be like and many other questions that were in our minds at this time. Trucks came and we got aboard. There were so many of us that we had to stand. We rode along a dusty road for a few miles. There were many signs reading "DANGER MALARIA" posted everywhere. We then knew that we were facing a small but dangerous enemy, the Anopheles mosquito. Then there was another sign reading Mountain Training Camp. At this point I didn't think that I would care for mountain training.

Suddenly we came in view of the Volturmo Valley. It is as flat as a table, a couple of miles wide and many miles [broad]. A famous dairy farm was located here but [was] not in use at this time. Around this farm thousands of big tents were raised. There were some buildings also. The size of this camp amazed us. There was roll call, chow, and then we were assigned to empty tents. We just lay on the ground to sleep. We were surprised again to see all the lights on and that there seemed to be no danger. There were no blackouts or slit trenches.

Next morning we received our first outdoor shower. The water was warm and we enjoyed it compared to the hard water that we had aboard ship. At first we had nothing to do but turn in clothes and things like that. The food was good, but we had to stand out in the open at high tables to eat it. Often in the evenings we would go to a huge field to see a movie. There would be at least 10,000 men sitting on the ground watching the film. I wondered why the Germans didn't bomb such a choice target only forty miles from the front.

There were ten of us in one tent. They issued cots and mosquito bars, and we had to use them. There were candles for light. The weather was balmy and we enjoyed ourselves as much as possible. It was a wonderful feeling to know that we could live so carefree and yet be overseas. Rifles were issued us but we didn't have to take care of them. They didn't care if they were rusty or dusty. We just hung them under the cot when they were not in use. To think that I had to serve a week of hard labor for a fleck of rust in the States! About all that we used our rifles for was to take them with us on hikes.

I'll never forget the first hike that we took around the area. It was dusty and hot. As we went past a vineyard the men ran over and started to pull off the grapes. The owner protested, but what would he do? The men destroyed more than they ate. I also picked a bunch. They were odd tasting and a little sour. They did quench the thirst some. After a week at the camp, the news came that Germany had surrendered, but it was false. Surely

[the war] couldn't last much longer. A huge area was hollowed out, and there we would go almost every day to hear the news reports from a commentator. Each day the Allies would gain only a few hundred yards. This we couldn't understand at the time. There was plenty of entertainment at the McNair Bowl as this was called. A regular stage was built with a good screen. Good movies were shown to the 15,000 who sat around in this bowl on helmets or anything. There were stage shows and boxing exhibitions often. Quite a few attended church services Sunday mornings.

About this time I had returned to me the V-mail which I had sent to Petchico in Germany. He had been killed in action. At an old reconverted Red Cross building we had a good place to spend some more free time. There they had newspapers, magazines, tables and writing paper. Sometimes an Italian orchestra would play for us. Later the Red Cross served coffee and doughnuts for five cents. We would line up to get them. I spent many enjoyable hours there. We were given PX rations once a week. We prized our candy the most. Cigarettes cost the GI's fifty cents a carton, and many of the men sold these to the natives for \$5.00 a carton on the black market. The minute a GI got into town he was mobbed by men and children trying to sell them something to buy their extra cigarettes or the services of a prostitute. Many fell for the line these pimps sold.

About 700 Japanese-Americans arrived at our camp (DAIRY FARM CO.Q INF. 553 R.C. APO 781R) and [were] quickly sent to the front.

Quite a few of them attended church services at McNair Bowl. It seemed so strange to see red, black, and white men together at such a gathering.

I enjoyed the food. There was plenty, and it tasted good. There was fresh fruit and juices all of the time. Olives and grapes seemed to thrive in this hot dry climate. It was interesting to see the natives walk around barefoot. The woman carried packages on their head with little effort. They seemed to make the best with the few clothes that they had. There seemed to be only two kinds of people, young and old. These people in southern Italy were very poor; even the climate was against them.

[I] had my first pass. We weren't supposed to go as far as Naples, but we all did. We were picked up at a certain truck stop and dropped off at Caeserta. There we thumbed until another truck came along for Naples. It was an experience trying to get picked up by one of the hundreds of Italian, British, or American trucks going in all directions. On the way to Naples we noticed many camps for Italian, French, American and British soldiers. The beaten Italians looked so pathetic and bored. They had stopped fighting the Allies and were now being reformed into new divisions to fight the Germans. Each camp had different colored tents. I had never seen so many dirty and ragged children who were for the most part out trying to sell, or steal, or just begging for whatever. It was a handicap not being able to understand the language of the people. Naples is a big city. It had been terribly damaged by both sides.

