

H. C. FRICK COKE COMPANY

THE LEWIS FAMILY

OLIPHANT PLANT LOTS
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LOUIS HAMENSHOF, G. LUX
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Scale
A. J. Oppermann, Reg. Surveyor, Uniontown, Pa.
5-13-41
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OF OLIPHANT FURNACE PENNSYLVANIA



E. I. DUPRE

ELIZABETH ARTIS

E. I. DUPONT

**THE LEWIS FAMILY
OF
OLIPHANT FURNACE,
PENNSYLVANIA**

June 1997

by
The Family

DEDICATION

TO OUR MOTHER, MARGARET MAY McCORMICK

May this book help to keep you alive in our hearts forever.

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PREFACE

Creating a family history and genealogy such as the one in this book takes a fair amount of time and effort, yet it is something any family can accomplish. The basic ingredients are family members willing to spend the time writing personal histories, one or more people with a burning desire to “make it happen,” and one or two people with some knowledge of publishing. For those who might be interested in how we created this book, we provide the following brief history of its creation.

Thomas Lindsay Lewis and James Harry Abraham organized the first formal Lewis Family of Oliphant Reunion in 1991. It was a resounding success with most related families attending. James Abraham had conducted some research into the family genealogy and at the second Family Reunion held in July, 1992, it was decided at the business meeting to record some of the memories and photographs of the senior family members and create a published genealogy for the family. Jack and Carol Lewis, having knowledge of the book publishing business, volunteered to produce the work and solicit written stories. When published in July 1993, the work took the form of a paperback document consisting of about 30 photocopied pages and was titled LEWIS FAMILY REMEMBRANCES, VOLUME 1. This first effort was highly treasured but, unfortunately, did not contain the stories of all the senior family members.

At the 1993 business meeting it was decided to publish a second volume for the following year that would include any additional stories and photographs, and a corrected and updated genealogy. Again Jack and Carol Lewis volunteered to produce the work. A significant effort was made to digitally record all family photographs of ancestors and to improve the quality of the reproduced photographs. At the family reunion in July, 1994, a 40-page softcover book, LEWIS FAMILY REMEMBRANCES, VOLUME II, was produced.

At the 1994 business meeting it was decided to expand the history to include written memories of second and third generation members of the family. However, this effort did not meet with success as no one wrote any stories. At the 1996 family reunion business meeting, a more concerted effort was made to involve more family members and to produce this book. Two of the senior family members, Thomas L. Lewis and Jack W. Lewis, took it upon themselves to “make it happen.” They prepared detailed outlines and Jack used a lot of “friendly persuasion” to extract stories and photographs. The “friendly persuasion” took the form of numerous phone calls and mailings, as well as personal visits to the homes of family members with computer equipment to scan photographs. Jack’s wife, Carol, also held face-to-face and telephone interviews and then wrote stories from these interviews. Finally, Jack and Carol took all the material to their Virginia home and holed-up for a month with their computers preparing photographs and laying out the book pages. It did in fact take a lot of effort, but we think it’s worth it.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

It is not possible to create a family history like this one unless every member of the family cooperates by taking the time to write their biography and supply photographs. We hereby acknowledge every family member named in this book for taking their time and making the effort required to provide the material for this book.

We are particularly indebted to one family member, Carol Surber Lewis, Jack's wife, whose easy-going and friendly manner made it possible to obtain stories, by interview, from almost one-third of the family members who couldn't find time to write their memoirs. Without her efforts, the content of this book would have been sorely diminished and all family members robbed of the warm stories and history she solicited.

We are indebted to Eleanor Jean Brnich, our second cousin, who provided us with a Lewis family genealogy that helped us considerably in researching the Lewis line of our family and for introducing us to Mark Double. Mark's mother, Irma Lewis Double, also our second cousin, graciously provided us with several important photographs of Lewis family ancestors contained in this book.

We are grateful to James Harry Abraham for providing a good start on our family genealogies and for helping to get the family reunion off the ground. We gratefully acknowledge Kathryn Cooley Miller for her help in researching our Lewis and Swaney lines, both personally and in the form of her book, *My Cooley-Walters Ancestry from Fairchance, PA and Surrounding Areas* published by Closson Press, Apollo, PA, 1987.

We would like to thank Vicki Leonelli for her efforts in researching our Lewis and Swaney line, and Julia Allen of the Connellsville Public Library for her assistance in researching our McCormick line.

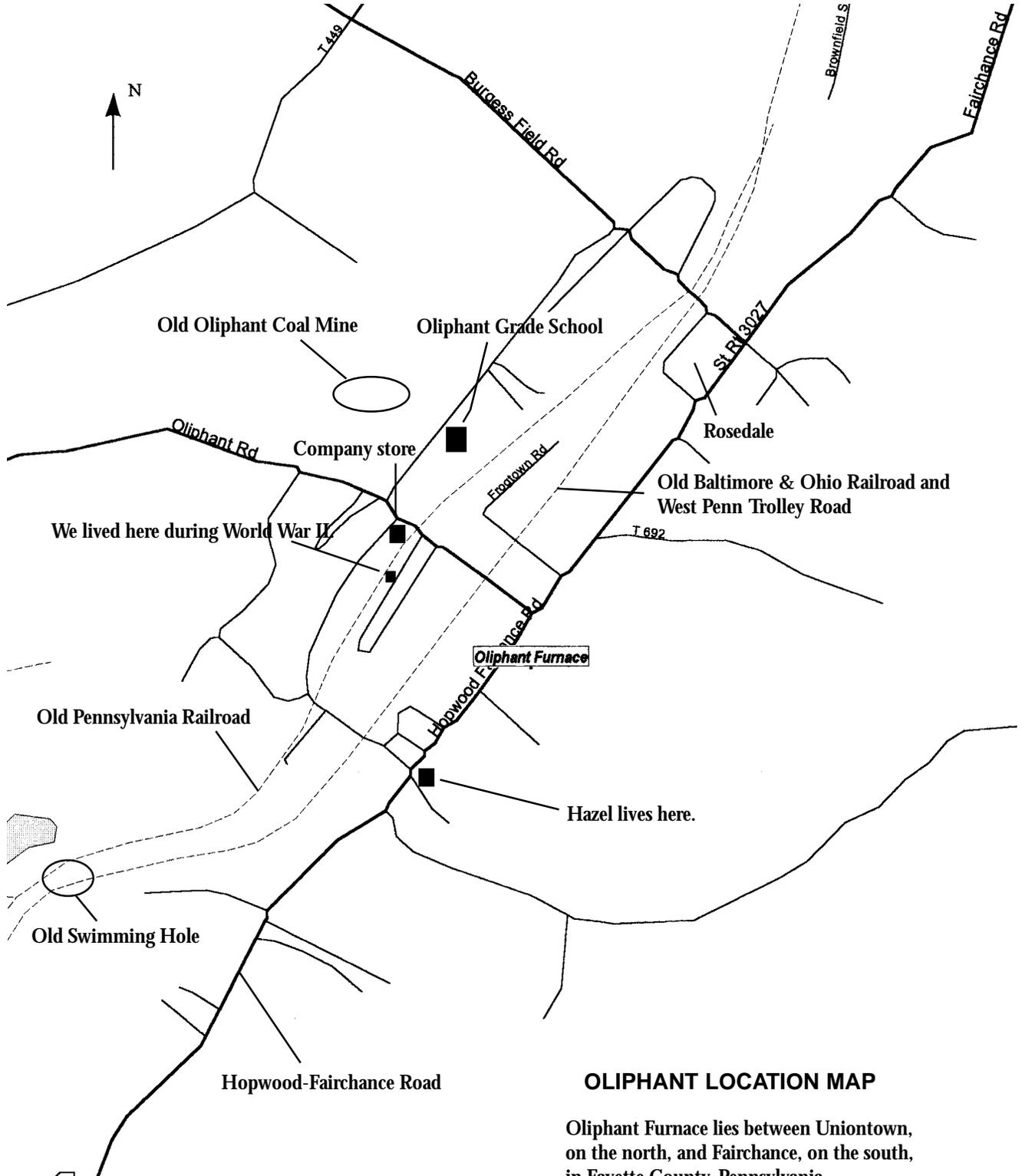
We also acknowledge the assistance of Franklin Miller in providing material for the Introduction to this book, to Laurel Miller, James Abraham, Carol Surber Lewis and Joanne Weigle Lewis, Tom's wife, for their help in researching our McCormick line.

Thomas L. Lewis and Jack W. Lewis

TABLE OF CONTENTS

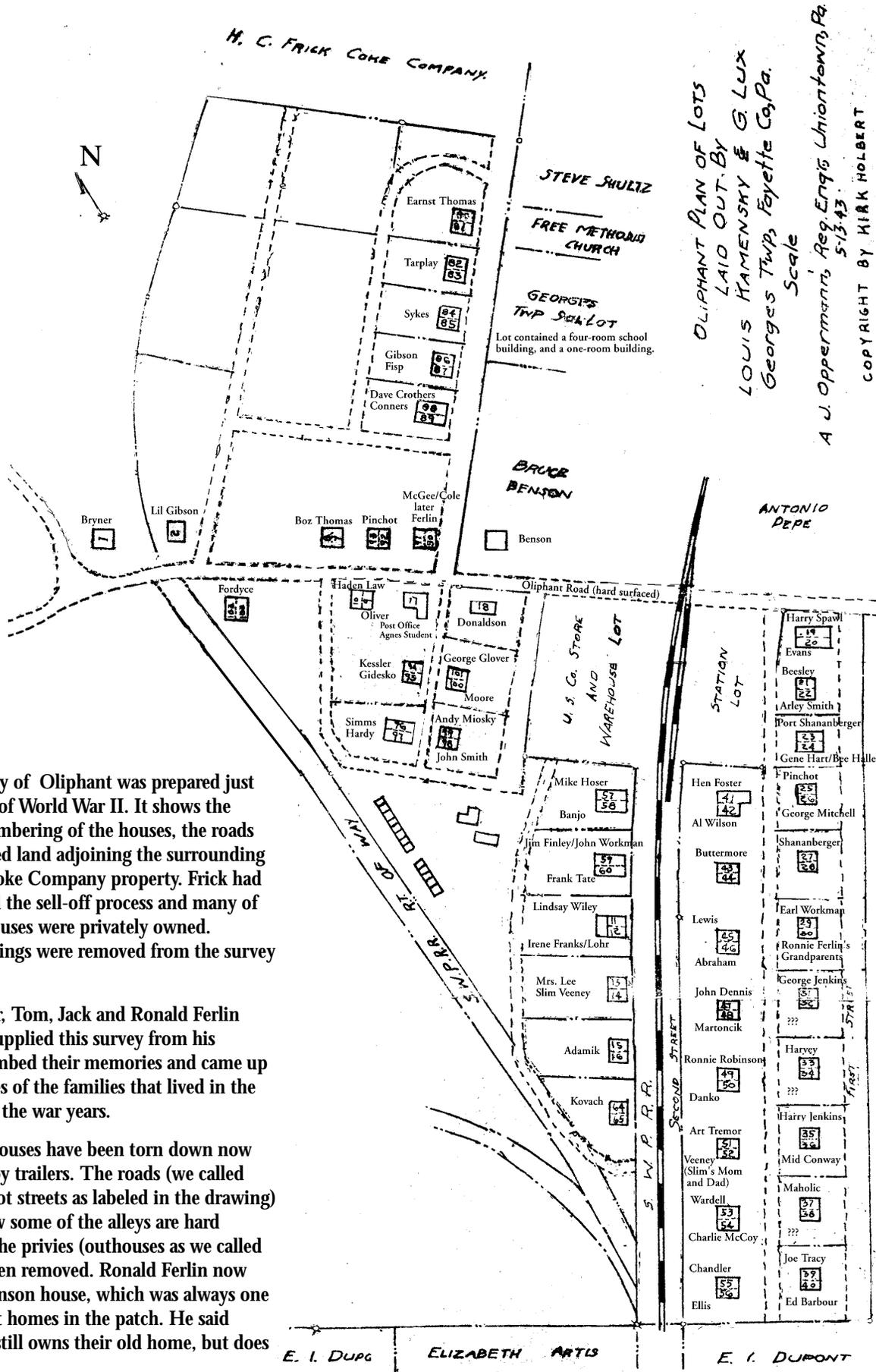
Introduction	1
Chapter 1 - Lindsay Chester Lewis and His Ancestors.....	9
Chapter 2 - Margaret May McCormick and Her Ancestors.....	31
Chapter 3 - Hazel Ruth Lewis - Spouse and Descendants	47
Chapter 4 - George Marshall Lewis - Spouse and Descendants	99
Chapter 5 - James Robert Lewis - Spouse and Descendants	119
Chapter 6 - Eleanor May Lewis - Spouse and Descendants	129
Chapter 7 - Thomas Lindsay Lewis - Spouse and Descendants	177
Chapter 8 - Jack Walter Lewis - Spouses and Descendants	251
Chapter 9 - Family Stories.....	291
Chapter 10 - Family Genealogies	307
Index	455

INTRODUCTION



OLIPHANT LOCATION MAP

Oliphant Furnace lies between Uniontown, on the north, and Fairchance, on the south, in Fayette County, Pennsylvania.



This old survey of Oliphant was prepared just after the start of World War II. It shows the layout and numbering of the houses, the roads and who owned land adjoining the surrounding H. C. Frick Coke Company property. Frick had already started the sell-off process and many of these patch houses were privately owned. Latitude markings were removed from the survey for clarity.

Hazel, Eleanor, Tom, Jack and Ronald Ferlin (who kindly supplied this survey from his collection) combed their memories and came up with the names of the families that lived in the houses during the war years.

Many of the houses have been torn down now and replaced by trailers. The roads (we called them alleys, not streets as labeled in the drawing) were dirt. Now some of the alleys are hard surfaced and the privies (outhouses as we called them) have been removed. Ronald Ferlin now lives in the Benson house, which was always one of the prettiest homes in the patch. He said Edwin Banjo still owns their old home, but does not live there.

INTRODUCTION



The Lewis Family of Oliphant Furnace, PA., as they appeared in the summer of 1939 in the backyard of house #45 in the Oliphant patch.

*(l. to r. back row)
Lindsay Chester, George Marshall, Hazel Ruth, and Margaret May (McCormick).*

*(middle row)
James Robert, and Eleanor May.*

*(front row)
Jack Walter and Thomas Lindsay.*

Mom used this picture to create a family Christmas card in 1939.

This book is a both a history and genealogy of the LEWIS family of Oliphant Furnace, Pennsylvania. Its primary purpose is to record our memories of our ancestors and of our lives for our living descendants and friends, and for future generations that we may never know. The book describes the life of a family reared in the coal and coke area of Fayette County, Pennsylvania during a time when coke was king and was used to fuel the mighty blast furnaces of the steel mills of Pittsburgh. It describes life in a company “patch,” and what it was like before, during and after World War II. It traces the sons and daughters of this family as they sought “greener patches” throughout America as the coke era came to a slow end. We hope this work might contribute in some small way to the historical record of our great and ever-changing nation.

A book such as this is but a snapshot of life taken at the moment it finally went to print. Perhaps some time in the future one or more of our descendants might wish to take another snapshot of life. We hope they will find this book useful in their endeavors.

The Lewis family of Oliphant Furnace referred to in this book began in 1919 with the marriage of our father Lindsay Chester Lewis and our mother Margaret May “Maggie” McCormick. At that time Lindsay was 20 and Maggie was 17 years old.



Company patch houses were often located next to the mining operations. This photo of Lemont, PA, shows burning coke ovens with patch houses nearby in the background.

Lindsay had lived in the Oliphant area since his birth in 1899, but Maggie was a relative newcomer to the area. She had moved there from Connellsville, Pennsylvania when she was about 14 years old with her father, a yard boss for the H. C. Frick Company. In 1920 they had their first child, Hazel Ruth (“Hazel”) followed two years later by George Marshall (“Mart”). The family remained this size for four years until James Robert (“Jim”) was born in 1926. Two years later in 1928, Eleanor May (“Eleanor”) was born. Once again the family remained at this size for four years until Thomas Lindsay (“Tom”) was born in 1934. Their final child, Jack Walter (“Jack”) arrived another four years later in 1937.



Working a coal mine was hard, dangerous work. Here a miner digs coal with a pick and then shovels the coal into the lorry. Horses and mules were used to pull the lorry out of those mines that did not have steam winches.

(“OK”) and Jack. This move from Oliphant not only spread the family into different geographic areas, but also affected the “closeness” that had existed in the family up to that time. However, the move created new opportunities for work and education, and many who have written stories in this book only know of areas in Beaver County as their home.

Organization of Book

We have organized the material in this book in the following manner. This Introduction is intended to give the reader an overview of the family and a brief history of the area and the economics of the time during which the family was raised. Chapter 1 is devoted to our father and his ancestors. In addition to anecdotal and historical information, it contains a collection of photographs. Chapter 2 is devoted to our mother and her ancestors. It likewise contains anecdotal, historical and photographic information. Chapter 3 is devoted to the oldest child, Hazel Ruth Lewis, her spouse, Willard (Wib) Abraham, and their descendants. It contains memoirs and photographs of members of that family. Chapters 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8 are organized in the same manner as Chapter 3 and are devoted to George Marshall, James Robert, Eleanor May, Thomas Lindsay and Jack Walter, respectively. Chapter 9 is devoted to family stories and Chapter 10 contains formal genealogies for all family lines, including spouses.

The running heads at the top of each page are designed to serve as a road map and quick index. Each left-hand page gives the chapter title and each right-hand page gives the name of the individual whose story is being read.

A Brief Coke and Coal History of Fayette County, PA

It is important to understand some of the history of Fayette County, PA, as background to the family stories contained in this book. The county is rich in history. Uniontown, the county

Lindsay and Maggie’s child-rearing period lasted for 16 years. During this time period Lindsay worked as a coal miner at the Oliphant Coal Mine and other coal mines in the surrounding area, while Maggie handled the multitude of chores associated with raising a family of six. Shortly after the US entered World War II, Lindsay joined the US Navy. For the remainder of the war the job of rearing the family fell on Maggie and her oldest daughter, Hazel. After the war, Lindsay and Maggie divorced and the family continued under the tutelage of Maggie alone. In 1951, Maggie moved to Beaver Falls, Beaver Co., PA with her new husband, Orva K. Myers

seat, was located along the National Pike, which served as the nation's gateway to the west. Connellsville, located along the banks of the Youghiogheny River between Uniontown and Pittsburgh, sat on top of one of the finest coal fields ever known. Fairchance and Oliphant had iron furnaces fueled with charcoal made from the vast forests that covered the area. This rich land belonged to the Indians who resisted the encroachment of the French, moving down from Canada, and the British, moving westward from the east coast. The French and British were destined to clash and important battles were fought in Fayette and surrounding counties. Some of our ancestors participated in these battles with the French and Indians and some later participated in battles with the British during the war that formed our nation.

Early settlers in Fayette County noticed the coal in the area and some even used it to heat their homes. However, it was not considered for use in making iron, as charcoal was king and there seemed to be an abundance of wood.

Demands for iron and steel in the early 1800s began to change the economics of making steel. Iron ore in its raw form is basically iron oxide (iron rust). To turn it into iron, the oxygen must be removed and charcoal, which in its purest state is just carbon, was ideal for this purpose, as oxygen readily combines with white-hot carbon. The only problem was that it took a lot of charcoal to make iron and, even in a nation covered by great forests, it quickly became obvious to the iron masters that there would soon not be enough trees to make all of the iron needed by the growing nation.

Numerous entrepreneurs sought ways to use coal to make iron. Basically, coal had to be reduced to carbon and that meant finding ways to drive the volatile material out of the coal without reducing the coal to ash. The product was known as "coke." It looked a bit like porous silver and many called it the "silver cinder." In 1841 a 3rd great uncle of Maggie McCormick, Provance McCormick, and his partner, James Campbell, built two of the first coke ovens in the Connellsville area. Then they built two boats to carry the coke down the Youghiogheny to the Ohio and then to Cincinnati. Like so many entrepreneurs, they were ahead of their time. The Cincinnati iron masters looked at the porous gray cinders and frowned. They bought none and Provance and his partner went home disheartened and broke. But some of the coke they made eventually found its way to forward-thinking iron masters and the age of coke was born.



In the early days of coking, much of the work involved manual labor. Here lorries on top are loaded with coal awaiting the removal of the coke by men using hand rakes. The mule pulls a wagon into which the coke is loaded. As soon as the coke is removed from the oven, a new load of coal is added which will later ignite by spontaneous combustion due to the heat retained from the previous burn. The cokers had to work fast so the ovens did not cool down too much during the drawing-out process.

The oven in which coke was made was a curious contraption. It looked like a brick igloo or a beehive (they were called beehive coke ovens), and was about ten feet in diameter and ten feet high with a hole in the top (called a trunnel-head) where coal was loaded and smoke and flames escaped. A small door was built into the front and it was used to draw the coke from the oven

when it was done and act as a flue while the coal was “cooking.”

When the iron masters of Pittsburgh began searching for alternatives to charcoal, they found exactly what they wanted in the rich Nine-foot coal of the Connellsville field. Coal mines were built and next to them long rows of coke ovens, of up to 300 ovens per row. Horses hauled the lorries filled with coal from the mines and carried them to the tops of the coke ovens. Rakers drew the coke from the coke ovens and transferred it to railroad cars. The railroads then hauled the coke to the blast furnaces along the Ohio River just downstream of Pittsburgh, where it was used to make steel for the growing nation.

A typical patch house was built for two families and had 4 rooms per family.



Miners and their children hitching a ride on one of the mining horses. The lanterns on the miners' helmets are open flame carbide lanterns. Safety lanterns were carried into a mine at the beginning of each shift to check for flammable gases. Still, mine explosions were a constant danger the men had to face.

women scurrying about taking laundry off their clothesline when the wind would shift and bring soot clouds over the yards. Steam locomotives would belch smoke and cinders as they hauled their loads of coke up grades from the mines to the blast furnaces.

Today, some might think these patches were hideous sites (and sights) built next to mines where men raped the land and poured filth into the atmosphere and nearby streams. But life in the patch was actually quite different from that picture. The people were kind and friendly and kept their patch houses clean and attractively decorated and painted. They knew about the smoke and cinders and they knew how to work around these annoyances.

It was really the inefficiency of the coke ovens, not the environmental concerns, that determined their fate. All of the volatiles—tar, oils and gases—became valuable and could no longer be wasted. In 1918, U. S. Steel opened huge “by-product” plants that could make coke without losing the volatile matter. Such plants eventually rendered the beehive coke ovens obsolete.

All through the 1800s immigrants poured into the area to help with the mining and coking operations. Company housing projects sprang up everywhere, taking the names of the mining operations, such as Continental No. 1, Crows, York Run, Oliphant, etc., where they were located. The housing projects were known as “patches” and the kids who lived there were called “patch kids.” Each patch had a company store that supplied the workers with equipment needed for their jobs and their families with food. At least 150 patches were built in Fayette County. More than 50 remain as sizable communities, now with the houses individually owned.

Jobs in the mines and coke ovens paid well, but they were hazardous and many miners were injured or lost their life. Railroads often ran right through the patches, creating a hazardous place for children to play. The coke ovens filled the air with smoke and cinders and made it tough to keep things in a house clean. You would often see

The coke industry reached its peak in 1909 with 579 plants and 103,982 beehive ovens in operation; about 28,000 of these were located in Fayette County. By 1937 the beehive plants in operation had decreased by over 70 percent.

The rearing of the Lewis family was greatly influenced by the coal and coke period of Fayette County. The Pennsylvania and Baltimore and Ohio Railroads, vivid memories among the elder members of our family, ran on either side of Oliphant carrying coke from the mines to the steel furnaces in Pittsburgh. During the 1920s, the nation witnessed unparalleled boom and growth. Stock prices on the New York Stock Exchange rose to dizzying heights and then crashed, plummeting the US and world economies into a long and deep depression. During this depression the seeds of war were sown in Germany, already reeling economically from the stiff peace terms of World War I. In September, 1939, German armies invaded Poland igniting the Second World War. Japan, emerging as an imperialistic nation, saw these times as an opportunity to rape China. As the United States brought pressure and then sanctions

against Japan in an attempt to stop their invasion of China, Japan brought our country into this long and bloody war with their infamous Sunday morning surprise attack on the United States Army and Navy forces located in Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, December 7, 1941. In the first year of the war things did not go well for the United States. The Japanese quickly overran the Philippines forcing the surrender of a 100,000 man army comprised of American and Filipino men and women. Japanese naval forces stood ready to strike a mortal blow at Australia.

Our family was deeply caught up in these perilous times. The family memoirs reflect the hardships of the depression and the deprivations and fears of the Second World War. Men of the family went off to war and the coke ovens sprang back into life to fuel the blast furnaces that made the steel that made the weapons that won the war. These times remain as vivid memories

Making coke.

As the volatile gases were driven out of the coal, smoke and flames filled the sky. It was an awesome sight to see, particularly at night.



Coke being loaded into railroad hopper cars for its journey to the blast furnaces in Pittsburgh.

for the elder members of our family. They influenced the way the family was reared, and the way the elder family members reared their own families.

These, then, are the stories of the family that mined the coal, made the coke, lived through the depression, and fought the Second World War. They are also the stories of members who moved to greener “patches” in search of work and places to rear their own families, and of members who remained in the Oliphant area after the turbulent times had passed, and raised families there. We hope you enjoy their stories.

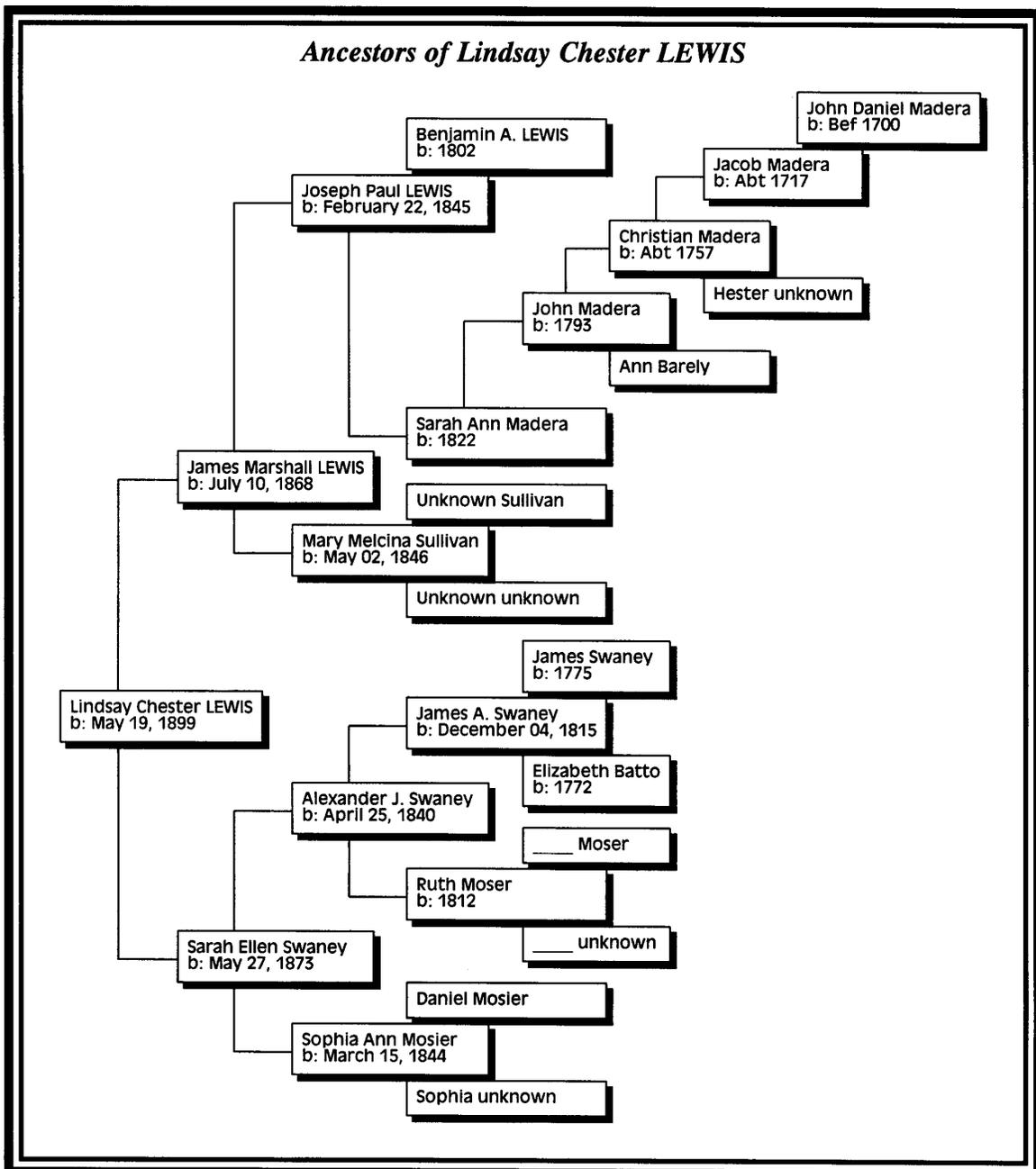
Lindsay and Maggie's children as they appeared in 1974.

(l. to r.) Jack, Tom, Eleanor, Jim, Hazel and Mart.



CHAPTER 1

LINDSAY CHESTER LEWIS and His Ancestors



LINDSAY CHESTER LEWIS AND HIS ANCESTORS

Lindsay in his US Army uniform during World War I, c. 1918.



In Memory of Our Father

To most anyone's way of thinking, Lindsay Chester Lewis was a warrior. He served in the United States Army during World War I, in the United States Navy during World War II, and again in the United States Navy during the undeclared Korean War. Lindsay was born in Oliphant Furnace, PA, on May 19, 1899, the second child and first son of James Marshall Lewis and Sarah Ellen Swaney. Little is known of Lindsay's early childhood, but it is clear that he got involved in the coal mining business just after completing the 8th grade of school.

Lindsay as a young boy, c. 1905.



On June 18, 1918, at the age of 19, he enlisted in the United States Army at the Columbus Barracks in Ohio. His discharge papers indicate he had been a laborer prior to his enlistment. The papers also show he had blue eyes, light brown hair, a ruddy complexion and was 5 feet 6 inches tall. He was assigned to Battery A, 1st Regiment, Field Artillery Reserve Division. His enlistment did not last long as the war quickly came to a close and he was discharged from Camp Zachary Taylor on December 18, 1918.

Sometime prior to his enlistment in the Army, Lindsay met a young attractive woman by the name of Margaret "Maggie" May McCormick, who had moved to the Oliphant Furnace area from Connellsville with her yard boss father, George Walter McCormick. Lindsay married Maggie after he was discharged sometime during 1919.

On June 29, 1920, Maggie gave birth to their first child,

Hazel Ruth. It appears that Lindsay may have had problems accepting his fatherly responsibility as he and Maggie separated for a short period of time after Hazel was born. The separation obviously did not last long as another child, George Marshall, arrived on October 8, 1922.

Apparently Lindsay had a high mechanical aptitude like his father, who was a stationary steam engineer. Lindsay not only mined coal, he repaired all sorts of mechanical equipment used in the mining and coking operations.

Over the next 14 years Lindsay and Maggie had 4 more children. Then on December 7, 1941, the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor and plunged the country into World War II. Lindsay, like so many other patriotic men, must have wanted to join the fight, but was torn with his obligations to his family. All during 1942, the war situation grew worse for the allies. Finally Lindsay decided he had to join the fight. He enlisted in the United States Navy in February 1943 against strong objections from Maggie, who knew he did not have to go off to war since he had served during World War I.



Lindsay with his children Hazel and George, c. 1927.



A happy moment for Maggie and Lindsay during the summer of 1942.

[This picture was taken at the Oliphant patch home. The Buttermore house is in the background.]

Lindsay served in the South Pacific, most likely in a land-based ship repair facility where his knowledge of steam plant operation was put to good use. To tease Maggie, he sent home a photograph of himself in a grass skirt. He is listed as Machinist Mate Third Class on the back of the photograph, which had been approved by the Navy censors. Lindsay's third son, Thomas, remembers a rather funny story about this picture. "Dad could be a very humorous person. I believe he was playing a practical joke on Mom because he sent her this picture. Little did he know that this joke was going to backfire on him. I remember when Mom received the letter she didn't think it was very funny. When she showed it to us kids she said, 'Here is a picture of

Lindsay in his off-duty "uniform," c. 1944.



Lindsay in his regulation uniform, c. 1943.



your disgusting Father.' We all started laughing, but she still didn't think it was funny. She never did tell us about what Dad wrote in his letter that came with this picture. From the look on her face I knew his words were unacceptable. That afternoon a lady from the Oliphant company store came to our house. She wanted to borrow pictures from all families in the area who had members in the military forces so they could display them in the two large showroom windows at the front of the store. She asked Mom for pictures of Dad, my brother Marshall and my sister Hazel's husband, Wib. Mom gave her pictures of Marshall and Wib. She didn't have any pictures of Dad in uniform. She thought about that for awhile and then handed the girl the picture of Dad in his grass skirt. She said that is the only picture I have of Lindsay. The lady laughed and said that it would be OK. I couldn't help noticing the little smile that appeared on Mom's face. I firmly believe that this was Mom's way of getting even with Dad. A couple days later we walked up to the company store to see the window display. It was beautiful. All those soldiers and sailors in their uniforms displayed at different levels with red, white and blue bunting intertwined around the pictures and the back wall along with a couple of American flags. Down in front stood this picture of Dad in his grass skirt. There must have been about 150 to 200 pictures in that window. The one that stood out was this picture of Dad. Needless to say, Dad was the talk of the neighborhood."

When Lindsay was discharged from the Navy on October 22, 1945, he was a Machinist Mate Second Class. During his nearly three years away from home, his relationship with Maggie had turned sour and they never lived together again. He and Maggie divorced in 1946 and he went to work in the coal mines in Labelle, PA, where he continued to work as a repairman of mining machinery.

On July 19, 1947, Lindsay re-enlisted in the United States Navy. He retained his rate of Machinist Mate Second Class and was placed in the active reserves. On February 1, 1951 he was called to active duty and assigned to the USS J. DOUGLAS BLACKWOOD (DE-219) a destroyer escort that saw action during the Korean conflict. A year and four months later, Lindsay was discharged from the armed services for his

third and final time on June 6th, 1952. Lindsay later told his boys that if they would have taken him, he would have joined up to serve again during the Vietnam War. In this aspect of his life, at least, Lindsay was a hero who dedicated almost eight years of his life in the military service of his country. He died in 1974 and is buried in Lafayette Memorial Park cemetery in Brownsville, PA.

Honorable Discharge from the United States Army



TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This is to Certify, That Lindsay C. Lewis
 # 3363000 Private (Try) 1st Regt. 2nd Div.
THE UNITED STATES ARMY, as a TESTIMONIAL OF HONEST AND FAITHFUL
 SERVICE, is hereby HONORABLY DISCHARGED from the military service of the
 UNITED STATES by reason of honorable discharge with full pay by the Army Sec. Act
and part 4, Sec 305, Reg. C. S. Reg. Act 47,
Said Lindsay C. Lewis was born
in Chubbuck Furnace, in the State of Pennsylvania
 When enlisted he was 1 1/2 years of age and by occupation a Laborer
 He had Blue eyes, Blk Brown hair, Buddy complexion, and
 was 5 feet 6 inches in height.

Given under my hand at Camp Zachary Taylor Ky. this
11th day of December, one thousand nine hundred and eighteen

Hiram H. Welch
Major

State of Pennsylvania }
 Fayette County } ss
 Subscribed on this 14th day of APRIL, 1918,
 in the Recorder's office of said County in **SOLDIERS' DISCHARGE** Commissary, Regt
 Book Vol. 2 Page 248. Given under my hand
 and the seal of said office, this 14th day of APRIL, 1918. Washington, D. C. APR 20 1918
 Form No. 505, APR 1910
 Paid \$50 under Act of Congress, February 24th, 1919.
 C. E. GRAY,
 Major, C. B. Corps

Front of Lindsay's World War I discharge papers.

Back of Lindsay's World War I discharge papers.

Uniontown Pa 48
ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: Lindsay C Lewis Grade: Private
 Enlisted, or Inducted, June 18, 1918, at Columbus Barracks Ohio
 Serving in First enlistment period at date of discharge.
 Prior service: * None

Noncommissioned Officer: No
 Marksmanship, gunner qualification or rating: † None
 Horsemanship: None
 Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: None

Knowledge of any vocation: Laborer
 Wounds received in service: None
 Physical condition when discharged: Good
 Typhoid prophylaxis completed July 6/18
 Paratyphoid prophylaxis completed July 6, 1918
 Married or single: Single
 Character: Excellent

Remarks: Enlisted Columbus Barracks June 18, 1918 No
unauthorized absence under Art. 31 of A.S. No. 116 to
Soldier is entitled to travel pay.

Signature of soldier: Lindsay C Lewis

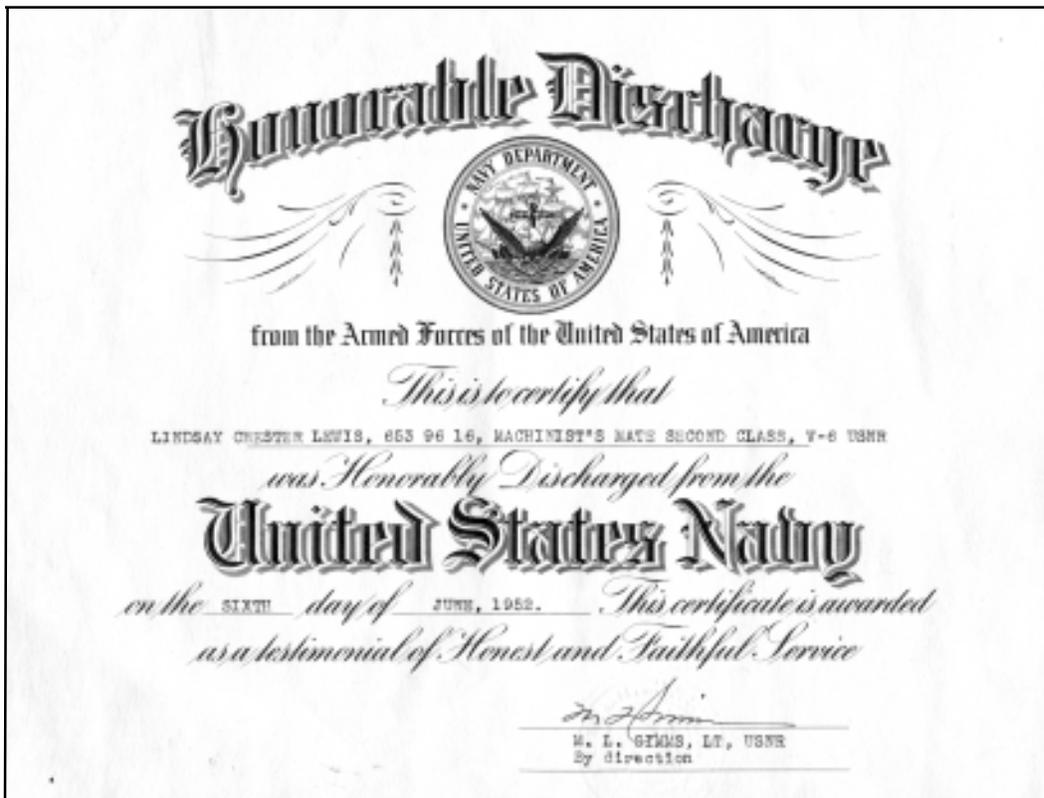
Edson K. Bidley
 Commanding Officer

B. B. TICKET HAS BEEN ISSUED.
 E. T. ALEXANDER, Agent,
 CONSOLIDATED TICKET OFFICE
 LOUISVILLE, KY.

* Give company and regiment or corps or department, with inclusive dates of service in each enlistment.
 † Give date of qualification or rating and number, date, and source of order authorizing same.



Lindsay's World War II Discharge papers.



Lindsay's Korean War Discharge papers.



*The United States of America
honors the memory of*

LINDSAY CHESTER LEWIS

*This certificate is awarded by a grateful
nation in recognition of devoted and
selfless consecration to the service
of our country in the Armed Forces
of the United States.*

Richard Nixon
President of the United States

*A grateful nation pays
tribute to her honored
dead.*



LINDSAY'S ANCESTORS

Benjamin A. Lewis

[The original of this photograph hangs in the home of Irma Lewis Double, a great-great granddaughter.]



Benjamin A. Lewis—oldest known Lewis ancestor

Lindsay's great-grandfather, Benjamin A. Lewis, was born in Connecticut, probably between 1802 and 1815. The exact date of his birth has not been determined. In the 1850 Virginia Census, his age is listed as 48. However, in the 1860 Virginia Census his age is listed as 45. His occupation in the 1850 Census is listed as "stone cutter" and in the 1860 Census as "farmer."

According to word-of-mouth stories passed from generation to generation, there were five brothers—Benjamin, Thomas, John and two others—who came to the US from Wales in 1661 and settled in Westerly, Rhode Island. These brothers had different occupations: glass worker, iron worker and coal miner. It is not known who these Lewis brothers married or how it came to pass that one of their descendants settled in Virginia. Mostly likely, the lure of federal land grants in frontier territories, as the western part of Virginia was at the start of the 19th century, brought Benjamin to the Morgantown area. In 1828 he received a Land Grant from the Commonwealth of Virginia of 100 acres in an area known as "Dry Run." Eleven years later, on May 21, 1839 he married Sarah Ann Madera, daughter of John Madera. Sarah Ann was about 17 when she married—her age in the 1850 Virginia Census being listed as 28 years.

At the time of Sarah's marriage, the Madera family were among the prominent civic leaders of pioneer Morgantown. Originally this family (sometimes spelled Madori, Madeira, Madery, Madara, etc.) came from Spain. They owned the three islands off Spain now known as the Madera Islands, where they were artificers in filigree jewelry. During the reign of the Spanish King Charles V (1516-55), they, being Protestants, moved to Holland to escape persecution by the Inquisition. Three brothers from this family, Jacob, Peter and John Daniel, immigrated to America from Holland sometime in the 17th century and located on the shores of the Delaware Bay and at Gwynedd, Montgomery County, PA. John Daniel after a time located in the Shenandoah Valley, VA. Later he and some of his family moved to Chillicothe, OH. He was Sarah Ann's 2nd great-grandfather. [Ref. 1, 3, and 6.]

In 1841, Benjamin and Sarah welcomed into the world their firstborn, Eliza A. Lewis. She was followed by two more girls, Frances (1842) and Harriet (1843). The following year, 1844, a son, Joseph, was born. Joseph would later become Lindsay's grandfather. Two more girls followed Joseph: Anne M. in 1848 and Dorothy in 1851. In 1845, Benjamin received a second Land Grant from the Commonwealth of Virginia of 80 acres in the Dry Run area. He must have been sorely disappointed with all this farming acreage and only one boy to help farm it.

It is not known what happened to Benjamin and Sarah and their female children. According to family word of mouth history, Benjamin was 96 years old when he died. In the 1880 WV Census for Monongalia County, a "Dorothy" Lewis is listed who stated she was a single white female, age 28, born in Virginia, and stated her father was born in Connecticut and her mother in Virginia. This is probably Benjamin and Sarah's youngest daughter, Dorothy, since her age matches the 1850 and 1860 censuses, and since she and her mother would have been born in that part of Virginia that is now West Virginia. Dorothy is listed in the 1880 Census as having two sons, John E., age 12, and Benjamin, age 10. Both are listed as having the surname, Lewis. What became of Dorothy and her two sons is unknown. The 1903 death notice for Joseph (see below) states one of Benjamin's daughters married A. F. Downs and was living on Willson Avenue in Uniontown, PA, and another married Somerfield Derring and was living in Morgantown, WV.

Joseph Paul Lewis—Lindsay's grandfather (1845-1903)

Joseph is believed to have been born on February 22, 1845. Some census records and his tombstone engravings place his year of birth between 1844 and 1846. His death notice, published in the May 29, 1903 issue of the Uniontown newspaper (The Daily News Standard), states that he was born on February 22, 1845, and has his age listed at 58.

Little did Joseph know when he was a boy that a major event would occur in his young life that would transform him forever and leave his ancestors with records of his life. That event was the Civil War, which began in all its fury in 1861. Joseph was too young to enlist at that time and his mother and father surely did not want to see their only son go off to war. To make matters worse, Benjamin and his family were Virginians and the Civil War was tearing at their loyalties to Virginia and to the Union. While this political battle raged, so did the battles between the Federal and Confederate Armies. We will never know exactly why Joseph enlisted, but it could have been the Confederate cavalry raid of Morgantown in April, 1863.

Confederate Brigadier Generals William Ezra ("Grumble") Jones and John D. Imboden made a raid into Northwestern Virginia for the purpose of destroying the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and securing as many horses as possible. On April 27-28, they captured Morgantown and "stole" horses from the town and surrounding countryside. Joseph was a stage driver, so it is likely that his horses and possibly those of his father were stolen by the "Rebels." The fact that there was no Federal Army in the Morgantown area to contend with General Jones must have been all the more humiliating to Joseph. The small garrison of Federal infan-



How Joseph might have appeared on the battlefield during the Civil War. Cavalry carried sabres, carbines and pistols. They wore a variety of hats, often with their cavalry insignia, crossed sabres, displayed on the front. The "1" above the crossed sabres designates the trooper is in the 1st regiment and the "A" below designates he is in Company A.

try that had been in the area fled north toward Uniontown, PA, to avoid capture. After raiding Morgantown, the Confederate cavalry force moved against Fairchance and Uniontown, where they were finally turned back after a brief skirmish with New York and New Jersey infantry troops that had been rushed into hastily built trenches and breastworks near Fairchance and the Summit House. Federal artillery units were encamped on present North Beeson Avenue in Uniontown and Federal cavalry was encamped at Hopwood. [Ref. 5 and 7.]

Shortly after this scare, Joseph enlisted on June 1, 1863, as a Private in Company "I" of the 1st Virginia Volunteer Cavalry Regiment. When West Virginia became a state on June 20, 1863, the name of this cavalry regiment was changed to the 1st West Virginia Cavalry. Company "I" later became known as the second Company "A," and his military and pension records associate him with Company "A." In the "Company Descriptive Book," Joseph's company commander, Captain Dennis Delaney, described him as having a fair complexion, brown hair, blue eyes, and 6 ft. - 0 in. tall.

By an odd coincidence, a young man by the name of Alexander J. Swaney from Smithfield, PA, had traveled to Morgantown on September 14, 1861, and enlisted in the first Company "A" of the 1st [West] Virginia Volunteer Cavalry Regiment. Alexander was detached from his regiment and served as an orderly for the famous cavalry General John Buford, who is most remembered for doggedly holding onto favorable high ground against repeated attacks by Confederate infantry during the first day of the Battle of Gettysburg in July, 1863. Alexander was with General Buford all during this and other famous battles of the Civil War and remained his orderly until Buford died in December, 1863, of typhoid fever. Undoubtedly, sometime during the war or perhaps after the war at a regimental gathering or a meeting of the Grand Army of the Republic, Joseph and Alexander Swaney met and became friends. Alexander may have influenced Joseph to move to Pennsylvania. In any case, Joseph's first son, James Marshall Lewis, and Alexander's sixth child, Sarah Ellen Swaney, married and became Lindsay's mother and father. One might say that the Lewis Family of Oliphant Furnace exists because of the Civil War.

This photograph is claimed to have been found in the attic of "Tate" Lewis, one of Joseph and Mary's sons. For a while it was believed this was a photo of Joseph. However, the insignia on this soldier's cap are crossed rifles with the number 10 above and the letter "C" or "G" below. Crossed rifles was an insignia worn by infantry during the Indian Wars (c. 1875-1885) and, possibly, the Spanish-American War (c. 1898). The soldier looks like a Lewis, but his identity remains a mystery to the family.



After Joseph enlisted, his regiment saw lots of action. Under cavalry Major General William W. Averell, he made raids into Southwestern Virginia in the fall and winter of 1863. In the summer of 1864, he fought under Major General David Hunter during an ill-fated attempt by the federals to capture Lynchburg, VA. In the fall of 1864, he fought under Major General Philip Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley. In the spring of 1865 he fought under the famous cavalry officer, Brigadier General George Armstrong Custer, whose then famous Third Cavalry Division was responsible for stopping General Lee's Army of Northern Virginia at

Appomattox Court House on April 9, 1865.

According to Joseph's pension records, he and his regiment mustered out at Wheeling, WV on July 8, 1865. According to his aforementioned death notice, Joseph reenlisted and remained in the service for another two and half years. His unit and assignments during his second enlistment have not been researched. In his pension records he states he lived in Morgantown until July 1867 and then moved to Bruceton Mills, WV. He married Mary Melcina Sullivan at Gibbons Glade, PA on July 21, 1867 and then moved to Gibbons Glade "after 1868." He also lived in the following places: March 1869 - Elliotts Mills, PA; August 1870 - Haydentown, PA; After 1871 - Uniontown, PA; 1871 - Fairchance, PA; 1873 - Dunbar, PA; 1876 - Lemont, PA; and 1880 - Oliphant Furnace, PA. Joseph filled out the form on which this information is recorded on July 20, 1900, at which time he was living in Oliphant Furnace, PA. It is likely that these frequent moves were associated with finding work in the area. In the 1890 Fayette County census, Joseph listed his occupation as "fireman - stationary."

Little is known about Mary Sullivan and her family. She was born May 2, 1846 in (West) Virginia in Monongalia County or possibly in Preston County. It is believed that Mary was either married previously or had a child, Charles, out of wedlock, as the obituary for Joseph and Mary's son, James Marshall, mentions a half brother, Charles Sullivan, living in Coolspring, PA in 1923. (Some Lewis family records indicate Charles married Ethel Downs and had four children: Edna, Ralph, Kenneth and Estella.) In the 1870 Fayette County, Wharton Township, PA, Census (Joseph and Mary both listed as 24 years of age), Mary informed the census taker that she was born in West Virginia. In the same household, working as a housekeeper, was a 17-year-old white female named "Carie Sullivan" who was born in West Virginia. She was probably Mary's sister. There were two children listed: James M., age 2, (Lindsay's father) and Annie, age 9 months.

In his pension records, Joseph was asked on July 20, 1900 the question, "Have you any living children? If so, please state their names and the dates of their birth." His answer was:

July 10, 1868 - James M. Lewis [Lindsay's father, married Sarah Ellen Swaney on May 31, 1890]

Aug 20, 1869 - Anna Doyle [married (1) Frank Hagan and (2) George Doyle on October 20, 1887]

Feb 28, 1872 - Thomas Tate Lewis [married Nancy Elizabeth Hoon on December 24, 1890]

May 24, 1874 - Elizabeth J. Price [married Stephen R. Price on December 25, 1891]

May 27, 1876 - William M. Lewis [married Nora Mae Warman on December 22, 1894]

Sept 21, 1878 - Pauline B. Gaskill [married Walter Otho Gaskill on December 22, 1891]

Jan 31, 1881 - John R. Lewis [never married]

In the 1900 Fayette County, Georges Township, PA, Census, Mary indicated that her father and mother had been born in West Virginia. Living with Joseph and Mary was a son John, born Jan, 1880 [sic], age 19; a grandson "William Hagan," born June 1898, age 11; another grandson "Sidney Gastkill," born December 1895, age 4; and a niece "Margaret Trader," born March 1872, age 28. William Hagan, according to his daughter Ethel Hagan McCusker, was living with Joseph and Mary because his father, Frank Hagan, and mother, Anna C. Lewis, had divorced. Sidney Gaskill was apparently living with Joseph and Mary because his mother, Pauline B. Lewis Gaskill ("Lena") was sick. Pauline died a year after the census of consumption on February 17, 1901 at the age of 22. It is not known from whose family, Joseph's or Mary's, Mar-



*Mary Melcina Sullivan,
c. 1900-16.*

[This photograph was in the Lewis family photo collection of Irma Lewis Double. Irma's father, Harry Lewis, a grandson of Joseph and Mary, wrote on the photograph, "Grandma Lewis," thus positively identifying the woman as Mary.]

garet Trader was from.

Joseph died a horrible death at the age of 58 on May 28, 1903. The Uniontown, PA newspaper, *The Daily News Standard*, carried the following story on Friday, May 29, 1903:

DEAD AT HIS DOOR

Joseph Lewis a Civil War Veteran,

Struck By Train and Instantly Killed.

ATTEMPTED TO CROSS TRACK

And Was Run Down —Was Employed at Continental No. 1 on the Night Shift and Had Been Coke Worker for Many Years.

In plain view of his wife and not over 50 feet from his home, Joseph Lewis, aged 58 years, was struck by the passenger train on the Coal Lick Run branch Thursday afternoon about 4 o'clock and instantly killed.

Mr. Lewis operated the dynamo on the night shift at Continental No. 1. Thursday was pay day and after receiving his pay he went to the grocery store of William Nehls near his home and paid his bill. He then started on the return trip home and as he attempted to cross the track near his home was struck by the train which was going at a rapid speed, and instantly killed. His body was thrown over 20 feet. The train stopped at once and the body was picked up and carried into the house. Mrs. Lewis had witnessed the accident from a window and a son John was nearby. The Lewis home is near the

water tank close to the siding of Factory B of the National Glass company.

Mr. Lewis's neck was broken, there was a cut in his head and he was bruised more or less all over his body. No physician was called as he lived but a few seconds.

Deceased was born in Morgantown, W. Va., February 22, 1845, but had lived in Fayette county about 30 years. About 40 years ago he married Miss Mary Sullivan in Preston county, W. Va., who survives him, together with the following children: Marshall, Oliphant; Tate, Ronco; William, Continental No. 1; John, at home, and Mrs. S. R. Price, Allegheny City. He leaves the following sisters, Mrs. A. F. Downs, Wilson Avenue, and Mrs. Somerfield Derring, Morgantown.

During the Civil war Mr. Lewis served in Company A of the First West Virginia cavalry and made a second enlistment, serving in all five years. After coming to Fayette county he was employed in various capacities at different coke works. He lived at Oliphant for many years and moved to his late home near the glass works last July. He had a policy for \$75 life insurance in the Prudential Life Insurance company.

Funeral Saturday afternoon, May 30, 1903.

Joseph Paul Lewis is buried at the White Rock Cemetery near Oliphant Furnace, PA. His grave contains a G. A. R. (Grand Army of the Republic) marker and is maintained by the Veterans of Foreign Wars in honor of his service to our country during the Civil War.



Joseph was buried at White Rock Cemetery. Joseph's grave contains a G.A.R. (Grand Army of the Republic, a fraternal order open only to Union veterans of the Civil War) marker that commemorates his heroic service during the Civil War. The marker is kept filled with flowers by the Veterans of Foreign Wars.

After Joseph's death, Mary filed for a continuation of his Civil War pension on Jan 18, 1904. In her application she listed herself as living at #124, Lebanon Avenue, Uniontown, PA. Mary died 13 years later in 1916. It is possible that Mary is not buried with Joseph since Joseph's headstone lists her name and birth date, but not her date of death.

James Marshall Lewis—Lindsay's father (1868-1923)

James Marshall (“Mart” or “Martin”) Lewis was born on July 10, 1868 in Gibbons Glade (Wharton Township), PA. He married Sarah Ellen Swaney on May 31, 1890. They had four children: Mary Sophia, born 1894, Lindsay Chester, born 1899, Omar Ralph, born 1905, and Henry Ray, born 1908. Martin worked most of his life as a stationary steam plant engineer in the coal and coke industry. Hazel Lewis Abraham [“Hazel”], Lindsay’s oldest daughter and the oldest living family member who knew James Marshall, recalls, “I have just a few memories of him, as he died when I was quite young. I remember following him around as he fed the chickens and pigs, and when he worked in the yard. It seems to me he was always using a hammer to either mend or build something. Once he gave me a hammer which I treasured for years. He always talked to me and that made me very happy. Once he scolded Daddy for bringing me out on a bitter cold day. We had walked from Rosedale to Oliphant. I was terribly cold, especially my feet. I remember him in his casket. Daddy held me up to see him and he placed my hand on Grandpap’s face. I was shocked because he was so cold! I loved him.” James died on July 25, 1923. He is buried at Maple Grove Cemetery in Fairchance with his wife, Sara Ellen.

As mentioned previously, Lindsay’s father had three younger brothers and three sisters, his uncles and aunts. Lindsay’s Uncle Thomas Benjamin (“Tate”) was born February 28, 1872. He



James Marshall Lewis and his wife, Sara Ellen Swaney, c. 1922.



Thomas Benjamin (“Tate”) Lewis, James Marshall’s brother, and part of his family.

Standing (l. to r.): Seibert, Donald “Buck”, Harry, Robert Edward and C. Crates “Beanie.”

Seated: Thomas Benjamin “Tate” and Nancy Elizabeth (Hoon) Lewis.

[This photo is courtesy of Irma Lewis Double, daughter of Harry.]

Left: This is believed to be a photograph of William M. Lewis, brother to James Marshall.



Right: John R. Lewis, youngest brother of James Marshall.



married Nancy Elizabeth Hoon, daughter of Robert Hoon and Catherine Cashdollar, and had a large family of twelve children. Lindsay's uncle William M. Lewis was born May 27, 1876. He married Nora May Warman and had four children. One of these children, Paul Lionel Lewis ("Lionel") was very close to Lindsay. Lionel had a large family and many of his descendants still live in the Fairchance-Uniontown area. Lindsay's uncle John R. Lewis was born on January 31, 1881. He never married. Lindsay's Aunt Anna was born on August 20, 1869. She married twice. With her first husband, Frank Hagan, she had one child, William Hagan, mentioned previously as having been raised by Joseph and Mary. Lindsay's Aunt Elizabeth was born May 24, 1878. She married Stephen R. Price and had one child. Lindsay's Aunt Pauline was born September 21, 1878. She married Walter Otho Gaskill and had three children. Their only son, Sidney, was mentioned previously as having been raised by Joseph and Mary when Pauline became ill and died.

Irma Lewis Double and her father Harry Andrew Lewis, son of "Tate" Lewis and a first cousin of Lindsay Lewis. The photograph hanging on the wall is of Harry in his U.S. Marine Corps uniform taken during his service in World War I.



Sarah Ellen Swaney—Lindsay's mother (1873-1945)



Lindsay Chester Lewis and his mother, Sarah Ellen (Swaney) Lewis, c. 1928.

Sarah's great-grandfather, James Swaney, was born in 1775 in Ireland. "He reportedly came to America with brothers, Charles and Neal around 1796 and settled in Fayette Co., PA, near Haydentown." [Ref. 8.] He married Elizabeth Batto, believed to have been born in France.

James and Elizabeth had nine children, William C., George, Elizabeth, John, Joseph, Myriah, Mary Ann, James A. and Alex J. Their eighth child, James A., born 1815, became Sarah's grandfather. Their fourth child, John, born 1806, is a second great-grandfather of Edgar W. Miller, husband of Eleanor May Lewis, one of Lindsay's daughters.

James A. Swaney married Ruth Moser, born 1812, and had 6 children, Elizabeth E., Alexander J., Mary Jane, Cynthia Ann, Earsela, and John Thomas. Their second child, Alexander J., born 1840, became Sarah's father. Alexander was the person who likely met Joseph Paul Lewis either during or shortly after the Civil War. Alexander married Sophia Ann Mosier, born March 15, 1844, during the Civil War on January 31, 1865, in Springhill Township, PA. Alexander had just mustered out of the 1st West Virginia Cavalry Regiment and undoubtedly wanted to start his family.

Alexander and Sophia had nine children, Minnie H., James R., Mary Olive, Ruth Ann, Ewing W., Sarah Ellen, Lydie Alverdie, Frank Everhart and Winfield W. Their sixth child, Sarah Ellen, born May 27, 1873 in Smithfield, PA, became Lindsay's mother.

All of Lindsay's children have fond memories of Sara Ellen Swaney, or "Grandma Lewis." As Lindsay's oldest child, Hazel, recalls, "She was usu-



Elizabeth Batto, wife of James Swaney.

[This is a rare tintype photograph of a woman born in the late 1700s who lived to be 102. The photo was likely taken in the 1850s or 60s. From the Miller-Victor collection of Laurel Miller.]

Sophia Ann (Mosier) Swaney with her daughter Sarah Ellen and great-grandchildren George Marshall and Hazel Ruth Lewis, c. 1924.



ally called “Ellie” or “Ell” by most people. She was a heavy-set lady, very jovial and ever so ambitious. It seemed she was always caring for someone in their home. I remember her having her mother, an aunt, and a cousin there. She took in boarders, mostly men who worked at the mine in Oliphant, and she used to cook meals on Election Day for the workers at the polls. Besides all the work she did at home, she was always going places. Later in life she worked at Hart’s Tavern. Along with Mom and Marshall, we did many things together, like going on long walks and going to carnivals and festivals. She took us on our first picnic. It wasn’t anything or any place outstanding, but to us kids it was fun. I can see her yet putting a chunk of ice in a kettle of tea, taking up a tablecloth and whatever she had available to eat and then we all walked down the road to the old White Rock Park, which is now long gone. Several years after Grandpap died, Grandma remarried Chaff Mitchell. I don’t remember how long they were married and I think I was in my early teens when he died. He had tuberculosis. During that time, Daddy wouldn’t let us visit Grandma. He didn’t visit her either, as he was so afraid of taking the disease. We used to sneak out to visit her. She was a big part of my life. I loved her and Mom did too, for I think Grandma was like a mother to her.”

Lindsay’s son, Thomas Lindsay Lewis [“Tom”], recalls, “She was perhaps the most jubilant relative I ever knew in my childhood. It was always a happy experience to talk with her. She was never negative and always positive anytime we would talk with her. Everyone enjoyed her presence. Going to Grandmother’s place was always a lot of fun. She was always young at heart and we never seemed to disturb her. She always had time to talk and play games or make picture puzzles. Several times Jim and Marshall [Tom’s older brothers] would take their friends to her place and play cards with her. Grandma lived within walking distance from where we lived which made it easy to visit her. One of the most important things I learned from her, and she firmly believed this, was that you could do or be anything in life if you set your mind to it. I believe that Grandma was one of the original women who got involved in the women suffrage movement that occurred in the early part of the 20th century. The Swaney family were involved in politics for many years in Southwestern Pennsylvania. Mom told me once that Grandma and she were very close to each other. Mom treated her like her mother. They shared many happy moments together especially around Christmas time. Mom said that as a child, having been raised by her grandparents (Grandma and Grandpa Miner), she never celebrated Christmas. When she married Dad, she was brought into a different world of celebrating Christmas. When Grandma Lewis learned about this she did something about it. From that time on Mom celebrated the holiday season like the Lewises.”

Sarah died on July 20, 1945, at the age of 72. She is buried with her first husband, James Marshall Lewis, at Maple Grove Cemetery in Fairchance, PA. Perhaps it is befitting her memory to mention here that her father, Alexander J. Swaney, a brother-in-arms with Joseph Paul Lewis during the Civil War, died in her house alongside of Joseph’s son and Lindsay’s father, James Marshall, and his daughter—a union which he and Joseph encouraged. Alexander’s obituary on October 28, 1918, states that Alexander, also a member of the G.A.R. (No. 180 of Uniontown) “died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Mart Lewis, of Oliphant, Sunday morning, at 8:26 o’clock, October 27, 1918 of paralysis.” Alexander was 78 years old.

Mary Sophia Lewis—Lindsay's sister (1894-1980)

Mary, born January 16, 1894, was the first child of James Marshall and Sarah Ellen. She was a kind and gentle woman loved and respected by her family and friends. She married Clyde Wilson, son of John William Wilson and Lizzie Swaney, on December 9, 1913. Mary and Clyde had three children, Mildred, Palmer and Clayton. Mildred married an Albright and had two children, Thomas Albright and Lewis Albright.

Hazel remembers Mary as “a very likable lady and hard worker. She did lots for us, like giving us fruit from their orchard and big bags of cookies she had made. She looked after us when our brother Jim was born. He arrived two days before Christmas, so she came down on Christmas Day to fix our dinner besides cooking dinner for her own family. Aunt Mary kept religiously to a routine—Monday was wash day (rain, snow or shine), Tuesday was ironing and baking day, and so forth. Due to poor circulation in later life, she had to have both legs off which must have been a real blow to her. Her daughter, Mildred, moved in to care for her. Mom always liked Aunt Mary. I think she looked upon her as a sister.”

Tom remembers Mary as living in “a little village along the mountain road within walking distance from Oliphant Furnace, Pa. She lived with her husband (Uncle Clyde) in a house that he built back in the 1920s. She was my Dad's only sister and the oldest in his family. She was to me the ideal aunt, and she and Uncle Clyde lived a very happy life together. Mom or Dad took us up to see her many times. I believe we visited her more often than any other relative. I'm sure that it was because she lived so close to us.

“She always gave us a lot of attention. She did a lot of baking and when we went to her house we knew we were going to get some goodies, and I don't ever recall her letting us down. If Mom or Dad would try to correct us for something or the other she would say, “Oh Maggie (or Lindsay), let them alone, they're not doing anything wrong. They're only kids.” Those were sweet words to my ears. She was the kindest and most understanding person I ever knew as a child. I remember her filling my pockets full of candy when we would go home. Maybe she spoiled us a little.

“Uncle Clyde liked toy electric trains. At Christmas time he would put up a large Christmas tree in his living room and under it were two electric trains. Later on he would use three train sets around the tree. I enjoyed watching him operating his trains. He and Aunt Mary enjoyed the Christmas season and going to their house during the holidays was a real treat. I believe all of us kids enjoyed their company. Uncle Clyde is the reason I like trains today. I guess you could say that he is



Mary Sophia (Lewis) Wilson circa 1926 with her children Mildred and Palmer, her niece Hazel Ruth Lewis (lower left) and nephew George Marshall Lewis (lower right).



Clyde Wilson and Mary Sophia (Lewis) Wilson, 1960.

the one who got me into the hobby.

“Uncle Clyde first worked for H. C. Frick as a mechanic at the Oliphant Furnace Coal & Coke works. While working there he became a very proficient mechanic. When the Oliphant works shut down at the beginning of the Great Depression of 1929, he built a garage on his property next to his home and went into business for himself. There he worked until he retired. Dad would work for him whenever he needed help. Dad also became a very good mechanic, especially with industrial steam engines. I believe that Dad’s experience in those areas is why he was accepted into the military at his age during the war.”

Lindsay’s last child, Jack Walter Lewis [“Jack”], recalls, “Aunt Mary lived in Rosedale, within walking distance of our house, and I remember going to see her quite often with Mom. She was very nice and I know Mom liked her. I used to play with Mildred’s son Tommy. He and I went to school together at Oliphant Furnace.”

Mary died January 11, 1980.

Omar Ralph Lewis—Lindsay’s older brother (1905-1985)

*Lindsay’s
brothers, Henry
Ray (on pony)
and Omar Ralph
Lewis,
c. 1910.*



Ralph, born in 1905, was the third child of James and Sarah. Hazel recalls, “My earliest recollection of him was seeing him at Grandma Lewis’s with his girlfriend, Lena Hayes, whom he married. We visited them a few times after they married, but we were never close. I never cared too much for Ralph as he teased me constantly—I thought he was mean. He must not have cared for children as they never had any, and he didn’t spend much time talking to us kids except to tease. Lena and he didn’t seem to have a very good reputation—drinking and carousing. When Aunt Mary died, they couldn’t find Uncle Ralph until the day of the funeral. He had been off somewhere on a bender, he said. He had been roughed up by someone for he had bruises. When he died, Uncle Ray’s girls had him cremated and buried in Lena’s grave in Fairchance. She had passed away not long after our father died.”

Tom recalls, “He came to our house every once in awhile and would bring us kids either a small toy or a bag of candy. Mom told me when I was

quite young he gave me a rubber hatchet and would let me hit him with it. He would let me do this several times and he laughed and thought it was funny. The next time he visited, I hit him with a real hatchet when, apparently, I could not find my rubber hatchet. Mom said she scolded him as it was he who had taught me such nonsense.”

Ralph died on July 1, 1985 at the age of 80. He and Lena are buried at Maple Grove Cemetery in Fairchance.

Henry Ray Lewis—Lindsay’s older brother (1908-1969)

Ray, born in 1908, was the fourth child of James and Sarah. Hazel recalls, “Dad’s youngest brother was the one I liked. He used to visit us and play with Mart and me and bring us candy. He must have been 15 or 16 then. He married Nellie Miller (Miller was a name the family had changed). We visited them once when they lived in Oliphant and had their first child, Caroline. After that, they moved and we rarely saw Uncle Ray. I do know that he had a large family. Ralph and Ray lived in LaBelle, which was where Dad went after he came back from World War II. When Dad died, we saw several of those cousins at his funeral, but we never kept in touch.”

Tom recalls that “when he came to our house he would spend a lot of time with us kids. I liked him a lot because, like Aunt Mary, we couldn’t do anything wrong.”

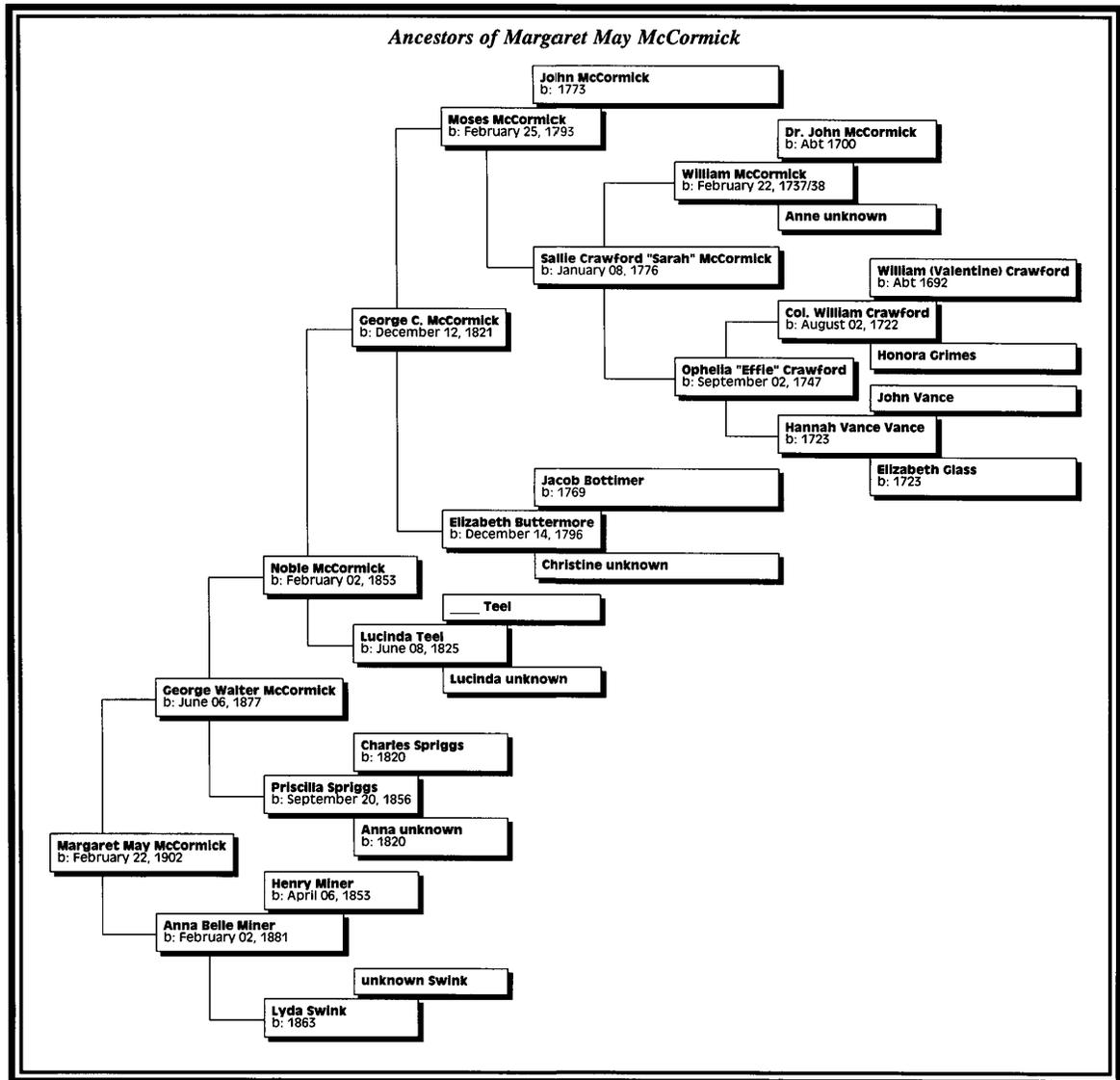
Ray and Nellie had 13 children, James C., William, Omer, Robert, Ralph, Frank, Thomas, Bonnie, Sarah, Linda, Patty, Jean and Caroline. Ray died on March 9, 1960. It is not known when Nellie died.

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CHAPTER 2

MARGARET MAY McCORMICK and Her Ancestors



MARGARET MAY MCCORMICK AND HER ANCESTORS



In Loving Memory of Mom

Margaret, or “Maggie” as she was known to her friends, was born in Connellsville, PA on February 22, 1902, the only daughter of George Walter McCormick and Anna Belle Miner. When Maggie was around four years old, her brother, Noble, died of diphtheria. Perhaps due to his sickness or perhaps due to the tragic impact the death of Noble had on the family, Maggie spent a lot of her youth living with her maternal grandparents, Henry and Lyda (Swink) Miner, also of Connellsville. Maggie had a happy childhood, but it appears she was not close to her paternal grandparents. The McCormicks were a prominent family of Connellsville and apparently George Walter had married against the wishes of his father and mother. This family strife had an emotional effect on Maggie, as she told her children about this matter time and time again.

Maggie and her husband Lindsay around the time of their marriage. c. 1919.



When Maggie was in 4th or 5th grade, she moved to Oliphant Furnace, PA, where her father took a job in the Oliphant Coal Mine as a yard boss for the H. C. Frick Company. Maggie attended the Oliphant grade school for approximately two years before having to leave her schooling to care for the home when she was in the 7th or 8th grade.

Sometime around 1917-18 Maggie met and fell in love with her future husband, Lindsay Chester Lewis. Probably they spoke of marriage, but World War I was in progress and Lindsay wanted to be in it. He enlisted in June of 1918 at the age of 19, but was in the service for only a short time before the war ended. He was discharged in December, 1918 and sometime during the

following year Maggie and Lindsay married in Cumberland, MD. On June 29, 1920, Maggie gave birth to her first child, Hazel Ruth. Apparently the responsibility of a child was more than Maggie's young husband could handle and they separated for a brief period of time. The separation did not last long, however, as a second child, George Marshall, was born two years later on October 8, 1922. While Maggie's husband worked in the coal mines, she worked in her home caring for her children and husband.

Over the next 14 years, Maggie and her husband moved several times around the Oliphant area and had four more children. A second son, James Robert, was born in 1926, followed by a second daughter, Eleanor, in 1929. Then about four years elapsed until a third son, Thomas Lindsay, was born in 1933 at the peak of the Great Depression. Finally in 1937 a fourth son and final child, Jack Walter, was born. Maggie loved her children and her husband and for the most part life was as good as it could be for a coal miner's family during the Depression.

As war clouds gathered over Europe and the Japanese ravaged China, the situation on the home front grew tense. When the Japanese struck Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, Maggie's life began a drastic change. Her oldest daughter, Hazel, had just married Willard Abraham and he was called back into the Army after having just finished a two-year enlistment. Then her oldest son George was drafted into the Army. Maggie's husband wanted to join the fight also, but she wanted him to stay at home. After all, Maggie reasoned, he had served his country once in 1918. Tension and strife broke out between them and in February, 1943 her husband enlisted in the US Navy and left home. Maggie felt he had abandoned the family. Her husband probably felt he was trying to protect his family in the only way he knew how.

Maggie rose to the challenge of maintaining a family of five without her husband's presence during the war time years. In spite of her not wanting her husband to go off to war, she was proud of him, her son and her son-in-law and their service to our country. Before the war ended, she saw her second son, James, drafted into the Army and shipped off to Europe. As head of the family, Maggie was a loving, but strict, mother who left fond memories with her children and grandchildren as one can sense from their stories. For a person with just a grade-school education, she was clever and ingenious—she had what we now call “street smarts.” All who encountered Maggie knew her as a noble and hardworking woman who loved and protected her family.

After the war, Maggie and her husband could not reconcile their differences and were divorced. Then in 1947 she met Orva Kenneth (“OK”) Myers, a man who worked for, and loved, the Pennsylvania Railroad (“PRR”). OK visited the family often in Oliphant and he had a great influence on Maggie and her family. Maggie's oldest son George moved to Beaver County, PA and took a job on the PRR in 1948. Shortly after,



Maggie in her twenties.



Maggie with her second husband Orva Kenneth Myers, known as “OK” and pronounced “Oakie,” with Maggie, c. 1949.

Maggie's son James Robert moved with his new wife to Beaver County and also went to work for the PRR. Maggie and OK's fondness for each other grew and in 1950 she married and moved the family to Beaver Falls, PA. Only her youngest son, Jack, was young enough to have his schooling affected by this move. Maggie waited until he finished the 8th grade at Oliphant before moving. Her son Thomas stayed with Maggie's oldest daughter, Hazel, and her husband while he completed his last year of school at Georges Township High School. This son too was influenced by OK and later joined his brothers on the PRR. Maggie knew that the move to Beaver Falls was good for her and her family. She had watched work opportunities in the Oliphant area decline and foreshadow the general economic decline in the area. She knew Beaver Falls, with its more progressive school system and greater work opportunities, would make the family prosper. Her son Jack proved her correct when in 1956 he was appointed to the United States Coast Guard Academy, her first child to go away to college. The move to Beaver Falls unfortunately had an adverse effect on Maggie's marriage. Perhaps Maggie had grown too independent during the war years, or perhaps OK missed his freedom. Whatever the reasons, they divorced in 1953.

When her son Tom returned from the Army after the Korean conflict, he influenced Maggie to move into another home in Pulaski Township, PA. Maggie and her two sons then lived together for a while. Her son Jack left in 1956 to go to college and her son Tom married in late 1957. To help fill the void left by all of her children leaving, Maggie joined the Golden Age Club of Beaver Falls and became friends with Grover Cowdery and his wife. When Grover's wife died, Maggie and Grover continued their friendship and eventually married in 1962.

Maggie and Grover were very happy together. Perhaps after all those years, Maggie had found her true love. In 1963 Maggie and Grover moved from Beaver Falls to Fairchance, PA. There in the evening years of her life, she was able to spend more time with her daughters, Hazel and Eleanor, and their families. Maggie's grandchildren loved her. To them she was "Mum-Mum," who, freed from the disciplinary duties of motherhood, could simply smother them with love and affection.

In the summer of 1973, Maggie was visiting with her son Tom and his wife when she suffered a debilitating stroke that affected most of her brain. After that, Maggie was never the same to her family. She had trouble recognizing her children and seemed to be living in a world of her own. The burden of caring for Maggie during those twilight years fell to her oldest daughter, Hazel, who with the help of her loving husband took care of Maggie up to her death in 1975. Maggie is buried with her husband Grover in the Brownfield Cemetery, Brownfield, PA. She lies at the foot of the Laurel Mountains that she knew and loved so well. Maybe her spirit lives in those mountains—for sure, it dwells within the hearts of her living family.

Maggie with her third husband, Grover A. Cowdery, c. 1969.



The "White House," home of Maggie's fifth great-grandfather, Dr. John McCormick, constructed in 1742. The house is located in Summit Point, Jefferson County, West Virginia. It is a Jefferson County Historic Landmark. (Photo courtesy of Susan Abraham Hugh.)



MAGGIE'S ANCESTORS

Dr. John McCormick—oldest known McCormick immigrant ancestor

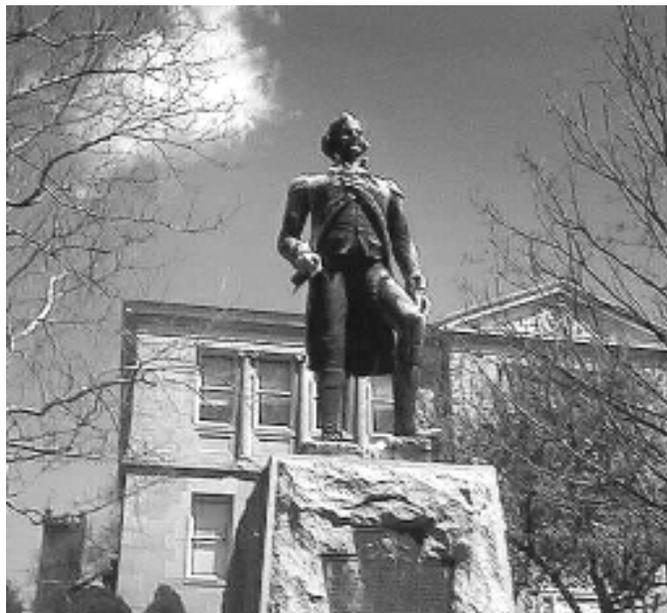
Maggie's fifth great-grandfather, Dr. John McCormick, was born in Ireland and studied medicine at the University of Dublin in Dublin, Ireland. He immigrated to Virginia sometime between 1730 and 1740, bringing with him his large and valuable medical library. Orange County, Virginia deed records show he acquired 395 acres of land on May 21, 1740 from Just Hite. Later he took up other grants adjoining this property in that part of Orange County that is now near Summit Point, Jefferson County, West Virginia. There around 1742 he built a stately mansion known as the White House, which remains a residence. He died in 1768 leaving a wife and eight children. In his will, dated May 8, 1769, he mentions his wife Anne, sons James, John, Francis, William, George and Andrew; and daughters Mary and Jean. It is said of this family that they were "singularly unobtrusive people, content in happiness derived from their own family relations, being extremely clannish; both the men and women were strictly honorable, affectionate, domestic and courteous; one of their marked characteristics was a strict regard for the truth." [Ref. 1.]

William McCormick

Dr. McCormick's son William was born about 1736. Around 1770 he became the first settler of what is now the borough of Connellsville, PA. He brought with him a number of packhorses which he used to transport salt, iron and other commodities from Cumberland, MD to the Youghiogheny and Monongahela river settlements before the days of the railroad and before the old National Pike was extended west from Cumberland. He built himself a log cabin directly across the river from the home of Colonel William Crawford. Col. Crawford had a young daughter Ophelia ("Effie"), born in Virginia in 1747, that caught his eye and they married on February 10, 1773. [Ref. 1.]

William Crawford

Colonel Crawford, also Maggie's fifth great-grandfather, was from Orange County, VA, having been born there around 1722, the first son and fourth child of William (Valentine) Crawford and Honora Grimes. At the age of 17 Col. Crawford met and became close friends with George Washington. When war broke out with the French (the French and Indian War) in 1755, Crawford, then an ensign, accompanied General Braddock on his ill-fated campaign against the French-held Fort Duquesne, now Pittsburgh. In 1758, Washington, now commander-in-chief of all Virginia troops, appointed him a Captain and he later made other raids against Fort Duquesne. In 1769 Col. Crawford moved his family to Stewart's Crossing on the west side of the Youghiogheny River at present day New Haven, just across the river from Connellsville. In 1773 Governor



Maggie's fifth great-grandfather, Colonel William Crawford, fought alongside George Washington during the Revolutionary War. This commemorative statue stands in front of the Carnegie Free Library in Connellsville, PA.

William Penn appointed him presiding justice of Westmoreland County, which at that time encompassed a great portion of western Pennsylvania. When war broke out between the Colonies and Great Britain, he was commissioned a Colonel and put in charge of the 7th Regiment of Virginia Battalions. He participated in many of the major battles of the Revolutionary War and was with General Washington when he crossed the Delaware River, that memorable Christmas Day in 1776, to rout the Hessians in New Jersey. William Crawford and George Washington remained close friends after the war was over. Washington visited him often and certainly got to know Crawford's son-in-law and daughter, William and Effie, who lived just across the river.

Col. Crawford died a horrible death. He was tortured and burned alive at the stake when captured by the Indians while leading a punitive expedition into Ohio intended to make them stop raiding frontier settlements. A monument located at the burn site along the headwaters of the Sandusky River in Ohio commemorates his death. A larger-than-life statue of Col. Crawford stands in front of the beautiful Connellsville Carnegie Free Library in commemoration of this fallen hero. [Ref. 2.]

Sallie Crawford "Sarah" McCormick

William and Effie had 11 children. Sarah, their second child, was born on January 8, 1776 and became Maggie's third great-grandmother. Sarah married John McCormick, a cousin. Little is known about John's life or from whom he was descended. There is also little known about Sarah's life. She apparently gave birth to at least four children: Moses, born 1793; George, born 1794, who died as an infant; Provance, born 1799; and Alfred, born 1801. Moses became Maggie's second great-grandfather. Provance became a well-known pillar of the Connellsville community and is claimed to have been the first person to conceive of, and make, coke. He held positions of postmaster, justice of the peace and associate judge of Fayette County. Little is known of Alfred except that he died in Kincaid Township, Jackson County, Illinois on March 17, 1870 at the age of 68. [Ref. 3, 4 and 5.]

Moses McCormick

Moses, Maggie's second great-grandfather, was caught up in the War of 1812 as a teenager. He was a private in Capt. John McClean's Company, which was a part of a regiment of Pennsylvania militia commanded by Col. Rees Hill. His company was assigned to duty in the Lake Erie area. After his war time service he became "a chairmaker and prominent citizen in the early day." He married Elizabeth Buttermore, daughter of Jacob Bottimer, believed to be of German descent. Moses and Elizabeth had nine children: five sons, Jacob, George C., Andrew, John and William; and four daughters, Eliza, Katherine, Mary and Sarah. The second child, George C.

Moses is buried next to his wife, Elizabeth, in Chestnut Hill Cemetery, Connellsville, PA. Moses's tombstone has an interesting epitaph. It reads:

"Remember as you pass by, as you are now once was I, as I am now so you must be. Prepare for death and follow me."



McCormick, became Maggie's great-grandfather. Many of these children moved west into Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. Moses resided on Lot 13, between Prospect Street and East Alley. In 1823 he was a burgess for Connellsville. Moses and his wife are buried in the Chestnut Hill Cemetery, located behind the Carnegie Free Library in Connellsville, PA. [Ref. 3 and 6.]

George C. McCormick

George C. McCormick was born on December 12, 1821. "He was for many years engaged in the butcher business in Connellsville, was also a chair maker and a skillful glazier. He was a Democrat, and both he and his wife were members of the Methodist Episcopal church. He was a quite retiring man, of excellent reputation. He married Lucinda Teel, whose father was a soldier of the War of 1812." Lucinda's father and mother were both "born in Ireland, but they met and married in Pennsylvania."

George and Lucinda had 9 children: 5 boys: John Hurst, Noble, Franklin Charles, William and George; and 4 daughters: Emily, Elizabeth, Matilda, and Lucinda. Noble became Maggie's grandfather.

Mostly likely George was the person who built the McCormick homeplace at 201 East Fayette Street in Connellsville. This property remained in the family for many generations and at one time was a landmark in Connellsville. The house has been torn down and in its place there is an apartment building.

George died in Connellsville on July 1, 1878. He is buried near his father and alongside his wife at the Chestnut Hill Cemetery, located behind the Carnegie Free Library in Connellsville, PA. [Ref. 3.]



The McCormick homeplace at 201 East Fayette Street, Connellsville, PA. Many of Maggie's ancestors grew up and died in this house (April, 1947).



George is buried next to his wife, Lucinda, in Chestnut Hill Cemetery, Connellsville, PA.

Noble McCormick

*Noble McCormick,
Maggie's grandfather,
c. 1873.*



Maggie's grandfather, Noble McCormick, "was born in Connellsville on February 2, 1853. He was educated in the public schools and began his business life working for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Later he joined the Connellsville police force. For several years he was engaged in the retailing of liquor." [Ref. 3.] Hazel Lewis Abraham, Maggie's oldest daughter and the oldest living family member who knew Noble, remembers him as "a very heavy man. I recall him sitting in the rocker in the dining room and pounding his cane to remind his wife and daughter (Aunt Nora Wyncoop) that it was lunch or dinner time. I know he was retired but I never knew what kind of work he had done."

*Priscilla Spriggs,
Maggie's grandmother,
c. 1873.*



On September 15, 1873, Noble married Priscilla Spriggs who was born in Swansea, Glamorgan County, Wales, United Kingdom. Priscilla immigrated to America in 1866 when she was nine years old. Her father, Charles, was born in England, but had moved to Wales where he married and raised a family. Charles and his wife Ann came to America with their children Mary A., born in 1852, Sarah J., born in 1854, and Priscilla, born in 1856. Hazel remembers Priscilla as "a heavy-set lady and very fussy. She made sure we sat up right at the table and had on a bib when eating. She used to call us 'Little Johnny Bulls,' which I didn't like. When I was 9 years old, she

used to tell me that was how old she was when she came to America from England. I now wish I had asked her why her family came and how she met our great-grandfather, and how they came to settle in Connellsville. McCormick Avenue in Connellsville was named for them. They had three children—our grandfather, George Walter, Edward, and Nora Wyncoop. Nora made her home with them. I suppose it was to care for them, as they were old and seemed to have health problems. We always visited them when we went to Connellsville, but it was for just a short time. We spent more time with Grandpap and Grandma Miner.” Noble’s death on February 7, 1929 made the front page of the *Connellsville Courier* newspaper.

NOBLE McCORMICK

Born Feb 02 1853, a son of the late George and Lucinda Teel McCormick, he was educated in the public schools. He began his career on the B&O RR and later became a member of the Connellsville Police force. He had been retired for 20 years. In politics he was a democrat.

On Sept 15, 1873 he married Miss Priscilla Spriggs, who survives. Two sons, Edward and George Walter, and a

daughter, Mrs. Nora Wyncoop, all of this city, survive. Two brothers, William, a street commissioner, and George also survive, together with eight grandchildren and seven great grandchildren.

The funeral service will be held Saturday afternoon at 2 o’clock at the residence with Rev. J. H. Lambertson, pastor of the Methodist Protestant Church officiating. Interment will be in Chestnut Hill Cemetery.

Maggie’s Uncle Edward, was born in 1873. He was a boss boilermaker for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. He married Anne Bell Herring, daughter of Sylvester Herring, and had seven children: Roger, Ray, Maud, Edna, Edith, Howard and Sara. Edward lived to be 96, dying on Christmas Eve, 1966.



Edward McCormick Family.

*(l. to r. standing)
Maude, Ray, Rodger, Sara,
Edna and Edith.
(l. to r. seated) Annie and
Edward.*



*(Left)
Anna Belle (Herring) McCormick,
1949.*

*(Right)
Edward McCormick, 1949.*

*Nora (McCormick)
Wyncoop and her son
James, c. 1943.*



Maggie's Aunt Nora was born about 1875. She married Guy K. Percy and had one child: George Cooper. Guy died at a young age in 1908. On January 29, 1927 a tragic accident occurred. Her son, and Maggie's cousin, George, was killed in a railroad accident. He was only 22 years old and had just married Garnetta McCormick the previous week. Nora later remarried Walter Wyncoop and had a son, James.

Priscilla died on March 17, 1934 at the age of 78. In her obituary, the *Connellsville Courier* newspaper noted that she was "one of Connellsville's oldest and most widely known women." The newspaper pointed out that she had lived in the same house at 201 East Fayette Street for 60 years. The McCormick family had lived in this house much longer, possibly going back to the time when Moses was still alive. The house stayed in the family until Nora died.

In her will, dated May 3, 1934, Priscilla left all of her property to her daughter Nora, which included several rental properties and the homeplace at 201 East Fayette Street. Nora and her brother, George Walter, lived at the McCormick homeplace most of their lives. When Maggie went to visit them with her family, it was always to the McCormick homeplace.

*George Walter
McCormick and
Anna Belle Miner
on their wedding
day, September 24,
1898.*



George Walter McCormick

Maggie's father, George Walter McCormick, was born in Connellsville on June 6, 1877. All of Maggie's children remember him. His granddaughter, Hazel, thought "we never got very close to him, as we didn't see him often enough. He did visit at Christmas once and a few other times, but mostly we saw him in Connellsville when we visited. (Those visits were only two or three times a year.) He had worked as a yard boss for H. C. Frick. I don't know what he had done earlier in life. He used to take a train to Point Marion, then bring back a number of horses to Connellsville. When he did that he would stop for a few minutes or so to see us and to get a drink of coffee or water. In his later years, he became a heavy drinker. I believe he was a lonely man. He lived in the homeplace [201 East Fayette Street] with his sister Nora and her husband. He always seemed happy to see us. He and Mom seemed to have a good relationship, but I imagine with us children and Daddy, she couldn't give him attention as she would have liked. Mom always referred to him as "Wall"—short for Walter. Most people called him

Mack.”

His grandson, Thomas, has these memories: “I never felt very close to Grandpap McCormick. He lived more than 20 miles away and it was quite an ordeal to get there. We would take the trolley from Oliphant to Uniontown’s West Penn terminal. There we would change to the Connellsville trolley. After reaching Connellsville we would walk to his house. He lived with his Sister Nora. His wife Anna Belle Miner had died several years before I was born. He liked to see us kids and often did things for us. I always enjoyed the times he would take us to the ice cream parlor. He once pulled out of his pants pocket his hand full of change. He told me that I could take one coin. I chose a worn and dull 50 cent piece. Jack chose a shiny copper penny. I don’t remember what Eleanor picked. This surprised him for he told Mom that usually kids would choose the shiny coins. Grandpap was a fan of Babe Ruth. He would tell me stories of how he got into baseball and how he became so famous. He once gave me a watch fob with a medallion on the end of it about the size of a half dollar. On one side of it was a picture of Babe Ruth in his Boston Redsocks uniform and on the back was a baseball diamond. It was designed to keep score while listening to a baseball game on radio. I still have this medallion today but the leather fob rotted away.”

His grandson Jack has these memories: “I remember my Grandfather McCormick (George Walter) and his sister, my Great-aunt Nora. Mom and I used to go to Connellsville to visit with them and she told me my middle name was given to me in his honor. I recall both as being pleasant old people. When I was young, Mom told me that the McCormicks ‘had money’ and she was cheated out of property that Nora had, but should have been Walter’s and then hers when Walter died. In 1960-61, Ann, my first wife, and I visited the Fayette County Courthouse and spent a day searching through the wills of the McCormicks. We discovered that the McCormicks had been fairly wealthy. The fact that they drew up wills was in itself an act of people of means in those days. As I recall, when Walter’s father, Noble, died he left all of his property to his wife Priscilla for life and after her death, it was to go to their children in equal shares. When Priscilla died, she left Walter out of her will and gave everything to Nora and Edward. Mom thought this had happened because Walter married from the “wrong side of the tracks.” So there appeared a possible case that Mom did deserve Walter’s share of the inheritance. Ann and I then traveled to Connellsville to view the houses which had been part of the inheritance. They were in shambles and Nora was obviously not well off. I told Mom of our findings and said that if she wanted to legally pursue this, she might win but get nothing, as the properties looked near worthless. I also suggested she might sue and get a part of the rental income from the properties. Mom thought for just a moment and then told me she did not want to hurt Nora. To my knowledge the matter was never pursued again.”

Walter married Anna Belle Miner on September 24, 1898. They had two children, Noble, born about 1900, and Maggie, born February 22, 1902. When Maggie was two years old, her brother died of diphtheria. This was a tragic loss that Maggie remembered until she died. It may have also had an effect on Walter and Anna Belle. Hazel recalls, “I don’t remember her except for once when we visited Great-grandmother Miner, and I was told that the lady in the rocker



George Walter McCormick as his grandchildren remember him, c. 1947.

was my grandmother. I had been running through the house when I knocked over a cup of hot coffee and burnt my arm and this lady soothed me. I remember going to her funeral and everyone crying, but I can't remember seeing her in the casket. I do remember the fuss that was made when Mom's cousin, Charles Bottomly, wrote on the casket. She had several strokes and died at the age of 44. Mom always called her "mother Annie" and we referred to her as Mom's mother. According to things Mom told me, Mom's father and mother must have been separated when she was little, or else they let her stay with Grandma Miner till she was 12 years old. That's when Mom came to Oliphant with her parents, and that is where Grandpap McCormick worked for Frick." Walter died in the house at 201 East Fayette Street on March 17, 1947 at the age of 69. He never remarried.

Henry Miner, with his wife Lyda (Swink) and daughter Anna Belle, c. 1883.



Maggie and her Great Uncle James Swink, age 77, 1954.



Maggie had fond memories of her Grandfather and Grandmother Miner. Grandfather Henry Miner was born in Connellsville in 1853 and died on April 25, 1942 at the age of 89. His wife Lyda Swink was born in 1863 and died on September 25, 1942 at the age of 79. Lyda had a brother James, and Maggie used to visit him and his wife often. Hazel remembers Henry and Lyda. "It seems to me he was always old. He had white hair and a little mustache. He had asthma and was always inhaling something he burned in a saucer for it. He was very touchy about everything. We had to be quiet when we visited there, which was quite hard for kids. In his way, though, he loved us and always said we were good kids. He was 10 years older than Great-grandmother Miner. She always said he took her to raise. She was a trim little lady and full of fun. She had an old organ on which she would pick out tunes and sing. One of her favorites was "Nearer My God to Thee." Sometimes she would lift her skirts above her shoe tops (she dressed old-fashioned—long skirts and high shoes) and dance a jig for us. This didn't please Grandpap and he would tell her she was silly or something like that. Their home was a very humble one. No rugs on the floor, no screens at the doors or windows, yet I don't recall seeing flies in the house. They always used Ivory Soap. Just to smell it today brings back memories of them. They could neither read nor write. When we visited, Grandpap would buy a paper so Mom could read to him. He was interested in the sports page, especially boxing. Grandpap had worked on the coke yard. They were both hard workers and loved to raise chickens and to garden. For years they won prizes for their gardens and flowers. H. C. Frick gave these awards. They took great

pride in their yard and it is little wonder that Grandpap was so touchy. I recall they visited us a few times. As I said before, Mom had been with them till she was 12 years old, so she called them Mom and Pap and we called them Grandma and Grandpap. They were married 63 years. He died in the spring and she died in the fall of the same year. I believe she just grieved herself to death.”

Thomas has these memories of Henry and Lyda: “Great Grandpap Miner was born in 1853. President Millard Fillmore was the president in the White House. He lived through 19 Presidents. He died on April 25, 1942 at the age of 89 while President Franklin D. Roosevelt was serving his third term in office. He remembered when slavery was legal and the turbulence that led up to the Civil War. Grandpap Miner worked all his life for a living. He started at about the age of 12, working in the iron works near Connellsville. Later on he worked in the coal and coke fields of Southwestern Pennsylvania for Andrew Carnegie’s Carnegie Steel Corp., later to become U.S. Steel Corp. He retired from U.S. Steel with 35 years of service. I believe this was around 1930-35. Upon retirement, U.S. Steel presented him with a pocket watch with a fob attached. On the end of the fob was a bronze medallion. On the front of the medallion was an engraving of corporate president E. H. Gray. On the back side was an engraving of coal and steel workers. Also engraved on the back side was Henry Miner and thirty-five years service. I don’t know whatever happened to the watch but Mom gave me the medallion, which I still have.

“Grandpap was a very interesting person. He seemed to command respect. The visits that I can remember are those when he lived in the Davidson Hill section of Connellsville, PA. I remember they lived in a white two-story house with a picket fence. He would take Marshall, Jim and me out for walks or he would just sit on the back porch and tell stories about anything Mart or Jim wanted to talk about. I was just a little boy and ignored most of the time. But, gee, do I remember those stories. I learned that his father died about 1865 when he was 12 years old and that is why he had to go to work at such an early age. According to Mom, his dad died while with the Union Army during the Civil War. I remember him saying that he could hear cannon and musket fire in the mountains shortly after the battle of Gettysburg. He thought it was the retreating southern armies who got lost or trapped and had to come further west to go back across the Mason & Dixon line. He enjoyed Marshall and Jim asking him questions about the war or anything else and he appeared to have the answers. I enjoyed being around Grandpap Miner.

“Great-Grandmother Miner was a small woman, always wearing her dress down to her ankles. She liked to have fun with us kids. I can remember her singing “Little Brown Jug.” I still remember most of the words to that old song. I remember her singing hymns and war songs. I learned later in life that the songs she sang were



Maggie with her grandmother Lyda (Swink) Miner and daughter Hazel Ruth Lewis, c. 1927.



Maggie with her grandmother, Lyda (Swink) Miner and her grandfather, Henry Miner, 1941.

songs about the Civil War. Grandma and Grandpa lived by the golden rule. He worked all of his long life. Mom lived with them from birth to when she was twelve years of age. Mom often talked about going to church with them every Sunday. They were very strict and they raised her that way. Believe me, that really rubbed off on Mom because she used the same method on us kids.

“Mom once told me a story about an unwelcomed visitor who came to Grandpap’s house. When Mom was a little girl, she liked to play under Grandma’s dining room table. Grandma used tablecloths that nearly touched the floor, and this made a perfect place for a little girl to play house with her doll babies. One evening when she and her grandparents were returning home from shopping downtown, she decided to play house under the table before she went to bed. When she pulled up the tablecloth to get under, she saw a man sitting there. He immediately put his finger upon his lips for her to keep quiet. She then backed out and let the tablecloth fall into place. She didn’t say anything to her grandparents because she was scared. When they went upstairs to bed that night, Grandpa locked the enclosed stairway door behind him. Mom said she laid in bed terrified knowing that there was someone down there. She could not go to sleep. Suddenly, she heard someone turning the door knob on the staircase door. She now realized that she had to tell her grandparents. She tiptoed into their bedroom, woke them up, and told them the whole story. Grandpap, who never owned a gun in his life, got up from his bed and asked his wife in a loud voice for her to hand him his shotgun. He then went stomping down the steps with Grandma following. When he flung open the door he saw the intruder trying to get out of the window. Grandpap was able to get hold of his foot. The intruder started to whistle as if he were calling for help. Grandma told him to let him go for she thought he was calling for help after he started to whistle. This he did, and the man ran off down the alley. Mom said she figured he came there to rob her grandparents.

“This incident happened during a recession period and many people were laid off from their jobs in the coal and coke industry. Grandpap was one of the lucky ones, as that day was his payday. The sad part is, if he would have asked Grandpap for a little help, Grandpap would have probably given it to him. Those were the days before welfare or unemployment, both of which came many years later.

“My great grandparents had a very strong impact on my life. Although I was very young at the time of their deaths, to this day I have the deepest admiration and respect for them. Their honesty and respect of others around them were second to none.”

Henry and Lyda had two children: Maggie’s mother, Anna Belle, born in 1881, and Mar-

Margaret (Miner) Bottomly and part of her family.

(l. to r.) Harry, Violet, Myrtle, Margaret, Charles and their mother, Maggie, c. 1940.



garet, also called "Maggie," born in 1882. Margaret married Charles Bottomly and they had eight children: Alice, Elizabeth, Charles, Myrtle, Margaret, Harry, Mary and Charlotte. They were an unpretentious and fun family to be around and all of Maggie's kids liked them.

In the memoirs of the family that begin in Chapter 3, all of Maggie's children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren remember Maggie. Hopefully their memoirs will pay a lasting tribute to a women who touched the lives of so many people, in so many positive ways. The photographs that follow provide a photographic history of Maggie over her 72 years of life.



*Maggie, age 28**Maggie, age 18**Maggie, age 40**Maggie, age 47**Maggie, age 50 something**Maggie, age 60 something*

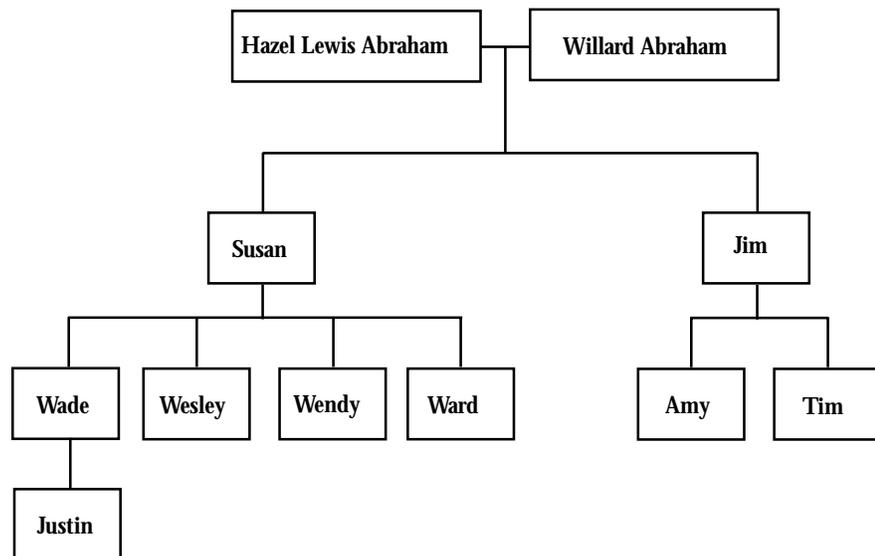
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CHAPTER 3

HAZEL RUTH LEWIS

Spouse and Descendants



HAZEL RUTH LEWIS ABRAHAM

*Willard Allen Abraham
and Hazel Ruth Lewis on
their wedding day,
February 5, 1941.*



Biography and Remembrances

I was born on June 29, 1920 in Oliphant Furnace, PA, the first child of Lindsay and Margaret McCormick Lewis. Mom told me that she and Dad separated while I was a baby, due to his abusing her and refusing to settle down as a married man. I don't recall her telling me how long they were apart, but it had to have been less than two years, as Marshall came two years and four months after me.

Dad was a coal miner nearly all of his life. He started working in the coal mine at Oliphant Furnace when he was only 14 years old. He had just finished 8th grade, which at that time was considered enough schooling. While working in the Maxwell Mine in 1929, he was injured during a cave-in and was in the Brownsville Hospital for awhile. If I rightly recall, his foot and back were hurt. The depression set in while Dad was working in the Maxwell Mine. No one had work then. Finally about 1932, he got a short job in a mine at Oliphant Furnace. This mine was privately owned at the time. When I was in high school, he went to work at Kyle Mine in Fairchance and he worked there until he went off to the Second World War. Dad worked hard and supported us, but didn't seem to have much interest in the things we kids did. I know he never looked at my report cards, nor attended any school functions, not my graduation, and not even my wedding shower.

Dad joined the Navy (Sea Bees) shortly after World War II broke out. I have often wondered if it was for patriotic reasons or just a means of getting away from the family. I do know that the family had no income until his allotment checks started coming. I supported the family for awhile. I worked at the Anchor Hocking Plant in Connellsville, PA and made really good wages at the time.

Mom was the disciplinarian in the family. She was strict! In some areas, I think she was too strict and, even yet today, I feel that way. She was a good Mom though. She kept the family going under great odds. She was very creative. She crocheted, did needle work, quilted, and sewed for all of us, making dresses, pants, coats, doll clothes, etc. It seemed she always had a needle in her hand mending or making something. She worked hard too. Although Dad had mistreated her, she still cared for him. Long after he had left, she told me that if he would just come and say he was sorry for all he had done to her, she would take him back.

After 24 years of marriage and 6 children, Mom and Dad were divorced in 1943. The charge was cruelty and indignities which she endured for the sake of maintaining a home for the children. As far back as I can remember, there were fights between Mom and Dad. They were both physical and verbal fights. It used to scare me to see this happening. There were peaceful times, but the most trivial things could send Dad into a rage. For example, if the Christmas tree wasn't trimmed the way he thought it should be done, or if someone visited that he didn't care about. This behavior was done when he was sober. He was funny when he was drinking. Later in life, though, he seemed angry sober or drinking.

Mom met and married Orva K. Myers in 1947. They moved to Beaver Falls, PA and they seemed quite happy. As time went on, though, the marriage failed (this was a second marriage for both) and they divorced in 1955.

In 1962, Mom married Grover Cowdery. She had met his first wife and him at a Golden Age Club in Beaver Falls and they became good friends. Grover's wife became ill and then passed away, and sometime later Mom and Grover started seeing each other and finally married. He was really good to her. I believe they were very happy together.

Marshall and I were the only two children for a long while. We got to do many things and go places with Grandma Lewis, Aunt Mary Wilson, and our two cousins Palmer and Mildred Wilson, also Mom. Once Marshall decided he was going to go stay at Aunt Mary's, so Mom packed his suitcase and let him out (Aunt Mary lived just a couple of houses from us) but when she shut the door, he threw down the suitcase and screamed and cried that he didn't want to go then. We played well together. We were great pretenders. After Marshall came back from the war, he went to Beaver Falls to get work. There he met and married Anna Mary Hall. As long as Mom lived in Oliphant Furnace, they came to visit often, but after she moved to Beaver Falls I saw them just occasionally. This was due to distance, work, and family.

I was 6 years old when our brother Jim came along. When he was a few months old, Mom used to put him in my arms while I sat in a big leather rocker. Marshall would sit beside me and while we rocked I would sing every song I knew. This would



Me and my brother Marshall with Grandma Lewis (Sarah Ellen Swaney Lewis) and her mom (Sophia Ann Mosier Swaney), c. 1924.

usually put Jim and Marshall to sleep. That was baby-sitting and I enjoyed it. Once when Mom wasn't feeling well, I was to get Jim ready for bed (I was about 8 and Jim about 2). He ran away from me, so I went after him. He ran around the old potbellied stove and fell with both hands against it. His hands were badly burnt. I remember the big blisters he had. I felt very bad but I couldn't help it. Dad blamed me for the accident. Jim and I had a good relationship. We did many things together. We'd get a bunch of kids together and go on hikes to the White Rocks, to the cave, and we even went snake hunting. He taught me to ride a bike. After he came home from overseas, he married June Davis. They used to visit a lot and we'd go see them but as our families came along and were growing up, we didn't get to see each other very often. Jim wanted to get a family reunion started but, sad to say, it didn't take off at that time.

Me holding Eleanor with brothers Marshall and Jim, c. 1931.



I was nearly 9 years old when Eleanor was born. It was a real surprise when I came in from school that day to find a new baby at our house. She was so tiny and I was amazed that my doll's shoes would go on her foot. I played with her a lot but once in a while I'd get tired of it. Once we had company and I wanted to play, but Mom wanted me to watch Eleanor. I did, reluctantly, until I saw Mom holding the company's baby. Then I thought she ought to hold her own baby, so I squeezed Eleanor's cheeks till she cried and Mom had to take her. I looked after Eleanor so much that she'd cry after me rather than Mom. I remember her pounding on the window and crying when I'd leave for school. Of course, this pleased me. We have had a good relationship. She is my friend.

I was 12 years old when Tom came along. I recall he was rather mischievous when he was little. He got teased a lot by his brothers, which didn't help any. When Mom moved to Beaver Falls, Tom came to stay with us so he could finish his last year of school at Georges High. It was nice having him around and we missed him when he left after graduation. Our son Jim looked up to him and he wasn't pleased when Tom and Joanne got married, for he thought Joanne took Tom away. Tom and Joanne have always kept in touch and still do. When Mom was here sick, they came faithfully to see her. Their support meant

a lot to Wib and me. After Wib passed away, Tom has been a real help. Both Joanne and Tom are very dear and close to me.

When Jack came, I was in high school. I wasn't too pleased about his coming. My thoughts were, "Why would my mother at her age have a baby!" It was embarrassing to me! Also, I had to miss school and look after the family while Mom was down with him. In those days, the mother had to stay in bed 11 to 13 days. I looked after Jack a lot. Although I got married when he was quite young, I was still at home for Wib was in the service and overseas. Therefore I was around Jack during a lot of his boyhood days. After Wib came home and we began housekeeping, Jack used to come spend an afternoon or so with me. When they moved to Beaver Falls, I missed him. I was proud of all his accomplishments. I got to see him graduate from the Coast Guard Academy. After that, I didn't see him very often and for a while I thought he was lost to us. I attended the wedding of Jack and Carol and I believe she has brought him much happiness and has encouraged him to keep in touch with his family.

We moved a lot during the first 9 years of my life. We lived in Rosedale, Wynn, Crows (a little community along Route 857), Atlas (that's along Route 40 between Uniontown and Hopwood) and finally in Oliphant Furnace.

I started to school while living in Crows. It was a one-room school—there were four grades in it. I went there for 2 years. I just loved school and did very well. While living in Atlas, I attended a school in Hopwood for a few weeks. I was in third grade then. I liked the school and wish I could have stayed but we moved to Oliphant then. I finished grade school there and went on to Georges High, from which I graduated in 1939. At that time, there weren't many opportunities like today, and having just come through a depression, money was scarce so my dream of becoming a teacher was not realized. Perhaps something could have been worked out, but the idea didn't appeal to my parents, since I was a girl and would probably get married anyway.

After we moved to Oliphant, Mom sent us to Sunday School at the White Rock Church. I liked that a lot. If it wasn't for the church, I wouldn't have gotten out much. I enjoyed the services, the programs, the fellowship, parties, and picnics. It was at a young people's meeting that I met Wib.

During the Christmas season of 1939, I got a part-time job as a clerk for G. C. Murphy Co. Then in the spring, I got a full-time job as a clerk and later in the office of the Oliphant Union Supply Co.

Wib and I got married on February 5, 1941. The Union Supply Co. did not hire married women at that time, so we kept our marriage a secret for 6 months. When we revealed it, I left my job. (There were many places at that time who wouldn't hire married women. West Penn didn't. I knew a couple who had been married for years and kept it a secret so she could work.) Several months later, I went to Connellsville and got work at the Anchor Hocking Plant. Wib was overseas then. After Myrtle Bottomly Omdorff's husband sent for her to come with him (I had been staying with her), I quit and came home. Mom was glad to have me back, as it was lonely with Marshall and Jim gone into the service. Things changed during the war. The Union Supply Co. was now taking married women. I got to work again for the Brownfield Union Supply Co. as an office clerk until the war was over and Wib came home.



Me in my Union Supply Company uniform.

Willard Allen Abraham

by Hazel Ruth Lewis Abraham

(Left) Wib's father, Harry Benson Abraham.

(Right) Wib's mother, Myrtle Susannah Bowlen.



Wib was born in Smithfield, Pa. to Harry Benson Abraham and Myrtle Susannah Bowlen Abraham. He was known as “Wib” or “Web” to everyone except his father, who always called him Willard. Wib was one of eight children. His mother died when he was 13 years old and his father raised the family with the help of the two older girls, Hannah and Margaret.

Wib graduated from Georges High School in 1935. He enlisted in the Army that year and served two years in Hawaii, being stationed at Schofield Barracks. During the time he was gone, his father moved the family to DuPont Village, PA, and this was the home to which he returned upon his discharge from the Army. After his tour of duty, Wib remained in the Army Reserves.

Me with my husband, Master Sergeant Willard Abraham.



Wib went to work for the water company as a jackhammer operator laying pipe lines. Wib loved to fish, hunt, play ball, pitch horse shoes, play the guitar, work in the garden, and participate in community and church events. It was at a Young Peoples Meeting at the church that we met and started dating. A year later he proposed to me and so on February 5, 1941, a beautiful winter's day, we eloped to Cumberland, Maryland.

Because the war in Europe was brewing and because he was in the reserves, we knew he would be called back into the service. Nine days after our marriage, he was recalled and left for Fort Meade, Maryland. He was there until March, 1942 and was then sent overseas to the Pacific war theater. He was in Australia for a short while, then New Guinea, and later Luzon. He was gone for 38 months—it seemed we'd never have a life together but, thank goodness, he returned safely in May 1945, and was discharged in

August, 1945. During most of the war Wib was a noncommissioned officer (Master Sergeant). Just before being discharged, he was offered a commission if he'd stay in the service, but after 9 years of it, he just wanted to settle down.

Shortly after being discharged, he went to work at the radiator plant in Uniontown, Pa. Then in March 1946, he started working at Sears in the warehouse. Our firstborn, Susan Eileen, was born about the same time he got that job. Several years later, Wib became manager of that department. Our second and last child, James Harry, was born in 1949 while Wib was still in the warehouse department. Eventually, he was transferred to the catalog department as manager, where he stayed until he retired in 1973 after 27 years with Sears.

Wib took an early retirement—he was only 56 at the time. After catching up on things to be done around home, and taking a couple of trips for fun, he started working next door for a friend who had a shop that made fittings for furnaces. After a few years this friend sold his business and retired, so Wib stayed on a few more years with the new owner and then he retired again. This time he started making



*Our family:
(standing) James
Harry Abraham,
Susan Eileen
Abraham,
(seated) Willard
Allen Abraham,
Hazel Lewis
Abraham.*



Wib's shelter and one of our many picnics.



*Believe it or not, we actually caught these fish in the
Youghiogheny Reservoir. Wib's Northern Pike was a 40-
1/4 in., 16-3/4 lb. prize-winning catch, and my Walleye
was a 30-1/2 in., 9-3/4 lb. prize-winning catch.*

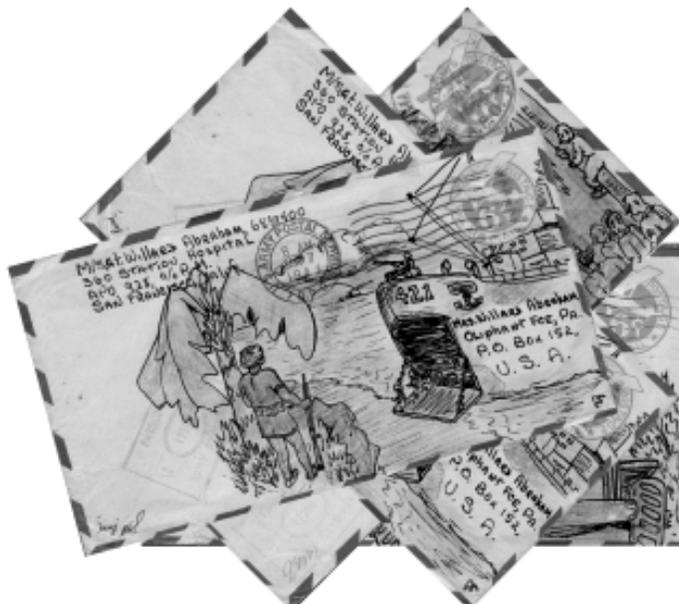
Everyone said Wib had the nicest garden they had ever seen. We're in my flower garden. Wib's garden is on the right.



Wib loved children and children loved Wib. Here he is with his grandchildren at a birthday party. (l. to r. in front: Wendy, Wesley, Ward and Wade. Amy is whispering in his ear and Tim is crying above his head.)



Among his many talents, Wib was also an artist. In his letters that he wrote to me during WWII, the envelopes depicted his travels in the South Pacific.



crafts of wood and put them on consignment in a few craft shops. This was a profitable venture.

He was always busy working in the yard and garden, remodeling the house, going fishing, working with the Boy Scouts, helping people who needed little repairs done, or working at the church.

Wib loved picnics and camping, so he built an outdoor shelter and a fireplace in our backyard. We had lots of company—grandparents, aunts, uncles, cousins and friends and we had many backyard picnics with them.

As I look back over the years, I wonder how he managed to do all these things after working full time at his job. It was all hard work. He always said that he wanted to wear away—not rust away! That's just about what he did.

He was the most patient person I've ever known. He seemed to be liked and respected by all who knew him. While in the Army overseas, his commanding officer, who censored his men's letters, added a little note to one of Wib's letters to me. This is what he wrote, "Just a line to say that Sgt. Abe is one of our best men and one to be proud of. He is very highly thought of by men and officers alike." It was signed Captain William M. Floyd. Another commendation from Lieutenant Colonel George E. Martin said, "Master Sgt. Abraham is a superior Sgt. Major and one of the best all around soldiers I have met."

One of the young fellows from our church wrote this about him:

We'll all miss him

By Ray VanSickle

When asked to write my thoughts about the life of Web Abraham according to my experiences, I was overwhelmed with joy, sadness and honor.

When I was sixteen years old, almost ten years ago, Web asked me if I'd consider being lay leader of the church. I remember being surprised by the question and encouraged also by his support and faith in me, not as a sixteen-year-old youth, but as a young person. Web always made the youth feel important. He didn't believe the youth are the church of tomorrow and knew they are part of the church **TODAY!**

Web supported everything I ever did, when I sang, when I preached, and when I traveled and when I failed.

Web's stories always had a message to tell or a lesson to learn. He spoke metaphorically and was honest in his gestures. He believed in me when I didn't believe in myself and when people thought I was too young to do things, he always had a smile and a sincere encouraging word for me.

I recall one particular sermon several years ago given by him about the "Terrible Tongue." He preached how the things that people say can hurt other people so much. How true it was then and is today. I still envision Web at the pulpit with crossed arms and sharing a real-life God-centered message which always hit home to me and was always sincere gospel teaching.

I loved to go to breakfast occasionally with Art, my dad, and Web and some other fellows when I was home. We laughed about everything and the fellowship was joyous. Web made me happy and made me feel special. As I sit and write this I do cry a bit because I miss him but I remember that he now resides with the God he was so faithful to here on earth when he was among us.

I sang in the choir with Web and he always said my solos were beautiful even when I sang like a sick cow and was embarrassed. He was a preacher, teacher, leader and example to all church workers!

If something needed done—Web could do it. He was a carpenter, electrician, plumber, and all-around handy man who did the job right every time! You could count on him, he kept his word and he loved to work for the joy of other people.

Someone recently spoke something concerning the following . . . The president of "Hardly Able Construction Co." has moved locations—from Brownfield to Heaven. Web was our friend. He was a friend to me that I will never forget as long as I live and the example of love and giving that he showed in his life should teach us all something. Web lived every sermon he ever gave and "practiced what he preached."

I miss Web, as all of us do, but someday we'll all be together again and with a man like Web in Heaven you can bet when we get there he'll have everything in perfect working order. He did here!

Web was a loving husband and father. Along with all the things he did, he always had time for us. He was wonderful in helping me care for Mom, who stayed with us due to her illness. We celebrated our 50th Wedding Anniversary on February 5, 1991 by going to a movie and dinner. Later, on March 2, Jim and Susan had a lovely reception for us at the church. They

would have had it on February 5 but Wib hadn't been out of the hospital very long after having a third heart attack. Just a month after our celebration, Wib passed away on April 5, 1991. He was the love of my life. I have many beautiful memories of him.

Wib and I on our 50th wedding anniversary.



SUSAN EILEEN ABRAHAM AND DESCENDANTS



*Susan Eileen Abraham and
LaMonte Edison Hugh on their
wedding day, February 25,
1967.*

Biography and Remembrances

I was born on March 13, 1946 in Uniontown Hospital in Uniontown, PA. I was the first child of Willard Allen and Hazel Ruth (Lewis) Abraham and the first grandchild of Margaret May (McCormick) Lewis. I have one brother, James, who is three years younger, and no sisters.

We grew up in the country in a community called White Rock, PA, which was between Fairchance (a small town) and Uniontown (a big town). It was at a time when families either had one car or no car. For those who had a car, it was used by dads to go to work. Shopping, etc. was done on Saturdays or after dad got home from work. One convenience mothers had was that they could call the local grocery store in Fairchance, give them their grocery order over the phone and they would box it up and deliver it to your house. We used to have a streetcar (ran on rails like a train) that stopped at the bottom of the hill. There was also a railroad track there. The streetcar would take you to Fairchance and Uniontown. I think it would also take you to Smithfield and Connellsville. When they quit running the street car, we then had a bus that ran from Fairchance to Uniontown every day. It made several trips a day and stayed in operation till I was in my teens. The people in the community where we grew up all knew each other by name. Most of them went to the same church. Fathers put in gardens and some also had chickens, ducks, pigs, cows, horses or donkeys. Everyone seemed to have a cat or two and at least one dog. Mothers canned garden vegetables, baked bread a lot and hung their clothes out to dry. Homes were heated with a coal furnace. Some homes (like my next-door neighbor) used a coal stove for cooking. Fireplaces were not used in the homes in my community, although some of the older homes still had fireplaces in them.

My brother and I played together a lot when we were growing up. We used our imaginations and came up with a lot of neat ideas of things to do. Many days we played with my girlfriend (Ruth Wingrove) who lived next door. Cowboy and Indian toys were popular then, so we played a lot of cowboys and Indians. We were forever building forts to fight off the Indians or bad guys. When we weren't playing cowboys and Indians, we watched them on TV. Roy Rogers and Dale Evans was one of our favorites.

*Tea time at White Rock.
(l. to r. Ruth Wingrove, our dolls, Jimmy and me.)*



My neighbor, Ruth, and I also played a lot with dolls. In the summertime we would drag all our dolls outside along with our doll beds, tables, chairs, dishes, etc. and fix up a playhouse for each of us. Sometimes our houses would be under the grape arbor or under a big shady bush. After setting up our houses we would have tea parties.

Daddy worked at Sears & Roebuck (the big retail store) in Uniontown, which was a 15-minute drive from home. He was home at 5:15 just about every day and we ate dinner at 5:30, so we had the whole evening to do

things together. In the summertime when we were little, we would sit on the big swing on the front porch and talk and wave at friends who walked or drove by. We would also go for rides in the car, usually stopping for an ice cream cone. Our favorite ice cream stop was Peg's Dairy Bar in Fairchance. A BIG single-scoop ice cream cone was 10 cents and it was homemade ice cream.

Daddy was the warehouse manager at Sears for years, and then became the manager of the catalog department there until he retired in 1972. He seemed to enjoy working with wood and did some carpentry work on the side. He even made some of my toys. In later years after his retirement, he continued doing carpentry work and also made decorative items out of wood that he sold at gift stores. He played the guitar and also was able to play the piano. He played that by ear, rather than notes.

Most of our relatives lived within a few miles of my family and we visited them often. Many Friday nights we would go to my grandfather's (Harry Abraham) house in Fairchance to watch the "Friday Night Fights" (professional boxing) on TV. My grandfather loved to watch boxing. My Aunt Louise (Weezie) lived with him at the time. I never knew my grandmother Abraham (Myrtle Susannah Bowlen) as she died (sugar diabetes) when my dad was a young boy of 13. I do remember her sister, my great-aunt Charity Bowlen Wood. She lived with her husband, my great-uncle Charlie Wood, on a farm near Fairchance. Aunt Chat was a short woman (like my grandmother had been) and Uncle Charlie was a very tall man. They always seemed like a happy couple, always laughing and joking with each other. I like to imagine that my grandmother and grandfather were the same.

