

My Dear Sara:

The following letter is from your great, great, ~~gr~~ Uncle Thomas to his son.

When you studied about the Civil War you learned about the bloody raids that Quantrill made into Kansas. In the letter you will read about how we Staggs suffered the same murderous treatment.

The picture is of the writer, Thomas and one of his sons.

Lots of Love

Granddad Staggs

P.S. So sad - Thomas had 23 children and only 7 lived past childhood -

LETTER FROM THOMAS F. STAGGS, POPULAR PLAINS, FLEMING CO., KY. TO SON ALFRED-McMINNVILLE, ORE.

THOMAS F. STAGGS-Born

Popular plains, Fleming Co., Ky.

B 10/4/1800

3/22/1864

Well my beloved son and daughter i am glad to here you are still alive. Those lines leave 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 famil 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 has 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 number Charles Wesley. Hiram was married the same year you were and his wife Elizabeth has had 5 children 4 aliving 2 girls and three boys the boys (Rolly) (James Thomas) and (Lewis) not the girls Allis and the babe one week old not named i call it Ann Lewis not married he is in the army fiting under the old stars and stripes he has been in nearly 3 and he reenlist 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 Ellen married last March one year ago William E. James and has one son aged her husband is now in Lousianna State fiting for the union Dudley is not married but wants to be 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 i could see you all in the flesh but that can't be soon if ever So it is we can meet in that 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 have been over run with Gurillar bands, rebell scoundrels they took our horses robed our houses burnt a great many of our houses into ashes killed a great many of the home gard i and Du 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 Gardner for another Made them take the confederate oath and spared ther lives Alfred when i get to thinken about them rebbels 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 good 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 infamy But i am union all over i am not abolishen properly Speakin only so fur as to free the blacks and send them to ther own country i did not vote for Lincoln i am not a (looks like butternut), Democrat neither as to politick i always was so i must wind up shortly i say no more on this subject now

McMinvill

now a few words to my Grandchildren and i am dun (Yuen) come over to Grand papas tomorrow evening and take supper with him and grand maw fetch Nany and Albert and little George with you Charley says he will have a big mess of fish Helen tell your uncle Sam Staggs to send your grand pap Staggs a letter and he shant be hurt for it would just say Albert produce of all kinds is higher here that with you So my children be faithful till death so farewell

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 Children

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



Ca. 1762

Thomas & Charles Wesley Stoggs

Sara⁶

The following tree was sent to me
by ~~one~~ one of our cousins in Ky.

She feels that our James (born 1774) came
maybe, from Pa. Another cousin thinks
hes from Va. We say from N.S. - Could
James just come from under a rock?

Please see pg 5 The Philip's shown
there is your 9 great, great grandad -

We see that his farm did well that year but
how about the family of 5 in that
\$40 house

Sara, please excuse my handwriting
its never been great so at age 85 its
great that I can even hold the pen.

Love

Granddad S. Stepp

Descendants of JOSEPH STAGGS

Generation No. 1

1. JOSEPH¹ STAGGS was born 1745, and died abt 1810. He married MARY MILLS DRENNON.

Notes for JOSEPH STAGGS:

PA Resident-Federal pensioners 1820=Benjamin Stagg?

More About JOSEPH STAGGS:

Census: 1810, Mason Co. KY

Children of JOSEPH STAGGS and MARY DRENNON are:

2.
 - i. MARY² STAGGS¹, m. WM MCGLOWEN, 17 Feb 1806, Mason Co. KY².
 - ii. JAMES STAGGS, b. 9 Oct 1774, MD; d. 29 Jun 1850, Fleming Co. KY.
 - iii. DANIEL STAGGS, b. 1776, MD; m. CATHERINE MCGLOUGHLIN, 13 Jul 1806, Fleming Co, KY.

More About DANIEL STAGGS:

Census: 1810, Mason Co. KY

4.
 - iv. JOHN STAGGS, b. 1778.

More About JOHN STAGGS:

Census: 1810, Mason Co. KY

3.
 - v. SAMUEL STAGGS, b. 1780; d. 1839, MO.
4.
 - vi. JOSEPH STAGGS, b. 1782; d. Aft. 1850, Lewis Co., KY.

Generation No. 2

2. JAMES² STAGGS (*JOSEPH¹*) was born 9 Oct 1774 in MD, and died 29 Jun 1850 in Fleming Co. KY. He married SARAH BEARD 20 Sep 1797 in Mason Co, KY^{3,4}, daughter of DAVID BEARD. She was born 27 Feb 1779 in PA, and died 5 May 1855 in Fleming Co, KY.

Notes for JAMES STAGGS:

Raised Joseph A & Ann E, David Staggs' children (1850 census).

Will: Fleming Co. KY book 1 pg 108

More About JAMES STAGGS:

Burial: Staggs Cemetery, Fleming Co. KY

Census: 1850, Fleming, KY Dist #1

Tax List: 1800, Mason Co. KY

Notes for SARAH BEARD:

"Sir: Please to grant Mr. Staggs license to be married to my daughter Sarah Beard and this shall be your security as witness my hand and seal this

19 Sept 1797." David Wood Charles Jackson David Beard

More About SARAH BEARD:

Census: 1850, Fleming Co. KY

Children of JAMES STAGGS and SARAH BEARD are:

5. i. MALISSA³ STAGGS, b. abt 1799, Fleming Co. KY; d. 15 Sep 1846, Rush Co. IN.
6. ii. NANCY STAGGS, b. 19 Jan 1800, Fleming Co., KY; d. 3 Dec 1879, Flemingsburg, Fleming, KY.
7. iii. THOMAS F. STAGGS, b. 9 Oct 1800, Fleming Co., KY; d. 27 Aug 1867, Fleming Co., KY.
8. iv. DAVID BENJAMIN STAGGS, b. 8 Aug 1802, Fleming Co., KY; d. 28 Aug 1842, Rushville, Rush, IN.
9. v. ELIZABETH STAGGS, b. 1805, Fleming Co. KY.
10. vi. WILLIAM STAGGS, b. 19 May 1809, KY; d. 17 Sep 1889, Fleming Co., KY.
11. vii. PHILIP B STAGGS, b. 1810, Fleming Co. KY; d. Clinton Co. MO.
12. viii. MASSIE STAGGS, b. 1810, KY; d. 1853.
13. ix. SAMUEL F. STAGGS, b. 1817, Fleming Co., KY.
14. x. REBECCA STAGGS, b. 1821.

3. SAMUEL² STAGGS (*JOSEPH*¹) was born 1780, and died 1839 in MO⁵. He married MALISSA BURNS 11 Aug 1803 in Mason Co., KY⁶.

More About SAMUEL STAGGS:
Census: 1810, Mason Co. KY

Children of SAMUEL STAGGS and MALISSA BURNS are:

- i. LUCINDA³ STAGGS, m. GEO D TOLLE, 3 Nov 1832, Mason Co, KY.
- ii. ENOCH STAGGS.
- iii. HARRIET E STAGGS, m. ALONZA B LESSON, 14 Sep, Platte Co. MO.

4. JOSEPH² STAGGS (*JOSEPH*¹) was born 1782, and died Aft. 1850 in Lewis Co., KY. He married SARAH MCGLONE 8 May 1800 in Lewis Co. KY. She was born 1787 in VA or SCT, and died in Lewis Co. KY.

More About JOSEPH STAGGS:
Census: 1830, Lewis Co. KY

Children of JOSEPH STAGGS and SARAH MCGLONE are:

- i. JOHN M³ STAGGS, b. Fleming Co. KY.
- ii. CHARLAND STAGGS, b. 1802, Mason or Fleming Cos. KY.
- iii. STACCIA STAGGS, b. 1806, Fleming Co. KY; m. WM KENNARD, 20 Aug 1852, Lewis Co. KY.
- iv. ABRAM STAGGS, b. 1808, Fleming Co. KY; d. Lewis Co. KY; m. SUSAN CHOAT, 3 Apr 1837, Vanceburg, Lewis, KY.
- v. AMANDA STAGGS, b. 1812, Fleming Co. KY; m. BASIL C HAM, 26 Jan 1829, Lewis Co. KY.
- vi. EDWARD M STAGGS, b. 1816, Fleming Co. KY; m. RACHEL STAGGS, 1838, Lewis Co. KY.
- vii. JOSIAH W STAGGS, b. Jun 1818, Fleming Co. KY; d. Aft. 1880, Lewis Co. KY; m. MARY EULETT, 18 Jun 1840, Vanceburg, Lewis, KY.

Generation No. 3

5. MALISSA³ STAGGS (*JAMES*², *JOSEPH*¹) was born abt 1799 in Fleming Co. KY, and died 15 Sep 1846 in Rush Co. IN. She married ENOCH/WILLIAM GOODWIN 28 Mar 1826 in Fleming Co. KY. He was born 6 May 1806 in OH, and died in Rush Co. IN.

More About MALISSA STAGGS:
Emigration: Rush Co. IN

Children of MALISSA STAGGS and ENOCH/WILLIAM GOODWIN are:

- i. GILSON⁴ GOODWIN, d. Stillborn.
- ii. MELISSA GOODWIN (MOSES CONRAD).
- iii. SARAH ANN GOODWIN, b. 1829; m. DAVID SNYDER.
- iv. JOHN GOODWIN (DEAF), b. 1831.
- v. WILLIAM GOODWIN, b. 1833.
- vi. JAMES GOODWIN (DEAF), b. 1836, IN.
- vii. ELIZABETH GOODWIN (HURST), b. 1838.

- viii. CRITCHFIELD GOODWIN (DEAF), b. 1840.
- 15. ix. LEANDER GOODWIN, b. 8 Oct 1842, Rush Co. IN.

6. NANCY³ STAGGS (*JAMES², JOSEPH¹*) was born 19 Jan 1800 in Fleming Co., KY, and died 3 Dec 1879 in Flemingsburg, Fleming, KY⁷. She married (1) HENRY HURST 21 Jan 1819 in Fleming Co, KY. He was born 14 Feb 1800 in Fleming Co. KY, and died 15 Oct 1829 in Fleming Co., KY. She married (2) ANTHONY HURST 5 Apr 1832 in Flemingsburg, Fleming, KY. He was born 13 Apr 1810 in Fleming Co., KY, and died 8 Jan 1881 in Flemingsburg, Fleming, KY.

