

Clay County Ancestral N · E · W · S MAGAZINE

SPECIAL MILITARY ISSUE

**A report on
the contributions of
Clay Countians in
America's wars**

- Survivor of Little Big Horn
- Many in War of 1812
- Civil War Keenly Felt Here
- Burns Bros. in WWI
- Locals feel brutality of WW II
- Heroism in Korea
- Viet Nam Medal Winner
and much more

In October 1862 Col. David A. Enyart, shown here, led a group of 500 Union soldiers to Clay County to destroy the salt works. Enyart didn't have his heart in it but followed the orders of Gen. Don Carlos Buell to keep salt out of the hands of the Confederates.

1861-2011

**THE SESQUICENTENNIAL
OF THE CIVIL WAR IN CLAY
COUNTY AND KENTUCKY**

PLUS:

**Clay County's imprint
on the Lone Star state**

**O'Tucks are Ohio's
Kentuckians at heart**

**Signs tell the story
of county's founding**

**Graves of county's
18th Century pioneers**

1911-2011

**The 100th Anniversary of the
birth of Clay County's favorite
son, Gov. Bert T. Combs**

... and much more!

Fall & Winter 2011

• Volume 27, Number 2

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MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT

There is something about Kentuckians that has made them outstanding in our country's military affairs. It's been that way since the beginning, when those "over the mountain men" who fought the loyalists in South and North Carolina, and later moved to Kentucky, were known for their particular ferocity in battles like Kings Mountain. When the country went to war again with the British in 1812, it was the Kentuckians who distinguished themselves for bravery and toughness time and again, often, in fact, being criticized for being too enthusiastic in taking the fight to the Red Coats and their Indian allies. It continued on through the 19th and 20th centuries, as if having a disregard for personal safety in the service of his country was in the Kentuckian's DNA. Nowhere has that particular strain been more evident than in Clay County. As this special issue of the CCAN Magazine shows, there have been a number of Clay County men who have exhibited uncommon valor and competence on the battlefield, only to come home after the war to blend in inconspicuously with the population as if their eyebrow-raising exploits overseas had never happened. In most cases these men have gone out of their way not to toot their own horns, nor have their horns been tooted by others . . . until now. Beginning on Page 10 of this issue you will read stories of men whose actions in war would seem the stuff of Hollywood hyperbole if we didn't have the citations to prove otherwise. We are extremely pleased to be bringing the stories of some of these men to light at long last.

We are also extremely pleased to note the outpouring of support for the Society's ambitious historical site project, the Goose Creek Salt Works and Pioneer Village (see pages 36, 37). In the Spring CCAN Magazine you will remember that we asked for donations for the exciting project, and then we sat back and waited to see what happened. As you will see on pages seven and eight of this issue, a lot happened indeed. We are grateful for several donations in the hundred dollar range from across the country, including member Jackie Burton's extremely generous one for \$2,000. We are especially pleased with the local effort, thanks to Vice President Maggie Bowling's tireless fund-raising. All of this is to say that we are ahead of schedule on the project that many people considered a pipe dream, something too big for a little ole historical society like us to take on. It all hasn't gone as smoothly as it sounds. There were some hits and misses, such as a failed attempt at chinking the ultra-historic Cotton Cabin. We finally contracted with a recognized expert, who had recently restored the famous Old Joe Clark Cabin (see Manchester's website www.WeLoveManchester.com and click on the driving tour, then click button 15) and discovered all it takes to do something right is to throw money at it! Same with the landscaping, which we finally decided had to be done right as well, and which likewise was solved by spending more than we'd planned. We could only do this "getting what you pay for" way of doing things because of our members' generosity. We hope our luck holds these next few months as it has since the Spring. But we're not worried; we are firmly in the camp of those who subscribe to the "build it and they will come" school of getting things done. It's worked so far!

--Charles House

A few missing parts didn't stop Jim Tim from delivering the news of the day

By James R. Philpot

Standing only about 5 and a half feet tall Jim Tim was not an imposing figure but he had other striking looks what with missing an eye, a hand and at least another finger from his only hand. He rode his mule carrying the mail along a route starting at the Elbert Byrd Post Office in Sexton's Creek, Owsley County and ending at the Woodrow Baker Post office at Trixie in Clay County, near the Rocky Branch Road. Jim Tim knew all the grownups of course and each kid as well. Always a cheerful fellow who wasn't overly nosy and who didn't open letters etc., that you could possibly detect.

Lots of families subscribed to papers by mail such as us to the Louisville *Courier Journal*, when we could afford it. This was the most anxious item for us and concern for the mail and seeing Jim Tim. We waited on the paper like folks do now for the Social Security checks. Lucy K. Bishop subscribed to the Grit paper and devoured every story. Of course we read her Grits as well. (Another example of mail order subscribing by a neighbor was just beyond Jim Tim's route, i. e. Ollie Dean, Ed's wife subscribed to the *Cincinnati Post* by the Buffalo mail carrier. I'm told that Ollie was an avid reader of her *Cincy Post*. Yes, folks around there depended on mailed papers (these were just some examples). This was the Hill folks' link to the outside world.

Those familiar with this territory know it's mostly along the South Fork River which can be a major blockage during the many floods. We were water bound for a week or more and of course no mail. We'd climb the mountain to get to the Post Office then.

I heard a big lie from a neighbor boy that Jim Tim had shot off his hand to get out of the Army draft. I doubted this all along because of his missing an eye and fingers. Way too much overkill for that to be true. This year, I was told by Pearl Abner that those lost body parts came about from a hunting accident. More plausible, but hard to imagine. I don't believe the draft avoidance story in any way. Later, I talked to a man who lost some fingers in a freakish accident when he was using a hay rake back when they were pulled by horses and had a round collector thing made of a springy group of circular curved metal fingers. His whole body wound up inside the collector and he rolled over and over like the hay inside. Lots of ways to lose digits on the farm.

I admired Jim Tim for his ability to roll a cigarette while mounted on his mule and he said he could do it in a wind. Never saw him do that of course. I wouldn't put it past him though.

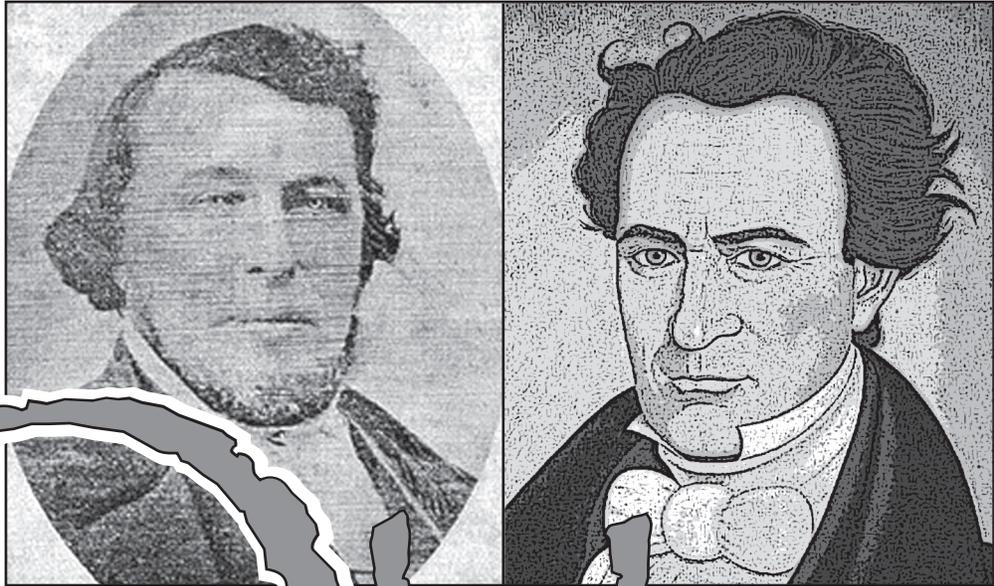
Then there was the time he threw our dog off the bridge: he told it on himself as a devilish thing he did. One time the river was high and Jim Tim used the little walkover bridge across Roadrun Creek and did the throwing when Butch was walking his route with him as he did every day. Afterwards, Butch apparently didn't hold much of a grudge as he still met him every day at the Mouth of Roadrun and walked to Trixie and back in time to meet our school bus each day. At this point Jim Tim Would get a twinkle in his good eye and say, "Of course he won't cross the bridge with me any more".

I, as an adult, admire him for holding down a job instead of going on disability or welfare. This story is in his honor. Real life heroes don't usually look like Tom Selleck or George Clooney but ordinary guys. The following picture of Jim Tim was at a gathering in Cedar Valley. Butch's is from our home in the Bishop Bend taken by cousin Ellis Bundy in a film type movie camera ca 1956.



There were lots of ways to lose digits on the farm

Phillip de Zavala Singleton, left, was named for his father, a prominent early Clay Countian and one of Steven F. Austin's original 300 settlers. Austin, at right, required people of strong character for his settlers. The Singletons filled the bill.



The Old 300

How a group of Clay Countians helped Steven F. Austin create the Republic of Texas

—By Nora House

One of the most significant chapters in the history of Texas has to do with what is called “The Old 300”, a legendary group of founding settlers organized by Stephen F. Austin, the father of Texas statehood. The “Old 300” is a term used to describe the original grantees, who purchased 307 parcels of land from Stephen Fuller Austin and established a colony in present day Brazoria County in the southeast of what became Texas.

A largely unknown aspect of this story, sacred to all Texans, is the role a number of early Clay County settlers played in it. Two such Clay County families, those of Phillip Singleton and Will Whitesides, played an important part in Austin’s dreams of glory for the state.

Stephen Austin was a particular sort of man. And he required a particular sort of person for his hand-picked group of settlers. The early settlers in Clay County, mostly Scotch-Irish, were particularly suited for his purposes for a number of reasons—they were isolated as no other generation and they lived in a very harsh, hostile territory. Yet they were easily able to endure the isolation here in the mountains in conditions that would have appalled many people. Historians have said they were probably the toughest, and toughest-minded, people in American history. Also, they mostly regarded land as a commodity. They did not become attached to it. They acquired it and spent it; hungered for it, used it, left it. These were the kind of people who continued to want to see the other side of the mountain.

Austin recruited these particularly tough people but when he began advertising his colony, he received so much interest that he was able to be selective in his choice of colonists, which helped his colony to be very different from most others of the time. Settlers were chosen based on whether Austin believed they would be appropriately industrious, another plus for our early Clay Countians. Overall, the settlers belonged to a much “better” class than most immigrants, and all brought some property with them. An indication of the “better” classes, at least as to the financial stature of the grantees, was the large number of slaveholders among them. One-quarter of the families brought slaves with them. Amazingly for the time, all but four of the men could read and write. This unheard-of level of literacy must have impacted the colony’s future for the good.

Not all of the original grantees survived or prospered but Austin’s Old Three Hundred formed the first Anglo-



Section of a mural at the Texas General Land Office at the Steven F. Austin building at the State capitol showing some of the “Old 300” families arriving in Texas. Several Clay Countians would have been part of this group.

planter gentry in what would become Texas.

We don’t know how the paths of Austin and our Clay Countians crossed but Stephen Fuller Austin was born in Wythe County, VA in 1793 and he was educated at Transylvania University in Lexington, KY. We do know many early Clay settlers, here at the founding of our county, came by way of Wythe County, VA, and were often closely connected much earlier, during the Revolutionary War and perhaps before that. We can only speculate as to how they became “invitees” but some prominent names in our county listed among “The Old 300” were present in the first Clay County Census of 1810 and they were “of the right stuff”; among them Singleton, Whiteside, and Walker.

These families often inter-married and apparently traveled together as they were found together in other parts of Kentucky at various times, particularly Wayne and Pulaski Counties. I assume this accounts for their traveling to Texas together.

Phillip Singleton, one of the original Old 300, was prominent in early Clay County history and served on the first grand-jury here in 1807. He also held the important position of Justice of the Peace in 1816. It is believed their coming to Clay County was associated with the salt industry. They lived in the lower Goose Creek area and in early Clay court records Phillip Singleton is mentioned several times along with other names of prominent salt men. His father, Richard Singleton, a distinguished North Carolinian, was a Revolutionary War hero and died in Clay County around 1807. His mother, Mary Ann Whiteside, was a member of another prominent North Carolina family. She continued to live in Clay County after the death of Richard and eventu-

ally died in what became Perry County. Her brother, James Whiteside, and Phillip's father, Richard Singleton were instrumental in the formation of the State of North Carolina. When North Carolina was considering becoming a part of the Union in 1788, they were among five delegates from Rutherford County elected to the Assembly, or state convention, and were instrumental when North Carolina finally ratified the Constitution of the United States in 1789. It was said they were "statesmen of the first rank, and were men of ability and training and had won recognition in political ranks..."

According to Wheeler's History of North Carolina: *The whole clan were Whigs and active patriots throughout the war for independence of the colonies, the older brothers Davis and James, representing Rutherford County for years in the North Carolina House of Commons and Senate, as did Ann's husband, Major Richard Singleton, also serve in both houses.*

Phillip Singleton married Susannah Walker, daughter of James Walker, Sr. and Catherine Miller, also among the first of Austin's colonists and residents of Clay County in 1810. James Walker served in the Virginia Continental line units during the American Revolution and is said to have known Richard Singleton from this time. The elder Walkers, along with children John M., Sanders, and Lucinda Walker accompanied the Singletons on their westward journey.

Will Whiteside, who married Phillip Singleton's sister, Luvina, (Whiteside's cousin) was also part of this migration from Clay County to Texas and became part of the "Old 300". Will and his family were in the 1810 Clay County census but were not here in 1820. Family stories say that William Whiteside had a mill on the Cumberland River and he had gone back to tend it until the mill burned. It was then they decided to journey to Texas with his brother-in-law Phillip and Phillip's wife's family, the Walkers. His brother, James Whiteside, was already in Austin's Colony along with his nephews Henry and Boland Whiteside.

Phillip's youngest brother, George Washington Singleton, was another of the first colonists and part of this elite group but it is not known whether he lived in Clay County. He lived for a time in Wayne County and married Sarah Lusk, also a cousin, the daughter of Samuel Lusk and Elizabeth Whiteside, in 1808 in the Mississippi Territory. Samuel Lusk participated in the Battle of Kings Mountain as did Richard Singleton and Will Whiteside's father, Robert. He witnessed a deed in Rutherford County, NC in 1791, where Richard was the first Sheriff. All these connections indicate the Singletons, Whitesides, Lusks and Walkers were acquainted from, at least, the time of the Revolutionary War. Lusk went to Amite County, Mississippi in 1792 via flatboat after the Revolution. A Samuel Lusk resided in Clay County in 1810 as well, but he was in the 16-26 age group and no evidence points to a connection between the Singletons and Whitesides above.

In order to put the settlement of Texas in context we need to look first at Missouri. A lot of what would later become parts of the United States were still under Spanish rule in 1820, including Missouri. Moses Austin, an American businessman had taken Spanish citizenship in order to start a small colony there. He wanted to start a colony in Spanish Texas too, and in that year he travelled to San Antonio de Bexar to request an empresarios grant in Spanish Texas. The governor refused to listen to Austin's proposal and ordered him to leave the territory immediately.

As he was leaving, Austin encountered an acquaintance he had met years earlier at an inn in Spanish Missouri. His friend, Baron de Bastrop, listened to Austin's plan, and, using his influence, persuaded the governor to approve the request. Austin's plan was approved, and in January 1821 he headed back to Missouri with a grant to bring 300 colonists into Texas. On his way home he was attacked by highwaymen and badly beaten. He made his way back to Missouri, but died soon after, leaving his empresarios grant to his son, Stephen Fuller Austin.

Stephen Austin agreed to try to carry out his father's plan, and that summer, he and a small group of settlers crossed into Texas. However, before arriving in San Antonio to meet with the governor, they learned that Mexico had earned its independence from Spain, making Texas a Mexican province rather than a Spanish province. The Governor assured him that the new Mexican government would honor the colonization contract.

Based on this assurance Austin began to recruit settlers. He offered land at 12.5 cents per acre. This was only a token of what comparable acreage sold for in the United States. Settlers would pay no customs duties for seven years and would not be subject to taxation for ten years. In return, they would be expected to become Mexican citizens. This all probably sounded very attractive to potential settlers, maybe too good to be true.

And it was. In March 1822, Austin learned that the new Mexican government had not ratified his father's land grant with Spain and it would take a bit of doing and his traveling 1,200 miles to Mexico City, to get permission for his colony.

Finally, the 1823 Imperial Colonization Law of Mexico allowed an empresario to receive a land grant within the Mexican province of Texas. The empresario and a commissioner appointed by the governor would be authorized to distribute land to settlers and issue them titles in the name of the Mexican government. Only one contract was ultimately approved under this legislation, and that was the contract granted to Stephen F. Austin.

Between 1824 and 1828, Austin granted 297 titles under this contract. Each head of household received a minimum of 177 acres or 4,428 acres depending on whether they intended to farm or raise livestock. The grant could be increased for large families or those wishing to establish a new industry, but the lands would be forfeited if they were

*Where Singletons went,
so went the Whitesides,
and vice versa.*

not cultivated within two years.

The settlers who received their titles under Austin's first contract were known as the "Old Three Hundred". The new titles were located in an area where no Spanish or Mexican settlements had existed, covering the land between the Brazos River and the Colorado River from the Gulf Coast to the San Antonio Road.

The Singleton, Whiteside and Walker families left Clay County sometime after the 1820 census, arriving in Texas about 1822. The Walkers and Singletons are said to have stopped in Arkansas for a brief period.

James Walker, Sr., was issued title on July 21, 1824 for one sitio of land (one labor plus one league or about 4,428 acres) fronting on the Brazos River at New Years Creek. He built his homestead there between 1824 and 1826. In the 1826 census he is listed as a farmer and stock raiser over 50 years of age, with a wife over 50, three children and four slaves. Walker was reportedly injured during what was called the "Runaway Scrape", and never fully recovered. The Runaway Scrape was the term used to describe the flight of Texans from their homes when Santa Anna began his attempted conquest of Texas in 1836. Communities all across Texas were affected and it was during this time that the fall of the Alamo occurred. When Sam Houston arrived and learned of the fall of the Alamo he decided upon retreat to the Colorado River and ordered all inhabitants to follow him. People all over Texas began to leave everything and make their way to safety. Below is a descriptive entry from the *Diary of William Fairfax Gray, Virginia to Texas 1835-1837* describing events about the Runaway Scrape:

...families are exposed and defenseless, and hundreds are moving off to the east. A constant stream of women and children, and some men, with wagons, carts and pack mules, are rushing across the Brazos night and day. The families of this place and storekeepers, are packing up and moving. I had sent some clothes to be washed by a woman who occupied a shed at the end of the town. I went this morning to get them and found the place deserted. The pots, pans, crockeryware, etc., and some bedding were left, and only the articles more easily moved were taken. But in their haste and panic they had not forgot to be honest. My clothes were washed and neatly tied up, and placed in an adjoining office, whence I got them.