I saw my grandfather Abraham (Pap Pap) a lot when I was little. He was a thin, quiet man (I never heard him raise his voice) with pretty gray hair. He had a twin sister, Harriet, who I remember looked a lot like him. Pap Pap was retired from the coal mines. Daddy used to tell us how Pap Pap had taken care of the family after my grandmother had died, with the help of my aunts Margie and Hannah. There were 8 kids in the family, 5 boys and 3 girls: Ralph, Clyde (died as an infant), Edward (Eddie), Willard (Daddy), William (Bill), Margaret (Margie), Hannah, Laurel Louise (Weezie). Daddy always said his mother baked a lot, which must have been a big endeavor with so many in the family. He used to say there were always fresh baked goodies for them to eat. Daddy said his family had lived in Smithfield, Dupont Village (down the hill from the house where I grew up) and Fairchance. When Grandpap worked at the mines, he had to walk a great distance to work as he had no car. He would leave very early in the morning walking to work, work all day, then walk all the way home. Most evenings it was dark when he got home. Then he would get up the next day and do it all over again. Even

though my grandfather was quiet, he always seemed to enjoy talking to me and my brother. I know he liked to go hunting. Sometimes he would take my brother and me for a ride in his car. An interesting note: My grandfather never had to take a driving test. At the time he had bought his first car, all one had to do was get in and drive. My brother and I always enjoyed riding in his car as it had no back seat and therefore we got to stand in the back and move around as we rode. Usually he took us to Fairchance to the store and would buy us some candy. My grandfather died in his sleep (heart attack) in 1956. He was buried at Smithfield Cemetery, Smithfield, PA beside my grandmother.

We went to Sunday School and church every Sunday at a little country Methodist Church a short distance down the road. Mom taught Sunday School and Bible School there for as long as I can remember. Later she sang in the choir. Like everyone else in our community, we walked to church. Many Sundays after church we would go to my Aunt Hannah's (Dad's sister) and Uncle Les's (Moser) place in Smithfield. In the summers we went to their pond to swim and picnic. There my brother and I met and played with most of our cousins and aunts and uncles on my Dad's side of the family. On many Sunday evenings in the winters we went to their house to visit and watch *Bonanza* (western TV series) and *The Ed Sullivan Show*. TV hadn't been out very long and so it was a new form of entertainment. We also visited my other aunts, uncles and cousins on my Dad's side of the family and they in turn visited us quite often.

Mom worked at home, as all the mothers in my community did when I was growing up. In the spring Daddy always put in a big garden and she was kept busy canning vegetables from the garden and fruit from our orchard. She also baked a lot: breads, pies, cakes and cookies, all from scratch. We also had at one time or another chickens, ducks and pigs, and various kinds of dogs and kittens.

We always took a vacation every summer and went camping, which was a popular and safe thing to do back then. Sometimes we would only go a couple of hours away and other times we would go several days' drive away. One time we camped all the way to California to visit friends. We always went with another family who would have kids around our age. Sometimes my brother and I would bring along an extra friend.

Mom's brothers and sister were younger than Dad's, so there weren't as many to visit at first because most of them still lived with my grandmother. We visited her often as she only lived about a mile away. My grandmother (Mom Mom, as I named her) loved to sew and bake, although I think sewing was her favorite thing to do. She could also crochet and quilt. I still have some of the doilies she made. She made clothes for her family and me and even for my dolls. She was so good at sewing that she could make her own patterns. I used to enjoy watching her work and she always seemed to enjoy having me around.

I didn't know my mother's dad as he and my grandmother must have separated before I could remember. From things my mother told me about the way he treated her and the way he behaved in his own home, I feel the separation was for the best. My grandmother never talked much about him to me.

Some of Mom-mom's work.



I did see him one time when I was about 4 for a couple of minutes when he came to my parents' home. I never did ask why he came to our house that day and all I can remember about him was he looked like an old man who needed a shave. I felt that my grandmother looked too young for him. Anyhow, he never came back. I did learn in later years that he had lived just a few miles from us and the rest of his family all the years I was growing up, but evidently family was not important to him.

When I was about 5 years old, Mom Mom moved to Beaver Falls, PA (about 2 hours away) with her second husband, Mr. Myers. I think his first name was Orva. I guess he must have been an okay guy, but because I was still a child, I didn't care for him because he took my grandmother so far away. I always just referred to him as Mr. Myers. Uncle Jack went with Mom Mom when she and Mr. Myers moved to Beaver Falls. Uncle Tom stayed with us, so he could graduate from high school with his friends. I don't remember too much about Uncle Tom living with us except that he always used to tell my brother and me all kinds of interesting stories and he played the trombone in the high school band and practiced it at home. He also ran track. My mother used to have a hard time getting him up for school. I guess he was up late studying.

When my grandmother lived in Beaver Falls and we would go visit, it was considered a long trip and we usually stayed overnight. I even got to stay by myself one time. We had a good time sewing, baking, going to the movies, shopping and visiting her neighbors. One of her neighbors, an old old lady, gave me an old china doll with an oil cloth dress and hat. I still have that doll. Uncle Jack was still in high school. He always seemed to be studying when I saw him. When he used to live near us, he was always trying to get me to do things to get me in trouble. Mom said he was jealous of all the attention I used to get because he had been the baby for so long. One time he was at my house and kept trying to get me to jump off the ladder that was leaning against our back porch. Every time I would jump off he would let me have a strawberry from my dad's strawberry patch; then he would tell me if I jumped from the next higher rung I could have another strawberry. This went on until my mother caught him.

Before Aunt Eleanor got married and was working she bought me some toys. One of my favorite toys that she bought me was "twin dolls." As time went on Aunt Eleanor got married to Edgar Miller from Fairchance. She was a pretty bride. They started housekeeping in Smithfield, PA and had 4 children: Franklin, Karen, Daniel and Laurel.

Uncle Tom graduated from high school and joined the Army. This was during the Korean War and soon he was sent to Korea. It was a sad time for the family. Mom Mom was worried about him, as she had been about Uncle Jim and Uncle Mart when they had been in World War II. Uncle Tom came back okay and when he came back he gave me a little basket with two little wooden dolls from Korea. I still have them.

Uncle Tom married Joanne Weigle from Monaca, PA. They stopped at our house on their way to get married. Aunt Joanne looked so pretty. One winter day after they were married they came to visit us and Aunt Joanne went sled riding with my brother and me. We had never had an aunt go sled riding. We had so much fun that day. They had five children: Linda, Thomas, Dwayne, Robin and Keith.

My Uncle Mart (Marshall) and Aunt Anna Mary Lewis and Uncle Jim and Aunt June also lived not far from Mom Mom. We visited them also and my brother and I played with our cousins Gale, Billy and Kathy. I spent some overnights with my Uncle Jim, Aunt June and cousin Kathy. We had some good times together but because they lived two hours away we didn't get to visit too often.

My Uncle Jack graduated from high school and got an appointment to the U.S. Coast Guard Academy. Mom Mom was so proud of his accomplishments, as he was the first one of her children to get a college education. When he graduated from the Academy, he married Ann Harwick from Allentown, PA. Because they lived so far away I never really knew Ann.

My brother and I went to Oliphant Elementary School about a mile walk from home. We walked to and from school every day in rain, snow and all, as did all the other kids in our com-

munity. It was the very same school that my mother, her brothers and sister had attended as children—even had some of the same teachers. When we went to school, as when they did, corporal punishment was allowed (in the form of belts, boards, hands, rulers, and sticks). I was only paddled once and that was in high school for chewing gum in class. I'm sure though that my uncles and brother probably received more than one paddling along the way. One teacher in junior high used to line the boys up in front of the class and give them each a hard whack with the wooden paddle (named Oscar) every once in a while, just to keep them straight. I know my husband met him a few times as we were in the same grade in junior high.

My mother, her brothers (with the exception of Uncle Jack), her sister, and my dad all graduated from Georges Township High School. My brother and I graduated from the same high school, but the name had changed due to a jointure of two school districts: Fairchance High School and Georges Township. The new name was Fairchance-Georges High School. It was located at York Run, PA. Later German Township High School and Albert Gallatin High School combined with ours to form the Tri Valley High School. My brother's two children, Amy and Tim, graduated from Tri Valley High School years later.

While I was in high school, Aunt Eleanor and Uncle Edgar had their fourth child, Laurie. I stayed at their home for a couple of weeks and helped Aunt Eleanor after she came home from the hospital. Laurie was such a pretty baby with her dark eyes and dark hair.

Our high school didn't offer much in the way of extracurricular activities for girls. There was cheerleading, majorettes, band/orchestra and clubs, Future Teachers and Future Nurses. I belonged to the latter three to have something to do. Taking piano lessons at home, I decided to play the bell lyre in the band and was learning the xylophone when our high school caught fire and part of it was burned. With our auditorium no longer safe to use, our graduating class of 125 held the ceremony at Uniontown High School. Their school had a large auditorium seating about 1,500, compared to ours that seated about 500.

It was during this time that Mom Mom, now divorced, met and married Grover Cowdery of Ohio. They moved to Fairchance and once again I got to see her more often. She always loved company and, though she didn't sew much now, she made different types of crafts. Grover loved company too and must have been very inventive during his lifetime, as he always had some new trick puzzle he had made to amuse you when you went to visit. He also loved to read. They were married several years before they both became too ill to care for themselves. Mom Mom had lived with us for a while when I was growing up and we shared my bedroom. I always enjoyed having her there and we had many talks. She told me about her life growing up and about her children. She told me she had a brother who died when he was very young. She also talked a lot about her grandchildren and always shared their latest pictures with me. Family was important to her.

After graduation, I went to work at Gallatin National Bank in Uniontown as a bookkeeper and I took a course on banking. After a couple of years there, I was anxious to move on to something more exciting, so I went to airline training school in Minneapolis, MN. After graduating from there I was stationed in Washington, DC where I worked as a reservationist for Northwest Airlines. It was during this transition time that LaMonte and I started dating. We had first met in 7th grade (junior high). We knew each other all through high school, but never dated each other. He had played drums in junior

LaMonte in his Green Beret uniform during the Vietnam War, c. 1966.



high school and football, basketball and baseball in high school. Years later I was looking through my high school yearbook and saw that he had written that he had had a crush on me. After graduation, he had gone to California State Teachers College and was now a Green Beret in the Army. We dated two months and got engaged, and then were married 5 months later on February 25, 1967 in a church wedding at White Rock Methodist Church. During the time we got engaged and married, LaMonte went back to the Army to Officers Training School. After we got married, he was stationed at the Pentagon in Washington, DC. We lived in the DC area until he was discharged and I continued working until our first child, Wade, was born. He was born at Andrews Air Force Base Hospital in Camp Springs, MD on March 16, 1968 and cost us all of \$7.00. Hospital bills today are a little higher.

During this time my brother Jim graduated from high school, went to the Art Institute in Pittsburgh and served in the Army. He later married Lynn Altizer from Hopwood, PA and they had Amy and Timothy. While we lived in the DC area we visited Uncle Jack and his family and they visited us a couple of times. They had Jason and Jeffrey.

LaMonte later became a trainee with Montgomery Ward (a retail store). He continued to work for them for 20 years and with each move up the corporate ladder, we moved our family. During those years we moved eleven times, mostly in the eastern part of the U.S. and once to the mid-west. (Aunt Joanne always said that we made a mess of her address book.) Places we lived were: Arlington, VA; Forestville, MD; Landover, MD; Fredericksburg, VA (two different homes); Mars, PA (two different homes); Catonsville, MD; Monroeville, PA; West Des Moines, IA; Nokesville, VA (two different homes).

*Our family growing up.
(l. to r. back row: Wade
and Wesley; front row:
Wendy and Ward.) 1980.*



Wesley was born October 15, 1973 at Mary Washington Hospital in Fredericksburg, VA. During the time before our third child (Wendy) was born, Mom Mom and Grover moved in with my Mother and Dad because they were no longer able to care for themselves. Grover finally had to be put in a rest home and he died there a short time later. Then two years later Mom Mom died of a stroke at my parents' home. She was buried beside Grover at Mountain View Memorial Park in Brownfield, PA. Seven

months later, on January 19, 1976, our daughter, Wendy, was born at St. Agnes Hospital in Baltimore, MD. Then our last child, Ward, was born on July 9, 1977 at Baltimore General Hospital in Baltimore, MD. During the time we lived in Maryland, Uncle Jack married Carol Surber of Martinsville, VA. They had a beautiful small wedding in a friend's home. Mom Mom would have loved Carol, as keeping in touch with family seems important to her, as it was to Mom Mom.

LaMonte had worked his way up in the company to mid-west area manager, a nice position, but a lot of traveling. With the kids getting older, we decided they needed a dad who was around, so we transferred back east and LaMonte left Montgomery Ward so he could get into some kind of work that would keep him close to home. He went into construction and at the present time he is working for OSHA.

During the years our kids were growing up, we tried to keep in touch with our relatives by visiting and attending family reunions. With moving so much, visiting was limited. They did get to meet most of their second cousins and their great-aunts and great-uncles on both sides of the family. With LaMonte being an only child and my having only one brother, they only had one uncle and one aunt and two first cousins.

Because of our many moves, Wade, Wesley, Wendy and Ward grew very close and shared many adventures together. There was an occasional squabble, but they actually got along quite well together. One thing is certain, there was never a dull moment at our house. Only now, years later, are we hearing stories of things they did unknown to us when they happened. Someday I may write a book about their antics, from calling animal control to our house to put a baby bird back in its nest, to trying to cut our sofa in half so each of them could have their own chair.

As any parent of more than one child knows, each child has their own personality. Wade, our first, was a good child, who never complained about anything. He used to put his brothers and sister up to doing things and then would hide and laugh when they got in trouble. He also was the only one in his class at school who never had any homework. We were shocked, yet very proud of him, when years later he graduated from college (West Virginia University) *Magna Cum Laude*.

Wesley, our second child, was a very quiet child, but he kept us on our toes, because if there was something to get into, he found it. He especially loved tools and using them. Even today he seems to enjoy working with them, a trait he must have inherited from both of his grandfathers.

Wendy, our third child and a strawberry blonde, was a chatterbox who loved everyone and everything, even the snake she found one day when she was six. She carried it home and asked her Dad if she could keep it as a pet because it was so sweet. Today she still loves everything and is majoring in the medical/teaching field.

Ward, our youngest, was probably our most talkative child, even more than Wendy. He would diplomatically try to talk his way out of anything. He once told his new third grade teacher that he couldn't concentrate in her class because it was entirely too noisy. If his grades weren't very good it was because of that. He also had her to believe that he had a job after school, as he had told her he couldn't have any homework on certain nights because he had to go to work after school. He was and still is a very neat child, keeping everything folded and in its place.

Our kids enjoyed and played in community and school sports from first grade through high school. LaMonte even managed to coach some of their sports. We spent a lot of our time as a family traveling to and watching each of them play in their individual sport. The time and effort was worth it, as three out of our four children received scholarships to play in college: Wesley to Ferrum College in Ferrum, VA, for baseball; Wendy to Shenandoah University in Winchester, VA, for basketball; and Ward to Virginia Tech in Blacksburg, VA, for wrestling.

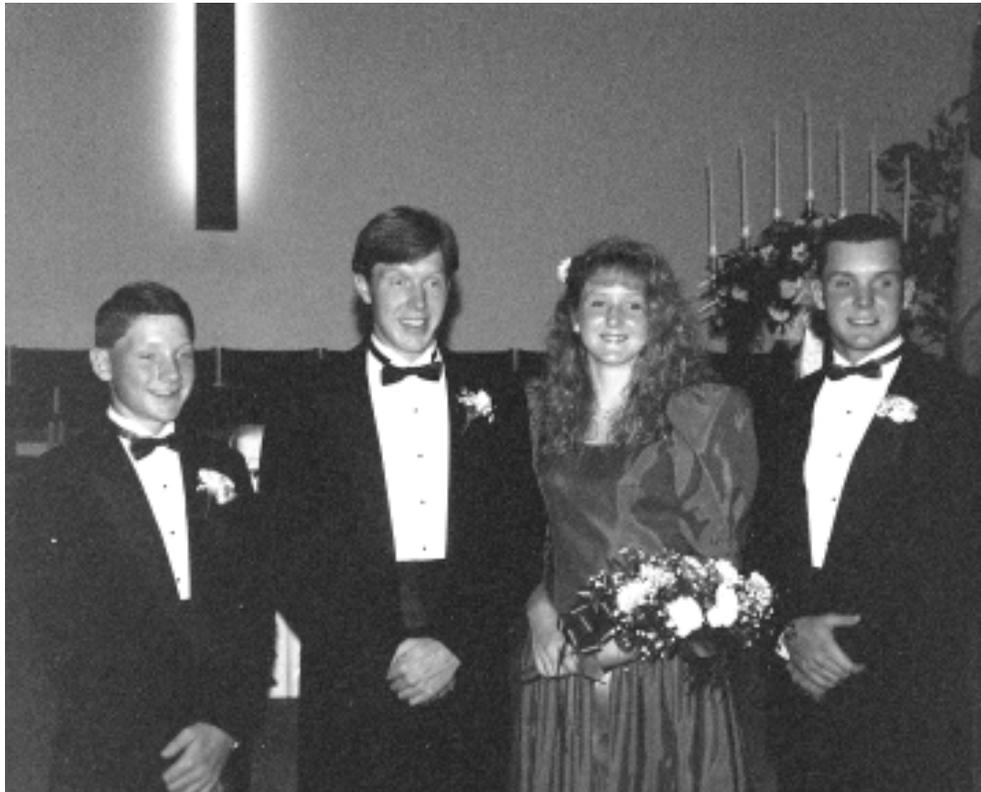
We settled in Nokesville, VA in 1987 and have been here 10 years, a very long time in one place for us. We like the community because it reminds us of the small country-type setting where we grew up. Just about everyone knows everyone else, from the postmaster to the grocer. We belong to the United Methodist Church and go every Sunday. A couple of years after we moved to Nokesville, I started working outside the home, part-time at first, as church secretary. My first paying job after all those years! Presently, I'm a receptionist at a medical center in Manassas, VA.

During our time here my parents celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary February 5, 1991. Due to the fact that Daddy had a heart attack in January of that year, we waited until March 5th to celebrate their anniversary with a big reception. Daddy had a fatal heart attack on April 5th of that year. He was buried in Smithfield Cemetery, Smithfield, PA.

Wade married Deborah Susan Leonard (Debbie) of Auburn, NY that summer (August 17, 1991) in Auburn, NY. Debbie fits right into our family and Wendy now has the sister she always wanted. They live in Nokesville, VA about 3 miles from us.

Wade and Debbie had a beautiful wedding. We took that opportunity to take these family pictures.

(l. to r.) Ward, Wade Wesley and Wendy Hugh.



(l. to r.) Ward, Susan (Abraham), Wade, LaMonte, Wendy and Wesley Hugh.



We celebrated our 25th wedding anniversary in February of 1992. The kids had a surprise party for us. It was truly a surprise. Then on April 5, 1994 our first grandchild, Justin Robert Hugh, was born. We were fortunate enough to be able to be at the hospital when he was born. He looks like his father but has some of his grandfather Leonard's features. We just recently celebrated our 30th wedding anniversary. Time really flies.

*Our 25th wedding anniversary surprise party.
(l. to r.) Wesley, Wade, Susan (Abraham),
LaMonte, and Debbie (Leonard) Hugh, Hazel
(Lewis) Abraham and Laura (McKenna) Hugh.*



HUGH FAMILY ANCESTRAL HISTORY

Paternal Ancestors

By Owen and Hannah Hugh

(From notes handed down and kept by Cora Hugh Patterson and from the Hugh Family Bible.)

LaMonte's 4th great-grandfather, Owen Hugh, crossed the mountains into the area now known as Fairchance, PA, from Berks County, PA in 1770, six years before the American Revolution. There he took up a land grant of 1,700 acres. King George III of England issued this grant in order to encourage settlements in land recently secured by England as a result of their defeat of the French and Indians in a war in which General Braddock was killed and Fort Necessity was built and used by young George Washington and his voluntary army. This land grant is recorded in Uniontown courthouse.

Owen marked his claim and then returned to his family in Berks County with the idea of bringing them out to this new land. However, shortly after returning home, Owen died.

In the late 1790s Owen Hugh's only son, Isaac (LaMonte's 3rd great-grandfather), who had recently married Mary Ann Todd from Wales, crossed the mountains and took possession of his father's grant.

After their marriage, Isaac and Mary Ann lived at Logan's Bridge in Union County. They crossed the mountains in a covered wagon drawn by a double yoke of oxen. Isaac and Mary

(LEFT) The cabin built by Isaac Hugh in the late 1790s.

(RIGHT) The house built by Owen J. Hugh in the early 1800s.



Ann set up housekeeping in a cabin built by Isaac's father, Owen Hugh. According to legend, Indians burnt their cabin and Isaac with his wife and family took refuge in the stable while a more commodious log house was being built. (LaMonte and Susan Hugh have a painting of this cabin and also a picture of it taken years later). This second home of Isaac and Mary Ann Hugh stood behind the big frame house built later by LaMonte's great-grandfather Owen J. Hugh.

Isaac possessed a mechanical talent above the average person of those days. The careful fitting of the corner joints and facing of the logs in his log home testify to his skillful workmanship. He was also a cabinet maker. Many of the three-cornered cupboards found in this area today were built by Isaac Hugh, especially those found in the homes of older residents.

Isaac and Mary Ann Hugh were the parents of 12 children, 10 boys and 2 girls: Owen, James, Jonathan, Hannah, Isaac, William, Rachel, (twins) Hiram and Dan, Moses, Warner and John.

Isaac and Mary Ann's son, Warner (LaMonte's great-great-grandfather) married Ruth Hartman, Their children were: Isaac, Melchoir (or Malcher), Owen J., Sara (or Sally), and Mary. Their son Owen J. is LaMonte's great-grandfather. Melchoir drowned at Wheeling on

his way home from the Civil War. Sara married William Jacob Ruble from Rubles Mill, who was a miller by profession.

An 1850 census of Georges Township, Fayette County, PA, shows Warner Hugh, age 35, occupation: Farmer. His wife, Ruth was 35 also. Only two of their children were listed then: Isaac, age 5, and Malcher (Melchoir), a male, age 3. With Melchoir only being 3 in 1850, he had fought in the Civil War and died at a very young age. Warner's mother, Mary Ann, was listed as living with them at the time. It states she was 74 in 1850 and listed as a widow.

Today all that remains of the Hugh land grant is 38 acres (including the mineral rights). What happened to the rest of the land grant and the coal under it? According to an ancestor's notes, Isaac (LaMonte's great-great-great-grandfather) also built his own distillery against the wishes of his mother and despite her pleadings.

His whiskey sold for 7 cents a quart, a goodly sum in those days. Yet his profit was not sufficient, for Isaac never had enough money to pay his taxes. But a very close friend, Captain John Oliphant (owner of Fairchance Iron Furnace), who at that time lived in Liberty Hall, always came forth with the necessary cash, receiving in return a generous slice from the Hugh land grant. So pretty soon, most of Isaac's land was in the possession of Captain Oliphant and later on, the Carnegie Land Company.

That is the story of how this vast tract of land slipped from the hands of our ancestors. Yet these two men remained friends. They drank together the whiskey distilled in Isaac's distillery and records show that John Oliphant named his son Hugh Oliphant.

Owen J. Hugh (LaMonte's great-grandfather) married Emma Hastings. They had 8 children, 5 boys and 3 girls: Rose, Melburn, Cora, Isaac E. (LaMonte's grandfather), Hugh H., Melchar, Fanny and Harry. Rose died at the age of 28 and Melburn died at the age of 21. Cora married Frank Patterson. Hugh Hastings married Armed Cooley, Melchar married Julia Jonasson. Fanny married Gaddie Reese and Harry married Priscilla Adams. Harry, at the urging of his wife, was the only Hugh in the long line of ancestors who changed his last name to Hughes. They had no children, so the Hughes line died out.

Isaac Edison Hugh married Laura Belle Humphreys of Fairchance, PA. He ran the family



(LEFT) Owen J. Hugh.

(RIGHT) Emma Hastings.

Laurel Belle, Isaac Edison and son George Hugh. c. 1919.



farm in Fairchance and worked at the Collier and Kyle coal mines until rheumatoid arthritis caused him to lose both legs. He was an invalid for 10 years until his death in 1965 at the age of 70. He and Belle had one child, a son, George Edison Hugh.

George lived at home and worked on the family farm until he graduated from high school. He also did taxidermy work. He served in the Army during World War II and fought in Europe. He was in the invasion of Normandy and in the Battle of the Bulge. He was wounded in the Battle of the Bulge by artillery and heavy mortar fire, but was able to continue serving in the military until the end of the war. While he was in the Army and before World War II started, he met and married Laura McKenna of Palmer, PA. After the war, he worked as a furniture upholsterer and cabinet maker for Havens Furniture and Upholstery Service in Uniontown, PA until he opened his own business in 1968. He and Laura had one son, LaMonte Edison Hugh. George liked to hunt and fish. When his mother, Laura Belle, was no

(RIGHT) Laura McKenna and George Edison Hugh on their wedding day, April 10, 1943.

longer able to live alone, she made her home with them at the age of 83. George died of cancer of the lung in 1979 at the age of 62 and is buried at LaFayette Memorial Cemetery in Uniontown, PA. In 1980 someone set the old Hugh homestead on fire and it burned to the ground. Laura Belle (George's mother) died of a heart attack at the age of 91. She is buried at LaFayette Memorial Cemetery.



Laura and George with their only child, LaMonte Edison Hugh, c. 1966.



Maternal Ancestors

By Laura (McKenna) Hugh

LaMonte's great-great grandparents on his mother's side were William and Hannah Lowden of England. Their son, William Lowden, was born near Lancaster, England near the year 1854. William married Isabella Priestley, also of England, and their first child, Elizabeth Priestly

Lowden was born in England near West Auckland in the county of Durham on March 4, 1877. Their other children, Margaret, Louise and George, were also born there.

William, Isabella and their four children came to America on a boat from England. Isabella's four brothers, Mossi, Jack, Will and Harry married and remained in England near their birthplace in the county of Durham. William and Isabella settled in Robertsdale, PA, where Mary, Matthew, William, Isabella and Jane (often called Jennie) were born. The family then moved to Dunbar, PA, in 1896 where William had a livery stable.

On March 15, 1897, William was shot and killed by a neighbor, Mr. Hayes, over a disagreement. Mr. Hayes was later hanged for the murder in the courtyard of the Uniontown courthouse. Isabella remained a widow and died in her early fifties. She took care of their children until her death, and then the older children took care of the younger ones until they were able to take care of themselves.

Jane Shearer Lowden married Charles Francis McKenna. Charles' parents were from Glasgow, Scotland. They came to America and settled in Herbert, PA, near New Salem. They had three boys—Charles Francis, John and Thomas, and two girls—Katherine (“Kate”) McKenna Livingston and Margaret (“Maggie”) McKenna Dugan. While the kids were growing up, the family moved to Herminie, PA, near Irwin.

When Jane and Charles were married, they lived in the north side of Pittsburgh where Charles worked at a hotel and then later as an insurance salesman. They had four children, all born in Pittsburgh, two boys—Lester and Thomas, and twin girls, Laura and Elizabeth. Jane and Charles didn't give their children middle names. Charles was Catholic and Jane was Protestant. Their son Lester went to a Catholic church with his father and Thomas, Laura and Elizabeth went to a Presbyterian church with their mother. Charles insisted everyone go to church on Sunday.

Charles moved the family to Palmer, PA, when Laura and Elizabeth were six years old. He got a job as a policeman for the H. C. Frick company and later worked at Gates mine (near Palmer) running the cage that carried miners into and out of the mine. The job was referred to as “Top Man.”

Charles and Jane's daughter Laura married George Edison Hugh of Fairchance, PA. They had one child, a son, LaMonte Edison Hugh.

Even though Charles and Jane had different religious backgrounds, they stayed happily married until their deaths. Charles died in 1968 at the age of 81, and Jane died in 1978 at the age of 83.



*Charles Francis McKenna
and Jane Shearer Lowden
McKenna, c. 1959.*



*Laura McKenna,
c. 1942.*

WADE ALAN HUGH FAMILY

*Deborah Susan Leonard
and Wade Alan Hugh on
their wedding day,
August 17, 1991.*



Biography and Remembrances

Four generations

Me with my great-grandmother Margaret McCormick Cowdery, my grandmother Hazel Ruth Abraham, and my Mom Susan Eileen Hugh, Palm Sunday, March, 1970.



I was born on March 16, 1968 at Andrews Air Force Base in Forestville, Maryland. Our small family of three remained in Forestville until my father was transferred to Fredericksburg, VA. During this time, my parents made numerous trips back to Fairchance to visit Mimi (Hazel), Pap Pap (Wib) and my other grandparents.

My earliest memories of Mum-Mum (my maternal great-grandmother) were of going to Mimi's house to visit. During this period I was about 5 years old and Mum-Mum was confined to a bed most of the time. Most of my memories of Mum-Mum are somewhat vague.

I always enjoyed sitting on the swing outside with Mimi playing the "I see something" game. She always had time to spend with me. Pap Pap would take me fishing and spend time with me playing in the yard or teaching me things in his workshop. I always looked forward to my week-long summer vacations to visit Mimi and Pap Pap.

I remained an only child for five

and a half years. Wesley was the second child born into the family. I enjoyed having a new friend who I could boss around and get into trouble. After Wesley was born we moved to Catonsville, Maryland, where our family grew with the births of Wendy and Ward. Our family moved again, first to the Pittsburgh area, then to Des Moines, Iowa, and finally to northern Virginia. During all of the years growing up, I and my brothers and sister remained close because of the frequent moves; we were often our only playmates or friends for many periods of time.

I spent quite a bit of time growing up with my Uncle Jim Abraham and his family. Uncle Jim always had time for me, even if I was “just a little kid.” He took me to see *Star Wars* after it first came out; when I saw it later with my friends I told them what was going to happen before the action took place—they were mad I spoiled it for them. Uncle Jim also took me camping with his family a few times; he cooked chicken with hot rocks one time and I also recall his famous peach cobbler made directly on the fire. Jim also introduced me to cross-country skiing on the rolling hills of Ft. Necessity.

Mimi’s first plane ride was to Des Moines for my high school graduation in 1986. After my high school graduation I chose to attend West Virginia University (WVU). The best part of going to WVU was that I was closer to Fairchance. I spent most of my weekends at Mimi and Pap Pap’s house. I spent many a night studying or reading at their kitchen table. Mimi always cooked so well; I practically lived on the leftovers she sent home with me during the week. Speaking of Mimi’s cooking, the only person who can make a better pie than my mom is Mimi!

During my final semester of my senior year at WVU I began dating Debbie Leonard. Debbie was actually the resident assistant for the floor I lived on in the residence hall. We were engaged in July of 1990—Pap Pap and Mimi were the first people we told! I stayed one more year at WVU and earned a Master of Business Administration degree. Debbie and I spent a year apart before our marriage. I stayed in Morgantown and she took a position near Albany, NY. We were married in Auburn, NY on August 17, 1991. Debbie and I moved to Manassas, Virginia as newlyweds, and I began my career as a management trainee for Leggett department store. We lived close enough to my parents so that we could visit for Sunday dinner every weekend. I had the opportunity to watch my brothers and sister participate and excel in their respective high school athletic programs. When Debbie first met my brothers and sister, they were kids. We have had the chance to see them become adults and make their life choices.

Justin Robert Hugh, our firstborn, came into our lives in Manassas, Virginia on April 5, 1994. After 36 hours of labor Debbie said that he was “*Just in*” time; hence the name Justin. Being parents has really changed our lives—in many positive ways. Taking on the responsibility for the life, education and spiritual growth of our child is a lifelong commitment. We are blessed to have Justin in our lives and enjoy the opportunity to introduce him to his family and heritage.



Four generations

*Hazel Lewis Abraham, Susan Abraham
Hugh, Wade Alan Hugh and Justin Robert
Hugh, December, 1994.*

Deborah Susan Leonard Hugh



Biography and Remembrances

Mary Louise Miller was born January 25, 1926 at home in Columbus, Ohio, the only daughter of Noah and Olive (Shannon) Miller. Mom had three brothers: Charles and Jim who were older, and David who was younger. Mom says that her family never had much money. One Christmas during the Great Depression saw only oranges as gifts for the children, but the children were happy. Mom graduated from high school towards the end of World War II, in 1944.

After high school Mom worked for Dr. La Rue, an eye, ear, nose and throat specialist, as an assistant and receptionist. After the untimely death of the doctor, Mom went to work at Columbus Dental Manufacturing in the payroll department.

Meanwhile, a few hundred miles away, the life of Dad began in the small factory town of Lonaconing, Maryland. Robert William Leonard was born in his grandparents Williams' home on August 3, 1928. Dad was the only child of his parents, Lloyd and Agnes (Williams) Leonard, until the birth of his brother Cordell ten years later. After Cordell came the baby of the family, Ed. Dad's father worked in the glass industry and often traveled to find work. Dad's father left the family often until he found steady work in Weston, West Virginia. Dad recalls living in several houses throughout Weston until the family finally moved and owned their only home at 39 Kitson Street. Dad graduated from Weston High School in 1946,

After high school, Dad went to college, first to Potomac State in Keyser, West Virginia, and then to West Virginia University. Graduating in 1950, he earned a B.S. in chemistry.

The two met on somewhat of a blind date. Mom's friend at Columbus Dental Manufacturing rented out rooms in her home. While working as a chemist in Columbus for the US Geological Survey, Dad rented a room from this same lady. Originally the woman had hoped to set Dad up with her own daughter. However, her daughter was dating someone else at the time so this woman thought Mom might be a good match for Dad.

One Sunday evening, Dad arranged to pick up Mom and take her back to the house for a

waffle dinner. He drove her home that evening and had a few more dates. Mom enjoyed spending time with Dad but, unfortunately, Uncle Sam also wanted Dad and he was called into service during the Korean Conflict of the 1950s. Dad left for three year's service. Dad was then sent to Japan. To keep in touch the two sent reel-to-reel audio tapes back and forth.

After a long courtship, Mom and Dad were finally married on November 17, 1956. Mom's father was ill so her brother, Charles, gave her away. Mom borrowed her gown from her matron-of-honor, Carolyn Miller. The wedding went off without a hitch. They drove to the reception in the back of a flat bed truck, and Dad had to borrow an overcoat from Uncle Jim because it was such a cool evening. Towards the end of the reception, Mom's two brothers and some friends decided to get back at Mom for "every miserable thing she ever did to them" so they kidnapped Dad. Led away in handcuffs, Dad was taken from the reception to a dog kennel. Mom spent most of the evening looking for him and then the keys to the kennel.

Mom and Dad's first home was in Pittsburgh, where they rented an apartment in the city. Since Dad was traveling and Mom was homesick, she would often take a train to Columbus and stay during the week and Dad would meet her on the weekends.

After about 6 months of this arrangement Dad was offered a position in Mom's hometown of Columbus. Living in Columbus, Mom found a job in payroll once again. The two rented a home and then bought their first home for \$12,000 dollars. On August 27, 1961 they welcomed their firstborn, a son named David Cordell (named for Mom and Dad's brothers). After the birth of David, Mom quit her job to become a full-time Mom and did not work again for eighteen years.

In June of 1965, Dad's boss wanted to take him out for lunch. When Dad returned late that afternoon, he told Mom that he had been offered a position in California. At 7:00 p.m. that evening Mom's father died. Mom waited a few weeks to break the news to her mother that the family would have to move. What complicated matters more was that Mom was seven months pregnant. They decided to wait to move to the West Coast until after she had the baby. On October 7, 1965, I was born. In December of that year my parents moved our small family to San Francisco, California.

In San Francisco, our family rented a town house. After a year we moved to Belmont, California where my parents purchased a home. In the interim, Mom lost her mother and had made several trips back to Columbus during her mother's illness.

While in California, our family traveled extensively: Disneyland, Lake Tahoe, trips to state parks, going to the Rose Bowl Parade were all things we took advantage of while living out west; unfortunately, I was too young to remember everything. On our trip to Lake Tahoe Dad showed us his incredible snowmobiling abilities—he managed to crash into a lone tree with David and me aboard. In 1969, Dad had the opportunity to move the family "back east" and we moved to Buffalo, New York. We lived in Buffalo as a family for sixteen years.

I have a lot of great memories of living in Williamsville, a suburb of Buffalo. We lived on a street which had a lot of kids to play with. In school I was labeled quite early as a shy little girl and I lived up to that label. At home and in the neighborhood I was a little more mischievous, but never was in trouble much, I guess because people thought I couldn't do much wrong.

We spent our vacations with family. We would go to my Grandma Leonard's in Weston, WV every Christmas, Easter and Labor Day. In the back yard flowed the West Fork River, which was always a muddy-looking river but we had fun fishing for carp (we'd use mini-marshmallows for bait and never caught a single fish) or rowing in my Uncle Eddie's boat. My Grandma Leonard was the only grandparent I ever remember. She lived until 1989 when she died of heart complications. She was nearly 88 years old. Grandma was a very independent and stubborn woman (she would go to church extra early so she could sit in the back pew) who was widowed for nearly 30 years. She was educated through the eighth grade but was very wise and a wiz with her personal finances. Though she lived on a fixed income she squirreled away her meager income so her "three boys" could be provided for. I was very close to Grandma and visited her quite frequently while I was in college. In July we always went to our cabin in Colum-

bus for a Nazarene camp meeting. It was there where I met my very best friend, Martha Lang (now Schmoecker) whom I still keep in touch with.

Living in western New York I encountered my share of nasty weather. I lived through a few blizzards and can honestly recall having snow on the ground from January through March with no breaks. In 6th grade my school was closed so much because of bad weather that winter that we ended up going to school until July 1. I sang in the chorus, played softball, skied, played piano and participated in various musicals. I attended Williamsville East High School and graduated in 1983. I went on to attend Buffalo State College for two years.

When American Optical, now known as Warner Lambert, downsized in the mid 1980s, Dad was out of work for just a few months until he found another job. Dad's new job meant the break-up of our nuclear family. David had graduated from college and was working for Moore Business Forms, so he moved out of the house and into his first apartment. I was still in college and decided to transfer to a different college. I followed in my father's footsteps and attended West Virginia University.

My parents moved to Auburn, New York in August of 1985. I moved with them and after one week started my first semester in Morgantown. I really enjoyed being away from home for the first time in my life. I met numerous people, some of whom I still keep in touch with. During my senior year at WVU, my brother was married to Kathleen Flatley. The two headed off to Chicago to live and then moved back to the Buffalo area after three years. In July, 1990 they welcomed their daughter Melinda Rose into the family. Melinda was the first grandchild in our family. David and Kathy were divorced in 1993, although Melinda still maintains a close bond with our family.

After I graduated with a B.A. in history, I went on to pursue a master's degree. To pay for graduate school I became employed by the residence life system. I was a resident assistant (RA) for three years. During my last year I had the opportunity to be the RA for a coed floor. After the first floor meeting I was approached by two upperclassmen who told me they really didn't want to partake in the social activities of the floor and basically said to leave them alone (in a nice way). One of the young men was none other than Wade Hugh—little did I know he was going to be my husband! Wade and I became better friends through my cousin, Liz, who also lived on the floor. After the first semester we began to date. In July of that year we were engaged to be married. During this period, I was introduced to his family.

Since we spent so much time in Morgantown, I met and got to know his grandparents first. I met Mimi and Pap Pap (Hazel and Wib) in February of 1990. They had me come for dinner and I remember Mimi fixed steak, and served a delicious cherry pie. Mimi was and still is the personification of an excellent homemaker. Mimi has a knack for decorating and loves working on crafts. I enjoy going to her home to see her different seasonal decorations displayed in such creative ways. Though I only knew Pap Pap for a year I looked to him as a grandfather figure. He always had a funny story to tell us and was a perfectionist when it came to his beautiful garden and woodworking. Wade and his brothers and sister all were close to him and they still talk about their special moments with their beloved Pap Pap.

I was kind of anxious to meet his family in Nokesville in April, 1990. I had heard so much about them. We spent Easter weekend with them. I had heard that Wesley would be the shyest one and he was. I probably never got to know Wes very well until after I was married. Wendy was easy to get to know. Later she told me that she kind of resented me taking away her brother Wade (I never got that impression). Wendy is the closest thing I ever had to a sister. Ward was the easiest of the kids to get to know. I think he really liked hanging out with us. Ward always had a funny story or joke to tell me about something happening at school, and he always seemed wise beyond his years. All those kids provided more action than I was ever used to. I thought that it was so fun and enjoyable to have so much going on all at once. I still to this day have never seen any jealousy between any of the kids—they are always there to support one another and to cheer each other on.

Wade began his MBA program that summer and I looked for a teaching position. There

were no offers for teaching positions so I accepted a position in Cobleskill, NY as a resident director of an all-girls dormitory. Wade and I were separated by about 400 miles for one year. He made frequent trips to visit me, which really burned a hole in his budget because the Persian Gulf Crisis led to an increase in gasoline prices.

After one year of living apart, Wade and I were married at the Church of the Nazarene in Auburn, New York on August 17, 1991. We immediately left on our honeymoon and from there Wade took me to our new apartment in Manassas, Virginia. I still had not found a teaching position but Wade began his career in management with Leggett department store. During this period I substitute-taught quite frequently. We spent a lot of time with his family and became involved in their United Methodist Church. My mother-in-law, Susan, is a lot like her mother (Hazel) in that she is always decorating or redecorating a room. She is funny and personable. My father-in-law, La Monte, is a wise man with loads of great advice. He is a natural orator and quite dedicated to the lives of his four children. Both of my in-laws have been a blessing in my life. They have helped us out numerous times and have made sacrifices for their children that often go unnoticed. We look to them for so much and unfortunately take them for granted.

After our first year of marriage I was offered a position teaching social studies (finally!) for the City of Manassas Schools. During my tenure there we moved to a small home in nearby Bristow, Virginia. In April of 1994 we were blessed with our firstborn: Justin Robert Hugh. Justin's middle name is in honor of my father. Justin was full term but was quite sick with a strep infection and pneumonia so he had to stay in neonatal intensive care unit for 10 days after he was born.

Justin, being the only grandson on both sides of our families, is very spoiled and never lacks for attention when his family is around. He has really taken a liking to his young aunt and uncles. Wesley has more patience with him than any of us. He can sit and read to Justin or play with him for hours. Justin enjoys participating in the lives of his aunt and uncles. He is always asking to go to Winchester to see Wendy play basketball or volleyball and yells, "Ward Wrestle" whenever we pass by what looks like a school. Justin has the chance that neither

Wade nor I ever had to live with family nearby. We like the fact that Justin can play an important part in the lives of his extended family. We enjoy giving Justin memories to cherish. We frequently travel to Fairchance to visit with his great-grandmothers, and my parents visit quite often during the year. Since Justin was born we have made a few trips to Nags Head, NC to enjoy the beach. In November of 1996 we helped my parents celebrate their fortieth wedding anniversary.

Wade and I both made career changes during 1996: I accepted a full-time teaching position with Alexandria City Schools and he accepted the position of management analyst for the Department of Public Works for Prince William County. 1997 will be an exciting year for us because we plan to build our first home.



*Justin Robert
Hugh,
1996.*

Wesley Scott Hugh

Wesley Scott Hugh, high school graduation, 1992.



Biography and Remembrances

I was the second child born to La Monte Edison Hugh and Susan Eileen Abraham Hugh. I was born on October 15, 1973 at Mary Washington Hospital in Fredericksburg, VA. During the years I was growing up my family moved a lot, due to my father's job. I really didn't like moving so much because I always had to leave my friends.

Great-grandparents

The only great-grandparent I remember was my grandfather Hugh's mother, Nana (Laura Belle Hugh) or "Old Nana" as she told us to call her. She was very old and had a lot of white hair. She mostly sat, but when she walked, someone had to help her. She always seemed to enjoy talking to us kids. She used to talk about the first time she saw a car and her first car ride. She also used to talk about the work she did on the farm. She died when I was 9 years old.

Grandparents

My paternal grandfather was George Edison Hugh (Pap Pap Hugh). I don't remember very much about him as I was only 5 years old when he died. My paternal grandmother is Laura McKenna Hugh (Nana). When I was little and we kids would visit her, she would always take us to Hitter's Delight (located between Fairchance and Smithfield, PA) to hit baseballs, ride go-carts, or play miniature golf. After that, we'd go get some ice cream. She always cooked us big meals of our favorite foods. When baseball season was in, we would either watch the Pittsburgh Pirates on her TV or listen to the game on her radio with her.

My maternal grandfather was Willard Allen Abraham (Pap Pap Abraham). He always used to take us kids hiking up the mountain behind their house. Sometimes we would take us fishing. I remember he always had something planned for us to do with him when we went to visit. I always looked forward to visits with my grandparents. I also remember watching the Pittsburgh Steelers football games and Pittsburgh Pirates baseball games with Pap Pap Abraham. He also worked a lot with tools and was always fixing things for other people. He also had a big

garden and seemed to enjoy working in it. He died when I was 17 and a junior in high school. My maternal grandmother is Hazel Ruth Lewis Abraham (Mi Mi) She always made really good pies for us to eat. It seemed I usually did more things with Pap Pap, but she was always nearby either baking or cooking something delicious for us to eat. Mi Mi used to sit on their swing with me and tell me stories about when Uncle Jim and Mom were my age. She and Pap Pap also used to take us kids on a lot of picnics.

Aunts and Uncles

James H. Abraham and Lynn Altizer Abraham (Uncle Jim and Aunt Lynn) lived about 5 miles from my grandparents, so we got to see them every time we visited Uniontown/Fairchance. I always looked forward to visiting at my aunt and uncle's because they had fun things for us to do. We also got to play with our cousins, Amy and Tim.

My Current Life

Presently, I am working for Concrete Coring Co. in Gainesville, VA and in July of 1996 became engaged to Kathleen Erin O'Neill of Nokesville. She graduated from high school with my sister and currently she is attending Mary Washington College in Fredericksburg, VA. She is planning to become a social studies teacher. Tentatively we are planning to be married in the summer of 1998.

*Wesley Scott Hugh and
fiancee Kathleen Erin
O'Neill, 1997.*



WENDY BETH HUGH

Wendy at 15, c. 1991.



Biography and Remembrances

I was born on January 19th in 1976. I am the third child of La Monte and Susan Hugh. My early childhood was full of sibling brawls and many hours of standing in the corner. But today, my three brothers and I all get along like best friends. Even though I was, for the most part, a good child, my favorite memories were the times I misbehaved. Wade, Wesley, Ward, and I used to hold wrestling tournaments in our family room. When we lived in Iowa (1982-1986), I remember coming home from grade school, putting down my book bag, and practicing my moves with Wade, for what seemed like hours. However, all those practice times were in vain. When tournament day arrived, I was quickly chalked down in the losers bracket. So, while the boys walked away with victory smiles, I left the room with rug burns on my face. These tournaments created a path of destruction through our family room. Broken lamps and decorative knickknacks were just a few items pitched in the trash. Mom would get mad and whoever was closest to her got stuck in the corner, or had to clean the mess up. The punishment would depend on whether or not the tournament was in good fun or turned into a fight.

Things were always getting broken around the house. This is one fact no one who visited could deny. My grandparents, Pap-Pap (Willard Abraham), Mi-Mi (Hazel Abraham), and Nana (Laura Hugh) used to visit and watch the four of us when Mom and Dad were away. The amount of stress and the multitude of headaches we caused for my grandparents is more than I can bear to recall. To highlight just a few incidents that occurred, I'll begin with the most memorable: tug of war on the steps that sent Wesley through the wall; the cover-up job in order to hide the two-foot hole in the wall; Wesley feeding me mom's fruit-shaped earrings—he said he wanted to see how it tasted; Wade helping me get my head stuck in the banister and making fun of me till Dad found me; and who could forget those times when all was well, and Ward or I would stand up and say, "I'm bored, wanna fight?"

When my dad was away on business trips, Mom would read us bedtime stories of "Little House on the Prairie." It took her an hour to read just one chapter, since she had to pass the book around for all of us to see the pictures. Then she had twenty questions to answer about each page read. I'll always remember how frustrated she looked when trying to answer all of

them, but she always took the time to tell us what we wanted to know. When any one of us got sick she would give us soup and jello and tell us stories to get us to sleep. Now that I'm in college, when I get sick, I really miss her mothering that always made me better. One time Wade, Wes, Ward and I all got the flu and had to stay home from school. Mom pulled out the sofa bed and we all piled on it while she tended to our needs. Ward and I watched cartoons and Wes and Wade played with action figures. Even though I was really sick I had fun staying home with my brothers.

I remember when we lived in Iowa and Dad traveled a lot. I was always excited on the day he came home. He brought all of us candy or a gift from where he had been. Ward and I still have our collection of stuffed animals from his trips. The first day we moved to Iowa from Pennsylvania, I was only six years old. I still remember Dad taking Ward and I into the basement and letting us roller-skate on the cement floor. He played tag and showed us how to weave our legs in order to skate backwards.

Shopping day was the best. Mom had the privilege of taking all four of us kids with her. Ward and I hid under the clothes racks while Wes and Wade locked themselves in the dressing room and threw clothes back and forth to each other. Needless to say, on the way home Mom had to pull the car over several times to reprimand us. I don't think she ever bought what she needed on these days. Grocery shopping was no better. Ward and I were just small enough, at ages seven and five, to fit in the front of the grocery cart. Wade and Wesley pushed us around and Mom filled the carts. Several displays were destroyed, as well as any glass item that got shaken off the shelf from an out-of-control cart.

My earliest memory would have to be when we lived in Pennsylvania, when I was four or five. I remember going to the YMCA and playing on the playground with our family. One day I wanted to go there and play, so I begged Ward, who was only three or four, to go with me. He said "no way," he didn't want a spanking. I tried to coax him, but to no avail, so I left by myself. I don't remember exactly how far it was, maybe a half a mile to a mile away. I had to cross an intersection which was at the beginning of town. I remember a car honking at me, but I was sure I looked both ways before crossing. Once I got to the YMCA, I stayed for an hour or so, then I headed back home. After I crossed the street, a man in his 60s asked me if I was lost. His wife was with him and she said she had some ice cream for me. I figured, why not, I missed lunch. So I went with her and the man. While I ate my ice cream the man called the police. A few minutes later, they came and asked me where I lived. The policeman and I drove to my house and he told my parents where I had been. Boy, did I get into trouble. I sat in the kitchen chair holding my ice cream cone while it melted down my hand. Dad lectured me for what seemed like forever. The whole time I remember thinking, Wow, I crossed that busy street all by myself, and got free ice cream too!

Mom worked at home, in "child management," until we moved to Virginia in 1986, and then she got a job as our church secretary for a few years. She was still home by noon to be with us when school was out. Later, she worked in an office in Fairfax, VA., as a secretary. Wes and I were in high school and Ward was in middle school at the time. She always had time to help me with my homework; she still does even though I'm in college. Keeping up with my studies and playing college volleyball, basketball and lacrosse at Shenandoah University is a continuous chore, one that without my Mom's help (all the typing) would be impossible. Mom is currently working as a receptionist at a medical office in Manassas, VA.

Dad always worked at Montgomery Ward's. Ward still says he was named after Dad's store, so I claimed Wendy's restaurant for myself. After we moved to Virginia, he started his own business and left Montgomery Ward. This gave him more time to see Wes, Ward and I play our respective school sports. It was because of his choice to switch occupations that allowed Wes, Ward and I to get into college with scholarships for our athletic abilities and accomplishments. He worked with us during the summers and even coached some of the teams we were on for various sports. I can remember playing in my high school basketball game and we didn't have any officials. Dad stepped in and refereed the first two quarters. Needless to say, I didn't get

*Wendy Hugh,
1994.*



away with my elbow in the back fouls. Dad is the one who taught me how to shoot left-handed lay-ups. I remember after basketball practice when he was there, he would persuade me to stay for another hour and practice lay-ups and foul shots.

We used to always go on summer vacations, usually out West. But it didn't matter to me, I always loved just going to Pennsylvania to visit my grandparents, aunts and uncles, and cousins. Every summer, even now, we usually spend one week in Pennsylvania, plus a few weekends here and there. Now that Wade is married and has a family of his own he makes his week to Pennsylvania part of his two-week vacation. He also visits his wife's (Debbie) parents in New York.

My Pap-Pap Hugh (George Hugh) died when I was only three. I only have three memories of him. One memory is seeing him working on some piece of furniture in the garage. I was standing next to him helping him hold pieces of wood while he hammered nails into it. Another memory is seeing him standing in the doorway with his arm around my

Nana (Laura Hugh) as we pulled in the driveway or left to go home from visiting. The last memory of my Pap-Pap Hugh was at his funeral. I think I recall him being in the center of the room and I kept wanting to go up to him during the viewing. The funeral home director came to my seat and walked me up several times to see him. I wish I had gotten to know him more.

My Nana had her mother-in-law, Belle Hugh, whom we called "Old Nana," living with her. I remember sitting on the couch with Old Nana looking through magazines and listening to fairy tales. My favorite was "Rapunzel." Old Nana used to say I had hair just like Rapunzel, it was almost below my bottom and strawberry blonde. She told me that if I let it continue to grow, by the time I was a young woman, I could throw it out my bedroom window and a handsome prince would climb up and take me to his castle full of toys. My Old Nana passed away while we lived in Iowa. Dad flew out to her funeral. Nana and my mom's parents, Mi-Mi (Hazel Abraham) and Pap-Pap (Willard Abraham) were visiting us at the time she died.

I have many wonderful memories with my Nana (Laura Hugh). She always played ball with us out in the yard, and sometimes she even pitched. I remember one day around the Fourth of July, Wade, Wes, Ward, and I were playing in the yard and Nana was reading a book by the back of the house. Wade went around to the front of the house, lit a firecracker, and threw it over the house. It landed with a "bang" right next to Nana. Needless to say, she jumped out of her shoes. I still recall hearing her long-time neighbor Walter Bierer, who was watching us play, laughing so hard he had tears in his eyes. Nana always played cards with us when we visited. Golf was my favorite card game. Now that I'm older, my Nana and I have become close friends. I feel that she is someone I can go to with my problems. She will always answer the phone at midnight when I call to chat about my day. I hope that I will maintain an active lifestyle like she has. Nana keeps herself busy, but always has time to give help to those who need her.

My mother's mom, Hazel Abraham, whom I call "Mi-Mi," also holds a special place in my life. She has the best-smelling house in Pennsylvania! I still can't decide which aroma I love best: homemade apple pie, fresh baked cookies or her delicious brownies. It's a wonder I haven't gotten a single cavity yet. Besides Mi-Mi's wonderful cooking, she is an undefeated Bacci Ball champion. During the summers my family always ate our lunches at her picnic shelter. We would play Bacci Ball all day with brief breaks of Homerun Derby up on the hill. I remember when I came to visit this past December, 1996, Mi-Mi and I decorated her house for Christmas. It was very special to me to be trimming her tree and watching Christmas movies on television with her. Mi-Mi and I have become closer over the years. I see her in a different light now. She is more than a grandmother, she's a friend, one that I depend on for advice and companionship when I get lonely at college. I always ask her how she met my Pap-Pap. She never gets tired of telling me of their courtship, nor do I let her tell the story without my asking twenty questions! One day I hope to meet the man of my dreams like she found.



Mi-Mi and me.

My Pap-Pap was a wonderful man. He was always making toys for us grand-kids. He was very artistic and worked with his hands. When we lived in Iowa, Mi-Mi and Pap-Pap would write us letters. Pap-Pap drew pictures as words, and it was fun figuring out how to read them. I remember when we used to visit how he drove his tractor around the yard with all of us piled in the cart. Pap-Pap and Mi-Mi took all of us grand-kids with them to walk along the railroad tracks. They always held hands. Pap-Pap had a special eyesight; no matter how hard we all searched the tracks for neat, little objects to pick up, he was the first to spot them. From turtles and snakes to money and broken toys, he spotted them all. One memory I'll never forget were the bear hugs he always gave me. But I relive those hugs every time I see my father hug his grandson, Justin. One day Justin will know how special those moments are in his life.

Justin is my nephew. He is three years old now. I remember the day he was born—it was right after Easter, and I was playing softball for my high school team. Justin was bigger than most of the babies in the nursery. A few of the nurses we knew called him "Baby Huge." Debbie and Wade let me baby-sit him a few times. It was fun to play like a child with him, since my own childhood has slipped farther away. I think Justin will be great at whatever he does in his life. With parents as talented and loving as Wade and Debbie, his future is as bright as I could ever imagine.

Debbie, Wade's wife, has become the sister I never had. Although before we officially were introduced, she might have said I was more like a little brat. She used to call Wade from school when he was at home. I didn't like the idea that another girl had become part of Wade's life. He was my big brother and I wasn't about to share him so I never gave him the messages Debbie left in hopes that she would just go away. However, Wade brought her home for Easter break to meet the family. She was nervous and I was shy at first, but it didn't take long before we became friends. Shortly after, they were engaged. When Debbie asked me to be in her wedding, I was so excited. Wesley and Ward were also in the wedding. I remember after the rehearsal dinner we all took turns riding her moped down the street. She has been there for me when I needed advice and even got the family back into singing "Happy Birthday." I guess since none of us are going to be future vocalists, the tradition had faded to humming the tune at birthdays.

Birthdays along with holidays are filled with many fond memories. I love Christmas time the best. Wesley, Ward, and I have to make our idea lists on what to get Mom and Dad. This

is an event that could be made into a comedy. Wesley and Ward are very particular about gift shopping. A thorough inspection of the gifts is made at every store that carries the items; prices, quality, craftsmanship and even durability are inspected. This process takes hours. I think it's amusing how they love to shop and I would rather stay at home.



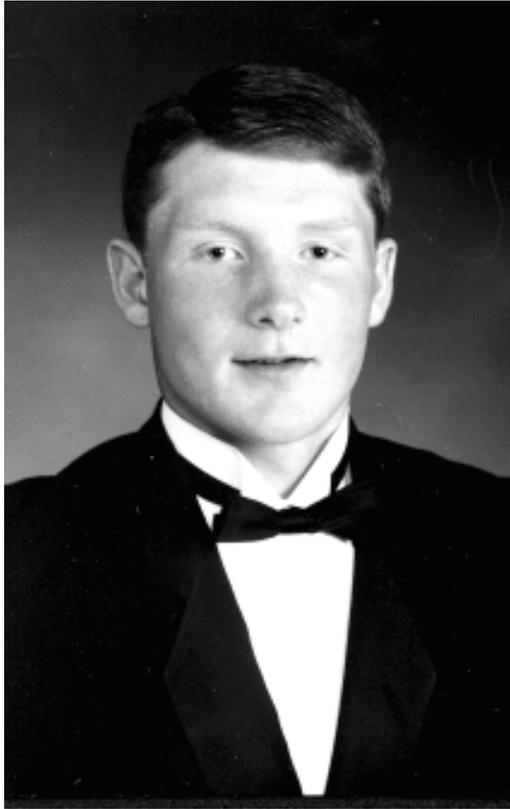
Wendy Hugh and Amy Abraham.

Being home for the holidays means being away from my grandmothers, cousins and aunts and uncles. I loved all the summers I spent visiting with my family. My Uncle Jim (Jim Abraham) was always a lot of fun. He told jokes and made funny impressions of animals that we all loved. He used to take my cousins, Amy and Tim Abraham, and my brothers and I on trips through the woods or to the Powder Mill. It was like he was another brother of mine. My Aunt Lynn (Lynn Abraham) took us to movies and to their friend's house to swim. She and my Uncle Jim have always been a special part of my life. When my friends tell me about visiting all their aunts and uncles, they never seem to have the expression of pure enjoyment on their faces. I can never find the words to describe how special a place Uniontown is to me. My aunt and uncle are like god-parents to me in the way that they would be there for us if ever we needed their help or guidance. Tim and Amy, their children, are my only first cousins. Our relationships are that of brothers and sisters. I used to look up to Amy as an older sister when I was younger. She was wearing makeup and dating boys while I was still running around with scraped knees and elbows. I could wear her clothes and wished I would grow up to be as beautiful as she was. When we visited them in the summers, we all played a tag game called 'ghosts'. This game is still played between all of us today. I guess some childhood things never change. Tim was always different from my brothers when I was younger. He always waited for me when everyone else ran off to play. If I ever got hurt he helped put me back together again. Tim was my buddy and he still is today. I definitely consider him my brother. Amy and Tim shared many adventurous times with my brothers and I. Abraham Family Reunions at Appalachian Park were the best of times. Mom and Dad would dress us up to see the relatives, but we always went home dirty and stained. Many hours went into pushing down dead trees in the woods and pretending to drive the old green jeep. I loved catching salamanders in the creek and swinging on the vines of trees. Amy and Tim always made it fun to visit and get into trouble. I remember the day Wade, Tim, and Ward rolled a tractor tire from the top of Mi-Mi and Pap-Pap's yard. It missed all the trees and bushes in its way and went straight onto the road. A car slammed on its brakes and the driver yelled out the window. They took off for the woods before the guy saw them.

All of these memories are only a few that are foremost in my mind. There are many more experiences and people that are a part of my world. Each of my family members are close and loved individuals whom I am happy to have in my life. With my future in sports medicine ahead of me, my life is a paved road, but when the road gets rocky I know that I can always come home to my family for love and support.

Being home for the holidays means being away from my grandmothers, cousins and aunts and uncles. I loved all the summers I spent visiting with my family. My Uncle Jim (Jim Abraham) was always a lot of fun. He told jokes and made funny impressions of animals that we all loved. He used to take my cousins, Amy and Tim Abraham, and my brothers and I on trips through the woods or to the Powder Mill. It was like he was another brother of mine. My Aunt Lynn (Lynn Abraham) took us to movies and to their friend's house to swim. She and my Uncle Jim have al-

WARD EVAN HUGH



Ward Evan Hugh, high school graduation, 1996.

Biography and Remembrances

I was born on July 9, 1977 in Baltimore, MD, the fourth child of La Monte and Susan (Abraham) Hugh. I have two brothers and one sister and am the last grandchild of Willard and Hazel Lewis Abraham.

GRANDPARENTS

Grandfather Abraham: (Willard Allen Abraham, or “Pap Pap”)

When I was little and lived in Pittsburgh, we (my brothers and sister) used to get to stay overnight at my grandparents. Pap Pap used to play card games with us. Poker was my favorite game. As I got older we always had a game of poker with him. When I stayed with my grandparents, I always got up early and helped Pap Pap work in the garden and in the yard. He used to take us for walks, usually down the hill to Wynn Reservoir, where we would skip rocks on the water. As I got bigger he would take me fishing at Wynn Reservoir and the Powder Mill Reservoir (behind their house) and to the Yough Reservoir. My cousin Tim would go with us when we went to the Yough Reservoir, and Pap Pap always took his boat. When he came to visit us, he would go to my baseball games. He always used to tell me fishing and hunting stories. He did remodeling work and sometimes worked next door to his house at Veach’s where I would occasionally go with him. He died when I was 13. I miss him.

Grandmother Abraham: (Hazel Ruth [Lewis] Abraham, or “Mi Mi”)

She always made delicious pies and I always got a man-size piece. (Mom always rationed our

goodies.) When I visited at my grandparents, I always did more with my grandfather, but when Pap Pap and I would come back from a day of fishing Mi Mi always cooked our fish to perfection. When she came to visit us, she always played Yahtzee with Wendy. I never played because I hated to spell words and still do. After Pap Pap died and I would go visit Mi Mi, I would help her with the yard work. After I finished working we would sit on her swing and talk. She also has wonderful picnics.

Grandfather Hugh: (George Edison Hugh, also “Pap Pap”)

He died at age 62 when I was 18 months old. I don't remember anything about him.

Grandmother Hugh: (Laura [McKenna] Hugh, or “Nana”)

She had a twin sister, Elizabeth Bollinger. She used to come visit us when I was little and sometimes when my parents went away she and Mi Mi would stay with us kids. When it was time to go anywhere she was always ready way ahead of time. It seemed that every time we went to visit her, we kids always broke something (mostly windows) and she was always saying, “You kids!” She was a real big Pittsburgh Pirates (baseball) fan and was the only woman I knew who actually sat and listened to baseball games on the radio. I enjoyed being able to talk baseball statistics with her. She also used to take long (3 mile) walks and I enjoyed going on those with her.

Great-Grandmother Hugh: (Laura Belle [Humphreys] Hugh, also “Nana”)

Since I had two grandmothers by the name of Nana, I remember she used to tell us to call her “Old Nana,” so they would know who I was talking about. When I remember her, she lived with Nana and it seemed she was always sitting down on the sofa. When she did walk, she used a walker. She died at the age of 91, and I was 4 years old.

PARENTS

Mother: (Susan Eileen [Abraham] Hugh, or “Mom”)

My mother was always home with us kids when I was growing up. It wasn't until I was in 8th grade that she started working full time away from home. When I was little, I remember her reading to us a lot. Dad traveled a lot when I was little and she would read to us in the evenings. As I got older she would help me with my homework because I had a hard time staying on task. I was always able to talk over any problems or complaints with her.

Father: (La Monte Edison Hugh or “Dad”)

My father traveled a lot when I was younger, but he still managed to spend some time with us kids. He used to play catch with me and wrestle around with me. As I grew older, he and Mom gave us kids chores to do around the house. After we moved to Virginia and Dad changed jobs, he was able to be home more often and became more involved in our school activities. He was Athletic Booster Club President of my school for 8 years until I graduated from high school. I enjoy hunting and fishing with my Dad.

BROTHERS, SISTERS AND NEPHEW

Wade

He is 9-½ years older than me. He used to sometimes take care of me when I was little while Mom went to the grocery store. When our family moved to Iowa, I started to wrestle in kindergarten while Wade was wrestling in high school. He would wrestle with me at home and

show me different moves. I think this early training helped me later in high school when I was on the school's wrestling team. One time Wade went to Pennsylvania on his school's spring break and it was then that I realized how much I missed all the attention he gave me when he was around. He would always stick up for me when I got into trouble with Wesley and Wendy, since I was the youngest.

Wesley

He is 4 years older than me. In most of our moves we shared the same bedroom. We played together a lot. When we were little, he was always afraid of the dark and at night if he heard a noise he would send me downstairs to see what it was. He always included me with him and his friends in whatever they were doing that particular day. Fishing was one of my favorites and we still do that together today. He always came up with neat ideas of things to do.

Wendy

She is 1-½ years older than me. We played together a lot when I was little and today we still do things together. When we moved to Virginia, she and I used to ride her horses or bicycles together. Today we are still very close. We always talk a lot to each other.

Sister-in-Law

Deborah (Leonard) Hugh: I was in the sixth grade when I first met Debbie. Wade had brought her home to Virginia to meet us. I liked her then and even today she is like an older sister that I can talk openly with. She also is a very good singer and I enjoy listening to her perform.

Nephew

Justin Robert Hugh: I was at the hospital with my parents and Wendy when Justin was born. I was a sophomore in high school at the time. Being able to see him when he was only minutes old has caused me to have special feelings for him.

JAMES HARRY ABRAHAM FAMILY

*Lynn Renee Altizer and
James Harry Abraham
on their wedding day,
April 3, 1971.*



Some of my thoughts on this Lewis family

My name is James Harry Abraham, but those really close to me call me “Jimmy.” I am the third grandchild (first grandson) of Lindsay Chester Lewis and Margaret May McCormick Lewis, or as some would say the second child of Hazel Ruth Lewis Abraham and Willard A. Abraham, also their first and only son. I am the baby of the family and have been accused on many, many occasions of being ornery. I like to think of myself as a spreader of joy.

I would like to say here that my father and mother have been the very best parents anyone could ever hope to have. They raised me with much more patience and kindness than I ever earned or deserved. They were a loving and affectionate couple always ready to give a hand or word of encouragement.

I never knew my grandfather Lindsay Lewis, but as for Margaret, well that is a different story. All of us grandchildren knew our grandmother Lewis as Mom-Mom. I believe that my sister Susan started calling her Mom-Mom when she was quite small and what with her being the first grandchild, well, the name stuck! I truthfully cannot remember not knowing Mom-Mom. She was always there from my earliest memories.

Earliest of my memories of her home was when she still lived in Oliphant Furnace. Still at home with her were Uncle Tom and Uncle Jack. I vaguely remember the house was green and that when you went in the front door, the stairway was to the right. Halfway up the stairs I remember looking down and seeing a Mickey Mouse throw rug on the floor in front of a small bookcase with a fox skin on top of it, which I believe Uncle Jack had tanned himself. I think the head was still attached to the skin, like a bear skin rug only in this case fox. I suppose he learned how to do this from the Northwest School of Taxidermy, because when I was a teenager a lot of my friends used to get books from them, and most recently my own son sent for

some of their literature. Anyway, that is all I can remember of Mom-Mom's house in Oliphant Furnace. She and Uncle Jack moved to Beaver Falls, Pa., but Uncle Tom stayed and lived with us so he could finish his junior and senior years of high school at Georges Township High School.

This was great, because I had to live with my sister Susan, and it was more fun to have Uncle Tom stay with us. I mean he could drive, and sing to us from the phone book. This is something he now denies, but I know the truth. He also could make a great monkey face. I can remember us watching the inauguration of President Eisenhower with Uncle Tom, but I don't know if it was the 1953 or the 1957 event. It seems so long ago that I would like to think it was his first inauguration. I remember when Uncle Tom left us to go to the army. Once when he was home visiting while on leave he was getting ready to give me a ride to school. This was great as I normally walked. Anyway, my mother was going over my spelling words with me, and one of the words was "full." For the life of me I couldn't figure out which word she wanted, so I kept spelling it F-O-O-L! She even kept giving me a hint saying, "Like a 'full' glass of water!" Well, Uncle Tom couldn't let this one pass him by and he kept teasing me about the spelling. I'll never forget when he dropped me off in front of the Oliphant grade school, in his best monkey face he looked me in the eye and said, "Don't forget, Jimmy, F-O-O-L!" What a hoot he was.



*"Don't forget Jimmy, F-O-O-L!"
Uncle Tom in one of his classic monkey face poses, 1956.*

After Uncle Tom got out of the army he went to work for the Pennsylvania Railroad at Conway Yard, Conway, Pa. My Uncles Mart and Jim already worked at the yard. He always told my cousin Franklin Miller and me that when we grew up the three of us would get a house and fill it with electric trains (Lionel, no doubt). Well, I remember the day he came to visit us with a woman! Franklin was there with me when he introduced the woman as our new Aunt Joanne! Boy, were we ever upset. What about our house of trains? Now, Franklin and I were only about 8 to 10 years old at the time this happened, so we got our heads together and decided to show our new "Aunt" around. We got her outside and quickly tied her to my mother's clothesline post. We thought that maybe we should burn her, but Uncle Tom saw what was going on and came outside and stopped it. Anyway, Aunt Joanne quickly won us over, and we never plotted, openly at least, "to do her in."

I remember Uncle Jack differently because when Mom-Mom moved away she took him with her. We only saw him when we visited there or they came in, which was probably four or six times a year. I did enjoy it when they moved, because my mother, Susan and I would go to Connellsville on Friday night and catch a train to Mom-Mom's, and then my dad would drive up on Saturday night after he finished work. We would then drive back to Fairchance on Sunday afternoon. Mom-Mom and Uncle Jack lived in an apartment for a time, then they moved to a housing project where I believe Uncle Tom and Aunt Joanne took up housekeeping after they were married. I remember going up to see Uncle Jack at Thanksgiving, I think it was 1956, when he had come home from the Coast Guard Academy for the holiday. It was the first time I got to see him in his uniform. We had a really big snowstorm that weekend, and the drive home on the Pa. Turnpike was pretty bad. I didn't get to go to Uncle Jack's graduation from the Academy, but my dad took moving pictures which Susan and I saw many times. He wrote to me a couple of times while he was there, but after graduation he too got married! This marriage thing really seemed to mess up my time with my uncles! Over the next twenty years I only saw Uncle Jack a few times. I remember one time was at Christmas at Susan's. This was when she and her husband LaMonte lived in Forestville, Maryland. I believe it was their first child Wade's first Christmas. Anyway, I was about twenty years old at the time. I had a good time with his two sons Jason and Jeffrey, who were in grade school at the time. Since we started having the Lewis family reunions I have really gotten to know Uncle Jack much better. We always have a good laugh together, and I discovered that he also is a fan of the Moody Blues. They are one of my favorite musical groups, as well as his. I first met his second wife Carol at Uncle Mart's funeral. She really fits in with the rest of our family, and enjoys joking around.

Uncle Mart, some knew him as Marshall or George, was fun to be with. I can remember

when he had built the house he and Aunt Anna Mary lived in near Conway. The hill seemed deserted back then, and there were lots of little pine trees he had planted. One time we were visiting them when he got out a pair of climbing spikes you strapped on the inside of your legs to climb telephone poles. He and my dad started climbing the poles in his yard. I remember thinking he would never allow me to try them, but to my surprise he helped put them on me. I didn't climb very high up the pole, but he let me give it a try. At that time they only had their daughter Gale. I always thought she was absolutely beautiful.



*Gale Lynn Lewis.
"I always thought
she was absolutely
beautiful."*

Please allow me to interject at this time the fact that all of my female cousins are beautiful. I have always felt sorry for other people who don't have beautiful relatives.

Later when Uncle Mart and Aunt Anna Mary had their son Billy, I can remember playing with him when we visited. Billy used to have a small vein in his cheek that would bleed occasionally. I don't know why, but I always thought this was really an interesting thing to have. I assume he outgrew whatever caused it, as I have never seen it happen again. They would visit us at my parents' home regularly. My dad had quit hunting when I was 13, after he had suffered a serious back injury followed by surgery. So, several times when Uncle Mart came in for a visit he and I went hunting together. We always had a good time together, and it gave me a chance to get to know him as an adult. I miss him, Aunt Anna Mary and Gale very much.

There doesn't seem to be a time I cannot remember Uncle Jim, Aunt June and Kathy Lewis. Kathy always wanted to play with Susan when we visited, so I was always alone when we were at their house. I remember one time at my parent's house, Uncle Jim wanted to let me shoot a 12-gauge shotgun. I had never fired such a powerful gun before, and I was still too small to hold the barrel up in order to fire the gun. Uncle Jim held the end of the barrel for me, but didn't notice that I was holding the butt of the gun about 3 inches in front of my chin. When I squeezed that trigger, I got popped right in the chin. It shook me up, but I remembered how to hold a gun properly after that experience.

Uncle Jim loved American Motors Corporation automobiles. He always would buy a new Rambler. They also built the Nash until sometime in the 1950s, but I can't recall him ever having one of them. He had sedans and once a station-wagon around 1960. Later when they dropped the Rambler name and just called them by their model name, I believe he had an Ambassador. This was their top of the line car, and was really nice! I remember asking my dad why he never bought a Rambler, and he said that you could only buy parts at a Rambler dealer. This eventually hurt AMC, and is probably one of the reasons that Chrysler Corporation bought them out. I think if you look at the situation that Apple Computers is in right now you can see many similarities to the problems AMC had created for themselves.

I can remember them living in a project, then moving to a red brick house not far from the project. Later they lived in a really nice yellow brick house. It was while they were living there that Uncle Jim passed away. Since then Aunt June has moved back to the old project they started housekeeping in. The place has been converted into condominiums, and is really nice.

Aunt Eleanor's family has always been a favorite of mine. Uncle Edgar had a really big sand box for Franklin, and Franklin and I would spend hours playing in that box. He always had a pick-up truck, and I can remember riding around with Franklin in the back. He made a really neat space ship center in their basement, where Franklin and I would explore the outer reaches of the galaxy. Susan, Franklin, Karen and I would play long and hard together. We were always visiting each other's homes. I think that while I was in grade school I considered Franklin one of my best friends. Danny and Laurie came along later and I really wasn't as close to them as Karen and Franklin when we were children, but I've drawn closer to them as adults. Again, the family reunions have been a great help. One funny story about Franklin. One Sunday afternoon I was bored in the house, so I decided to go outside and play. As I walked around the side of the house there came Franklin walking up the road. I said, "Hey, what are you doing walking out here?"

He said, "I was with my parents visiting my grandmother and grandfather Miller when I got bored. My dad told me to go take a walk, so here I am!" He had walked a little over two miles from Fairchance to our house. I thought this was great, so we started to play. My dad came out and was surprised to see Franklin without his family, so he called down to Mr. Miller's. They had no idea where he was and were really shocked when they found out he was at our house. Later they came and visited for a while also. We had a good time, and Franklin didn't get in trouble since he just did what he was told. He took a walk!

About a year after I got married, Franklin stopped to see my wife and me when we lived in Rosedale. He brought a cute little brunette along with him. He told us this was his fiancée Joanne Chabanik. Lynn and I liked her immediately. I knew Joanne's brother Max from school, I just didn't know that he had a sister. After they were married they lived in Fairchance for a few years, and we got together from time to time. Franklin had a boat which he kept at Cheat Lake in West Virginia, and he would invite Lynn and me to go with him and Joanne for a day on the lake. I learned to water ski with Franklin and Joanne. The first time I tried I couldn't raise up on the skis. The boat would drag me along at about a foot under the surface. Every time I resurfaced they all would be laughing themselves silly. Lynn took to it right away, and never had any trouble. I guess she followed instructions better. I have always enjoyed the time we spent with Franklin and Joanne.

Uncle Tom and his family have also been very close to me. While he and Aunt Joanne were living in the project he started to build the house they now live in. I think he bought a kit or a pre-cut package. I remember him taking us up to Monaca to see the house and how he was progressing with the construction. He built most or all of it himself. At the time there were very few houses on the hill. An old hotel was down the road from them as well as the fire department and some older houses down the street; otherwise, it was pretty lonely up there. As his family grew they would visit us frequently. Once at our house I was going to feed the dogs, and Linda was with me. She always followed me around. Anyway, we were going up back to the dogs and she looked hungry, so I gave her some dog food. She ate it and wanted more, but I figured she had had enough. Once when Dwayne was about six, he and Tommy got into an apple battle by our picnic shelter. I'll never forget when Tommy hit Dwayne in the forehead with a rather small apple. It literally exploded on his forehead. Tommy and I were howling with laughter, but Dwayne started to cry really hard. We bribed him some way so he would stop, and we wouldn't get into trouble. It worked! Just like with Aunt Eleanor's family. I was closest to the older kids—in this case Linda, Tommy and Dwayne. I got to know Robin and Keith as they grew up, but didn't get to play with them as much as the older ones.

In 1986 Lynn and I, along with our two children Amy and Timmy, went with Uncle Tom, Aunt Joanne, Robin and Keith to Florida to Disneyworld. We had a great time together on that trip. We were gone for two weeks, and Uncle Tom proved he had never changed. While on the trip we visited Aunt Joanne's mother in Panama City, Florida. We were having dinner when her mother chewed Amy out for giggling so much at the table. Later Amy told me Uncle Tom kept whispering funny remarks to her about the food. Nobody could hear him but her, and she said she just couldn't stop giggling. Typical Uncle Tom.

My mother, Uncle Mart, Uncle Jim, Aunt Eleanor, Uncle Tom, Uncle Jack and I have quite a bit more in common than most families today. We all knew the same families and had many of the same teachers. We all went to Oliphant Furnace grade school and Georges Township High School at York Run, with Uncle Jack being the only one not to have graduated from there. We all went to White Rock Methodist Church. Uncles Tom and Jack and I were in the White Rock Boy Scout troop. Aunt Eleanor's husband, Uncle Edgar, even served as Scoutmaster there. Over the years I have always felt very close to my aunts and uncles. I am only 13 years younger than Uncle Jack. Sometimes I feel like my mother and my aunt as well as my uncles are just older brothers and sisters. They certainly pick at me like I am the baby of the family.

I would like to add in closing that family reunions help us not only to stay close, but also to draw closer to our cousins' children. It certainly has been a great life in this family so far, and I intend to keep on having a great time. See you at the next Lewis family reunion!

Lynn Altizer Abraham Biography and Remembrances

*Me with my husband and children.
(l. to r. Timothy, Lynn, Amy and Jim.)*



I am the second child born to Preston Elwood Altizer and Effie Irene Michener Altizer. My mother bore me breech on December 20, 1951 at Uniontown Hospital. We lived at Oliver Heights, a section in Uniontown, PA for the next four years, and then the family moved to Hopwood. We lived there until I was married.

My family lived in the same house in Hopwood, PA from the time I was four years old. My parents still live there. I had a very happy childhood and always had friends over to play with. I had a blue Schwinn bicycle that I rode everywhere. I played a lot on our large front porch, and sat on our swing my dad had hung on one end of the porch. I still love to go out and sit on that swing. My family was very close, and we did lots of things together.

*My Mom and Dad,
Effie Michener and Preston
Elwood Altizer.*



My father was always a hard worker and after a hard day at work he would come home and do odd jobs that needed done around home. He made his living in sales for several years and taught me quite a few things. My mother is a petite woman who is very neat and always kept our home clean and orderly.

I started first grade when I was still five at the South Union Hopwood Elementary school on Furnace Road, attending there through the sixth grade. I then attended junior and senior high at the South Union High School, where I graduated in 1969.

I did not attend college, but went right to work after graduation. I started at the S. E. Williams Furnace Supply Company in Uniontown and worked there for about a year and a half as a secretary. While there I applied and was hired at Sears Roebuck and Company by Willard Abraham, my su-

pervisor in the catalog department. It was here four months later that I met his son, Jim Abraham. He also worked at Sears in the Customer Service Department. We started to date and were married on April 3, 1971 at the White Rock United Methodist Church in Oliphant Furnace, PA.

My family attended the Hopwood United Methodist Church in Hopwood, PA, located about a quarter mile from our home. My mother still sings in the choir, and my dad has worked at many different positions in the church over the years.

I have one sister, Carol Ann Altizer Dubbs. Carol is six years older than me, so growing up we were always at odds, as just as she was growing out of one phase it seemed like I was growing into it, but we have grown closer since we became adults with families. Carol is married to William Dubbs of Pittsburgh, PA and they have two children, David and Krysten. David needs about nine credits to graduate from college, and Krysten is finishing her second year at Grove City College, Grove City, PA

I never met my maternal grandmother Mae Michener, as she died when my mother was seventeen years old. My maternal grandfather was a carpenter all his adult life. As a matter of fact, he did a lot of carpentry around our home. He lived near us and I saw him very often until he died.

My paternal grandparents lived in Uniontown. Grandmother Altizer's name was Virginia Elizabeth Wilson Altizer. She was a strong woman physically and spiritually. She wore out Bibles from reading them so much. She made the best pork chop gravy in the world. My paternal grandfather was Preston W. Altizer. He would buy candy and then walk around giving it to the kids living around their home. I loved my grandparents and remember visiting them often. We spent all of the holidays together.

My father-in-law was Willard Abraham. The first time I met him was in 1970 when he hired me to work for him in the catalog department at Sears in Uniontown. Wib was a kind man and very organized. He worked with tools and knew where each one was. He also had the patience of Job. I never saw him get mad. He was a jack of all trades and had an immaculate vegetable garden and yard. I miss him a lot.

My mother-in-law is Hazel Ruth Lewis Abraham. She is a hard worker and keeps her home neat and clean. She likes to sew and do crafts. She is always working for the church. She is strong willed and knows her own mind. I don't know how I got so lucky to have her for my mother-in-law.

I met Mom-Mom, Hazel's mother, after I started dating Jim. He would take me to visit her when she and Grover lived on DeForest Avenue in Fairchance. I liked her right away. She was an excellent seamstress and could put together a dress without a pattern. She liked

*My grandparents,
Preston W. Altizer and
Virginia Wilson Altizer.*



*(l. to r.) My
parents and in-
laws, Preston,
Effie, Hazel and
Willard.*

to tell us stories about the old days. She was a woman full of knowledge. After her husband Grover Cowdery died she lived with Hazel and Wib until her death in 1975.

Jim and I had our first child, a daughter Amy Rebecca Abraham, on May 15, 1972 at the Uniontown Hospital. Our second child was born at home. Jim delivered his own son, Timothy James Abraham on April 11, 1975 at 54 High Street, Fairchance, PA Both children attended Alfred L. Wilson Elementary School (Fairchance) from kindergarten through the sixth grade.

Amy attended Fairchance-Georges Junior High at York Run, PA for seventh through ninth grade. The school then changed its name to Tri Valley High School as the three schools, Fairchance-Georges, Albert Gallatin Jointure, and German were merged into one high school. The Fairchance-Georges school at York Run became the senior high while Albert Gallatin in New Geneva became Tri Valley South Junior High, and German High in McClellandtown became Tri Valley North Junior High. Amy's class became the first to go all three years of senior high at the new Tri Valley. Amy chose not to attend college, but instead worked for a year before marrying Sean Kovalic, a young man she went to school with for six years. They live and work at his family dairy farm, which I can see by looking out my kitchen window as it is just across the valley from our home.

Tim attended Tri Valley North for junior high, and then York Run for his three years of high school. After he graduated in the class of 1993, the school district changed the name again. This time they went with Albert Gallatin Area for the name. So both of our children went to a high school that no longer exists. Timothy took one term of commercial art at the Art Institute of Pittsburgh before deciding it wasn't for him. He worked at different jobs around town for the next two and a half years. Finally deciding to go to college, he decided to go into the Army Reserves and attend under the Montgomery G.I. Bill. Enlisting in December of 1996, he took basic training at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, and currently is in his Advanced Individual Training at Redstone Arsenal located outside of Huntsville, Alabama. He plans to attend California University at California, PA this autumn.

Timothy James Abraham, 1996.



AMY REBECCA ABRAHAM KOVALIC FAMILY



Amy Abraham Kovalic.

My Story

I was born on May 15, 1972 at Mon General Hospital, the first child of James Abraham and Lynn Altizer Abraham. My earliest memory is of the day my brother Timmy was born. He was born at home when I was about 2 years 11 months old. (His arrival was so fast my mother didn't have time to get to the hospital!) I remember looking down the hall and seeing Mom in her room. I wasn't allowed to go into Mom's bedroom; this frightened me. I wanted to see her! My grandfather, Pap-Pap Altizer, came and carried me to his car. I saw the ambulance in the driveway. I didn't know what was happening.

My brother and I shared many activities, such as walking in the woods, building tents and sled-riding. We played with trucks and dolls and dress-up games. The dress-up game I liked was putting Timmy in a Winnie-the-Pooh dress. He hated that! (He wasn't big enough to stop me.) My brother and I always had a close relationship and we still do (1997).

We had a very loving family life. I was close to my Mom and Dad. I talked with Mom about everything. We had great times making dinner, watching television, and sunbathing. I liked to hang around my Dad. When he went places I wanted to go with him. When he worked for Judge Dumbauld at the Federal Court Building in Pittsburgh I enjoyed riding to work with them. He and my brother were very involved in Boy Scouts. I was in Girl Scouts for a short time, but they didn't do any of the neat things that the Boy Scouts did. (I wanted to be a Boy Scout!) Our family went camping every summer and one of our favorite camp sites was Shawnee State Park. The Old Bedford Village is near the state park and we'd always stop at the village and watch the crafters making candles, brooms, and candy. We would drink homemade Root Beer from the barrels. There were many sights and crafts to experience. Mimie and Pap-Pap Abraham would travel with us on some of our camping trips.

I had a very good relationship with my grandparents and my great-grandparents. They all had special names: My great-grandmother, MARGARET McCORMICK LEWIS, was known as Mum-Mum; my paternal grandmother, HAZEL LEWIS ABRAHAM, was known as Mimie;

my paternal grandfather, WILLARD ABRAHAM, was known as PapPap; my great-grandmother VIRGINIA WILSON ALTIZER, was known as Mam-Mal; my maternal grandmother, IRENE MICHENER ALTIZER, was known as Mammie; my maternal grandfather, PRESTON ALTIZER, was known as Pap-Pap; my maternal great-grandfather, DAVID ROY MICHENER, died 1978/79.

Great-grandmother Margaret Lewis made her home with her daughter Hazel and son-in-law Willard. When we visited Mimie and PapPap when I was a small child, I would help Mimie place Mum-Mum's legs up on the bed. Mum-Mum passed away in June of 1975. Mimie and PapPap Abraham continued living on the Hopwood-Fairchance Road between White Rock and Oliphant Furnace. PapPap Abraham passed away in 1991; Mimie continues to live at the same home (1997).

Both sets of grandparents lived close to our home, so we were able to see them often. Mimie and PapPap Abraham had the family over for Sunday dinners and picnics in their backyard picnic shelter. I always loved Mimie's mashed potatoes, gravy, beef roasts and homegrown vegetables from PapPap's garden. Bread was always on the table for dinner, and dinner wasn't complete without a jar of homemade jelly. PapPap had nice grapevines above the garden and Mimie could make great jelly from those red, white, and purple grapes! Every dinner was finished with a dessert. No one knew what Mimie's surprise dessert would be, she had so many--homemade pie, cake, cookies, or a bowl of fruit topped with whipped cream. I would sit beside Mimie and she would hold me close as we watched the Lawrence Welk show. PapPap Abraham had a wonderful yard and garden of vegetables. The orchard was full of apple, pear, and peach trees. I walked through his trees; he needed to show me the difference between his peaches! He picked a peach from two different trees, gave them a twist and broke them in half perfectly; he handed me one half to eat while he ate the other half. I was amazed. The peaches were so small and his hands were so large. Many memories flow over me from that walk. I looked forward to those walks with PapPap. PapPap kept bees in his backyard. He told Timmy and me the bees wouldn't sting us if we let them crawl on us. It was true. I let them crawl on my arms and they never stung. I was never afraid of the bees.

Mammie and Pap-pap Altizer live on the Old Furnace Road in Hopwood, between Route 40 and Redstone Furnace Road. I always enjoy going to their home and sitting on the front porch swing. Many times Timmy and I would go across the road and play in the creek catching minnows. Then there were times when we would put puzzles together or play a card game of Old Maid. When a new deck of Old Maid cards was bought, I remember crimping the top corner of the Old Maid so I wouldn't get that card. PapPap always caught onto my little scheme. Mammie and PapPap liked to take us to the big malls: Century III, Westmoreland, and Green Gate. They took us out to eat and made sure that we had a great time. Mammie was always ready to listen to my problems. She talked to me about many things and helped me to see both sides of a discussion. PapPap Altizer and I loved to eat ice cream and doughnuts, at home or away. Our favorite pastime was going to Dunkin Doughnuts and getting Belgium waffles with ice cream and syrup. When PapPap knew Timmy and I were coming to visit, he would make a special trip to the store for purchase our favorite foods: white bread for me and pop for Timmy and me. He still does this. PapPap Altizer knows my husband Sean loves chocolate milk, so he makes sure chocolate milk is served when we visit. After Sean and I were married, we grew a field of pumpkins, just for the fun of watching them grow. We had such a bumper crop of pumpkins we didn't know what to do with all of them. PapPap Altizer told us to load them on the farm wagon and take the wagon to the front yard of the Victorian farm house and he would set up shop to sell the pumpkins while Sean, his parents, and I continued with the farming. He wants us to plant pumpkins again this year so he can sell them. He really liked meeting the people and talking to them when they stopped. This was a great autumn sight, a warm memory to treasure. If we do a repeat performance this year, we must take pictures! PapPap has a neat saying: "When in Rome, do as the Romans do."

My great-grandmother Virginia Wilson Altizer ("Mam Mal") and I were close and I have

good memories of the times we spent together. I still think of her. Mam-Mal Altizer died in 1981.

I went to A.L. Wilson Elementary School and Tri-Valley High School I didn't mind going to school but I liked staying home better. I was an average student. The fifth grade was my favorite because I had a great teacher. I was on the Honor Roll that year. (I think that shows how much difference good teachers can make.) I've had a bicycle since I was small and always enjoyed riding. At thirteen I got a ten-speed and my parents couldn't get me off it. I rode through Fairchance and out to Mimie and PapPap's. Sean and I purchased a matching set of mountain bikes for our fifth anniversary and we ride when we can.

In high school my good friend Julie talked me into performing in the school play my junior year. Then she suggested entering the Coal Queen pageant. The girls had to qualify to be in the pageant, and it was a thrill to be selected. I felt a little weird because some of the girls were very talented and had been in previous pageants. This was my first experience with pageants. I borrowed an out-of-date gown for the event and some people made fun of it. My talent was playing the piano. I played "The Rose," and this piece starts out with the same note over and over. Some people laughed about that too. I remember thinking, "What am I getting myself into here?" When the pageant began and I walked on stage, I stepped on the front of my gown! I don't know if anyone noticed. It was still fun though.

When I was 17, I had the opportunity to travel overseas to England. I was there for two weeks. I visited local sites of interest, such as the London Tower, the Thames, and Big Ben, before going on to Wales for two days. I toured several castles in Wales and found it a fascinating experience. I have a weakness for castles!

On May 25, 1991, I married Sean Paul Kovalic. I was 19. We were married at Brownfield United Methodist Church. His

parents have a large dairy farm. In my junior year, Sean and I didn't know each other, but when Mom would take me to school, I always wanted her to follow this particular black Pontiac up the road. It was Sean's father taking him to school. I'd watch him walk into the school every day, even though we didn't really talk to each other. Sean told me later that he always watched me too but neither of us said a word to each other back then. I think we both knew that when we did get together, that would be it—we'd stay together—and neither of us was ready just yet.

In our senior year of high school, Sean and I had a mutual friend, Dave, and through him, I started talking to Sean, at first just as friends. It was getting close to prom time, and one day I said to Sean and Dave, "I guess I won't be going to the prom." Sean immediately said, "Well, I could take you." We ended up going out a couple of times before the prom. Our "official" first date was on May 3rd. We went up to the Christmas Tree Shop at Chalk Hill on the mountain east of Uniontown. We walked through the shop and around the grounds. Sean wanted to hold

The Coal Queen pageant.



my hand, and I thought it was nice when he asked if he could. His hand was rough from working on the farm. The high school prom was on May 25 (it's also our wedding anniversary date). We had a great time at the prom, and after that, I started going over to the farm all the time, and one year later we married.

We have a wonderful relationship. We're each other's best friend. We love to do everything together, and always have a great time. When we got married there was no nervousness or doubt at all. We both knew that it was right. We work together on the farm, and I love it. Sometimes people ask me if I miss being able to get away—go on trips or have a weekend free—but I don't. There's nothing to get away from!

We plan to have a family someday. As Sean says, when we feel about having children the way we felt about getting married, we'll know we're ready for a family. We want to love and spoil them while teaching them the values of being good citizens and trusting in the Lord.

*Amy Rebecca Abraham
and Sean Paul Kovalic on
their wedding day, May
25, 1991.*



TIMOTHY JAMES ABRAHAM



Timothy James Abraham.

My Memories

My name is Timothy James Abraham. I was born on April 11, 1975 in Fairchance, PA, the second child of James Abraham and Lynn Altizer Abraham. I have many great memories of my childhood. The strongest early memories are of Christmas time. My parents always made Christmas very special. All of my memories growing up are great: camping with my family, our vacation to Disney World. I wouldn't want to have grown up any different.

I always had a good time hanging around with my Dad when I was young, especially going camping. We went camping at Shawnee every year. I got involved in scouting because of him—he's very active in Boy Scouts. Becoming an Eagle Scout was a big event in my life and my Dad helped me a lot with it.

My Mom spoiled me. I'm very close to her also and pretty much tell her everything that's going on. I always loved that hot cup of tea from Mom when I was sick! Mom and I have had a lot of good times together. She always understood any problems I had, and was always there to comfort me.

I'm also close to my sister Amy and her husband Sean. Amy and I are best friends and my thoughts on Sean are that if I had to pick a husband for my sister, I would have picked him. He treats her good. (He better or he and I will have to work things out!) They are both hard workers and I respect them for what they do. Actually, I envy them a little.

Both sets of our grandparents live near our home, so Amy and I grew up close to all four grandparents. Mi-mi (my grandmother Abraham) always helped me to keep a good attitude and take pride in what I did. There's no beating around the bush with Mi-mi. She tells you when she doesn't like what you're doing. Pap-pap (my grandfather Abraham) was the most influential man in my life. I have too many wonderful memories of him to mention. I'll always remember catching my first walleye with him.

Mammie (my grandmother Altizer) is just like Mom. She makes everything special, espe-

*Father and son
Eagle Scouts.
James Harry and
Timothy James
Abraham.*



cially Christmas. My grandfather Altizer, also called Pap-pap, introduced me to golfing. I really enjoy the sport, especially when Pap-pap and I play together. He is always smiling and never fails to get me in a good mood. I have a lot of great memories with Mammie and Pap-pap. I love them all very much. They all are special in a particular way. They've always helped and encouraged me to keep up my hopes and plans for the future.

I have four first cousins on my Dad's side, the children of my Aunt Susan: Wade, Wesley,

Does it get any better than this?



Wendy, and Ward Hugh. I regard them as brothers and sister rather than cousins. I couldn't have asked for a better family than the one I got!

Throughout my life I've loved the outdoors—camping, hunting and fishing. It's my life! I love turkey hunting and deer hunting, with both bow and rifle. I started a small business making game calls in the summer of 1995, called Mason Dixon Game Calls. It's a good side business. Pap-pap Abraham and I drew the turkey head on my business cards. I make the calls myself and sell them to wholesalers. Pap-pap and my father were big influences on me loving the outdoors so much. I'm at home in the outdoors.

MASON-DIXON Game Calls

54 High St. • Fairchance, PA 15436

TYPE:

- Single (with cuts)
- Double
- Double (V-Cut)
- Triple
- Triple (V-Cut)
- Quad (V-Cut)



Mason-Dixon Game Calls is not liable for any injuries due to the misuse of their products.

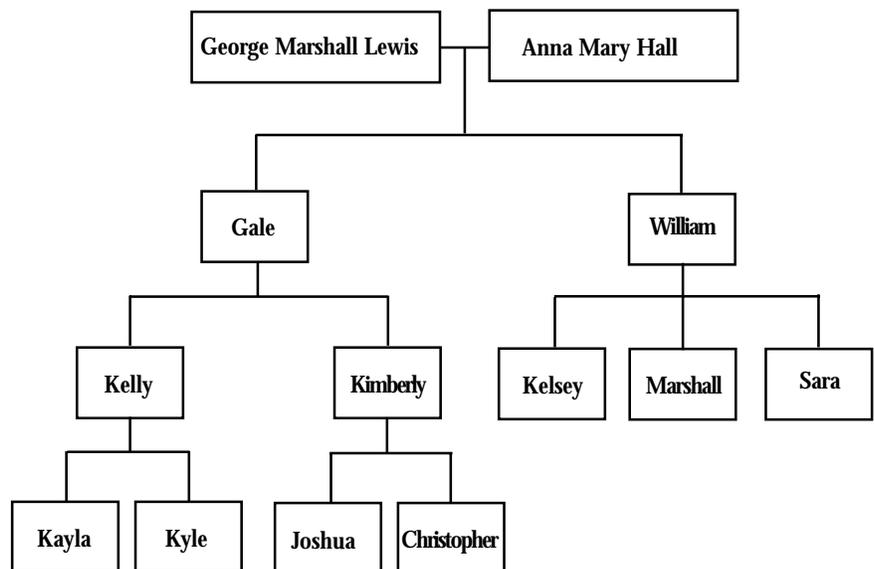
Making a love affair into a business.

Art is another interest of mine. I went to art school for awhile, but I didn't feel that it would provide the opportunities that I want for the future. I enlisted in the Army and I'm now at Redstone Arsenal in Alabama. My Eagle Scout rank helped me out here, as it earned me an immediate promotion and a few extra dollars in my paycheck. The Army will put me through college. This fall I'll start back to school, probably at California my first two years and then finish up at West Virginia. I plan to study either Forestry or Wildlife Biology. My goal is to make my living in the outdoors. I'm definitely no desksitter.

I have strong feelings for my girlfriend, Danielle Dandrea. We have shared a lot together. She loves to fish and she always catches the big one, while I always get the little ones. Of course, she's very proud of this and she has a right to be. She stands beside me on any decisions I make. She has helped me out a lot. She's always proud of me and that means a lot to me. We haven't made any plans for the future, but I'm sure that she and I will be together for a long time.

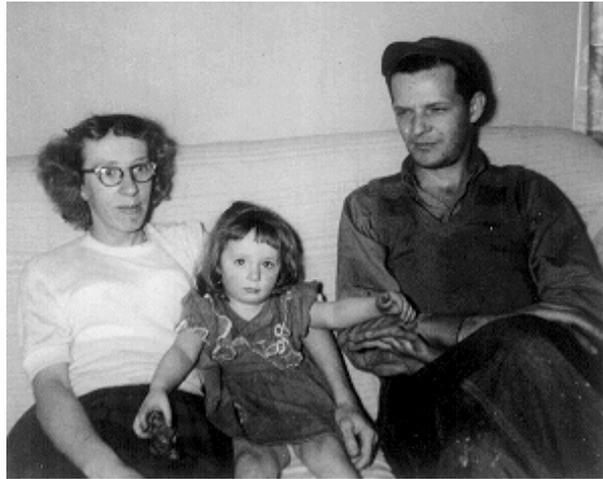
CHAPTER 4

GEORGE MARSHALL LEWIS Spouse and Descendants



GEORGE MARSHALL LEWIS

*"Ask not for whom the bell tolls—it tolls for thee."
Anna Mary Hall Lewis,
Gale Lynn Lewis and
George Marshall Lewis,
c. 1952.*



In memory of George and Anna Mary

It fills us with sadness that we did not commence writing this family history earlier. Perhaps we took it for granted that all family members would always be around tomorrow to talk to about their lives. Now George, Anna Mary and Gale are no longer available to write their memoirs, and we miss them. They left us with these photographs which we hope will keep them alive in our hearts and serve as a lasting tribute.

*George Marshall
Lewis, February
1923.*

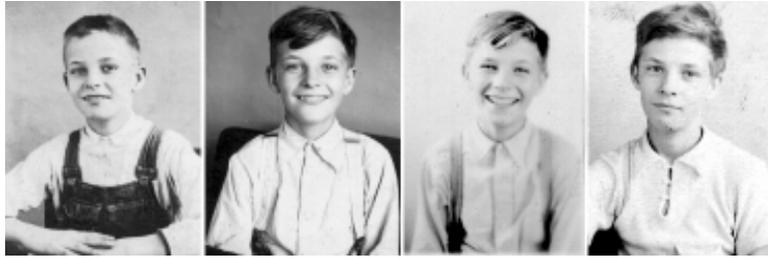


George Marshall Lewis was born October 8, 1922 and died at the age of 54 on September 22, 1977. His wife Anna Mary Hall was born on May 15, 1926 and died at the age of 64 on March 27, 1991. George and Anna Mary's only daughter Gale, born on September 23, 1950, contracted brain cancer in her late twenties, and died at the age of 43 on November 23, 1990. Gale and her husband James Coley had two daughters, Kelly and Kimberly. Kelly and Kimberly each have two children.

George and Anna Mary's only son, William, contributes his memories of George, Anna Mary and Gale in a later section.

*George with his sister Hazel
in the outrageously
expensive truck that their
Dad bought, 1924.*





1934 1935 1936 1937

Photographs from George's school days.



Life in the patch row alley at Oliphant. George (tallest boy) with brother Jim (far left) and neighborhood friends, 1937.



George was an excellent carpenter. Here the budding carpenter makes toys for his brothers and sisters, 1937.

(Left) George on top with brother Jim driving. Sister Hazel and friend Margaret Kovach is standing behind truck. Brother Tom and sister Eleanor are in bed of truck.

(Right) George, brothers Jim and Tom, and sister Eleanor.



All of the children played musical instruments. George, top left, played the banjo and Hazel, top right, played the violin. Tom, Eleanor and Jim, l. to r. in the front row, are probably clowning around, 1937.

George loved to fish and hunt. Here he pauses with brother Jim in 1940 for this photograph while probably on their way to the nearby Laurel Mountains to do a little trout fishing



George graduated from Georges Township High School, York Run, PA in 1942. As World War II was raging, he was immediately drafted into the Army.



(Right) George in London England, 1944.





After George returned home from the war, his thoughts turned to hunting, fishing and girls. In 1947 he met a young woman who caught his eye and who also enjoyed his sports.

(Left) George during deer season, 1947.

(Right) Anna Mary Hall.



George and Anna Mary on their wedding day.

In 1950 a daughter, Gale, was born to George and Anna Mary, c. 1952.



(Right) Twelve years later a son, William, was born to George and Anna Mary, c. 1966.



Anna Mary and George relaxing in later years, c. 1976.



GALE LYNN LEWIS COLEY AND DESCENDANTS



Gale Lynn Lewis around the time of her high school graduation, c. 1967.

In memory of Gale

Gale was born on September 28, 1950 in Rochester, PA. She was a sweet and loving person and everyone in the family loved her. In 1977 she came to Washington DC with her husband James Coley and stayed with her Uncle Jack and Aunt Carol while she went to Walter Reed Hospital for investigation into why she was having dizzy spells. She was diagnosed as having a brain tumor and was scheduled for surgery. The operation was only partially successful. All of the tumor could not be removed and she had to undergo chemotherapy sessions. It was a traumatic experience for Gale and her family. Gale was just too sweet of a girl for something like this to happen to her.

Gale fought a losing battle valiantly. She died on November 23, 1993 in Brighton Township, PA. We hope these photographs might serve as a lasting tribute to a wonderful woman.



A hot day in Vanport, PA, c. 1951.



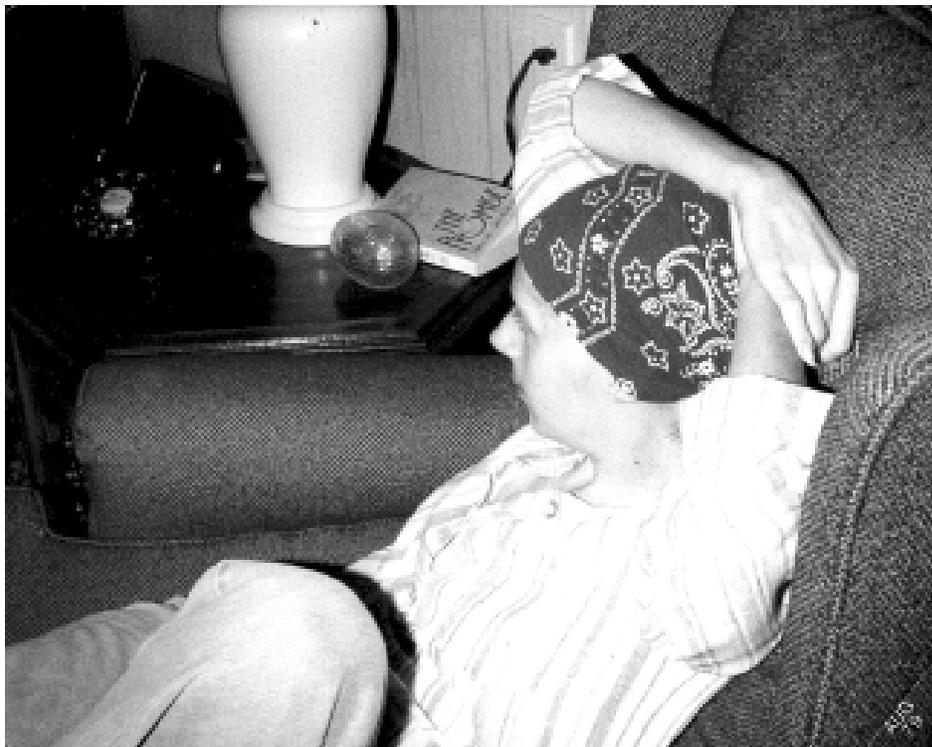
Taking her first steps, c. 1952.

Gale with her mother, brother, and her children during a birthday celebration,

(l. t. r.) Kelly Coley, Anna Mary Hall Lewis, Gale Lewis Coley, William Lewis and Kimberly Coley.



*Gale relaxing
c. 1986-87.*



KIMBERLY ANN COLEY



(l. to r.) Kimberly and Kelly Coley.

My Memories

I was born on May 24, 1971 in Rochester, Pennsylvania, the second child of Gale Lewis Coley and James Michael Coley II. My older sister Kelly Lynn Coley was born on July 9, 1969.

I have good childhood memories of family life with my parents. My mother was an “all-American” Mom. She took good care of us and was always with us. She’d have birthday parties for us and other family activities that were fun. Mom was a great person, always very loving. She passed away from brain cancer in 1993. My Dad was also a loving and supportive father to Kelly and I. During our childhood, we moved all over the place because my father was in the service. I graduated from Freedom High School in North Carolina. My Mom and Dad were divorced, and Dad later remarried.

I was close to my maternal grandmother, Anna Mary Lewis. She loved to tell jokes. She was easy to get along with, and always made light of things, even when she was sick. I have very few memories of my grandfather Lewis, because he passed away when I was very young.

My paternal grandparents, James Michael Coley and Elsie Bennett Coley, raised their family in Economy Borough, PA. We would visit them occasionally when I was growing up. My grandmother was a nice, easy-going person. I remember that she would make caramel candy when we visited; I looked forward to that. My Coley grandparents now live in Las Vegas, NV. We see them when we can.

I was married on August 24, 1990 to Jerry Jahoda. Our son Joshua was born on December 19, 1990 and Christopher was born on November 5, 1992. Jerry and I have been separated for two years.

I am now living with my father and working part-time at St. John's Specialty Care Center while I go to school to become a registered nurse. I attend the Community College of Beaver County. It's stressful being a single parent and trying to juggle work, child care, and school. Making a good home for my children is very important to me. I eventually hope to become an anesthetist.

One of the many birthday parties we had together as a family..



KELLY LYNN COLEY



(l. to r.) Kimberly and Kelly Coley.

Out of touch, but not forgotten

We were not able to make contact with Kelly, but have this picture of her and Kimberly at a young age.

WILLIAM EDWARD LEWIS AND DESCENDANTS

William Edward and Elizabeth Anne Cranston Lewis, 1970.



Biography and Remembrances

It's four fifteen in the morning. The doctor says, "Come on, Anna Mary. One more push! You can do it," and into the world I came. William Edward Lewis, alias "Bill," "Billy," "Little Billy," or the one I hated the most, "Tiny Baby." The son of George Marshall Lewis and Anna Mary Hall Lewis, I grew up at 345 Springer Road, Freedom, PA in Economy Borough.

HOW MY PARENTS MET

This is how I remember it being told. Mom had gone roller skating with some of her friends, and while skating Mom took a spill and got a bloody lip. That's when my Dad came along, helped her up, and offered her his handkerchief. I would like to think that it was love at first sight.

MY EARLIEST MEMORY

My earliest memory is going to the Fisher Big Wheel in New Brighton with my Mom and one of our neighbors, Eleanor Hendrickson. Mom bought me a batman cape and mask. After shopping we returned home, where my Dad, having had a few too many, tried to help me remove my new cape. I had managed to get it tightly knotted. So Dad, being helpful, took out his penknife and cut it off. The rest is a blur.

PARENTS' EMPLOYMENT

Dad was employed by Conrail in their shipping and receiving department at Conway, Pa. He worked in the engine house where they fixed the engines, so there were thousands of parts on hand. He did his job well. Sometimes he would take me to work with him, and workers would ask him for part numbers and their location. Dad had every part number memorized and he could rattle them right off. He was greatly respected at his job.

My Mom worked as a nurse's aid at the Beaver County Geriatric Center. Mom really loved her job of taking care of elderly people. It made her very

Dad at work, c. 1970.



happy and gave her a purpose in life. Mom was a very giving person and her job fit her personality.

MEMORIES OF MY RELATIVES

Unfortunately, I don't remember a lot about my grandparents. My Grandpap Lewis re-



(Left) My Mom with my Grandfather Lewis, c. 1957



(Right) My Grandma Lewis and her third husband, Grover Cowdery, c. 1969

minded me of the guy on the Quaker Oats box, I guess because of the large hat he wore. I recall his little house in Brownsville. I don't recall him saying too much to me, but I do remember he would save me all the toys out of his cereal boxes. I wish I could have known him better.

The only memory I recall of Mom Mom (Grandma Lewis) is when we went to her house in Beaver Falls, PA when she was married to Grover.

I regret that I never knew my Mom's father, William E. Hall, for whom I am named. He died some years before I was born. Mame, my Mom's mother, is the one I remember the most. She would visit us every Thanksgiving. My Dad and I would go and pick her up at the old folk's home and she would spend the day with us. I've never seen a person who could eat so much turkey!

Out of all of my aunts and uncles, Uncle Jim and Aunt June are the ones I knew the best. We would visit them every Christmas or they would come visit us. We would also go and visit my Aunt Hazel and Uncle Wib, where my Dad grew up. My Uncle Wib was quite a character. He told a joke like nobody else. Here's one he told that I never forgot:

A guy was sentenced to life in prison. His first night before going to sleep, he heard an inmate yell out 35. Everyone laughed. Another yelled out 67. Again, everyone laughed. This continued every night. The new inmate inquired about the numbers. His cell mate told him, "We've heard the same jokes so many times that we've numbered them." So the new inmate learned the jokes and the numbers that went with them. One night he thought he would get in on the game. He yelled, "36," but nobody laughed. He tried again, "78," but again only silence. He tried a few more times, but nothing happened. So he asked his cell mate why no one laughed when he yelled out his numbers. His cell mate replied, "Some can tell them and some can't."

As for my other aunts and uncles, I never saw them much. I never met Uncle Jack until Grandpap Lewis died. To me he was the long-lost uncle. I really did not get to know Uncle Tom and his family. We would see them once in a blue moon. I don't know why.



Grandma Hall, my Dad, and Grandma Lewis, c. 1948.

Happy days. Me with my new tractor, trailer and Smokey the Bear, 1967.



My sister Gale and me, 1962.



Me at Sheraton Carlton in Washington, DC, 1981.

CHILDHOOD

I had a pretty good childhood. I grew up out in the country. There were lots of woods to explore, cabins to build, creeks and streams to play in. One story sticks out in my mind. I must have been about ten or eleven when Dad bought me a mini bike from Sears. Instead of letting me take the first ride, Dad did the fatherly thing and took the first ride. Well, he got on and took off down the field. In his path was a tree. Instead of going around it, Dad tried to ride straight up that tree. I can still picture it—the bike trying to climb the tree and Dad hanging on for dear life.

GALE

I had a twin brother and sister, Dale and Gale, but Dale died at birth. So it was just Gale (“Sis”) and me. We had a pretty good relationship. She was like my second Mom because of our age difference of 12 years. With such a difference in age, we didn’t have a lot in common, but she did teach me how to ride a bike. After she got married I would go visit with her. I thought she was pretty cool. When Sis was in her late twenties, she was diagnosed with brain cancer. At the time Gale and her husband were living in North Carolina. Sis died when she was 41. Through all the pain she endured, she never gave up on living. She had two children, Kelly and Kimberly. Most people would have given up, but she never did. I sorely miss her.

CHURCH

As a child we never went to church much. We called ourselves Methodist, but we were never that committed. My Dad never partook of any church functions. It wasn’t until I met my wife, Beth Anne, that I became a born again Christian and gave my life to the Lord. It was then that I learned how important it is to have God in your life. Now we are actively involved in Keystone Bible Fellowship and plan on raising our children in church.

EDUCATION

I first started school at State Street Elementary School when I was 5. I went there for first grade through sixth grade. For seventh through ninth grades, I attended Baden Economy Junior High School and for tenth through twelfth grades, Ambridge High School. I graduated in 1981. From there I went to culinary school, located in Washington DC. In 1992 I made a career change and decided to go to school at The International Commercial Dive Institute to become a commercial diver.

MY WIFE

I met Beth Anne in 1990 at the Hyeholde Restaurant in Moon Township. We fell in love and were married in 1991 on October the fifth. She is the best thing that ever happened to me and she has given me three wonderful children. She is clearly my soulmate and I'm looking forward to spending the rest of my life with her.

CHILDREN

In 1992 our twins, Marshall David and Kelsey Elizabeth, were born on November 19th. Mart was 4 lbs. 11 oz. and Kelsey was 4 lbs. 7 oz. Four years later Sara Victoria was born on October 2nd. She was 7 lbs. 11oz. (TO MY CHILDREN: I love you all and enjoy being your father. You have changed my life so much. You have made my life so full and well worth living. Love, Dad!)

WORK HISTORY

My first real job was for Pappan's Family Restaurant. I worked there for about one year. It was there that I first fell in love with the culinary profession. From there I transferred to Pappans Ark in Bridgewater.

I continued to work there for the next two years, until I graduated from high school. After that experience, I decided to go to culinary school in DC and got a job as a chef's apprentice at the Sheraton Carlton Hotel only two blocks from the White House. This job was very interesting. I worked carving meat on a lunch buffet. It was here that I had the opportunity to meet Shirley Temple Black. There were scores of politicians that came in every day, like Tip O'Neill and Ted Kennedy.

After Washington I moved back home to get a job but nothing panned out. So I decided to join the U.S. Army. I was a 94 bravo, or cook. I really enjoyed my three-year tour and was able to see Germany, Korea, and the Philippines. It was a real growth experience. After the service I had many cooking jobs, far too many to mention them all. I was honing my culinary skills. In 1987 I settled into a place called the Hyeholde. I really loved that place. A lot of fond memories were made there until I left in 1991. At that time I was getting tired of cooking so I decided to make a career change. I chose to go into commercial diving. I went to school in Delaware at the International Commercial Diving Institute. After graduating we returned back home, where I started working for Marion Hill Associates in New Brighton. I was employed there until 1994 when I was laid off due



*Me with my wife and family.
(l. to r.) Marshall, Beth Anne, Kelsey, William and Sara Lewis, 1996.*



A photo from my Army days



Me diving in Puerto Vallarta, Mexico.

to work shortage. I was forced to go back into the culinary field for one more year to support my family. Then I finally found the job where I want to retire. I now work for Mitsubishi Electric Power Products, Inc. We build large circuit breakers. Lord willing, I'll be there for the rest of my life.

SOME SPECIAL MEMORIES OF DAD

Dad and me.



I have many special memories of my father. Here are a few of my favorites. The first story takes place where I grew up. It was a Sunday afternoon and my Mom was cooking Sunday dinner. Now, you have to realize that my Dad was the world's authority on everything. Anyway, Mom was preparing our lunch. While Mom was cooking, Dad was telling her how to cook, what she was doing wrong, and how she could do it better. Mom, having the patience of Job, finally had enough of Dad's supervision. While Dad was turning over the roast beef, Mom started beating Dad on the back side with a cutting board. The funny thing about it was the harder Mom hit Dad, the more my Dad would laugh. It turned into a laugh-fest between Mom and Dad. That roast tasted so good.

Another fond memory of my Dad is when he took me fishing for the first time. We woke up early one Saturday morning and rode out to Little Beaver Creek. My Dad set me up with all the gear rigged up to my line and away I went. I think I grew bored very quickly but I did manage to land my first fish. It was a 6oz. blue gill. Dad helped me take it off the hook and we returned the fish to its home. It was one of the few father and son outings that we had.

I'll call this next story "The Unwelcome Intruder." One night Dad and I were spending some quiet time when we heard something under the kitchen sink. I opened the cupboard door and to my surprise there was a very large possum that had crawled up through a hole in the floor. Dad instructed me to go get my rifle which I had gotten that past Christmas. Dad and I shot that possum about one

hundred and fifty times, until it finally gave up the ghost. After it was dead, we put it in front of the door. When Mom came home from work, she was pretty horrified over the whole situation. I think back now and feel sorry for that poor old possum. He was in the wrong place at the wrong time.

I only wish that Dad would have lived longer. I think we would have become closer. He

Me with my first fish.



Dad sent Mom-mom this picture on Mother's Day, 1943. Included with the picture was this letter. A dollar doesn't sound like much today, but back then it was quite a lot of money.

missed out on so much and I often find myself thinking about him. I'm proud to say that I am the son of George Marshall Lewis, a simple man that loved his family.

WORLD WAR II STORIES

I think that it is only appropriate that these stories be told. I'm glad I was interested in the war at an early age. Otherwise, these stories may have been lost forever.

Dad was drafted into the army right after graduation for high school. He did his training



HEADQUARTERS
YOUR BROTHER'S HEART
 CAMP CROFT, SOUTH CAROLINA

May 30, 1945

SUBJECT: Mother's Day.

To: The Best Mother in the World.

Mom I'm sending a dollar its all I can afford now its pretty low and I know you will appreciate it and will have a good time. Mom I'd send more but you know how it is. You have a good time Mom and don't do any work. God can do the work you just take it easy and have a good time.

BY ORDER OF:
George M. Lewis
 YOUR SON

1st Indorsement

Approved: For the Mothers of the men at Camp Croft the Chaplains are offering special prayers on Mother's Day.

THE CHAPLAINS

ALL THAT I AM OR HOPE TO BE I owe TO MY MOTHER, MOTHER

SEE CHILDREN WISE UP AND CALL HER BLESSED. —Petersen 21-28

to be a demolitions specialist at Fort Indiantown Gap, PA.

Story #1 - Dad had a good buddy whose name was Gross, at least that is how he referred to him. Once when they were pinned down in a field, the Germans fired rounds across the field and unfortunately for Gross, he got his tail end shot off.

Story #2 - Once they were assigned to a special mission. If I remember correctly, it was on an island where the Germans were experimenting with atomic weapons. Their job was to blow up the lab and the factory. As Dad told it they were successful. They ran into problems though when they had to rendezvous with the submarine. Well, they were late getting to the beach and the periscope was on its way down. Dad said Gross saved the team from disaster by swimming out and banging on the periscope until the sub resurfaced. Mission accomplished.

Story #3 - On another occasion they went out one night on patrol when they heard some noise. They thought it was the enemy so they fired towards the noise. It would be quiet for a few moments and then the noise would start again, and they would fire again. This continued all night long. When morning finally came, they realized what they had been hearing were sheep and they had killed the entire herd. Dad always enjoyed a good laugh when he told that one.

Story #4 - I think Dad's favorite story was when they reconnoitered into a German camp and rigged the outhouses with explosives. I'll let you use your own imagination for the rest of the story.

The war disturbed my father very badly. Though he gloried in the stories, he would always end up crying for reasons I did not understand. I think he felt that he was very lucky for surviving.

MEMORIES OF MY MOTHER



I have saved my Mom for last not because she is the least important but because I have saved the best for last. It's hard for me to know where to start with Mom. I know after Dad died she became not only my mother but also my father, but more important she became my best friend. You have to understand, when Dad died I was only fifteen and at the beginning of my adolescence. Mom helped me a lot, even though I didn't always listen to her advice. She was always there for me and I could tell her everything. We were so close.

There is a story Mom used to tell about our family doctor's dad. They called him Old Doc Bowl. Back when there were party lines, Old Doc Bowl couldn't get through on the phone and he got pretty mad. When he finally got the operator, Doc Bowl told her to take the phone and stuff it up her ——! The operator got upset by this and she turned it into her supervisor.

In those days you didn't speak to people like that. Her supervisor called Doc Bowl and told him if he did not apologize to the operator that they would take his phone away! So Doc Bowl said, "OK, put the operator back on the phone." He said, "Is this the young lady that I told to take the phone and stuff it up her ——?" The operator replied, "Yes." Doc Bowl said, "WELL, GET READY, IT'S ON ITS WAY!!!"

Mom used to tell that story and it would bring the house down. Mom was a grand lady. I am glad to say that she knew Jesus as her Savior and I'm looking forward to seeing her again in heaven someday.

As I close my story, I put this out to my future generations. Don't forget the past nor let your present slip by. Today is the first day of the rest of your life.

Mom and me on one of our many camping trips.



Elizabeth Anne Cranston Lewis Biography and Remembrances



*(Left)
"Beth Anne" Cranston,
in her twenties.*

I was born on December 20th, 1966. I was the 4th child of 5, but the only girl. I do not have a lot of memories of my early childhood but the ones that I do have are good. Most of my memories revolve around two things. First were our family vacations that we took every year. We always went on a two or three week camping trip and that is how I was able to travel all over the United States. I have been privileged to see many sights and have many great memories thanks to my parents. Colorado and the Rocky Mountains have always remained my favorite place to visit. The second memory revolves around the church, Allegheny Baptist Temple, we attended and the school, North Hills Christian School, that my parents started and I obviously attended from kindergarten to graduation. I was brought up in a strict Christian home for which I am now grateful. (I don't think I was quite so grateful back then.) My father also owns his own business and so we were very busy.

When I graduated from high school, I attended Bob Jones University and received my B.S. degree in marketing management. Those are four years that I would not care to repeat. I was extremely homesick and never much of one for dorm life. But now as I look back, it was good for me and I am glad that my parents made me stick it out.

After college I came home and worked for my father and brother for a year. Then after deciding that I wanted to do something different (I didn't know what), I worked at the Hyeholde Restaurant and that is where I met Bill. We fell in love and were married on Oct. 5, 1991, one year after our first date. Thirteen months later God blessed us with twins, Marshall David and Kelsey Elizabeth. Our lives have never been the same since. We decided that I would quit work to stay home and raise our children. The first year of Marshall and Kelsey's life went by in kind of a blur but things have settled down. Sara Victoria, our redhead, came into our lives in October of 1996 and we are grateful to God for our wonderful children that He gave to us. I love being a Mom and am more than willing to make the sacrifices necessary to continue being a stay-at-home Mom.

My family has probably been the biggest influence on my life. My mother's parents, Clarence and Ferne Henry, lived in Reading, Pa. and I have many fond memories of our regular trips there. My grandmother now lives with my parents and I am glad that my children will be able to have memories of their great-grandmother. My father's parents, Harwood and Marjorie Cranston, lived right next door. Although Grandmother Cranston passed away when I was 8, I have a lot of great memories of Grandfather Cranston. He always took my brothers on trips, and although we tried that once, it didn't work out too well. He then started taking me out on "dates." We went to many fancy restaurants like Top of the Triangle and Georgetown Inn, to name a couple. It was great fun. I'm sorry that Bill's parents are no longer alive to share in our children's lives, but our kids have a super relationship with my parents. My brothers and I have remained very close even though one lives in Iowa and another in South Carolina.

(LEFT - l. to r.) Kelsey, me, my maternal grandmother Alma Ferne Bard Henry and my mother Sara Jane Henry Cranston.

Our lives are now kept very busy as we are involved in our church, Keystone Bible Fellowship, I home school our children, and also run a small telecommunications business from our home. As I close, I would like to thank God for the glorious work that He has done in my life and give Him all the glory.

(RIGHT - l. to r.) My father, David Kelsey Cranston, my mother Sara Jane Henry Cranston, Marshall and Kelsey.



My brother, Bradley John Cranston, and his family. (l. to r.) his wife Heidi (Christner), daughter Kristina Marie, Bradley, son Bradley, daughter Suzanna and baby daughter Kayla in front.