More About NANCY STAGGS:
Census: 1850, Dist #1, Fleming, KY

Children of NANCY STAGGS and HENRY HURST are:

- i. ARMSTEAD⁴ HURST, b. 10 Nov 1819, Fleming Co. KY; d. 20 Apr 1897, Buchanan Co. MO; m. MATILDA FARIS, 9 Dec 1841, Fleming Co. KY.
- ii. AMBROSE HURST, b. 5 Jan 1825, Fleming Co. KY; d. 15 Oct 1846, Fleming Co. KY.

Children of NANCY STAGGS and ANTHONY HURST are:

- iii. CHARLOTTE⁴ HURST, b. 2 Nov 1832.
- iv. AMANDA HURST, b. 19 Jan 1834, Fleming Co., KY; d. 29 Sep 1891; m. HUGHES.
- v. WALTER WARDER HURST, b. 25 Dec 1835, Poplar Plains, Fleming, KY; d. 30 Jan 1899, Chautauqua Co, KS.
- vi. MELINDA HURST, b. 1837.
- vii. JAMES HURST, b. 6 May 1837, Poplar Plains, Fleming, KY; d. 17 Mar 1883.
- viii. MALINDA HURST, b. 11 Oct 1845, Poplar Plains, Fleming, KY; d. 17 Mar 1883.
- ix. ANNA HURST, b. 1856.
- x. DANIEL HURST, b. 1858.
- xi. ALICE HURST, b. 1860.
- xii. NANCY HURST, b. 1862.
- xiii. WILLIAM HURST, b. 1863.
- xiv. JOHN HURST, b. 1865.

7. THOMAS F.³ STAGGS (*JAMES², JOSEPH¹*) was born 9 Oct 1800 in Fleming Co., KY, and died 27 Aug 1867 in Fleming Co., KY⁸. He married (1) POLLY ANN STAGGS. She was born 12 May 1818, and died 9 Feb 1884 in Fleming Co., KY. He married (2) ELEANOR DAVIS 1824 in Fleming Co., KY. She was born 14 Jul 1814, and died 9 Feb 1847 in Fleming Co., KY.

Notes for THOMAS F. STAGGS:
Brickman

More About THOMAS F. STAGGS:
Burial: Staggs Cemetery, Fleming Co. KY
Census: 1830, Flemingsburg, Fleming, KY

Children of THOMAS STAGGS and ELEANOR DAVIS are:

- 16. i. ALFRED⁴ STAGGS, b. 1825, Fleming Co., KY; d. 1872.
- ii. MILES STAGGS, b. 1828.
- iii. EMILY STAGGS, b. 1829.
- 17. iv. HIRAM P STAGGS, b. 8 Nov 1830, Fleming Co., KY; d. 25 Nov 1920, Fleming Co, KY.
- v. MALINDA STAGGS, b. 1834.
- vi. LOUIS STAGGS, b. 1838.
- vii. JOSEPH A. STAGGS, b. 1841.
- viii. MARY STAGGS, b. 1843.

8. DAVID BENJAMIN³ STAGGS (*JAMES², JOSEPH¹*) was born 8 Aug 1802 in Fleming Co., KY, and died 28 Aug 1842 in Rushville, Rush, IN. He married SARAH ANN DAVIS 2 Jun 1827 in Fleming Co., KY⁹. She was born 15 Nov 1806, and died 23 Jun 1843 in Rushville, Rush, IN.

Notes for DAVID BENJAMIN STAGGS:

Warranty Deed 5 June 1841 Recorded 17 July 1843 Book N pg 80 Walker Twp.

After David & Sarah's death, a guardian, Geo Thomas was appointed guardian for their children.

More About DAVID BENJAMIN STAGGS:

Burial: Homer Cemetery, Rush, IN

Census: 1830; Fleming Co. KY (eastern)

Emigration: 1825, Rush Co. IN

More About SARAH ANN DAVIS:

Burial: Homer Cemetery, Rush, IN

Children of DAVID STAGGS and SARAH DAVIS are:

18. i. GARRISON⁴ STAGGS, b. 16 Mar 1828, Fleming Co., KY.
19. ii. HARRISON STAGGS, b. 16 Mar 1828, Flemingsburg, Fleming, KY; d. 30 Jul 1903, Topeka, Shawnee, KS.
20. iii. EMILY STAGGS, b. 22 Sep 1829.
- iv. JOSEPH AVERY STAGGS, b. 4 Dec 1833.

Notes for JOSEPH AVERY STAGGS:

Joseph went to CA to seek his fortune in gold. The family never heard from him after he arrived in CA. There is a Joseph Staggs in the MT 1870 census, Gallitan Co. pg 116.

More About JOSEPH AVERY STAGGS:

Census: 1850, Living with grandparents, James & Sarah Staggs

21. v. PHILIP BENJAMIN STAGGS, b. 5 Feb 1835, Fleming Co., KY; d. 4 Feb 1913, Buchanan, MO.
- vi. ANN ELIZABETH STAGGS, b. 3 Jun 1837.

More About ANN ELIZABETH STAGGS:

Census: 1850, Living with grandparents

22. vii. LOU ELLEN STAGGS, b. 29 Jun 1839.

9. ELIZABETH³ STAGGS (*JAMES², JOSEPH¹*) was born 1805 in Fleming Co. KY. She married DANIEL JONES 16 Dec 1823 in Fleming Co., KY. He was born 1803 in VA.

More About ELIZABETH STAGGS:

Emigration: 1825, Rush Co. IN

Children of ELIZABETH STAGGS and DANIEL JONES are:

- i. SALLY ANN⁴ JONES, b. 1829, IA.
- ii. AMBORSE JONES, b. 1830, IA.
- iii. LOUISA JONES, b. 1832, IA.
- iv. MARY J JONES, b. 1834, IA.
- v. FIELDING H JONES, b. 1838, IA.
- vi. MARILA JONES, b. 1841, IA.
- vii. MARINDA JONES, b. 1843, MO.
- viii. ALBERT JONES, b. 1847, MO.
- ix. ALFRED JONES, b. 1849, MO.

10. WILLIAM³ STAGGS (*JAMES², JOSEPH¹*) was born 19 May 1809 in KY, and died 17 Sep 1889 in Fleming Co., KY. He married TERRESSA ESTILL 19 Dec 1833 in Fleming Co., KY. She was born 5 Oct 1812 in KY, and died 3 Sep 1892 in Fleming Co., KY.

More About WILLIAM STAGGS:

Census: 1850, Dist #1, Fleming, KY

Children of WILLIAM STAGGS and TERRESSA ESTILL are:

- i. LUCINDA⁴ STAGGS, b. 3 Oct 1832, Fleming Co., KY; d. 22 Feb 1838, Fleming Co., KY.
- ii. LLEWELLYN STAGGS, b. 3 Oct 1837.
- iii. SAMUEL STAGGS, b. 5 Aug 1839, Fleming Co., KY; d. 16 Jun 1840, Mason Co. KY.
- iv. DAVID STAGGS, b. 1844.
- v. JAMES STAGGS, b. 1847, Fleming Co., KY; d. 28 Mar 1847, Fleming Co., KY.
- vi. REBECCA STAGGS, b. 20 Jun 1849, Fleming Co., KY; d. 21 Jun 1932, Fleming Co., KY; m. JAMES.
- vii. WILLIAM R. STAGGS, b. 1 May 1852, Fleming Co., KY; d. 5 Feb 1923, Fleming Co., KY¹⁰.
- viii. FRANCIS STAGGS, b. 1855.

11. PHILIP B³ STAGGS (*JAMES², JOSEPH¹*) was born 1810 in Fleming Co. KY, and died in Clinton Co. MO. He married VIANNA RANDOLPH. She was born 1819 in IL, and died in MO.

Notes for PHILIP B STAGGS:

1850 Agriculture Census Rec # 313 Family #199

Improved Acres: 20--Unimproved: 140--Cash Value: \$3200--Horses: 3

Mules: 1--Milch Cows: 2--Sheep: 30--Swine: 4--Value of Livestock: \$265

Indian Corn: 900--Oats: 40--Wool: 90 lbs--Butter: 365 lbs--Hay: 1 ton

Value of Home: \$40

More About PHILIP B STAGGS:

Census: 1830, Clinton Co. MO

Children of PHILIP STAGGS and VIANNA RANDOLPH are:

- i. SAMUEL⁴ STAGGS, b. 1845, Platte Co. MO; m. MARY ANN WARREN, 4 Mar, Platte Co. MO.
- ii. JAMES STAGGS, b. 1847, Platte Co. MO.
23. iii. HUDSON RANDOLPH STAGGS, b. 22 Oct 1848, Platte Co., MO; d. 19 Feb 1961, Roseburg, Douglas, OR.

12. MASSIE³ STAGGS (*JAMES², JOSEPH¹*) was born 1810 in KY, and died 1853. She married WILLIAM HAM 4 Mar 1830 in KY. He was born 18 Jun 1806 in Fleming Co. KY.

More About MASSIE STAGGS:

Census: 1850, #2 Div, Fleming, KY

Children of MASSIE STAGGS and WILLIAM HAM are:

- i. WILLIAM⁴ HAM, b. 1829.
- ii. JAMES P HAM, b. 1831.
- iii. SAMUEL P. HAM, b. 1833.
- iv. JOSEPH A. HAM, b. 1 Oct 1835, Fleming Co. KY; d. 5 Mar 1910, St Louis, MO.
- v. PHILIP D. HAM, b. 1837.
- vi. ELIZABETH S HAM, b. 1840; d. 3 May 1905.
- vii. DANIEL G. HAM, b. 1842.
- viii. GEORGE W. HAM, b. 1843.
- ix. JASPER HAM, b. 1844.
- x. FAIRLENA A. HAM, b. 1845.
- xi. SQUIRE R HAM, b. 1848.
- xii. BARBARA E HAM, b. 1849.
- xiii. THOMAS W HAM, b. 1853.
- xiv. MARY HAM, b. 1853.

13. SAMUEL F.³ STAGGS (*JAMES², JOSEPH¹*) was born 1817 in Fleming Co., KY. He married (1) MARIAH STAGGS 1850 in Sacramento, CA. She was born 1828 in IL. He married (2) MARIA STAGGS 1864 in OR. She was born 1831 in IL¹¹.

More About SAMUEL F. STAGGS:

Census: 1860, Yamhill Co. OR

Children of SAMUEL STAGGS and MARIAH STAGGS are:

- i. OROFINO⁴ STAGGS, b. 1865, OR.
- ii. MARY DUNCAN(GD), b. 1872.
- iii. CHARLES S. DUNCAN(GS), b. 1874.