It looked better now than it had the first time that we had come through it. We saw the first truck load of German prisoners going through town. Naples was a very busy, teaming with soldiers and sailors of all nations. I saw uniforms of Greeks in skirts and Scots in kilts. There were WACs of many countries. It was interesting to guess as to who was what. There were plenty of souvenirs available but I didn't buy any at this time. From an American, I did wire some candy to Evelyn and my folks.

I saw the post office where so many had died in a time bomb explosion. We had our picture taken by one of the many street vendors or photographers that pestered us all of the time. My buddy and I found the Red Cross building where we had coffee and cake. There were game rooms, soft chairs, and music by a small orchestra that played American tunes. I enjoyed the trip to this city and resolved to come again some time. We had trouble finding someone willing to pick us up on the way back. Finally a small truck half-filled with WACS picked us up, and we were on our way. At Caeserta we got another hop and we were back in camp before supper. I took a steady job as KP. It was good while it lasted. I worked two days and had the third day off. We only worked a few hours around meal time. But there were so many of us that the work was done quickly. I enjoyed being where I could get plenty of fruit juices and desserts. I was issued a cot; it seemed like a luxury to be off the ground.

On my first day off, I took off for Pompeii. First I had to make my way to the Red Cross in Naples, they

sent special trucks with groups to Pompeii. The trucks took us to a modern train which gave us a very scenic ride past [Mount] Vesuvius. It was interesting and educational to see how the people lived and how they let themselves fall into degeneracy. I had never expected to be able to come to a place like this. I was able to go again to Pompeii on a tour with a guide, and we saw a lot more.

This time we were taken by truck all of the way. They had cases of rations which we ate when we got near there. Some of us also had dinner in a fancy restaurant in Pompeii. Imagine eating off white tablecloths.

I saw the most magnificent church in Pompeii that was built of many kinds of marble. The interior was awesome with pictures studded with gold and beautiful tapestries. I have never seen anything so wonderful. A guide took us through to see the collection of valuables that no money could buy. I wasn't able to understand how this town with such poor people could support such a magnificent cathedral. The cathedral was worth a hundred times more than the town. From floor to ceiling it was made of different colored marble. The floor had a fine carpet to keep it quiet and to add to the awesome beauty. In the center of the church was a raised throne. Around it [were] columns trimmed with gold. The woodwork was of mahogany, beautifully carved. There were purple curtains, tall candlesticks, and indirect lighting. Around the sides setting into alcoves were the most beautiful paintings of the Holy Family, etc. Each picture had its own setting of marble stairs,

candles, and soft lighting. The ceiling was a most beautiful creation of art that cannot be described.

[I] went to Naples again but didn't enjoy this pass due to the rain. I spent a few hours at the Red Cross and then made my way back to camp. I did enjoy the watery ice cream at the Red Cross because it was very scarce here. The rainy season started and the camp was a sea of mud. At times we had to place everything on the cots to keep them dry. The nights were cool now and we hated to get up in the morning. They called us in time for breakfast. We walked about a block to the open latrine in the mud. After breakfast we got a cup of hot water which we used to wash and shave with out of our helmets on open racks. Everything was done in the open. It was at first embarrassing to have the women civilians in the camp soliciting to wash our clothes for a small fee.

By October, they were heating the water for our showers; but [taking a shower was] quite an experience in the cold air. Church services were held in part of the dairy building and were led by Chaplain Moran. There were many changes as many of the men had been sent to the front. Most of the fellows that I came in with were here but separated. Each day [we looked] to be sent to the front. I started in a GI school to learn accounting and found it of interest.

[I] was on a pick and shovel detail and got a chance to see some nearby towns. The landscaping and architecture is outstanding; so are the sunken gardens and vineyards. Everything is made of stone and surrounded by thick stone walls as

wood is at a premium. [I] had the pleasure of being corporal of the guard one day; it was the easiest job on guard except that I had trouble finding one man. They got away with it here; but in the States it [would be] a very serious offense. [I] worked as a carpenter; it was rough work and we did a poor job of it.