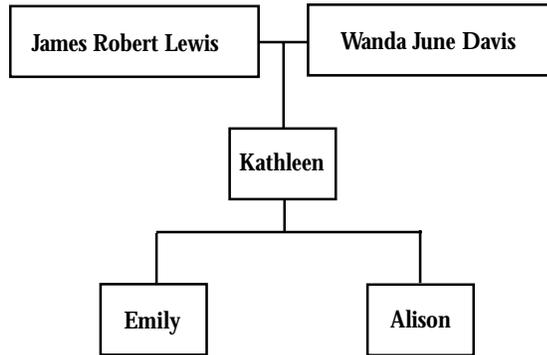
My brother, Patrick Henry Cranston, and his fiancée, Jennifer Leland.

Dinner with my family (l. to r. in front row) sister-in-law Joni (Borino) Cranston, brother David Kelsey Cranston, Jr., Bill, me, Kelsey and Marshall. (l. to r. in back row) grandmother Alma Ferne (Bard) Henry, brother Gregory Harwood Cranston, sister-in-law Leah (Baxtor) and my mother Sara Jane (Henry) Cranston.



CHAPTER 5

James Robert LEWIS Spouse and Descendants



JAMES ROBERT LEWIS

James Robert Lewis and Wanda June Davis on their wedding day, March 26, 1948 (l. to r.) Naomi Kissenger Davis, Jim, June, Margaret McCormick Lewis.



In memory of Jim

Jim was born two days before Christmas on December 23, 1926 in Oliphant Furnace, PA. In his youth he was a light-hearted, daring and handsome boy who loved to hunt, fish, hike, and ride his bike with his close friends, Bob Buttermore, a next-door neighbor, and Bill Abraham, younger brother of Willard Abraham, later to become the husband of Hazel Lewis Abraham. He was very close to his older brother George and many family pictures show the two of them together hunting, fishing, swimming, going to church, and so forth.

Jim and his closest Oliphant friends. (l. to r.) Bill Abraham, Jim, Bob Buttermore, 1943.



World War II interrupted these friendships. Jim's brother George was drafted into the Army in 1943 and Jim in 1945. After the war, both boys turned their attention to work and raising a family. George, with the help of his stepfather, found work on the Pennsylvania Railroad in Beaver County. Jim married, and then he and his wife shortly thereafter moved to Beaver County where Jim also found work with the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Jim and George raised their families and kept in close touch with one another all during their lives in Beaver County, PA. Jim died at his home in Beaver County on March 2, 1986 at the age of 59. It was a shock to the entire family, as Jim was in good health. He is buried alongside his brother George in Freedom, PA.

Jim's wife, Wanda June Davis ("June"), born June 11, 1928, survives him. In 1992 at the request of the family, she wrote the following memories of Jim and their family. We hope her memories and these pictures will pay a lasting tribute to our beloved brother.

Memories of James Robert Lewis

by June Davis Lewis



I met Jim in the spring of 1944. We went to high school together and were in the 11th grade. At that time, Jim was working at the Oliphant company store after school and on weekends. He was a very handsome young man, always smiling, happy-go-lucky, and seemed to be enjoying life. Hunting, fishing, riding bikes with his friends Bill Abraham and Bob Buttermore—these boys didn't talk much about baseball, football, soccer, or hockey the way kids do today. It was hunting, fishing, and cars.

In the summer of 1944, Jim got a job at the Fairchance Lumber Company. He was very excited about this job. He really liked carpenter work and wanted to make it his life's work. During the summer he bought a Model T or A car. I mean this was really class!! He paid \$50.00 for it without the floor-

boards. Those boys thought it was the greatest. They must have had to fix four flat tires a night. All Jim had was a learner's permit to drive. He didn't get his driver's license until he came home from the service. Jim also had a motorcycle. I think he bought it when he came home from the service. When Jim was young, he built a car and was in the Soapbox Derby for two years. [Ed. Note: See Chapter 9 for a detailed story on the Soapbox Derby racers.]

With World War II going on, Jim couldn't wait to go into the service. He was 18 years old in December 1944 and reported to the Draft Board immediately. He went into the service in March 1945. We graduated in May 1945. Jim, like so many other boys in our class, was not there for graduation, but received his diploma. Jim was not in the fighting part of the war. He didn't like being away from home, but he did enjoy his time in the service. He was stationed in Italy and got to see a lot of Europe. He especially liked Switzerland. The war was over in August 1945 and he was discharged in 1947.

Working conditions were not the greatest after the war and jobs were hard to come by. Jim was promised a job with Fairchance Lumber Company as a carpenter's apprentice, but the company did not fulfill its obligation. Then he went to work for Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co. This company also wanted to use him for a "gofer." By this time, Mr. Myers was visiting the Lewis family, talking railroad and all the opportunities for employment in Beaver County. Brother Mart

Jim in his Ford with brothers Jack and Tom "kicking the tires."



Jim home on furlough just before leaving for Europe, November 1945.

was already working in this area. Jim came to Beaver County and put his application in at all the steel mills, St. Joe Lead Co., Armstrong Cork Co., and railroad. He was offered jobs in all areas and chose the railroad. We moved to Beaver in 1948.

Jim enjoyed everything about life. He loved his home and was very proud of all the craft work he was able to create to give character and make it a little different from others. He was an adept reader. He really should have been a teacher of history, geography, or science. His knowledge was above average in each of these subjects. It seemed he never tired of reading or, when TV became popular, watching these subjects on TV. He loved nature too. He could see more in the woods, on the water, or sitting on the porch swing than anyone. He also loved the comics. You never heard anyone laugh as hard as he did at cartoons and comics. Jim also liked to build model airplanes, boats, and railroads. He wanted to build a real sailboat in our basement and was a little unhappy when I said, "NO WAY!"

Jim was a very pessimistic person. This was one aspect I feel that kept him from being the person he could have been. As a result, he had to work twice as hard in life to achieve his goals.

Family Relationships

Jim never talked much about his family life. I found this rather odd, because until I was 13 years old all I knew was family, brothers, sisters, grandparents, aunts, uncles, and cousins. I guess it was because of the areas in which we lived. After we moved to Beaver Falls we spent a lot of time with Mart and Anna Mary. We played cards a lot. Jim and Mart would cheat us blind and then laugh about it. The vocabulary they used during those game I'm sure wasn't in Webster. I think it was Oliphant Slang. I wish someone would explain "Liedge" to me. It was sure a popular name. We always remained very close to Mart's family.

When Jim's mother married O.K. Myers, the family (Mom-Mom, O.K. and Jack) moved to Beaver Falls. We used to visit them often. Jim really liked O.K. They did a lot of hunting together.

Jim also became very much concerned about Jack. He wanted to keep him interested in school and emphasize the importance of an education. Jack became a part of our family. We really enjoyed having him around the house (a dart board hanging in the kitchen). Jim was very proud of Jack and what he did with his life.

A family dinner gathering at O.K. and Mom-mom's home in Beaver Falls.

*(l. to r. back row)
Eleanor holding Franklin, Tom, Anna Mary, George holding Gale.*

*(l. to r. front row)
Jack, Kathy, June and Jim.*



Through the years I know that Jim wished that he had spent more time with Hazel, Eleanor, and Tom, but when you are young other things in life become more important and you'll get around to your family later. Sometimes we wait too long...

We had one daughter, Kathleen Diann Lewis—Kathy. Like most fathers, he could not give or do enough for her. He was very proud of all of her accomplishments: a good student, very active in high school, graduation from college, her marriage to Charles F. Lieb, Charlie, the birth of our first granddaughter Emily Susan Lieb, and the adoption of our second granddaughter Alison Yung Lieb.

Jim and I had a lovely life and we appreciated all of our accomplishments. After Kathy's marriage, Jim and I decided to get involved in something that would be fun and keep us young. We started to square dance. We took lessons and then started dancing. I don't know if it kept us young or not, but we did have a lot of fun and enjoyed it very much.

We also took some very nice vacations. Jim loved fishing at Nagshead and the Outer Banks in North Carolina. The highlight of our vacations was our trip to Hawaii.



Jim and Jack at Jack's graduation from the U. S. Coast Guard Academy June 7, 1960.



Easy living June, Kathy, Jim and Billy. c. 1970.



Kathy, June and Jim returning from one of their vacations.

KATHLEEN DIANN LEWIS LIEB AND DESCENDANTS

Kathleen Diann Lewis



Biography and Remembrances

As I contemplate my young years, I recognize that I had a very fortunate upbringing. My parents were impacted by the Great Depression. They seemed intent on making a good life for themselves and for me. Many probably said I was spoiled; probably I was. But I know now that my parents wanted to provide me with opportunity, privilege, and support that was lacking for them. My mom and dad were giving, warm people who created a wonderful home atmosphere. From childhood to adulthood, I feel my life has been comfortable and without trauma. I have been very lucky.

I, Kathleen Diann Lewis Lieb (known as Kathy), was born September 5, 1948 in New Brighton, Beaver County, PA, the only child of Wanda June Davis Lewis (known as June) and James Robert Lewis (known as Jim). I resided in Beaver County until adulthood. My first recollections are of living in Van Buren Homes, a public works housing project populated, in the 1950s, by families like mine—early marriage, young children, many husbands not long out of the military, working class backgrounds. My memories of life in “the village” as it was called, are happy memories of neighborliness, camaraderie, and more playmates than any child could want. I never experienced the loneliness often associated with only children. My dad worked on what was then the Pennsylvania Railroad as a clerk. He often worked shift work. At that time, my mom was an at-home mom. Life was good as I recall. I remember visiting Aunt Hazel and Aunt Eleanor and their families, who remained in my parents’ home county of Fayette County, Pa. My Uncle Mart and Uncle Tom also had relocated to the Beaver County area. Both of them were also employed on the railroad. I had a sense of connectedness to this extended

family as I was growing up.

My father valued intelligence, education, and craftsmanship; I remember his pride in Uncle Jack, who he believed took advantage of life's opportunities and sought education. My parents purchased their first house in the late 1950s or early 1960s; this home was located in the Vanport area where the village was situated. For them, home ownership was very important and they took great pride in the physical presentation of their home. At the time of our move into this house, my grandmother Lewis (known as Mom Mom) was living with us. Looking back, I'm sure having her with us was probably financially, as well as emotionally, stressful for my parents; however, I never remember any unkind words exchanged about this. As I look back on my early years, I am struck by how young my parents were and how courageous they must have been to leave the comfort of the familiar and relocate what, at the time, was a considerable distance from their childhood homes in pursuit of employment and betterment. I think both of my parents subscribed to the proverbial Puritan work ethic and belief in the American dream. To be sure, they were hard workers and both contributed to the financial success of my family. To provide materially for home and family, Dad worked two jobs during most of my school years. Mom went to work at the then Rochester Hospital when I began junior high. Even this was probably very progressive and somewhat shocking (especially to her more backward-thinking family and friends from home), since in the late 1950s most women still worked only in the home.

I attended the Beaver Area schools throughout my years of public education. I liked being active and involved. My high school years marked an especially happy time for me. I continue to have a very close relationship with my "best friend" from high school. In addition, I married my "high school sweetheart" and we celebrated our 25th wedding anniversary this year.

After graduating from Beaver Area Senior High School in 1966, I entered Ohio Northern University in Ada, Ohio, where I had a very difficult time adjusting to being away from home and to having lost my identity as the bright, popular cheerleader from Beaver High. My first two years away were neither particularly happy nor particularly successful academically. During my summer breaks, I worked as a go-for and typist at the Beaver County Community Mental Health Center. During a subsequent summer job and an interim employment during a semester off from college, I worked for the Intermediate Unit of the Beaver County Schools. At both of these job sites, I was fortunate to meet and know some very supportive, kind adults who, I believe, helped restore my sense of competence and self-confidence and who probably influenced my later academic and career choices.

I completed college at West Chester University, West Chester, PA with a BA in Social Welfare in January, 1971. I remained in eastern PA for several months and worked for the Chester County Unit of the American Cancer Society. I returned home in the summer of 1971 and in August was employed at the Beaver County Juvenile Probation Department.

In January, 1972 Charlie and I were married and we moved to Gibsonia, a midway point between my job in Beaver and his job with Westinghouse Electric Corporation in Waltz Mills. Charlie had earned both his Bachelor's and Master's degrees from Lehigh University in the field of business. He has since worked at various locations with Westinghouse and has experienced



Kathy with her cousin Franklin Miller, c. 1952.



Kathy with her cousin Gale Lewis, c. 1954.

Kathy and Charlie on their wedding day.



much professional success. He is currently Vice President of Product Development with Knoll International, a manufacturer of office furniture systems and a recent Westinghouse sell-off.

We have moved several times subsequent to job transfers. In 1974 I left my job with Juvenile Probation when we moved to Greensburg so I could be nearer to Charlie's work. The traveling was getting to both of us. I was then employed with Westmoreland County Community Mental Health and continued there until I was several months pregnant with Emily, our first child. We purchased our first

house in Murrysville in the fall of 1977. Emily was born on December 5, 1977 at McGee Women's Hospital, Pittsburgh, Allegheny County, PA.

We moved to Gettysburg, PA in March, 1978. This was a brief residence as we were transferred to Grand Rapids, MI a year and half later. Grand Rapids really became home to us. We remained there for 13 years and dug in and got established. We adopted our second child, Alison, in 1984. She was born in Seoul, Korea on April 15, 1984. She traveled home to us on August 18, 1984 and the adoption was finalized through the Kent County, MI Family Court in September, 1985. She became a naturalized US citizen through the Detroit office of the naturalization bureau in November, 1986. We left Grand Rapids in August, 1991 when we were transferred to our present location. Our home now is in Orefield, PA. Charlie's office is in East Greenville, PA. We have easy access to the Allentown airport. It remains to be seen if this is our final move.

Kathy and Charlie's daughters Alison and Emily.



Our children bring us much joy. My father was, and my mother continues to be, a grandparent of any child's dream. She is loving, giving, attentive, and caring. Despite the physical distance between us, my mom remains emotionally close to all of us and is a definite presence in the lives of Emily and Alison. They are lucky, indeed.

Emily attended public school in the Forest Hills School District in Grand Rapids through eighth grade. When she was entering high school, we moved to the Allentown Area. She became a student

at Moravian Academy in Bethlehem, PA and graduated from there in June, 1995. Throughout her years of school, Emily was active in a number of sports, including swimming, volleyball, basketball and dance. She even dabbled with the piano for a time. In high school, she

played field hockey and soccer.

Emily is now a sophomore at Brown University located in Providence, RI. She is an admirable young woman with potential for any goal she would pursue. While I do not wish her grown and gone, a part of me can't wait to see just what she pursues, just what changes she can foster, for she has a liberal bend and the good of humanity in her scope.

Alison also began her school career in Grand Rapids. She entered the second grade in the Parkland School District in Allentown, where she is currently a 7th grade student. Like her sister, Alison is involved in many sports activities, swimming, diving, softball, soccer and field hockey. She stuck with the piano a little longer than her sister and played the clarinet for a while, but she is no longer musical. Alison has just turned 13, so she continues to grow and develop. She is a kind, caring, gentle person. As with Emily, I look forward to the grown-up version of Alison, as she has much to offer society.

Throughout the years, Charlie has traveled extensively on business. We have developed some unconventional family norms, but they work for us and we are all strongly connected. In Grand Rapids, I had been fairly active in civic duties and with the schools as a parent volunteer. After our move to eastern PA, and after I was assured that we would all adjust and survive, I returned to school to pursue my Master's in Social Work. I should finally graduate from Marywood College School of Social Work next spring. I have also been working part-time as a social worker at a local nursing home. While I will never regret my 17 years as an at-home mom and I will probably never work full time until Alison is college bound, it is good to be regularly involved with a social service agency again.



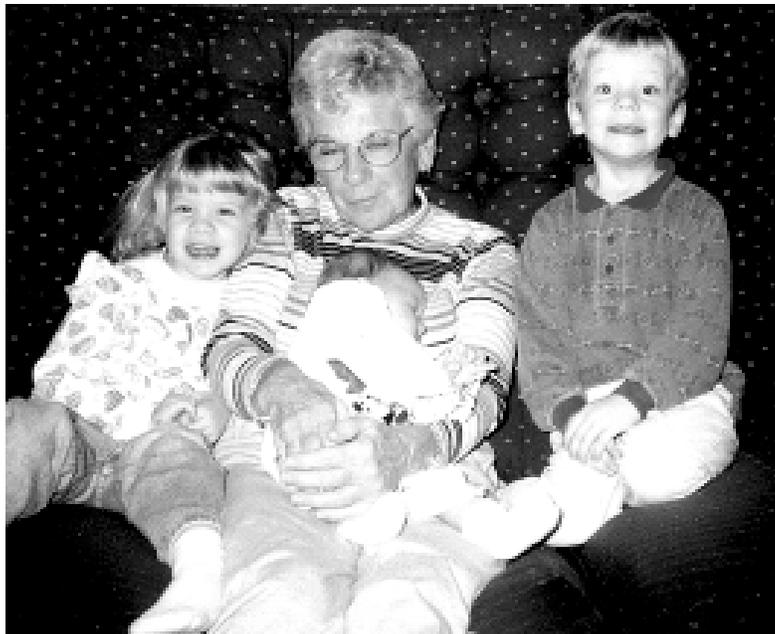
Emily and Charlie.



Emily and Alison.

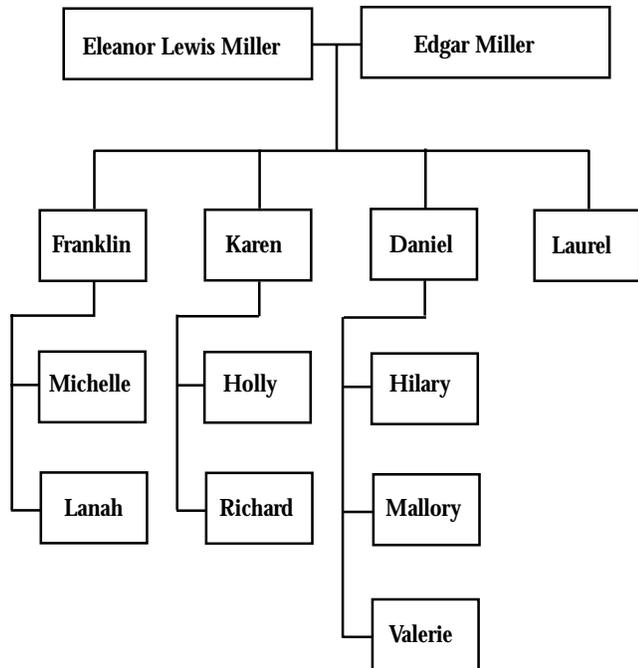
Throughout the years, I have not maintained ties with my Lewis family. After Uncle Mart died, my mother and father stayed close with Aunt Mary, Bill and Gale. After Dad died, Mom and Aunt Mary visited frequently and remained family. I came to appreciate my Aunt Mary's wit and intelligence. I came to know Gale and Bill as adults and I keep tabs on Bill through Mom, who talks and visits with Bill and his family on occasion. Since childhood, I have not visited much with Susan, Jim, or Franklin, the cousins to whom I am closest in age. However, I have fond memories of visits with them when we were all children. When Uncle Tom and Aunt Joanne were newly married, I frequently spent the night with them. They took me to Bert's for the first time (a local, casual restaurant which continues to be a favorite of mine when I return to the Beaver Valley). I remember Linda and Tom mostly as very small children. When they and their family began to grow, I was busy with other aspects of my life, such as high school and friends, and lost my special closeness with Uncle Tom and Aunt Jo. However, as with other contingencies of the family, I kept current with them through my mom and dad, and I did occasionally see them in more recent years when we were visiting at home. Despite time lapses and distance, I continue to have a sense of connectedness to my aunts and uncles, and to those cousins with whom I shared my childhood. As I reflect back, it seems that a family spirit was lacking, overall. I suppose that can be attributed to the family being separated geographically, with each unit, like mine, being kept busy just maintaining. I suspect, too, that the absence of a "homeplace" also contributed to the somewhat fragmented family unity. But as we all age and look to our roots for identity, I believe we can claim some level of comfort there. My bond with Mom and Dad is immensely strong. The values and lessons I learned from them have had lasting impact, and many I have passed on to my own daughters. Mom and Dad obviously learned these lessons somewhere in their past and that is surely the connecting piece for all of us.

*Kathy's mother and cousin Bill's children,
Kelsey, Marshall and Sara Lewis, 1997.*



CHAPTER 6

ELEANOR MAY LEWIS Spouse and Descendants



ELEANOR MAY LEWIS MILLER

Edgar Wayne Miller and Eleanor May Lewis on their wedding day, August 20, 1950.



Biography and Remembrances

I was born in a small village called Crows Works in Georges Township, Fayette County, Pennsylvania on Route 857 near the Takoch Dairy Farm, the fourth child and second daughter of Lindsay Chester and Margaret May McCormick Lewis. My family moved to the Oliphant Furnace “company patch” when I was a baby. We first lived in a row of houses on the mountain side of Oliphant, and then moved to the middle row when I was eight years old. I was therefore known as a “Patch Kid,” and I lived in the patch until I married and left home.

I don’t remember too much of my early childhood. Most of my earliest memories are of when I started school. I particularly remember my first day because I didn’t want to go. My brother Marshall told me I was going there to get a paddling. Well, who wants to go someplace to get a whipping? I went anyway and I never did get that paddling. I really enjoyed school and hated when I had to miss a day. I attended school at Oliphant Grade School, first through eighth grade. All of us kids went there. Even Mom and Dad had gone to the same school. The building is gone now, torn down during the early sixties. I am sorry that I never got a picture of it. Actually, there were two buildings, one large four-room building with a center hallway and a one-room building located about 50 feet away. This one is still standing today, although it’s very dilapidated. How different that school was from the schools of today! Each room was heated by a furnace and the restrooms were outdoors—one for girls and one for boys.

I especially enjoyed high school. I graduated from Georges High School at York Run, PA in 1948. All of us kids graduated from there except Jack, who graduated from Beaver Falls High as Mom had moved to Beaver Falls, PA with Jack in 1951.

There were six children in my family. First, there was the oldest, my sister Hazel, who spent a lot of time looking after us kids—a tiring job, I’m sure. Of course, this meant that she got to

be the boss, which I think she enjoyed.

Next came my brother, George Marshall, who we called Marshall or “Mart.” I doubt if he ever watched any of us. Next was my brother James, or “Jimmy” as we called him. He had the same color hair and eyes as me. He was two years older, and we were often asked if we were twins. I was next in the family and after me came my brother Thomas or “Tommy,” later “Tom.” Four years later, my youngest and last brother, Jack, arrived.

My earliest memories are those of things we did as children, and of Mom, but not too many of my Dad, who never seemed to be around much. I fondly remember taking walks, going on hikes, picking wild strawberries and blackberries, eating green apples, picnics in the mountains, and going to the White Rocks. I remember the neighbor kids coming over for games in our yard in the evenings, having corn roasts and wiener roasts, even roasting potatoes. I remember walking through creek pipes that ran under the B&O Railroad and West Penn Streetcar Tracks to the other side, which formed a pool where the kids went swimming. I was never allowed to get in, only put my feet in the water. I never did learn how to swim. [Ed. Note: There is a more detailed story about the Pipes in Chapter 9.] For the most part, we had a happy childhood. We didn't have much, but neither did anyone else, coming out of the Depression and then the Second World War years.

Things were rough for everyone during the war. My brother Marshall was drafted into the Army and our Dad joined the SeaBees. Jim wasn't drafted until March of 1945, two months before his high school graduation in May. I was a freshman that year and received his diploma for him. It was lonesome after they left, but we kept busy with our Victory garden, which everyone had. Mom did a lot of canning and we helped her by picking and washing the veg-



*The Lewis kids.
Clockwise from top
left:
Hazel, Marshall,
Jim, Tom, Jack,
Eleanor.*



(Left) White Rocks, a frequent hang-out. Inset shows the Post Office.

(Below) Tom, Jack, and Eleanor on one of their many walks.



etables. She canned vegetables, made jellies, apple butter, ketchup, and canned fruits and berries we picked. It was good because we had food rationing and also gasoline rationing. We didn't have a car so that didn't bother us.

Mom made holidays very special. On Valentines Day, she would get each of us kids a chocolate heart with our names on it. At Easter, we always got our Easter baskets filled with chocolate rabbits and different kinds of goodies. On the Fourth of July, there were always ice cream, cookies and a case of pop. Mom especially loved Christmas. She loved to decorate the tree and the house. She did her best with the gifts she got us. She always said she got us something to play with, something to share, something to make and something to wear.

I remember how Mom used to bake in the old coal range in the kitchen. She baked bread a couple times a week, plus cakes and pies on the weekends. She knew just how hot the stove had to be to get the right baking temperature, and how much wood or coal to put in to keep it at the right temperature. The coal range in the kitchen and the Heatrola in the living room were our only sources of heat for the winter. In the summertime the Heatrola wasn't used, but the coal range was used all summer long. It was used for cooking, and heating water for baths and washing dishes and clothes, which made the house terribly hot. Many times we ate on the back porch to keep cool. Mom also did her canning on the stove, of the many vegetables from the garden and of the fruits and berries my brothers picked. I often think of Mom when I push the buttons or knobs on my own gas range. It even has a self cleaning oven. How things have changed.

Mom loved to sew. She was always busy making something. She made every one of us kids baby clothes and clothes for us as we grew older. She made dresses, slips, underpants and coats. I got my first "store-bought" coat when I was eleven. She used a treadle Singer sewing machine all those years. She also mended and patched our clothes. I sew too, but never as much as Mom. I made my kids baby clothes and a few clothes and costumes for plays. I also make a few crafts and mend and patch clothes, but I never sewed as much as Mom.

I went to the White Rock Methodist Church and attended various church functions, such as class meetings, programs, parties, etc. We used to walk to Sunday School and all the programs we were in. There were programs for Easter, Children's Day and Christmas. The church would be so crowded. Extra chairs were placed in the aisle and people would stand in the back.

The church held festivals in the summertime in the field between the row of houses and the B&O Railroad tracks. This was a large field which was used for ball games, the festivals, playing games and even square dancing. One summer a "Medicine Show" was held there for a week. It was called Pajas Medicine Show and every night there was a different show with music and singing, and of course, they sold medicine, snake oil, liniment, and such. There were crowds every night. Folks enjoyed it and all the neighbors were there.

White Rock Methodist Church.



ing, and of course, they sold medicine, snake oil, liniment, and such. There were crowds every night. Folks enjoyed it and all the neighbors were there.

It was nice growing up in a company patch. For kids it was fun, as there was always someone to play with and everyone was so friendly. Of course, there was an occasional argument among some families, usually over kids, but for the most part, folks got along.

When I was a kid, we thought Oliphant was a very pretty place. I can remember one spring, sitting on a hillside close to the mountains overlooking Oliphant remarking how pretty the patch looked with all the fences whitewashed, all the trees the same size and everything so bright and green.

The Company Store was a meeting place for

neighbors. We did our grocery shopping and visiting there. Men used to sit on the steps playing cards and gossiping. In the evenings, kids would sit and sing every song they knew. Christmas Eve was especially nice as all the families came for their last minute Christmas shopping. Folks were always in a good mood, calling greetings to each other, just enjoying being out.

One would never recognize the company patch now. Some of the houses have burned down or were torn down. It doesn't look the same and it's so shabby looking.

We did a lot of walking in those days. Whole families would take walks on Sundays in the summertime. We either walked the railroad tracks or the Hopwood-Fairchance road, where we could walk all the way to Fairchance and maybe only one or two cars would pass us, so it was pretty safe.

During some of our walks we would visit Aunt Mary and Uncle Clyde Wilson at Rosedale. At Christmas, they always had an electric train running around their Christmas tree. They had grape vines and in the summertime Aunt Mary always gave us lots of grapes. We visited them often.

We also visited Grandma Lewis a lot. She loved and spent a lot of time doing jig-saw puzzles. She would buy them and after working them, she would give them to us kids and we would spend a lot of time putting them together. It was fun, the whole family working on one. It was the way we spent our winter evenings and it was our entertainment. By today's standards that would sound boring. There wasn't television in those days. Later, we got a radio and there were stories to listen to and we used our imagination as the stories unfolded. We didn't go to see too many movies until the small movie theater opened in Fairchance. The movies were usually a year old or older, but the price was cheap. We rode the trolley there and back.

As we didn't have a car, we rode the West Penn Trolley or "street car," as we called it. I remember riding to Connellsville to visit Grandma and Grandpap Miner and Grandpap McCormick during the summers. We went everywhere by trolley in those days. We also went on many picnics to different parks. Shady Grove and Oakford Park were a couple of them.



The Oliphant Company Store, during the dedication ceremony for the World War II memorial, c. 1944.



The West Penn trolley, or "street car." We went everywhere on the street car. This photo was taken in 1950.

My high school graduation photograph.



Our Dad was always around, but he never went places with us kids. I don't know why. Perhaps he didn't like to travel. I remember after World War II started, he left home to join the Navy. He never returned home again except to visit us kids once in awhile. Mom and Dad divorced later. We made the best of those times and all in all, I think I had a happy childhood.

After graduating from high school, I got a job at Parks Moving Co. in Uniontown in the office, until the recession made them lay off several employees. Then I worked at Woolworths until I married Edgar Miller.

Edgar Wallace Miller

by Eleanor Lewis Miller



Edgar Wallace Miller, in his Merchant Marine uniform, c. 1945.

Edgar Wallace Miller was born Feb. 3, 1927 in York Run, Pa. in Georges Township. He was one of eight children born to Franklin and Belle Victor Miller. There were seven boys and one girl. Edgar was number seven.

Edgar's father was a coal miner and his family lived in the company patch of York Run. When he was twenty, in 1947, his parents bought a house and moved to Fairchance on South Morgantown Street. He lived there until we married and moved to Smithfield.

Edgar went to York Run grade school. He often told me how he had to walk to school in knee deep snow in the winter. His home was only about 100 feet from the school! He went to Georges High School, which was about 200 feet from the grade school. He graduated from there in 1944 while World War II was still in progress. After graduation, Edgar worked with his Uncle Ewing Miller learning to be a bricklayer (mason). In January of 1945, at age eighteen, Edgar enlisted in the U.S. Merchant Marine and served two years from January, 1945 to May, 1947. After leaving the service he went back to work as a mason. I met him in October 1947 and we started dating in January of 1948.

Edgar worked with the Boy Scouts as Assistant Scout Master for the Fairchance Troop and in 1948 he became the Scoutmaster for the White Rock Troop. He was the Scout Master until we got married in 1950 and moved to Smithfield.

Edgar and I were married August 20, 1950 at Jumonville Chapel at Jumonville, PA. at the Methodist Center in the mountains. We had a small wedding with only the family present. We moved into the house in Smithfield that Edgar had bought from a cousin in January, 1950. We lived there until March 13, 1951 when Edgar was drafted into the Army as a result of the Korean conflict. We felt he should not have been drafted because he had already served two years in the Merchant Marines during the last months of WWII. Nevertheless, we packed up our



(Left) Eleanor in 1948, when she and Edgar began dating.



(Right) Edgar in 1951, in his Army uniform.

furniture (what little we had at the time) and stored it in one of the bedrooms of our house. We rented the house to friends of ours for the two years Edgar was in the Army.

Mom had asked me to move back home with her at Oliphant while Edgar was gone, so I did. Two months later I helped her pack up her furniture and move to Beaver Falls, PA. where Orva Kenneth Myers ("O.K."), Mom's second husband, had found a house on 18th Street in Beaver Falls. So I moved along with her. We spent a lot of time cleaning the house after we moved in. I stayed with Mom until the end of September, 1951, when I went to stay with Edgar's mother and dad in Fairchance, to await the birth of my first child, Franklin Kenneth, who was born October 6, 1951. Edgar got a furlough and arrived the day before Franklin was born and was home for two weeks. After he went back to the Army, I stayed at Fairchance until February, 1952, when Edgar was sent overseas to Germany for a year. I then moved back to Mom's home in Beaver Falls and stayed there until Edgar returned and was discharged in March, 1953. We then returned to our little house in Smithfield where I still live today. Edgar went back to his masonry work.

Our babies. (Clockwise from top left) Franklin, Karen, Danny, Laurel. This was Mom's crib and all of her children as well as mine slept in this crib.



The following year our second child, Karen Elaine, was born on May 6, 1954. These were happy but busy days. Edgar planted a large garden that year and our days were filled with work and more work. In 1958, Edgar started to work helping to build Maple Creek Coal Preparation Plant at New Eagle, PA for U.S. Steel. He decided to apply for a job at the plant, which he got in April, 1958. He worked there until his retirement in 1991.

On July 11, 1958 our third child, Daniel Reed, was born. Now, we were really busy, but enjoying our little family.

On August 19, 1962, our fourth and last child was born. We named her Laurel Faye. Now our family was complete.

At different times throughout the years we would look at different houses for sale, hoping to find a larger house, but never found anything we liked, so we said, "Since we lived here this long, we might as well stay here." We did like Smithfield very much.

Franklin married Joanne Chabanik on Oct. 6, 1973 (his 22nd birthday). Next, Karen married Richard Smith on Aug. 30, 1974. Then Daniel married Debbie Gower on Nov. 25, 1978.



(Left) Our children Franklin, Danny, Laurel, and Karen, c. 1964.

(Above) Karen, Laurel, Franklin, Danny, c. 1966.

After our first three children were married and left home, we realized our house was big enough, finally.

On June 1, 1991, Edgar retired from work at the Maple Creek Plant. He worked there for 33 years. Now, we could do the things we always wanted to do and never had the time. So Edgar built the garage he always wanted to build for years. He really enjoyed it. We did some traveling and sightseeing and planned to do a lot more. It wasn't meant to be.

On February 14, 1993, Valentine's Day, Edgar died and was buried February 18 in the Mt. Moriah cemetery in Smithfield. He had just had his 66th birthday on February 3. We were married almost 43 years. It was a good life together. Edgar was a good husband and father and we miss him very much.



(Left) Family portraits. Back row: Danny, Rick holding Holly, Franklin holding Michelle. Middle row: Laurel, Karen holding Ricky, Joanne, Debbie. Front row: Eleanor and Edgar. (This photo was apparently taken before Lanah's birth in 1981.)

(Below) Family portrait taken at Michelle's wedding in 1997. (l. to r.) Karen, Eleanor, Franklin, Laurel, and Danny.



FRANKLIN KENNETH MILLER



*Franklin, Joanne,
Lanah, and Michelle.*

Biography and Remembrances

I was the first child born to Edgar Wallace Miller and Eleanor May Lewis Miller. I was born on October 6, 1951 at the Connellsville State Hospital, Connellsville, PA.

During the first year and one-half, my father was in the Army, having been drafted during the Korean conflict. My mother and I lived at my grandparents' homes during this time. We were re-united after my father was discharged and moved back to the house in Smithfield, PA, which my parents purchased in 1950.

There are many photographs of me taken during this first year and a half due to my mother's efforts to keep my father up-to-date on my development.

Education

I started kindergarten in 1956. Kindergarten was held in a large building on Washington Way in Smithfield, which was about a third of a mile from home. I attended first grade at York Run grade school at York Run. Grades two through six were at the Windy Hill Elementary School at Fairchance. Grades seven through twelve were at Fairchance-Georges Junior-Senior High School in York Run. I graduated in June, 1969.

I went to college at The Pennsylvania State University in State College, PA. I majored in Mining Engineering and graduated with a Bachelor of Science degree in June, 1974. College took five years because I participated in a student-trainee co-op program, working in and around the coal mines for about twenty-six months of this time. This co-op program allowed me to pay for most of my schooling myself while gaining very valuable training and experience.

Wife and Children

I married Joanne Therese Chabanik on October 6, 1973. I have known my wife Joanne since I was six or seven years old. Joanne's family lived about two blocks from me in Smithfield. She



was friends with my sister Karen, although a year older than Karen. Although I don't remember too many specifics about Joanne when she was small, I do remember encouraging my mother to keep "Karen and her dumb friends" under control. I was friends with Joanne's two brothers, Max and Bill, throughout school.

I began dating Joanne during the summer of 1972 while attending college at The Pennsylvania State University. State College, PA is about a three-hour drive from Smithfield, so after I started dating Joanne, I traveled home nearly every weekend. During the January through June, 1973 time period, I worked in the mines and lived at home. This period gave Joanne and me additional time for dating. I returned to college in June, 1973 for my last twelve months of school. Classes were very hectic and it was very difficult and expensive to travel back to Smithfield every weekend, so in September we decided to get married, which we did on my birthday, October 6 (which was on a Saturday). We rented a one-bedroom apartment in State College. Joanne quit her job at West Virginia University in Morgantown, WV and moved to State College with me. Joanne worked as a cashier in a drug store, a hostess at a Howard Johnson's restaurant, and as an admissions clerk for the graduate school at the university.

After my graduation in June, 1974, Joanne and I moved into one of my Dad's apartments in a house on DeForest Ave. in Fairchance, PA. In September, 1975, we purchased the house. Both of our children were born while we were living in this house. Joanne worked as a clerk for Carolina Tire Co. in Uniontown until shortly before Michelle was born.

Our first daughter, Michelle Lynn Miller, was born November 15, 1976 at the Uniontown Hospital. Our second daughter, Lanah Jo Miller, was born May 28, 1981, also at the Uniontown Hospital.

We were able to start Michelle in kindergarten when she was four years old in Washington, PA. where she also attended first through third grades. She attended fourth through sixth grades in Utah and seventh grade in Virginia. The balance of her secondary education was completed in Lexington, Kentucky. Michelle graduated from high school after eleventh grade at the age of sixteen. She attended college at Asbury College in Wilmore, KY, Butler University in Indianapolis, and the University of Kentucky in Lexington. She completed her requirements for a Bachelor of Science degree in Biology at Kentucky in December, 1996, just one month after her



(Left) Franklin Kenneth Miller as a toddler.

(Right) Wedding day, October 6, 1973.

twentieth birthday.

Lanah attended kindergarten and first grade in Utah, second grade in Virginia, and third grade on in Lexington. She is currently in tenth grade.

Michelle got married on January 4, 1997 to Michael Israel. Michael is from Indiana. He is in his second year of Medical School at Indiana University at Indianapolis. Michelle and Michael are now living in Indianapolis. Michelle plans to work in a biological laboratory for a while and then go back to school for a Master's degree.

Daughters Lanah and Michelle, in a "glamour shot," c. 1995.



Work

Work was always a very important part of my life. From as far back as I can remember, I always enjoyed building things and operating machinery and equipment. I remember, prior to going to kindergarten, "working" with my dad on remodeling projects around the house. I was always eager to learn building techniques from my dad.

Dad's primary job was at the Maple Creek Mine where he was the central control operator at the preparation plant. By the time I was in fifth grade, I had memorized the flow sheets to the plant and knew the operating principles for most of the major components in the plant. I always wanted a tour of the plant and Dad finally was able to arrange to take me through it when I was in eighth grade. The Preparation Plant at the Maple Creek mine was constructed in 1956-1958; Dad worked on the construction crew. This was a modern, very impressive facility. I always looked forward to any occasion to go to the plant. Dad's work and this mine were very influential in my decision to work in coal mining.

Throughout most of the time I was growing up, Dad also worked at masonry construction part-time. From the time I was in sixth grade up through college, I would work with my Dad on his side jobs. This work usually consisted of mixing mortar, carrying brick or concrete block, pouring and finishing concrete, building scaffolding, cutting and placing stone, etc. I learned a great deal about building techniques from my father.

When I was about eight years old, my Uncle Wayne Miller purchased a 100-acre farm located between Smithfield and Fairchance. Shortly afterward, my Grandfather Miller, who had retired from the coal mines and was about 75 years old at the time, began to operate the farm. I spent a great amount of my time working on the farm with my grandfather and uncle in the summers and weekends when not working with my father. I really enjoyed driving the tractor and operating farm equipment. I can remember when I was eight or nine driving the tractor.

I was too short to sit on the seat and operate the clutch and brakes, so I had to stand up to depress the pedals. It was quite a challenge to start the tractor moving forward on a hill when I had to lift myself up using the steering wheel while simultaneously releasing the clutch and two brake pedals. Stopping was simpler, only requiring sliding forward off the seat to depress the pedals. I continued working on the farm with my grandfather whenever I could even after I began working in the mines in the co-op program. My grandfather worked on the farm six days per week until he was about 88 years old and his health began to fail. Very few men of any age could keep up with him until he was in his upper eighties. After I graduated from college and began working as an engineer, Joanne and I would still take a couple of weekends each summer to put up hay on the farm. When Michelle was a baby, I would take her with me when I would mow hay. She would ride on the tractor with me and would fall asleep after a couple of times around the field. To me, nothing is more relaxing than to be operating a tractor by myself in the middle of a large field.

Choosing a career in mining was quite easy for me. With my father working in mining as well as my Uncle Harry Miller and both of my grandfathers, it was the natural thing to do. I had planned on being an engineer from about the seventh grade and was planning to be an electrical engineer, working in mining, but after exploring mining engineering, chose it because it covered a large range of subjects and also because there was a very high demand for mining engineers.

As mentioned earlier, in order to put myself through college, I participated in a student-trainee program. In this program I worked for six months of the year and attended college the other six months. Republic Steel Corporation sponsored this program and I worked at four of their mines in southwestern Pennsylvania and in their engineering office in Uniontown. I learned almost all facets of coal mining during this time. The pay was adequate to save enough money to pay for college and certainly made college much more meaningful. I especially enjoyed surveying in and around the mines and operating mining equipment. I took advantage of every opportunity to learn how to operate a different piece of equipment. As the mines had track haulage, I particularly liked to operate the locomotives pulling coal cars in the mine.

When I graduated from college, the coal industry was booming. I had numerous job offers from around the country to pick from, but chose to stay with Republic Steel in Uniontown. This turned out to be a good decision, as I was one of only two mining engineers with a degree in the company and as such, had the opportunity to be in charge of many projects which, while I had no experience on them, there was simply no one else to handle, so I had to quickly learn what was needed and proceed. I obtained my Professional Engineer's license in April, 1977, becoming the youngest professional engineer in the company. I was able to progress through the organization, becoming the manager of the engineering department in January, 1981. The company had expanded greatly during the later 1970s and the central office was relocated to Meadow Lands, PA in the fall of 1979.

From 1975 through 1981, Joanne and I extensively remodeled our house in Fairchance. We did the vast majority of the work ourselves. This was a big 1888 Victorian-style house that my Dad had converted into two apartments. Mom-Mom (Grandmother Lewis) and her husband Grover lived in the downstairs apartment of this house after my Dad had converted it into two apartments for seven or eight years prior to them moving to Hopwood. While the house was structurally sound, it still needed a great deal of work. For the first three years that we lived in Fairchance, we lived in the upstairs apartment, renting out the bottom floor which helped pay the bills. When our renter left, we decided to convert the house back into a single dwelling. Uncle Wib and my cousin Jim Abraham helped us with some of the work on the house. Joanne and I looked at Uncle Wib as a source of inspiration and ideas as we remodeled the house.

We moved from Fairchance to Washington, PA. in July, 1981 in order to be closer to the office (it was a fifty-mile drive from Fairchance). We purchased a relatively new ranch-style house that was situated on a hilltop with a lovely view overlooking a golf course.

In July, 1982, Republic sold their mining operations to SOHIO. I continued in the posi-

My Miller relatives had a big influence on my interest in machinery and my choice of a mining career. This photograph shows my father with his brothers and sister: (l. to r.) William, Lena Rose, Wayne, my father Edgar, Ralph, Lawrence, Harry.



tion of “Engineering Manager” for the company, which was now called Kitt Energy. In the summer of 1985, the president of Kitt Energy took a job as president of Emery Mining Corp. in Huntington, Utah. I was offered the job of engineering manager for Emery Mining. Although I had numerous other job offers over the years, this was an excellent opportunity that I couldn’t pass up.

We relocated to Wellington, Utah in September, 1985. We purchased a contemporary ranch-style house which was situated on the top of a mesa overlooking the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad’s mainline. We had a spectacular sixty-mile view of snow-capped mountains and desert. We really enjoyed living in Utah, spending a great deal of time outdoors in the mountains, desert, and national parks. We bought four-wheel ATVs for the girls and did a lot of driving on them in the desert near home and in the mountains.

In 1987, Utah Power & Light bought Emery Mining. The president of Emery retired shortly after that and I decided that it was time to look for other opportunities. I took a job as engineering manager for Arch Minerals in Lynch, KY in October, 1987. Arch agreed to provide air transportation for me back and forth to Utah once a month until June, 1988 so that we could sell the house in Utah and avoid moving the kids during the school year. I stayed in the company’s guest house in Lynch for four weeks and then could spend an extended weekend with my family. After working for Arch for about three months, I decided that Arch was probably not the company I wanted to work for, and began to look around for other opportunities.

Island Creek Coal Company, the twelfth largest coal company in the United States, was looking for an engineering manager for their Virginia Division at that time and they were using a professional recruiter to find a candidate for the job. The recruiter got in touch with me and after a couple of interviews, Island Creek offered me the position. On the same day in May, 1988, I accepted the job offer from Island Creek, accepted a purchase offer on the house in Utah, and resigned from Arch.

During the last week of May, 1988, we moved from Utah to a farm in Cedar Bluff, Virginia. We decided to rent until we could locate a good deal on a house to buy. The farm house was dirty so Joanne worked very hard cleaning and painting prior to us moving in. We finally found the right house to buy in late October and moved to Tazewell, VA.

In early December, I was called to the corporate office in Lexington, KY. and offered the job of “Director of Engineering” for one-half of the company. I accepted this position, but first had to find a replacement for my old job. This took until May, 1989. During this time we were looking for a house in Lexington. Joanne looked at over 175 houses in Lexington. We finally found the right house. We got a good deal on the house, but it required a lot of cleaning, painting, wall-papering and repairs. Joanne worked really hard getting the house ready. We moved to Lexington in July, 1989 where we are still living. Lexington has been a great place to live. The schools are excellent and the girls have had a great many opportunities that they would not have had in other locations.

In July, 1991, it appeared as though I might have to take an engineering job at Island Creek's Potomac Division in Mt. Storm, West Virginia. I did not want to relocate at that time, so I lined up a job with another company in Lexington and then went to talk to the chairman of Island Creek. Within a week of the meeting with the chairman, he promoted me to the position of "Vice-President of Engineering." Obtaining this job was the fulfillment of my career objective.

In late 1992, Occidental Petroleum Corp., the owner of Island Creek, decided to sell the coal business. I worked on finding a buyer and completing the sale of Island Creek to Consolidation Coal Co. in June, 1993. Parts of Island Creek were not sold to Consol, so a company called Glenn Springs Holdings, which is a subsidiary of Occidental Petroleum, was established to maintain, clean up, and sell off these mining operations. I am the Vice-President of Operations for this company. This job was only supposed to last about six months. Occidental liked the job we were doing in selling off the left-over mining operations and, instead of dismantling Glenn Springs, they expanded its role to take over properties from all parts of Occidental that are idle or have serious environmental problems. We now have over two thousand sites worldwide and plenty of work to do. In addition to looking after several coal mining properties, I have responsibility for a copper mining area in Tennessee, oil shale mines in Colorado, and a three-thousand mile natural gas pipeline system in Texas. We hope that we can stay in Lexington for at least two more years until Lanah graduates from high school.

Childhood

With the exception of a short time when I was an infant, my parents lived in the same house in Smithfield, Pennsylvania (my mother still lives there). Some of my earliest memories center around the electric trains that I received when I was four years old. These were two American Flyer train sets. My father bought one of the sets used from my Uncle Bill. Dad built a 4' x 8' table in the basement for the trains. A two-track layout was constructed. Mom helped by constructing model buildings out of construction paper. My friends and I spent many hours playing with these trains. I still have both train sets and track and occasionally will set them up to operate them. My dad also built a "rocket ship" in the basement. This consisted of metal "gauges" that were acquired through a cereal offer, some colored lights, space posters, and an automobile steering wheel. The rocket ship was dismantled during last year in order to make some house repairs.

From the time I was very small, I had a sand box outside to play with. My friends and I took playing in the sandbox seriously. We would spend many days setting up a scene and then continue to make modifications and improvements to the scene throughout the summer.

Dad also had installed swing sets, monkey bars, and sliding boards in the back yard. It was on the big sliding board that I broke my arm in the summer when I was six years old. I spent almost two weeks in the Uniontown Hospital with that broken arm due to the severity of the break (double compound fracture). Prior to this time I was very thin and would not eat very much. Everybody told me that I would have to eat in order for my arm to heal. I took their advice very seriously and changed my eating habits. I remember my Grandfather Miller visiting me in the hospital and bringing me food to eat.

I was always fascinated by trains. Our house was only about 250 feet from the Baltimore & Ohio tracks in Smithfield. If at all possible, whenever a train was coming through I would run down to a location next to the tracks to watch the train pass. By the time I was about ten years old, many of the railroad men knew me. If a train stopped near our house, and many did, some of the engineers would invite me up into the cab of the diesel locomotives while they were waiting for a green signal. One engineer in particular would offer me some fruit from his lunch. By the time I was in junior high school, I would spend time around the locomotive servicing area and yards at Smithfield. Our neighbor, Ralph Hill, was a conductor for the Baltimore & Ohio. If his crew was working the yard, he would invite me into the caboose and allow me to ride around the yard during switching maneuvers. The mechanic who performed maintenance work on the diesel locomotives that were used in helper service would permit me

I was always fascinated by trains. This shot shows one of the huge Baltimore and Ohio EL5A 2-8-8-0 articulated steam engines that went through our area of Pennsylvania in the forties and fifties.



to go inside the engine compartment with him as he was working and would also allow me to stay on board whenever he moved the locomotives. My friends and I would walk on the railroad a great deal, often walking from home to Outcrop about three miles south of Smithfield or to Fairchance about three miles north, and occasionally on the York Run branch west of Smithfield.

We would visit Uncle Tom usually about twice each year. I was always very excited about these visits because I got to see his model trains and quite often he would take my Dad and me on a drive through the Conway yards, which is a tremendous railroad facility.

I received an HO-scale train set and layout for Christmas when I was in seventh grade. This started my interest in scale-model railroading, which I still pursue.

Automobile racing was another interest of mine that developed as a child. My neighbor Roye Leckemby had a Super-Modified race car and his brother Everett had a Modified race car and later a Late-Model race car which they raced at Morgantown, Smithon, and Fairmont. I spent a great deal of time with them from the time I was in sixth grade through the early part of college. They would work on their race cars nearly every night during the week in the summer. I would do whatever I could to help them during the week and would accompany them to the tracks on the weekends. I would watch the races from the stands until I was sixteen, when I could accompany them to the pits. When I was dating Joanne, I would ask her where she wanted to go on Saturday nights and she would usually say she didn't care, so I would take her to the races. The summer after we got married I asked her to go to the races and she said that she couldn't stand the races and wouldn't go with me! We did, however, go to see NASCAR races at the Pocono racetrack each year that we lived in Pennsylvania. I still usually go to one or two NASCAR races each year and watch most of the Winston Cup races on television.

Grandparents

We would visit my Grandmother and Grandfather Miller, who lived in Fairchance, very regularly. When we stopped to visit when we were small, Dad would always caution us not to ask for anything to eat, but somehow the conversation with my grandmother would always get around to food and she would go to the kitchen to get out food for us kids. My Grandmother Miller's food always had a unique flavor. It wasn't fancy but it was always good. My Grandmother Miller always had a big Thanksgiving dinner at her house with most of Dad's family

usually in attendance. These were always tremendous meals.

After my Uncle Wayne purchased the farm and my grandfather began working on it regularly, I would work with him a great deal. We would always drive back into Fairchance for lunch where my grandmother would have a very good meal prepared. We would return to the farm after lunch. My grandfather had a bad temper and most of his other grandchildren would not spend much time with him. I learned to deal with this and he and I always got along just fine. I learned many things from my grandfather, the most important probably being a strong work ethic. He always showed confidence in my abilities and would give me the opportunity to operate the farm machinery. In addition to working on the farm together, we would also fish and hunt together.

My first remembrance of my Grandmother Lewis (Mom-Mom) was from the time when she and Uncle Tom lived in the project apartment in New Brighton, PA. Mom-Mom stayed with our family quite a bit during the late 1950s and early 1960s. Mom-Mom was always a good listener to my sister and I. After Mom-Mom married Grover, we would visit them in Beaver Falls usually twice each year, in the summer and around Christmas. After my Dad purchased a large house in Fairchance, he made extensive repairs and converted it into two apartments. In about 1963, Mom-Mom and Grover moved into the downstairs apartment. Jimmy Abraham, Dad, and I took a rented truck from Uniontown to Beaver Falls to load up Mom-Mom's belongings and move them to Fairchance. Uncle Tom met us at Beaver Falls and helped us. With Mom-Mom living in Fairchance, we would visit her about once each week. In about 1972, Mom-Mom and Grover moved from Fairchance to Hopwood. Both Mom-Mom's and Grover's health deteriorated after they moved to Hopwood. Grover had to be placed in a nursing home where he died. Mom-Mom moved in with Aunt Hazel.

I only saw my Grandfather Lewis one time, at his funeral.

Aunts and Uncles

My earliest remembrances of my uncles and aunts is of Uncle Tom Lewis. Uncle Tom was still single and lived with Mom-Mom in New Brighton. He would always take an interest in me and what I was doing, whether it was playing a game or playing with a toy. I remember, along with my cousin Jim, being quite upset when Uncle Tom got married. Uncle Tom always set up trains around his Christmas tree, which I enjoyed very much. Whenever we visited him he would always show me additions to his train collection. My family visited Uncle Tom and Aunt Joanne pretty regularly, usually at least twice each year.

We also visited Aunt Hazel and Uncle Wib regularly, as we only lived about six miles apart. I spent a great deal of time playing with Jimmy when we were growing up. Jimmy had some great toys such as the Alamo and an HO train. Uncle Wib was a very neat and well organized man who had great skills in nearly all areas of home remodeling. He has been a great inspiration to me on most of my home remodeling/improvement projects.

We also visited with Uncle Jim and Aunt June fairly regularly at their house in Beaver. I only remember visiting Uncle Marshall once. We only visited Uncle Jack one time, which was shortly after he had moved into a new house in Laurel, Maryland. We had been on vacation to Washington, DC and had stayed with my cousin Susan and her husband La Monte.

Joanne Chabanik Miller



Joanne Therese Chabanik at an early age.

My Story

I, Joanne Therese Chabanik Miller, am the third child of Irene Hrebenar Chabanik and Maximilian (Max) Chabanik. I was born on May 8, 1953 in Uniontown, Pennsylvania.

My father was born in a little house in Shoaf, PA. Shoaf was a mining town, and my father worked at a number of small mines around Shoaf in his teens. He told me about hand-loading coal with wagons and mules. His family moved when he was young to a big house on the outskirts of Shoaf, where my Aunt Betty lives now. When one of the smaller mines near where my father was born, Gilmore Mine, shut down, my father's uncle bought the property. My father inherited this property when my aunt died.

All of my grandparents were from Czechoslovakia, and my paternal grandparents were from the same village, Hrosof. My paternal grandfather, Stephen Chabanik, was the first one who came to this country. He came here, and then left and came back. I remember stopping to see him and my grandmother on our way home from church. (We went to church in Shoaf.) They spoke Slovak, not English, and didn't visit with the grandchildren much. I sometimes had the impression that they didn't want us kids to know what they were talking about. I often wish that they had taught us the language. My grandmother's maiden name was Constantine Kampcik. The only thing I really remember about my grandmother is her making us a cup of coffee with sugar and milk. It tasted so wonderful—I've never tasted anything like it since. I've talked about this with my older brother Bill and he agrees. We wonder if it was the well water, the old crockery cup, or what it was that made it taste so good!

Both of my Chabanik grandparents passed away when I was young. My Grandmother Chabanik passed away first, in 1958, and they set the casket up in the house. I was small, but I can remember exactly how it looked. We have no photographs of Dad's mother and father that I know of.

I never saw my Mom's father, Joseph Hrebenar, as he died before my parents were married. He came to this country and then sent for a wife from Czechoslovakia. According to my grand-

mother, he didn't like the first one they sent so he sent her back. He must have liked my grandmother OK, because he kept her! Her maiden name was Susan Dolney, and she was 16 years old when she came to this country to be Joseph's wife. I have an old photograph of them made shortly after they were married. My grandmother told me that when she was a young girl, she always got compliments on her pretty blue eyes. I have very fond memories of my grandmother. She was nice to us kids. I remember her playing "Ring Around the Rosie" with us. When I knew her, she lived in a little two-room house, within walking distance of my aunt and uncle's home, that they built for her. It had an outhouse, a coal stove, and no running water. She got her drinking and washing water from my aunt's well. She had a big feather tick bed that looked like a giant's bed. I would put my hand on it and it would go clear down to the bottom. She also had pictures on her walls that didn't look like they went with the house—they were large religious pictures in ornate gold frames. They took up the whole wall.

Sometimes Grandma would come home with us after church on Sundays, and my Dad would take her home that evening. I often wonder what my grandmother did in her little house to keep busy in those days. My mother would sometimes give her mending to do. She went to church and to the grocery store, but she had no phone and no TV. She did have a radio though, so I guess she listened to that. She passed away in 1969, having lived longer than several of her daughters. She had a hard life. She had one son and 10 daughters. One of the daughters was scalded to death at the age of 2 ½, when she pulled a pan of water onto herself. Her son died when he was 16, cut in half when he was run over by a train while working on the railroad. My mother says that by the time she was born, her mother was worn out from raising children and didn't have time for her.

My mother grew up without running water or electricity. My grandmother didn't let my mother finish school, although her teachers encouraged her to do so, because she wanted her to get a job. My mother became a maid at a teacher's house in town, and sent half of what she made to her mother. She did laundry, cleaned, and cooked the meals. She liked this job very much. She told me that during the day, when everyone was out of the house except her, it was like the house was hers. She took care of it like it was her own. When she was 20, World War II began, and my mother went to Harrisburg and worked in an airplane parts factory. She still sent half of her earnings to my grandmother.

My Mom and Dad knew each other when they were kids. They saw each other at community gatherings such as weddings. My Mom had another boyfriend and they planned to marry, but he was killed in the war. She then started going with my Dad. My grandmother was against



Me during my grade school years.

her getting married, because she wanted my mother to take care of her, since my mother was the youngest daughter. But this time, my Mom did what she wanted to, and they were married in October of 1946.

My earliest memory is of playing outside in the yard at our small farm in Smithfield. I had long blond hair, and I liked to play "Rapunzel" with it. Once I slung my hair over the fence and got it caught on the barbed wire. When I was a child, we never went out much, except to church, school, and catechism on Saturday mornings. We had a lot of animals, and my mother was always busy with farm chores and her large garden. She was always cooking, canning, cleaning, or gardening and didn't have much time to spend with us kids. I was friends with Karen Miller, my husband's sister, and I loved to play in her yard. It was like a playground! I used to wish that her mother Eleanor was my mother, because she made me feel so special. She would always talk to us kids and spend time with us.

I had two brothers and two sisters. I was the middle child. My brother Bob was always mean to me when I was little. When I was seven years old, he chased me with a torch and caught my hair on fire. I had to get it cut off pretty short. He used to hang my baby dolls up by their feet in my closet. Once he put chickens in my little playhouse, where I kept my dolls. I had chicken "poop" all over my dolls and my little table! My brother Bill was a real sweetie. He is six years older than me, and he always took good care of us. He's very smart in geography and history. My sisters, Barbara and Carole, are both younger than me, and are three years apart.

I don't remember playing much with my sisters as a kid. I usually played by myself. When I was little, I liked to visit an elderly man, in his late 70s, named Jim Hicks. He made me a little swing and would push me in it as long as I wanted. He also made me a little wheelbarrow, just my size, and painted it silver. He let me pick the color. He also got me a used bicycle and fixed it up for me. He was a very sweet old man. My Mom didn't like me to go up there, because I had to cross a big ditch to get to his house and I sometimes fell in it, but I would go anyway. He was so good to us kids. My brothers sometimes went up to see him too.

Christmastime was a good time at our house. My Aunt Sophie (Mom's sister) and Uncle Frank would usually spend one night at our house and my grandmother would spend the night too. My Aunt Sophie used to tell me, "When I die, I want you to have this." She had a lot of pretty rings and nice clothes. She had me pick out a ring when I was a little girl, and when she died in 1974, it was in her will to give me that ring. I still have it. She also gave me her silver, because I was the first one to get married. My Aunt Vernie, another of my Mom's sisters, would sometimes come to visit us on a Saturday morning and bring us a bag of candy. All of my Dad's brothers and sisters were busy with their own large families, so we didn't see them much.

In high school, I took the commercial course and didn't plan on going to college. I was led to believe that college was mostly for boys, and that girls would just get married. I couldn't wait to get out of high school. It didn't come easy for me. My brothers were pretty smart, but I didn't get much help with my homework. My mother couldn't help me with the difficult subjects, like algebra.

I didn't date until I was a senior in high school and didn't go out a lot. My best friend was Sissy Shamrock. We had our birthdays on the same day, and our mothers were in the same room at the hospital when we were born. We liked to go to each other's houses and listen to records.

I started working right out of high school. My first job was at West Virginia University in Morgantown, WV. I worked part-time at the hospital as a receptionist for a radiologist. I liked it very much. I rented a room in Morgantown at the same house as my brother, who was at the university. My brother had a car at that time, and I went home with him on weekends. When I had saved up enough money, I bought my own car.

Franklin Miller, the brother of my childhood friend Karen, was friends with both of my brothers and he would come for visits. I never talked to him much. I was surprised one Saturday when he called me up and asked me out. It was kind of late and I already had plans with my mother that day. He called back the next weekend and we went out for the first time. Our re-

lationship grew into a very close friendship. Franklin was someone I could always confide in. I admired him very much because he was so smart. He was also very sincere and honest. Whatever he said, he meant. When we got engaged, Franklin gave me the ring all wrapped up in a red handkerchief. I remember being very excited.

We were married on October 6, 1973, on Franklin's birthday. (It helps him remember our wedding anniversary!) It always impressed me that Franklin made the Dean's List his last year at college, after we got married. He could always concentrate on his studies, no matter what else was going on. My Mom and Dad always liked Franklin and were happy that we got married. My Mom and Franklin's mother Eleanor have been friends for a long time. Franklin's Mom has



My parents, Irene and Max Chabanik, and Franklin's parents, Eleanor and Edgar Miller, taken at our wedding.

a cedar chest in which she keeps mementoes, and she showed me a little pair of shoes and told me, "These were the shoes that your Mom gave me for Laurel when she was born."

I moved to State College, PA after our marriage and held several jobs there. After Franklin graduated, we moved to Fairchance, where both of our girls were born, Michelle Lynn in 1976 and Lanah Jo in 1981. I didn't work outside the home after we started our family. Franklin's career took us to several different locations. Our first move was to Washington, PA. We were there for about four years and then moved to Utah, where we lived for three years. That was a long way to go, but we really enjoyed living there. After that we had a year in Virginia, and then moved to Lexington, Kentucky, where we still live. We always tried to spend a lot of time with the kids and do things together as a family. We go back to Pennsylvania for family visits.

In 1993, I began nursing school. I always wanted to be a nurse. I think it goes back to when I cut my hand on a coffee can as a girl and was taken to the emergency room by my Dad. I attend Lexington Community College and will graduate in the spring of 1988 with an R.N degree. I like nursing school, but I feel like I have to study all the time. It's been a challenge. I like geriatric nursing the best, and would like to pursue that as a specialty.

Our daughter Michelle was married in 1997 to Michael Israel, and they now live in Indianapolis. I still can't believe my "little girl" is married! Lanah still attends high school, and is involved in many school and church activities.

Miller Lynn and Michael Edward Israel



Miller Lynn (Michelle Lynn Miller) and Michael Edward Israel, January 4, 1997.

Miller Lynn (Michelle Miller) Israel

Lewis Family Remembrances

I, Miller Lynn Israel, was born on November 15, 1976 in Uniontown, Pennsylvania. I was the first child of Franklin Kenneth and Joanne Chabanik Miller. Through my entire life, I have been a very mobile person, living in ten separate places during my first twenty years. My hometown is Fairchance, Pennsylvania, where I lived for the first five years of my life. While in Fairchance, I remember visiting my grandparents every Sunday after church where we would share the noon meal. My paternal grandmother, Eleanor Lewis Miller, spent many hours with me during my early childhood. I enjoyed her company then, much as I do now. My grandmother was, and is, a highly intelligent and skilled woman. I used to love playing cards with her. "Old Maid" was our favorite game and we would play it for a long while when I visited. I especially remember the wonderful care that my grandmother had for my grandfather. She would have such patience to make his lunch perfect; every slice of bread would always fit its mate.

After moving to Washington, Pennsylvania, and then to Wellington, Utah, my visits with the extended family became few and we communicated primarily through cards, letters, and telephone calls. It was always very special to receive a card or a phone call from the family.

When I was 12 years old, my family headed east again, and we lived in Cedar Bluff, and then, Tazewell, Virginia. I remember that it was very nice being able to visit Pennsylvania regularly again.

After a year in Virginia, my family moved again to Lexington, Kentucky. In Lexington, I finished junior high school and moved on to high school. I graduated from Henry Clay High School in 1993. In high school I enjoyed speech team, swimming, playing clarinet in the band, and volunteering at area hospitals.

Shortly after graduating from high school I began college at Asbury College in Wilmore, Kentucky. Asbury College is a small, private, Christian college. I studied biology, swam on the varsity swim team, and played clarinet in the concert band. I met my husband at Asbury, al-

though we were not even considering a date at this point. Michael was an assistant to a biology lab professor. He can now joke that I was one of his “pupils.”

After a year at Asbury, I transferred to the University of Kentucky to finish my undergraduate studies in biology. While at UK, I called an old Asbury friend and requested a date for a scheduled music performance at Asbury that I had wanted to see. I told her, “nothing serious, just some jerk that will be fun for an evening. . . I don’t want to try to impress anyone.” Michael was that jerk, who I fell in love with, and eventually married.

After finishing my course work at UK, Michael and I were married at Park United Methodist Church in Lexington, Kentucky on January 4, 1997. We went to Puerto Vallarta, Mexico on our honeymoon, and then returned to Indianapolis, Indiana to live.

Michael Edward Israel

I, Michael Edward Israel, was born on December 3, 1972 in Greensburg, Indiana. I was the second child of Dennis and Juanita Israel. I have one sister and two brothers.

I lived in Greensburg, Indiana until I moved to Kentucky to attend college. I have fervent memories of family gatherings at my grandparents’ home. My maternal grandfather was a preacher and he often gave small moral lessons with every visit. Both of my maternal grandparents were very frugal and lived on pennies. They had raised many homeless children in their home. I attended a small community church since I was a baby. Most of the church’s membership were my extended family.

I attended Asbury College in Wilmore, KY and earned a BA in chemistry / biology in 1995. It was during my junior year that I met Michelle Miller. At that time I had no idea that I would one day walk down the aisle beside her. Michelle and I began dating during my senior year and through my first year and one-half at Indiana University Medical School.

On May 4, 1996, I asked Michelle to marry me. To my relief, she said yes! We were united on January 4, 1997 a beautiful 70-degree day in Lexington, KY. We now live in Indianapolis so I can finish school. I will complete my medical doctorate in June of 1999 and plan to do a residency in internal medicine. I am the luckiest man on earth because I am married to the most beautiful and wonderful girl on earth.



Our wedding party. Escorts (l. to r.): Andrew Hadler, Keith Israel, Ben Bolser, Brian Israel. Bridesmaids (l. to r.): Marian Chrisenhall, Lanah Miller, Sarah Israel, Helen Wasielewski. Center row (l. to r.): Johnathan Israel, Michael Israel, Miller Lynn (Michelle Miller) Israel, Alison Kopsa.

LANAH JO MILLER



Lanah Jo Miller, 1995.

My Story

I was born on May 28, 1981 in Uniontown Hospital in Uniontown, Pennsylvania, the second child of Franklin Kenneth Miller and Joanne Therese Chabanik. I was named after my great-great-grandmother on my father's side, Lanah Roberts. When I was born, my family lived in Fairchance, PA but I don't remember living there, as we moved to Washington, PA when I was less than a year old.

My earliest memories are of the swimming pool in our backyard, and playing with the little girl who lived across the street from us. We had two cats named Cocoa and Chessie and I loved to play with them.

We would visit my grandparents in Smithfield, PA on weekends. My Grandma Miller had a lot of neat games to play (and still does). She used to play Old Maid and Chinese checkers with me. My Grandpap Miller had a model ship up on a shelf that he would always bring down to show me. Those are good memories. We also visited my Mom's parents. I liked to play in their greenhouse. They also had a big rocking swing in their yard that I liked to sit on with my cousins.

My sister Michelle is almost 5 years older than me. We always got along pretty well, other than typical sister fights. We played with Barbie dolls a lot. Once we were jumping on one of our beds, and Michelle pushed me off. I cracked my head and had to be taken to the hospital to get stitches. It freaked my Mom out!

When I was around 4 years old, we moved to Utah. I remember when my Mom told me we were going to move. I had a little jewelry box with a rotating ballerina. I put all my stuff in it and said I was all packed and ready to go!

I liked Utah. I had a couple of friends in the neighborhood to play with. My Uncle Bill and his family also moved there, so we had cousins there, Elaine and Vicky. In our backyard was a cliff with desert below, where we played "Buried Treasure" and other games. Dad bought us four-wheelers which we liked to drive around.

When I was 7 years old, we moved to Virginia. First we lived in a farmhouse, and then moved to a house in Tazewell. I started second grade there. We only stayed in Virginia about a year, and then moved to Lexington, Kentucky, where I started third grade at Cassidy Elementary School. In fourth grade, I was on the swim team (probably because Michelle was also on

it). I also began to play the viola. Around this time, Michelle was getting older and losing interest in Barbie dolls, while I still wanted to play with them. I remember us fighting a lot then. Grandma Miller always told us that we'd like each other when we got older and got married. I guess she's right.

Grandpa Miller died in February of 1993, when I was in sixth grade at Morton Middle School. It was upsetting for everybody. It was especially hard for me to see my Dad so upset. That was the first funeral I went to.

I'm now a sophomore at Henry Clay High School. I'm still on the swim team. Last year I was in the honors orchestra, but this year I couldn't work it into my schedule. I still enjoy playing the viola, but I don't think I'll go back to the orchestra.

I've been in the Youth Choir at church since sixth grade. They always go on interesting trips in the summer. This summer we're going to Key West, Florida, which I'm looking forward to. Church is a big part of my life. My best friends are Tracy Miller (no relation) and Katie Ward. We do everything together. We've been friends since sixth grade.

In school I'm in several honors classes and have to work hard. I'm still undecided about my career goals. I might go into engineering. I like math and chemistry the best. Next year I'm planning to take Advanced Placement Biology, and I'm also interested in the field of medicine. I have lots of time to make up my mind!

KAREN E. MILLER SMITH FAMILY



Holly, Rick, Karen and Ricky

Growing up on Prospect Street

I am Karen Elaine Miller Smith, the second child born to Edgar W. Miller and Eleanor Lewis Miller. I have always lived in Smithfield, Pa., and when I die I wish to be buried there. I believe the happy memories of growing up on Prospect Street are the reason I feel this way.

The Miller kids were very lucky kids. We had good parents who loved us and taught us values you don't see every day. The song "The Wind Beneath My Wings" reminds me of my mother. I love my mother very much. She always put her family first, going without so we would have. She is a shy, quiet, gentle person—the kindest person I know. She would not hurt anyone deliberately. Once she gets to know you, however, she opens up and soon you can giggle and laugh along with her. Mom raised four children, a task I know had to be hard. Daddy was always working, so she handled life on the home front. Mom saw to it that all of our homework assignments were done and helped us with them. She taught us to always do our best in school. She had great patience. Once she sat hours waiting for Danny to come down the sliding board, which he had run up to keep from getting punished. (She was pregnant with Laurel at the time.) She is creative and enjoys doing crafts, always making some new creation. She is very talented, getting every detail correct. Mom is there for you when you need her, and is willing to help you in any way she can.

Everyone says I was "Daddy's girl." I don't think I was his favorite, but we understood each other the most and had a special relationship. I think I'm a lot like him. My dad took care of me. For example, when I was little and in the first grade, I had many childhood diseases and missed a lot of school. One time I was very sick and sat at the window watching all the other kids out playing in the snow. Daddy built a little snowman just for me and sat it in the window.

I never loved my dad more than the day I found out I was pregnant with my daughter

Holly. My marriage was troubled, and my husband Rick and I were talking divorce. I had been so sick that Rick felt I needed to go to the emergency room. There I learned I was pregnant. I couldn't stop crying about the whole situation. I didn't know what to do. I came home and told Mom and Dad. Daddy, with tears in his own eyes, put his arm around me and told me that no matter what decision I made (whether to stay married and try, or to continue on with a divorce and raise the baby on my own) that he and Mom would support it. He said they would always be there if I needed them. I know they would always be there for us.

Daddy was a very hardworking man. He worked shift work and midnight shift was the hardest on him. He just couldn't rest properly. He often joked that Mom got grumpy when he was on that shift. If we were noisy and woke him, we'd hear the door to his room open. We'd see the upset man with bloodshot eyes, and we'd all say "Oh no!"

This work ethic can be seen in all of us. We all work hard and are respected in our work places. Daddy was so respected at the US Steel Maplecreek Plant, that many of his former bosses came to the funeral home when he died, even though he had retired two years before and we had terrible winter weather. (Daddy died on Valentines Day, 1993.) He knew what he was doing and taught many of the men he worked with and many he worked for. His craftsmanship as a bricklayer and mason was excellent. For months after he died, I had people stop at the bank where I work and talk to me about him. I learned of many kindnesses he had done for people and learned how respected he was.

My brother Franklin is the oldest in my family—he's also the smartest and most successful. My algebra teacher once told me he couldn't believe I was Frank Miller's sister. Let's just say I wasn't a math star! Franklin could do anything he set his mind to do. He could drive at age eleven! He sided our house during the summer between his junior and senior year in high school. He works hard and keeps busy. He worked with my Dad and learned craftsmanship and is extremely particular about everything he does.

Franklin and I fought a lot when we were growing up. He always thought he was my boss. I attribute his management and bossing skills to all the practice he had on me. I loved to talk on the phone, and it used to drive him nuts. I have always been very proud of him, though, and all his accomplishments. He would be there for you if you needed him. It's funny he could fight with me all he wanted to, but no one else had better pick on me. He once went after kids who picked on me. Franklin taught Danny and me how to drive. The first time I drove, I ran our Plymouth into a pine tree. He married my friend Joanne. Franklin always called my friends



(Left) Me with my brother Franklin.

(Right) Danny sitting under the sprinkler with his umbrella. Franklin and I are on swing set.

“dumb.” My dad once told him that someday he wouldn’t think my friends were dumb—that they would look pretty good. My dad was right.

I was four and very happy when my brother Danny was born. I sat on the porch and sang the verse “He’s got a little bitty baby in his hands” to the song “He’s got the whole world in His hands” over and over again. I was closest to Danny when we were growing up. We always had fun together. He had a real sense of humor and was the most creative and imaginative. Danny was a “fireman” one summer and wore a black raincoat all the time. He once sat under the lawn sprinkler with an umbrella. He once did an entire set of action adventure tapes on “The Creeping Turd” complete with sound effects. When I was in the fifth grade the teachers called me out in the hall and told me they were sorry about my Mom. I asked, “What about my Mom?” They said they were sorry she had died. “She died?” I cried! They looked confused. Danny had told them she died at Christmas. We asked him why he had said that and he said he wanted to say something interesting. Danny was the leader of the neighborhood boys and there was always an adventure taking place. One of his childhood friends named his son after Danny.

I was eight when Laurel (Laurie) was born. She was the most beautiful baby with dark brown eyes and hair. Our neighbor had a baby soon afterwards and she was showing Danny her baby. She said, “See, I have a baby too.” He replied “Yes, but ours is prettier.” I loved to dress Laurel up like a baby doll. She dresses impeccably still to this day and never has a hair out of place. Laurel and I shared a room. I used to knock her out of bed a lot. (She used me for a pillow and would grit her teeth.) Because of the age difference we weren’t real close growing up, but are the closest now. We work together at Smithfield State Bank. I am her boss—just like at home growing up! People call her Karen a lot. She doesn’t like that. (I can’t help it that I was born first.) Laurel is good with computers and machines. She is good at problem solving and details. She is a lot like Mom when it comes to talent in making things.

Danny and Laurie got do a lot of things because I took them with me—that was the way I got the car. They didn’t like it when I made them lie down in the back seat so they wouldn’t be seen, though. They were in the church youth group and choir I co-sponsored. I used to take them to Rainbow Park to swim in the summer.

Our house was the place where all the neighborhood kids hung out. Once we had 35 kids in the yard. We had swing sets, sliding boards, monkey bars, a sandbox, and teeter-totter. We had a small pool and a slip ‘n slide. We had bicycles, tricycles, cars, trucks, and wagons to drive in. We had a large table in our basement where Franklin had a match box car city. We had a

My sixth birthday party, surrounded by neighborhood friends.



place fixed up like a space ship, complete with steering wheel, radios, and lights that really worked. I had a large closet upstairs that we used as a playroom. It had a stove, refrigerator, sink, cupboards, dishes, and a table and chairs set. We had many dolls and stuffed animals. We once had an actual fort built in our back yard that Danny named "Fort Miller." I had the best dress-up clothes that we would all wear—of course, we looked like floozies, but boy did we have fun! I am still friends with most of those kids today.

We never took long vacations growing up, but we did pack a lot into the ones we took—going from morning to night. We were the typical sightseers. We loved historical places. Gettysburg was a favorite place, especially for Danny who could tell you all about the battles and name the soldiers. Laurel thought a vacation meant staying in a motel with a swimming pool. Once we had a roll-away bed. Franklin sat down on the middle and it closed up around him—he looked like a peanut butter sandwich!

Christmas was a special time at the Miller house. They were always wonderful. Franklin was the first to get up and he would wake the rest of us. We would line up in birth order and wait for Mom to let us go downstairs. We have a love of music in our family and would all gather around the piano to sing Christmas carols. Daddy loved to hear us do this. Mom had made a clock that said "Holiday Time" which we would hang up every year. She made a lacy church which always sat on the television. Our tree had a star on top and a village underneath. When Franklin was at home we also had a train layout. Later Laurel would make a ceramic village which would go under the tree. A special Santa ornament always had a special place hanging on the tree.

The Miller children attended Sunday School and church regularly at the Smithfield United Methodist Church. We were actively involved in the youth and music programs. I sang my first solo when I was eleven. I was Mary in the Christmas program. Joseph stood on my head piece as I held Baby Jesus and sang. A revolving light made me appear blue, then green, then red, and then yellow. I started to play the piano for the children when I was twelve. Today I am the church organist, and play and sing for the choir. I teach and lead the children in Sunday School. Every year I am in charge of the Christmas program and the Hanging of the Greens.

Because the local school district underwent many changes, we attended several schools. I started out in the Smithfield Kindergarten, but then went to Windy Hill Elementary School until D. Ferd Swaney Elementary School was built. I was in fifth grade when it opened. I attended Fairchance-Georges Junior-Senior High School and graduated in 1972.

I attended Penn State University for two and a half years, where I was studying to become a teacher. I decided to take a semester off from school because I wasn't sure of what I wanted to do. That's when I walked into Smithfield State Bank. I heard myself ask if they were hiring. I was hired the next day and have been there ever since. In 1988 I became an officer, the Assistant Cashier. I became the Cashier in 1991. I've also attended classes



Christmas morning. That's me holding Laurel.



Me holding Laurel and playing the piano.

at California University of Pa. and Waynesburg College, as well as banking classes with AIB.

I started going with my husband Rick (Richard Clark Smith) in 1972. Our neighbor, Mr. Boyd, always came out on the porch when Rick tried to kiss me goodnight. Rick and I ran away and got married in Maryland on Aug. 31, 1974. In November of that same year we had another ceremony with family and friends and then went to housekeeping over the hill in Rubles Mill. Our daughter Holly Marie Smith was born Sept. 23, 1977 and our son Richard Clark Smith II (Ricky) was born Jan. 4, 1980. We lived in Rubles Mill until we outgrew the apartment we were living in. Then we moved back over the hill into town to Prospect Street and lived in the house across from my mom and dad.

Growing up on Prospect Street gave me many happy memories. I hope my children will feel the same someday. We had good friends, good neighbors, a loving family and were surrounded by much love. We weren't rich, but we were. My life on Prospect Street with my husband and children is another story I will need to sit down and write. It will be another chapter in my story "Growing Up on Prospect Street," for we never stop growing.

Mom-mom (Grandma Lewis) and me.



RICHARD CLARK SMITH



Richard Clark Smith and Karen Elaine Miller on their wedding day, August 31, 1974.

Remembrances

I was born on January 31, 1954 in Cleveland, OH. My father was Willard Clark Smith, of Brownsville, PA, born on December 12, 1925. My mother was Norma Allene Fields Smith, of Mt. Braddock, PA, born on January 11, 1927.

My paternal grandfather, James Clark Smith, died a few months before I was born. He started working for the Monongahela Railroad as a waterboy in the later 1890s, when he was just 15 or 16. He worked as a fireman with the railroad starting in 1900. He was then a conductor, and finished his career as an engineer. I have all his railroad cards from 1900 until 1950, when he retired after 50 years of service. My paternal grandmother was Dessa Willard. The Willard that painted "The Spirit of 76" was her great-great-uncle (not sure how many "great's").

I knew my maternal grandfather, Charles W. Fields, who lived in the Mt. Braddock, PA area. He passed away when he was 77 years old, when I was in my teens. My maternal grandmother, Edna Fields, died when she was only 42. (My mother was just 13 or 14 at that time.)

My mother was pregnant with me and living in Pennsylvania when my sister Cheryl died at the age of two and a half, from complications of chicken pox. Her lungs filled with fluid and Uniontown Hospital refused admittance to her because they didn't have an isolation ward at the time. She died enroute to Children's Hospital. There was a big article about her death in the paper. The resulting pressure helped to get an isolation ward added shortly afterward to the Uniontown Hospital.

When I was one year old, my family moved to Ft. Myers, Florida. My sister Kathy was born in Florida, and we lived there until I was five years old. At that time, my mother and father got divorced, so my mother took us kids and moved back to her father's house in Uniontown, PA. Dad stayed in Florida and got remarried. He died in Jacksonville in 1986. I only saw my father six times after the divorce, and the sixth time was when he died.

My mother got remarried around 1961 to Walter Youler. I was very close to my stepfather. He taught me everything about hunting, fishing, and camping. He was a great outdoorsman.

We lived in Uniontown until I was 15. Then the new highway bypass took our house, and we moved to just outside of Smithfield. I went to Laurel Highlands until my junior year in high school and then to Fairchance-Georges, where I graduated in 1971.

I worked for Edgar Miller, father of my wife Karen, for about a year and a half after high school. I started working at US Steel Clairton Works in 1973, and I've been there ever since,

25 years at the time of this writing. Clairton Works is the largest coke manufacturer in the U.S. We draw the smoke and byproducts off for use in other products, such as nylon stockings. I also have been with the Smithfield Volunteer Fire Department for 20 years. I'm now the Fire Chief, and I'm also the Safety Officer and a paid fireman at Clairton Works.

Karen Miller and I were married on August 31, 1974. Our daughter Holly was born in 1977 and our son Ricky was born in 1980. We lived in Rubles Mill, PA until our family grew too large for the apartment we were in. About a year after Ricky was born, we moved to the home on Prospect Street in Smithfield that we live in now.

I've always enjoyed outdoor activities with the family and we tried to include the kids from an early age. We started Holly camping at the age of 18 months, beginning with tent camping and moving up to various campers and vehicles over the years. My son Ricky got his first set of camouflage clothing for hunting when he was 5 years old. We still enjoy hunting and fishing together.

*Our children, Holly Marie Smith and
Richard Clark Smith II.*



HOLLY MARIE SMITH



Holly Smith, 1997.

Remembrances

My name is Holly Marie Smith. I was born in Uniontown, PA on September 23, 1977. I am the first child of Richard and Karen Smith. I spent the first two years of my life in Rubles Mill, PA. After my brother Ricky was born in 1980, we moved to Prospect St. in Smithfield.

Living close to Grandma Miller was very nice. She is always there to lend us an egg or a cup of milk, but best of all, she is there to listen to problems or give advice. I remember going to Grandma's when I was little and coloring on magazines to make funny faces. Grandma always made the funniest faces because she would erase the eyes on her pictures, making them an eerie yellow. Lately, I have grown very close to my grandma and have discovered that she has an incredible sense of humor.

I remember Pappy Miller as a very hard worker. He loved our dogs and every morning after he would get home from working midnight, he would bring them biscuits. He used to get teased because when the dogs barked, it sounded like they were saying "Pap-pap."

My Grandma Youler was a very kind and caring person. She would have given her grandchildren anything that they wanted. I spent a lot of time with her. She used to watch Ricky and I in the summer and every day before and after school. She used to get up very early and make one of my favorite meals, vegetable soup. She used to make a huge potful, that would have probably fed an army. She also had a lot of animals. She could never refuse to feed a hungry animal or a person. She took in stray animals and housed several foster children.



Me as a baby.

My Pap Youler, who is my father's step-dad, was comical. I remember when I was little, the family called him "Wildman." When I was little I liked to help him feed our many pets. One of my favorite animals on the farm was a goat named Billy. My pap told us we could feed him anything, so we fed him tin cans. I guess that is why the poor goat died.

My parents have taken us to a lot of different places on vacation. I have been in twenty-two different states. I have been to Disney World twice and we even went to Wyoming one summer. I have been to Yellowstone National Park and saw several buffalo. We have been to many different historical sites and camped at a bunch of state parks in West Virginia. We used to laugh at my Mom the "tour guide," because she would plan activities for every day of our vacation, often wearing us all out. But, we have seen a lot more of the United States than most kids around this area.

My mom has always been the one who encouraged me to work hard in school and to be a good person who is kind to everyone. In my early teen years it seemed that our opinions clashed on just about everything. But now that I am older, I am glad that my mom worked so hard teaching us to do the right things. The values that she instilled in me have made me a better person.

I guess that you could say that I am my daddy's little girl. My mom used to get mad at my dad because no matter what, it always seemed that he was on my side. For a long time she called me the "princess." Dad was the one who always said yes, when Mom said no. He and my mom have worked very hard to give Ricky and I the things that they did not get as children.

Throughout my life, I have enjoyed singing. As a child, my mom took me to Sunday School every week. I loved to sing, and I played Mary in more than one Christmas program. I also sang in school. When I was in kindergarten, I was Dorothy in *The Wizard of Oz* and in second grade I played Lanah Ladybug. I continued to perform in the chorus in junior high school and when I went to senior high, I became a member of the choir.

After graduation in June 1996, I started college at Penn State. I am majoring in nursing. In 1998, I will graduate and will be a registered nurse. I hope to get a job and go to school to get my bachelor's degree.

High school graduation, 1996.



RICHARD CLARK SMITH II



Ricky Smith, only grandson of Eleanor and Edgar Miller.

My Story

I was born on January 4, 1980 in Uniontown Hospital, Pennsylvania, the second child of Karen Miller Smith and Richard Clark Smith. It was a stormy, wintry night—according to my Mom, about a foot of snow fell that night. My parents lived in Ruble’s Mill when I was born, but the family moved when I was a year and a month old to the street where my Mom grew up, across the street from her parents’ house in Smithfield.

My earliest memory is of my grandfather “Pap” Miller having just painted the porch, and I colored on it. He spanked me for it, and my sister Holly was mad at him. My sister was two years older than me, but we played together a lot in our childhood. We fought a lot too, just normal brother/sister fights. We liked to play on Big Wheels, and I also played Barbies with Holly.

When I was 6, I got a new bike. The first day I was allowed to ride it on the road, I got hit by a car. I was showing off, coming down the hill and drifting, and I came down in front of our next-door neighbor’s car. I was in the hospital for a week. I had a broken leg, and a scab from my belly-button to my forehead. During that hospital stay, they also found out I had allergies. I had to have shots every week after that. Not long after that, we were playing with the hose on our Slip ‘n Slide. I closed my eyes and ran into the cement wall, busted my head, and had to have stitches. It seemed that lots of accidents happened around this time. Just a couple of months later, Pap Miller came out of our basement door, tripped, fell, and broke his arm.

It was always me/Mom and Holly/Dad, until I got old enough to start fishing. When Dad started taking me fishing and hunting, then it was Dad and me. I remember the day I got my first deer, and Dad got one too that day. It was very exciting. Last season I killed more deer than he did—I tell him he’s getting old!

My Mom has always been the cau-



Me graduating from kindergarten with my broken leg, carried by my Dad.

tious one, saying “Don’t do that!” Dad is always easy-going. But Mom was the one I loved to snuggle with when I was little.

I went to Smithfield Elementary School, and Albert Gallatin South Junior High. I’m now attending Albert Gallatin Senior High, about 3 miles from my house. I’m definitely not the scholar of the household. I have a laid-back attitude toward school, and do just enough to get by. I was a good student until 5th grade, when Grandma died, but now I get mostly “C”s. I’m good at math—I get straight “A”s in that—and I like science. We do a lot of fun things in science class, such as going to the science center in Pittsburgh.

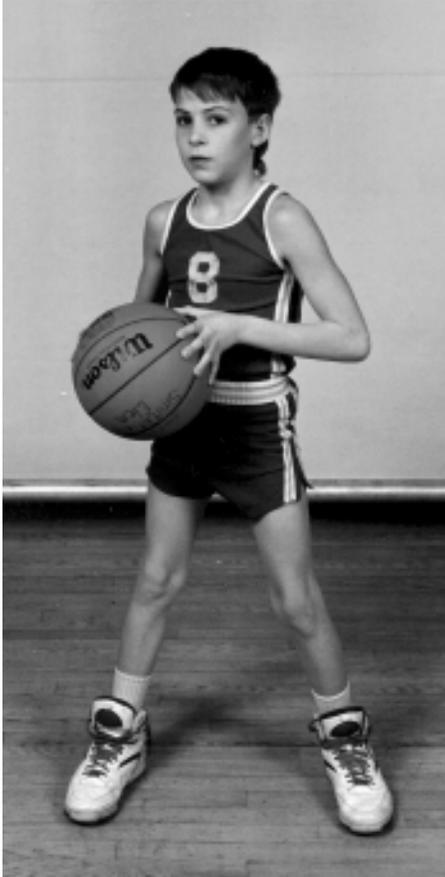
In addition to school, I work for the bank where my Mom works, burning papers and old records for them. We have a pit at the bottom of the yard where I burn them. The hard part is carrying all the paper down the 26 steps.

I have a girlfriend, Jennifer Persley. We’ve been going out for about 8 months. I got my driver’s license a few months ago, and recently had my first accident. (I hydroplaned into an embankment.)

I love anything to do with camping, hunting, and fishing. We raised wild turkeys from eggs last year. We did have three turkeys left, until one just flew off, so now we only have two. I was sorry to see that one fly away.

We have four dogs. Two are hunting dogs—beagles—and two are regular household dogs. The hunting dogs get treated better than the household dogs! They love to run around. The male is a little fat thing with 6-inch legs. Holly’s boyfriend Steve and I plan to train them this year.

As far as my future goes, I plan to go into the Air Force. I’m not sure yet about what “life career” I want to pursue. I think I’d like to go into the electrical or electronics field, possibly working on computers.



My grade school basketball photo.

My Memories of Grandparents and Great-grandparents

My Dad’s real mother and father divorced when he was just 5 or 6 years old. His father, Willard Smith, remarried, and his mother remarried Walter Youler. My Great-grandmother Youler, who was really Dad’s step-grandmother, just passed away about 2 years ago. My Grandfather Smith died around 1986. I only met him once, when he came for a visit when I was 5 years old. Dad’s stepmother died in 1997.

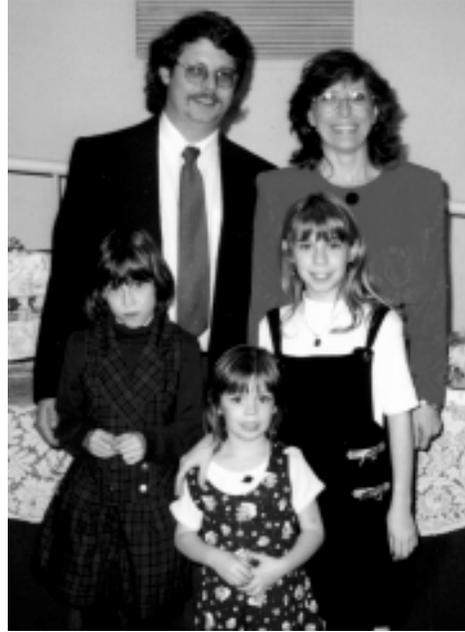
My Grandma Youler (my Dad’s real mother) was named Norma. Holly and I spent a lot of time with her, because she babysat us during the day while Mom and Dad were working. She lived outside of Smithfield. Mom would take us in the morning, and Dad would pick us up on the way home from his work. We loved being at Grandma’s. We could just run around, play games, and have fun. Sometimes we’d take friends with us. There was always something to do there. Grandma Youler passed away when I was 10.

My Miller grandparents, Pap and Grandma Miller, lived across the street from us. Aunt “Woo,” my mother’s youngest sister Laurie, lived there too. Holly and I hung around with them more in the summers, and after Grandma Youler died. They used to have a swimming pool and we liked to swim and run around it. Our cousins Michele and Lanah Miller sometimes came for family visits, and we always liked to play with them. It was always Holly and Michele, and Lanah and me. We still do things together occasionally. Last year I took Lanah fishing and she caught her first fish.

My Grandma Miller was always there for us. If you ever needed something sewed, you'd turn to her. Any kind of stitch work was her specialty. When Pap Miller built his garage, I'd go over and hang out with the builders and help them carry stuff. He built a room upstairs for his trains—that was our place to play together. Sometimes when I was little I'd spend time with Pap Miller on Saturday mornings. He'd tell people, "This is my favorite grandson!" He was very proud of me, because I'm the only boy of all his grandchildren. (I guess I've been somewhat spoiled because of that.)

I really miss all of my grandparents who have passed away, and we have to take care of our only living grandparent left, Grandma Miller.

DANIEL REED MILLER



Daniel and Debbie Miller and their family. (l. to r.) Mallory, Valerie, and Hilary.

Remembrances

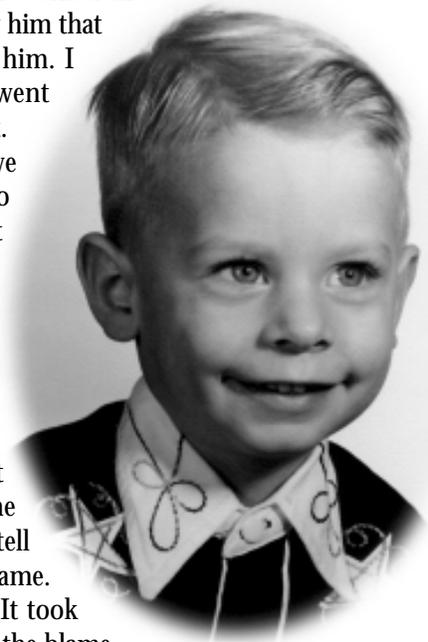
I am Daniel Reed Miller, third child of Edgar and Eleanor Lewis Miller. I was born on July 11, 1958 in Connellsville, Pa. (because *it* was cheaper). I was born in the evening—my first act on Earth was to cause my mother to miss supper.

I spent my early years giving my mother fits. I was at times very difficult. But through it all, she always did whatever I needed done, staying up late, typing a school report, helping to do school projects that should already have been done, and cooking late night suppers after I had started working. I still carry signs of the last around my midsection.

During my life, my father either worked two jobs or worked all of the overtime that he could get. So, I really didn't know him that well. After he retired, I finally got to spend time with him. I enjoyed listening to his old stories. It seemed like he went everywhere and did everything. Our time was too short.

My friends in the old neighborhood thought that we had things so great. This was because we were taught to take care of what we had and because of the things that my dad and brother did for us. Our sandbox was a neighborhood landmark. Everyone loved the spaceship in the basement, a basketball hoop, and even a fort built out of the bark sliced off logs at a local sawmill. Together, my parents gave to me a good Christian home and strong work ethics.

Whatever my brother Franklin did I always thought was great. He would play something with me one time and I would replay it over and over for years. He would tell me to do something bad and that he would take the blame. Then he would have a good laugh when I got caught. It took me a long time to figure out that he wasn't going to take the blame.



Me as a young cowpoke.

Our house was near a line of the B&O Railroad. So, with my brother, I developed an interest in railroads. A lonely train whistle in the night still gives me a sense of peace and security. I always loved it when Franklin set up his trains.

Later on, I became interested in anything that had an historical value. I've found that Fayette County, PA is extremely rich in history, from the coal and coke industry to Washington's skirmish at Jumonville that sparked The French and Indian War.

Although it seemed like there was a lot of years between my sisters and myself, we had many happy times playing together. Karen and her friends enjoyed dressing me up and Laurel even had a toy machine gun and helmet to play "Army" with me.

One of the things that I remember about Mom-Mom was that she sewed a lot. She made dolls for my sisters and clothes for an old Ken doll that I used while playing with Karen.

Several of my fond memories of both sides of my family are my Grandma Miller baking Angel food cakes for me, my Uncle Wayne Miller's farm, cookouts at Aunt Hazel's, and our annual pilgrimages to Uncle Tom's.

I attended kindergarten at Windy Hill, grades one through four at D. Ferd Swaney, and grades five and six at Smithfield Elementary Schools. I graduated from Fairchance-Georges Junior-Senior High School in June, 1976. Then I received an Associate's Degree in mining technology from Penn State.

I was a Cub Scout, Boy Scout, and Explorer. In school I was in the Chorus, Drama Club, a drummer in the Band, Junior National Honor Society, and the National Honor Society.

I attended the Smithfield United Methodist Church where my wife Debbie Gower also attended.

Debbie is also from Smithfield and our families have known each other since we were very young. We began dating in 1975, engaged in November, 1977, and married in the Smithfield



Laurel and I on a family trip to Gettysburg



*Our wedding day,
November 25, 1978.*

church November 25, 1978.

Debbie was born April 25, 1959. She is a 1977 graduate of Albert Gallatin High School. She was a Girl Scout for many years, and in school, she played flute in the band and was a member of the National Honor Society.

During our first year of marriage, we lived across the street from my parents. Then we lived in Uniontown for 3 years. We bought 12 acres of land from Franklin near Carmichaels, PA. We contracted our house to be built and moved into it in August, 1983.

Our first child, Hilary Lynn, was born November 11, 1985. Mallory Ann was born July 8, 1987. Valerie Kay was born April 15, 1992.

My father, grandfathers, at least one uncle, and several of my ancestors worked in the coal industry. So I followed my brother into mining as well.

I worked as a general laborer at the Barnning Mine in the summer of 1977. After finishing college, I was hired at the Emerald Mine near Waynesburg, PA, in June, 1978, where I'm still employed. I've held several jobs in the mine, operating various types of mining equipment. One very exciting job was Continuous Miner Operator on a ribline, where you try to remove all of the coal and get yourself and your machine out before the roof caves in. I am thankful for protective canopies on the machines.

One job that I did for 12 years was Fireboss. I examined the mine for dangers before the workers could enter. At times it was a lonely and dangerous job.

I have earned my PA Miner's papers, PA Machine Runner's papers, and PA Assistant Mine Foreman's certificate, and soon I will have electrical qualification as well. In 1989 I joined the Mine Rescue Team. Since then, I've been involved in two mine fires, both at the Mathies Mine in Washington County, PA. The first fire, in May of 1989, we were able to put out. During the second fire, in October of 1990, most of my team and another team were injured when the mine exploded. I got out seconds before.

Our daughters, Hilary, Valerie, and Mallory.



As a part of our training we compete in simulated mine disasters with teams from all over the country. In August, 1993, as team captain, we won the Pennsylvania State Championship.

I was a member of the Smithfield Volunteer Fire Dept. 1978-79, Smithfield Ambulance Corps 1977-79, and since 1992 I've been a member of the Carmichaels Volunteer Fire Company.

Debbie and I are members of the Carmichaels United Methodist Church where I sing in the choir.

Debbie has worked at J. C. Penneys, Central Tax Bureau, has sold home interiors products, and has been a good housewife and mother. She has been active in the Carmichaels Women's Civic Club, The United Methodist Women, the UMWA District 4 Auxiliary, Parent Council organization, and a Brownie and Junior Girl Scout leader.

Our children attended the Building Blocks Pre-school and the Carmichaels Area Elementary Center. Hilary is a Girl Scout, has played softball, taken dance, plays french horn in the Winds on the Mon program, has been on a competition cheerleading squad for 3 years, is in the gifted program at school, and plays piano. Mallory has taken dancing and is a Girl Scout.

LAUREL FAYE MILLER



Laurel Faye Miller.

My Memories

I am the fourth and final child of Edgar Wallace Miller and Eleanor Lewis Miller. I have two brothers, Franklin and Daniel, and one sister, Karen. I was born on Sunday, August 19, 1962, shortly before midnight on the eve of my parent's 12th wedding anniversary. I was the best anniversary present they ever received!

Because of my birth order, I am one of world's most special and wonderful beings, yes, I am "the baby" of the family. Unfortunately, many relatives and family friends do not know my name because they were only told, "And this is our baby" and nothing more.

Growing Up

I was born in Uniontown Hospital and then taken to the only home I have ever known. Our house is a plain, little story and a half on Prospect Street, in Smithfield, Pennsylvania. Although the neighborhood has changed quite a bit, as a child it was perfect. The neighborhood was home to many children my age and older, so there always was someone to play with. Also, the ages of the neighbor children and my siblings were very close, so we always had kids of all ages and colors in our yard. Our yard was the place to congregate. It was big and Mom and Dad always made sure we had swingsets, monkey bars, and other things to play on. Other kids had "Slip and Slides" that were only a few feet long. Dad would let us have some of the black plastic that he used for his masonry work and we would have the longest water slide around. My parents did not smoke or drink, so they always said they bought us these neat playground toys with their "beer and cigarette money." Our yard was always full of kids. We had the Franks boys, the Fields kids, the Spiker kids, the King kids, the Strosnider and Wiles kids, the Boyd kids from across the street, and my best friend Brenda Kingan.

Mom and Dad never minded having the whole neighborhood playing in our yard. They felt better knowing where we were and what we were doing. The other parents all knew their kids were safe.

Since we had all sorts of things to play with and on, and lots of imagination, we seldom were bored. If we couldn't come up with our own ideas, Mom would suggest the neatest things that we could play. The square monkey bars when covered with blankets became a stage coach. The porch became a hospital for all the sick and lame stuffed animals. We even had nurse uniforms



Tornado damage in the summer of 1971. My brother Danny is in the foreground.

and doctor's bags with all sorts of medical equipment. We even had charts for our patients that included Ted E. Bear and Beanie Boyd.

In the summer of 1971, a tornado ripped through our neighborhood and created a whole new place to play. The woods were full of trees that had blown down and it just gave us all sorts of new ways to play. There were many great adventures after that.

Dad would do masonry jobs on the side. Many times in the summer he would take us kids with him when he would go do these jobs. We would get to ride in the old International truck and play with "Mud." I'm sure Mom loved us coming home with cement all over us.

I went to kindergarten at D. Ferd Swaney Elementary School in York Run. They had just built a new Smithfield Elementary School on Liberty Street in Smithfield, so I was transferred to this new school for first through sixth grades. Before entering junior high, I was given a choice by the school district of whether to attend Point Marion Junior

High and then Albert Gallatin Senior High or go to Fairchance-Georges Junior/Senior High School. All of my friends were going to Point Marion and A.G., but in keeping with the Miller Family tradition, I went to Fairchance-Georges. I graduated from Fairchance-Georges in 1980.

There are many members of this family that have been blessed with the genes to make them wonderful mathematicians. Unfortunately, I am not one of them. I learned this fact in junior high in algebra class. I knew I was doomed the first day when the teacher called attendance and said those words I had come to dread, "Miller, Miller, are you Frank Miller's sister?" I should have lied, but I said yes. Teachers are great for expecting their students to be carbon copies of their older siblings and this one was no exception. It was assumed that I would be a math wiz like my brothers—well, I wasn't. I switched from taking Academic classes to Commercial. I decided the clerical line of work would be better for me. Besides, my dream had always been to be a hairdresser and have my own beauty salon.

In June of 1978, between my sophomore and junior years in high school, I was in a car wreck with my best friend Brenda. She was driving and somehow we hit a light pole and totaled the car. My right leg was crushed when the front right wheel was pushed into the car. I knocked the windshield out of the car with my forehead, causing a severe concussion, broken nose, and shattered teeth. I spent the next five and a half weeks in Uniontown Hospital, and another four weeks in a body cast at home. The recovery and rehabilitation process took a long time and I missed half of my junior year. I walked with a cane until April of 1979. Today, I have only a few reminders of that ordeal; I have arthritis in my right leg and sinus problems from the broken nose. Because of the arthritis problems, standing for long periods of time made me realize that I could not pursue my dream of styling hair.

After graduation from high school, I thought nursing could possibly be my calling in life and I enrolled in a Licensed Practical Nursing School. After three months I realized that I do not have what it takes to be a nurse. I have too weak a stomach and too soft a heart. I cannot do things that will cause a person pain, even if it is necessary for their health.

I had applied all around home for a job and I was hired by Smithfield State Bank. I owe this mainly to my sister, who also works there. When the bank was getting ready to become computerized by Mellon Bank's Data Center, they needed people to prepare the information for the computer. My dear sister suggested they hire me. Since I had my application in already, they

called me in. I've been there ever since. I've worked in all areas of our bank: teller, loans, book-keeping, and am now head of our Proof Operations, where we do all the data processing for the bank. Smithfield State Bank has grown and changed so much since I first started there. The bank has encouraged continuing education to keep up with the changing times and technology, and I've been able to take various banking and computer classes through the years.

Mom and Dad always taught us that if you are going to do something, do it right. Dad gave 150% to Maple Creek and we all give the same to our jobs. I think, in my family, we are all very detail-oriented people who can see not only what needs done right now, but what will need doing in the future. We are perfectionists, perhaps a little obsessive-compulsive, but we do work very hard and are good at what we do. I realize that I may never make a lot of money in my life, but what I earn will be earned honestly.

As of this writing, I am still single and living at home. I never found my Prince Charming. It's been said that you have to kiss a lot of frogs to find a prince, so I'll keep kissing those slimy green lips. What's that, you're supposed to kiss men, not frogs? Well, now you tell me. Seriously, I've dated a few good men, a few bad men, and a few in-between, but I have not found Mr. Right, or Mr. Almost Right, or even Mr. He'll Do. I have had a wide range of experiences from tractor-pulls to the symphony, dinners at McDonalds to dinners at the Coal Baron (a local and very expensive restaurant), riding on back roads in West Virginia to riding on the Gateway Clipper in Pittsburgh. While I've had my heart broken many times, I've also had many wonderful, unforgettable experiences. I have learned that dating someone for the sake of dating is not for me; I could not even begin to imagine marrying for the sake of marrying. It's hard to decide what is worse, a bad relationship or no relationship at all. At least with no relationship there is hope of finding the right someone.

I'm a member of Smithfield United Methodist Church. Presently I am attending Brownfield United Methodist Church with Aunt Hazel. I am at Brownfield because they needed an alto in their choir and God guided me to go there and use my voice to serve him by singing his praise. I've attended Mount Moriah Baptist Church in Smithfield through the years. When I was little I would go to Saint Cyril and Methodious Roman Catholic Church in Fairchance with my best friend Brenda Kingan (now Budinsky). These experiences at various churches have helped me develop a better relationship with the Lord through a variety of interpretations of His word and learning how other people worship Him.

My Parents

My mother, Eleanor May Lewis Miller, is one of the most intelligent and creative people I know—also she is the one of the most modest. It's a shame that she never had the opportunity to go to college, as she could have gone into any field and been a big success at it. She can come up with the most imaginative ideas for just about anything. When we kids were in school, Mom would encourage us to use our imagination for our projects. She wouldn't do all the work like a lot of parents do, but she would guide us and suggest things and help us to see what would be more interesting and what wouldn't work. She would help us with putting together reports and she would help do the typing. I can remember her staying up all night typing papers for Danny when he was in high school and college.

Halloween was always Mom's time to shine. She can come up with the best costumes. We often won prizes at the big Halloween Parade at the Smithfield Fire Hall. Mom also would put together these neat little goodie bags for the trick-or-treaters that came to our door.

Through the years, Mom would come up with an idea for something and she would tell us about it. We would suggest that she try to actually invent this item and patent her ideas, and she would just laugh at us. One of her suggestions was a low-calorie, frozen TV dinner for people who were dieting. She would say how nice this would be to have everything measured out and already cooked, just waiting to be heated. Weight Watchers and Lean Cuisine must have heard her. We could have been rich if she had marketed her ideas first.

Mom is so talented and she is also a perfectionist. I've seen her spend hours sewing something, and then rip her stitches back out and do them over because they weren't perfect. She

always looks at “store bought” clothes and realizes that her sewing is much better than what people pay good money for. She’ll look at a hem on a skirt that I paid way too much money for and point out how bad the hem is and always say, “I’d be embarrassed to sew a hem that badly.”

Mom was, and is, the most dedicated wife and mother I have ever known. Mom always put Dad and us kids before herself. Since my father’s death, I have been surprised by how strong my mother is. She has continued on with her life, but she has not forgotten how important her marriage was to her. Some women lose their identity when they marry and start a family and are never really happy. Mom was born into the role of wife and mother and it is something she has always been proud of and very good at.

My father, Edgar Wallace Miller, was a very hard-working man. My dad worked at Maple Creek Coal Preparation Plant as his main job. He was also a very fine mason and I think that was the job that he loved the most, because he did masonry jobs on the side. Even now, when people find out “who my daddy is,” they will comment on the fireplace he built, the porch he put on, the driveway he poured, or the garages he built, and what a great job he did. Sometimes, we will get phone calls from people who remember his work and want to hire him again. Dad always did top quality work at a very affordable price.

Dad always loved to tell us stories. Sometimes they were true, sometimes they were stories he made up to see if we could tell they weren’t true. Usually, I believed every word he said. In school, teachers would give me the strangest looks when I would tell one of Dad’s stories. Watching the Olympic games on TV was always fun, because whatever sport was on—gymnastics, weight lifting, ice skating, etc.—Dad would say “I can do that. You should see me.” But, he would never show us. I think I was in high school before I realized that all those “war stories” Dad told could not have been true because he could not possibly have fought in World War I, World War II, and the Korean War. He wasn’t even born during World War I. He was in the Merchant Marines during World War II, and he was in the Army during the Korean War. Dad had a German Army helmet that, as the story went, he took it off of the German soldier that he fought in hand-to-hand combat and finally killed him with his bayonet. Years later, I found out that these helmets had been sold as souvenirs and that’s how Dad got his.

Dad died February 14, 1993. While I was growing up, Dad and I were not really that close. Karen was always “Daddy’s Girl” and I wasn’t. The last few years of his life, we finally started to get close and have a really nice father-daughter relationship. I treasure these memories of his last few years and I miss him.

My Brother Franklin

My oldest brother, Franklin, is 11 years older than me. I guess Franklin has always been like my hero. Franklin was never ashamed to have his little brother and sisters around when he was with his friends. When we would go sled riding, Franklin would pull me up the hills on the sled and then give me a good push at the top of the hill. Sometimes, he would jump on the sled with me and give me a very fast, but safe, ride down the hill. We had this old go-cart that had a motor that wouldn’t work, but that was okay because we had a Franklin-powered go cart. He’d push it up the hill with me riding on it, and let it go, then push it back up the hill, and let it go. Looking back I realize there aren’t too many older brothers who would do this!

All around home there were many places that were off-limits to small children, but it was okay for us to go with Franklin, because he was old enough to keep an eye on us. So off we would go, Franklin, Danny, and me, to see all the neat places around our neighborhood. There were old coke ovens complete with the skulls of cows, stone quarries with caves, and the Smithfield railroad station. Franklin was always interested in trains so we spent many hours down by the station and surrounding yard. I can remember him carrying me into the old roundhouse. It was so big and scary, but I was safe with Franklin.

Franklin used to sit out on the porch during thunderstorms. I can remember sitting out there with him and even though normally I was scared of storms, Franklin made it feel safe and

I realized how fascinating storms can be to watch.

Franklin spent many hours with my Grandpap Miller over at my Uncle Wayne Miller's farm. He loved to drive the tractors. Mom says ever since he was a baby, he loved to sit on a tractor. Today, when Franklin is driving a tractor, it is not the face of a mature man who has worked very hard, has been successful in his career, and raised two children. His face transforms into the face of a boy who is in his glory, a boy who can do anything. It is the happiest, most contented look I have ever seen on him. I just love to watch him whenever he has this chance to be that boy again.

Franklin got married to Joanne Chabanik when I was in sixth grade. Joanne was one of Karen's friends from the neighborhood. I always liked Joanne, but I didn't like that she was marrying my brother! I was not one bit happy about it. But, they let me be in their wedding and that made it okay.

To this day, I know that Franklin is still the loving, protective older brother that he was when I was born. He is still keeping an eye out for me, I can ask him for advice, and if I am needing something, he'll watch for a good deal.

My Sister Karen

My sister Karen is eight years older than me. Karen was the only girl in the family until I came along. This must have been hard for her—I think that's how she became "Daddy's Girl." I'm sure there was a little jealousy when I was born, so Dad paid extra attention to her, and things never changed.

Karen had the neatest Barbie dolls and clothes, but I think I was allowed to look at them only once in a blue moon, and touching was definitely not permitted! Karen put up with me tagging along—she wasn't real happy, but she let me. I always found her friends fascinating and I loved to be with them.

When Karen got her driver's license, the only way she could take the car was if she took Danny and me along. This was more of a form of torture for her and us. Karen was always extremely embarrassed to have us along. We would go swimming at Rainbow Park in Haydentown or roller skating at Friends' Roller Rink in Fairchance. Karen would give us strict orders not to go near her. I can remember debating whether or not it was worth making her mad if I needed something (like money) from her and finally deciding that it wasn't worth it. The big thing for teenagers was to go into the Uniontown Shopping Center and cruise around. Karen was not allowed to cruise, but she could go to the McDonalds there. This was done by driving the longest way through the center to McDonalds and then going back out the same way. Technically this was not cruising, but you still could see who all was there and they saw you. One night, Karen had Danny and I with her and we picked up some of her friends and went to McDonalds. Danny and I had heard so much about this place we couldn't wait to see what was going on. Well, Karen made us get on the floor of the back seat so we would not be seen. As we went driving through, I can remember us peeking out of the window and someone's hand came over the front seat and pushed us back down to the floor. After all, it wouldn't have been cool to have the little brother and sister seen with these teenagers.

In our house there were only three bedrooms, so Karen and I shared one. This was not a bad thing; I think sharing a room with someone creates a special bond. When Karen got married to Rick Smith, when I was in seventh grade, I was glad to see her move out since this meant that the room was mine, all mine. I did miss her though. I missed her so much that I now work with her and willingly call her my boss.

Me in my brother's Cub Scout uniform.



My Brother Danny

Danny is four years older than me. When I was born he lost his position as “the Baby.” I don’t think he ever forgave me for that! We played together growing up. Many of our toys were bought so that we could play together. Danny had Johnny West and other male western action figures and I had Jane West and other female western action figures that we would play with for hours and hours. When I played with my Barbie dolls, he’d play the Ken doll parts. When he played with his Civil War sets, I would be the Confederates. I even had my own MatchBox cars and Hot Wheels so we could play together.

Danny and I were in the Marching and Concert Band together when he was in senior high and I was in junior high. When I chose an instrument to play, I followed Danny’s lead and chose drums. Now I wish I had chosen something different like the flute or clarinet, but back then I wanted to be like Danny.

When Danny got married to Debbie Gower, I was in eleventh grade. I now had the whole upstairs to myself. It was strange to be alone, but I got over it and moved into his old room, because it was so much bigger than my room.

My Nieces and Nephew

I have been blessed with six beautiful nieces and one handsome nephew. Franklin and Joanne have given me Michelle and Lanah. Karen and Rick have given me Holly and Ricky. Danny and Debbie have given me Hilary, Mallory, and Valerie. I can honestly say that it has been a joy and an honor to have these beautiful and intelligent children call me Aunt Laurie. They have truly blessed and enriched my life. Since I don’t have children of my own, these wonderful kids have filled a special place in my heart and have allowed me to feel the joys of loving a child and watching them grow up into beautiful young ladies and a gentleman. To my brothers and sister, Thank You!

In this picture, Mom is wearing the coat that her father bought her in 1947. I still have this coat.



Paternal Grandparents

My grandparents on my Dad’s side lived on Morgantown Street in Fairchance. They were Franklin Victor Miller and Belle Victor Miller. We visited with them very often. Dad would take us over, usually on Saturday evenings or Sundays after Sunday School. I remember on Saturday evenings, Grandma would always watch the Lawrence Welk show on TV. On Sundays, Mom would always say “Don’t eat, I’m fixing dinner” but Grandma’s kitchen always smelled so good and Grandpap insisted on dinner promptly at noon and would entice us to eat, so we did. Mom was not too happy with us when we got home.

Thanksgiving would bring all the Millers to Grandma’s for dinner. Of course it was promptly at noon. We would always get dressed up for this special dinner. The men would eat in the dining room and the women and children sat in the kitchen. Since I was “the Baby,” I got to sit in the dining room next to Grandpap. The afternoon would be spent with the adults talking, which was very boring for us kids, so we would go upstairs and tell ghost stories. These were inspired by a picture of Dad’s brother Charles who had died as a baby. We also would go searching for treasures in the attic, as it had some really old and neat things stored in it. Plus, to add to the fun, we were not really allowed to go up to the attic, but we did anyway.

Maternal Grandparents

I never knew my Grandfather Lewis. Mom always referred to him as “My Dad” and told us he left when she was young. She

didn't see him very often after that. In 1947, Mum Mum told him that Mom needed a winter coat and he said he would buy her one if she came to see him. Mom and Mum Mum went to see him and Mom got a beautiful red coat with thick black trim on the collar and cuffs. Mom kept this coat, as she could not bring herself to throw it away. It is now in my possession. I don't wear it, I just think it is so beautiful and has so much history to it.

Sometimes Mom would tell us stories about him, but only about when she was young. She never talked about any recent conversations with him and we never saw him, so I assumed he had passed away before I was ever born. I was about 12 years old when we received word that he had finally died. It was a shock to find out he had been alive and I never knew it. It was very strange to go to the funeral home and see my grandfather for the first time. In a way I wish I could have met him, but I guess he didn't even know I existed or even cared.

Mum Mum died when I was almost 13 years old. My memories of Mum Mum are very precious to me. Mum Mum was probably the most creative and loving person I have ever known. When I was little, Mum Mum and Grover lived on DeForest Avenue in Fairchance, in the downstairs apartment of the "Dunaway House" that Dad had bought in 1964 when I was two.

Mum Mum loved the holidays and always decorated the house festively. Okay, most people would say over-decorated, but to me it was the most beautiful and magical place to be, especially at Christmas. The apartment had two fireplaces that Mum Mum would put the neatest decorations on. Who could ever forget the life-size stuffed Santa that sat on the glider on the porch?

Mum Mum was in poor health most of the short 13 years I knew her. I remember going over to see her and she would be really sick, but she was always glad to see us. She was always making something. She and Mom belonged to the "Fad of the Month Club." This was like a "book of the month club" only you would get these craft kits with everything you would need to make various craft items, all in a small cardboard box. Even though the kits had everything you needed to make the "craft" she was always adding her own unique special touches to them.

When my sister Karen was little, Mum Mum made her the most beautiful doll clothes with whatever scraps of material she had. Oh, the dresses and nightgowns with matching robes Barbie had. Ken was well dressed also.

By the time I came along, Mum Mum was not quite the seamstress she was eight years earlier, but I still benefited by her handiwork. She made me a doll once, and as children often do, I did not fully appreciate the love that had gone into the making of her. This doll was not made of plastic as most toys were in the 1960s, she was made of cloth and looked like Mum Mum, so I named her Mum Mum. I kept my "Mum Mum" doll with all my other dolls: Cheerful Tearful who cried and peed, Teeny Talk who talked when you pulled a string, Real Live Lucy who would turn her head to wherever you held her bottle but turned away from her spinach, Tubsy who came with her own bathtub and loved to splash the water, Pebbles Flintstone, daughter of Fred and Wilma Flintstone, and Priscilla who had her own beauty shop equipment. I must confess, at the time she was not one of my favorite dolls, but now, she is one of my most prized possessions. She's tucked away in a shoe box that I keep close by, and I take her out once in a while and remember the great lady who made her.

Mum Mum was always smiling and was one of the most pleasant people I have ever met. I find this pretty amazing when you think about how this woman went through some difficult



*On my ninth birthday
with my mother and
Mum Mum.*

times and had a very hard life, especially hearing the stories of how she was raised by her grandparents, not her parents, who were alive and well, and lost her only brother when they were both very young.

Her first marriage ended in divorce, and she raised six children practically by herself, which even in modern times is rough for single mothers. In the 1930s and 1940s almost everyone in Fayette County had it rough financially and learned to be very thrifty and “make do” with what they had, and Mum Mum had even less. Today, we have so many modern conveniences, electric washing machines and dryers, and who can live without a microwave? Mum Mum raised her family in a time when food was cooked on a coal stove, clothes were washed with a wringer washer, dried outside on the clothes’ line, then ironed with a sadiron that was heated on the coal stove. Probably the easiest household chore for Mum Mum, but the most hated nowadays, was cleaning the bathroom—they didn’t have one! They used an outdoor toilet that is similar to today’s “Porta Potty” seen at construction sites. For many years Mum Mum lived in houses without electricity.

Mum Mum was a very tough and strong lady, considering she was only 5 feet 2 1/2 inches tall, narrow shoulders, short waist, tiny wrists and ankles, and wide hips. I can imagine how hard it was on her physically because I am built just like her. Mom had some of Mum Mum’s aprons that she had kept and when Mom would wear them, they just didn’t fit her right, but when I tried them on, they fit perfectly. If you look at pictures of Mum Mum and pictures of me, you can see the similarities.

Mum Mum was divorced from her second husband by the time I came along, so I never met Mr. Myers. I’ve only heard of him through the stories Mom and her siblings tell.

Mum Mum’s third husband was Grover. She was married to him for as long I could remember. They got married in October of 1962, but I don’t remember that. Divorce is accepted and approved of in today’s society, but when I was growing up it really wasn’t, so Mom never talked about Mum Mum as being divorced. Being extremely naive, I really didn’t understand what position Grover had in our family. On my Dad’s side, I had a Grandma and a Grandpap. On Mom’s side, I had a Mum Mum and a Grover. None of my little friends had a “Grover” so I never knew how to explain who he was. I didn’t figure out Mom’s stepfather connection until I was in junior high.

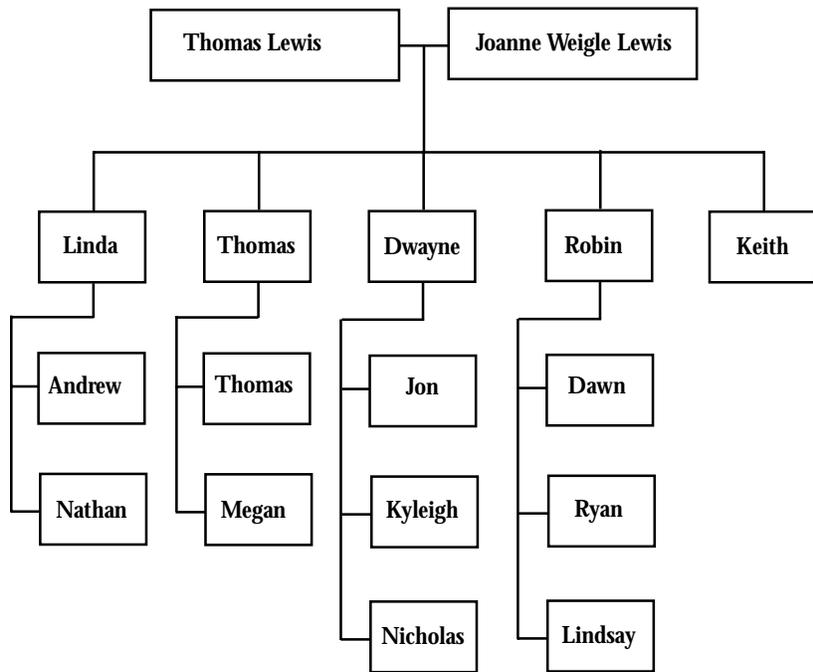
Grover treated Mum Mum nicely from what I could tell and she always was happy and jolly when I knew her, so he must have made her very happy. I always was a little afraid of Grover. He never hurt me or tried to scare me, he just did. I think it was because he seemed so tall. Of course to short people like me everybody’s tall, and he was so thin and bony and had these very deep set eyes. He would always be down in the basement of their apartment when we would visit making things like windmills. I remember the chain with the “magic” links that used to keep me entertained for hours.

After Mum Mum had a stroke, things were never the same. She and Grover had moved to a house in Hopwood and then her health went downhill. I can remember she had to leave this house in Hopwood and mainly stayed with Aunt Hazel. She would come and stay at our house and we would sit together and talk. Sometimes she would know me, but usually she didn’t. It would be sad to be talking to her and she would be telling me stories and her mind would be very clear, then all of a sudden she would get this faraway look in her eyes and she wouldn’t know who I was or where she was at. She would talk about all her grandchildren and I know she loved us all very much.

When Mum Mum died, it made me very sad. Although I loved all my grandparents, I was the closest to Mum Mum. I wish I could have spent more time with her.

CHAPTER 7

THOMAS LINDSAY LEWIS Spouse and Descendants



THOMAS LINDSAY LEWIS



Biography and Remembrances

I was the fifth child born to Lindsay Chester and Margaret May Lewis. I was born at home in Oliphant Furnace, Pennsylvania. Mom and Dad had six children between 1920 and 1937. Mom once told me that her doctor said, “Maggie, if you’re going to have children, why don’t you have them?”



I went to Oliphant Furnace grade school. These are my school photos from 1940, 1941, 1942, 1943 and 1945.