Children of SAMUEL STAGGS and MARIA STAGGS are:

- iv. OROFINO⁴ STAGGS, b. 1865.
- v. GD-MAY DUNCAN, b. 1872.
- vi. GS-CHARLES S. DUNCAN, b. 1874.

14. REBECCA³ STAGGS (*JAMES², JOSEPH¹*) was born 1821. She married WILLIAM HAM 6 Jul 1855 in Fleming Co. KY. He was born 18 Jun 1806 in Fleming Co. KY.

Children of REBECCA STAGGS and WILLIAM HAM are:

- i. JOHN F⁴ HAM, b. 7 May 1856, Rowan Co. KY.
- ii. HENRY C HAM, b. 1860, Rowan Co. KY.

Dear Sara

about a hundred yrs ago your great, great granddad & his wife sent the following letters to their son - hard and slow reading but well worth it.

In one, Hudson asked about Charley - you read in the big staggs tree & sent you, you know that Charley was murdered.

Granddad & Taggs

Shanghai. Jan. 17th 10

R. L. Staggs Esq.
Valparaiso Ind.

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 had your good
st. 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 great 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.
Each Co. here is very anxious for me to make
contract for an other year, and give me a lay off
with pay, for three or four months from May this in
which would enable me to return here in the fall
with Mama, and Edith too should she ^{not} take up school,
and give me about two thousand clear for the year's work.

to me know in your answer to this what you think of this plan - it will reach me in time to decide.

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 soldier 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, He has lost my discharge but not the recollection of incidents, inspirations 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 & 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 echoes of those calls, come back to me to night, clear and well defined as when I blew them forty five years ago.

We scoured the hills of South-west Mo. for bushwhackers after that took a long search for the real man of the west, but all in vain, we never met the

any once, nor fired a single gun at a foe,
 and I am proud to state, that at the end of our
 service we mustered out and back into citizenly
 and industrial life, exactly the same number that
 we mustered 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 bones of comrades behind
 to "bleach upon the sands of Georgia", "Alas well
 that ends well" and better was the end than the
 beginning. Such being the case, who can est-
 imate 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 groan}
 desolation 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
 sort 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.

P.S. will send you the 4
King's Bank bal by next mail,
and keep the vts on deposit.

This is the great problem of life, which has
addressed its self to man in every age of the world.
Law, divine law, natural law, all sufficient and
universal, is every where and in every thing to
reward the good and punish the evil, love to
God is above the law and raises the man to
heaven, hatred is beneath it and gives it possession
ever to Tyranny, and there are no exceptions to
this rule in human shape, So the real and most
important laws of life are not to be found
upon the statutes, they meet us face to face in
real life, there by divine appointment, the same
yesterday, to day and forever. Therefore let us
not be deceived, God is not, can not be mocked.
Whatsoever a man sows that shall he also reap,
Caesar was a wonderful man, and had he lived in
the present age might have been a good man,
The night before his assassination, he was much worried over
the predicted ill omens of Calpurnia's dream, "Be it so then," said he
if I am to die to tomorrow, that is what I am to do tomorrow,
it will not be then, because I am willing it should be then;
nor shall I escape it, because I am unwilling, It is the God's
when, but in myself how I shall die. If these omens are from
the Gods, their admonition is not to prepare me to escape, but
to meet it, What is there, that Caesar has not done with
as much honor as ancient heroes? Caesar has not yet died, but
"Caesar is ready to die," so was Rociote, John Brown, and many
Your affection G. O. G. Good night H. R. Stagger

Shanghai Nov 10/19

Mr. R. L. Slaggs

My Dear Boy I write you a

short letter Sunday and sent it the day we
 received your letter we were so anxious to
 hear from you and know what you was going
 to do I am glad you are in school and do hope
 you will make good progress in your studies
 I can't help but having been so impressed
 about you than so many students and I
 longer I shall now Richard you know how
 I am about France do we can fall if I should
 be a first try and save your self and leave it in
 mind and please don't do such a thing the old paper
 for me never know if you are in school and till in
 all about you self and what and about the folks
 in Springfield. Poor man's cloud seems downed in
 hard luck we don't know yet about going back
 Papa wants best for us to go and live with ^{go to} the
 spring on a visit with them we can see Beck
 the Sp full's Edith don't want to go but she out of
 school and if we go now she can go this winter and
 next summer and be ready to come back next fall
 and Papa can expect some of his little money
 in some paying business and see after the business
 here if we go we will have here the 24 on the
 Royal Mail Steamship Monteaque it goes to Vancouver
 but we can take a train from there to France and our
 fare will be the same we will live in Canada cross so
 Edith could go to school and I can't see how
 contented. But I don't know what you will do

go back to me we will get a mail the 13 and 15.
and one the 18, and we will know before the
24 what they will do if they go back we will
stay until may for papa will go back then we
a visit. sure Mr. Fessmer was here yesterday
and he said he would be happy when they
discharge him. He is tired like last summer
was and can't head out with it. Spend another
summer here. Everything is the same here
as when you left only the climate is warmer
more cloth in the summer they eat more
than Adam & Eve after they committed the sin
the small piece meat market well that climate
faster and this is the country if we don't
like these ways we can get out
when you write tell us about the folks in Pa.
and how Charlie was killed and all the news.
Jessie said I don't Ella come home with you how
long did they stay there. I suppose Mattie was
sore about me coming to China
She has written to me since March
do take good care of you self and
Lillian all you can and write often
with much love to you from ever
your anxious and aff. Mother

Mrs. H. R. Stagg.
Shanghai China

Shanghai, Dec. 23rd 1909

Mr. R. L. Stagg Esq.
Valparaiso, Ind.

Dear how - I am alone and in long way off, and as Christmas is now too near and as I will get many more and more reliable presents, friends & their kin, than from my own people, if not America, therefore have decided to write you a letter. Have already had good evidence that Christmas is near at hand, as the usual gifts are coming in. Received yesterday, from my Chinese grocery man, two nice baskets of oranges, a small tub of fine sugar & dates, and in need of a pig, and to day, my friend Miller up at the Park sent me a fine turkey, a large basket of oranges and a fine large Christmas cake, worth all told to date, about fifteen dollars mex. I expect to get, by Christmas day, cigars, champagne, beer, apples, bananas, ducks, geese, and turkey gobbles, I appreciate these gifts very highly, not only on account of their culinary value but also because they make me kinder at home, even in this far off heathen land. Many a Christmas, of child-hood days, do I remember, at school, for I'm the outsider, in those primitive days of log cabin houses, to either thrust or duck the school master on Christmas day, in order to make him shell out a few rotten, wormy apples and nuts. over

On one of these occasions, the snow was deep
 and the weather very cold. We had a desperate
 struggle with the teacher, but finally overpowered
 him, and when he saw we were in earnest and
 determined to put him in the water, he pursued
 and agreed to treat, and did so, but about
 all that the writer got out of it, was warm
 however these were my times, even the children
 had worms. My first day at school was like
 Rip Van Winkle, I never got there there. The distance
 was about three miles and me, my older brother
 I, only got about half way there. Our youthful
 curiosity led me to one side to look see an old
 hemp house and we found it to be the best place
 in all the world to have fun in. The safe hemp
 bales were piled up just right for all kinds of
 tumbling, and we tumbled. We tumbled all day,
 ate our dinner there, and never got home till sun
 down. I learned many things at school that I
 not in the book. I learned to chew tobacco there
 and the impudence to go into the school room with
 my fire chew in my mouth. The master noticed
 something, something wrong, and asked me what
 I had in my mouth. I had passed the point of
 safety and gave no answer, but he insisted that
 I open it, and I did so, and he was very cov-
 of it, for he caught nearly all of that chew in
 its suspicious supply of juice in the starched bosom
 of his shirt the only one of that kind in the district.

He was the maddest school master I ever saw
 and made out in the paper books and slings
 that shirt back side in front, and came in with
 the back part paired up under his whiskers, and
 gave me the hardest whipping I ever got at school.
 I was quite young and small and felt so, and
 felt it so much that I remember it well, though
 all this happened more than fifty years ago.
 Some ^{time} after that I had some more misadventure
 at school with my teacher, and that
 because she was from "Maine" the teacher who
 administered her badly. She had paddled the face
 of my younger brother to a teacher and punish
 ed my elder brother shamefully, and I had finally de
 cided that our family had received about all it
 was entitled to under that head. So at last, for it
 was the last day we were there and the last day
 that the school master was there, as far as I know,
 she undertook to punish me under the head of the
 firing, because I had asked one of the big girls
 about my lesson, which was no violation of any
 rule that she had made. I objected to any such pun
 ishment, and the fight was on, to be finished. The
 school room was small, and crowded with benches
 and tables and bare footed "gay header" children.
 The school master was also small, and for about
 ten minutes there was something doing, there was
 hurrying to and fro, and gathering here, and trampling
 of desks, and shrieks all pale, white, but all low.

before, blushed at the price of their own love
 lines. The writer was then in his "early teens",
 but he mixed it thoroughly all over the room
 with that school-marm and in such a manner that
 none of the letters in circle letters which one of
 us the Pilgrims belonged to, and the only way to
 reestablish our identity, had to get apart, and
 we did so, the writer went out to the front
 window and the school-marm out to the back door.
 I saw the pulling prairie in front and the light
 of day was still hanging high up in the western
 sky. I went humming, "hance, sweet hance", bare
 headed and bare footed and never looked back.
 A neighbor boy came down in a day or so,
 with my school books and straw hat and a note
 from the little school-marm, stating that she had
 decided to go on a vacation. I remember very
 well, when a small boy, we had an old deaf
 school-master, his name was Smith. He used a
 large horn to hear with, and when that horn was
 not in active use, so Smith was out, or taking
 his usual evening snack, there was sure to be
 something doing, at times, one end of the long
 slab, on which the little folks sat, would sudden-
 ly rise up and we would all tumble down in a
 heap on the floor. There was always some one
 on the alert for Smith. I will never forget that
 horn, it answered a double purpose for Smith
 to hear through, and crack the craters of the school-church.