This marked the beginning of the Runaway Scrape on a really large scale. There were many twists and turns and much death and hardship during this time as the flight continued towards Louisiana or Galveston Island until news came of the victory in the battle of San Jacinto. Gradually these refugees began to turn back toward home but for many their homes no longer existed.

For one Clay Countian, old James Walker, his flight during the Runaway Scrape resulted in his eventual death from injuries received. He died before May 1837 and is thought to be buried in Peach Creek Cemetery in Washington County, Texas. His grave is unmarked but a bronze medallion from the "Descendants of the Old Three Hundred" was placed near existing Walker grave sites.

From Goose Creek Ky. to Goose Creek Texas

In addition to Phillip Singleton's genealogical contributions to the state of Texas (by way of a large number of offspring that is present to this very day) he left one of the more historic physical structures, too. About four years after the expatriate Clay Countian settled in the Longstar State he built a log home on the north side of Buffalo Bayou, near present-day Houston. After Singleton met his untimely demise, his home was bought by Lorenzo De Zavala, the first president of the Republic of Texas, and one of the state's most important historical figures.

Before he moved to Texas as part of Steven Austin's "Old 300" settlers, Singleton lived on little Goose Creek near its confluence with Goose Creek in Manchester. If you look closely at a modern-day map of the Houston/ Buffalo Bayou area, you will note a "Goose Creek," that would have been within a short paddle of the Singleton/De Zavala waterfront home. We have no way of knowing if Singleton named the stream as a nostalgic tribute to his old home waters, but the notion has a nice ring to it. Singleton had sold at least part of his land on Goose Creek prior to 1809, but he still lived there at that time according to an early Clay County lawsuit. He apparently had been living on property owned by his mother after the death of his father, Richard Singleton. When Ann Singleton sold the property in 1813, that apparently cleared the way for Phillip to look for another place to live. And the rest, as they say, is history.

Walker's homestead, situated on his original league of land in a tranquil rural setting, still exists today as a bed and breakfast. The house is now on the National Register and is one of the oldest in historic Washington County, Texas. The 28 1/2' virgin cedar log construction is not visible from the exterior, but the logs have been left exposed on the inside and it is furnished with Texas antiques.

On August 19, 1824 Phillip Singleton received title to a League of land at the mouth of Yegua Creek on the west bank of the Brazos River in what is now southeastern Burleson and northeastern Washington counties. The census of March 1826 listed him as a farmer and stock raiser between 40 and 50. His household included his wife Susanna (Walker), two sons and three daughters. In 1828-29

Continued on page 68

Donations since the Spring issue of CCAN

Note that all donations over \$50 were earmarked for the Goose Creek Salt Works Pioneer Village

Jackie T. Burton Villa Rica, GA	\$2,000.00	Sheila Trent Irvington, KY	\$100.00
Memorial Hospital Manchester, KY	\$500.00	Duane & Anne Murner Prospect, KY	\$100.00
First National Bank Manchester, KY	\$500.00	Quickie Market Manchester, KY	\$100.00
Rominger Funeral Home Manchester, KY	\$200.00	Jean Baker Cobb Manchester, KY	\$100.00 (for plaque)
Carcille Burchette London, KY (for plaque)	\$200.00	Buzz Carloftis Livingston, KY (for plaque)	\$ 100.00
Lucille Carloftis Livingston, KY (for plaque)	\$100.00	Ella Estep Cincinnati, OH	\$ 100.00
Stephen Charles, Atty. Manchester, KY	\$200.00	Frank Downey Culpepper, VA	\$100.00
Clint Harris, Esq. Manchester, KY	\$133.00 (for plaque)	Ebb B. Allen Smithfield, KY	\$100.00 (for plaque)
Deena Pace Chandler, AZ	\$ 132.00	Malvery Begley London, KY	\$100.00
Clay M. Bishop, Jr. Manchester, KY	\$125.00	Lucy Leneave Manchester, KY	\$100.00 (for plaque)
Scott Madden, Esq. Manchester, KY	\$108.00	Bonnie Martin Monroe, OH IN MEMORY OF JOHN S. BIGGS	\$100.00
Bonnie Cornett Long Island, NY IN MEMORY OF LEE C. SPARKS	\$107.00	Charles M. Stivers, Acctg. Manchester, KY	\$100.00
Mauhee Edmondson Elizabethtown, KY IN MEMORY OF LUCY SMITH ALLYON	\$102.00	Clay Mobile Home Parts Manchester, KY	\$100.00
Harley Sibert Manchester, KY	\$100.00	Manchester Lumber Co. Manchester, KY	\$100.00
James Davidson Manchester, KY	\$100.00	Richard Maupin Port St. Joe, FL	\$100.00
		Maggie Bowling Manchester, KY	\$100.00

Linda Sibley Midlothian, TX	\$50.00	Cush Tire & Muffler Manchester, KY	\$25.00
Ann White Manchester, KY	\$30.00	Tim Short Chevrolet Manchester, KY	\$75.00
Starwood Mountain Manchester, KY	\$20.00	Rodney Miller Manchester, KY	\$20.00
World Finance Corp. Manchester, KY	\$50.00	Hoskins Florist Manchester, KY	\$10.00
Hudson's Carpet Manchester, KY	\$50.00	Michael Baker Manchester, KY	\$50.00
Buford Hooker Manchester, KY	\$50.00	Fred Rogers Manchester, KY	\$25.00
Dobson & Keith Manchester, KY	\$50.00	Jean Sawyers Manchester, KY (for plaque)	\$50.00
SE School of Cosmetology Manchester, KY	\$25.00	Paul Baker Dayton, OH	\$50.00
421 Service Station Manchester, KY	\$40.00	PNC Bank Manchester, KY	\$50.00
Betty Veitch Rio Rancho, NM	\$82.00	Virginia Stephens Hazard, KY	\$57.00
Pizza Pro Manchester, KY	\$50.00	Faye Hamrick Dayton, OH	\$12.00
Trudie's Gift Shop Manchester, KY	\$20.00	Charlotte Collins	\$50.00
R & S Variety Manchester, KY	\$20.00	Emma Holmgren Oakdale, CT	\$32.00
Bobby's Tires Manchester, KY	\$50.00	Clarence Jackson Manchester, KY	\$50.00
Mike Bowling Mike's Pit Stop Manchester, KY	\$50.00	L.J. Smothers Tellico Plains, TN	\$50.00
Benny Smith Auto Manchester, KY 40962	\$50.00	Nancy Spahr Johnson City, TN	\$14.00
IGA of Manchester Stores 1 & 2	\$50.00	Steven Ward Dayton, OH	\$22.00
		Leroy Baker Manchester, KY	\$50.00

1861-2011

The year-long commemoration of the Sesquicentennial of the Civil War would be incomplete without noting Clay County's part in the "brothers war"

By Charles House

Throughout 2011 Kentucky has been commemorating the sesquicentennial of the Civil War. We in Clay County are doing our part to acknowledge the large number of Clay County soldiers who fought and died in the terrible conflict, and, also, to highlight the little-known activity that took place in the county throughout the war. Casual observers may be surprised that Clay County supplied upwards of a thousand soldiers to the Union cause, and that thousands of troops from both sides were in the county doing all sorts of mischief, mayhem and murder, especially during the first two years, 1861 and 62.

SPECIAL SECTION: CLAY COUNTIANS IN AMERICA'S WARS

An educated guess might put the number of Clay County men who served in the Civil War at between 750 and 1,000, the overwhelming majority of whom fought for the Union. And there were far more than that who were directly affected by the conflict, as the war itself came to Clay County numerous times, in a variety of ways, some of them horrific, all of them unwelcome. If that information is not generally repeated in hand-me-down stories in Clay County, it's probably because people went to great lengths to forget, not to remember. In any case, there is documentary evidence aplenty—in official Army records, newspaper accounts, diaries, and books—that show that the War Between the States was not just some far off conflict that left Clay County alone. It was here, up close and personal, and it left a legacy of distrust and bitterness that lingered for a century at least.

When the historically-minded think of Clay County and the Civil War they have a face to go with it—that of Brigadier General Theopolis Toulmin Garrard. The local salt maker organized one of the first Kentucky regiments of the war, the celebrated Seventh Kentucky Volunteer Infantry made up mostly of Clay and surrounding county young men who were eager to see some of the action their fathers and grandfathers had seen in earlier wars. Garrard's ill-prepared mountaineer soldiers accounted for themselves well in the first battle of the war in Kentucky, at Camp Wildcat in neighboring Laurel County. They got a lot of publicity for that fact alone. Then they went on to further glory and recognition in important battles to come such as Richmond and Perryville, in Kentucky, and Vicksburg, in Mississippi.

Another well-known local regiment was the Kentucky 47th Infantry, led by Colonel Andrew Clark of Sextons Creek. Perturbed that Colonel Garrard had not recommended him to lead the Seventh when Garrard was promoted to Brigadier General, Colonel Clark formed his own regiment made up mostly of Clay and Owsley County men. The 47th served mostly as a protective force for eastern Kentucky counties, and didn't share in the glory their neighbors and cousins were given in the better-known Seventh.

There were several other regiments peopled by Clay Countians, including the battle-hardened Eighth Kentucky (Company I was almost exclusively Clay Contians), led for



Brigadier General Theopolis Toulmin Garrard and wife, Lucy, ca 1864

a time by local salt man Colonel Rueben May (who was later chosen to replace Garrard in the Seventh). The Eighth saw horrendous action at major battles such as Stones River, in Tennessee, and Chickamauga, in Georgia. Still, when it comes to thinking about Clay Countians in the war it is Garrard's group (perhaps reflecting the outsized personality of its leader) that tends to get the ink.

As it turned out, there were more Clay County men chafing to fight than the Seventh, 47th and the Eighth could accommodate. Other regiments local men fought with were the 24th Ky. Infantry (Company H was mostly local men);

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SPECIAL SECTION: CLAY COUNTIANS IN AMERICA'S WARS

A Clay County Soldier

Survives the Battle of

Little Bighorn

And came back home and was known to be buried here. But where? After dogged research and a determined foot search, a group of Society members solve a nagging mystery. In doing so they debunk a long held notion that there were no survivors of the infamous battle of fact and lore.

By M C Edwards

SPECIAL SECTION: CLAY COUNTIANS IN AMERICA'S WARS



At Foster's remote grave, from left: M C Edwards, Kim Tarter, James Arnett, Danny Finley, James Davidson. Why here? Read on . . .

From April 1871 until March of 1873, Lieutenant Colonel (LTC) George Armstrong Custer commanded a Battalion of the 7th U.S. Cavalry consisting of a headquarters company and company A, at Elizabethtown, Kentucky. On May 9, 1872, a Clay countian named Samuel James Foster enlisted in the Army in Manchester. He was assigned to Company A of Custer's cavalry. Company A was one of the three companies under Major Marcus Reno, who spearheaded the attack on the Indian Village at the Little Bighorn River. Private (PVT) Foster was in the Valley Fight and the Hilltop Fight. He was wounded in the right arm during the battle. Foster

served seven and a half years in the Army—five years in the 7th Cavalry and two and a half years in the 20th Infantry. Most of Foster's time was spent on the Northwestern Frontier where he took part in three events that changed American History. The first two were surveying expeditions but the third and best known was the Battle of the Little Bighorn.

In 1879, Foster returned to Clay County. He married Matha Arnett and they had two children—Nancy and Lottie. On March 26th, 1884, five years after returning home, Foster died. His military record describes him as having black eyes, brown hair, dark complexion and being five feet

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six and one-half inches tall. A note attached to his military records also described him as having excellent character, being honest, faithful and temperate. Over the years though, he was pretty much forgotten. Only a few people even knew where he was buried and they knew almost nothing about who he was.

This is PVT Samuel Foster's story—the story of a Clay County soldier that a group of dedicated researchers did not want forgotten.

Ask anyone you meet who General Custer was and nearly every person will tell you something about Custer and the Battle of the Little Bighorn. The majority will tell you that General Custer was attacked by thousands of Sioux and Cheyenne Indians near the Little Bighorn River and that he, along with his entire command, were killed. If you only read short historical or magazine accounts or watched movie portrayals of the battle that would be what you think happened. Unfortunately, there is a lot to the story that gets left out by those story tellers.

The battle was fought June 25th and 26th, 1876. It began when Custer launched an attack with about six hundred and fifty cavalry soldiers on one of the largest concentrations of Plains Indians known to congregate in one area on the North American Continent. Some estimate that there were as many as fifteen thousand men, women and children at this village. Between three and five thousand were estimated to be fighting age warriors.

Around noon on the day of the battle, about twelve miles south of the village, Custer divided his regiment into three attack battalions and one guard battalion. Custer would lead five companies; Major Marcus Reno three companies; Captain Frederick Benteen three companies; and Captain Thomas McDougal one company along with a few men from each of the other eleven companies remaining with the pack train to protect it.

Custer's battle plan was to launch a three-pronged attack. Major Reno would initiate the attack on the village with his three companies down the Little Bighorn River at its southern end. Captain Benteen with three companies would move on a scout to the left of the village to look for any avenue of escape the Indians could use. He was to attack any Indians he found escaping. LTC Custer would take five companies to the right along the high bluffs. This move was to encircle the village and cut off any Indians that might try and escape to the north. It was these five companies totaling 213 men that were killed to the last man. Custer's fight began between three and four o'clock and lasted less than one hour. This part of the battle is known as Custer's Last Fight or Last Stand.

In fact, the battle was not over in a matter of minutes. It lasted almost two days. Major Reno began the attack on the village at about 2:30 in the afternoon in the valley along the river. His command was quickly overwhelmed by thousands of warriors. Reno dismounted his troops and

attempted to fight on foot. A short time later he ordered his command into a grove of cottonwood trees. After about a half hour of fierce fighting, Reno remounted his troops and ordered what he later described as "an attack back up the river." By now the Indians had surrounded his rear and he had to fight his way back towards the ford two miles away. In his official report he states that "...the very earth seemed to grow Indians." He further states in the report that he "...was facing odds of at least five to one." Other survivors described this attack back up the river as a mad dash bent on self-preservation. Here the troops crossed the river and climbed up the bluffs in the direction where Custer had last been seen.

The Indians kept up a heavy fire on them at the river and as they climbed the bluff and began taking defensive positions. In his official report, Reno listed three officers, twenty-nine enlisted men killed and seven wounded in this first fight. It was in the charge back up at the river and the river crossing where most of the men were killed or wounded. This was known as the Valley Fight. It was during this fight that PVT Foster was wounded. When the Indians saw that a larger force—Custer's troops were moving towards the Northern End of the Village—a large portion of the warriors broke off the attack on Reno's retreating battalion at the river and headed north towards Custer's battalion. The Indians that did not break off the attack on Reno's men continued up the bluffs after Reno. For two days, the Indians laid siege to Reno and Benteen's troops. Benteen, after scouting the hills to the left and finding no Indians, returned. He was to link up with Custer's troops. After reaching Custer's trail on the right of the river he followed it. When he reached Reno's position, he came under attack on the bluffs with Reno. The pack train came on shortly after Benteen did and also joined the fight. When the troops had reached the bluffs, gunfire could be heard down river. This was from Custer's troops being attacked by the Indians who had broken off from attacking Reno, plus more Indians from the lower end of the village. After the complete destruction of Custer's troops just over three miles north of where Reno and Benteen were fighting, most of the Indians returned to the attack on Reno and Benteen. This battle was the Hilltop Fight. Here seventeen more men lost their life and another forty-nine were wounded. The siege ended only after General Terry and Gibbon and a large force of Infantry and Cavalry came up the river to their aid.

In searching for Samuel Foster's place of burial, I seemed to reach a dead end. I had been looking for clues to where he might be buried by visiting cemeteries, looking through dozens of cemetery directories and asking anyone who might be of help if they knew where he was buried. It was not until James Davidson and I combined our search that it started to move forward. What followed was a chain of events that is hard to explain. Both James' and my search had been going nowhere for a long time but suddenly clues

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began to come to our attention that would lead us to Foster's grave—and on not just any day but a very appropriate day.

One beautiful early summer morning we arrived at the Redbird Ranger Station located on the Redbird River at Peabody, Kentucky. There were four of us there to meet Kim Tarter. Kim is a Wildlife Biologist with the Daniel Boone National Forest who had volunteered to guide us to the grave of Samuel Foster. After all the introductions were made and we'd expressed our gratitude to Kim for giving up his day off to guide us, a discussion of how we were to proceed followed. I asked the group if any of them believed that certain things were destined to happen at certain times. Some gave their opinions—agreeing that they did. Others weren't so sure and asked why I wanted to know. I informed everyone that it was on June 25th, this same day 135 years ago that Samuel Foster fought at the Battle of the Little Bighorn!

My search for Samuel Foster's grave had taken nearly a year now and I was excited to know I was at last going to visit it. The search began while I was researching General Custer's Last Battle and especially the Kentucky soldiers who were in his infamous 7th Cavalry at the time of the battle.

Some time last fall I'd mentioned to Maggie Bowling, one of our Historical Society VP's who publishes Clay County Cemetery Guides if she'd ever come across Samuel Foster's grave and if not, would she be on the look-out for it. Months later, I was in the Historical Society's Library when James Davidson, who also catalogues cemeteries dropped by. Maggie was the volunteer that day and overheard our conversation. I mentioned to James that I was looking for a very special grave that should be somewhere in Clay County. Before I could even mention the name, he asked if it was Samuel James Foster? I could not believe it. James had been looking for the same grave for some time also.

The two of us began to compare notes. James at first thought Foster's grave might be located around Panco, in Clay County. I, too, thought it was probably around Oneida. A few days later I received an email from James. He said he had just located Samuel Foster's wife's name on a cemetery list and

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The genealogy side of the search for Samuel Foster

By James Davidson

How can a native Clay Countian be the only resident to participate in one of our nation's most famous battles and remain so mysterious and relatively unknown? Samuel James Foster's military story has finally come to light. This is an attempt to figure out the man and his family. Few documents exist and finding family members knowledgeable proved to be as elusive as finding his grave. The story is far from complete. Some readers may know much more than this has to offer. As it turned out, there were some who knew about the grave's location, but did not know we were searching. The details lacking here will be the same way. Connecting those who know with those wanting to know has not happened yet. Hopefully, this will initiate the contact.

