

For Our Newest Generation

A Look into the Past
And
A cheer for Your Future

Dedicated to: Sara

By: Harold Gagers
Barbara Stapleton

To: *The Wild Bunch*
Dan, Nathan, Aurora, and Greg

From: *Great Aunt Barbara Stapleton and*
Great Granddad Harold Staggs

Greetings

We, in this booklet, send you some old family pictures of people in your Staggs name bloodline.

Your mom will save these for you so that you can pass this on to your children.

We should never forget the people in our past.

Remember that you have on the Staggs' side the bloodlines of the Sammons, Wareham, Crow, Stone, Keen, Warren, and even the De Saint Martin and others.

However, here we follow only the name of Staggs ancestors.

Your mom and her dad and mom will tell you about their many family names. Those bloodlines are yours, also.

In the second part of this booklet, we send you more information regarding your Staggs ancestors during the Civil War.

And in the last and final part, you will find the two ancient legends for you to read to your children and their children. These legends must never die.

Hudson Staggs's family is the first generation that we will cover. Your Great, Great, Great Granddad Hudson was born to Philip and Vianna in 1848. He had six children by two wives and died in 1916 in Roseburg, Oregon.



Betsy Ann Gilbert

Born 1856

Died 1879

First wife of Hudson Staggs

The Gilbert family was a part of a touring show company. They went from town to town putting on plays.

William Emerson Staggs at age 14

Born 1876

Died 1920

Second child of Hudson Staggs by Betsy Gilbert



Daul,

1889.

SPRINGFIELD
MO.

With his second wife, Ida Stone, he had four: Jessie Rue, Mame, Richard L, and Edith.



Ida Antha Stone Staggs in 1908 at age 40

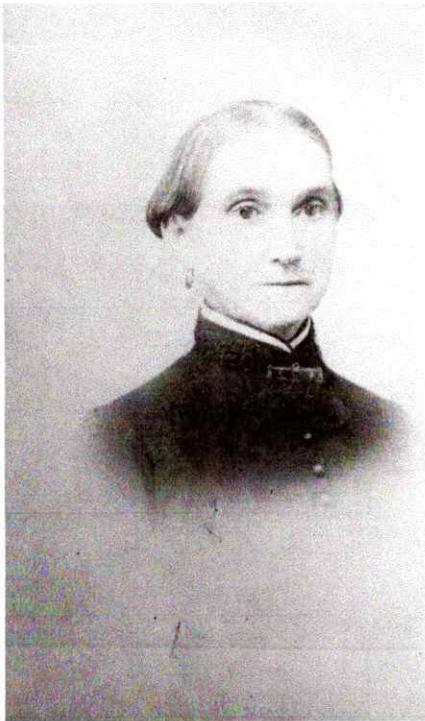
Photo taken in Springfield, Missouri

Now, that's six kids and six kids is a mess of kids and a mess of kids is trouble!

It's time that I tell you a very sad story. Brace yourself! The kids were playing in the backyard. Hudson came to the kitchen door and hollered, "Time to eat." Foolish, foolish Hudson!! He didn't have time to get out of the doorway. All six kids hit him at the same time. He was knocked down, trampled, and reduced to a sobbing mess of battered flesh.

That's why, my dear friend, that we Staggs have two backyard doors. The other we call our hollering door!! When you have your house built, don't forget the hollering door!!

I once almost made the same mistake, but just a split second before I would have been badly injured, I remembered that I didn't have six kids and thereby saved myself from being terribly injured. This example of the quick reaction time and wisdom of our family is awesome and a just a little frightening. May you be blessed and inherit this great gift.



Eliza Stone

Born 1816
Died 1906
Lived at Van Port, PA

Eliza was the one who brought your Irish blood to you.

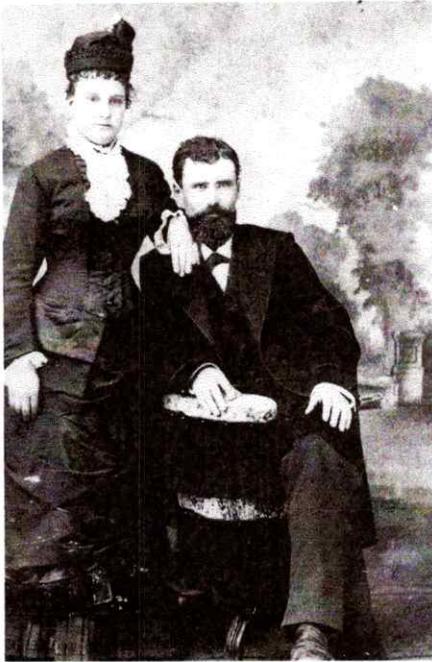
Miss Ida A. Stone

About one hundred and fifty years ago, Eliza Stone (your great, great, great, great grandmother) dressed her lovely daughter for a most important event: she would have her picture taken!!

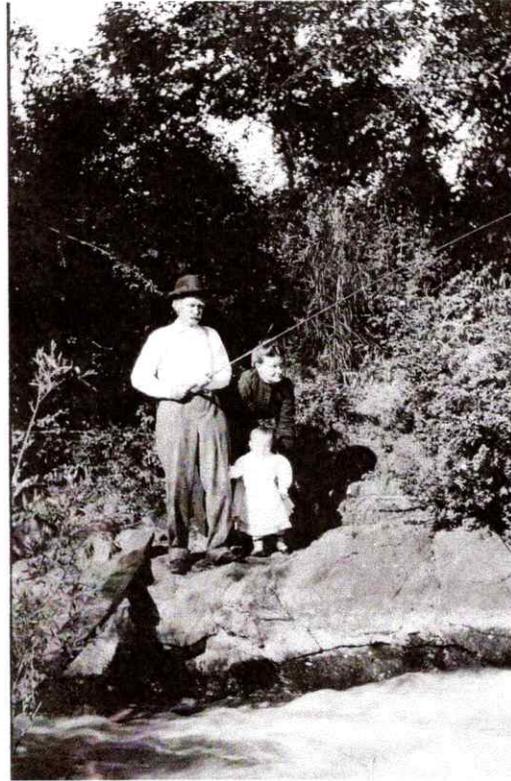
Look at Miss Ida, your great, great, great grandmother. Her hair is so carefully combed, a brand new dress. See how her new pantaloons modestly cover her knees? And, OK Aurora, wouldn't you just love to have a pair of boots like hers? And the socks—to die for!

Fifteen years later, this little girl married your Great, Great, Great Granddad Hudson Staggs.





Ida is a big girl now and, as a bride, has a new hat. I like the ruffle around her neck. Is that the marriage license in your Great, Great, Great Granddad Hudson Staggs' hand?



Hudson and Ida Staggs with me (Harold) fishing. And don't you dare laugh. I was really cute! (I looked a lot like Nathan at this age.)



Top row from left to right:
Edith, Blanche, and your Great, Great, Great Grandmother Ida Staggs

Bottom row from left to right:
Bill, Harold, and Richard Staggs

I have been told that we boys' clothing was provided by an elf who lived up in the hills. Brother Richard looks like Dan after a big lunch.

P.S. This picture was taken before Bill enlisted in the Navy.



Hudson's Family

Bottom row: Jessie, Edith, and your Great, Great Granddad Richard Leslie Staggs

Top row: Mamie



Edith Staggs, your Great, Great aunt, daughter of Hudson

She was in China with her mom and returned to live in Santa Cruz.

The pictures in this section are the family of Richard L. Staggs Sr. and Blanch Staggs. They had five sons, Richard Jr., Bill, Harold, Bob, and Howard.



Alice Crow

Grandmother of Ella Blanch Staggs

We, Barbara and I, like to look at Alice's picture. Isn't that a beautiful dress? And the pendent at her throat is so nice. We always thought that in the long, long ago the young ladies let their hair grow long; but, no, hers is beautiful. Are those your eyes, Aurora?

Ella Blanch Staggs nee Wareham, your great, great grandmother





Great Granddad Harold with his mom at three days of age

You may note that this exceptional child is already discussing the need for a change with the nurse. Radio was hurriedly invented that day so that the news of his birth could be spread around the world. Brother Bill told me that.



In the old days, officers of foot troops rode.

RL Staggs on Trooper

Great, Great Granddad Richard Staggs and wife Blanch with grandchildren Barbara, Steve, and little David at the farm in Stella, MO





Left to right: Harold, Bob, and Howard. I've forgotten the names of the riders.



Howard Staggs on Tony at the farm

Yes, that's snow, Dan.

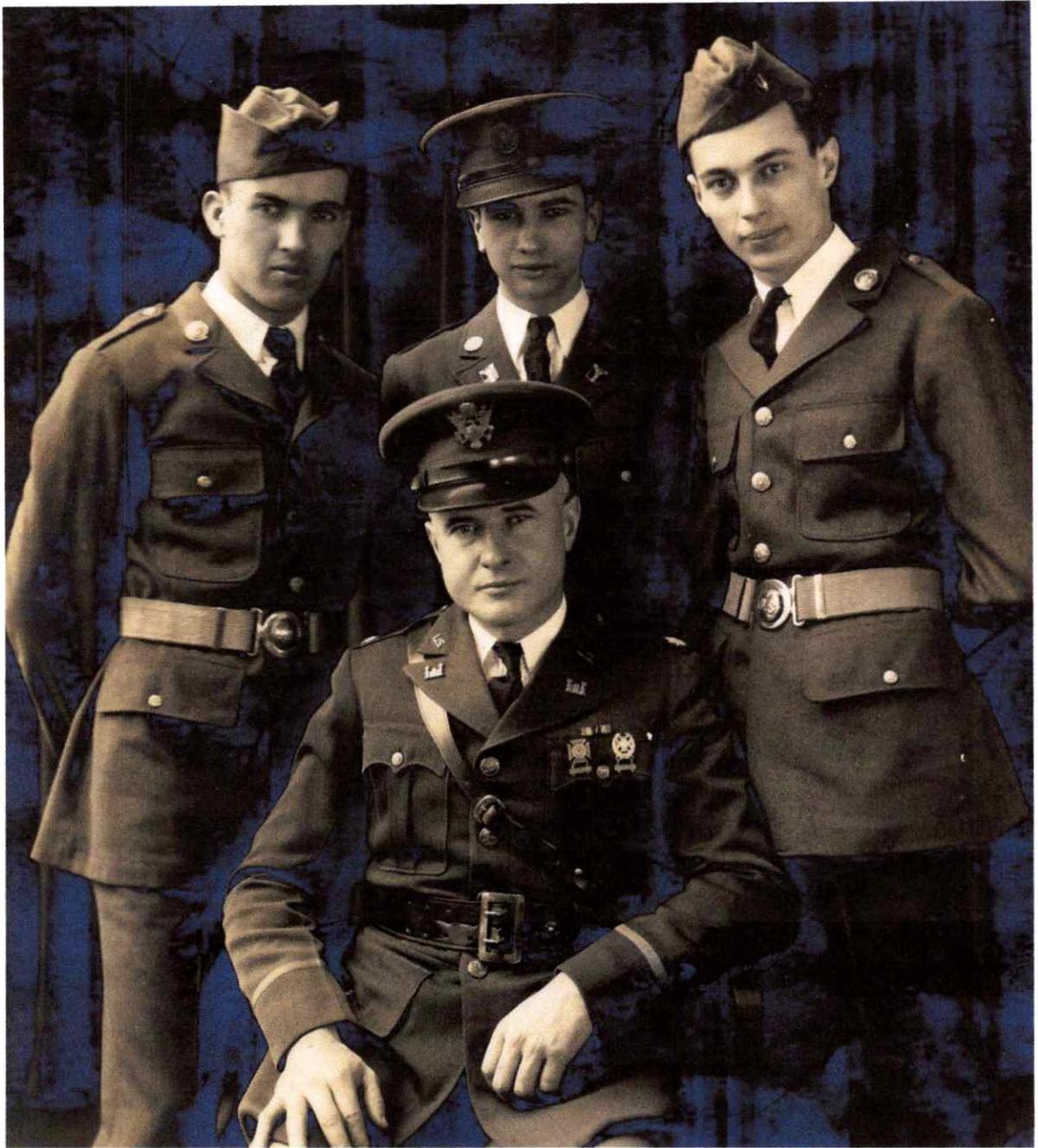


This rare photo is of your Great Uncle Bob Staggs. Here you see Bob searching as he often did for many years for the way to the new world. Bob did not believe that Chris Columbus had ever found it.



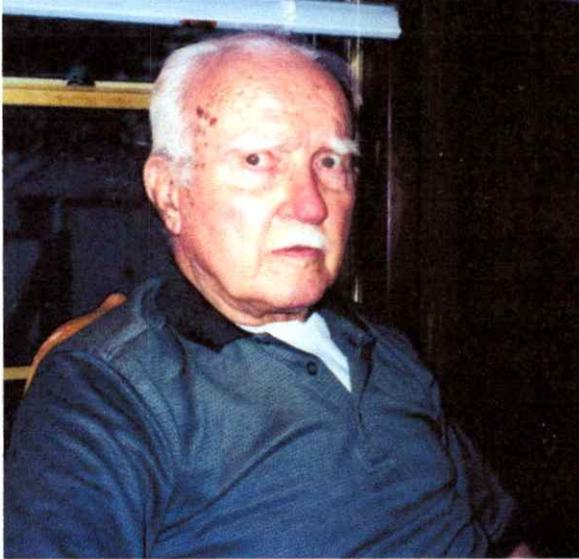
Your Great Uncle Howard getting ready to go cane-pole fishing for blue gills. (That's a kind of fish, Dan.)

Howard's death was service connected to the Korean War. His mother's comment is on the photo.



Bill, Harold, Richard, Col. R.L. Staggs Sr.

Brothers Bob and Howard were too young for this picture, but both served in the Army later.



***Your Great Uncle Bill Staggs
U.S.N., at age 92***

He is the recipient of the Bronze Star, Purple Heart, and Navy Cross.

The Purple Heart is for being wounded by enemy fire. The Navy Cross is the highest honor for valor given by the Navy. The Bronze Star was also for valor.

In November of 1942, the British Army was pushing German units under Field Marshal Rommel (called by the allies the Desert Fox) west out of North Africa.

The US, for the first time in WW II, sent our fighting forces into combat. A large invasion fleet was sent to the land troops on the northwest coast of Africa.

The Army's mission was to attack the Fox from the west as the British moved against him from the east.

The Navy's primary mission was to protect the fleet from the strong German submarine presence in that area and to provide air cover and defense from German air attacks and, lastly, attack enemy ground units from the air as army units engaged them on the ground.

You, my dears, are a part of the family; so, through Bill, you were there, too.

The citation tells of some of the actions Bill was in during the invasion. Bill's plane was shot down by A.A. fire later.

We are so proud of those members of our family who have, in both war and peace, made our country great. And we are proud of you, too.

Uncle Bill's Story in His Own Handwriting

One Convoy of transport trucks were on a road winding through some hills. On our first pass we made on them, I came over a hill and dove down on some trucks. About half way through my run a man firing a machine gun on a tripod appeared in my gun sights. I instinctively stopped firing for fear of hittin a human being. This was an automatic reaction as the result of hours peace time gunnery training.

Result: I got hit in the left arm, and later was awarded the Purple Heart.

'Keep the subs down Sink 'em if we could.' Bill Staggs won a Navy Cross for disabling a German sub

By **MARCIA LANE**
marcia.lane@staugustinerecord.com

The Life magazine photographer who flew with Lt. William R. "Bill" Staggs on Nov. 11, 1942, got more than he bargained for on that flight.

So did Staggs, who turned 30 that day and would earn the Navy Cross for disabling a German submarine.

It happened near Casablanca as the landings for American troops were getting under way in Africa.

Staggs and Life photographer Horace Bristol were sharing quarters on the Santee, where Staggs was executive officer. They flew out that morning on a reconnaissance mission.

"It was the second or third day of the landings. It was touch and go, they didn't know whether the French would fight us or welcome us," recalled Staggs.



[click photo to enlarge](#)

BILL STAGGS, who served as a lieutenant in the U.S. Navy Reserve during World War II, is pictured during an interview at his St. Augustine home on Saturday. Staggs turned 93 on Veterans Day. By MADELYN TROYANEK, madelyn.troyanek@staugustinerecord.com

"It was rainy that day and the visibility wasn't good. I was flying low, about 200 feet over the water. I came out of this squall and there the sub was. I had him," he recalled, telling how he came around and began to fire his .50 caliber machine gun at the sub's conning tower. He later found out he had fired 250 rounds at the sub.

"He started to dive and as it went down, I had time to go around again and drop a depth charge," said Staggs.

Then he headed on to take the photographs of airfields that had been his original mission. When the two men returned to the Santee, Staggs refueled, rearmed and went out on a strafing mission.

Later, the German sub would beach and the crew surrender to an Army sergeant in a Jeep who came upon them. Staggs laughed as he told of how the incident ended up in a Ripley's Believe It Or Not item. "It read, 'Army sergeant captures Axis



[click photo to enlarge](#)

DATED DEC. 7, 1942, the back side of this photo of Bill Staggs reads: Sub Attacker -- Sighting an opposing submarine while on patrol, Lieut. William R. Staggs, USNR, Chicago, Ill., cut loose with his .50 calibre machine guns and forced the underseas raider to give up the fight. The action took place during landings near Casablanca, French Morocco. The photo was taken by a U.S. Navy photographer. Contributed photo

submarine.' " Staggs' depth charge was "a good deal of the cause for their beaching."

Staggs said he won the Navy Cross, the Navy's highest honor, for not only disabling the sub, but for his work over the five days of the landings. He still has his log books that fliers kept, detailing hours in the air and missions. He looked through the flights for the period, adding them up, "I flew 22 and 9/10ths hours over four days."

During his three years of sea duty during World War II, he "did a lot of escort service. Ships traveled in groups in columns and row. The slow convoys could only go so fast. They were a hell of a long time."

Enemy submarines were constant threats. The flier's job was to "keep the subs down, keep them under the surface. Sink 'em if we could. They couldn't travel very fast under water."

Ironically, Staggs said he had always felt if he couldn't be a flier, he would like to have been in the submarine service.

He almost didn't get to be a flier. He had sought to get into the Army Air Corps but was rejected. "I was busted by the Army. I was wall eyed as far as the Army was concerned, but the Navy said, 'Come on,' " said Staggs with a laugh.

During his career he would fly 13 different aircraft "and that didn't include numerous training planes." He began as a lieutenant junior grade and would retire as a captain, the commanding officer at Cecil Field.



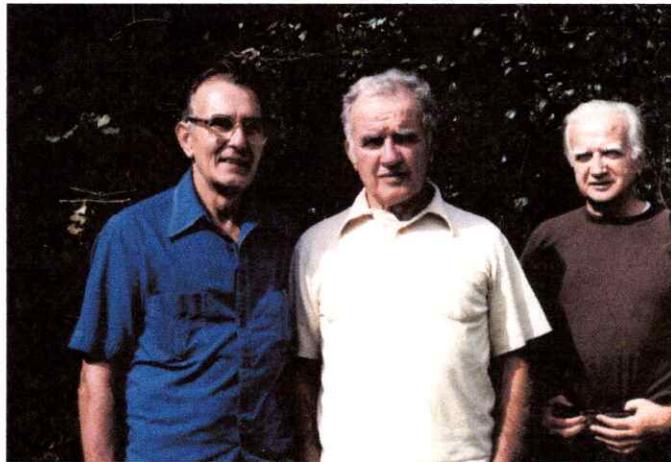
Ella Blanche Staggs at 92

Read her stories. They are meant just for you.