These were happy days, but the vicissitudes of more than half a century are now between the writer and them. Old as I am, I would feel young again, if I could visit the scenes of my childhood days, and look once more at the swimming-pool, and the play-ground at school which furnished the innocent sports and past time of childhood's days. I would love to lie down at the cool spring, and drink my fill, as I did many times when a boy. The earth was our play-ground; every day was a day; - the sun was a jewel of light, so was the moon, and the bright stars watched over us as sentinels in the far off city of our God. So I sit here, to night, in far away China, alone, and look back to the Eden of childhood's brightest days. The poet, who wrote "Twenty years ago" expressed my sentiments and feelings exactly, but in my case, the time should be fifty instead of twenty years, and with no trace of any thing save the Hills and hollows, the cool springs and murmuring brooks below and the same sun, moon and stars above.

And the voices I listened to there
 Are silent and cheer me no more
 And the spirits of those, who were fair
 Are gone to a far brighter shore.
 How glad I will be when I see them
 Up there where love is our heaven,
 For death and its grave cannot keep them
 In silence, forever, from Heaven.

It is now 11 P.M.,
 and I must bid you
 good night.
 Your affectionate
 Father
 H. R. Stagg
 over

Oh! you lucky kid!!!

You now get to read some of my letters
to your aunt Barbara,

You are going to be overwhelmed by
your pride for me!!

What a wonderful kid I was!!!

Grandad Harold

Feb. 4, 1977

Dearest Barbara:

I feel like telling a story before getting current. This winter and the deep snows they are having in the north makes me remember winter mornings and boys clothes I knew when I was ten ^{and eleven} years old. They both were different from thoes we know today. Our home at that time was the 2nd floor of a two flat building in Chicago. It was heated by two coal stoves and lit by gas lights. This meant that in the winter the house was warm in the kitchen and living rooms and freezing elsewhere and that you had to have a quarter on hand at all times.

On these mornings, we kids would wake up when we heard Dad shaking the grate in the kitchen & living room stoves. This is the first step you take when you bring the stoves back to life. After that, he would open the damper and pour coal from the coal bucket onto the live coals left as a result of the stove being banked the night before.

In a short time the fire would start to roar and the big stove in the living room would get a red belly.

We didn't have to look out the window to know it was cold. The fact that we couldn't

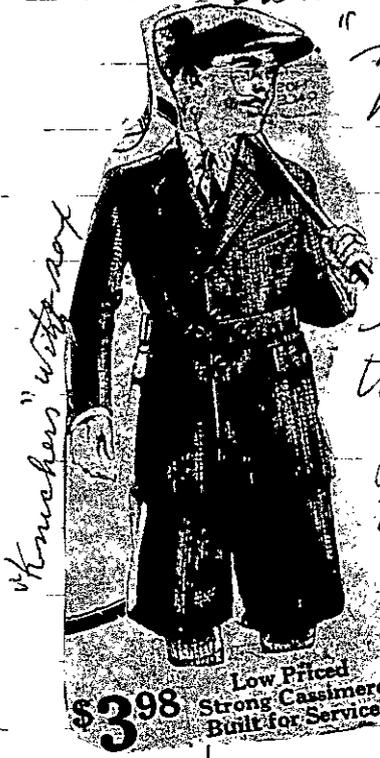
see through the ice on the window was proof enough.

So when Mother called, Bob & I would grab our clothes and run like mad for the kitchen. Richard and Bill would be using the stove in the living room.

When we reached the kitchen, Mom would open the oven door and Bob and I would fight for dressing room.

It would be on a day like this that Ma would tell us it was time to start wearing our long-handled underwear. We, of course, would argue and claim that we didn't even feel the cold, we weren't sissies! But, as always, she had that last word.

When I had a problem. Remember we wore "necker" and that meant socks up to our knees. Socks were all right, they did show off my manly legs, right? The problem was - how can you show a shapely leg while wearing long johns? The first thing to remember is that when you pull your long johns on your feet stretch the ankles and legs until they are anything but form-fitting. The second thing is that no one wants to look like they are walking around on



legs that look like they were once the property of a very old elephant.

So I would carefully fold the loose material of the leg and hold it in the back of my leg while inching ~~my~~ my stocking up over it. When I had finished, the front of my leg looked great. But, drat, by the time I had walked to school the whole thing would have come undone and there I was with my underwear in ridges and bulges up and down my shins. The shame, the shame.

One great convenience old long john had was the "scoop" also called the "drop seat" alias the "barndoor". I had the popular three button model. A very fine style but ~~take~~ on freezing days one just didn't take time to button more than one button when in a hurry to leave the gentlemen's reading room. So when sitting in school there were always some of us that did a little squirming around. Sitting on pads of old scoop was uncomfortable.

Are you still wondering why we kept a quarter handy? Well, as I've said, we had gas lights so when the lights all went out, one of us would run down to the basement and put the quarter in the gas meter. This turned on the gas again until that quarter was used up.

all good things come to an end as did the nicker age. And when the end comes, my dear, it's a day to remember. My barmitzvah, today I am a man! 'I will wear my first pair of long pants! ~~today~~!

I remember how I took a deep breath and stepped out the front door heading toward school at a carefully rehearsed saunter. To become a man the Indian youths went forth to fast during their quest for religious strength and a totem sign. The Eskimo boy suffered freezing cold and tortured muscles as he crouched over the seal's breathing hole and prayed to his Gods for his first kill.

We didn't have it so easy. We ran the gantlet of rude jests and coarse laughter from our peers. My test began when I met some friends at the corner. Their hoots, hollers and thigh slapping began as soon as I was sighted.

Then the tribal chant started, "Give a look and give a glance, here comes Harold in papas pants," and was repeated again and again and again for the benefit of every new boy we met.

If that wasn't bad enough, what about the shout they gave when ever we met girls on their way to school? All together now, "Heaven help the poor working girl". The girls put their

hands over their mouths and giggled while I simpered, blushed and perspired. -

It was going to be a long, long day but no more elephant legs for me!

In your last letter, Barbara, you said that you read some of my letter to your young friends at school. I wonder if they know how weird and unbelievable a letter from them, about their life today, for me to receive in the 1920's would be?

I'd not believe a bit of it. I wouldn't even believe that there was such a thing as the kind of pen they wrote it with. And if one of them told me that he had a box at home that showed pictures that moved and talked, I'd know that he was close to the funny farm! People flying from coast to coast, we don't even have wings! Clothing made out of chemicals, furniture made from oil by products, men on the moon, glasses that you stick on your eyeballs! Believe all that? You think my Daddy raised a fool? Quit joshing me.

Please tell your class that while writing this, I saw a woman on T.V. telling about her new washday discovery.

(4)
For this discovery she received love from her husband, affection from her son and daughter; the respect and admiration of her friends and a general feeling of improved mental health. I wouldn't have believed that in the 1920s either.

Soileen is writing the man power budget! Tell her that there is one prerequisite for that job that I too had and used. In writing justifications for the manpower needs one must be imaginative! Hallucinating also helps as does 'such stuff as dreams are made of' (Shakespeare). I'll understand.

I don't know how long this winter will last - I may not be able to start out at the end of the month as I planned. So may have time for another letter.

I guess David's alive, you would have told me if he wasn't, wouldn't you? Some day he's going to write again, I had a dream.

Nothing new - so my love to you and if you can't build a house - dig a cave.

Take care, you're very important.

Dad

or

Harold W. Steggs

Dearest Barbara:

March 18
Feb 1977

Another story about the family before I start west.

At the time this took place we were living in Roseburg, Oregon where we had a feed, seed and hay business. Your grandfather also sold and traded horses.

One Tuesday in 1916, your grandmother decided to do some ironing and thus the life style of our family was changed for ever more!

She set up her ironing board, placed the irons on the stove to heat and thought of all the work yet to be done. There just weren't enough hours left in the day to do it and waiting for the irons to heat wasn't helping get things done.

So she got the bright idea of stoking the fire with pine kindling. That's what did it! In no time the fire was roaring, the stove getting hot and the stove pipe cast a cheery red glow as it happily blew sparks all over the roof.

Your great Grandmother Steggs was sitting on the front porch watching the three boys when the druggist across the road yelled to her that the roof was on fire. Great Grandmother

mind like a steel trap, ran into the house, got her Sunday bonnet, rushed across the road and gave it to the druggist for safe keeping. Your Grandmother, true to the code of the west, came reeling out into the yard and fainted. Grandfather galloped from the feed store shouting orders, to whom we never figured out.

A proud example of how we Staggos react when adversity strikes!

The volunteer fire department arrived just in time to cool down the ashes.

So my Dad accepted a counter intelligence assignment under Colonel Disk and we spent the years of World War I as told by your Grandmother in her story.

After the war (1919) we packed the Interstate and went east.

This car, the first in the county, was owned by a man in Roseburg and used on one of his stage lines. But he didn't know a thing about cars and couldn't keep it running.

In 1911, my Dad traded him a team of gray and a wagon for it and we named her Betsy.

When we were ready to go east, Dad removed the back seats and made her a truck body.

We loaded Betsy with food, tent, tarp, cooking

gear, shovels, guns (one for Dad and one for Mom who was a good deer hunter) and everything else we owned.

As for food - we carried only staples such as flour, potatoes, rice and beans. Having no refrigeration, we planned on hunting for meat.

Our trek would carry us through Utah, Nevada, southern Wyoming into Nebraska then on to Indiana.

The trip through the mountains and desert was made over stage roads. Time after time Dad had to stop to fill holes, move stones and fix flat tires.

Cars in those days had a gravity flow gas system (no fuel pump). Betsy ran fine on the flats and going down hill but the gas couldn't flow up to her motor when she tried to go up a steep hill. So what did we do? We backed up every blooming steep stretch from Roseburg to Valparaiso Ind.

Water was our big problem. Betsy seemed to boil away a gallon an hour. Many the times we had to strain mud and algae out of the water we took from ponds along the road before we used it.

Great drink though, had a lot of body with a saucy earthy taste and a heady bouquet.

Whenever we met a rider, wagon ~~and~~ (one or twice) a car, we would stop and ask about road conditions, location of water and where gas could be bought. Gas pumps were unknown then. Gasoline was sold at livery stables and some feed stores in five gallon tins. It was from such a tin that we made a reflector oven for Ma to bake biscuits in.

One day on the desert we came upon a man, woman and child in a stalled car. The car's water had boiled away and they had been stranded there for two days without drinking water. We gave them water to drink but had none to spare for their car. We drove on looking for help. Miles later we found a rancher who hitched up his team and took them a barrel of water.

Setting up camp on the trip was easy. In the afternoon, we kids, bottom tired, would start pointing out good camp sites while telling all the world how, in just a few more minutes, we would die of starvation.

But Dad would drive on until almost sunset before nosing Betty off the road.