Samuel James Foster first appears in the 1860 Clay County, Kentucky census in the household of John Metcalf. The household consisted of John Metcalf b. 1815, Sarah (Hensley) Metcalf b. 1815, Levi Metcalf b. 1844, Rebecca J. Metcalf b. 1846, Peggy A. Metcalf b. 1849, Lucy Metcalf b. 1855, Richard Radford b. 1854, Louisa Frost b. 1825, Samuel Frost b. 1852, William Frost b. 1854 and David Frost b. 1859. The census states all in the household were born in Clay County and indicates they were living around Jacks Creek of Red Bird. Is this the Samuel Foster of our search? When he entered the North-Western Branch National Home for Disabled Vol. Soldiers in 1877, his nearest relative was Louisa Foster, Manchester, Kentucky. His military enlistment records have the birth year 1850. Family members said Samuel had younger brothers named William and David. These bits of detail indicate this may be the same person. The deciding factor was a later document. Samuel Foster married Martha Arnett October 30, 1879 in Clay County. The ceremony was performed at the home of Levi Metcalf, a member of the 1860 household in question. The assumption is the census worker mistakenly recorded the Foster's last name as Frost.

Why the Fosters were in the John Metcalf household is unknown. The first thought was Louisa may be related to John or his wife Sarah Hensley. No connection has been made to either. John was a very wealthy person. The 1860 census shows he had assets valued at \$3,040 for real property and \$2,500 for personal. This made him the 35th wealthiest head of household in Clay County at that time. Louisa's occupation was listed as a weaver (one of 14 in the 1860 census). The answer may be as simple as the Metcalf's needing someone of her talent, or they could have been helping a single mother with three young children. Who Louisa is, or the father of the boys remains a mystery. Hopefully, someone reading this can spark new life into the story.

Samuel Foster's oldest sibling, William, married Mary Arnett, sister to Samuel's soon-to-be wife, Martha, September 16, 1875

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CLAY COUNTY'S BURNS BROTHERS IN THE GREAT WAR

By Gary Burns

A brief history of World War I, also known as the Great War, may be appropriate since this is the first article underscoring soldiers of Clay County, Kentucky who served in those campaigns. Historically, World War I is said to have started with the assassination of Archduke Ferdinand of Austria on 28 June, 1914. Militarily the war began on 28 July, 1914 when Austro-Hungarian forces invaded Serbia, followed quickly by Germany's invasion of Belgium, Luxembourg, and then France. Russia in turn attacked Germany. In the following two years the Ottoman Empire, Italy, Bulgaria, Romania, and of course, Britain joined the conflict.

No amateur or scholarly historian can think of WWI without immediately forming a graphic image of the muddy trenches of the Western Front in their head. Military tacticians pinpoint the cause of this dig-in, hunker down, mass frontal assault tactic as the result of antiquated offense technology meeting what we refer to today as weapons of mass destruction. WWI is the first war in history when machine-guns replaced massed lines of troops firing in volley, long range artillery replaced cannon, and poisonous gases ushered in a battlefield without Nineteenth Century chivalry. The stalemate of trench warfare would remain uninterrupted for more than two years, with the monotony of suffering broken only by the most bloody and fruitless frontal bayonet charges in human history.

After the sinking of the ocean liner Lusitania, and the death of one-hundred-twenty-eight Americans, President Wilson attempted to broker a peace while giving stern warnings to Germany to end submarine warfare on non-military craft. In spite of the threat that the United States

might enter the war if they continued, in January 1917, Germany resumed submarine attacks. To further provoke the United States, Germany attempted to secret an alliance with Mexico, bringing them into the war with the promise of help in recovering territory lost in the Mexican-American War. The United States officially declared war on 6 April, 1917.

Many men and women of Clay County went, "over there" but to highlight each and every one individually must be saved for future endeavors. To better provide the reader/researcher with information on the veterans, missing personal facts have been supplemented with details of their unit's actions while they were members. While it is reasonable to believe they were present in those actions, no allowance could be made for injury, illness, or some undocumented detachment of the individual soldiers from their units.

At the beginning of 1917 the United States had a small military contingent, 190,000 in uniform. This would increase to 1,500,000 men on the frontlines in France by 1918. One of the men standing in ranks of the pre-war army was Ambrose Burns, nicknamed, "Tiny." When the Selective Service Act of 18 May 1917 went into affect Ambrose's older brother, Roscoe Burns, also became a member of the United

Many from Clay
County went
"over there"

States Army.

Roscoe and Ambrose were the sons of Ulysses S. "Grant" Burns and Susan Ann Hensley Burns; grandsons of Andrew Jackson (A.J. or Andy) and Nancy Davidson Burns. Both Ambrose and Roscoe were born and raised on Bullsken Creek, Clay County, Kentucky. They were the only two of the brothers who would serve during the Great War.

Roscoe Burns was born 23 November, 1893 in Oneida, Clay County, Kentucky and died 6 October, 1965 at Oneida Mountain Hospital at age seventy-one. He was buried in

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the Maxaline Baker Cemetery, Clay County, Kentucky. Roscoe married first Sarah Hensley, born 21 February, 1898 and died 19 July, 1954. Roscoe and Sarah had seven children. Roscoe remarried, to Sallie Barger in 1955 and they had three children.

Ambrose Burns was born 28 February, 1895 in Clay County, Kentucky. Ambrose died 17 July, 1978 in Centerville, Ohio and was buried in Miami Valley Memory Gardens. Ambrose married Florida "Bell" Roberts who was born 19 March, 1897 and died 24 December, 1983, also in Centerville, Ohio. They had five children.

PART I

Priate Roscoe Burns, service number 1569180, at the time of his "induction" 7 October, 1917 at Manchester, Kentucky, was categorized as an un-mounted soldier. Roscoe was listed as married and a farmer by occupation. Roscoe was assigned to Company G, 165th Regiment, 83rd Infantry Brigade of the 42nd Div. [see note for all military abbreviations] from 7 July 1918 to 7 March 1919 and a Casual Company at St. Aignan, France from 8 May 1919 to his discharge. His service was in France, Belgium, Luxemburg, and Germany. Roscoe departed the United States on 18 June, 1918 and returned 30 May, 1919.

Roscoe Burns was first stationed at Camp Shelby, (named for Isaac Shelby of Kentucky) Hattiesburg, Mississippi. Camp Shelby was established on 18 July, 1917 for the purpose of gearing up the 38th Division National Guard (NG) for war. The 38th Division was nicknamed the Cyclone Division, after a tornado struck the post during their training cycle at Camp Shelby. The 38th was made up of men inducted from Indiana, Kentucky, and West Virginia. Accompanying Roscoe to Hattiesburg were his wife and son, Ambrose, about three or four months old, named for Roscoe's younger brother.

Among the units that absorbed the men from Kentucky, arriving from basic training camps such as Shelby, was the former New York National Guard's, "Fighting 69th." After federalization, the 69th was redesignated as the 165th In-



Roscoe Burns (R) and Shadrack "Shade" Fox (L) of Clay County, Kentucky. Shade, who served in B Battery, 324th Field Artillery was honorably discharged in 1919. Shade was born on 16 February 1896 and died on 12 May 1990. Shade was the son of George W. Fox and Lucinda B. Bishop Fox. My father said he knew for certain that this picture was taken at Camp Shelby.

fantry and placed within the 83rd Brigade of the 42nd Division. The 42nd "Rainbow" Division was formed at Camp Mills, (outside of Metropolis) Long Island, New York and was given its nickname by its then Chief of Staff, Douglas McArthur. Since the first days when the 165th's legend resounded across history as the Fighting Irish of the Civil War it had been a primarily Irish Catholic regiment, but as it fell-in to make its mark on the Great War, it incorporated

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“The real training for combat began when the division met the battered and profoundly experienced French veterans who would instruct them in survival within the trenches and that deadly area known as "no-man's-land."”

men from twenty-six states and the District of Columbia. When the Kentuckian, Roscoe Burns, fell into these ranks the 165th already touted some famous, or soon to be famous, figures. The benevolent Father Francis P. Duffy was the regimental chaplain; the heroic Medal of Honor Winner, Colonel William “Wild Bill” Donovan would begin as a battalion commander and later command the regiment, and the poet Sergeant Joyce Kilmer stirred the hearts of his fellow soldiers. Roscoe’s first battalion commander, Alexander Anderson, would later give his name to the New York airport, which was later renamed J.F. Kennedy Airport. According to the “Father Duffy Story” the regiment sailed on the ship America from Hoboken, New Jersey, on or around 30 October, 1917 and arrived in Brest, France 12 November, 1917.

In the book, “The Shamrock Battalion in the Great War”, Hogan and Cooke focus on how unprepared for war the soldiers of the 165th (and the entire American Expeditionary Force) were when they departed the States. The real training for combat began when the division met the battered and profoundly experienced French veterans who would instruct them in survival within the trenches and that deadly area known as “no-man’s-land.” The Shamrock would soon find out how demoralizing and debilitating a modern war was to survive and endure. In December the regiment moved to the frontlines via a staging area at the ancient Roman town of Grand, France. Leaving there the day after Christmas, they began a four day foot march through a blizzard to occupy positions near Longeau.

On 1 March, 1918, Father Duffy writes in his diary “The trenches at last!” He describes the scene around the Luneville Sector. “Off duty the men live in mean little dugouts thinly roofed, poorly floored, wet and cold.” At about 1600 hours on 7 March, 1918, 2nd Bn. had barely relieved the 1st Bn. (Major Donovan’s) on line at Rocroi when the Germans threw a heavy artillery barrage against the fresh Americans. A shell made a direct hit on a large dugout, collapsing the roof and timbers and buried twenty-five men, many alive. Major Donovan was still in the general area and returned to assist the men in a passionate rescue effort carried out during the shelling. Mud slides and cave-ins made the efforts of the workers too dangerous to continue operations, even though for some time after the Company E men could hear their friend’s pleas under the rubble. These were the first of many casualties of the war for the 165th; lost and forever buried under the mud were twenty-one soldiers. Sergeant Kilmer subsequently wrote the poem Rouge Bouquet in their memory.

*In a wood they call Rouge Bouquet
There is a new-made grave today,
Built by never a spade nor pick
Yet covered with earth 10 meters thick.
There lie many fighting men...*

In March 1918 the Germans, surmising that they had to defeat the Allies before the United States could focus their manpower and industrial might, launched a four prong attack known as the Spring Offensive. During this time the 165th was moved to Baccarat, France. Roscoe’s 2nd Bn. occupied a section of the line affectionately called “Camp Mud.” The 165th suffered heavy losses on this front through zealous assaults, relentless artillery attacks, and poisonous gas bombardments. After being pulled from their sector at Baccarat they took trains to Coolus, south of Chalons-sur-Marne, and relocated in villages along the Coole River on 24 June 1918. On the 26th the regiment began marching once more, this time to Bois De La Lyre and by night to Ecole Normale de Tir, arriving about 7 July. This is about the date we can assume that Roscoe Burns may have come face to face with his new unit.

Major Alexander E. Anderson, the twenty-nine year old commander of 2nd Battalion, encompassing E, F, G, and H companies, moved his men up on the frontline, sharing the trenches with the French. The other two battalions, Donovan and McKenna’s, fell-in behind in a support role. The rumor and intelligence stated that the Germans would soon assault this area known as the Chateau-Thierry salient. The 2nd was placed under the French command of Colonel Arnoux. Major Anderson was given strict orders on how to meet this forthcoming attack, “No man shall look back; no man shall retreat a step.” Major Anderson broke that order down so Americans could understand it clearer and issued his version, “Fight it out where you are.”

The German bombardment began at 0004 hours, 15 July, 1918 and continued for five hours. At about 0400 the German infantry came. French and Americans alike poured from their dugouts and lined the walls ready to meet their charge. Machine guns and Stokes mortars opened up, as did the French and American artillery. The Germans rushed forth, hurling what seemed inexhaustible amounts of grenades known as “potato mashers” into the allied trenches. Momentarily the Germans broke into the defender’s trenches and the battle raged hand-to-hand and bayonet against bayonet. Not one man disregarded Major Anderson’s order and turned to retreat the onslaught. Five human attacks were made from the first to the last at 1400. After the at-

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“ An outsider stepping into this seasoned unit, still predominantly a close-knit bunch of New York Irish hard cases from areas such as Hell's Kitchen, is a devastating feat even before the fog of war is added. ”

tacke failed, the German artillery struck in revenge at the 165th. The Germans then resorted to menacing anyone out of their shelters for three more days by strafing with machinegun fire from airplanes.

By 16 July, Anderson had resigned himself that his trenches would probably be overrun with the next assault. Father Duffy had been in the trenches with the 2nd Bn. since the first German shell had drifted their way. Anderson offered Father Duffy some grenades so that he might defend himself. Refusing the grenades, Anderson then gave Duffy the honored regimental flag with instructs to burn it before it fell into enemy hands. Facing almost certain loss the men of the old 69th summoned their last ounce of courage and prepared to meet defeat fighting to their last breath. Somehow by the grace of God and good Irish luck, the lines held and repulsed all attacks until they were at last relieved by French units of the 17th. The 165th had repulsed a total of seven assaults on their positions. Their first battle was a tribute to their auspicious courage and tradition. In his Master's thesis, Major (USA) David G. Fivecoat praises the 165th for its resourceful and forward thinking use of combined arms in the defense, “the 165th Infantry Regiment's stand near St. Hilaire was the zenith of its tactical effectiveness in the defense.” The 165th quickly grasped the ideas involved in modern warfare and discarded the tactics which lead other units to slaughter.

Of the character in battle of Roscoe Burns we have limited knowledge on this occasion, his first major battle, or any other after. We do, however, have examples of the men who he stood beside in this fight and took example from within his company. Father Duff states that “raiding parties were G Company's stock and trade.” On one occasion Lieutenants Ogle and Stout took a patrol out at night and returned with new (German) boots and underwear for Co. G. On the 15th the Germans made a push which permitted them to enter the trenches of Co. G. They were after observed leaving the American lines with a machinegun. Lt. Ogle mustered a contingent of volunteers who went over the top and into no-man's-land to recover the weapon. After a brutal close up fight of grenades and bayonets the gun was carried back and put back into action within moments of its theft. While militarily the weapon's loss was minor, its return was a matter of pride with the Fighting Irish and it returned under an umbrella of cheers and laughs. Finding himself wounded and occupying a trench with six Germans, Corporal John Moore poured hand grenades over into them, killing four and forcing the other two to retreat. Alfred Tay-

lor was wounded but refused to leave the line during the battle – he later that day joined a raiding party.

In his official enlistment record, Roscoe Burns is listed as participating in the Aisne-Marne offensive from 27 July to 4 August, 1918. Using Major Fivecoat's work, we find a clue to Roscoe's possible arrival in the 165th, when he states that on the 25th approximately six-hundred fresh replacements arrived to the unit. Roscoe's records indicate though, that he was assigned to the 165th on 7 July, 1918. If he did not immediately join the company then we can assume he was somewhere in training during most of this month, as he was assigned to a unit and is not listed in a replacement company. There is in the end insufficient supporting evidence to confirm whether he was in the defense with the 165th prior to this or not.

I have provided this history of the 165th prior to the possible arrival of Roscoe Burns so that the reader/researcher might glean a feel for the quality and spirit of the men. The human factor, motivation, coping abilities, and collective faith in their God, Country, and Brothers in Arms, are as important and necessary in combat as guns and ammunition are. An outsider stepping into this seasoned unit, still predominantly a close-knit bunch of New York Irish hard cases from areas such as Hell's Kitchen, is a devastating feat even before the fog of war is added.

After the Champagne defense near St. Hilaire, the 165th moved on 20 July to Vadenay. The 2nd Bn. billeted on a wooded island in a stream. This was the first time that the whole regiment had been together in one location since leaving the States. A foot march on the 21st took the regiment to the train station at St. Hilaire-au-Temple. While waiting at the station Co. G was bombed by a German plane. Fortunately no one was killed by the attack. Dropped along the road, the next leg of the journey was by French camions to Epieds. Hiking from the town itself they ended their march at Chateau Moucheton, Epieds. The following night they departed for Chateau De Fere in pursuit of the retreating Germans, falling back to stronger defenses.

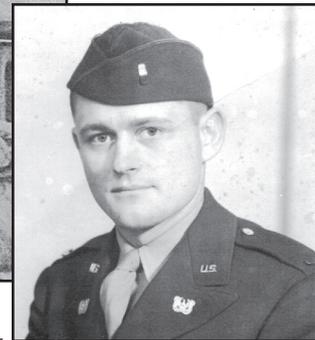
On the night of 27 July, 1918, 2nd Bn. was placed in reserve in the woods overlooking the Ourcq River. At this time the infamous General Order 51 was issued to both the French and American divisions. The strange intent of the order was to maintain a surprise attack, no firing during the advance, their only protection cover of darkness. They would fix bayonets and attack on line. Neither would there be artillery support as it had been separated from the infantry by traffic congestion during the move forward. The

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We made our contributions to the "Greatest Generation"



Glenn Combs, on right in photo above at Battle of Kasserine Pass, and in photo at right.

Local group of boys were bound and determined to do their part as America entered World War II

By Ted Garrison

After a thorough debate on the world situation, expressing their personal opinions and obligations for a month, they made a decision. They would honor God and country, and defend the Republic of the United States of America in WWII. Glenn and Toleman Combs, Mansell "Dude" Stone, and Benjamin and Walter Garrison enlisted in the United States Army. Another of the Garrison brothers, Theo, wanted to join but he was informed that it would be more important to the war effort for him to remain at home and continue to mine coal. When I first began my research on this small group, I thought Rufus "Jamup" Miller and Earl Hobbs were with them. I found that they entered the military at a different date but these men (as did so many others) endured enormous hardships during their service so I decided it necessary to include them in this brief history of patriotism and uncommon valor.

The small group of recruits departed Manchester October 16, 1940, to be inducted into the military at Ft. Thomas, KY. Walt Garrison was eighteen years old at that time. Walt and a friend from Kentucky earned the top scores for expert riflemen in their company. Later, Uncle Walt laughed and blamed snow for causing him to lose to his friend by one

point, the day they were at the rifle range.