My Father

When I was a small kid, my father could be very exciting and fun to be with. I can remember running up the alley to meet him when he was coming home from work. He would take

my hand and we would walk home together. He liked to take me to the coal mines with him. He would explain how coal was mined and all the dangerous aspects of mining. He took me down into the mine at Oliphant one time, but told me not to tell my mother or she would be angry with him—she would think it was too dangerous.

I enjoyed going different places with my dad. He was very mechanical-minded and knew how everything worked. He seemed to enjoy explaining these things to me. At times he would take brother Jack along with us.

When I was about nine, Dad quit his job and joined the military service. This was in early 1943 and World War II was in progress. He was in the Sea Merchants, a branch of the U.S. Navy. They were called Seabees. During World War II, he spent most of his service time in the South Pacific. After the war was over, he remained in the U.S. Navy Reserves.

When the Korean War broke out in 1950, Dad's reserve unit was activated. He was a steam specialist and was assigned to the steam engine rooms of a destroyer escort. In late 1951 the battleship USS MISSOURI shelled North Korea for eleven straight days, twenty-four hours a day. His ship was assigned to screen the battleship during the bombardment. Dad saw a lot of action during both of these wars. In 1955 Dad was discharged from military service. I believe he had his fill of adventure. I should mention here that Dad was also a veteran of the U.S. Army during World War I; however, he did not see any combat during that war. By the time he was ready for the front lines, General Pershing had accepted the surrender of the German government.

I believe Dad's insistence on going into the service during World War II contributed heavily to my parents' separation and eventual divorce. Brother Jim and I would go see Dad at various times in the sixties. He lived by himself in a three-room apartment in Labelle, Pennsylvania. During one of those visits, when the Vietnam War was raging, he told us that if he wasn't so old he would be in that one too! Maybe he hadn't had enough adventure and excitement after all.

Dad was a constant reader. He read everything he got his hands on. He kept up to date with just about everything. He was very interesting to talk to later in life. Jim and I enjoyed our visits with him.

Dad died in 1973. He was 75 years old. He is buried in Lafayette Memorial Park, Brownsville, PA.

My Mother

Mom was the disciplinarian of the family. She set the rules of the house and no one, and I mean no one, dared break them. Mom was from the old school, back when kids were seen and not heard. She was very capable of applying a stick to one's behind. No matter what age you were, you got it if she felt you needed it!

Mom protected her children, no matter what happened. When my brother Jack was a little boy, he threw a stone that hit a salesman's shiny, new Packard. The salesman came to the door and told Mom that her son hit his car with a stone and scratched it. He wanted to know if she was going to pay for it. Mom told him "No," reminded him that he was on a road that was



*Dad in his dress blues,
c. 1943.*

Mom dressed up and on her way to Uniontown to go shopping, 1947.



The long walks we took with Mom were very special.

(l. to r.) Jack, Tom and Eleanor, c. 1943



posted private, and therefore he had no business being on that road. He looked at her for a while, then turned and walked away. She never heard from him again. Now ordinarily, everything about that incident would have ended there, but not with Mom. She picked Jack up and warmed his britches good! Needless to say, Jack never did anything like that again.

One time Mom beat me with a switch. By the time she was finished it felt like she had beat me with the whole tree. To make matters worse, I got that licking for something I didn't do. I finally convinced her that I wasn't involved with the incident she was accusing me of. She stood and looked at me for a long time. Realizing she beat me unjustly, she said, "Tommy, think of all the things you got away with, things that were wrong, but you didn't get caught. Do you know what I am talking about?" I said, "Yes." She asked, "Have you ever done anything wrong that I didn't catch you doing?" Reluctantly, I said, "Yes." She said, "Well, apply that licking to one of those things I didn't catch you at." You know, she was right.

Let there be no mistake about it, I loved my mother.

She was my father and mother after Dad went to war in 1943. This continued through my high school years. I look back and I think she did a pretty darn good job. I enjoyed the long walks she used to take Eleanor, Jack and me on during the summer months.

Mom liked to talk to people. There were several people in our neighborhood who could barely speak English. They spoke with deep accents. I can still hear her talking to these people over the fence. I couldn't understand any of them, but they would stand there talking and enjoying each other's company for an hour or so. Amazing!

During the Second World War, Mom would write letters to the boys from our neighborhood who were in the military service. She figured this was the patriotic thing to do. It didn't matter what color or nationality they were; she felt she was contributing to the war effort. I can

still see her sitting at the kitchen table writing those letters. The following morning, I would drop them off at the post office on my way to school. Around Christmas time she would send most of them packages of cookies she had baked. She was proud of the service flag she displayed in our living room window. During WWII, people would display a 5x8 red, white and blue flag. The stars were blue, the outer rim was red and the center was white. A family would display a blue star for every person that was in the service from that household. Mom was proud that she displayed four blue stars on her flag in our living room window. They were for Dad, Marshall, Jim and Hazel's husband, Wib, all of whom returned from that war unharmed. After the war, Mom had most of the boys she wrote to while in service over for Sunday dinner. She was proud of those boys and they were proud of her.

Christmas time was really something special at our house. Mom and Dad enjoyed Christmas. We kids always knew that Santa Claus was going to leave us something under the Christmas tree come Christmas morning. I have very fond memories of those times.



One of the service flags Mom displayed in our window. This one had a star for Dad, Marshall and Wib. A fourth star for Jim would be added later.



Jack and me at our last Christmas together in Oliphant. Mom had the most beautiful Christmas trees decorated with a priceless collection of ornaments, 1950.

Mom was visiting my wife, Joanne, and me during the summer of 1973. During that visit she had a bad stroke that affected most of her brain. She was never the same after that. She didn't recognize any of us. Mom died in the summer of 1975. She is buried in Brownfield Cemetery, Brownfield, PA.

My Brothers and Sisters

One advantage of being the fifth of six children is that I learned a lot from my older brothers and sisters. The disadvantage is that at times I became the object of their teasing, especially when Mom and Dad weren't around.

From when I can first remember and up through high school, I always classified my brothers and sisters into two groups. Hazel, Marshall and Jim were adults. They were the lieutenants of the captain, Mom. When Mom wasn't home, they enforced her rules. At times they weren't exactly that faithful to Mom's rules. They liked to have their fun, too.

One dark night when Mom wasn't home and the older kids were watching us younger ones, I was sassy with them. In no way did they like me sassing them, so they put me out the back door, closed and locked it. They told me the "boogie man" was going to come and get me.

Now you can believe that I was scared stiff; however, this was their goal and I couldn't let them think they had accomplished their goal. I stopped crying for a few seconds. Then I yelled, "Come and get me, Boogie Man!" As I look back, I feel this must have startled them, because after a few more seconds they opened the door and let me in. All they said was for me to behave. I couldn't tell on them, because they had me over a barrel. If I told Mom, they would tell on me. I didn't want any part of Mom's switch and they knew that.

Hazel

Hazel married Willard (Wib) Abraham in 1941. Wib was an outstanding person. I knew him all my life. I learned a lot from Wib and I appreciate very much what he and Hazel did for me when I was a senior in high school. I lived with them for a year so I could graduate from Georges Township High School. Mom had moved to Beaver Falls, Beaver County, PA, in May, 1951. I lived with Hazel and Wib for four weeks of my junior year and then my full senior year. I am forever grateful for the kindness they showed me during that period of my life. Wib was like a brother; in fact I always treated him as one.

Hazel and Wib had two children, Susan and Jim. Wib passed away in the spring of 1991. He is buried in Smithfield Cemetery, Smithfield, PA. I still consider Hazel an authority figure to this day.

Marshall

George (Marshall) was my big brother. He introduced me to fishing, hunting and many other things. We went fishing several times together. One fall I went deer hunting with him in the mountains with Mr. Foster. Mr. Foster had a cabin which had no running water. If you wanted to wash up, you washed up outside. Mr. Foster had cabin rules, one of which was everyone went outside, in the cold, and washed their hands and face before eating meals. He got a kick out of that.

Marshall also introduced me to our old swimming hole. I have such fond memories of that place that I wrote a separate story entitled, "The Old Swimming Hole." You can find it in Chapter 9.

Marshall bought Jack and me B-B guns one year for our birthdays. I really enjoyed that B-B gun. He was so determined to make me a hunter that he gave me a nickel for every sparrow I shot. Today a nickel doesn't sound like much, but in those days it was like 55 cents is today.

Marshall and Jim had trouble with a couple of kids my age in our neighborhood. Now they wanted to get even and they knew they couldn't touch them. So guess who did the dirty work? Me. They gave me an offer I couldn't refuse: either beat the boys up or they would bust my butt. Now I didn't want my butt busted, so what do you think I did?

Marshall had two children, Gale and William ("Billy"), to his second wife, Anna Mary Hall. Gale was a twin. However, the other twin was stillborn. Marshall and I were very close until I got married. Then we seemed to drift

apart. Marshall died in the early fall of 1977. He is buried in Oak Grove Cemetery, Freedom, PA. Anna Mary died in 1991 and is also buried in Oak Grove Cemetery.

Jim

When I recall my early memories of Jim, I think of him being daring, exciting, adventurous, and devilish. He had several friends who were the same in these respects.

Jim was the first one in the family to buy an automobile. Around 1944 he bought a Model "A" Ford for \$75. Gasoline was rationed during this period due to WWII. He somehow managed to get a little gas. He would take Jack and me for rides in that old car. I enjoyed riding

"Hen" Foster with his son, Jack, and friend Mickey Sullivan. Marshall hunted and fished with this trio and is taking the picture, 1946.



with him and jumped at every chance when he offered to take me.

In the summers of 1940 and 1941, Dad and Uncle Clyde built a racer for Jim to ride in the Soap Box Derby held in Uniontown. In 1940 he didn't win anything, but in 1941 he won two races in a rebuilt car. I can remember how proud Jim felt about being a part of those derbies. Dad was proud, also. I remember riding in that car when he took it up to show his mother. In later years, I rebuilt that car several times. See the story "The Soap Box Derby" in Chapter 9 for a more detailed account.

Jim and Marshall did a lot together. Sometimes they would take me along with them. They would take me to the old swimming hole and on bicycle rides. This was a lot of fun. See the section "The Old Swimming Hole" in Chapter 9 for a more detailed account.

When Jim got out of the service, he bought an old Harley Davidson motorcycle. He would take me for rides up in the mountains. It was fun. He was daring.

In 1946, Marshall was hired on the Pennsylvania Railroad. Jim hired on in 1948, and I hired on in 1952. For a short period of time, we all worked together. This was an experience and we enjoyed it. It was unusual for three brothers to work at the same location and in the same department with the same boss. The boss would just look at us and shake his head.

Through the years, Jim and I stayed in contact with each other. I can still hear Jim when he'd call on the phone and say, "Hi, Tom. You got time to bull shit?" You have no idea how many of the world's problems we solved during those conversations. Only thing was, no one listened to us.

Jim married June Davis in 1948. They had one daughter, Kathy. Jim died in 1986. He is buried in Oak Grove Cemetery, Freedom, PA.

The second group of us kids consisted of Eleanor, myself, and Jack. We were the war-time kids, especially Jack and me. During WWII there were practically no toys made out of metal. That meant no metal bicycles, tricycles or scooters. Toys were made of wood, cork or cardboard. But this didn't keep us down. We had our imaginations, and you can go anywhere with a good imagination. We played together and enjoyed ourselves.

Mom was at her best during these years. She took us different places and to the movies when she could, or just on a walk around the neighborhood. Everyone was in the same situation. We made do with what we had most of the time. Can you imagine what a road would look like today without very many cars on it? Well, back then there were very few cars on the road, since there was no gasoline for pleasure driving. Everyone took the trolley. Their cars were in the garage, most of them jacked up, sitting on blocks of wood. A more detailed account of these war times is given later in the section, "US War Time Kids."

Eleanor

Eleanor is my older sister. She had neat friends and she hardly ever teased me. We shared a lot together. We went to church together and both of us were baptized at the same time at church. We could depend on each other. I always looked out for her. Now, don't you think for one moment that Eleanor didn't like to have a little mischievous fun, because she did.

One Halloween, Eleanor, Pauline Long and I decided to do a little Halloweening. We gathered some trash, old tomatoes and whatever we could get our hands on and started to



The young warriors. Here I am around 1942-1943 in my Dad's WWI helmet ...



... and here's Jack.

Eleanor, Jack and me during WWII, 1942.



throw it at peoples' houses. Lights would come on and we would run off. We threw trash at a house in Rosedale and Arthur Rigger chased us down to Tony Pepe's old store. We went down to the Oliphant Company Store. There, someone decided to put a heap of junk on the road. This we did. Cars were coming and we ran off. We never did get caught.

Eleanor and I stayed close over the years. She married Edgar Miller and had four children: Franklin, Karen, Danny and Laurel. The last three are about the same ages as my first three. Edgar died in February, 1993. He was at our first two reunions. I will miss him very much. Edgar is buried in Smithfield Cemetery, Smithfield, PA.

Jack

Jack is my younger brother. When we were kids, we shared practically everything. His friends were my friends. My friends were his friends.

At Christmas time, Santa Claus took pretty good care of us. Of course, we kind of looked after things ourselves. We would get the Sears and Montgomery Wards catalogues and plot our course. After we decided what we wanted for Christmas, we would analyze our lists. Remember now, we had to deal with Mom. Some of the toys Jack wanted we knew she wouldn't approve of for him, because she might think they were too dangerous for someone his age. So I'd ask Santa for those items. Some of the toys I wanted she might think were too young for me, so Jack asked for those ones. It didn't make any difference to us, because we played with each other's things anyhow.

I would like to write a book some day about these years during WWII. I can think of many stories. I can truly tell you we did everything. I actually felt that there was nothing we couldn't do when it came to play. I give Mom much credit, because she knew many of the things we did were dangerous, but she turned her head. She never interfered with our play, and believe me, our imaginations would go wild. Jack and I remained close until he went to the Coast Guard Academy.

Jack's birthday party on February 11, 1947. We shared all of these friends.

[Back row, l. to r.: Dolores Tremor, Junior Halle, Pauline Long, Eleanor Lewis, Dolores Dennis, me, Frank Ferlin, Jr., Dolores Abraham, ___ Cooley, Betty Lohr.

Front row, l. to r.: Junior Tremor, Edwin Banjo, Jack Lewis, Ronald Ferlin, Judy Barber.



These are my memories of my family life. To me they are good memories. We had our share of problems, as all families do. But when I look back, I do so with joy and fondness for all my

family memories. I feel that my life has been enriched through my contact with each person mentioned here and I thank God for sharing them with me.



MY RAILROAD CAREER (Pre Korean War)

When I graduated from Georges Township High School on May 22, 1952, I had no idea what direction my life was going. Making any plans for my future seemed impossible. My family moved to Beaver Falls in May of 1951 so I lived with my sister Hazel and her husband's family so I could finish high school at Georges. The Korean War was in progress and I knew that I was going to be drafted shortly thereafter. Any plans that I might have had for college courses were put on hold, so I went job hunting.

There were many places in the Beaver Falls area that were hiring people. After carefully examining my options and taking into consideration that I liked trains and model railroads, I ended up hiring on the Pennsylvania Railroad. I started working for the PRR on June 16, 1952 at the (old) Conway yards car department. After a short training period I ended up as a laborer in the store room.

One of the company's procedures I liked was that you could bid on any job that was advertised for your department. With this procedure I was able to move to different positions and learn all about their purpose and operations. After working as a laborer for a while I was awarded a store attendant's position. While on this position I joined the B.R.A.C., a railroad union.

About January 2, 1953, I was awarded a store attendant's position at the engine house, also located in Conway yards. The PRR was in a transition period and that meant we were servicing both steam and early diesel locomotives. This was a nice job and I learned a lot from it. All of the engines working in the yard and practically all road engines were steam. There were just a few diesels used on some freight runs. They also used diesels on some passenger trains. I enjoyed talking with the oldtimers who worked on the steam engines. It seemed so strange to be working with and around workers that were older than my father. I came to realize that there just wasn't that much difference between the generations of men.

Sometime during 1951 the Pennsylvania Railroad had started to make plans to completely re-build and enlarge the Conway yard facility. The Casey Construction Company of Pittsburgh was awarded the contract. They first constructed a small three-room building to house their various engineers and draftsmen. When I had the opportunity, I would go over to the engineering building and watch the draftsmen working. I was very interested in everything they were doing. Sometimes I was able to talk to the engineers. I understood much of what was going on because of the subjects I studied in high school. Most of all, by watching and talking with these people, it helped me to see different opportunities that were available to me.

In April of 1953, I was drafted into the United States Army. I applied for and received a leave of absence from the Pennsylvania Railroad for military duty.

MY MILITARY SERVICE

I was inducted into the United States Army at the Post Office building in Pittsburgh, PA on April 21, 1953. I got on board a troop train at the B&O railroad station bound for the reception center at Fort Meade, MD. After a couple days of processing I was sent to Aberdeen Proving Ground in Maryland for basic training.

When we arrived at Aberdeen I thought the world was coming to an end. I had heard stories about basic training in the Army from my older brothers and my older friends, but I never



My high school graduation picture from Georges Twp., 1951.

thought it was this bad. Those buses no sooner stopped when all those drill sergeants and instructors got on and started yelling at us. They ordered us to get off and lined us up into some sort of formation, yelling all the time. They called us every name but our real name. Some of the names I had never heard before. It sure didn't take long to learn the Army's rules and regulations. After I became accustomed to everything, it wasn't so bad. I guess that was their purpose.

After basic training the Army sent me and nineteen others to special training for the Ordnance and Quartermaster corps. I was taught all phases of transportation and supplies. I learned that I was the only draftee that was selected out of a class of 20 to take these classes. The training included all other branches of our military forces. I was very fortunate to have been selected for this training. At the time I never realized how much it would help me in the future. I started to like the Army very much. It was here that I made up my mind that I was going to take full advantage of everything the military had to offer.

The Korean War came to an end while I was in school. North Korea agreed to a ceasefire about July 25, 1953, with the United Nations peace delegation. However, our government considered Korea a combat zone for many months after the ceasefire.

Upon graduation I received orders that I was to report to Fort Lewis in the state of Washington. From there, I was sent to the Far East theater of operations. This is how everyone's orders read that was going to Korea. I must admit that I wasn't exactly at ease with this.

After spending nearly two weeks at home in Beaver Falls with Mom and Jack, I flew on to Fort Lewis, Washington, and then made ready for our sea voyage. There were 703 troops who departed on the troop carrier USS FREDERICK FUNCTION out of Seattle. After about 6 or 7 days at sea, we docked at the U.S. Naval base in Sasebo, Japan. Seven hundred troops went on to Korea, three stayed in Japan. I was one of the three who stayed in Japan.

In Sasebo I received orders to report to Johnson Air Base located about twelve miles north of Tokyo. I was assigned to the Headquarters Battery of the 64th AAA gun Battalion, a unit of the 40th Brigade. The 64th were 120mm anti-aircraft batteries that were around this base to protect them from possible North Korean air raids. Jet fighters used in the Korean war were dispatched from Johnson Air Base. Brigade Headquarters was located at the Tachakava Air Base about 25 miles southwest of Johnson Air Base. Most of the air raids over Korea were out of our bases in Japan.

When I reached my assignment at Johnson Air Base, I was told by the Commanding Officer that I had cleared the security checks that were made on me and that I was cleared to work anywhere in the military handling most all levels of classified materials. I did not know that I had been scrutinized by the military. I became a member of the multi-service group of the Inspector General Forces of the Far East. My work consisted mainly of auditing the books of unit commanders in Japan and South Korea. My home base was always Johnson Air Base.

Somewhere along the line I got on the good side of Captain Young. The Captain was my company commander and was one of the finest people you would ever want to know. He wanted me to go to the University of Tokyo and take leadership courses. The program was similar to the R.O.T.C. programs that are in existence today. He explained that this program was set up for the officers that were stationed in Japan in order for them to receive college credits that were required for officers. This requirement went into effect Jan. 1, 1954. (The officers that were affected were those who were given a commission on the battlefield, many of

Early days in Japan.



whom were only high school graduates.) I was an enlisted man and a draftee on top of that, so I asked, "How does that affect me?" He said that I could go to school in my spare time and that wouldn't affect my assignments. However, I was expected to re-enlist following my completing school. I told him that I couldn't do that. He ask me to give it a try. I said I would.

During the time period between November 1953 and March 1955 you never saw me loafing. I was either fulfilling my duties expected of me as assigned, going to school, studying, which included

much time in the library on Johnson Air Base and teaching a 30-minute class on supply economy on Saturday mornings. I got very little sleep, but I survived.

The thing I liked most about military-controlled schools were they would not tolerate any nonsense. They knew your capabilities or you wouldn't have been accepted in the first place. While you were there, you had better produce.

I completed school in March of 1955. I wrote to Mom and explained to her about my intentions on re-enlisting. Mom always kept me up with the conditions back home. I knew things were not necessarily all that great back there.

When I received an answer from Mom I learned that she wouldn't encourage me nor would she discourage me. She left it all up to me. I pondered this subject for as long as I could. When I went to Captain Young's office, I explained the situation to him and told him that I decided that I was going home as scheduled in April. He understood my decision and gave me his blessing.

I returned to the United States in April of 1955. I came back on the USS JAMES O'HARA, a sister ship of the USS FREDERICK FUNCTION that I went over on. We stopped in Adak, Alaska to pick up some troops, then we went on to Seattle, WA. From there we flew to Fort Meade, MD. I mustered out of active service there and returned home to Beaver Falls in late April.

I really appreciated the opportunities I had during my active time in the Army and was proud of what I achieved. I tried to take advantage of every opportunity the Army provided. I feel that I was one of the luckiest people ever drafted. For this I am grateful. I thank God for enabling me to make the correct decisions. I remained in the Army's inactive reserves and was given an Honorable Discharge in April 1968.



Clowning around with a civilian office worker at the battalion ordinance office, 1952.



MY RAILROAD CAREER (Post Korean War)

After I arrived home in late April of 1955 from the Army, I took a couple days to get reacquainted with my family. I then went back to the Pennsylvania Railroad at Conway, PA. Everything was different. While I was away they started to build the new yard. It was great to see what I saw going down on the planning board before I went into service, coming into reality. I returned to the shops, but after about a month I went into the Transportation Department. The railroad at this time was rapidly phasing out the steam engines over their system. Very few were being used at Conway, having been replaced by diesels. The railroads all over were doing the same. The railroad was changing every aspect of their transportation depart-

ment. I was glad that I was there at the beginning because the old ways were being eliminated. This put the young employees and the older ones on an even keel.

In November of 1955 the new eastbound hump and classification yard went into service. The administration building and tower were completed in early 1957. The company sent us all to school to learn the new procedures to be applied to the operation. I worked long hours everyday during this period of my career. I was single and I had the time to spend.

The company hired on a monthly basis. These people had to be trained, and I was always available for training. They used me along with others to do this training. IBM business machines were being used in the new administration building. After we were trained on them, we then trained the new hires. This is how fast the changes were taking place.

In April of 1957 the administration building went into service. Everyone moved out of the old yard office and moved into the new building. It took a while for everything to settle down before the new system was fully into operation.

Around the middle of April of 1957 I came to work and was told that I was to train a girl by the name of Joanne Weigle. Miss Weigle was one of 15 girls that the company hired shortly before the building opened. I'll never forget that time. Here I am a single young man, committed to no one and the company delivers 15 young, single angels at my door step. How sweet it was! Anyway, on the second day of Miss Weigle's training, I asked her for a date. It was Good Friday. She said yes and we went out the same night. Eventually she became Mrs. Thomas L. Lewis on September 30th of 1957.

In October of 1957 the westbound hump went into operation. This completed the construction of the new Conway Yards. I was a part of Conway's operation as it is known today from the very start. I feel like I grew up there. In November of 1964 computers went into the operation. In 1968 we merged with the New York Central Railroad, becoming Penn Central Railroad. On July 1, 1976, we became Conrail, taking in the New Haven, Lehigh Valley, Erie Lackawanna, Jersey Central and a few other smaller railroads. Later Conrail bought out the Mon (Monongahela) Railroad. As I am writing

this story it seems that the Norfolk Southern or the CSXT are going to merge with Conrail.

I retired from the railroad on May 30, 1996. I had 44 years of service and was never injured. The railroad owes me nothing. They provided me with a very decent living for my family. I held many positions, the last one being Operations Supervisor at Conway. I held this position for 14 years, and that is the longest I ever held a particular position. I have worked Classifications, Timeliness, Audits, Yard Planning, Dispatching, Special duty, Training, and just about anything else the superintendents could come up with. I was on the road for a time in 1968 when Penn Central was formed, working for Fred Long out of corporate headquarters in Philadelphia. I was on the team that went into Indianapolis, East St. Louis and Peoria, Illinois, former yards of the New York Central, to instruct them on the PRR system of operations.

I served for 10 years with the labor/management program that went into effect shortly after Conrail came into existence. When I retired, I was still in this program. I also supported and served as a counselor for six years in the safety program that past President Mr. Sadburn cre-

Destined to be married, you can see it in our eyes.



ated.

No story about the railroad industry can be complete without mentioning the railroad labor unions. They were, and still are, the main reason why the railroads grew to be the largest industry in our nation. No labor union is of any worth unless its members realize that you can't bite the hand that feeds you. A successful industry is one that treats its employees fairly and honestly at all times. This kind of relationship did not exist with the railroad industry back in the 1870s. People were considered expendable and many were injured or killed. The industry just didn't care. The unions started to form during this period of time. The railroad unions were the first unions started in a major industry. After some time, management learned to work out their differences with their workers. By doing so they were able to build an industrial empire.

Conrail's existence today is solely because of the Transportation Communications Union (T.C.U.). International President Fred J. Kroll led all the other unions involved into a combined effort to save Conrail. I know because I was a part of the movement, along with others who spent many hours lobbying in Washington DC in order to make Conrail independent of the federal government. The federal government took over the operation from the bankrupt Penn Central Railroad and other northeastern railroads in the early 1970s. They called the combined railroads Congressional Rail Corporation, better known as Conrail. We were afraid the government was going to dismantle the railroad by selling it off in pieces to other railroads, thereby eliminating thousands of employees. We succeeded and today Conrail is one of the most profitable railroads in the country.

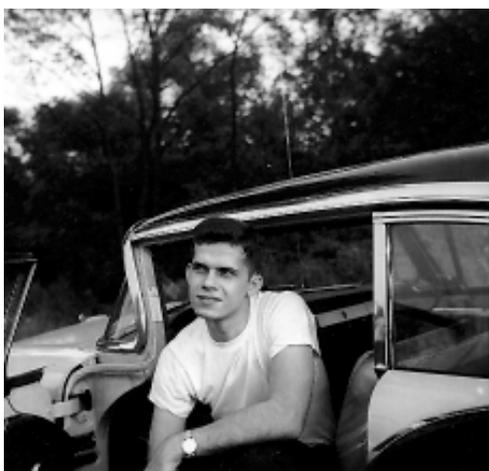
At the time of my retirement on May 30, 1996 I had been a member of the T.C.U. for 44 years. For nearly 30 years I served in elective positions. I always treated people with respect and tried my best to guide them through their grievances, for I learned a long time ago that if you take care of the people around you, your own problems will diminish.

Today, most of the managerial forces on the railroads carry union membership cards. T.C.U. is basically a white collar union. However, some are drawn from other brotherhoods. I now look back with satisfaction on what I have accomplished working for the railroad and serving with the brotherhood.

I would like to close this story saying that I worked with a great group of people. It would be nice to list the people that I owe a great deal of gratitude, but I can't for fear I would leave someone out, and that wouldn't be fair.

MY MARRIAGE AND FAMILY

I waited a few days after my first date with Joanne and then asked her for another date. Shortly after that we realized we had a serious relationship going on. The courtship lasted what seemed to be a long time (four months). We were married on August 30, 1957, in a recently built Methodist church along US Route 40, just west of Cumberland, MD.



Joanne and me in my black and yellow 1957 Ford Fairlane. Hot stuff! How could she resist?

Joanne's mother, father, sister Brenda, brother Nelson, grandmother, aunt Iona, my brother Jack, my brother Jim's wife June, and my niece Kathy attended the wedding ceremony. Jack and my father-in-law took movies.

We set up housekeeping at 68 Pulaski Homes located in New Brighton, PA. It took us a while to realize that we were no longer two separate people. We were now a married couple looking forward to tomorrow.

On July 27, 1958, our first child was born. We named her Linda Joanne. I named her after her mother. Having children will always change the lives of any couple. The birth of Linda changed ours. Now, we were a family.

Now we were a family, and they kept us busy.



On September 25, 1959, our second child was born. We named him Thomas Edwin. Joanne named him after me. Linda and Thomas were only fourteen months apart. It was almost like having two babies in the house. They kept us busy, but we enjoyed them very much.

On June 30, 1961 we moved into our new home. It wasn't finished but we got along just fine. I built this home myself. I contracted someone else to build the foundation and erect the shell. Then with the help of family members, I finished the house.

On March 30, 1963, our third child was born. We named him Dwayne Alan. He wasn't named after anyone, Joanne and I just liked those names. I chose the name Dwayne and Joanne chose Alan. Dwayne was the first one born into our new house. His older sister and brother weren't very excited when we brought him home from the hospital.

On April 5, 1967, our fourth child was born. We named her Robin Rae. I remember calling brother Jim the day after her birth. I told him that we didn't have a name for her and we couldn't come up with one. He said it is spring and he had just seen a flock of robins in his back yard at his bird feeder. He said, "Why don't you call her Robin?" This we did and I added Joanne's middle name, Rae, for her middle name. At this point in time we noticed that our house was becoming a little cramped.

In 1971 we build an addition to our house in order to accommodate our growing family. Then on February 19, 1972, our fifth child was born. We also had a problem with what to name him. We decided to use Edward, after Joanne's father, for one name but were unable to come up with another. Joanne had a book of names on her night stand while she was still in the hospital. I picked it up and looked through it. I noticed the name Keith and liked it and decided to use it. Then we couldn't make up our minds which name to use for the first name. I told Joanne I had an idea, we'll let his brothers and sisters do the choosing. When I went home that evening I got everyone together in the living room and each one had to vote. They chose Keith for the first name, so we named him Keith Edward Lewis. We were now a *large* family.

All of our children were born in the Rochester Hospital in Rochester, PA. They were dedicated, baptized, and became members of the First Baptist Church in Rochester, PA. They all

graduated from Center Township High School in Beaver County and they all went on to college. I am proud of every one of them. All of my children are married and they have given me ten beautiful grandchildren.



JOANNE WEIGLE LEWIS Biography and Remembrances



I was born in 1937 on December 7th (later to become Pearl Harbor Day) to William Edward Weigle and Thelma Shepanska in Rochester General Hospital. At that time my parents lived on Brighton Ave. in Rochester in an apartment above Gordon's Garment Store. My mother tells me that this is where she bought her first maternity dress. My mother had fallen from a second story balcony when she was a small girl, about three years old. She had broken her back and since it was the early 1920s, she is probably lucky to be alive. She did, however, have a bump on her back and she only grew to be about five feet tall.

When I was just a baby we moved to Noss Plan, another area of Rochester. On October 27, 1939 my sister Brenda Lee was born. When she was little, she was sick a lot. First of all, she couldn't drink milk and had to be on goat's milk or Soybee, a soybean formula. It was not so easy to buy these special formulas then as it is today. Also, she had eczema and at one time had to

Joanne Weigle, age one and a half, 1939.



wear cardboard tubes on her arms. This was so that she could not scratch or bend her arms, as the rash was so bad. Then when she was about three they discovered that she had one leg shorter than the other. This was due to a defect in her hip socket and she had to go to Children's Hospital in Pittsburgh for an operation. At first she was in a cast for several weeks and then she was in braces. Both of her legs were bent out to the sides like an upside down U. They had to stay in that position when she was carried or lying down. In all I imagine they were like that for about six months. This is one of the first things I remember as a child.

Another story I am told about Noss Plan is about neighbors named Shinert. They lived behind us and my mother tells me that, when I would get mad, I would put my baby doll in a suitcase and run away to their house. I never took any clothes and I guess I never stayed away very long. I also used to run away to my Aunt Ruth's house, which was right around the corner, so I am told.

Joanne and Brenda Weigle, c. 1941.



When I was about five we moved to a house on Pennsylvania Ave. in Monaca, PA. I remember this as a neat place to live. Across the street from our house was Keck's Used Furniture Store. We came to know Mr. Keck quite well and I thought it was an interesting place to go with my Dad when he would go over to look around. Up the street a couple of doors was O'Keefe's Store. This was the place where we could go and buy candy for a penny a scoop. I can still feel the excitement of going there. They also had bins of cookies by Nabisco that you could buy by the pound. The O'Keefe family was special to us. The lady's name was Nellie and she had one or two sons and a daughter Mary, who later became my typing teacher.

When we lived in Monaca my Grandmother (Clara Shepanska) and Aunt Iona lived with us for a while. My aunt had been married and living in Cleveland. I remember that

when I was in first grade I had scarlet fever. The house was quarantined for thirty days. My aunt had arrived home from Cleveland and she contracted the disease. She was very ill as she had kidney trouble and the two together gave us quite a scare. The good thing for me was that I had already had scarlet fever and was allowed to go upstairs and visit with her when nobody

(Left) My mother, Thelma Shepanska Weigle and me, c. 1942.



(Right) My mother, my father, William Edward Weigle, and my aunt Ona, c. 1938.



else could. I was in first grade at this time and went to the First Ward School in Monaca, just half a block from our house. When I was sick with scarlet fever and later with the measles, the kids from my class would drop off my papers so that I could do my work. Of course they could not be returned to school because the diseases were contagious. The children were very kind and brought me a fruit basket along with get-well wishes. However, they were not allowed to come inside the house. I always loved school and got very good grades.

When I was about to enter second grade we moved to Monaca Heights to #47 Stephen Phillips Homes. This was a housing project probably built during the war. I loved living there because there were lots of kids to play with. We always had many friends. We had nice sidewalks on which to roller-skate and ride our bikes. I got my first two-wheeled bike while we lived there. There was also an adjoining wooded area. I used to go to the woods with friends and we would do exciting things like dig a hole and build a fire in it. Then we would make baked potatoes. To me this was a big adventure, since it was not the kind of thing my mother would let me do. I was a Girl Scout and knew the rules about fires and leaving the area better than I had found it.

My sister and I used to take our doll furniture, dolls and dishes outside. We would set up house under the tree in our yard and play all day. We would go inside for lunch and supper and then come back out until dark. You weren't supposed to have pets there, but we somehow managed to have a dog. We also had a stray cat who came to our house and had kittens. We got homes for the kittens and then my Dad took the mother miles away into the country and dropped her off. Months later, when winter was approaching, she showed up at our door again, so we kept her. We have always had pets in our home. The project was really a great place for kids, as you were never bored or lonely.

The school that I attended in second grade was the Second Ward School in Colona Heights. It was just about a mile away and I walked to school. Then in third grade, I had to go to the Third Ward School on Monaca Heights. It was about a mile in the opposite direction. If it would rain or snow hard, my Dad used to come and pick me up in his 1937 Dodge. He would pile as many kids in the car as he could and take all my friends home. In the summer he would load up the old Dodge and take us all to Raccoon Creek to swim. My Dad was really great and I always felt close to him. He would do anything in his power to make us happy. He was a totally unselfish person and seemed to live for Mom, Brenda and me. Not many girls had a Dad like him and I think many of my friends envied me.

Our immediate family always consisted of Dad, Mom, me, Brenda, Grammy, and Ona. We were very close and were together for all birthdays and holidays. We also used to have family picnics at local parks. On Memorial Day we would have a big picnic with all the aunts, uncles, and cousins from Mom's side of the family. These continued until after Daddy passed away.



*My grandmother,
Clara Shepanska,
c. 1920-1930.*



*Me at about 11
years old, c. 1948.*

My father, William Edward Weigle, and "The Dodge," c. 1948.



My father as a young boy, 10 years of age.



I had two uncles and three aunts on my Dad's side of the family. The oldest aunt was Helen and I never knew her. She was barely twelve years old when her mother died of complications of my father's birth. He was five months old at the time. She and the next older sister, Ethel, had to take care of the younger ones, especially my Dad. Florence was the next sister. Then came two more boys, Oliver and Theodore. Through the years we did have contact with Aunt Florence, Uncle Oliver, and Uncle Ted. Aunt Florence and Uncle Ches had two daughters. One was June and the other Jeanne. Jeanne was a few years older than me. One of my biggest thrills was being able to go on one of the daybreak fishing trips with Uncle Ches, Jeanne, and my Dad. We got up before the sun came up and went to a lake. I believe it was at 5:00 a.m. and I had never seen a sunrise. It was very exciting for me even though I didn't catch a fish. I did catch several crabs and an old shoe. It was at this time that Daddy found out that I didn't like to bait my own hook and also that I could not sit still for very long periods of time. I treasure the memories of doing things like this with my Dad. He was always very patient with me.

Uncle Oliver and Aunt Carrie lived in Monaca and they had two sons, William and James, and one daughter, Carol. We did visit them from time to time. They were all older than me and I liked them all. Uncle Ted's wife was Aunt Peg. At one time he had a furniture repair/secondhand store in Aliquippa and my Dad worked with him doing reupholstering. It was fun because often Daddy would find old books and bring them to me. Uncle Ted's and Aunt Peg's children were Billy, Patsy, and Scott. We enjoyed visits with them also. As we grew older, we did not see each other as much. Eventually both uncles moved out of the area. However, Aunt Florence and Uncle Chester stayed in the Monaca area. Their daughter June belonged to my church and I was able to stay close to her through the years.

Another thing that was fun when I was small was going to see my great uncle and aunt who lived in the country behind Beaver. This was Grandma's brother Carl and his wife, Sarah. We could pick apples off the trees when we went there and you had to use a pump to get water. This was a novelty for my sister and me. I remember

wishing that I could live on a farm. They also had a horse and chickens and they grew their own vegetables.

Something that is of major importance in my life is my church. When I was eight years old, still living at the project, one of our neighbors, the Hennan's, invited us to go to Sunday school. They went to the First Baptist Church of Rochester, PA. My sister and I went with them that Sunday. They had two children around our ages, a girl named June and I forget the boy's name. From the first time I went to that church, I believed. Even at this early age I knew that this was something that had been missing in my life. The following Sunday Daddy went with us to Sunday school and church. Later my Mom began to go and soon we were all full-fledged Bap-

tists. I was baptized when I was twelve years old by Rev. William Binkley. I came to know and love the people of the church as an extended family. You could always find concern and support from them and there were many who became my mentors. One to whom I have always been especially grateful was Helen Street. She took me under her wing when I was shy and backward and made me feel like an important member of the group. There were many others who encouraged me through the years as I became more involved and took on responsibilities in the church and the American Baptist Women. The church remains a priority in our lives.

When in fourth, fifth, and sixth grades, I attended Marshall Road School. This was one of my favorite schools. Many of the kids that I met there are still my friends today. We had a big playground and recess was always fun. I continued to get good grades and loved school more and more. When summer came I was happy, but was always anxious for school to start up again. My next three years of school were spent at the George Washington Junior High School in downtown Monaca. During these years I was interested in music and was in the chorus and band. This interest in music continued throughout high school and through the rest of my life. I took piano lessons and sang in the choir at church. You still had to walk to school when you lived on "the hill." We often walked it several times a day as we went home for lunch sometimes and came back at night for after-school activities. My final three years of school were spent at Monaca High. During these years, my girlfriends and I attended dances in various towns plus the ones held at our school. There were dances several nights a week and we loved to dance. Of course, this was also our means of meeting boys. Our school days were full of fun and I just didn't want it to end. I did not want to "grow up."

In 1949 my parents had purchased a house on Chestnut Street in Monaca Heights. This was really the first home that they owned. It wasn't a big house, but it had a nice big yard. I had friends in this neighborhood from school and could walk to their houses. We used to spend Friday nights staying at one another's houses overnight. I would go to my friend Charlotte's home often because they got television before we did and we could watch a favorite program called Studio One. I now forget what it was all about. On Saturday afternoons we would walk to Monaca to the movie theater where we could get in for twelve cents. This was only supposed to be for those under the age of twelve, but we managed to get in for child's price until we were fourteen. We dressed like tomboys and never wore lipstick or anything. We would go early to see the serials, which were continued from week to week, and then stay for a double feature. By the time it was over, it would be getting dark and we would practically run all the way home, especially if we had seen a spooky show. If by luck we had been given a quarter to spend, we could get one scoop of ice cream in a cone or two scoops of sherbet at Isaly's for five cents. Also for a nickel we would buy Jujyfruits in the theater. This was the candy that lasted through the whole movie. Those were the days!

In 1951 we brought a little boy into our home. He was fifteen months old and the son of Mom's second cousin. His name was Nelson Bruce Dugan, born February 1, 1950. He was a beautiful little towhead and we loved him from the start. He brought much joy to our household and after a while we could not bear the thought of him leaving. Eventually Mom and Dad adopted him and our family of four became a family of five. He became Nelson Bruce Weigle. He gave my Dad a lot of pleasure

Junior high school days, c. 1951.



*My adopted brother,
Nelson.*

as now he had someone with whom he could do “boy” things.

We lived in that same house for the rest of my years at home. We always had pets. We had a beagle named Lady, a shaggy dog named Rascal, and a white cat called Snowball. I also had a thoroughbred collie named Laddie. He was given to me by a friend as a pup. I really loved him and he was the first puppy that was mine exclusively. It was not long after I got him that he got lost. A snowstorm came up and I was afraid that I would never see him again. We advertised on the radio and searched everywhere for him.

He finally came home on his own, but not long after that he was running off again and was hit by a car and killed. This was a very sad experience for me and I still think of it when I see the person who was driving that car.

I had a job during junior high school. I washed dishes at a restaurant called Mona’s Lunch. I made a dollar an hour after school. I worked through the summer too. The kitchen was very hot and it was not easy work, but I liked making my own money. I also did baby-sitting. I always loved watching children and would clean up the house and do dishes and anything else that needed done wherever I was baby-sitting. Sometimes I would make \$2.00 for several hours work. When I got to high school, I was taking the stenographic or business course. We were allowed to do office work at local places of business in the afternoon and take all of our classes in the morning. I worked at Morris’s Mobil Station keeping books. I sat in this tiny little office and could listen to the radio while I worked. It was fun!

Along with my other activities I always helped at my church for Bible School. I would walk from home to Rochester and back again and then walk to work at Mona’s. It never bothered us to walk several miles a day. Of course it was good when the first one of our gang got a driver’s license. Then we could beg for a car to drive to a dance instead of being dropped off and picked up by a parent. Sometimes a boy would ask to drive one of us home, but he would have to take our whole group or no one would accept a ride. The year that I graduated, my girlfriend Frankie’s father had a brand-new white ‘55 Cadillac. She got to take it to the Greater Pittsburgh Airport with all of us along. This was a big deal for us, as the airport was new at that time and a really neat place to go, especially in a big “Caddy!”

A couple of years before my graduation, I thought I had the biggest problem of my life. I had to decide what to do with my future—what I would do after graduation from high school. I had taken business courses, but also a language and the mathematics needed to enter college. My grades were high and I knew that I could get into the schools that I would choose. However, it was in the 50s right after the “big” steel strike. My father was a steelworker and my parents really couldn’t afford to send me to college at that time. My three girlfriends were going

to school. One was to become a teacher and two were going to nurses training. I did not want to be a nurse or a teacher. Actually I really wanted to be a wife and mother. Eventually I worked this through in my mind and decided to get a job. Since I was only seventeen I could not get a secretarial position with Westinghouse or any of the nearby companies. I got a cashier’s job with Kroger’s and was able to make more money than the other jobs would pay. I bought a 1950 Chevrolet and had my first bill—a car payment of \$28.56.

In the spring of 1957 my Aunt Iona, who worked for the Pennsylvania Railroad, told me that they were hiring girls in the Operations Center. I went to work there on April first of that year. This is where I met Thomas L. Lewis. He was one of the clerks training the

*My mother, sister
Brenda and me,
Easter Sunday,
1956.*



new employees. He was training me on the IBM machines. We worked together for a couple of weeks and he asked me out on a date on Friday, April 20th, which was Good Friday. We went out together four times in the next two weeks. I liked him a lot and I guess he liked me. We continued seeing each other three times a week after that. During this time many of the girls who had been training in the office were let go, and only three or four got permanent jobs. I was one of the ones who didn't get a job. This didn't matter too much to me, because I had already met the man whom I would marry. I got a job right away with Babcock & Wilcox Steel in Beaver Falls. I worked in the Accounting Department in the payroll division. The people there were fantastic. It was a rather small office with just about six or eight desks. I really loved my job.

While I was working at B & W, Tom asked me to marry him. He gave me an engagement ring and we began to make wedding plans. During this time, we had lots of fun together. He would come and meet me on my lunch hour if he was off work and we would take a ride or have a picnic lunch. It was a nice time of year to go to parks and to be outdoors. It was an especially beautiful spring and early summer. During these months my mother was ill and was staying with my aunt and grandmother at their house on Sylvan Crest. I could not imagine putting together a large wedding, so Tom and I made our own plans. My girlfriend Gloria made my wedding dress. One evening I told my Dad that I would be late coming home from work the next day because they were having a spaghetti dinner after work (which was true). Then I called off work and Tom and I went to Cumberland, MD and got a marriage license. We then found a Methodist Church and made arrangements with the preacher to be married there on August 30. We intended to just run off on the appointed day without telling anyone, but as the day drew near I could not do this to my Mom and Dad. We told them of our plans and ended up having members of both our families present for the ceremony. This was quite nice. After the ceremony everybody went home and Tom and I had dinner at Dulaney's Restaurant. I almost lost my wedding rings there as I took them off in the restroom when I washed my hands. This gave us both a scare. The place where we stayed was the Log Cabin Motel. Each unit was built like a little log cabin. We had found the place earlier and we really liked it. It had a fireplace and was very cozy. Of course we did not build a fire since it was August.

Our first home was #68 Pulaski Homes in New Brighton. This is the apartment where Tom had been living with his mother. Mom-Mom (as we called her) had moved down to Uniontown with his sister Hazel. After we returned from our honeymoon, which was a ten-day motor trip, we enjoyed fixing up the apartment. We painted some of the rooms and bought new living room furniture. Our first two children were born while we lived there. Linda was born July 27, 1958 and Tommy was born September 25, 1959. They were really cute and we had lots of fun with them. They were close and entertained each other a lot. We would take them for rides and on picnics. We were still close to my Mom and Dad's place and would go there to visit. We would go to Uniontown a couple of times a year to visit with Tom's Mom, Hazel, and Eleanor. Eleanor's Danny was the same age as Linda, and the cousins enjoyed playing together. We also visited with Jim, June and Kathy in Beaver. Sometimes we would get Kathy and bring her to our house. She and I would play jacks together or talk about school. She used to call me up when she got her report card and tell me about her grades, which were quite good. We were very fond of her. We only saw George and Anna Mary on occasion. Jack was away at the Coast Guard Academy at this time.

Living in the housing project was fun for our kids. They always had many friends to play with. I had a good friend, Sylvia, who lived next door to us. Her son was Linda's age and we used to put them in the same playpen to play together. We remained friends for a long time. When Linda was still a baby, we organized a bunco club there. Eight young mothers belonged. We stayed together for almost ten years and finally disbanded in 1976 after my sister passed away. She had been one of the members and no one wanted to continue meeting after she was gone. It had, however, been quite an enjoyable experience. This was one night every two weeks when husbands had to watch the children.

After Tommy was born, we started making plans to build a home of our own. We bought a lot on Sylvan Crest across the street from my aunt and grandmother. We did a lot of the work ourselves and once again had fun doing it. The kids could stay over at Grammie's sometimes while we were working. Then she would make us dinner and later we would all play cards. These are fond memories. After the usual problems and some unusual ones, we moved into our house on June 30, 1961. There were some things that were not finished, but we worked on them day by day until everything was completed. We had a nice big yard and the neighborhood was a nice place for the kids, as there was not a lot of traffic on our roads. They could safely walk across the street to see Ona and Grammie. We were soon longing for a new baby, since we now had the space and the security of having our own home. On March 30, 1963, Dwayne Alan was born. Linda was to start school the next year and Tommy the year after that. I was happy that I would still have a baby at home with me. Dwayne kind of reminded me of my Dad, who was in his glory when visiting with us and the children. He also had helped us while we were building. When Dwayne was one, Daddy gave him his first haircut.

Dad and Mom at their 25th Wedding Anniversary, 1961.



In 1964, soon after Linda started school, my Dad had a severe stroke. He was taken to the hospital unconscious and was put on a breathing machine. This happened on a Thursday and our family was quite devastated. I was at the hospital with my Mother day and night. I prayed that God would make a miracle and let Daddy wake up and be able to walk and talk again. I knew that God could do this, but I also prayed that His will be done. I did not ask that my Dad should survive in a helpless state, because he had often expressed his opinion that he never wanted to live that way. On Sunday Daddy passed away. I had gone to church when the phone call came. He was just 50 years old. I only wished that I had had the chance to tell him how much I loved him. I still can imagine him standing behind me singing

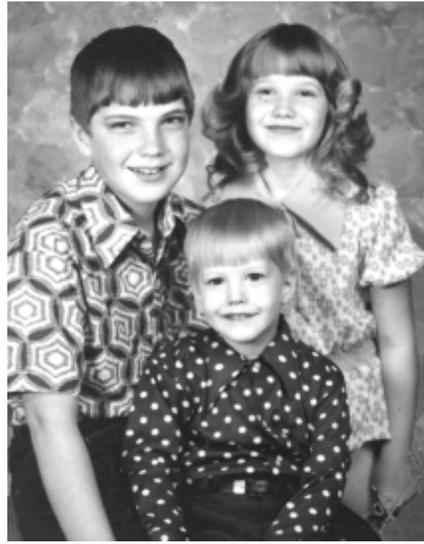
when I play certain songs on the piano, especially "The Old Rugged Cross" and it still brings tears to my eyes. He was the solid foundation of our family and the one you could always depend on. I miss him still.

Tommy started school the next fall and soon he and Linda were old enough to get involved in Brownies and then Cub Scouts. At eight Tommy began to play Little League baseball. The next few years were a whirlwind of activity. I became a Girl Scout Leader and have now been a Girl Scout for thirty-five years. Tom was a Cubmaster for the Boy Scouts. We met some of our best friends through these activities. In Girl Scouts we met Rene and Ray Mauk, Ellamae and Dave Rorick, Betty and Pickles Hines and Aunt Peg, along with the rest of their family. They became very dear to us and their children to our children. Through the years we have stayed quite close to them. Presently Ray and Rene are the only two living of the names that I mentioned.

With our three healthy children I felt quite blessed, but it got better yet when on April 5, 1967 our second daughter, Robin Rae, was born. She was a darling baby and had lots of people around to spoil her. My friend Theresa, who lived down the street, was especially attached to her and would often watch her for me. Her two girls, Debbie and Shelly, were playmates of Linda, Tommy, and Dwayne. We were all sad when they moved away.

By this time my sister was married to Lee Weyand and they had three children, Rorie, Stacie and Mark, who was the same age as Robin. Naturally the cousins all loved being together. Almost every time we visited each other someone would want to spend the night at the other's house. This was really a fun time for all of them, growing up together. We all went to the same church also, so that gave them time together. When there was a Children's Day or Christmas program, they would all be performing. In 1969 my sister had a baby girl, Nadine Renee. She was their last child.

Our last son, Keith Edward, was born on February 19, 1972. He was 23.5 inches long when he was born and from a chart that I read in the hospital, he was to grow to 6'4" tall. This was true, as that is how tall he is today. He too was quite spoiled. He had real blond hair and was a pretty cute little boy. The older kids helped to spoil him. All three of the boys played baseball and dabbled in football. All five of the children play an instrument and were in the band. I was glad about this, because I preferred music to sports. I think they all benefited from belonging to the band as they all have a love for music today.



All of our children as they looked in 1975.

(Left) Thomas and Linda in their band uniforms.

(Right) Dwayne and Robin in the back and Keith in the front.

Some of my happiest memories through the years are of family Christmases and vacations. Christmas was always an exciting time and Tom had a train platform and trains around the tree each year. We looked forward to it and planned around it for months ahead of time. I loved going to the woods (tree farms) and cutting down our Christmas tree. In the early years Tom and I did this together. Later on I would go with Robin and Glenn and sometimes Kim and Dwayne would go too. I like having a real tree, although there were some years when we had an artificial (false) tree. In 1975 we celebrated the coming Bicentennial with a white tree trimmed in red, white, and blue. This was one of Tom's favorites, although the kids sort of teased him about it. There were many celebration activities in 1976 in our town and surrounding areas. There were fireworks that we could see from the river bank and parades of decorated boats, etc. This was also the year that we lost my sister to cancer.

Our summer vacations were also something we looked forward to. We took up camping when the kids were small. We slept in a tent and did our cooking over a fire or on a Coleman stove. This was great fun and we continued camping for many years. We eventually got a van that we could sleep in and later on a fancy conversion van. Traveling and seeing the sights was something we really enjoyed. In 1978 we took our first trip to Disney World. Linda was the only one who did not go. This was a thrill of a lifetime and I think Tom was the most excited. He could not even sleep the first night we went there. We returned several times and it is our favorite vacation spot. There is always something new to see. Lately we have found another beautiful place to go and that is Jack and Carol's Creek House in Virginia. It is the most relaxing place that we have ever visited.

Tom and Jack have a profound interest in our country's wars and talk much about the subject. I do have memories of World War II. I remember that our floor-lamp had what we called a blackout light on the bottom. When the air-raid sirens would blow ordering all house lights to be turned off and the streetlights would go out, there was a little button on the bottom of the lamp to push. A tiny light directed towards the floor would come on and we would huddle around it. I also remember standing in line with ration stamps and tokens. I remember watch-

ing the newsreels at the movies and being afraid that the war would come to our country and that our homes and schools would be bombed. Thank God this never happened.

The years have flown by and I have had many things happen to make me proud. Each one of my children has been so special to me in their individual way. The blessings they have

Our grandchildren, 1997.

(Back row) Tommy, Jon and Kyleigh Lewis

(Middle row) Dawn Vander Wagen, Nathan and Andrew Glasser and Ryan Vander Wagen.

(Front row) Nicholas and Megan Lewis, and Lindsay Vander Wagen.



brought to my life are way too numerous to mention. I have seen all of my children graduate from high school and go on to college. I have seen many of their dreams come true and have high hopes for them in the future. Tom and I have loved each other and stuck together through the happy and sad times. We have stayed involved in our church and devoted to God. We have done our best to stay close to Tom's family and mine. We have tried to stay focused on what is truly important in life. All of our children are now married and we have ten beautiful grandchildren to share our time with.

LIFE IS GOOD!



LINDA JOANNE LEWIS GLASSER FAMILY



The Linda Joanne Lewis and Hugh Herbert Glasser Family, 1997.

(l. to r.) Nathan, Huggy, Andrew and Linda.

Biography and Remembrances

I was born on July 27, 1958, the first child of Thomas Edward Lewis and Joanne Weigle Lewis. I didn't have a name right away—my first birth certificate said “Baby Girl Lewis”—because Mom and Dad couldn't decide on a middle name. Their first child and already they were having trouble coming up with a name! I was in the limelight for 14 months and that was the end of the attention I got.

Paternal Grandparents

We called my Dad's mother “Mom-Mom.” She was married to Grover Cowdery when I knew her, and I remember going to their house when I was small. Daddy didn't want us to touch anything there. Grover reminded me of a butler, because Mom-Mom couldn't get up too much because of her ankles and he waited on her a lot. They lived in a big yellow house with a big porch.

The last time Mom-Mom visited our house, before she had her stroke, she gave me a couple of pieces of her jewelry. She also told me a lot of stories. It was the last time I was with her that she was coherent. She was a great storyteller—I think that's where Dad got it from. She talked a lot about the Depression.

The only time I saw my grandfather Lewis was in his coffin. My Dad never got around to taking us to see him. Mom-Mom thought I was named after him, but I wasn't. Dad says I was named after a little girl he used to ride tricycles with. (Dad always told Robin and I that he gave us names that “flowed”—he'd say, “Lin-Da! Rob-in! Your names f-l-o-w!”)

Maternal Grandparents

Our mother's grandmother (Grammie) lived across the street from the house we moved to after Tommy was born, and where my parents still live. Aunt Iona lived with Grammie. There were very few other houses up there on the hill. I went over to Grammie's house a lot. (I always had to ask before crossing the street.) She'd play cards with us, and make us coffee with milk and sugar. When I got a little older, I'd clean her house. She had a whole tray of pills and I'd always put them in alphabetical order. It would mess her up because she'd have them in the order that



Linda Joanne Lewis, alias “Baby Girl,” 1959.

she was supposed to take them! Grammie passed away on a holiday—Labor Day, I think—in 1972.

I was only 5 or 6 when Pap-Pap (my mother's father) died. I was the first grandchild and his favorite. I can remember sitting beside him at the organ. He played a song called "Linda" and would sing it to me. He also made me a little chair. We had a special time together for just 5 years.

My Grandma is a "neat freak." She and my step-grandfather lived nearby when I was small. I remember she had some records that I was allowed to play when we visited her, and I liked that. She'd always get me what I wanted for Christmas and my birthday. She lives in Florida now and comes up to Pennsylvania for visits twice a year.

Me with my brothers Tommy and Dwayne on Christmas morning c. 1965.



Childhood Years

I can remember the apartment project in Rochester where my parents lived when I was born. There was an ice cream stand where you turned to go into the project. I remember buying candy and sitting on the front step and sharing it with all the other kids in the project until it was all gone. My best friend there was named Stevie; we stayed friends for a long time. In my mind it was always dark in the apartment—I don't know if it really was or not. We lived there until 1961. Tommy was two when we moved.

My first recollection of my brother Tommy was that I didn't like him. He had a hernia operation, and they all forgot about me. I remember he got a Slinky and wouldn't share it with me.

My next brother Dwayne came too soon for Tommy and I. We tried to sell Dwayne for \$5 to Mrs. Walker, a neighbor, but she wouldn't buy him. I was unhappy because I had to go into another bedroom by myself, and we lost our playroom. I think Dwayne was the most "picked-on" of all of us kids. Growing up, he got blamed for just about everything.

Tommy and I had a lot of friends that we played with. Cathy Walker and Debbie Carr were two of our frequent playmates. We liked to play at Orphan's Cave at the end of the road, down by the river. We weren't allowed to play there but went anyway. We used to throw things down in it. High school boys used to take their girlfriends down there, and we'd throw rocks at them. Once some boys caught us and put us in trapping cages to scare us. It felt like I was in there forever but it was probably only a few minutes.

We could be ornery kids. Once we sold Cathy Walker a "chocolate-covered" apple that was really a wormy crabapple dipped in mud. She took a bite out of it, and told on us to my Dad. She would always tell on us, and then wait outside the door in hopes of hearing us get a beating. Dad didn't like her being such a tattletale either—he'd smack a book real loud, and I'd go "Wah, wah!" like I was crying!

Tommy and I played together a lot. Once I remember we made Mom a set of Easter bunnies out of mud, and sat them on her TV. They looked pretty good! Mom was nice about it.

Dad worked at night, so we didn't get to spend a lot of time with him growing up. If he had a project going on, like working on the car, we'd be out helping him. He tried to involve us in pretty much everything he did around the house. It seemed that Mom was always busy with one of the younger kids. She would run us everywhere we needed to go, and she always had a baby to tend!

Dad got to do all the fun stuff. He'd make fudge with us on weekend nights off, and we'd watch Chiller Theater on TV. I'd always fall asleep before the end. On Sundays we'd watch Wonderful World of Disney, and we always watched the Muppets and Carol Burnett—family

shows. Sometimes when Mom went to the store or someplace and Dad was home, he'd get out the trains and set them up all over the house, on the hardwood floors. When Mom pulled in the driveway, we'd run around real fast putting them away. Dad also taught us how to play the card game "Hearts." Dad had specific rules of behavior. For example, we weren't allowed to make fun of people for anything they couldn't help. But he never punished us for doing something that he did when he was a kid. He didn't think it was fair.

When Robin was born, I was mad because Debbie Carr got to hold her before I did. I LOVED Robin. I thought it was the greatest thing to have a little sister! Plus I didn't have to sleep in the room alone anymore. When she was born, I was old enough to help look after her. She had a whole bunch of black hair.

Keith, the baby of the family, came along when I was 13. Dad warned us ahead of time that a new baby was on the way. He let us kids vote on Keith's name. Keith was spoiled the whole way around—he was a cute little "Frank Sinatra"-type kid.

Married Life

After I finished high school, in 1977, I went to community college for a year. (Mom and Dad would pay for our first year of college, and we were supposed to pay for the rest.) In 1979 I got married to Wayne Dean and moved out of the house. That was the biggest mistake of my life. In retrospect, I try to look at it as a two-year experience of broadening my compassion for others. I stayed with him as long as I did because I didn't believe in divorce, but finally left, mostly because of what it was doing to my Mom and Dad.

After that, I got jobs and started paying my bills. I lived in Monaca, in a place with no stove, refrigerator, or bed. I worked a lot of hours. Later I moved to Moon Township and still worked a lot to pay my bills. In 1986 I met my husband Hugh "Huggy" Glasser at one of my jobs. He kept asking me out, but I wouldn't go—I thought he was a big flirt. Then my car was wrecked, and he gave me rides to work. After that we started going out. Our first date was on Easter Sunday, to Farrows.

Our son Andy (Andrew Lewis Glasser) was born on April 22, 1987. Huggy and I were married in Winchester on Groundhog Day, 1988. I was driving to work a few days before that and got stopped by the police. My license had expired and I had two days to get a new one, so on February 1 we went to Harrisburg to get my license. I got my picture taken and then we went to Winchester to get married. I had my license and was married in less than an hour! We came back and picked up our son Andy. Our second son Nate (Nathan Thomas Glasser) was born on March 17, 1989.

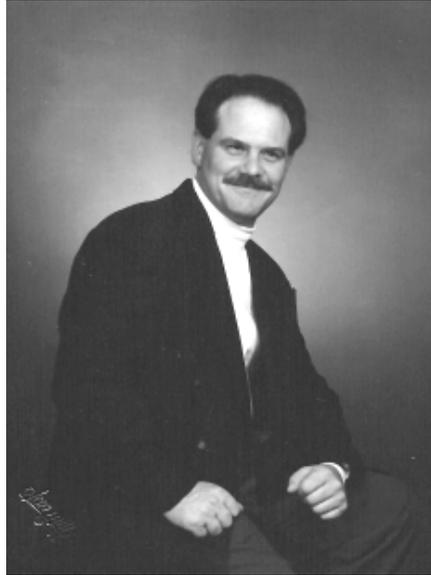
After Nate was born, I worked cleaning houses for people and my Mom watched the kids for me. I also went back to the Community College of Beaver County, taking one or two classes a semester, and got my accounting degree. I've also made cakes and decorated them as a side business for many years, which I still do.

I've always wanted to stay home with the kids, because I didn't want to miss anything! They're into sports now. It's a lot of fun, and it takes a lot of time. Having two sons is not a part-time job—you can't squeeze it into 4 or 5 hours a day. And they grow up so fast. I'm now doing part-time bookkeeping, but it's almost a full-time job, and it's too much rushing for me. I think about starting a business, maybe a bakery, but that takes a lot of time too. I'm still looking for the best way to earn a living and spend the time with my kids that I want!



*High school days,
1977.*

Hugh Herbert (Huggy) Glasser



Hugh Herbert Glasser.

Biography and Remembrances

I am the youngest child of Herbert Glenn Glasser and Ellen Rose Weigle. I was born on December 16, 1962 at Rochester Hospital in Pennsylvania. I have one sister, Elizabeth, born on August 12, 1957, and one brother, David, who was born on September 12, 1961.

I grew up in the home where my parents still live. My earliest memory is moving into that house. When I was born, the family lived up the hill in another house, and the summer before I started first grade we traded houses with my grandmother. My father is a building contractor and he built all the houses we lived in.

I went to Center Grange Elementary School. I liked school from the beginning, but I would call myself a “lazy student.” Albert Marchionda lived near me and was my best friend. My cousin also lived down the street and we played together. I got along well with my brother and we hung around together too. I don’t remember playing as much with my sister—she was in the older set of kids and was also a hardcore bookworm!

I was always into sports when I was little. We played baseball, and I played Pop Warner football when I was 10. When I was about 6, we got dirt bikes and we’d spend a lot of time riding in the hills around the house. We could go for miles and never hit a road. It was my favorite thing to do.

I rode the bus to elementary school, but walked to school when I was in junior high and high school. I went to Center Junior High and Center High School. My Mom taught high school English at my high school, which from my perspective was “some good, some bad.” Mostly good, though. I didn’t play team sports in high school—I was more into motorcycles. Also girls. History and English were my favorite subjects in high school. I had my mother for a teacher three times. (I was the only one of us kids that had her—I got an A, a B, and a C from her. She didn’t play favorites!)

When I was a junior or senior in high school, I got interested in bluegrass music and started going to bluegrass festivals with the family. The first instrument I played was the bass, but I went to festivals for 8 or 9 years before I ever started playing. I still love listening to and playing bluegrass, but I’ve had to cut back on the festivals and playing for the time being because of other activities with our kids.

Paternal Grandparents

My paternal grandparents were Frederick Howard Glasser and Josephine Schenk Glasser.

My grandfather died shortly after I was born. My grandmother lived just over the hill from us and we were extremely close to her. She had eight grandchildren in the neighborhood and we all had the run of her house, just like it was our own. She was good friends with my mother's aunt, Aunt Bud. They'd go on bus trips together. I was in the fourth grade when my grandmother died, in April of 1975. She was the first person I was close to that passed away, and it was my first funeral. It was horrible. We had such good times with her and missed her a lot.

Maternal Grandparents

My maternal grandfather was David Washington Weigle. We called him Pappy Dave. He died in 1988, when my youngest son Nate was just a baby. My son Andy remembers him. He was a hardworking, stubborn, "stuck-in-his-ways" oldtimer, but he was great with his grandkids. He loved all of us and it showed. He'd make special trips to see you on your birthday, and he'd always slip you \$5 "on the side." He worked at St. Joe Lead for 44 years and never missed a day at work!

My grandmother, Alice Grace Preece Weigle, is 90 years old and is still sharp as a tack. She used to teach school in a one-room schoolhouse in Monaca, PA. As kids, we went to see our Weigle grandparents every Saturday—they lived not far down the road. I always remember watching Carol Burnett on Saturday nights at their house. Two things stick in my mind about visiting them: they always ate at exactly the same time every day, and they always had 7-Up in 16-oz. bottles in the refrigerator. When we were kids and got sick, my Mom would take us out there to spend the day. We'd bake cookies or something with Grandma. Both grandmothers baked a lot, so we always had plenty of goodies to eat.

It was a rare privilege to have lived so close to my grandparents and spent so much time with them. I'm glad my sons can enjoy the same privilege with their grandparents.

College, Work, and Marriage

I went to college after high school. I started at Slippery Rock and transferred to Penn State, majoring in history. I had planned to teach, but I didn't finish college—I was tired of school and wanted to work. I might still go back and finish one day. I came back home and started working first with my brother, who's a building contractor. Then I tended bar for a while.

I met my wife Linda Lewis in 1986. She was interesting, because she didn't go out with me the first time I asked! I persisted and we finally started going out together. We were married in 1988. We have two children, Andrew and Nathan, and they keep us busy!

I worked at Arrow Terminal Co. running heavy equipment for 10 years. When I left there, I worked with my Dad on a construction project, finishing a duplex by our house. I now work for Suburban Pump and Machine, rebuilding hydraulic pumps. It's a good change. This past fall and winter was the first time I didn't work shifts, and I was able to coach football and basketball and spend a lot more time with my sons. I wouldn't trade a minute of the time I have with them. When I was working shifts, I didn't have the ability to devote my full attention and participate in the boys' sports activities as I do now. I'm so glad I can spend this time with them now, when they still enjoy having me around.

*Andrew and Nathan
Glasser, 1996.*



THOMAS EDWIN LEWIS FAMILY

Pamela Sue Leeper and Thomas Edwin Lewis on their wedding day, July 17, 1982.



Biography and Remembrances

As you probably know from previous writings of my father Thomas L. Lewis or my mother Joanne R. Lewis, I was born on September 25, 1959. I was my parents' second child and first son.

Thoughts of my Family Members

Dad

The one thing I remember in general about my father is that he was always there. He either was at work or he was at home with us. More specific fond memories seem to all center around Christmas. Dad loved Christmas. We spent hour upon hour planning and building train layouts that never seemed to get finished.

I always considered Dad as more of an adviser than an authority figure. He always used the power of reason instead of force (I think most of the time it worked). Dad taught me to be resourceful and creative. He was very handy and would never hire anything to be done around the house. I enjoyed helping with these projects and consider myself pretty handy because of what he taught me.

I feel fortunate to be one of the earlier children because I got to share more of Dad's youth than my younger brothers and sisters.

Mom

Mom got the dirty job of being the enforcer in our

Dad loved Christmas and so did I, c. 1963.



family. She made everything happen. From church to roller-skating, she made sure we got to do what we wanted. This is not to say that Dad had no part in it, but Mom made it happen. Every little event was made important and special.

Mom's Girl Scouting added much to my childhood. Most of our close friends were children of fellow Girl Scout leaders.

Grandparents

As a child we periodically visited my paternal grandparents, Mom-Mom and Grover. They always seemed very old and very fragile to me.

We visited my maternal grandparents often. My grandfather William Weigle passed away when I was five years old in 1964. This was especially hard on my Grandmother, and in a few years she remarried. Claude Sheline was always a good provider for Little Grandma but never became the step-grandfather I hoped for.

The only great-grandparent I was lucky enough to know was a maternal great-grandmother, Clara Shepanska. She lived across the street from us when we were growing up. She lived with her daughter (my great aunt) Iona Parsons. They always served as a place to go when we didn't have anything better or more fun to do.

Sister Linda

I was closer to Linda than any other brother or sister. We shared common friends and did many things together. Linda used to bake cookies, then only eat one or two, only to find that the rest of the cookies would be eaten by us.

Brother Dwayne

My brother Dwayne might be one of the most honest people I know. We used to play home run derby in the back yard and keep a running total that would last all summer.

Sister Robin

Robin is probably more like my mother than even she realizes. She is very sensitive to everybody's needs. As a teenager I used to tell Robin about my financial woes and her response was " not to worry—Dad has enough money for all of us."

Brother Keith

Keith always either did something one hundred percent or not at all. Keith would spend hours drawing scenes from the movie Star Wars. The one thing I remember most about Keith is his connection with the Star Wars Trilogy.

My Personal History

My earliest memory is the pouring of the basement floor at 206 Shirley Drive. My father has always doubted that I remember this, but I can remember the exact details of which window and who was there.

As a young child I enjoyed playing outside with just myself and my imagination. I had many neighborhood friends, none of which I ever became particularly close to. Neighborhood baseball games and bike riding seemed to top the list of outdoor activities. I liked most foods as a child. Green beans, ham, and potatoes probably was my favorite thing Mom cooked for dinner. We always had our meals together until we got to high school and after school band practices started.

I started school in 1965 and went to Center Grange Elementary School. My favorite subject was spelling because of the spelling bee competitions. I really couldn't wait to



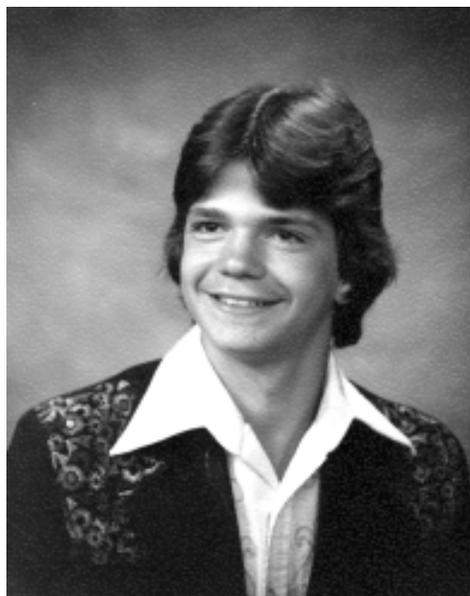
The beginning of Scouting days for Thomas Edwin Lewis.

start school because Linda had started the year before and I wanted to do what she did. Elementary school was made more difficult for me than it should have been because I would tend to follow the kids who were a bad influence.

I made it through elementary school and moved to the junior high school when I was in fourth grade. This was because the intermediate school was not finished yet. This meant that I got to ride the school bus with all the older kids (more bad influences). The Vietnam war was happening during this period of time and I can remember counting how many years it was until I was eighteen years old. Sometime during this same period the Cox's moved next door. They were great playmates in the early years but as we got older they became trouble and yet another bad influence that I had to avoid.

By the time I got to the eighth grade I was involved with many activities. I played baseball in the summer, played in the band during the school year, and Boy Scouted all year round. Most of my friends at this time were from church or Boy Scouts. George Lane and Bill Farland were my two best friends. Girls were not important yet. A year later George Lane moved away and I was devastated. George Lane had been a good influence and affected the way I went about the rest of my school years.

*High school
photograph, 1977.*



My high school years seemed to fly by. I worked most of the evenings at Peek N Tom's Bowling Alley in Beaver, PA. My highlighted events revolved around the high school band. In my senior year I met Pamela Leeper in band. After that, Pam occupied all of my free time. There was nothing I would rather do than spend time with or talk with Pam. I was very lucky because her parents liked and approved of me. I became very close with her Dad, Bob Leeper.

I graduated in 1977 and had no idea what I wanted to do or become. I worked as a carpet installer and laborer in a carbon mill. It wasn't until 1979 that I decided to go to college and started at Penn State University Beaver Campus. I worked my way through college by being a short order cook at the Conway Yards YMCA. In 1981 Pam and I both transferred to Robert Morris College in Coraopolis, PA. I worked night shift at the YMCA and went to college during the day. This didn't allow much time for dating so I usually would go to Pam's house and sleep on her couch while Pam and her parents would watch TV. In 1981 we decided to get married and set the date for July 17, 1982. We married that summer and lived in Pam's grandfather's house. (He had passed away the previous fall.)

I graduated college with a Bachelor of Science degree in Business Management/Transportation. I worked for 13 months at the Joseph and Horne's department store as the Assistant Traffic Manager. Realizing that there wasn't any money in the retail business, I switched jobs and went to work for All-Pak Inc. as the Traffic Manager. All-Pak is a manufacturer and distributor of packaging materials and containers. In 1987 we bought our current house in Hopewell.

In 1988 I took a job for the H.H. Robertson Company. I worked four years as the Assistant Traffic Manager/Shipping Manager. H.H. Robertson manufac-

*My wedding
(l. to r.) My Dad,
Thomas Lindsay
Lewis, my wife,
Pamela Sue Leeper,
me, Thomas Edwin
Lewis and my
Mom, Joanne
Weigle Lewis.*



tured non-residential building materials. After cutbacks I ended up as the Customer Service/Purchasing Manager of the Paintline Division. In 1996 H.H. Robertson and the Smith Steelite Company merged and I ended up in a sales position. I never thought that I would like sales but the competition is satisfying for me.



Our children, Tommy and Megan.

Birth of Thomas Robert Lewis

After years of wishing for a family, with medical help we had our first child on December 4, 1990. It was a boy just like I had hoped for and we named him Thomas after my father and I, and Robert after Pam's father. Tommy was an adjustment for me because for the first time I had done something I couldn't reverse. (Not that I ever wanted to, I just had never done anything so permanent.) I don't remember being any happier than the night I rode back from the hospital.

Birth of Megan Michelle Lewis

Megan was an answered prayer. I remember praying in church that I would know when Pam and I should have another child. The doctor had told us that we could not have another one without the same medical help we needed to have Tommy. Things were up in the air at work and I didn't know when we should start the medicine. Soon after that day in church we found out Megan was on the way (without medical help). Megan was born May 4, 1997. The day she was born I had been golfing, only to come home and find the time had come. We didn't spend much time at the hospital before the delivery took place. I was very busy at work during Megan's arrival and I feel like I missed the fun of the new baby at home.

Pamela Sue Leeper Lewis

Pamela Leeper Lewis



My Story

I was born at Aliquippa Hospital on April 23, 1961, the fourth and youngest child of Anna Phyllis Johnston and Robert John Leeper. I have many early “memories” but sometimes I’m not sure if they’re really memories or things I saw in photographs later. My father did photography on the side—family portraits, weddings, and such—and when he needed to finish up a roll of film, he’d call me down for pictures. We had a *lot* of family photographs.

My Dad was my hero. I was definitely a “Daddy’s Girl.” I’m very close to my mother now, but back then, I had a very special relationship with Dad.

My parents really had two families. My sister and oldest brother were only two years apart, but my next brother wasn’t born till six years later. Then I was born four years after him. I always got along well with my sister Patricia Ann and my oldest brother Robert Hugh, because they were so much older. My younger brother Randall John and I fought like cats and dogs! Patricia was married at 19, when I was only 7. Her husband was in the service and he was stationed in San Francisco. They would write me letters from California when I was just learning to write, which I thought was neat.

My maternal grandfather died two years before I was born, so I didn’t know him at all. My maternal grandmother died when I was only six, and I have only a vague memory of her. She was in a nursing home before she died.

My father was an only child, and we were very close to his parents. My brother Randy was my grandmother’s “pride and joy,” she used to say. Grandma spent a lot of time working in her yard. She had a beautiful rose garden and a fishpond. She bought me some very special baby dolls, which I still have. In 1972 she fell and broke her skull, and her mind went after that. My grandfather tried to take care of her at home but it was too much for him, and he had to put her in a nursing home. Coincidentally both of my grandmothers died in the same room at the

same nursing home in Aliquippa. The experience with my grandmother made me uncomfortable around older people for a while, and I still don't like nursing homes very much.

In 1973, when my grandmother was in the nursing home, we switched houses with my grandfather and the rose garden and fishpond became ours. (My Dad and my grandfather wanted us to go to Center Township school district, and the house was large for my Grandpa to take care of alone.) I was 13, and I spent that summer taking care of the roses. My grandmother passed away in 1976. My grandfather didn't like living alone, so he remarried.

My mother had three sisters and four brothers, and I was the youngest out of 17 cousins in that family. Since they were all older, I didn't have any cousins that I "played with." We would visit with their families fairly often, however.

I went to New Sheffield Elementary School in Aliquippa. I loved school, after a brief period of resistance at the beginning of kindergarten when I cried every day. Mrs. Double was my kindergarten teacher. (In the process of compiling this book, we discovered that Mrs. Double is a second cousin of my husband's father.) My grandmother Leeper paid me \$1 for every "A" I got in school, so I was really motivated! My favorite subject was always math.

I started piano lessons when I was seven—I've always enjoyed music. I took piano for nine years, mostly just for myself. I would sometimes play for a class Christmas program or a church program.

My family belonged to the First United Methodist Church of Aliquippa. Church was always a part of family life. I had very good friends at church and we stuck together all through our school years, even though we went to different schools. We had a lot of fun times together.

I also belonged to Rainbow Girls, a girls' group that's affiliated with the Masonic Lodge and Eastern Star. I wore a white gown to be initiated, and there was a lot of secrecy associated with it. My very dear friend Carol John was a part of that with me. She was my "Big Sister" in Rainbow Girls. I stayed involved with it through my sophomore year in high school.

When I was 13 we moved and I had to attend a new school, Center High. I was anxious about it and cried the first morning before I left the house. That morning I met a girl in my homeroom and it turned out she was in every class with me. She took me under her wing and introduced me to the other kids. She was a cheerleader and very popular, and she really made it easy for me.

In tenth grade I took band, and that's where I met Tom Lewis. We met in band camp before school started that year. He was a senior and played the trombone. I played the flute. We started talking to each other, and not too far into the football season we started hanging around together. He invited me to the Christmas Semiformal dance that year. I was only 15 ½ and Tom's father didn't allow him to date anyone under 16, so Tom told his parents that I was 16. (We revealed my real age to them on my birthday the following April.)

We dated all through my high school years. After Tom graduated, he worked at Sears and then started installing carpet. My father encouraged Tom to go back to school and during my senior year he started at Penn State, Beaver Campus.

My Dad was an accountant and did bookkeeping at home. I'd sometimes help him with his work and liked it, so I decided to go to college in accounting. Both my brothers and my sister went to Clarion College so that's where I decided to go too. I was all set to go, but was very nervous about leaving home, and especially leaving Tom. The very morning I was to leave for college, I woke up and decided I couldn't do it. My Dad was pretty understanding under the circumstances. I had very good grades in high school so I was able to enroll at Penn State at the last minute, under a provisional program.

I also got a job at Gimbel's department store in the Bear Valley Mall as a sales clerk and switchboard operator. I worked about 16 to 20 hours a week, went to school, and dated Tom. He was working full-time at Conway Railroad YMCA on night term, and also went to school full-time. We both had two years at Penn State and then transferred to Robert Morris College for our last two years.

When I was in college, my grandfather's health was going downhill. When he was 82, he

couldn't drive anymore and I got his car. Tom and I would take him to the grocery store and to do errands. He loved Tom.

In 1981, our junior year at college, Tom had planned to give me an engagement ring on Thanksgiving weekend, but my grandfather died the day Tom had planned to give it to me. He waited till after the funeral and then gave me the ring. It cheered my Dad up somewhat. He really loved Tom too.

Our wedding day.



After my grandfather died, his wife Thelma went to live with her sister and my father inherited the house in Aliquippa. Tom and I had planned to wait until after senior year to get married but now Dad had this house that needed taking care of. We went ahead and got married the summer of our senior year and lived in the house rent-free that year, as a wedding gift from my Dad.

We worked so much our senior year that we really didn't have time for college social activities, but at least we got a lot of good work experience. We didn't even go to our graduation ceremonies—we just had them mail our diplomas. I received a B.S. in Business Accounting and Tom received a B.S. in Business Administration. In July after graduation I took a job with R.T. Schwer and Associates, an accounting firm that specializes in the professional services industry, such as medical services and attorneys. I still work for them. Tom

continued to work at Conway until January, when he got a position at Joseph Horne's as Assistant Traffic Manager.

I decided to get my CPA and began to study for it at home. I passed my last test in November of 1985 and received my certificate in 1986.

In May of 1987 we went on a retreat with Tom's mom to a Baptist church camp in the Laurel Mountains. That weekend my Dad was at home burning leaves with my uncle and began to have chest pains. He was taken to the hospital and had a heart attack in the emergency room and died. My Mom called Tom's father and he managed to contact us at camp. He didn't tell us that my Dad had already passed away. When we got to the hospital, there were a lot of people there and my Mom was crying. I found out my Dad was dead when a social worker came up and said "The funeral director will be calling shortly." None of my brothers or my sister were around, but they were finally tracked down and everyone came in by the next day.

That was a tough summer. My mother had a huge house to take care of, so Tom and I helped her with it as much as we could. We decided that Tom and I would buy our own house so she could move back into her original house in Aliquippa where we were living. The big house in Center Township sold in a matter of days, before it was even officially listed. Quite a few women in our church lost their husbands that year, so the minister's wife started a group called "The Survivors." It helped my Mom a lot. She has a good friend that she travels with. They've been to Europe and are going to Scotland this year. She also has 9 grandchildren, and visiting with them keeps her busy too.

We were beginning to talk about having children around the time my Dad passed away. It took us three years and a lot of tests and treatments, but we had Tommy on December 4, 1990. About a year and a half later, we began to talk about having another child. I was gearing up for all the fertility tests and drugs again, when, to my great amazement, I got pregnant! Megan was born on May 12, 1993. I call her my "little miracle girl." I feel so lucky to have two perfectly healthy children. They're a challenge at this age, but motherhood and family life are very rewarding to me.

DWAYNE ALAN LEWIS FAMILY



Dwayne Alan Lewis

Memories

I was born on March 30, 1963, the third and middle child of Thomas and Joanne Weigle Lewis.

Grandparents

Because we lived near them, we were always in constant contact with my Mom's side of the family and saw them more. However, it was always apparent to me as a child how much my Dad admired his mother. We called her Mom-Mom. She lived in Fairchance, PA and we would visit her there. I clearly remember the house and the big porch that wrapped around it. We never walked past a certain point on the porch—I think it was a duplex and somebody else lived upstairs. I guess we were scared to walk around there in fear that something terrible would happen. At that point, just my sister Linda and brother Tommy were around; Robin and Keith hadn't been born yet. We kids would say hello to Mom-Mom and her husband Grover and we would visit with them for a couple of minutes. Then we were sent outside while Dad visited with his Mom. I remember Mom-Mom's yard was filled with clover. We would spend hours making necklaces from the clover flowers by tying them together. I'm not sure if that house is still standing, but I can easily close my eyes and picture the way it was back then.

Dad had great stories about Mom-Mom and how tough she was. He would tell us how she would handle many of life's challenges, especially those encounters after our grandfather Lewis left. My impression of Mom-Mom's stern personality can be summarized by the story of how she would shoot rats in the backyard with a pistol. Before the final stroke that put her down, she came for a couple of visits and we kids had some time to spend with her. I remember she used to send money for my parents to buy pajamas for all of us at Christmastime. Through the years this was the only present we were allowed to open on Christmas Eve. We'd put them on and Dad would take movies of us. Once she sent me a stuffed scarecrow. Though I had visited Mom-Mom and had gotten to know her, most of my memories of her are from Dad's stories.

Part of me holds some frustration that I never met my Dad's father, Lindsay Lewis. The first time I saw him was in his casket. Dad never said anything negative about him, and I give him a lot of credit for that. I think if my father left when I was 9 years old, I'd have some hostility. Lindsay's service in three of our nation's wars commands respect for that reason alone. We will never know how the family may have turned out if he would have sat out a war or two.

I never knew my Mom's Dad either. Grandfather Weigle, or "Pap-pap," died in 1964 when I was a little over one year old. As a kid, I felt that I didn't have a "real" grandfather, and was jealous of other kids that had a bunch of grandparents. In reality, though, Mom's stepdad Claude was my grandfather and treated us as his own grandchildren. I don't know today if he realizes the deep feelings I have for him as a grandfather.

My Mom's mother, Little Grandma, is a real character and I really enjoy her. She got the title of "Little" because she was short. It was a big kick for us kids when the day came that we were taller than her. This glorious day usually came when we were 9 or 10 years old. We were pretty close to her and Claude due mainly to our living in the same town. She lives in Florida now. As a kid I saw her several times a week. When she lived across the street from us, I did chores for her and she'd pay me for them.

Aunts and Uncles

When we went to Fairchance to visit Mom-Mom, we would also visit Dad's sisters Hazel and Eleanor, as they lived nearby with their families. It was always a treat to visit Aunt Hazel. Seeing Uncle Wib Abraham was one of the things I looked forward to. He liked to entertain kids and Aunt Hazel liked to feed kids. Dad would usually visit with Hazel and we would hang around with Uncle Wib and our cousin Jimmy (and his wife, Lynn, after they were married). My

cousin Susan was older and was already out of the house when I remember visiting. Uncle Wib always had something interesting going on. One time I remember he was building a console stereo. Another year he was into beehives. He had a centrifuge to extract the honey, and he'd explain everything in depth to us. As I grew older, I'd be included in the adult conversations. I'll never forget one time I was sitting at the table with Uncle Wib and my Dad talking, and Aunt Hazel had made her famous cherry pies. In the course of the visit, the three of us ate two whole pies!

When Uncle Wib passed away, I spent the night before the funeral with Jimmy and we drank some sort of homemade wine that Jimmy had made and reminisced till 4 or 5 in the morning. It was a comfort to us, I think. We both

were feeling the ill effects of our beverage of choice the next morning, but it was definitely time well spent. Dad always viewed his Sister Hazel as a grown-up and looked up to her, because she was a lot older than him. He loved Uncle Wib too and always said he had never met anyone like him.

The next stop on our visit would be Aunt Eleanor and Uncle Edgar's house. It was pretty

Cousins, brothers and sisters.

*(l. to r. back row)
Karen Miller, Danny
Miller and Linda
Lewis.*

*(l. to r. front row)
Thomas E. Lewis,
Laurel Miller and
Dwayne Lewis.*



were feeling the ill effects of our beverage of choice the next morning, but it was definitely time well spent. Dad always viewed his Sister Hazel as a grown-up and looked up to her, because she was a lot older than him. He loved Uncle Wib too and always said he had never met anyone like him.

The next stop on our visit would be Aunt Eleanor and Uncle Edgar's house. It was pretty

much the same routine there. We'd visit briefly with the adults, and then go play with the kids. As a kid, I remember the strangest things. I remember Aunt Eleanor had this neat plastic milk carton holder that I liked. On occasion we'd eat at their house. Aunt Eleanor was famous for her lasagna. Dad always said that he was closer to Eleanor as a kid than to Hazel, because she was close to him in age. I think they had scarlet fever at the same time when they were kids and had to spend time together. I had a lot of conversations with Aunt Eleanor and enjoyed her a great deal. She has an interesting voice and laugh. She'd cock her head a certain way and smile a lot—she was a jolly person. I guess I spent more time talking to my uncles than to my aunts. I always had the impression that Uncle Edgar liked me, and I liked him too. He always said it was too bad I was Laurel's cousin because he thought I'd be the perfect guy for her. He took a lot of pride in all of his children and it was very evident.

We had a great time playing with Eleanor and Edgar's children, my cousins Franklin, Karen, Danny, and Laurel. Franklin was older but the other three were around our age. They had a toy room in their house with little furniture for playing house. They owned an old house behind their house that we called the "haunted house," and we also liked to play in there. I'm not sure if we were allowed to be in there, but we went there on occasion anyway.

We'd also visit my Uncle Jim and Aunt June. Dad and Uncle Jim worked together at the railroad. I liked Uncle Jim and I always thought he liked me too. Aunt June was "peppy," always friendly and smiling. When we went over there, we would get a glass of pop, which was a very big deal to us. As a kid, I think you always like anything different from what you get at home. Uncle Jim liked to garden, and I remember him building a grandfather clock. He also had a model airplane collection. Once he was looking to get rid of his model planes. He took me in the basement to look at them and asked me if I had any ideas about who might want them. I think he was looking to donate them to a Boy Scout group or another organization. I remember thinking, "Yeah, I'll be glad to take 'em off your hands!" I always liked the way Uncle Jim talked. He had a dark complexion like my Dad and Uncle Jack. I don't really know my cousin Kathy, Uncle Jim's daughter. When Uncle Jim passed away, I was at school. I was upset about his death, but it was especially hard to see my Dad be upset at losing his brother.

My Dad's oldest brother, Uncle George (or Marshall or Mart), also worked with my Dad at the railroad, but I don't remember ever talking to him. My Dad always said that George was not the same when he came back from World War II. He saw a lot of action. I did know his wife Anna Mary a little bit, and she was always very friendly, but my cousin Billy is really the only member of that family that I feel I know pretty well. I've gotten to know him a lot better in recent years because of working with him on a job when he worked for a diving contractor. I hardly knew my cousin Gail at all. I do know, through talking to Dad, that Uncle George maintained contact with my Dad's father Lindsay, while we didn't.

I heard a lot of stories growing up about my Uncle Jack, because he and my Dad were close in age. I thought it was a shame that I didn't know him when I was a kid. My Dad always talked about the discipline that Uncle Jack showed when he was just a little kid. He said he would budget and put money in little jars for different things. After my Uncle Jack remarried, we went to see him and Aunt Carol in Maryland in 1977, on their horse farm. Uncle Jack took us on a tour of Arctec, Inc., the engineering company he founded. That was the point that I got interested in engineering. It fascinated me that he built and tested engineering models there, and I decided right then that that was what I wanted to do, too. It's interesting to me that out of all of Dad's brothers and sisters, I knew Uncle Jack the least, but he probably had the biggest impact on my career. Except for Mom-Mom's funeral, that trip was about the only time we spent with him. I remember my sister Robin and Uncle Jack's youngest son Jeff got close on that visit and spent a lot of time together.

I remember Uncle Jim asking me once if it bothered my Dad that we weren't close to Uncle Jack anymore. It obviously bothered him, and it did me too. When we started having family reunions five or six years ago, and Uncle Jack began to make an obvious effort to attend, my attitude changed. I feel like I've gotten to know him now, and I still admire him. I'm also happy

for my Dad that his “little brother” has come back into the family.

All of us kids were close to my Mom’s sister, Brenda. We called her “Aunt Bee.” She passed away from cancer in 1976. Her death was devastating to the family, both as our aunt and the mother of our cousins. It was a tough time for the family.

Mom’s brother Nelson moved back into our area in the 1974/75 time frame. His wife Pat was my good buddy. She was the one person I’ve encountered that I thought was exactly like me. She was so much fun for me to be with. We had crazy times together. She was killed in a car accident in 1983, and I was totally devastated. Her children survived the accident—her body was protecting them—and as far as I’m concerned she sacrificed herself to save her kids.

There were many deaths in the family during the 70s, but the sudden loss of my Aunt Pat was the most painful and caused me to develop the attitude: You never know when it’s all going to end, so have fun now. There’s an expression (from Cagney and Lacey on TV), “You only live once, but if you do it right the first time, once is enough.” Let’s just say that in that period, through college and up until I met my wife Kim and settled down somewhat, I enjoyed myself a GREAT DEAL.



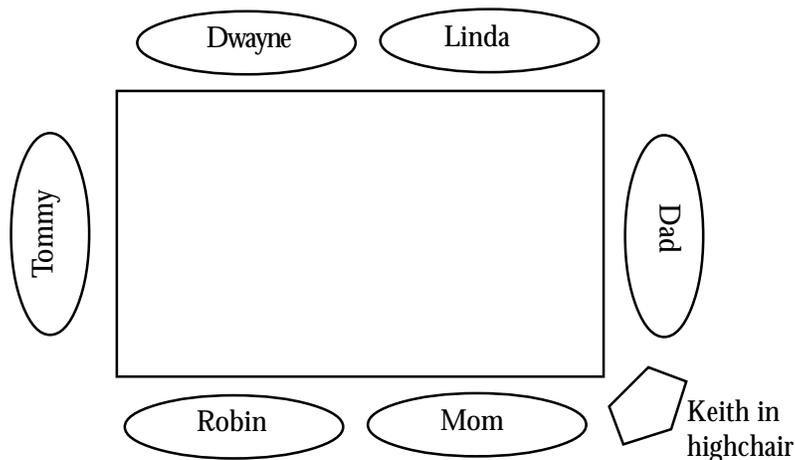
Childhood

I see a family as like a circle. At some point, you have to break off and start your own circle with your wife and kids. But that original bond with your brothers and sisters never really breaks.

I grew up in a house that my father built on top of a hill overlooking the Ohio River in Center Township, Pennsylvania. My parents still live there and I live across the street.

When I was brought home from the hospital, my sister Linda and brother Tommy were forced to come into the house to look at me for the first time. As the story was told to me, two minutes later they were back outside playing. So much for the new baby brother. For my first 4 years, it was just the three of us. Then Robin came and ruined everything! I don’t remember chasing after Linda and Tommy much. I liked to play by myself quite a bit. Besides, their bicycles went a lot faster than my tricycle. My relationship with Linda seemed to go in different waves. Sometimes I felt closer to her than to Tommy and sometimes the other way around. I sat next to Linda at the kitchen table. This was our regular seating assignment.

The dining table seating arrangement at the Thomas Lindsay Lewis household.



We always had family meals together. My Mom made “mill hunky” meals. We had roast beef on Sundays and we rotated hot dogs, burgers, chili, spaghetti, and stew in the week—almost always a meat, potato, and vegetable. Sometimes Mom would experiment with a casserole or something, but my Dad wasn’t too sympathetic to her experiments. If he didn’t like it, he’d tell her not to make it again. (Once I remember my Mom came home with a new bouffant hairdo, and my Dad told her to “get that thing off your head”!) We were always excited when we had dessert, because we didn’t have it all the time. It would be strictly rationed. For example, if we had cookies, we could only have three. My parents tried to hide the cookies from us and we’d try to find them. It didn’t do us much good though, because if we ate them beforehand, then there would be none for dessert.

We’d have “kitchen table” talk at mealtimes, and it was understood that what was said at the table was private family business, not to be taken away from there. If we repeated anything outside the family, like a complaint about a neighbor or something, we’d be punished.

If Dad made supper, we knew we were in trouble—it would probably be something bizarre. I’m a “Separatist,” which means that no food can touch another on my plate. When Dad cooked, he would serve you the food already on your plate. Once I remember he put a big spoonful of butterbeans on my plate, and the juice went into my mashed potatoes. I complained loudly about it, and the situation escalated until he bapped me on the head with the plate. The plate broke and I started crying and ran away from the table. My Mom had to go fetch me back. A memorable meal.

Once my Dad got these hot peppers from somewhere. He started daring us kids to eat one. He said if I ate a pepper, he’d buy me two boxes of Girl Scout cookies. Well, I ate one and immediately threw up. It started a chain reaction. First Tommy kicked in, then Linda. I never got my cookies, because Dad said I didn’t keep the pepper down long enough.

Dad always worked night turn, and we’d wake him up for dinner. I had some kind of sick need to roll him off the bed while he was sleeping. Surprisingly, as a little kid I don’t remember him getting up grouchy. We did know not to hit him with anything weird when he just got up though, because the results could be strange. Once I remember at dinner my Dad asking Keith, “Where do you want the ketchup?” Keith answered, “In my face.” So Dad squirted ketchup all over his face. (By that time, Linda had left home and my younger brother Keith had entered the ranks of the kitchen table.)

My Mom’s profession was that of a homemaker. She was always at home with us and she took us wherever we needed to go. I always hated to hurt my Mom’s feelings. Once I remember when I was in first or second grade, I told her how cold and good the milk tasted at school. She asked me, “Do you want to start taking another nickel and get another milk?” I said “No” very firmly because I thought we had strict rules at school and didn’t think I would be allowed to get another milk. Then I cried all the way to school because I thought I might have hurt her feelings. It bothered me.

Mom was always busy with volunteer work as well as her family. She was involved in church groups, Girl Scouts, Bible school, and many other organizations. Mom was tough though. She took us to church regularly. I remember her having all four of us loaded into the car for church—Robin in the front and Tommy, Linda, and I in the back. Mom would be putting on her makeup and we’d all be misbehaving. She could smack all three of us in the back with one swing, including the one sitting directly behind the driver’s seat.

When my sister Linda first got married, I was close to her and her first husband Wayne. When they split up, I was able to help her some—give her rides to work, help fix her car, let her use my vehicle, and so forth. My friend Doug and I would go to her apartment and hang out. When she met Huggy, she didn’t need my help as much and that hurt a little, but I was happy for her.

I can’t say that there was any point that I didn’t get along with my brother Tommy. Tommy and I didn’t do much together as kids due mainly to the differences in our ages. As adults, we share many of the same interests, which has brought us closer together. I think we have two very different personalities. We always have good times arguing about the things we don’t see eye to

eye on. I've always thought of Tommy and Linda as my "big brother" and "big sister" and I look up to them.

Almost as soon as Robin was born, I felt close to my "little sister," although we didn't play together that much as kids. When she started excelling in school, I was always proud of her. (She was an "A" student, and I was a "B" student.) Robin has been friends with my wife Kim since they were 12. Back then I thought they were just ugly little kids. When Robin got married, it was bizarre. It forced me to look at the fact that I was growing older. I still think she's too young to have kids!

I shared a room with my youngest brother Keith. He was a good "little brother" and stayed out of my stuff. There are 9 years between us, so we never played together. I'd sometimes take him to the movies and other activities, but we were fairly distant. I was in my "having fun" period by that time.

Education

I'm not a brilliant person or a stupid person, but I always knew I could solve problems. That's what I wanted to do for a living. I maintained my interest in engineering all through high school. I started at Penn State in the fall of 1981 in the department of undergraduate studies. In my first year, I suffered from "freshman year" syndrome. I was still living at home. My parents offered to pay for our first semester of college and if we did well, then they'd pay for the second semester. Well, I did terrible my first semester. I got a student loan and paid the tuition myself after that. However, I never would have made it through without major assistance from Mom and Dad. After 3 years at Penn State, I got an A.A. degree in Mechanical Engineering.

Next I needed to figure out how best to get my B.S. degree. I elected to go to Youngstown State but needed a way to finance it. The spring before I graduated from Penn State, Dad, Tommy, and I went down to Maryland to talk to Uncle Jack. We got some ideas and I thought about the military. I ended up joining the Army Reserve and earned my tuition that way. I went to Basic Training that summer, and then got my foot in the door for the ROTC program at Youngstown State. It was enough to pay for room and board through school.

My years at YSU were the three best years since I graduated from high school. I lived those years to the fullest. I joined the Sigma Chi fraternity, where I made some very good friends. I still retained some of my bad habits, but all in all I did pretty well there. While I was going to YSU, I got a job with an engineering company doing inspection of welded plate girders. I found out that I did NOT want to be a welding inspector, but that I really enjoyed building things. While at YSU, I formulated another philosophy, about the "doers" and the "watchers." The "doers" do what they think is fun in life while the "watchers" observe them and call them names.

We had some fantastic Spring Break trips while at YSU. For the 1986 Spring Break, I took 6 guys in our white van to Daytona Beach, Florida. We lived in the van in parking lots—it was the most inexpensive Spring Break trip ever! We were preparing to do the same thing the following year when I totalled the van on my way home from YSU. I decided to buy a pick-up truck with a cap on it and continue on with planning the trip. I actually took applications for that trip! It ended up being 3 guys and 3 girls going—no romantic ties whatsoever. A great trip.

I didn't want to leave college. I think I was scared to go to the next stage. We had a graduation party at the fraternity house. Some of my friends knew how I was feeling and they had a big card for me and they all had signed it. I really appreciated it.

I graduated in June of 1987. Later that fall I went to the Chemical Officer Basic Course in Alabama. I came out of that course as a Second Lieutenant in the 355th Chemical Company.

Work

When I graduated from YSU I still had a job as an engineering assistant at Conn Fabrication and Engineering. I worked there my last year and a half at college. When I got out of the Officer Basic Course I didn't have a job, but in March of 1988 Monroe Inc. hired me as a Manufacturing Engineer. Later I was promoted to Assistant Design Engineer. I loved this job but it

didn't pay enough. In June of 1991 I was hired at Hydro Group Inc., where I work now.

I served in the 355th Chemical Company of the Army Reserves until October 1992, and reached the rank of Captain. I remember the day that Desert Shield became Desert Storm, and realizing that the chemical warfare concerns I had spent so much time preparing for really existing. Our unit was on the verge of being called up, but fortunately we weren't called. Actually, I had mixed emotions about it. I was glad not to have to leave my family, but I was willing to serve my country in the capacity I had trained for.

My family comes first to me, way ahead of career goals. I'm not interested in making big piles of money. When I'm lying in a box, I want people to say he was a good Dad, a good husband, and a good person. That's my definition of success.

Wife and Children

If there was ever a time that I believed in destiny, the preparation for our wedding was it. Everything that could go wrong didn't. We started planning our wedding late and most of the essentials we needed (hall, photographer, etc.), one might think would have been unavailable. As fate would have it, we were able to get a very nice hall due to a cancellation, we found a photographer who came available a day or two prior to the time we called him, and everything else just fell into place.

The day of our marriage was also the day I began my family life. Kim not only blessed me with agreeing to be my wife, but also gave me two wonderful children. Parenthood actually began when Kim and I started to form a serious relationship. One day after dinner and prior to our wedding, Jon out of the blue said "Dwayne, will you be my daddy?" At first I didn't know what to say. I looked at Kim who was in the kitchen, then back at Jon. I told him that



My family.

(l. to r.) Dwayne, Kimberly (Shick), Jon (standing in back), Nicholas and Kyleigh.

if he wanted me to be his daddy I would be delighted. This episode holds a special place in my heart. Not many kids have the opportunity to choose their father and of all the guys in the world he chose me.

Kyleigh was barely a year old when Kim and I started seeing each other. She took a liking to me right away. A lot of this was due to the special treats I would give her. For example, one time when we were driving back from Kim's mother's house, Kyleigh was throwing a fit because her bottle was empty. I pulled into the first convenience store I could find and all they had was chocolate milk. I figured, what the heck, and filled her bottle with the chocolate milk. She took the bottle and began to drink. Her eyes opened wide with excitement. I not only got her hooked on chocolate but also won her heart forever. It was at this time that she began to talk and it was the biggest thrill to me when she learned to say "Daddy" and I was the guy she was talking to. I always wanted a daughter and she was the perfect one to fit the mold.

Our third child Nicholas came to us in September of 1993. At the time we were living with my parents while we were having our house built. Having a newborn presented a whole new group of challenges that I had yet to experience. Midnight feedings, unhealed belly buttons and the like were something I never thought I would be dealing with. None of these things were anything compared to when Nicholas turned one year old. On his first birthday he developed a severe restriction in his lungs (we later found out was childhood asthma) and was admitted to the hospital. A day later, Kyleigh was admitted with pneumonia. For four days we lived in the hospital with the kids in their crib cages side by side. I feared that Nicholas would be plagued with this respiratory problem all his life but, thanks to the blessings from above, he outgrew it.

All three kids are different. Jon has a carefree personality and is a total joy to be around (when he isn't fighting with his siblings). Kyleigh is a lot like her mother. I am certain that her attitude and wit will bring me many challenges in the future. Nicholas is a charmer and a mule all wrapped up into one. He'll sweet talk you to get his way and mow you over if he doesn't. I must admit that I couldn't ask for a better variety in personalities.

Everything I ever wanted I have in my family. With the help of the Man above and those around me, I hope I can continue to keep this most valuable treasure.

KIMBERLY ANN SHICK LEWIS



Kimberly Shick Lewis

My Story

I was born on December 16, 1966 at Rochester Hospital in Rochester, PA, the second child of Richard Alfred Shick and Mary Ann Palinski Shick. I have an older full sister, Tamra Marie, who was born on November 8, 1965, and an older half-sister, Beverly, who is my Dad's daughter with his first wife. She was born in November of 1957. My brother, Richard Joseph Shick, was born on December 13, 1968. He contracted cancer and passed away when I was 9 years old. My "baby brother," Ronald Anthony, was born on February 23, 1972.

Memories of My Grandparents and Great-grandparents

My father's grandmother was Ella Montaque (some people pronounce the name as "Mon-ta-gu," but my grandmother always said "Mon-tak"). Ella died around 1981, at the age of 103. She got a letter from Ronald Reagan when she turned 100. She was a tough woman, and "ran the roost" in her household. Her husband, Alfred Montaque, passed away in the 1950s, so I have no memories of him. Ella lived in a wee little house, and was quite hard of hearing when I knew her. She talked in a loud voice. She used to tell us stories. One of them I remember was about one of her relatives—a sister, I think—who was scalped by the Indians.

My Dad's mother was Margaret Catherine Montaque and his father was Joseph Richard Shick. They had two children, my aunt Rosemarie and my father. My grandmother was about 16 when they married. My grandfather was from Derry, PA. He was the only male in a family of females, and he ran away from home sometime in the 1930s. He hopped a train to New York City, where he drove an ambulance for a while, and later ended up in Monaca, PA, working on the railroad. That's where he met my grandmother. He was a rather rowdy character, but my grandmother stuck by him for 60 years of marriage. She was a tough character too. My Shick

grandparents raised me, so I have many memories of them.

Growing Up

My earliest memory is being in my crib and standing up, looking around, and seeing that everyone was all dressed up. I don't know what the occasion was, or exactly how old I was at the time. We lived in Bridgewater. I remember our house had a steep yard—so steep you had to tie a rope to the lawn mower to mow it. Mom planted daffodils on the hill. I have pleasant memories of sitting outside there on summer evenings. Dad would smoke, and a big orange street light would shine down on us. I loved to sit there and just smell the “summer.”

As kids, we walked a lot with Mom. We'd walk down to Beaver and other places. My mother was a quiet person—she never yelled at us. She was Slavic and was a fantastic cook, especially her pierogies and potato pancakes. I was the chubby one in the family and I loved her cooking. Once I tried to sneak some potato pancakes up the stairs to bed with me. I had a big grease spot where I was hiding them under my shirt.

When I was about 4 ½, the family went on a vacation, and we kids decided to have a Bazooka bubble gum contest, to see who could chew the most. I choked on my mouthful, and couldn't breathe. Dad had to hold me upside-down by my feet while Mom smacked me on the back. It was pretty scary.

My Mom and Dad separated when I was 6 years old. My father got custody of us and we lived with my Shick grandparents. I was very close to my brother Ricky—we were best friends. He wanted to be a baseball player and play for the Pittsburgh Pirates, and I wanted to be a veterinarian. In the summer of 1975, when I was 9 years old, Ricky didn't seem to have any energy for playing our usual games. Our doctor got suspicious and sent him to Children's Hospital, where he was diagnosed with a rare form of cancer of the lymph glands. He had three surgeries, as well as chemotherapy and radiation treatments. I was always going with my grand-



(Left) An early grade school photograph of Kimberly Shick.

*(Above) Kim with her siblings.
Back row: Tamra and Kimberly.
Front row: Richard and Ronald.*

parents to visit him in the hospital. He died in 1976, in the operating room during his last surgery. The doctor took us in a little room and told us that he had passed away. I remember my Dad crying as we walked to the car, but it didn't sink in then for me. I just couldn't believe it. I don't really believe in ghosts but later, when I was walking out of the funeral home, Ricky's face appeared to me on a lamppost. Maybe I was imagining things, but I was very calm after that. I just knew he was OK.

It was a hard time for the family. My grandmother had a breakdown and had to be hospitalized for a while. Ricky was her pride and joy. He was a lovable kid, and would always climb on her lap and hug her. After my brother died, I decided I wanted to be a doctor.

My father died when I was 13. Things weren't great for me at my grandparents' house, so I spent as little time there as possible. It was an unpleasant situation. As I look back on that period of my life, I realize that I felt very alone and thought I had no one to talk to. But I could have talked to anyone. There were people around who would have helped me. I would urge any young person who feels isolated and in need of help to just speak to someone—a teacher, minister, neighbor, school counsellor, or friend. You're really not alone. I know that now, but didn't back then.

I always did well in school. When I graduated from high school, I still wanted to be a doctor. I went to Duquesne University and took pre-med courses, majoring in biology and minoring in psychology. I lived on campus and worked as a waitress.

I was pretty naive at that time, and made some big mistakes. After three years of college, I found myself pregnant and married to a man I didn't love. I didn't believe in divorce, but it soon became apparent that the marriage wouldn't work. My Grandmother Shick was really there for me during that time, and we became much closer. I needed to be able to support myself and my son Jon, so I decided that getting a nursing degree was the best option, since I already had so many credits from Duquesne. I enrolled at Edinboro University of Pennsylvania. They had a program where you could get your nursing degree in a year if you had a Bachelor's degree. I finished up my B.A. degree in psychology in 1990 and got my nursing degree in August of 1991. Then I began working as a nurse at Presbyterian University Hospital in Pittsburgh.

My Marriage and Family/Professional Life

I sometimes think that my life really began with Dwayne Lewis. Actually, I had been friends with Dwayne's sister Robin for years, but we had lost touch somewhat after high school. After my first marriage dissolved, we became close again and she was the one who got Dwayne and me to start going out. We were engaged within 6 weeks of our first date.

Dwayne is a *rock*. He's an all-around good and gentle person, and a wonderful father to our three children. I tell Dwayne he didn't marry me, he married a family. One of the most moving times in my life was when Dwayne and I were just starting to see each other and my son Jon—out of the blue—asked Dwayne to be his Daddy.

All of our children are so different, and each one is so special. Jon was the sweetest little boy and I spoiled him a little because he was the first baby. He had beautiful eyes—they're like stone-washed blue jeans! I'm a "Type A" personality, and Jon is definitely NOT Type A. Nothing seems to worry him. Our daughter Kyleigh ("Ky") is a little mother hen. She always knows everybody's schedule, even when they don't. She amazes me. She's very bright—our ray of sunshine. Our youngest son Nicholas ("Nicky") is a headstrong little guy who wants his own way. (He used to butt his head on the floor as one of his tactics, but he's learned other ways of negotiating now.) I have no worries about Nicky. He's a little charmer. It will be so interesting to see how they all turn out.

All of the children enjoy being with their grandparents. We live across the street from their Lewis grandparents, Tom and Joanne, so they are a big part of the kids' lives. Although my mother and I had a rather distant relationship during my later childhood, due to me being raised by my grandparents, we are close now. My grandfather Shick died three months after Ky was born, and my grandmother died in 1993, right after Nicky was born. My grandmother doted on the kids and loved Dwayne. In her eyes, his only drawback was that he was a Baptist

and not Catholic like her. She jokingly called him “The Heathen.” They got along very well, even though they’re both strong personalities. Whenever they had a disagreement, Dwayne would take her a Wendy’s chicken sandwich and make up with her. I think a few times she deliberately picked a fight with him just so she’d get her chicken sandwich!

After Dwayne and I were married, I began working at the Medical Center of Beaver, because it was closer to home. I really like it there. When I had been in the hospital for John’s birth, I had talked to the nurse-anesthetist about her job, and got interested in that profession. In September of 1994 I began taking classes at LaRoche College in Pittsburgh to become an anesthetist. It’s been tough juggling work, family life, and my classwork, but I’ll graduate on August 22, 1997. I can’t wait!



(Above) Kim and Dwayne just before their marriage.



(Right) Our family. L. to R.: Nicholas, Jon, Kyleigh.

ROBIN RAE LEWIS VANDER WAGEN FAMILY

*Robin Rae Lewis, April 5, 1997*

Biography and Remembrances

"Huh? My story?...O.K.

It was never easy for me. I was born a poor black child. I remember the days sittin' on the porch with my family, singin' and dancin' down in Mississippi..."

(Steve Martin, The Jerk, 1979)

*Robin Rae Lewis, April 5, 1967
8 lbs., 21 in.*

*Robin at 2-½ years.*

I am the fourth child of Thomas Lindsay Lewis and Joanne Rae (Weigle) Lewis. I was born in Rochester, Pennsylvania, on Wednesday, April 5, 1967. This was a day or two before my mom's actual "due date," therefore making this the only time in my life that I wasn't late for an important event. Mom was quick to bring this to my attention.

I remember hearing stories about my birth. As you can see, I was a beautiful newborn. My mom told me that the nurses at Rochester Hospital ranted and raved about my full head of hair. One nurse even threatened, jokingly, of course, to steal me.

My maternal grandmother, Thelma Sheline, told another story to me. She recalls how on the day I was born she relayed the details to my granddad Claude. He asked, "What did they name her?" Grandma replied, "Her middle name is Rae. I don't remember her first name, but it has something to do with spring."



One of my earliest memories is from November/December, 1971. I remember someone answered the door and called me to it. A man stood outside holding a small brown kitten. He proceeded to tell me that Santa Claus had instructed him to give the kitten to a good little girl. I was excited and pleased that I was that good little girl! I don't even think I had asked for a kitten that year, but was glad to have her and named her Cuddles. She lived to be 15; that's 105 to you and me!

Another early memory is of the birth of my brother Keith in February of 1972. Before Keith was born, my dad gathered us kids in the living room for a meeting. He, Linda, Tommy and Dwayne discussed names for the impending baby. Eventually, they voted on one girl's name and one boy's name. Much to my dismay, I was not permitted to vote. This upset me a great deal. Today, child psychologists everywhere would wince at my dad's exclusion of me in this decision, saying that it may have lead to animosity toward my younger sibling.

During my mother's hospital stay before and after Keith's actual birth, I was in the care of my next-door neighbor, Delores (Dory) Cox. I remember watching TV and eating on Bugles corn snacks in the Cox's basement. (Their house was all basement. They lived in their foundation for years before building the actual house on top.) I remember the awful after-taste they left and those terrible "Bugle Burps"! To this day, eating Bugles takes me back to this time in my life.

Parents

I was raised in a loving home by both of my parents. We lived in a three-bedroom ranch-style house at 206 Shirley Drive, Monaca, Pennsylvania, my entire life.

My dad was the sole breadwinner and worked night-turn at Conrail for as long as I can remember. I always thought this was ideal. He worked while we slept, slept while we were in school and was awake when we got home.

The family ate dinner together each evening. Cooking for a family of seven had to be quite a chore, but Mom did a great job. My favorite dinner was beans and wieners. One of the first times my husband came home with me for dinner I asked Mom to make this "delicacy." She didn't think it was the best choice, but made it anyway. I enjoyed it!

As a child, after dinner the family would watch television together. We enjoyed variety shows like "The Carol Burnett Show" and "Laugh-In," movies with Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin, and horror films. I remember watching "Chiller Theater" hosted by "Chilly Billy" Cardill. As the horror movie began, I would be on the opposite side of the living room from my dad; by the end of the movie I would be right next to Daddy. I loved being scared then, as I do now.

Dad was always more fun when Mom was away. On occasions when she was gone for the evening, Dad showed his flare for cooking. He made excellent fudge that melted in your mouth. And his homemade doughnuts weren't bad either.

One thing that stands out in my mind about my dad is the way he expressed gratitude. When I lent a hand as Dad fixed a train, or helped him with any project, instead of saying "Thank you", Dad always said, "I'll dance at your wedding!" It was different, and I couldn't help wondering if he really would. I was happy that he got the chance to fulfill that promise!

When most people think of my dad, the first thing that comes to their minds is "trains." Dad's fascination with model trains has influenced all of his children. In eighth grade, I did a demonstrative speech on how to build a train platform. Later,

*Robin and Dad,
June 10, 1989.*



Dad got me a very collectable Mickey Mouse train, which I cherish. In college Speech 101, I did an informative speech on the history of model trains. My first real Christmas gift to Glenn was a Lionel train. And each of my children receives a train from “Pappy” on their second Christmas.

At Christmastime, Dad was always busy doing repair jobs on other’s trains and building our platform. There was always a train around the Christmas tree and usually a larger platform layout in the basement. I enjoyed the times when I got to help Dad with the details on the scenery. I often bring my friends and their children to see Dad’s train platform.

Another of Dad’s Christmas traditions was to force us to eat breakfast before we could open presents on Christmas morning. I thought this was a form of child abuse! Dad made breakfast for everyone. The menu usually consisted of blueberry pancakes and sausage.

I have always been very close to my mother. Her job was to raise the five of us. This gave her opportunity to be very involved in my activities as I grew up. She was my Girl Scout leader, church camp counselor, a band parent and a good friend. Mom’s example was a big influence in my church involvement and spiritual life, as well.

My mom is a hard worker. She was and is always doing volunteer work of some sort, and usually for more than one organization at a time. Girl Scouting was a big part of her life. She was a leader when Linda was a member and again when I became a member. In scouts, she volunteered to help with Cookie Drives, Day Camp and many other Girl Scout activities. When the World Fair was in Knoxville, Tennessee, Mom and Dad took our Girl Scout troop there. It was quite a field trip! Mom’s passion for Girl Scouting motivated me to remain a scout and to get Dawn involved as soon as she was old enough.

As band parents, Mom and Dad both attended most football games, concerts and competitions where the Center Band performed. They chaperoned trips and were always very supportive of my music education. Unlike most kids my age, I was never embarrassed to have my parents around.

Mom’s other love is her church work. With Dad working night-turn, it was Mom who took us to Sunday school and church. All my life she has held one position or another at our church, First Baptist of Rochester, PA. She has served on several committees and rarely says “no” when asked to do something. This quality has rubbed off on me. I find myself following in her footsteps as I teach Sunday school, lead the BYF (Baptist Youth Fellowship, our youth group), lead the young women’s circle, teach Vacation Bible School and serve on committees.

Each Easter morning, our church holds a sunrise service outside, in the center of Rochester. Some years we may have had the company of others in the family, but most of the time Mom and I attended this service alone. I don’t think I’ve ever missed it. At 6 a.m. the park is cold and damp, not very comfortable. However, it’s a nice tradition that really puts us in the mood for the Easter holiday.

One Easter, for my eighteenth birthday and for Mom’s Easter gift, Dad let us get our ears pierced. It was the first (and only) time for each of us and it hurt! Dad was glad we were in pain and referred to us as “cannibals” for some time after that. Ear piercing just wasn’t his bag, but he was a little more accepting when Keith got his done.

My dearest memory of Mom and church is the year I picked her name as my Secret Sister (secret pal/prayer partner). For a year I sent Mom encouraging notes, cards and little gifts. The trick was to conceal my identity. I did this by writing everything in ransom note style. I cut up dozens of magazines and pasted the letters onto the notes and cards. It was fun and I got to see her reaction up close. She would tell me all the nice things her Secret Sister did without knowing it was I! She was brought to tears when my identity was revealed at the end of the year.

Mom got me involved in attending the annual American Baptist Women’s Ministries conference four years ago. I’m glad she did. We both go and have a great time with others from our church. It is a very spiritually uplifting experience for me and I’m grateful that my mom is a part of it.

Selecting the perfect tree, a family project.



Another tradition for my mom and I is to get a live pine together at Christmastime. This tradition began when I was a teen. Dad went through a “fake tree” phase for several years. I would complain, but to no avail. One year we compromised and had the fake tree upstairs and a live tree downstairs. After that year, Mom and I started going to McIntyre’s farm to cut down a fresh pine. We did this alone for years. Later, Glenn would accompany us and do the dirty work. Now with the children, we all go and get two trees, one for Mom and one for us. Since Mom has to please Dad, we always go looking for a very specific tree for her: 1) it has to be no taller than she is; 2) it must have a straight, narrow trunk; and 3) it has to have big spaces where “Dad can hang his big balls,” to quote my mother.

Some years, Dwayne and his family go tree hunting with us. Once, Dwayne brought his

truck and we all rode in it to the field. I was taking pictures and videos, as usual, and trying to get the kids in the truck bed to cooperate. As Mom was climbing into the truck, Dwayne started driving away. She was screaming and hollering, and all Kim and I could do was laugh. I have it on video! More recently, Mom and I have tried different tree farms all over the county, but we still shop for trees together.

I have many more fond memories of my parents. Many more than I can write down on paper. I thank God for wonderful parents and their love and care for me.

Siblings

My placement in our large family had a great impact on my life. Being child #4, I never experienced being oldest, or being the middle child. I only got to enjoy being youngest for 5 years, though rumor has it I was always spoiled. Growing up in a large family had its benefits. I got to learn from the success and mistakes of my older siblings and I got to be an example for my younger one.

Linda is my only sister and is nine years older than I am. When we were young, we shared a room and a double bed. She wasn’t crazy about this, since I was a restless sleeper. Often she would awake from nightmares of being strangled, only to find that I had my leg over top of her. Sometimes, when she was feeling childish, we would have great times jumping on our bed. Our room was always a mess. Mine still is.

I adored Linda and liked to hang around when she had friends visiting. I especially liked the guys she dated, and had crushes on several of them. It all seemed so romantic, and I was sure that I’d never go on dates or be asked to the prom. I’m sure I was a nuisance to her.

When Linda moved out after nine years of sharing a room with me, I was very lonely. I worried about her a lot and often went to sleeping crying because I missed her.

Now that we’re older, Linda and I are more like friends. We enjoy Christmas shopping together and have an annual Lewis women’s shopping spree on the Friday after Thanksgiving. Mom, Linda, Kim and I shop for hours with a short break for lunch. It is one reason I always spend Thanksgiving in PA rather than in Maryland with Glenn’s folks.

Tommy is my oldest brother, being eight years older than I am. When I was little, it seemed that he and Linda were always fighting (much like Dawn and Ryan do now). At the same time, they shared many of the same friends.

A favorite memory of Tommy is our sleep-out. The night before his wedding, Tommy and I slept out on the patio. It was a warm July night. We stayed up late talking about everything

under the sun. I felt very close to him.

Tommy encouraged my interest in photography. I had received a 110mm camera from my grandma on my tenth birthday, but that wasn't enough. Tommy promised that if I graduated in the top six of my high school class that he'd get me a 35mm camera. He came through for me. My Pentax K-1000 was my pride and joy until it was stolen at Geneva.

Another gift from Tommy was my first Steve Martin album. I loved his comedy and asked for the album. After getting it for me, Tom got a chance to listen to it. He had second thoughts after that. It really wasn't fit for twelve-year-old ears. Nevertheless, I enjoyed the album and eventually got all of them. Steve Martin is my all-time favorite comedian. I think most of my sick humor stems from this point in my development.

When I was in college, Tommy got me a summer job with All-Pak, Inc. where he worked in the office. I put lids on jars; it was real brain-work. The office personnel were amused to hear me calling him "Tommy." At the office, he was "Tom." They would chuckle as they said, "*Tom-meee, your sister's looking for you!*"

Dwayne is my senior by four years. As kids, we played together quite a bit. He introduced me to many of the interesting places in our neighborhood, like the cliffs, caves and coal mines. We played ball and "Ghost in the Graveyard" together with the neighborhood kids. It was nice to be included with the older boys, but I doubt that they enjoyed it as much.

As the middle child, Dwayne was the scapegoat. Once when Linda was supposed to be watching us, I ended up being locked in the garage. I guess I wasn't behaving, but I don't remember who actually put me in the garage for punishment. Lacking a means of escape, I decided to break out the windows with a 2x4. It only took my breaking one or two windows to get them to unlock the door. When Mom and Dad got home, somehow Dwayne got blamed and punished for locking me in the garage. (I didn't get in trouble at all!) He was spanked with a piece of Hot Wheels track. Later, when Dad found out who the culprit really was, he introduced the concept of having spankings in "the bank." Since Dwayne got beat for something he didn't do, he now had one spanking "in the bank." He could cash it in the next time he got in trouble.

In college, Glenn and I visited Dwayne in his fraternity house on many occasions. Everything was very calm at Geneva, so Youngstown State University was a refreshing change of pace. Dwayne was like everyone's big brother. He watched out for the fraternity's "little sisters" by taking them home when they'd had a few too many. That way, frat brothers wouldn't take advantage of them. I respected Dwayne for this.

Dwayne has always been my biggest fan, having a great deal of confidence in my abilities to teach math. He gets appalled when I am not chosen for a job. Sometimes I think he wants me to get a job more than I do. I'm glad I have his support.

My only younger sibling is Keith, who is five years younger than I am. When we were little, I wanted to play school all the time. Keith was never a cooperative student. I remember getting frustrated because he refused to let me teach him to tie his shoes. At twenty-five, he still can't tie his shoes properly. Oh well, I tried!

For the most part, Keith was subject to torture by his older siblings. In this respect, I was happy to be replaced as the youngest child. He was so skinny and light that we once hung him in the closet by putting a hanger in his coat while he was still wearing it! On another occasion, I tricked him into eating gerbil vitamin treats by telling him they were Hershey's Kisses. I understand they tasted gross!