My tent buddy and I went to Pompeii again. From there I sent Evelyn a bracelet and necklace with a booklet. I had good times here at the farm. We lived well, trained little, [and had] little military discipline. We were waiting for the war to end. As the Americans raced across France pushing the Germans back, we expected them to give up any day. Few of us thought that we might yet have to go to the front.

On October 14, just two years from the day that I had been inducted, my name was called, and I and many others left the Dairy Farm as replacements for casualties in front line divisions. As our names were called, we boarded trucks with our bags and equipment. A couple of chaplains were there too. Chaplain Moran told us in a few words how we should behave and what we could expect. He told us to trust in God and quit ourselves like men, etc. After that they gave each of us two packages of cigarettes, and we were on our way. It was a sad parting from the pleasant home we had gotten to know so well. They took us to Caeserta and we boarded the same German and Italian trains.

Then began a two day ride to a depot near Florence. As the train moved, we saw the fruits of war around wherever we looked. Shell holes, strewn equipment, tanks and planes, foxholes were everywhere.

Helmets with holes shot through them too. We could not imagine how men fought and died for every foot of this area. Every town was leveled; there was nothing but destruction everywhere. As we got closer, things looked even worse. We dined on C rations as we tried to enjoy the trip. Whenever the train stopped GI's would run in every direction for souvenirs. Some would quickly build a small fire with which to heat some coffee. Children would run near and beg for candy or anything that we might have. Men and officers lived together with no rank shown. Finally we arrived at the end of the line; it was as far as the tracks had been repaired. There was roll call, and we got aboard 5th Army trucks. Italians came near and offered vino for sale. The men didn't care for it; but at this point they were ready to drink anything. The result was that some of the men carried on something terrible during the rest of the trip. We arrived at the replacement depot and were given a cooked meal plus a chocolate bar and a package of cigarettes. In combat zones these items are given away free. The countryside was much prettier here and the people of a fairer complexion. We noticed the difference at once. Now we could hear the dull boom of artillery in the distance. Still we had cots and could get a good night's sleep. On the way up we passed through the outskirts of Rome and were favorably impressed. At this point we hoped that our stay at this camp would be a long one.

[I was now part of] Service Co. 350 Inf., 88th division. The one evening that we spent at the replacement depot, we took

advantage of the opportunity to see a field movie. We had to walk through a half a mile of mud and water to get to the field. The next day names were called, and we were on our way by truck to a step closer to combat. The trucks raced over the highways and we saw the same scenes of destruction everywhere. Before, when we had traveled by train, we had seen the fields all along the railroad pocketed by hundreds of bomb craters which were about 25 feet in diameter and 15 feet deep. Every building in these areas was punctured by the bomb fragments.

After riding on the truck for about five hours we reached camp on October 18, 1944. From the time that we had left the other camp we could see and feel the difference in the air and ground. It began to get colder, and there was a heavy fog present. The ground was muddy and wet and the trucks just slid along. Now in addition to bombed-out buildings, we could see all sort of emplacements, barbed wire entanglements, wrecks of tanks and vehicles and twisted metal. Here in the mountains the resistance had been greater as the Germans were always on higher ground and were able to look down on the British and Americans.

There were hundreds of mountain groups in Italy, each a little higher until [they reached the] Alps. There were many groups [of men] bivouacking all along the road, and they had their tents spread out for safety. There were few trees, and it looked so barren and cold. Still the units lived a fairly normal life with only an occasional shelling. Then we knew that we were there. We paired up and dug in between two hills.

Matlack and I dug a hole about a foot deep, four foot wide and six feet long. We then put up our tent, piled all of our equipment around the ledge and prepared to get some rest. The kitchen wouldn't feed us so we ate K rations again for supper. This wasn't too bad except that we were between four artillery batteries, and they kept up a constant fire all night in turn. The ground shook and the noise was deafening. After awhile we got used to the noise, and [we] would have stayed there if we didn't have to go any further. We saw a serious looking British patrol moving out in single file along the mountain ridge. These men knew that they might not return.

Matlack and I took turns on guard; and then the night was gone. We had slept very well even though an incoming shell had shredded some of the tents. In our ignorance we had not heard the incoming shells but thought that all of the shells were going into enemy territory. We had been fairly safe in our shallow holes even when the shells hit nearby. Then came a K ration breakfast and then we had a little time to write a last letter. Then I burned all of the letters from Evelyn that I had saved. We had to be rid of everything that we couldn't carry, and no letters were allowed. Then our names were called, and we turned in our duffle bags. There were rumors that we would never see them again. There were some things that I didn't want to lose; but there was nothing that I could do but hope that the bag would be returned some day.