Toleman Combs, Ben Garrison and Walt Garrison were assigned to Anti-tank Company of the 10th Infantry Regiment attached to LT. General George S. Patton's 1st Armored Division of the 3rd Army. Glenn Combs was assigned to Headquarters Company in the 1st Armored Division. Mansell "Dude" Stone completed airborne training and was in a Glider Wing of the 82nd Airborne Division. I believe we should mention that Capt. Elvy Roberts, born on Beech Creek, Clay County, KY commanded a Glider Wing in the 101st Airborne at Normandy. He also participated in two parachute jumps there. Elvy Roberts made a career of the United States military and led the 6th Army as a Lt. General in Vietnam.

The 10th Infantry with other army units, including segments of the 101st and



Walt Garrison

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82nd Airborne were stationed in Iceland. The troops weren't informed that this location was actually a staging area in preparation for the Normandy invasion. Normandy was one of the most important events of WWII. They shipped out of Iceland, bound for an unknown destination. After arriving offshore, the 10th Infantry regiment stayed aboard ships during the first three days of the battle. Their orders were to wait until inclement weather cleared enough to move the tanks and anti-tank guns onto the beaches.

The day before the landing, in the pre-attack briefing they learned the location was Normandy and details of the mission were revealed. At that time, they were unaware that their friend, "Dude" Stone was in the initial attack on the German held beaches. Soldiers of the 82nd and 101st Airborne had already fought a fierce battle, starting June 3, 1944. "Dude" had gone in with a glider wing. There were two hundred men in his wing and only nine survived.

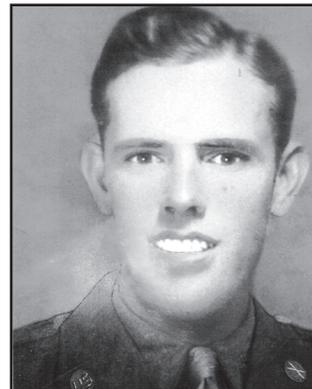
10th Infantry regiment and other units prepared to attack. The Anti-tank company departed the U.S.S. Republican by landing crafts and stormed the beach on June 6 at 6:30 AM. Uncle Walt said, "The scene was terrible, but we had a job to do. We could see fortifications blown apart, tank wreckage and the bodies of American airborne troops lying on the beach." I asked him if he was afraid when they hit the beach. He answered, "No, but I was very angry when I saw how the Germans had treated our soldiers." Toleman Combs was coming ashore on one of the landing crafts which dropped the gate too soon. He was attempting to wade to the beach in shoulder deep water. He was holding his rifle up to keep it dry when a bullet ripped through his left hand. American troops had sustained approximately 6,036 casualties during the first hour of the invasion and over 2,400 at Omaha Beach alone but they had gained a toe hold.

Earl Hobbs ate three pounds of bananas to get up to enlistment weight

American troops were able to fight their way over the beaches and hundred foot high cliffs to move ahead a few miles and dig-in for approximately twenty-four hours, thus securing the area. This was a process they repeated, moving the line forward. During these advances, Uncle Walt and a soldier of German ancestry performed sniper and reconnaissance duty for their company. On one occasion near the Moselle River in France, A-T Company came under mortar and rifle fire from a small town. Walt and Wolfgang split up and worked their way toward each end of the village, firing on the enemy positions as they moved in. When they were close, Wolfgang yelled to the enemy troops using the German language, telling them they were surrounded and ordered them to surrender. Approximately one hundred fifty German soldiers surrendered. There was at least one S.S. Trooper with them. Walt and Wolfgang referred to that episode as their Sgt. York Trick!

Earl Hobbs was discovered to be two pounds under the required body weight at the induction center. He ran to a nearby grocery store, bought three pounds of bananas, hurriedly ate the fruit and passed the physical. Was this an example of youthful patriotism or what? After basic training, Earl was schooled in armor at Ft. Knox, KY. He was assigned to a tank crew in the 1st Armored Division. During a battle near Algeria, Africa, his tank was disabled and the crew was forced to evacuate. They were captured by German soldiers and taken to a POW camp, Stalag 3B in Berlin, Germany, where he was a prisoner for twenty seven months. While he was in this camp, fellow Clay Countian, Squire Baker was incarcerated there for three or four months then moved out to a different location. Squire and surviving members of their bomber crew had been shot down and captured. Stalag 3B was liberated by Russian allies. Earl said, "The Russians were much more cruel than our former German captors."

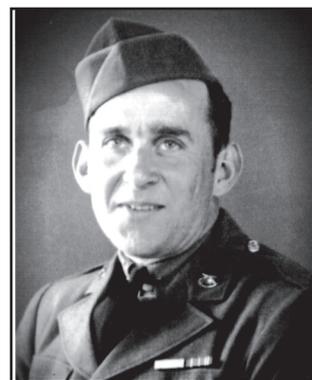
Rufus "Jamup" Miller Jr. was inducted into the military at Cincinnati, OH, 13 Aug 1943. After Basic training at Camp Blanding, FL he was assigned to K Company of



Earl Hobbs



Toleman Combs



Benjamin Garrison



Rufus "Jamup" Miller

Continued on page 63

SPECIAL SECTION: CLAY COUNTIANS IN AMERICA'S WARS

**FROM MANCHESTER
TO KOREA TO THE
ARMY HALL OF FAME**



Corporal James Hensley is awarded the Distinguished Service Cross

E for
EXTRAORDINARY
H **HEROISM**

SPECIAL SECTION: CLAY COUNTIANS IN AMERICA'S WARS

Dodging bullets and grenades, Corp. Hensley took out 40 enemy combatants while protecting his position on a cold December day

On April 29, 2011, Captain James Franklin Hensley was inducted posthumously into the U. S. Army Hall of Fame in a ceremony held at Fort Benning Georgia. From Manchester, where "Jimmy" grew up, to Fort Benning was a journey measured in far more than miles, and included war years in Korea and Viet Nam, where he served with valor. It was in Korea, in December 1950, where the Bar Creek native distinguished himself to an almost unheard of degree as he fought the enemy in a battle that Hollywood would have been taxed to create.

For his heroic efforts in protecting his unit and its position Hensley was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross, along with the Bronze Star Medal and the Purple Heart. An Army citation reports the extraordinary bravery exhibited by Corp. Hensley on that long-ago day in chilling detail:

**Corporal James Hensley, United States Army
Co. F, 17th Infantry Regiment, 7th Infantry Division
Date of Action: December 19, 1950**

The Distinguished Service Cross is awarded to Corporal James Hensley, United States Army, for extraordinary heroism in action while serving as a squad leader with Company F, 17th Infantry Regiment, 7th Infantry Division, on December 19, 1950, near Hungnam, Korea. Elements of his company were deployed in a series of strongpoints approximately nine hundred yards apart defending the perimeter around the Port of Hungnam. Corporal Hensley observed a large hostile force approaching his position through a pass at approximately 0300 hours. Awakening and alerting the members of his squad, and instilling confidence that they could contain the attack, Corporal Hensley waited until the enemy had advanced within thirty yards and, manning a machine-gun, delivered point-blank fire into their ranks, inflicting many casualties. Although subjected to intense small-arms, automatic-weapons, and recoilless rifle fire and knowing the strongpoints on both sides had been overrun, Corporal Hensley refused to abandon his vantage point. On several occasions, hostile troops succeeded in crawling nearby and hurled grenades at his position, one of which grazed his hand, but undaunted, he remained steadfast and exacted a heavy toll of casualties throughout each assault. After nearly an hour of bitter resistance, during which he turned his weapon around twice to deliver destructive fire on enemy groups who had infiltrated on both flanks, Corporal Hensley's machine-gun became defective and failed to fire automatically. Applying instant action, he continued to fire single rounds manually until the weapon became inoperative. With his machine-

gun out of action and a dwindling supply of carbine ammunition, he ordered a withdrawal and, struggling with his heavy weapon to deny its possible use to the attacking enemy, he fearlessly led his squad up the ridge line toward the last known position of the strongpoint on his left flank, stopping twice to fight his way through pockets of infiltrating enemy. Corporal Hensley's valorous conduct and intrepid actions resulted in numerous hostile wounded and, after the position was retaken later in the morning, approximately forty enemy dead were found in the wake of his field of fire.

Captain Hensley was commissioned as an Infantry Officer after graduation of the Officer Candidate School on 11 August 1958. Captain Hensley's first duty assignment was a Platoon Leader, C Company, 397th Regiment, 100th Division, Beattyville, Kentucky. He served in a variety of duty positions, and his assignments include: Mess Officer, U.S. Army Garrison, Fort Chaffee, Arkansas; Assistant Headquarters Commandant 4003rd U.S. Army Garrison, Fort Chaffee, Arkansas; Executive Officer, 4003rd U.S. Army Garrison, Fort Chaffee, Arkansas; Training Officer 4003rd U.S. Army Garrison, Fort Chaffee, Arkansas; Platoon Leader, A Company, 2nd Battalion, 5th Cavalry, USARPAC Korea; Commander, C Company, 2nd Battalion, 5th Cavalry, USARPAC Korea, 5-1, Headquarters and Headquarters Company, 1st Battalion, 12th Cavalry, USARPAC-Korea; Assistant Chief of Staff, G-5, Headquarters and Headquarters Company, 1st Cavalry, USARPAC-Korea; Assistant S3, U.S. Army Training Center, Foit Polk, Louisiana, Civil Affairs Officer, 41 Civil Affairs Company, Republic of Vietnam, Executive Officer, 16 Battalion, Training Brigade, Fort Knox, Kentucky; and Commander, C Company, 16th Battalion, 4th Training Brigade, Fort Knox, Kentucky.

His military awards and decorations included the Distinguished Service Cross, the Bronze Star Medal, the Purple Heart, the Army Good Conduct Medal, the Army Occupation Medal, the National Defense Service Medal with Bronze Service Star, the Korean Service Medal, the Vietnam Service Medal, the Republic of Vietnam Campaign Medal, the United Nation Service Medal, and the Combat Infantry Badge (2nd Award).

Captain Hensley, better known as Jimmy, is the son of Squire and Mary Roberts Hensley of Bar Creek, Red Bird area of Clay County. He is the brother of Blaine, Harold, Jean, Rosemary and Johnny Hensley. All three of Jimmy's children, Bob, Diane and Mark, were in attendance as well as other family and friends at the Hall of Fame inductee Ceremony held at Fort Benning.

SPECIAL SECTION: CLAY COUNTIANS IN AMERICA'S WARS

Too young for
World War I,
too old for
World War II, Mr.
Hubbard spent 30
years in the Army
itching to fight

by Charles House

Editor's Note: The author wrote this article about 1978 and ran across it the other day in his papers. We thought it would go just fine in this special military issue of the CCAN.

We visited Mr. Chester Hubbard the other day. Mr. Hubbard is 92-years-old and lives in a white house on the banks of Collins Fork of Goose Creek at Cottongim. We sat on the porch in 50-degree temperature under a deep blue October sky and talked. We looked through crystal clear air across the creek way below to the almost vertical mountainside across the road. The colors aren't much this year but it was an altogether beautiful afternoon Mr. Hubbard agreed as he basked in the slanted light of the sun in his shirtsleeves.

A school bus stopped on the road and a kid got off and casually made his way across what we had moments before considered a treacherous old swinging bridge floor and, with an expert cadence – he zigged when the bridge zagged – reached Mr. Hubbard's side of the bridge absorbed in his thoughts, seemingly oblivious to our imagined dangers of the rickety old structure.

The old bridge is a throwback to a simpler time but there's a lot of use left in it as there obviously is in Mr. Hubbard. An unusually spirited

and robust man who, despite looking more like 62 than 92, was too old to fight at the beginning of World War II and so was turned out to pasture in favor of younger, tougher soldiers. It was just another of the army's brilliant decisions.

Mr. Hubbard had served nearly 30 years in the army when the Japanese struck at Pearl Harbor that December in 1941. "I was up here at home on a furlough, and I heard it down here at Manchester," Mr. Hubbard said, "and they broadcast over the radio to report back to the closest place. And, hell, I belonged to the Phillipines then – my outfit was there – and I stayed at Ft. McDowell (Calif.) and waited around and couldn't get out of there. There I was hooked. I wanted to go across, you see.

"I was training troops there and dogged if I didn't get all fixed up and went down there – I wanted to go across and I thought that when they marched us down there, why, they was a loading them then, you see, to go – and they just up and told me, 'Why you can't go.' They said, 'You're too old.' And I said, 'Now, I've helped with these troops and I want to go.'

"This colonel said, 'Why I've been trying to go myself and they won't even let me go.' And I said, 'Hell, there's no use to worrying myself about it.'

"I started in with another bunch of troops and I thought, 'Well, I'll get away with them,' you see. And I went day and night helping train them and, doggone, whenever they got them accepted to take them over I went back to the same ole spot where they was checking them out and they knew just the same as anything who was young enough to go and there I missed out again.

"I said, 'I don't know what I'll do now – just have to set down and behave.' I waited about three or four days and went down to see the colonel and I said, 'Colonel, can't you slip me out of here some way and get me overseas? And he says, 'No I'm just like you. 'I'd give anything I could get ahold of to get out of here and get overseas myself.'

"I said, 'I know how I can get out of here,' and he said, 'How?' and I said, 'I'll just put in my papers and retire.' And he said, 'You're crazy as a lunatic if you don't do it,' so I says I'm gonna put in."

So it was that Mr. Hubbard retired from the army without ever having engaged the enemy and came back home to Clay County.

SPECIAL SECTION: CLAY COUNTIANS IN AMERICA'S WARS

Some people remember the past through rose colored glasses, forgetting – or choosing not to remember – the more unpleasant happenings of their lives, but Mr. Hubbard's past seems to have been genuinely void of any major catastrophes. He has no regrets and, in his spicy language – a holdover from his army years – fondly recounts his years as a loner (he never married).

In the 1890's Kattie's Creek (off Red Bird) hadn't changed much since John Gilbert first settled the area back in 1783. There were no roads to speak of or much for a boy to do, but there was a school. Mr. Hubbard, born in 1888, started school about 1895 in an old one-room structure. His teacher was Taylor Wagers. "We had a old log house throwed up there," he said. "It had just one door. I went to school to it for I don't know how long as a child. When I got big enough to work I didn't want school – I didn't know what it meant and I didn't care for it."

After school, he farmed with his grandfather, Alvis Hubbard. "My grandfather took me and raised me," Mr. Hubbard said. "See, my daddy was dead. He got killed somewhere down in Texas when I was a little baby."

Mr. Hubbard tired of farming too after a while and, at the age of 23 or 24 set off to broaden his horizons. "I got on the railroad up here at Pineville and I worked a week there. You see, I was young then. I got up on what was called Wal-lins Creek, in Harlan, and I worked that week.

"I started in a Monday morning getting \$1.10 and board. And I worked till Saturday morning and I went down to the office to see them. And I wanted what they owed me and me to get away from there – I wasn't satisfied. There I was young and tough as they made 'em, you see, and they wasn't in and I said to the girl there, 'Are you the paymaster in here?' and she said, 'No, I'm just a clerk.'

" 'Well,' I said, 'You're a pretty good clerk, I guess.' She said, 'What can I do for you?' I said, 'I've got a week's pay a-coming here and I want it.' I said, 'I'm a-leavin here.'

" 'Well,' she says, 'we don't pay here till you've got a week a-coming.'

"So she stepped over and talked to a man and he said, 'No, we can't pay,' – right bitter, you see. And I said, 'Mister, you've just spoke the wrong words. I want my money right this minute.' And I just laid my hand under my coat, like that, you see, and I said, 'Hand me my money and hand it here quick.' And he said to that girl – there was another boy with me – he said, 'Pay 'em and get 'em out of here.'

"So he just paid me off, by gosh, and away we went – me and a Hoskins boy together – and we have it all lined up right there too, for 'em, if they hadn't a-done it."

For a big strapping country boy of 24 the time seemed about right to do a hitch in the army so, on October 15, 1912, Mr. Hubbard joined up. The army sent him to Washington state for training, then down to Florida. As it turned out, Mr. Hubbard never fired an angry shot at an enemy in 30 years of soldiering but he nearly got involved in the Mexican Revolution.

"We bottled up there one time – when we was in Florida, down there – and got all set, ready to go to Mexico to cool them Mexicans off down there."

The U.S. nearly went to war with Mexico in the spring of 1914 when the forces of Victoriano Hierta, the revolutionary President at the time, arrested some American sailors after they had gone ashore for supplies at Tampico. U.S. forces were put on alert but war was averted through the mediation of Argentina, Brazil and Chile.

"I don't know who they were," Mr. Hubbard said. "I hadn't been in Florida long then and we all got ready to go and drew clothing and everything else and got ready but they throwed up and stopped and said, 'No.'

A short time later Mr. Hubbard found himself in the Philippines, on the first of three tours there. "I stayed two years and something and the war was on and they says, 'You can't go back.' Well I had to hump right up there and stay – couldn't get out of there – and soon as it was over with, why, I come back out of there and continued right on with my service and never paid no mind to nothing."

Mr. Hubbard's World War I tour turned out to be quite peaceful and suited his idea of soldiering just fine. "I never took no job in it (the army) at all," he said. "I just done what the others done." Which was, he said, "practically nothing. But if it hadn't been a good place to go to I wouldn't never went there."

Between the wars Mr. Hubbard did various stints of duty in the States but most of his time was spent in the Philippines on Corregidor Island. "I stayed nine years and something on that island," he said. "We had anything we wanted. They had dance halls there for us and beer – you could get beer all the time – but they wouldn't allow you with no whiskey there or anything like that. They didn't want you to drink the whiskey but cold beer, they didn't think it would hurt."

Mr. Hubbard was lucky he was in Clay County that December in 1941. For less than six months later, Corregidor was the site of the surrender of the Philippines by U.S. forces to Japan, in May 1942. Had he been a little younger, in other words, he might not be with us today.

Mr. Hubbard is remarkably spry for his age and, despite a touch of arthritis that has slowed him down, gets around unusually well. He is comfortable with his present situation – "I make plenty to live on. There's no use in me worrying about nothing" – and has led a satisfying life – "If I was young today I'd enlist in the army the first thing and go on" – with no regrets.

The rich October day was getting bluer and the air colder and Mr. Hubbard got up to go inside the house. "I'll see you again," he said as we started toward the old swinging bridge. We figured it was a toss-up who would last the longest: the old bridge, which is in better condition than it looks, or Mr. Hubbard who is in as good a shape as he looks.