Keith and I had the most fun together on family vacations. Dad took us on a vacation each summer. We camped, which was a wise choice for a family of seven on a budget. Lake Erie, Pymatuning and Niagara Falls were some of our more local vacation spots. The first time we ever went to the ocean was in 1977 when we went to Nags Head, North Carolina. I'll never forget my first glimpse of the Atlantic! In later years, we traveled further south to Georgia and Florida. We drove on all trips.

When we traveled, we usually chose the campground as we went. Dwayne, Keith and I had

a preference for KOA campgrounds. They had the three main ingredients: a swimming pool, an arcade and a convenience store. What else could a kid ask for? I tried to teach Keith to budget his quarters for maximum enjoyment of the pinball machines.

Today, all four of my siblings live within ten miles of me. Sometimes this close proximity is a blessing. Other times it's a burden.

Grandparents

On Dad's side, I only knew my grandmother, Mom-Mom. We visited her about twice a year, and sometimes more often depending on the number of weddings/funerals.

I have very vague memories of Mom-Mom with Grover. I remember their house having a porch that wrapped all the way around the front. When we visited them, I played on the porch. I liked it because it was different than what I was used to.

One summer in the seventies, Mom-Mom spent some time at our house. She shared my room and bed. She kept a pretty fan under her pillow. I commented on it and she let me have it when she left. Another memory from that stay is how she told me to cover my eyes when she changed clothes. I was young and unused to modesty, so I got real curious when she asked me not to look. What was she hiding? I'm sure I peeked, but didn't see anything unusual about her.

I'm pretty sure it was during this same visit that Mom-Mom had her stroke. It was scary for me. She was sitting in the living room with a blank look on her face. She didn't respond to questions. Finally, an ambulance arrived and a longhaired man put her on the gurney. As they took her out of the house, she just stared at him and I heard her say, "Hippie!"

Most of the visits that I remember with Mom-Mom were at Aunt Hazel's house. We would all file into her bedroom upstairs and have to be introduced. She didn't know who we were at this point. It was very sad.

On Mom's side, I was very close with my grandmother, Thelma, and her second husband, my granddad, Claude Sheline. They lived in Monaca Heights, which was only a few miles from our house. We visited them frequently. I liked to visit by myself and enjoy the individual attention.

Four Generations.

*(l. to r. back row)
Robin Rae Lewis
Vander Wagen and
Joanne Weigle Lewis.*

*(l. to r. front row)
Thelma Shepanska
Weigle and Dawn
Ann Vander Wagen.
1997.*



Grandma attended our church, and many Sundays I would go home with her after the service. It was nice to be the only grandchild there and to get the individual attention. My favorite part was the candy store. Gallagher's Store sold penny candy. Granddad would give me 25 or 35 cents and we'd walk to the store. I would then take great pains to pick out just the right mix of penny candy.

In 1974, I was shot in the eye with a B-B gun and was hospitalized for eleven days. During my hospital stay, Granddad tried to smuggle candy into my room inside a hand puppet. At first the mission was a success, but later I got busted when a nurse discovered and confiscated the candy.

Each summer I take Dawn and Ryan to this same candy store. They still carry penny candy and my kids love it as much as I did.

Grandma used to get her hair done each Friday at the Beaver Valley Mall. It was a treat to go along. We would have

lunch in the Woolworth's cafeteria and sometimes get to take the taxi home. I enjoyed walking around the mall with Grandma.

Grandma's house was where we and all my cousins gathered on Christmas. I have many happy memories of Christmas there. Granddad had a bar downstairs and he would mix us Shirley Temples. Grandma would put out a relish tray with black olives. We would put them on all our fingers and wave them around. Linda, Rorie and Stacie ate them. I didn't like them.

In 1980, Grandma and Granddad moved to Panama City, Florida. Things haven't been the same since then. We have visited them on occasion. Grandma comes back to Pennsylvania twice a year, in the summer and for Christmas. When she flies in, the kids and I like to pick her up at the airport and take her to lunch. It's a good time.

Aunts and Uncles

We visit Uniontown about twice a year. During these visits, Dad made the effort to see both of his sisters. Since Mom-Mom was living with Aunt Hazel, it seems we visited at her and Uncle Wib's house the most. I loved going there. Uncle Wib was fun to be with. He played games with us, showed us his bees and let us shoot at targets up the hill. He once fried an egg from the large birdhouse he had. I wouldn't eat it.

Uncle Wib took me on a fishing trip once. I caught a small bass and was reluctant to hold it close to me for a picture. He taught me to whistle and draw cartoons, too. When I was in the hospital for my eye, he sent me pages of pictures to practice drawing.

It was at Aunt Hazel's that I got into mischief with my cousin Wade. Once, we climbed on top of the garage, breaking the gutter in the process, so we could throw apples at the passing cars. To this day, Wade blames me for all of it. I don't remember it being my idea!

Aunt Hazel and Uncle Wib were unable to attend my wedding because Uncle Wib had had a heart attack. As Glenn and I were on our way to Virginia Beach for our honeymoon, we passed a hospital sign near Uniontown. I suggested that we stop there on the off chance that Uncle Wib was there. As I asked the receptionist for his room number, it occurred to me that I didn't know what Uncle Wib's real first name was, so I asked for "W." Abraham. Sure enough, he was there. Aunt Hazel was there, too, as a hospital volunteer. We had a nice visit with them and they were very surprised to see us!

I enjoyed visiting Aunt Eleanor and Uncle Edgar as well. Aunt Eleanor made delicious lasagna for us one time. This made an impression because my mom never made lasagna.

Playing with Laurie was fun. I especially enjoyed the years when they had the swimming pool. When Laurie was driving, she took Dwayne and I "cruising" to all the local hangouts. I liked that, too.

Uncle Jim and Aunt June lived the closest to us, but I don't think we visited them much more frequently than the others. The couple of years that we had Thanksgiving at their house were nice. I think these were the only times that we spent a holiday with Dad's side of the family. I got to know my cousin, Jeff,



Uncle Wib and me, Christmas, 1973.

Uncle Jack's son, on one of these occasions. We went walking all around the neighborhood and found that we had a lot in common. We were both in advanced math classes in school and both fascinated with the Rubik's Cube.

One of the funniest times at Aunt June and Uncle Jim's house was during a summer picnic. I don't remember what the occasion was, but everyone was there, including Aunt Eleanor's family, Franklin's family, Aunt Hazel and Uncle Wib, etc. My mom, Aunt Eleanor and Laurie were all sitting on a glider. At that time, this was quite a load. Mom got up and little, skinny Joanne Miller took her seat on the glider. The second Joanne sat down, the glider collapsed! Joanne felt real bad. We teased her without mercy.

Other fond memories center on Susan, La Monte and their kids. Through the years we visited them at several of their homes and they visited us, too. Wade and I were quite compatible and had many good times. We had plans to paint an old, junked Volkswagen that was in my neighbor's back yard and go cruising. We explored creeks and climbed trees together. When they lived in Des Moines, I envied Wade because he got to drive before I did and he was younger than I was!

Of all my cousins on Dad's side, Jimmy Abraham is the most like me. He's a great storyteller and always has a joke to tell. He likes to be the center of attention. I love to hear him blame his high sex drive on his Welsh heritage. He is very likeable, just like Uncle Wib was.

Mom's side of the family is much smaller, but lived closer. My Aunt "Bee" (Brenda) and Uncle Lee Weyand had four kids, lived only minutes from us, and were always a part of our lives. My cousins, Rorie, Stacie, Mark and Nadine, went to church with us and often visited afterwards. Their family attended all of our parties, picnics and holiday gatherings. We were very close.

Mom's brother, Nelson Weigle, and his wife Pat lived in Ohio when I was little. We visited them once in a while. Later, they moved to Monaca and we became very close. Aunt Pat was my friend and confidant when I was a teenager. She died in an auto accident when I was sixteen. Of all the relatives I've lost through the years, I miss Pat the most.

Childhood Friends

I grew up in a nice little neighborhood called Sylvancrest located on the south bank of the Ohio River in Monaca, Pennsylvania. Dad always said you could locate our neighborhood even on a globe just by finding the spot where the Ohio River bends from north to south. This geography made Sylvancrest an interesting place with cliffs on half the perimeter, several clusters of woods, undeveloped, grown-over lots, all nestled on top of a quaint little hill.

Throughout my childhood, I enjoyed the company of my friends and playing outdoors. Most of the kids my age in the neighborhood (referred to as "the hill") were boys, so I was a bit of a tomboy.

In my early years, my closest friends were Stevie Gaus and Kevin Walker. They were both a year younger than I was. We had many, many great adventures together. We played cars, building roads and tunnels all over the "dirt hill" in back of Cox's house. Eddie Cox and my brother Dwayne did most of the building, and then Kevin, Stevie and I would add a little and mostly just be annoying to the older boys. The three of us also enjoyed playing in the field behind my house and the various wooded areas all over the hill, sometimes building clubhouses and forts of all kinds.

One of our favorite places to play was at the end of our street, Shirley Drive. The end of the road had collapsed due to erosion and a landslide, leaving that portion of the road blocked off on both sides. This made for a neat and secluded play area. We used to dig in the fallen dirt for treasures and once found the entire skeleton of a rat, which we passed off to other children as dinosaur bones. We would pretend that we were in the "Land of the Lost" and had to live off the land, eating many things we probably shouldn't have. Up on the half of the road that hadn't yet rolled down the hill were heaps of dirt that made great bicycling jumps. That spot provided us with endless hours of fun and play!

Another favorite spot was a large, flat rock that jugged out from the side of the hill overlooking the Ohio. Kevin, Stevie and I could sit for hours on that rock. We'd build fires or draw on the rock with other stones. It was just like chalk; you could get all sorts of colors from the different stones lying around. From the point where the rock connected to the hill, you could use roots and vines (eventually we added a garden hose) to climb down the face of the cliff to a very scenic area. It was a shallow cave with very smooth surfaces. Through the cracks in the cave's floor flowed a natural spring. The water there tasted great. I think the most appealing feature of this spot was that our parents never knew we were there and would probably have killed us had they found out.

The problem with our little trio was that many times two of us would pick on the third. More often than not, it was Stevie and I versus Kevin. Children can be cruel and Kevin was so terribly easy to pick on. He was thin and gangly with bucked teeth. One time at the bus stop, Steve and I threw rocks at a hornets' nest long enough to get the hornets good and angry. Then we bolted. With no warning, Kevin was attacked and stung at least three times in the behind. We were tickled to learn that Mrs. Walker had to administer the traditional baking soda/water paste to Kevin's backside.

As I got older, my circle of neighborhood buddies grew to include the Mitchell boys. Ray was my age and I had a crush on him from the time I met him. He was introduced as the new kid in Mrs. Zeigler's second grade class. So wanting to impress him, I put a tack on the teacher's chair (how original!). I'm not sure what kind of impression my being spanked in front of the whole class left on Ray. His brother Doug was closer to Dwayne's age and they were very close friends and still are. Mark, the middle son, was somewhere between Doug and Ray. He alternated between playing with us and playing with the older boys.

With the addition of the Mitchells to the picture came a time of adolescent mischief. With Dwayne, Doug and sometimes Tommy as our leaders, Mark, Ray, Steve, Kevin and I pulled all sorts of silly pranks. Playing ticktack was one way to fill a summer evening. We'd knock on doors and run before the people answered. One time Tommy helped rig a cruel joke on Mr. Knight, the neighborhood grouch. He tied Mr. Knight's screen door open and sent Ray to knock. Ray knocked on the door and ran. From Mr. Knight's hedges, Tommy waited. When Mr. Knight opened the door, without the protection of the screen door, Tommy hurled an egg or two directly into Mr. Knight's house. We thought it was a great trick.

Another time, after spending the day with Ray and Mark at a picnic at Brady's Run Park and collecting a whole jar of crayfish, we planned another prank. The Eisenhour's, a family blessed with three annoying children, had a pool that they were quite proud of. The only problem was that the water was so filthy you couldn't see your hand if it was two inches under the water. On a dare, Mark dumped the many crayfish into that pool and we made bets as to how long it would take the Eisenhours to discover them. We never heard anything about it the rest of the summer.

These are just a few examples of life on the hill. Other activities that filled our days and nights included the following: playing basketball at the playground; sleeping out on our patio with many neighborhood friends; finding "treasure" in the Phoenix Glass dump (a very large hill of broken glass bits); riding bikes on the many bike trails in the vacant lots; and playing in the swamp at the end of Shirley Drive and Grandview Avenue. All of these activities helped to make my childhood a very happy one.

School Days

My mom once told me this story about my first day of kindergarten. In the afternoon when I arrived home, Mom could tell that I was not happy about something. She asked me how my first day went. I told her with great disappointment, "They didn't even ask me what 2+2 is!"

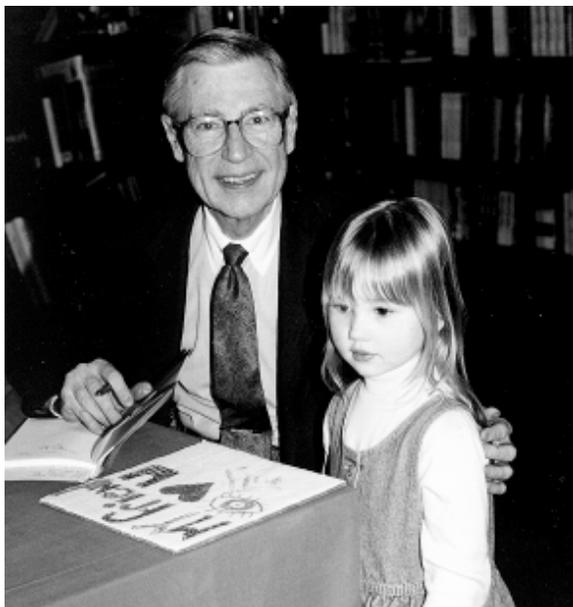
I attended Potter Elementary School in Potter Township, PA, for kindergarten through fourth grade. I enjoyed school and never remember a time when I didn't want to go.

My dad thinks most of my enthusiasm over education came from extensive hours watching

*Kindergarten,
1972.*



*Fred Rogers and
Dawn, February
2, 1995.*



Sesame Street, Mr. Rogers' Neighborhood and Electric Company on PBS. He says I used to eat my meals on a little TV tray as I watched my favorite programs. I did enjoy these shows and encourage my kids to watch them. It was a great day when I got to meet Mr. Fred Rogers in person. He was promoting his book, *You Are Special*, at the University of Pittsburgh on February 28, 1995. Dawn, Ryan, my friend, Carley, and I stood in line for three hours before reaching him. I have pictures of the kids with Mr. Rogers and an autographed book to show for it.

Potter Elementary was a quaint school located more in the country than the other elementary school in the district. The bus ride was long, but scenic, and especially beautiful in the fall. My favorite person there was Mr. Wagner, the janitor. I remember once the water was turned off all day for some reason. Mr. Wagner went to a hand pump out back and pumped hundreds of Dixie cups of water so that each student could have a drink. I also remember taking my great-aunt Iona to open house one year in an attempt to fix her up with Mr. Wagner. It didn't work. Apparently there already was a Mrs. Wagner.

Mrs. Rodgers was my favorite teacher. She taught first grade and I thought she was the most beautiful woman alive. I used to write poems for her, but never actually gave them to her. My dad once found one that said, "Dear Mrs. Rodgers, Roses are red, Violets are blue, You are pretty and I love you." Pretty good for a first-grader, I thought. As a class project, we got to make our own books in her class. We wrote a table of contents, several stories, illustrations and everything. The books were then sewn together and bound with a cardboard cover covered in fabric. I still have my book, creatively entitled My Book.

Potter's music teacher, Mrs. Baker, was also a special person. She put together Christmas and spring concerts for the whole school each year. My star role was as Oscar the Grouch in a

spring concert where I got to sing "I love trash." Mom made my costume out of furry throw rugs dyed an ugly green. At one of the Christmas concerts, I got to sing a duet with classmate Scott Bain. We sang "Let It Snow." Mrs. Baker originally wanted us to kiss at the end. We refused. Then she asked if we would hold hands as we sang. We refused. Finally she settled on having us stand near each other. We could handle that!

My best friends in elementary school were Lynn Wiseman and Darlene Christian. Darlene and I are still close to this day. I don't know whatever happened to Lynn.

I attended Todd Lane Middle School in Monaca, PA, for grades five through seven. Middle school was important in my life since that's where I began studying the flute and started excelling in mathematics. These two things played a large part in the next twelve years of my life, and then some.

Middle school is where the two elementary schools were integrated. It was nice to see new faces. One of those new faces was that of Kimberly Shick. We became close through our mutual friend, Lynn Wiseman. We remained that way through junior and senior high school. We kept in touch through college and finally she married my brother just to stay closer to me.

Center Junior High School was located just up the street from Todd Lane. My eighth and ninth grade years were spent there.

Marching band began in junior high school. It was exciting for me! I had seen Linda, Tommy and Dwayne marching many times and was looking forward to doing it too. Mr. Phillips, our director, let us do the fun cadences like the high school used. It was hard work, but very enjoyable. Sheila Cavish and Beth Bedekovich became my close "band buddies"; we still keep in touch with each other.

Mr. Kalmar and Mr. Cleary were my favorite teachers. Mr. Kalmar taught reading; I thought he was very handsome. Mr. Cleary was my Geometry teacher. I liked him because he liked my work and didn't hesitate to let me know it. I loved Geometry and sometimes did the proofs in a way that hadn't occurred to Mr. Cleary. He encouraged my creativity where some teachers might have forced me to do it their way.

It was also in junior high school that several friends and I pulled another big prank. This time a high school student was the victim. We told Connie Bushnell, a heavy-set tenth-grader, that this boy in the junior high really liked her. We named him "Bino Robertson," Bino R. being an anagram for Robin. I wrote notes to Connie from Bino for months with the help of my friends Darlene, Sheila, Beth and Connie's sister, Caroline. Connie wrote back religiously. We girls got a chuckle out of the mushy letters she'd write and would always be challenged to top them with something even mushier. Boy, was Connie mad when she found out the truth!

Adjoining the junior high by a long corridor was Center Senior High School. The remaining three years of my high school career were spent there. I continued playing in the band and did well at it. I won the only chair as piccolo player for concert band a couple years. I played in the Beaver County District Band one year. And in marching band I got to be squad leader for two years.

In senior high I stuck with an academic course line including latin, trigonometry, physics, calculus and nuclear (pronounced "nucular" by the teacher, Mr. McIntosh) science. I did very well in all of my subjects, earning the fourth place in my class of 206 students. Each of the "Senior Six" (top six graduates) spoke at commencement and I remember very clearly preparing for this speech. It was 5:00 a.m., the morning of commencement. I was just starting to write my speech on the assigned topic, "Service, An American Virtue" and had to be at the school to rehearse it in three hours. I wanted to include a quote by John F. Kennedy, you know the one that begins "Ask not what your country can do...". I wanted to make sure I didn't misquote JFK, so I referred to the family's encyclopedia. I

High school graduation.



couldn't even find JFK in it, let alone this famous quote. Here our encyclopedias were dated 1953! In the end, all went well, except for the power outage at the dome where commencement was held.

During high school, I made a hobby of talking on the C.B. radio. Dad often complained about my time spent on the phone, so I asked for a C.B. That Christmas I got one. Several of my friends had them at home and I met many new friends after talking on it for a short time. I became close to Cathy Johnson through the C.B. We were quite a pair. She lived in the next town. We talked every evening, while doing homework, and in the morning as we got ready for school. Once we organized a day when we skipped school over the radio. We just spent the whole day at her house.

I also met my first boyfriend on the C.B. His name was Chris Rudi and he lived in Beaver Falls. We dated for two years and I took him to both of my proms. He proposed once. I'm glad I said "no." When I started college, I lost all interest in Chris.

College Years

After much thought, I chose to continue my education at Geneva College in Beaver Falls, PA. The fact that Chris lived five doors up the street from the campus helped in the decision. However, within a week I'd forgotten all about that.

At Geneva I chose to major in mathematics and planned to become a high school math teacher. I had enrolled in Geneva's marching band and had to go to band camp a week before the other freshmen would arrive. At band camp I made many friends very quickly; Louis Nemeč, Brian Johnson, Debbie Statuti and Shirl Yuninger to name a few. Good friends made the transition to college life very easy.

The next week, when the other students arrived, I was overwhelmed with Freshman Orientation. I met many of the other new students, some of which I had known from summer orientation. One afternoon, Louis Nemeč and I were sitting on the steps of Johnson Gym (the band room) when a certain fellow freshman walked by. I said to Louis, "See that guy...I'd like to get to know him better." It wasn't long after that I started dating "that guy." His name was Glenn Vander Wagen.

Glenn and I were together all four years at Geneva, so he is intermingled with all of my college memories. In the end, I majored in math and minored in computer science; Glenn majored in computer science and minored in math. We had many classes together and studied together, too.

I commuted to and from Geneva for three of my four years there. I left for school very early, usually before 8 a.m. I wouldn't return home until quite late, 11 p.m. or so. Spending so much time on campus gave me the opportunity to experience college life to its fullest. As a sophomore, I lived on campus with roommate Shirl Yuninger. She was and is a good friend. It was nice to live on campus, as Glenn's dorm was right across the street from Clarke Hall where I roomed.

My interest in photography grew in college. As a freshman, I joined the photo staff for the yearbook and newspaper. My sophomore year, I was elected Photo Editor. I held this position for three years. I enjoyed working in the darkroom and teaching others the process. Also, helping create the yearbook was fun!

Another fond college memory was the time I spent in the choir, The Genevans. I was only a member for one semester, but during that time we performed many concerts. In the summer following my freshman year, I traveled with the Genevans to Europe. This was my only overseas excursion. We performed in Ireland, Scotland, England, Switzerland and France. Though our three-week trip consisted

Robin and Glenn, Fall, 1986.



mainly of singing and sleeping, we did get some chances to do sightseeing and go on tours of various landmarks, museums and historical sights. I got to see a lot of the art and architecture that I had studied in Humanities.

My favorite place was Paris, France. We only had one afternoon concert during our three-day stay in Paris. This gave us lots of time to explore the city on foot. It was fantastic! With friends, I walked from one end of the city to the other, but took the Metro (subway) back. It was a great way to see the city!

In the end, I am glad I chose Geneva. I got a well-rounded education, a deeper appreciation for the historical impact of the Bible and a great husband. Not bad!

Glenn and I both graduated in May of 1989. Within a month, we were married.



The Beginnings of the Vander Wagen Family

On June 10th, 1989, I became Mrs. Glenn Arthur Vander Wagen. The forecast predicted rain for our wedding day, but God likes me and He made it clear up just long enough for us to get outdoor photographs of the wedding party. The wedding reception was beautiful. Pastor Ed only mispronounced our last name once ("Vander Vaggen"). My cousin, Rorie, and friend, Debbie Statuti, each sang a solo. And the reception was one of the most enjoyable I've attended!



The Wedding Party.

(l. to r.) Glenn Vander Wagen, Robin Lewis Vander Wagen, Linda Lewis Glasser (Matron of Honor), Daniel Wilson (Best Man), Pamela Leeper Lewis, Bill Papin, Laura Vander Wagen, Dwayne Lewis, Gail Vander Wagen and Thomas Edwin Lewis. June 10, 1989.

As I reflect on the circumstances of our marriage, I think we must have been crazy! Neither of us had a job or any prospects. We had the money we got at the wedding and my savings, but that was it. Fortunately, Glenn secured a job with 84 Lumber within a month. And I got a long-term teaching job at Moon High School in August. What luck! We lived in an apartment in Bridgewater, Pennsylvania for the first year of our marriage, then moved to a Hopewell apart-

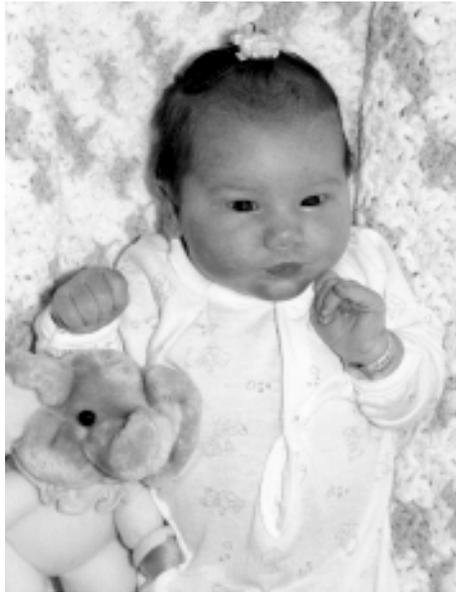
ment for the second year.

After being married only a year and a half, we had our first child. Dawn Ann Vander Wagen was born on January 18, 1991. She weighed 9 pounds, 8 1/4 ounces, and measured twenty-one inches. She was delivered by cesarean section as the doctors expected a larger baby.

Dawn is a delightful child. She has always been inquisitive and bright. She has loved singing from the time she was able to sing. She could sing many songs, including “Bicycle Built for Two” and the alphabet, before she turned two. She is a very friendly little girl.

When Dawn was 2 1/2 years old, her brother Ryan Arthur was born. Ryan arrived on August 21, 1993, which was five days before his due date and nine days before the start of the school year. Being a long-term substitute, I didn’t get the luxury of a maternity leave. Fortunately, I was only working part time and Mom watched Dawn and Ryan for the four hours each day.

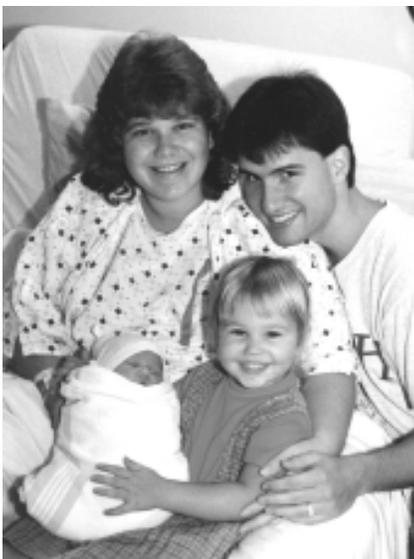
(Left) Dawn Ann at four days old, 1991.



(Right) Dawn Ann at six years old, 1997.



Robin, Glenn, Ryan and Dawn.



I insisted to my doctor that I would not have another cesarean, so Ryan was born in the usual way. He weighed only 8 pounds, 1/4 ounce, and was 20 1/2 inches long. After 21 hours of labor and the delivery of Ryan, I was hungry. I was served a cold steak dinner in the recovery room. This was much better than the three days of liquid diet I had to endure after Dawn’s birth! Also, I was anxious to walk around. I was able to do so right away, since I hadn’t had surgery. It was refreshing!

Ryan is the epitome of the word “BOY”! He learned how to climb out of his crib months before he could even walk. He is always getting into one thing or another. With absolutely no fear, he often wanders off. I’ve lost him more times than I am willing to admit. Most recently, he has developed a love for penknives and used his father’s to carve holes in our box springs. He’s quite the parenting challenge!

Not wasting any time, Glenn and I procreated once more. Dawn finally got her wish for a baby sister upon the birth of our third child. In preparation for the baby, Dawn chose a name: “Sara Dinah.” Following my dad’s example, I chose to ignore her request.

Lindsay Rae was born on May 17, 1996. She weighed 9



Ryan Arthur Vander Wagen.

(Left) August 21, 1993.



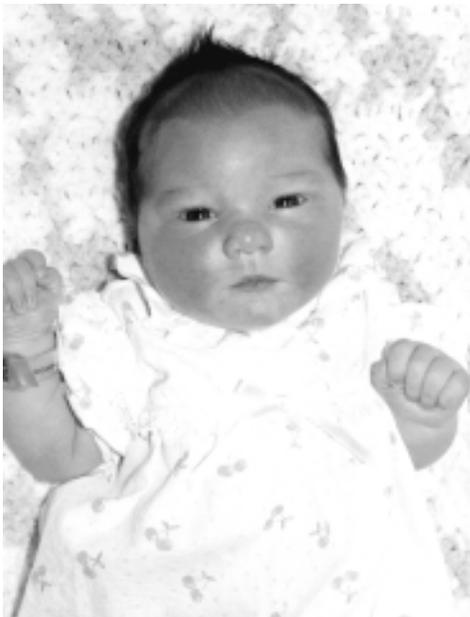
(Right) 3 years old.

pounds, 2 ounces and was 21 inches long. Much to my dismay, she was born naturally. I begged for the drugs, but just couldn't get 'em. After 44 hours of labor, I figured it was the least they could do for me. Oh well.

Lindsay was named after my parents, "Lindsay" being Dad's middle name, and "Rae" being Mom's middle name. When Linda explained this to her son, Nathan, he thought it over before finally saying, "Grandma and Pappy should switch middle names."

The day we brought Lindsay home from the hospital was exciting and action-packed. It was Sunday, so on our way home we stopped at church to show her off. When we got home, we took all the obligatory photographs in a rush of madness. I quickly nursed her and got dressed to go to the theater. Mom and I had tickets to see Jerry Lewis in "Damn Yankees", and I'd be damned if I'd miss it! On our way home from Pittsburgh, Mom and I stopped in on my cousin

Lindsay Rae Vander Wagen.



(Left) May 17, 1996.



(Right) 10 months old.

Stacie's son Brendan's Christening party. What a day!

Lindsay was and is a pleasant baby. One problem is that she adores her brother. Her face lights up when he enters the room. I'm just afraid she'll be just like him. One Ryan is enough!

Our growing family is presently residing at 1209 Croxall Avenue in Hopewell Township, PA. Our house is a two-bedroom ranch, so we have already outgrown it. The close quarters force the kids to try to get along, as they all share a 10x10 foot bedroom. Dawn and Ryan enjoy the small backyard and the play area in the basement.

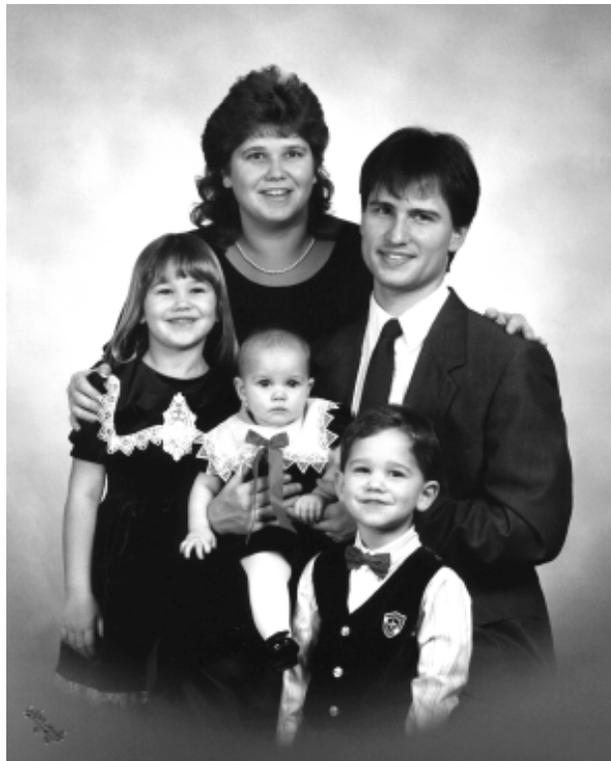
Family traditions that we've started include annual New Year's Eve parties, the Vander Wagen Easter egg hunt (a tradition I started four years ago), attending the Hookstown Fair and taking trips to Hozak's and Janoski's Pumpkin Farms.

We take family vacations each summer, just like my family did. Our favorite vacation spot is Myrtle Beach. The whole family enjoys swimming and playing in the sand there. Dawn longs to go to Disney World. She says we need to save five dollars (since there are five of us) so we can go. I hope we get there some time soon.

Dawn started kindergarten this year, which was a milestone in my life. I now have a school-aged child! With her in school, I get to give Ryan 100% of my attention. Sometimes we go out for breakfast or go to the park. He is a different boy when Dawn is away, so calm and loving!

I truly enjoy being a wife and mom, although I hate cooking and cleaning. I like sewing and have made the kids Halloween costumes each year. Planning the kid's birthday parties is a joy. I try to make each one special, so they will have good memories of their childhood.

So far my life has been very rewarding. I love my husband and each of my children so much. I hope more of the same is in store for me!



GLENN VANDER WAGEN

Biography and Remembrances



*Glenn Arthur and Gail Anne
Vander Wagen, October 27,
1967.*

"You're a very fine fellow Mr. Baggins, and I am very fond of you, but you are only quite a little fellow in a wide world after all." - The Hobbit

I was born October 27, 1967 with my twin sister Gail. My sister Laura followed one and a half years later on June 1, 1969. We grew up in a three-bedroom house in Fallston, Maryland. All three of us attended Harford Christian School from kindergarten through twelfth grade.

After graduating from high school, I attended Geneva College in Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania. There I met my wife Robin. We dated all through college and were married shortly after we graduated.

My first job after college was at 84 Lumber in the POS (Point-of-Sale) department. This lasted for about 6 months. After leaving 84 I went to work for a very small company called Data Task Corporation, which changed to Lab Task Corporation after a few years. Lab Task was bought by Axiom Systems in September 1996. Axiom Systems is currently expecting to change their name within the next 6 months.

Since graduating from college, Robin and I have been blessed with three children: Dawn, Ryan, and Lindsay. We currently reside in Hopewell Township in Pennsylvania.

Parents

My parents, Ralph and Betty, were originally from the Chicago area. Before my arrival, my father was transferred by Western Electric to the area around Baltimore. From my earliest memories our house was filled with caring and love.

My mom and dad showed their love for my sisters and me in everything they did. Some of my early memories are of racing my dad around to the basement door and playing catch. I remember riding on my mother's lap on the tractor when she was mowing the lawn. When I was old enough that became my job and my father would trim around the trees and the fence with the mower. When I was older still I had to push the mower and he or my mom rode the tractor.

My parents also gave my sisters and I a consistently Christian outlook on life. During my high school years I was not thrilled with attending a Christian school. However, looking back I



*Ralph and Betty,
1996.*

am very grateful to my parents who gave up much so that I would have the benefit of a Christian education. We attended church consistently at the First Orthodox Presbyterian Church in Baltimore. The church was a core component of our life growing up, as it has continued to be. One vague early memory I have is of going down to church and watching my dad paint the sign for the church at the corner of the lot. I also remember many times playing on the church lawn with other children. I have memories of going down and helping mow the lawn and clean the church as well as the day the mortgage was burned on the lawn. This activity in church life and the Godly people I was exposed to is another incredibly valuable gift I have from my parents.

Sisters

I am the only brother of Gail and Laura Vander Wagen. I cannot remember a time before my younger sister was around. We have always seemed to me to be a tightly knit group and, although we fought among ourselves, there was never any real animosity. Much of this I believe was the secure environment in which we grew up. My parents were fair but strict with all of us. I remember times when we all were lined up in front of the couch waiting for what we had earned as punishment. It seems most of our discipline was taken care of when we were very young and my sisters and I were, in my humble opinion, typically well behaved children. My sisters are interwoven with all of my childhood memories and continue to be very dear to me.

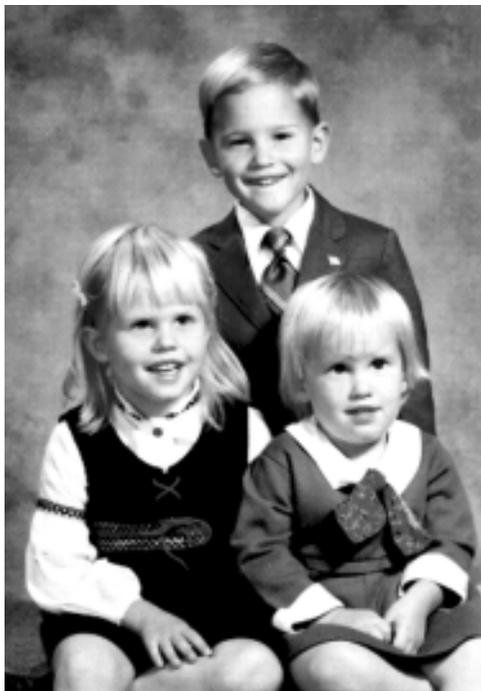
My sister Gail has always tended to be more creative than I am. I recall a time in elementary school when she helped me with a creative writing project about football. Actually she wrote it for me. It talked all about the men facing each other with breath that would knock each other down and many other funny disgusting things. When I read it I thought it was way overdone and I was terribly scared and embarrassed when I had to read it in front of the class. Halfway through reading it everyone was laughing and enjoying it and I was really very happy and surprised. My sister has continued to inspire me with her creativity.

My sister Laura is the social sibling of us three. She belonged to the good class at HCS, as opposed to our bad class. She was a good friend with the sister of my best friend and we would visit together sometimes, but more often one would go over to the other's house and whoever's friend didn't come over was like a third wheel. Either way we would bug each other until the parents came and made us stop. Laura was also the one who got the good grades in school. She has always been a very hard worker, which is why she was frequently on the honor roll long after that was way out of my range.

Grandparents

My grandparents on my father's side were Sam and Ann Vander Wagen. My mother's parents passed away before I knew them and I do not have any memories about them.

Glenn, Gail and Laura, 1971.



Gail and Laura, 1995.



Most of my memories about Grandma and Grandpa are centered around Christmas. Every year we would make the long drive to Chicago, Illinois to visit with my grandparents, aunts, uncles, and cousins during Christmas vacation. We would stay at Grandma and Grandpa's house. Of course, this was a very special time of the year for all of us and it was wonderful getting together with my relatives. One thing that has always struck me about "The Vander Wagens" is that when you are around them as a group you always feel included in the group. Although I have never considered myself a people person, I like to think that feeling has been kept alive in our house.

My earliest memories of Grandpa are of riding in his car with him. I remember sitting on the red seat next to him looking at the dashboard and trying to figure out what everything was. His hair was a steel gray and he always seemed happy. He was fun to be around. When I was a little older I remember Grandma putting the chocolate away that she had gotten for Christmas company, because my sisters and I (mostly me I think) would eat it all. My Grandpa (who was not supposed to have it either) would sneak and get us a piece (and have one himself). I remember him saying "Now, don't you tell your grandma." I can also remember spirited discussions between him and my father, probably about politics or something. They were quite loud but as a child I was never afraid they would get mad at each other. When I was a young teen I remember my grandfather had to give up smoking and breathe from an oxygen tank for a bit each day. It seemed his hair turned white then, and I don't remember much after that time before he passed away. This was the most effective anti-smoking message I have ever received. I miss him very much and look forward to seeing him again.

My grandma was always a lot of fun. When we were young she taught us to play bunko with five dice. We would play other games together and she never seemed to get tired. After Grandpa died we kept going out for Christmas. I remember many dinners at grandma's house with all the family there. She lived many years and as I grew older I appreciate many more things about her and my Grandpa. She passed away a few years ago and at the funeral I remember thinking that she had lived well and was now once again with Grandpa, the way it should be. I miss her also and am looking forward to seeing her again.

Aunts and Uncles and Cousins

Christmas time was the time my sisters and I got to visit with our aunts, uncles and cousins. Most of what I remember is Christmas Day when everyone came to my grandparent's house and we exchanged presents. I remember Santa Claus came to visit when I was young and I remember when I realized whose glasses those were on that face. I made the mistake of mentioning it and my grandmother told me to shush. Santa was never as generous after that.

When I was very young I would go downstairs in my grandparents house (where we always stayed) to play football with my cousins Paul and Wayne. Wayne was around Laura's age but we always played together, being boys close to each other's age. Paul was older than we were so we would play two on one against him. The basement of my grandparent's house was set up to be an apartment in part of it and we would play in the living room with a little plastic football. Paul would play on his knees against us. It was a lot of fun. When we grew older Wayne and I would play catch outside. Eventually Wayne and I would take our second cousins (Keith and Becky's children and Sandy and Andy's children) around the block to look at the Christmas lights. I always enjoyed the time we spent with our relatives. They were always a happy bunch



*Grandma Ann and
Ryan, 1994.*

who made you feel included and welcome, no matter what was going on.

Wife and Children

*Glenn and Robin,
June 10, 1989.*



Robin and I were married on June 10, 1989 in Rochester, Pennsylvania at the First Baptist Church where we still attend. After college we lived in an apartment in Bridgewater for a year and then in Aliquippa.

At the end of our year in the apartment in Aliquippa, Dawn was born. On her two-month birthday we put her in her own room and she decided to sleep through the night on that very evening. It is impossible to express the panic I felt waking up in the morning rather than in the middle of the night, but she was okay. Dawn has grown into quite a little artist making books for many people. She has just started coloring pictures for *Prince Caspian* by C. S. Lewis, which we are currently reading.

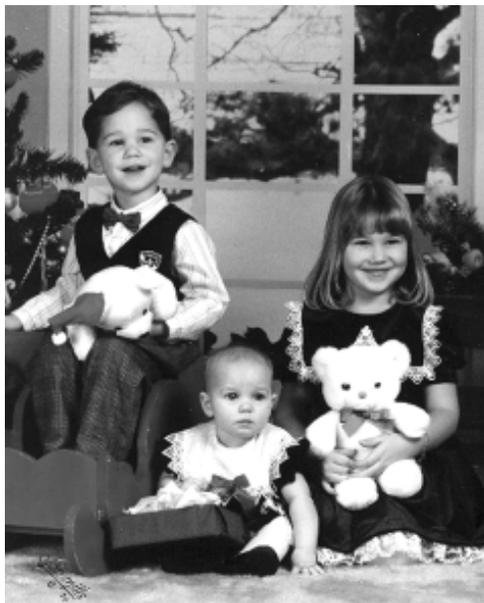
Ryan was born after we had moved into our house in Hopewell. He has always been a rambunctious boy. Before his first birthday he was able to climb out of his crib. I remember coming into the room to find him climb-

ing the shelves to get to the items that had been put up so he would not get them. He has just recently started coloring books like his sister. He enjoys watching TV like his father.

Lindsay is almost a year old and already she is full of energy. She has a cute little smile that she never fails to show as she gets into the cupboard where the cinnamon is kept or under the coffee table where the picture albums are stored.

Through all this I have been blessed with an intelligent and witty mate. If one doubts there is a God in heaven one only has to look at the chances of someone who could put up with me existing, let alone finding me and then agreeing to marry me. Hopefully she will never discover how undeserving a spouse I am, but hopefully she will come close to understanding how much I need and appreciate her.

Ryan, Lindsay and Dawn, Christmas, 1996.



KEITH EDWARD LEWIS



Keith Edward Lewis.

Biography and Remembrances

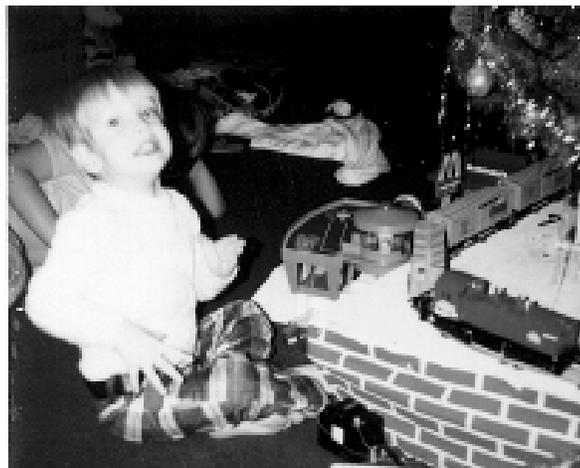
I was born on February 19, 1972 at Rochester Hospital in Beaver, PA. (That hospital no longer exists.) I'm the fifth and last child of Thomas and Joanne Lewis. We lived in the same house in Monaca, PA for my entire childhood and I still live there with my parents. Being the "baby" of the family, there were many transitions for me growing up, as each older sibling would leave home to go to college or get married. I especially remember all the differences in family vacations at different periods. When Dwayne, Robin and I were younger, we'd take a lot of camping vacations, to Florida and the South. After Robin started college, it was just me. At that point we started staying at hotels and condos, which I thought was a good change.

There was always something going on in our household, with so many children. There were both positive and negative things about being in a large family. When things are good, they're very good but when they're bad it can turn into "mob mentality"! Christmas was always a very big deal at our house. My earliest memory is of the train set I got for Christmas when I was just a few years old.

My oldest sister Linda got married when I was still very young, so I have no memories of playing with her. Linda's first child and my first nephew, Andy, was born in 1987 and I saw a lot of Linda and her family after that.

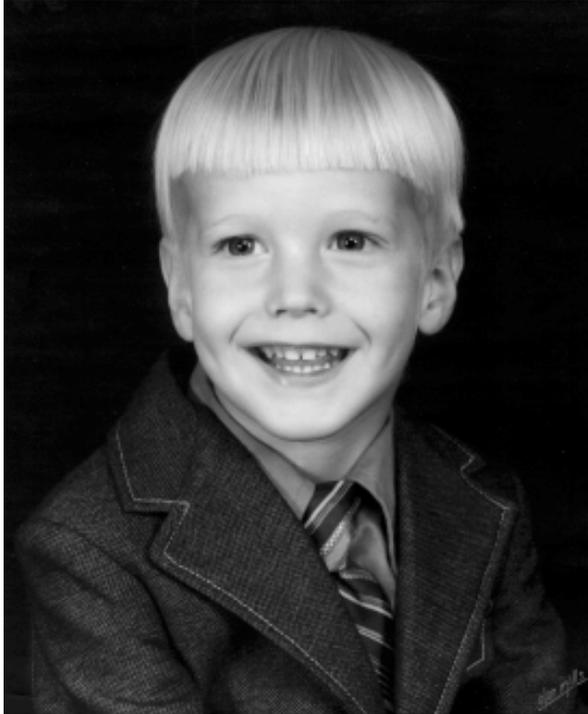
Tommy is my "big brother" and he and I have the closest relationship of all my siblings. He would always take me places when I was small. I especially remember one baseball season (the summer of 1980) when he had season tickets for the Pirates games. He took me

*Christmas meant
trains at our house.*



to a lot of games that year.

I would sometimes do things together with my brother Dwayne, like going to the movies. We were closest the last year he lived here, 1991. We went to the first Lewis family reunion together that year.



Keith around kindergarten age, c. 1977.

My closest sibling in age is my sister Robin. We fought a lot when we were kids but got closer when she started high school. She joined the band and I got into going to all the football games. They were a lot of fun. My Mom was a “band parent,” or chaperone for the games. This influenced me to get into band later in my life.

My relationship with my Dad was sort of distant until I started college. We spent a lot of time talking about nonpersonal things, like history. My Dad has been consistent and helpful to me. My Mom and I mostly talk about day-to-day, routine things.

I have very vague memories of my Dad’s mother (we called her Mom-Mom) at my Aunt Hazel’s house after she had a stroke. I remember certain knick-knacks she had on her nightstand by her chair.

My Grandma Sheline, Mom’s mother, used to live in Monaca and we saw her frequently. She moved to Florida in 1980 and now she visits us at Christmas and in the summer. My

Granddad Claude is not my real grandfather, but he married my grandmother before Robin and I were born and I always thought of him as my Granddad. I was always his “little buddy,” and I enjoyed being with him.

I’ve been close to Mr. and Mrs. Tumchuk, the parents of our neighbors, the Klooses. They’ve been like grandparents to me. Mr. Tumchuk passed away earlier this year. The Mock family, also neighbors of ours, have been a big influence on my life. They are nice to be around and easy to talk to.

I have a lot of cousins. I feel the closest to my cousin Jimmy Abraham. He sometimes would come by himself for a visit with us. I feel that I don’t know my Dad’s family especially well. For a long time, they only got together for funerals. When I was small and we would visit one set of relatives, the group wouldn’t stay together. It seemed that one segment would go here and another segment would go somewhere else to talk, and I would just go outside and throw rocks or something. I regret that I didn’t have an opportunity to get closer. I have very few memories of my Uncles Jim and Marshall. Even though they lived nearby, we didn’t see them often.

I have good memories of my Aunt Hazel and Uncle Wib. We visited them on a yearly basis through my high school years. When I got older, I would join the conversations between Wib and my Dad, so I feel like I did get to know Wib a little. He passed away when I was just finishing my senior year in high school. Just recently I’ve had a chance to talk to Aunt Hazel alone, and I enjoy that.

I also have good memories of visiting my Aunt Eleanor and talking with her at her table. She would talk to me when I was little more than my other aunts and uncles on my Dad’s side.

I remember occasional visits with Uncle Jack. The summer before I was in kindergarten we visited him at his horse farm in Maryland.

On my Mom’s side, I was only four when her sister Brenda died. We called her “Aunt Bee.” I remember her passing away. I went to both her and Mom-Mom’s funerals. They were not even

a year apart. I also remember being fascinated by death at that time and asking questions, like “What do they do in the ground?” and things like that. I don’t think I was old enough to really grieve but I was very curious about it.

It was neat when Andy, my first nephew, was born, because I was no longer the youngest! I enjoy all my nieces and nephews (I now have four nieces and six nephews.) I have great relationships with them. Playing with them has always been a good “get-away” for me. I’ve done a lot of babysitting, picking them up and taking them to various activities.

I joined the school band when I was in fifth grade, playing keyboards and percussion. I still play the piano. I love all kinds of music, except country. I didn’t really start liking school till I was in the 11th grade. I liked all the action and the schedule. My favorite were English and writing. I didn’t like gym because I had to take it early in the morning, because of band. I played Little League and Pony League baseball from age 8 to about 16. Because I was a lefthanded batter, I got hit by the ball a lot and had a tendency to be afraid of the ball. I especially enjoyed playing on the church softball league when I was 16.

After high school, I went to Community College of Beaver County, and I finished up at Robert Morris College. My major was high-tech communications. I worked at Kaufmann’s department store for four years as a sales representative, all through my college years. I enjoyed college a great deal. I hope to always continue to take classes and learn new things throughout my life.

During the last half of my high school years, I got heavily into Star Wars collectibles. I even helped to pay for college by selling part of my Star Wars collection. When Star Wars became very popular again recently, I put together a collaboration of collectors. Through my involvement with that, I was able to get a job with Kenner, who manufactures movie memorabilia, including Star Wars figures. I like the job, but my long-term goal is to be an entertainment coordinator for a reputable company, arranging public relations events. I plan to be re-certified in Human Resources Management soon and pursue this goal.

My fiance is Melissa Dawn Bable. We met our first year in college, in January 1992, in public speaking class, but didn’t begin dating until several years later. We plan to be married when I get more established with my career. I want to have a balanced life, with a good job and a good family life, and continuing education.

[Note: Keith and Melissa were married at the First Baptist Church in Rochester, PA, on May 9, 1997, as this book was being finalized and after Keith had submitted his contribution.]



Keith in his band uniform.

MELISSA BABLE LEWIS

My Memories

Melissa Bable Lewis on her wedding day, May 1997.



I was born Melissa Dawn Bable to Franklin D. and Ila A. Nelson Bable at Sewickley Valley Hospital in Sewickley, PA.

My earliest memory happened when I was almost three years old. I was at my grandmother's house with many other members of the family. We were all sitting in the living room. My one-year-old sister had been put down for a nap in the far bedroom. Everyone was talking and joking around when all of a sudden, someone turned around and noticed my sister crawling towards us. Somehow she had managed to pull out a loose slat from the crib and squeeze through the gap.

My father worked in the maintenance analysis section of the Pennsylvania Air National Guard Base. He worked every Tuesday through Saturday, and one Sunday a month. He had to get up really early every morning, but he was always home between 4:00 and 4:30 in the afternoon, so we usually ate dinner then.

My mother stayed at home until I was eleven. At that time, she took a part-time job working for a doctor in Coraopolis. Doctor Braden is partially retired, so my mother only works halfdays.

My dad's parents lived very close to us until I was about three or four, so we saw them frequently during that time. They came to our house for Easter, Thanksgiving, and on Christmas morning. Then, since they moved around a lot, they moved to a trailer park for a short time. Soon after that, they moved to Washington, Pennsylvania where, after moving around to a few other houses in that area, my grandmother still lives.

My grandfather, or Pappy as we called him, had a tracheotomy when I was very young, so he was never able to speak when I can remember. I remember him taking me for a walk around the trailer park and letting me feed lettuce to the dogs, Mitzie and Ranger. Since I was only in second grade when my Pappy died, I don't have many other memories of him. I do remember a gold-painted statue of a naked mermaid he kept in his room though.

My Grandma is of German heritage, so when I began taking German in school, I had many questions to ask her. Although she never spoke the German language, she knows a lot of recipes from that culture. My favorite is German potato salad. It's made with red potatoes, bacon, and vinegar as the main ingredients and is served warm. Grandma and I share an intense liking for mint candy, so every year for Christmas she received something mint-flavored from me.

My maternal grandfather died at the age of forty-five, many years before I was born, so I never knew him other than from stories my Gram told me.

I was very close with my Gram, as we called her. Every Saturday until she died on February 11, 1988 we would go visit her. She spent a lot of time with me. She used to let me cut up the vegetables for our Saturday dinner, even though at that time I used to cut them crooked and unevenly. She told everyone that vegetables tasted the same no matter how they were cut. She used to tell me stories of her childhood and all about my grandfather.

Every Christmas Eve, Gram had the whole family, aunts, uncles, cousins, and even a great-aunt or two, over. We "tried" to eat something before we opened our gifts. Even though Gram had a bad hip and walked with either a cane or crutches for as long as I can remember, somehow she made sure all us grandkids got what we wanted for Christmas.

Although I have no memories of my great-grandparents, my maternal grandfather's dad was still alive when I was born. I received either a first birthday or a first Christmas card from Great-Granddad Nelson.

I have many aunts, uncles, and cousins. My mother has two older sisters and two brothers (one older and one younger). Uncle Wal, her older brother, used to come and have breakfast with me every morning when I was really little. He used to bring Thomas's English muffins. The kind with the raisins was my favorite.

Aunt Charlotte, my mother's oldest sister, and Uncle Bob had four children. Patty is nine years older than I am. Bobby is seven years older than me. My cousin Richie, who would be almost exactly a year older than I am, only lived to be five months old because of complications of whooping cough. Brian is almost two years younger than me. When we were smaller, Aunt Charlotte and Brian would sometimes go out to lunch with us or to a park, but as we got older we weren't quite as close.

My Aunt Joyce and Uncle Herk had four children. Their first baby, a little girl, only lived a few hours. Their second child, Herky Jr., was a hydro-baby, which means he had water-on-the-brain. He lived for only four years. Ruth is about six years older than me, and when we were younger she kind of acted like an older sister to me. Josh was born when I was ten-and-a-half, and I have many memories of him as a little boy. He was stubborn, but really funny. I was always close to my Uncle Herk. He was very talented. He could do metal work, wood work, build houses, and could fix practically anything that broke. As far as I was concerned, Uncle Herk could do everything. We used to joke with each other all the time. His death on May 2, 1994 was very hard on me.

My Uncle Frank is my mother's "baby brother." He lived with Gram for several years after I was born and runs the flower shop that is now what used to be my Gram's house. His and Aunt Carol's daughter, Amy Lyn, was born when I was nine. She was always at Gram's when Uncle Frank was working in the shop, so I used to take care of her on Saturdays. Growing up, she was a lot like my kid sister/child. I guess I sort of felt she was mine. She was my first experience with kids, and I did it all—diapers, feeding, partial potty-training, etc. We remained close until a couple years ago when there was a falling out.

Gram had a very large family, so I was close to many of my distant relatives as well.

My father has an older sister and an older brother. Uncle Jim has three kids: Laurie, Scott, and Lynn. They are all older than I am, although I'm not positive by how much. I saw them a few times before they moved to Florida,

Aunt Gerri has four kids: Glenn, Debbie, Sandy who is three years older than me, and Martha who is about my age. I have never met any of these cousins, and have seen Aunt Gerri only once at my Pappy's funeral when I was seven. To me, she was "that lady with the 'poodle perm' that cried 'green tears'" (her mascara was running and it looked green).

There's a story about how my parents first actually met. My mother was working at the PX at the Guard Base where my dad worked. He walked by her every day, but never said a word to her. All the other men would stop for a while to chat with her. Well, this upset my mother that this man wouldn't even say hello, so one day as my father was walking through, purchasing a package of cupcakes, my mother smashed them flat. Now, this got his attention. He asked her, "Do I ever smash your cupcakes?" He asked her out that very weekend. They were married a short time later on November 28, 1964 in Hookstown, Pennsylvania.

I have always loved my dad's chili. He has his own special recipe that changes slightly each time. He also makes great pancakes. On my seventeenth birthday, it was my father that made my favorite meal for me: Crablegs, broccoli, "real" iced tea without lemon, and, because of my interest in my German ancestry, homemade Black Forest cherry cake.

We usually ate dinner as a family at either 4:00 or 4:30 when my dad came home from work. My mother would cook the meals then. On Sundays, my dad would usually do the cooking. Chili or homemade "Big Macs" were always favorites.

My sister Shawna is almost two years younger than I am. We were close as young children, often playing with each other even when our friends were around. Somehow as we grew so did the space between us. The older we got, the further apart we grew also.

We are and always were complete opposites. I have the dark hair and dark eyes, and she has

light hair and light eyes. She maintains her look by lightening her hair and wearing tinted contact lenses. She is tall, and I am slightly shorter than average. We differ in our likes and dislikes as well. I love children and Shawna thinks they are brats. She likes musicals and the ballet and I find them extremely boring. Even the languages we chose to take in school are opposites. I took German and she took French.

Our family belonged to the Church of Christ in Coraopolis. I went there from the time I was two years old. It is a very small church with very few members. We had several good ministers, and one really bad one. I received a lot of childcare experience taking care of the children at the church. I guess I was the church babysitter. It was from a couple at the church that I got my first babysitting job, and from another that I got my first real job.

I went to kindergarten at Riverdale Presbyterian Church. From first grade through sixth I went to Bon Meade Elementary. I received very good grades during this time and was known by most of the teachers at the school. I went to Moon Area Junior High from seventh through ninth grade. My grades were okay, but since it was a much larger school, all six elementaries combined, I wasn't very well known. My sophomore through senior years, I attended Moon Area Senior High, where again I did fairly well in my classes but kind of went unnoticed.

I started at the Community College of Beaver County in January of 1992. It was in my public speaking class my first semester that I met my future husband, Keith E. Lewis. He was very outgoing, having no problem getting up in front of all those people to speak. I, on the other hand, practically had a heart attack each time it was my turn. We would often talk between classes.

One class in early spring, Keith decided to wear shorts. No one else in class had shorts on; it was too cold. He got up to make his speech and we were to critique it. I don't remember writing anything about the speech. What I wrote about were his legs. I wrote, "Nice legs, hahaha." My mistake was writing it in pencil, because Keith erased the "ha-ha's" and showed it to everyone!

Later that semester, I didn't feel like going to my algebra class, which was my last class, so Keith drove me home. I was almost certain he was going to ask me out. He didn't. I was so disappointed that I totally avoided him for weeks after that.

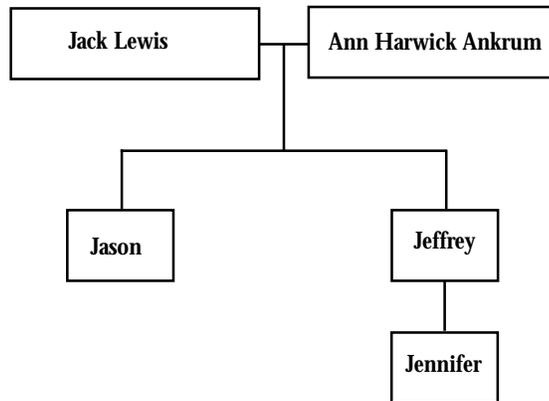
A few years later, I saw Keith again, in Pittsburgh. We talked for a little while, but he was waiting for a bus and I had tickets to the "Nutcracker," so it was very brief. A short time later, Keith approached me at the Beaver Valley Mall. A couple of days later, he called me. He was going to South Hills to try and buy a rug, and he needed someone to go with him. I agreed to tag along, but for some reason, he never even looked at rugs. Instead, we had dinner at the Roxy in South Hills Village.

We dated for the next couple of months. Then, he asked me to marry him. He said we would get married, but keep it a secret until we could get on our feet, something his aunt and uncle had done previously. We applied for marriage licenses in both Beaver and Allegheny Counties, just to "play it safe." What we didn't realize was applying in Beaver was NOT a good idea. One of my aunts or uncles found it in the Beaver County Times and called. My mother put our plans to a quick halt and gave me an ultimatum—Keith, or living at home. Obviously, I chose Keith, and my mother has regretted her rash actions for over a year now.

On May 9, 1997 (as this book was being finalized), slightly over a year from our original planned wedding date, Keith and I had a very small wedding held at the First Baptist Church in Rochester, Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER 8

JACK WALTER LEWIS Spouses and Descendants



JACK WALTER LEWIS AND DESCENDANTS



Baby Jackie and Teddy Bear, circa 1941. I still have my Teddy Bear, but I don't sleep with him anymore.

Biography and Remembrances

I was born on February 11, 1937 in Oliphant Furnace, Fayette County, Pennsylvania, the sixth child and fourth son of Lindsay Chester Lewis and Margaret May McCormick. I lived in Oliphant through the eighth grade of school, and then moved to Beaver Falls, PA in 1951 with my mother and her second husband, Orva Kenneth "OK" Myers. This move formed a dividing point for two parts of my early life.

My father and his family

I don't remember my father very well as he left home when I was six to join the U.S. Navy (Sea Bees) during WW II. I suspect my father joined the Navy out of patriotic duty, since he joined sometime in mid 1943, when things were not going well for America against Japan. I know my mother was very upset about his leaving. She told me he abandoned the family and did not have to go to war because he had been in WW I. After WW II was over, he never came home to live. My father and mother were divorced after he came back, but I don't know when.

My Dad apparently read a lot before the war. We had a shed in our backyard and I remember a large box full of books that Mom told me were my father's. One of these books I remember very well. It was *The Red Badge of Courage*, a novel, which I learned later was written in 1895 by Stephen Crane and won much acclaim among Civil War veterans of the day as accurately portraying what it was like to be a common soldier during that war.

My father was a coal miner before he left to fight in WW II. He would come home totally black with coal dust and bathe in a laundry wash tub. I used to play with the carbide lanterns

he wore on his helmet. In fact, I played so much with these lanterns that I can still accurately describe their features and the way they worked. Today it amazes me that coal miners carried open flame lanterns into coal mines known to contain flammable gases.

I was afraid of my father. He and my mother seemed to fight a lot and I remember him hitting her. One time I recall breaking one of my “Lincoln Logs” on his backside when he was hitting Mom. I also remember the smell of liquor on his breath. It’s hard for me today to rationalize my father’s behavior but, nevertheless, there may be two factors which had a bearing on his behavior. First, physical abuse and punishment was generally accepted practice when I was a young boy. I got plenty of beatings (and I don’t mean just spankings) not only from my father and mother, but from all of my teachers up through the 8th grade. Children are not beaten in school any more, I believe for a reason—beating children passes subtle messages to them that physical abuse is OK. Second, I wonder how working all day underground in a coal mine affects a man. So much of a man’s life is taken up with work, and I wonder if being a coal miner did not affect his behavior. Personally, I can’t imagine how anyone could enjoy long hours of physical labor in a dark, damp, confined, underground cave. I would think working at a job that one doesn’t like for very long periods of time would affect one’s behavior and attitude toward others.

After World War II, I remember my father visiting us and taking my brother Tom and me to Uniontown to buy baseball outfits. I liked that very much! After that, I don’t remember seeing much of him. Mom influenced me not to like him and I purposely snubbed him and would go out of my way not to talk with him when he came to visit my brothers Mart, Jim, and Tom.

My father died after I grew up. I went to his funeral and by that time felt little animosity towards him. I still regret that I did not seek him out and talk to him, at least once, as an adult before he died.

My father had two brothers, Ray and Ralph, and one sister Mary. I only vaguely remember Uncles Ray and Ralph. One lived in La Belle and one in Connellsville, PA. One was nice to me (Ray, I think) and the other not (Ralph). Aunt Mary lived in Rosedale, within walking distance of our house, and I remember going to see her quite often with Mom. She was nice and I know Mom liked her. Of course, she was “old” and I was very young when I lived in Oliphant, having left there when I was 13.

I remember my Grandmother Lewis (Sarah Ellen Swaney Lewis). As I recall, she lived in a house next to where my sister Hazel and her husband Wib lived. She was very old and I was very young, so I really didn’t know her at all. I don’t remember anyone else on the Lewis side of my ancestry. I know Mom liked Grandmother Lewis very much.

My mother and her family

I have warm, fond memories of my mother. To me she was always heavy, but from pictures of her when she was younger, I can see she was slim and pretty. Mom was 35 when she had me and 18 when she had Hazel, my oldest sister.

My early years in Oliphant were influenced by World War II. At the time, of course, I didn’t realize what hardships and fears the war brought to American families like mine. Hazel had married Wib

(Top) Neighbor Darvin Dennis, a typical coal miner departing for work, 1945-46. Note: Helmet on which lantern was attached; sizeable lunch bucket; thick leather belt and steel-toe shoes.



(Bottom) Me in the baseball outfit Dad bought.



just before the war started, so she lived at home and almost certainly lived with the constant fear that he would be killed in action. I remember Hazel crying a lot and the tension and fear in the house after a radio news broadcast. My oldest brother, Mart, was also away at the war.



Mom was a very steady figure for the family. The deep respect I hold for women is undoubtedly derived from the fact that during my early years, Mom raised our family without the help of a man present in our household. I remember taking long walks with her, going to Shady Grove for picnics, her standing up for us, going to movies with her, and many, many other family activities. Mom was not very educated, formally. I think she may have only gone through the seventh grade. But she had plenty of "street smarts," and I attribute a lot of my drive and "stick-to-it-iveness" to her influence. Probably because Mom was not very educated, she raised me with few prejudices and did not lay "guilt trips" on me. Only after I became an adult did I appreciate these gifts.

I remember my Grandfather McCormick (George Walter) and his sister, my Great-aunt Nora. Mom and I used to go to Connellsville to visit with them. I recall both as being pleasant old people. Mom always used to tell me that the McCormicks "had money" and that she was cheated out of property that Nora had, but that should have been Walter's and then hers when Walter died.



In 1960-61, Ann, my first wife, and I once went to Fayette County courthouse and spent a day searching through the wills of the McCormicks. We discovered that the McCormicks had been fairly wealthy. (The fact that they drew up wills was in itself an act of people of means in those times.) As I recall, when Walter's father, Noble, died he left all of his property to his wife Priscilla for life and after her death, it was to go to their children in equal shares. When Priscilla died, she left Walter out of her will and gave everything to Nora and Edward. Mom thought this had happened because Walter married from the "wrong side of the tracks" (the Miners). So there appeared a possible case that Mom did deserve Walter's share of the inheritance. Ann and I then traveled to Connellsville to view the houses which had been part of the inheritance. They were in shambles and Nora was obviously not well off. I told Mom of our findings and said that if she wanted to legally pursue this, she might win but get nothing, as the properties looked near worthless. I also suggested she might sue and get a part of the rental income from the properties. Mom thought for just a moment and then told me she did not want to hurt Nora. To my knowledge the matter was never pursued again.

(Top) Me in Dad's World War I helmet, 1942. This was one of the many "toys" Tom and I played with during the War.

(Bottom) Happy days in Oliphant, the Lone Ranger ... rides again. I always loved horses, but it was not until I married Carol that I found someone who shared this love.

Because my family was large, I related to each of my brothers and sisters in very different ways. Hazel is 16 years older than me. By the time I

started school she was 22 and married. Hazel was more like a mother to me than a sister. When her husband Wib returned from the war, he became like a father to me. Hazel and Wib were always kind to me and I respect them greatly. Wib was an exceptional man—in my view, a “prince” among men. He loved children, would do almost anything for almost anyone and, as I recall, *never* had an unkind word to say about anyone. He and Hazel seemed to me to have a very happy life together and we spent many fun-filled days together.

My oldest brother George (“Mart”) left for the war when I was very young. My first recollection of him began when he returned from the war. He apparently saw lots of action during the war, and was not in a good mental state. I remember him taking a walk down the railroad tracks that ran very near our house. At the end of our row of houses, a black family had several vicious dogs that used to scare me and apparently came out after Mart. He went back home, got a gun, went back down and shot both dogs. I remember the mother of that family coming up to see my Mom. Mom defended Mart and blamed his behavior on the war. Mart loved to fish and hunt. I went trout fishing and hunting with him both in Oliphant and Beaver Falls. He also bought Tom and me lots of toys.

Mart moved to Beaver Falls when Mom married O.K. Myers. He married Anna Mary Hall from Vanport, PA. I spent a great deal of time with them and we went hunting and fishing together on many occasions. When I left to go to the Coast Guard Academy, we seemed to drift apart and I only saw him on a few occasions afterwards. Mart died too young—he was only 54.

My second oldest brother Jim was always my idol. He used to play around with Bill Abraham (a younger brother to Hazel’s husband) and Bob Buttermore (a next door neighbor). Whatever they did, I would emulate. When they decided to paint their bicycles some combination of colors, I would paint my tricycle the same way. Jim used to take me for rides on his motorcycle and I remember him trying to make his car run on kerosene because they could not get gasoline. Jim married June Davis from Fairchance. After they moved to Beaver Falls, we became very close. Jim was influential in my life and provided great encouragement to me to go to college. June and I also got along very well and I liked her and her family. I was deeply saddened by Jim’s untimely death at the age of 59. I lost a dear friend and great fishing buddy.

My second oldest sister Eleanor was more like an older sister. I sort of remember her and Tom teasing me a lot. She was very pretty and smart. Tom and I used to tease her about her great figure. When she married Edgar Miller of Smithfield, PA, I got upset because I was afraid she was taking Edgar away from us kids. I actually became even closer to Edgar and Eleanor after they married. Before Edgar got married, he was very active in the Boy Scouts and had a very positive influence not only on my life, but on the lives of lots of kids from the Oliphant area. Edgar really gave of himself to the Boy Scouts. He hauled the White Rock Boy Scout Troop all over the place and paid for everything out of his own pocket. What a tremendous person he was. If it were not for Edgar, I might possibly have died from drowning. Our scout troop was swimming in a reservoir. I didn’t know how to swim, but I was paddling around and playing on an inner-tube in water way over my head. During our play, I slipped off the tube and kicked it away from me. All the kids who knew how to swim panicked when they saw me going under and yelling for help. Edgar saw what was happening, dove into the water and saved me.

My brother Tom and I were very close during my Oliphant years and we pretty much grew up together sharing mutual friends, toys and life. We used to play in the woods behind the patch with the other kids. I remember building whistles out of willow branches; hurling green



Me with brother Mart in Oliphant, circa 1948-49. The outfit I have on and the shotgun belong to “OK” Myers. The Buttermore house is in the background.

apples at one another from the end of a pointed branch (each apple reaching nearly the speed of light); shooting green cherries like darts from “pea shooters” made from reeds cut beside a nearby brook; making “tommy guns,” bird houses, and countless other items out of wooden orange crates; hauling garbage for neighbors for nickels and dimes so we could go to the movies in Fairchance (Wib used to call us “G-men”—“G” stood for garbage); and seemingly countless other fond memories.

I remember one time Tom got it in his head to fix up our yard. We hauled railroad ties about a quarter of a mile to build a walkway around our house. We planted grass and had a lovely garden. The kids in the neighborhood helped.

Tom did not move to Beaver Falls in 1951. He stayed with Hazel and Wib and finished high school at Georges Township High in York Run. When Tom moved to Beaver Falls after he graduated from high school, I already had a new set of friends to play with and Tom and I drifted apart. Shortly after Tom moved to Beaver Falls he was drafted into the Army, part of the call-up for the undeclared “Korean War” that also took Edgar away. When Tom returned from the Korean War, I had “grown up.” He married Joanne Weigle of Rochester, PA. Not long after Tom and Joanne married, I left Beaver Falls to go to college, so we never had the opportunity until now to become close friends as adults.

Beaver Falls

Mom had met O.K. Myers and he used to come visit with us in Oliphant. I came to love O.K. and he became my first real Dad. I’m sure Mom knew that business in the Oliphant area was declining and wanted us to move to a more prosperous area. So we moved to Beaver Falls during the summer of 1951 after I finished eighth grade. In Oliphant, Ronald Ferlin, Edwin Banjo, and I were best buddies, and I was sad to leave them and not get to go to Georges Township High School. Eventually, all four brothers in our family moved to the Beaver Falls area.

Beaver Falls had a junior/senior high school system. Instead of beginning at the bottom of



Tom and me in in Jim's Soap Box Derby racer. We really put the wheels of this racer to use making all sorts of vehicles.



Jack's constant friends and companions from his Oliphant days. (l. to r.) Ronald Ferlin, Tom, Jack, and Edwin Banjo.



Clockwise from top left:

1. Tom and me.

2. Tom and me again.

3. Me and my close friend Edwin Banjo. Sticks made great rifles and Tom was likely the nearby Captain. Note: Pennsylvania Railroad tracks in our "front yard" and me holding my "rifle" in near perfect "right shoulder arms."

4. Junior Tremor, Edwin Banjo, Tom and me in our beautiful yard. Note: Tat's house on the left; Edwin Banjo's house directly above us; the Company Store on the right; and Tom's "snoot." Eleanor probably is taking the picture as Tom would never have dared make a snoot at Mom.

5. Tom and me, barefooted and in ragged pants, with B-B guns and tent Mart bought us. Note: The family "outhouse" is in the background. It's the door with the V-notch, just above Tom's head. Old catalogs and newspapers served as toilet paper: Black men used to come with trucks equipped with hand pumps and hoses and pump out these toilets. They were called "Honey Dippers." Man, did that smell.

high school, like I would have done at Georges Township, I entered at the top of junior high. This was traumatic for me. Kids had already been playing sports for two years and had established strong friendships. I felt alone. My grades slipped and I was not very happy.

Eventually I made a lot of new friends and we used to hang around down at the Beaver River and play basketball and go swimming. We called ourselves the “River Rats.” We swam so much, we could swim for miles without stopping. I am amazed that we didn’t catch some hideous disease from that filthy river used by many communities as an open sewer. John Bush became my best friend and he and I used to go trout fishing all the time.

When I entered Beaver Falls High School, a very important event occurred which had a profound influence on my subsequent life. I took a tenth grade course called General Science and found it filled with seniors, most of whom were on the varsity football squad. They were taking the course so they could pass 12th grade.

The course was unbelievably great. It began to provide answers to the many questions I had about life—questions that family and friends could not answer. I learned why the sky was blue, why the grass was green, about magnetism, electricity, force, motion, etc. I sucked up this knowledge like a sponge. I became the class “brain” and had many seniors clamoring after me to tutor them. I helped many pass that course (some by simply letting them copy my test during an exam—cheating was rampant in Beaver Falls High School). During the course, I began noticing when I asked the teacher questions, he would look down toward his lap and then come up with the answer. One day I stayed after class. After the teacher left, I looked inside his middle desk drawer. There I found a teacher’s answer book, filled with answers to the questions at the end of each chapter. I realized that given the books, I could look the answers up for myself. Since then, libraries have been an important part of my life. The praise I got from getting good grades, the admiration I received from peers, and the answers I found to perplexing personal questions launched me on my career in engineering and science.

There were good and bad teachers at Beaver Falls High School. One who had a profound influence on me was my homeroom teacher. She taught subjects like all the other teachers, but I never took a course from her. Her homeroom teacher job was to counsel students, keep attendance, etc. She had a knack for watching over me to make sure I kept the commitment I had made to her at the beginning of a semester regarding the grades I would get in all subjects that semester. She and most of my science teachers kept after me about going to college.

On the other end of the teaching spectrum was the actual high school counselor who administered IQ and career oriented tests. She advised me *not* to attempt engineering school because her tests showed I wouldn’t be able to handle the difficult course work. I simply didn’t believe her. I was getting good grades in math and science and deep down I knew I could and wanted to be an engineer. Yet, she caused me to have doubts about myself. Since then I have learned that she and other counselors like her were practicing a very imperfect science. High schools would have been far better off replacing these counselors with



(Top) Me and “OK” during one of his visits to Oliphant, 1947.

(Bottom) Me at our new house in Beaver Falls, 1952.

robots that in response to a student asking “What can I do?,” would simply say “You can do and achieve in life *whatever* you want.” I know that now to be the real truth.

I graduated from high school 35th in a class of 357 students. I won two awards, the Physics Award and the Drafting Award. I particularly cherished the Physics Award because I won it in a class filled with all the “smart” kids in Beaver Falls and because it boosted my confidence after what the high school counselor had told me. But, I did not go to college immediately. For all the encouragement I had received, I still had two more hard lessons to learn: it takes money to go to college and you had to make it happen—others weren’t going to do it for you.

My brother Jim told me about a millwright apprenticeship program at St. Joseph Lead Company in Monaca, PA. A millwright was a skilled “blue collar” worker who led gangs of other skilled men such as welders, electricians, machinists, etc. It sounded very interesting to me so Jim found out the time and place of the exams I had to take. Based on the results of these exams, they selected a few high school graduates from the surrounding area to enter the program, which consisted of working five days a week and taking math and science classes one day a week. I spent an extremely valuable year there working six days a week. Three months each were spent in the “pipefitter,” “sheet metal,” “structural,” and “machine” shops. I gained prac-



Beaver Falls High School and my high school graduation photo, 1955.

tical experience that was to help me tremendously in my later engineering career. It was like being in a co-op engineering school, but doing your co-op work first.

However, there were aspects of the job at St. Joe that I hated. The work was dirty and physically tiring. I had to take a shower every day before leaving work and I was constantly blowing black dust out of my nose and coughing up the same filth. I concluded that I would rather become a beach bum than get trapped into factory work life. I liked and respected the people, but it was just not mentally challenging. I could see my immediate supervisors were simply carrying out the directives of the engineers. I wanted to be one of the engineers.

I started applying to colleges and taking exams for the military officer programs while at-

tending night school at Geneva College. A high school classmate of mine, Dave Gardner, had gone to the U.S. Coast Guard Academy when I went to work at St. Joe. I met him on his first leave and told him I wasn't happy at St. Joe. He suggested that I apply to the Coast Guard Academy and the Navy's Reserve Officer Training Program (ROTC). I took both exams. The exam for the Coast Guard Academy was the hardest exam I had ever taken—far harder than the Navy's ROTC exam. I got word from the Navy's ROTC program first—I hadn't made it! I was totally dejected. I thought if I hadn't passed that exam, certainly I hadn't passed the Coast Guard Academy exam either.

I stayed dejected only for a short while, as I was determined to go to college and this setback wasn't going to stop me. I applied and got accepted to the University of Cincinnati engineering co-op program. I had saved enough money for the first three quarters. After that, I was going to have to earn my way through engineering school. I had already sent in all my down payments, deposits, forms, etc. to that university when I received in the mail my appointment to the Coast Guard Academy. A "free" college education was being offered, and I accepted.

The Academy was a stern and disciplinary military college. Its primary purpose was to make officers, and scholastics were secondary. Fortunately, I quickly discovered the Academy favored science and engineering. Its motto was *Scientia Cedit Mare*—The Sea Yields to Knowledge. That's probably why I passed the Coast Guard Academy entrance exam with flying colors, but was in the middle of the pack with the Navy ROTC exam—English and literature, my two least favorite subjects at the time, held me back. I must admit that I put up with the military "crap" at the Academy because I wanted a college education very badly. During the first year, the harassment from the upper classmen was severe and designed to "wash out" those who couldn't take it. Severe punishment was dealt out for even the smallest of infractions. I marched in the quarangle one time during a sunny day for three hours without stopping while in full dress uniform and performing manual of arms with an M-1 rifle while I marched. I sat on the "Green Bench" more time than I care to remember. The Green Bench consisted of sitting in an imaginary chair with your back to the wall while holding your M-1 rifle out straight away from

Cadet Third Class Jack W. Lewis and classmate in London, England, 1957. This picture was taken during my first cruise to Europe. Even though I was no longer a "swab" (Fourth Class Cadet) I still got plenty of demerits. During this cruise I lost a lot of liberty.



your body. You usually held this position until you dropped. You quickly learned to never offer an excuse for not having accomplished a job an upperclassman told you to perform. I ate countless meals “shoved off” of my seat; that is, sitting but not touching your chair. After about 5 minutes of this you couldn’t eat. I certainly learned proper table manners very quickly. All this harassment worked; my class started with about 250 men (boys), and we graduated 137.

In spite of all the harassment, there were many great things about the Coast Guard Academy. I got to do things and go places that I would never have had the opportunity to do had I stayed in Beaver Falls. Going to the academy launched me into a professional life and I am very thankful for that. I retain bonds with many of my academy classmates that I will never forget.

I graduated from the Coast Guard Academy in 1960 with honors, and was the first member of our family to graduate from college. I graduated 7th in my class of 137 cadets, but I was first in all engineering and science subjects. I won three awards and a sizable amount of cash that went with these awards. Mom, Hazel, Wib, Jim and June attended my graduation ceremonies.

While at the Academy, I fell in love with Ann Long Harwick, who was attending Connecticut College for Women, just across the street and up the road from the US Coast Guard Academy. We were married on June 11, 1960 in a full military style wedding.

For the first four years of my marriage to Ann Harwick, I was at sea more than half the time.



Me in my Cadet First Class dress uniform.



Cadet Third Class Jack W. Lewis and “friend,” Vice President Richard M. Nixon, 1956. This group ranging from second year (Third Class) to last year (First Class) cadets was the Coast Guard Academy’s Rifle Team. Hunting with my brothers Mart and Jim had taught me to be an excellent marksman. I fired on the varsity squad (five team members) during my first and second years at the academy and our team won lots of medals. Unfortunately, my eyes started going bad during my second year and firing a rifle was no longer fun. I quit the team, much to the dismay of my team mates, and joined the sailing team.

Mom and me at my graduation, 1960.



(Right) Ensign Jack W. Lewis explaining the finer points of sailing a square-rigger to ex-Master Sergeant Willard A. Abraham. Graduation Day, 1960.



Military wedding of Ann Long Harwick and Ensign Jack W. Lewis, USCG. Honor guards: Bailey Geeslin, Paul Martino, Bill Low, Dick Zins, Ted Leigh, Bob Finan.

Nevertheless, Ann and I had a lot of fun and good times together and it was quite a challenge living off the pay of an ensign. I remember going to a lot of 10-cent movies at the US Submarine Base in Groton, Connecticut. I was stationed on the USCGC OWASCO based in New London, Connecticut. I chose this ship so I could be with Ann while she completed her last year of college. After she graduated, Ann got a job teaching in New London public schools. As I recall she hated teaching. I remember her crying a lot about her work, and this was very upsetting.

I was transferred to the USCGC CASTLE ROCK in Boston at the beginning of our third year of marriage. The CASTLE ROCK was at sea quite a bit and some of the problems Ann and I had later in our marriage began developing during that tour of duty. My ship made a "Cadet Cruise"; that is, it was part of the fleet of ships that took the Coast Guard Academy cadets to Europe for the summer. It was quite nice to make a cruise as an officer instead of a "lowly cadet." It was during this cruise that I got to visit the lovely Madera Islands off the coast of Spain.

My sea-going experience was very maturing. When I look back I realize I had a tremendous amount of responsibility thrust upon me while I was still really just a kid (23 years old). When I went aboard the OWASCO, I was the senior Ensign of the three 1960 academy graduates who were assigned to that ship. After I had been aboard about four months, Captain Kelz called me into his cabin and told me he was assigning me to the position of "navi-

gator.” The navigator on a naval ship is a senior officer position usually filled by a full lieutenant. This officer is charged with the responsibility of always knowing where his ship is located in the ocean at all times, planning cruises, and plotting the ship’s course. Should a ship ever go aground, the naval services always hold a court martial and two officers are automatically named as defendants: the captain and the navigator. So I was shaken by Captain Kelz wanting me to become the navigator. I decided to remind him that Lieutenant (junior grade) Peter Pasota was aboard and he was senior to me. Peter was an ROTC officer and I had not yet made a voyage with him. Captain Kelz, this time in a rather stern voice, again said, “*You* are going to be the navigator, Mr. Lewis.” This time I knew better than to say anything but, “Aye, aye, Sir.” I was navigator on that ship for about a year and I hardly ever got any sleep. I stood the evening (4 to 8 p.m.) and morning (4 to 8 a.m.) watches every day so I could take star sights to fix the ship’s position. Then I still put in 8 hours a day handling my departmental duties. When Captain Kelz left the ship, he told me he thought I had been the best navigator he ever had. He knew I hadn’t always done things right and had screwed up on more than one occasion, but he also knew I had tried very hard. He gave me a great fitness report. When I look back, I realize he was the best ship commander I had during my at-sea service career. He taught me a great deal about leadership and responsibility. I often wonder what it must have been like for him having a “kid” as his navigator. He probably got less sleep than me—he never let on.



The OWASCO, my first assignment and the ship on which I was made Navigator.

During one of our cruises we traveled to Guantanamo Bay, Cuba for refresher training at the U. S. Navy training facility. The time just happened to coincide exactly with the now infamous “Cuban Missile Crisis.” I can still recall the night my executive officer, Lieutenant Commander Hofstra, told me he had just received orders that we were to man battle stations and patrol the entrance to Guantanamo Bay 24 hours a day. Manning battle stations in peacetime, as in war time, is very serious business. Our 5-inch surface-to-surface gun, 40 mm anti-aircraft batteries and submarine depth charges were loaded with real ammunition and made ready to fire. Officers and men assigned to my department manned the “Combat Information Center,” where we continually operated the sonars and radars looking for enemy submarines and aircraft. We were ordered to attack and destroy any submarine attempting to enter the harbor. Sometimes I think the only thing that saved me from being scared out of my wits was being too young to know any better. Only now when I look at history programs on TV do I realize how close our nation came to going to war with Russia, with me right at the epicenter.

I had many more maturing experiences like these, but while all were great for growing up fast, I would not want to experience them again. Riding a small ship (the OWASCO was 255 feet long and the CASTLE ROCK was 311 feet long) in the North Atlantic in the winter was not my idea of a fun time. I can’t describe here what it is like to be on such a small ship in 35-50 foot high waves. Many times all you can do is hang on. Waves would crash right over the bridge (where officers drove the ship while at sea), some 45 feet above the water. The ship would roll 40 to 45 degrees from side to side, and you couldn’t stand up without hanging on to a railing. When seas got this rough I (along with about two-thirds of the crew) was constantly seasick. I never let it interfere with my duties, but I had great difficulties keeping on weight. I just couldn’t get enough to eat and I kept throwing up what I did eat. I would eat like a horse when I was in port so I could gain enough weight to last me though the next voyage. I would leave



*Me in front of my ship,
the USCGC CASTLE
ROCK.*

weighing 155 pounds and return weighing 125-30 pounds. My weight loss used to frighten Ann. By the way, I found out why Captain Kelz made me the navigator and not Lieutenant (j.g.) Pasota when we made our first heavy weather voyage—when he got seasick, he never left his bed.

About a year and a half after I graduated from the Academy, I was promoted to Lieutenant (j.g) and assigned to the engineering department aboard the OWASCO. After that tour of duty I was assigned to the position of “assistant engineer officer” on the USCGC CASTLE ROCK based in Boston, MA. When I was still on the CASTLE ROCK, I applied for post-graduate school. I gave MIT as my number one choice for engineering school. That school represented the epitome of engineering to me and was where I always dreamed I would go some day to study engineering. The Coast Guard had a program whereby superior officers were required to write “fitness (for the service) reports” on subordinate officers. These fitness reports were used to determine when, or if, you would receive a promotion and if you got selected for more schooling. I had received several very good fitness reports from my superior officers so my hopes were high that I would at least get selected for post-graduate schooling. When my orders came in early 1964 assigning me to a two-year stint at MIT, I was in euphoria for several days.

I began MIT in the summer of 1964, the same year my son Jason was born. Shortly after entering MIT, I was promoted to full lieutenant. I attended school full time (summer school included) for two straight years and obligated myself to two years of active duty for each year I attended MIT. I studied nearly all the time and Ann was very good about taking care of Jason and allowing me the time I needed to study. I loved going to MIT. It was the ultimate in engineering challenges for me and had a profound influence on my business life. In the introduction to my book, *Modeling Engineering Systems*, I go into more detail on the effect MIT had on my professional career. Suffice it here to say that the school taught me that engineering was really about building mathematical models and learning how to manipulate those models to get answers to questions that arise in engineering. MIT had the best teachers I have ever encountered anywhere.

I graduated from MIT with two degrees: Master of Science (mechanical engineering); and Naval Engineer (a two-year graduate degree). The Naval Engineer degree gave me the credentials of a naval architect; i.e., a designer of ships. During the two years I earned enough credits for a doctorate. I requested that I be allowed to stay for another year to complete my doctoral thesis, but the Coast Guard turned down my request. The Coast Guard said they needed me in Washington, DC to work on the design of a new polar icebreaker. Had I been allowed to stay one more year, I would have had to obligate myself for another three years of active duty. By then I would have had 14 years in the service and would likely have not resigned my commission since I would have been only six years away from early retirement, which one could take after 20 years of active duty.

I was transferred to Washington, DC in 1966. Ann, Jason and I moved into our first real house in Bowie, Maryland, a suburb of Washington located about halfway between Washington DC and Annapolis, MD. I decided to immediately take the professional engineers exam for the state of Maryland. Many fellow engineers told me I should study for these exams, but I thought if I couldn't pass them coming right out of MIT, who could? I entered the exam room with only my slide-rule and one engineering handbook. A lot of people came to these exams with suitcases filled with books. For a moment I thought perhaps I had made a mistake. The first exam, the EIT (Engineer In Training) exam was straightforward. The second exam, the one that was sup-

posed to test your practical experience in engineering, had many questions, but you only needed to answer five. There were lots of questions that I could not answer without the reference books I didn't bring to the exam. However, I spotted five electrical circuit problems that I could easily answer. Electrical circuit problems on a mechanical engineer's exam must have looked to many like a bad nightmare. Fortunately, I had specialized in automatic control system theory at MIT. I finished these problems and turned in my paper about a half hour after the start of this two-hour exam. Many people looked at me in pity as I am sure they thought I had just given up. Two weeks later I received my Professional Engineer's (PE) license. I later put my PE license to use in my own business. I still hold that license.

My tour of duty in Washington, DC was great, except for the politics that seems to pervade everything in that "Land of Oz." I was assigned to the newly formed "Icebreaker Design Branch" in the "Office of Engineering." We had the task of designing a new polar icebreaker for our nation. We did a lot of innovative research which led to ways to predict icebreaking resistance of ships and how to design ship propellers and propulsion systems so they wouldn't fail while breaking ice. In 1968 I was promoted to the rank of lieutenant commander and in 1970 received a commendation for "Outstanding Service" from the Commandant of the Coast Guard for my four years of service. During my tour of duty I wrote several technical papers. Two of these won "best paper of the year" awards from the American Society of Naval Engineers (ASNE) in 1969 and from the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers (SNAME) in 1970.

During my stay in Washington, my second son Jeff was born. I had a good time with both of my sons. We used to go to the beach at Ocean City, MD, often and we did a lot of downhill skiing and canoeing. I had learned to play golf before going to MIT, but could not pursue this sport while at MIT. I decided to not pick up this sport again so I could find new sports that involved everyone in the family.

In 1969 two events converged that led to a major change in my life. I became somewhat disenchanted with the Coast Guard while in Washington, DC. Then I learned I would be transferred back to sea duty. I asked to be assigned to command of a ship, but I was told that was not in my Coast Guard "career path." I decided to resign my commission. My resignation had to be approved by the President of the United States. The approval process took six months and would be granted only if our country did not absolutely need me. Since the Vietnam War was still raging and many of my Coast Guard Academy classmates were seeing action over there, I wasn't sure my resignation would be approved.

During this six-month waiting period, representatives from Exxon Shipping (they were called Humble Oil then) based in Houston, TX, came to Washington to request help from our federal government. They wanted assistance in designing icebreaking tankers to haul crude oil from the newly discovered oil fields on the North Slope of Alaska, via the Northwest Passage, to the east coast of the United States. I was assigned to provide these oil executives with technical information. I was very impressed with these executives. They made quick decisions and commanded sizable budgets. They were like a whirlwind in comparison with the conservative, "cover-your-ass," political engineers I had been dealing with in the federal government. I must have made an impression on the Exxon executives because after they found out that I had applied to resign my commission, they offered me a job.

I went to Houston for a job interview, but I came back feeling that I would just end up



*Ann, Jeff, me, and Jason
at our house in Bowie,
MD, Christmas, 1967.*

working for another large organization. I got the idea of starting my own engineering consulting practice. I talked the idea up with two fellows who worked with me. Together we asked Exxon if we formed a company, would they hire us as consultants. When they responded yes, the stage was set and ARCTEC, Incorporated, my own engineering company, was born. My resignation was approved in June, 1970, exactly 10 years after I graduated from the Coast Guard Academy. We started the company with a \$5,000 consulting contract and with consulting rates of \$25.00 per hour. That \$5,000 contract grew to \$125,000 worth of contracts in the first six months of operations and locked us into a long consulting engineering business with the oil industry.

I spent the summer of 1970 working in Houston at Exxon's downtown office. Ann drove down with the kids and we lived in a hotel across the street from Exxon's office that entire summer. We had a great time and spent quite a few weekends at the beach in Galveston. The kids loved it. The only bad thing I recall was the incredible heat. I would leave the Exxon building at 5 p.m. and by the time I got to the hotel about a block and a half away, I was drenched in sweat. It was the first time in my life I ever got sunburned.

Running my own business was very exciting, but demanding. I never worked harder and longer in my life. Unfortunately, it did not leave a great deal of time for Ann and the kids and that eventually led to the breakup of our marriage. I still recommend to people that they start their own businesses; however, I caution that it competes with family life.

Nevertheless, we did fun things together as a family on weekends. Our favorite activities were white water canoeing and down-hill skiing. Jason and Jeff are still quite good at these sports.

I met Carol when she came to work for ARCTEC just around the time I was separating from Ann. I was immediately attracted to her. She is very intelligent and, at that time, much more in touch with her feelings than I was. I fell in love with her and we married in 1976. I think Carol and I are a very good match. We never really argue and I think we complement one



(Left) Jason, Jack, and Jeff, Columbia, MD, 1972.

(Right) Jeff, Ann, and Jason, Columbia, MD, 1972.

another very nicely. The truth of the matter is I am still very much in love with her after over 21 years of marriage. She's my "soul mate."

Carol was very good with my boys when they were growing up. Jason and Jeff visited us often and they both grew to like her very much. Carol helped counsel Jason through the rough times of my divorce from Ann. Jason was a great pianist and could sing very well. We loved his high school (and college) performances of the plays he was in, such as *Oklahoma*, *Little Abner* and *Pippin*. Jason got accepted to Tufts University, but only pursued his music and singing as a hobby. He eventually settled on computer science as his major and became a computer pro-

grammer. Several years ago he decided to make a career change. He went back to college and studied teaching. Now he teaches mathematics at the high school level in northern New Jersey.

Jeff and I hit it off particularly well during his teens. He would come to our farm in Fulton, MD, and we would build robots, speech synthesizers, microcomputers and all sorts of electronic and computer wiz-bangs. One time we built a robot that would run around the house and every time it ran in to something, it would speak a random “cuss” word. Then it would back away and continue on its way until it ran into the next obstacle. It was a zany little critter and everyone loved it. Jeff’s programming skills were uncanny—at the age of 13 he could program a microcomputer in its native machine language. Little did I know at the time just how much these devilishly fun father-son activities would shape his eventual choice of a career. Jeff attended the Rochester Institute of Technology. He was in their engineering co-op program. Between his third and fourth year, he spent a co-op quarter at my company in Escondido. He loved it so much, and people thought so highly of him, that he never went back to school. I tried to talk him out of it, but I knew the choice was his to make. Jeff is now a highly respected computer engineer who knows how to design electronic hardware and program computers faster than anyone I have ever known.

Early in our friendship, Carol and I discovered we both loved horses. The first home we had was a seven acre farm on Triadelphia Road, Howard County, MD. We bought two quarter horses and we loved going riding in the surrounding woods. We joined a local hunt club that actually went fox hunting with real fox hounds. It was great fun. We even bought Jason and Jeff ponies, but they never seemed to take to equestrian sports they way we did.

As Carol and I became better riders, we decided to buy a thoroughbred horse. We bought a beautiful mare that had won several races. We got her relatively cheap as she was considered too old (she was 13) to be a broodmare. One day while looking over her registration papers, we realized she had won “allowance” races. A horse that can win allowance races, while not a stakes winner, is still big time and quite a step up from the claiming racers most people see when they go to the race track. So we decided to try and breed her. That’s when we found out why we got her so cheap. Our vet said we had only about a four percent chance of getting a foal out of her. As luck would have it, we got two foals out of her, both fillies.

Carol trained the first filly, which we named “Troubled Flight” after her mother “Troublina” and father “Misty Flight.” Carol was great with her. The filly really shot up in size and Carol had to get a “leg up” to get on her. What a sight that was. Carol couldn’t have weighed more than 105 pounds and when she stood next to this filly, she looked just like a jockey. The day Troubled Flight won her first race put us in “seventh heaven.” What a thrill it was to go into the



President Jack W. Lewis in front of the Arctec building, with a client from Mitsui Shipbuilding and Engineering, c. 1979.



Jack Walter and Carol Surber Lewis, 1987.

“Winner’s Circle” and have our picture taken with her. This horse won us a lot of money. She never made it to the big times, but she won around \$50,000 in the “claimer ranks” for us. She got claimed from us for \$10,000.

All the time we were training our race horses, we were training ourselves to ride better. We took a serious liking to the sport known as “Three Phase Eventing.” You had to be a good rider to excel in this sport as it covered all aspects of riding. The first phase involved “Dressage” in which you put your horse through schooling movements in a ring and were judged on how precisely you made these movements. The second phase involved galloping “Cross Country” and jumping numerous man-made obstacles. I really loved this phase. The last phase involved “Stadium Jumping” in which the horse was taken over a set of jumps in an arena. The horse and rider with the best composite score won the event. I got so involved with this sport that I flirted with quitting my job so I could try out for the Olympics.

Several thoroughbred horses can make a seven-acre farm look very small. So we reluctantly sold our little farm on Triadelphia Road and bought a beautiful 35-acre farm in Fulton, MD. We continued to breed and ride horses well into the 1980s. One day, Carol and I decided we had enough. We sold the farm, all the horses, all of our farm equipment and riding tackle and moved to California. We had 10 wonderful years with these beautiful animals and we still talk about getting horses to ride again.

During our riding days, ARCTEC grew into a sizable company. In 1980, we were approached by Det Norske Veritas, a Norwegian company that wanted to buy our company for \$4 million. At that time I owned about one-third of the company and I wanted to sell. My other partners in the business did not. We talked it over and decided not to sell the business.

In 1984 ARCTEC reached gross sales of \$12 million. It consisted of three 50-person companies. One was located in Ottawa, Canada, one in Escondido, CA and the parent company in Columbia, MD. Unfortunately, the oil business was slowing down and we decided to try our hand at some new ventures.

In one of these ventures I assembled a team to design a “Personal Robot.” The product we designed, called “GEMINI,” was a fully autonomous robot capable of speaking and accepting voice commands, navigating on its own in a house, and keeping its batteries charged by itself. Many people regarded it as an engineering marvel. Many were sold to Museums of Science throughout the US including the Carnegie Science Museum in Pittsburgh. Unfortunately, GEMINI was not a financial success. We never sold enough to recoup our development costs.

In 1986 the price of oil fell from around \$35 a barrel to under \$10 a barrel. This had a traumatic effect on our business. In less than a year, all our Arctic-related oil business essentially disappeared. I laid off more people during that period of time than I care to remember. It was definitely not one of my life’s favorite periods. In order to cut costs and try to save the company, I moved to California, we closed the office in Columbia and we sold our interest in the Canadian company. During these tough years, I lost control of the company I had founded and a lot of money in the process. I left ARCTEC in 1991 and about three months later it went out of business.

After quitting ARCTEC I started another company, called Scientific Marine Services, with five other partners, one of which was my son Jeff. He is still a partner in this business, and my good friend, Frank DeBord, is the president. The company continues to do quite well selling marine-related field instrumentation services to major oil companies.

Carol started a book publishing business in 1991 with a fellow editor she had met while at the book publishing company, Harcourt Brace. Carol, who has an electrical engineering degree, combined her love of books and her technical education into a niche technical publishing business. In 1993, while still with Scientific Marine Services, I became very interested in multimedia technology. I saw how it could be applied to teaching mathematical and scientific subjects. I discussed this with Carol and her partner, and I decided to join their company. During 1994 we developed several CD-ROM based products for the educational marketplace. At the end of 1995 we sold the company to a venture capital group who was to take the products we developed into the national marketplace. The new owners turned out to be novices in the field and

did not have enough money to effectively launch the products. They left us with a bad taste for people with an “MBA” degree. In mid-1996 a decision was made to wind down the operations. We took back our book publishing operations which we continue to operate. Carol and I decided to retire and finally move to where we wanted to be for a long time—our country home in the mountains of Virginia.

I still love things technical, so I am sure I will remain involved with technical problems for the rest of my life. On my 60th birthday, Carol gave me a surprise “old-fart” birthday party. One of the gifts I received was from my long time friend, Frank DeBord. In his card he had this to say to me:

Dear Jack:

**Happy 60th Birthday
and
Good Luck in Your Retirement**

I was thinking about you being retired and thought, as a close friend, I should offer some suggestions on how you might occupy your time. Here is a list of things you might consider:

1. First, you should spend several years cruising the North Atlantic in the winter;
2. You could then take the contents of the bag this note was attached to and design an icebreaker capable of transiting at 3 knots through 6 ft thick first year sea ice (open the bag now). This should be the easy one given your education in Naval Engineering;
3. You could build a towing tank and develop modeling techniques to test ships and structures in ice;
4. You could become an expert in ice mechanics;
5. You could next learn enough about river hydraulics to build hydraulic models of rivers with ice and help solve ice management problems on the St. Lawrence Seaway. This will also require that you learn how to deal with tree huggers (really eagle huggers);
6. After your experience with the tree huggers you will probably want to explore other areas, so you should probably learn about soil mechanics and research ice island design and protection;
7. Next you should teach yourself how to design microprocessor devices and build harsh environment instrument systems;
8. This obviously leads to the next task, which is to design and build a truly autonomous robot;
9. If you still have enough energy left after all of this, you could spend a few years trying to save a failing company and take it to the next level of development;
10. When you are tired of the MBA bullshit you could then build a successful instrumentation division and become an expert in ship structural monitoring and the failure of ship structures;
11. Next you could help start a new company virtually from scratch;
12. When this looks like it is going OK you could write a book (paper) and then embark on producing a series of multi-media technical publications.

Jack, I just realized that you have already done all of these things, so you're going to have to come up with some new ideas on your own!

Here's to a remarkable ENGINEER, a great MENTOR and a very good FRIEND!

Of course, Frank is a good friend, but it's nice to be remembered in this way.

On June 25, 1994, Jeff's wife, Mariann, gave birth to a beautiful girl which they named Jennifer. Ann and I used to tell Jeff that when he was born, he was supposed to be a girl and we had already picked her name, Jennifer. Jeff and Mariann called their daughter Jennifer in remembrance of this story. It was a kind and thoughtful thing to do. Carol and I visited them at

the hospital about an hour after her birth. Jeff asked me what it felt like to be a grandfather. I told him, "I'm too young to be a grandfather." Well, at least in my mind I was.

Jennifer is a very sweet girl and she and her brother Michael (Mariann's son from a previous marriage) have brought Jeff and Mariann closer to Carol and me. Carol and I are going to miss them as we head back east on the next phase of our (young) lives—retirement (semi?).



Me holding Jennifer Lynn Lewis with brother Michael James Russell standing nearby.



Jeff, Jennifer, and Wicked Step-grandmother Carol Surber Lewis.

CAROL SUE SURBER LEWIS



Jack and I at our happiest, sitting on the porch of our little Virginia house, eating tomato sandwiches.

My Story

I am the oldest child of James Alfred Surber and Mary Sue Smith Surber. I was born on June 25, 1949 in Burlington, North Carolina. I have two brothers: James Alfred Surber, Jr. (“Jim”), born on September 3, 1951, and Jeffrey Smith Surber (“Jeff”), born on June 5, 1961. I have very warm memories of my childhood and my extended family.

Memories of My Extended Family

My father’s parents were not living when I was born, so I have no memories of them. However, my father told me stories about growing up with his Mom and Dad. They were very loving and family-oriented people, so I do feel like I know them somewhat. My grandfather was named James Abraham Surber (called “Jim,” like my brother) and my grandmother was Alice Peters Surber. I now live near the house where my Surber grandparents raised their family and the little graveyard where they are buried. When I was a little girl, my Uncle Dennis used to show me an old wavy pane of glass in the house where my grandfather had carved the name “Alice” with my grandmother’s diamond ring. I always asked to see it when I visited. When Dennis replaced some of the glass, he saved that pane for me. I have it framed in our living room, with a photograph of my Grandmother Surber.

I was very close to my mother’s parents, Fred and Hattie Carter Smith. They lived about a half hour away from us, in Leaksville, North Carolina (the name of the town was later changed to Eden). I have so many wonderful memories of times with Grandmother and Granddaddy. We had dinner at their house after church almost every Sunday, along with assortments of aunts, uncles, and cousins. (In the South, dinner is the midday meal, and supper is the evening meal.) Hattie and Fred had four children: Mary Sue, my mother, the oldest; Eunice; Ruby; and Fred, Jr., the only son. All of them and their children would gather at Grandmother’s table on



(Above) My Aunt Helen with my Grandmother Alice Surber, in 1939 or 1940.

(Left) My maternal grandfather, Fred D. Smith.



(Right) My maternal grandmother, Hattie Carter Smith, reading her Bible. (She has read it all the way through many times.)



Sundays. Grandmother was a wonderful cook, and my mouth still waters at the thought of her biscuits and corn bread, fried squash, creamed corn, pickled peaches, coconut cake, and especially her fried chicken. My brother and I would fight over who got the neck and the gizzard, which is a little weird now that I think about it. We both wanted them. After Sunday dinner, the menfolk would watch sports on TV while Grandmother, my Mom, and my aunts would wash dishes and tell jokes and stories about the people they knew. We kids would head outside to play. Sometimes Granddaddy would go on walks with us, or take us for a ride in the back of his truck, our favorite thing to do. My grandfather was the sweetest man, so gentle and caring. He would play games with his grandkids endlessly, till he was worn out. He was never impatient or short with us.

Grandmother was also great with her grandkids, very affectionate and patient. She was always laughing. She always had a lot of beautiful flowers, both outside and inside the house. She was also a fantastic seamstress. She made all the wedding gowns and bridesmaid's dresses for her daughters' weddings. My grandmother worked in a textile mill from the age of 13, and my grandfather had a pulpwood business that kept him outdoors, where he loved to be. My grandparents always had a piano or a pump organ in their house. Most everyone in the fam-

ily is musical and, as we got older, the whole family would often sing and play musical instruments together in the afternoon after Sunday dinner.

My grandmother was one of 17 kids, and my grandfather was one of 8 kids, so there were always lots of relatives around. I had more cousins and aunts and uncles than I could keep up with. But my grandmother knew all of them, and could tell you exactly who was married to who, how many kids they had, where they lived, and everything. Family was extremely important to her. Granddaddy passed away on January 3, 1973. I still miss him. My grandmother is now 92 years old. She stayed very independent up until a few years ago, when she lost her sight. She then began to lose her mind, and she's now in a nursing home. She still recognizes

family members, but is pretty much in a world of her own now. It's sad for us to see her like she is, but it doesn't dim the beautiful memories we all have of times with her.

My father's family also stayed close. He was one of eight children of James Abraham and Alice Surber: Noel, Helen (the only girl), Bill, Alfred (my Dad), Dennis, Spencer, Bob, and Eddie. His sister and many of his brothers had moved from the family farm in Virginia to Burlington, NC, to find work in the textile mills, so that's where most of my Surber relatives lived when I was growing up. I was very fond of all of my aunts and uncles, and loved to visit them. My cousin Donna, who is the daughter of my father's youngest brother Eddie, is close to my age and we loved to spend weekends together. Sometimes our families would vacation together at the beach in the summer. Those were great times. My father's brother Dennis was the only uncle who stayed on the family farm near Oriskany, VA. and my brothers and I loved to visit them. We usually camped and went swimming and fishing in Craig Creek, which ran through the farm. That's where Jack and I live now, in our "retirement house" that we built in 1991. Dennis and his wife Mary Elizabeth ("Toots") still live on the land where my grandparents raised their family.

Childhood

My earliest memories are of the house we lived in when I was born, in Burlington, NC. I can remember being held up to the picture window by my Aunt Eunice, to watch my mother coming back from the hospital when my brother Jim was born. I was two years old then. I have many memories of playing in the back yard of that house with my brother and the other children in the neighborhood. We had a swing set and a sandbox, I remember. Many of my aunts and uncles and cousins lived in Burlington, so we saw them often. Most of the family belonged to West Burlington Methodist Church, so we'd see each other every Sunday in those days.

I went to kindergarten when I was five, at a Baptist church nearby. My most vivid memory of kindergarten was of the day that Hurricane Hazel was coming. My Dad picked me up early that day because of the hurricane warnings. I can remember watching the trees being blown over by the high winds. It was exciting and a little scary.

In my early years, when we lived in Burlington, my father worked for L.W. Routh Electrical Contractors, building and maintaining power lines for Duke Power Company. Before I started the first grade, he took a new job in Martinsville, Virginia as a lineman for the city electric department. Martinsville was about 60 miles from Burlington. My parents first rented a house in Martinsville for several months, and then they bought a house on Mountain Road, the last street inside the Martinsville city limits. It was a great location for kids, because there were a lot of woods around the house, a small creek down the hill, and room for a big garden. That was the house that we lived in throughout my elementary and high school years. My mother still lives there.

My Mom was a very attentive mother and was always available to us kids. She didn't work—not too many mothers did back then. She ran the household very well, managing the money, shopping for good bargains, and making most of our clothes. She was a great seamstress and a wonderful cook. (She still is!) She made a lot of the same dishes my Grandmother made, but also had variations and different recipes. She has a pretty voice. She always sings in the choir at church, and she plays the piano too. Mom has always been a great joke and story teller. She now gives programs for reunions, annual meetings, company picnics, Sunday School parties, and things like that. She has a repertoire of funny jokes, anecdotes, and sentimental poems.

My Dad was the best father any girl could have. He was kind and gentle, funny,

*Me, around
kindergarten age.*



*My family. (l. to r.)
Brother Jim, me, Mom,
brother Jeff, Dad. I was
a senior in high school
when this was taken.*

*(Below) All grown up.
Front row: Mom and
me. Middle row: Dad,
Linda, Jack. Back row:
Jeff, Jim. Taken in
1987.*



wise, and affectionate. He loved his kids and always had time for us. He'd make us toys, take us fishing, read to us, walk in the woods with us, and let us "help" him with whatever project he was involved in. He was hardworking and disciplined and supported his family well. He stayed with the Martinsville Electric Dept. for almost his entire career, starting as a lineman and ending up as superintendent of the entire department, which was a pretty stressful job for an

easygoing guy like him. But he never complained about anything. My Dad passed away on March 5, 1989, and I still can't think about it without crying. I love both of my parents very much and am grateful to them for providing a stable and loving childhood for me and my brothers.

I started in the first grade at Patrick Henry Elementary. I was so lucky because my first grade teacher, Mrs. Keys, lived next door to me! I had her for both first and second grade, and liked her a lot. I think that influenced me a great deal to love school, too. I could read before I started school, which also turned out to be a big advantage.

After school we'd play ball in one of the neighborhood kid's yard, or play in the woods around the house. There were a lot of children in the neighborhood, so we always had someone to play with. I was something of a tomboy in those days. I liked to play ball or catch crawfish in the little nameless creek, but I also enjoyed playing dolls with my girlfriend Townsey Wood, who lived across the street. I was crazy about horses and always begged my Dad to get me a pony, but we didn't really have any place to keep a pony, as he told me at least twelve million times. I told Dad I would settle for a burro, which they sold in the Sears and Roebuck catalog for \$99. I had to settle for a stick horse.

I also loved to read and that is a major understatement. My Mom worried about me reading all the time—she thought I wouldn't have any friends because I always had my nose stuck in a book. But as I told her, my books were my friends too.

We attended Wesley Memorial Methodist Church in Martinsville. I had another set of friends there, different from my school friends, because the church was on the other side of town from our neighborhood and most of the children went to different schools from me. The youth group sponsored a lot of fun activities, such as hay rides, bowling nights, and parties. I also sang in both the youth and adult choirs as soon as I was old enough.

In our elementary years, my brother Jim and I played together some, but we fought a lot too. Mom had us singing duets together at church at an early age. "Everybody Ought to Know" was one of our most popular selections. We can still break out into a soul-stirring harmony. Jim was extremely interested in mechanical and electrical things and was always hooking up electrical devices to shock me when I wasn't paying attention, usually when I was absorbed in some book. Our "baby brother" Jeff was born when I was in seventh grade. It was fun to have a little brother, despite the diaper-changing routine. Jeff was an interesting child, not your average Joe. For instance, when we would come home from church, Jeff would go into his bedroom, close the door, and preach the sermon over again. He has some sort of weird photographic memory or something like that. He was fascinated by attic fans and Alberta, Canada. As soon as he learned to read, he'd sit and read our World Book encyclopedias for hours. Jeff is now a computer programmer for NASA and owns a home in the Baltimore area.

I went to Patrick Henry through seventh grade and then went to Martinsville Junior High for my eighth grade year. It was a big change. We had different classes and teachers. The junior high was next door to the high school, and we had some classes in the high school building. It was a little intimidating. I was a relatively shy girl, always the shortest and skinniest kid in the class. However, I loved the new freedom and challenge of almost-high-school.

I went to Martinsville High School for grades nine through twelve. I mostly enjoyed high school, but I never liked the cliques and popularity contests (probably because I never felt that popular). I wore glasses, looked younger than my years, and was known as a "brain." I had lots of good friends but never dated much in high school or had a steady boyfriend. I would typically have a date for the prom or homecoming dance, but that's about it. I got good grades and was active in several clubs, especially Tri-Hi-Y. I graduated second in my class and got to make a speech at graduation.

Graduating from high school, 1967.



College and Career

After high school, I went to a southern women's college, Mary Washington College, which at the time was the women's undergraduate branch of the University of Virginia. They didn't allow women then at the main University of Virginia, which was in Charlottesville, unless you were a nursing student or a graduate student. "Mary Wash," as we called it, was in Fredericksburg. It was a bit of a shock the first year, because I was used to being a "smart kid" and not having to study too much. At college, just about everybody was a smart kid, and I definitely did have to learn to study! I adjusted though, and loved college life. I even had a few boy-friends. I majored in religion (B.A.) and got my elementary teaching certificate, which was like a minor in education.

These were the days of the Vietnam War, protest marches, and black arm bands. My college was just 50 miles from D.C., so I must confess I went to my share of protest marches. They were actually a lot of fun. Big crowds of crazy people jumping in the Reflecting Pool, good music, a self-righteous feeling that we were going to change the world. A lot of things changed at my school, and in the world, during the four years from 1967 to 1971 that I was at Mary Wash. Not all for the good, I now think. I learned to play guitar and banjo in college, and sang and played in a folk trio with two of my college buddies. We sang a lot of Peter, Paul, and Mary, Joan Baez, and Bob Dylan songs, mostly in coffee houses. Long frizzy hair, tie-dyed tee shirts, and bell bottoms were the college fashion statements of the day.

After graduating from college in 1971, I started teaching first grade at Dahlgren Elementary School in King George County, VA. What a shock. Being a good student doesn't do much to prepare you for a real-world job like teaching. Everything had come fairly easy for me up to that point, but teaching was definitely NOT easy. Controlling a class of 30 first-graders all by myself was a challenge, much less actually teaching them something in between trying to keep them from killing each other. I stuck it out for two years, but decided I had to find an easier way to make a living.

In between the first and second year of teaching, I got married to my first husband, David Belsky. He was still in college at the time (William and Mary in Williamsburg, VA) but dropped out after his second year. He was a good folk guitarist and we played and sang together at coffeehouses and any other venue that would have us. After I quit teaching, David and I went to Europe for several months in the summer of 1973. We had Eurailpasses and mostly camped out and rode the trains. He also had relatives in England and Wales and we stayed with them for part of the time. It was a great experience, but when we came back we had to figure out what to do with

ourselves. We ended up renting a small house in the mountains around Charlottesville, with no bathroom, no running water and wood heat (we were still in sort of a "hippie" period at that time). David found a job working construction and I worked as a proofreader for a law publishing company, The Michie Company. I also went to school at night to learn how to be a draftsman, since I had decided I didn't want to earn my living by teaching and didn't want to proof law code books the rest of my life either.

After a year in Charlottesville we moved to Laurel, Maryland and I got a job as a draftsman for Arctec, Inc., an engineering consulting company. That's where I met my future husband, Jack Lewis, who was the president of the company. Both of us were in the process of separating from our spouses at the time, and we were drawn together by our common interests and similar outlooks on life. We fell in love around February of 1974 and have been there ever since.

Being with Jack was a real education for me. As president of a successful engineering com-



Picking and singing at the Natural Child coffeehouse in Fredericksburg, VA, c. 1969. Ann Chafin, my college roommate, is on the right.

pany, he knew a lot more than I did about eating in nice restaurants, how to dress, how business is conducted in the real world, and so forth. It was so much fun hanging around with him and learning about those things. He was a “workaholic” and I guess it rubbed off on me, too, because a lot of our life was about work. However, we paused for recreation, too. Jack was an expert canoeist and a good skier, and we went on many lovely canoeing, camping, and ski trips. We shared an unfulfilled childhood desire to learn to ride horses, so we took riding lessons together and ended up buying a small farm in Ellicott City, Maryland, with the idea of raising horses. We were married on November 20, 1976 at the house of our friend Marilyn Oskard, who also worked for Arctec. We had a lovely, memorable wedding, with lots of friends and family present.

Jack had two sons from his previous marriage, Jason and Jeff, and it was a great experience for me to be their stepmother (their “wicked stepmother,” as I tell them). The boys lived only about 10 minutes away from us, so we were able to spend time with them, which I enjoyed very much. They alternated holidays with us and their mother Ann, and it was neat having kids around for Christmas and other holidays, and sharing in their lives as they grew up. Jason was an actor and singer during high school and college, at Tufts University, and we enjoyed seeing his performances. Jeff also sang in choruses in high school and was really good in art. He was also a computer whiz at a very early age. Jeff studied computer engineering at Rochester Technical Institute for two years before joining Arctec Offshore as a programmer. Both boys loved to play computer games as kids—in fact, just about any kind of game! It was fun to be with them.

The “horse” phase of our lives lasted about 10 years, on two different farms. We competed with our horses in 3-phase eventing (a sport that includes jumping and dressage), joined a fox hunting club, and we also bred and raced thoroughbreds in Maryland. One of my happiest times was the day our homebred filly, Troubled Flight, won her first race at Pimlico, Maryland. We did everything: tended mares and foals, went to weekend competitions and horse clinics, boarded horses for other people, trained young horses. At one point Jack even thought he would attempt to be an Olympic rider. But we finally got tired of it. It was a lot of work, and both of us worked full-time jobs at Arctec while maintaining the horse farm. The winters especially got to us.

Around 1981, I decided to go back to school—to the University of Maryland at College Park—to study electrical engineering. Around that time, Jack got interested in robotics and started a new division of Arctec to develop a mobile robot. The final product was a personable robot named Gemini, which could navigate independently around a house, take voice commands, and do many other things. I finished up my engineering degree in 1984 and worked for the robotics group for a while, primarily in sales and marketing. Both Jason and Jeff, and my brother Jeff, also worked for the robot company at various times. The robot was a little ahead of its time, unfortunately. It got rave reviews and was really a remarkable feat of engineering at the time (even by today’s standards). We had some success in the educational and science center markets, but had to eventually drop the product because it wasn’t making any money. Gemini still lives in some science centers around the country. A few years ago we saw pictures of him in *Time* magazine and *The Washington Post* surrounded by a bunch of happy kids.

In 1985 the opportunity arose to move to the San Diego area with another division of



Me taking a cross-country jump on my horse T.J. during a three-phase eventing competition in Maryland. We won the blue ribbon that day!

*Our homebred filly
Troubled Flight
winning her first race at
Pimlico race track in
Maryland. We look
pretty happy to be in the
Winner's Circle.*



Arctec, primarily serving the oil industry. We decided we'd had enough of horse farming, so we sold the farm and the horses and moved across the country to Escondido, California. I worked for awhile with Arctec Offshore, but decided to pursue another career path, book publishing. I still maintained a love of books bordering on a pathological addiction. I got a job in the marketing department of the Academic Press division of Harcourt Brace Publishing in San Diego. They published scientific and technical books, which fit well with my engineering background. After two years I moved from the marketing department into the editorial department, as an acquisitions editor for books on electronics and electrical engineering, which meant that I had to locate potential authors for books on those topics and get them to sign a contract to write a book for us. It was a neat job, involving quite a bit of travel and freedom.

Around this time, 1989 to be exact, Jack and I took my "dream trip," an African safari to Tanzania and Rwanda. I had always wanted to see Africa—probably from watching too many Tarzan movies as a kid. Our trip was a camping safari and it met and exceeded all my expectations. We traveled with a great group of people, several of whom we still stay in touch with, and saw unbelievable numbers of animals. The highlight was seeing the mountain gorillas of Rwanda. I'd love to go back some day.

I met my future business partner, Harry Helms, while I was at Academic Press. He was a senior editor, and had worked at other large publishers in New York City, such as McGraw-Hill



This is not a family member! It's a silverback mountain gorilla encountered during our African safari, with one of his young offspring at his feet. These are part of the groups of gorillas that were habituated to human presence by Dian Fossey, the famous naturalist whose life story was in the movie "Gorillas in the Mist." This silverback was in the movie too.

and Prentice Hall. He also was the author of about 20 books, mostly on topics in electronics and amateur radio. After a couple of years at Academic Press, we decided we could do a better job publishing books on our own. In May of 1990 we quit Academic Press and started HighText Publications, Inc. Our idea was to publish technical books that had some degree of personality and weren't as "stuffy" as most books on engineering topics. It was a struggle but we were moderately successful with the books we published and sales grew steadily. We managed to find national and international distribution through most major bookstore chains. It's still a thrill to go into a Barnes & Noble, Borders, or Bookstar store and find our books on the shelf.

During this time, Arctec was sold to a Danish company. Jack ended up leaving the company he had founded and starting another company, Scientific Marine Services, along with several of the other people from Arctec Offshore, including his son Jeff. SMS was immediately successful, so Jack and I were extremely busy for several years, managing our respective companies. I would never trade those years with HighText for anything. Even though it was really hard work, it was so rewarding seeing it grow from nothing into a thriving little company. It made me a lot tougher. I think you start seeing things—government, taxes, other organizations, other jobs, the world—in a different light after you run your own business. Having employees to keep busy, customers to make happy, and payrolls to meet really has a way of focusing the attention.

In 1994 Jack got interested in multimedia (CD-ROM software) and then Harry and I became interested in it as another form of publishing that HighText could do. We enticed Jack away from Scientific Marine and got him to join HighText as a partner and set out to develop educational software for math and science. We ended up selling HighText at the end of 1995 to a company based in Canada. We stayed on for a year to carry out the development of additional software courses. However, we became disillusioned with the new owners and decided that it was time to implement our retirement plan, which we had been discussing for several years.

During this period, Jack's son Jeff married Mariann Russell and they had a daughter Jennifer, born on June 25, 1994 (which happens to be my birthday too). They have a nice home in Escondido, near the Scientific Marine offices. Jack and I enjoy our new role as grandparents to Jennifer and Michael, Mariann's son from her first marriage. They are sweet and cute kids (said like true grandparents). The hardest part of deciding to move back East was knowing we'd be leaving the grandchildren. However, we plan to stay in close contact and visit frequently. I think Michael and Jennifer will like our mountain place. Jason now lives in New Jersey with his com-

panion, Adam, and is teaching high school mathematics. Teaching that age group is a real challenge, but I know he'll be a great teacher. We're looking forward to spending more time with them, too.

February 10, 1997, the day before Jack's 60th birthday, was our official "retirement" date. At the end of March we packed up our stuff and drove our Jeep across the country, taking a month to get across. We're now living in our little mountain house near Oriskany, Virginia, on land that's been in the Surber family for 5 generations. We got our book publishing operation back when we resigned from our jobs, so we're still involved with it on a part-time, "telecommuting" basis. We look forward to traveling and being with our families, who all live on this side of the country—the Lewis family mostly in Pennsylvania, and my family members, who are in North Carolina, Virginia, and Maryland. My brother Jim and his wife Linda now have four children: Craig Bradley, who's 6 years old at the time of this writing in May of 1997, and triplets Eric Jordan, Christin Marie, and Lauren Carol (named after me!), who will be four in June. Linda is like the sister I never had, and I love her, and my brothers, very much. I enjoy spending time with Jim, Linda and the kids and look forward to being a part of birthday parties, beach trips, and other family get-togethers. Jack and I also plan to do a good bit of traveling. We like to go to Hawaii—we've been going there every year for the past 6 years—and we also enjoy traveling on Amtrak. I'm looking forward to the next 30 or 40 years with my Jackie!



My brother Jim with his wife Linda and the kids, Eric, Lauren, Christin, and Craig sitting in Craig Creek, which runs through our property in Virginia. (Our family loves this creek so much, Jim and Linda named their firstborn after it!)

JASON SCOTT LEWIS



*Jason Scott Lewis
during his first year.*

My Memories

I was born on June 27, 1964 in Chelsea, Massachusetts. I was the first child of Jack Walter Lewis and Ann Harwick Lewis. My parents met while he was attending the Coast Guard Academy and she was attending Connecticut College for Women. The three pictures on this page are early pictures of our family. The top photo is my favorite baby picture. The picture below on the left was taken during a celebration of my parent's wedding in Allentown, Pennsylvania (my maternal grandmother sits on the chair), and the one on the right shortly after I



*My parents' wedding
celebration, 1960.*



*Mom and Dad and me,
shortly after my birth, 1964.*

was born.