We were the three middle brothers.

Left to right: Bob, Bill, and Harold Staggs

We were working on the Stella farm when this was taken. We could have used you three boys, Dan, Nat, and Greg. You would have liked milking cows.



This section holds pictures of your Great Granddad's family.



So my dreams came true. Your Great Grandmother said, "Yes," and became Mrs. Jeanne Staggs. She was full of love for her family; and, yes, you are part of it.



Far Right: Great Grandmother Jeanne Staggs
Morgan Park Junior College Drill Team

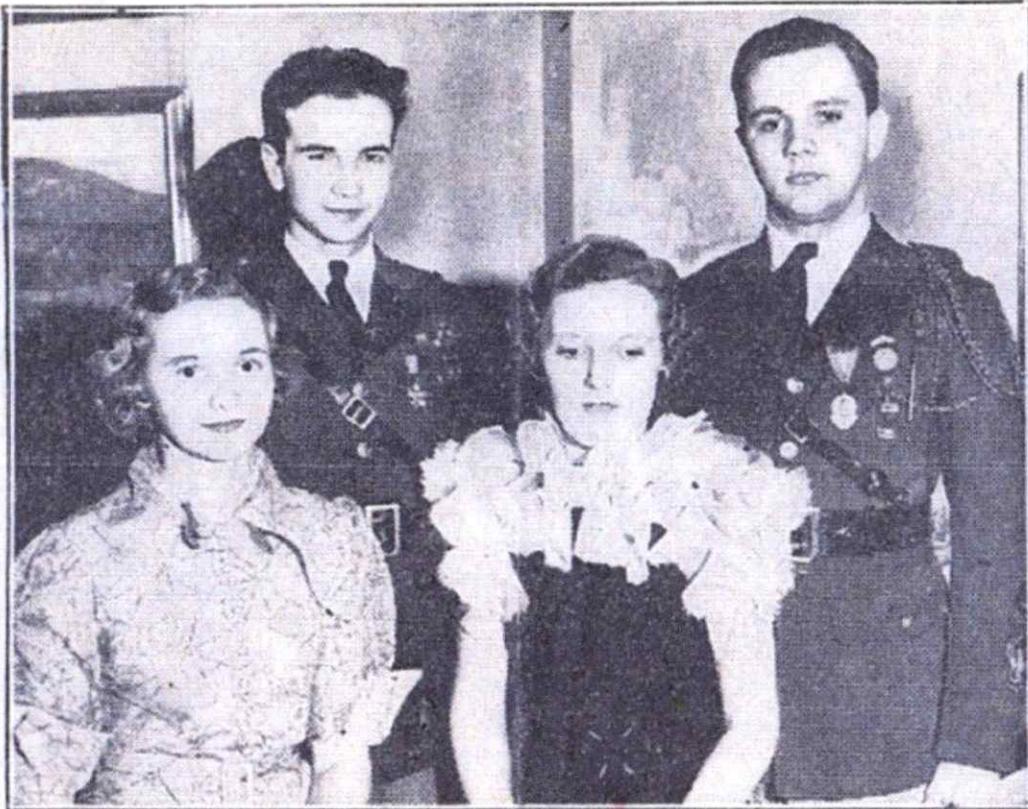


On horseback is your Great Grandmother. Jeanne's college was the Morgan Park Military Academy.

Your Uncle David has one of her blue ribbons won for her excellence in horsemanship. A wonderful girl our Jeanne. How she would have loved you four!

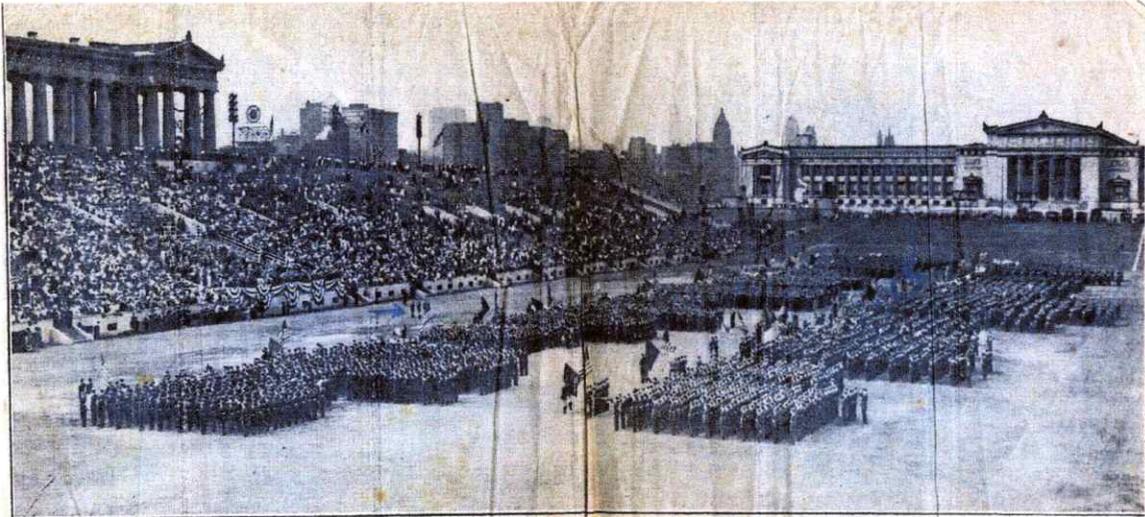
LINDBLOM CADET BALL LEADERS

1956



Miss Betty Hoyer (left), accompanied by Cadet Major Jerry Dawson (left) and Miss Jeanne Sammons, with Cadet Lieutenant Colonel Harold Staggs, have been chosen to lead the grand march at the annual spring military ball of Lindblom High school, May 15, in the Shoreland hotel. Cadet Lieutenant Colonel Staggs, president of the officers' club and commander of the corps, is general chairman.

This photo is in to remind Danny, Aurora, and Gregory that their Granddad and Grandmother Gunia were active in the R.O.T.C.



EIGHT THOUSAND CHICAGO HIGH SCHOOL R. O. T. C. CADETS MASSES ON SOLDIERS' FIELD IN REVIEW BEFORE OFFICERS AND CIVIC LEADERS—
 General view of the largest review of its kind ever held. The 8,000 R. O. T. C. cadets are from twenty-eight Chicago high schools and they are massed on Soldiers' field in event yesterday sponsored by the board of education and The Chicago Tribune. Thousands of parents and friends of the boys were in the stands to witness the review. A feature of the afternoon was the presentation of The Chicago Tribune stands of colors to the two winning units, those of Tilden and Von Steuben schools. The presentation was made by Brig. Gen. Charles D. Herron, commander of the Sixth corps area of the regular army. (TRIBUNE PHOTO.) (Story on page 6.)

*c.o. at this formation
 Feb 24/44*

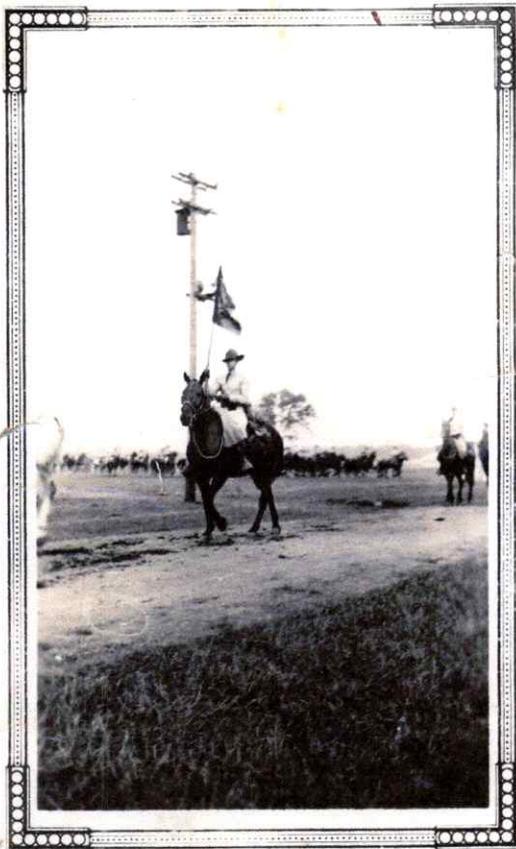
Each year the Chicago R.O.T.C. cadets united to pass in review, 8,000 strong. Your Great Granddad Harold was in command.



My old outfit, B company of the 108 Combat Engineers. Arms are stacked (see the rifles in front of the unit), and the unit is at attention. Old buddies—memories.



Great Granddad Harold is showing his great skill in saving himself from this savage attack of these two dangerous animals.



Your Great Granddad Harold served in both this outfit, Battery B of the 124 Field Artillery, and the 108 Combat Engineers.

When he was in college, Texas A&M, his unit was infantry. In the background, you see the 75 mm guns coming up. He's up on Sugar.



Courtship days. We were going horse back riding.



The Sacramento Girl Scouts placed this bell and plaque in Jeanne's honor. It is used to call the girls to the camp fire at night.

David is at the left, and Steven is on the right.



Great Grandmother Jeanne and Great Granddad Harold proudly holding their first born, Barbara.



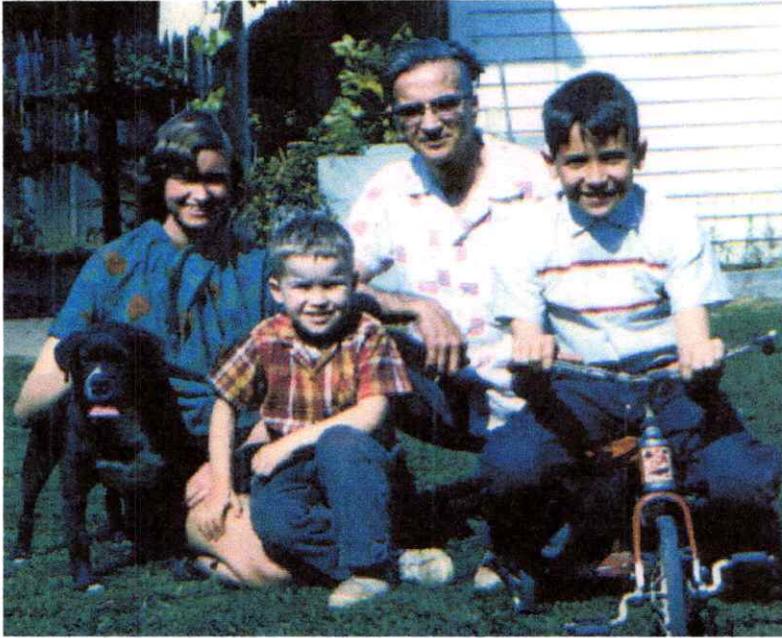
Steve with sister Barbara playing poker. I understand that he won most of her school lunch money that day.



Barbara and Steven, like their brother David, all have done well in spite of their looks.



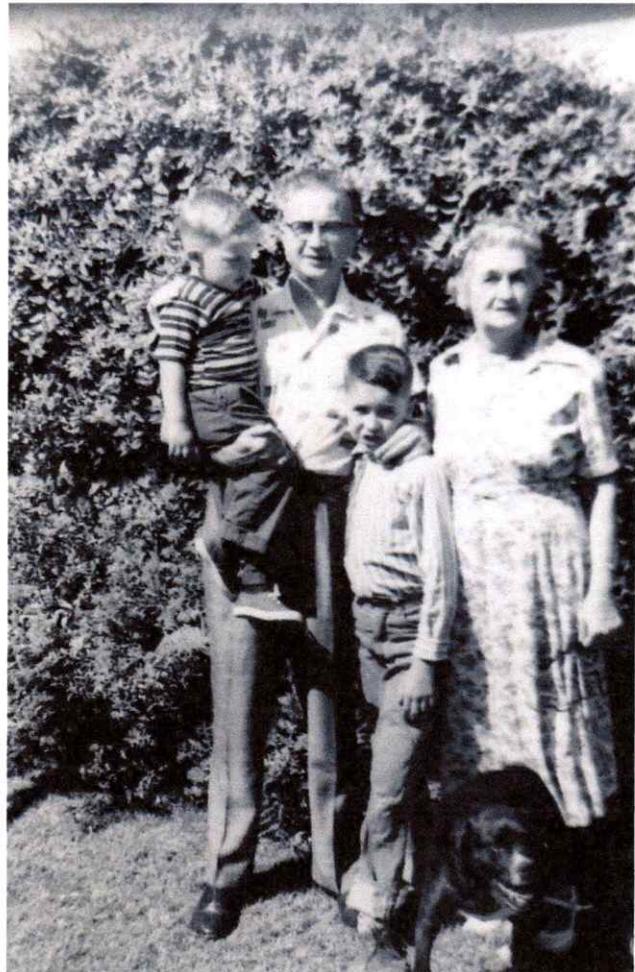
Your Great Aunt Barbara is choking the Easter Bunny. Aurora, let this be a lesson to you. Never, never choke the Easter Bunny. She was not arrested but had to supply the bunny with carrots for six weeks.



Right to left:
Steven, Harold, David,
Barbara—All Staggs

Steve is on his new bike.
He was always afraid of
heights so we got him a
shortie. Dog is distant
cousin, who just
wandered in.

Steve and David with their Dad
Harold and Grandmother Blanch
and the distant cousin on a visit.





The Staggs kids, Barbara, Steve, and little David. As for "him," we asked him to get out of the picture; but as a distant cousin, he insisted.



Left to right: Barbara, Steve, Bob, Harold, and little David in front. This is a lucky picture. We got your Great Uncle Bob to stop his search for the way to the new world long enough for this picture. I understand that Greg and Nat are taking up the search.



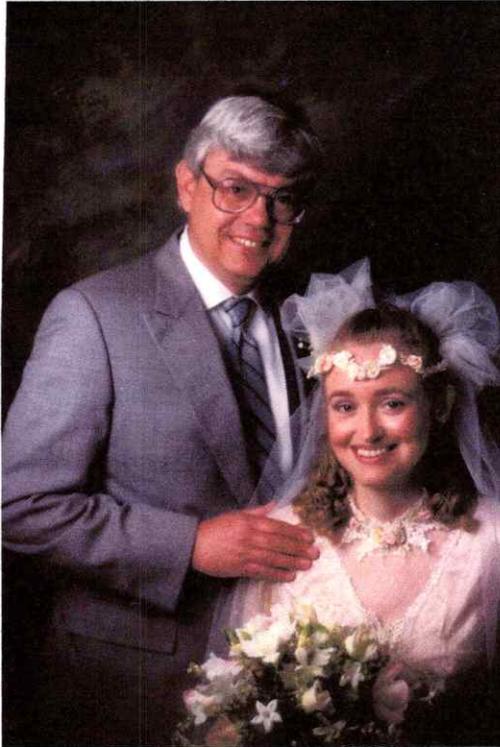
The Harold Staggs Family Home in Sacramento and the Story of George, the Brave Little Cedar Tree

When your Great Uncle David was six, he and I went up into the mountains on an over-night camp out.

There, Dave found a poor, one foot tall, little cedar tree trying to grow on the side of a dead log. David, soft heart almost breaking, tenderly removed the baby from this unhealthy location and carried the little orphan back home to plant in our front yard. He named him George.

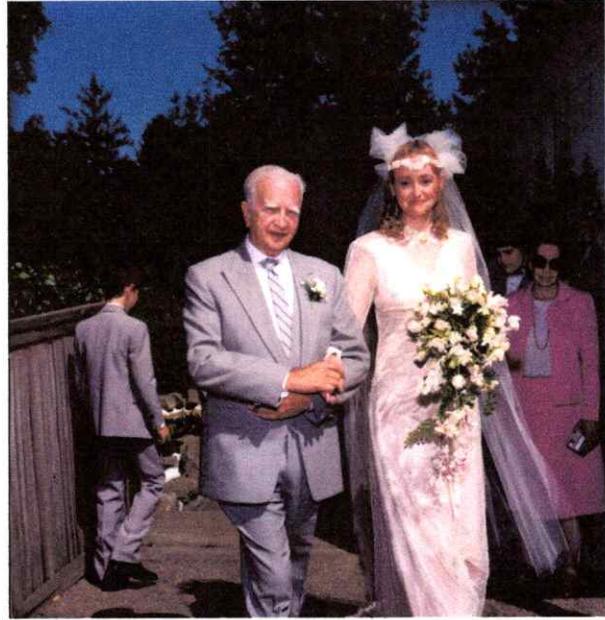
You finish the story. Did George like being a Staggs tree? Did he grow up to be a big, strong tree? Would you like to have George live in your bedroom?

P.S. For the mothers who may be confused by now, George is the big, big, big, tree.



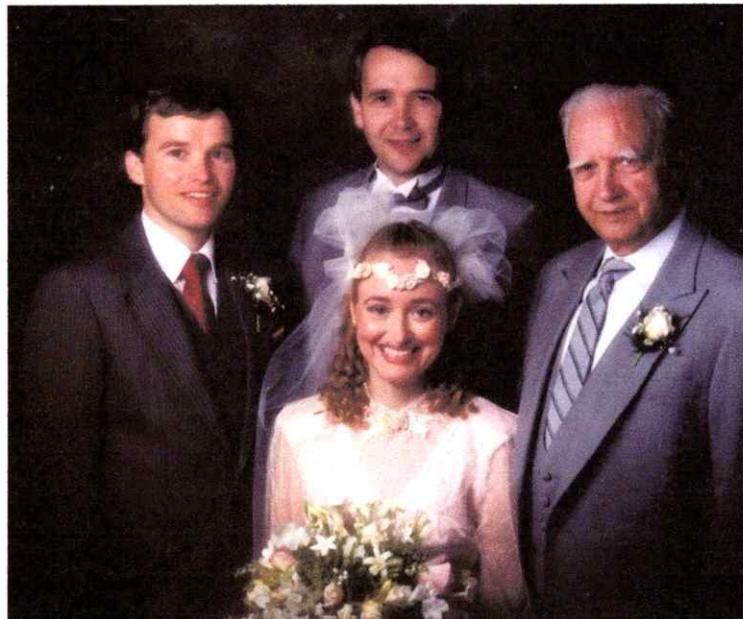
Si and Barbara (nee Staggs) Stapleton

Not a bad looking team!



The beautiful bride is your Great Aunt Barbara. She takes care of your college money. The man is your Great Granddad Harold Staggs. He's not beautiful but kind of cute. Don't you think so Aurora? Hush, Dan, I didn't ask you! Greg agrees, but with whom? Nathan just sits there grinning.

The handsome Staggs men
and the bride.