SPECIAL SECTION: CLAY COUNTIANS IN AMERICA'S WARS

BIGGS' GROUP LED TO FORMATION OF GREEN BERETS AND BLUE DRAGONS

Tim Biggs was one of original 45 members of what became military Special Forces survivalists troops



By Ted Garrison

Tim Biggs entered the United States Army, September 1, 1950 at Fort Knox, KY. On September 22 he was assigned to the 83rd Field Artillery BN, 155 MM Long Toms at Ft. Bragg, NC. During January and February of 1951 the Army formed the 18th Airborne Corps. Tim Biggs volunteered and was among the first 45 soldiers selected for this elite group. They trained in survival and physical fitness techniques in the swamps near Ft. Bragg. This training included scavenging for any type natural food that could be found. For example, they made a bow and arrows and along with this trusty, Eastern Kentucky sling-shot, they hunted and harvested ducks, fish, turtles, birds and snakes for food. During this survival training they were required to eliminate targets while avoiding capture by three teams that were sent in to find them. This 18th Airborne (Blue Dragons) Experiment was used to form the United States Army Special Forces (Green Berets). Tim Biggs was among the first 45 soldiers to earn this honor.

During the Southern Pines training maneuvers, Tim received orders for Korea. He was assigned to the 92nd Airborne/Field Artillery BN. (Red Devils) self-propelled 155 MM tanks. Their equipment was dropped in large parachutes out of C119 Flying Box Cars. The troops jumped in and set them up for combat operations. In addition to artillery duty, Tim was often selected for patrols.

Corporal Tim Biggs rotated back to the United States at Camp Carson, Colorado in October, 1952. He trained soldiers in 155 MM guns and was promoted to Staff Sgt. at 19 years of age. Tim also trained men in hand to hand combat, booby traps, hand grenades, small arms and mine warfare. Staff Sgt. Tim Biggs was honorably discharged from the United States Army, Sept. 1, 1953. This man was a special forces pioneer.

July 27, 2008, Gen. Seung Woo sent Timothy Biggs a letter of appreciation for his service in Korea. June 1, 2010 the President of South Korea invited Tim to return to Korea for a visit.



SPECIAL SECTION: CLAY COUNTIANS IN AMERICA'S WARS

AWARDED THE SILVER STAR

Curtis Barger dodged devastating arms fire to save friend

By Ted Garrison

By direction of the President – Corporal Curtis Barger was awarded the Silver Star for gallantry in action with Company G, 23rd Regiment, 2nd Infantry Division, United States Army.

On 20 September 1951 in the vicinity of SATAE-R1, Korea, Corporal Barger's unit was ordered to withdraw to a more tenable position due to very heavy enemy resistance. As his squad withdrew, Corporal Barger noticed one man was missing. Without hesitation and undaunted by the high risk involved, Curtis returned to their original position. He saw his friend lying helplessly wounded, directly in front of an enemy bunker.

With complete disregard for his own personal safety, Cpl. Barger advanced in an attempt to reach the wounded man. Due to the intensity of hostile fire directed at him, Curtis was forced to crawl over the hazardous terrain until he reached his friend. Corporal Barger then dragged the man through devastating enemy fire to the safety of friendly lines. His valiant act was an inspiration to all who witnessed it and was directly responsible for saving the soldier's life. The gallantry in action displayed by Corporal Curtis Barger reflects great credit upon himself and the United States military service.

SATAE-R1 was nicknamed "Heartbreak Ridge" by the American troops who were involved in that battle. After Heartbreak Ridge, with only ten months of service, Curtis Barger, was promoted to SGT. First Class. Under normal circumstances, it would be several years before a soldier could attain the rank of Sgt. First Class.



SERGEANT MAJOR RETIRED AFTER 35 YEARS SERVICE

William Stone achieved Army's highest enlisted ranking

By Ted Garrison

William "Bill" Stone entered military service in 1952. He was inspired by his older brother, Mansell "Dude" Stone to go Airborne. Bill volunteered for paratrooper jump school with the 101st Airborne Division, United States Army. Later, he went to Fort Bragg and was assigned to the 18th Airborne Corps.

Stone decided to make a career of the military. His tenure as a soldier included three tours in Vietnam as a United States Army paratrooper in special forces (Green Berets). Bill was a demolition expert, his specialty was arming and disarming land mines. In 1982, with thirty years of honorable service, Bill Stone retired from the U.S. Army as a Sergeant Major, which is the highest enlisted rank. This event occurred at the Special Forces Center, Fort Bragg, North Carolina. He was well known as a gentleman, a patriot, and a man of integrity.

William "Bill" Stone passed away July 1, 2011 at his home in Punta Gorda, Florida. He is buried in the National Veterans Cemetery at Sarasota, Florida.



SPECIAL SECTION: CLAY COUNTIANS IN AMERICA'S WARS

Miller experienced the jungles of Viet Nam

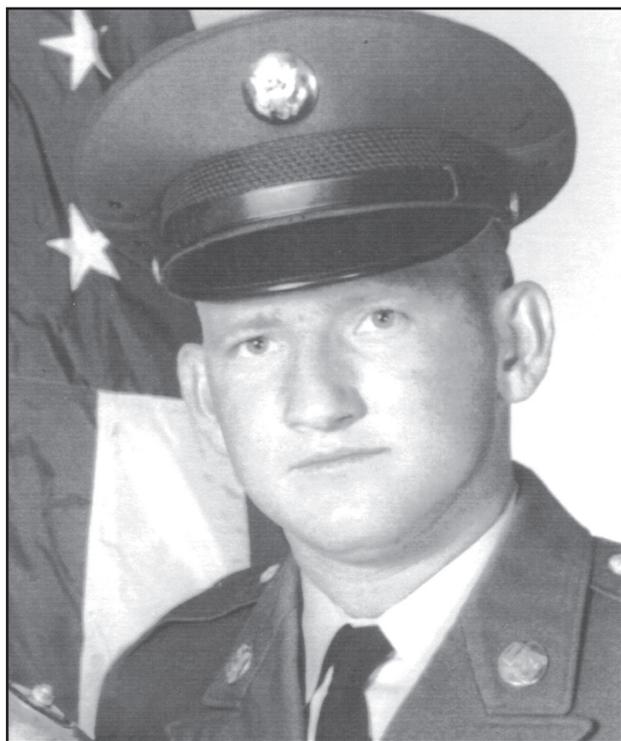
By Ronnie Miller

Sergeant James Edward Miller served in the United States Army from September 21, 1966 until September 20, 1968. He took his basic training at Fort Knox, KY. After Fort Knox he was sent to Fort Polk, LA for his AIT (Advanced Training) as an 11C40, Infantry Indirect Fire crewman, training in all Army light infantry weapons and mortars. After completing AIT at Fort Polk he was sent to Fort Dix, NJ, the mobilization site for soldiers being sent to Vietnam. After he was cleared for duty in Vietnam he boarded a 747 at JFK airport in New York and flew to Anchorage, AK, then to Taipei, Taiwan.

Next he landed in Saigon, Vietnam, then on to his final destination in Long Binh, Vietnam. This is where the headquarters of his unit, 4th Battalion 12th Infantry Regiment, was located. After 5 days of weather acclimation and combat missions training he began going into the jungle on combat missions. They would travel to their landing zone in a Bell UH1 Huey helicopter. After spending 60 days in the bush they would spend 10 days back at their headquarters in Long Binh for equipment maintenance, restocking supplies and ammunition and a little down time while preparing for their next mission. It just so happened one of their 10 day breaks occurred on Christmas of 1967 and Sgt. Miller's unit was back at his headquarters and they got to see the 1967 Bob Hope Vietnam Christmas Tour that included Connie Francis and Raquel Welch. He said Raquel Welch was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen other than his wife Roble.

Sgt. Miller also got to spend a week in Hong Kong on R&R (rest and recuperation) while he was in Vietnam. Sgt. Miller participated in many missions/battles during his tour in Vietnam and was part of the Tet Offensive in February 1968. He served in Vietnam from March 1967 until March 1968. As stated earlier, he was trained as a mortar man, but most of the time the soil in Vietnam was so moist they would not shoot the mortars due to the fact the base plate of the mortars would sink into the mud and it was difficult to pick it back up and move to another site. The moist soil also affected the accuracy of the mortar because it sunk down into the ground when fired.

When Sgt. Miller began his missions in Vietnam his primary weapon was an M-14, 7.62mm rifle. Later he was issued the new M-16, 5.56mm rifle. He also carried a .45 caliber automatic pistol and a Winchester 12 gauge shotgun. Another of the jobs Sgt. Miller had was to carry the radio for his platoon. He said he will never forget the day he was wounded in Vietnam because it was the 4th of July 1967. His unit was walking along a trail when a soldier in front of him tripped a land mine. Sgt. Miller was wounded in the foot and a large piece of the bomb fragments hit his radio.



James Edward Miller

He learned that day why he had carried the radio—the doctor said the radio had probably saved his life. All total four soldiers were wounded in that land mine explosion. They called for a MEDEVAC (medical evacuation) helicopter to pick them up but none was available. Finally a Huey Attack Helicopter heard their call on the radio and came and picked them up. This helicopter was not equipped to haul troops but the four soldiers managed to squeeze in amongst all the weapons and ordinance and were safely transported to a hospital in Saigon. Sgt. Miller was awarded the Purple Heart for the wound he received that day. He spent 30 days in the hospital in Saigon and was then sent back to his Unit.

In March of 1968 Sgt. Miller's tour in Vietnam was finally over and he was allowed to return home. When the plane lifted off the runway the soldiers onboard screamed so loud you would have thought the windows of the plane were going to break. Needless to say they were glad to be going home. From Saigon they were transported to Travis AFB in California. Sgt. Miller then caught a flight to Cincinnati, OH where his brother Gilbert Ray Miller picked him up.



SPECIAL SECTION: CLAY COUNTIANS IN AMERICA'S WARS

A Clay County general witnesses the bravery of a Clay County enlisted man and pays him the ultimate respect

Joe Henry Gregory is awarded the Silver Star by Major General Elvy Roberts

Submitted by Ronnie Miller

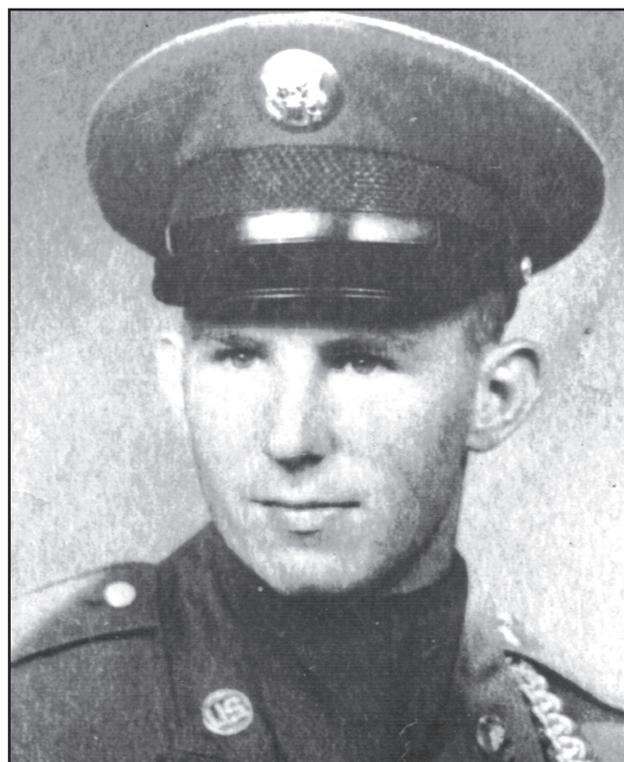
On January 7, 1970, I had the pleasure of meeting Major General E.B. Roberts, Commander 1st Cavalry Division (Airmobile) during an Award & Memorial service at Fire Support Ike following a 3-day battle by units of the 2nd Battalion, 5th Cavalry.

General Roberts decorated me with a Silver Star (Impact Award) for gallantry in action on 6 January 1970 which was awarded by his authority which meant I didn't have to be nominated for it to be approved. He was in his Command and Control Helicopter overhead and had visual view of me storming the heavy barrage of fire to retrieve the wounded. He had his aides with him taking pictures of each individual award during this battalion size event. I was presented a picture of the general pinning the award on me and a statement with his signature that I had received the award.

We had a brief conversation about where I was from and I told him, Kentucky, sir. He asked what part of Kentucky are you from and I replied, Manchester, sir. A big smile came on his face and he asked me, "Do you know the Brittons and Townsends?" He seemed awfully proud of the fact they were his kinfolks. He advance down the line and decorated the next soldier and came back to me and announced, "You are an E-4 as of today and I will have your name placed on the top of the list for E-5," which I received in a couple of weeks, along with my written orders for the Silver star. I was also promoted to the position of Senior Medic and assigned to the Company Command Post.

It was nice to be recognized in front of the entire battalion and given promotions, rank and awards but the fact of the matter was that another medic took the spotlight of that 3-day battle and his name was PFC Charles Thomas Moore. He was put in for the Congressional Medal of Honor. He didn't receive the Congressional but was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross.

NOTE: In correspondence to Mr. Henry Gregory from the National Personnel Records Center, dated September 12, 2011 it states: "We are pleased to authorize shipment of the following awards based on the documents you provided



Joe Henry Gregory

and/or the official documents, if available:

- Silver Star
- Purple Heart
- Air Medal
- Army Commendation Medal
- National Defense Service Medal
- Vietnam Service Medal with 3 bronze service stars
- Combat Medal Badge 1st Award
- Republic of Vietnam Campaign Ribbon w/Device (1960).



SPECIAL SECTION: CLAY COUNTIANS IN AMERICA'S WARS

There was no shortage of Clay County men when it came time to give the Red Coats another go in



W^{the}ar of 1812

That year Daniel Garrard led a band of Manchester men to the Northwest Territories to give the British a second good thrashing. If it didn't turn out that way at first, it didn't deter a second wave of Clay Countians led by Thomas McJilton in 1813. This time some of the local men were on hand for the Battle of the Thames in Canada, where they whipped not only the Red Coats but the Indian coalition led by Chief Tecumseh as well. —By **Charles House**



Daniel Garrard needed a war to fight like he needed another hole in the head. But he was a Garrard, after all, and feats of military derring do was part of the elite family's DNA. So when word that the British were at it again, apparently not having learned their lesson in the American Revolution (tales of which were still relatively fresh in Manchester), Garrard put the affairs of his six year old salt works near Manchester in the hands of other family members and raised a company of rabble rousers around town who were apparently just as eager as he to have a little adventure on the frontier.

War was declared in June, the same month that Daniel and Lucinda's (famous-to-be) son, Theopolis Toulmin Garrard, was born. But Daniel didn't let the birth of a son dilute his patriotic fervor. He seems to have had little if any trouble raising a company of volunteers in Manches-

SPECIAL SECTION: CLAY COUNTIANS IN AMERICA'S WARS

ter. Over a hundred local men answered his call, a number that reflected well on what was still a wilderness county. Some of the names on Garrard's staff are familiar nearly 200 years later. Corporal Daniel Sibert (for whom the Horse Creek community is named) was one of several local men who went to the Lake Erie area twice—the second time with Captain Thomas McJilton's mounted company the following year. Sergeant Lincoln Amis was a brother of well-known salt man John Amis. Other familiar names included Sergeant James Love, a Manchester lawyer who would serve in the State Senate; Thomas Langford, the son of salt man Stephen Langford; John Patrick, a partner in the salt works with Langford; John Roark, John Allen, Charles Garrard, William Cornett, Valentine Persifield, and a smattering of Bishops, Coldirons, Hensons, Rawlings, Smiths and other familiar Clay County pioneers.

Patriotic fervor was running so high in Clay County that several local men actually enlisted before war was declared. Rueben Woods, John Gregory, John Fry, Turner Hays, James White and others were part of a company organized by Captain Arthur Ambrose in Knox County in April. This company was attached to Colonel William E. Boswell's Regiment of Kentucky Volunteers. Garrard's company was assigned to Colonel William Jennings' Second Kentucky Regiment of the Kentucky Volunteer Militia. From Manchester the local men marched to Georgetown where, in August, they were mustered into the army. Just pondering this march, over rough roads and rougher trails, in the heat of summer, will give the reader a hint of how tough these men were. If accounts of how they were clothed at a later date are true, some of the men may have been barefoot and wearing nothing more than a linen hunting shirt against the coming winter. From Georgetown they marched on to Newport on the Ohio River, where they drew their arms and made preparations for the coming war. The immediate goal was to rush to Fort Detroit and help Brigadier General William Hull fend off the British under the command of General Henry Proctor, and a coalition of Indian tribes led by the formidable Shawnee chief, Tecumseh.

It was at Newport that Garrard probably first heard of General Hull's surrender of Fort Detroit. The news of the surrender was greeted with outrage not only from politicians back home, but from the foot soldiers as well. Garrard and his troops were part of a larger group of Kentuckians who then set out on a tortuous force-march north to a ruined Indian village called Piqua, north of present day Dayton. From Piqua they made their way to a frontier post on the St. Mary's River near the Indiana Territory border called St. Mary's Blockhouse. Here they camped and awaited orders from the over-all commander of the Kentucky troops, General James Winchester.

Garrard and his men were part of a group that was sidetracked from the main goal when Gen. Harrison got word

Continued on page 65

Was this any way to treat a hero?

Not everyone was as enthusiastic as Garrard and some of his charges about marching off to war. At least one prominent Clay Countian, Robert "Julius Bob" Baker had seen war, and he apparently hadn't liked what he'd seen. He and another local fellow had fought against the Indians in the northwest territories in the ill-fated St. Claire's Defeat in 1797 which was little more than a massacre. Safely ensconced in Clay County, he apparently was doing just fine, thank you, when another war with the British was announced. Baker was a big enough shot that when it came time to form Clay County the legislature decreed that the first county court would meet at his cabin near the Goose Creek Salt Works in 1807. So it shouldn't be surprising that the old long hunter took exception to being "enlisted" for the War of 1812. Following is the text of a petition Baker made before the Circuit Court:

To the honorable judges of Clay Circuit Court your petitioner Robert Baker states that he is confined and unlawfully detained under a pretended and illegal enlistment into the service of the United States as a soldier when in truth and in fact he saith he is not enlisted in the manner and form as by the act of Congress as soldiers are enlisted and he is now held under the said illegal enlistment by a certain Granville Love an ensign in the U.S. service and your petitioner is now improperly held; your petitioner therefore prays that a writ of Habeas Corpus may inforce to the said Love ensign as aforesaid directing him to bring before your Honor your petitioner together with the cause of his detention which he prays may be granted him honorably.