Each of us had his job to do. We kids, glad to be on our feet, would run in every direction looking for wood. Dad would decide if it would rain. If it looked like rain, he put up

the tent. If not, we would lay out the tarp so we could sleep under the stars. He would unload what ever else we needed then take the 42-20 Winchester lever action rifle and go hunting. Mother would set up the iron grill to cook on, mix the biscuit dough and unroll our quilts so that we could each make our bed.

When your Grandfather returned, he would lay and light the fire and Mother would cook.

You may have wondered why we have a rabbit on our family crest. Now that you're old enough to know - here goes. On this trip we ate rabbits, lots of rabbits, lots and lots of rabbits! Big, little, old, young, Jack, cotton tail and desert we ate them all. God how we desolated the rabbit tribe.

Meals weren't just simple, they were downright stark. For breakfast we had pancakes and biscuits. For lunch we had the left-overs from breakfast. If it wasn't for the evening feast we could have gone mad.

The supper meal was fried potatoes, biscuits and rabbit or rice with rabbit and biscuits or beans with biscuits and rabbit.

Now if your Grandfather didn't get any rabbits that day, we had the same wonderful meal but without the rabbit.

The only other meat we had on the trip was a half of lamb a sheepherder gave us in Wyoming and fish from the Green River.

My Mother told me that when the trip was over she couldn't look a rabbit in the eye.

After supper we would wash our eating gear. While in the desert, we did this by scouring them with sand.

At night, when the sun had left us, we would sit around the fire and sing with the coyotes or hoot back at the owls. We didn't stay up late, the long drive was tiring and the nights were cold.

Morning came early for the Steggs in the desert. We were up before dawn. Getting us out of bed was no problem. While Mother was cooking, Dad packed Betty. When he pulled the quilts off of us to roll up, we were left shivering on the tarp grabbing for our clothes. The breakfast fire looked so warm that we couldn't wait to get dressed and hug it.

As soon as breakfast was finished, Dad would pack the cooking gear, tie the grill to the side of the car and away we'd go bouncing and lurching toward the sun which we in a few hours would be frying us.

My Mother said that when she saw the

Green River in Wyoming it looked like a bit of heaven. It was the first clean, running water we had seen in two weeks. The family and everything we had was filthy. We were real stinkos. Possibly the only family that got mash notes from skunks. Flies had been following us for days. They were so thick that they shaded us from the sun.

We stayed on the Green River two days. Mother washed at the river bank in Indian fashion and draped the clothing over the sage brush to dry. The kids dried out while running through the brush looking for firewood.

By the time we reached eastern Nebraska, the black berries were ripe, so we had a black-berry orgy. Your grandmother even put them in the biscuits and that was very tasty.

Corn fields began to appear and boiled and roasted corn was added to the menu.

Most of the things I've told you were told to me by your Grandmother. I remember only bits and pieces.

Two events I remember clearly are - First, watching fireballs dancing along a barbed-wire fence and on the tips of the cattle's horns during an electrical storm. The other was of sitting on top of Betsy during a cloud-burst which caught us when

we were between steep hills in a narrow valley. The water came rushing down from the hills and we watched as it rose to the level of the heels. When the rain stopped, the sand drank it up so fast that we were able to drive on in just a few hours.

Life was easy from Iowa on. Roads were good and lots of one-room school houses appeared. They made dandy camp sites. Each had water and an outhouse. What more can you ask for.

Betsy took us to within 40 miles of Valparaiso (my mother's home town) before she gave up. My Uncle Bill Wareham drove out and took us the rest of the way in his new Ford.

It had taken us 33 days to make the trip, averaging almost 7.5 miles a day! During the time we spent in the west on stage routes, our top speed was ten miles per hour.

The same trip today by air takes only a few hours but you don't get any rabbits.

I'll start out next Tuesday. It's Thursday and Bill will be coming over tomorrow to spend 3 days with us. Grandmother is in fine shape but my shape is out of hand. I've got to loose some lbs before I get to Cal.

The weather is a bit too hot. In the 60's at night so I've got to get on the road.

I'm waiting for a phone call from Stead in re. the court case or I'd be long gone.

Don't know what Carter will say in his energy speech but I think we'll be paying more than 50¢ a gal for gas before I get to see you.

About the picture I've inclosed, I don't know who it is in the car - could be Richard or Bill. The dog was Spot.

No more news - Take care and be happy - We love you, Barb -

Dad

W.W. Steggs

Sara :

Read on, Sara dear, see
how wise and hardworking a
kid I was!!

I scare me when I think of
how magnificent I was!!

I can see you nodding in agreement,
You are a wise, grand, and wonderful
granddaughter -

I want you to remember to tell your
children that you were my favorite
granddaughter in all of Calif. !!

Grandpa Harold

Jan. 27, 1977

Dearest Barbara:

The cold spell is over!! Weather is great, I hope our new Pres. Carter gets a shot in the arm too.

Our money in Mexico - may let it stay and see if things don't change for the better.

So you hard working teachers don't think that you can revitalize in just a 3 months vacation? So you take a tri off and hope you can do it in 6 months - That's not a job you have, dear, it's called retirement.

Your house building sounds exciting - I'll let you use my hammer. When the time comes to lay out some money, please be sure to \$3000 out of our bank - same idea as with Steve. Keep it as part of my will money or until I need it.

I'm glad that you are on the District Budget Committee. That was a part of my job for 19 years. It's rough, though, when you have a bare bones budget then get orders to chop a few hundred thousand out of it. It gets done but the people who get their pocket picks always wonder why you didn't take the money from another budget item.

You'll do very well on that job - it's a two way street and letting the others on

the committee have their say and seeing their sides and ideas plus never having your feet set too far in is very important - you will do well - you feel for people.

On the dome house idea - just make sure that its going to meet all of your local building standards before you lay out a cent.

So you liked the jobs I told you about when I was a kid - So lets talk about the fun times we had in winter.

Winter in Calif. isn't at all like it was in the 1920s when I lived in Chicago. Once winter set in we didn't worry about damp weather or rain.

Ours was cold and dry with plenty of snow.

A few blocks from our house lay a wide strip of open land which ran along the sides of an elevated railroad track. This area was our play ground. Here there were lots of low spots filled with rain water which froze into lakes of ice, some as large as a half football field.

We were lucky, in other parts of town the kids skated in the parks or on vacant lots which the firemen flooded for their use, we had our own private lakes.

Early Saturday morning after the first hard freeze, the kids on our block would load their sleds with shovels, ice picks and skates then

start out for the railroad tracks. The purpose of this first trip was to lay claim to one of the lakes by building a fort on its shore. We would be but one of a number of bands of kids scouting the area.

The choosing of a lake wasn't all that hard, most of the gangs ended back at the same spot they had the year before.

Never the less, on this trip there was a lot of mean talk going on. Each of us telling the others what we would do if we found anyone on the lake we wanted. If all the dire deeds threatened came to pass, the snow would be blood red by high noon.

We were tough kids, sang alto and thought bass. Of course we knew the kids in the other gangs, we all went to school together and were friends. But at this time in our lives we needed excitement, we looked upon each other as deadly enemies to the mutual satisfaction of all because it allowed us to assume the roles we wanted to play.

When we got to our lake we told each other how lucky "they" were because if "they" had been at our lake "they" would have been sorry. "They", the enemies, were working at their lakes saying much the same things.

The first thing we had to do was to build the fort, fast. "They" were expected to attack at any moment. "Keep your eyes open, gang!" "Yell when you see 'em comming!" "They'll be sorry if they try. You just wait and see!" In the older days, "You just wait and see" was ordered so often that at any given time you would find that 98.6% of all kids were waiting to see something or other. There would have been more but we had a radical element that just didn't want to.

Fort building is an art. We started out by rolling snowballs along the top of the snow until they were so big that it took two or three of us to push them. These were placed in a square then others were muddled up on top of them. Next we filled the holes with snow, cut the walls square with our shovels and made a narrow door in one side, the walls were finished! Along the inside of the bases of the walls we would make a ledge. When we stepped up on it we could see and throw over the wall. This ledge had one bad feature; after it had been used a few times, it tended to slope down and away from the wall so that when it became icy it was darn hard to stand on.

So that's the way we build a fort that lasted all

winter

While some of us were building the fort the more warlike (or nervous?) ones were making snowballs. Snowballs made in the heat of battle arnt worth beans. You have to take your time, pack it as hard as you can and round it out. Thats the way to make a snowball that will stay together, fly true and land with authority

Some of the more hardy lads would roll the finished snowball around in the palms of their bare hands. This would cause them to melt a little and when they were set aside, they would freeze into what we called an "icy"

a well thrown icy could make a guy stop in his tracks and think about the comforts of home. A well thrown icy hitting you on your ear would cause your ear to swell up to twice its normal size and send you home!

I may as well tell you right now how you should act when hit on the ear with an icy.

In order to do this we'll have to talk about "rockies". A rocky is made by packing a thin layer of hard snow around a rock. If you were hit on the ear with a rocky its doubtful that you could even make it home

I, truly, cant remember, Barbara, of ever seeing a rocky used in a snowball fight.

That would have been 'dirty' and we'd never do anything that could cause us to be called a "dirty fighter".

Now back to the icy ear problem. Lets say that you were charging a fort and - POW - you got an icy in the ear (always the ear because you turn your head when you see a snowball about to land in your face). The first thing you do is to try to keep from crying (I tell you true, dear, that smarts!) Then yell "They hit me with a rocky!" "These dirty fighters, they use rockys!". Lastly turn away to hide the tears running down your cheeks and walk slowly back to your fort.

Bingo! the fight stopped right now! Every one in your gang takes up the cry "Dirty Fighters, dirty fighters, you guys use use rockys!" The other gang denies the charge. "You guys are nuts, we don't use rockys" "Prove it, Prove it, show us the rocky" They too, have stopped fighting. Its a matter of honor now, the fight's been forgotten. Your gang, (how on snowballs anyway) follow you away while yelling "How'd you like it if we used rockys?" Then you give them something to worry about. "Well get 'em for this, you just wait and see."

So that's what you do when you get an icy in the ear:

The only other way to stop a fight without giving up was to shout, "Kings X Kings X did you get Kings X on you?" It was helpful if you also held your crossed index fingers out toward the person. We never knew what Kings X was but when a kid got it on you, whatever was going on had to stop.

I don't remember of anyone ever capturing a fort. That is almost impossible. Kids in forts are damn hard to hit. Only their heads, arms and shoulders show above the wall and they have a good supply of snowballs, the attacking force have only what they can carry.