Now it was time to decide whether I would carry one or two blankets or a blanket and one shelter half. I decided to carry 2 blankets,

extra socks, shelter half and some underclothing. I found that I had more than I could carry very far. I rolled my shelter half and blanket into a roll and slung it over my shoulder so that I would be able to drop it instantly in an emergency. Again we boarded trucks, and after a mile or so we arrived at a valley in which a lot of men were spread out. This was it! We got off and started to make our way up the valley toward the top of the hill. By the time we got to where we were supposed to be, I was all out of breath. We had been separated and divided into the various companies of the 350 Inf. 1st battalion. Again I was a stranger and knew no one. I was assigned to Company C with several others.

As it was meal time, the field kitchen started serving food to the men. This was their first cooked meal in a long while as they had just come back from the front. They had been in an attack the night before and were tired and hollow eyed. They were dirty, unshaven and walked around wearily. The battalion was not at full strength. The few replacements didn't mean much toward boosting their morale. As the men lined up for their food, a thin officer yelled and raved at the men to keep interval as this was still in the combat zone. Little attention was paid to him. We who had just come felt ashamed at our rested, clean condition. We hoped that the weary GIs wouldn't hate us. Later we found that they were pleased to see new faces.

After we all had eaten, we were ordered to spread out in groups and clean our weapons. At this time, I got acquainted with the 4th squad to which I had been assigned. The

squad was being reorganized as all of the old noncoms had been either wounded or killed. Corporal Brown was made squad leader. He was a big blond man about 225 lb., about 23 but who now looked like 30. Everyone liked him. Everyone seemed to be very sociable.

Since I was a big man, the assistant squad leader tried to pass his twenty-pound BAR to me. I knew that I was too weak to carry this weapon; I refused to accept it. It was all I could do to carry myself. Besides the BAR man had an important weapon and didn't get to live too long I understood. I informed them that I was 30 and not able to handle it, so they gave it to a younger man my size. He was pleased to have it.

Suddenly there was a whistle of a shell, and we scattered into any hole or crevice that was nearby. Some of the shells landed where the chow line had been a short time before. No one was hurt; but we had a vivid lesson about the importance of spreading out at all times. This was my first experience under fire. When things got quiet, we prepared to move to new positions that afternoon. We each had a belt of ammunition, two bandoliers and two grenades.

One of the replacements that had joined the platoon was a Sergeant Gutman. He was slender and of medium size. He was appointed platoon sergeant. The first thing that he did was to tell us how tough he was and that he expected us to remember who was boss. We all thought him a bag of wind; but in a short time he proved fair and square, yet severe in discipline when necessary. Most of the time he knew

what he was doing and for this we respected him. He came from a tough part of New York.

As dusk began to fall, we started to move out slowly in single file. Certain companies and squads went first. Our platoon and my squad was last as we moved out. Everyone was quiet; there was no smoking. We had the choice of taking what we wanted; so I left one blanket and mess kit. I took one blanket, shelter half, field jacket, extra socks, writing paper, and a few odds and ends in my pack. Even with this light pack, the rifle and ammo weighted us down.

For awhile we continued on a shell-scarred highway past damaged vehicles and bloated animals. Shells were flying both ways over us; but not landing near. I saw a group of people who had to leave all behind going to the rear; and I felt sorry for them. I guess they were thankful to be alive.

I was paired up with a man about my age by the name of Gilmore. He had left a good job, a wife, and five children and he was very unhappy. He had bragged once too often that the draft would never get him. He grumbled, growled, swore, and found fault with everything. It was a sorry day for me when I had to team up with this miserable wretch. No one else would have him.

After a long walk, we suddenly turned up the side of a hill, up a steep path keeping close to the top, but not on skyline. Now the shells came so close that we often ducked as they crashed into the valley below. The air was clear, and we could hear the shells come and go. When someone ducked, I ducked, as this was new for me. We walked up and up until

my legs and thighs hurt so that I thought that I could not take another step. Yet I dared not drop behind as I didn't want to be separated from the others. I grabbed hold of small trees and pulled myself up foot by foot. Once in awhile the men would agitate for a break, and we would lie down on the ground for a few minutes. The constant disturbing thought was that if we were discovered there, it would be terrible, as there was no shelter on the top of the hills.