We moved to Bowie, Maryland when I was two and all of my childhood memories are from our life in Maryland. My brother Jeff was born in September, 1967 when I was three. There are many wonderful 8mm films of our family when Jeff and I were young, but not many pictures. Most of my pictures of this time were kept by my maternal grandmother. The picture on the left below was taken when I was three or four and the one on the right shows Jeff and I at a young age along with my mother's side of the family. Left to right: my mother's mother, my mother's aunt, my mother's brother, a friend of the family, and my mother.

Photos from my childhood, high school, and college years.



We were close to my mother's side of the family, but I rarely got to meet any members of my father's family. Ironically, I grew up thinking I had a fairly small family. We moved to Columbia, Maryland when I was about eight or nine. My father ran a consulting engineering company and was kept busy with that. I have many fond memories of family/company weekend whitewater canoe trips and learning to ski between my father's legs.

My parents had a stormy relationship through most of my memory of them together and divorced when I was about eleven. Fortunately, although Jeff and I lived with my mother, my father stayed close and we maintained a relationship throughout my teenage years. My father was always concerned that Jeff and I not have too stormy a relationship (like he and his brother Tom had growing up), but Jeff and I fought and played together as brothers will. I have many happy memories spending time with my stepmother and father on their two farms and establishing an improved relationship with my father after his happy transformation following his marriage to Carol.

Not too long after my parents' divorce, I was fortunate to have the opportunity to travel to Europe (Amsterdam, London, and Paris) with my mother and stepfather (picture, above left). I completed high school in 1981 and went on to Tufts University where I majored in computer science. I was actively involved in musical theater throughout high school and college and played the lead in several musicals, including *Pippin* in college (picture on left, shown with one of my very best life friends).

As I say, my memories of my father's family are extremely limited, but



I do remember attending my grandfather's funeral and meeting my grandmother at about the age of 12. I remember a big party afterward, playing with my cousin Laurel, and sitting on my grandmother's lap. Because of circumstances surrounding my parent's divorce, I was not allowed to attend my grandmother's funeral which followed shortly thereafter.

The summer after I graduated college, I returned to Europe for a month (picture on left, with college buddy in Belgium) and then began work for my father's company. I worked for my father for about 8 months before returning to Boston and working as a software engineer for about 6 years. I stayed close to my father and stepmother and visited them in San Diego with my college girlfriend (picture on right: a friend of Carol's, my father, my girlfriend, Carol, and me).

(Left) In Europe with a college buddy. (Right) Visiting my father and stepmother in San Diego, with my girlfriend.



The following two pictures are as follows: On the left, a good picture of my mother, brother, and me on my 20th birthday. On the right, a picture from my trip to Senegal, West



Africa to visit a friend in the Peace Corps in front of the hut we stayed in in his village.

Prior to leaving Boston, I have a happy memory of attending the first annual Lewis family reunion. Although I was the only representative of our side of the family, I was warmly welcomed by many of the close relatives who I barely knew. It is a special memory I will always treasure and I plan to make it back to more reunions soon. However, since that visit my life has taken some turns.

I left Boston to move to San Diego thoroughly discouraged about my disdain for my chosen occupation. I spent a year and a half bumming around San Diego directionless before picking myself up and moving back to Allentown, Pennsylvania to live with my grandmother for a bit, work my way out of some debt, and train to be a mathematics teacher. I am now a high school

(Left) Jeff, my mother, and me on my 20th birthday. (Right) Visiting a friend in the Peace Corps, in Senegal, West Africa.

mathematics teacher in a high school in New Jersey and am proud to say my life is back on track.

Family shots in Ocean Grove, NJ, where Adam and I now live.

In addition, a self-loathing surrounding my homosexuality has transformed itself into acceptance and a meaningful, hopefully lifelong relationship with Adam, my “life partner” (we’d be married but for the laws of our country). I enclose two recent pictures of us: on the left,



my brother, niece Jennifer, myself, and Adam; on the right, me, my mother, and Adam in front of our (rented) house in Ocean Grove, NJ. We live about eight blocks from the beach.

One final note, my mother and stepfather have moved to Canberra, Australia where he is the current head of NASA operations in that country. I visited them in January, 1995 and am including a picture of my mother and me feeding kangaroos on that visit.

My mother and I in Australia, 1995.



JEFFREY MARK LEWIS FAMILY



Jeffrey Mark Lewis and Mariann Bauer Lewis on their wedding day.

Jeffrey Mark Lewis Personal History

I was born on September 25, 1967 in a military hospital in Annapolis, Maryland. My father, Jack Walter Lewis, was an officer in the Coast Guard. My mother's maiden name was Ann Long Harwick. We lived in Bowie, Maryland when I was born, but I have no memories of that house.

My earliest memories are being in the yard of the house my family moved to in Columbia, Maryland, on Evenstar Place. I must have been about 5 or 6.

I'm the youngest of two children in the family. My brother Jason is four years older than me. We had what I think of as a "typical" brother relationship—sometimes we got along, and other times we fought. I have good memories of us playing with other kids in the neighborhood. One game we played was "band." My instrument was playing on the rolltop of a desk with a stick, like a washboard. Jason and I chose to put our beds together in the same room so we could use the other room as a killer playroom.

I also have good memories of going to daycamp in the summers at Wilde Lake in Colum-

bia. It was the best part of the summer to me. We did archery, canoeing, and many other activities.

I always had a neutral attitude toward school. It was just OK. I'm told that I was thrown out of Montessori School when I was five, for peeing in a cup when I was supposed to be doing an experiment. I don't really remember it, but I think it's a good story.

My Mom was always very open to having me experiment with new things, which I think is neat. She encouraged both of us to have a lot of different experiences and do a lot of things: art, music, woodworking, and other hobbies. I had the typical adolescent conflicts with my mother. My Mom and Dad were divorced when I was 7 years old. It wasn't such a big deal to me, but Jason was upset by it. I think it bothered me more that Jason was upset than the divorce did. My mother and father both remarried soon after the divorce. Mom married Ted Ankrum and my father married Carol Surber.

My grandmother Hannah as a young woman.



I don't remember doing a lot of things with my Dad when I was small. He worked a lot. I remember liking to ride with him in his little MG convertible. We did do some neat weekend activities together as a family, such as camping, canoeing, and skiing.

I have very pleasant memories of times with my maternal grandmother Hannah Harwick. In the summers Jason and I would go up to her house in Allentown, PA for a couple of weeks separately, and it was enjoyable. We also spent time with my Aunt Frannie, my grandmother's sister.

My favorite subjects in school were math and art. I got interested in computers at an early age. My Dad bought me my first computer when I was in eighth grade and I learned to program in assembly language when I was 13. Since then I've been heavily involved with computers. My Dad and I built a robot from a Heathkit, and I worked on software for a mobile robot that his company built when I was still in high school.

As a child, I always said that I wanted to be an inventor, but it's not an "official" career choice. Engineering is the closest thing, I guess, because engineers are always inventing things. I was encouraged by everyone to go to college. I probably wouldn't have gone without that encouragement. I attended Rochester Institute of Technology and majored in Computer Engineering, because it combined the two things I liked: computers and engineering. College did improve my programming skills. I've always been very good with logic, and I was usually at the top of my programming classes.

Rochester was a co-op school. I had a much greater interest in applying my knowledge to real-world problems, and the first co-op period, working as a software engineer at Arctec Offshore in Escondido, CA, gave me a chance to do that. I really liked it. I did all my co-ops with Arctec Offshore, and decided to take a permanent job with them after 2 ½ years of college. I was good at my job there. I worked hard and got a lot done. In 1992 the company had been sold and it was obvious that it was going downhill fast. A group of us broke off, and founded a new company called Scientific Marine Services. (My father was also one of the six founding partners of the company, but he's no longer involved with it.) Over the past 5 years SMS has been profitable every year and it's growing successfully. My philosophy is "the best sales job is doing a good job." Most of the work I do is for repeat customers.

Although work was very enjoyable, there was still a void in my life. I decided to pursue finding a mate. I always wanted to have children. Family is important to me, for the continuation of life and a way of carrying on traditions. I met Mariann Russell at a video dating service in 1993. We dated for a while and quickly hit it off. We bought a house together in September of 1993, and we married in 1994. Mariann had a son Michael from a previous marriage, who was

not quite 2 years old when we started dating. I've become a father to Michael and our daughter Jennifer was born to us on June 25, 1994. She's a "Daddy's girl"!

Things are going well. I enjoy spending time with my family, seeing the kids grow up and helping them learn. They're both early computer freaks just like Daddy. At 2 years, both of them could operate the computer almost as well as I do. Michael is the king of computer video games!



(Left) Our wedding, October 1994, in San Diego. (l. to r.) Dad, Mariann, Jeff, Carol.

(Below left) Our children, Jennifer and Michael.

(Below right) A four-generation photograph. (l. to r.) Grandmother Hannah Harwick, Jeff, Jennifer, mother Ann Ankrum.



MARIANN BAUER LEWIS



Mariann Bauer as a young girl.

My Story

I was born on August 9, 1968 in St. Louis, Missouri at St. John's Mercy Hospital. I was the first of two children born to my mother Mary Frances Higgins and my father Raymond Charles Bauer, Sr. My sister Patricia was born 18 months later. I also have three half brothers and sisters from my father's second marriage—Raymond, Jr., Debbie, and Andy—but I look on them as full siblings also.

Raymond Bauer, Jr. and daughter Mariann on her birthday, Aug 9, 1972, 4 years old.

My earliest memory is in St. Louis, driving up to a big white house to meet a great-aunt. I remember her saying that I was “a well-behaved child.” The first house I remember was on Hampton Street, and my mother always kept a lot of animals—ducks, turtles, cats, dogs, birds—it was a regular barnyard! I remember one time trying to get a goat into a car. My Mom had a real kinship with animals and had a dream of being a veterinarian.

Our family moved a lot, and I hated that. I went to schools all over the St. Louis school system in my grade school years.

When I was in kindergarten, I remember my Dad would come home from work, wink at me, and say “Hiya, Honey!” It always made me feel good. My Mom and Dad had a messy divorce that affected me a lot. I wanted them to get back together.

I was very close with my sister “Trisha” till I was 12 or 13. Then we drifted apart, which I regret. We went down two separate paths. She was always the tough one, while I was more timid. If anyone picked on me, she would always stick up for me. I still love her as a sister, but I disagree with her lifestyle. I pray that she'll eventually find some happiness in this world. I hope that sometime in the future we can re-establish our sisterly relationship.

My Grandpa Higgins was a memorable figure in my life. He had a big heart. He would look out for people. At funerals, he would always make sure that the widow had enough money and food to eat. I credit Grandpa with whatever “street smarts” I have.

My Mom was only 17 when she had me, so she grew up with us. She has really matured a great deal over the years. I only hope that I can achieve



the same level of understanding that she has. I always considered my Mom as my best friend—she means the world to me. She taught me respect, loyalty, and to be a loving and open-minded person. Now that I have my own children, I can speak to her freely about my problems and concerns. She gives advice straight from her heart, and she's there for me when I need her. I'm going down my own path now, and want to do things "my way," and she's open-minded enough to never interfere with my life. We have a close relationship. Living so far away from her is hard for me.

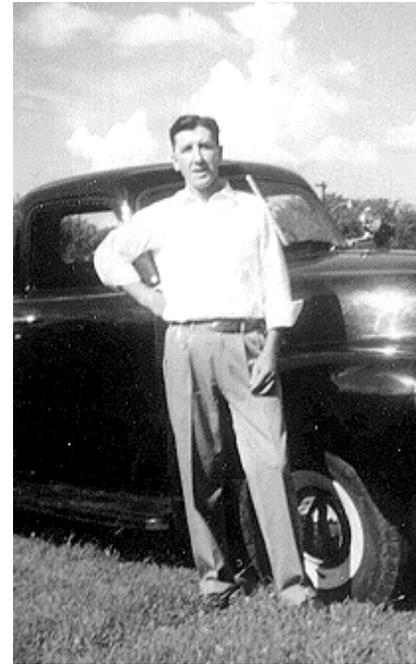
All of us kids have discussed our father and the fact that he's tried to distance himself from us. We all feel to a certain extent that we're "not wanted" by him. We can't really go to him to ask for help. We do believe that he loves us though. He's basically a kind-hearted man and a hard-working man. I just hope that he opens up more to his children as time goes by.

After the divorce, my Mom married Ron Cissell in 1987. He's a wonderful man. He was my father's best friend, and he's always been around the family. I didn't see my Dad after he left for months or even years at a time. Ron gave me a lot of guidance and was a great father figure during those years. I love him very much. I think Mom was overprotective of us girls, and Ron got her to loosen up a little.

In school I was shy until about the 6th grade, but got along OK. I made good grades. I loved high school. As I mentioned earlier, we moved all over when I was in elementary school and I really wanted to complete high school in one place, which I managed to do. We stayed in one place from 7th grade till my senior year. I was the only one out of all five kids that graduated from high school and went on to college (including my parents also). I made a decision in elementary school that I would finish high school no matter what. In high school, I played hockey and volleyball, and was in French club and Spanish club, and also was a cheerleader. I tried to get as much out of it as I could. My home life wasn't great, because my mother and sister were fighting all the time, so school was my "out." English and writing were my favorites. I always wanted to be a writer, and still do, especially of science fiction. I consider myself a "student of life," and hope to always continue to learn as long as I live.

After high school, I went to Southeast Missouri State University in Cape Girardeau and got my Associate's degree. I paid for my own way through school, using government grants and money from working. I had been friends with Glen Russell all through grade school and high school, and he also went to SEMO. We started dating my freshman year in college. We were very different types of people. By this time, I was outgoing and friendly, while Glen was very quiet and shy.

When I finished college, I first worked as a nanny in Westchester, NY for a wealthy family with one child. It was a real challenge, and I only did it for 3 months until I could find another job. I was then employed at Walter Karl Companies in Armonk, NY, first as a receptionist and then I got pro-



My Grandfather Higgins.

Me with my siblings: (rear) Raymond Charles, Jr. (middle) Deborah Lynn, me, stepsister Michele; (front) Andrew James. Below left, my full sister Patricia.



motored to the advertising department. A woman there took me under her wing and taught me the advertising business, computers, desktop publishing, and many other things. I really liked it there, but the company was bought out and I was laid off. Glen moved to NY and we lived there together in an apartment. I got pregnant with my son Michael and we moved back to St. Louis in 1991 and got married.

Glen joined the Navy after we got married and was shipped to Florida for training. I didn't see him much after that. I spent a lot of time alone with Michael. I supplemented our income by working some odd jobs, but it was a tough time in my life. Glen was transferred to San Diego in 1992 and Michael and I moved there. Glen immediately shipped out for another 6 months, and that was it for me. I knew the marriage was over at that point.

I met Jeff around that time and we started dating. There was an immediate connection between us. Soon we moved in together and Jeff became a real father to Michael. We bought a house together in 1993 and we had our daughter Jennifer in 1994, the year we got married.

It hasn't been totally smooth sailing for us, but we have established a stable and happy home life. I love my husband and family dearly. Jeff works a lot but he is a loving and caring father,

Jeff and I with our wedding party in October, 1994. We had a beautiful outdoor wedding, with perfect weather.

(Below) My mother and I at my wedding.



which I think is rare. He likes to be with his family and seems to thrive on having us around him. We have gotten past our early differences and have really learned to work as a team in our parenting. I believe I have found my soulmate in Jeff.

My Mom told me once that a good marriage is like a comfortable chair, that provides both support and comfort. Jeff and I try to be supportive of each other's accomplishments. I'm currently taking karate lessons with Michael and really enjoying it. It turns out that I'm pretty good at it, and it's a great stress reliever. It's definitely raised my confidence level. I've also gotten proficient on the computer and enjoy "surfing the net" and other online activities.

My primary goal in life right now is to be a good parent to my children. We hope to raise both kids to be well-rounded and productive citizens. I pray to God that what we're trying to teach them sinks in, to see them through their adolescent years, which I know can be rocky!



CHAPTER 9

FAMILY STORIES

ABOUT THESE STORIES

Ed. Note. These stories were originally written by Thomas Lindsay Lewis and were included with his remembrances. We decided that since they involved so many of the senior family members, they were deserving of a separate chapter. Jack and Tom spent many hours together pouring over pictures in an attempt to illustrate the stories. Tom even went so far as to retain an artist to draw sketches where adequate photographs could not be found. Enjoy!

THE SOAP BOX DERBY

James Robert Lewis in the first Soap Box Derby, 1940.

[Note the homemade wagon using wheels from the truck Dad bought Hazel and George in the twenties.]



In early 1940, brother Jim told Dad that he wanted to participate in the Soap Box Derby races that were held around July 4th each year in Uniontown, PA. These races were for boys between the ages of 12 to about 15. They were held on Morgantown Street, which had a nice long hill. There were special requirements for the building of the cars. They had to have a steering and braking system built into them and they couldn't exceed a specified width and length. I don't recall the specifications. However, they were about 6 feet 6 inches long and their axles were about 3 1/2 feet wide. There were no motors; they ran down the hill by gravity and couldn't exceed a certain weight.

Dad liked the idea and said he would help him build the racer. Dad, Jim and brother George started to make plans. Eventually Uncle Clyde joined the construction team. Dad and Uncle Clyde created a braking and steering system that worked out pretty well. When completed, they tested the car on what was called Footdela's hill near Oliphant.

Jim didn't win anything that year. He blamed himself for applying the brakes too often. Dad told him, "We will try next summer."

In 1941, Dad and Uncle Clyde decided to help Jim build another racer. They tore down the 1940 racer and started all over again. Using the same chassis, they built a new racer with an improved steering and braking system. Uncle Clyde repacked and relined the wheels. When race day came in July, Jim won two races with his re-built car. I can remember how proud Jim felt about being a part of those derbies. Dad and everyone else involved were proud also. In December of that year the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor and we entered WWII. There were no more



Jim in the Soap Box Derby that won him two races, 1941.

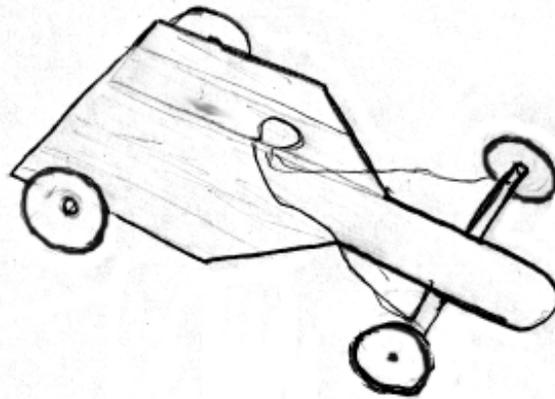
Soap Box Derby races.

Jim eventually tore the racer apart and used the chassis to haul various scrap items he and his friends collected for the war effort. They made their spending money doing this.

After Jim got a job at Fairchance Lumber Company in 1944, Jack and I got involved in the salvage business. We eventually dropped collecting scrap because Jim and his friends had our neighborhood and the surrounding areas pretty much cleaned out. We started to haul some garbage from people's homes to the garbage dump. One time, while we were hauling garbage, Jack was doing the steering and I was hanging on the back of the rig holding down the garbage containers. While going down the small grade in front of the Oliphant company store an automobile came out in front of us. Jack swerved to miss him and lost control. We had garbage all over the place. After we cleaned it up and returned from the dump, we decided not to haul garbage anymore.

In the spring of 1945, I got the idea of building a car on top of that old chassis. The wheels and axles were in excellent shape, so why not! Jack and I decided to make it enclosed with two seats so that four kids could get into it. We had a lot of fun building this car. We used scrap lumber, and had a door on one side. We used unbreakable glass for the windshield, door and rear window. We used red tarpaper to cover the outside and roof. When completed Jack and I along with Edwin Banjo, Ronald Ferlin, Junior Halle and Bugs Ferlin, took it for a test run. We pushed it up the alley. When reaching the road that went down in front of the company store, everyone got inside. I was the last one in, so I gave it a little push and off we went.

The wheels on our car ran on a fine set of roller bearings. I didn't realize it at the time but with the weight of everyone inside, along with the weight of the car, we were pretty heavy. Soon we were reaching speeds that I didn't expect. I was doing the steering and I got pretty scared.



Sketch of the "Garbage Wagon" using the Soap Box Derby wheels. You steered this thing with your feet and the ropes attached to the front axle.

Me with brother Jack, our friend, Edwin Banjo, and our 1945 "Soap Box Classic."

[Note the clothesline "prop" in background. These were used to hold up a heavy line of wet wash clothes from dragging on the ground.]



In fact I was very scared, but I couldn't let anyone know it. So I played cool, as if I knew everything I was doing was totally expected. We travelled all the way through Oliphant and even started up the hill where Sholtz's lived, a distance of about 3/4 mile. Sholtz's hill finally slowed us down enough so we could stop our car. Those kids had a great time and they wanted to do it again, but I said, "Not today." We pushed our car back home. Later I added some safety features and we made that run many more times.

Eleanor wanted to take a ride in it one day, so we took

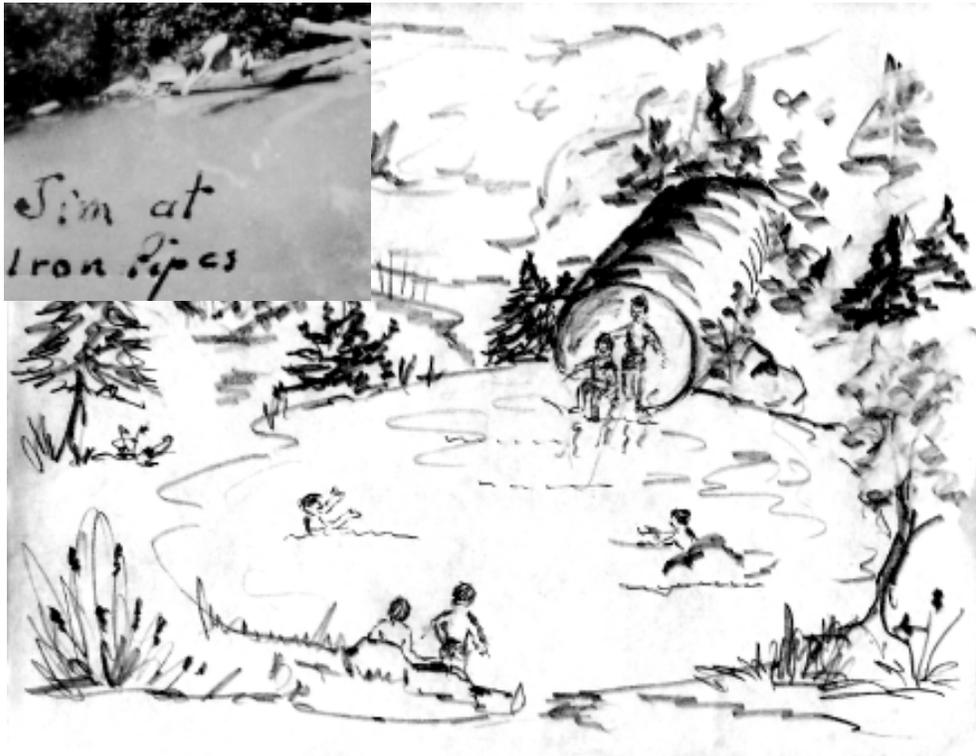
her for a ride. She wouldn't sit up front because I think she didn't want anyone she knew to see her, so we put her in the back seat. She should have ridden up front and enjoyed herself more because all of her friends saw her riding in the car anyway.

When winter came we put our car on cement blocks. It became our club house. All the neighborhood kids would get in and just sit there telling stories and playing games. One day I had the idea of adding heat to our car. I couldn't locate a space heater, electric or kerosene, so I drilled an 8-inch hole on top of the hood and inserted an 8-inch stove pipe. I got a few bricks and cemented them together to form a small fireplace. Then I lowered the stovepipe on top of the bricks. I let the cement set overnight. The next day after school we went out to try it out. It worked perfectly. All you needed were a couple old newspapers and maybe a couple sticks of wood and you could keep warm for some time. I guess you could call it the "winterized" version of the car. We all enjoyed getting in there to talk or just play games. We had a lot of fun. That chassis is long gone along with the many conversions it went through. But the memories remain.

The Soap Box Classic with winter heater.



THE OLD SWIMMING HOLE



In the very early forties my older brother, George Marshall, would take me to the old swimming hole. It was located down along the B&O railroad tracks south of Oliphant Furnace. The way we would go was to walk about a mile and a half down the PRR tracks and cross over into the woods to where the swimming hole was located.

A natural creek ran down from the mountains and was piped, with a very large iron pipe, under the West Penn street car tracks and also the B&O tracks. The water spilling from the pipe naturally formed a small pond. It would then continue flowing southward.

Brothers George and Jim, along with their friends, would take burlap sacks and fill them with dirt, sand and stone and dam up the pond in order to increase its size. This made a pretty decent swimming hole. At times you would see maybe 15 or 20 boys swimming there. I'm not going to tell you what kind of swimming trunks they were wearing. However, if you said skimpy, you would be close. I always had a good time when they would take me along.

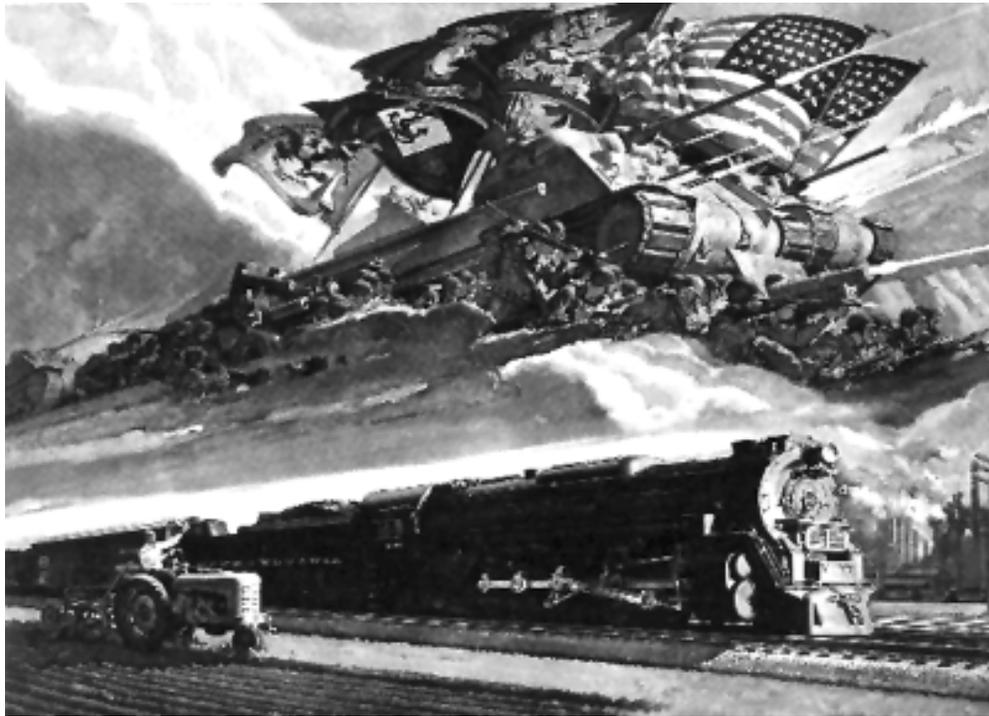
The old swimming pool was pretty nice. The water was cool mountain water and was very enjoyable on hot summer days. I liked to sit on the end of the pipe and let the water go around me when it came out of the iron pipe. Later on they would take brother Jack too. I remember one time Mom, Eleanor, Hazel and some of their girlfriends went along with us. I don't remember Mom going into the water. I also remember how the dress code changed when the girls were there.

After George and Jim went into the service, Jack and I were not allowed to swim there. No matter how much we begged Mom, her answer was always no. Don't you think for one moment that stopped us. For a while it did, but later on we would sneak and go down with our friends to the pool. When we got caught, we took our punishment. We would let things cool down for awhile and go back and do it all over again.

I really enjoyed that swimming hole. Those were truly the good old days.

US WAR TIME KIDS

A Pennsylvania Railroad calendar beautifully depicted the combined effort of everyone in making sure we won WWII.



The bombing of Pearl Harbor by the Japanese armed forces on December 7, 1941, put us into World War II. I vaguely remember that day. I was probably too young to fully comprehend the impact this would make on our family and our country. But it didn't take long for a kid my age to learn how it changed everyday life in our family.

ELEANOR: "We were in the living room that day. Dad was installing a new living room rug. When the news came on the radio, Dad told us kids to keep quiet. President Franklin D. Roosevelt was addressing the nation about the attack on Pearl Harbor. The President declared war on Japan. A short while later, Nazi Germany declared war on the United States."

The outbreak of the war had an immediate effect on our family. Hazel had just been married and her husband was in the Army reserves. Wib had enlisted in the Army in the late 1930s. After his hitch, he was placed in the Army Reserves. Therefore, when war broke out, his reserve unit was activated and Wib became the first in the family to go to war. Wib served most of his time in the Pacific under General MacArthur's command.

Brother George ("Marshall") was a senior in high school and shortly after graduation in the spring of 1942, he was drafted into the U.S. Army. He served in Europe under General Eisenhower's command.

In early 1943 Dad joined the SeaBees, a branch of the U.S. Navy. Most of Dad's service was in the Pacific. Shortly after Dad joined the SeaBees, he transferred over to the regular Navy.

Brother Jim was drafted into the U.S. Army in March 1945. He was with the first occupational forces in Europe.

Any young healthy man was drafted into the armed services. Later in the war, this included single men in their early thirties. Men in their forties could enlist if they could pass the physical examination. Medical doctors were also drafted.

The Home Front

Everyday life on the home front seemed to change overnight. Many women, older men, many in their 70s, and those who couldn't pass a physical examination for the military got jobs in the defense plants throughout the country. They worked ungodly hours in the mills, facto-

ries and farms. Production reached levels that were unheard of at that time.

The automobile industry seemed to transfer overnight into making military vehicles. The Ford Motor Company used one of their assembly plants for making B-17 bombers. Only emergency civilian vehicles could be obtained, and you would have to go on a long waiting list for those.

Everything, it seemed, was going to the war effort. As everyday items in the stores at home became in short supply, the federal government had to invoke a rationing system. The first items to be rationed were gasoline, sugar and coffee. Meat and canned goods were added shortly after. Even liquor was rationed.

One Saturday night Mom, Eleanor, Jack and I were on the streetcar coming home from Uniontown. The car was crowded and many passengers were standing. One older man dropped his bottle of whiskey on the floor and it broke and went all over the place. The car smelled like a brewery. The conductor tried to sweep the mess out the door. I looked at the old man and he appeared to have tears in his eyes. He looked like he just lost his best friend. I couldn't help feeling sorry for him. After all, he probably lost his whole supply of liquor for the month!

Mom signed up and received all the books on rationed items. Yes, even liquor, although she never allowed liquor in the house after Dad went into the service. Ration books were as valuable as money. Mom was a master in handling both. She traded ration stamps with other families in the neighborhood. Her whiskey ration stamps were traded for food stamps. There was always someone looking for some kind of ration stamp. By trading ration stamps everyone in the neighborhood lived a more balanced life when it came to buying groceries for the family.

One snowy winter day Jack and I were sled riding down the street in front of the Oliphant Company Store. On the side of the road I found a meat ration book. When I opened it I found out it belonged to Mrs. Lee, who was one of our neighbors. Also folded inside that book were two "one dollar" bills. Upon returning it to Mrs. Lee, she was very thrilled to get it back and she insisted I keep the two dollars. As you can see, people really safeguarded their ration books. Incidentally, I did not take the \$2.00 from Mrs. Lee. I did not want payment for doing a good neighbor a good deed.

Shoes practically became impossible to purchase. Your old shoes were repaired repeatedly until there was nothing there to repair anymore. In the summertime the kids, mainly boys, would play in their bare feet in order to save their shoes.

Practically every family had what they called a "Victory Garden." The federal government provided many of the seeds to be planted in these gardens. People cultivated most of their lawns or the biggest part of them. We cultivated about two-thirds of our lawn. One year we also planted a garden on Marie Soco's property. Mom canned most of the vegetables from it.

ELEANOR: "Mom did a lot of canning then. We helped her by picking and washing the vegetables. She canned vegetables, made jellies, apple butter, ketchup, and canned fruits and berries we picked."



Clothing and food stamps and tokens from WWII.

Everyone had a Victory Garden so our boys would have plenty to eat.



Everyone in the country was affected by the war. Their lives took a complete turn from what they were before the war. Every family, it seemed, had someone in the military or working for the defense department and every small community had an air raid siren. Our community, Oliphant Furnace, had theirs on the roof of the company store. Once or twice a month they would have an air raid drill (more often in cities and coastal areas). The drills were mostly after dark. When you heard the siren, you were to turn out all the lights in your house. Air raid wardens (Defense Dept.—mostly older men) would walk the community to ensure that everyone was complying with the rules. People could receive a fine for noncompliance. I don't recall anyone ever receiving a fine.

Some people bought air raid blinds made of heavy canvas. They were black and hung very close to the windows. Our grade school at Oliphant had them. Why, I could never quite figure out, because if there was an air raid while we were in school, they were supposed to send us home. We had drills on how long it would take us to walk home. In later years, I figured it must have been that in the event they needed our school building for a homeless shelter from the results of a real bombing raid, it would be available.

We were on daylight savings time all year around. Grade school let out at 4 pm. In December it got dark at 4 pm. If there were storm clouds in the sky, chances were it would be dark by the time you got home from school. Everyone walked to our grade school and this included the first graders. The teachers handled this pretty well. If a parent didn't show up to escort their young kids home, the teachers would take care of it.

A bunker at the DuPont gun-powder mill blew up when I was in school in the third grade. The explosion shook the buildings near it and the blast was heard for miles around. Our school was located about two miles from the mill. I was sitting at my desk when it happened. The building shook and the windows rattled. Everyone in that classroom thought we were having a real live air raid. Our teacher, Mrs. Waser, apparently thought the same. She immediately told us to get under our desks. There were no air raid sirens. After a short time, it was learned that the powder mill blew up. This experience is very clear in my memory today. It also helped me to understand, at that early age, the horrors of war and the stress and trauma our fighting men must have gone through with the repeated sounds and tremors like that.

The effect of the war was everywhere, not through physical destruction of our country (fortunately for us that was done in Europe and the Pacific), but through everyday life here on the home front. To us kids, there seemed to be no end to it. No matter where you went, you saw reminders of the war.

People were constantly reminded to buy war bonds. You would see posters for them everywhere, and the schools would have war bond drives. In our school they sold war bond savings stamps. The idea there was to get the kids involved. This program was done on a weekly basis.

Everyone helped win the war by buying bonds. Even kids were asked at school to buy 10 cent stamps for their Stamp Book, which they could then convert into a war bond.



They would give you a savings book and you would paste the stamps in it. Once you filled it you would turn it in for a \$25.00 savings bond. In the workplace, the employers promoted buying war bonds, sometimes called Liberty Bonds. Movie stars and other entertainers would travel the country promoting the war bond drives. The Andrews Sisters sang a song called "Buy Your Bonds Today." This song became very popular and was played on the radio every day.

When the war was over, there were billions of dollars invested in war bonds. They usually matured in 5 years. However, you could buy them for a longer period of time and you would receive a higher rate of interest. The billions of dollars tied up in war bonds, at the end of the war, according to the economists, is one reason why this country prospered in the years following the war. Usually a country would go into a recession after a war.

The radio was the main source of current news on the progress of the war. The radio networks maintained their regular news time slots, usually at noon, 7 pm, and 11 pm. Shortly after the war began, the radio networks added five minutes of news every hour on the hour. Much tension was put on families like ours who had members in the war zones. They became avid listeners to the news.

There was no escaping the war in the movies either. When you went to the movies you could expect to see a 10-minute newsreel. They showed you the highlights of the war, such as bombing raids, front line action and battle shots of action on the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. It truly brought the devastating effects of war to the home front. If they showed a short subject, and it was a cartoon and a recent release, you could count on it being based on the war. I can remember a cartoon of Bugs Bunny in which he was harvesting rubber tires, silk stockings, and all kinds of scarce materials from his Victory garden. Often the main feature was a movie about the war. Even the classic movie "Lassie Come Home" was based on the war.

If you decided to listen to some music on the radio, you would most likely hear songs such as "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition," "Coming in on a Wing and a Prayer," "Put Another Chair at the Table," "White Cliffs of Dover," "Let's Remember Pearl Harbor," "The Caissons Go Rolling Along," "This is the Army Mr. Brown," "God Bless America," "When the Lights Come on Again All Over the World," and many others. My favorite was "Der Fuhrer's Face" by Spike Jones and the City Slickers. Mom bought many of these records (78 rpm) and we kids would enjoy playing them at home.

Public transportation was used to the utmost. The increase in its traffic was caused by gasoline rationing and to transport the huge work force that was required to work in defense production plants. The West Penn trolley system that accommodated our area started about 5:30 am and the last trolley went by about midnight. During the busy hours you could get a trolley every 30 minutes going to Uniontown. On nonbusy hours, it was every hour. The B&O railroad ran a passenger train once a day. This train usually went through about 11 am daily and returned about 6 pm in the evening. Oliphant was a flag stop; that is, you would flag the train down by waving a light, handkerchief or a flag. The train operated between Connellsville, PA and Fairmont, WV. Oliphant had two railroads that went through it, the B&O and the PRR. The West Penn trolley paralleled the B&O tracks by Oliphant.

During this period of time, coal was king in Southwestern Pennsylvania. There were two kinds of mines. "Grade mines" were used to mine the upper veins of coal just below the surface. "Shaft mines" were used to mine the lower veins of coal. Some went down into the ground a hundred feet or more. The area produced excellent coal for coking. There were many coal mining towns (works): Oliphant Furnace, Kyle, Collier, Brownfield, Leith, Perryalopis, York Run, Outcrop, Wynn, Shoaf, Amend, Continental 1



A chain of burning beehive coke ovens at night was an awesome sight.

and 2, and several others that I cannot remember. Each coal mining town consisted of a coal mine, many beehive coke ovens, a company store, and housing for the people who worked in the mines and coke works. The coke ovens were in a chain and they varied in length. (Some chains were half mile long, some longer.) Most of the coal and coke produced from these works was shipped to the Pittsburgh area steel mills.

The company housing in these areas was pretty nice. The houses were all double occupancy and painted with three different colors: green, medium red, and a light orange. All were trimmed in white. There were four different styles of houses. The style and color were staggered throughout the housing community for variety. White wood picket fences surrounded every house. Each yard was about 50 feet by 100 feet and four poplar trees were planted beside each house. They really looked nice. During the war, however, they were rather run down because there just wasn't enough manpower to keep up with the maintenance.

During the war years the coal and coke industry worked 24 hours a day. Watching a chain of burning ovens at night was an awesome sight. They would light up the sky and you could see their orange glow for miles around. From the mountain road above Oliphant, you could see the glow from several coke works: Wynn, Kyle, and Leith. On a quiet night you could hear the clatter of the machines pulling the coke out of the ovens. Today, there are no beehive ovens in operation in any of these areas. The last time that I saw a few operating was in the early 1970s. They were on Route 119 going south into Smithfield, PA. I think they were part of the Amend Works.

The sight and sound of the huge steam engines pulling trains of coal and coke through Oliphant was astonishing, and the sound of their whistles when they came upon the Oliphant road crossings was enchanting. With two railroads going by Oliphant along with a trolley line,

A huge Baltimore and Ohio EL5A 2-8-8-4 Mallet going by Oliphant with a West Penn Trolley running alongside. These steam locomotives were so huge that every kid had to stop what they were doing and just watch. The sign on the right side of the trolley reads Uniontown, Hopwood, Fairchance (c. 1944).



you can see there was much rail activity and mechanical devices to amuse and awe children.

The rule in our house was that we kids were never to go near a train, whether it was moving or not. If you did and were caught, you would suffer the consequences. When I was about six or seven, I came upon a PRR steam engine while walking home from school. It was standing still and had a string of loaded coal hoppers behind it. I had to go by it in order to get home. I really didn't give this situation much thought because the PRR tracks were near our house and besides I felt as though I knew those people on the engine. (Jack and I would always run over to our fence and wave at the engineer and fireman when trains went by.) When I walked by the engine I looked up at the engineer and said hello. To my amazement, he stepped down from the engine and started to talk to me. He told me that he stopped there because his train had brake problems and that his brakeman was walking the train to see where the problem was. I told him how I loved to watch the trains go by, and how the steam engines looked like they were alive



*A Pennsylvania Railroad
H9 2-8-0 locomotive
and train on its way
thru Oliphant,
c. 1944.*

with all that hissing and puffing smoke, even when they stood still. He asked me if I would like to go up into the cab. To my astonishment I said yes, not thinking of the punishment that might be bestowed upon me if I got caught. After he helped me up into the cab he introduced me to his fireman.

Being in that cab was like being in a different world. I remember it being very warm. There were pipes, gauges, tools, control levers all over the place. There were two large vents in the roof and they were open. I could see the sky. The fireman pushed a button that was on the floor with his foot so I could see inside the fire box. It was huge. He let me throw a couple of lumps of coal into it. The engineer showed me what he called the dead man's button. He said that the engine wouldn't move unless the button is pressed down by his foot. If his foot came off, the engine would stop.

After what seemed to be a very short time, they helped me down from the cab. I thanked them both for showing me inside their engine. You can't imagine how excited I was. That excitement only lasted for a few moments because when I turned around my father was in front of me. He was watching me all along. He told me to go on home and he would take care of me later.

After I got home, I looked back. He was talking to the crew on that engine. When he came home I really thought he was going to tan my hide, but that didn't happen. All he ever said to me was that I was lucky. Many years later I learned that he was friends with that engineer and that the engineer knew I was his son and that I liked trains.

I remember when Jim was drafted into the Army in 1945. It appeared to me that Hazel was quite upset because he was the last adult in our household. Both Mom and Hazel seemed to feel they lost their security. They both went into action to regain the security they felt they lost.

One morning at the breakfast table Mom told me that I was the man of the house now. She wanted me to take care of all the outside chores. She laid down all the rules that she expected me to follow. She specifically wanted me to look after my younger brother, Jack. We were both in grade school. By the tone of her voice, I knew she meant every word she was saying. I remember walking to school and feeling very proud of my mother because she had so much faith in me. There was no way I could let her down and I didn't.

The new "man-of-the-house" with younger brother Jack setting off for school.



I remember Hazel showing Eleanor and I where she had her most treasured possessions and asking us to do our best to try and save them if something should happen.

Eleanor helped Mom take care of the house. However, we would cover for each other when one of us wasn't around. Jack and I looked after everything outside. We had problems at first, but eventually we worked things out. We would be disturbed with each other at times, but always stuck together if someone chose to disrupt any part of our family.

Our neighborhood was special. We knew everyone there. Everyone seemed so open-minded and willing to help each other. If a family lost a loved one, we would all share their grief. If someone needed a little help, they had no problem getting it.

Prior to the beginning of WWII, our country was just coming out of the Great Depression that fell upon us from the stock market crash of 1929. There just wasn't that much spending money. People at all levels had to work with tight budgets. During the war, industry was at peak production levels. Everyone who could work had no problem whatsoever finding a job. People had a lot of money to spend. But, consumer products were not there to buy. This was mainly because of all the rationing. (Everything went to the war effort.) So they saved their money.

All of this made an ideal situation for us kids. If we wanted a little money to go to the movies or whatever, all we had to do was to make ourselves available to do chores for our neighbors. We did this quite often. Eleanor and I never charged them for anything. We took what they offered. Oh, they would ask how much we wanted. We would tell them to give us whatever they thought was fair. Everything worked out just fine.

Working on our Victory Garden.

(l. to r.) Jack, Ronald Ferlin and Frank Ferlin, Jr.



KIDS AT PLAY



*The Band,
c. 1944.*

[Left to right: Creswell Halle ("Holly"), Ronald Ferlin ("Ron"), Edwin Banjo, Jack Lewis, Frank Ferlin, Jr. ("Buggs"), Thomas Lewis ("Tom")—"Our Gang."]

After more than 5 decades I realize that this picture is of the most unique kids I have ever known. I am proud to have been one of them. We were a close-knit group of boys. We grew up together in Oliphant and within a short walking distance to each other's homes. Buggs and Ron are brothers, Edwin is their first cousin and, of course, Jack and I are brothers. Most of the stories Jack and I wrote in this book about our childhood years in Oliphant include everyone in this picture. Only Ron still lives in Oliphant.

Frank Ferlin, Jr. ("Buggs"), Creswell Halle ("Holly"), Edwin Banjo, and Ronald Ferlin were very good friends of Jack and me. We all lived within a short walking distance from each other. At times they would seem like family. In the summertime one or more would be at our house almost every day.

To us kids, Adolph Hitler, Tojo, Emperor Hirohito, and Mussolini were the bad guys. Hardly a day would go by that you wouldn't hear their names. They kind of replaced the boogie man in our minds. Some kids had other names for these culprits but I'll leave those to your imagination. Many dark nights while we were walking home from some event, we were always suspicious of dark areas. You have no idea how many times we thought we saw those characters in the dark spots.

Jack and I had a lot of toys. I think this was because we took care of our things and we also had older toys that once belonged to Marshall and Jim. We also had a large Erector Set that once belonged to Dad, when he was a kid. So this made our home a place for a kid who wanted to do some serious playing. Needless to say, one of our favorite games was "war." We found many ways to play this game. One was to line up our tin, wood and lead soldiers in a few rows and shoot them down with cork guns. The side that shot down the most won the battle.

My favorite way to play war was to choose sides. There were six of us so we would have three on each side. We would go out into our yard to play. We would use pea shooters most of the time or green apples when they were in season. The rules were if you got hit, you were out of the game. When one side was eliminated, the other side won the battle. In the winter time we would use snowballs.

Once in awhile the six of us would play against the girls. The girls were Doris Jane Abraham, Wanda Wilson, Mel Wordell, Patty Fordice, and the two Trimmer sisters. Now don't you think for one moment that these girls were pushovers. They could hold their ground. We boys were the Allied armies and they were the enemy. However, if they were to write this story they would tell you the opposite. The girls did not like to lose. They cheated a lot. They liked to beat up on our little guys. Junior Halle was usually the target. Holly was good and he liked to tease a lot. He was perhaps one of the most agile kids I ever knew. The girls didn't like it because they could not eliminate him from the game. The girls never won the game, but they made a gallant effort. After the game they would chase Holly. When they caught him, they would beat the

dickens out of him. He usually had it coming because he couldn't keep his mouth shut. We kids had a great time during the war. These were times that will forever live in my memory.

When the war started in 1941, Eleanor, Jack and I were between the ages of four to eleven. When it ended in August of 1945, we were between eight and sixteen. It was speculated by the so-called experts that this generation of kids lost their youth, that they had to grow up before their time. The psychologists thought that our generation would be affected for years because of the stress put upon us. Some wrote that the male children would be affected because of the lack of male leadership. I never believed any of this. The people writing these statements did not take into account the power of those that were left behind to take care of the home front.

Mom was always at her best when she was under pressures. I never saw a complex situation that she couldn't work out of.

AFTERWORD

Today (1996), there isn't much left of the coal and coke towns. This past spring I drove through Oliphant Furnace, and there isn't much left of it anymore. Many of the houses are torn down, and many of those that remain are in shambles. However, there are a few that are maintained so one can still catch a glimpse of the past. West Penn stopped running their street cars in the early fifties. The PRR stopped running trains through Oliphant sometime in the sixties. The B&O no longer run trains over their tracks anymore. I guess this is progress.

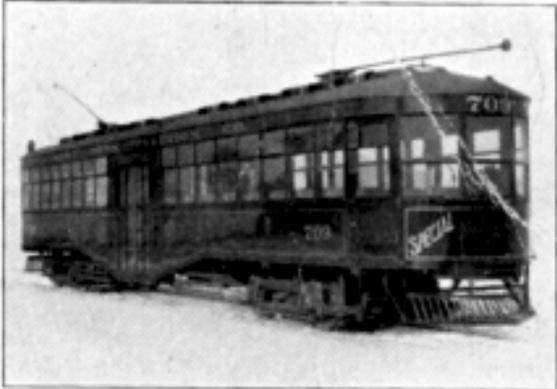
The last West Penn Trolley ride. Everyone turned out to take a picture. Now, not even the buses run, both victims of the automobile.

WEST PENN RAILWAYS CO.

Last Run of Trolley
UNIONTOWN — FAIRCHANCE LINE

11:50 P. M.
March 25, 1950

Substituted Bus Service
Beginning
Sunday, March 26, 1950




GUEST

THE LOUIS THEATER OF FAIRCHANCE, PA



The Louis Theater was a favorite place to go watch a movie. During World War II and shortly thereafter, the price of a ticket was 12 cents for kids under twelve years of age and 25 cents for adults. The movies weren't the latest releases, but who cared, the price was right! Sometimes we would go with Mom, but for the most part going to the movies was a kid thing.

The street car fare between Oliphant and Fairchance, a distance of about 2 to 3 miles, was 3 cents one way. So if you had 15 cents, you could ride the street car one way, go to the movie and then walk home. If you had a quarter, then you were in the big time. You could ride the streetcar both ways, go to the movie and still have 7 cents left over to buy goodies for the movie.

Takoch Dairy was one of our favorite places to buy snacks. For 7 cents you could buy 7 penny-pretzels that could last you the whole movie. Or you could buy 3 cents worth of pretzels, go to the movie and then after the movie buy a big ice cream cone for 5 cents.

Jack remembers the Frankenstein Monster movies as his favorites. They were very scary to us and not too many kids were eager to walk home after one of those as we had to pass through the White Rock Cemetery. Sometimes we would risk it anyway as you had to buy a lot of candy to calm your nerves when watching a Frankenstein Monster movie. Then we would play chicken walking through the cemetery to see who would break and run first. We usually made it about half-way through the cemetery before someone broke and ran and caused a general stampede.



As shown here, Fairchance was the end of the line for the streetcar. Electricity for running the trolley was drawn from an overhead wire via the rod sticking up above the top in the back. The trolley had no place to turn around so it had two electrical contacts, one on either end. The Louis Theater was several blocks away from the stop.

CHAPTER 10

FAMILY GENEALOGIES

CONTENTS

PART 1

Descendants of these ancestors:

FATHER (LEWIS) SIDE	<i>Index</i>
LEWIS, Benjamin A. (LE)	324
MADERA, John Daniel (MA)	333
SWANEY, James (SW)	341
MOTHER (McCORMICK) SIDE	
McCORMICK, Dr. John (MC)	356
CRAWFORD, William (CR)	360
MINOR, Henry (MI)	363
SPRIGGS, Charles (SP)	364

PART 2

Ancestors of these spouses:

	<i>Index</i>
ABRAHAM, Willard Allen	367
ALTIZER, Lynn Renee	369
BABLE, Melissa Dawn	371
BAUER, Mariann Elizabeth	373
CHABANIK, Joanne Therese	375
CRANSTON, Elizabeth Anne	378
DAVIS, Wanda June	380
GLASSER, Hugh Herbert	394
GOWER, Debbie Kay	397
HALL, Anna Mary	398
HARWICK, Ann Long	403
HUGH, Lamont Edison	407
ISRAEL, Michael Edward	408
KOVALIC, Sean Paul	417
LEEPER, Pamela Sue	419
LEONARD, Deborah Susan	421
LIEB, Charles Francis	422
MILLER, Edgar Wallace	431
SHICK, Kimberly Ann	432
SMITH, Richard Clark	433
SURBER, Carol Sue	446
VANDER WAGEN, Glenn Arthur	449
WEIGLE, Joanne Rae	453

EXPLANATION OF METHOD OF PRESENTATION

The purpose of this chapter is two-fold. First, it provides a listing of ancestors and relatives of Lindsay Chester Lewis and Margaret May McCormick; and second, it provides a listing of ancestors and relatives of the spouses of the descendants of Lindsay and Margaret. There are many ways to present such information and just about every conceivable way can be found in published genealogies. A brief explanation of the methods used to present the data in this chapter will help the reader in interpreting the information.

Two computer programs were used in maintaining the database of family members: Family Tree Maker 3.40 by Broderbund Software and Family Origins 5.0a by Parsons Technology. The chart on the right was produced by Family Tree Maker and shows one way of presenting some of the information in the database. This chart provides at a glance the parents, grandparents, great-grandparents, etc. of Lindsay Chester Lewis. However, it provides no information on cousins, uncles, aunts, etc. One way to present this information is to start with one of the oldest ancestors and list all of his or her descendants. If a great deal of information is known about all the ancestors, then a listing would be prepared for each "line" leading to the individual in question.

Which ancestor do we start with and how do we distinguish between one line of ancestors and another? This is not an easy question to answer. There are many books filled with family genealogies containing a bewildering assortment of numbering systems. Both Family Tree Maker and Family Origins use a simple numbering system in which the oldest ancestor in a family line is given the number 1, the first child the number 2, the second the number 3, and so on down the line of descendants of that ancestor. For example in the listing of descendants of Benjamin A. Lewis, he is given the number 1, his first child Eliza A. Lewis is given the number 2, his second child, Frances Lewis, the number 3, etc. This is a simple and straightforward numbering system and is the one used in the descendant genealogies provided in this chapter for Lindsay and Maggie. However, it does not answer the questions posed above.

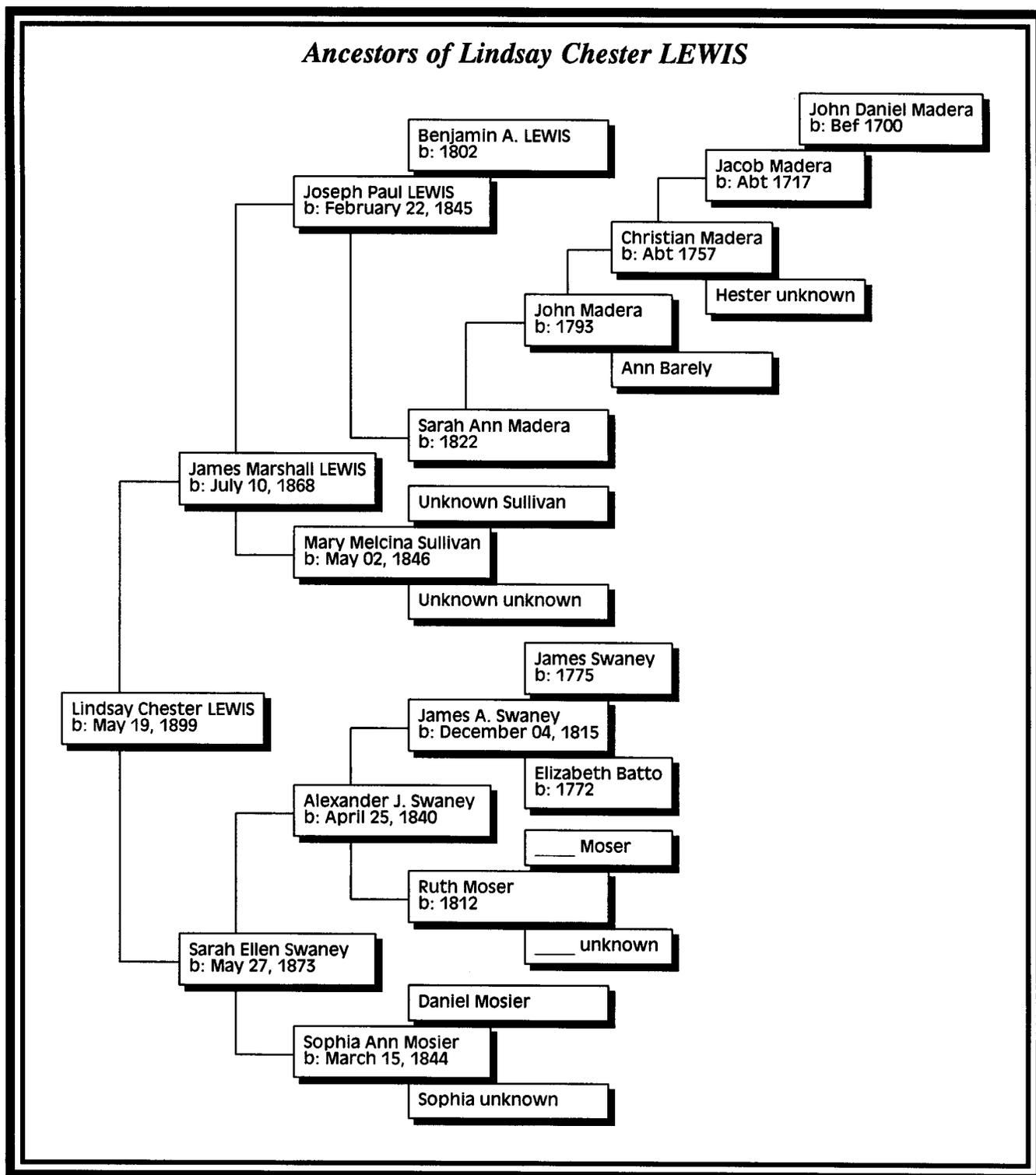
The ancestor that we start with is arbitrary. We have started with Benjamin A. Lewis simply because his last name is Lewis and that is the surname of the Lewis Family of Oliphant Furnace. By doing this we do not imply agreement to any "breeding theory" of humans. In other words, we do not imply Lindsay's great-grandfather Benjamin A. Lewis was any more important in the make-up of Lindsay than was his great-grandmother, Ruth Moser. In short, we think genes are genes and surnames are man-made. Benjamin A. Lewis's gene contribution to Lindsay was 1/8th and Ruth Moser's gene contribution was 1/8th. The other 6/8th were made up by the other six great-grandparents of Lindsay. So we think a person is not a "Lewis," or an "Abraham," or a "Hugh," or whatever the surname is, but most likely the composite of all their ancestors' genes and the environment in which they live. That combination is unique for every person and is what makes us unique.

To distinguish between ancestors in these listings, we used the first two letters in the surname of the ancestor. For example, the first child of Benjamin A. Lewis is LE-2 and the first known grandchild of John Daniel Madera is MA-3.

We used Family Origins to generate the descendants of each ancestor because this program automatically generates a list of sources and an index for that ancestor's descendants. Sources for are denoted by a superscript number in the listings. A plus-sign (+) in front of an individual's number means that individual has a more detailed description further on in the report. The sources and the index for a family follow immediately the listing for that family.

The listings of the ancestors for each spouse given in Part 2 follow a different numbering system. Family Origins gives the number 1 to the individual, the number 2 to his/her father and the number 3 to his/her mother. Then the numbers continue with the paternal grandfather numbered 4, the paternal grandmother is 5, the maternal grandfather is 6 and the maternal grandmother is 7. If an ancestor is missing (not known), the number assigned to that ancestor remains. That is why it appears that numbers are missing in some of the listings.

PART 1
Ancestors of Lindsay Chester Lewis



*Descendants of
Benjamin A.
LEWIS, oldest
known Lewis
family ancestor.*

Descendants of Benjamin A. LEWIS

FIRST GENERATION

LE-1. **Benjamin A. LEWIS** was born in 1802 in Connecticut.¹

He was married to Sarah Ann MADERA (daughter of John MADERA) on 21 May 1839 in Monongalia Co., WV.² **Sarah Ann MADERA** was born in 1822 in Monongalia Co., WV.³ Benjamin A. LEWIS and Sarah Ann MADERA had the following children:

- | | | |
|-------|------|--|
| LE-2 | i. | Eliza A. LEWIS was born in 1841 in Morgantown, Monongalia Co., WV. ⁴ |
| LE-3 | ii. | Frances LEWIS was born in 1842 in Morgantown, Monongalia Co., WV. ⁵ |
| LE-4 | iii. | Harriet LEWIS was born in 1843 in Morgantown, Monongalia Co., WV. ⁶ |
| +LE-5 | iv. | Joseph Paul LEWIS. |
| LE-6 | v. | Anne M. LEWIS was born in 1848 in Morgantown, Monongalia Co., WV. ⁷ |
| LE-7 | vi. | Dorothy LEWIS was born in 1851 in Morgantown, Monongalia Co., WV. ⁸ |

SECOND GENERATION

LE-5. **Joseph Paul LEWIS**^{9,10} was born on 22 Feb 1845 in Morgantown, Monongalia Co., WV.^{9,10} He died on 28 May 1903 in Oliphant Furnace, Fayette Co., PA.⁹ He is buried in the White Rock Cemetery where his grave is maintained by the Grand Army of the Republic in honor of his service in the Civil War. During the Civil War, he enlisted as a Private on 1 June 1863 in Company A, 1st West Virginia Volunteer Cavalry Regiment. He served until 15 July 1865 when he was mustered out with his regiment at Wheeling, WV. Joseph served with Alexander J. SWANEY in the same company. It is likely that Alexander introduced his daughter, Sara Ellen SWANEY, to Joseph's son, James Marshall LEWIS, resulting in their marriage. He was killed by a passenger train at Continental No. 1 near Uniontown, PA, while on the way home from work.

He was married to Mary Melcina SULLIVAN (parents are unknown) on 21 Jul 1867 in Gibbons Glade, Fayette Co., PA.⁹ **Mary Melcina SULLIVAN** was born on 2 May 1846 in Monongalia Co., WV.¹¹ In the 1870 Fayette County, PA Census, Mary (age 24) told the census taker that she was born in WV. In the household was a woman listed as "Carie Sullivan" (age 17) who also stated she was born in WV. It is believed that this woman was Mary's sister. Mary died in 1916 in Uniontown, Fayette Co., PA.⁹ Joseph Paul LEWIS and Mary Melcina SULLIVAN had the following children:

- | | | |
|--------|------|--|
| +LE-8 | i. | James Marshall LEWIS. |
| +LE-9 | ii. | Anna C. LEWIS. |
| +LE-10 | iii. | Thomas Benjamin (Tate) LEWIS. |
| +LE-11 | iv. | Elizabeth J. (Lizzie) LEWIS. |
| +LE-12 | v. | William M. LEWIS. |
| +LE-13 | vi. | Pauline B. LEWIS. |
| LE-14 | vii. | John R. LEWIS was born on 31 Jan 1881 in Oliphant Furnace, Fayette Co., PA. ⁹ He died in Mar 1962. ¹² He is buried in the White Rock Cemetery in a plot next to his father Joseph Paul Lewis. |

THIRD GENERATION

LE-8. **James Marshall LEWIS**¹³ was born on 10 Jul 1868 in Gibbons Glade, Fayette Co., PA.⁹ He died on 25 Jul 1923 in Fairchance, Fayette Co., PA.¹⁴ He is buried at Maple Grove Cemetery in Fairchance with his wife Sara Ellen.

He was married to Sarah Ellen SWANEY (daughter of Alexander J. SWANEY and Sophia Ann MOSIER) on 5 Jun 1890.¹⁵ **Sarah Ellen SWANEY** was born on 27 May 1873 in Smithfield, Fayette Co., PA.¹⁶ She died on 20 Jul 1945 in Oliphant Furnace, Fayette Co., PA.¹⁷ Sarah Ellen is buried at Maple Grove Cemetery in Fairchance, PA with her first husband, James Marshall Lewis. James Marshall LEWIS and Sarah Ellen SWANEY had the following children:

- +LE-15 i. **Lindsay Chester LEWIS.**
- +LE-16 ii. **Mary Sophia LEWIS.**
- LE-17 iii. **Omar Ralph LEWIS** was born in 1905 in Oliphant Furnace, Fayette Co., PA. He died on 1 Jul 1985. Ralph never married.
- +LE-18 iv. **Henry Ray LEWIS.**

LE-9. **Anna C. LEWIS** was born on 20 Aug 1869 in Elliots Mills, PA.⁹ She died in Dec 1920.^{9,18}

She was married to Frank HAGAN on 20 Oct 1887. She was divorced from Frank HAGAN.¹⁹ Anna C. LEWIS and Frank HAGAN had the following children:

- +LE-19 i. **William Ancel HAGAN.**

She was married to ____ DOYLE.

LE-10. **Thomas Benjamin (Tate) LEWIS** was born on 28 Feb 1872 in Fairchance, Fayette Co., PA.⁹ He died on 1 Oct 1964 in Fairchance, Fayette Co., PA.¹²

He was married to Nancy Elizabeth HOON (daughter of Robert HOON and Catherine CASHDOLLAR) on 24 Dec 1890 in Fairchance, Fayette Co., PA. **Nancy Elizabeth HOON** was born on 13 Jan 1873 in Fairchance, Fayette Co., PA.¹² She died on 21 Nov 1947.¹² Thomas Benjamin (Tate) LEWIS and Nancy Elizabeth HOON had the following children:

- +LE-20 i. **Joseph Robert LEWIS.**
- LE-21 ii. **Samuel Arthur LEWIS** was born on 3 Sep 1893. He died on 7 Aug 1895.
- LE-22 iii. **Armeda Georgana LEWIS** was born on 12 Jan 1896. She died on 9 Nov 1897.
- +LE-23 iv. **Harry Andrew LEWIS.**
- +LE-24 v. **Crates C. (Beanie) LEWIS.**
- +LE-25 vi. **Marie LEWIS.**
- LE-26 vii. **Charles Seibert LEWIS** was born on 6 Jun 1904. He died on 6 Sep 1978.
- +LE-27 viii. **Ethel M. LEWIS.**
- +LE-28 ix. **Edward Kenneth LEWIS.**
- +LE-29 x. **Clarence Herbert (Peck) LEWIS.**
- LE-30 xi. **Kathleen LEWIS** was born in Mar 1912. She died in Dec 1925.
- +LE-31 xii. **John Donald (Buck) LEWIS.**

LE-11. **Elizabeth J. (Lizzie) LEWIS** was born on 24 May 1874 in Fairchance, Fayette Co., PA.⁹ She died in 1964 in California.²⁰

She was married to Stephen R. PRICE (son of Ephraim PRICE and Mary Jane GOLDSBORO) on 25 Dec 1891. Elizabeth J. (Lizzie) LEWIS and Stephen R. PRICE had the following children:

- LE-32 i. **Ethel PRICE.**

LE-12. **William M. LEWIS** was born on 27 May 1876 in Lemont, Pa.⁹ He died in 1928.¹² He is buried in the White Rock Cemetery in a plot next to his father Joseph Paul Lewis.

He was married to Nora Mae WARMAN on 22 Dec 1894. **Nora Mae WARMAN** was born in 1878. She

died in 1955 in White Rock, Fayette Co., PA. William M. LEWIS and Nora Mae WARMAN had the following children:

- | | | |
|--------|------|---------------------------|
| LE-33 | i. | Mary LEWIS. |
| LE-34 | ii. | Steven LEWIS. |
| +LE-35 | iii. | Paul Lionel LEWIS. |
| LE-36 | iv. | Jennie LEWIS. |

LE-13. **Pauline B. LEWIS** was born on 21 Sep 1878 in Lemont, Pa.⁹ She died on 17 Feb 1901.¹²

She was married to Walter Otho GASKILL (son of Robert L. GASKILL and Charlotte Everella VICTOR) on 22 Dec 1891. **Walter Otho GASKILL** was born on 14 May 1875. Pauline B. LEWIS and Walter Otho GASKILL had the following children:

- | | | |
|-------|------|---|
| LE-37 | i. | Sidney O. GASKILL was born on 21 Dec 1895. He died on 19 Sep 1974. |
| LE-38 | ii. | Sarah GASKILL was born on 21 Jan 1897. |
| LE-39 | iii. | Essie GASKILL was born on 11 Feb 1899. |

FOURTH GENERATION

LE-15. **Lindsay Chester LEWIS** was born on 19 May 1899 in Oliphant Furnace, Fayette Co., PA. He died on 9 Mar 1974 in Brownsville, PA. He is buried in Lafayette Memorial Park, Brownsville, PA. He had Social Security Number 208-05-0226. Lindsay served in the Army during WWI, the Navy (SeaBees) during WWII and the Navy during the Korean War.

He was married to Margaret May MCCORMICK (daughter of George Walter MCCORMICK and Anna Belle MINER) in 1919 in Cumberland, MD. He was divorced from Margaret May MCCORMICK in 1946 in Uniontown, Fayette Co., PA. **Margaret May MCCORMICK** was born on 22 Feb 1902 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA. She died on 7 Jun 1975 in Dupont Village, Uniontown, Fayette Co., PA. She is buried with her third husband Grover A. Cowdery in Mountain View Cemetery, Brownfield, PA along the Hopwood-Fairchance Road. Lindsay Chester LEWIS and Margaret May MCCORMICK had the following children:

- | | | |
|--------|------|-------------------------------|
| +LE-40 | i. | Hazel Ruth LEWIS. |
| +LE-41 | ii. | George Marshall LEWIS. |
| +LE-42 | iii. | James Robert LEWIS. |
| +LE-43 | iv. | Eleanor May LEWIS. |
| +LE-44 | v. | Thomas Lindsay LEWIS. |
| +LE-45 | vi. | Jack Walter LEWIS. |

LE-16. **Mary Sophia LEWIS** was born on 16 Jan 1894 in Oliphant Furnace, Fayette Co., PA. She died on 11 Jan 1980 in Rosedale, Fayette Co., PA.

She was married to Clyde WILSON (son of John William WILSON and Lizzie SWANEY) on 9 Dec 1913. **Clyde WILSON** was born on 15 Mar 1894. He died on 26 Sep 1977.²¹ He is buried at Mountain View Cemetery, Brownfield, PA. Mary Sophia LEWIS and Clyde WILSON had the following children:

- | | | |
|--------|------|---|
| +LE-46 | i. | Mildred WILSON. |
| +LE-47 | ii. | Palmer C. "Bud" WILSON. |
| LE-48 | iii. | Clayton WILSON. Clayton never married. |

LE-18. **Henry Ray LEWIS** was born on 24 Sep 1908 in Oliphant Furnace, Fayette Co., PA. He died on 9 Mar 1969 in Labelle, PA.

He was married to Nellie Irene MILLER. Henry Ray LEWIS and Nellie Irene MILLER had the following children:

- +LE-49 i. **James C. (Jimbo) LEWIS.**
- LE-50 ii. **William LEWIS.**
- LE-51 iii. **Omer LEWIS.**
- LE-52 iv. **Robert LEWIS.**
- LE-53 v. **Ralph LEWIS.**
- LE-54 vi. **Frank LEWIS.**
- LE-55 vii. **Thomas LEWIS.**
- LE-56 viii. **Bonnie LEWIS.**
- LE-57 ix. **Sarah LEWIS.**
- LE-58 x. **Linda LEWIS.**
- LE-59 xi. **Patty LEWIS.**
- LE-60 xii. **Jean LEWIS.**
- LE-61 xiii. **Caroline LEWIS.**

LE-19. **William Ancel HAGAN** was born in 1888.¹²

He was married to Emma LEHMAN (daughter of John LEHMAN and Mary GRAHAM). William Ancel HAGAN and Emma LEHMAN had the following children:

- LE-62 i. **Mary Irene HAGAN**¹⁹ was born on 23 Jul 1907 in Oliphant Furnace, Fayette Co., PA. She died on 1 Jan 1962. She never married.
- +LE-63 ii. **Ethel Leona HAGAN.**

LE-20. **Joseph Robert LEWIS** was born on 8 Jun 1891. He died on 1 Apr 1944.

He was married to Anne Marie Florence FROHNERT (daughter of Louis Albert Emil FROHNERT and Augusta MAHEE) on 16 Jul 1927 in Fairmont, WV. **Anne Marie Florence FROHNERT** was born on 30 Sep 1892 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA. She died on 30 Aug 1978. Joseph Robert LEWIS and Anne Marie Florence FROHNERT had the following children:

- +LE-64 i. **Roberta Anne LEWIS.**

LE-23. **Harry Andrew LEWIS** was born on 20 Mar 1898. He died on 27 Nov 1981.

He was married to Ethel Belle COOLEY (daughter of Harrison Franklin COOLEY and Lavera Belle VICTOR) on 23 May 1923. **Ethel Belle COOLEY** was born on 21 Dec 1898. She died in 1961. Harry Andrew LEWIS and Ethel Belle COOLEY had the following children:

- +LE-65 i. **Irma Belle LEWIS.**

LE-24. **Crates C. (Beanie) LEWIS** was born on 6 Apr 1900. He died on 19 Feb 1983.

He was married to Martha Olive NIXON (daughter of Samuel James NIXON and Harriet HUMPHREYS) on 28 Jul 1920. **Martha Olive NIXON** was born on 16 Dec 1903. She died on 17 Aug 1990. Crates C. (Beanie) LEWIS and Martha Olive NIXON had the following children:

- +LE-66 i. **Eleanor Jean LEWIS.**
- +LE-67 ii. **Madelyn Gail LEWIS.**
- +LE-68 iii. **Carolyn Nixon LEWIS.**

LE-25. **Marie LEWIS** was born on 2 Jun 1902. She died on 1 Sep 1991.

She was married to Herbert HUMPHREYS (son of Humphrey HUMPHREYS and Nannie Mattie BROWN). Marie LEWIS and Herbert HUMPHREYS had the following children:

- LE-69 i. **Ray HUMPHREYS** died in Dec 1992.
- +LE-70 ii. **Mary Frances HUMPHREYS.**

LE-27. **Ethel M. LEWIS** was born on 13 May 1906. She died on 9 Dec 1994.

LE-28. **Edward Kenneth LEWIS** was born on 17 May 1908. He died on 29 Jan 1956.

He was married to Leah GOLDSBORO (daughter of Charles Richard GOLDSBORO and Sarah Kizzie NIXON). Edward Kenneth LEWIS and Leah GOLDSBORO had the following children:

- +LE-71 i. **Timothy LEWIS.**
- LE-72 ii. **Jane LEWIS.**
- LE-73 iii. **Thomas LEWIS.**

LE-29. **Clarence Herbert (Peck) LEWIS** was born on 22 Apr 1910. He died on 21 Jan 1957.

He was married to Emma KENNISON. Clarence Herbert (Peck) LEWIS and Emma KENNISON had the following children:

- +LE-74 i. **James LEWIS.**

LE-31. **John Donald (Buck) LEWIS** was born on 15 Sep 1915. He died on 2 Sep 1965.

LE-35. **Paul Lionel LEWIS.**

He was married to Bertha I. BRICKER (daughter of Frank BRICKER and Nellie Mae MYERS). **Bertha I. BRICKER²²** was born on 31 Aug 1904 in Georges Township, Fayette Co., PA. She died on 5 Mar 1996 in Fairchance, Fayette Co., PA. She was buried on 9 Mar 1996 in White Rock Cemetery, Fayette Co., PA.²² Paul Lionel LEWIS and Bertha I. BRICKER had the following children:

- LE-75 i. **Betty Alice LEWIS²²** died before Mar 1996.
- LE-76 ii. **Lawrence E. LEWIS²²** died before Mar 1996.
- LE-77 iii. **George LEWIS²²** died before Mar 1996.
- LE-78 iv. **Jennie LEWIS²²** died before Mar 1996.
- LE-79 v. **Paul F. LEWIS²².**
- +LE-80 vi. **Loretta LEWIS.**
- LE-81 vii. **Donald LEWIS²².**
- +LE-82 viii. **Delores LEWIS.**
- LE-83 ix. **Robert LEWIS²².**
- LE-84 x. **Ronald LEWIS²².**
- LE-85 xi. **Bernard LEWIS²².**
- LE-86 xii. **William LEWIS²².**
- +LE-87 xiii. **Mary LEWIS.**

FIFTH GENERATION

LE-40. **Hazel Ruth LEWIS**²³ was born on 29 Jun 1920 in Oliphant Furnace, Fayette Co., PA.

She was married to Willard Allen ABRAHAM (son of Harry Benson ABRAHAM and Myrtle Susanna BOWLEN) on 5 Feb 1941 in Cumberland, MD. **Willard Allen ABRAHAM**²³ was born on 16 Sep 1917 in Smithfield, Fayette Co., PA. He died on 5 Apr 1991 in White Rock, Fayette Co., PA.²⁴ He is buried in Mt. Moriah Cemetery in Smithfield, PA. Hazel Ruth LEWIS and Willard Allen ABRAHAM had the following children:

- +LE-88 i. **Susan Eileen ABRAHAM.**
- +LE-89 ii. **James Harry ABRAHAM.**

LE-41. **George Marshall LEWIS** was born on 8 Oct 1922 in Oliphant Furnace, Fayette Co., PA. He died on 22 Sep 1977 in Coraopolis, PA. George served in the Army during WWII.

He was married to Anna Mary HALL (daughter of William E. HALL and Bertha B. GRAHAM). **Anna Mary HALL** was born on 15 May 1926 in Brilliant, OH. She died on 27 Mar 1991 in Beaver Falls, PA. George Marshall LEWIS and Anna Mary HALL had the following children:

- LE-90 i. **Dale LEWIS** died in Sep 1950. He was born on 28 Sep 1950.
- +LE-91 ii. **Gale Lynn LEWIS.**
- +LE-92 iii. **William Edward LEWIS.**

LE-42. **James Robert LEWIS** was born on 23 Dec 1926 in Oliphant Furnace, Fayette Co., PA. He died on 2 Mar 1986 in Beaver, PA. James served in the Army during WWII.

He was married to Wanda June DAVIS (daughter of Clarence Albert DAVIS and Naomi Grace KISSINGER) on 26 Mar 1948. **Wanda June DAVIS** was born on 11 Jun 1928 in Fairchance, Fayette Co., PA. James Robert LEWIS and Wanda June DAVIS had the following children:

- +LE-93 i. **Kathleen Dianne LEWIS.**

LE-43. **Eleanor May LEWIS** was born on 3 May 1929 in Crows Works, Fayette Co., PA.

She was married to Edgar Wallace MILLER (son of Franklin Victor MILLER and Anna Belle VICTOR) on 20 Aug 1950 in Jumonville, Fayette Co., PA. **Edgar Wallace MILLER**²⁶ was born on 3 Feb 1927 in York Run, Fayette Co., PA. He died on 14 Feb 1993 in Morgantown, Monongalia Co., WV. Edgar served in the US Merchant Marine during World War II and the US Army during the Korean War. Eleanor May LEWIS and Edgar Wallace MILLER had the following children:

- +LE-94 i. **Franklin Kenneth MILLER.**
- +LE-95 ii. **Karen Elaine MILLER.**
- +LE-96 iii. **Daniel Reed MILLER.**
- LE-97 iv. **Laurel Faye MILLER** was born on 19 Aug 1962 in Uniontown, Fayette Co., PA.

LE-44. **Thomas Lindsay LEWIS** was born on 12 Feb 1933 in Oliphant Furnace, Fayette Co., PA. Thomas served in the US Army during the Korean War.

He was married to Joanne Rae WEIGLE (daughter of William Edward WEIGLE and Thelma Virginia SHEPANSKA) on 30 Aug 1957 in Cumberland, MD. **Joanne Rae WEIGLE** was born on 7 Dec 1937 in Rochester, PA. Thomas Lindsay LEWIS and Joanne Rae WEIGLE had the following children:

- +LE-98 i. **Linda Joanne LEWIS.**

- +LE-99 ii. **Thomas Edwin LEWIS.**
- +LE-100 iii. **Dwayne Alan LEWIS.**
- +LE-101 iv. **Robin Rae LEWIS.**
- +LE-102 v. **Keith Edward LEWIS.**

LE-45. **Jack Walter LEWIS** was born on 11 Feb 1937 in Oliphant Furnace, Fayette Co., PA. Jack graduated from the United States Coast Guard Academy and was commissioned an Ensign in 1960. He also attended The Massachusetts Institute of Technology from 1964 to 1966 and graduated with MS (mechanical engineering) and NE (naval architect) degrees. He served as a commissioned officer in the US Coast Guard from 1960 to 1970 and was in Quantanomo Bay, Cuba, during the Cuban Missile Crisis. He resigned his Lieutenant Commander commission in June of 1970 to start his own consulting engineering practice in Washington, DC.

He was married to Ann Long HARWICK (daughter of Ralph Franklin HARWICK and Hannah Emaline LONG) on 11 Jun 1960 in New London, CT. He was divorced from Ann Long HARWICK in 1975 in Columbia, Howard Co., MD. **Ann Long HARWICK** was born on 13 Sep 1939 in Allentown, PA. Jack Walter LEWIS and Ann Long HARWICK had the following children:

- LE-103 i. **Jason Scott LEWIS** was born on 27 Jun 1964 in Chelsea, MA.
- +LE-104 ii. **Jeffrey Mark LEWIS.**

He was married to Carol Sue SURBER (daughter of James Alfred SURBER and Mary Sue SMITH) on 20 Nov 1976 in Columbia, Howard Co., MD. **Carol Sue SURBER** was born on 25 Jun 1949 in Burlington, Alamance Co., NC.²⁷

LE-46. **Mildred WILSON.**

She was married to Thomas ALBRIGHT. Mildred WILSON and Thomas ALBRIGHT had the following children:

- LE-105 i. **Thomas ALBRIGHT.**
- LE-106 ii. **Lewis ALBRIGHT.**

LE-47. **Palmer C. "Bud" WILSON**²⁸ was born on 10 May 1914 in Rosedale, Fayette Co., PA. He died on 23 Mar 1993 in Fairchance, Fayette Co., PA.

He was married to Elizabeth Malik WILSON in 1940.²⁸ Palmer C. "Bud" WILSON and Elizabeth Malik WILSON had the following children:

- +LE-107 i. **Eleanor WILSON.**
- +LE-108 ii. **Nancy WILSON.**
- +LE-109 iii. **Wilma WILSON.**
- +LE-110 iv. **Florence WILSON.**
- +LE-111 v. **Deborah WILSON.**

LE-49. **James C. (Jimbo) LEWIS**²⁹ was born on 15 Mar 1943 in Brownsville, Fayette Co., PA. He died on 22 Feb 1995 in Brownsville, Fayette Co., PA.

James C. (Jimbo) LEWIS and Sharyn I. REDMOND had the following children:

- LE-112 i. **Linda LEWIS**²⁹.
- LE-113 ii. **James LEWIS**²⁹.
- LE-114 iii. **Donna LEWIS**²⁹.

LE-63. **Ethel Leona HAGAN**¹⁹ was born on 22 Apr 1911 in Oliphant Furnace, Fayette Co., PA. She never

had any children.

She was married to David Ewing ("Jake") MCCLUSKER.

LE-64. **Roberta Anne LEWIS** was born on 3 Nov 1928 in Uniontown, Fayette Co., PA.

She was married to Ralph Clell BUTLER (son of Ivan Marcus BUTLER and Virginia SCHAFER) on 7 Feb 1953 in Henderson, KY. **Ralph Clell BUTLER** was born on 1 May 1931 in Brownfield, Fayette Co., PA.

Roberta Anne LEWIS and Ralph Clell BUTLER had the following children:

- LE-115 i. **Ralph Clell BUTLER** was born on 16 Oct 1953 in Uniontown, Fayette Co., PA.
- +LE-116 ii. **Virginia Anne BUTLER.**
- +LE-117 iii. **Rebecca BUTLER.**
- +LE-118 iv. **Rosalind Martinez BUTLER.**
- LE-119 v. **Robert Jason BUTLER** was born on 22 Oct 1966 in West Covina, CA.

LE-65. **Irma Belle LEWIS.**

Russell LeRoy DOUBLE³⁰ (son of John CASTERLINE and Mary UNKNOWN) was adopted. Irma Belle LEWIS and Russell LeRoy DOUBLE had the following children:

- +LE-120 i. **Mark Lewis DOUBLE.**
- +LE-121 ii. **Beth Ann DOUBLE.**

LE-66. **Eleanor Jean LEWIS** was born on 9 Apr 1921. Eleanor Jean and Madelyn Gail were twins.

Eleanor Jean LEWIS and Harold Nathan MILLER had the following children:

- +LE-122 i. **Marilyn MILLER.**

She was married to Michael John BRNICH on 29 Jul 1950. **Michael John BRNICH**³¹ died on 21 Apr 1996. Eleanor Jean LEWIS and Michael John BRNICH had the following children:

- +LE-123 i. **Michael John BRNICH Jr.**

LE-67. **Madelyn Gail LEWIS** was born on 9 Apr 1921. She died on 12 Jun 1977. Madelyn Gail and Eleanor Jean were twins.

She was married to Owen E. SAYLOR (son of Buell M. SAYLOR and Beryl MILLER) on 10 Jun 1944. **Owen E. SAYLOR** was born on 16 Sep 1923 in Uniontown, Fayette Co., PA. He died on 1 Nov 1987 in Uniontown, Fayette Co., PA. Madelyn Gail LEWIS and Owen E. SAYLOR had the following children:

- LE-124 i. **Reed Lewis SAYLOR** was born on 3 Mar 1945.
- +LE-125 ii. **Blair H. SAYLOR.**

LE-68. **Carolyn Nixon LEWIS** was born on 17 Jul 1939.

She was married to William GABOR on 21 Apr 1963. **William GABOR** died on 29 Mar 1997.³¹ Carolyn Nixon LEWIS and William GABOR had the following children:

- LE-126 i. **Lee Anne GABOR** was born on 19 Oct 1967.
- LE-127 ii. **Courtney GABOR** was born on 17 Feb 1975.

LE-70. **Mary Frances HUMPHREYS.**

LE-71. **Timothy LEWIS** was born on 31 Oct 1946.

He was married to Ida Mae SWANEY (daughter of Clayton Nathaniel SWANEY and Ethel Claudine STICKLE) on 23 Oct 1967. **Ida Mae SWANEY** was born on 3 May 1948. Timothy LEWIS and Ida Mae SWANEY had the following children:

- +LE-128 i. **Dawn LEWIS.**
- LE-129 ii. **Donna LEWIS** was born on 27 Aug 1969.
- LE-130 iii. **Brian LEWIS** was born on 25 Nov 1977.

LE-74. **James LEWIS** died in Dec 1992.

He was married to Phyllis COOLEY (daughter of Oscar Buell COOLEY and Ruth Elaine WILSON).

LE-80. **Loretta LEWIS.**

She was married to HUDAK.

LE-82. **Delores LEWIS**²².

She was married to THOMAS.

LE-87. **Mary LEWIS**²².

She was married to HICKLE.

SIXTH GENERATION

LE-88. **Susan Eileen ABRAHAM** was born on 13 Mar 1946 in Uniontown, Fayette Co., PA.²³

She was married to LaMonte Edison HUGH (son of George Edison HUGH and Laura MCKENNA) on 25 Feb 1967 in White Rock Methodist Church, Fayette Co., PA.³² **LaMonte Edison HUGH** was born on 30 Dec 1946 in Uniontown, Fayette Co., PA.³² Susan Eileen ABRAHAM and LaMonte Edison HUGH had the following children:

- +LE-131 i. **Wade Alan HUGH.**
- LE-132 ii. **Wesley Scott HUGH** was born on 15 Oct 1973.
- LE-133 iii. **Wendy Beth HUGH** was born on 19 Jan 1976.
- LE-134 iv. **Ward Evan HUGH** was born on 9 Jul 1977.

LE-89. **James Harry ABRAHAM** was born on 14 Feb 1949 in Uniontown, Fayette Co., PA.²³

He was married to Lynn Renee ALTIZER (daughter of Preston Elwood ALTIZER and Effie Irene MICHENER) on 3 Apr 1971 in White Rock United Methodist Church, Fayette Co., PA. **Lynn Renee ALTIZER** was born on 20 Dec 1951 in Uniontown, Fayette Co., PA. James Harry ABRAHAM and Lynn Renee ALTIZER had the following children:

- +LE-135 i. **Amy Rebecca ABRAHAM.**
- LE-136 ii. **Timothy James ABRAHAM** was born on 11 Apr 1975 in Fairchance, Fayette Co., PA.

LE-91. **Gale Lynn LEWIS** was born on 28 Sep 1950 in Rochester, PA.³³ She died on 23 Nov 1993 in Brighton Township, PA.³³ She is buried at Oak Grove Cemetery, Freedom, PA.

She was married to James COLEY. Gale Lynn LEWIS and James COLEY had the following children:

- +LE-137 i. **Kelly Lynn COLEY.**
- +LE-138 ii. **Kimberly Ann COLEY.**

LE-92. **William Edward LEWIS** was born on 15 Apr 1962 in Coraopolis, PA.

He was married to Elizabeth Anne CRANSTON (daughter of David Kelsey CRANSTON and Sara Jane HENRY) on 5 Oct 1991. **Elizabeth Anne CRANSTON** was born on 20 Dec 1966. William Edward LEWIS and Elizabeth Anne CRANSTON had the following children:

- LE-139 i. **Kelsey Elizabeth LEWIS** was born on 19 Nov 1992 in Coraopolis, PA.
- LE-140 ii. **Marshall David LEWIS** was born on 19 Nov 1992 in Coraopolis, PA.
- 141 iii. **Sara Victoria LEWIS** was born on 2 Oct 1996.

LE-93. **Kathleen Dianne LEWIS** was born on 5 Sep 1948 in Beaver, PA.

She was married to Charles Francis LIEB (son of Charles F. LIEB and Ruth DAVIS). **Charles Francis LIEB** was born on 12 Mar 1948. Kathleen Dianne LEWIS and Charles Francis LIEB had the following children:

- LE-142 i. **Emily Susan LIEB** was born on 5 Dec 1977.
- LE-143 ii. **Alison Yung LIEB** was born on 15 Apr 1984.

LE-94. **Franklin Kenneth MILLER**²⁶ was born on 6 Oct 1951 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA. He received a BS (mining engineering) degree from The Pennsylvania State University in June 1974.

He was married to Joanne Therese CHABANIK (daughter of Maximilian CHABANIK and Irene Leona HREBENAR) on 6 Oct 1973 in Smithfield, Fayette Co., PA. **Joanne Therese CHABANIK** was born on 8 May 1953 in Uniontown, Fayette Co., PA. Franklin Kenneth MILLER and Joanne Therese CHABANIK had the following children:

- +LE-144 i. **Michele Lynn MILLER.**
- LE-145 ii. **Lanah Jo MILLER** was born on 28 May 1981.

LE-95. **Karen Elaine MILLER** was born on 6 May 1954 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA.

She was married to Richard Clark SMITH (son of Willard Clark Smith and Norma Allene Fields) on 30 Aug 1974. **Richard Clark SMITH** was born on 31 Jan 1954. Karen Elaine MILLER and Richard Clark SMITH had the following children:

- LE-146 i. **Holly Marie SMITH** was born on 23 Sep 1977 in Smithfield, Fayette Co., PA.
- LE-147 ii. **Richard Clark II SMITH** was born on 4 Jan 1980.

LE-96. **Daniel Reed MILLER** was born on 11 Jul 1958 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA.

He was married to Debbie Kay GOWER (daughter of Donald Wesley GOWER and Betty Marie HEETER) on 25 Nov 1978 in Smithfield, Fayette Co., PA. **Debbie Kay GOWER** was born on 25 Apr 1959 in Uniontown, Fayette Co., PA. Daniel Reed MILLER and Debbie Kay GOWER had the following children:

- LE-148 i. **Hilary Lynn MILLER** was born on 11 Nov 1985 in Uniontown, Fayette Co., PA.

- LE-149 ii. **Mallory Ann MILLER** was born on 8 Jul 1987.
 LE-150 iii. **Valerie Kay MILLER** was born on 15 Apr 1992.

LE-98. **Linda Joanne LEWIS**³⁴ was born on 27 Jul 1958 in Rochester, PA.

She was married to Hugh Herbert GLASSER (son of Herbert Glenn GLASSER and Ellen Rose WEIGLE). **Hugh Herbert GLASSER**³⁵ was born on 16 Dec 1962. Linda Joanne LEWIS and Hugh Herbert GLASSER had the following children:

- LE-151 i. **Andrew Lewis GLASSER**³⁵ was born on 23 Apr 1987.
 LE-152 ii. **Nathan Thomas GLASSER**³⁵ was born on 17 Mar 1989.

LE-99. **Thomas Edwin LEWIS**³⁴ was born on 25 Sep 1959 in Rochester, PA.

He was married to Pamela Sue LEEPER (daughter of Robert John LEEPER and Anna Phyllis JOHNSTON) on 17 Jul 1982 in Aliquippa, PA. **Pamela Sue LEEPER**³⁴ was born on 23 Apr 1961. Thomas Edwin LEWIS and Pamela Sue LEEPER had the following children:

- LE-153 i. **Thomas Robert LEWIS**³⁴ was born on 4 Dec 1990 in Sewickley Valley Hospital, Sewickley, PA.
 LE-154 ii. **Megan Michelle LEWIS**³⁴ was born on 12 May 1993 in Sewickley Valley Hospital, Sewickley, PA.

LE-100. **Dwayne Alan LEWIS**³⁴ was born on 30 Mar 1963 in Rochester, PA.

He was married to Kimberly Ann SHICK (daughter of Richard Alfred SHICK and Maryann PALINSKI). **Kimberly Ann SHICK**³⁵ was born on 16 Dec 1966. Dwayne Alan LEWIS and Kimberly Ann SHICK had the following children:

- LE-155 i. **Jon Joseph LEWIS**³⁵ was born on 14 May 1988 in Beaver, PA. He was adopted.
 LE-156 ii. **Kyleigh Cassandra LEWIS**³⁵ was born on 11 Nov 1990 in Beaver, PA.
 LE-157 iii. **Nicholas Alan LEWIS**³⁵ was born on 14 Sep 1993 in Beaver, PA.

LE-101. **Robin Rae LEWIS**³⁴ was born on 5 Apr 1967 in Rochester, PA.

She was married to Glenn Arthur VANDER WAGEN (son of Ralph A. VANDER WAGEN and Betty M. STINKMAN) on 10 Jun 1989 in Rochester, PA. **Glenn Arthur VANDER WAGEN**³⁵ was born on 27 Oct 1967 in Towson, MD. Robin Rae LEWIS and Glenn Arthur VANDER WAGEN had the following children:

- LE-158 i. **Dawn Ann VANDER WAGEN**³⁵ was born on 18 Jan 1991 in Beaver, PA.
 LE-159 ii. **Ryan Arthur VANDER WAGEN**³⁵ was born on 21 Aug 1993 in Beaver, PA.
 LE-160 iii. **Lindsay Rae VANDER WAGEN**³⁵ was born on 17 May 1996 in Beaver, PA.

LE-102. **Keith Edward LEWIS**³⁴ was born on 19 Feb 1972 in Rochester, PA.

He was married to Melissa Dawn BABLE (daughter of Franklin Duane BABLE and Ila NELSON) on 9 May 1997 in Rochester, PA. **Melissa Dawn BABLE**³⁶ was born on 7 May 1973 in Sewickley Valley Hospital, Sewickley, PA.

LE-104. **Jeffrey Mark LEWIS**³⁷ was born on 25 Sep 1967 in Bowie, Prince Georges Co., MD.

He was married to Mariann Elizabeth BAUER (daughter of Raymond Charles, Sr. BAUER and Mary Frances HIGGINS) on 10 Oct 1994 in Escondido, San Diego Co., CA.³⁸ **Mariann Elizabeth BAUER** was born on 9 Aug 1968 in St. Louis, St. Louis Co., Missouri.³⁹ Jeffrey Mark LEWIS and Mariann Elizabeth

BAUER had the following children:

- i. **Michael James Russell** was born 17 Apr 1991. (Son of Mariann Bauer and first husband, Glenn Charles Russell.)

LE-161 ii. **Jennifer Lynn LEWIS** was born on 25 Jun 1994 in Escondido, San Diego Co., CA.

LE-107. **Eleanor WILSON**²⁸.

She was married to Harry BURNSIDE.

LE-108. **Nancy WILSON**²⁸.

She was married to Richard FRANKS.

LE-109. **Wilma WILSON**²⁸.

She was married to Charles HACKNEY.

LE-110. **Florence WILSON**²⁸.

She was married to Kenneth MILLER.

LE-111. **Deborah WILSON**²⁸.

She was married to Edward STANISH.

LE-116. **Virginia Anne BUTLER** was born on 19 Oct 1955 in Uniontown, Fayette Co., PA.

She was married to Antonio Vincente MICCICHE (son of Antonio MICCICHE and Mabel GUIDRY) on 7 May 1983. **Antonio Vincente MICCICHE** was born on 16 May 1949 in Louisiana.

LE-117. **Rebecca BUTLER** was born on 28 Nov 1958 in Uniontown, Fayette Co., PA.

She was married to Donald Ray Jr. MCCLEMANS (son of Donald Ray MCCLEMANS and Janice DOWNEY) on 12 Mar 1983. **Donald Ray Jr. MCCLEMANS** was born on 3 Mar 1955 in California. Rebecca BUTLER and Donald Ray Jr. MCCLEMANS had the following children:

LE-162 i. **Corey Ray MCCLEMANS** was born on 14 Apr 1977 in Santa Anna, CA.

LE-163 ii. **Jacob Andrew MCCLEMANS** was born on 27 Jul 1983 in Anaheim, CA.

LE-118. **Rosalind Martinez BUTLER** was born on 24 Jan 1961 in California.

She was married to Graydon Darrell MATTSON (son of John D. MATTSON and Celeste TOHILL) on 20 Apr 1985 in Garden Groves, CA. **Graydon Darrell MATTSON** was born on 12 Aug 1958 in Arlington, VA.

LE-120. **Mark Lewis DOUBLE**.

He was married to Melinda CRAWFORD. Mark Lewis DOUBLE and Melinda CRAWFORD had the following children:

LE-164 i. **Erwin DOUBLE**.

LE-165 ii. **Sara DOUBLE**.

LE-121. **Beth Ann DOUBLE**.

She was married to John ANTONUCCI. Beth Ann DOUBLE and John ANTONUCCI had the following children:

- LE-166 i. **Nicole ANTONUCCI.**
- LE-167 ii. **Brittany ANTONUCCI.**

LE-122. **Marilyn MILLER** was born on 1 Sep 1943.

She was married to James Thomas FATE on 1 May 1965. Marilyn MILLER and James Thomas FATE had the following children:

- LE-168 i. **James Thomas FATE** was born on 22 Oct 1966.
- LE-169 ii. **Elizabeth Jean FATE** was born on 9 Mar 1969.

LE-123. **Michael John BRNICH Jr.**³¹ was born on 1 Jul 1958.

He was married to Paula LEHMAN (daughter of Harold LEHMAN and Garnet L. DOYLE) on 21 May 1988. Michael John BRNICH Jr. and Paula LEHMAN had the following children:

- LE-170 i. **Evan Alexander BRNICH** was born on 1 Jul 1992.

LE-125. **Blair H. SAYLOR** was born on 25 Oct 1953.

He was married to Pamela Dawn BLOSSER (daughter of Dorothy Woods BLOSSER) on 12 Sep 1981. Blair H. SAYLOR and Pamela Dawn BLOSSER had the following children:

- LE-171 i. **John Robert SAYLOR** was born on 4 Aug 1982.

LE-128. **Dawn LEWIS** was born on 3 May 1968.

Dawn LEWIS and George BLANDA had the following children:

- LE-172 i. **George BLANDA** was born on 21 Sep 1988.
- LE-173 ii. **Andrew BLANDA** was born on 13 Jan 1991.

SEVENTH GENERATION

LE-131. **Wade Alan HUGH** was born on 16 Mar 1968 in Forestville, MD. He received a Bachelor's Degree in Jun 1990 from West Virginia University, Morgantown, WV. He received a Master's Degree in Jun 1991 from West Virginia University, Morgantown, WV.

He was engaged in Jul 1990 in Morgantown, Monongalia Co., WV. He was married to Deborah Susan LEONARD (daughter of Robert LEONARD and Mary MILLER) on 17 Aug 1991 in Auburn, NY. **Deborah Susan LEONARD** was born on 7 Oct 1966. Wade Alan HUGH and Deborah Susan LEONARD had the following children:

- LE-174 i. **Justin Robert HUGH** was born on 5 Apr 1994.

LE-135. **Amy Rebecca ABRAHAM** was born on 15 May 1972 in Uniontown, Fayette Co., PA.

She was married to Sean Paul KOVALIC (son of Thomas Stephen KOVALIC and Gloria Lane BROWNFIELD) on 25 May 1991 in Brownfield, Fayette Co., PA. **Sean Paul KOVALIC** was born on 5 Jul 1972 in Morgantown, Monongalia Co., WV.

LE-137. **Kelly Lynn COLEY** was born on 9 Jul 1969 in Rochester, PA.⁴⁰

She was married to Terry ROCK. Kelly Lynn COLEY and Terry ROCK had the following children:

- LE-175 i. **Kayla ROCK.**
- LE-176 ii. **Kyle ROCK.**

LE-138. **Kimberly Ann COLEY** was born on 24 May 1971 in Rochester, PA.⁴⁰

She was married to Jerry JAHODA on 24 Aug 1990.⁴⁰ She was divorced from Jerry JAHODA. Kimberly Ann COLEY and Jerry JAHODA had the following children:

- LE-177 i. **Joshua JAHODA** was born on 19 Dec 1990 in Rochester, PA.⁴⁰
- LE-178 ii. **Christopher JAHODA** was born on 5 Nov 1992 in Rochester, PA.⁴⁰

LE-144. **Michele Lynn MILLER** was born on 15 Nov 1976 in Uniontown, Fayette Co., PA.

She was married to Michael ISRAEL on 4 Jan 1997 in Lexington, KY.

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40. Kimberly Coley Jahoda personal communications.

INDEX

- | | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------|--------------------------|
| ABRAHAM | Michael John, 317, 322 | Ruth, 319 |
| Amy Rebecca, 318, 322 | BROWN | Wanda June, 315 |
| Harry Benson, 315 | Nannie Mattie, 314 | DOUBLE |
| James Harry, 315, 318 | BROWNFIELD | Beth Ann, 317, 321 |
| Susan Eileen, 315, 318 | Gloria Lane, 322 | Erwin, 321 |
| Timothy James, 318 | BURNSIDE | Mark Lewis, 317, 321 |
| Willard Allen, 315 | Harry, 321 | Russell LeRoy, 317 |
| ALBRIGHT | BUTLER | Sara, 321 |
| Lewis, 316 | Ivan Marcus, 317 | DOWNEY |
| Thomas, 316 | Ralph Clell, 317 | Janice, 321 |
| ALTIZER | Rebecca, 317, 321 | DOYLE |
| Lynn Renee, 318 | Robert Jason, 317 | Garnet, L. 322 |
| Preston Elwood, 318 | Rosalind Martinez, 317, 321 | _____, 311 |
| ANTONUCCI | Virginia Anne, 317, 321 | FATE |
| Brittany, 322 | CASHDOLLAR | Elizabeth Jean, 322 |
| John, 322 | Catherine, 311 | James Thomas, 322 |
| Nicole, 322 | CASTERLINE | FRANKS |
| BABLE | John, 317 | Richard, 321 |
| Franklin Duane, 320 | CHABANIK | FROHNERT |
| Melissa Dawn, 320 | Joanne Therese, 319 | Anne Marie Florence, 313 |
| BAUER | Maximilian, 319 | Louis Albert Emil, 313 |
| Mariann Elizabeth, 320 | COLEY | GABOR |
| Raymond Charles, Sr., 320 | James, 319 | Courtney, 317 |
| BLANDA | Kelly Lynn, 319, 323 | Lee Anne, 317 |
| Andrew, 322 | Kimberly Ann, 319, 323 | William, 317 |
| George, 322 | COOLEY | GASKILL |
| BLOSSER | Ethel Belle, 313 | Essie, 312 |
| Dorothy Woods, 322 | Harrison Franklin, 313 | Robert L., 312 |
| Pamela Dawn, 322 | Oscar Buell, 318 | Sarah, 312 |
| Warren, 318 | Phylliss, 318 | Sidney O., 312 |
| BOWLEN | CRANSTON | Walter Otho, 312 |
| Myrtle Susanna, 315 | David Kelsey, 319 | GLASSER |
| BRICKER | Elizabeth Anne, 319 | Andrew Lewis, 320 |
| Bertha I., 314 | CRAWFORD | Herbert Glenn, 320 |
| Frank, 314 | Melinda, 321 | Hugh Herbert, 320 |
| BRNICH | DAVIS | Nathan Thomas, 320 |
| Evan Alexander, 322 | Clarence Albert, 315 | GOLDSBORO |

- Charles Richard, 314
 Leah, 314
 Mary Jane, 311
GOWER
 Debbie Kay, 319
 Donald Wesley, 319
GRAHAM
 Bertha B., 315
 Mary, 313
GUIDRY
 Mabel, 321
HACKNEY
 Charles, 321
HAGAN
 Ethel Leona, 313, 316
 Frank, 311
 James, 314
 Mary Irene, 313
 William Ancel, 311, 313
HALL
 Anna Mary, 315
 William E., 315
HARWICK
 Ann Long, 316
 Ralph Franklin, 316
HEETER
 Betty Marie, 319
HENRY
 Sara Jane, 319
HICKLE
 ____, 318
HIGGINS
 Mary Frances, 320
HOON
 Nancy Elizabeth, 311
 Robert, 311
HREBENAR
 Irene Leone, 319
HUDAK
 ____, 318
HUGH
 George Edison, 318
 Justin Robert, 322
 LaMonte Edison, 318
 Wade Alan, 318, 322
 Ward Evan, 318
 Wendy Beth, 318
 Wesley Scott, 318
HUMPHREYS
 Harriet, 313
 Herbert, 314
 Humphrey, 314
 Mary Frances, 314, 317
 Ray, 314
ISRAEL
 Michael, 323
JAHODA
 Christopher, 323
 Jerry, 323
 Joshua, 323
JOHNSTON
 Anna Phyllis, 320
KENNISON
 Emma, 314
KISSINGER
 Naomi Grace, 315
KOVALIC
 Sean Paul, 322
 Thomas Stephen, 322
LEEPER
 Pamela Sue, 320
 Robert John, 320
LEHMAN
 Emma, 313
 Harold, 322
 John, 313
 Paula, 322
LEONARD
 Deborah Susan, 322
 Robert, 322
LEWIS
 Anna C., 310, 311
 Anne M., 310
 Armeda Georgana, 311
 Benjamin A., 310
 Bernard, 314
 Betty Alice, 314
 Bonnie, 313
 Brian, 318
 Caroline, 313
 Carolyn Nixon, 313, 317
 Charles Seibert, 311
 Clarence Herbert (Peck), 311,
 314
 Crates C. (Beanie), 311, 313
 Dale, 315
 Dawn, 318, 322
 Delores, 314, 318
 Donald, 314
 Donna, 316, 318
 Dorothy, 310
 Dwayne Alan, 316, 320
 Edward Kenneth, 311, 314
 Eleanor Jean, 313, 317
 Eleanor May, 312,315
 Eliza A., 310
 Elizabeth J. (Lizzie), 310, 311
 Ethel M., 311, 314
 Frances, 310
 Frank, 313
 Gale Lynn, 315, 319
 George, 314
 George Marshall, 312,315
 Harriet, 310
 Harry Andrew, 311, 313
 Hazel Ruth, 312,315
 Henry Ray, 311, 312
 Irma Belle, 313, 317
 Jack Walter, 312,316
 James, 314, 316, 318
 James C. (Jimbo), 313, 316
 James Marshall, 310
 James Robert, 312,315
 Jane, 314
 Jason Scott, 316
 Jean, 313
 Jeffrey Mark, 316, 320
 Jennie, 312,314
 Jennifer Lynn, 321
 John Donald (Buck), 311, 314
 John R., 310
 Jon Joseph, 320
 Joseph Paul, 310
 Joseph Robert, 311, 313
 Kathleen, 311
 Kathleen Dianne, 315, 319
 Keith Edward, 316, 320
 Kelsey Elizabeth, 319
 Kyleigh Cassandra, 320
 Lawrence E., 314
 Linda, 313, 316
 Linda Joanne, 315, 320
 Lindsay Chester, 311, 312
 Loretta, 314, 318
 Madelyn Gail, 313, 317
 Marie, 311, 313
 Marshall David, 319
 Mary, 312,314, 318
 Mary Sophia, 311, 312
 Megan Michelle, 320
 Nicholas Alan, 320
 Omar Ralph, 311
 Omer, 313
 Patty, 313
 Paul F., 314
 Paul Lionel, 312,314
 Pauline B., 310, 312
 Ralph, 313
 Robert, 313, 314
 Roberta Anne, 313, 317
 Robin Rae, 316, 320
 Ronald, 314
 Samuel Arthur, 311
 Sara Victoria, 319
 Sarah, 313
 Steven, 312
 Thomas, 313, 314
 Thomas Benjamin, 310, 311
 Thomas Edwin, 316, 320
 Thomas Lindsay, 312,315
 Thomas Robert, 320

- Timothy, 314, 318
 William, 313, 314
 William Edward, 315, 319
 William M., 310, 311
LIEB
 Alison Yung, 319
 Charles Francis, 319
 Charles F., 319
 Emily Susan, 319
LONG
 Hannah Emaline
MADERA
 John, 310
 Sarah Ann, 310
MAHEE
 Augusta, 313
MATTSON
 Graydon Darrell, 321
 John D., 321
MCCLEMANS
 Corey Ray, 321
 Donald Ray, 321
 Donald Ray, Jr., 321
 Jacob Andrew, 321
MCCLUSKER
 David Ewing (Jake), 317
MCCORMICK
 George Walter, 312
 Margaret May, 312
MCKENNA
 Laura, 318
MICCICHE
 Antonio, 321
 Antonia Vincente, 321
MICHENER
 Effie Irene, 318
MILLER
 Beryl, 317
 Daniel Reed, 315, 319
 Edgar Wallace, 315
 Franklin Kenneth, 315, 319
 Franklin Victor, 315
 Harold Nathan, 317
 Hilary Lynn, 319
 Karen Elaine, 315, 319
 Kenneth, 321
 Lanah Jo, 319
 Laurel Faye, 315
 Mallory Ann, 320
 Marilyn, 317, 322
 Mary, 322
 Michele Lynn, 319, 323
 Nellie Irene, 313
 Valerie Kay, 320
MINER
 Anna Belle, 312
MOSIER
 Sophia Ann, 311
MYERS
 Nellie Mae, 314
NELSON
 Ila, 320
NIXON
 Martha Olive, 313
 Samuel James, 313
 Sarah Kizzie, 314
PALINSKI
 Maryann, 320
PRICE
 Ephraim, 311
 Ethel, 311
 Myrtle, 314
 Stephen R., 311
REDMOND
 Sharyn I., 316
ROCK
 Kayla, 323
 Kyle, 323
 Terry, 323
SAYLOR
 Blair H., 317, 322
 Buell M., 317
 John Robert, 322
 Owen E., 317
 Reed Lewis, 317
SCHAFER
 Virginia, 317
SHEPANSKA
 Thelma Virginia, 315
SHICK
 Kimberly Ann, 320
 Richard Alfred, 320
SMITH
 Holly Marie, 319
 Mary Sue, 316
 Richard Clark, 319
 Richard Clark II, 319
STANISH
 Edward, 321
STICKLE
 Ethel Claudine, 318
SULLIVAN
 Mary Melcina, 310
 Unknown, 310
SURBER
 Carol Sue, 316
 James Alfred, 316
SWANEY
 Alexander J., 311
 Clayton Nathaniel, 318
 Ida Mae, 318
 Lizzie, 312
 Sarah Ellen, 311
THOMAS
 _____, 318
TOHILL
 Celeste, 321
UNKNOWN
 Mary, 317
 Unknown, 310
VANDER WAGEN
 Dawn Ann, 320
 Glenn Arthur, 320
 Lindsay Rae, 320
 Ralph A., 320
 Ryan Arthur, 320
VICTOR
 Anna Belle, 315
 Charlotte Everella, 312
 Lavera Belle, 313
WARMAN
 Nora Mae, 311
WEIGLE
 Ellen Rose, 320
 Joanne Rae, 315
 William Edward, 315
WILSON
 Clayton, 312
 Clyde, 312
 Deborah, 316, 321
 Eleanor, 316, 321
 Elizabeth Malik, 316
 Florence, 316, 321
 John William, 312
 Mildred, 312,316
 Nancy, 316, 321
 Palmer C. (Bud), 312,316
 Ruth Elaine, 318
 Wilma, 316, 321

Descendants of John Daniel MADERA

FIRST GENERATION

MA-1. **John Daniel MADERA**¹ was born before 1700 in Holland. Among the prominent civic leaders of pioneer Morgantown were members of the Madera family. Originally this family (sometimes spelled Madori, Madeira, Madery, Madara, etc.) came from Spain. They owned the three islands off Spain now known as the Madera Islands, where they were artificers in filigree jewelry. During the reign of the Spanish King Charles V (1516-55), they, being Protestants, moved to Holland to escape persecution by the Inquisition. Three brothers from this family, Jacob, Peter and John Daniel, emigrated to America from Holland sometime in the 17th century and located on the shores of the Delaware Bay and at Gwynedd, Montgomery County, PA. John Daniel after a time located in Shenandoah Valley, VA. Later he and some of his family moved to Chillicothe, OH.

*Descendants of
John Daniel
MADERA down
to Sarah Ann
MADERA, wife of
Benjamin A.
LEWIS and
mother of Joseph
Paul LEWIS.*

John Daniel MADERA had the following children:

+MA-2 i. **Jacob MADERA.**

SECOND GENERATION

MA-2. **Jacob MADERA**² was born about 1717 in Frankford, PA.³ He died in Frankford, PA.⁴

He was married to Hester UNKNOWN. Jacob MADERA and Hester UNKNOWN had the following children:

+MA-3 i. **Jacob MADERA.**
+MA-4 ii. **Sebastian MADERA.**
+MA-5 iii. **Esther MADERA.**
+MA-6 iv. **George MADERA.**
+MA-7 v. **Christopher MADERA.**
+MA-8 vi. **Christian MADERA.**

THIRD GENERATION

MA-3. **Jacob MADERA**⁵ was born in 1737 in Philadelphia, PA.

He was married to Catherine BAUER (daughter of Sir John BAUER) on 3 Apr 1762 in Baltimore, MD. Jacob MADERA and Catherine BAUER had the following children:

+MA-9 i. **John MADERA.**
MA-10 ii. **Jacob MADERA**⁶.
MA-11 iii. **Catherine MADERA**⁷.
MA-12 iv. **Daniel MADERA**⁸. Daniel was living at Chillicothe, Ohio in 1822.
MA-13 v. **Charles MADERA**⁹.

MA-4. **Sebastian MADERA**¹⁰ was born in 1737 in Philadelphia, PA. He died about 1778 in Luzerne County, PA. Widow Catherine and her family, living in the Wyoming Valley of Luzerne County, PA in 1778, escaped the Indian massacre that occurred there in which 200 people were killed, by fleeing down the Schuylkill River to Fairmount, PA where they relocated.

He was married to Catherine FROST in 1784. **Catherine FROST**¹¹ was born in 1747.¹² After the death of Sebastian, she remarried a Mr. Dunbar and had four more children. She is buried in the Hood Cemetery,

Germantown, PA. Sebastian MADERA and Catherine FROST had the following children:

- 14 i. **Jacob MADERA**¹³ was born in 1766 in Luzerne County, PA.
- 15 ii. **Mary MADERA**¹⁴ was born in 1769 in Luzerne County, PA.
- 16 iii. **Catherine MADERA**¹⁵ was born in 1771 in Luzerne County, PA.
- 17 iv. **Sarah MADERA**¹⁶ was born in 1773 in Luzerne County, PA.
- 18 v. **John MADERA**¹⁷ was born in 1774 in Luzerne County, PA.

5. **Esther MADERA**¹⁸ was born on 1 Jan 1744.¹⁹ She died in 1833.²⁰

She was married to Jacob ZEBLY on 23 Dec 1761. Esther MADERA and Jacob ZEBLY had the following children:

- +19 i. **Hester ZEBLY.**

6. **George MADERA**²¹ was born in 1746 in Philadelphia, PA. He died on 1 Jun 1801 in Warrington, Bucks County, PA.²²

He was married to Barbara BENTHER on 13 Mar 1777 in Germantown Reformed Church, Philadelphia, PA. **Barbara BENTHER** died in 1813.²³ George MADERA and Barbara BENTHER had the following children:

- 20 i. **Johannes (John) MADERA**²⁴ was born on 21 Jan 1778 in Bucks County, PA.

7. **Christopher MADERA**²⁵ was born in 1750 in Philadelphia, PA. He died on 19 Feb 1828.²⁶ Christopher and Elizabeth had seven children.

He was married to Elizabeth NEFF (daughter of Jacob NEFF and Anna BRISER). **Elizabeth NEFF**²⁷ was born on 4 Nov 1756.²⁸ She died on 21 Dec 1821.²⁹ Christopher MADERA and Elizabeth NEFF had the following children:

- 21 i. **Jacob MADERA**³⁰ was born in 1777.
- 22 ii. **Christopher MADERA**³¹ was born in 1779.
- 23 iii. **Elizabeth MADERA**³² was born about 1783.
- 24 iv. **Hester MADERA**³³ was born in 1788.
- 25 v. **Ann MADERA**³⁴ was born about 1793.
- 26 vi. **David MADERA**³⁵ was born on 21 Jan 1797.
- 27 vii. **John MADERA**³⁶ was born on 12 Jan 1800. He died on 4 Feb 1824.

8. **Christian MADERA**^{37,38} was born about 1757 in Philadelphia, PA. He died on 15 Mar 1822 in Morgantown, Monongalia Co., WV. He was a private in the Continental Army during the Revolutionary War and served in Captain Daniel (David) Harris' company, First Pennsylvania Regiment of the line, of 27 May 1776. He received a pension under the act of Congress of March 18, 1818. He moved to Morgantown in the early 1790s.

He was married to Ann BARELY. Christian MADERA and Ann BARELY had the following children:

- +28 i. **Elizabeth MADERA.**
- +29 ii. **Mary MADERA.**
- +30 iii. **John MADERA.**
- +31 iv. **Jacob MADERA.**
- +32 v. **Nicholas B. MADERA.**

FOURTH GENERATION

9. **John MADERA**³⁹. John and Mary moved to Chambersburg, PA and reared a family of 12 children.

He was married to Mary ASHTON on 24 Apr 1786 in Downingtown, PA. **Mary ASHTON**⁴⁰ was born in 1765.

19. **Hester ZEBLY**⁴¹.

She was married to Jacob MOWER.

28. **Elizabeth MADERA**⁴² was born about 1790.

She was married to Zackquill jr. MORGAN on 27 Apr 1805.⁴³ **Zackquill jr. MORGAN**⁴⁴ was born about 1775.⁴⁵ Elizabeth MADERA and Zackquill jr. MORGAN had the following children:

- 33 i. **Zackquill III MORGAN**⁴⁶.
- 34 ii. **Enos MORGAN**⁴⁷.
- 35 iii. **Polly MORGAN**⁴⁸.
- 36 iv. **Drusilla MORGAN**⁴⁹.

29. **Mary MADERA**⁵⁰ was born about 1790.

She was married to Fielding KIEGER in Sep 1809.⁵¹ Mary MADERA and Fielding KIEGER had the following children:

- 37 i. **Fielding jr. KIEGER**⁵².
- 38 ii. **George KIEGER**⁵³.
- 39 iii. **Jacob KIEGER**⁵⁴.
- 40 iv. **Lee KIEGER**⁵⁵.
- 41 v. **Mary KIEGER**⁵⁶.
- 42 vi. **Amanda KIEGER**⁵⁷.
- 43 vii. **"Sis" KIEGER**⁵⁸.
- 44 viii. **Eliza KIEGER**⁵⁹.

30. **John MADERA** was born in 1793 in Morgantown, Monongalia Co., WV.⁶⁰ He died on 16 Sep 1837 in Morgantown, Monongalia Co., WV.⁶¹

John MADERA had the following children:

- 45 i. **Elizabeth MADERA**⁶² was born about 1818 in Morgantown, Monongalia Co., WV.
- +46 ii. **Sarah Ann MADERA**.
- 47 iii. **Christian MADERA**⁶³ was born about 1826 in Morgantown, Monongalia Co., WV.

31. **Jacob MADERA**⁶⁴ was born about 1795. He married twice and had 5 children with each wife.

Jacob MADERA had the following children:

- 48 i. **Lorendo MADERA**⁶⁵.
- 49 ii. **Rachel MADERA**⁶⁶.
- 50 iii. **Amanda MADERA**⁶⁷.
- 51 iv. **Ellen MADERA**⁶⁸.

- 52 v. **George MADERA**⁶⁹.
 53 vi. **Nimrod MADERA**⁷⁰.
 54 vii. **Mary MADERA**⁷¹.
 55 viii. **Elizabeth MADERA**⁷².
 56 ix. **Hannah MADERA**⁷³.
 57 x. **Nancy MADERA**⁷⁴.

32. **Nicholas B. MADERA**⁷⁵ was born about 1798.

He was married to Susan (Susannah) TRINKLE. Nicholas B. MADERA and Susan (Susannah) TRINKLE had the following children:

- 58 i. **Charles MADERA**⁷⁶.
 59 ii. **Francis MADERA**⁷⁷.
 60 iii. **Henry MADERA**⁷⁸.
 61 iv. **Aaron MADERA**⁷⁹.
 62 v. **Albert MADERA**⁸⁰.
 63 vi. **Rufus MADERA**⁸¹.
 64 vii. **Andrew MADERA**⁸².
 65 viii. **Mary MADERA**⁸³.
 66 ix. **Rebecca MADERA**⁸⁴.
 67 x. **Julia MADERA**⁸⁵.
 68 xi. **Ann MADERA**⁸⁶.
 69 xii. **Harriet MADERA**⁸⁷.

FIFTH GENERATION

46. **Sarah Ann MADERA** was born in 1822 in Monongalia Co., WV.⁸⁸

She was married to Benjamin A. LEWIS on 21 May 1839 in Monongalia Co., WV.⁸⁹ **Benjamin A. LEWIS** was born in 1802 in Connecticut.⁹⁰ Sarah Ann MADERA and Benjamin A. LEWIS had the following children:

*See the
 Descendants of
 Benjamin A.
 LEWIS for a
 continuation of
 this line.*

- LE-2 i. **Eliza A. LEWIS** was born in 1841 in Morgantown, Monongalia Co., WV.⁹¹
 LE-3 ii. **Frances LEWIS** was born in 1842 in Morgantown, Monongalia Co., WV.⁹²
 LE-4 iii. **Harriet LEWIS** was born in 1843 in Morgantown, Monongalia Co., WV.⁹³
 LE-2 iv. **Joseph Paul LEWIS**.
 LE-5 v. **Anne M. LEWIS** was born in 1848 in Morgantown, Monongalia Co., WV.⁹⁴
 LE-6 vi. **Dorothy LEWIS** was born in 1851 in Morgantown, Monongalia Co., WV.⁹⁵

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-

INDEX

- ASHTON
 Mary, 329
 BARELY
 Ann, 328
 BAUER
 Catherine, 327
 Sir John, 327
 BENTHER
 Barbara, 328
 BRISER
 Anna, 328
 FROST
 Catherine, 327
 KEIGER
 Amanda, 329
 Eliza, 329
 Fielding, 329
 Fielding Jr., 329
 George, 329
 Jacob, 329
 Lee, 329
 Mary, 329
 "Sis", 329
 LEWIS
 Anne M., 330
 Benjamin A., 330
 Dorothy, 330
 Eliza A., 330
 Frances, 330
 Harriet, 330
 Joseph Paul, 330
 MADERA
 Aaron, 330
 Albert, 330
 Amanda, 329
 Andrew, 330
 Ann, 328, 330
 Catherine, 327, 328
 Charles, 327, 330
 Christian, 327, 328, 329
 Christopher, 327, 328
 Daniel, 327
 David, 328
 Elizabeth, 328, 329, 330
 Ellen, 329
 Esther, 327, 328
 Francis, 330
 George, 327, 328, 330
 Hannah, 330
 Harriet, 330
 Henry, 330
 Hester, 328
 Jacob, 327, 328, 329
 Johannes (John), 328
 John, 327, 328, 329
 John Daniel, 327
 Julia, 330
 Lorendo, 329
 Mary, 328, 329, 330
 Nancy, 330
 Nicholas B., 328, 330
 Nimrod, 330
 Rachel, 329
 Rebecca, 330
 Rufus, 330
 Sarah, 328
 Sarah Ann, 329, 330
 Sebastian, 327
 MORGAN
 Drusilla, 329
 Enos, 329
 Polly, 329
 Zackquill III, 329
 Zackquill Jr., 329
 MOWER
 Jacob, 329
 NEFF
 Elizabeth, 328
 Jacob, 328
 TRINKLE
 Susan (Susannah), 330
 UNKNOWN
 Hester, 327
 ZEBLY
 Hester, 328, 329
 Jacob, 328

Descendants of James SWANEY

FIRST GENERATION

Descendants of James SWANEY down to Sarah Ellen SWANEY, wife of James Marshall LEWIS and mother of Lindsay Chester LEWIS.

SW-1. **James SWANEY**¹ was born in 1775 in Ireland. James is believed to have emigrated to America with his brothers Charles and Neal around 1796 and settled in Fayette Co., PA near Haydentown.

He was married to Elizabeth BATTO. **Elizabeth BATTO**² was born in 1772 in France. She died in 1874. James SWANEY and Elizabeth BATTO had the following children:

- | | | |
|--------|-------|---------------------------|
| +SW-2 | i. | William C. SWANEY. |
| +SW-3 | ii. | George SWANEY. |
| +SW-4 | iii. | Elizabeth SWANEY. |
| +SW-5 | iv. | John SWANEY. |
| +SW-6 | v. | Joseph SWANEY. |
| +SW-7 | vi. | Myriah SWANEY. |
| +SW-8 | vii. | Mary Ann SWANEY. |
| +SW-9 | viii. | James A. SWANEY. |
| +SW-10 | ix. | Alex J. SWANEY. |

SECOND GENERATION

SW-2. **William C. SWANEY** was born in 1797.³ He died on 8 Aug 1885.

He was married to Sarah VICTOR (daughter of Phillip VICTOR and Sarah SERRINE) in 1832.⁴ **Sarah VICTOR**⁵ was born in 1816. She died on 11 Sep 1879 in Haydentown, Fayette Co., PA. William C. SWANEY and Sarah VICTOR had the following children:

- | | | |
|--------|-------|---|
| +SW-11 | i. | Alford SWANEY. |
| SW-12 | ii. | Phillip SWANEY ⁶ was born in 1834. He died in 1900. |
| +SW-13 | iii. | Mary R. SWANEY. |
| +SW-14 | iv. | William Henry Harrison SWANEY. |
| +SW-15 | v. | Daniel Batto SWANEY. |
| +SW-16 | vi. | Sarah Jane SWANEY. |
| +SW-17 | vii. | Joseph W. SWANEY. |
| +SW-18 | viii. | Barbara Ellen SWANEY. |
| +SW-19 | ix. | Nancy Kate SWANEY. |
| +SW-20 | x. | Clark David SWANEY. |
| +SW-21 | xi. | James B. SWANEY. |
| +SW-22 | xii. | Otho SWANEY. |
| +SW-23 | xiii. | LeeRoy C. SWANEY. |
| SW-24 | xiv. | George Victor SWANEY ⁷ was born in 1860. |

SW-3. **George SWANEY**⁸ was born in 1799.⁹

He was married to Catherine MCCOULLOUGH. **Catherine MCCOULLOUGH**¹⁰ was born in 1788.