Just what was it like to be in a fort under attack? Well, dear, when they come charging and yelling, that's the time to keep your head. But, why was it that no one ever did?

When they came from one direction, there wasn't enough room for all the gang to get on the icy ledge we built to hold three.

But we tried, oh my how we tried! There were more people getting knocked down by our own gang than were getting hit by

snowballs

at times such as this everyone was in command and each was yelling orders at the top of his lungs. "Watch the other sides, watch the other sides" "Make more ammunition Make more ammunition"

We could have 10,000 snowballs piled up but, never the less, as soon as the action started, half the gang would grow hoarse from ordering the others to make more.

Then there was always the guy who would make a good hit then stop throwing and start jumping around hitting everyone in the face while yelling "I hit him, I hit him"

Luckily, the enemy always ran out of snowballs before he could take advantage of all the confusion.

We didn't spend all of our time at war, sledding, skiing and skating were a part of winter too.

The steep side of the railroad embankment was used as our slide. We tramped down the snow then wet down the slide with buckets full of water.

When we had finished, we had a sheet of ice to slide on.

The sled we used was short, narrow and

very light. When we were belly-down on it, our shoulders were in front of the sled while our legs from mid-thigh back, were behind it. This was a belly-flopping sled.

We used it like this. Holding the sled across our chest at an angle, we would run like blue blazes to the top of the slide then throw ourselves forward and downward onto the sled. This is a belly-flop. Our speed and the distance we would slide was wonderful to behold!

The sleds were used on the lake too. We would lay belly-down on the sled and scoot our selves around by using ice picks held in each hand.

Another game, we would stand on the skittish sled and push ourselves around using a long pole which had a sharpened nail on its end. The object of the game was to knock the other fellow's sled out from under him.

As for skiing, we tied a barrel stave to each foot and tried to keep upright while zooming down the ice sled slide.

As for skating - after we shoveled the snow off the ice we would put on our clamp skates (I didn't know what shoe skates were until I was in high school) Clamp skates were

skates which clamped on our shoes like roller skates do. Little kids had clamp skates with two parallel blades on each. It was easy to skate on these. I was a big kid and wore a one-blader and skated on my ankles.

Stick hockey was popular, we used a tin can for a puck. I didn't like the game very much. The reason may have been due to the fact that I was, at that time, one of the younger kids and skated like a tipsy cow on ice. No, that wasn't the real reason, it was the way we would choose ice sides. Let's say that there were eight of us, two four man teams. The biggest kids would be the captains and would choose the ones they wanted on their teams. The first two chosen would trot over to stand by their captains with big smiles on their faces. The next two chosen would walk over to take their places. This left the last two standing all alone (on the one on the left) being scrutinized by the captains as if they were judging cheese and didn't like the odor. We felt mighty low when we finally grabbed our feet over to join our teams.

Oh Lord, this life and after it another.
 I don't know if I'll be able to hack it.
 But it's more fun than a chopped lip.
 With all the above you may start thinking
 that I'm living in the past. Not so, I feel
 that I live in the future and have felt this
 way since tomorrow.

Enough of that -
 I got a phone call from Steve & Karen this
 morning - They just wanted to talk - Seemed
 very happy in their home. I'm looking forward
 to seeing them and the boys.

No news from David - I'll be moving
 out about the end of Feb. depending on the weather.
 So I'll hope for one more letter from you two -

One last bit of news - I went hunting
 for game last week. Took my 410 shot gun
 and started through some heavy cover. I
 heard the sound of something coming my
 way. The bushes parted ahead of me and a
 beautiful woman came out. I said "Are you
 game?" She smiled demurely and whispered
 "yes". So I shot her. I've got to get a
 bigger freezer!

Grandmothers out playing Bingo tonight
 and feeling fine -

I'll be seeing you in June, I think,

to be happy — We love you and think
of you very often —
Love

PS — Dad
Think I'll send David & Steve a copy
of this mess too —

W. W. Stagg

P.S. — S
Please send me the bank reports
on money earned in '76" as soon as
you get it — I need them for my
tax returns

Dad

Hear Babs:

Nov, 25, 1976

As for scents - back in the olden days, before underarm deodorants - we couldn't stay as sweet as we were - couldn't stand the aroma! So, as you know, we disguised our selves as flowers. Also put sweet bags in the drawers & cupboards and pomander balls in the kitchen & closets -

The pomander ball is easy to make - Take a lemon, lime or orange. Use a fork to prick holes in it - Put cloves in the holes then roll the whole thing in a mixture of ground spices; cinnamon, cloves, powdered ginger and nutmeg.

Roll the clove studded fruit around in this every day for 10 days then hang it, in a bag or net in the kitchen or closet. Should last for years. With enough of these in the house it was possible for my mother to go without washing her feet for ages.

As for perfumes - your grandmother has told me how she, when a teenager, would handle the perfume problem. Down to the drug store - (and in those days it was a drug store) she would go. There they had a number of bottles of scents some, she remembers were: honeysuckle, apple blossom, clover, lilac, violet, jasmine etc, etc,

Now, with her best girls friend, came the time to make up her own special, ~~secret~~ secret scent. She would mix this with that and that with this until she finally came up with her ^{own} special mix. Red clover and blue lily, half and half.

So it was that in those days you could tell every one apart in the dark - no excuse for pinching the wrong girl.

As you can see, I started this last month.

I hope to finish it in the next few weeks.

I have been thinking that you 3 would like to read about the olden days so I'm sending this material to the three of you.

I'll call it  little kid jobs when I was a little kid: jobs were not easy to find in the olden days. That is, jobs that payed money. Every one ~~had~~ had jobs to do around the ranch but no one expected money.

The first job I had as a kid was, what else, a paper route. The clearest memory I have regarding that effort are things that took place during the winter.

I remember that by the time I had pulled my

sled to the distribution station, had my papers counted out to me and folded them, it would be getting dark. While on my way back to my route I would pass the lamp lighter as he was making his rounds. Most of the time he would be riding his bicycle but when the snow was deep and the walkway hadn't been shoveled clean, he would walk carrying his ladder. I'd watch him going from light to light, stopping at each to place the ladder on the pole and climb up so that he could open the little door at the base of the lamp, ~~to~~ ^{then} he could reach in, turn on the gas and light it. Each morning he would turn off the gas and clean the glass lamps.

Gas lamps were not very bright but there were few sights as beautiful as the one I would see when going home in the dark during a snow storm. The night would be very still and the deep snow made crunching noises under my feet. All of this with the soft light of the gas lamps showing through the snow along the street ahead of me. Snow and zero weather could be beautiful.

About the job. I had a route of 63 papers.

A week day paper sold for 3¢, the Saturday paper 5¢. I didn't have a Sunday route. So the cost per customer per week was twenty cents. I charged twenty five. That gave me a weekly profit of \$1.⁶⁵. Gad, how the money did roll in!

I made my collections at the end of the month and there was one trip I'll never forget.

A lot of my customers were from Italy and they were very friendly. Each wanted to share his happiness at Christmas with all of his friends. One way of sharing this Yuletide cheer was by offering each friend a small glass of home made wine. But this friend, making collections, was only eleven years old and had never seen wine, let alone tasted it. So I didn't know what to do when the first man, after paying me, offered the little glass. As I hesitated he said, "Take it, take it. It won't hurt you, just to warm up your stomach". Well now, nothing wrong with warming up a stomach, I always say and in those days we kids were polite to our elders, Down it went. After I ^{left} went, I was a bit disappointed, my stomach didn't feel any warmer. A few hours later

another satisfied customer and another and another. It was then when I noticed that the weather had started to improve. The long freeze was over. Spring was in the air, maybe even summer. By the time I had collected half my route, my stomach was indeed warm as were my feet, hands and legs. In fact, all of me was warm. I had reached the point where I was accepting the little glasses without hesitancy and downing the wine like a true *piasano*! Then off to the next house with coat open, gloves off and feeling no cold (or is it 'no pain?'). I was such a happy paper boy.

When I got home I went straight to bed. Told my mother that I was tired. Got away with it too.

Funny thing - the next day the weather was down to freezing again.

The life of a paper boy could be a happy one in the olden days, Barbara.

My next job was that of a delivery boy for our neighborhood grocery at one dollar and fifty cents a week plus ^{tips} just no way of stopping.

me, I was on my way to being the richest kid on the block!

The store stayed open until six on weekdays and nine on Saturday. A piece of cake.

Each day, after school let out, I would stop at the house for my wagon or, in winter, the sled. Then off to the store. During the day people would have phoned in their grocery orders and so there would be a long line of boxes waiting for me to deliver.

After I had finished my deliveries there was nothing else to do except sweep the floors, open the doors for the ladies, weigh out sugar, potatoes, coffee beans and such into 1, 5 and 10 lb bags.

I'd fill in orders which were phoned in and do other small jobs too numerous to list. But that's not all! Now for the job I was most proud of. Hold on to your seat, dear. I gave away the crackers!!

Just envision this - When a woman came in with a child (not many of these - in most cases it was a woman with a flock of kids) I would slowly walk, in a dignified manner, toward the cracker box on the counter. The eyes of every child would watch me every move.

Then, while the clerk was filling the woman's order, I would solemnly but with just a trace of a sweet smile on my lips, give each child two crackers, gravely responding to their thanks by allowing my smile to widen just a whisper and bestowing on each a slight nod of the head. The Pope, himself, could have taken lessons. I felt a lot like Carnegie must have when he was handing out libraries, very heady business, this.

I wasn't the only one with a give away program. The baker always added one more to your order of a dozen of anything (the baker's dozen) while the butcher gave each kid a hotdog (cold) when the mother payed the bill at the end of the month.

Our stores were very much like the little family store is today. Except that the customer was king. The customer told or handed a list of the things he wanted to the clerk. The clerk collected the items. Then, at no charge, I'd take it home for them if they so wished.

Another difference - lots of things came in bulk and the clerk and I would weigh them out.

If you wanted a pound of lard, the clerk

would open the 50 lb. lard stand (tin drum) and scoop out your pound in one fell swoop (I think I'm mixed up on the fell swoop thing - but no matter). Same for cheese, it came in big wheels or heads and was cut to order. Coffee beans were in 50 lb bags and crackers came in barrels and ~~was~~ were displayed in a big cardboard box which had a glass lift-up window in front. Pickles and sauerkraut came in barrels too.

But, as I said before, the big difference was the service, don't forget the boy who gave away crackers. That was real class.