Assembly Rules Committee-California Legislature

Resolution

By the Honorable Edwin L. Z'berg
Ninth Assembly District

*RELATIVE TO COMMENDING HAROLD W. STAGGS
FOR OUTSTANDING PUBLIC SERVICE*

WHEREAS, The Members of the Assembly have learned of the outstanding contributions Harold W. Staggs has made to the youth of this state by vigorous support of scouting activities; and

WHEREAS, Active in scouting for twenty-one years, he was, before coming to Sacramento twelve years ago, scoutmaster and explorer adviser in Cassville, Missouri, for five years; and

WHEREAS, Since joining the Golden Empire Council, he has been a troop committeeman for one year and a Scoutmaster of Troop 100 in Rio Linda for two years; and

WHEREAS, About eight years ago he accepted the post of Scoutmaster of Troop 34; and

WHEREAS, During this period the troop has been known as the Troup of the Eagles as 26 members have become Eagle Scouts; and

WHEREAS, In recognition of his outstanding leadership and guidance of these young men, he has received the Silver Bear Award and the Silver Beaver Award; and

WHEREAS, A graduate from Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College with the degree of Doctor of Veterinary Medicine, he now works for the California State Department of Agriculture, Division of Meat Inspection, and is the author of the inspection standards for that division; now, therefore, be it

Resolved by the Assembly Rules Committee, That the Members commend Harold W. Staggs for outstanding public service; and be it further

Resolved, That the Chief Clerk of the Assembly transmit a suitably prepared copy of this resolution to Harold W. Staggs.

Resolution No. 396 approved by the Assembly Rules Committee

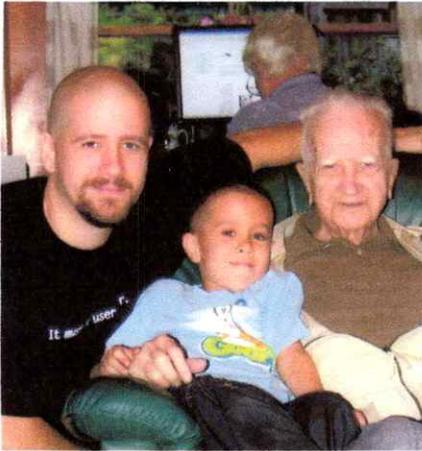


By
Eugene A. Chappie
Eugene A. Chappie
Chairman

Subscribed this 7th day of May, 1970

Bob Monagan
Bob Monagan
Speaker of the Assembly

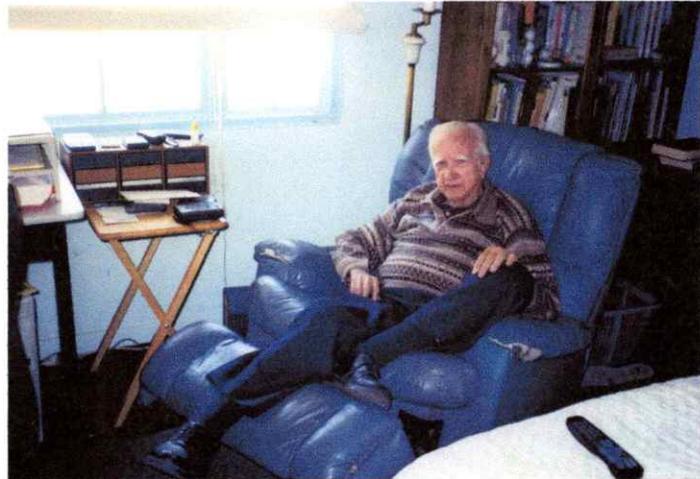
The California State Assembly honored your Great Granddad for his public service.



Three Generations

Great Granddad Harold Staggs,
Brandon Staggs, Young Kid—
Nathan Staggs

Who is back there? Your Great
Uncle Si, of course.



Great Granddad Staggs, 91 years old and still
sits like a fifty year old!!



Ex-Navy man, Simon,
and Barbara Stapleton

They are, they say,
using sign language for
hungry.

Your next family is that of your Granddad Steven Staggs. His career was in the field of law enforcement. The citation and medal of valor bestowed on him brings honor to our name. We note that a committee of ten police chiefs from all over the state certified that he was worthy of being so honored.





The

University of California Police Department

Has Awarded The

MEDAL OF VALOR

to
Steven Barry Staggs

for outstanding bravery
above and beyond
the call of duty

29 May 1994

[Signature]
Chief of Police, UC Berkeley

[Signature]
Chief of Police, UC Riverside

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Chief of Police, UC Davis

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Chief of Police, UC San Diego

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Chief of Police, UC Irvine

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Chief of Police, UC San Francisco

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Chief of Police, UC Lawrence Berkeley Laboratory

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Chief of Police, UC Santa Barbara

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Chief of Police, UC Los Angeles

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Chief of Police, UC Santa Cruz



From left to right: Cory, Dustin, Sara, and Brandon. It's Christmas 1985. Time to open the presents.



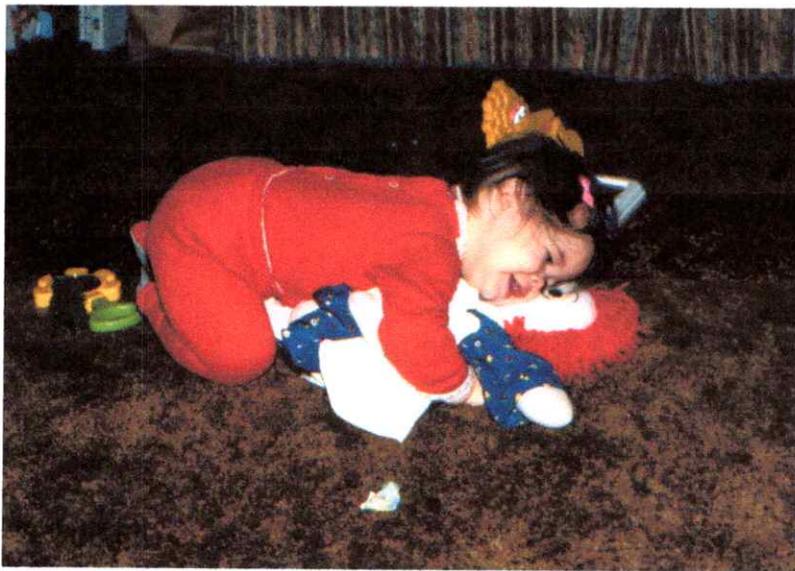
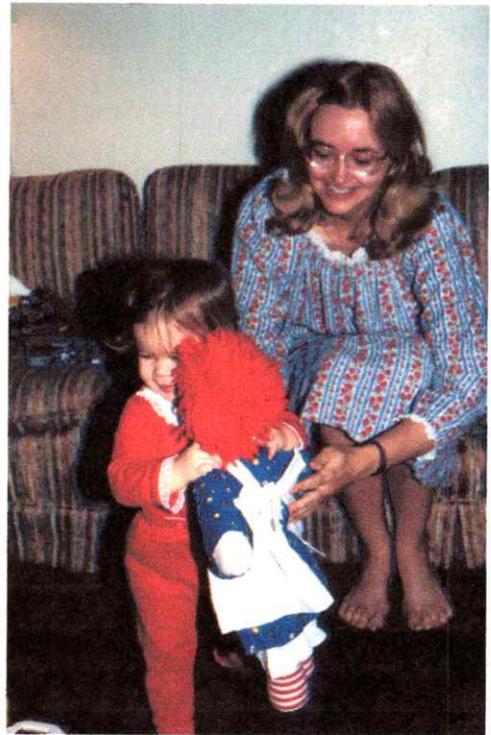
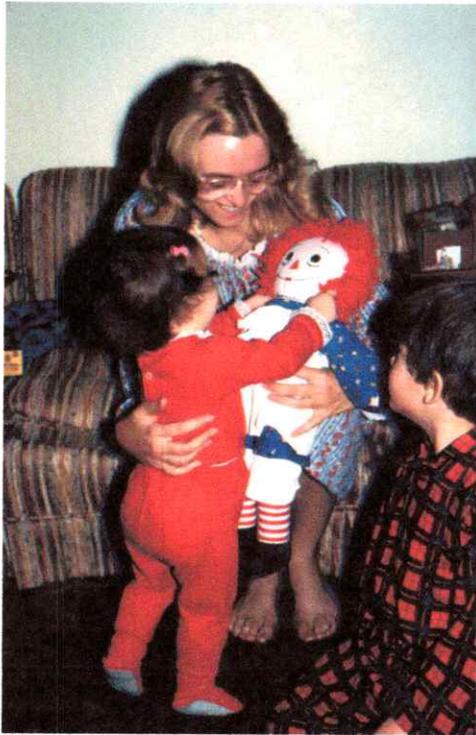
From left to right: Sara, Cory, Dustin, Brandon, Dad Steve, and Mom Karen. It's now 1991. We've waited a long time. Please let us open the presents!!



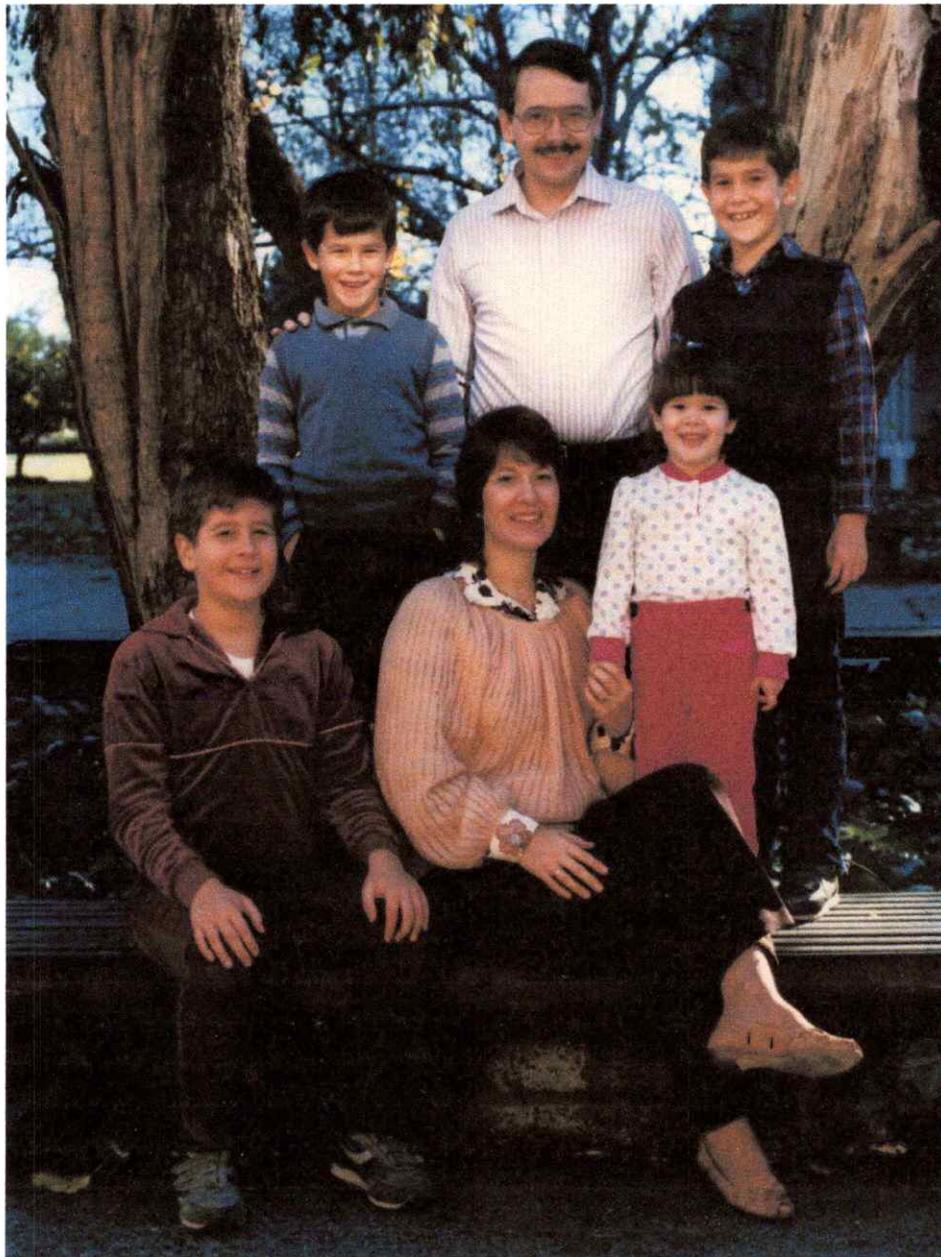
It's now 2005. Rather obvious, isn't it? We are never going to get these darn packages open! None of this mob—Steve, Karen, Sara, or Cory have the gumption necessary to take action and open the darn things!

P.S. For the benefit of my great grandkids and Sara, “gumption” means “initiative.”

P.S.S. As for “initiative,” go look it up in the dictionary!



The mystery of "who stole the doll" was solved when Aunt Barbara had Sara re-enact the crime.



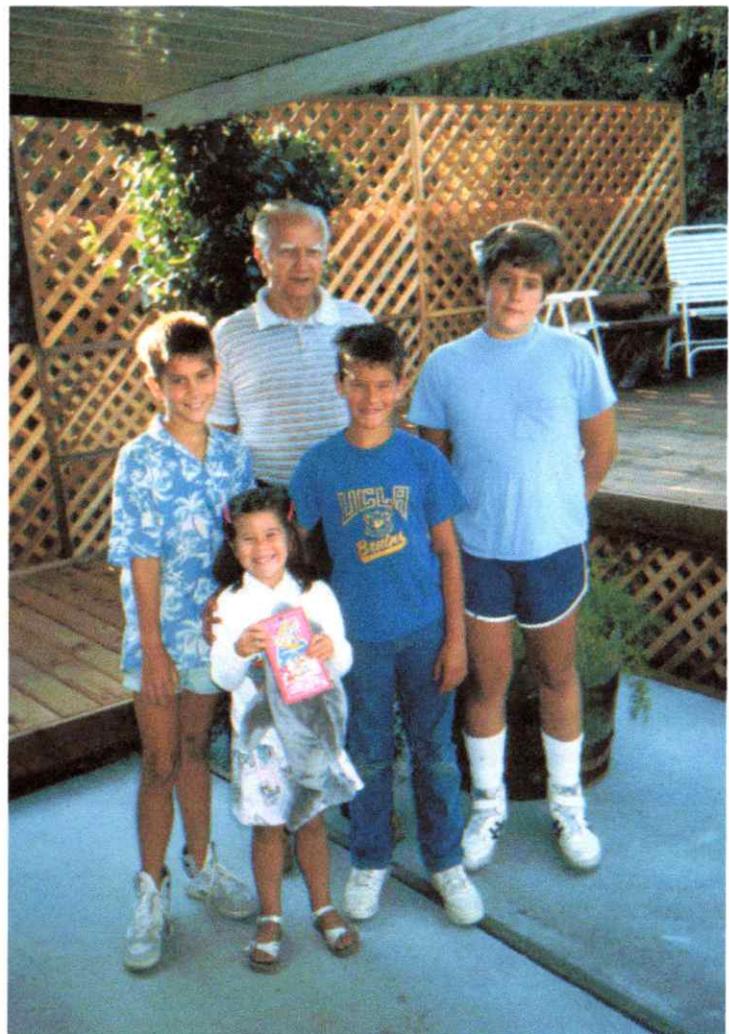
Top row: Dustin, Steve, and Cory
Bottom row: Brandon, Karen, and Sara
The Staggs Family



Left to Right: Cory, Sara, Brandon, and Dustin. Children of Steve Staggs.

Sara didn't think it was all that funny.

Great Granddad Staggs with (left to right) Cory, Dustin, and Brandon. That's Sara standing in front.



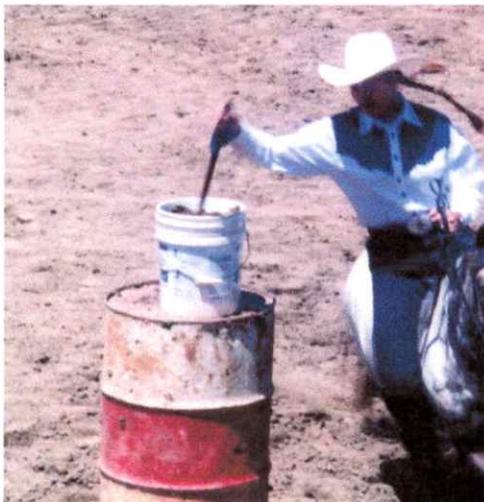


Aunt Sara's 13th Birthday

Now who in all blue blazes ate the last piece of pie?
Not Aunt Sara? Oh, No? Sara?

This is your Aunt Sara Staggs.

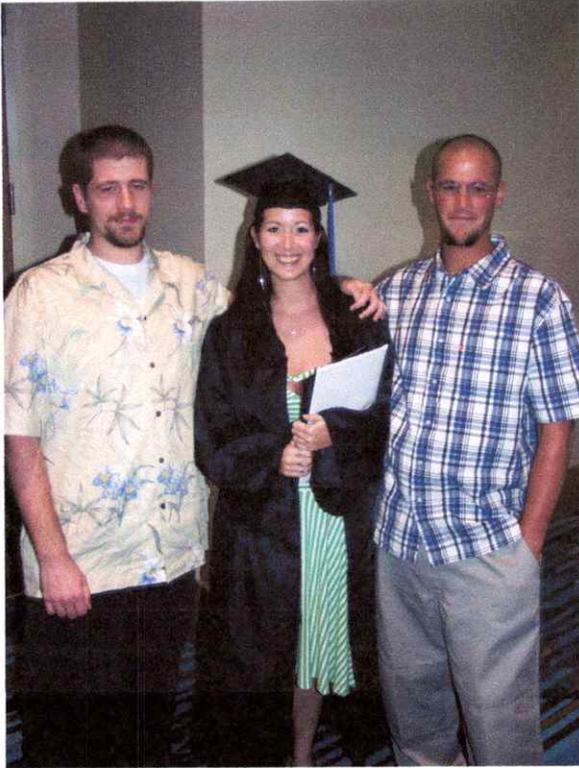
This picture we took of her while she was practicing how to be a heartbreaker. Shame, shame, Aunt Sara.