—Robt. Baker

As the story at left illustrates, Julius Bob got himself sprung from jail and, using his own horse, rode off to war with Thomas McJilton. This time the results were quite different from his previous war experiences, and he returned home to a grateful Kentucky and Clay County as one of the genuine heroes.

New Members since Spring 2011

Jennifer Miller
100 Lauri Ln.
Georgetown, KY 40324

Linda Wagers Velazquez
106 Evening Shade
Harvest, AL 35749

Pat Wadle
219 Davis St.
Connersville IN 47331

Penny Hubbard
3477 Freiburger Rd.
Floyd Knobs, IN 47119

Gloria C. Abrams
145 Suffield
Birmingham MI 48009

Cora Mae Gregory
PO Box 934
Manchester KY 40962

Charles Dezarn
588 Slate Lick Rd.
London KY 40741

Laurel County African American
Heritage Center
119 Short St.
London, KY 40741

Mary Marcum Sherman

Tish Schmedeke
3409 N. 19th Ave.
Litchfield, IL 62056

Roy & Nadine Jarvis
PO Box 53
Manchester, KY 40962

Elsie Wilson Phillips
424 Fort Henry Dr.
Ft. Wright, KY 41011-1828

Frances A. Lefevre
6213 Post Oak Ter.
Fort Worth TX 76112

Vergie Smith
14 Daylily Rd.
Manchester, KY 40962

Rose Ann Rogers
PO Box 527
Manchester, KY 40962

Vera Perry Stuck
28 Springhouse Drive
Cold Spring, KY 41076

William R. Rigby, PhD
215 Croghan Dr.
Elizabethtown, KY 42701

Leland Riddle
399 Elkins Rd.
Bakersville, NC 28705

Carol Masters
1714 Harrell Hill Rd
Bakersville, NC 28705

Brenda H. Sparks
314 Cliff Buchanan Rd.
Spruce Pine, NC 28777

Peggy Keith
148 Tara Lane
Manchester KY 40962

Emma Ferguson Stephens
715 Bowling Branch Rd.
Manchester KY 40962

Rex Bray, Jr.
110 West Fox Trail Ln.
Manchester, KY 40962

Walter Williams
924 Topeka
Emporia, KS 66801

Clay County Mobile Home
Parts
910 N. Hwy 421
Manchester, KY 40962

Manchester Dry Cleaners
304 Main St.
Manchester, KY 40962

Vickie Mitchell
63 Waymon Holland Rd
Manchester, KY 40962

Beverly Gray
1110 Paces Creek Rd.
Manchester, KY 40962

Barbara Fields
6128 Hwy 638
Manchester, KY 40962

Gladys Smith
126 Richmond Rd.
Manchester, Ky 40962

Bruce Davidson
PO Box 129
Manchester, KY 40962

Betty Garrison
116 Langdon & Garrison Rd.
Manchester, KY 40962

Mike Bowling
13151 S. Hwy 421
Manchester, KY 40962

Chester Benny Smith
624 Liberty Rd.
Manchester, KY 40962

James & Maryanne Burchell
515 Colony Rd.
Manchester, KY 40962

Cary Snyder
214 N. O'Keefe Rd.
Cassopolis, MI 49031

John R. Young
150 Creekstone Ln.
London, KY 40741

Michelle Persson
309 West Church St.
Belle Plains, MN 56011

Larry Alvin Reid
5922 Oakcrest Drive
Indianapolis, IN 46237

John D. Allen
207 Crest Hill Ave.
Vandalia OH 45377

Paul Baker
117 South Smithville Rd.
Dayton, OH 45431

Douglas W. White
985 Merit
White Lake, MI 48386

Donald & Rosetta Jones
101 Lipps Branch Rd.
Manchester, KY 40962

Otto Coldiron
1125 Arlaine Rd.
Masaryktown, FL 34604

Faye Hufford
6562 Miami Ave.
Cincinnati, OH 45243

Diane Burns Brads
719 Belmonte Park North
Dayton, OH 45405

Jackson Spurlock
583 Old Whitley Rd.
Lily, KY 40740

Jean Allen
1887 Clearbrook Dr.
Burlington, KY 41005

Blaine Hensley
85808 Dawn Drive
Orlando, FL 32809

George H. Rutschman, Jr.
1487 Dimwood St.
Memphis, TN 38134-7509

Betty J. Sizemore
316 Ladino Ln. P.
Pendleton, IN 46064

Amos D. Parker
26 Pigeon Roost Rd.
Manchester, KY 40962

Hershel Beck
3632 Fair Ridge Dr.
Lexington, KY 40509

Ella Mae McDaniel
2576 Hogskin Rd.
Manchester, KY 40962

Barbara Richardson
10415 Gratis Jacksonburg Rd.
Somerville, OH 45064

Sherry L. Baker
315 Pond Drive
Gallatin, TN 37066

Dann M. Norton
1312 Maple St.
Lawrenceville, IL 62439

R. Scott Madden
109 Dickson St.
Manchester, KY 40962

John Weaver
PO Box 51
Sexton Creek, KY 40983

Joe McVicker
2474 Lower Union Hill Rd.
Canton, GA 30115

Lillian Copeland
5350 N. County Rd. 900 West
Scipio, IN 47273

Lou Bowling
823 Maplewood Dr.
Seymour, IN 47274

Donna French
5308 Tilbury Rd.
Huber Heights, OH 45424

Manuel Mosley
7982 S. Hwy 66
Big Creek KY 40914

Carol Lincks Jones
707 Old Swainsboro Rd.
Twin City, GA 30471

Tina Smith
7003 Wooster Pike
Cincinnati, OH 45227

Sheila Evans
7575 Blue Creek Drive
Indianapolis, IN 46256

Lucinda Minton
2899 S. County Rd. 1200 E
Crothersville, IN 47229

Wayne Fielder
101 Stretch Ct.
Frankfort, KY 40601

Barbara & Norwood Burchet
307 River St.
Manchester, KY 40962

Charles Roberts
1402 Fieldstone Dr.
Bryan, OH 43506

Betsy Myers
35084 Salem Grange Rd.
Salem, OH 44460

David W. Roberts
2705 Master
Billings, MT 59105

Tim & Amy Hunter
7018 Mason Rd.
Berlin heights, OH

Jean Holder
PO Box 571
Florissant, CO 80816

Matt D. Bowling
1187 Three Meadows Drive
Rockledge, FL 32955

*Join this list of members
of one of the best Ge-
nealogical and Histori-
cal Societies of its type
anywhere. See page 71*

John Downey, Irish Immigrant Clay County farmer

“Researching a John Downey in Ireland would be like researching a John Smith in the US.”

By Frank Downey

John Downey, my great grandfather, an Irish immigrant, ended up living mainly in Clay County and possibly in Knox County for a short period of time beginning circa 1864. John has been researched by two of my cousins, Pat Saupe and Joyce Heiss. I have been going over the papers they provided. I also have a paper written by another Downey that provides additional but confusing information regarding John. One of the family stories tells us John traveled to the U.S. with a brother and they worked for their passage. Yet, we have been unable to name this brother or identify the ship used for travel. Plus, we have not confirmed his date of birth; Union records indicate born 1838, sworn statement on 3 July 1883 in which he states he is 49 years old and death certificate indicate born 1834. I have reached some conclusions that are not entirely in agreement with the information provided or thoughts of some researchers.

Most of those who have researched John are pretty consistent in his being born in Armagh, Ireland except the one paper stating he was born in Dublin. The year of birth varies but if John was born in 1838 as indicated by his age at time of enlistment then it is possible he is the John Downey listed in the Armagh Catholic Parish registers. The register shows a date of baptism 08/09/1838, FATHER John Downey MOTHER Cecily Toner SPONSORS Peter and Catherine Downey. Based on these records, this is a best guess – as someone once told my cousin, researching a John Downey in Ireland would be like researching a John Smith in the US.

John enlisted in the Union Army in Company G, 17th Infantry Regiment of Michigan Volunteers on June 9, 1862 for 3 years at the age of 24 in Jackson, Michigan. He was mustered in on Aug 17, 1862. This is according to information contained in Michigan Volunteers 1861-1865. Plus, records obtained from the US Pension Office and being noted in another family paper concerning John which states he

was in the area of Jackson, Michigan prior to enlisting doing railroad work. However, no John Downey, age 22, is found in the 1860 Michigan census.

John's division records indicate there were no campaign veterans in the unit. Within 30 days of his enlistment the division was sent east to Maryland. Fighting in the Battle of South Mountain and the Battle of Antietam. They also fought in the Battle of Fredericksburg and participated in the following Mud March. Entering into Kentucky circa March 1863, there were skirmishes with the Rebels and John plus some other soldiers got separated from their units. Apparently having not rejoined his unit, soldiers were dispatched to find and return John. He was arrested May 8 and brought under charges to Division Headquarters. Apparently, the charges were dismissed as his sworn statement shows he was involved with the Vicksburg, Mississippi campaign including the Siege of Vicksburg 14 June – July 4 1863. Next the unit moves to Jackson, Mississippi where he participated in the Siege of Jackson, July 10-17.

During the Mississippi campaign, according to his sworn statement, his legs gave out from all the forced marching. He could not keep up and walking became a hardship. When his unit returned to Kentucky, John was hospitalized ending up in hospital located at Crab Orchard, KY. While hospitalized his unit was deployed for action.

One might assume his condition was not improving. Apparently, he decided he could no longer tolerate the marches and he left the hospital headed toward Clay County. According to official records, he was listed as missing since September 1863. Sometime in 1864, he was listed as a deserter. The foregoing is the general drift of official records as I perceived them. What happened for the following two or three years is a mystery and I am hoping some descendant might be able to provide some additional information. Since he was not from the area, one has to wonder if someone accompanied him from Crab Orchard on his trek to Clay and Knox Counties or was it possible a

Continued to page 55

*The
Jess Wilson
library
receives an
honored
visitor*



Before cutting the cake Jess signs a copy of his book, "When They Hanged the Fiddler"

Back in the summer we Society volunteers were honored by a visit from Jess and Ruth Wilson, age 93 and 92 respectively. Jess, for whom our library is named, made it known that he was extremely pleased to see how a half-century of his work was being used by researchers from coast to coast. Jess turned 93 on August 8 and we had a cake ready for the celebration.



Jess and Ruth recently celebrated their 70th anniversary.



From left are Jean Cobb, Maggie Bowling, LaBerta White, Nora House, Jess Wilson, Gail Chandler, Becky Wilson, and Ruth Wilson. Most of what is visible in this photo came from Jess' library, plus a lot more besides!



Nora House is shown with the 4' x 8' entrance sign that will guide people to the salt works village. In addition to the signs shown here will be bronze and aluminum plaques with specialty information.

Goose Creek Salt Works & Pioneer Village

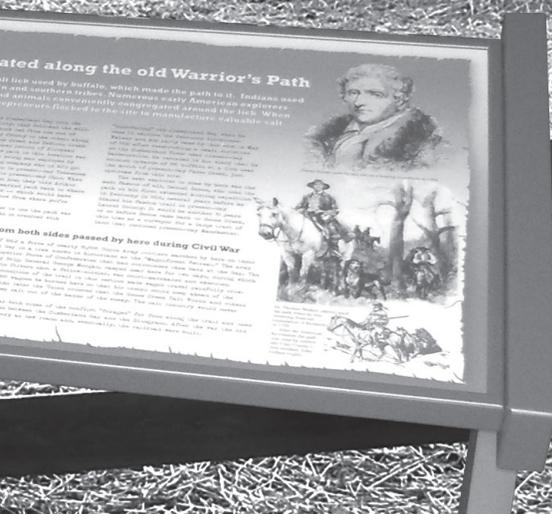
HISTORICAL SITE

- One of Kentucky's vital industries; established early 1790s
- Clay County's first seat in 1807; county's first village
- Adjacent to Warrior's Path (used by Daniel Boone)
- New home of Cotton Cabin, over 200 years old



Work
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Work is coming along splendidly on the Society's Goose Creek Salt Works Pioneer Village at the actual site where the history of the county started. The Cotton Cabin, the center piece of the compound, has been professionally chinked inside and out. Interpretive signs and an entrance sign have been completed. Landscaping has just been completed (look at all that straw) and chinking of a second cabin is scheduled. All this thanks to generous contributions of Society members who have made this exciting historical site possible. Read more about the project on the Society's website, www.ClayFamilies.com



See page 72 for the text that appears on the interpretive signs shown at left. These will be mounted on a concrete pad.

1911 — 2011

“*Bert Combs gave politics
a good name*”

On the 100th Anniversary of his birth we pause to look at the accomplishments of Clay County's favorite son

By Charles House

Twenty years ago next month (as of this writing) Kentucky lost part of its soul, and Clay County part of its. With the death of former Governor Bert Combs in freezing flood waters near his farm off the parkway named after him, the state lost the last of the few leaders who had truly put the welfare of the people above political gain. In doing so he had brought the state kicking and screaming into the twentieth century; almost everyone, on all sides, agreed the gain had been worth the pain. While he was governor, the *Louisville Courier Journal* editorialized, “never before in the history of Kentucky have more beneficial and far-reaching laws been passed. Never in one brief session has the quality of Kentucky government and public service so greatly improved.” The *Lexington Leader* reported that Gov. Combs “achieved every one of his major goals in the 1962 General Assembly.” A friend and major figure in the opposing Republican party, one-time candidate for governor, Larry Forgy, said he considered Combs “the most successful and visionary governor in modern Kentucky history.” The sentiment was widely shared. Kentucky state historian James C. Klotter, speaking at the first Bert T. Combs symposium in Manchester, said simply, “Bert Combs gave politics a good name.”

Were these lofty sentiments just more good ole boy hyperbole? Consider this: At Governor Combs funeral at the First Baptist Church in Manchester that cold December day in 1991, an overflow crowd of between 400 and 500 people showed up, including then-Governor Wallace Wilkinson, Governor-elect Brereton Jones, and former governors Louie B. Nunn, John Y. Brown, Julian Carroll, Martha Layne Collins, Edward T. Breathitt and Wendell Ford along with a healthy contingent of congressmen, state Supreme Court

justices and other prominent office holders. It was reported that such a turnout of the most influential people in the state and beyond made the funeral unique in Kentucky history.

These people and others had made the trip to Manchester, and to the burial on Beech Creek, to honor a man whose life was one of superlatives. He was valedictorian at Clay County High School, he was possibly the most progressive and lauded governor the state had ever had, and he was a federal judge who quit to establish the largest law firm in Kentucky. One of his biggest honors came almost 40 years after he was governor when he was named one of the “hundred most influential lawyers in America” by the *National Law Journal*.

Clay County had had other men outstanding in their fields of endeavor—General T. T. Garrard; legislator D. Y. Lyttle; educator James Anderson Burns—but none who stood out quite so far. In 1965 Bert Combs represented 66 poor school districts in Kentucky that resulted in legislation that was recognized throughout the United States as the most extensive education reform package in the country. And he did it for free!

It's as governor, though, that Bert Combs achieved his greatest renown. He instituted a controversial sales tax that did so much for education in Kentucky that it quickly lost its controversial status. He was instrumental in opening up Eastern Kentucky to the outside with the Mountain Parkway that bears his name; he oversaw the building of the nation's finest state park system; he established Kentucky Educational Television (KET); he founded the Kentucky community college system; he ordered changes that led to the modernization of the Kentucky State Police; and in a gutsy move for the time he issued an executive order that prevented racial discrimination in companies doing busi-

He dragged Kentucky kicking and screaming into the 20th century

ness with the state, choosing to do it himself because he knew the legislature would not.

In Clay County he put the power of his governorship behind a proposal that led to the establishment of the Red Bird Purchase Unit of the Daniel Boone National Forest, and he allowed his hometown to have a modern water system for the first time with the construction of Bert Combs Lake. It was in sight of that dam, that overlooks his birth place, that he returned home every May to visit with his people. "I have many memories of Bert," a former Beech Creeker, Vietta Richardson, wrote. "He was a quiet, straightforward, unpretentious, no-nonsense man who loved his 'people.' Some of my strongest memories are of the times during his governorship when he attended the family memorial service at the Beech Creek Cemetery where our ancestors are buried. He always came to the service, before, during, and after his governorship. He said it was worth the trip to hear us all sing 'Amazing Grace.' In the years before he was well known and again after his celebrity had faded a bit, he mingled with the family and sat on the ground with his siblings and children on a quilt during the songs and sermon, as everyone else did. But the first year he was governor, 'outsiders' who knew he would be there mobbed him, wanting to talk and shake his hand, thus, disturbing the service. The next year and every year thereafter, he waited until the service had started, then quietly walked up to a tree at the edge of the service and sat with the tree between him and the people until the service ended. I was never quite sure how he managed to sneak up without anyone seeing him, but he did."

He was born August 13th, 1911 on Beech Creek to Steve and Martha Combs. His grandfather was Lee Combs, who was one of the stern old feudists who made professor Burns so nervous when he called the clans together in 1899 to establish the Oneida Institute. Combs went to school at the school old Lee helped to establish, and went on from there to become a star student at Clay County High School.

He borrowed money from Manchester banker Bige



Governor Combs signs legislation creating Kentucky Educational Television (KET).

Hensley to go to college and earned a law degree from the University of Kentucky after many years of working his way through school. After college he practiced law in Manchester (he said he had too many relatives here who wanted his legal services for free) then moved to Prestonsburg to open a law practice. He joined the army in 1942 and, worked his way up to captain, and prosecuted Japanese war criminals as a member of General Douglas MacArthur's staff.

In 1959, in his second try for governor, he was easily elected and set out at once on implementing his sweeping reforms. After his term he was appointed by President Lyndon Johnson to the Sixth Circuit of the United States Court of Appeals. He died in 1991 as he was crossing a low water bridge that led to his home near Fern Hill. When his car was swept into the rain-swollen Red River he managed to swim to safety but died of hypothermia in the freezing December air. In an article in the *Lexington Herald* earlier this year, his old friend Larry Forgy wrote, "Here was a man who did not choose only to be something, he chose to do something. He was a practical activist who dreamed big. He believed, as famed architect and urban planner Daniel Burnham said: 'We must dream no little dreams, for they have no power to stir the hearts of men.'"