Leading my list of People I'll Never Forget appears the name of a wonderful woman whose name ~~is~~ I've forgotten (that doesn't read just right but - not to worry). This lady lived about six blocks from the store and whenever she phoned in her order (always on Saturday) I filled it and took off at a trot. Afraid, I guess, that she might die before I got there. The first time I took an order to her house I knocked on the back door (All Deliveries in The Rear Please) then carried the boxes in and placed

them on the table. In return, she thanked me and gave me a quarter! I didn't know whether to scream or wind my watch. Once a week or so some money-mad person would give me a dime tip but a quarter!

Now you know why I'd dash off to my own little gold mine each Saturday with a big, big smile on my face. Think of it, a day's wages for a tip!

The life of a delivery boy could be very rewarding in the older days, Barbara.

I worked at other jobs too. Example - In January the ads for Farris Seeds would appear. After reading the ads, I realized that Farris Seeds was primarily in the business of giving away things that kids wanted; bicycles, B.B. guns, and base ball gloves. Selling seeds was just a side-line. I also got the feeling that I might be considered unamerican if I didn't let them send me one of their prizes.

There was a little work involved but the ad stated "If you have a little spare time, nothing else is necessary".

I wanted a B.B. gun. I had spare time.

So I ordered 50 assorted packages of seeds. These I would sell at 10¢ a package then send in the money and - ZIP - back would come my B.B. gun.

I acted fast. I'd be the only kid on the Block! Be happy, sweet child of yesteryear, how could you have known that every other dumb kid in the neighborhood had ~~had~~^{read} the same add?

The day the seeds arrived the post office had to send a special truck to our neighborhood!

There were so many salesmen that if we had voted as a block we could have outlawed cold liver oil and closed down the school.

People would always remember that spring as the spring when women stopped sweeping front porches for fear that they would injure a little Fairy.

Things began to get out of hand. We became ferocious, knocked so hard on the doors that the holes we left furnished nesting facilities for half the woodpeckers and owls in north east Cook county.

We came in droves, at some houses we had to take numbers and wait our turns.

Shouting salesmen gathered on corners to trade bad sellers for good. "I'll give you two rhubarbs and a corn for one lettuce and a pea".
 "No you won't; I'll give you three rhubarbs one okra and a parsnip for one pea, one lettuce and a radish!"

The noise level rose to such a pitch that little girls ran and hid, mothers prayed for divine guidance and fathers muttered darkly about strops, birch switches and wood sheds.

Unscrupulous salesmen were selling lettuce and ^{down} palming off egg plant to the underwear. Some of the sharpers were carrying buckets of "fertile earth" ~~stolen~~ ^{stolen} from the stables and offering it as a bonus to those who would buy hard-to-sell items. (This ploy didn't increase sales but it did lend the neighborhood a certain air.)

Things went from bad to worse. People started reporting that they were being outraged by Fairys! Its a wonder that the riot squad wasn't ordered in!

The establishment finely struck back. Our Sunday school teacher threatened excommunication.

That did the trick! I quit.

I did sell some seeds but I had to spade up the garden and plant them. My mother was a real hard sell.

I sent back the rest of the seeds and what little money I collected. In return, I got a badge - may have been an "Oh You Kid". I don't remember.

I'll tell you, Barbara, the life of a Fairy salesman was very disappointing in the older days.

Then there was the time I was taken for a ride by Crovers Salve. Same idea, same prizes except that little tins of salve replaced the seeds.

You would think that a bright kid like I wouldn't be burnt a second time, wouldn't you? Well, maybe you would but most people wouldn't.

Why did I? First - I still wanted that B. B. gun and lastly to know about this wonderful salve was to love it.

The ad told it all! ~~How~~ This astonishing salve could do anything! Well, maybe not.

everything. I remember that the old bottles of Lydia Pinkham's Tonic advertised "a baby in every bottle". Grovers couldn't do that. On second thought, maybe it could but just didn't want to.

Grovers cured tooth and ear ache and boils, and was good for sprains, strains, sore muscles, arthritis, rheumatism and lumbago. It stopped the torment of itching, scratching, burns and infections. Was most helpfull in treating womans complaints (what a God send that was, too bad the secret of this fabulous salve has been lost to mankind. Most of them are still complaining). Would stop falling hair and cure baldness and was most helpfull in the treatment of lung troubles and colds. Some people said that it was the only thing for salving the conscience (I've no proof of this).

Now, how much more could you expect from a little old tin of salve?

Everyone needs Grovers. Be the first on your block. Adelante! arriba!

But over this dream of B.B. guns a dark cloud arose. There was one drawback.

No one would buy it. I sold a few of course, I remember using some on our dog "Chief" years later when I thought he had the itch.

The salve was sent back and with it what little money I collected. I don't remember what I got back. Maybe a "You're the Cats Pajamas" button.

The life of a salve salesman, my dear, was a very sad one in the older days. Enough of this!

Grandmother was so very happy to receive the flowers - they are beautiful and the aroma of pine fills the room. Thanks for being you.

Love Dad

M.W.S. Tagg

Lastly
Letters by my mother I
hope that your dad had them read to
you when you were a kid -
And I hope you will read the stories to
your children. I'm sure that their great
granfma's stories were meant for them -

6.

"Story Book Farms"
In the Works

A Picnic.

Sent
July 15-48

to:

Jack & Jill
Cubys Publishing Co
Independence Square
Phila

Hello my darlings,
How would you like me to tell you a story about a picnic?

I know all children and grown ups too, enjoy taking their lunches and eating out in the open air.

Some people have their picnics on the beaches, others in just a shady grassy spot, then again, we find those who find the bank of a lazy little stream. But the picnic I am going to tell you about was high up in the mountains, in the state of Oregon.

It was a long time ago yes, thirty two years. We had three (little) small boys, one five, one four and the baby two.

On week ends, in the summer and autumn, we went on our picnics.

We owned a car, which at that time was really some car. If you could see it now I know you would laugh. It was built entirely different than the cars we have today.

The brakes were on the outside, like those on a wagon. The lights were oil and carbide and such a time, when it rained sometimes we were without lights and just had to stop and camp.

This car was not enclosed

but had curtains which we put ^{on} in rainy weather, with windows of mica but these did not help us when it rained, as it can in Oregon, ^{where} and the wind blew, you were wet and cold too.

But ~~that~~ ^{this} was much better than the horses and trap we had before the car.

We had a long box on the running boards ~~on~~ on each side of the car and in these boxes we placed dishes, cooking utensils, knives, forks and spoons, also fishing tackle, guns, ammunition etc.

We always ~~had~~ ^{took} bacon or ham, eggs, potatoes, lard, flour, baking powder and salt. But one of the most important items was ^{a supply of} matches and ~~too~~ our First Aid kit, which came in handy on a number of trips. Of course we carried ^{other} various and different vegetables but those were our staple supplies.

We carried a tent and plenty of warm bedding. Granddad and I wore kaki suits, the boys overalls, and we all wore heavy shoes because on our hikes we had to do plenty of walking. Don't you forget these four and five year old boys could walk.

On this picnic we left on Saturday noon, drove until we came to the end of the road. Here we transferred all our

supplies, boys ^{& the} ~~arrived~~, in ^{to} our wagon, which our ~~horses~~ had ^{been} driven up the day before.

Blue-Jay our trusted horse carried us over an old corduroy road.

Now if you have never had the pleasure of riding over one, it would be better to start when you are young. This road is made of logs laid side by side ^{across} ~~transversely~~ and is a little rough.

We arrived, just before dusk at a deserted log cabin, on whose door, was a sign which read "I have gone to War (World War One) Use this cabin if you wish but please leave it as you find it."

Entering the cabin, we found a rusty old worm out cook stove, which looked as if its short legs were ready for a rest. In the fire box was kindling and wood ready for a welcome match, which we gladly furnished and in a few minutes the cabin was ^{glowing} ~~boiling~~ with warmth.

You must remember, as soon as the sun sets behind these mountains it ~~is~~ cold.

We lighted an ancient kerosene lamp which stood on a table. This table was cut out of a pine log.

At the other end of the room crowded against the wall of the cabin, was a bed. No innerspring ~~spring~~ ^{mattress}

No, ^{no} no mattress at all. It was laced across from side to side with deer thongs.

Darlings you know how Mommy ^{my} darts your socks wearing up and out; well that's the way this bed looked and also the seat of the one and only crude chair ^{in the cabin}.

The only other piece of furniture was a long bench. It too was, I will say, hatched out of a log.

The one decoration was a cup board on the wall, on which was piled a number of cans of food to be used if necessary but which must be replaced.

We never used these supplies.

Now the stove was hot and Grand-dad took a bucket and went down to the spring for water.

The spring flowed from the side of the mountain and gave forth Mother Nature's champagne, clear cold, sparkling water.

What do you think Grand-dad saw? Three ^{few} deer (does) with their fawns (baby deer) but as soon as they heard him, back into the ~~the~~ brush they scampered.

This spring was the watering place for all kinds of wild life, large and small.

We each took a drink, then I filled our ill-shaped coffee pot and a much used iron kettle.

7 ~~7~~ Some the sounds of sizzling bacon, fried potatoes and the aroma of coffee filled this crowded room. We ate and we're happy.

7 Three little trusted heads began to nod and it wasn't very long until these precious boys were in slumber and and how they did sleep.

You will remember I mentioned there was some bed and there were five of us.

Well here is the way we fixed it. We slept cross-wise, with that long bench against the bed for our feet. Can you see us?

It makes me tired to even think about it but I remember, it was the boy who did the sleeping. Before morning we had to rebuild the fire. We were really chilly.

7 ~~7~~ Finally morning pipped over the mountains and my, but we were hungry.

I baked hot biscuits fried bacon and made gravy from the drippings. I cooked rolled oats and we had jelly, more of that surviving coffee and ~~the~~ boys drink milk.

We carried our milk in a large stone jug, (the little brown jug) This we placed in the spring to keep it fresh and cool.

After breakfast ~~and~~ ^{when} everything was in its place Grand-dad was ready to go after a deer.

We all followed a deer trail around the side of the mountain below us lay a canyon probably hundreds of feet ^{down} but we were used to these trips and knew how to be careful.

Grand-dad was in the lead carrying pack sack on which was perched the our baby Hal, a gun and ammunition. Next in line ^{was} Dick and Bill and as usual I was in the rear, with the lunch, ^{the} baby's blanket and my gun.