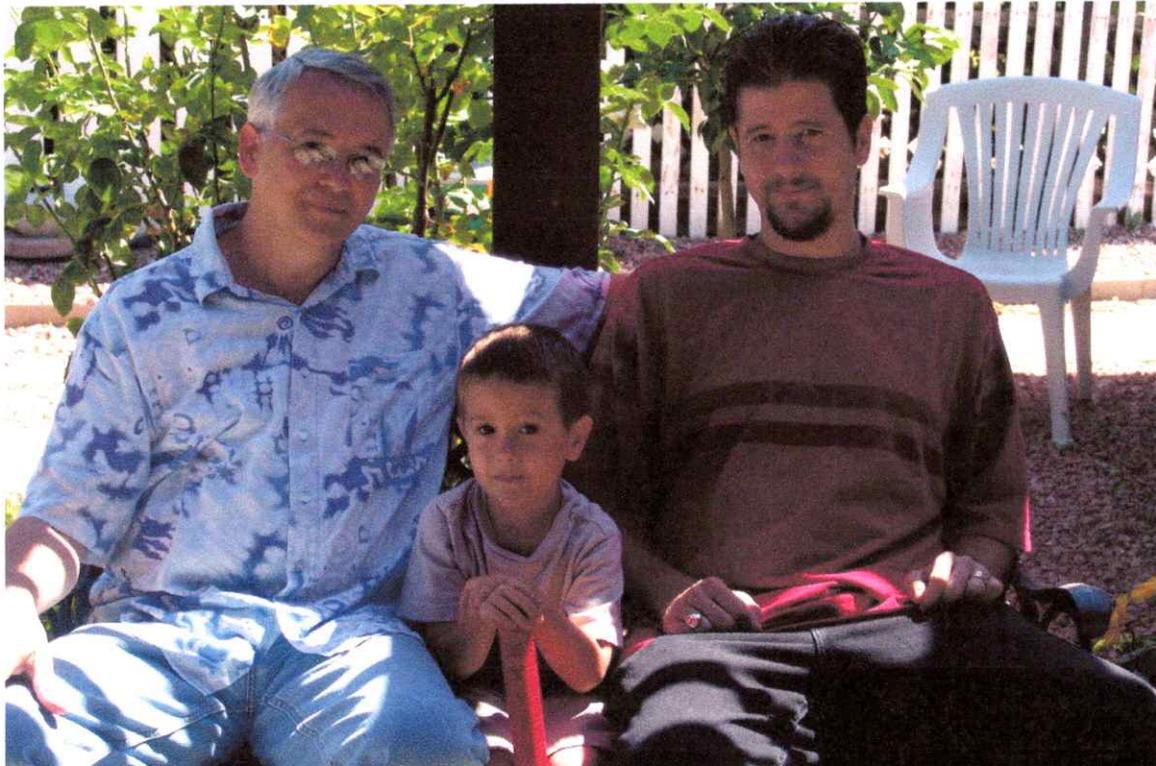
A rodeo is made up of contests that demonstrate cowboy skills. Your Aunt Sara is an excellent rider. This picture shows Sara in a timed Flag Race. She rides Spring at full speed around this target without a saddle.



Sara's first boyfriend was a clone who taught genetics at her college. We were all so proud!



Proud brothers Brandon and Dustin. That is her bachelors degree she, sister Sara, holds in her arms.



There's a new kid in town. Granddad Steve and Dad Brandon say he's a keeper. They named him Nathan.

And now: Greetings to the newest generation.
Welcome, Nathan. Welcome, Daniel. Welcome,
Aurora. Welcome, Gregory.

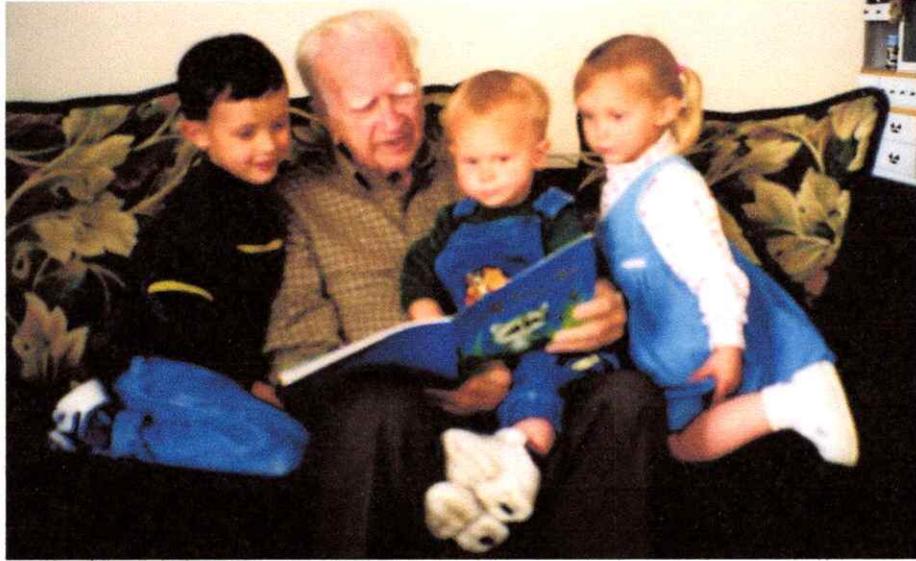
Your ancestors came from many lands
thousands of miles away to make a wonderful
country for their descendents. You, your
children, and their children will be among
those descendents.

Now it's your turn. You will show your thanks
by being the kind of person you and all of your
kin will be proud to be one of.

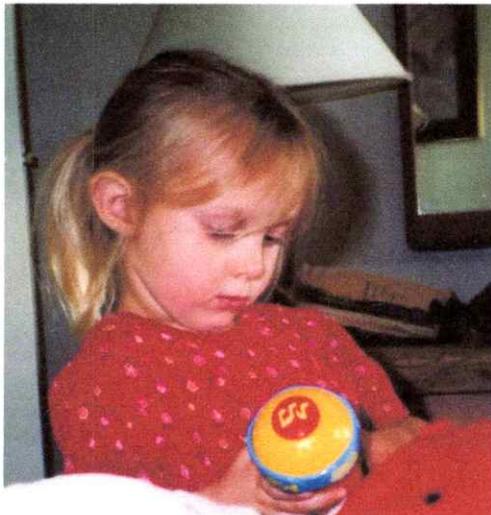
Do well in your studies so that you can go to
college. Your Great Aunt Barbara is taking
care of your college money for you.

Save these old family pictures and those that
your parents and grandparents will give you.
They allow you and your descendents to look
back into the past and know those whose blood
flows through your veins.

We find that we come from good people who we
can be proud of.

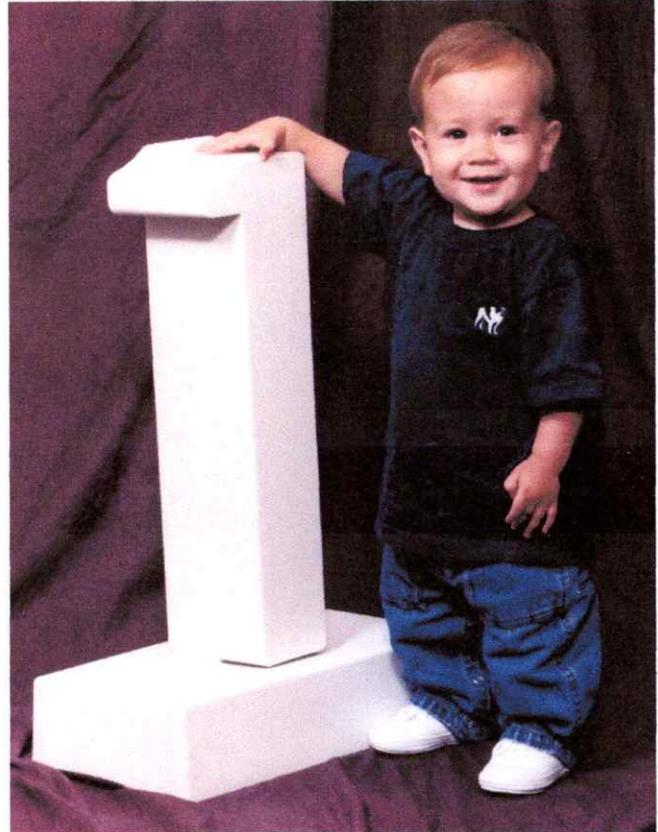


Great Granddad Harold with (from right to left) the beautiful Aurora, wise Greg, and “the man” Dan. These are times in our lives when that feeling of happiness and love is so strong that it’s beyond description. Thanks, friends, for making it happen.

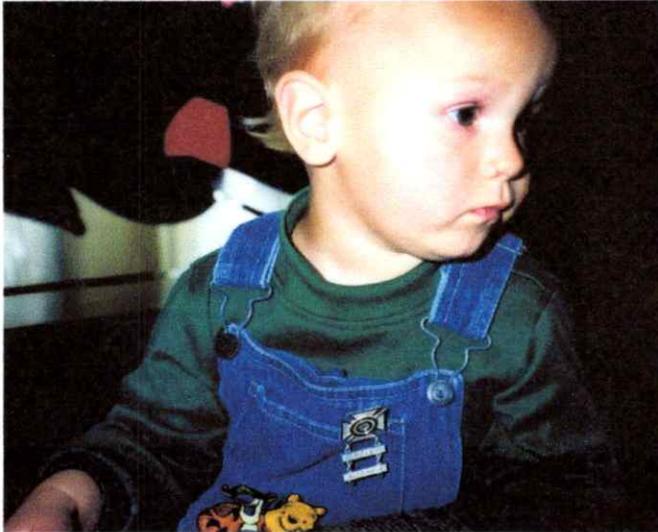


If only Aurora didn't have to get up early in order to bring up the dawn, she wouldn't fall asleep like this.

Nathan Staggs says, "I'm number one."
Aurora Staggs says, "Not as long as
I'm around, cousin."



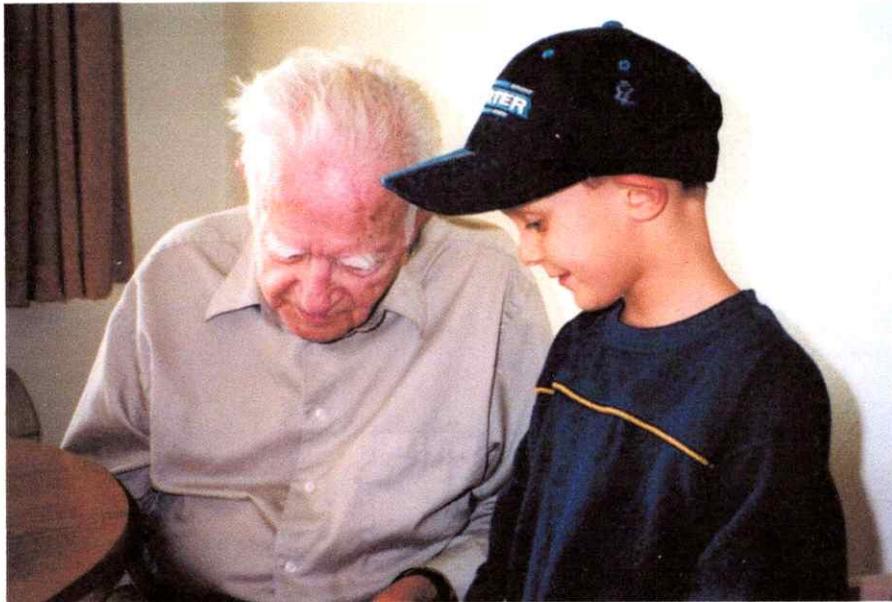
Nathan got the joke!



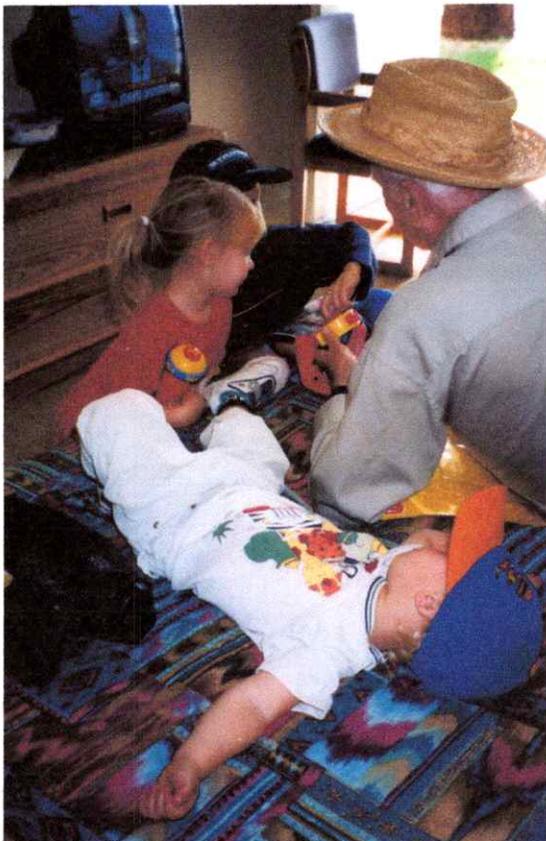
Gregory wears Great Granddad's sharp shooter medal. Greg hasn't done well with weapons yet, but he's great at shooting the bull.

Great Granddad Staggs showing Aurora and Dan how we do it. Greg? Oh, he's showing off his new shoes.

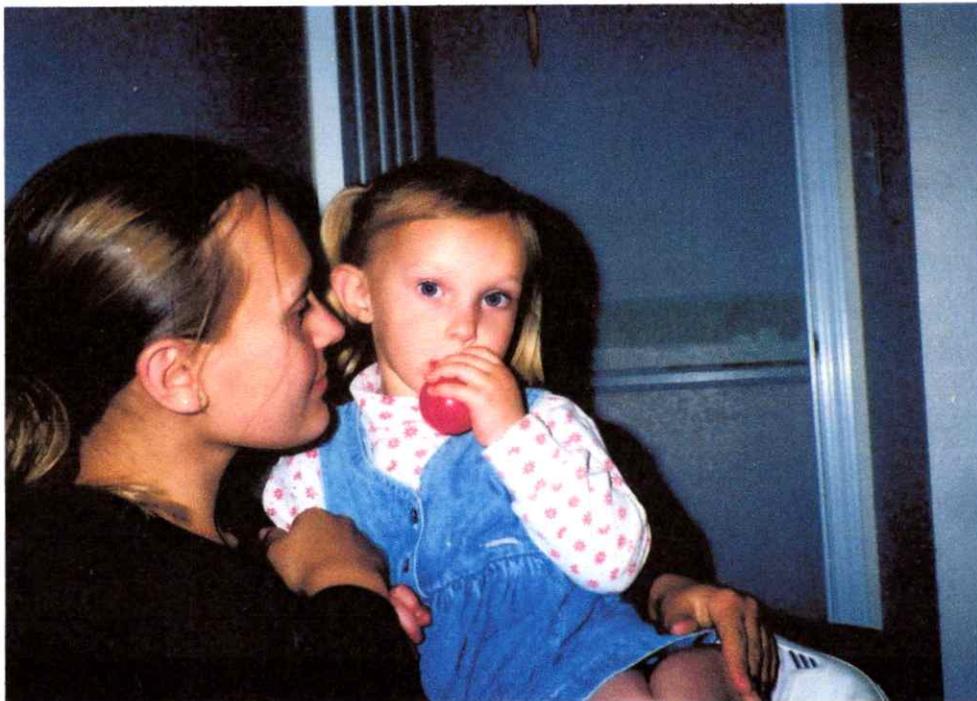




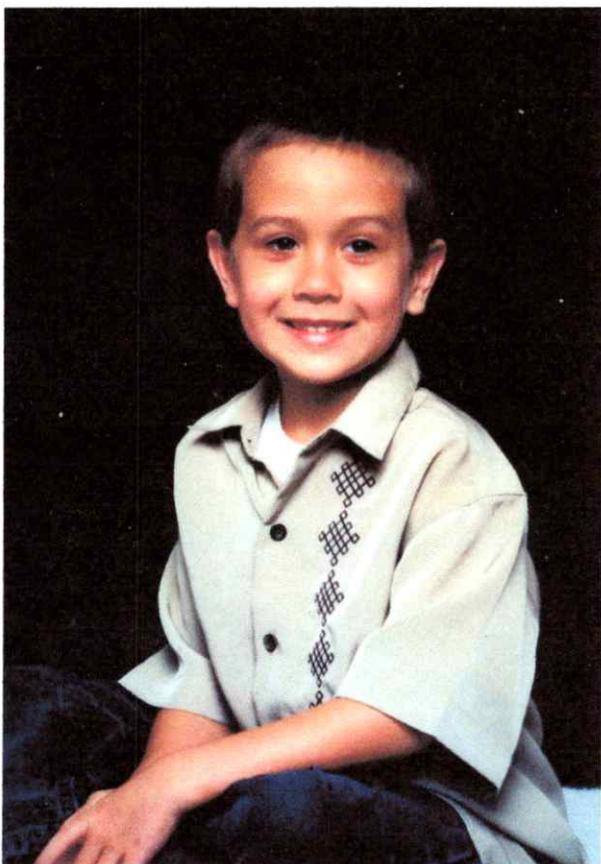
My man, Dan, is helping me. I always wanted to learn how to tie my laces. Good man, my Dan!



Greg says, "Wake me when the dancing girls arrive. This party is dead."



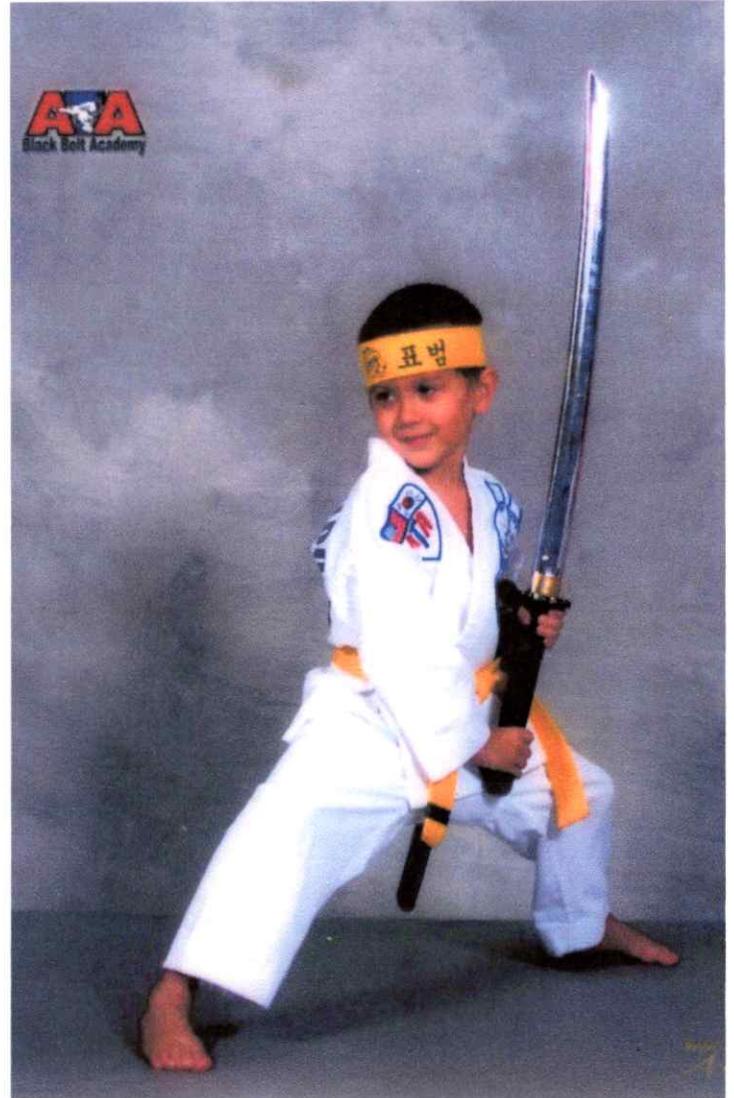
Two lovely ladies, Jessica and dawn goddess, Aurora.