Clay County's historic cemeteries—Fifth in a Series

Small, isolated cemeteries contain some of county's oldest settlers

By Charles House

Arguably, the most prominent cemetery in Clay County may be its smallest: a postage stamp-size plot on the banks of the Red Bird River that is the final resting place of John Gilbert and his wife, Mollie. Owing to a number of factors, no one cut a wider swath through the county's history than John Gilbert, who came to the Red Bird country in 1783, the year the American Revolution ended. It's fitting that the grave site of a man who was at home with extreme isolation is itself isolated. It's also fitting that Mollie is buried there beside him, as a symbol, perhaps, of the fact that you can take this isolation thing too far. For the old Long Hunter, the first settler in what would later become Clay County, decided in time that he needed some company in the pristine wilderness that was Red Bird, when it came time to settle down.

It's fitting, too, that the information carved into a large grave stone is not exactly accurate. Because much of what we know about Clay County's first settler is probably as much legend as fact. He was a bear hunter, a whiskey-drinking Baptist preacher, a male midwife, salt maker, legislator, gun-toting participant in the "Cattle War" that is said to be a reason for establishing Clay County, slave owner, horse trader, and any number of other occupations and avocations depending upon the source—hand-me-down stories, or documented fact.

Standing under the trees that filter sunlight falling on the old marker, and reflecting off the rippling waters of the shallow river beside it, it is possible to feel a connection with the old pioneer settler precisely because the setting is so pristine, so seemingly isolated (though not as much as it seems these days), so raw. The shock one initially feels in finding that the grave of such an important person is so utterly alone gradually gives way to a feeling that it might be appropriate after all, a sort of symbolic tribute to the man and his pioneer wife.

At the north end of the county, on Martin Creek (not to be confused with the Martins Creek in the south end) is the grave of another old Revolutionary War-era settler, "King" David Benge. King David's cemetery is much more of a

proper graveyard, containing numerous graves of his and his neighbors' family members. But it is nearly as isolated as John and Mollie Gilbert's, and harder to get to. Situated at the end of a trail off muddy Dripping Springs Road ("road" in name only for most of its length), you have to know where you are going to get there, and at times will have to get there by an all terrain vehicle, while you can casually drive your car to Gilbert's grave (assuming you know exactly where to park).

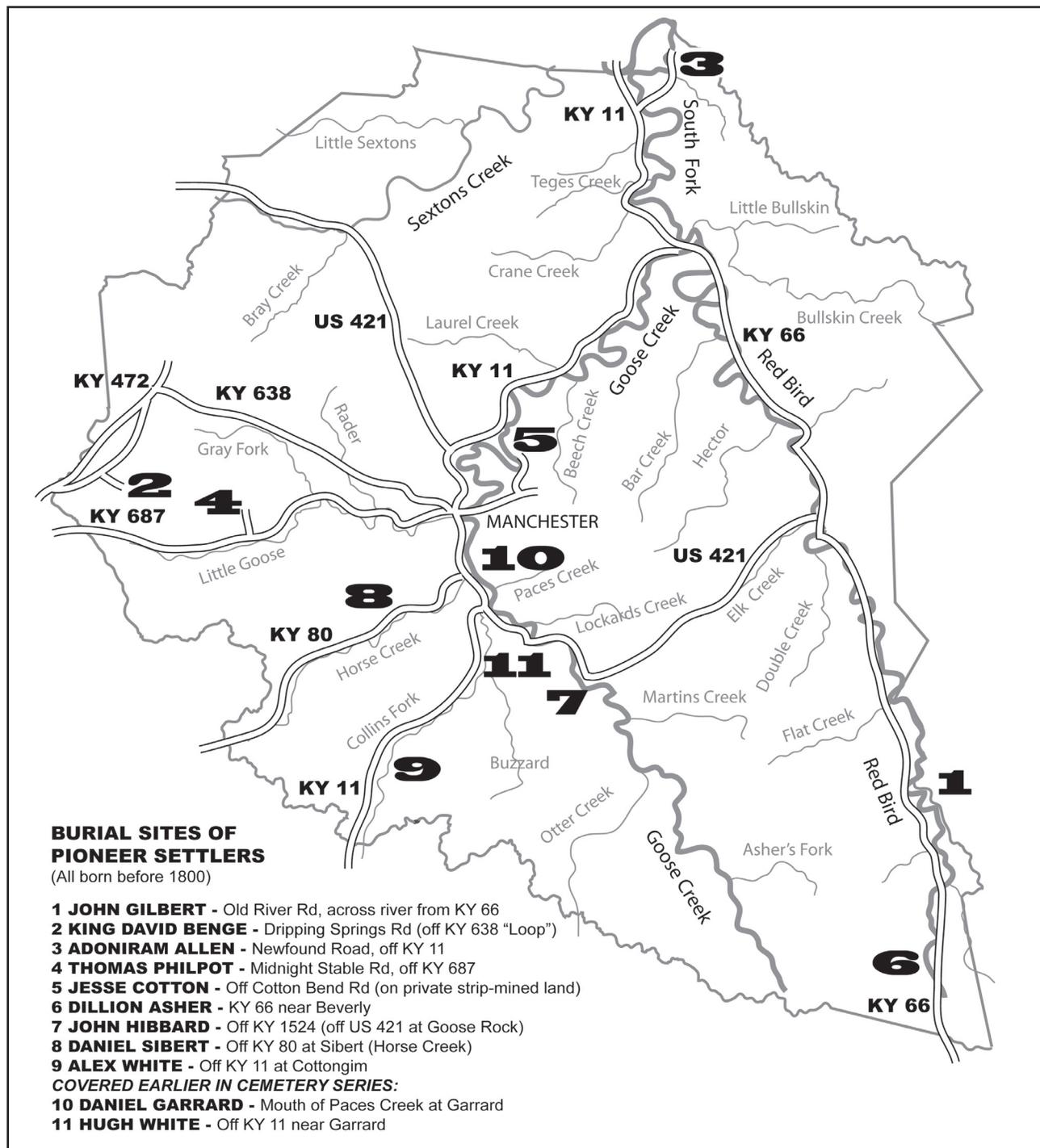
King David Benge's Revolutionary War service is fairly well documented while John Gilbert's is merely suggested, depending on the source. King David applied for a pension at an advanced age and was granted it for his service. He ought to have got a pension for his service in the War of 1812, too, if for nothing more than volunteering to serve in that particularly harsh conflict at the age of 56—doing so, it was said, so that his son wouldn't have to go.



Grave of John Gilbert

Yet another Revolutionary War veteran, and a genuine hero at that, is buried at the extreme northern end of the county near the banks of the South Fork of the Kentucky River. Adoniram "Captain Teges" Allen distinguished himself in one of the most glorious conflicts of the war, the storied Battle of Kings Mountain, in South Carolina. Capt. Teges, given the moniker because he was said to be so damned tedious, was an officer in a group of mountaineers known as the "Over the Mountain Men" who royally whipped a superior force of loyalists led by a strutting Red Coat, and in doing so earned the eternal gratitude of the fledgling country. Capt. Teges was awarded a land grant on the South Fork and he arrived there, already an old man, in about 1805. Allen is, in fact, the oldest settler for which a grave stone is known to exist in the county, having been born in 1734, which made him only two years younger than George Washington.

Old Teges (for whom Teges Creek is named) built one of the earliest and most prominent grist mills in the county, an imposing structure that stood for over 100 years, traces of which (or at least its site) can be found to this day. His grave is marked by an official Revolutionary War tombstone in the neatly-kept Laurel Point Cemetery, easily reached by car on a gravel and dirt road a few miles off KY 11, north of



Oneida. This cemetery is well off the beaten path, but worth the effort it takes to bask in the reflected glory of an early American hero who is one of us.

Not as old as Capt. Teges', but old by any standard, is the grave of Thomas Philpot, at the Philpot Ridge Cemetery off Little Goose Road in western Clay County. Among the distinctions of old Thomas is that his is almost certainly the oldest original stone still marking a grave in

the county—or at least the one on which an inscription can be read. (Adoniram Allen's Revolutionary War stone was added much later, to replace the original.) Thomas Philpot, who was born in 1760, was one of the earliest residents of what would become Manchester. He built the first shed to cover a furnace at the Langford Salt Works, later known as the Goose Creek Salt Works. This shed was almost certainly built in the late 1790s, according to the best research available. Philpot's grave is in the middle of an unkempt

Capt. Teges' grave is marked by a Revolutionary War tombstone

cemetery on a forested ridge off Midnight Stable Road. The cemetery is difficult to find since there is no road, or even a trail, to it. But it can be found by anyone with a sense of adventure and a bit of grit in the craw.

One of the most difficult graves to find is that of Jesse and Jane Cotton, which is situated in a grove of trees hidden by thickets on the Cotton Bend of Goose Creek. Jesse Cotton, who was born free in 1788, married Jane Griffin in 1812 and they moved into a cabin owned by the Griffin family that was already several years old. I say "free" because the Cottons and Griffins were black but somehow managed to be categorized as "free blacks" by the Clay County government and thus were not enslaved as were the majority of blacks in the county prior to the Civil War. Not only were they free, but the Cottons and Griffins thrived to an extent in competition with their white fellow Clay Countians.

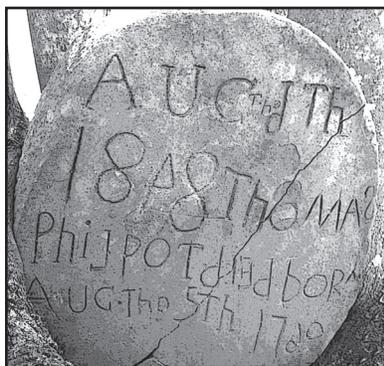
Jesse was one of the few documented salt boat makers, those men who built large barges to float salt from the Goose Creek salt works to markets in the Bluegrass and beyond. Jesse's brother-in-law, Elijah Griffin, was a businessman who held his own in the local white society and managed to acquire significant land holdings during his life. Jesse was less successful, having at one point to give up thousands of board feet of boat-building timber to pay off a debt to a salt maker. But at least he was able to hold on to his remarkable log home, and passed it down to his heirs who likewise passed it down in the family until the 21st century. The Jesse Cotton cabin, one of the oldest log structures in Kentucky, is now the center piece of the Society's recreated Goose Creek Salt Works pioneer village, having been relocated to the original site of the salt works in Manchester in December, 2010 (see photo spread pages 36 and 37 this issue).

Another cabin nearly as old as the Cotton cabin is the Dillion Asher cabin on Red Bird at the extreme southern end of the county. Dillion moved to the site in 1800 after having retired his position as the first toll gate keeper on the Wilderness Road at what is now Pineville, in adjacent Bell County. Asher's grave is near the cabin in a small plot that is neatly kept by the Red Bird Mission School which owns the property as well as the cabin. Asher's existence would have been nearly as lonely as his nearest neighbor, old John Gilbert and his wife Mollie, who lived a few miles downstream. Asher had plenty of female company though; he had children by four women, an interesting group comprised of two sets of sisters: Nancy Davis and her sister, Mary; and Sarah Collett and her sister, Elizabeth. Like John Gilbert, and Capt. Teges Allen, Asher was active in local politics. He went on to establish a timber empire that con-

tinued in the area to the modern era.

Over across the ridge dividing Red Bird from Goose Creek is the grave site of John Hibbard, who came to the area with a contingent of Smiths and Joneses from North Carolina in about 1798. Hibbard was active in local affairs, having served as a toll gate keeper, sheriff, member of the Clay County court, and, part time at least, a preacher. He is most notably remembered as an officer in the War of 1812 along with a number of Clay County volunteers who jumped at the chance to tangle with the British again. His grave is in the Hibbard/Sevier Cemetery on the banks of Goose Creek at Goose Rock, hidden in a tangle of briars and saplings on private property.

As overgrown cemeteries go, the Hibbard/Sevier has to take a back seat to the Daniel Sibert Cemetery at Horse Creek, the final resting place of one of John Hibbard's fellow Clay County warriors in the War of 1812. Searching for Daniel's grave is not for the faint of heart. It requires a machete, leather skin, determination and an unhealthy disregard for snakes. And after hours of whacking at briars and kicking at imagined serpents, the intrepid searcher still probably won't find the grave. There are plenty of interesting markers, including one Daniel Sibert (a relative), but none with the name of our Daniel, who was born in 1794 and whose marker has long since succumbed to the elements though he is known to be buried in the old cemetery along with his offspring.



Grave of Thomas Philpot

Daniel Sibert was a literate, letter-writing man, so we know a good deal about his life even if his grave site is obscured. Eloquent as he was with the written word he was uncommonly tough in his physical nature. Sibert served two terms, with different local regiments, in the War of 1812. The first time he walked all the way to the northeast territories from Manchester; the second time he had a horse. He served in the campaign that took Fort Detroit from the British and resulted in the killing of Chief Tecumseh at the famous Battle of the Thames in Canada (see article on page 30, this issue).

We come finally to Alexander White, whom the reader will have thought surely was covered in an earlier article in this series that covered the White family cemeteries in detail. But Alexander, the eldest son of Hugh and Catherine White, is buried way up Collins Fork of Goose Creek (KY highway 11) pretty much apart from the rest of his famous family. Alex was five years old when his family moved to what would become Clay County in 1804 to operate a salt works. Ironically, despite being the least known of the salt-making Whites, Alex's salt works, near his home, was the last one standing, still producing in the 1880s. His tomb-

John Hibbard's grave is hidden in a tangle of briars and saplings

stone, too, makes a statement about his relative anonymity in the family: it is a handsome obelisk, standing tall and proud and pointing to a heaven that the slave-owning Whites may have hoped they would get into.

Other prominent pioneer settlers are scattered at cemeteries throughout the county and include the following: John Gilbert (1795-1852), a nephew of the original John Gilbert, buried in the Alfred Bowling Cemetery off KY 66 just south of Big Creek. Polly Hutson (Hudson) (1797-1876) is buried here as well. She was the mother of at least two of John's children but she never married John. John was the son of Felix Gilbert, a half-brother to the original John, and one of a party who came to the wilderness to settle near John and brought with them old John's young wife-to-be, Mollie. Two others in that party were Polly's parents, William and Mary Hudson, who are buried upstream a few miles in the Langdon Cemetery.

Over across the mountain and the locally famous "flat-woods" is the grave site of Andrew Burns (1790-1856), one of the earliest settlers on Bullsken Creek, a tributary of the South Fork east of Oneida. Burns, the subject of author Gary Burns' "Pipes of a Distant Clansman," was another of Clay County's Revolutionary War veterans. This cemetery is four or five miles up Bullsken Creek from Oneida, on a steep hillside across from a lumber mill.

Near the head of Beech Creek, a tributary of Goose Creek in the center of the county, is the large Beech Creek Cemetery, final resting place of John Jones, a son of William Jones, who came to the county with his parents and a party that included John Hibbard in about 1798 or so. John's exact grave site is not known, but it is known that he is buried here, as are many of his descendants, including Kentucky's best known governor, Bert T. Combs, for whom Manchester's adjacent recreational park and lake are named.

Still other pioneer settlers, all born before 1800, include Elijah McWhorter (1790-1866) and his wife, Polly Pigg McWhorter (1796-1872), buried at the Ben Hacker Cemetery off Russell House Road at Benge off KY 472. The Brown Mission Cemetery, on KY 11 at the mouth of Collins Fork of Laurel Creek, is the burial site of William Robinson, Sr. (1778-1874) and Murrell Barrett (1795-1844). Also on KY 11, but south of Manchester near Garrard, is the Engine Cemetery, which contains the grave of Reubin Woods (1790-1859), a veteran of the War of 1812.

One of the oldest cemeteries, known these days as the Swafford Cemetery, is on Horse Creek near the mouth of Curry Branch. Many years ago it was known as the Old House Cemetery because of the original House family who owned the land in that area, including House Branch. Their tombstones are said to have sunk below the surface in most cases but were remembered by old timers in the area. They include Charles House (1760-1821) and his wife Anny Amis House (1760-1820), and their son, William (1790-1870) and his wife Dorothy Walden House. Charles and

Anny are the author of this article's great great great grandparents.

To wrap up this survey we will direct the interest of the reader to the Macedonia Cemetery, a large graveyard that includes the grave of Juda McDaniel (1792-1880); the Patsy Allen Cemetery off KY 11 north of Oneida, that includes the grave of Adoniram Allen (b. 1799), a descendant of old Capt. Teges Allen; and to Jabel Smith (born before 1774) and his wife Rhoda (b. 1799), buried on an extremely steep hillside at the mouth of Carpenter Branch off Martins Creek near Goose Rock.



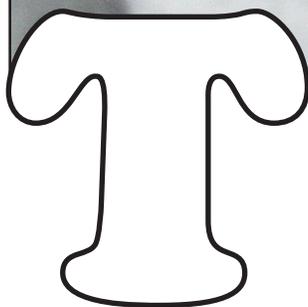
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Ophia and Jimmy Napier

The many Stories of the Napier - Bowling Cemetery

by Linda Sibley



his cemetery is easy to find on Hwy. 142. The best way to travel is from Oneida, go east on Hwy. 142 (Bullskin Road) to the cemetery which is on the left side of the road before you reach Panco.

In the 1920s the land where the cemetery is located was bought by Hamblin and Mary Jane Napier. They bought it from the Barger family, descendants of Samuel and Chaney Hacker, who settled the land in the 1800s. The Samuel and Chaney Hacker Cemetery was already located on the property; however, when Hamblin Pap died the family decided to make a Napier Family Cemetery on the hill in the next pasture.

Hamblin and Mary Jane are my great grandparents. I have heard my mother, Malvery Roberts Begley, many times say that my sister Cynthia is like Grandmother Mary Jane. Why is this? I have so many questions. I will tell you some of what I do know.

Hamblin and Mary are listed in the 1900 Leslie County, Kentucky Census living at Big Creek. Hamblin is age 37 and Mary age 37. The children listed are William age 15, Druscilla age 11, Ellen age 18, Opha age 4, and James age 1.

Hamblin and Mary are listed in the 1910 Leslie County, Kentucky Census living at Big Creek. Hamblin is age 49 and Mary age 48. The children listed are Druscilla age 21, Ellen age 18, Opha age 14, James age 12, Mattie age 10 and

Martha (Avis) age 7.

Hamblin and Mary are listed in the 1920 Leslie County, Kentucky Census living at Big Creek. Hamblin is age 58 and Mary age 57. The children listed are James age 20 and (Martha) Avis age 17.