SW-4. **Elizabeth SWANEY** was born in 1804.¹¹

She was married to Henry DOYLE.

SW-5. **John SWANEY** was born in 1806 in Fayette Co., PA.¹² He died on 11 Jan 1878.¹³

He was married to Elizabeth Matilda Miller RIBLET (daughter of Daniel RIBLET and Charlotte SEESE).¹⁴

Elizabeth Matilda Miller RIBLET was born on 10 Feb 1816 in Pennsylvania. John SWANEY and Elizabeth Matilda Miller RIBLET had the following children:

+SW-25 i. **Elizabeth SWANEY.**

SW-6. **Joseph SWANEY**¹⁵ was born in 1808. He died in 1885.

He was married to Dorothy J. MCCULLOUGH (daughter of John MCCULLOUGH and Sara Ann BRECHEIN). **Dorothy J. MCCULLOUGH**¹⁶ was born in Apr 1807. She died in 1901.

SW-7. **Myriah SWANEY** was born in 1811.

She was married to Tom MOATS.

SW-8. **Mary Ann SWANEY** was born in 1812. She died on 21 May 1878.

She was married to John CARR.

SW-9. **James A. SWANEY**¹⁷ was born on 4 Dec 1815.¹⁸ He died on 5 Feb 1884.¹⁹

He was married to Ruth MOSER (daughter of _____ MOSER and _____ UNKNOWN). **Ruth MOSER** was born in 1812.²⁰ She died on 18 Nov 1887.²¹ James A. SWANEY and Ruth MOSER had the following children:

SW-26 i. **Elizabeth E. SWANEY**²² was born on 14 Feb 1838.
 +SW-27 ii. **Alexander J. SWANEY.**
 +SW-28 iii. **Mary Jane SWANEY.**
 SW-29 iv. **Cynthia Ann SWANEY**²³ was born on 24 Apr 1844.
 SW-30 v. **Earsela SWANEY**²⁴ was born on 27 Mar 1847.
 +SW-31 vi. **John Thomas SWANEY.**

SW-10. **Alex J. SWANEY** was born on 2 May 1820. He died on 28 Feb 1890.

He was married to Elizabeth SHANABERGER. **Elizabeth SHANABERGER**²⁵ was born on 18 Apr 1819. She died on 18 Mar 1873.

THIRD GENERATION

SW-11. **Alford SWANEY**²⁶ was born on 4 Feb 1832. He died on 25 Dec 1900.

He was married to Lucinda Hopwood FARR on 1 Jan 1855.

SW-13. **Mary R. SWANEY**²⁷ was born in 1836.

She was married to Otho RHODES.

SW-14. **William Henry Harrison SWANEY**²⁸ was born on 29 Aug 1840. He died in 1911.

He was married to Lavina Patterson VICTOR (daughter of Phillip VICTOR and Margaret PRICE) on 4 Oct 1879. **Lavina Patterson VICTOR**²⁹ was born in Jul 1850. She died on 22 Jun 1934.

SW-15. **Daniel Batto SWANEY**³⁰ was born on 24 Nov 1843. He died in 1912.

He was married to Martha Jane GOODWIN (daughter of Joseph GOODWIN and Jane P. UNKNOWN) on 2 Jun 1868. **Martha Jane GOODWIN**³¹ was born in Oct 1845. She died on 19 Sep 1909.

SW-16. **Sarah Jane SWANEY**³² was born in 1844.

She was married to James GOODWIN.

SW-17. **Joseph W. SWANEY**³³ was born on 8 Oct 1845. He died on 11 Aug 1915.

He was married to Margaret C. HARTMAN in 1869. **Margaret C. HARTMAN**³⁴ was born on 8 Dec 1845. She died on 28 Feb 1922.

SW-18. **Barbara Ellen SWANEY**³⁵ was born in 1848.

She was married to James PRINGLE.

SW-19. **Nancy Kate SWANEY**³⁶ was born in 1850.

She was married to James William MCCARTY.

SW-20. **Clark David SWANEY**³⁷ was born on 25 Jan 1852. He died in 1892.

He was married to Elizabeth Ann HIBBS. **Elizabeth Ann HIBBS**³⁸ was born in 1855. She died in 1915.

SW-21. **James B. SWANEY**³⁹ was born in Jun 1853. He died on 16 May 1927.

He was married to Hannah Jane MCFADDEN (daughter of Jonathan MCFADDEN and Sarah UNKNOWN) in 1877. **Hannah Jane MCFADDEN**⁴⁰ was born in Apr 1858. She died on 29 Jan 1937.

SW-22. **Otho SWANEY**⁴¹ was born in Jan 1855. He died in 1934.

He was married to Emma FORDYCE in 1878.

SW-23. **LeeRoy C. SWANEY**⁴² was born in 1857.

He was married to Margaret CHILDS.

SW-25. **Elizabeth SWANEY**⁴³ was born on 6 Sep 1831 in Virginia. She died on 18 Feb 1909 in Fairchance, Fayette Co., PA.

She was married to Otho Rhodes VICTOR (son of Joseph VICTOR and Mary DAVIS) on 8 Mar 1851. **Otho Rhodes VICTOR**⁴³ was born on 18 Aug 1821 in Fayette Co., PA. He died on 21 Mar 1877 in Fairchance, Fayette Co., PA. Elizabeth SWANEY and Otho Rhodes VICTOR had the following children:

+SW-32 i. **Joseph VICTOR.**

SW-27. **Alexander J. SWANEY** was born on 25 Apr 1840 in Smithfield, Fayette Co., PA.⁴⁴ He joined the military on 14 Sep 1861 in Morgantown, Monongalia Co., WV.⁴⁵ He enlisted as a Private in Company A, 1st West Virginia Volunteer Cavalry Regiment during the Civil War and served until 31 December 1864 when he mustered out with his company at Wheeling, WV. Alexander served with Joseph Paul LEWIS in the same company. It is likely that Alexander introduced his daughter, Sara Ellen SWANEY, to Joseph's son, James Marshall LEWIS, resulting in their marriage. He died on 27 Oct 1918 in Oliphant Furnace, Fayette Co., PA.^{46,47} He was buried on 29 Oct 1918 in Fairchance, Fayette Co., PA.^{48,49} He is buried in Maple Grove Cemetery where his grave is maintained by the Grand Army of the Republic in honor of his service during the Civil War. He died at the home of James Marshall and Sara Ellen (Swaney) Lewis.

He was married to Sophia Ann MOSIER (daughter of Daniel MOSIER and Sophia UNKNOWN) on 31 Jan 1865 in Springhill Township, PA.⁵⁰ **Sophia Ann MOSIER** was born on 15 Mar 1844 in Smithfield, Fayette Co., PA.⁵¹ She died on 1 Jan 1929 in Home of daughter Lydia in Venetia, PA.⁵² Buried at Maple Grove Cemetery. Alexander J. SWANEY and Sophia Ann MOSIER had the following children:

- +SW-33 i. **Minnie H. (Melissa) SWANEY.**
- SW-34 ii. **James R. SWANEY** was born on 21 Jan 1867 in Smithfield, Fayette Co., PA.⁵³ He died on 14 Feb 1867 in Smithfield, Fayette Co., PA.⁵⁴
- +SW-35 iii. **Mary Olive SWANEY.**
- +SW-36 iv. **Ruth Ann (Russie) SWANEY.**
- +SW-37 v. **Ewing W. SWANEY.**
- +SW-38 vi. **Sarah Ellen SWANEY.**
- +SW-39 vii. **Lydie Alverdie SWANEY.**
- +SW-40 viii. **Frank Everhart SWANEY.**
- SW-41 ix. **Winfield W. SWANEY** was born on 26 Aug 1878 in Smithfield, Fayette Co., PA.⁵⁵ He died on 15 Oct 1927 in Fairchance, Fayette Co., PA.⁵⁶ Not married. Buried at Maple Cemetery, Fairchance, PA
- +SW-42 x. **Omer W. SWANEY.**

SW-28. **Mary Jane SWANEY**⁵⁷ was born on 14 Jul 1842. She died on 23 Feb 1924.

She was married to Jonathan LOWE in 1860.⁵⁸ **Jonathan LOWE**⁵⁹ was born on 10 Mar 1839. He died on 16 Aug 1916.

SW-31. **John Thomas SWANEY**⁶⁰ was born on 4 Jun 1848. He died in 1921.

He was married to Elizabeth Sarah PRICE in 1873. **Elizabeth Sarah PRICE**⁶¹ was born in Apr 1847. She died in 1925.

FOURTH GENERATION

SW-32. **Joseph VICTOR**⁴³ was born on 13 Nov 1857 in Haydentown, Fayette Co., PA. He died on 12 May 1943 in Fairchance, Fayette Co., PA.

He was married to Lanah ROBERTS (daughter of Charles ROBERTS and Mary BRICK) on 28 Aug 1887. **Lanah ROBERTS**⁴³ was born on 28 Sep 1866. She was born on 28 Sep 1866. She died on 27 Mar 1926 in Fairchance, Fayette Co., PA. Joseph VICTOR and Lanah ROBERTS had the following children:

- +SW-43 i. **Anna Belle VICTOR.**

SW-33. **Minnie H. (Melissa) SWANEY** was born on 4 Nov 1865 in Smithfield, Fayette Co., PA.⁶²

She was married to John H. HARRIS (son of John HARRIS and Sarah UNKNOWN) on 22 Dec 1887.

SW-35. **Mary Olive SWANEY** was born on 11 Feb 1868 in Smithfield, Fayette Co., PA.⁶³ She was born on 11 Feb 1868 in Smithfield, Fayette Co., PA.⁶⁴ She died on 28 Jul 1937 in White Rock, Fayette Co., PA.⁶⁵

She was married to Eli James SHANABERGER (son of William SHANABERGER and Catherine CIRTSHOW) in 1884. **Eli James SHANABERGER**⁶⁶ was born on 18 Sep 1856. He died in 1900. Mary Olive SWANEY and Eli James SHANABERGER had the following children:

- +SW-44 i. **Maggie Mae SHANABERGER.**
- SW-45 ii. **Christopher Houser SHANABERGER**⁶⁷ was born on 6 Feb 1886. He died on 20 Nov 1904.
- +SW-46 iii. **William Authur SHANABERGER.**
- +SW-47 iv. **Charles Wesley SHANABERGER.**
- +SW-48 v. **Sophia SHANABERGER.**

SW-36. **Ruth Ann (Russie) SWANEY** was born on 6 Mar 1870 in Smithfield, Fayette Co., PA.⁶⁸ She died on 17 Sep 1915.⁶⁹

She was married to Joseph F. BELL (son of Julia BELL) on 4 Jan 1889. Ruth Ann (Russie) SWANEY and Joseph F. BELL had the following children:

- +SW-49 i. **Charles BELL.**
- SW-50 ii. **Olive BELL.**

SW-37. **Ewing W. SWANEY** was born on 26 Sep 1871 in Smithfield, Fayette Co., PA.⁷⁰ He died on 8 Jul 1923.⁷¹

He was married to Laura Bell PASTORIUS (daughter of Charles PASTORIUS and Mary Bell SWANEY) on 29 Sep 1892. **Laura Bell PASTORIUS**⁷² was born in Sep 1871. Ewing W. SWANEY and Laura Bell PASTORIUS had the following children:

- SW-51 i. **Clarence SWANEY**⁷³ was born on 23 Apr 1893.
- SW-52 ii. **Milton SWANEY**⁷⁴ was born on 24 Jun 1898.
- SW-53 iii. **Ruth SWANEY**⁷⁵ was born on 13 Oct 1908.
- +SW-54 iv. **Thelma SWANEY.**

SW-38. **Sarah Ellen SWANEY** was born on 27 May 1873 in Smithfield, Fayette Co., PA.⁷⁶ She died on 20 Jul 1945 in Oliphant Furnace, Fayette Co., PA.⁷⁷ Sarah Ellen is buried at Maple Grove Cemetery in Fairchance, PA with her first husband, James Marshall Lewis.

She was married to James Marshall LEWIS (son of Joseph Paul LEWIS and Mary Melcina SULLIVAN) on 5 Jun 1890.⁷⁸ **James Marshall LEWIS**⁷⁹ was born on 10 Jul 1868 in Gibbons Glade, Fayette Co., PA.⁸⁰ He died on 25 Jul 1923 in Fairchance, Fayette Co., PA.⁸¹ He is buried at Maple Grove Cemetery in Fairchance with his wife Sara Ellen. Sarah Ellen SWANEY and James Marshall LEWIS had the following children:

*See the
Descendants of
Benjamin A.
LEWIS for a
continuation of
this line.*

- +LE-15 i. **Lindsay Chester LEWIS.**
- +LE-16 ii. **Mary Sophia LEWIS.**
- LE-77 iii. **Omar Ralph LEWIS** was born in 1905 in Oliphant Furnace, Fayette Co., PA. He died on 1 Jul 1985. Ralph never married.
- +LE-18 iv. **Henry Ray LEWIS.**

She was married to Chalf MITCHELL.⁸²

SW-39. **Lydie Alverdie SWANEY** was born on 18 Jan 1875 in Smithfield, Fayette Co., PA.⁸³ She died on 19 Jan 1945.⁸⁴

She was married to Nicholas Wells PEYTON on 22 Dec 1904. Lydie Alverdie SWANEY and Nicholas Wells PEYTON had the following children:

- SW-59 i. **Edgar PEYTON**⁸⁵ was born in 1909.
- SW-60 ii. **Sander PEYTON**⁸⁶.
- SW-61 iii. **Leona PEYTON**⁸⁷.

SW-62 iv. **Sophia PEYTON**⁸⁸.

SW-40. **Frank Everhart SWANEY** was born on 26 Dec 1876 in Smithfield, Fayette Co., PA.⁸⁹ He died on 22 Oct 1933.⁹⁰

He was married to Alverda ABLE (daughter of Oliver ABLE and Helena VICTOR) on 20 Mar 1898. **Alverda ABLE** was born on 25 Jul 1878.⁹¹ She died on 29 Jun 1920.⁹² Frank Everhart SWANEY and Alverda ABLE had the following children:

- +SW-63 i. **Palmer W. SWANEY.**
- SW-64 ii. **Nell SWANEY**⁹³ was born on 10 Feb 1901. She died on 17 Apr 1984.
- SW-65 iii. **Paul SWANEY**⁹⁴ was born on 24 Feb 1907. He died on 12 Apr 1983.
- SW-66 iv. **Edna SWANEY**⁹⁵.
- +SW-67 v. **Bertha Irene SWANEY.**
- SW-68 vi. **Frank SWANEY**⁹⁶.
- SW-69 vii. **Samuel Ferd SWANEY** was born on 1 Apr 1916. He died on 1 Apr 1916.
- +SW-70 viii. **Blanche SWANEY.**
- +SW-71 ix. **Alverta SWANEY.**
- SW-72 x. **Bruce SWANEY**⁹⁷.

SW-42. **Omer W. SWANEY** was born on 30 Jan 1881 in Smithfield, Fayette Co., PA.⁹⁸

He was married to Anna KOEFF (daughter of Nicholas KOEFF and Katherine UNKNOWN) on 14 Dec 1908.

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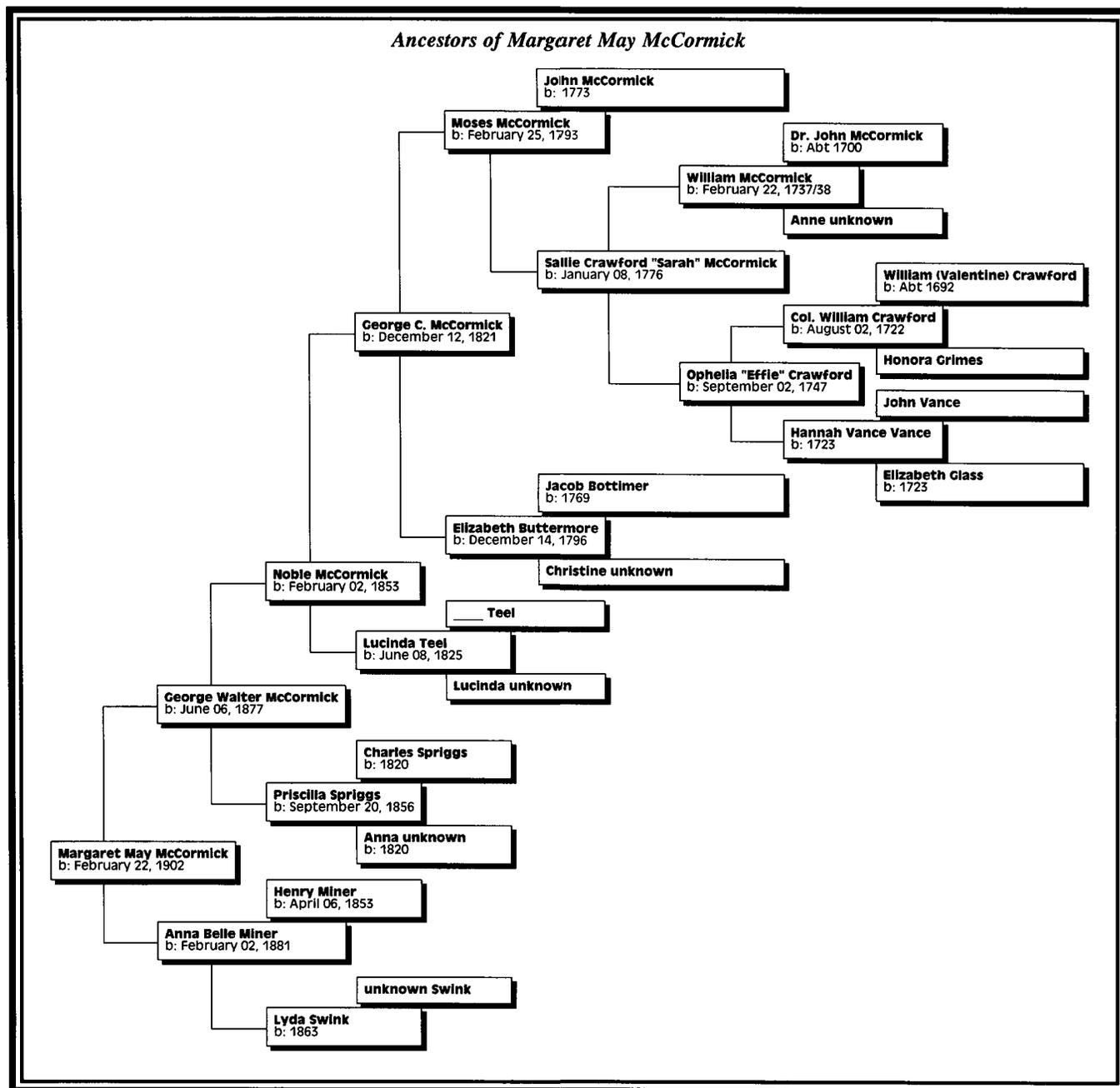
INDEX

- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| <p>ABLE
Alverda, 339
Oliver, 339
BATTO
Elizabeth, 334
BELL
Charles, 338
Joseph F., 338
Julia, 338
Olive, 338
BRECHEIN
Sara Ann, 335
BRICK
Mary, 337
CARR
John, 335
CHILDS
Margaret, 336
CIRTSHOW
Catherine, 337
DAVIS
Mary, 336
DOYLE
Henry, 334
FARR
Lucinda Hopwood, 335
FORDYCE
Emma, 336
GOODWIN
James, 336</p> | <p>Joseph, 336
Martha Jane, 336
HARRIS
John, 337
John H., 337
HARTMAN
Margaret C., 336
HIBBS
Elizabeth Ann, 336
KOEFF
Anna, 339
Nicholas, 339
LEWIS
Henry Ray, 338
James Marshall, 338
Joseph Paul, 338
Lindsay Chester, 338
Mary Sophia, 338
Omar Ralph, 338
LOWE
Jonathan, 337
MCCARTY
James William, 336
MCCOULLOUGH
Catherine, 334
MCCULLOUGH
Dorothy J., 335
John, 335
MCFADDEN</p> | <p>Hannah Jane, 336
MITCHELL
Chalf, 338
MOATS
Tom, 335
MOSER
Ruth, 335
____, 335
MOSIER
Daniel, 337
Sophia Ann, 337
PASTORIUS
Charles, 338
Laura Bell, 338
PEYTON
Edgar, 338
Leona, 338
Nicholas Wells, 338
Sander, 338
Sophia, 339
PRICE
Elizabeth Sarah, 337
Margaret, 335
PRINGLE
James, 336
RHODES
Otho, 335
RIBLET
Daniel, 334</p> |
|---|--|---|

Elizabeth Matilda Miller, 335
 ROBERTS
 Charles, 337
 Lanah, 337
 SEESE
 Charlotte, 334
 SERRINE
 Sarah, 334
 SHANABERGER
 Charles Wesley, 338
 Christopher Houser, 338
 Eli James, 337
 Elizabeth, 335
 Maggie Mae, 338
 Sophia, 338
 William, 337
 William Arthur, 338
 SULLIVAN
 Mary Melcina, 338
 SWANEY
 Alex J., 334, 335
 Alexander J., 335, 336
 Alford, 334, 335
 Alverta, 339
 Barbara Ellen, 334, 336
 Bertha Irene, 339
 Blanche, 339
 Bruce, 339
 Clarence, 338
 Clark David, 334, 336
 Cynthia Ann, 335
 Daniel Batto, 334, 335
 Earsela, 335
 Edna, 339
 Elizabeth, 334, 335, 336
 Elizabeth E., 335
 Ewing W., 337, 338
 Frank, 339
 Frank Everhart, 337, 339
 George, 334
 George Victor, 334
 James, 334
 James A., 334, 335
 James B., 334, 336
 James R., 337
 John, 334
 John Thomas, 335, 337
 Joseph, 334, 335
 Joseph W., 334, 336
 LeeRoy C., 334, 336
 Lydie Alverdie, 337, 338
 Mary Ann, 334, 335
 Mary Bell, 338
 Mary Jane, 335, 337
 Mary Olive, 337
 Mary R., 334, 335
 Milton, 338
 Minnie H. (Melissa), 337
 Myriah, 334, 335
 Nancy Kate, 334, 336
 Nell, 339
 Omer W., 337, 339
 Otho, 334, 336
 Palmer W., 339
 Paul, 339
 Phillip, 334
 Ruth, 338
 Ruth Ann (Russie), 337, 338
 Samuel Ferd, 339
 Sarah Ellen, 337, 338
 Sarah Jane, 334, 336
 Thelma, 338
 William C., 334
 William Henry H., 334, 335
 Winfield W., 337
 UNKNOWN
 Jane P., 336
 Katherine, 339
 Sarah, 336, 337
 Sophia, 337
 _____, 335
 VICTOR
 Anna Belle, 337
 Helena, 339
 Joseph, 336, 337
 Lavina Patterson, 335
 Otho Rhodes, 336
 Phillip, 334, 335
 Sarah, 334

PART 1

Ancestors of Margaret May McCormick



Descendants of Dr. John McCORMICK

FIRST GENERATION

Descendants of Dr. John McCORMICK down to Margaret May McCORMICK, wife of Lindsay Chester LEWIS and mother of:

Hazel Ruth, George Marshall, James Robert, Eleanor May, Thomas Lindsay, and Jack Walter LEWIS.

MC-1. **Dr. John MCCORMICK**^{1,2} was born about 1700 in Ireland.² He died in 1768. He emigrated to Orange Co., Virginia from Ireland between 1730-40, and settled in present Jefferson Co., WV. He graduated from the University of Dublin, in Dublin, Ireland.

He was married to Anne UNKNOWN. Dr. John MCCORMICK and Anne UNKNOWN had the following children:

- | | | |
|-------|-------|--|
| +MC-2 | i. | James MCCORMICK. |
| MC-3 | ii. | John MCCORMICK ³ was born between 1731 and 1733 in Orange Co., VA. |
| +MC-4 | iii. | Francis MCCORMICK. |
| +MC-5 | iv. | William MCCORMICK. |
| MC-6 | v. | George MCCORMICK ⁴ was born about 1739. |
| MC-7 | vi. | Andrew MCCORMICK ⁵ was born about 1739. |
| +MC-8 | vii. | Mary MCCORMICK. |
| +MC-9 | viii. | Jean MCCORMICK. |

SECOND GENERATION

MC-2. **James MCCORMICK**⁶ was born in 1730 in Ireland or in North Atlantic during crossing.² He died in 1803.²

He was married to Mercy Lupton HAYNES in 1758.

MC-4. **Francis MCCORMICK**⁷ was born on 17 Apr 1734 in Orange Co., VA.² He died in 1794.² He had 9 children with his first wife, Ann, and 3 children with his second wife, a Frost.

He was married to Ann PROVANCE. Francis MCCORMICK and Ann PROVANCE had the following children:

- | | | |
|-------|----|---|
| MC-10 | i. | Province MCCORMICK ² was born est 1754-1774. He was a Colonel in the War of 1812. |
|-------|----|---|

He was married to _____ FROST.

MC-5. **William MCCORMICK**⁸ was born on 22 Feb 1738 in Virginia. He died in 1816 in Ohio (Adams, Co.?).² He and Effie had 11 children.

He was married to Ophelia "Effie" CRAWFORD (daughter of Col. William CRAWFORD and Hannah VANCE) on 10 Feb 1773 in Wilderness of Youghiogheny Valley. **Ophelia "Effie" CRAWFORD**^{9,2} was born on 2 Sep 1747 in Virginia.¹⁰ She died in 1821 in Fayette Co., PA.¹¹ William MCCORMICK and Ophelia "Effie" CRAWFORD had the following children:

- | | | |
|--------|------|---|
| MC-11 | i. | Nancy MCCORMICK ¹² was born on 2 Jul 1774 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA. ^{13,14} She died in Ohio. ¹⁵ |
| +MC-12 | ii. | Sallie Crawford "Sarah" MCCORMICK. |
| +MC-13 | iii. | Molley "Mary" MCCORMICK. |
| MC-14 | iv. | John "Jack" MCCORMICK ¹⁶ was born on 14 Jun 1778. ^{17,14} He died in Ohio. John was retarded. |
| MC-15 | v. | William jr. MCCORMICK ¹⁸ was born on 15 Jun 1780. ¹⁹ He died in Davies Co., Indiana. ²⁰ |

- MC-16 vi. **Charles MCCORMICK**^{21,14} was born on 18 Dec 1781.²² He died in Anderson Co., Tennessee.²³
- MC-17 vii. **James MCCORMICK**¹⁴ was born on 18 Dec 1783 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA.
- +MC-18 viii. **Hannah MCCORMICK.**
- MC-19 ix. **Andrew MCCORMICK**¹⁴ was born on 15 Aug 1787.
- +MC-20 x. **Jane MCCORMICK.**
- MC-21 xi. **Effelia MCCORMICK**²⁴ was born on 31 Oct 1791 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA.

MC-8. **Mary MCCORMICK**²⁵ was born in 1740.² She died in 1810.²

She was married to Magnus TATE.

MC-9. **Jean MCCORMICK**²⁶ was born between 1741 and 1745.

She was married to James BRYEN.

THIRD GENERATION

MC-12. **Sallie Crawford "Sarah" MCCORMICK**^{2,14} was born on 8 Jan 1776 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA. In the Shaw papers, Sarah's birth date is listed as 8 Jan 1776. In the 1850 Census for Provance McCormick a woman with the name of Sarah W., age 82, is living in the household. If this is Provance's mother then she would have been born in 1768. She died in 1854.

She was married to John MCCORMICK in 1796. **John MCCORMICK**²⁷ was born in 1773. Sallie Crawford "Sarah" MCCORMICK and John MCCORMICK had the following children:

- +MC-22 i. **Moses MCCORMICK.**
- MC-23 ii. **George Crawford MCCORMICK**² died about 1794 in Fayette Co., PA. He died in infancy. He was born on 2 Jan 1794.¹⁴
- +MC-24 iii. **Provance MCCORMICK.**
- +MC-25 iv. **Alfred Gibson MCCORMICK.**

MC-13. **Molley "Mary" MCCORMICK**²⁸ was born on 1 Feb 1777 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA.²⁹ She died in Hamilton Co., Ohio.³⁰

She was married to William DAVIES. **William DAVIES**³¹ died in 1874 in Adams County, OH.³² He was born Hagerstown, MD in 1776.³³

MC-18. **Hannah MCCORMICK**³⁴ was born on 23 Nov 1785 in Fayette Co., PA.³⁵ She died in Jul 1867 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA.³⁶

She was married to Peter BUTTERMORE in 1810.³⁷ Hannah MCCORMICK and Peter BUTTERMORE had the following children:

- MC-26 i. **Elizabeth (Betty) BUTTERMORE**³⁸.

MC-20. **Jane MCCORMICK**³⁹ was born on 27 Oct 1789 in Fayette Co., PA.^{40,14} She died in 1867 in Hamilton Co., Ohio.⁴¹

She was married to John TILLARD.

FOURTH GENERATION

MC-22. **Moses MCCORMICK**^{42,43} was born on 25 Feb 1793 in Fayette Co., PA. He died on 29 Dec 1839 in Fayette Co., PA.⁴⁴ Moses is buried at Chestnut Hill Cemetery, Connellsville, PA. Moses served as a private in the War of 1812 in Capt. John McClean's Company, belonging to a regiment of Pennsylvania militia commanded by Col. Rees Hill. After his service he was "a chairmaker and prominent citizen in the early day."

He was married to Elizabeth BUTTERMORE (daughter of Jacob BOTTIMER and Christine UNKNOWN) on 31 Mar 1815 in Fayette Co., PA.⁴² **Elizabeth BUTTERMORE**⁴² was born on 14 Dec 1796 in Fayette Co., PA. She died on 13 Feb 1879 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA. Moses MCCORMICK and Elizabeth BUTTERMORE had the following children:

- | | | |
|--------|-------|---|
| MC-27 | i. | Jacob MCCORMICK ⁴⁵ . |
| +MC-28 | ii. | George C. MCCORMICK . |
| MC-29 | iii. | Andrew MCCORMICK ⁴⁶ . |
| MC-30 | iv. | John MCCORMICK ⁴⁷ . |
| MC-31 | v. | William MCCORMICK ⁴⁸ . "The only living child is William, now residing near Anderson, Indiana." |
| +MC-32 | vi. | Eliza MCCORMICK . |
| +MC-33 | vii. | Katherine MCCORMICK . |
| +MC-34 | viii. | Mary MCCORMICK . |
| +MC-35 | ix. | Sarah Ann MCCORMICK . |

MC-24. **Provance MCCORMICK**^{2,14} was born on 29 Jul 1799 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA. He died on 16 Jun 1887 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA. In the 1850 Census, a Sarah W., age 82, and a child Emily Kearns, age 7, are living in the household along with his wife Susan, age 49, daughter Elizabeth, age 29, and Jane, age 25, and son Joseph, age 19.

He was married to Susan BOWERS in 1818. **Susan BOWERS**² was born in 1801 in Fayette Co., PA.⁴⁹ She died in 1868.⁵⁰ She was born of Nova Scotia parents. Provance MCCORMICK and Susan BOWERS had the following children:

- | | | |
|--------|------|--|
| MC-36 | i. | Elizabeth MCCORMICK ^{51,52} was born in 1821 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA. |
| +MC-37 | ii. | Jane MCCORMICK . |
| MC-38 | iii. | George Bowers MCCORMICK ⁵³ was born between 1825 and 1831 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA. |
| +MC-39 | iv. | Joseph Trevor MCCORMICK . |

MC-25. **Alfred Gibson MCCORMICK**^{2,14} was born on 4 Dec 1801 in Fayette Co., PA. He died on 17 Mar 1870 in Kincaid Township, Jackson Co., Illinois.

He was married to Frances CORNELIUS in 1822.

FIFTH GENERATION

MC-28. **George C. MCCORMICK**^{49,54} was born on 12 Dec 1821 in Fayette Co., PA.⁴² He died on 9 Jul 1878 in Fayette Co., PA.⁴² "He was for many years engaged in the butcher business in Connellsville, was

also a chair maker and a skillful glazier. He was a democrat, and both he and his wife members of the Methodist Episcopal church. He was a quite retiring man, of excellent reputation."

He was married to Lucinda TEEL (daughter of _____ TEEL and Lucinda UNKNOWN). **Lucinda TEEL**⁴⁹ was born on 8 Jun 1825 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA.⁵⁵ She died on 20 Jun 1887 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA.⁵⁶ Lucinda is buried at Chestnut Hill Cemetery in Connellsville, PA Her father was a soldier in the War of 1812. George C. MCCORMICK and Lucinda TEEL had the following children:

- +MC-40 i. **Mary MCCORMICK.**
- +MC-41 ii. **John Hurst (Hunt?) MCCORMICK.**
- +MC-42 iii. **Emely (Emma) MCCORMICK.**
- MC-43 iv. **Elizabeth MCCORMICK**⁴⁹ was born in 1851 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA.
- +MC-44 v. **Noble MCCORMICK.**
- +MC-45 vi. **Miltilda MCCORMICK.**
- MC-46 vii. **Franklin Charles MCCORMICK**⁴⁹ was born in 1859 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA.
- +MC-47 viii. **William MCCORMICK.**
- +MC-48 ix. **Lucinda MCCORMICK.**
- MC-49 x. **George MCCORMICK**⁵⁷ was born in 1865 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA.

MC-32. **Eliza MCCORMICK**⁵⁸.

She was married to Henry SHAW.

MC-33. **Katherine MCCORMICK**⁵⁹.

She was married to Jacob DULL.

MC-34. **Mary MCCORMICK**⁶⁰.

She was married to John FREEMAN.

MC-35. **Sarah Ann MCCORMICK**⁶¹ was born on 18 May 1825.⁶² She died on 9 Sep 1911.⁶³

She was married to Ruben Wertz SHAW (son of James SHAW and Marjory VANCE) on 31 May 1846.⁶⁴ She was divorced from Ruben Wertz SHAW. **Ruben Wertz SHAW**⁶⁵ was born on 19 Feb 1823. He died on 6 Apr 1903.⁶⁶ Sarah Ann MCCORMICK and Ruben Wertz SHAW had the following children:

- MC-50 i. **Margaret Jane SHAW**⁶⁷ was born in 1851.
- MC-51 ii. **Sarah H. SHAW**⁶⁸ was born on 31 May 1858.
- MC-52 iii. **Albert Baker SHAW**⁶⁹ was born on 16 Sep 1861.
- +MC-53 iv. **Lillian May SHAW.**

She was married to John STILLWAGON.

Sarah Ann MCCORMICK and COURTNEY had the following children:

- +MC-54 i. **Ann Elizabeth COURTNEY.**

MC-37. **Jane MCCORMICK**^{51,70} was born in 1825 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA. She died on 24 Oct 1886 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA.⁷¹

She was married to Christian SYNDER.

MC-39. **Joseph Trevor MCCORMICK**^{51,72} was born on 23 Nov 1830 in Connellsville, Fayette Co.,

PA.⁷³ He died on 4 May 1904 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA.⁷⁴

He was married to Susan NEWMYER (daughter of Jonathan NEWMYER and Mary STRICKLER) on 2 Oct 1855 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA. Joseph Trevor MCCORMICK and Susan NEWMYER had the following children:

- +MC-55 i. **Mary Maude MCCORMICK.**
- MC-56 ii. **Karl C. MCCORMICK**⁷⁵ died in 1891.⁷⁶
- +MC-57 iii. **Dr. Louis (Lewis) Provance MCCORMICK.**

SIXTH GENERATION

MC-40. **Mary MCCORMICK**⁷⁷ was born in 1842 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA. She died in 1896.

She was married to Christopher BEALSEY. **Christopher BEALSEY**⁷⁸ was born in 1837. He died in 1907. Mary MCCORMICK and Christopher BEALSEY had the following children:

- MC-58 i. **Jessie BEALSEY**⁷⁹.

MC-41. **John Hurst (Hunt?) MCCORMICK** was born between 1845 and 1847 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA.^{49,80}

He was married to Mary LYONS. **Mary LYONS**^{57,81} was born in 1857.⁸² She died in 1888.⁸³ John Hurst (Hunt?) MCCORMICK and Mary LYONS had the following children:

- +MC-59 i. **Mary MCCORMICK.**
- MC-60 ii. **Harry MCCORMICK**⁵⁷ was born in 1871 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA. He died in 1910.⁸⁴ Harry is buried at Chestnut Hill Cemetery in Connellsville, PA
- MC-61 iii. **Effa MCCORMICK**⁵⁷ was born in 1877 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA.

42. **Emely (Emma) MCCORMICK** was born on 4 Oct 1848 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA.^{49,85}

She was married to Rockwell MARIETTA in 1866.^{86,87} **Rockwell MARIETTA**⁸⁸ was born on 5 Dec 1849.⁸⁹ He died on 5 Dec 1922.⁹⁰ Emely (Emma) MCCORMICK and Rockwell MARIETTA had the following children:

- +MC-62 i. **Mary G. MARIETTA.**
- MC-63 ii. **Rose MARIETTA**⁹¹ was born in 1880.
- +MC-64 iii. **George Rockwell MARIETTA.**

MC-44. **Noble MCCORMICK** was born on 2 Feb 1853 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA.⁹² He died on 6 Feb 1929 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA.⁹² He worked for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in Connellsville and later became a member of the Connellsville, PA police force.

He was married to Priscilla SPRIGGS (daughter of Charles SPRIGGS and Anna UNKNOWN) on 15 Sep 1873 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA.⁹³ **Priscilla SPRIGGS** was born on 20 Sep 1856 in Swansea, Glamorgan Co., Wales, UK.⁹⁴ She died on 17 Mar 1934 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA.⁹⁴ Priscilla immigrated with her family to the US in 1847 when she was 9 years old. She lived at 201 East Fayette Street, Connellsville, PA for 60 years. Noble MCCORMICK and Priscilla SPRIGGS had the following children:

- +MC-65 i. **Edward MCCORMICK.**
- +MC-66 ii. **George Walter MCCORMICK.**

+MC-67 iii. **Nora MCCORMICK.**

MC-45. **Miltilda MCCORMICK**⁴⁹ was born on 3 Sep 1854 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA.⁹⁵ She died on 10 Jun 1880.⁹⁶

She was married to Fred Norton HARLAN on 5 Apr 1907.⁹⁷ **Fred Norton HARLAN**⁹⁸ was born on 24 May 1852. He died on 9 Jun 1934. Miltilda MCCORMICK and Fred Norton HARLAN had the following children:

+MC-68 i. **Stella HARLAN.**

MC-47. **William MCCORMICK**^{57,92} was born in 1861 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA. He was a Street Commissioner in Connellsville, PA.

He was married to Nancy LOOR in 1882. **Nancy LOOR**⁹⁹ was born in 1859. William MCCORMICK and Nancy LOOR had the following children:

+MC-69 i. **Laura Mae MCCORMICK.**

MC-48. **Lucinda MCCORMICK**⁵⁷ was born in 1863 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA.

She was married to Cyrus Foster CRITCHFIELD.

MC-53. **Lillian May SHAW**²⁷ was born in 1865.

She was married to Walter J. MACBETH in 1882.²⁷ **Walter J. MACBETH**²⁷ was born in 1864. Lillian May SHAW and Walter J. MACBETH had the following children:

+MC-70 i. **Irene M. MACBETH.**

MC-54. **Ann Elizabeth COURTNEY**¹⁰⁰ was born on 1 Jun 1844.

She was married to William TRUMP. Ann Elizabeth COURTNEY and William TRUMP had the following children:

+MC-71 i. **Cora Mae TRUMP.**

MC-55. **Mary Maude MCCORMICK**^{101,102}.

She was married to Rev. John M. SCOTT. Mary Maude MCCORMICK and Rev. John M. SCOTT had the following children:

MC-72 i. **John M. Jr. SCOTT**¹⁰³.
 MC-73 ii. **Jean SCOTT**¹⁰⁴.
 MC-74 iii. **Donald M. SCOTT**¹⁰⁵.
 +MC-75 iv. **Roger M. SCOTT.**
 MC-76 v. **Malcome M. SCOTT**¹⁰⁶.

MC-57. **Dr. Louis (Lewis) Provance MCCORMICK**¹⁰⁷ was born on 7 Aug 1866 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA.¹⁰⁸ He was a surgeon during the Spanish-American War.

He was married to Katherine FELSINGER on 1 Feb 1906.¹⁰⁹ Dr. Louis (Lewis) Provance MCCORMICK and Katherine FELSINGER had the following children:

MC-77 i. **Helen MCCORMICK**¹¹⁰ was born on 2 Jan 1907.

MC-78 ii. **Martha MCCORMICK**¹¹¹ was born on 12 Mar 1909.

SEVENTH GENERATION

MC-59. **Mary MCCORMICK**⁵⁷ was born in 1869 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA.

She was married to Jesse G. PERCY.

MC-62. **Mary G. MARIETTA**¹¹² was born on 10 Feb 1878. She died on 5 Dec 1922.

She was married to Augusta Demetrius SOISSON on 11 Feb 1903. **Augusta Demetrius SOISSON**¹¹³ was born on 15 Dec 1872. Mary G. MARIETTA and Augusta Demetrius SOISSON had the following children:

- MC-79 i. **Marietta Demetrius SOISSON**¹¹⁴ was born on 23 Apr 1904.
- MC-80 ii. **Augustus Donald SOISSON**¹¹⁵ was born on 12 Nov 1912.
- MC-81 iii. **J. Melvin SOISSON**¹¹⁶ was born on 12 Mar 1914.
- MC-82 iv. **Robert Randolph SOISSON**¹¹⁷ was born on 11 Sep 1919.

MC-64. **George Rockwell MARIETTA**¹¹⁸ was born on 30 Sep 1882. He died on 4 May 1932.

He was married to Mabel KELLY. George Rockwell MARIETTA and Mabel KELLY had the following children:

- MC-83 i. **Jan A. MARIETTA**¹¹⁹ was born on 25 Apr 1907.

MC-65. **Edward MCCORMICK**^{57,120} was born on 28 Nov 1873 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA.¹²¹ He died on 24 Dec 1966 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA.¹²¹ He is buried at Green Ridge Cemetery in Connellsville, PA. He was a boss boiler maker at the Baltimore and Ohio shops in Connellsville, PA.

He was married to Anna Belle HERRING (daughter of Sylvester HERRING). **Anna Belle HERRING** was born on 29 Jun 1873.¹²² She died on 10 Dec 1961.¹²² Edward MCCORMICK and Anna Belle HERRING had the following children:

- MC-84 i. **Roger MCCORMICK**¹²².
- MC-85 ii. **Ray MCCORMICK**¹²².
- MC-86 iii. **Maud MCCORMICK**¹²² was born on 24 Nov 1895 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA.¹²³ She died on 1 Oct 1967.¹²³ She is buried at Green Ridge Cemetery in Connellsville, PA.
- +MC-87 iv. **Edna MCCORMICK**.
- +MC-88 v. **Edith MCCORMICK**.
- MC-89 vi. **Howard MCCORMICK**¹²² died in 1942.
- MC-90 vii. **Sara MCCORMICK**¹²² died in 1950.

MC-66. **George Walter MCCORMICK** was born on 6 Jun 1877 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA.¹²⁴ He died on 16 Mar 1947 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA. Walter died in the family home at 201 East Fayette Street, Connellsville, PA.

He was married to Anna Belle MINER (daughter of Henry MINER and Lyda SWINK) on 24 Sep 1898 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA. **Anna Belle MINER** was born on 2 Feb 1881 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA. She died on 3 Oct 1925 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA. George Walter MCCORMICK and Anna Belle MINER had the following children:

- +MC-91 i. **Margaret May MCCORMICK.**
- MC-92 ii. **Noble MCCORMICK** died in 1904. He was born in 1889 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA.

MC-67. **Nora MCCORMICK.**

She was married to Guy K. PERCY. **Guy K. PERCY**¹²⁵ died in 1908.¹²⁶ Nora MCCORMICK and Guy K. PERCY had the following children:

- +MC-93 i. **George Cooper PERCY.**

She was married to Walter WYNCOOP.⁹² Nora MCCORMICK and Walter WYNCOOP had the following children:

- MC-94 i. **James PERCY**¹²⁴.

MC-68. **Stella HARLAN**¹²⁷ was born on 25 Nov 1876.¹²⁸

She was married to Charles N. MCCORMICK on 1 Jul 1891.¹²⁹ **Charles N. MCCORMICK**¹³⁰ was born on 12 Aug 1878. He died on 28 May 1892. Stella HARLAN and Charles N. MCCORMICK had the following children:

- +MC-95 i. **Charles Arthur MCCORMICK.**

MC-69. **Laura Mae MCCORMICK**¹³¹.

She was married to Oliver CLARK.

MC-70. **Irene M. MACBETH**²⁷ died on 28 Jul 1963. She was born in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA.

She was married to Jesse W. COGLEY.

MC-71. **Cora Mae TRUMP**¹³² was born on 22 May 1873.

She was married to Edward BUCKINGHAM. Cora Mae TRUMP and Edward BUCKINGHAM had the following children:

- +MC-96 i. **Wilma BUCKINGHAM.**

MC-75. **Roger M. SCOTT**¹³³.

He was married to Martha SINCLAIR.

EIGHTH GENERATION

MC-87. **Edna MCCORMICK**¹²².

She was married to Fred MOSER.

MC-88. **Edith MCCORMICK**¹²².

She was married to Edward MASON.

MC-91. **Margaret May MCCORMICK** was born on 22 Feb 1902 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA. She died on 7 Jun 1975 in Dupont Village, Uniontown, Fayette Co., PA. She is buried with her third husband Grover A. Cowdery in Mountain View Cemetery, Brownfield, PA along the Hopwood-Fairchance Road.

She was married to Lindsay Chester LEWIS (son of James Marshall LEWIS and Sarah Ellen SWANEY) in 1919 in Cumberland, MD. She was divorced from Lindsay Chester LEWIS in 1946 in Uniontown, Fayette Co., PA. **Lindsay Chester LEWIS** was born on 19 May 1899 in Oliphant Furnace, Fayette Co., PA. He died on 9 Mar 1974 in Brownsville, PA. He is buried in Lafayette Memorial Park, Brownsville, PA. He had Social Security Number 208-05-0226. Lindsay served in the Army during WWI, the Navy (SeaBees) during WWII and the Navy during the Korean War. Margaret May MCCORMICK and Lindsay Chester LEWIS had the following children:

*See the
Descendants of
Benjamin A.
LEWIS for a
continuation of
this line.*

- | | | |
|--------|------|-------------------------------|
| +LE-41 | i. | Hazel Ruth LEWIS. |
| +LE-42 | ii. | George Marshall LEWIS. |
| +LE-43 | iii. | James Robert LEWIS. |
| +LE-44 | iv. | Eleanor May LEWIS. |
| +LE-45 | v. | Thomas Lindsay LEWIS. |
| +LE-46 | vi. | Jack Walter LEWIS. |

She was married to Orva Kenneth MYERS in 1949 in Uniontown, Fayette Co., PA. She was divorced from Orva Kenneth MYERS in 1954 in Beaver Falls, PA.

She was married to Grover A. COWDERY in Beaver Falls, PA. **Grover A. COWDERY** was born in 1888. Grover was in the Army during WW I. He died in 1973 in Smithfield, Fayette Co., PA. He is buried with his second wife Margaret May McCormick in Mountain View Cemetery, Brownfield, PA along the Hopwood-Fairchance Road.

MC-93. **George Cooper PERCY**¹²⁶ was born in 1905. He died in Jan 1927 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA.

He was married to Garnetta MCCORMICK in Jan 1927 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA.¹²⁶

MC-95. **Charles Arthur MCCORMICK**¹³⁴ was born on 29 Apr 1892 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA. He died on 12 Oct 1949 in V.A. Hospital, Pittsburgh, PA.

He was married to Margaret CARSON (daughter of Charles Emmett CARSON and Anna Susan ROBENSON) on 26 Nov 1919. **Margaret CARSON** was born on 22 Sep 1895. She died in Uniontown, Fayette Co., PA. She was buried in Sylvan Heights Cemetery, Uniontown, PA.¹³⁵

MC-96. **Wilma BUCKINGHAM**¹³⁶ was born on 4 Jun 1904.

She was married to Arnold L. PECKMAN on 17 Dec 1927.¹³⁷

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INDEX

- BEALSEY
 Christopher, 348
 Jessie, 348
 BOTTIMER
 Jacob, 346
 BOWERS
 Susan, 346
 BRYEN
 James, 345
 BUCKINGHAM
 Edward, 351
 Wilma, 351, 352
 BUTTERMORE
 Elizabeth, 346
 Elizabeth (Betty), 345
 Peter, 345
 CARSON
 Charles Emmett, 352
 Margaret, 352
 CLARK
 Oliver, 351
 COGLEY
 Jesse W., 351
 CORNELIUS
 Frances, 346
 COURTNEY
 _____, 347
 Ann Elizabeth, 347, 349
 COWDERY
 Grover A., 352
 CRAWFORD
 Col. William, 344
 Ophelia (Effie), 344
 CRITCHFIELD
 Cyrus Foster, 349
 DAVIES
 William, 345
 DULL
 Jacob, 347
 FELSINGER
 Katherine, 349
 FREEMAN
 John, 347
 FROST
 _____, 344
 HARLAN
 Fred Norton, 349
 Stella, 349, 351
 HAYNES
 Mercy Lupton, 344
 HERRING
 Anna Belle, 350
 Sylvester, 350
 KELLY
 Mabel, 350
 LEWIS
 Eleanor May, 352
 George Marshall, 352
 Hazel Ruth, 352
 Jack Walter, 352
 James Marshall, 352
 James Robert, 352
 Lindsay Chester, 352
 Thomas Lindsay, 352
 LOOR
 Nancy, 349
 LYONS
 Mary, 348
 MACBETH
 Irene M., 349, 351
 Walter J., 349
 MARIETTA
 George Rockwell, 348, 350
 Jan A., 350
 Mary G., 348, 350
 Rockwell, 348
 Rose, 348
 MASON
 Edward, 351
 MCCORMICK
 Alfred Gibson, 345, 346
 Andrew, 344, 345, 346
 Charles, 345,
 Charles Arthur, 351, 352
 Charles N., 351
 Dr. John, 344
 Edith, 350, 351
 Edna, 350, 351
 Edward, 348, 350
 Effa, 348
 Effelia, 345
 Eliza, 346, 347
 Elizabeth, 346, 347
 Emely (Emma), 347, 348
 Francis, 344
 Franklin Charles, 347
 Garnetta, 352
 George, 344
 George Bowers, 346
 George Crawford, 345
 George C., 346
 George Walter, 348, 350
 Hannah, 345
 Harry, 348
 Helen, 349
 Howard, 350
 Jacob, 346
 James, 344, 345
 Jane, 345, 346, 347
 Jean, 344, 345
 John, 344, 345, 346
 John Hurst (Hunt?), 347, 348
 John (Jack), 344
 Joseph Trevor, 346, 347
 Karl C., 348
 Katherine, 346, 347
 Laura Mae, 349, 351
 Louis Provance, 348, 349
 Lucinda, 347, 349
 Margaret May, 351, 352
 Martha, 350
 Mary, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348,
 350

Mary Maude, 348, 349
 Maud, 350
 Miltilda, 347. 6
 Molley (Mary), 344, 345
 Moses, 345, 346
 Nancy, 344
 Noble, 347, 348, 351
 Nora, 349, 351
 Provance, 345, 346
 Province, 344
 Ray, 350
 Roger, 350
 Sallie (Sarah), 344, 345
 Sara, 350
 Sarah Ann, 346, 347
 William, 344, 346, 347, 349
 William Jr., 344
MINER
 Anna Belle, 350
 Henry, 350
MOSER
 Fred, 351
MYERS
 Orva Kenneth, 0
NEWMYER
 Jonathan, 348
 Susan, 348
PECKMAN
 Arnold L., 352
PERCY
 George Cooper, 351, 352
 Guy K., 351
 James, 351
 Jesse G., 350
PROVANCE
 Ann, 344
RILEY
 Ferrill, 345
ROBENSON
 Anna Susan, 352
SCOTT
 Donald M., 349
 Jean, 349
 John M., 349
 John M. Jr., 349
 Malcome M., 349
 Roger M. 6, 351
SHAW
 Albert Baker, 347
 Henry, 347
 James, 347
 Lillian May, 347, 349
 Margaret Jane, 347
 Ruben Wertz, 347
 Sarah H., 347
SINCLAIR
 Martha, 351
SOISSON
 Augusta Demetrius, 350
 Augustus Donald, 350
 J.Melvin, 350
 Marietta Demetrius, 350
 Robert Randolph, 350
SPRIGGS
 Charles, 348
 Priscilla, 348
STILLWAGON
 John, 347
STRICKLER
 Mary, 348
SWANEY
 Sarah Ellen, 352
SWINK
 Lyda, 350
SYNDER
 Christian, 347
TATE
 Magnus, 345
TEEL
 Lucinda, 347
 _____, 347
TILLARD
 John, 346
TRUMP
 Cora Mae, 349, 351
 William, 349
UNKNOWN
 Anna, 348
 Anne, 344
 Christine, 346
 Lucinda, 347
VANCE
 Hannah Vance, 344
 Marjory, 347
WYNCOOP
 Walter, 351

Descendants of William (Valentine) CRAWFORD

FIRST GENERATION

*Descendants of
William
(Valentine)
CRAWFORD down
to Ophelia "Effie"
CRAWFORD
daughter of Col.
William
CRAWFORD and
wife of William
McCORMICK.*

CR-1. **William (Valentine) CRAWFORD**¹ died in 1725.² He was born c1692.³

He was married to Honora GRIMES in 1715.⁴ **Honora GRIMES**⁵ died in 1776 in Shepherdstown, WV.⁶ William (Valentine) CRAWFORD and Honora GRIMES had the following children:

- | | | |
|-------|------|---|
| CR-2 | i. | Mary CRAWFORD ⁷ was born c1716 in Westmoreland County, VA. |
| CR-3 | ii. | Elizabeth CRAWFORD ⁸ was born c1718 in Westmoreland County, VA. |
| CR-4 | iii. | Martha CRAWFORD ⁹ was born c1720 in Westmoreland County, VA. |
| +CR-5 | iv. | Col. William CRAWFORD. |
| CR-6 | v. | Col. Valentine Jr. CRAWFORD ¹⁰ was born in 1724 in Westmoreland County, VA. He died on 7 Jan 1777 in Washington County, PA. |

SECOND GENERATION

CR-5. **Col. William CRAWFORD**¹¹ was born on 2 Aug 1722 in Westmoreland Co., VA.¹² He died on 11 Jun 1782 in Ohio. He met and became friends with George Washington when he was 17. He accompanied General Braddock in his ill-fated campaign against Fort Duquesne in 1755. In 1773 Gov. Penn appointed him presiding justice of Westmoreland Co., PA, then a county covering all of western PA. On 14 Aug 1776 he was commissioned a colonel and put in charge of the 7th Regiment Virginia Battalions. He participated in many major battles and was with Washington when the Continental Army crossed the Delaware on Christmas Day, 1777 to defeat the Hessians encamped at Trenton. In the spring of 1782 he led an expedition against the the Sandusky Indians who had been attacking settlers in the Yough Valley. He was captured by the Indians and burned at the stake. A statue at the Connellsville Library commemorates the bravery of this hero.

He was married to Hannah VANCE (daughter of John VANCE and Elizabeth GLASS) between 1747 and 1761 in Shenandoah Valley, Frederick Co. VA.^{13,14} **Hannah VANCE**¹³ was born in 1723.¹⁵ She died in 1817. Col. William CRAWFORD and Hannah VANCE had the following children:

- | | | |
|--------|------|---|
| +CR-7 | i. | Ophelia "Effie" CRAWFORD. |
| CR-8 | ii. | Sarah (Sally) CRAWFORD ¹⁶ was born in 1749 in Winchester, VA. She died on 10 Nov 1838 in Fayette Co., PA. |
| CR-9 | iii. | John CRAWFORD was born in Jan 1750 in Frederick Co. VA. He died on 22 Sep 1816 in Monroe Twp., Adams Co., OH. |
| +CR-10 | iv. | Ann CRAWFORD. |

THIRD GENERATION

CR-7. **Ophelia "Effie" CRAWFORD**^{17,18} was born on 2 Sep 1747 in Virginia.¹⁹ She died in 1821 in Fayette Co., PA.²⁰

She was married to William MCCORMICK (son of Dr. John MCCORMICK and Anne UNKNOWN) on 10 Feb 1773 in Wilderness of Youghiogheny Valley. **William MCCORMICK**²¹ was born on 22 Feb 1738 in Virginia. He died in 1816 in Ohio (Adams, Co.).¹⁸ He and Effe had 11 children. Ophelia "Effie" CRAWFORD and William MCCORMICK had the following children:

- | | | |
|--------|-----|---|
| MC-11 | i. | Nancy MCCORMICK ²² was born on 2 Jul 1774 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA. ^{23,24} She died in Ohio. ²⁵ |
| +MC-12 | ii. | Sallie Crawford "Sarah" MCCORMICK. |

- +MC-13 iii. **Molley "Mary" MCCORMICK.**
 MC-14 iv. **John "Jack" MCCORMICK**²⁶ was born on 14 Jun 1778.^{27,24} He died in Ohio. John was retarded.
 MC-15 v. **William jr. MCCORMICK**²⁸ was born on 15 Jun 1780.²⁹ He died in Davies Co., Indiana.³⁰
 MC-16 vi. **Charles MCCORMICK**^{31,24} was born on 18 Dec 1781.³² He died in Anderson Co., Tennessee.³³
 MC-17 vii. **James MCCORMICK**²⁴ was born on 18 Dec 1783 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA.
 +MC-18 viii. **Hannah MCCORMICK.**
 MC-19 ix. **Andrew MCCORMICK**²⁴ was born on 15 Aug 1787.
 +MC-20 x. **Jane MCCORMICK.**
 MC-21 xi. **Effelia MCCORMICK**³⁴ was born on 31 Oct 1791 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA.

CR-10. **Ann CRAWFORD**³⁵.

She was married to Zachariah CONNELL in 1773.

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INDEX

- | | |
|--------------------------|------------------------------|
| CONNELL | Molley (Mary), 359 |
| Zachariah, 359 | Nancy, 358 |
| CRAWFORD | Sallie Crawford (Sarah), 359 |
| Ann, 358, 359 | William, 358 |
| Col. Valentine Jr., 358 | William Jr., 359 |
| Col. William, 358 | UNKNOWN |
| Elizabeth, 358 | Anne, 358 |
| John, 358 | VANCE |
| Martha, 358 | Hannah Vance, 358 |
| Mary, 358 | John, 358 |
| Ophelia (Effie), 358 | |
| Sarah (Sally), 358 | |
| William (Valentine), 358 | |
| GLASS | |
| Elizabeth, 358 | |
| GRIMES | |
| Honora, 358 | |
| MCCORMICK | |
| Andrew, 359 | |
| Charles, 359 | |
| Dr. John, 358 | |
| Effelia, 359 | |
| Hannah, 359 | |
| James, 359 | |
| Jane, 359 | |
| John (Jack), 359 | |

Descendants of Henry MINER

FIRST GENERATION

MI-1. **Henry MINER** was born on 6 Apr 1853 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA. He died on 25 Apr 1942 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA.

He was married to Lyda SWINK (daughter of unknown SWINK) on 4 Jul 1879 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA. **Lyda SWINK** was born in 1863 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA. She died on 25 Sep 1942 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA. Henry MINER and Lyda SWINK had the following children:

- +MI-2 i. **Anna Belle MINER.**
- +MI-3 ii. **Margaret (Maggie) MINER.**

*Descendants of
Henry MINER
down to Anna Belle
MINER, daughter
of Henry MINER
and wife of George
Walter
McCORMICK.*

SECOND GENERATION

MI-2. **Anna Belle MINER** was born on 2 Feb 1881 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA. She died on 3 Oct 1925 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA.

She was married to George Walter MCCORMICK (son of Noble MCCORMICK and Priscilla SPRIGGS) on 24 Sep 1898 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA. **George Walter MCCORMICK** was born on 6 Jun 1877 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA.¹ He died on 16 Mar 1947 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA. Walter died in the family home at 201 East Fayette Street, Connellsville, PA. Anna Belle MINER and George Walter MCCORMICK had the following children:

- +MI-4 i. **Margaret May MCCORMICK.**
- MI-5 ii. **Noble MCCORMICK** died in 1904. He was born in 1898 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA.

MI-3. **Margaret (Maggie) MINER**² was born between 1882 and 1885.

She was married to Charles BOTTOMLEY. Margaret (Maggie) MINER and Charles BOTTOMLEY had the following children:

- +MI-6 i. **Alice BOTTOMLEY.**
- MI-7 ii. **Elizabeth BOTTOMLEY**².
- +MI-8 iii. **Charles E. BOTTOMLEY.**
- +MI-9 iv. **Myrtle BOTTOMLEY.**
- +MI-10 v. **Margaret BOTTOMLEY.**
- MI-11 vi. **Harry BOTTOMLEY**².
- +MI-12 vii. **Mary BOTTOMLEY.**
- +MI-13 viii. **Charlotte BOTTOMLEY.**

THIRD GENERATION

MI-4. **Margaret May MCCORMICK** was born on 22 Feb 1902 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA. She died on 7 Jun 1975 in Dupont Village, Uniontown, Fayette Co., PA. She is buried with her third husband Grover A. Cowdery in Mountain View Cemetery, Brownfield, PA along the Hopwood-Fairchance Road.

She was married to Lindsay Chester LEWIS (son of James Marshall LEWIS and Sarah Ellen SWANEY) in 1919 in Cumberland, MD. She was divorced from Lindsay Chester LEWIS in 1946 in Uniontown, Fayette Co., PA. **Lindsay Chester LEWIS** was born on 19 May 1899 in Oliphant Furnace, Fayette Co., PA. He

died on 9 Mar 1974 in Brownsville, PA. He is buried in Lafayette Memorial Park, Brownsville, PA. He had Social Security Number 208-05-0226. Lindsay served in the Army during WWI, the Navy (SeaBees) during WWII and the Navy during the Korean War. Margaret May MCCORMICK and Lindsay Chester LEWIS had the following children:

*See Descendants
of Benjamin A.
Lewis for a
continuation of
this line.*

- | | | |
|--------|------|-------------------------------|
| +LE-41 | i. | Hazel Ruth LEWIS. |
| +LE-42 | ii. | George Marshall LEWIS. |
| +LE-43 | iii. | James Robert LEWIS. |
| +LE-44 | iv. | Eleanor May LEWIS. |
| +LE-45 | v. | Thomas Lindsay LEWIS. |
| +LE-46 | vi. | Jack Walter LEWIS. |

She was married to Orva Kenneth MYERS in 1949 in Uniontown, Fayette Co., PA. She was divorced from Orva Kenneth MYERS in 1954 in Beaver Falls, PA.

She was married to Grover A. COWDERY in Beaver Falls, PA. **Grover A. COWDERY** was born in 1888. Grover was in the Army during WW I. He died in 1973 in Smithfield, Fayette Co., PA. He is buried with his second wife Margaret May McCormick in Mountain View Cemetery, Brownfield, PA along the Hopwood-Fairchance Road.

MI-6. **Alice BOTTOMLEY².**

She was married to Charles GORDON.

MI-8. **Charles E. BOTTOMLEY^{2,3}** died on 27 Jan 1994.

He was married to Violet MINER. Charles E. BOTTOMLEY and Violet MINER had the following children:

- | | | |
|-------|------|---------------------------------------|
| MI-20 | i. | Alan BOTTOMLEY³. |
| MI-21 | ii. | William BOTTOMLEY³. |
| MI-22 | iii. | Dewayne BOTTOMLEY³. |

MI-9. **Myrtle BOTTOMLEY²** was born on 11 Feb 1923.⁴ She died on 15 Mar 1993 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA.⁴

She was married to unknown ORNDROFF.

MI-10. **Margaret BOTTOMLEY².**

She was married to unknown LINDSEY.

MI-12. **Mary BOTTOMLEY².**

She was married to Norman BREAKIRON.

MI-13. **Charlotte BOTTOMLEY².**

She was married to Ronald REYNOLDS.

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-

INDEX

BOTTOMLEY

Alan, 362
 Alice, 361, 362
 Charles, 361
 Charles E., 361, 362
 Charlotte, 361, 362
 Dewayne, 362
 Elizabeth, 361
 Harry, 361
 Margaret, 361, 362
 Mary, 361, 362
 Myrtle, 361, 362
 William, 362

BREAKIRON

Norman, 362

COWDERY

Grover A., 362

GORDON

Charles, 362

LEWIS

Eleanor May, 362
 George Marshall, 362
 Hazel Ruth, 362
 Jack Walter, 362
 James Marshall, 361
 James Robert, 362
 Lindsay Chester, 361
 Thomas Lindsay, 362

LINDSEY

unknown, 362

MCCORMICK

George Walter, 361
 Margaret May, 361
 Noble, 361

MINER

Anna Belle, 361
 Henry, 361
 Margaret (Maggie), 361
 Violet, 362

MYERS

Orva Kenneth, 362

ORNDROFF

unknown, 362

REYNOLDS

Ronald, 362

SPRIGGS

Priscilla, 361

SWANEY

Sarah Ellen, 361

SWINK

Lyda, 361
 unknown, 361

Descendants of Charles SPRIGGS

FIRST GENERATION

Descendants of Charles SPRIGGS down to Priscilla SPRIGGS daughter of Charles SPRIGGS and wife of Noble MCCORMICK.

SP-1. **Charles SPRIGGS**¹ was born in 1820 in England.² In the 1870 Fayette County, PA Census, Charles lists his occupation as a coal miner. Both he and his wife informed the census taker they could not read or write. Their children were all listed as having attended school during the year of the census. Priscilla is listed as 13 years old. She told Hazel Lewis Abraham that she came to America with her family when she was 9 years old. Thus, the Spriggs family likely immigrated to America in 1866.

He was married to Anna UNKNOWN. **Anna UNKNOWN**¹ was born in 1820 in Wales, United Kingdom.³ Charles SPRIGGS and Anna UNKNOWN had the following children:

- SP-2 i. **Mary A. SPRIGGS**⁴ was born in 1852 in Wales, United Kingdom.
- SP-3 ii. **Sarah J. SPRIGGS**⁵ was born in 1854 in Wales, United Kingdom.
- +SP-4 iii. **Priscilla SPRIGGS.**

SECOND GENERATION

SP-4. **Priscilla SPRIGGS** was born on 20 Sep 1856 in Swansea, Glamorgan Co., Wales, UK.¹ She died on 17 Mar 1934 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA.¹ Priscilla immigrated with her family to the US in 1847 when she was 9 years old. She lived at 201 East Fayette Street, Connellsville, PA for 60 years.

She was married to Noble MCCORMICK (son of George C. MCCORMICK and Lucinda TEEL) on 15 Sep 1873 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA.⁶ **Noble MCCORMICK** was born on 2 Feb 1853 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA.⁷ He died on 6 Feb 1929 in Connellsville, Fayette Co., PA.⁷ He worked for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in Connellsville and later became a member of the Connellsville, PA police force. Priscilla SPRIGGS and Noble MCCORMICK had the following children:

- +MC-65 i. **Edward MCCORMICK.**
- +MC-66 ii. **George Walter MCCORMICK.**
- +MC-67 iii. **Nora MCCORMICK.**

SOURCES

1. Priscilla Spriggs Obituary.
 2. 1870 PA Census for Fayette County. Roll 1342, p. 52.
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-

INDEX

MCCORMICK
Edward, 364
George C., 364
George Walter, 364
Noble, 364
Nora, 364

SPRIGGS
Charles, 364
Mary A., 364
Priscilla, 364
Sarah J., 364
TEEL

Lucinda, 364
UNKNOWN
Anna, 364

PART 2 - ANCESTORS OF SPOUSES

Ancestors of Willard Allen ABRAHAM

FIRST GENERATION

1. **Willard Allen ABRAHAM**¹ was born on 16 Sep 1917 in Smithfield, Fayette Co., PA. He died on 5 Apr 1991 in White Rock, Fayette Co., PA.² Wib is buried in Mt. Moriah Cemetery in Smithfield, PA.

*Willard Allen
ABRAHAM wa
the husband of
Hazel Ruth
LEWIS.*

SECOND GENERATION

2. **Harry Benson ABRAHAM** was born in Jul 1887 in Smithfield, Fayette Co., PA. He died in 1956 in Fairchance, Fayette Co., PA. He is buried in Mt. Moriah Cemetery in Smithfield, PA.

3. **Myrtle Susanna BOWLEN** was born on 1 Feb 1890 in Fairchance, Fayette Co., PA. She died on 21 Apr 1931 in Fairchance, Fayette Co., PA. She is buried in Mt. Moriah Cemetery in Smithfield, PA. Harry Benson ABRAHAM and Myrtle Susanna BOWLEN had the following children:

1 i. **Willard Allen ABRAHAM.**

THIRD GENERATION

4. **William James (Dee Dee) ABRAHAM**⁴ was born in 1852. He died in 1915. He was married to Hannah BAILEY.

5. **Hannah BAILEY**⁴. William James (Dee Dee) ABRAHAM and Hannah BAILEY had the following children:

2 i. **Harry Benson ABRAHAM.**

6. **Samuel McCarty BOWLEN** was born on 9 Jun 1864. He died on 30 Apr 1952.

7. **Mary Lillie HICKLE** was born on 22 Aug 1866. She died on 2 Nov 1903. Samuel McCarty BOWLEN and Mary Lillie HICKLE had the following children:

3 i. **Myrtle Susanna BOWLEN.**

FOURTH GENERATION

8. **Enoch Hamilton ABRAHAM**⁴ was born in Feb 1828. He died in Feb 1853. Enoch died in a ship wreck off Margarite Island, CA with his cousin John Abraham. He was never married as far as our records show. He just came to the farm in Smithfield with a baby (Dee Dee) and said, "Raise him, he is an Abraham." Enoch Hamilton ABRAHAM had the following children:

4 i. **William James (Dee Dee) ABRAHAM.**

12. **Samuel Allen BOWLEN** was born in 1822 in Scotland. He died on 12 Jul 1891. He was married to Susanna MCCORY.

13. **Susanna MCCORY** was born in 1831. She died on 11 Aug 1889. Samuel Allen BOWLEN and Susanna MCCORY had the following children:

6 i. **Samuel McCarty BOWLEN.**

FIFTH GENERATION

16. **James ABRAHAM**⁴ was born in Dec 1786. He died in Jan 1862. James served in the War of 1812.

17. **Mary JONES**⁴. James ABRAHAM and Mary JONES had the following children:

- 8 i. **Enoch Hamilton ABRAHAM.**
- ii. **James ABRAHAM⁴** was born in 1830. He died in 1907. James was in the Civil War as a Captain in the 1st West Virginia Volunteer Cavalry.

SIXTH GENERATION

32. **Enoch (the Pioneer) ABRAHAM⁴** was born in 1738. He died in 1823. Enoch fought in the French and Indian War and served under Colonel William Parker. In 1777 he enlisted in the Continental Army, thus giving up his British citizenship. He came from Radnor, PA, to Turkeyfoot and then to Smithfield. He bought his farm named "Vegetability" on 11 Dec 1778.

33. **Jean HAMILTON.** Enoch (the Pioneer) ABRAHAM and Jean HAMILTON had the following children:

- 16 i. **James ABRAHAM.**

SEVENTH GENERATION

64. **Noah ABRAHAM⁴** was born about 1699 in Wales, United Kingdom. He died in 17?? in Radnor at Abram's Corner (the family went by both Abram, Abraham or Abrahams). He married Mary Wynne, had his family, then after she died he married Mary's sister Hannah who relinquished all widow rights to his estate so that her nieces and nephews could receive their rightful inheritance, as she was already wealthy. These girls were the granddaughters of Dr. Thomas Wynne (friend?) of William Penn. He was married to Mary WYNNE.

65. **Mary WYNNE⁴.** Noah ABRAHAM and Mary WYNNE had the following children:

- 32 i. **Enoch (the Pioneer) ABRAHAM.**

EIGHTH GENERATION

128. **Morgan ABRAHAM⁴** was born about 1650 in Cloddock, Wales (near Longtown, Hereford County, England). He died in Aug 1712. He was married to Sarah ABRAHAM.

129. **Sarah ABRAHAM⁴.** After her husband, Morgan, died she took her family to Pennsylvania and settled on the Welsh land grants near Radnor. Morgan ABRAHAM and Sarah ABRAHAM had the following children:

- 64 i. **Noah ABRAHAM.**

SOURCES

1. Hazel Lewis Abraham personal communications.
2. Kathryn Cooley Miller. Some Fayette County Pennsylvania Cemeteries. Closson Press, Apollo, PA. p. 89.
3. Family Tree Maker Social Security Death Index: United States, 1937-1995 Volume 1, A-L, CD #110.
4. James Harry Abraham personal communications.

INDEX

ABRAHAM

Enoch Hamilton, 365

Enoch (the Pioneer), 366

Harry Benson, 365

James, 365

Morgan, 366

Noah, 366

Sarah, 366

Willard Allen, 365

William James (Dee Dee), 365

BAILEY

Hannah, 365

BOWLEN

Myrtle Susanna, 365

Samual Allen, 365

Samuel McCarty, 365

HAMILTON

Jean, 366

HICKLE

Mary Lillie, 365

JONES

Mary, 365

MCCORY

Susanna, 365

WYNNE

Mary, 366

Ancestors of Lynn Renee ALTIZER

FIRST GENERATION

*Lynn Renee
ALTIZER is the wife
of James Harry
ABRAHAM, son of
Hazel Ruth LEWIS.*

1. **Lynn Renee ALTIZER** was born on 20 Dec 1951 in Uniontown, Fayette Co., PA.

SECOND GENERATION

2. **Preston Elwood ALTIZER**. He was married to Effie Irene MICHENER on 5 Sep 1944 in Hopwood Methodist Church, Hopwood, Fayette Co., PA.

3. **Effie Irene MICHENER**. Preston Elwood ALTIZER and Effie Irene MICHENER had the following children:

- 1
 - i. **Lynn Renee ALTIZER**.

THIRD GENERATION

4. **Preston Thomas ALTIZER** was born on 2 Oct 1887. He died on 20 Mar 1964 in Uniontown, Fayette Co., PA. He was married to Virginia Elizabeth WILSON on 14 Jan 1914 in Cumberland, MD.

5. **Virginia Elizabeth WILSON** was born on 16 Jul 1894 in Uniontown, Fayette Co., PA. She died on 28 Mar 1981 in Uniontown, Fayette Co., PA. Preston Thomas ALTIZER and Virginia Elizabeth WILSON had the following children:

- 2
 - i. **Preston Elwood ALTIZER**.

6. **David Roy MICHENER** was born on 7 Feb 1898 in Uniontown, Fayette Co., PA. He died on 22 Jun 1977 in Hopwood, Fayette Co., PA. He was married to Ida May MARTIN.

7. **Ida May MARTIN** was born on 29 May 1899. She died on 20 Nov 1947 in Uniontown, Fayette Co., PA. David Roy MICHENER and Ida May MARTIN had the following children:

- 3
 - i. **Effie Irene MICHENER**.

FOURTH GENERATION

8. **George Washington ALTIZER** was born in Ohio. He was married to Ella BARRET.

9. **Ella BARRET** died on 8 May 1942. George Washington ALTIZER and Ella BARRET had the following children:

- 4
 - i. **Preston Thomas ALTIZER**.

10. **Simeon WILSON**. He was married to Jane Elizabeth SHOW.

11. **Jane Elizabeth SHOW**. Simeon WILSON and Jane Elizabeth SHOW had the following children:

- 5
 - i. **Virginia Elizabeth WILSON**.

12. **William Frank MICHENER** died on 20 Nov 1938. He was married to Myrtle Belle STEWART.

13. **Myrtle Belle STEWART** died in 1953. William Frank MICHENER and Myrtle Belle STEWART had the following children:

6 i. **David Roy MICHENER.**

14. **William K. MARTIN** died about 1950. He was married to Elizabeth HILES.

15. **Elizabeth HILES** died in 1936. William K. MARTIN and Elizabeth HILES had the following children:

7 i. **Ida May MARTIN.**

INDEX

ALTIZER

George Washington, 368

Lynn Renee, 368

Preston Elwood, 368

Preston Thomas, 368

BARRET

Ella, 368

HILES

Elizabeth, 369

MARTIN

Ida May, 368

William K., 369

MICHENER

David Roy, 368

Effie Irene, 368

William Frank, 369

SHOW

Jane Elizabeth, 368

STEWART

Myrtle Belle, 369

WILSON

Simeon, 368

Virginia Elizabeth, 368

Ancestors of Melissa Dawn BABLE

FIRST GENERATION

*Melissa Dawn
BABLE is the wife of
Keith Edward
LEWIS, son of
Thomas Lindsay
LEWIS.*

1. **Melissa Dawn BABLE¹** was born on 7 May 1973 in Sewickley Valley Hospital, Sewickley, PA.

SECOND GENERATION

2. **Franklin Duane BABLE¹** was born on 12 Apr 1941. He was married to Ila NELSON.
3. **Ila NELSON¹** was born on 1 Apr 1944. Franklin Duane BABLE and Ila NELSON had the following children:
 - 1 i. **Melissa Dawn BABLE.**
 - ii. **Shawna Rae BABLE¹** was born on 24 Mar 1975.

THIRD GENERATION

4. **Franklyn Clark BABLE¹** died in 1980 or 1981. He was married to Leona JANZ.
5. **Leona JANZ¹** was born on 15 Sep. Franklin Clark BABLE and Leona JANZ had the following children:
 - 2 i. **Franklin Duane BABLE.**
6. **Harry Wallace NELSON Sr.¹** was born on 10 Aug. He died in 1966. He was married to Arlene OWEN.
7. **Arlene OWEN¹** was born on 5 Apr 1918. She died on 11 Feb 1988. Harry Wallace NELSON Sr. and Arlene OWEN had the following children:
 - 3 i. **Ila NELSON.**

FOURTH GENERATION

9. **Lucy TRUAX¹**. She was married. Lucy TRUAX had the following children:
 - 4 i. **Franklyn Clark BABLE.**
10. **Rudolph JANZ¹**. He was married to Emma STEINMILLER.
11. **Emma STEINMILLER¹**. Rudolph JANZ and Emma STEINMILLER had the following children:
 - 5 i. **Leona JANZ.**
12. **Hezekiah Wallace NELSON¹** died in 1973. He was married to Mabelle CAMPBELL.
13. **Mabelle CAMPBELL¹**. Hezekiah Wallace NELSON and Mabelle CAMPBELL had the following children:

6 i. **Harry Wallace NELSON Sr.**

14. **John Lincoln OWEN**¹. He was married to Charlotte LYONS.

15. **Charlotte LYONS**¹. John Lincoln OWEN and Charlotte LYONS had the following children:

7 i. **Arlene OWEN.**

SOURCES

1. Melissa Bable personal communications.

INDEX

BABLE

Franklin Clark, 370
Franklin Duane, 370
Melissa Dawn, 370
Shawna Rae, 370

CAMPBELL

Mabelle, 370

JANZ

Leona, 370
Rudolph, 370

LYONS

Charlotte, 371

NELSON,

Harry Wallace, 370
Hezekiah Wallace, 370
Ila, 370

OWEN

Arlene, 370
John Lincoln, 371

STEINMILLER

Rudolph, 370

TRUAX

Lucy, 370

Ancestors of Mariann Elizabeth BAUER

FIRST GENERATION

Mariann Elizabeth BAUER is the wife of Jeffrey Mark LEWIS, son of Jack Walter LEWIS.

1. **Mariann Elizabeth BAUER** was born on 9 Aug 1968 in St. Louis, St. Louis Co., Missouri.¹

SECOND GENERATION

2. **Raymond Charles, Sr. BAUER**² was born on 9 Oct 1949 in Missouri.

3. **Mary Frances HIGGINS**² was born in 1950 in Missouri. Raymond Charles, Sr. BAUER and Mary Frances HIGGINS had the following children:

- 1
 - i. **Mariann Elizabeth BAUER.**
 - ii. **Patricia Ann BAUER**² was born on 24 Mar 1970.

THIRD GENERATION

4. **Oscar Charles, Jr. BAUER**² was born on 30 Jun 1922 in St. Louis, St. Louis Co., Missouri.² Oscar was in the Navy during WW II. His ship, the USS HAVEN, was one of the first ships to enter Nagasaki Bay after the atomic bomb was dropped on that Japanese city. He was married to Isabelle Margarethe COONS.

5. **Isabelle Margarethe COONS**² was born on 8 Jun 1922 in St. Louis, St. Louis Co., Missouri.² She died on 6 Nov 1996.² Oscar Charles, Jr. BAUER and Isabelle Margarethe COONS had the following children:

- 2
 - i. **Raymond Charles, Sr. BAUER.**
 - ii. **Barbara Jean BAUER**² was born on 18 Jun 1943.
 - iii. **Sharlett Ann BAUER**² was born in Dec 1951.

6. **Lawrence James HIGGINS**².

7. **Mary FULCHAM**². Lawrence James HIGGINS and Mary FULCHAM had the following children:

- 3
 - i. **Mary Frances HIGGINS.**

FOURTH GENERATION

8. **Oscar Charles, Sr. BAUER**² was born on 10 Oct 1895. Oscar's parents immigrated to America from Germany. He was married to Alma Lynn NOLTE.

9. **Alma Lynn NOLTE**². Oscar Charles, Sr. BAUER and Alma Lynn NOLTE had the following children:

- 4
 - i. **Oscar Charles, Jr. BAUER.**
 - ii. **Gloria BAUER**².

10. **Taylor V. COONS**². He was married to Grace Parker UNKNOWN.

11. **Grace Parker UNKNOWN**². Taylor V. COONS and Grace Parker UNKNOWN had the following

children:

- i. **William COONS**².
- 5 ii. **Isabelle Margarethe COONS**.
- iii. **Joseph SHRADER**². Joseph's parents died when he and his siblings were young and they were placed in an orphanage. Joseph was adopted and has name changed from Coons to Shrader.

SOURCES

1. Mariann Elizabeth Bauer Birth Certificate.
2. Mariann Bauer Lewis personal communications.

INDEX

BAUER

Barbara Jean, 372

Gloria, 372

Mariann Elizabeth, 372

Oscar Charles, Jr., 372

Oscar Charles, Sr., 372

Patricia Ann, 372

Raymond Charles, Sr., 372

Sharlett Ann, 372

COONS

Isabelle Margarethe, 372

Taylor V., 372

William, 373

FULCHAM

Mary, 372

HIGGINS

Lawrence James, 372

Mary Frances, 372

NOLTE

Alma Lynn, 372

SHRADER

Joseph, 373

UNKNOWN

Grace Parker, 372

Ancestors of Joanne Therese CHABANIK

FIRST GENERATION

*Joanne Therese
CHABANIK is the
wife of Franklin
Kenneth MILLER,
son of Eleanor May
LEWIS.*

1. **Joanne Therese CHABANIK** was born on 8 May 1953 in Uniontown, Fayette Co., PA.

SECOND GENERATION

2. **Maximilian CHABANIK**¹ was born on 10 Jan 1923 in Shoaf, Fayette Co., PA. He was married to Irene Leona HREBENAR 23 Oct 1946 in Shoaf, Fayette Co., PA.
3. **Irene Leona HREBENAR**¹ was born on 23 Feb 1922 in Smithfield, Fayette Co., PA. Maximilian CHABANIK and Irene Leona HREBENAR had the following children:

- 1
 - i. **Joanne Therese CHABANIK.**

THIRD GENERATION

4. **Stephen Joseph CHABANIK**¹ was born in Hrosof, Czechoslovakia. He died in Shoaf, Fayette Co., PA. He was married to Constantine KAMPCIK in Fairchance, Fayette Co., PA.
5. **Constantine KAMPCIK**¹ died in 1958 in Uniontown, Fayette Co., PA. She was born in Hrosof, Czechoslovakia. Stephen Joseph CHABANIK and Constantine KAMPCIK had the following children:
6. **Joseph Stephen HREBENAR**¹ died on 5 Jan 1946 in Smithfield, Fayette Co., PA. He was born in Mahlocich, Czechoslovakia. He was married to Susan Mary DOLNEY in Scottsdale, PA.
7. **Susan Mary DOLNEY**¹ was born on 24 Dec 1888 in Scottsdale, PA. She died on 8 Feb 1969 in Smithfield, Fayette Co., PA. Joseph Stephen HREBENAR and Susan Mary DOLNEY had the following children:

- 3
 - i. **Irene Leona HREBENAR.**

FOURTH GENERATION

10. **Stanuslov KAMPCIK**¹ was born in Czechoslovakia. He was married to Constatine UNKNOWN in Chezohslovakia.
11. **Constatine UNKNOWN**¹ was born in Czechoslovakia. Stanuslov KAMPCIK and Constatine UNKNOWN had the following children:

- 5
 - i. **Constantine KAMPCIK.**

SOURCES

1. Franklin Miller personal communications.

INDEX

CHABANIK

Joanne Therese, 374

Maximilian, 374

Stephen Joseph, 374

DOLNEY

Susan Mary, 374

HREBENAR

Irene Leona, 374

Joseph Stephen, 374

KAMPCIK

Constantine, 374

Stanuslov, 374

UNKNOWN

Constantine, 374

Ancestors of Elizabeth Anne CRANSTON

*Elizabeth Anne
CRANSTON is the
wife of William
Edward LEWIS, son
of George Marshall
LEWIS.*

FIRST GENERATION

1. **Elizabeth Anne CRANSTON** was born on 20 Dec 1966.

SECOND GENERATION

2. **David Kelsey CRANSTON** was born on 5 Mar 1936. He was married to Sara Jane HENRY on 31 Aug 1957.
3. **Sara Jane HENRY** was born on 4 Aug 1934. David Kelsey CRANSTON and Sara Jane HENRY had the following children:
 - i. **David Kelsey, Jr. CRANSTON** was born on 31 Aug 1957.
 - ii. **Bradley John CRANSTON** was born on 2 Dec 1962.
 - iii. **Gregory Harwood CRANSTON** was born on 13 Oct 1964.
 - 1 iv. **Elizabeth Anne CRANSTON**.
 - v. **Patrick Henry CRANSTON** was born on 12 Nov 1974.

THIRD GENERATION

4. **Harwood John CRANSTON** was born on 19 Jul 1905 in Rockroyal, NY. He died on 20 May 1957 in Sewickley, PA. He was married to Marjorie MARTIN on 18 Jun 1928 in Montrose, PA.
5. **Marjorie MARTIN** was born on 19 Sep 1905. She died on 3 Jun 1975 in Sewickley, PA. Harwood John CRANSTON and Marjorie MARTIN had the following children:
 - i. **Harwood John, Jr. CRANSTON** was born on 24 Jun 1931. He died on 20 Aug 1986.
 - 2 ii. **David Kelsey CRANSTON**.
6. **Clarence HENRY**. He was married to Alma Ferne BARD.
7. **Alma Ferne BARD**. Clarence HENRY and Alma Ferne BARD had the following children:
 - 3 i. **Sara Jane HENRY**.

FOURTH GENERATION

8. **Curtis Constable CRANSTON** was born on 18 Feb 1864 in Cannonsville, NY. He died on 3 Jul 1936 in Cannonsville, NY. He was married to Mary Eliza KELSEY on 16 Jun 1897 in Kelsey, NY.
9. **Mary Eliza KELSEY** was born on 27 Jan 1867. She died in May 1949 in Cannonsville, NY. Curtis Constable CRANSTON and Mary Eliza KELSEY had the following children:
 - i. **Everets Kelsey CRANSTON** was born on 29 Aug 1899. He died on 5 Sep 1902 in Cannonsville, NY.
 - ii. **Georgiana Christina CRANSTON** was born on 23 Feb 1903 in Rockroyal, NY. She died on 25 Jul 1955 in Walton, NY.

- 4 iii. **Harwood John CRANSTON.**
 iv. **Bernice Marie CRANSTON** was born on 29 Jun 1909 in Rockroyal, NY. She died in May 1987 in Walton, NY.

FIFTH GENERATION

16. **John CRANSTON** was born on 9 Sep 1821 in Roxboroughshire, Hawick Parish, Scotland. He died on 4 Jan 1894 in Andes, NY. He was married to Irena Roseanna DAVIS on 11 Feb 1847 in Andes, NY.

17. **Irena Roseanna DAVIS** was born on 4 Dec 1829 in Bovina, NY. She died on 21 May 1908 in Andes, NY. John CRANSTON and Irena Roseanna DAVIS had the following children:

- i. **Irean Roseanna CRANSTON** died in 1848 in Andes, NY. She was born in Mar 1848 in Andes, NY.
 - ii. **Sara Maria CRANSTON** was born on 5 Mar 1849 in Andes, NY. She died in 1865 in Andes, NY.
 - iii. **Gavin CRANSTON** was born on 2 Oct 1850 in Andes, NY. He died on 11 May 1935 in Walton, NY.
 - iv. **Christina CRANSTON** was born on 7 Apr 1852 in Andes, NY. She died on 22 Apr 1930 in Andes, NY.
 - v. **James Allen CRANSTON** was born on 21 Jan 1855 in Cannonsville, NY. He died on 20 Apr 1936 in Walton, NY.
 - vi. **John Edwin CRANSTON** was born on 24 Feb 1857 in Cannonsville, NY. He died in 1858 in Andes, NY.
 - vii. **Walter Riggs CRANSTON** was born on 19 Oct 1858 in Cannonsville, NY. He died in 1865 in Andes, NY.
 - viii. **John Oliver CRANSTON** was born on 20 Jul 1861 in Cannonsville, NY. He died on 17 Apr 1920 in Morris, NY.
- 8 ix. **Curtis Constable CRANSTON.**
 x. **William Johnson CRANSTON** was born on 21 Jan 1866 in Cannonsville, NY. He died on 28 Feb 1954 in Walton, NY.
 xi. **Isabelle CRANSTON** was born on 10 Jul 1868 in Cannonsville, NY. She died on 9 Jul 1955 in Walton, NY.
 xii. **George M. CRANSTON** was born on 12 May 1870 in Cannonsville, NY. He died on 24 Jun 1933 in Walton, NY.

SIXTH GENERATION

32. **Gavin CRANSTON** was born in 1779 in Scotland. He died on 25 Apr 1852 in Andes, NY. He was married to Christina ELLIOT.

33. **Christina ELLIOT** was born in 1779 in Scotland. She died on 25 Feb 1853 in Andes, NY. Gavin CRANSTON and Christina ELLIOT had the following children:

- i. **Walter CRANSTON** was born in 1816 in Scotland. He died on 19 Dec 1846 in Andes, NY.
 - ii. **James CRANSTON.**
 - iii. **Janette CRANSTON.**
 - iv. **Isabell CRANSTON.**
- 16 v. **John CRANSTON.**

INDEX

BARD

Alma Ferne, 376

CRANSTON

Bernice Marie, 377

Bradley John, 376

Christina, 377

Curtis Constable, 376

David Kelsey, 376

David Kelsey, Jr., 376

Elizabeth Anne, 376

Everets Kelsey, 376

Gavin, 377

George M., 377

Georgiana Christina, 376

Gregory Harwood, 376

Harwood John, 376

Harwood John, Jr., 376

Irena Roseanna, 377

Isabell, 377

Isabelle, 377

James, 377

James Allen, 377

Janette, 377

John, 377

John Edwin, 377

John Oliver, 377

Patrick Henry, 376

Sara Maria, 377

Walter, 377

Walter Riggs, 377

William Johnson, 377

DAVIS

Irena Roseanna, 377

ELLIOT

Christina, 377

HENRY

Clarence, 376

Sara Jane, 376

KELSEY

Mary Eliza, 376

MARTIN

Marjorie, 376

Ancestors of Wanda June DAVIS

FIRST GENERATION

1. **Wanda June DAVIS** was born on 11 Jun 1928 in Fairchance, Fayette Co., PA.

*Wanda June DAVIS
was the wife of the
late James Robert
LEWIS.*

SECOND GENERATION

2. **Clarence Albert DAVIS** was born on 9 May 1904 in Fairchance, Fayette Co., PA. He died on 3 Aug 1981 in Fairchance, Fayette Co., PA.
3. **Naomi Grace KISSINGER** was born on 21 Aug 1906 in Fairchance, Fayette Co., PA. She died on 30 May 1988 in Fairchance, Fayette Co., PA. Clarence Albert DAVIS and Naomi Grace KISSINGER had the following children:

- 1 i. **Wanda June DAVIS.**

THIRD GENERATION

4. **Albert Gallatin DAVIS.**
5. **Bessie Laumanda MYERS.** Albert Gallatin DAVIS and Bessie Laumanda MYERS had the following children:
- 2 i. **Clarence Albert DAVIS.**
6. **Samuel Clark KISSINGER** was born on 28 Dec 1887. He died on 21 May 1919.
7. **Nannie May SOWERS** was born on 29 Jun 1881. She died on 25 Aug 1957. Samuel Clark KISSINGER and Nannie May SOWERS had the following children:

- 3 i. **Naomi Grace KISSINGER.**

FOURTH GENERATION

12. **John Calvin KISSINGER.**
13. **Martha Jane COOLEY.** John Calvin KISSINGER and Martha Jane COOLEY had the following children:
- 6 i. **Samuel Clark KISSINGER.**
14. **Andrew Jackson SOWERS** was born in Nov 1855. He died on 3 Oct 1940.
15. **Jane H. HUMPHREYS** was born in Dec 1859. She died on 7 Aug 1941. Andrew Jackson SOWERS and Jane H. HUMPHREYS had the following children:
- 7 i. **Nannie May SOWERS.**

FIFTH GENERATION

30. **Owen John HUMPHREYS** was born on 29 Jan 1829 in Wales, United Kingdom. He died on 14 Mar 1893.

31. **Hannah PRICE** was born on 7 Nov 1828. She died on 12 Jul 1903. Owen John HUMPHREYS and Hannah PRICE had the following children:

- 15 i. **Jane H. HUMPHREYS.**

SIXTH GENERATION

60. **Edward HUMPHREYS** died in 1838. He was born in Wales, United Kingdom. Edward HUMPHREYS had the following children:

- 30 i. **Owen John HUMPHREYS.**

INDEX

COOLEY

Martha Jane, 379

DAVIS

Albert Gallatin, 379

Clarence Albert, 379

Wanda June, 379

HUMPHREYS

Edward, 380

Jane H., 379

Owen John, 380

KISSINGER

John Calvin, 379

Naomi Grace, 379

Samuel Clark, 379

MYERS

Bessie Laumanda, 379

PRICE

Hannah, 380

SOWERS

Andrew Jackson, 379

Nannie May, 379

Ancestors of Hugh Herbert GLASSER

FIRST GENERATION

1. **Hugh Herbert GLASSER¹** was born on 16 Dec 1962.

*Hugh Herbert
GLASSER is the
wife of Linda Joanne
LEWIS, daughter of
Thomas Lindsay
LEWIS.*

SECOND GENERATION

2. **Herbert Glenn GLASSER** was born on 6 Aug 1929. He was married to Ellen Rose WEIGLE on 1 Aug 1958.

3. **Ellen Rose WEIGLE** was born on 10 Jan 1936. Herbert Glenn GLASSER and Ellen Rose WEIGLE had the following children:

- i. **Elizabeth GLASSER²** was born on 12 Aug 1959.
- ii. **David GLASSER²** was born on 12 Sep 1961.
- 1 iii. **Hugh Herbert GLASSER.**

THIRD GENERATION

4. **Frederick Howard GLASSER²** was born in 1888. He died in 1964. He was a veteran of World War I. He was married to Josephine SCHENK on 3 Feb 1927.

5. **Josephine SCHENK²** was born on 5 Aug 1905 in Ohio. She died on 25 Apr 1975. She grew up in Alberta, Canada. Frederick Howard GLASSER and Josephine SCHENK had the following children:

- 2 i. **Herbert Glenn GLASSER.**

6. **David Washington WEIGLE²** was born on 17 Nov 1904. He died on 5 Sep 1988. He was married to Alice Grace PREECE on 9 Sep 1927.

7. **Alice Grace PREECE** was born on 6 Nov 1906. David Washington WEIGLE and Alice Grace PREECE had the following children:

- 3 i. **Ellen Rose WEIGLE.**

FOURTH GENERATION

8. **Harry Columbus GLASSER²** was born on 17 Jul 1859. He died on 13 Dec 1931. Harry has a bridge with his name on it in Beaver County, PA. He was a Beaver Co., PA commissioner. He was married to Mary Everson MEANY.

9. **Mary Everson MEANY²** was born on 14 May 1863. She died on 23 Jul 1940. Mary is a sister to Loualene Meany. Harry Columbus GLASSER and Mary Everson MEANY had the following children:

- 4 i. **Frederick Howard GLASSER.**

10. **Andrew SCHENK²** was born in 1880 in Austria. He died in 1942. Andrew met his wife in America even though their villages in Europe were not far apart. They married and started out for the West. Their daughter Josephine was born on the way to their homestead in Western Canada. They spent their first winter

(and more) in a sod house Andrew built. He was married to Jennie JARMIN in Feb 1904.

11. **Jennie JARMIN**² was born in 1886 in Rumania. She died on 19 Mar 1984. Andrew SCHENK and Jennie JARMIN had the following children:

5 i. **Josephine SCHENK.**

12. **Cummings WEIGLE**² was born on 10 Mar 1868. He died on 2 Feb 1940. He was married to Mary Christy SCOTT on 21 Mar 1894.

13. **Mary Christy SCOTT** was born on 6 May 1875. She died on 10 Mar 1951. Cummings WEIGLE and Mary Christy SCOTT had the following children:

6 i. **David Washington WEIGLE.**

14. **Sydney John PREECE**² was born on 24 Sep 1874 in England. He died on 10 Apr 1968. He was married to Loualene MEANY on 26 Mar 1902.

15. **Loualene MEANY** was born on 19 Jun 1872. She died on 13 Oct 1963. Loualene is a sister to Mary Meany. Sydney John PREECE and Loualene MEANY had the following children:

7 i. **Alice Grace PREECE.**

FIFTH GENERATION

16. **Jacob Gottlieb GLASSER**² was born on 20 Apr 1828 in Germany. He died on 26 Mar 1902. He was married to Elizabeth CRAIG.

17. **Elizabeth CRAIG**² was born in 1832 in Pennsylvania. She died in 1892 in Pennsylvania. Jacob Gottlieb GLASSER and Elizabeth CRAIG had the following children:

8 i. **Harry Columbus GLASSER.**

18. **John MEANY**² was born in Oct 1836 in Ireland. He died on 3 Jan 1908. He was married to America HUMBERT on 5 Jun 1860.

19. **America HUMBERT**² was born on 25 Mar 1843. She died on 26 Nov 1894. John MEANY and America HUMBERT had the following children:

15 i. **Loualene MEANY.**
9 ii. **Mary Everson MEANY.**

24. **Washington WEIGLE** was born on 16 May 1821. He died on 1 May 1881. His log house is still occupied in Potter Twp., Beaver Co., PA. He was married to Rosanna BAKER.

25. **Rosanna BAKER**² was born on 3 Feb 1827. She died on 1 Jun 1915. Rosanna ended her days with her son Cummings and his family. She had been working in the garden shortly before her death. She smoked a pipe every evening. Washington WEIGLE and Rosanna BAKER had the following children:

12 i. **Oliver WEIGLE** was born on 31 Jan 1847. He died in 1904.
ii. **Cummings WEIGLE.**

26. **David SCOTT**² was born in 1843. He died on 14 Dec 1880. David was veteran of the Civil War. He

was in Company H, 140th Pennsylvania Infantry. He died as the result of a coal mining accident. He was married to Sarah STANSBURY on 24 May 1865.

27. **Sarah STANSBURY**² was born on 10 Dec 1837 in Colliers, WV. She died on 19 Feb 1920 in Pennsylvania. David SCOTT and Sarah STANSBURY had the following children:

13 i. **Mary Christy SCOTT.**

28. **Elam PREECE**² was born in 1843 in England. He died in 1895 in Monaca, PA. Elam immigrated to America with his wife and children. He was never happy in America because he was homesick. He was married to Louisa Emma ROBERTS on 29 Mar 1870.

29. **Louisa Emma ROBERTS**² was born in 1845 in Wales, United Kingdom. She died in 1924 in Monaca, PA. Louisa's apartment caught fire one Christmas Eve and destroyed the presents. She salvaged what she could and never mentioned the fire the next day, which she spent at her daughter's home. She was extremely neat and always wore a starched white apron. Elam PREECE and Louisa Emma ROBERTS had the following children:

14 i. **Sydney John PREECE.**

30. **John MEANY**² was born in Oct 1836 in Ireland. He died on 3 Jan 1908. He was married to America HUMBERT on 5 Jun 1860.

31. **America HUMBERT**² was born on 25 Mar 1843. She died on 26 Nov 1894. John MEANY and America HUMBERT had the following children:

15 i. **Loualene MEANY.**

9 ii. **Mary Everson MEANY.**

SIXTH GENERATION

32. **Martin GLASSER**² was born on 10 Jan 1797 in Germany. He died on 14 Aug 1874 in Pennsylvania. He was conscripted by Napoleon, but fled with his family to America.

33. **Rosina Katharina EGAN**² was born on 28 Jul 1798. She died on 3 Sep 1867. Martin GLASSER and Rosina Katharina EGAN had the following children:

16 i. **Jacob Gottlieb GLASSER.**

34. **Joseph W. CRAIG**² was born in 1799. He died on 31 Oct 1855. He was married to Elizabeth MANOR.

35. **Elizabeth MANOR**². Joseph W. CRAIG and Elizabeth MANOR had the following children:

17 i. **Elizabeth CRAIG.**

36. **James MEANY**² was born in Oct 1800 in Ireland. He died on 31 Jul 1865. James immigrated to Canada. He was married to Mary MCCOLLUFF.

37. **Mary MCCOLLUFF**² died in California. James MEANY and Mary MCCOLLUFF had the following children:

18 i. **John MEANY.**

38. **Frederick HUMBERT²** was born in 1796. He died in 1855. He was married to Ruth Ann FISH.
39. **Ruth Ann FISH** was born in 1799. She died in 1881. Frederick HUMBERT and Ruth Ann FISH had the following children:
- 19 i. **America HUMBERT.**
48. **Daniel, Jr. WEIGLE²** was born on 21 May 1778. He died on 29 Jul 1852. He donated land for the North Branch Presbyterian Church in Center Twp., Beaver Co., PA.
49. **Catherine RICELING.** Daniel, Jr. WEIGLE and Catherine RICELING had the following children:
- 24 i. **Washington WEIGLE.**
50. **Samuel RAMBO².** There is no proof of marriage of Samuel to Elnor Baker.
51. **Elnor (Elinor, Nellie) BAKER.** Samuel RAMBO and Elnor (Elinor, Nellie) BAKER had the following children:
- 25 i. **Rosanna BAKER.**
52. **John SCOTT²** was born in 1809. He died on 4 Mar 1895. He was married to Nancy GILMORE in 1832.
53. **Nancy GILMORE²** died on 2 Jul 1851. John SCOTT and Nancy GILMORE had the following children:
- 26 i. **David SCOTT.**
54. **Nicholas STANSBURY²** was born in 1799 in Maryland. He died on 15 Jan 1823. He was married to Rebecca BOSLEY on 24 Dec 1876 in West Virginia.
55. **Rebecca BOSLEY²** died in West Virginia. Nicholas STANSBURY and Rebecca BOSLEY had the following children:
- 27 i. **Sarah STANSBURY.**
56. **Matthew PREECE².** Matthew PREECE had the following children:
- 28 i. **Elam PREECE.**
58. **John Williams ROBERTS.** He was married. John Williams ROBERTS had the following children:
- 29 i. **Louisa Emma ROBERTS.**
60. **James MEANY²** was born in Oct 1800 in Ireland. He died on 31 Jul 1865. James immigrated to Canada. He was married to Mary MCCOLLUFF.
61. **Mary MCCOLLUFF²** died in California. James MEANY and Mary MCCOLLUFF had the following children:
- 18 i. **John MEANY.**
62. **Frederick HUMBERT²** was born in 1796. He died in 1855. He was married to Ruth Ann FISH.

63. **Ruth Ann FISH** was born in 1799. She died in 1881. Frederick HUMBERT and Ruth Ann FISH had the following children:

- 19 i. **America HUMBERT.**

SEVENTH GENERATION

64. **Johann GLASSER**² was born on 15 May 1768 in Germany. He died on 31 Aug 1804. He was married to Eva Catharina LANG.

65. **Eva Catharina LANG**² was born on 17 Oct 1769 in Germany. She died on 18 Feb 1819. Johann GLASSER and Eva Catharina LANG had the following children:

- 32 i. **Martin GLASSER.**

68. **James CRAIG**². James CRAIG had the following children:

- 34 i. **Joseph W. CRAIG.**

78. **Benjamin FISH**² was born on 17 Nov 1765. He died in 1843. He was married to _____ LOWRY.

79. _____ **LOWRY**². Benjamin FISH and _____ LOWRY had the following children:

- 39 i. **Ruth Ann FISH.**

96. **Daniel WEIGLE** was born in 1745. He died in 1810. Daniel was a Private in Captain Jacob Wilhelm's company of PA Militia during the Revolutionary War. He emigrated from Germany and settled in Lancaster, PA. He was married to Anna (Agnes) WEIBLER on 15 Dec 1767.

97. **Anna (Agnes) WEIBLER**² was born in 1745. She died in Sep 1820. Daniel WEIGLE and Anna (Agnes) WEIBLER had the following children:

- 48 i. **Daniel, Jr. WEIGLE.**

102. **Michael BAKER**² was born in 1760. He died on 19 Nov 1853. He was married to Rosanna MORTON.

103. **Rosanna MORTON**. Rosanna is a descendant of the Morton that signed the Declaration of Independence. Michael BAKER and Rosanna MORTON had the following children:

- 51 i. **Elnor (Elinor, Nellie) BAKER.**

104. **William SCOTT**². William lived in Washington County, PA. He was married to Frances ROBINSON.

105. **Frances ROBINSON**². William SCOTT and Frances ROBINSON had the following children:

- 52 i. **John SCOTT.**

108. **Elisha STANSBURY**² was born in 1777 in Baltimore, MD. He died on 25 Dec 1858. Elisha bought a tract of land, 335 acres, in the West Virginia panhandle. A family cemetery is there. Weirton Hospital is located on this land. He was married to Ruth ENSOR on 1 Feb 1799.

109. **Ruth ENSOR²** was born in Jun 1779. She died on 28 Dec 1838. Elisha STANSBURY and Ruth ENSOR had the following children:

54 i. **Nicholas STANSBURY.**

110. **Daniel BOSLEY²**. He was married to Mary UNKNOWN.

111. **Mary UNKNOWN²**. Daniel BOSLEY and Mary UNKNOWN had the following children:

55 i. **Rebecca BOSLEY.**

126. **Benjamin FISH²** was born on 17 Nov 1765. He died in 1843. He was married to _____ LOWRY.

127. _____ **LOWRY²**. Benjamin FISH and _____ LOWRY had the following children:

39 i. **Ruth Ann FISH.**

EIGHTH GENERATION

128. **Wilhelm GLASSER²** was born on 27 Sep 1737 in Hagsfield, Germany. He died on 12 May 1808. He was an attorney. He was married to Anna Margaretha GAMER on 14 Feb 1719.

129. **Anna Margaretha GAMER²** was born on 1 Aug 1744. She died on 29 Jun 1821. Wilhelm GLASSER and Anna Margaretha GAMER had the following children:

64 i. **Johann GLASSER.**

156. **Nathan FISH³** was born in 1734. He died in 1801. Nathan fought in the American Revolutionary War. He was a private in Captain James Laird's Company, Third Battalion, Cumber County, PA militia. He was married to Sarah READER in 1761.

157. **Sarah READER²** was born in 1734. She died in 1776. Nathan FISH and Sarah READER had the following children:

78 i. **Benjamin FISH.**

204. **George, Jr. BAKER** was born in 1732. He died in 1802. George, his wife and 5 children were captured by the Indian in their home in Beaver Co., PA, and were marched to Detroit. They later escaped and brought back information that helped the colonists during the Revolutionary War. The Bakers and another family, the Dungs, were the first settlers in Beaver Co. Baker/Dungan Museum is at the Penn State Campus in Beaver County. The Weigles (Weigels) and the Bakers lived near one another and were friends. Court records show Bakers witnessing Weigle wills and vice versa. He was married to Elizabeth NICHOLSON.

205. **Elizabeth NICHOLSON** died in 1812. George, Jr. BAKER and Elizabeth NICHOLSON had the following children:

102 i. **Michael BAKER.**

208. **John SCOTT²** was born in Ireland. He was married to Margaret STEWARD.

209. **Margaret STEWARD²**. John SCOTT and Margaret STEWARD had the following children:

104 i. **William SCOTT.**

216. **Joseph Ward STANSBURY**² was born on 24 Jan 1749. He died in 1816 in Maryland. He was married to Sarah UNKNOWN.

217. **Sarah UNKNOWN.** Joseph Ward STANSBURY and Sarah UNKNOWN had the following children:

108 i. **Elisha STANSBURY.**

218. **John ENSOR**² was born in Maryland. John ENSOR had the following children:

109 i. **Ruth ENSOR.**

252. **Nathan FISH**⁴ was born in 1734. He died in 1801. Nathan fought in the American Revolutionary War. He was a private in Captain James Laird's Company, Third Battalion, Cumber County, PA militia. He was married to Sarah READER in 1761.

253. **Sarah READER**² was born in 1734. She died in 1776. Nathan FISH and Sarah READER had the following children:

78 i. **Benjamin FISH.**

NINTH GENERATION

256. **Hann B. Martin GLASSER**² was born on 12 Oct 1688. He died on 11 Jul 1719. He was married to Margaretha Barbara HAUTHIN (HAUTH).

257. **Margaretha Barbara HAUTHIN (HAUTH)**² was born on 22 May 1697. She died on 13 Jul 1755. Hann B. Martin GLASSER and Margaretha Barbara HAUTHIN (HAUTH) had the following children:

128 i. **Wilhelm GLASSER.**

312. **Benjamin FISH**² was born on 12 May 1697. He died on 18 Oct 1773. He was married to Sarah Sackett MOORE on 11 Jan 1728.

313. **Sarah Sackett MOORE**² was born on 29 Sep 1706. She died on 17 Mar 1790. Benjamin FISH and Sarah Sackett MOORE had the following children:

156 i. **Nathan FISH.**

408. **George BAKER** was born in Germany. George BAKER had the following children:

204 i. **George, Jr. BAKER.**

432. **Richardson STANSBURY**² was born on 20 May 1723. He was married to Mary RAVEN on 23 May 1723.

433. **Mary RAVEN**². Richardson STANSBURY and Mary RAVEN had the following children:

216 i. **Joseph Ward STANSBURY.**

504. **Benjamin FISH²** was born on 12 May 1697. He died on 18 Oct 1773. He was married to Sarah Sackett MOORE on 11 Jan 1728.

505. **Sarah Sackett MOORE²** was born on 29 Sep 1706. She died on 17 Mar 1790. Benjamin FISH and Sarah Sackett MOORE had the following children:

156 i. **Nathan FISH.**

TENTH GENERATION

512. **Hans Martin GLASSER²** was born in 1664. He died on 10 Nov 1718. He was married to Anna Elizabeth SCHOLLIN (SCHOLL) on 10 Jan 1688.

513. **Anna Elizabeth SCHOLLIN (SCHOLL)²** was born in 1664. She died on 13 Aug 1734. Hans Martin GLASSER and Anna Elizabeth SCHOLLIN (SCHOLL) had the following children:

256 i. **Hann B. Martin GLASSER.**

624. **Nathan FISH²** was born on 18 Dec 1650 in Massachusetts. He died in 1734.

625. **Judith ALLISON²**. Nathan FISH and Judith ALLISON had the following children:

312 i. **Benjamin FISH.**

626. **Joseph MOORE²** was born in 1679. He died in 1756. He was married to Elizabeth SACKETT.

627. **Elizabeth SACKETT²** was born in 1683. She died in 1716. Joseph MOORE and Elizabeth SACKETT had the following children:

313 i. **Sarah Sackett MOORE.**

864. **Daniel STANSBURY²** was born in 1678. He died in April 1763. He was married to Elizabeth RICHARDSON.

865. **Elizabeth RICHARDSON²**. Daniel STANSBURY and Elizabeth RICHARDSON had the following children:

432 i. **Richardson STANSBURY.**

866. **Isaac RAVEN²** was born in 1747. He was married to Letitia WARD.

867. **Letitia WARD²**. Isaac RAVEN and Letitia WARD had the following children:

433 i. **Mary RAVEN.**

1008. **Nathan FISH²** was born on 18 Dec 1650 in Massachusetts. He died in 1734.

1009. **Judith ALLISON²**. Nathan FISH and Judith ALLISON had the following children:

312 i. **Benjamin FISH.**

1010. **Joseph MOORE²** was born in 1679. He died in 1756. He was married to Elizabeth SACKETT.

1011. **Elizabeth SACKETT²** was born in 1683. She died in 1716. Joseph MOORE and Elizabeth SACKETT had the following children:

313 i. **Sarah Sackett MOORE.**

ELEVENTH GENERATION

1024. **Hans Martin GLASSER²** was born in 1636. He died on 22 Sep 1676. Hans Martin GLASSER had the following children:

512 i. **Hans Martin GLASSER.**

1248. **Jonathan FISH²** was born in 1610 in England. He was married to Mary UNKNOWN.

1249. **Mary UNKNOWN²**. Jonathan FISH and Mary UNKNOWN had the following children:

624 i. **Nathan FISH.**

1252. **Capt. Samuel MOORE²** was born in 1645. He died in 1717. He fought in the Colonial Wars with Indians. He was married to Mary REED.

1253. **Mary REED²** was born in 1651. She died in 1738. Capt. Samuel MOORE and Mary REED had the following children:

626 i. **Joseph MOORE.**

1254. **Capt. Joseph SACKETT²** was born in 1656. He died in 1719. He was married to Elizabeth BETTS.

1255. **Elizabeth BETTS²**. Capt. Joseph SACKETT and Elizabeth BETTS had the following children:

627 i. **Elizabeth SACKETT.**

1728. **Tobias STARNBOROUGH²** was born in 1652. He died in 1709 in Maryland. He was married to Sarah RAVEN.

1729. **Sarah RAVEN²**. Tobias STARNBOROUGH and Sarah RAVEN had the following children:

864 i. **Daniel STANSBURY.**

1734. **Joseph WARD²**. Joseph WARD had the following children:

867 i. **Letitia WARD.**

2016. **Jonathan FISH²** was born in 1610 in England. He was married to Mary UNKNOWN.

2017. **Mary UNKNOWN²**. Jonathan FISH and Mary UNKNOWN had the following children:

624 i. **Nathan FISH.**

2020. **Capt. Samuel MOORE²** was born in 1645. He died in 1717. He fought in the Colonial Wars with Indians. He was married to Mary REED.

2021. **Mary REED²** was born in 1651. She died in 1738. Capt. Samuel MOORE and Mary REED had the following children:

626 i. **Joseph MOORE.**

2022. **Capt. Joseph SACKETT²** was born in 1656. He died in 1719. He was married to Elizabeth BETTS.

2023. **Elizabeth BETTS²**. Capt. Joseph SACKETT and Elizabeth BETTS had the following children:

627 i. **Elizabeth SACKETT.**

TWELFTH GENERATION

2496. **Thomas FISH²** was born in 1584. He died in 1673. He was married to Mary SPRIGGE.

2497. **Mary SPRIGGE²** was born in 1585. Thomas FISH and Mary SPRIGGE had the following children:

1248 i. **Jonathan FISH.**

2504. **Rev. John MOORE²** was born in 1620 in England. He died in 1657. He emigrated from England. He was the first minister of a church still standing in Queens, NY. The Fish family had donated the land. The Fish, Howell, Sacket, Betts, Reed, Bloomfield, and Moore families immigrated to Massachusetts from England and were among the various town founders. They migrated to Newton, Long Island (now Elmhurst in Queens, NY). From there, many branches were prominent in NJ. He was married to Margaret HOWELL.

2505. **Margaret HOWELL²**. Rev. John MOORE and Margaret HOWELL had the following children:

1252 i. **Capt. Samuel MOORE.**

2506. **Thomas REED²**. The Fish, Howell, Sacket, Betts, Reed, Bloomfield, and Moore families immigrated to Massachusetts from England and were among the various town founders. They migrated to Newton, Long Island (now Elmhurst in Queens, NY). From there, many branches were prominent in NJ. He was married to Elizabeth UNKNOWN.

2507. **Elizabeth UNKNOWN²**. Thomas REED and Elizabeth UNKNOWN had the following children:

1253 i. **Mary REED.**

2508. **Simon SACKETT²** died in 1659. He was married to Sarah BLOOMFIELD.

2509. **Sarah BLOOMFIELD²** was born in 1633. Simon SACKETT and Sarah BLOOMFIELD had the following children:

1254 i. **Capt. Joseph SACKETT.**

2510. **Capt. Richard BETTS²** was born in 1613 in England. He died in 1713. He emigrated from England. The Fish, Howell, Sacket, Betts, Reed, Bloomfield, and Moore families immigrated to Massachusetts from England and were among the various town founders. They migrated to Newton, Long Island (now Elmhurst in Queens, NY). From there, many branches were prominent in NJ. He was married to Joanna UNKNOWN.

2511. **Joanna UNKNOWN.** Capt. Richard BETTS and Joanna UNKNOWN had the following children:

1255 i. **Elizabeth BETTS.**

3456. **Detmar STERNBERG².** He immigrated to Maryland in 1658. The Sternbergs had gone to Holland, and perhaps Germany, from England, but left to come to America because their children were losing their English identity. The name probably changed as they lived in different countries. They settled around Baltimore. He was married to Catherine "Renske" UNKNOWN.

3457. **Catherine "Renske" UNKNOWN².** Detmar STERNBERG and Catherine "Renske" UNKNOWN had the following children:

1728 i. **Tobias STARNBOROUGH.**

3458. **Luke RAVEN².** Luke RAVEN had the following children:

1729 i. **Sarah RAVEN.**

4032. **Thomas FISH²** was born in 1584. He died in 1673. He was married to Mary SPRIGGE.

4033. **Mary SPRIGGE²** was born in 1585. Thomas FISH and Mary SPRIGGE had the following children:

1248 i. **Jonathan FISH.**

4040. **Rev. John MOORE²** was born in 1620 in England. He died in 1657. He emigrated from England. He was the first minister of a church still standing in Queens, NY. The Fish family had donated the land. The Fish, Howell, Sacket, Betts, Reed, Bloomfield, and Moore families immigrated to Massachusetts from England and were among the various town founders. They migrated to Newton, Long Island (now Elmhurst in Queens, NY). From there, many branches were prominent in NJ. He was married to Margaret HOWELL.

4041. **Margaret HOWELL².** Rev. John MOORE and Margaret HOWELL had the following children:

1252 i. **Capt. Samuel MOORE.**

4042. **Thomas REED².** The Fish, Howell, Sacket, Betts, Reed, Bloomfield, and Moore families immigrated to Massachusetts from England and were among the various town founders. They migrated to Newton, Long Island (now Elmhurst in Queens, NY). From there, many branches were prominent in NJ. He was married to Elizabeth UNKNOWN.

4043. **Elizabeth UNKNOWN².** Thomas REED and Elizabeth UNKNOWN had the following children:

1253 i. **Mary REED.**

4044. **Simon SACKETT²** died in 1659. He was married to Sarah BLOOMFIELD.

4045. **Sarah BLOOMFIELD²** was born in 1633. Simon SACKETT and Sarah BLOOMFIELD had the following children:

1254 i. **Capt. Joseph SACKETT.**

4046. **Capt. Richard BETTS²** was born in 1613 in England. He died in 1713. He emigrated from

England. The Fish, Howell, Sacket, Betts, Reed, Bloomfield, and Moore families immigrated to Massachusetts from England and were among the various town founders. They migrated to Newton, Long Island (now Elmhurst in Queens, NY). From there, many branches were prominent in NJ. He was married to Joanna UNKNOWN.

4047. **Joanna UNKNOWN.** Capt. Richard BETTS and Joanna UNKNOWN had the following children:

1255 i. **Elizabeth BETTS.**

THIRTEENTH GENERATION

4992. **John FISH²** was born in 1553. He died in 1622. The Fish, Howell, Sacket, Betts, Reed, Bloomfield, and Moore families immigrated to Massachusetts from England and were among the various town founders. They migrated to Newton, Long Island (now Elmhurst in Queens, NY). From there, many branches were prominent in NJ. He was married to Margaret CRADDOCK.

4993. **Margaret CRADDOCK²** died in 1630. John FISH and Margaret CRADDOCK had the following children:

2496 i. **Thomas FISH.**

5010. **Edward HOWELL²** was born in 1584 in England. He died in 1665. He emigrated from England. He was married to Frances UNKNOWN.

5011. **Frances UNKNOWN²** died in 1630. Edward HOWELL and Frances UNKNOWN had the following children:

2505 i. **Margaret HOWELL.**

5016. **Simon SACKETT** died in 1635. He was born in England. He emigrated from England. The Fish, Howell, Sacket, Betts, Reed, Bloomfield, and Moore families immigrated to Massachusetts from England and were among the various town founders. They migrated to Newton, Long Island (now Elmhurst in Queens, NY). From there, many branches were prominent in NJ. He was married to Isabelle UNKNOWN.

5017. **Isabelle UNKNOWN².** Simon SACKETT and Isabelle UNKNOWN had the following children:

2508 i. **Simon SACKETT.**

5018. **William BLOOMFIELD²** was born in 1604 in England. He emigrated from England. The Fish, Howell, Sacket, Betts, Reed, Bloomfield, and Moore families immigrated to Massachusetts from England and were among the various town founders. They migrated to Newton, Long Island (now Elmhurst in Queens, NY). From there, many branches were prominent in NJ. He was married to Sarah UNKNOWN.

5019. **Sarah UNKNOWN** was born in 1609. William BLOOMFIELD and Sarah UNKNOWN had the following children:

2509 i. **Sarah BLOOMFIELD.**

8064. **John FISH²** was born in 1553. He died in 1622. The Fish, Howell, Sacket, Betts, Reed, Bloomfield, and Moore families immigrated to Massachusetts from England and were among the various town founders. They migrated to Newton, Long Island (now Elmhurst in Queens, NY). From there, many branches were

prominent in NJ. He was married to Margaret CRADDOCK.

8065. **Margaret CRADDOCK**² died in 1630. John FISH and Margaret CRADDOCK had the following children:

2496 i. **Thomas FISH.**

8082. **Edward HOWELL**² was born in 1584 in England. He died in 1665. He emigrated from England. He was married to Frances UNKNOWN.

8083. **Frances UNKNOWN**² died in 1630. Edward HOWELL and Frances UNKNOWN had the following children:

2505 i. **Margaret HOWELL.**

8088. **Simon SACKETT** died in 1635. He was born in England. He emigrated from England. The Fish, Howell, Sacket, Betts, Reed, Bloomfield, and Moore families immigrated to Massachusetts from England and were among the various town founders. They migrated to Newton, Long Island (now Elmhurst in Queens, NY). From there, many branches were prominent in NJ. He was married to Isabelle UNKNOWN.

8089. **Isabelle UNKNOWN**². Simon SACKETT and Isabelle UNKNOWN had the following children:

2508 i. **Simon SACKETT.**

8090. **William BLOOMFIELD**² was born in 1604 in England. He emigrated from England. The Fish, Howell, Sacket, Betts, Reed, Bloomfield, and Moore families immigrated to Massachusetts from England and were among the various town founders. They migrated to Newton, Long Island (now Elmhurst in Queens, NY). From there, many branches were prominent in NJ. He was married to Sarah UNKNOWN.

8091. **Sarah UNKNOWN** was born in 1609. William BLOOMFIELD and Sarah UNKNOWN had the following children:

2509 i. **Sarah BLOOMFIELD.**

FOURTEENTH GENERATION

10020. **Henry HOWELL**² died in 1625. Henry HOWELL had the following children:

5010 i. **Edward HOWELL.**

16164. **Henry HOWELL**² died in 1625. Henry HOWELL had the following children:

5010 i. **Edward HOWELL.**

FIFTEENTH GENERATION

20040. **William HOWELL**² died in 1557. The Fish, Howell, Sacket, Betts, Reed, Bloomfield, and Moore families immigrated to Massachusetts from England and were among the various town founders. They migrated to Newton, Long Island (now Elmhurst in Queens, NY). From there, many branches were prominent in NJ. He was married to Anne HAMPTON.

20041. **Anne HAMPTON**². William HOWELL and Anne HAMPTON had the following children:

10020 i. **Henry HOWELL**.

32328. **William HOWELL**² died in 1557. The Fish, Howell, Sacket, Betts, Reed, Bloomfield, and Moore families immigrated to Massachusetts from England and were among the various town founders. They migrated to Newton, Long Island (now Elmhurst in Queens, NY). From there, many branches were prominent in NJ. He was married to Anne HAMPTON.

32329. **Anne HAMPTON**². William HOWELL and Anne HAMPTON had the following children:

10020 i. **Henry HOWELL**.

SOURCES

1. Joanne Weigle Lewis personal communications.
2. Ellen Rose (Weigle) Glasser personal correspondence.
3. Pennsylvania Archives, , Vol. 6, p. 206. Vol. 6, p.206.
4. Ibid. Vol. 6, p.206.