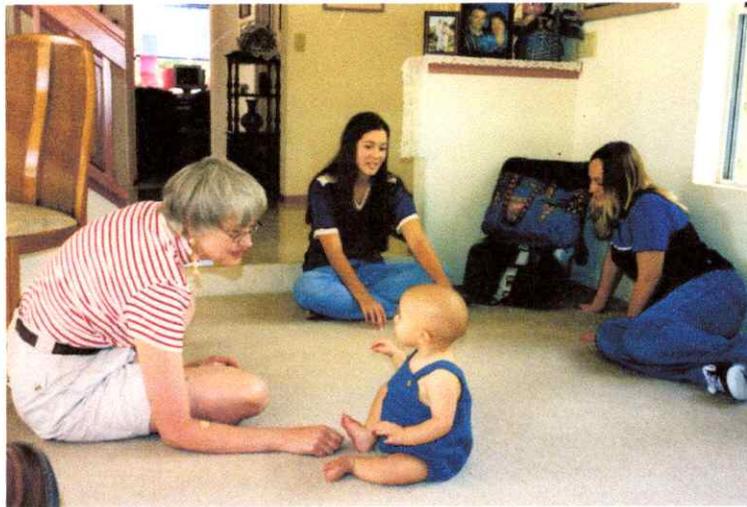
Nathan Staggs, son of Rebekah and
Brandon. Cousin of Dan, Aurora, and Greg.



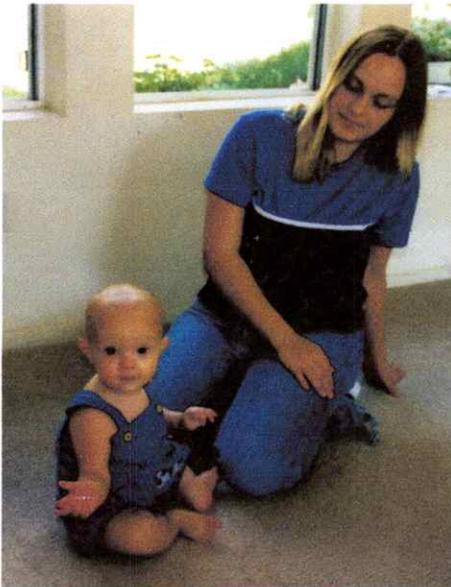
The wild Staggs are on the loose! They are Brandon, Rebekah, and Nathan Staggs.



I'm so proud of Nat. He's my favorite oldest great grandson! As you can see, he's ready to protect the family from any danger.



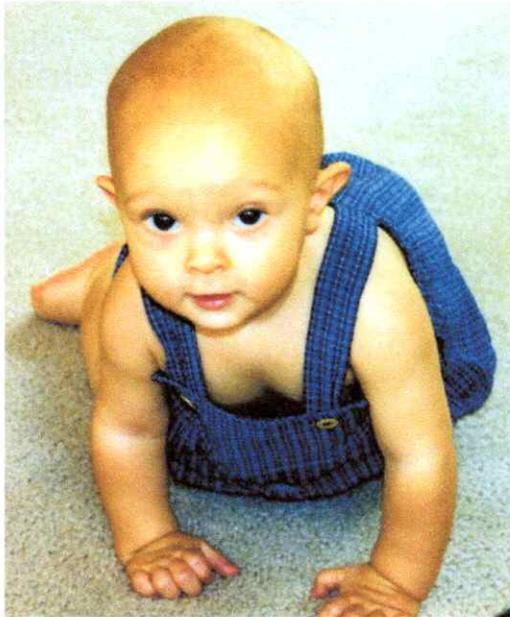
I would never have believed that the three ladies I care so much for would invent such a disgusting game. They call it *Push the Baby*. As you can see in this picture, it's Barbara's turn. She will now slide poor little Danny to either Sara or Jessica, who, in turn, will slide him to one of the others. This goes on and on until a clumsy push causes the poor, dear kid to topple over. The pusher loses one point. Shame, shame on all three of them.



You can see that it's now Jessica's turn as *pusher*. At this point, she was three points behind.

Now look at our poor, dear, Danny. With arms outspread, he pleads, "Great Granddad, please make them stop. It's humiliating, and my bottom is getting very warm." Jessica, how could you?

Dan's use of the word "humiliating" at his age so shocked and amazed the educational community that both Yale and Harvard begged Jessica to allow them to use him in various laboratory studies. Nathan argued that his use of the word "delphinium" placed him on an even higher plane than Dan. However, there not being a botanist on the panel, they thought that he just made the word up; so he was rejected. Poor Darling!!



A man can, with honor, take only so much!
This dear, sweet, angelic child breaks
under the pressure from this barbaric
game! In his mind, he hears the beat of
ancestral war drums. GATHER THE
CLAN!!! THIS MEANS WAR!!!

Look and learn, oh yeah shameless ones!
See the look on his face. It says, "One
more push and I'll be all over you like white
on rice!"

Go on Sara, it's your turn!! If you dare.

They tell me that this photo was taken on
Nat's way to ride his horse. His horse's
name is Rocking.



Dear Wild ones,

In the following chapter Si, Barbara, and I have recorded a part of the story of how your Staggs ancestors lived during the Civil War.

We had the help of the Missouri State History Commission, the Arkansas History Commission, and the Kentucky Archives Research Room in preparing this for you.

So let us go back in time when our country was in danger of being torn apart. This was a war in which feelings ran so deep that (as in the case of our family) brothers fought brothers.

The first section of our story will be about Great, Great, Great Granddad Hudson. Remember that he enlisted when he was underage after his brother died at the battle of Shilo.

Our next section will be about your Great, Great, Great, Uncle William Staggs, Hudson's half brother. Unlike Hudson, who enlisted in the 14th Calvary of Missouri, Grand Army of the Republic, William enlisted in the 33rd regiment of the Arkansas Confederate States of America.

Our next section will tell you of how Lewis enlisted in the 16th Infantry and stayed with his great fighting unit for three years. Read his service record!!

Our last report to you is about the two brothers Hiram and David Staggs, who enlisted in the 10th Kentucky Volunteer Calvary together. As their service records show, they were engaged in several battles and a number of actions. Certainly, they brought honor to their regiment and its flag.

Hudson Staggs

What follows is a copy of a letter written by your Great, Great, Great Granddad to his son regarding his military service in the Civil War. Following his letter are my comments regarding the letter. Remember that Hudson enlisted when he was under age and after his brother died at the Battle of Shilo. I think that Hudson had a beautiful handwriting style, don't you?

Shanghai, Jan 17th 10
R. L. Staggs Esq.
Walharaus End.
Dear Son:— Your very welcome letter of Dec 11th, longer than usual and therefore more interesting, came to hand in due time. Was greatly pleased to note, you held your grade out so well, on first examination, and hope you will continue to show the same good record in all those yet to come. I also note, with deep interest, your somewhat lengthy comment on the subject of sympathy, as it relates to your mother's return to Santa Cruz, and although I do not exactly agree with all your views on that tender subject, yet sufficiently endorse them to refrain from any argument on that subject. There is no question, but that Claude has a large capacity, to take in sympathy, and help too, but he says he has the ranch house in good shape, and I have written them to sell it and hope they will do so by the time I am through here in China. Now, in regard to a longer stay here, have this to state. Coach Co. here is very anxious for me to make contract for another year and give me a lay off with pay for three or four months from May the 1st which would enable me to return here in the fall with Mama, and Edith too should she take up school, and give us about two thousand clear for the year's work.

no one knows in your answer to this man. I think of this plan - it will reach me in time to do it. It gives me great pleasure, to enclose in this letter, your "honorable discharge" from the 20 here of Shanghai Volunteers. You will be very proud of it no doubt, and take good care of it for years to come as a good reminder of the earlier life you had in far off China and also of the many comrades and friends you left here in Shanghai, when you sailed away for native land. Your father was discharged from the U.S. Army before he was of age. I have lost my discharge but not the recollection of incidents, hardships and hardships of that soldier life. Our regiment was "mounted infantry", but your father never could ride a horse, and every time he tried to ride one it was a question, whether he would ride the horse or the horse would ride him, with the chance largely in favor of the horse. I was really too young and inexperienced to know how to load a gun and shoot it with any degree of danger to the enemy, or safety to myself or the gun. So as good luck would have it, the old captain gave the bugle to blow, and I can hear the echo of those calls, come back to me to night, clear as well defined as when I blew them forty five years ago. We secured the hills of South-west Mo. for bushwhackers after that took a long search for the real main of the west, but all in vain. He never met the

many once, nor fired a single gun at us, and I am proud to state, that at the end of our service we marched out and back into civilization and industrial life, exactly the same number that we marched in at the beginning. That was the only really successful regiment in the war, or that I ever heard of or read of in history. When we returned, there were no fond mothers to mourn, no widows to weep, and no sweethearts to bleed and we left none of our comrades behind to "bleach upon the sands of Georgia." "All's well that ends well" and better was the end than the beginning. Such being the case, who can estimate or describe the horrors of war. Therefore, in the language of Gen Grant, who was a man of duty, not ambition, "let us have peace." Though it may seem plausible to many and even right to a few, to justify war, however the pain and ground devastation and death are there all the same, and all its so called honors are built upon human woe and ruin. War is hell! and every man in it is a god of fiend, turned loose to destroy and lay waste. In this life we have two principles or motives, one is love, the other is hate. The former created the universe and all there is in it, but the latter exist only to pervert and destroy. How clearly these two are defined, as light and darkness, good and evil, strength and weakness, health and disease, right and wrong, happiness and misery, and in the end heaven, or hell.

August 12, 2003

My Dears,

In 1910, our Hudson wrote the previous letter to your Great, Great granddad Richard, my Dad. In it, Hudson tells Richard that he is sending him his honorable discharge papers from the Shanghai volunteer Corps. Let's talk about that long gone fighting unit. Richard, in its uniform, is pictured in your copy of our family tree.

In 1900, a secret society called the "Boxers" attempted to drive foreigners out of China and force native converts to renounce Christianity. The foreigners in Shanghai knew that this uprising was coming, and so each embassy formed a company that together formed the Corps. Richard was a member of the American company.

When the uprising took place, this outfit protected the foreigners until Marine and Army units from France, England, the US, and other countries came in and took over the job.

In regards to Hudson's Civil War Army service, he said that his outfit looked for bushwhackers and red men. Hudson's 14th Cavalry served in south western Missouri and north eastern Oklahoma. Now the bushwhackers: In all of our states were Confederate sympathizers. These border states--Missouri was one--had more of them than you could shake a stick at!

Now let's stop right here!! Don't you get any smart-alecky ideas in your head about stick shaking. Let the record show: I'm now and ever was against the shaking of sticks; but in this case, I approve. However, let this be the last time you perform this disgusting display. Now, back to the bushwhackers. Some of the sympathizers would carry on their own private war by sniping at Union troops from hiding, whacking them behind bushes—ambush. The 14th Cavalry by their patrolling helped hold down this activity.

As for the "looking for red men," if you ever read about the battle of Pea Ridge a few miles south in Arkansas below south western Missouri, you will find out that there the Confederate Army had a mounted regiment of Cherokees. These red men's reservation was in north eastern Oklahoma just across the line for south western Missouri. The presence of the 14th in that area had a very calming affect on the Confederate Cherokees. They were less than 50 miles away.

To give you an idea as to the number of pro-Confederates in this neck of the woods, Neosho was the confederate capital of Missouri and located about 30 miles from the south west corner of the state.

Isn't it nice to have the old ones talk to you through these letters? Enjoy.

Love you,
Great Granddad Harold

742

14 Reg't Cav. Vols.

Stagg Hudson Age

Rank Trumpeter Co. G

Captain Maxwell

Enlisted April 7, 1865

Where Ft. Slocum Mo

Mustered in April 11, 1865

Where Ft. Slocum Mo

Remarks

Mustered out Nov. 17, 1865

Where Ft. Leavenworth Kan

Form No. 242, A. G. O., Mo., 11-3-11-18M

This report shows that Hudson was mustered in as a trumpeter by "G" in the 14th Calvary.

On the next page is his enlistment document.

VOLUNTEER ENLISTMENT.

STATE OF

TOWN OF

Massachusetts

Weston, Massachusetts

I, *Ludlow R. Stagg*, born in *Wilton*, in the State of *Massachusetts*, aged *Eighteen* years, and by occupation a *Farmer*, do HEREBY ACKNOWLEDGE to have volunteered this *10th* day of *April*, 186*2*.

to serve as a *Soldier* in the Army of the United States of America, for the period of *Three Years*, unless sooner discharged by proper authority. Do also agree to accept such bounty, pay, rations, and clothing, as are, or may be, established by law for volunteers. And I, *Ludlow R. Stagg*, do solemnly swear, that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the *United States of America*, and that I will serve them honestly and faithfully against all their enemies or opposers whomsoever, and that I will observe and obey the orders of the President of the United States, and the orders of the officers appointed over me, according to the Rules and Articles of War.

Witness my hand and subscribed to, at *Weston, Massachusetts*, this *10th* day of *April*, 186*2*.
Ludlow R. Stagg
By *Charles H. Stagg*
Charles H. Stagg

I CERTIFY, ON HONOR, That I have carefully examined the above-named Volunteer, agreeably to the General Regulations of the Army, and that, in my opinion, he is free from all bodily defects and mental incapacity, which would in any way disqualify him from performing the duties of a soldier.

W. W. [Signature]
EXAMINING SURGEON

I CERTIFY, ON HONOR, That I have minutely inspected the Volunteer, *L. R. Stagg*, previous to his enlistment, and that he was entirely sober when enlisted; that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, he is of lawful age; and that, in accepting him as duly qualified to perform the duties of an able-bodied soldier, I have strictly observed the Regulations which govern the recruiting service. This soldier has *eyes*, *hair*, *complexion*, is *5 feet 10 inches* tall, and *140* lbs. high.

Wm. W. [Signature]
141 Regiment of *War-Min* Volunteers.
RECRUITING OFFICER.

(G. O. 11, No. 71 & 76.)

Admitted into the service of the United States for three years or during the war from date of enlistment. 141 Regiment of War-Min Volunteers. 10th day of April, 1862. Weston, Mass.

<p>MS 14 Cav. No.</p> <p><i>Wheeler</i></p> <p><i>1st Regt Missouri Cavalry</i></p> <p>Appears on Company Muster and Descriptive Roll of the organization named above. Roll dated <i>Sept 11, 1865</i></p> <p>Where born <i>Missouri</i></p> <p>Age <i>23</i> years; occupation <i>Farmer</i></p> <p>When enlisted <i>Sept 7, 1865</i></p> <p>Where enlisted <i>St Louis Mo</i></p> <p>For what period enlisted <i>1</i> years</p> <p>Eyes <i>Blue</i>; hair <i>Light</i></p> <p>Complexion <i>Light</i>; height <i>5 ft 6 in</i></p> <p>When mustered in <i>Sept 11, 1865</i></p> <p>Where mustered in <i>St Louis Mo</i></p> <p>Bounty paid \$ <i>100</i>; due \$ <i>100</i></p> <p>Where credited <i>St Louis Mo</i></p> <p>Company to which assigned</p> <p>Valuation of horse, \$ <i>100</i></p> <p>Valuation of horse equipments, <i>100</i></p> <p>Remarks <i>None</i></p> <p>Book mark</p>	<p>14 Cav. No.</p> <p><i>Andrew R. Stagg</i></p> <p>Appears with rank of <i>Private</i> on Muster and Descriptive Roll of a Detach- ment of U. S. Vols; forwarded for the 14 Regt Missouri Cavalry. Roll dated <i>Sept 11, 1865</i></p> <p>Where born <i>Missouri</i></p> <p>Age <i>18</i> years; occupation <i>Farmer</i></p> <p>When enlisted <i>Sept 7, 1865</i></p> <p>Where enlisted <i>St Louis Mo</i></p> <p>For what period enlisted <i>1</i> years</p> <p>Eyes <i>Blue</i>; hair <i>Light</i></p> <p>Complexion <i>Light</i>; height <i>5 ft 6 in</i></p> <p>When mustered in <i>Sept 11, 1865</i></p> <p>Where mustered in <i>St Louis Mo</i></p> <p>Bounty paid \$ <i>100</i>; due \$ <i>100</i></p> <p>Where credited <i>St Louis Mo</i></p> <p>Company to which assigned</p> <p>Valuation of horse, \$ <i>100</i></p> <p>Valuation of horse equipments, \$ <i>100</i></p> <p>Remarks <i>None</i></p> <p>Book mark</p>	<p>14 Cav. No.</p> <p><i>Andrew R. Stagg</i></p> <p>Appears with rank of <i>Private</i> on Muster and Descriptive Roll of a Detach- ment of U. S. Vols; forwarded for the 14 Regt Missouri Cavalry. Roll dated <i>Sept 11, 1865</i></p> <p>Where born <i>Missouri</i></p> <p>Age <i>18</i> years; occupation <i>Farmer</i></p> <p>When enlisted <i>Sept 7, 1865</i></p> <p>Where enlisted <i>St Louis Mo</i></p> <p>For what period enlisted <i>1</i> years</p> <p>Eyes <i>Blue</i>; hair <i>Light</i></p> <p>Complexion <i>Light</i>; height <i>5 ft 6 in</i></p> <p>When mustered in <i>Sept 11, 1865</i></p> <p>Where mustered in <i>St Louis Mo</i></p> <p>Bounty paid \$ <i>100</i>; due \$ <i>100</i></p> <p>Where credited <i>St Louis Mo</i></p> <p>Company to which assigned</p> <p>Valuation of horse, \$ <i>100</i></p> <p>Valuation of horse equipments, \$ <i>100</i></p> <p>Remarks <i>None</i></p> <p>Book mark</p>
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William Staggs

The Rabble Yell

When in battle, the Confederates would give the high-pitched quivering cry known as the Rebel Yell. You have an ancestor who knew this cry well. He was William Staggs, the half brother of your Great, Great, Great Granddad Hudson, who was in the Union Army.

William enlisted in the 33rd Arkansas Infantry. On March 25, 1863, he was wounded, captured, and sent to the Gratiot Stuet Hospital. On his widow's pension, we see that William stayed in the 33rd until 1865 and died on November 7, 1915, thirty-one days after I (Harold) was born.

Your Great, Great, Great Uncle William was in the 33rd (see widow's pension below) from 1863 to 1865, so he was at the Battle of Jenkins Ferry. We have included a report on this battle for you. Of interest: William enlisted on September 25, 1863, and his Muster Roll for January – February 1864 states that he has never been paid.

<p>(Confederate.) S 33 Ark. <i>W. M. Staggs</i> <i>Co. D, 33 Reg't Arkansas Infantry.</i> Appears on Field and Staff Muster Roll of the organization named above, for <i>Jan & Feb</i>, 1864 Enlisted: When <i>Sept 25</i>, 1863 Where <i>Cashden</i> By whom <i>Capt. Wilkerson</i> Period <i>To the rear</i> Last paid: By whom <i>Has never been paid</i> To what time _____, 186____ Present or absent <i>Present</i> Remarks:</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">ARKANSAS HISTORY COMMISSION OLD STATE HOUSE LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS 72201 JOHN C. FERGUSON, STATE HISTORIAN</p> <p style="text-align: center;">CERTIFICATION OF CONFEDERATE PENSION</p> <p>Veteran's Application Number <i>2-2539</i> Name of Veteran <i>STAGGS, W. T.</i> Widow's Application Number _____ Name of Widow <i>Mrs. C. A.</i> Date of Widow's Birth <i>1-10-1964</i> Veteran served in Company <i>G, 33 Ark. Inf.</i> Regiment, from <i>1863</i> to <i>1865</i> Veteran's application approved <i>8-9-1915</i> Widow's application approved <i>8-8-1916</i> Enrolled from <i>Columbia</i> County Veteran died <i>11-7-1915</i> Widow died _____ <div style="text-align: right;"><i>John C. Ferguson</i> <i>4-3-79</i> Date</div> </p>
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The Battle of Jenkins' Ferry

April 30, 1864 in Grant County, Arkansas

Camden's Arkansas Expedition

Union Forces Commanded by:
Maj. Gen. Fred Steele

Forces	Killed	Wounded	Captured
13,000	200	955	-

Confederate Forces Commanded by:
Maj. Gen. E. Kirby Smith

Forces	Killed	Wounded	Captured
-	300	800	-



**Missing and Captured
Conclusion: Union Victory

BATTLE SUMMARY

The loss of the forage train and the military embarrassment at the Battle of Poison Spring hit hard at Maj. Gen. Frederick Steele and his men. A supply train from Pine Bluff did arrive on April 20, but it carried only 10 days' worth of provisions. By this time, also, the Louisiana prong of the Red River Campaign had been thoroughly blunted by Union defeats at the Battles of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill.