We came to a clearing on the top of a high ridge. The boys and I were to stay here and wait until Grand-dad returned with a deer.

It was a beautiful sunny fall day. All around us were those towering, fragrant pines, trying, it seemed, to reach the sun.

Bushes laden with salmon berries, which the boys tried hard to clean up but found they ^{had to} ~~must~~ leave most of them for the birds.

and bears.

Duck and Bill found many things of interest ^{to them} ^{such as} ~~as~~ ^{gathered} ^{up} ^{trails} through such ~~as~~ ^{gathered} ^{up} ^{trails} huge piles of pine cones. Unless you have seen them you wouldn't believe how large they ~~were~~ ^{the cones grow}.

After tiring of this they explored under rocks and ledgers for bugs, worms, spiders. No fooling, they enjoyed this. Atal the baby, went to sleep so I placed him on the ground and sat beside him.

It was very quiet except for the moaning of the pines as they wailed to each other and the winds, singing such soothing notes.

Then there were those bossy old blue-jays always on guard. I became drowsy and wanted to nap but dared not trust those two roosting sons of mine.

We were here in these wild, inhabited Oregon mountains with other mountains peaks peeping at us from all directions and nothing but wild life around us for miles and miles but I was at home here because we spent so much time hunting and fishing.

It was about noon, the sun's rays were above us so

by now these little fellows were starving (as always) and we had our picnic lunch which was crackers, cheese cookies, milk and candy.

Grand-dad intended to return in time for us to get down to the wagon before dark because we were going ^{back} home.

I noticed the sun was sliding down too fast and I became worried. Why had he not returned?

I didn't want the boys to realize what it would be like to have to stay there alone all night.

I said, "Boys how about a little game? Let's gather all the wood we can, pile it in a circle then when it gets dark we will have a bonfire."

I decided if we had to stay we would stay inside the circle after I had lit the fire which would not light until dark.

I always carried matches in a little tin box in my pocket, also salt; ^{this} was a rule we always followed in the woods, but this was the first time I had ever needed them.

I also carried a 22-20 rifle which I ^{had} used to kill deer.

The boys were having fun.

trying to outdo each other
and the pile was mounting,
~~and~~ I was not working
hard and fast too.

These mountains were
filled with all sorts of wild
animals. The cougar or lion
whose cry sounded like a cat
and set your hair on end
at lightening speed was
my worry. There were deer
and plenty of smaller game
too.

I had been listening for
a call we always used as a
signal in the mountains
but all I had heard was
an old owl calling and
his mate answering in
the distance.

I had been tempted to
light their bon fire but
kept telling myself to wait
until ~~the~~ dark.

All at once I thought I
heard our call but as I
listened I decided I must
have just imagined it.

Then I heard the call
and it was closer this time
~~and~~ the boys called "Daddy
Daddy" and I screamed
back our call.

When he ~~came~~ ^{to us} got there
he told me he had crossed
more ridges than he thought
and was as worried as I
had been.

But I must not forget

to tell you Grand-dad had a beautiful buck.

He had cleaned it and filled the cavity with fresh ferns. This was to discourage the flies from laying their ^{Eggs!} and spoiling the meat.

It was too late to go to the wagon and too dark to carry the meat so he put it up high and away out on a limb of a tree and ~~was~~ hoped the wild game would not find it before morning.

Now we started for the cabin, walking carefully and with ^{but} fire-bellied flash light which lit up the whole mountain side, ^{we reached} ~~came~~ upon the cabin.

We were so happy to light that beautiful kerosene lamp, and what a pleasant old stove waiting to cook our supper.

^{eat} We were too tired to ~~eat~~ but we opened some pork and beans, a can of fruit and with a steaming cup of coffee, ate.

The boys needed no one to remind them it was their bed time and I'll confess I could hardly see through those dirty little faces but again sleep was theirs.

Such a night, again; we were packed in that bed ^{so tight} We couldn't even turn with out first getting out of bed.

(11)

We were so stiff I thought I would never be able to walk down to the ^{wagon} car and if I did I would never go on a trip like this again.

I Early next morning ~~Grand~~ -dad went back up the mountain and found the door as he had left it.

When he returned with the door was packed with the wagon and Blue - Jay was ready and anxious to get us back over ~~there~~ that same road and there was the car and our driver who would drive back to town ^{with} the horse and wagon while we rode in the car.

Do you know after all that, before we were home we were planning our next trip to the mountains?

Children, did you ever have an exciting picnic?

Did you enjoy this story? If so I will tell you another soon.

Nitai Nitai, darlings
Remember I love you.

Gram. (EBB)

Stella, Mo.

"The Night After Xmas"

Story Book Farm
Somewhere in the Ozarks
Dec 3-1949

Hello my darlings!

You have already heard of the Night Before Xmas but never the Night After Xmas so hear it is!

It was the Night After Xmas and the whole family from Daddy and Mother ^{she} down to little Suzie were full, tired and happy.

The children needed only one, its time for bed darlings. Mother didn't linger but the baths and now all was quiet. Prayers were and all tucked in for the night and much needed rest.

Mother returned to the living room. The rug was smothered with toys

Trains and dolls, whose little owners, too tired had left to rest, in a heap, I hardly think they minded.

Daddy's paper had fallen to the floor and what a sound, much like a steam engine as it climbed a long hill. Mother soon quieted that off, he scurried to the bed room. Tom was as trying as ever. Even if everyone was happy.

I should follow the others but it was so much fun having Tom with my Grand Children I wanted a little time to think of other years.

I sank into that comfortable fat over stuffed chair near the window. The moon was at its best, glistening from ear to ear but its stare was directed

at the beautiful pine, which had served as our Xmas tree. As I glanced at the tree I saw a forgotten tree stripped and bare. No longer alive with bright colored lights and trimmings so carefully hung, just the little white angel clung tightly and glistering in that tip top branch, contented with its lot.

As I thought back just a few years ago I had kissed and tucked in five healthy, mischievous happy tired little boys.

We had a Xmas tree not as pretty as this one. The boys didn't notice its straggly branches. We were happy to have a Xmas tree. Its branches hugged strands of snowy white pop-corn + colored links of paper pasted in

long chains. Then we scattered tufts of white cotton and little white green + yellow + red candles completed the decorations.

I must not forget the star tied to the very top branch of the tree, this was cut from tin-foil. It looked like silver. It was, we thought, a beautiful tree.

Of course being the Night After Christmas toys were strewn in every corner, not too many but enough that they were happy.

All these memories were great + never to be forgotten.

Again I watched the moon's yellow glow lightening the Christmas tree of yesterday.

and I thought what would
this pine tree tell us
if it could speak?

Now I felt
myself back in that
beautiful mountain in
Oregon climbing & as I
reached the top, the
mountain leveled off
into a vast park like
expanse, the ground under
my feet was covered with
large pine cones which
had fallen on a carpet
of brown pine needles.
Above & all around me
were pines, some of the most
valuable of timber trees.

The air was
fragrant with perfume
& the sounds of music
drifted thro the tree tops.
This was the home of the
Ymas tree.

Above the moan-
ing of these trees I heard

the voice of our Anas
tree navy, here I lived
with my family &
realities, the cedars
and spruce for years
We stood

side by side in sun-
shine & thro storms.
Our ranchers had
breathed to us, that
we were made to
grace man in many
different forms. Some
for service & others
pleasure. Many times
just before the snow
men with large trucks
came to our home and
walked here and there
looking us over. We
became excited, each
hoping he would be
selected.

This year I
was one of the many
piled in the trucks

and hauled off to the
big cities.

Here we were
stacked in a heap. I
was uncomfortable by-
ing there unable to
stretch out my arms.
I began to wonder why
I had ever wanted to
leave my family and
my mountain home?

We lay day
after day surrounded
by men pulling + push-
ing us about. Day after
day we saw cars + trucks
take away tree after tree.

I lay cramped
+ lonely + thinking why
I was left here? I was a
good looking pine, tall +
stately. Was I to be left here?

I felt quite
sorry for myself. All
at once I was yanked
from under another tree

and stood up. How good
it was to stretch out +
I tried to look my best.

There before me
stood a man, woman
+ three children. Who
seemed to like me and
danced + squealed. Daddy
lets take this one. I was
finally lifted carefully
+ taken to a big shiny
car, tied on the outside.
They were afraid I might
be broken.

We arrived at a
large white house. It was
built of wood supplied by
my pine family. I was
carried by loving hands,
+ placed on a porch.

The children
said, I was the prettiest
tree they had seen.
There I rested + enjoyed
watching the children
bringing in their friends
to see me.

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One evening I was taken
inside the house + stood
in a large room, with
such bright lights. The
mom was the only light
we had ever know.

The children
were put to bed + after
it was quiet, the man
+ woman covered me
with all sorts of decorations
In the mountains we
had green needles + the
birds + squirrels moved
into our branches + built
their homes there in
the winter the North Wind
showered us with snow
flakes.

The man filled
me with lights, tinsel +
candy canes + in the
top a little white angel.
The toys + all things child-
ern were either piled
beneath + around me or

tried to my waiting
branches. My arms
became heavy but I
was so happy protect-
ing all these secret
gifts. I was alone now
but Mr Moon poured
his sherry beams all
around me but he left.
& it wasn't too long until
morning was on its
way. I heard little birds
& roosters calling and
a friendly dog barking
and at last voices and
the sun peeped into the
morning.

Next came the
children. came with tous-
ed hair and faces smil-
ing, so happy.

I stretched and
tried to look important
because it was I who had
shared with their secrets

Daddy + Mother were awakened by this noisy parade + they turned on the lights. I must have been all I wanted to be.

Now Daddy said, "now if you will be quiet we will see what Santa brought for you."

Each child received many gifts

There I was strapped bare except for the lights + untidy trimmings.

My work was done but I was glad I had made someone happy.

That was his story. Thank you Mr. Pine for your interesting story + I do think you are a most beautiful tree

As I looked around me, there on the floor

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saw a wobbly dog, a house
built of blocks, a little
wobbly on its found
ation, a train which
had toppled at a curve
while its tracks looked
troubled, in the corner
an open book with
little animal faces
staring into space

The only signs
of peace, was in a little
cradle, where a baby doll
tightly covered with a new
pink blanket, eyes closed,
resting. Eyes tomorrow
will be a busy day.

I now felt the
sand man knocking so
with a last look I smiled
and said, what a mess.

rite Night darlings
Remember I love you
Grammy Stages
Merry Xmas

December 25th
1976