INDEX

- | | | |
|------------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| ALLISON | Ruth Ann, 384, 385 | LANG |
| Judith, 388 | Thomas, 390, 391 | Eva Catharina, 385 |
| BAKER | GAMER | LOWRY |
| Elnor (Elinor, Nellie), 384 | Anna Margaretha, 386 | _____, 385, 386 |
| George, 387 | GILMORE | MANOR |
| George, Jr., 386 | Nancy, 384 | Elizabeth, 383 |
| Michael, 385 | GLASSER | MCCOLLUFF |
| Rosanna, 382 | David, 381 | Mary, 383, 384 |
| BETTS | Elizabeth, 381 | MEANY |
| Capt. Richard, 390, 391 | Frederick Howard, 381 | James, 383, 384 |
| Elizabeth, 389, 390 | Hann B. Martin, 387 | John, 382, 383 |
| BLOOMFIELD | Hans Martin, 388, 389 | Loualene, 382 |
| Sarah, 390, 391 | Harry Columbus, 381 | Mary Everson, 381 |
| William, 392, 393 | Herbert Glenn, 381 | MOORE |
| BOSLEY | Hugh Herbert, 381 | Capt. Samuel, 389 |
| Daniel, 386 | Jacob Gottlieb, 382 | Joseph, 388 |
| Rebecca, 384 | Johann, 385 | Rev. John, 390, 391 |
| CRADDOCK | Martin, 383 | Sarah Sackett, 387, 388 |
| Margaret, 392, 393 | Wilhelm, 386 | MORTON |
| CRAIG | HAMPTON | Rosanna, 385 |
| Elizabeth, 382 | Anne, 394 | NICHOLSON |
| James, 385 | HAUTHIN (HAUTH) | Elizabeth, 386 |
| Joseph W., 383 | Margaretha Barbara, 387 | PREECE |
| EGAN | HOWELL | Alice Grace, 381 |
| Rosina Katharina, 383 | Edward, 392, 393 | Elam, 383 |
| ENSOR | Henry, 393 | Matthew, 384 |
| John, 387 | Margaret, 390, 391 | Sydney John, 382 |
| Ruth, 386 | William, 393, 394 | RAMBO |
| FISH | HUMBERT | Samuel, 384 |
| Benjamin, 385, 386, 387, 388 | America, 382, 383 | RAVEN |
| John, 392 | Frederick, 384 | Isaac, 388 |
| Jonathan, 389 | JARMIN | Luke, 391 |
| Nathan, 386, 387, 388 | Jennie, 382 | Mary, 387 |

Sarah, 389
READER
Sarah, 386, 387
REED
Mary, 389, 390
Thomas, 390, 391
RICELING
Mary, 389, 390
Thomas, 390, 391
RICHARDSON
Elizabeth, 388
ROBERTS
John Williams, 384
Louisa Emma, 383
ROBINSON
Frances, 385
SACKETT
Capt. Joseph, 389, 390
Elizabeth, 388, 389
Simon, 390, 391, 392, 393
SCHENK
Andrew, 381
Josephine, 381
SCHOLLIN (SCHOLL)
Anna Elizabeth, 388
SCOTT
David, 382
John, 384, 386
Mary Christy, 382
William, 385
SPRIGGE
Mary, 390, 391
STANSBURY
Daniel, 388
Elisha, 385
Joseph Ward, 387
Nicholas, 384
Richardson, 387
Sarah, 383
STARNBOROUGH
Tobias, 389
STERNBERG
Detmar, 391
STEWART
Margaret, 386
UNKNOWN
Catherine "Renske", 391
Elizabeth, 390, 391
Frances, 392, 393
Isabelle, 392, 393
Joanna, 391, 392
Mary, 386, 389
Sarah, 387, 392, 393
WARD
Joseph, 389
Letitia, 388
WEIBLER
Anna (Agnes), 385
WEIGLE
Cummings, 382
Daniel, 385
Daniel, Jr., 384
David Washington, 381
Ellen Rose, 381
Oliver, 382
Washington, 382

Ancestors of Debbie Kay GOWER

FIRST GENERATION

Debbie Kay GOWER is the wife of Daniel Reed MILLER, son of Eleanor May LEWIS.

1. **Debbie Kay GOWER** was born on 25 Apr 1959 in Uniontown, Fayette Co., PA.

SECOND GENERATION

2. **Donald Wesley GOWER** was born on 30 Oct 1927 in Westmoreland County, PA. He died on 28 Feb 1979 in Smithfield, Fayette Co., PA. He was married to Betty Marie HEETER.
3. **Betty Marie HEETER** was born on 27 Feb 1928 in Fayette Co., PA. Donald Wesley GOWER and Betty Marie HEETER had the following children:

- 1
 - i. **Debbie Kay GOWER.**

THIRD GENERATION

4. **James Mellon GOWER** was born on 15 Jun 1898 in Westmoreland County, PA. He died in Oct 1934 in Westmoreland County, PA. He was married to Sarah Elizabeth BROWN.
5. **Sarah Elizabeth BROWN** was born on 25 Mar 1901 in Westmoreland County, PA. She died on 30 Nov 1967 in Masontown, Fayette County, PA. James Mellon GOWER and Sarah Elizabeth BROWN had the following children:

- 2
 - i. **Donald Wesley GOWER.**

6. **George Wayne HEETER** was born on 28 Nov 1900 in Fayette Co., PA. He died on 18 Jul 1979 in Masontown, Fayette County, PA. He was married to Blanche Beatrice BALSINGER.
7. **Blanche Beatrice BALSINGER** was born on 27 Apr 1904 in Fayette Co., PA. She died on 19 Sep 1987 in Masontown, Fayette County, PA. George Wayne HEETER and Blanche Beatrice BALSINGER had the following children:

- 3
 - i. **Betty Marie HEETER.**

FOURTH GENERATION

12. **George Briton McClellan HEETER** was born on 13 Apr 1863. He died on 3 Jan 1944. He was married to Louisa Jane "Jennie" HOOVER.
13. **Louisa Jane "Jennie" HOOVER** was born on 23 May 1873. She died on 12 Jun 1958. George Briton McClellan HEETER and Louisa Jane "Jennie" HOOVER had the following children:

- 6
 - i. **George Wayne HEETER.**

14. **Elmer Ellsworth BALSINGER** was born on 28 Nov 1861. He died on 18 Jun 1954. He was married to Mary Eliza HUEY.
15. **Mary Eliza HUEY** was born on 12 Apr 1868. She died in 1949. Elmer Ellsworth BALSINGER and

Mary Eliza HUEY had the following children:

- 7 i. **Blanche Beatrice BALSINGER.**

FIFTH GENERATION

24. **Jeremiah HEETER** was born on 19 Dec 1819. He died on 26 Dec 1903. He was married to Matilda GILBERT.

25. **Matilda GILBERT** was born on 9 Jul 1822. She died on 29 Mar 1897. Jeremiah HEETER and Matilda GILBERT had the following children:

- 12 i. **George Briton McClellan HEETER.**

26. **Jess HOOVER.** He was married to Sarah RIDER.

27. **Sarah RIDER.** Jess HOOVER and Sarah RIDER had the following children:

- 13 i. **Louisa Jane "Jennie" HOOVER.**

28. **Isaac BALSINGER** was born on 20 Feb 1836. He died on 8 Oct 1912. He was married to Liza UNKNOWN.

29. **Liza UNKNOWN.** Isaac BALSINGER and Liza UNKNOWN had the following children:

- 14 i. **Elmer Ellsworth BALSINGER.**

30. **Peter HUEY** died on 8 Jan 1869. He was married to Nancy UNKNOWN.

31. **Nancy UNKNOWN** died on 16 Sep 1869. Peter HUEY and Nancy UNKNOWN had the following children:

- 15 i. **Mary Eliza HUEY.**

INDEX

BALSINGER	Jess, 397
Blanche Beatrice, 396	Louisa Jane (Jennie), 396
Elmer Ellsworth, 396	HUEY
Isaac, 397	Mary Eliza, 396
BROUCH	Peter, 397
Sarah Elizabeth, 396	RIDER
GILBERT	Sarah, 397
Matilda, 397	UNKNOWN
GOWER	Liza, 397
Debbie Kay, 396	Nancy, 397
Donald Wesley, 396	
James Mellon, 396	
HEETER	
Betty Marie, 396	
George Briton McClellan, 396	
George Wayne, 396	
Jermiah, 397	
HOOVER	

Ancestors of Anna Mary HALL

FIRST GENERATION

*Anna Mary HALL
is the late wife of
George Marshall
LEWIS.*

1. **Anna Mary HALL** was born on 15 May 1926 in Brilliant, OH. She died on 27 Mar 1991 in Beaver Falls, PA.

SECOND GENERATION

2. **William E. HALL.**
3. **Bertha B. GRAHAM.** William E. HALL and Bertha B. GRAHAM had the following children:
 - 1 i. **Anna Mary HALL.**
 - ii. **Martha HALL¹.**

SOURCES

1. Anna Mary Lewis Obituary.

INDEX

GRAHAM
Bertha B., 398
HALL
Anna Mary, 398
Martha, 398
William E., 398

Ancestors of Ann Long HARWICK

FIRST GENERATION

*Ann Long
HARWICK is the
first wife of Jack
Walter LEWIS.*

1. **Ann Long HARWICK** was born on 13 Sep 1939 in Allentown, PA.

SECOND GENERATION

2. **Ralph Franklin HARWICK** was born on 26 Apr 1909 in Allentown, PA.¹ He died on 16 May 1965 in Allentown, PA.¹ He was married to Hannah Emaline LONG.¹

3. **Hannah Emaline LONG** was born on 18 Oct 1916 in Allentown, PA.¹ Ralph Franklin HARWICK and Hannah Emaline LONG had the following children:

- 1 i. **Ann Long HARWICK.**
- ii. **John David HARWICK** was born on 26 Mar 1952.

THIRD GENERATION

4. **Edwin John HARWICK** was born on 21 Mar 1886. He died on 4 Nov 1969 in Allentown, PA.¹ He was married to Mary Eliza BAUSCH.¹

5. **Mary Eliza BAUSCH** was born on 20 Nov 1885.¹ She died on 21 Apr 1969.¹ Edwin John HARWICK and Mary Eliza BAUSCH had the following children:

- 2 i. **Ralph Franklin HARWICK.**

6. **Eugene Ephram LONG** was born on 2 Dec 1855.¹ He died on 31 Oct 1923.¹ He was married to Cora Lydia KURTZ.¹

7. **Cora Lydia KURTZ** was born on 30 Jul 1873.¹ She died on 23 Nov 1951.¹ Eugene Ephram LONG and Cora Lydia KURTZ had the following children:

- 3 i. **Francis Kurtz LONG** was born on 14 Sep 1909.
- ii. **Hannah Emaline LONG.**

FOURTH GENERATION

8. **Edward HARWICK.** He was married to Florenda SMITH.¹

9. **Florenda SMITH.** Edward HARWICK and Florenda SMITH had the following children:

- 4 i. **Edwin John HARWICK.**

10. **Franklin H. BAUSCH** was born on 23 Mar 1849.¹

11. **Sadie COLE.** Franklin H. BAUSCH and Sadie COLE had the following children:

- 5 i. **Mary Eliza BAUSCH.**

12. **Ephraim T. LONG** was born on 7 May 1821.¹ He died on 1 Jun 1901.¹ He was married to Hannah KLINE in 1846.¹

13. **Hannah KLINE** was born on 17 Apr 1823.¹ She died on 30 Nov 1891.¹ Ephraim T. LONG and Hannah KLINE had the following children:

6 i. **Eugene Ephram LONG.**

14. **Milton KURTZ** was born on 26 Jul 1839.¹ He died on 16 Jun 1905 in Shoenersville, PA.¹ He was married to Emaline ROTH on 8 Feb 1863.¹

15. **Emaline ROTH** was born on 26 Jun 1839.¹ She died on 31 Jul 1916.¹ Milton KURTZ and Emaline ROTH had the following children:

7 i. **Cora Lydia KURTZ.**

FIFTH GENERATION

18. **Samuel SMITH** was born in 1809.¹ He died in 1897.¹

19. **Susanna BAER** was born in 1817.¹ She died in 1903.¹ Samuel SMITH and Susanna BAER had the following children:

9 i. **Florenda SMITH.**

20. **Adam BAUSCH** was born in 1808 in Claystadt, Germany.¹ He emigrated in 1832 from Wormelsdorf, Berks Co., PA.¹ He died on 6 Oct 1897.¹ He was buried in Wormelsdorf, Berks Co., PA.¹ He was married to Elizabeth STONER.¹

21. **Elizabeth STONER** was born in 1815.¹ She died on 16 Oct 1897.¹ Adam BAUSCH and Elizabeth STONER had the following children:

10 i. **Franklin H. BAUSCH.**

22. **William COLE** was born in Trenton, NJ.¹ William COLE had the following children:

11 i. **Sadie COLE.**

24. **John LONG** was born in Northampton Co., PA.¹

25. **Elizabeth HEILMAN** was born in Lehigh Co., PA.¹ John LONG and Elizabeth HEILMAN had the following children:

12 i. **Ephraim T. LONG.**

26. **Jacob KLINE** was born on 5 Feb 1781.¹ He died on 11 Feb 1857.¹

27. **Susan GROSS** was born on 3 Aug 1785.¹ She died on 14 Oct 1872.¹ Jacob KLINE and Susan GROSS had the following children:

13 i. **Hannah KLINE.**

28. **Henry KURTZ** was born on 13 Dec 1800.¹ He died on 5 Feb 1890 in Shoenersville, PA.¹ Buried with

father and grandfather in cemetery of Reformed Church of Schoenersville.

29. **Lydia SCHOENER** was born in 1803.¹ She died in Jul 1867.¹ Henry KURTZ and Lydia SCHOENER had the following children:

14 i. **Milton KURTZ.**

30. **Moses ROTH.**

31. **Mary NAGLE.** Moses ROTH and Mary NAGLE had the following children:

15 i. **Emaline ROTH.**

SIXTH GENERATION

36. **Henry SCHMIDT** was born on 18 Apr 1777. He died on 4 May 1854. Henry SCHMIDT had the following children:

18 i. **Samuel SMITH.**

42. **Rudolph STONER.** Rudolph STONER had the following children:

21 i. **Elizabeth STONER.**

52. **Peter KLINE** was born on 27 Apr 1741.¹ He died on 22 Dec 1819.¹ He was married to Margaret STETTTLER in 1763.¹

53. **Margaret STETTTLER** was born on 13 Dec 1741.¹ She died on 26 Feb 1815.¹ Peter KLINE and Margaret STETTTLER had the following children:

26 i. **Jacob KLINE.**

54. **Esq. Peter GROSS** was born on 1 Jan 1761 in Kwhetchall, PA.¹ He joined the military in 1776 in Revolutionary War.¹ Served under Captain Georgetrain, 1st Batallion, Northampton Militia He was a Justice of Peace on 20 Mar 1812.¹ Was Justice of Peace for 45 years. He died on 28 May 1846.¹

55. **Barbara TRUXELL** was born on 13 Dec 1762.¹ She died on 4 Jun 1834.¹ Esq. Peter GROSS and Barbara TRUXELL had the following children:

27 i. **Susan GROSS.**

56. **John George KURTZ** was born on 19 Oct 1767 in Germany.¹ He died in 1831 in Catasauqua, PA.¹

57. **Elizabeth MILLER** was born in 1765.¹ She died on 26 Aug 1848.¹ John George KURTZ and Elizabeth MILLER had the following children:

28 i. **Henry KURTZ.**

58. **Adam SCHOENER.** Adam SCHOENER had the following children:

29 i. **Lydia SCHOENER.**

60. **Henry ROTH.** Henry ROTH had the following children:

30 i. **Moses ROTH.**

62. **John NAGLE.**

63. **WEIGHTKNECHT** died in 1883.¹ John NAGLE and WEIGHTKNECHT had the following children:

31 i. **Mary NAGLE.**

SEVENTH GENERATION

72. **Peter SCHMIDT** joined the military. Peter SCHMIDT had the following children:

36 i. **Henry SCHMIDT.**

104. **Philip Wendel KLINE** emigrated on 20 Oct 1744 from Philadelphia, PA.¹ Native of Germany. Emigrated on "Phoenix" which arrived in Philadelphia on October 20, 1744. Settled in Weiserberg, Township a mile from Seipstown, PA. He owned Land in 1753 in Seipstown, PA. Philip Wendel KLINE had the following children:

52 i. **Peter KLINE.**

108. **Paul GROSS** was born in 1735 in Zweibruecken, Germany.¹ He emigrated on 15 Sep 1752 from Philadelphia, PA.¹ Arrived in Philadelphia, PA aboard "Two Brothers". He died on 19 Feb 1791.¹

109. **Maria Catherine GUTH.** Paul GROSS and Maria Catherine GUTH had the following children:

54 i. **Esq. Peter GROSS.**

110. **Peter TRUXELL.**

111. **Anna Marie UNKNOWN** was born on 6 Mar 1727.¹ She died on 10 Jul 1795.¹ Peter TRUXELL and Anna Marie UNKNOWN had the following children:

55 i. **Barbara TRUXELL.**

112. **John George KURTZ** was born in 1706 in Germany. He died on 18 Oct 1787.

113. **Elizabeth WANNEMACHER.** John George KURTZ and Elizabeth WANNEMACHER had the following children:

56 i. **John George KURTZ.**

SOURCES

1. Personal Research of Ann Harwick Ankrum.

INDEX

- BAER
 Susanna, 400
 BAUSCH
 Adam, 400
 Franklin H., 399
 Mary Eliza, 399
 COLE
 Sadie, 399
 William, 400
 GROSS
 Paul, 402
 Peter, 401
 Susan, 400
 GUTH
 Maria Catherine, 402
 HARWICK
 Ann Long, 399
 Edward, 399
 Edwin John, 399
 John David, 399
 Ralph Franklin, 399
 HEILMAN
 Elizabeth, 400
 KLINE
 Hannah, 400
 Jacob, 400
 Peter, 401
 Philip Wendel, 402
 KURTZ
 Cora Lydia, 399
 Henry, 400
 John George, 401, 402
 Milton, 400
 LONG
 Ephraim T., 400
 Eugene Ephram, 399
 Francis Kurtz, 399
 Hannah Emaline, 399
 John, 400
 MILLER
 Elizabeth, 401
 NAGLE
 John, 402
 Mary, 401
 ROTH
 Emaline, 400
 Henry, 401
 Moses, 401
 SCHMIDT
 Henry, 401
 Peter, 402
 SCHOENER
 Adam, 401
 Lydia, 401
 SMITH
 Florenda, 399
 Samuel, 400
 STETTLER
 Margaret, 401
 STONER
 Elizabeth, 400
 Rudolph, 401
 TRUXELL
 Barbara, 401
 Peter, 402
 UNKNOWN
 Anna Marie, 402
 WANNAMACHER
 Elizabeth, 402
 WEIGHTKNECHT
 _____, 402

Ancestors of LaMonte Edison HUGH

LaMonte Edison HUGH is the husband of Susan Eileen ABRAHAM, daughter of Hazel Ruth LEWIS.

FIRST GENERATION

1. **LaMonte Edison HUGH** was born on 30 Dec 1946 in Uniontown, Fayette Co., PA.¹

SECOND GENERATION

2. **George Edison HUGH**¹ was born on 4 Mar 1917 in Fairchance, Fayette Co., PA. He died on 1 Feb 1979 in Pittsburgh, Allegheny Co. Pa.. He is buried in LaFayette Memorial Cemetery, Uniontown, PA. He served in the Army during World War II and fought in Europe. He was part of the invasion of Normandy and was wounded in the Battle of the Bulge. He was married to Laura MCKENNA on 10 Apr 1943.
3. **Laura MCKENNA**¹ was born on 3 Jan 1923 in Pittsburgh, Allegheny Co. Pa.. George Edison HUGH and Laura MCKENNA had the following children:

- 1
 - i. **LaMonte Edison HUGH.**

THIRD GENERATION

4. **Isaac Edison HUGH** was born on 29 May 1885 in Fairchance, Fayette Co., PA. He died on 30 Jan 1965 in Fairchance, Fayette Co., PA. He is buried in LaFayette Memorial Cemetery, Uniontown, PA. He was married to Laura Belle HUMPHREYS.
5. **Laura Belle HUMPHREYS**¹ was born on 25 Feb 1892 in Fairchance, Fayette Co., PA. She died on 1 Jun 1983 in Smithfield, Fayette Co., PA. She is buried in LaFayette Memorial Cemetery, Uniontown, PA. Isaac Edison HUGH and Laura Belle HUMPHREYS had the following children:

- 2
 - i. **George Edison HUGH.**

6. **Charles Frances MCKENNA**¹ was born on 6 Dec 1887 in Elizabeth, PA. He died in 1968. He was married to Jane "Jennie" Shearer LOWDEN.
7. **Jane "Jennie" Shearer LOWDEN**¹ was born on 8 May 1896 in Robertsdale, PA. She died in 1978. Charles Frances MCKENNA and Jane "Jennie" Shearer LOWDEN had the following children:

- 3
 - i. **Laura MCKENNA.**

FOURTH GENERATION

8. **Owen J. HUGH**¹ was born on 10 Sep 1852. He died in Feb 1936. He was married to Emma C. HASTINGS.
9. **Emma C. HASTINGS**¹ was born on 20 Aug 1861. She died on 12 Aug 1922. Owen J. HUGH and Emma C. HASTINGS had the following children:

- i. **Rose HUGH**¹.
- ii. **Melburn HUGH**¹.
- iii. **Cora HUGH**¹.

- 4
 - iv. **Isaac Edison HUGH.**
 - v. **Hugh H. HUGH¹.**
 - vi. **Melchar HUGH¹.**
 - vii. **Fanny HUGH¹.**
 - viii. **Harry HUGH¹.**

14. **William LOWDEN** was born in 1854 in Lancaster, England. He was married to Isabella PRIESTLY.

15. **Isabella PRIESTLY** was born between 1850 and 1860 in England. William LOWDEN and Isabella PRIESTLY had the following children:

- 7
 - i. **Jane "Jennie" Shearer LOWDEN.**

FIFTH GENERATION

16. **Warner HUGH¹** was born on 16 Jul 1815. He died on 20 Jul 1873. He was married to Ruth HARTMAN.

17. **Ruth HARTMAN¹** was born in 1816. She died on 16 Dec 1907. Warner HUGH and Ruth HARTMAN had the following children:

- i. **Isaac HUGH¹.**
 - ii. **Melchoir HUGH¹.** He was in the Civil War. On his way home he drowned at Wheeling, WV.
- 8
 - iii. **Owen J. HUGH.**
 - iv. **Sara (Sally) HUGH¹.**
 - v. **Mary HUGH¹.**

28. **William LOWDEN** was born in England. He was married to Hannah UNKNOWN.

29. **Hannah UNKNOWN.** William LOWDEN and Hannah UNKNOWN had the following children:

- 14
 - i. **William LOWDEN.**

SIXTH GENERATION

32. **Isaac HUGH¹** was born on 12 Feb 1771 in Union Township, Berks Co., PA. He died on 27 Jun 1844 in Fairchance, Fayette Co., PA. He was married to Mary Ann TODD on 8 Aug 1793.

33. **Mary Ann TODD¹** was born on 15 Apr 1776. She died on 10 Feb 1858 in Fairchance, Fayette Co., PA. Isaac HUGH and Mary Ann TODD had the following children:

- i. **Owen HUGH¹.**
- ii. **James HUGH¹.**
- iii. **Jonathan HUGH¹.**
- iv. **Hannah HUGH¹.**
- v. **Isaac HUGH¹.**
- vi. **William HUGH¹.**
- vii. **Rachel HUGH¹.**
- viii. **Hiram HUGH¹.**
- ix. **Dan HUGH¹.**

- 16 x. **Moses HUGH¹.**
 xi. **Warner HUGH.**
 xii. **John HUGH¹.**

SEVENTH GENERATION

64. **Owen HUGH¹** died on 13 Oct 1774. He was married to Hannah WYNN in 1765.

65. **Hannah WYNN¹** was born on 25 Feb 1744 in Chester Co., PA. She died on 11 Nov 1826 in Berks Co., PA. Owen HUGH and Hannah WYNN had the following children:

- 32 i. **Isaac HUGH.**

SOURCES

1. Susan Abraham and LaMonte Edison Hugh personal communications.

INDEX**HARTMAN**

Ruth, 405

HASTINGS

Emma C., 404

HUGH

Cora, 404

Dan, 405

Fanny, 405

George Edison, 404

Hannah, 405

Harry, 405

Hiram, 405

Hugh H., 405

Isaac, 405

Isaac Edison, 404

James, 405

John, 406

Jonathan, 405

LaMonte Edison, 404

Mary, 405

Melburn, 404

Melchar, 405

Melchoir, 405

Moses, 406

Owen, 405, 406

Owen J., 404

Rachel, 405

Rose, 404

Sara (Sally), 405

Warner, 405

William, 405

HUMPHREYS

Laura Belle, 404

LOWDEN

Jane (Jennie) Shearer, 404

William, 405

MCKENNA

Charles Frances, 404

Laura, 404

PRIESTLY

Isabella, 405

TODD

Mary Ann, 405

UNKNOWN

Hannah, 405

WYNN

Hannah, 406

*Michael Edward
ISRAEL is the
husband of Michelle
Lynn Miller,
daughter of Franklin
Kenneth MILLER,
son of Eleanor May
LEWIS.*

Ancestors of Michael Edward ISRAEL

FIRST GENERATION

1. **Michael Edward ISRAEL** was born on December 3, 1972 in Greensburg, Indiana. He received a BA in Chemistry/Biology in 1995 from Asbury College in Wilmore, KY. He is currently at Indiana University Medical School (1997).

SECOND GENERATION

2. **Dennis ISRAEL.** He was married to Juanita Israel.
3. **Juanita ISRAEL.** Dennis ISRAEL and Juanita ISRAEL had the following children:
 - i. Brian ISRAEL.
 - 1 ii. **Michael ISRAEL.**
 - iii. Keith ISRAEL.
 - iv. Sarah ISRAEL.

SOURCES

1. Miller Lynn (Michelle Miller) Israel personal communications.

INDEX

ISRAEL
Brian, 408
Dennis, 408
Juanita, 408
Keith, 408
Michael, 408
Sarah, 408

Ancestors of Sean Paul KOVALIC

*Sean Paul KOVALIC
is the husband of Amy
Rebecca ABRAHAM,
daughter of James
Harry ABRAHAM,
son of Hazel Ruth
LEWIS.*

FIRST GENERATION

1. **Sean Paul KOVALIC** was born on 5 Jul 1972 in Morgantown, Monongalia Co., WV.

SECOND GENERATION

2. **Thomas Stephen KOVALIC**¹ was born on 12 Jul 1940 in Shoaf, Fayette Co., PA. He was married to Gloria Lane BROWNFIELD on 9 Apr 1962 in Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., MD.

3. **Gloria Lane BROWNFIELD**¹ was born on 18 Dec 1943 in Uniontown, Fayette Co., PA. Thomas Stephen KOVALIC and Gloria Lane BROWNFIELD had the following children:

1 i. **Sean Paul KOVALIC.**

THIRD GENERATION

4. **Steve KOVALIC**¹ was born on 23 Aug 1910 in Collier, Fayette Co., PA. He died on 15 Sep 1982 in Smithfield, Fayette Co., PA. He was buried in St. Joseph's Cemetery, Fairchance, PA. He was married to Catherine BACHA.

5. **Catherine BACHA**¹ was born on 27 Mar 1920 in Carpentertown, Westmoreland Co., PA. She died on 7 Sep 1986 in Pittsburgh, Allegheny Co. Pa. She was buried in St. Joseph's Cemetery, Fairchance, PA. Steve KOVALIC and Catherine BACHA had the following children:

2 i. **Thomas Stephen KOVALIC.**

6. **Merchant Collier BROWNFIELD**¹ was born on 25 Dec 1895 in Uniontown, Fayette Co., PA. He died on 20 Nov 1957 in Fairchance, Fayette Co., PA. He was buried in Maple Grove Cemetery, Fairchance, PA. He was married to Emily Jane GOODWIN on 4 Feb 1929 in Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., MD.

7. **Emily Jane GOODWIN**¹ was born on 30 Sep 1910 in Smithfield, Fayette Co., PA. She died on 21 Dec 1990 in Fairchance, Fayette Co., PA. She was buried in Maple Grove Cemetery, Fairchance, PA. Merchant Collier BROWNFIELD and Emily Jane GOODWIN had the following children:

3 i. **Gloria Lane BROWNFIELD.**

FOURTH GENERATION

8. **Adam KOVALIC**¹. He was married to Ella DUCAR.

9. **Ella DUCAR**¹. Adam KOVALIC and Ella DUCAR had the following children:

4 i. **Steve KOVALIC.**

10. **Andrew BACHA**¹. He was married to Mary HATALA.

11. **Mary HATALA**¹. Andrew BACHA and Mary HATALA had the following children:

5 i. **Catherine BACHA.**

12. **Robert Walter BROWNFIELD**¹ was born in 1862. He died in 1935. He was married to Laurette H. (Laura) COLLIER.

13. **Laurette H. (Laura) COLLIER**¹ was born in 1865. She died in 1947. Robert Walter BROWNFIELD and Laurette H. (Laura) COLLIER had the following children:

6 i. **Merchant Collier BROWNFIELD.**

14. **Walter Moreland GOODWIN**¹ was born in 1860. He died in 1925. He was married to Emma Olive WOOLSEY.

15. **Emma Olive WOOLSEY**¹ was born in 1876. She died in 1926. Walter Moreland GOODWIN and Emma Olive WOOLSEY had the following children:

7 i. **Emily Jane GOODWIN.**

FIFTH GENERATION

24. **Robert Collins BROWNFIELD**¹ was born in 1822. He died in 1894. He was married to Phebe Ann BROWN.

25. **Phebe Ann BROWN**¹ was born in 1831. She died in 1891. Robert Collins BROWNFIELD and Phebe Ann BROWN had the following children:

12 i. **Robert Walter BROWNFIELD.**

26. **Merchant COLLIER**¹ was born in 1835. He died in 1916. He was married to Hannah HUSTEAD.

27. **Hannah HUSTEAD**¹ was born in 1834. She died in 1915. Merchant COLLIER and Hannah HUSTEAD had the following children:

13 i. **Laurette H. (Laura) COLLIER.**

28. **Benjamin Franklin GOODWIN**¹ was born in 1827. He died in 1901. He was married to Mary Emily BRITT.

29. **Mary Emily BRITT**¹ was born in 1833. She died in 1895. Benjamin Franklin GOODWIN and Mary Emily BRITT had the following children:

14 i. **Walter Moreland GOODWIN.**

30. **William WOOLSEY**¹ died in 1893 in Pittsburgh, Allegheny Co. Pa.. He was married to Jane SUMMERS.

31. **Jane SUMMERS**¹ was born in 1852 in Nicolson Twp., Fayette Co., PA. She died in 1881. William WOOLSEY and Jane SUMMERS had the following children:

15 i. **Emma Olive WOOLSEY.**

SIXTH GENERATION

48. **Basil BROWNFIELD**¹ was born in 1796. He died in 1881. He was married to Sarah COLLINS.

49. **Sarah COLLINS**¹ was born in 1802. She died in 1870. Basil BROWNFIELD and Sarah COLLINS had the following children:

24 i. **Robert Collins BROWNFIELD.**

52. **Daniel COLLIER**¹ was born in 1799. He died in 1877. He was married to Susan SEATON.

53. **Susan SEATON**¹ was born in 1805. She died in 1879. Daniel COLLIER and Susan SEATON had the following children:

26 i. **Merchant COLLIER.**

54. **William HUSTEAD**¹ was born in 1838. He died in 1892. He was married to Mary BROWN.

55. **Mary BROWN**¹ was born in 1855. She died in 1912. William HUSTEAD and Mary BROWN had the following children:

27 i. **Hannah HUSTEAD.**

56. **Joseph GOODWIN**¹ was born in 1800. He died in 1879. He was married to Margaret GRIFFITH.

57. **Margaret GRIFFITH**¹ died in 1860. Joseph GOODWIN and Margaret GRIFFITH had the following children:

28 i. **Benjamin Franklin GOODWIN.**

62. **John SUMMERS**¹ was born in 1809. He died in 1884. He was married to Sarah ROSS.

63. **Sarah ROSS**¹ was born in 1816. She died in 1874. John SUMMERS and Sarah ROSS had the following children:

31 i. **Jane SUMMERS.**

SEVENTH GENERATION

96. **Robert BROWNFIELD Jr.**¹ was born in 1760. He died in 1815. He was married to Mary BOWELL.

97. **Mary BOWELL**¹. Robert BROWNFIELD Jr. and Mary BOWELL had the following children:

48 i. **Basil BROWNFIELD.**

104. **John COLLIER**¹ was born about 1770. He was married to Sallie CLARK.

105. **Sallie CLARK**¹. John COLLIER and Sallie CLARK had the following children:

52 i. **Daniel COLLIER.**

108. **Robert HUSTEAD**¹ was born in 1860. He died in 1896. He was married to Rebecca HUMBERT.

109. **Rebecca HUMBERT**¹ was born in 1811. She died in 1884. Robert HUSTEAD and Rebecca HUMBERT had the following children:

54 i. **William HUSTEAD.**

112. **John GOODWIN Jr.**¹. He was married. John GOODWIN Jr. had the following children:

56 i. **Joseph GOODWIN.**

126. **John ROSS**¹ died in 1834. He was married to Rhoda HALL.

127. **Rhoda HALL** died in 1850. John ROSS and Rhoda HALL had the following children:

63 i. **Sarah ROSS.**

EIGHTH GENERATION

192. **Charles BROWNFIELD**¹ was born in Ireland. He was married. Charles BROWNFIELD had the following children:

96 i. **Robert BROWNFIELD Jr.**

208. **John COLLIER**¹. He was married to ____ IRONMONGER.

209. ____ IRONMONGER¹. John COLLIER and ____ IRONMONGER had the following children:

104 i. **John COLLIER.**

216. **John HUSTEAD**¹ was born in 1782. He died in 1846. He was married to Elizabeth Jane MILLER.

217. **Elizabeth Jane MILLER**¹ was born in 1787. She died in 1870. John HUSTEAD and Elizabeth Jane MILLER had the following children:

108 i. **Robert HUSTEAD.**

224. **John GOODWIN Sr.**¹ was born in 1746. He was married. John GOODWIN Sr. had the following children:

112 i. **John GOODWIN Jr.**

NINTH GENERATION

384. **George BROWNFIELD**¹ was born in England. He was married. George BROWNFIELD had the following children:

192 i. **Charles BROWNFIELD.**

416. **Charles COLLIER**¹. He was married. Charles COLLIER had the following children:

208 i. **John COLLIER.**

432. **Robert HUSTEAD**¹ was born in 1755. He died in 1838. He was married to Sarah MCDONALD.

433. **Sarah MCDONALD**¹ was born in 1765. She died in 1842. Robert HUSTEAD and Sarah MCDONALD had the following children:

216 i. **John HUSTEAD.**

448. **Benjamin GOODWIN**¹ was born in Ireland. He was married to Hannah URGHUART in 1742 in Maryland.

449. **Hannah URGHUART**¹. Benjamin GOODWIN and Hannah URGHUART had the following children:

224 i. **John GOODWIN Sr.**

TENTH GENERATION

832. **Lieut. Col. William COLLIER**¹ was born in London, England. He became a Lieutenant Colonel in 1675, New Kent Co., VA. He was married. Lieut. Col. William COLLIER had the following children:

416 i. **Charles COLLIER.**

864. **John HUSTEAD** was born in 1731. He was married. John HUSTEAD had the following children:

432 i. **Robert HUSTEAD.**

ELEVENTH GENERATION

1728. **David HUSTEAD**¹ was born in 1685. He died in 1776. He was married to Johanna BRUNDAGE on 14 May 1718.

1729. **Johanna BRUNDAGE**¹. David HUSTEAD and Johanna BRUNDAGE had the following children:

864 i. **John HUSTEAD.**

TWELFTH GENERATION

3456. **Joseph HUSTEAD**¹ was born in 1662 in Greenwich, Connecticut. He was married to Sarah UNKNOWN.

3457. **Sarah UNKNOWN**¹. Joseph HUSTEAD and Sarah UNKNOWN had the following children:

1728 i. **David HUSTEAD.**

THIRTEENTH GENERATION

6912. **Angeil HUSTEAD** was born in 1620 in Somerset, England. He died in 1706 in Greenwich, Connecticut. He was married to Rebecca SHERWOOD between 1665 and 1673 in Fairfield, Connecticut.

6913. **Rebecca SHERWOOD**¹ was born in 1625 in Palpswich Suffolk, England. Angeil HUSTEAD and Rebecca SHERWOOD had the following children:

3456 i. **Joseph HUSTEAD.**

FOURTEENTH GENERATION

13824. **Robert HUSTEAD**¹ was born in 1596 in Somerset, England. He died in 1652 in Stamford, Fairfield Co., Connecticut. He was married to Elizabeth MILLER in 1619 in Frome, Dorset, England.

13825. **Elizabeth MILLER**¹. Elizabeth's uncle (brother to her father) was Sir Robert Miller, a Knight. Robert HUSTEAD and Elizabeth MILLER had the following children:

6912 i. **Angeil HUSTEAD.**

13826. **Thomas SHERWOOD**¹ was born in Ipswich, England. He was married to Alice SEABROOK.

13827. **Alice SEABROOK**¹ was born in 1587 in Wingrave, England. Thomas SHERWOOD and Alice SEABROOK had the following children:

6913 i. **Rebecca SHERWOOD.**

FIFTEENTH GENERATION

27648. **Lawrence HUSTEAD**¹. He was married. Lawrence HUSTEAD had the following children:

13824 i. **Robert HUSTEAD.**

27650. **Lawrence MILLER**¹ was born in 1575 in Frome, Dorset, England. He was married to Joanne SMITH.

27651. **Joanne SMITH**¹ was born in 1585 in Stratton Dorset, England. Lawrence MILLER and Joanne SMITH had the following children:

13825 i. **Elizabeth MILLER.**

27652. **Thomas SHERWOOD**¹ was born in 1548 in England. He was married. Thomas SHERWOOD had the following children:

13826 i. **Thomas SHERWOOD.**

27654. **Robert SEABROOK**¹ was born in 1563 in Wingrave, England. He was married to Alice GOODSPEED.

27655. **Alice GOODSPEED**¹ was born in 1576 in Wingrave, England. Robert SEABROOK and Alice GOODSPEED had the following children:

13827 i. **Alice SEABROOK.**

SIXTEENTH GENERATION

55296. **Jomhn HUSTEAD**¹. He was married. Jomhn HUSTEAD had the following children:

27648 i. **Lawrence HUSTEAD.**

55300. **John MILLER**¹ was born in 1555 in England. He was married to Ann WINTERHAY.

55301. **Ann WINTERHAY**¹. John MILLER and Ann WINTERHAY had the following children:

27650 i. **Lawrence MILLER.**

55302. **Gentleman Angeil SMITH** was born in Stratton Dorset, England. He was married to Catherine PROUT on 20 May 1582 in Dorset, England.

55303. **Catherine PROUT**¹ died in Aug 1533 in Stratton Dorset, England. She was born in 1561 in Stratton Dorset, England. Gentleman Angeil SMITH and Catherine PROUT had the following children:

27651 i. **Joanne SMITH.**

55308. **Thomas SEABROOK**¹ was born in 1537 in Bolton Percy, Yorkshire Co., England. He was married to Olive UNKNOWN.

55309. **Olive UNKNOWN** was born in 1539 in England. Thomas SEABROOK and Olive UNKNOWN had the following children:

27654 i. **Robert SEABROOK.**

55310. **Nicholas GOODSPEED** was born in 1531/32 in Wingrave Bucks, England. He was married to Margaret UNKNOWN.

55311. **Margaret UNKNOWN**¹. Nicholas GOODSPEED and Margaret UNKNOWN had the following children:

27655 i. **Alice GOODSPEED.**

SEVENTEENTH GENERATION

110602. **Giles WINTERHAY**¹ was born in 1507 in Chetnoll Dorset, England. He was married to Jane COCKERHAM.

110603. **Jane COCKERHAM**¹ was born in 1511 in Columpton Devon, England. Giles WINTERHAY and Jane COCKERHAM had the following children:

55301 i. **Ann WINTERHAY.**

110606. **William PROUT (PROWTE)**¹ was born in 1533 in Out Ryme Dorset, England. He died on 10 Jun 1599. He was married to unknown UNKNOWN.

110607. **unknown UNKNOWN**¹ was born in 1537 in Out Ryme Dorset, England. William PROUT (PROWTE) and unknown UNKNOWN had the following children:

55303 i. **Catherine PROUT.**

110620. **Nicholas GOODSPEED**¹ was born in 1503 in Wingrave Bucks, England. He died in 1557 in Wingrave Bucks, England. He was married to unknown UNKNOWN.

110621. **unknown UNKNOWN**¹ was born in 1507 in Wingrave Bucks, England. Nicholas GOODSPEED and unknown UNKNOWN had the following children:

55310 i. **Nicholas GOODSPEED.**

SOURCES

1. Sean Kovalic personal communications.

INDEX

- BACHA
 Andrew, 409
 Catherine, 409
 BOWELL
 Mary, 411
 BRITT
 Mary Emily, 410
 BROWN
 Mary, 411
 Phebe Ann, 410
 BROWNFIELD
 Basil, 411
 Charles, 412
 George, 412
 Gloria Lane, 409
 Merchant Collier, 409
 Robert, 411
 Robert Collins, 410
 Robert Walter, 410
 BRUNDAGE
 Johanna, 413
 CLARK
 Sallie, 411
 COCKERHAM
 Jane, 415
 COLLIER
 Charles, 412
 Daniel, 411
 John, 411, 412
 Laurette H. (Laura), 410
 Merchant, 410
 William, 413
 COLLINS
 Sarah, 411
 DUCAR
 Ella, 409
 GOODSPEED
 Alice, 415
 Nicholas, 415, 416
 GOODWIN
 Benjamin, 413
 Benjamin Franklin, 410
 Emily Jane, 409
 John, 412
 Joseph, 411
 Walter Moreland, 410
 GRIFFITH
 Margaret, 411
 HALL
 Rhoda, 412
 HATALA
 Mary, 409
 HUMBERT
 Rebecca, 412
 HUSTEAD
 Angeil, 414
 David, 413
 Hannah, 410
 John, 412, 413, 415
 Joseph, 413
 Lawrence, 414
 Robert, 412, 413, 414
 William, 411
 IRONMONGER
 _____, 412
 KOVALIC
 Adam, 409
 Sean Paul, 409
 Steve, 409
 Thomas Stephen, 409
 MCDONALD
 Sarah, 413
 MILLER
 Elizabeth, 414
 Elizabeth Jane, 412
 John, 415
 Lawrence, 414
 PROUT (PROWTE)
 Catherine, 415
 ROSS
 John, 412
 Sarah, 411
 SEABROOK
 Alice, 414
 Robert, 414
 Thomas, 415
 SEATON
 Susan, 411
 SHERWOOD
 Rebecca, 414
 Thomas, 414
 SMITH
 Angeil, 415
 Joanne, 414
 SUMMERS
 Jane, 410
 John, 411
 UNKNOWN
 Margaret, 415
 Olive, 415
 Sarah, 413
 unknown, 416
 URGHUART
 Hannah, 413
 WINTERHAY
 Ann, 415
 Giles, 415
 WOOLSEY
 Emma Olive, 410
 William, 410

Ancestors of Pamela Sue LEEPER

*Pamela Sue
LEEPER is the wife
of Thomas Edwin
LEWIS, son of
Thomas Lindsay
LEWIS.*

FIRST GENERATION

1. **Pamela Sue LEEPER**¹ was born on 23 Apr 1961.

SECOND GENERATION

2. **Robert John LEEPER** was born on 30 May 1927 in East Liverpool, OH. He died on 16 May 1987 in Aliquippa, PA. He was buried in Hookstown, PA. He was married to Anna Phyllis JOHNSTON on 31 Jul 1948 in Monaca, PA.

3. **Anna Phyllis JOHNSTON** was born on 27 Jun 1927 in Rochester, PA. Robert John LEEPER and Anna Phyllis JOHNSTON had the following children:

- 1
 - i. **Pamela Sue LEEPER.**

THIRD GENERATION

4. **Robert Harper LEEPER** was born on 21 Dec 1897 in Hookstown, PA. He died on 25 Nov 1981 in Aliquippa, PA. He was buried in Hookstown, PA. He was married to Minnie Lula JOHN between 24 Dec 1920 and 1926.

5. **Minnie Lula JOHN** was born on 21 Jan 1893 in Waynesburg, PA. She died on 26 Mar 1976 in Aliquippa, PA. Robert Harper LEEPER and Minnie Lula JOHN had the following children:

- 2
 - i. **Robert John LEEPER.**

6. **John Mills JOHNSTON** was born on 31 Aug 1886 in Freedom, PA. He died 29 Feb 1959 in Rochester, PA. He was married to Edith Isabelle SHEIBNER in 1917.

7. **Edith Isabelle SHEIBNER** was born on 5 Jun 1896 in Wampum, PA. She died in May 1966 in Aliquippa, PA. John Mills JOHNSTON and Edith Isabelle SHEIBNER had the following children:

- 3
 - i. **Anna Phyllis JOHNSTON.**

FOURTH GENERATION

12. **Hugh Craig JOHNSTON** was born in PA. He was married to Sarah Jane MILLS.

13. **Sarah Jane MILLS** was born in Great Britain. Hugh Craig JOHNSTON and Sarah Jane MILLS had the following children:

- 6
 - i. **John Mills JOHNSTON.**

SOURCES

1. Thomas Lindsay Lewis personal communications.

INDEX**JOHN**

Minnie Lula, 418

JOHNSTON

Anna Phyllis, 418

Hugh Craig, 418

John Mills, 418

LEEPER

Pamela Sue, 418

Robert Harper, 418

Robert John, 418

MILLS

Sarah Jane, 418

SHEIBNER

Edith Isabelle, 418

Ancestors of Deborah Susan LEONARD

*Deborah Susan
LEONARD is the
wife of Wade Alan
HUGH, son of
Susan Eileen
ABRAHAM,
daughter of Hazel
Ruth LEWIS.*

FIRST GENERATION

1. Deborah Susan LEONARD was born on 7 Oct 1966.

SECOND GENERATION

2. Robert LEONARD¹ was born on 3 Aug 1928 in Lonaconing, MD. He was married to Mary MILLER on 17 Nov 1956 in Columbus, OH.

3. Mary MILLER¹ was born on 25 Jan 1926 in Columbus, OH. Robert LEONARD and Mary MILLER had the following children:

- 1
 - i. Deborah Susan LEONARD.

THIRD GENERATION

4. Lloyd LEONARD¹ was born on 11 Mar 1900 in Hundred, WV. He died on 31 Dec 1960 in Weston, WV. He was married to Agnes WILLIAMS on 7 Apr 1927 in Lonaconing, MD.¹

5. Agnes WILLIAMS¹ was born on 10 Aug 1901 in Lonaconing, MD. She died on 23 Jun 1989 in Weston, WV. Lloyd LEONARD and Agnes WILLIAMS had the following children:

- 2
 - i. Robert LEONARD.

6. Noah MILLER¹ was born on 15 Apr 1895 in Louisa, KY. He died in Jun 1965 in Columbus, OH. His mother died when he was a baby and he was raised by an uncle. He was married to Olive SHANNON in Louisa, KY.

7. Olive SHANNON¹ was born on 22 Sep 1895 in Louisa, KY. She died on 31 Dec 1966 in Columbus, OH. Noah MILLER and Olive SHANNON had the following children:

- 3
 - i. Mary MILLER.

FOURTH GENERATION

8. Asa LEONARD¹. He was married to Mary RUSH.

9. Mary RUSH¹ was born about 1860. She died in 1953. Asa LEONARD and Mary RUSH had the following children:

- 4
 - i. Lloyd LEONARD.

10. William WILLIAMS¹ was born in 1847. He died in 1922. He was married to Mary BOYD.

11. Mary BOYD¹ was born in 1871. She died in 1936. William WILLIAMS and Mary BOYD had the following children:

- 5
 - i. Agnes WILLIAMS.

12. **Tom DALTON**¹.

13. **Mary MILLER**¹ died in 1895. Tom DALTON and Mary MILLER had the following children:

6 i. **Noah MILLER**.

14. **James SHANNON**¹. He was married to Laura BROOKS.

15. **Laura BROOKS**¹ was born in 1871. She died in Oct 1956. James SHANNON and Laura BROOKS had the following children:

7 i. **Olive SHANNON**.

SOURCES

1. Deborah Leonard Hugh personal communication, March 1997.

INDEX

BOYD

Mary, 420

BROOKS

Laura, 421

DALTON

Tom, 421

LEONARD

Asa, 420

Deborah Susan, 420

Lloyd, 420

Robert, 420

MILLER

Mary, 420, 421

Noah, 420

RUSH

Mary, 420

SHANNON

James, 421

Olive, 420

WILLIAMS

Agnes, 420

William, 420

Ancestors of Charles Francis LIEB

*Charles Francis
LIEB is the husband
of Kathleen Dianne
LEWIS, daughter of
James Robert
LEWIS.*

FIRST GENERATION

1. Charles Francis LIEB was born on 12 Mar 1948.

SECOND GENERATION

2. Charles F. LIEB¹ died in Dec 1992 in Beaver, PA. He was married to Ruth DAVIS.
3. Ruth DAVIS¹ was born on 24 Oct 1915 in Sharpsburg, PA. She died on 6 Mar 1997 in Beaver, PA. Charles F. LIEB and Ruth DAVIS had the following children:

- 1
 - i. Charles Francis LIEB.

THIRD GENERATION

6. David DAVIS¹. He was married to Minerva UNKNOWN.
7. Minerva UNKNOWN¹. David DAVIS and Minerva UNKNOWN had the following children:

- 3
 - i. Ruth DAVIS.

SOURCES

1. Ruth Davis Lieb Obituary.

INDEX

DAVIS
David, 422
Ruth, 422
LIEB
Charles Francis, 422
Charles F., 422
UNKNOWN
Minerva, 422

Ancestors of Edgar Wallace MILLER

FIRST GENERATION

1. **Edgar Wallace MILLER**¹ was born on 3 Feb 1927 in York Run, Fayette Co., PA. He died on 14 Feb 1993 in Morgantown, Monongalia Co., WV. Edgar served in the US Merchant Marine during World War II and the US Army during the Korean War.

*Edgar Wallace
MILLER is the late
husband of Eleanor
May LEWIS.*

SECOND GENERATION

2. **Franklin Victor MILLER**¹ was born on 2 Jul 1884. He died on 9 Nov 1980 in Fairchance, Fayette Co., PA.

3. **Anna Belle VICTOR** was born on 25 Jan 1889 in Haydentown, Fayette Co., PA.¹ She died on 11 Feb 1975 in Fairchance, Fayette Co., PA.¹ Franklin Victor MILLER and Anna Belle VICTOR had the following children:

1 i. **Edgar Wallace MILLER.**

THIRD GENERATION

4. **William Gabriel MILLER**¹ was born on 2 Apr 1885 in Gendale, PA. He died on 3 Nov 1917 in Crows Works, Fayette Co., PA. He was married to Ida Catherine EMME on 6 Dec 1877.

5. **Ida Catherine EMME**¹ was born on 29 Sep 1859 in Fayette Co., PA. She died on 18 Oct 1937 in Fayette Co., PA. William Gabriel MILLER and Ida Catherine EMME had the following children:

2 i. **Franklin Victor MILLER.**

6. **Joseph VICTOR**¹ was born on 13 Nov 1857 in Haydentown, Fayette Co., PA. He died on 12 May 1943 in Fairchance, Fayette Co., PA. He was married to Lanah ROBERTS on 28 Aug 1887.

7. **Lanah ROBERTS**¹ was born on 28 Sep 1866. She died on 27 Mar 1926 in Fairchance, Fayette Co., PA. Joseph VICTOR and Lanah ROBERTS had the following children:

3 i. **Anna Belle VICTOR.**

FOURTH GENERATION

8. **Victor Phillip MILLER**¹ was born on 17 Feb 1828 in Fayette Co., PA. He died on 22 May 1911 in Fayette Co., PA. He was married to Jenny SISLER on 1 Jul 1854 in Springhill Township, PA.

9. **Jenny SISLER**¹ was born on 30 Jun 1837 in Fayette Co., PA. She died on 11 Jan 1901 in Fayette Co., PA. Victor Phillip MILLER and Jenny SISLER had the following children:

4 i. **William Gabriel MILLER.**

10. **William G. EMME**¹ was born on 18 Aug 1830 in Hanover Province, Germany. He died on 13 Sep 1901. He was married to Lavina DERRY in 1854.

11. **Lavina DERRY**¹ was born on 2 Sep 1835. She died on 14 Nov 1927. William G. EMME and Lavina DERRY had the following children:

5 i. **Ida Catherine EMME.**

12. **Otho Rhodes VICTOR**¹ was born on 18 Aug 1821 in Fayette Co., PA. He died on 21 Mar 1877 in Fairchance, Fayette Co., PA. He was married to Elizabeth SWANEY on 8 Mar 1851.

13. **Elizabeth SWANEY**¹ was born on 6 Sep 1831 in Virginia. She died on 18 Feb 1909 in Fairchance, Fayette Co., PA. Otho Rhodes VICTOR and Elizabeth SWANEY had the following children:

6 i. **Joseph VICTOR.**

14. **Charles ROBERTS**¹. He was married to Mary BRICK on 28 Aug 1855 in Tuscarawas Co. Oh.

15. **Mary BRICK**¹ was born on 29 Jul 1840. She died on 3 Apr 1868. Charles ROBERTS and Mary BRICK had the following children:

7 i. **Lanah ROBERTS.**

ii. **George W. ROBERTS.**

iii. **Mary ROBERTS.**

iv. **Mary E. ROBERTS** was born on 31 Jan 1857 in Sandyville, Tuscarawas Co. Ohio. She died on 2 May 1857 in Sandyville, Tuscarawas Co. Ohio.

v. **John W. ROBERTS** was born about 1858.

FIFTH GENERATION

16. **Phillip MILLER**¹ was born in 1801 in Holland. He died in 1885 in Fayette Co., PA. He was married to Betsy VICTOR in 1828 in Haydentown, Fayette Co., PA.

17. **Betsy VICTOR**¹ was born in 1804 in Fayette Co., PA. She died in 1875 in Fayette Co., PA. Phillip MILLER and Betsy VICTOR had the following children:

8 i. **Victor Phillip MILLER.**

18. **Gabriel F. SISLER**¹ was born on 11 Mar 1807. He died on 22 May 1902. He was married to Elizabeth GABEL on 26 Sep 1834.

19. **Elizabeth GABEL**¹ was born on 18 May 1811. She died in 1890. Gabriel F. SISLER and Elizabeth GABEL had the following children:

9 i. **Jenny SISLER.**

20. **Andrew EMME**¹ was born on 13 Nov 1798 in Grossenschneen, Germany. He died on 19 Sep 1881 in Fayette Co., PA. He was married to Menia UNKNOWN.

21. **Menia UNKNOWN**¹. Andrew EMME and Menia UNKNOWN had the following children:

10 i. **William G. EMME.**

22. **Basil DERRY**¹ was born in 1786 in Maryland. He died in 1880 in Rubles Mill, PA. He was married to Mary Polly SCHULTZ.

23. **Mary Polly SCHULTZ**¹ was born in 1788 in Maryland. Basil DERRY and Mary Polly SCHULTZ had the following children:

11 i. **Lavina DERRY.**

24. **Joseph VICTOR**¹ was born on 23 Jan 1791 in Morris Co., NJ. He died on 13 Apr 1882 in Uniontown, Fayette Co., PA.

25. **Mary DAVIS**¹ was born in May 1795. She died in May 1863. Joseph VICTOR and Mary DAVIS had the following children:

12 i. **Otho Rhodes VICTOR.**

26. **John SWANEY** was born in 1806 in Fayette Co., PA.² He died on 11 Jan 1878.³ He was married to Elizabeth Matilda Miller RIBLET.⁴

27. **Elizabeth Matilda Miller RIBLET** was born on 10 Feb 1816 in Pennsylvania. John SWANEY and Elizabeth Matilda Miller RIBLET had the following children:

13 i. **Elizabeth SWANEY.**

30. **John BRICK** was born about 1805 in Oldenburg, Germany *death record says Holland. He died on 11 Jun 1889 in Mineral City, Sandy Twp. Tuscarawas Co., Ohio.

31. **Mary STUTZEL** was born in Wurtemberg, Germany. She died in Sandyville, Tuscarawas Co. Ohio. John BRICK and Mary STUTZEL had the following children:

- 15
- i. **Syrennes BRICK** was born about 1838.
 - ii. **Mary BRICK.**
 - iii. **Catherine BRICK** was born about 1843.
 - iv. **Lana BRICK** was born on 29 Aug 1845 in Lisbon, Columbiana, Ohio. She died on 13 Aug 1905 in Mineral City, Tuscarawas Co. Ohio.
 - v. **George F. BRICK** was born about 1846.
 - vi. **John Ludwig BRICK** was born about 1849.
 - vii. **William Henry BRICK** was born about 1850.
 - viii. **Elizabeth BRICK** was born about 1851.
 - ix. **Charles BRICK** was born about 1853.

SIXTH GENERATION

32. **David MILLER**¹ was born in 1760 in Holland. He was married to Catherine UNKNOWN.

33. **Catherine UNKNOWN**¹. David MILLER and Catherine UNKNOWN had the following children:

16 i. **Phillip MILLER.**

34. **Phillip VICTOR**¹ was born in 1777 in New Jersey. He died in 1855 in Muskingen Co., Licking Township, OH. He was married to Sarah SERRINE.

35. **Sarah SERRINE**¹. Phillip VICTOR and Sarah SERRINE had the following children:

- 17
- i. **Betsy VICTOR.**
 - ii. **Sarah VICTOR**⁵ was born in 1816. She died on 11 Sep 1879 in Haydentown, Fayette

Co., PA.

36. **George Washington SISLER**¹ was born in 1784. He died on 6 Apr 1860 in Stewartstown, Monongalia Co., WV. He was married to Elizabeth FRIEND.

37. **Elizabeth FRIEND**¹ was born in 1790. She died on 23 Nov 1879. George Washington SISLER and Elizabeth FRIEND had the following children:

18 i. **Gabriel F. SISLER.**

38. **William GABEL**¹ was born in Maryland. William GABEL had the following children:

19 i. **Elizabeth GABEL.**

40. **Christoph Ludwig EMME**¹ was born on 8 Aug 1772 in Grossenschneen, Germany. He was married to Maria Elizabeth Dorthea VON SCHWENENFLUGEL on 1 Feb 1795.

41. **Maria Elizabeth Dorthea VON SCHWENENFLUGEL**¹ was born on 8 Nov 1769 in Grossenschneen, Germany. She died on 28 Jan 1815 in Grossenschneen, Germany. Christoph Ludwig EMME and Maria Elizabeth Dorthea VON SCHWENENFLUGEL had the following children:

20 i. **Andrew EMME.**

44. **Bosil DERRY**¹ was born in 1765 in Germany. Bosil DERRY had the following children:

22 i. **Basil DERRY.**

48. **David VICTOR**¹ was born in 1750 in Rhineland Province, Germany. He died in 1810 in Springhill Township, PA. He was married to Jane PARKER.

49. **Jane PARKER**¹ died in 1840 in Muskingen Co., Licking Township, OH. David VICTOR and Jane PARKER had the following children:

24 i. **Joseph VICTOR.**

34 ii. **Phillip VICTOR.**

50. **Michael DAVIS**¹ was born in 1765 in Virginia. He was married to Mary STURGEON.

51. **Mary STURGEON**¹ died in May 1863. Michael DAVIS and Mary STURGEON had the following children:

25 i. **Mary DAVIS.**

52. **James SWANEY**⁶ was born in 1775 in Ireland. James is believed to have emigrated to America with his brothers Charles and Neal around 1796 and settled in Fayette Co., PA near Haydentown. He was married to Elizabeth BATTO.

53. **Elizabeth BATTO**⁷ was born in 1772 in France. She died in 1874. James SWANEY and Elizabeth BATTO had the following children:

i. **William C. SWANEY** was born in 1797.⁸ He died on 8 Aug 1885.

ii. **George SWANEY**⁹ was born in 1799.¹⁰

iii. **Elizabeth SWANEY** was born in 1804.¹¹

26 iv. **John SWANEY.**

v. **Joseph SWANEY**¹² was born in 1808. He died in 1885.

- vi. **Myriah SWANEY** was born in 1811.
- vii. **Mary Ann SWANEY** was born in 1812. She died on 21 May 1878.
- viii. **James A. SWANEY**¹³ was born on 4 Dec 1815.¹⁴ He died on 5 Feb 1884.¹⁵
- ix. **Alex J. SWANEY** was born on 2 May 1820. He died on 28 Feb 1890.

54. **Daniel RIBLET**¹ was born in 1787. He died on 2 Mar 1869. He was married to Charlotte SEESE.

55. **Charlotte SEESE**¹. Charlotte was from Eldora, WV. Daniel RIBLET and Charlotte SEESE had the following children:

- 27 i. **Elizabeth Matilda Miller RIBLET.**

60. **Anthony BRICK.**

61. **Lena COOPER.** Anthony BRICK and Lena COOPER had the following children:

- 30 i. **John BRICK.**

SEVENTH GENERATION

68. **David VICTOR**¹ was born in 1750 in Rhineland Province, Germany. He died in 1810 in Springhill Township, PA. He was married to Jane PARKER.

69. **Jane PARKER**¹ died in 1840 in Muskingen Co., Licking Township, OH. David VICTOR and Jane PARKER had the following children:

- 24 i. **Joseph VICTOR.**
- 34 ii. **Phillip VICTOR.**

72. **John SISLER**¹ was born in 1750. He died in 1820 in Selvieville, MD. He was married to Savannah UNKNOWN.

73. **Savannah UNKNOWN.** John SISLER and Savannah UNKNOWN had the following children:

- 36 i. **George Washington SISLER.**

74. **Gabriel FRIEND**¹ was born in 1761 in Old Town, Hampshire Co., VA. He died in 1863 in Friendsville, MD. He was married to Elizabeth BUNNELL on 28 Jul 1787 in Allegheny Co., MD.

75. **Elizabeth BUNNELL**¹. Gabriel FRIEND and Elizabeth BUNNELL had the following children:

- 37 i. **Elizabeth FRIEND.**

80. **Johann Cristoph EMME**¹ was born on 20 Feb 1732/33 in Grossenschneen, Germany. He died on 13 Jul 1792 in Grossenschneen, Germany. He was married to Catherine Elisabeth DRAEGER.

81. **Catherine Elisabeth DRAEGER**¹ was born on 12 Feb 1732/33 in Grossenschneen, Germany. She died on 3 Jan 1803 in Grossenschneen, Germany. Johann Cristoph EMME and Catherine Elisabeth DRAEGER had the following children:

- 40 i. **Christoph Ludwig EMME.**

82. **Johann Henrich VON SCHWENENFLUGEL**¹ was born in 1720 in Duderstadt, Germany. He died

on 4 Apr 1779 in Grossenschneen, Germany. He was married to Catherina Elisabeth ZAHRMANN.

83. **Catherina Elisabeth ZAHRMANN¹** was born in 1740 in Germany. She died on 9 Mar 1806 in Grossenschneen, Germany. Johann Henrich VON SCHWENENFLUGEL and Catherina Elisabeth ZAHRMANN had the following children:

41 i. **Maria Elizabeth Dortha VON SCHWENENFLUGEL.**

102. **Robert STURGEON¹** was born in 1740. He died in 1787. He was married to Margaret UNKNOWN.

103. **Margaret UNKNOWN¹** died in 1810. Robert STURGEON and Margaret UNKNOWN had the following children:

51 i. **Mary STURGEON.**

108. **Daniel RIBUALET¹** was born in 1756. Daniel RIBUALET had the following children:

54 i. **Daniel RIBLET.**

EIGHTH GENERATION

144. **Jon Peter Schisler SISLER¹** was born in Rotterdam, Holland. Jon Peter Schisler SISLER had the following children:

72 i. **John SISLER.**

148. **John FRIEND¹** was born in 1732. He died in 1808. He was married to Karrenhappuck HYATT.

149. **Karrenhappuck HYATT¹** died in 1798. John FRIEND and Karrenhappuck HYATT had the following children:

74 i. **Gabriel FRIEND.**

160. **Hans Jurgen EMME¹** was born in 1695 in Germany. He died on 7 Sep 1768 in Grossenschneen, Germany. He was married to Anne Margarethe KLUTHE.

161. **Anne Margarethe KLUTHE¹** was born on 10 Aug 1703 in Grossenschneen, Germany. She died on 4 Nov 1775 in Grossenschneen, Germany. Hans Jurgen EMME and Anne Margarethe KLUTHE had the following children:

80 i. **Johann Cristoph EMME.**

162. **Andreas DRAEGER¹** was born in 1688. He died on 2 Dec 1760 in Grossenschneen, Germany. He was married to Anna Elisabeth STICHTENOHT.

163. **Anna Elisabeth STICHTENOHT¹** was born in 1689. She died on 3 Jan 1751/52 in Grossenschneen, Germany. Andreas DRAEGER and Anna Elisabeth STICHTENOHT had the following children:

81 i. **Catherine Elisabeth DRAEGER.**

204. **Henry STURGEON¹** was born in 1712 in Ireland. Henry STURGEON had the following children:

102 i. **Robert STURGEON.**

216. **Abraham RIBAULET**¹. Abraham RIBAULET had the following children:

108 i. **Daniel RIBUALET.**

NINTH GENERATION

296. **Nicholas FRIEND**¹ was born in 1700. He died in 1790. Nicholas FRIEND had the following children:

148 i. **John FRIEND.**

298. **Keziah HYATT**¹. He was married to Jemina UNKNOWN.

299. **Jemina UNKNOWN**¹. Keziah HYATT and Jemina UNKNOWN had the following children:

149 i. **Karrenhappuck HYATT.**

322. **Zacharies KLUTHE**¹ was born in 1652 in Grossenschneen, Germany. He died on 18 Oct 1741 in Grossenschneen, Germany. He was married to Frau UNKNOWN.

323. **Frau UNKNOWN**¹ was born in 1656 in Germany. She died on 9 Jul 1737 in Grossenschneen, Germany. Zacharies KLUTHE and Frau UNKNOWN had the following children:

161 i. **Anne Margarethe KLUTHE.**

408. **Samuel STURGEON**¹ was born in 1680 in Ireland. He was married to unknown UNKNOWN in 1702 in Ireland.

409. **unknown UNKNOWN**¹. Samuel STURGEON and unknown UNKNOWN had the following children:

204 i. **Henry STURGEON.**

432. **Jacob RIBAULET**¹. Jacob RIBAULET had the following children:

216 i. **Abraham RIBAULET.**

TENTH GENERATION

592. **John FRIEND**¹ was born in 1674 in Weymouth, England. He died in 1777 in Maryland. He was married to Anna COLEMAN.

593. **Anna COLEMAN**¹. John FRIEND and Anna COLEMAN had the following children:

296 i. **Nicholas FRIEND.**

ELEVENTH GENERATION

1184. Neals **FRIEND**¹ was born in 1620 in Sweden. He died in 1675 in Atlantic Ocean. He was married to Anna UNKNOWN.

1185. Anna UNKNOWN¹ died in 1724 in Upland, PA. Neals FRIEND and Anna UNKNOWN had the following children:

592 i. **John FRIEND.**

1186. Henry **COLEMAN**¹. He was married to DELAWARE INDIAN MAIDEN.

1187. DELAWARE INDIAN MAIDEN¹. Henry COLEMAN and DELAWARE INDIAN MAIDEN had the following children:

593 i. **Anna COLEMAN.**

SOURCES

1. Franklin Miller personal communications.
2. Kathryn Mercedes Cooley Miller. My Cooley-Walters Ancestry from Fairchance, PA and Surrounding Areas. Closson Press 1987. p. 150.
3. Ibid. p. 150.
4. Ibid. p. 150.
5. Ibid. p. 150.
6. Ibid. p. 150.
7. Ibid. p. 150.
8. Ibid. p. 150.
9. Ibid. p. 150.
10. Ibid. p. 150.
11. Ibid. p. 150.
12. Ibid. p. 150.
13. Ibid. page 150.
14. Ibid. page 150.
15. Ibid. page 150.

INDEX

- BATTO
Elizabeth, 426
- BRICK
Anthony, 427
Catherine, 425
Charles, 425
Elizabeth, 425
George F., 425
John, 425
John Ludwig, 425
Lana, 425
Mary, 424
Syrennes, 425
William Henry, 425
- BUNNELL
Elizabeth, 427
- COLEMAN
Anna, 429
Henry, 430
- COOPER
Lena, 427
- DAVIS
Mary, 425
Michael, 426
- DELAWARE INDIAN
MAIDEN
_____, 430
- DERRY
Basil, 424
Bosil, 426
Lavina, 424
- DRAEGER
Andreas, 428
Catherine Elisabeth, 427
- EMME
Andrew, 424
Christoph Ludwig, 426
Hans Jurgen, 428
Ida Catherine, 423
Johann Cristoph, 427
William G., 423
- FRIEND
Elizabeth, 426
Gabriel, 427
John, 428, 429
Neals, 430
Nicholas, 429
- GABEL
Elizabeth, 424
William, 426
- HYATT
Karrenhappuck, 428
Keziah, 429
- KLUTHE
Anne Margarethe, 428
Zacharies, 429
- MILLER
David, 425
Edgar Wallace, 423
Franklin Victor, 423
Philip, 424
Victor Phillip, 423
William Gabriel, 423
- PARKER
Jane, 426, 427
- RIBAULET
Abraham, 429
Jacob, 429
- RIBLET
Daniel, 427
Elizabeth Matilda Miller, 425
- RIBUALET
Daniel, 428
- ROBERTS
Charles, 424
George W., 424
John W., 424
Lanah, 423
Mary, 424
Mary E., 424
- SCHULTZ
Mary Polly, 425
- SEESE
Charlotte, 427
- SERRINE
Sarah, 425
- SISLER
Gabriel F., 424
George Washington, 426
Jenny, 423
John, 427
Jon Peter Schisler, 428
- STICHTENOHT
Anna Elisabeth, 428
- STURGEON
Henry, 428
Mary, 426
Robert, 428
Samuel, 429
- STUTZEL
Mary, 425
- SWANEY
Alex J., 427
Elizabeth, 424, 426
George, 426
James, 426
James A., 427
John, 425
Joseph, 426
Mary Ann, 427
Myriah, 427
William C., 426
- UNKNOWN
Anna, 430
Catherine, 425
Frau, 429
Jemina, 429
Margaret, 428
Menia, 424
Savannah, 427
unknown, 429
- VICTOR
Anna Belle, 423
Betsy, 424
David, 426, 427
Joseph, 423, 425
Otho Rhodes, 424
Phillip, 425
Sarah, 425
- VON SCHWENENFLUGEL
Johann Henrich, 427
Maria Elizabeth Dorthea, 426
- ZAHRMANN
Catherina Elisabeth, 428

Ancestors of Kimberly Ann SHICK

FIRST GENERATION

*Kimberly Ann
SHICK is the wife of
Dwayne Alan
LEWIS, son of
Thomas Lindsay
LEWIS.*

1. Kimberly Ann SHICK¹ was born on 16 Dec 1966.

SECOND GENERATION

2. Richard Alfred SHICK was born in Monaca, PA. He was married to Maryann PALINSKI.
3. Maryann PALINSKI was born in Pittsburgh, Allegheny Co. Pa.. Richard Alfred SHICK and Maryann PALINSKI had the following children:

- 1
 - i. Kimberly Ann SHICK.

THIRD GENERATION

4. Joseph Richard SHICK was born in Derry, PA. He was married to Margaret Catherine MONTAQUE.
5. Margaret Catherine MONTAQUE was born in Monaca, PA. Joseph Richard SHICK and Margaret Catherine MONTAQUE had the following children:

- 2
 - i. Richard Alfred SHICK.

6. John PALINSKI. He was married to Mary UNKNOWN.
7. Mary UNKNOWN. John PALINSKI and Mary UNKNOWN had the following children:

- 3
 - i. Maryann PALINSKI.

FOURTH GENERATION

10. Alfred MONTAQUE. He was married to Ella Rose UNKNOWN.
11. Ella Rose UNKNOWN. Alfred MONTAQUE and Ella Rose UNKNOWN had the following children:

- 5
 - i. Margaret Catherine MONTAQUE.

SOURCES

1. Joanne Weigle Lewis personal communications.
2. Kimberly Shick Lewis personal communications.

INDEX

MONTAQUE

Alfred, 432

Margaret Catherine, 432

PALINSKI

John, 432

Maryann, 432

SHICK

Joseph Richard, 432

Kimberly Ann, 432

Richard Alfred, 432

UNKNOWN

Ella Rose, 432

Mary, 432

Ancestors of Richard Clark SMITH

FIRST GENERATION

1. **Richard Clark SMITH** was born on 31 Jan 1954.

Richard Clark SMITH is the husband of Karen Elaine MILLER, daughter of Eleanor May LEWIS.

SECOND GENERATION

2. **Willard Clark SMITH** was born on 9 Dec 1925 in Brownsville, Fayette Co., PA. He died on 18 May 1959 in Brownsville, Fayette Co., PA. He was married to Norma Allene FIELDS. He was divorced from Norma Allene FIELDS in 1959.

3. **Norma Allene FIELDS** was born on 11 Jan 1927 in Mt. Braddock, PA. She died on 10 Sep 1990. Willard Clark SMITH and Norma Allene FIELDS had the following children:

1 i. **Richard Clark SMITH.**

THIRD GENERATION

4. **James Clark SMITH** was born in Brownsville, Fayette Co., PA. He was married to Dessa WILLARD.

5. **Dessa WILLARD.** James Clark SMITH and Dessa WILLARD had the following children:

2 i. **Willard Clark SMITH.**

6. **Charles W. FIELDS** was born in Mt. Braddock, PA. He was married to Edna UNKNOWN.

7. **Edna UNKNOWN.** Charles W. FIELDS and Edna UNKNOWN had the following children:

3 i. **Norma Allene FIELDS.**

SOURCES

1. Richard Clark Smith personal communications.

INDEX

FIELDS	Willard Clark, 433
Charles W., 433	UNKNOWN
Norma Allene, 433	Edna, 433
SMITH	WILLARD
James Clark, 433	Dessa, 433
Richard Clark, 433	

Ancestors of Carol Sue SURBER

FIRST GENERATION

1. **Carol Sue SURBER** was born on 25 Jun 1949 in Burlington, Alamance Co., NC.¹

SECOND GENERATION

2. **James Alfred SURBER** was born on 13 Sep 1914 in Surber, Botetourt Co., VA.² He died on 4 Mar 1989 in Martinsville, Henry Co., VA.¹ He was married to Mary Sue SMITH on 27 Mar 1948 in Leaksville, Rockingham Co., NC.³

3. **Mary Sue SMITH** was born on 19 Aug 1924 in Burlington, Alamance Co., NC.⁴ James Alfred SURBER and Mary Sue SMITH had the following children:

- 1
 - i. **Carol Sue SURBER**.
 - ii. **James Alfred, Jr. SURBER** was born on 3 Sep 1951 in Burlington, Alamance Co., NC.¹
 - iii. **Jeffrey Smith SURBER** was born on 5 Jun 1962 in Martinsville, Henry Co., VA.¹

THIRD GENERATION

4. **James Abraham SURBER** was born on 4 Oct 1878 in Surber, Botetourt Co., VA.⁵ He died on 19 May 1928 in Richmond, VA.⁶ He was married to Alice Oaknelia PETERS on 5 Dec 1872 in Surber, Botetourt Co., VA.⁷

5. **Alice Oaknelia PETERS** was born on 8 Mar 1883 in Saltpetre Cave, Botetourt Co., VA.⁸ She died on 3 Mar 1946.⁹ James Abraham SURBER and Alice Oaknelia PETERS had the following children:

- 1
 - i. **Noel Jarvis SURBER** was born on 17 Oct 1908 in Surber, Botetourt Co., VA.¹⁰
 - ii. **Helen Janette SURBER** was born on 23 Jun 1910 in Surber, Botetourt Co., VA.¹¹
 - iii. **William Henry SURBER** was born on 28 Jun 1912 in Surber, Botetourt Co., VA.¹²
- 2
 - iv. **James Alfred SURBER**.
 - v. **Dennis Cline SURBER** was born on 30 Sep 1916 in Surber, Botetourt Co., VA.¹³
 - vi. **David Spencer SURBER** was born on 3 Oct 1919 in Surber, Botetourt Co., VA.¹⁴
 - vii. **Robert Sidney SURBER** was born on 2 Mar 1923 in Surber, Botetourt Co., VA.¹⁵
 - viii. **Ewell Edwin SURBER** was born on 4 Apr 1926 in Surber, Botetourt Co., VA.¹⁶

6. **Fred Dyer SMITH**¹⁷ was born on 16 Apr 1899. He died on 3 Jan 1973. He was married to Hattie Mae CARTER on 3 Oct 1923.¹⁷

7. **Hattie Mae CARTER**¹⁷ was born on 17 Jan 1905 in Rockingham Co., NC. Fred Dyer SMITH and Hattie Mae CARTER had the following children:

- 3
 - i. **Mary Sue SMITH**.
 - ii. **Eunice SMITH**¹⁷ was born on 11 Feb 1926 in Burlington, Alamance Co., NC.

- iii. **Ruby SMITH**¹⁷ was born on 20 Jan 1930 in Burlington, Alamance Co., NC.
- iv. **Fred Jr. SMITH**¹⁷ was born on 5 Jun 1934 in Burlington, Alamance Co., NC.

FOURTH GENERATION

8. **William Attison SURBER** was born in 1846 in Missouri.¹⁸ He died on 17 Sep 1912 in Surber, Botetourt Co., VA.¹⁹ He was married to Harriett Virginia SAVILLE on 5 Dec 1872.²⁰

9. **Harriett Virginia SAVILLE** was born on 8 Aug 1852.²¹ She died on 6 Feb 1892 in Surber, Botetourt Co., VA.²² Harriett died of measles along with her two-day-old infant son. William Attison SURBER and Harriett Virginia SAVILLE had the following children:

- i. **Mattie B. SURBER** was born on 29 Dec 1873.²³ She died on 5 Feb 1892.²⁴
- ii. **Mary E. SURBER** was born on 4 Jan 1875.²⁵ She died on 26 Aug 1876.²⁶
- iii. **Katie C. SURBER** was born on 1 Oct 1876.²⁷ She died on 26 Jan 1892.²⁸
- 4 iv. **James Abraham SURBER.**
- v. **Nettie Blanche SURBER** was born on 5 Oct 1880.²⁹ She died on 20 May 1927.³⁰
- vi. **Benjamin H. SURBER** was born on 28 Jan 1883.³¹ He died on 6 Jun 1907.³²
- vii. **Emma S. SURBER** was born on 28 Nov 1884.³³
- viii. **Lucy G. SURBER** was born on 2 Jun 1887.³⁴ She died on 18 Sep 1953.³⁵
- ix. **Stella Mae SURBER** was born on 12 Feb 1890.³⁶ She died on 9 Jan 1941.³⁷

10. **Thomas Henry PETERS** was born on 22 Jan 1845.³⁸ He died on 22 Feb 1922.³⁹ He was married to Martha Frances VINES on 13 May 1880 in Saltpetre Cave, Botetourt Co., VA.

11. **Martha Frances VINES** was born on 27 Dec 1862.⁴⁰ She died on 19 Dec 1928.⁴¹ Thomas Henry PETERS and Martha Frances VINES had the following children:

- i. **Rowenna Louisa PETERS** was born on 29 Jun 1881 in Saltpetre Cave, Botetourt Co., VA.⁴²
- 5 ii. **Alice Oaknelia PETERS.**
- iii. **John Henry PETERS** was born on 10 May 1885 in Saltpetre Cave, Botetourt Co., VA.⁴³ He died on 11 Jun 1898 in James River.⁴⁴
- iv. **Arthur Grover PETERS** was born on 11 Mar 1888 in Saltpetre Cave, Botetourt Co., VA.⁴⁵
- v. **Carrie Lee PETERS** was born on 8 Sep 1890 in Saltpetre Cave, Botetourt Co., VA.⁴⁶
- vi. **Harry Glenn PETERS** was born on 12 Nov 1892 in Saltpetre Cave, Botetourt Co., VA.⁴⁷
- vii. **Gracie Ann PETERS** was born on 18 Oct 1896 in Saltpetre Cave, Botetourt Co., VA.⁴⁸
- viii. **Charlotte Josephine PETERS** was born on 21 Jan 1900 in Saltpetre Cave, Botetourt Co., VA.⁴⁹ She died on 16 Mar 1981.⁵⁰

12. **J. E. SMITH**¹⁷. He was married to Frances PRATT.

13. **Frances PRATT**¹⁷. J. E. SMITH and Frances PRATT had the following children:

- 6 i. **Fred Dyer SMITH.**

14. **Winston CARTER**¹⁷. He was married to Ida Sue CREWS in Dec 1892.¹⁷

15. **Ida Sue CREWS**¹⁷. Winston CARTER and Ida Sue CREWS had the following children:

- 7 i. **Hattie Mae CARTER.**

FIFTH GENERATION

16. **James Washington SURBER** was born on 15 Dec 1819.⁵¹ He died on 26 Jan 1885 in Grand Prairie Cemetery, Cairo, Randolph Co., Missouri.⁵² Committed suicide over grief of loss of wife. He was married to Catherine HOFF (HUFF) on 21 May 1838 in Botetourt Co., VA.⁵³

17. **Catherine HOFF (HUFF)**⁵⁴ was born in 1828. She died on 19 Nov 1884 in Grand Prairie Cemetery, Cairo, Randolph Co., Missouri.⁵⁵ James Washington SURBER and Catherine HOFF (HUFF) had the following children:

- 8 i. **Mary Jane SURBER** was born in 1839 in Virginia.⁵⁶
 ii. **Ann Elizabeth SURBER** was born in 1842 in Missouri.⁵⁷
 iii. **Nancy Ann SURBER** was born in 1845 in Missouri.⁵⁸
 iv. **William Attison SURBER.**
 v. **Lewis SURBER** was born in 1849 in Virginia.⁵⁹

18. **Abram SAVILLE**⁶⁰ was born on 10 Apr 1817. He died on 23 Jan 1889. He was married to Elizabeth DEISHER on 19 Jul 1842.

19. **Elizabeth DEISHER**⁶⁰ was born on 2 Dec 1816. She died on 11 Jun 1861. Abram SAVILLE and Elizabeth DEISHER had the following children:

- 9 i. **George W. SAVILLE**⁶⁰ was born on 7 Aug 1844.
 ii. **Mary E. SAVILLE**⁶⁰ was born on 18 Dec 1843. She died in 1861.
 iii. **Harriett Virginia SAVILLE.**
 iv. **Ferdinand Gray SAVILLE**⁶⁰ was born on 23 Mar 1855.
 v. **Mattie S. SAVILLE**⁶⁰ was born on 15 Jan 1857.

20. **John PETERS** was born in 1807 in Augusta Co., VA.⁶¹ He died in Mar 1874.⁶² He was married to Martha Ann JOHNSON.⁶³

21. **Martha Ann JOHNSON** died on 15 Apr 1863.⁶⁴ John PETERS and Martha Ann JOHNSON had the following children:

- 10 i. **Mary Frances PETERS** was born on 26 Sep 1837.⁶⁵
 ii. **James William PETERS** was born on 20 Mar 1839 in Augusta Co., VA.⁶⁶ He joined the military in 1861/62 in Augusta Co., VA.⁶⁷ He was killed at Gaines Mill during the Civil War. He died on 27 Jan 1862 in Gaines Mill, VA.⁶⁸
 iii. **Edward Johnson PETERS**⁶⁹ was born on 15 Nov 1840.
 iv. **Sarah Maria PETERS** was born on 7 Aug 1842.⁷⁰
 v. **Thomas Henry PETERS.**
 vi. **Virginia PETERS**⁷¹ was born on 12 May 1847.
 vii. **Charlotte Adaline PETERS**⁷² was born on 25 Mar 1849. She died on 20 May 1914.
 viii. **Mason Wilfred PETERS**⁷³ was born on 1 Dec 1850. He died on 11 Oct 1914.
 ix. **Charles Wesley PETERS**⁷⁴ was born on 15 Apr 1853. He died on 22 Aug 1915.
 x. **Lucy Ann PETERS**⁷⁵ was born on 14 Jul 1855.
 xi. **John Sachel Martin PETERS** was born on 21 Oct 1857. He died on 18 Jan 1910.

22. **John VINES**⁷⁶ was born between 1833 and 1838. He died about 1898.⁷⁷ His will was written on 6 Apr 1897. John was a standard bearer during the Civil War. He got erysipelas (an acute skin disease accompanied by fever) and couldn't wear his shoe. He put his shoe on the end of his pole and marched on, until finally ordered home. His foot never healed enough to go back. He was married to Louisa Frances COLEMAN.

23. **Louisa Frances COLEMAN** died in 1917.⁷⁸ She was born in Wheats Valley, Bedford Co., VA.⁷⁹ John VINES and Louisa Frances COLEMAN had the following children:

- 11
 - i. **Mary Ann VINES**⁸⁰ was born in 1861. She died in 1933.
 - ii. **Martha Frances VINES**.
 - iii. **George A. VINES**⁸¹ was born in 1865. He died in 1939.
 - iv. **William David VINES**⁸² was born in 1867. He died in 1884.
 - v. **Sarah Victoria (Vickie) VINES**⁸³ was born in 1869. She died in 1941.
 - vi. **Eliza A. VINES**⁸⁴ was born in 1871. She died in 1885.
 - vii. **Leander Jackson (Lee) VINES**⁸⁵ was born in 1873.
 - viii. **Joseph Edwin (Joe) VINES**⁸⁶ was born in 1879.

28. **William A. CARTER**¹⁷. He was married to Amanda HILL.

29. **Amanda HILL**¹⁷. William A. CARTER and Amanda HILL had the following children:

- 14
 - i. **Winston CARTER**.
 - ii. **Jefferson CARTER**¹⁷.
 - iii. **Gideon CARTER**¹⁷.
 - iv. **Jim CARTER**¹⁷.
 - v. **Amanda CARTER**¹⁷.
 - vi. **Jane CARTER**¹⁷.
 - vii. **Alice CARTER**¹⁷.
 - viii. **Margaret CARTER**¹⁷.

30. **George Edward CREWS**¹⁷ was born on 1 Apr 1844 in Henry Co., VA. George enlisted in the Confederate Army in Rockingham County, NC, during in the Civil War. He was wounded in the foot. He was married to Mary Caroline HALL.

31. **Mary Caroline HALL**¹⁷. George Edward CREWS and Mary Caroline HALL had the following children:

- 15
 - i. **Thomas CREWS**¹⁷.
 - ii. **Robert CREWS**¹⁷.
 - iii. **Jack CREWS**¹⁷.
 - iv. **Jim CREWS**¹⁷. Jim left home in 1919 when he was 17. He settled along the Monongahela River in PA. He was a superintendant of a coal mine.
 - v. **Marvin CREWS**¹⁷.
 - vi. **Banner CREWS**¹⁷.
 - vii. **Ida Sue CREWS**.
 - viii. **Sally CREWS**¹⁷.
 - ix. **Ada CREWS**¹⁷.
 - x. **Lena CREWS**¹⁷.

SIXTH GENERATION

32. **Jacob SURBER** was born on 1 Jun 1784 in Bath Co. VA.⁸⁷ He died on 7 Mar 1865.⁸⁸ He was married to Nancy Laura Ann WAGGONER on 10 Feb 1818 in Botetourt Co., VA.⁸⁹

33. **Nancy Laura Ann WAGGONER** was born on 11 Jan 1794. She died on 30 Jul 1854 in Missouri.⁹⁰ Jacob SURBER and Nancy Laura Ann WAGGONER had the following children:

- 16
- i. **James Washington SURBER.**
 - ii. **Joseph SURBER** was born in 1820 in Virginia.⁹¹
 - iii. **Mary Jane SURBER** was born in 1822.⁹²
 - iv. **Emiline SURBER** was born in 1824 in Botetourt Co., VA.⁹³
 - v. **William SURBER** was born on 4 Jan 1827 in Botetourt Co., VA.⁹⁴
 - vi. **Marie SURBER** was born on 8 Nov 1828 in Botetourt Co., VA.⁹⁵
 - vii. **Caroline SURBER** was born on 6 May 1831 in Botetourt Co., VA.⁹⁶
 - viii. **Charles SURBER** was born on 20 Dec 1832 in Botetourt Co., VA.⁹⁷
 - ix. **Antenette SURBER** was born on 15 Mar 1837 in Botetourt Co., VA.⁹⁸
 - x. **John T. B. SURBER** was born on 22 Jun 1839 in Botetourt Co., VA.⁹⁹
 - xi. **George SURBER.**
 - xii. **Harriet SURBER.**

34. **David HOFF (HUFF)** was born in 1791 in Maryland. He died on 27 Mar 1864. He died of pneumonia. He was married to Mary Elizabeth KINZIE (KINSEY) on 14 Oct 1813.⁶⁰

35. **Mary Elizabeth KINZIE (KINSEY).** David HOFF (HUFF) and Mary Elizabeth KINZIE (KINSEY) had the following children:

- 17
- i. **Catherine HOFF (HUFF).**

36. **Robert SAVILLE**⁶⁰ was born in 1789. He died on 20 Jan 1863. Robert left PA for VA after the American Revolutionary War. He and his wife, Martha, lived on the Saville farm. They both died of diphtheria and are buried in the same grave at Rapp's Church. He was married to Martha SKEEN on 13 Dec 1810.

37. **Martha SKEEN**⁶⁰ was born in 1789. She died on 20 Jan 1863. Robert SAVILLE and Martha SKEEN had the following children:

- 18
- i. **Margaret SAVILLE**⁶⁰ was born on 16 May 1813.
 - ii. **Mary (Polly) SAVILLE**⁶⁰.
 - iii. **Abram SAVILLE.**
 - iv. **Joseph Skeen SAVILLE**⁶⁰.
 - v. **Samuel SAVILLE**⁶⁰.
 - vi. **William SAVILLE**⁶⁰ was born on 15 Jul 1824.
 - vii. **Martha E. SAVILLE**⁶⁰ was born on 3 Oct 1826.

44. **David VINES** was born in 1816. In the 1850 census he lived in Botetourt Co., VA and worked as a farmer. He was married to Mary Margaret BACKNER on 8 Feb 1836.

45. **Mary Margaret BACKNER** was born in 1815. David VINES and Mary Margaret BACKNER had the following children:

- 22
- i. **John VINES.**
 - ii. **David VINES** was born in 1840. He died 2-4 Jul 1863 in Gettysburg, PA. He was killed during the Civil War at the Battle of Gettysburg.
 - iii. **William VINES** was born on 29 Jul 1843. He joined the military between 1861 and 1865. He was taken prisoner during the Civil War at Battle of Gettysburg, PA. He died on 8 May 1926.

- iv. **George VINES** was born in 1844. He lived at Hot Springs, VA.
- v. **Martha Ann VINES** was born in 1846.
- vi. **Mary M. VINES** was born on 6 Oct 1850. She died on 18 Dec 1910.

46. **William COLEMAN**¹⁰⁰. He was married to Amanda UNKNOWN.

47. **Amanda UNKNOWN**¹⁰¹. William COLEMAN and Amanda UNKNOWN had the following children:

- 23 i. **Louisa Frances COLEMAN**.

60. **Samuel CREWS**¹⁷ was born in 1806 in Henry Co., VA.¹⁰² He was married to Mariah (Maria) HATCHER in 1830 in Henry Co., VA.¹⁰³

61. **Mariah (Maria) HATCHER**^{17,102} was born in 1810 in Henry Co., VA.¹⁰³ Samuel CREWS and Mariah (Maria) HATCHER had the following children:

- 30 i. **George Edward CREWS**.

62. **James HALL**¹⁷. He was married to Sarah Ann POWERS.

63. **Sarah Ann POWERS**¹⁷. James HALL and Sarah Ann POWERS had the following children:

- 31 i. **Mary Caroline HALL**.

SEVENTH GENERATION

64. **Joseph SURBER** was born about 1749 in Germantown, PA.¹⁰⁴ He joined the military between 1776 and 1778 in Frederick Co. VA.¹⁰⁵ He served as a Private in Capt. Andrew Waggoner's Company, 12th Regiment, commanded by Col. James Wood. He died in 1825 in Bath Co. VA.¹⁰⁶ He was married to Margaret COURSEY in 1778 in Orange Co., VA.¹⁰⁷

65. **Margaret COURSEY** was born in 1760.¹⁰⁸ She died in 1847.¹⁰⁹ Joseph SURBER and Margaret COURSEY had the following children:

- i. **Joseph SURBER** was born in 1780.¹¹⁰
- ii. **John SURBER** was born in 1782 in Bath Co. VA.¹¹¹
- 32 iii. **Jacob SURBER**.
- iv. **Mary Ann (Polly) SURBER** was born about 1786 in Bath Co. VA.¹¹²
- v. **Catherine SURBER**¹¹³.
- vi. **Adam Oscar SURBER** was born in 1796 in Bath Co. VA.¹¹⁴
- vii. **Henry SURBER** was born in 1798 in Bath Co. VA.¹¹⁵
- viii. **Andrew SURBER** was born in 1799/1800 in Bath Co. VA.¹¹⁶
- ix. **Charles SURBER** was born in 1802 in Bath Co. VA.¹¹⁷
- x. **Levi (Levy) SURBER** was born in 1805 in Bath Co. VA.¹¹⁸

66. **James WAGGONER**. He was married to Mary UNKNOWN.¹¹⁹

67. **Mary UNKNOWN**. James WAGGONER and Mary UNKNOWN had the following children:

- 33 i. **Nancy Laura Ann WAGGONER**.

68. **Lewis (Ludwig) HUFF**⁶⁰ was born in Maryland. His will is dated 1823 and was probated on Jan 25,

1833. He was married to Rachel UNKNOWN.

69. **Rachel UNKNOWN⁶⁰**. Lewis (Ludwig) HUFF and Rachel UNKNOWN had the following children:

- i. **Abraham HUFF⁶⁰**.
- ii. **Daniel HUFF⁶⁰**.
- 34 iii. **David HOFF (HUFF)**.
- iv. **Peter HUFF⁶⁰**.
- v. **Katherine HUFF⁶⁰**.
- vi. **John HUFF⁶⁰**.
- vii. **Mary Ann HUFF⁶⁰**.
- viii. **Samuel HUFF**.

70. **Daniel KINZIE⁶⁰**. He was married to Elizabeth BERRY.

71. **Elizabeth BERRY⁶⁰**. Daniel KINZIE and Elizabeth BERRY had the following children:

- 35 i. **Mary Elizabeth KINZIE (KINSEY)**.

72. **Abraham SAVILLE⁶⁰**. Abraham moved to VA from Chester Co., PA after he was expelled from the Quakers because he fought in the American Revolutionary War. He was a private in Captain James Huston's Company of the Chester Co. militia, 1781-1783. He bought a farm on the headwaters of South Buffalo Creek, Rockbridge Co. VA near Botetourt Co. line on 10 Nov 1795 for 100 pounds (179 acres). He built a cabin and is buried there. He was married to Martha KEEBLE before 1780.

73. **Martha KEEBLE⁶⁰**. Abraham SAVILLE and Martha KEEBLE had the following children:

- i. **George SAVILLE⁶⁰** was born in 1780.
- 36 ii. **Robert SAVILLE**.
- iii. **Abraham, Jr. SAVILLE⁶⁰**. He "went west."
- iv. **Joseph SAVILLE⁶⁰**. He "went west."
- v. **William SAVILLE⁶⁰**. He "went west."
- vi. **Samuel SAVILLE⁶⁰**. He married his cousin Ann Saville and went west.
- vii. **Jacob SAVILLE⁶⁰**. He was married 3 times and had 13 children with his third wife,

Nancy Shafer.

74. **Robert SKEEN⁶⁰**. He was married to Barbara UNKNOWN.

75. **Barbara UNKNOWN⁶⁰**. Robert SKEEN and Barbara UNKNOWN had the following children:

- 37 i. **Martha SKEEN**.

88. **Jacob VINES^{120,121,122,60}** was born between 1775 and 1794. The 1820, 1830 and 1840 VA census for Botetourt Co., VA lists his occupation as a farmer. He is listed as surety on the marriage bond for David Vines and Mary Margaret Backner. He was married to Elizabeth UNKNOWN.

89. **Elizabeth UNKNOWN⁶⁰** was born in 1787. Jacob VINES and Elizabeth UNKNOWN had the following children:

- 44 i. **David VINES**.
- ii. **James VINES⁶⁰** was born on 20 Sep 1820. He died on 1 May 1898.
- iii. **Catherine VINES⁶⁰**.
- iv. **Margaret VINES^{60,123}**. She was unmarried in the 1850 census.
- v. **Louis VINES⁶⁰** was born on 30 Nov 1833. He (or she) died on 1 Jan 1919. He is buried

at Shiloh Cemetery.

vi. **John VINES**⁶⁰.

122. **Archibald HATCHER**¹⁰³ was born in 1775 in Dale, Chesterfield Co., VA. He was married to Nancy SHELTON.

123. **Nancy SHELTON**¹⁰³. Archibald HATCHER and Nancy SHELTON had the following children:

61 i. **Mariah (Maria) HATCHER.**

EIGHTH GENERATION

128. **Henry (Heinrich, Hendryk) SURBER** was born between 1710 and 1718 in Kanton, Aaigen, Switzerland.¹²⁴ Henry (Heinrich, Hendryk) SURBER had the following children:

- i. **Barbara SURBER** was born about 1740 in Germantown, PA.¹²⁵
- ii. **Jacob SURBER** was born in 1744 in Germantown, PA.¹²⁶
- iii. **Henry SURBER** was born in 1746/47 in Germantown, PA.¹²⁷
- 64 iv. **Joseph SURBER.**
- v. **Adam SURBER** was born about 1751 in Germantown, PA.¹²⁸

130. **Capt. James COURSEY.** He was married to Winifred (Winneyfrit) RIDDLE.

131. **Winifred (Winneyfrit) RIDDLE.** Capt. James COURSEY and Winifred (Winneyfrit) RIDDLE had the following children:

65 i. **Margaret COURSEY.**

136. **Frederick HUFF**⁶⁰ was born in Switzerland. His brother Phillip first came to America and then sent for him. He came to MD by way of Bucks Co., PA. He was married to Violet BUCKETT (PUCKETT).

137. **Violet BUCKETT (PUCKETT)**⁶⁰. She lived in MD in 1810 and may have operated a store. Frederick HUFF and Violet BUCKETT (PUCKETT) had the following children:

- 68 i. **Lewis (Ludwig) HUFF**
- ii. **Philip HUFF**⁶⁰.
- iii. **Benjamin HUFF**⁶⁰.
- iv. **Nicholas HUFF**⁶⁰.
- v. **Powell H. HUFF**⁶⁰ was born in 1791. Powell fought in the War of 1812.
- vi. **James C. HUFF**⁶⁰.
- vii. **Susannah HUFF**⁶⁰ was born in 1789.
- viii. **Peter HUFF**⁶⁰.

142. **William BERRY**⁶⁰. He was married to unknown UNKNOWN.

143. **unknown UNKNOWN**⁶⁰. William BERRY and unknown UNKNOWN had the following children:

71 i. **Elizabeth BERRY.**

144. **Samuel SAVILLE**⁶⁰ was born in England. Samuel immigrated to America prior to the American Revolution and settled in Chester Co. PA. He was a Quaker. He and his wife, Ann Boothe, had 6 sons, all of whom served in the American Revolutionary War. Most of the sons left PA when they were expelled from the

Quakers for fighting in the war. Abraham and Robert went to VA. The name Saville is Anglo/French and is derived from "Sonse village" in France. Saville (or Sauville) signified "the Willow Farm." It was an illustrious family in Yorkshire, England in the 12th century (Normans, under William the Conqueror). He was married to Ann BOOTHE.

145. **Ann BOOTHE**⁶⁰. Samuel SAVILLE and Ann BOOTHE had the following children:

72 i. **Abraham SAVILLE.**

244. **Samuel HATCHER**¹⁰³ was born about 1719 in Dale, Chesterfield Co., VA. He was married to Obedience BEASELY.

245. **Obedience BEASELY**¹⁰³. Samuel HATCHER and Obedience BEASELY had the following children:

122 i. **Archibald HATCHER.**

NINTH GENERATION

488. **Henry HATCHER**¹⁰³ was born in 1689 in Chesterfield Co., VA. He was married to Margaret Jane BUTLER.

489. **Margaret Jane BUTLER**¹⁰³. Henry HATCHER and Margaret Jane BUTLER had the following children:

244 i. **Samuel HATCHER.**

TENTH GENERATION

976. **Henry H. HATCHER**¹⁰³. He was married to Dorothy BATTE.

977. **Dorothy BATTE**¹⁰³. Henry H. HATCHER and Dorothy BATTE had the following children:

- 488
- i. **Henry HATCHER.**
 - ii. **Samuel HATCHER**¹⁰³ was born in 1691.
 - iii. **Josiah HATCHER**¹⁰³ was born in 1693.
 - iv. **Priscilla HATCHER**¹⁰³ was born in 1695.
 - v. **Frances HATCHER**¹⁰³ was born in 1697.

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INDEX

- BACKNER
 Mary Margeret, 438
 BATTE
 Dorothy, 442
 BEASELY
 Obedience, 442
 BERRY
 Elizabeth, 440
 William, 441
 BOOTHE
 Ann, 442
 BUCKETT (PUCKETT)
 Violet, 441
 BUTLER
 Margaret Jane, 442
 CARTER
 Alice, 437
 Amanda, 437
 Gideon, 437
 Hattie Mae, 434
 Jane, 437
 Jefferson, 437
 Jim, 437
 Margaret, 437
 William A., 437
 Winston, 435
 COLEMAN
 Louisa Frances, 437
 William, 439
 COURSEY
 James, 441
 Margaret, 439
 CREWS
 Ada, 437
 Banner, 437
 George Edward, 437
 Ida Sue, 436
 Jack, 437
 Jim, 437
 Lena, 437
 Marvin, 437
 Robert, 437
 Sally, 437
 Samuel, 439
 Thomas, 437
 DEISHER
 Elizabeth, 436
 HALL
 James, 439
 Mary Caroline, 437
 HATCHER
 Archibald, 441
 Frances, 442
 Henry, 442
 Henry H., 442
 Josiah, 442
 Mariah (Maria), 439
 Priscilla, 442
 Samuel, 442
 HILL
 Amanda, 437
 HOFF (HUFF)
 Catherine, 436
 David, 438
 HUFF
 Abraham, 440
 Benjamin, 441
 Daniel, 440
 Frederick, 441
 James C., 441
 John, 440
 Katherine, 440
 Lewis (Ludwig), 439
 Mary Ann, 440
 Nicholas, 441
 Peter, 440, 441
 Philip, 441
 Powell H., 441
 Samuel, 440
 Susannah, 441
 JOHNSON
 Martha Ann, 436
 KEEBLE
 Martha, 440
 KINZIE (KINSEY)
 Mary Elizabeth, 438
 KINZIE
 Daniel, 440
 PETERS
 Alice Oaknelia, 434
 Arthur Grover, 435
 Carrie Lee, 435
 Charles Wesley, 436
 Charlotte Adaline, 436
 Charlotte Josephine, 435
 Edward Johnson, 436
 Gracie Ann, 435
 Harry Glenn, 435
 James William, 436
 John, 436
 John Henry, 435
 John Sachel Martin, 436
 Lucy Ann, 436
 Mary Frances, 436
 Mason Wilfred, 436
 Rowenna Louisa, 435
 Sarah Maria, 436
 Thomas Henry, 435
 Virginia, 436
 POWERS
 Sarah Ann, 439
 PRATT
 Frances, 435
 RIDDLE
 Winifred (Winneyfrit), 441
 SAVILLE
 Abraham, 440
 Abraham, Jr., 440
 Abram, 436
 Ferdinand Gray, 436
 George, 440
 George W., 436
 Harriett Virginia, 435
 Jacob, 440
 Joseph, 440
 Joseph Skeen, 438
 Margaret, 438
 Martha E., 438
 Mary E., 436
 Mary (Polly), 438
 Mattie S., 436
 Robert, 438
 Samuel, 438, 440
 William, 438, 440
 SHELTON
 Nancy, 441
 SKEEN
 Martha, 438
 Robert, 440
 SMITH
 Eunice, 434
 Fred Dyer, 434
 Fred Jr., 435
 J.E., 435
 Mary Sue, 434
 Ruby, 435
 SURBER
 Adam, 441
 Adam Oscar, 439
 Andrew, 439
 Ann Elizabeth, 436
 Antenette, 438
 Barbara, 441
 Benjamin H., 435
 Carol Sue, 434
 Caroline, 438
 Catherine, 439
 Charles, 438, 439
 David Spencer, 434
 Dennis Cline, 434
 Emiline, 438
 Emma S., 435
 Ewell Edwin, 434
 George, 438
 Harriet, 438

Helen Janette, 434
Henry, 439, 441
Henry (Heinrich, Hendryk), 441
Jacob, 438, 441
James Abraham, 434
James Alfred, 434
James Alfred, Jr., 434
James Washington, 436
Jeffrey Smith, 434
John, 439
John T.B., 438
Joseph, 438, 439
Katie C., 435
Levi (Levy), 439
Lewis, 436
Lucy G., 435
Marie, 438
Mary Ann (Polly), 439
Mary E., 435
Mary Jane, 436, 438
Mattie B., 435
Nancy Ann, 436
Nettie Blanche, 435
Noel Jarvis, 434
Robert Sidney, 434
Stella Mae, 435
William, 438
William Attison, 435
William Henry, 434
UNKNOWN
Amanda, 439
Barbara, 440
Elizabeth, 440
Mary, 439
Rachel, 440
unknown, 441
VINES
Catherine, 440
David, 438
Eliza A., 437
George, 439
George A., 437
Jacob, 440
James, 440
John, 437, 441
Joseph Edwin (Joe), 437
Leander Jackson (Lee), 437
Louis, 440
Margaret, 440
Martha Ann, 439
Martha Frances, 435
Mary Ann, 437
Mary M., 439
Sarah Victoria (Vickie), 437
William, 438
William David, 437
WAGGONER

Ancestors of Glenn Arthur VANDER WAGEN

FIRST GENERATION

1. **Glenn Arthur VANDER WAGEN**¹ was born on 27 Oct 1967 in Towson, MD.

SECOND GENERATION

2. **Ralph A. VANDER WAGEN** was born on 11 Dec 1938 in Oak Park, IL. He was married to Betty M. SLINKMAN on 8 Jun 1962 in Berwyn, IL.
3. **Betty M. SLINKMAN** was born on 21 Apr 1941 in Chicago, IL. Ralph A. VANDER WAGEN and Betty M. SLINKMAN had the following children:

- 1
 - i. **Glenn Arthur VANDER WAGEN.**

THIRD GENERATION

4. **Samuel VANDER WAGEN** died in May in Berwyn, IL. He was born on 23 Aug 1908 in Chicago, IL. He was married to Anna KNIPP on 3 Nov 1933 in Cicero, IL.
5. **Anna KNIPP** was born on 3 Nov 1908 in Chicago, IL. She died on 30 Jun 1995 in Berwyn, IL. Samuel VANDER WAGEN and Anna KNIPP had the following children:

- 2
 - i. **Ralph A. VANDER WAGEN.**

6. **George SLINKMAN** was born on 15 Feb 1905 in Chicago, IL. He was married to Bertha BERGER.
7. **Bertha BERGER** was born on 25 Apr 1903 in Chicago, IL. She died in Chicago, IL. George SLINKMAN and Bertha BERGER had the following children:

- 3
 - i. **Betty M. SLINKMAN.**

FOURTH GENERATION

8. **Andrew VANDER WAGEN.** He was married to Martha UNKNOWN.
9. **Martha UNKNOWN.** Andrew VANDER WAGEN and Martha UNKNOWN had the following children:

- 4
 - i. **Samuel VANDER WAGEN.**

10. **Lambert KNIPP.** He was married to Anna TINGE.

11. **Anna TINGE.** Lambert KNIPP and Anna TINGE had the following children:

- 5
 - i. **Anna KNIPP.**

12. **John SLINKMAN.** He was married to Beatrice LUBBEN.

13. **Beatrice LUBBEN.** John SLINKMAN and Beatrice LUBBEN had the following children:

6 i. **George SLINKMAN.**

15. **Cora LANENGA.** Cora's last name is the name of her second husband at time of her death. She was married. Cora LANENGA had the following children:

7 i. **Bertha BERGER.**

SOURCES

1. Joanne Weigle Lewis personal communications.

INDEX

BERGER

Bertha, 448

KNIPP

Anna, 448

Lambert, 448

LANENGA

Cora, 449

LUBBEN

Beatrice, 449

SLINKMAN

Betty M., 448

George, 448

John, 448

TINGE

Ann, 448

UNKNOWN

Martha, 448

VANDER WAGEN

Andrew, 448

Glenn Arthur, 448

Ralph A., 448

Samuel, 448

Ancestors of Joanne Rae WEIGLE

FIRST GENERATION

1. **Joanne Rae WEIGLE** was born on 7 Dec 1937 in Rochester, PA.

SECOND GENERATION

2. **William Edward WEIGLE**¹ was born on 1 Aug 1914 in Aliquippa, PA. He died on 4 Oct 1964 in Rochester, PA. He was married to Thelma Virginia SHEPANSKA on 14 Oct 1936 in Beaver, PA.
3. **Thelma Virginia SHEPANSKA**¹ was born on 1 Jan 1919. William Edward WEIGLE and Thelma Virginia SHEPANSKA had the following children:

- 1
 - i. **Joanne Rae WEIGLE.**
 - ii. **Brenda L. WEIGLE** was born on 27 Oct 1939. She died in Jul 1976.
 - iii. **Nelson B. WEIGLE** was born on 1 Feb 1950. He was adopted.

THIRD GENERATION

4. **William Alunzo WEIGLE**¹ was born on 13 Aug 1879 in Scottsville, PA. He died on 26 Jul 1946 in Monaca, PA.
5. **Henrietta COOMBS** was born on 21 Oct 1881 in England. She died on 21 Jan 1915. William Alunzo WEIGLE and Henrietta COOMBS had the following children:

- i. **Helen WEIGLE.**
 - ii. **Ethel WEIGLE.**
 - iii. **Oliver WEIGLE.**
 - iv. **Theodore WEIGLE.**
 - v. **Florence WEIGLE.**
- 2
 - vi. **William Edward WEIGLE.**

6. **Otto August SHEPANSKA**¹ was born in 1893. He died in 1934.
7. **Clara Virginia DUGAN**¹ was born on 19 Jan 1897. She died on 2 Sep 1973 in Monaca, PA. Otto August SHEPANSKA and Clara Virginia DUGAN had the following children:

- 3
 - i. **Thelma Virginia SHEPANSKA.**
 - ii. **Iona M. SHEPANSKA.**

FOURTH GENERATION

8. **Oliver WEIGLE** was born on 31 Jan 1847. He died in 1904. He was married to Martha Auzeneta ERWIN.
9. **Martha Auzeneta ERWIN.** Oliver WEIGLE and Martha Auzeneta ERWIN had the following children:

- 4
 - i. **William Alunzo WEIGLE.**

14. **James Malen DUGAN** was born between 1859 and 1861. He died between Feb 1910 and 1912 in Little Hocking, OH. He was married to Mary Elmira NOLAN.

15. **Mary Elmira NOLAN** was born on 5 Mar 1870 in Illinois. She died on 30 Jan 1937 in Rochester, PA. James Malen DUGAN and Mary Elmira NOLAN had the following children:

- 7 i. **Clara Virginia DUGAN.**

FIFTH GENERATION

16. **Washington WEIGLE** was born on 16 May 1821. He died on 1 May 1881. His log house is still occupied in Potter Twp., Beaver Co., PA. He was married to Rosanna BAKER.

17. **Rosanna BAKER²** was born on 3 Feb 1827. She died on 1 Jun 1915. Rosanna ended her days with her son Cummings and his family. She had been working in the garden shortly before her death. She smoked a pipe every evening. Washington WEIGLE and Rosanna BAKER had the following children:

- 8 i. **Oliver WEIGLE.**
- ii. **Cummings WEIGLE²** was born on 10 Mar 1868. He died on 2 Feb 1940.

28. **James Nathan(iel) DUGAN** was born in Cork, Ireland. He was married to Hennrietta SPENCER.

29. **Hennrietta SPENCER** died in 1913/14 in Little Hocking, Washington County, OH. James Nathan(iel) DUGAN and Hennrietta SPENCER had the following children:

- 14 i. **James Malen DUGAN.**

30. **James NOLAN** was born in Illinois. He was married to Amanda MCINTOSH.

31. **Amanda MCINTOSH** was born in Illinois. James NOLAN and Amanda MCINTOSH had the following children:

- 15 i. **Mary Elmira NOLAN.**

SIXTH GENERATION

32. **Daniel, Jr. WEIGLE²** was born on 21 May 1778. He died on 29 Jul 1852. He donated land for the North Branch Presbyterian Church in Center Twp., Beaver Co., PA.

33. **Catherine RICELING.** Daniel, Jr. WEIGLE and Catherine RICELING had the following children:

- 16 i. **Washington WEIGLE.**

34. **Samuel RAMBO².**

35. **Elnor (Elinor, Nellie) BAKER.** Samuel RAMBO and Elnor (Elinor, Nellie) BAKER had the following children:

- 17 i. **Rosanna BAKER.**

SEVENTH GENERATION

64. **Daniel WEIGLE** was born in 1745. He died in 1810. Daniel was a Private in Captain Jacob Wilhelm's company of PA Militia during the Revolutionary War. He emigrated from Germany and settled in Lancaster, PA. He was married to Anna (Agnes) WEIBLER on 15 Dec 1767.

65. **Anna (Agnes) WEIBLER²** was born in 1745. She died in Sep 1820. Daniel WEIGLE and Anna (Agnes) WEIBLER had the following children:

32 i. **Daniel, Jr. WEIGLE.**

70. **Michael BAKER²** was born in 1760. He died on 19 Nov 1853. He was married to Rosanna MORTON.

71. **Rosanna MORTON.** Rosanna is a descendant of the Morton that signed the Declaration of Independence. Michael BAKER and Rosanna MORTON had the following children:

35 i. **Elnor (Elinor, Nellie) BAKER.**

EIGHTH GENERATION

140. **George, Jr. BAKER** was born in 1732. He died in 1802. George, his wife and 5 children were captured by the Indian in their home in Beaver Co., PA, and were marched to Detroit. They later escaped and brought back information that helped the colonists during the Revolutionary War. The Bakers and another family, the Dungans, were the first settlers in Beaver Co. Baker/Dungan Museum is at the Penn State Campus in Beaver County. The Weigles (Weigels) and the Bakers lived near one another and were friends. Court records show Bakers witnessing Weigle wills and vice versa. He was married to Elizabeth NICHOLSON.

141. **Elizabeth NICHOLSON** died in 1812. George, Jr. BAKER and Elizabeth NICHOLSON had the following children:

70 i. **Michael BAKER.**

NINTH GENERATION

280. **George BAKER** was born in Germany. George BAKER had the following children:

140 i. **George, Jr. BAKER.**

SOURCES

1. Joanne Weigle Lewis personal communications.
2. Ellen Rose (Weigle) Glasser personal correspondence.

INDEX**BAKER**

Elnor (Elinor, Nellie), 451

George, 452

George Jr., 452

Michael, 452

Rosanna, 451

COOMBS

Henrietta, 450

DUGAN

Clara Virginia, 450

James Malen, 451

James Nathan(iel), 451

ERWIN

Martha Auzeneta, 450

MCINTOSH

Amanda, 451

MORTON

Rosanna, 452

NICHOLSON

Elizabeth, 452

NOLAN

James, 451

Mary Elmira, 451

RAMBO

Samuel, 451

RICELING

Catherine, 451

SHEPANSKA

Iona M., 450

Otto August, 450

Thelma Virginia, 450

SPENCER

Henrietta, 451

WEIBLER

Anna (Agnes), 452

WEIGLE

Brenda L., 450

Cummings, 451

Daniel, 452

Daniel Jr., 451

Ethel, 450

Florence, 450

Helen, 450

Joanne Rae, 450

Nelson B., 450

Oliver, 450

Theodore, 450

Washington, 451

William Alunzo, 450

William Edward, 450



INDEX

1st West Va. Cavalry Regiment, 20, 25

A

Abraham genealogy index, 367
 Abraham genealogy, 365
 Abraham, Amy, 93-96
 Abraham, Harry Benson, 52
 Abraham, James Harry, 86-89
 Abraham, Lynn Altizer, 90-92
 Abraham, Susan Eileen, 57-65
 Abraham, Timothy James, 97-98
 Abraham, Willard, 51, 52-56
 Altizer, Effie Michener, 90
 Altizer genealogy index, 369
 Altizer genealogy, 368
 Altizer, Preston, 90
 Averell, Maj. Gen. William W., 20

B

Bable genealogy index, 371
 Bable genealogy, 370
 Bable, Franklin, 248
 Bable, Ila Nelson, 248
 Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, 7
 Banjo, Edwin, 303
 Batto, Elizabeth, 25
 Bauer genealogy index, 373
 Bauer genealogy, 372
 beehive coke ovens, 5
 Bowlen genealogy, 365
 Bowlen, Myrtle, 52
 Brownfield genealogy, 409
 Buford, Gen. John, 20

C

Chabanik genealogy index, 375
 Chabanik genealogy, 374
 Chabanik, Irene, 146
 Chabanik, Maximilian, 146
 coal, 5-8
 coke manufacturing, 5-8
 Coley, Kelly, 109
 Coley, Kimberly Ann, 107-108
 Connellsville, 5
 Cowdery, Grover, 34, 49
 Cranston genealogy index, 378
 Cranston genealogy, 376
 Cranston, David Kelsey, 117-118
 Cranston, Elizabeth Anne, 117-118

Cranston, Sara Henry, 117-118
 Crawford genealogy index, 360
 Crawford genealogy, 358
 Crawford, Col. William, 35
 Crawford, Effie, 35, 36
 Custer, George Armstrong, 20

D

Davis genealogy index, 380
 Davis genealogy, 379
 Double, Irma Lewis, 21, 23, 24

F

Fairchance, 5
 Fayette County history, 4-8
 Ferlin, Frank, Jr., 303
 Ferlin, Ronald, 303
 Frick, H.C., 4, 32, 40

G

Gettysburg, 20
 Glasser genealogy index, 394
 Glasser genealogy, 381
 Glasser, Andrew, 203, 205
 Glasser, Ellen Weigle, 204
 Glasser, Herbert Glenn, 204
 Glasser, Hugh (Huggy), 204-205
 Glasser, Linda Lewis, 201-203
 Glasser, Nathan, 203, 205
 Gower genealogy index, 397
 Gower genealogy, 396
 Grand Army of the Republic, 20, 22

H

Hall genealogy index, 398
 Hall genealogy, 398
 Halle, Cresswell, 303
 Harwick genealogy index, 403
 Harwick genealogy, 399
 Hugh genealogy index, 407
 Hugh genealogy, 404
 Hugh, Deborah Leonard, 72-75
 Hugh, George Edison, 68
 Hugh, Justin, 75
 Hugh, LaMonte, 61-62, 66-69
 Hugh, Laura McKenna, 68-69
 Hugh, Susan Abraham, 57-65
 Hugh, Wade Alan, 70-71
 Hugh, Ward Evan, 83-85
 Hugh, Wendy Beth, 78-82

Hugh, Wesley Scott, 76-77
 Hunter, Maj. Gen. David, 20

I

iron, 5
 Israel, Dennis, 151
 Israel genealogy index, 408
 Israel genealogy, 408
 Israel, Juanita, 151
 Israel, Michael, 150-151
 Israel, Miller Lynn, 150-151

K

Kovalic genealogy index, 418
 Kovalic genealogy, 409
 Kovalic, Amy Abraham, 93-96
 Kovalic, Sean, 95-96

L

Leeper genealogy index, 420
 Leeper genealogy, 418
 Leeper, Robert John, 210
 Leeper, Anna Johnston, 210
 Leonard genealogy index, 421
 Leonard genealogy, 420
 Leonard, Robert William, 72
 Lewis, Anna Mary Hall, 100-104, 116
 Lewis, Benjamin A., 18-19
 Lewis, Carol Surber, 271-280
 Lewis, Dwayne Alan, 213-220
 Lewis, Eleanor May, 129-134
 Lewis, Elizabeth Cranston, 117-118
 Lewis, Gale Lynn, 105-106
 Lewis, George Marshall, 99-104, 110, 114-115
 Lewis, Hazel Ruth, 48-51
 Lewis, Henry Ray, 29
 Lewis, Jack Walter, 252-270
 Lewis, James Marshall, 23-24
 Lewis, James Robert, 119-123
 Lewis, Jason Scott, 281-284
 Lewis, Jeffrey Mark, 285-287
 Lewis, Jennifer, 287, 291
 Lewis, Joanne Weigle, 191-200
 Lewis, Jonathan, 219-220, 223
 Lewis, Joseph Paul, 19-22
 Lewis, Kathleen, 124-128
 Lewis, Keith Edward, 245-247
 Lewis, Kelsey Elizabeth, 113, 117
 Lewis, Kimberly Shick, 221-224

Lewis, Kyleigh, 219-220, 223
 Lewis, Linda Joanne, 201-203
 Lewis, Lindsay Chester
 ancestors, 18-26
 Army discharge papers, 13-14
 life story, 10-17
 Navy discharge papers, 15-16
 siblings, 27-29
 Lewis, Mariann Bauer, 288-290
 Lewis, Marshall David, 113, 117
 Lewis, Mary Sophia, 27
 Lewis, Megan, 209, 212
 Lewis, Melissa Bable, 248-250
 Lewis, Nicholas, 219-220, 223
 Lewis, Omar Ralph, 28
 Lewis, Pamela Leeper, 210-212
 Lewis, Robin Rae, 225-240
 Lewis, Sara Victoria, 113, 117
 Lewis, Thomas Edwin, 206-209
 Lewis, Thomas Lindsay, 177-191
 Lewis, Thomas Robert, 209, 212
 Lewis, Wanda June Davis, 120-123
 Lewis, William Edward, 110-116
 Lieb genealogy index, 422
 Lieb genealogy, 422
 Lieb, Alison, 126-128
 Lieb, Charles, 123, 125-128
 Lieb, Emily, 126-128
 Lieb, Kathleen Lewis, 124-128
 Long genealogy, 399-403

M

Madera Genealogy index, 333
 Madera genealogy, 327
 McCormick genealogy index, 356
 McCormick genealogy, 343
 McCormick homeplace (Connellsville), 37
 McCormick, Dr. John, 35
 McCormick, George C., 37
 McCormick, George Walter, 32, 40-42
 McCormick, Margaret May
 life story, 32-34
 ancestors, 35-46
 McCormick, Moses, 36
 McCormick, Noble, 38
 McCormick, Nora, 40
 McCormick, Provance, 5
 McCormick, Sarah, 36
 McCormick, William, 35
 Miller genealogy index, 431
 Miller genealogy, 423

Miller, Daniel, 166-168
 Miller, Debbie Gower, 167-168
 Miller, Edgar Wallace, 134-137
 Miller, Franklin, 138-145
 Miller, Hilary, 166, 168
 Miller, Joanne Chabanik, 146-149
 Miller, Karen Elaine, 154-158
 Miller, Lanah Jo, 152-153
 Miller, Laurel Faye, 169-176
 Miller, Mallory, 166, 168
 Miller, Mary Louise, 72
 Miller, Michelle Lynn, 150-151
 Miller, Valerie, 166, 168
 Miner genealogy index, 363
 Miner genealogy, 361
 Miner, Anna Belle, 32, 40
 Miner, Henry, 42-45
 Moser, Ruth, 25
 Myers, Orva K., 4, 33

O

O'Neill, Kathleen, 77
 Oliphant Coal Mine, 4, 32
 Oliphant, map of, 2

P

patch houses, 3, 6
 Pennsylvania Railroad, 7
 Peters genealogy, 434

R

Russell, Michael, 286, 291

S

Saville genealogy, 435
 Sheridan, Maj. Gen. Philip, 20
 Shick, Mary Palinski, 221
 Shick, Richard Alfred, 221
 Shick genealogy, 432
 Shick genealogy index, 432
 Smith genealogy index, 433
 Smith genealogy, 433
 Smith, Holly Marie, 161-162
 Smith, Karen Miller, 154-158
 Smith, Richard Clark II, 163-164
 Smith, Richard Clark, 159-160
 Smith, Willard Clark, 159
 Soap Box Derby, 292-292
 Spriggs genealogy index, 364
 Spriggs genealogy, 364

Spriggs, Priscilla, 38
 Sullivan, Mary, 21
 Surber genealogy index, 446
 Surber genealogy, 434
 Surber, James A., 271
 Surber, Mary Smith, 271
 Swaney genealogy index, 341
 Swaney genealogy, 334
 Swaney, Alexander J., 20, 25
 Swaney, James A., 25
 Swaney, James, 25
 Swaney, Sarah Ellen, 20, 25, 49
 swimming hole, 295
 Swink, Lyda, 42-43

U

Union Supply Company, 51
 Uniontown, 5

V

Vander Wagen genealogy index, 453
 Vander Wagen genealogy, 448
 Vander Wagen, Dawn, 238, 244
 Vander Wagen, Glenn Arthur, 241-244
 Vander Wagen, Lindsay, 238-244
 Vander Wagen, Robin Lewis, 225-240
 Vander Wagen, Ryan, 238, 244
 Vander Wagen, Ralph, 241
 Vander Wagen, Betty, 241
 Victor genealogy, 423

W

war time life, 296
 Weigle genealogy, 381-394, 450-453
 Weigle genealogy index, 453
 White House, 34, 35
 White Rock Cemetery, 22
 Wilson, Clyde, 27

Y

Youghiogheny River, 5
 Youler, Norma Fields, 159

Benjamin A. LEWIS
b: 1802

John Daniel Madera
b: Bef 1700

Jacob Madera



Lind
D: M

John McCormick
b: 1773

Dr. John McCormick
b: Aft 1700

Alexander J. Swaney
b: April 25, 1840

Elizabeth Batto
b: 1772

William McCormick
b: February 22, 1737/38

Moser

Anne unknown

Ruth Moser
b: 1812

Sallie Crawford "Sarah" McCormick
b: January 08, 1776

Sarah Ellen Swaney
b: May 27, 1873

Sophia Ar
b: March



b: February 02, 1881

unknown Swink

Lyda Swink
b: 1863

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