Steele received notice that Maj. Gen. Nathaniel P. Banks was retreating; he heard rumors that 8,000 Confederates, led by Maj. Gen. E. Kirby Smith, had arrived in Arkansas to join the attack against him. Tensions had developed between his men and the citizens of Camden who, while adjusting to life with white occupation troops, resented Steele's black soldiers. Finally, the Confederates were closing in and artillery had been moved up for an apparent bombardment of the town. He had to decide what was to be done before his command was immobilized by a breakdown in transportation and the consumption of his few remaining supplies. His only alternative to starvation and capture of his force was an immediate retreat to Little Rock.

On April 22, Steele had returned to Pine Bluff the convoy of wagons that had delivered his supplies in hopes of acquiring additional provisions. The 240 wagons were accompanied by approximately 1,400 men, mostly infantry regiments led by Lt. Col. Francis M. Drake. Maj. Gen. James E. Fagan, commanding 4,000 Confederate cavalry, learned of the wagon train's departure from Camden on April 24. He moved swiftly to go around the wagon train and to place his men between the train and Little Rock. The position he selected was at Marks' Mills, near the junction of the Camden-Pine Bluff Road and the Warren Road.

As the Union advance guard moved into view some 2 miles ahead of the train, Fagan's 2 divisions, led by Brig. Gen. Jo Shelby on the right and Brig. Gen. ?? Cabell on the left, launched an ill-coordinated assault at 8:00 A.M. Cabell, whose men spread out parallel to the Camden-Pine Bluff Road, moved too quickly, and the center of his division lagged behind his two wings. His initial advance successfully pushed the Union lines back beyond the wagons, but this exposed the center of his own lines to a deadly Union fire on his left flank. Consequently, the Union advance, joined by reinforcements, swarmed all over Cabell's men in fighting that lasted an hour and a half.

The Union reaction, while powerful, was equally ill-coordinated. Union regiments became separated and fought as single units rather than together. Cabell did his best to exploit the resulting Confederate advantage. The late arrival of Shelby's cavalry made the difference. Shelby's men had ridden in a wide semi-circle of nearly 10 miles around the Union left flank in order to position themselves between the Federals and the Saline River. They drove down the Camden Road to strike the flank and rear of the unsuspecting Federals. This charge sent the outnumbered Federals fleeing. In 5 hours, Drake surrendered. By that time, Fagan had 293 casualties (41 killed, 108 wounded, 144 missing), but the Federals had nearly 1,500, only about 100 killed.

The Confederates did not find any supplies in the wagons, but they gained materially from the fight.

On April 26, Steele slipped out of Camden toward Little Rock in the early morning hours. He chose to

follow the Camden Trail, one of the 5 main roads in Arkansas, which crossed the Saline River at Jenkins' Ferry. Rain, muddy roads, and annoying encounters by Confederate skirmishers hampered them every step of the way. Steele had covered his retreat well and it caught the Confederates off guard.

On April 27, by 9:00 A.M., upon learning that Steele had left Camden, the Confederate Army, under Smith and Maj. Gen. Sterling Price, occupied the city and headed north after the Union column. If a Confederate force could get ahead of Steele and cut him off before he reached the Jenkin's Ferry on the Saline River, perhaps the entire army could be destroyed.

On April 29, after 3 days of forced marching through heavy rains, Steele arrived in Sandy Springs. Here he found formidable opposition, not from the approaching Confederates, but from the flooded river which lay in his path. The river was rising rapidly and Cox Creek was bank full. On either side of the swamp, ridges of high ground provided a sense of security before plunging onto the muddy road below. It was into this swamp that Steele's ill-fated wagon train was forced to enter. An India rubber pontoon bridge was set up at the ferry site and the army began to cross, 1 wagon at a time. Because of the heavy weight of the wagons and the poor condition of the road, the train bogged down in the mire stretching all the way from Sandy Springs to the river.

On May 30, Steele managed to get his cavalry, artillery, and most of his wagons across the Saline River by 8:00 A.M. The Saline River at Jenkins' Ferry was a little more than halfway between Camden and Little Rock. Shortly afterwards, the Confederates arrived. Steele immediately sent his men back down the Camden Trail to the rear of the slowly moving train to engage the Confederates. The Battle of Jenkins' Ferry had begun.

Steele's rear guard collided with Smith's Confederates in the Jiles' Field. The Confederates launched a series of violent but piecemeal attacks along the entire Union line. As the train slowly moved across the pontoon bridge at Jenkins' Ferry, the battle moved from field to field along the Camden Trail toward the Saline River. As Smith's Confederates continued to push down the Camden Trail through the muddy woods, they met stubborn resistance.

It was in the Jiles, Cooper and Kelley fields that both sides sustained most of their casualties. Generals as well as privates fell on both sides. Brig. Gen. William R. Scurry fell on the field. Col. and acting brigade commander, Horace Randal, Col. Hiram Lane Grinstead of the 33rd Arkansas Infantry, and Gen. Samuel A. Rice were mortally wounded.

The Union army, by this time, had managed to cross the river at Jenkins' Ferry. Steele destroyed his India rubber pontoon bridge and floated it down the river. Unfortunately, the bottom on the north side of the river was worse and the train promptly bogged down again. The Confederates were unable to immediately cross the river giving Steele needed time for his retreat.

By abandoning those wagons stuck in the mud, the train managed to reach the security of the high ground north of the river. Moving hurriedly from the high ground toward Little Rock, Steele ordered all unnecessary baggage destroyed. Wagons, ammunition, clothing and other supplies were dumped along the road. Whenever a wagon was fired or struck, most all of its contents were thrown into the water and mud. Smith had missed an excellent opportunity to crush Steele, and the Federals took advantage of Confederate errors and continue their retreat.

On May 3, despite Confederate resistance and the poor conditions of the road, the Union Army arrived in Little Rock. Steele was now out of danger, but he had paid a high price for the consolation.

The Arkansas and Louisiana phases of the Red River Expedition had been failures. Banks was pushed back into Louisiana and Steele was driven back in Arkansas. The southwest region of Arkansas remained in Confederate hands until the end of the Civil War.

33rd Arkansas Infantry Regiment

Organized on July 11, 1862, Assigned to Shaver's Brigade, Hindman's Division, January through February of 1863. Reassigned to Tappan's Brigade, in Gen'l Sterling Price's Division, from April to November of 1863. They remained with Tappan's Brigade through the remainder of the war.

In the first weeks of September, 1863, the 33rd served in the Little Rock defenses at present-day North Little Rock. After General Price abandoned Little Rock, the 33rd joined the retreat down the Southwest Trail to Benton and on to the vicinity of Arkadelphia, while they spent the winter of 1863.

General Kirby Smith ordered Churchill's Arkansas Division which had most of his infantry (including Tappan's and Gause's brigades) to Shreveport, Louisiana in late March, 1864 to counter the advance of Union General Nathaniel Banks up the Red River.

The 33rd Arkansas served through most of the Red River Campaign during March-May 1864, including the final battle in the southern phase of this campaign at Pleasant Hill. They then slung on their knapsacks and went back north into Arkansas in time to fight at Jenkin's Ferry on April 30, 1864. Colonel Grinstead was killed at Jenkins' Ferry leading the regiment's charge, and Lt. Col. Thomson succeeded to command. The 33rd suffered a total of 21 killed and 71 wounded in this battle. The regiment saw little additional combat during the rest of the war, and remained in service in southwestern Arkansas until surrendering with MG Kirby Smith's army on May 26, 1865.

Officers: Col. H.L. Grinstead. Field Officers: Maj. W.L. Crenshaw, Lt. Col. H.W. McMillan, Maj. William T. Steele, Lt. Col. Thomas D. Thomson.

On the following page is a letter from your Great, Great, Great Uncle Thomas Staggs to his son Alfred. It tells us, in part, why your Staggs ancestors answered the call to arms.

LETTER FROM THOMAS F. STAGGS, POPULAR PLAINS, FLEMING CO., KY.

18 10/4/1860
THOMAS F. STAGGS-Born

Popular plains, Fleming Co., Ky.

3/22/1864

Well my beloved son and daughter I am glad to here you are still alive. Those lines let us all in pridy good health for wich we are thankful Well Alfred & Sarah my children I do reckon you boath think I or we have forgotten you but no my children we have the same parental love for you that I have for all of my children and that is strong until death though you must excuse me for not writing oftener please Look over my old age for I will soon be if I live 64 (illegible) you stated you had not got no letters from us for year I have writen 2 that you have not got in that time Now children I will give you a list of my family there are but four of us living together my self your Mother (Thomas Dudley) and Charles Wesley Dudley is 19 Charles is eleven last () & Hiram has got 5 children and but one I gon to a better world than this That is 23 for me time to quit what do you say Sarah my daughter quit well I will 10 by my first wife Hannah 3 out of that number still living Alfred, Hiram and Lewis 5 by my second wife Elener 3 out of that number aliving Joseph Avery, Mary Ellen and Thomas Dudley 8 by my third wife, and one aliving out of that numb Charles Wesley. Hiram was married the same year you were and his wife Elizabeth has had children 4 aliving 2 girls and three boys the boys (Rolly) (James Thomas) and (Lewis) the girls Allis and the babe one week old not named I call it Ann Lewis not married he in the army fitting under the old stars and stripes he has been in nearly 3 and he reenli for 3 more years. He is in the 16th infantry Joseph and Hiram both enlisted in the 10th Ky. cavalry for 12 months served ther time out got home last November Joseph was married in a few weeks after he got out from the army to Mari Dayl nigh dales daughter Mary Ell married last March one year ago William E. James and has one son aged her husband is nc in Lousianna State fitting for the union Dudley is not married but wants to b for he has gon with a girl Tru Charley is to young so this is a short history of your sisters and brothers all but Malinda She died happy in the lord about 3 years ago left one child a girl named Ann ()

Now Alfred and Sarah my children how I love you both and your little ones I would to God could see you all in the flesh but that can't be soon if ever So it is we can meet in th happy life where we shall never part no more

Now children I will tutch upon some of our troubles in this war our state and countys hat been over run with Gurillar bands rebell scoundrels they took our horses roberd our houses burnt a great many of our houses into ashes killed a great many of the home gard I and your uncle bill in fact most all the neighbours they took a great many of our boys your uncle bill for one and Daron Carrer for another Made them take the confederate ca and spared ther lives Alfred when I get to thinken about them rebells it through me all out of gear You said you did not know how I stood in this question Well Alfred I can tell you I hang on the old constitution and under its stars and stripes supported by its government I hope to live and die on its foundation for its men to rise up against as a government as there is might expect to be served as one of old who rebelled against the government of heaven and was hurled down into the lowest dedits (probably depths) of infer But I am union all over I am not abolishen properly Speekin only so far as to free the blacks and send them to ther own country I did not vote for Lincoln I am not a (looks I butternut) Democrat neither as to politick I always was so I must wind up shortly I s no more on this subject now

McMinnill

Now a few words to my Grandchildren and I am dun (Yuen) come over to Grand papas tomorro evening and take supper with him and grand maw fetch Mary and Albert and little George w you Charley says he will have a big mess of fish Helen tell your uncle Sam Staggs to s your grand pap Staggs a letter and he shaant be hure for it would just say Albert produc of all kinds is higher here than with you So my children be faithful till death so fare

Alfred tell your uncle Sam to write me all he knows and then to stop a while

Thomas F. Staggs and
Polly Ann Staggs

to

Alfred and S. J. Staggs and Child

This was transcribed from a very faded copy of a letter in possession of Lucille Staggs
The letter and gave the copy to Georgia Staggs Franklin

Lewis Staggs

In 1861, your ancestors heard the first beats of the drums of war. As with all of your family lines, they answered them. Look again at the letter from your Great, Great, Great Uncle Thomas Staggs to his son Alfred. See why and how the young men of the clan reacted.

Let us first find out what Thomas's son Lewis did. The 16th Kentucky Infantry Regiment was being formed at Camp Kenton.



Civil War Landscapes Association

PERSONNEL UNION UNITS KENTUCKY

16th REGIMENT INFANTRY

Organized at Camp Kenton in fall of 1861 and mustered in, January 27, 1862.

ROLL OF COMPANY "B," SIXTEENTH KENTUCKY VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

No. of each Grade.	NAME.	RANK.	ENROLLED.	MUSTERED IN.		Period.	MUSTERED OUT.	
				When.	Where.		When.	Where.
1	Job F. Lewman	Captain	Sep. 17, '61	Dec. 19, '61	Camp Lee, Ky.	3 yrs.	June 28, '62	Resigned.
2	Luther F. Warder (a)	Captain	July 20, '62			3 yrs.	Nov. 30, '62	Resigned.
3	Jno. W. Knight	Captain	Dec. 24, '62	Dec. 24, '62	Louisville, Ky.	3 yrs.	July 28, '64	Discharged.
4	John S. Hamner (b)	Captain	July 28, '64	Dec. 6, '64	Nashville, Tenn.	3 yrs.	Transferred	to 16th Ky. Vet. I.
1	Oliver B. Doyle (c)	2d Lieutenant	July 20, '62	July 21, '63	Munfordsville, Ky.	3 yrs.	Transferred	to 16th Ky. Vet. I.
1	Lewis D. Browning	Sergeant	Sep. 17, '61	Dec. 19, '61	Camp Lee, Ky.	3 yrs.		
52	Nelson, James	Private	Sep. 17, '61	Dec. 19, '61	Camp Lee, Ky.	3 yrs.		
53	Oacherson, Samuel	Private	Oct. 7, '61	Dec. 19, '61	Camp Lee, Ky.	3 yrs.		
54	Ross, George S.	Private	Sep. 26, '61	Dec. 19, '61	Camp Lee, Ky.	3 yrs.		
55	Reeves, Alfred C.	Private	Sep. 30, '61	Dec. 19, '61	Camp Lee, Ky.	3 yrs.		
56	Reese, John W.	Private	Oct. 7, '61	Dec. 19, '61	Camp Lee, Ky.	3 yrs.		
57	Staggs, Lewis H.	Private	Sep. 17, '61	Dec. 19, '61	Camp Lee, Ky.	3 yrs.		

x SERVICE

Nelson's Expedition into Eastern Kentucky November, 1861. Action at Ivy Mountain November 8. Piketon November 8-9. Returned to Camp Kenton and duty there and near Maysville, Ky., till March 2, 1862. Moved to Piketon March 2 and duty there till June 13. Moved to Prestonburg June 13, thence to Louisa July 15, and duty there till August. Moved to Covington, Louisville and Bowling Green, Ky., August. Duty there at Shepherdsville, West Point and Munfordsville till December. Operations against Morgan December 22, 1862, to January 2, 1863. Duty at Lebanon, Munfordsville and Glasgow, Ky., till August, 1863. Operations against Morgan July 2-26. Burnside's march over Cumberland Mountains and Campaign in East Tennessee August 16-October 17. At Loudon September 4 to November 14. Knoxville Campaign November 4-December 23. Kingston November 7. Lenoir November 14-15. Campbell's Station November 16. Siege of Knoxville November 17-December 5. Near Kingston November 24-December 4. Mossy Creek, Talbot Station, December 29. (Regiment re-enlisted at Mossy Creek December 27, 1863.) Moved to Kentucky, January, 1864, and Veterans on furlough February and March. Ordered to Camp Nelson, Ky., April 16; thence march to Knoxville, Tenn., and to Red Clay, Ga., and joined Sherman. Atlanta (Ga.) Campaign May to September. Demonstration on Rocky Faced Ridge and Dalton May 8-13. Battle of Resaca May 14-15. Cartersville May 20. Operations on line of Pumpkin Vine Creek and battles about Dallas, New Hope Church and Allatoona Hills May 25-June 5. Operations about Marietta and against Kenesaw Mountain June 10-July 2. Lost Mountain June 11-17. Muddy Creek June 17. Noyes Creek June 19. Cheyney's Farm June 22. Olley's Creek June 26-27. Assault on Kenesaw June 27. Nickajack Creek July 2-5. Chattahoochee River July 6-17. Peach Tree Creek July 19-20. Siege of Atlanta July 22-August 25. Utoy Creek August 5-7. Flank movement on Jonesboro August 25-30. Battle of Jonesboro August 31-September 1. Lovejoy Station September 2-6. Operations in North Georgia and North Alabama against Hood September 29-November 3. Moved to Nashville, thence to Pulaski, Tenn. Nashville Campaign November-December. Columbia, Duck River, November 24-27. Columbia Ford November 29. Battle of Franklin November 30. Battle of Nashville December 15-16. Pursuit of Hood to the Tennessee River December 17-28. At Clifton, Tenn., till January 15, 1865. Moved to Washington, D.C., thence to Smithville, N.C., January 15-February 9. Operations against Hoke February 12-14. Near Smithville February 16. Fort Anderson February 18-19. Town Creek February 19-20. Eagle Island February 21. Capture of Wilington February 22. Campaign of the Carolinas March 1-April 26. Advance on Goldsboro, N.C., March 6-21. Occupation of Goldsboro March 21. Advance on Raleigh April 10-13. Occupation of Raleigh April 14. Bennett's House April 26. Surrender of Johnston and his army. Duty at Greensburg, N.C., till July. Mustered out July 15, 1865.

When you are older and have studied the Civil War at school, look back at the 16th service record. The number of actions and major battles the unit was in is awesome!!

I count, in 1863, six engagements that Lewis was in.

In 1864, Sherman's March to the Sea May to September, Battle of Resaca—Battle of Kensaw Mountain, Battle of Nashville, Battle of Duck River—on and on! I count 16 engagements in all for that year and again your blood line was there!

For 1865, I count six more engagements before the 16th was mustered out to go home on July 15, 1865.

This is your Great, Great, Great Uncle Lewis Staggs's re-enlistment papers. His first papers have been lost.

VOLUNTEER ENLISTMENT.

STATE OF

TOWN OF

Lexington



Mass. Co. Ark

I,

Lewis H. Staggs born in *Albany, Kentucky*

in the State of *Kentucky* aged *Twenty seven* years,

and by occupation *Farmer* Do HEREBY ACKNOWLEDGE to have

volunteered this *first* day of *January* 186*4*

to serve as a **Soldier** in the Army of the United States of America, for the period of **THREE YEARS** unless sooner discharged by proper authority: Do also

agree to accept such bounty, pay, rations, and clothing, as are, or may be, established by law for volunteers. And I, *Lewis H. Staggs* do

solemnly swear, that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the **United States of America**, and that I will serve them honestly and faithfully against all their enemies or opposers whomsoever; and that I will observe and obey the orders of the President of the United States, and the orders of the officers appointed over me, according to the Rules and Articles of War.