Suddenly someone missed the tough Sergeant Gutman. After much running around they found him lying on the ground exhausted. He had thrown his pack away and was in a bad condition. There were others who were in a bad way also which made me feel as if I had not done too badly. I was perturbed [though] because of the loss of both of my grenades.

We had been sent to relieve the 351st, which had taken the hill the day before. They started to move back as we arrived. We got to the top of a small hill and prepared to occupy the positions. The squad leader tried to place us in holes that had already been dug. Gilmore and I were told to dig ourselves a foxhole, but Gilmore objected furiously and there was quite an argument over this. We milled around in the dark until we found a half dug hole about 2 by 4 and 4 feet deep. The ground was so rocky that there was no digging that night. We decided to wait until morning and see what it was like. I found that one of the logs that I had stepped on during the night was the body of a German. I was not easily shocked anymore.

The best we could do was squat

down in the foxhole. As we got settled down, we thought that it seemed pretty quiet and peaceful. Suddenly a terrific barrage of mortar shells hit all around us on the knob. Some of the shells threw dirt into our holes. Gilmore and I just crouched as low as possible and trembled. Once in awhile a shell would land into a hole so we wondered how good our chance was of not being hit. There would be a methodical barrage every hour for fifteen minutes. Each time there was nothing to do but huddle and wonder. We

found that we could get down further as we put our knees between each other as we faced. There was no comfort and no rest despite all of our efforts. Then came the dawn and quiet and we were able to look around. Since this hill was under observation, we could not come out of our hole except to relieve ourselves. As soon as we got out, the shells would start flying, and we tumbled back in to sweat it out. We enlarged the hole by a few inches but it was much too small for two men.

To Be Continued

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PARATROOPER

I was that which others did not want to be,
I went where others feared to go,
And did things that others feared to do

I asked nothing from those that gave nothing,
And reluctantly accepted the thought of eternal loneliness
—should I fail.

I have seen the face of terror, felt the stinging cold of fear,
and enjoyed sweet moments of love.

I have cried felt pain and hoped—but most of all
I have lived through time that others would say were best forgotten.

At least I am able to say that I am proud of what I was——

A PARATROOPER



ABN503

Monday, July 28, 2003



Personal Memories For September

My Name _____

Name of grade school I attended _____

My grade school memories _____

Name of high school I attended _____

Favorite high school memories _____

Year I graduated from school _____

Memories of hair styles, clothing styles, music and cars _____

Memories of my first job, including my wages _____

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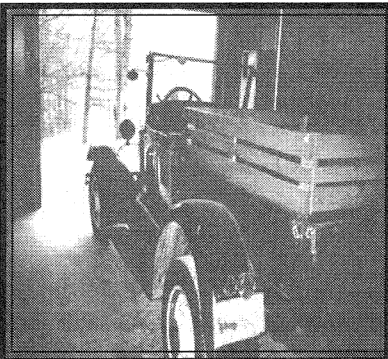
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U.S. Legacies is offering web hosting at wholesale prices to all of our subscribers and volunteers.

All profits from our web hosting, help support our printed magazine.

ONLY \$10 PER YEAR

Our Economy Hosting Package is great for family use.

- 50 meg of web space
- 2 e-mail addresses

125 Meg Hosting
Regular price \$40 per year.
YOUR PRICE: \$20 per year.
Includes 5 e-mail addresses
Cgi
PHP
Perl
Control Panel
and much more

250 Meg Hosting
Regular price \$70 per year
YOUR PRICE: \$35 per year.
Includes 10 e-mail addresses
Mail forwarding
Front Page Access
Cgi
PHP
Perl
Control Panel
and much more

500 Meg Hosting
Regular price \$120 per year
YOUR PRICE: \$60 per year.
Includes unlimited e-mail
Mail forwarding
Front Page Access
MySQL database
Cgi
PHP
Perl
Control Panel
and much more

1000 Meg Hosting
Regular price \$220 per year
YOUR PRICE: \$110 per year.
Includes unlimited e-mail
Mail forwarding
Front Page Access
MySQL database
Cgi
PHP
Perl
Control Panel
and much more



You have the power to make a difference