Sworn and subscribed to, at *Lexington, Kentucky*

this *first* day of *January* 186*4* *Lewis H. Staggs*

Sworn

I CERTIFY, ON HONOR, That I have carefully examined the above-named Volunteer, agreeably to the General Regulations of the Army, and that, in my opinion, he is free from all bodily defects and mental infirmity, which would in any way disqualify him from performing the duties of a soldier.

Dr. W. H. ...
Capt. ...
EXAMINING SURGEON.

I CERTIFY, ON HONOR, That I have minutely inspected the Volunteer, agreeably to his enlistment, and that he was entirely sober when called; that, to the best of my judgment and belief, he is of lawful age; and that, in accepting him as duly qualified to perform the duties of a soldier, I have strictly observed the Regulations which govern the recruiting service. He weighs *160* lbs., height *5 feet 8 inches*, complexion *fair*, eyes *blue*, hair *black*.

Am. J. ...
...

the *1st* day of *January* 186*4* at *Lexington, Ky.* Regiment of *1st* *...*

James H. ...
...

This is the reverse side of Lewis's enlistment papers showing that this is his second enlistment.

DECLARATION OF RECRUIT.

I, Samuel H. Lewis desiring to VOLUNTEER as a Soldier in the Army of the United States, for the term of THREE YEARS, do declare, That I am 24 years and 0 months of age; that I have never been discharged from the United States service on account of disability or by sentence of a court-martial, or by order before the expiration of a term of enlistment; and I know of no impediment to my serving honestly and faithfully as a soldier for three years.

GIVEN at Washington D.C. the first day of January 1864.

Witness: John H. Smith

Discharged 1863

By Samuel H. Lewis
16th Regiment of Vermont Infantry

Discharged at Musty Branch
1863

No. 172
2 York

307d

CONSENT IN CASE OF MINOR.

I, _____ Do CERTIFY, That I am the _____ of _____; that the said _____ is _____ years of age; and I do hereby freely give my CONSENT to his volunteering as a SOLDIER in the ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES for the period of THREE YEARS.

GIVEN at _____ the _____ day of _____

Witness: _____

(A. G. O. H. P. & W.)

On July 1, 1864, he was to have received a bounty of \$400 but only got \$100. But
he got a \$2 dollar a month raise for July!

S | *16* | **Ky.**

Levin H. Stagg
Co. B, 16 Reg't Kentucky Inf.

appears on

A. and D. Roll of Veteran Volunteers

the organization named above. Roll dated
Paris, Ky. Feb 5, 1864.

was enlisted *July 1, 1864.*

was mustered in *July 1, 1864.*

bounty paid, \$ *60* 100; due, \$ *340* 100

company to which assigned

Company A, Fleming Co. Ky.
acted as Veteran Volunteer
has the permission of Genl. O. O.
W. M. Depue to be
entitled in addition
to a premium of
one month's pay
for a full year of service
in any of the States
over

Stagg

Lewis is now a corporeal. In the old army, a corporeal was in command of a squad of eight men. His pay was 36 cents a day.

S 16 Ky.
Lewis H. Staggs
Corp, Co *B 16* Reg't Kentucky I
Age *27* years.
Appears on a
Detachment Muster-out Roll
of the organization named above. Roll dated
Louisville Ky, Feb 5, 1864
Muster-out to date *Dec. 31, 1864*
Last paid to *Oct. 31, 1864*

Nothing account:
Last settled _____, 1864; drawn since \$ _____
Due soldier \$ *10⁰⁹* / 100; due U. S. \$ _____
Amount for cloth'g in kind or money adv'd \$ _____
Due U. S. for arms, equipments, &c., \$ _____
Amount paid \$ _____; due \$ *100.00*

Remarks: *Discharged by re-enlistment as vrt. vol. under I. O. 191 War Dept. 1863.*

Signature: *Dyer*

Lewis was last paid in 1864. He was mustered out July 15, 1865. We must have run out of money.

	16	
Lewis H. Stagg		
1st Lt., Co. B, 16 Reg't Kentucky		
Age 27 years		
Appears on Co. Muster-out Roll, date		
Company Ships &c July 15,		
Muster-out to date July 15,		
Last paid to Dec 31,		
Clothing account:		
Last settled Dec 31, 1864; drawn since \$ 26		
Due soldier \$ 100; due U. S. \$		
Amt for cloth'g in kind or money adv'd \$		
U. S. for arms, equipments, &c., \$		
Money paid \$ 210 100; due \$ 190 100		
Veteran appointed Co		
Jan 1, 1864 by order Col. J. M.		
Full -		
Blair		

Read, again, Thomas's letter. In it he tells of how gangs from the South had attached their town and of the devastation they caused. Raids like this were reported from all of the border states.

It's sad to read, also, that of the 23 children Thomas had by his three wives only seven were still living. Life was very hard in those days. A picture of Thomas and his son is in your copy of the Staggs history book.

Hiram and David Staggs

10th REGIMENT CAVALRY								
Organized at Covington, Lexington, and Crab Orchard, Kentucky, for one year's service, September 8 to November 17, 1862.								
ADJUTANT GENERAL'S REPORT.								
ROLL OF COMPANY "H," TENTH KENTUCKY VOLUNTEER CAVALRY—Continued.								
No. of men in grade.	NAME	RANK	ENROLLED	MUSTERED IN.		Period of service.	MUSTERED OUT.	
				When.	Where.		When.	Where.
53	Rigdon, James E.	Private	Aug. 25, '62.	Sep. 8, '62.	Covington, Ky.	1 yr.	Sep. 17, '63.	Maysville, Ky.
54	Smith, James M.	Private	Aug. 19, '62.	Sep. 8, '62.	Covington, Ky.	1 yr.	Sep. 17, '63.	Maysville, Ky.
55	Staggs, Hiram	Private	Aug. 12, '62.	Sep. 8, '62.	Covington, Ky.	1 yr.	Sep. 17, '63.	Maysville, Ky.
56	Shally, Thomas	Private	Aug. 15, '62.	Sep. 8, '62.	Covington, Ky.	1 yr.	Sep. 17, '63.	Maysville, Ky.
57	Bartain, James	Private	Aug. 10, '62.	Sep. 8, '62.	Covington, Ky.	1 yr.	Sep. 17, '63.	Maysville, Ky.
43	Strode, Edward H.	Private	Aug. 7, '62.	Sep. 8, '62.	Covington, Ky.	1 yr.	Sep. 17, '63.	Maysville, Ky.
44	Shanklin, Gordon	Private	Aug. 4, '62.	Sep. 8, '62.	Covington, Ky.	1 yr.	Sep. 17, '63.	Maysville, Ky.
45	Staggs, David K.	Private	Aug. 14, '62.	Sep. 8, '62.	Covington, Ky.	1 yr.	Sep. 17, '63.	Maysville, Ky.
46	Stephens, Samuel B.	Private	Aug. 10, '62.	Sep. 8, '62.	Covington, Ky.	1 yr.	Sep. 17, '63.	Maysville, Ky.
47	Snook, William	Private	Aug. 12, '62.	Sep. 8, '62.	Covington, Ky.	1 yr.	Sep. 17, '63.	Maysville, Ky.
48	Stephens, William J.	Private	Aug. 4, '62.	Sep. 8, '62.	Covington, Ky.	1 yr.	Sep. 17, '63.	Maysville, Ky.

✱ SERVICE:

Duty about Mt. Sterling, Ky., and in the District of Central Kentucky, scouting and operating against guerrillas and protecting that part of the State, till September, 1863. Skirmish near Florence, Ky., September 8, 1862. Expedition to East Tennessee December 24, 1862, to January 1, 1863. Parker's Mills, on Elk Fork, December 28, 1862. Operations against Cluke's forces February 18-March 5, 1863. Coomb's Ferry February 22. Slate Creek, near Mt. Sterling, and Stoner's Bridge, February 24. Slate Creek, near Mt. Sterling, March 2. Operations against Pegram, March 22-April 1. Mt. Sterling March 22. Operations against Everett's Raid in Eastern Kentucky June 13-23. Triplett's Bridge, Flemming County, June 16. Operations against Scott's forces July 25-August 6. Richmond July 28. Lancaster and Paint Creek Bridge July 31-August 1. Smith's Shoals, Cumberland River, August 1. Duty at Mt. Sterling till September. (2nd Battalion served detached in District Eastern Kentucky. Expedition from Beaver Creek into Southwest Virginia July 3-11, 1863. Gladesville, Va., July 7.) Regiment mustered out September 17, 1863.

Hiram Staggs

The Kentucky Research Room sent us the military records of your Great, Great, Great Uncle Hiram Staggs. We received eleven muster rolls and related reports. The four we include here have the most important information on them.

<i>S</i>	10 Cav.	Ky.
<i>Hiram Staggs</i>		
Pos. <i>H.</i> Co. <i>H.</i> 10 Reg't Ky. Mtd. Vols.*		
Age <i>30</i> years.		
Appears on Company Muster-in Roll of the organization named above. Roll dated <i>Cornington, Ky. Sept. 9. 1862.</i>		
Muster-in to date <i>Sept. 9. 1862.</i>		
Joined for duty and enrolled:		
When	<i>Aug. 12. 1862.</i>	
Where	<i>Stirling Co. Ky.</i>	
Period	<i>19 mo.</i> years.	
Valuation of horse, \$	100	
Valuation of horse equipments, \$	100	
Remarks:		
*This organization subsequently became Co. <i>H.</i> 10 Reg't Ky. Cav.		
Blank mark:		
<i>M. H. S. Co.</i>		

This muster roll tells you that your Uncle Hiram mustered in (took the oath to serve our country and flag) on September 9, 1862, at age 30 years.

He then, on August 12, reported for duty to H Company of the 10th Cavalry of Kentucky.

MEMORANDUM FROM PRISONER OF WAR RECORDS

No. _____

(This blank to be used only in the arrangement of said records.)

NAME	RANK	ORGANIZATION				INFORMATION OBTAINED FROM			
		No. of Reg't	State	Army or Service	Co.	Records of	Vol.	Page	Page
Staggs Hiram	10	10	10	6	16	Miss Mrs. Conk. Roll	11	35-5	4
Captured at <i>Mt. Sterling, Md. 22</i> , 1863, confined at Richmond, Va., 1863.									
Admitted to Hospital at _____									
Taken to _____ 1863 of _____ by <i>Col. R. D. B. to take to Dinn</i>									
Reported at <i>Camp Dinnisin, Ohio</i> , May 11, 1863.									
Copied by <i>R. D. B.</i> May 12, 1863.									

Your Uncle Hiram Staggs's prisoner of war record. You can see that during the battle of Mt. Sterling on March 22, 1863, your Uncle was captured. He was sent to a prisoner of war camp in Richmond, Virginia, then was sent to Camp Dinnisin in Ohio.

On March 12, 1864, your uncle was paroled (set free from prison) at Mt. Sterling, Kentucky, by Colonel R.A. Clark of the Confederate States of America.

10 Cav Ky

Nigel D. Stagger

10 Regt Ky Cav

appears on:

Detachment Muster Roll
(Paroled Prisoner)
 the organization named above.

Feb 18 to Apr 10, 1864

Location *Camp Decatur D*

Present or absent *Present*

Pay for \$ *100* for

Gov't, \$ *100* for

Location of horse, \$ *100*

Location of horse equipments, \$ *100*

Remarks *Paroled at Mt. Sterling
 by Col. R.A. Clark U.S.A.
 March 12, 1864*

Clark

8 | 10 Cav. | Ky.

Hiram Stagg

Co. No., 10 Reg't Kentucky Cavalry.

Age *31* years.

Appears on Co. Muster-out Roll, dated *Mayeville Ky Sept. 17, 1863*.

Muster-out to date *Sept. 17, 1863*.

Last paid to *Apr. 30, 1863*.

Clothing account:

Last settled 186 ; drawn since \$ 100

Due soldier \$ 100; due U. S. \$ 100

Am't for cloth'g in kind or money adv'd \$ *45.50* 100

Due U. S. for arms, equipments, &c., \$ 100

Bounty paid \$ 100; due \$ 100

Valuation of horse, \$ 100

Valuation of horse equipments, \$ 100.

Remarks: *On daily duty as wagoner from Dec. 1/62*
Present \$25.00 bounty, \$2.00 for enlistment rec'd.

Book mark:

Nerbitt

(361) Copyright.

So your uncle left the army on September 17, 1863, at age 31. He received \$45.50 for new clothing and a \$25 bounty (reward for enlisting). \$25 isn't much now, but remember that Hiram was paid about 35 cents a day.

David Staggs

Your Great, Great, Great Uncle David Staggs's enlistment papers have been lost. Of interest are the facts that he enlisted at age 19, was paid a bounty of \$25, and that he was not paid between July 28, 1863 and September 17, 1863, when he was mustered out. It seems that our country was short of money, but our men kept fighting. The only other report from your uncle was that on December of 1862 he reported that some one stole his pistol. But he was a Staggs, and I guess that he spent the rest of the war throwing stones and, most likely, doing a fine job of it.

S 10 Cav. Ky.

David C. Staggs

Co. A, 10 Reg't Kentucky Cav.

Appears on

Company Muster Roll

for Nov. & Dec., 1862

Present or absent Present

Stoppage, \$ 100 for

Due Gov't, \$ 100 for

Valuation of horse, \$ 100

Valuation of horse equipments, \$ 100

Remarks: 1 Ball's pistol
stolen from him at
Cairn near Manassas

Book mark:

Bethel

David Has Pistol Stolen

S 10 Cav. Ky.

David E. Stiggs

Det. Co. *C*, 10 Reg't Kentucky Cavalry.

Age *21* years.

Appears on Co. Muster-out Roll, dated,

Meyville Ky *Sept 17, 1863*

Muster-out to date *Sept 17, 1863*

Last paid to *July 28, 1863*

Clothing account:

Last settled _____, 186- ; drawn since \$ _____ 100

Due soldier \$ _____ 100 ; due U. S. \$ _____ 100

Am't for cloth'g in kind or money adv'd \$ *42* 100

Due U. S. for arms, equipments, &c., \$ _____ 100

Bounty paid \$ _____ 100 ; due \$ _____ 100

Valuation of horse, \$ _____ 100

Valuation of horse equipments, \$ _____ 100

Remarks *Present \$ 25 Bounty \$ 2*
for enlistment rec'd.

Book mark:

Jacobson

(361)

David leaves in September with no pay since July.

Peace Comes to Kentucky

The Civil War was over and your country stood strong and united once more. Your ancestors who had served went back to their farms, took off their uniforms, and layed aside their guns and sabers just in time to plant their spring crops.

We will never forget them and the millions of others who have answered our country's call. It is because of these men and women that our flag still flies proudly over us all.

We, Great Aunt Barbara, Great Uncle Si, and Great Granddad Harold, have enjoyed putting this bit of your history together for you; and we hope that you enjoy it also. We also take this opportunity to send you a large bucket of love from each of us.

Ancestors, Warriors, and the Great Spirit

Hello, there, my darling. Yes, you. You know who I'm talking to. Great Aunt Barbara put your name on the book; didn't she?

We are going to pretend here. We are going to pretend you, I, and Aunt Barbara and Uncle Si are up in the mountains in the tall trees, and it is getting dark. But we have our fire. We are sitting around it, and I am telling you legends. The first legend tells how it all began. The second legend tells the great lesson Mono learned in the early years.

Your Great Aunt Barbara will put my words down on these papers you are looking at, and you will read the legends to your children. Oh, yes, you will be a happy critter. You will have children, and they will be wonderful. And you will tell them these legends because we must never forget them. They belong to the family.

How It All Began

And so it was that at the beginning, there was nothing. And then Great Spirit, call him God if you wish, reached into the darkness of nothing and took in his hands what was needed and, with it, made the Earth. And he put it right there in the sky. And then he reached into the darkness again and brought out what was needed and made the sun. And he put the sun right there next to the Earth. And now there was light. But on the other side of the Earth, it was dark; so Great Spirit reached out and took what he needed and made the moon and put it on the other side of the Earth.

And then, with his fingers, he made on the Earth mountains, flat places, deep places for the oceans, and lines built for the rivers and creeks to follow. And then he held his hands above the Earth and the rains came down and the ocean were filled and the lakes were filled and the rivers ran and we could hear the creeks chuckling as they went down through the hills.

Then Great Spirit, again held his hands over Earth, and he made Earth beautiful. From his fingers, in the tall mountains, he dropped the great trees. From the flat places, the sweet grasses of the prairies. Along the rivers and lakes, the beautiful trees and lily pads and rushes. Each made the Earth beautiful. And here and there and there the wildflowers. The lilies of the prairies. The wild roses.

But there was no one to see this beauty. So Great Spirit thought, and he made it all start. One more time, from his fingers, he dropped the tribes that live on this Earth. Out on the flat prairies where the grasses grew, he dropped the tribe of Buffalo, and this is where Buffalo lived. And in the high mountains there, he dropped the tribe of the Elk. And the Elk people lived there. And below the mountains, in the caves, yes, that is where the Bear people lived. Up in the tall trees, the Eagle people lived. Along of water there were people of the Toad family. Over there, by the big river, that's where the tribe of the Man people lived. And so the Earth was covered by tribes, and they could see the beauty.

For years it was peaceful and calm. And then in the minds of each of the chiefs of each of the tribes, there was a voice, a voice of Great Spirit. And the voice said to the chiefs of these tribes, when the moon is full next time—that's when the moon is big and round—you will go far to the East where there is a great river. And on the other side of the great river, there is a flat mountain. And you will go there, and you will find a great, flat, black rock. This is the council rock of all tribes. And you will wait there for me, and I will come. So it was that at the next full moon the chiefs assembled at the great rock and sat in the great circle for the first time. There in the light of the moon, they waited.

They waited in the darkness, and there he was. He just was there. He came. In his arms, he had wood, and he put the pile of wood down in the middle of the great rock. All of the chiefs sat in a great circle around the rock. Great Spirit said, "My children, watch me for in years to come, you will do what I do now as you, the chiefs of all tribes, will come here to talk of what I will tell you tonight and help each other." And so the chiefs watched.

The Great Spirit put the wood down for the fire, and he put sweet grasses on the wood that he had brought from the prairies. And then he went to the side of the great circle of the great rock; and under the side, he pulled out a great bundle. He brought the bundle back to the middle of the great rock. Then he pointed at the wood and the sweet grasses, and there was fire. Smoke from the fire smelled of the sweet grasses.

Great Spirit took his bundle and washed it in the smoke. And then he laid the bundle down, and he opened it up and lifted out for all to see the great calumet—the peace pipe of all tribes. And he filled the peace pipe full of tobacco. Then he lit it with a coal from the fire and lifted it to his lips. And he blew smoke, first to Father Sky. Then he blew smoke to Mother Earth. And then Great Spirit blew smoke to the four winds.

Then he handed the pipe to the first chief in the circle. That was Beaver. And Beaver took the pipe and did as Great Spirit had done. He blew smoke to Father Sky and Mother Earth and to the four winds and passed the pipe to the chief sitting next to him. That was Buffalo. Buffalo did the same and passed the pipe. And the pipe even came to the chief of the Man people. And the chief of the Man people blew smoke and passed the pipe.

And when the pipe had finished the circle, the Great Spirit cleaned it out, wrapped it in the bundle, and put the bundle back under the side of the rock. Then he spoke saying, "My children, you will tell your people when you go back to your village that we all will live as brothers and sisters. That there will always be friendship and love, and we will always help one another. You must be kind. And if we are not, if we do not obey the Great Spirit, I must leave you." Then Great Spirit was gone. He was just gone.

The chiefs sat there quietly—didn't move, didn't make a sound—thinking of what the Great Spirit had told them. And the fire died. And when the last of the coals lost their redness, the chiefs got up, turned, and left the great council rock returning to their villages where they called their people together—each village by itself. And the chief of that village told his people how Great Spirit wanted them to live.

Now, my great grandchild, there was peace and love for many years. And from time to time the chiefs would meet at the great council rock, and they would ask

how they could help one another. And they helped one another, and all was just as Great Spirit had asked for it to be.

But then over this peaceful scene a dark cloud arose. One of the young men of the tribe of Cougar—Cougar is the great mountain lion—was running through the forest, and you never run thought the forest. He knew that. The old men of the cougar tribe had told them again and again, "Never run through the forest. When you run through the forest, you don't know where your foot is going to come down; and you might turn it on a rock and fall and hurt yourself. In the forest, we only trot." He knew this, this boy of the Cougar tribe, this young man. Yet, on this day, he ran. And a tree had fallen down. He jumped that tree, and on the other side he didn't know it but a boy of the tribe of Koev, the Rabbit people, was lying there next to the log sleeping in the sun. When Cougar came down, his claws went into the body of the boy of the Koev people; and the boy died.

Cougar stood there. He knew that he had done something terribly wrong. He had hurt someone. What would he do now? He cried out in shame and turned and ran into the darkness of the forest. The next full moon, the chiefs were called to the council rock. Chief of the Koev people, the Rabbit people, stood up and said, "My brothers, one of my children is missing. We have looked and cannot find him. I need your help."

Eagle was the first to speak. Eagle said, "I will send my people through the forest, above the trees, out onto the prairies, along the rivers. We will hunt for him."

Buffalo spoke next. "And my people shall search the prairies." And then Deer spoke. Beaver told how he would search along the waterways, and Otter said he would help. And all the chiefs of all the tribes told what they would do to find this boy. So they left the council ring.

A full moon went by. It was time to meet again, and they met again. Komeo, chief of the Rabbit people, said, "We cannot find him. What have we done?" Beaver was first to speak. He told how he and his people had searched along the waters. Buffalo told how he had searched. Deer told how he had searched.

The chief of the Cougar people stood up and remembered all tribes spoke the one language—a gift from the Great Spirit. Beaver could talk to Wolf. Wolf could talk to Man. Man could talk to Bird. All tribes knew the one language. But when the chief of the Cougar people began to speak, a sad, sorrowful, painful cry issued from his mouth. He stopped and then turn and ran into the darkness. All chiefs knew, as he knew, Great Spirit had taken from him the gift of the one tongue. He could no longer speak. The chiefs at the fire knew that Great Spirit had done this, and they also knew it was a punishment. But what had happened? What was it the Cougar people had done? They knew it was a punishment, but why?

The first to realize that Cougar people had done something to hurt the Koev boy was Buffalo. Buffalo felt fear. If they had hurt one, would he not be hurt, too? Buffalo felt fear. He snorted and ran away from the council fire. Snorted? Yes, he too had lost the gift of the one tongue. He could not speak the one tongue.

Bear was next. Bear knew what had happened. Something terrible had happened. Something fearful. And Bear was afraid, and Bear growled and ran away. He, too, lost because he had feared, because he didn't realize that we are in the hands of the Great Spirit, and he will take care of us. Bear lost the one tongue.

Chief after chief realized. Chief after chief foolishly feared for themselves. And that was the last to run from the council leaving but one person there. One person left at the great council rock—the chief of the Man people. And he sat there alone, and Man cried. The fire grew lower and lower. And finally the last spark died. Man got up and walked into the darkness.

Since that time, we have found death and we have found sickness and we have found pain. But listen, all is not lost, is it? Why? Because you know and I know and you will tell you children this legend, and some day the chiefs of all tribes will hear a voice. The mountain is still there. The great council ring is still there. Oh, it's covered with dirt and leaves and dead branches but it's there. And in the minds of the chiefs of all tribes, some day, there will be a voice, and it will say, "My Children, come to the great council ring." And you or your children or their children—one of them will be there. And we know they will know this legend, and they will know what to do. They will bring the firewood, the sweet grasses. Knowing the legend, they will go to the east side of the great council rock and find the bundle. And they will wash it in the smoke. They will go around the circle, and once again there will be peace. All over the world there will be love. And it will be as the Great Spirit wants it.

So, my dear Great Grandchild, the legend is over. Do not forget it. Tell it to your children. We, who are here to take care of the legend for you, send you our love. And there is something else we are going to send you. Great grandfathers, from time to time, will forget things. And I did forget something. I told you how Great Spirit made the moon and made the sun. Great Granddad forgot the stars. So let me tell you about those things now. After Great Spirit had finished making the moon, he rolled his sleeping robe out on the ground in the prairies filled with sweet grasses and laid down to sleep. Before he went to sleep he looked up, and the moon was beautiful. You go our tonight and look. The moon was beautiful. All was beautiful. Then Great Spirit realized that the rest of the sky was black. There is no beauty up there, so Great Spirit thought. He said to himself, I will make it beautiful. I will make pictures in the sky, and the people of all tribes will see more beauty. And so it was. Great Spirit started to make stars,

and he put them down on his sleeping robe, more and more and more. Some big stars, some little stars.

And pretty soon, he had a great big pile of stars on his blanket. And taking those, he started to make pictures in the sky, didn't he? The first picture he made was of the big bear. Now the picture of the big bear—Ursa Major is what we call it—is still up there, but you would have to be shown it. A part of the big bear picture is called the big dipper. If you look to the North, you will see a cup with a great, big, long, curled handle. Maybe your granddad can help you. Maybe you can get a book from the library that shows you. That was the first picture Great Spirit put up there, and then he took more stars and made the picture of the little bear, Ursa Minor. And he stepped back and looked at it, and it was beautiful, too. And then he reached over with his stars—he was making a picture in the West. If you go out on a nice night, you will see three stars in a slanty row, slanting down. They are the belt of a picture of a man called Orion, the mighty hunter.

Great Spirit was just working on that picture. Ssshhh, ssshhh, something is happening. Great Spirit doesn't know. Coyote is coming across the prairie sneaking along. Coyote, you know, is a trickster. Coyote plays tricks on people, and here came coyote sneaking along quietly. Don't make any noise! He is coming up behind Great Spirit! Great Spirit is busy making his picture when Coyote jumps up there, grabs the blanket in his teeth—the one with all the stars on it—and he shakes his head and runs away across the prairie shaking his head and the clouds of stars go up into the sky and it's a mess. You look out there tonight; there are stars all over the place. And Great Spirit said, "What happened? What happened?" And he turned and looked and there was Coyote running away with his sleeping blanket and throwing stars up into the sky. That was a good trick he played on Great Spirit. Great Spirit laughed. See, that is how the stars got up there. Old Great Granddad forgot about them, didn't he? Bye, bye again.

Mono of the Village Of First Man

Now, my Great Grandchildren, as the campfire grows low, I will tell you of a thing that happened in the time of the First Man. And this is so, for my father's mother told this to me. Listen and remember, for this you must tell to your sons and daughters.

It was in the village of First Man that a boy, Mono, lived. Mono, who had seen twelve winters, loved the forest and spoke the One Tongue. Ayee! It is true that at the time when the earth was new all tribes except Cougars spoke with one tongue.

While running the trails in the mountains, Mono forgot the teachings of the old ones of the tribe. "Slowly and softly," the old ones would say. It is the way to move through the forest. Remember that if you run, you may step on Seene, the rattlesnake, who might strike you and let his poison enter your body before he has time to see that you are a friend. "Walk with the feet of the fox," the old ones would caution, "or an evil spirit might turn a rock beneath your moccasin and cause you to fall."

So it was that one day while Mono was running down a hill, it came to pass that an evil spirit did indeed turn a rock beneath his moccasin causing him to fall and strike his head on yet another rock. And, as his body rolled down the hill, his senses left him. After a pipes time had passed, Mono's senses returned to him; and he felt the pain within him and saw that the ground upon which he lay was wet with blood.

When his strength returned, he went to a quiet pool and washed the dirt and blood from the cuts upon his body. Looking into the pool, he could see that many deep wounds covered one side of his face, and he knew that he must go at once to his father's lodge so that his cuts might be cared for.

When he arrived at the lodge, he laid down upon his sleeping robes and called for his grandmother to care for him.

Now, his grandmother was very old and, having lived to see many winters, was very wise. So, she knew what leaves to heat and bind upon his wounds. She knew, too, how to care for him until one day she spoke saying, "The Great Spirit has smiled upon you, Mono. Go now to some hidden place of beauty and quiet

in the forest. There you will sit at a small fire neither eating nor dinking for a full day and night. During this time you will thank the Great Spirit for his kindness and love and his healing of you."

Mono knew that these were words of great wisdom, and so early the next morning, before the sun had left it's lodge in the East, he went into the forest to thank the Great Spirit .

As he entered the forest, however, he passed a quiet pool. When he looked into it, he saw his face for the first time since it had healed. Ayee! Was this scarred and twisted thing his face? "Truly," thought Mono, "this face of mine is a terrible thing to look upon. The children of the village will feel fear when they see me. The people of the village will look away when they meet me for indeed my face is an ugly thing." And so sorry he was for himself that he thought no more of thanking the Great Spirit but only of returning to his father's lodge so that he might hide within its darkness.

As he entered the village, each person he met smiled and spoke to him telling him how happy they were now that he was well. But when they spoke to him he did not answer. Instead, he turned his face away from them and hurried on.

When at last he reached his father's lodge, he seated himself in the very back of it and placed a robe over his head. From then on, whenever anyone of the tribe entered the lodge, he would pull the robe down to cover his face. The people of the village soon noticed this and spoke one to another saying, "It is a sad thing indeed that Mono must feel a shame because he didn't do as the old ones taught him." "Now," the people said, "we must help him. If he does not wish us to look into his eyes, then we must not do so. Then he will soon come to know that we do not think him foolish or wish him to feel shame."

So from that time on, the people of the village would always look upon the ground whenever they spoke to Mono. But Mono, when he saw how the people acted, spoke to himself saying, "Ayee! It is true. The people of the village find my face so ugly to look upon that they must look at the ground rather than upon my face when they speak to me." This thought caused him so much sorrow that he lost the wish to eat. Soon he became very weak.

After some days, his father asked the grandmother of Mono to come again to his lodge and care for his son. And so it happened that late one night as Mono and his grandmother sat together that he grandmother spoke saying, "Son of my son, there is a thing within you that is causing you great sorrow. Tell me of this thing so that I may help you." So Mono told his grandmother of how the people of the village found his face to be so horrible that they would rather look upon the ground and that it frightened the children when they looked upon this twisted thing he must call his face. Then he cried out to his grandmother, "Who can rid my face of the scars that twist it?"

Now the grandmother knew that the people of the village looked away from him only because they loved him and thought that in this way they kept him from feeling shame. But because she was very old and having lived to see many winters was very wise, she did not speak this for she knew that Mono would not believe her. So instead she spoke saying, "Son of my Son, there is no medicine man in any village of our tribe with power to remove your scars. But, let your heart be large again for if you leave the village now and follow the Long Path, you will find at it's end a person who will help you."

When Mono heard this, his heart did indeed grow large and he knew the feeling of happiness again.

That very night Mono left the Village of First Man and started to follow the Long Path. Through spring and summer, the path led him across the great prairies. By late summer, his body was so strong that he was able to follow the path all day at a trot. His feet touched the earth with the sureness and softness of the fox. His eyes became as keen as eagle's, and there was no sound that his ears did not hear and know.

When autumn came, he had followed the path into the great forest of the mountains. It was on a day in late fall that he heard a faint cry from deep in the forest. It was a weak cry caused by pain. Although Mono was eager to follow his path, he turned at once toward the cry. Deep in the forest, he came across a fallen tree under which was trapped a cub bear. "Softly, softly, little brother," said Mono. "Soon now the hurt will go away." As he spoke, he dropped to his knees and dug with his hands under and around the body of the cub. The flint rocks were hard and sharp. Soon the hands of Mono bled from the deep cuts and tears, and the pain in them was as if they were in hot fire. But he dug on until he could say, "Now little brother, you are free. Tell me where your lodge is, and I will carry you there so that your medicine man can drive away the pain."

"My village is to the east, brother, at the base of the high peak," answered the cub. And so Mono carried the cub until he felt the hot irons of pain burn into the muscles of his back, arms, and torn hands. Yet, he did not rest for he knew that the pain the cub suffered was great. At last, they came to a hillside in which Mono saw an opening into a cave. Here was the village of the bear tribe. As he entered the cave, he saw in it's center a bright fire glowing. He went to the fire and laid the cub upon a sleeping robe near it. When the Bear people saw this, they cried out; and their medicine man came. His face was painted black and yellow and around is neck he wore the claw necklace of his tribe. The medicine man started to chant. From his pouch, he took sweet dry grasses to throw upon the fire. Sung again was the chant; and when he finished, the cub stood up. All pain had left him. He called Mono "Elder Brother" and told his people how his brother had helped him. Then spoke the chief of the village, "Hear me, my son, you are one of us now, so stay with us and rest for the Old Man of the North will

bring the snow and the cold soon. Here you will be warm and with friends. Live in our lodge this winter so that we may thank you for this thing you have done."

So Mono spent the winter with the Bear people and during the long nights he learned their legends and dances, their chants, and their medicine.

At last, the time came when Old Man of the North was driven back into his summer lodge by the Peoples of the South Wind. When Mono saw that Spring had arrived, he told the Bear people that he must leave and follow the Long Path again.

"What will you find at the end of this path of yours, my son?" asked the Chief.

"A medicine man who will help me, my Father," answered Mono.

"Your path may end here," said chief, "for our medicine man has great powers. Tell him what you have need of so that he may help you."

So Mono told the Bear people his story, and when he asked the medicine man to remove the scars from his face, the Bear people stared into his face. Then they spoke one to the other saying, "Ayee! It is true. There are scars on his face."

Now the medicine man spoke, "Little Brother, my medicine is strong, but this thing I cannot do. However, your grandmother is old and very wise. There will be someone to help you at the end of your path. Wear this necklace of claws, Brother, and remember well how to use the black and yellow paint in your pouch. Remember too, the medicine chants and dance of the Bear people. For within this necklace you have the power of my medicine.

So it was that the boy took the Long Path again and followed it through the spring and summer and again into fall.

Late one evening as he trotted down the path, snow began to fall. As he looked for a place to make his nights shelter, he saw in a valley a person of the Cougar tribe in battle with a warrior of the Deer people. The story was clear at a glance. Cougar had surprised a fawn of the Deer tribe, but before he made his kill, the young buck had entered into battle with him. This fight was almost over. The buck, bleeding from many wounds, was rapidly weakening. Once again, the boy left his path. From his belt came his flint knife. From his lips the war cry of first Man. True, Cougar was larger and stronger than Mono; but even after Cougar had clawed and torn great wounds in the chest and arms of Mono, the boy fought on as if he felt no pain. Maybe it was the strength of Mono himself, or maybe it was the power in him that had been given to First Man by the animal tribes at the Great Council when Cougar was driven into darkness. Whichever it was, it was enough to bring fear into the heart of Cougar. His war cries changed to whines and whines to howls, until at last he turned and fled into the forest.

Mono then went to the side of the wounded buck. "Now, Brave One," he said, "soon you will be well." Rapidly Mono painted his face with the black and yellow design of the Bear people. Quickly, he started the fire and threw sweet grasses upon it. Then he sang the medicine chant of the Bear people. And it was as Mono had said. The strength of the buck returned, the pain left him, and soon his wounds could be seen no more. Then Mono's senses left him, and he fell to the ground.

By this time, the other members of the Deer tribe had been drawn to the valley by the sounds of battle. And, upon seeing Mono fall, the chief of the Deer people spoke saying, "This warrior of First Man will lose his life if his body lays in this cold and snow. Let the medicine man care for him." Then, painted in the blue and red of the Deer people a wearing the horned head dress, the medicine man chanted the medicine of his people. The power that was his was so great that it brought soft warm winds from the South to drive away the cold and snow. For many weeks the valley in which the boy lay stayed dry until at last his wounds healed, and he was able to build himself a winter lodge. Here he stayed through the winter learning the legends, dances, and medicine of his new brothers, the Deer People.

Once again, spring came, and Mono told the Deer people that he must leave them in order to follow the trail. Then the chief of the deer people, as had the chief of the Bear people, asked him what was to be found at the end of the trail. So again, Mono told his story; and when he asked the medicine man to remove the scars from his face, the Deer people came close to him and looked upon his face. And like the Bear people, they spoke to one another saying, "It is so, his face is scared."

"Warrior," said the medicine man, "I have only the power of the four seasons, so I cannot help you. But remember that your grandmother is very wise, and it is so that you will find one who will help you at the end of your path. Wear this horned head dress of ours and remember how to use our paint and medicine for now my power is yours."

So it was that Mono followed the Long Path until one day he came to a great river. As he walked it's banks searching for a way to cross, a mighty eagle lit beside him and spoke saying, "Where does your path lead, son of First Man?"

"Across the river, Brother," answered Mono."

"Tell me what you seek, Warrior," said the eagle. "The people of my tribe fly high and far, maybe we can help you."

So again Mono told the story, starting from his fall to the day he left the Deer people. When he had finished talking, Eagle stood for a long time in thought.

Then, he turned to the boy and said, "Yes, I see the scars upon your face." Then again he thought for a long time before saying, "Hear me, Brother, this is the end of your path. I am the one you searched for."

"Then please, Elder Brother, remove the scars from my face" cried Mono. "My path has been long, and I am eager to see the Village of People again."

"Slowly now," said the Eagle, "Remember the words of your grandmother and the words of the medicine men of the Bear and the Deer tribes. You were never told that you would lose your scars at the end of your path. Only that someone would be there to help you. Think, Little Brother, why was it that the Bear people did not notice your scars until you told them of your face? Why, Little Brother? Because, when they looked at you, they saw a face of First Man, their brother, who had shown them that he would gladly bear pain in order to help another. Why was it necessary for you to tell them of your scars before they could see them? Because they could not see your scars. For when they looked at you, they saw only a warrior of great courage who fought bravely to protect the weak. Why did I not see your scars? I saw only a great medicine man wearing the necklace of the Bear people and head dress of the Deer people--a great chief, indeed, to be so loved by these people that they would give their medicine to you. Go home, Little Brother, and remember that is not by the skin or feathers we wear that people know us, but what they see in us."

So Mono returned to his village and was welcomed with a great feast that lasted many days. And it was as the Eagle said, his people loved and honored him for the courage and kindness that they saw in him and there were none who could say whether or not his face was scarred.

Now, my great grandchildren, the fire is out and the legend is finished