Hamblin and Mary are listed in the 1930 Clay County, Kentucky Census living in the Bullskin Precinct, which is the property where the cemetery is located. Hamblin was age 69 and listed as a farmer. Mary was age 67. In the household is their son, Jimmie, age 30 and his wife, Rachel, age 25. The children of Jimmie and Rachel are listed as: Mollie age 7, Willie age 4, Hamlin age 3 and Ellar age 1.

My mother and other family members have always said that Hamblin Pap was a kind gentle man and much loved by his family. Mary Jane or Mother, as she was called by her children and grandchildren, was a hard worker. She really was more of a farmer than Hamblin Pap.

I like this interview that my mother did with George Washington Revis at Red Bird on December 7, 1985: Some of my kinfolks went to see Mary and Hamblin Napier one morning. Hamblin was still in bed. Mary took a fruit jar of water and poured over him. She was about to whip him. She said, "I will teach you to lay out all night on Peters Branch." Hamblin jumped out of bed in just his shirt and went running toward the barn. The sun was shining on his naked behind just as plain as the moon coming up over Red Bird Mountain! I suspect that he had been out drinking all night on Peter's Branch.

As I mentioned, Hamblin Napier was the first person



Mary Jane and Hamblin Napier with Avis Napier

buried on the cemetery. Hamblin Napier was born October 30, 1859 and died October 11, 1933. He was the son of George Napier and Elizabeth Feltner. He married Mary Jane Sizemore on October 3, 1883 in Clay County, Kentucky. Mary Jane was the daughter of John Assessor Sizemore and Minerva Jane Treadway. Mary Jane Napier was born August 25, 1862 and died August 23, 1940. She is buried beside her husband.

Willie Napier, son of Hamblin and Mary Jane, was born August 6, 1884 and died January 14, 1960. The double tombstone list his wife, Bessie M. born January 1, 1910; however, she is not buried there.

Charles Roberts was born January 28, 1897 and died November 14, 1970. Charles was the son of Henry Boyd Roberts and Malvery Sizemore. His wife, Avis Roberts, is

buried beside him. Avis was the daughter of Hamblin and Mary Jane Napier. She was born January 11, 1903 and died July 4, 1970. I have written many stories about my grandparents, Charles and Avis Roberts.

Another daughter of Hamblin and Mary Napier was Ophia. Ophia Bowling was born April 24, 1896 and died March 23, 1976. Her husband, Pallis Bowling, is buried beside her. Pallis was born December 20, 1887 and died May 3, 1973. Pallis was the son of Howell Bowling and Della Davidson.

Pallis and Ophia are listed in the 1920 Clay County, Kentucky Census (Bullskin, household #21). Pallis is age 27 and Ophia age 23.

Pallis and Ophia are listed in the 1930 Clay County, Kentucky Census living in the Bullskin Precinct. They

Glenn was killed for hanging tobacco in an old schoolhouse

were living on the family property. Palace is age 39 and listed as a farmer. Ophia is age 29. The children listed are: McKinley age 7, Mary age 4, and Hamlin age 0.

Pallis Bowling worked in the coal mines until he went blind. Ophia worked hard all her life farming. She liked gardening and her cellar was always full of canned vegetables. She also had beautiful flowers. Mother enjoyed visiting her aunt and she remembers the times they would get wood to cane chairs.

William McKinley Bowling, son of Pallis and Ophia was born February 6, 1923 and died February 15, 1977. McKinley served during World War II. He served in Burma. While in Burma he got Malaria. When he came home from the War Mother said his skin was as yellow as gold.

Mary Campbell was the daughter of Pallis and Ophia Bowling. She was born October 20, 1927 and died November 24, 1967. Her husband Glynn H. Campbell was born January 2, 1919 and died September 4, 1954.

Irene Peters Bowling, a sister-in-law, remembers Glynn. She said he was a very handsome man with blonde hair. He served during World War II. Glynn married Mary and they lived on Buffalo. Glynn was hanging tobacco in an old schoolhouse. A neighbor was very angry as he had wanted to use the schoolhouse to hang his tobacco. He came in on Glynn while he was hanging tobacco in the rafters. He shot and killed Glynn. Glynn's young son, Rodger, was there. He was only about five years old.

Pallis, Ophia and McKinley helped Mary finish hanging the tobacco, stripping, and selling it. Mary then moved back to Bullskin, so she could be close to her parents. She had four small children to raise.

The Manchester Enterprise, September 9, 1954: Clay Native Killed Saturday Over in Owsley: A former Clay County man was shot and killed last Saturday morning, September 4th at Buffalo Creek, Owsley County, south of Oneida. Glenn Campbell, 35, was killed instantly by a charge from a shotgun which blew off one side of his head, following an argument over the storing of his tobacco in an abandoned Owsley county school house.

John Henry Bowman, 40, was also wounded in the neck and head during the argument, but Manchester physicians said his condition was not serious when brought here for treatment.

Willie Press McIntosh, about 50, is being sought by Owsley officials in connection with the shooting, but had not been found early this week. It is alleged that he shot and killed Campbell and wounded Bowman following his protesting the use of the abandoned school house which Campbell is said to have rented from the Owsley County Board of Education.

The Manchester Enterprise, September 9, 1954, Campbell Rites Held Monday at Mistletoe: Funeral services for Glenn Hacker Campbell, 35, were conducted Monday afternoon, September 6th at his home in Mistletoe in Owsley County.

He was shot and killed last Saturday morning after an argument with a neighbor.

Mr. Campbell was a native of Owsley County, a son of the late John E. and Sophia Hacker Campbell. He served in the U.S. Army during World War II, from 1942 to 1945. He was married in 1946 at Beattyville to the former Miss Mary Bowling who survives.

The deceased leaves four small children: Sophia Jean, 3; Ophia Jo, 2; Marjorie Elaine, 6 month; and Glen Rodger, 5.

Jimmie Napier, the only son of Hamblin and Mary, was born March 24, 1899 and died September 18, 1966. His wife, Rachel Napier, was born September 2, 1904 and died August 13, 1982. She was the daughter of Howell Carmack and Druscilla Clarkston.

I have many fond memories of my great uncle Jimmy and great aunt Rachel. They were a wonderful part of my childhood. Our family visited them a lot. I loved Aunt Rachel. She was a wonderful warm loving person.

Written by Malvery Roberts Begley, March 6, 1995:

Uncle Jimmy (James) Napier was a much loved little boy. He had five sisters to spoil him. He usually got his way, from what my mother told me. Mother said that boys in those days wore a long shirt and usually no pants, at home until they were four or five years old.

Jimmy married Rachael Carmack and raised several children. He lived on Bullskin for several years. He was living at Wildcat near Oneida in the thirties. We were living on Beech Creek, Clay County, Kentucky and one Sunday Dad put us all in a wagon with a team of mules pulling it and we went to visit Uncle Jimmy's family. We stayed all day.

After his mother, Mary Jane, passed away Jimmy and his family moved to Clermont County, Ohio. He worked at the Seagram's Distillery for several years and farmed. We were living near Uncle Jimmy at this time. He never liked to sleep late. He would be at our house early every Saturday and Sunday morning, wanting Bert to go somewhere with him. He loved children and would always beg me to give him Brenda. He raised one of his grandchildren from a baby. After retiring, he moved back to Manchester, Kentucky living there until his death.

In his younger days Jimmy had been a deputy sheriff for a time. He always enjoyed being with the police and they allowed him to ride with them often. He was on one of these rides in the back of a police cruiser when he died suddenly.

Ella Gambrell was the daughter of Jimmy and Rachel Napier. Ella was born February 3, 1929 and died February 27, 1999.

William (Willie) Napier, son of Jimmy and Rachel, was born February 28, 1925 and died February 19, 2001.

Colonel Napier, son of Jimmy and Rachel, was born

In his younger days Jimmy had been a deputy sheriff for a time

February 14, 1933 and died May 6, 2007.

Opha Napier, daughter of Jimmie and Rachel, was born May 9, 1932 and died July 11, 1933.

Baby Napier, daughter of Jimmie and Rachel, was born May 11, 1940 and died May 11, 1940.

Kenneth Napier, son of Jimmie and Rachel, was born October 18, 1939 and died June 27, 1990. His wife's name, Margaret J. born March 14, 1945, is also on the tombstone but she is not buried there.

Charles E. Napier, son of Kenneth, was born June 21, 1960 and died June 27, 1990.

Abraham Rice was born March 20, 1870 and died November 25, 1940. Abe always worked for Hamblin Pap and Mother Mary. After they died he worked for Pallis and Ophia Bowling.

After Hamblin Pap and Mother Mary died, Ophia started letting the Couch family bury on the cemetery. The Couch family lived in the area.

Henry Couch was born March 19, 1888 and died April 21, 1958.

Elijah Couch was born May 4, 1868 and died July 26, 1951. His wife, Annie Couch, is buried beside him. Annie was born 1861 and died January 4, 1941. Ann Collins was born July 13, 1861 in Clay County.

Elijah and Ann are listed in the 1910 Clay County, Kentucky Census living in Big Creek. Elijah was listed as Lige and was age 37. Ann was age 47. The children listed are Lillie age 15, Sarah age 12, Merida age 11, Carlo age 6 and James Davidson, stepson, age 21. Ann was first married to Levi Davidson. Levi was a son to Robert Davidson and Nancy Hacker.

Elijah and Ann are listed in the 1920 Clay County, Kentucky Census living at Bullsken. Elijah is age 49 and Anne age 52. The only child left in the home is Carlo age 15.

Elijah and Ann are listed in the 1930 Clay County, Kentucky Census still living at Bullsken. Elijah is listed as Lige and is 61 years old. Ann is age 70. In the household is May age 20, Clay age 18, and Leslie age 12. Clay and Leslie are listed as grandsons.

Carlow Couch was born July 1, 1904 and died May 21, 1974. Carlow was the son of Elijah and Ann Couch. He was a Staff Sgt. in the U.S. Army.

Elbert Couch was born September 13, 1914 and died July 15, 1989.

Eugene Couch was born September 15, 1934 and died February 24, 1994. Eugene was born in Clay County and died in Booneville. He was the son of Elbea C. Couch and Myrtle Rice. Elbea was the son of Henry Couch and grandson of Elijah and Ann Couch.

Emily Couch born 1938 died 1938.

Samuel Couch born September 18, 1940 and died December 1, 1990.

Berta Bradley, daughter of Joe Couch, born September

25, 1932 and died December 27, 1980.

Bert Lee Bradley born March 3, 1984 (baby)

Kim Mitchell born 1883 (baby)

Marrietta Estep born June 22, 1952 and died September 15, 1995.

Christie Couch, daughter of Joe and Hester Couch, born September 23, 1917 and died July 12, 1999.

Mollie Couch born December 4, 1928 and died January 14, 2008.

Elhaner Pennington born April 6, 1907

Joe Couch was born March 13, 1892 and died November 11, 1952. He was called Joe Hooker Couch. Joe was the son of Henry Couch and Katie Estep. His wife Hester Couch is buried beside him. She was born March 27, 1899 and died May 1, 1984.

Joe and family are listed in the 1930 Clay County, Kentucky Census, Precinct #6. Joe is age 36, Hester age 28, Christia age 11, Robert age 9, Pearl age 7, Mattie age 4, and Ethel age 2/12. Katy Couch age 73 is also in the household. She is Joe's mother.

Alma Hoskins, sister of Walter Hoskins, born June 15, 1927 and died July 27, 1988.

Junior Ray Couch, son of Joe and Hester Couch, born October 12, 1937 and died January 10, 1998. Real name Joe Ray Couch.

Robert Couch, brother to Pearl Couch, born February 12, 1919 and died February 8, 1992.

Pearl Couch was born March 15, 1921 Manchester, Clay County, Kentucky and died November 11, 1981 in Seymour, Jackson County, Indiana. Beside him is buried his wife Sally Couch, daughter of Martha Lykins, born March 26, 1926 and died February 19, 1995.

Juanita Pelston, daughter of Pearl and Sally Couch, was born March 28, 1925 and died 1987.

Ethel Hoskins, daughter of Joe and Hester Couch, was born February 20, 1930 and died January 26, 1992. Her husband Walter Hoskins is buried beside her. Walter was born March 27, 1915 and died March 28, 1986. Walter's mother was a Rice and kin to Abe Rice.

Edna Couch was born June 3, 1921 and died May 5, 2000.

Sim Couch was born 1956 and died 2001. Birth certificate record states he was born November 29, 1856 to Edith Collins. The death record shows dates as November 28, 1956 and died April 13, 2001. He married Lydia J. Flinchum on October 12, 1982 in Fayette County, Kentucky. August 12, 1995 he married Betty A. McKinney in Jessamine County, Kentucky.

May 25, 2011 Malvery Roberts Begley, Linda Sibley, and Mac Sibley took flowers to place on the graves of our family members. We recorded the people buried in the cemetery.



O' The Tucks

Little Beech Creek Chronicles; Part 7

Taking the "overground railroad" from Clay and Jackson counties to the promised land

By L J Smothers

Some folks say that the Southern third of Ohio should secede to Kentucky. This was emphasized on a recent TV Program named "How the states got their shape." After World War I, about half a million sons of Appalachia came home a little more informed about the land outside the hollers, hills and general stores of rural towns. This was especially true in Clay County, Kentucky, and in like-minded counties in the Cumberland and Smoky Mountains of West Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee. These sons were called out of their farms and hollows, given new brown military suits, boots, guns and money. None of which about 90 percent had ever had before, especially greenbacks. The manner of living before that was called bartering, existing on what you grew or raised. Paper money, gold or silver coins was far and few between. Mountain folk grew what crops they needed to eat, skinned what they needed to wear and took from the earth what they needed to survive (i.e. salt, water and herbs). Their settlements were always on or very close to a source of water.

Yes sir, "How ya gonna keep 'em down on the farm after they've seen Paree". Soldiers returning home came back educated, not only about politics and money but also the wages of sin. There wasn't a lot of money or opportunity in Clay and its neighboring counties, but there was US route 25. It was a two-lane ribbon of asphalt and concrete running from coastal Georgia to Cincinnati, Ohio, and it ran conveniently close to Clay County through nearby downtown London. Looking for "real" money or a better quality of life southern Kentuckians literally jumped on this highway. When I say 'jumped' I mean jumped . . . on anything that would travel north. The road became the new "overground railroad," pilgrims escaping from the chains of low or no wages to financial freedom. The migration from Clay County, Kentucky to southwestern Ohio had begun; the O'Tucks had parted the Ohio Valley and needed no Moses.

US 25 was probably the most traveled highway in the south at that time, sporting caravans that stretched in some cases for a 100 miles. Most found that the big life of

Cincinnati was a little too much for these Kaintucks but they found Butler County (just north of Cincinnati) to their liking, and the city of Hamilton in particular was like "the third bowl of porridge." The O'Tucks had indeed found the Promised Land. Northern Cincinnati, Fairfield and Hamilton were a good spot for these job seekers. The Ford Motor Company was opening a new plant for their truck line and General Motors was opening a new plant with their new partner, the Fischer Body Company. Hamilton not only had industry but they had "recognized" industry. Herring-Hall-Marvin safe Co., Hamilton Safe Co. and Mosler Safe Co. were considered the best safe making companies in the world. There was the Victor Truck Company hauling large loads of demolition, whose pre-war drivers included a young boy they called "Slim" (Karl Smothers) who would soon be called up to war in the 101st Airborne. Hamilton was also the home of one of the largest employers in Ohio, Schuler-Benning-Hoffman Textiles Co.

Fort Hamilton and Mercy Hospital were huge complexes collectively with over 1,000 employees and an equally large payroll. Hamilton had just about everything you needed for a large industrial city. Clay County had the workers to go there. And go they did.

My friends, society members M C Edwards and Maggie Bowling, clued me in on a few things about this phenomenon: US 25 became like the Las Vegas Strip with roadhouses, motor courts, diners, juke joints and a few cottages with small barber poles in front. Between 1918 and 1940, the traffic on the road was a constant flow of trucks, cars and even wagons with pilgrims.

Our Friends of the Butler County Historical Society in Hamilton, Ohio gave us a great deal of information about the O'Tucks and the work stations they went to. They also supplied us with a story that had out-going workers, heading home for the weekend, leaving their shoes on the Ohio River Spence Bridge in the Queen City for the second shift to wear and then repeated the swap next shift change. Life was pretty good for these O'Tucks, so good some were not going back home as much and actually started planting buckeyes in their new roots.

For some raised in the hollows of Clay County, cities had some definite drawbacks. Take my Grandfather Joe Marcum; as soon as he had rolled into Cincinnati in 1918 he caught the flu, but this wasn't like any flu, it was the Spanish Flu, and over a million folks would die from it in the United States. My grandfather survived after a long illness but lost his hearing as a result. Joe and his bride Mattie Samples patched and packed up an old model A Ford and took off like a Steinbeck "Okie." Joe took every soul from Little Beech Creek that could fit in or on the old car. This included stuffing rumble seats and tying yourself to the roof or running boards. It was the depression but Joe was from a long line of Kentucky horse and mule traders and knew his way around back rooms and stables. They called Joe the "Junk man" and he just quietly laughed all the way to his stuffed mattress.

Before long the global war clouds developed into a global war and the U.S. was in the thick of WWII. All those factories I mentioned before in Hamilton were now being refitted for war munitions. Clay county residents poured into Hamilton to scoop up the government provided paychecks.

Ford, GM & Fischer were refitted to make tanks, trucks and airplane engines. Safe companies refitted to make cannons and caissons. Schuler-Benning-Hoffman Textiles was making everything from uniforms to blankets to vehicle coverings. My Mom, Eris Samples Marcum, and her brother "Buddy" (James), worked at the Estate Stove Company. Eris made land mines and Buddy made tank and warship turrets. Another large employer in Hamilton was the Hooven-Owens-Rentschler (H.O.R. Engine Company). Joe Marcum supplied this company with tons of scrap metal so they could make diesel engines for electric boats (submarines). My great uncle Frank Samples worked on the production line making valve covers. Some of the early H.O.R. diesels were constructed so poorly the submariners nicknamed them 'whores' engines. Towards the end of the war H.O.R., General Motors & the Niles Tool Co. teamed up to build the much improved V-16 electric motors for the Gato class submarines. The Submarine "Cobia" (Gato class) is one of the only U.S. WWII submarines afloat today. It is on exhibit at the Wisconsin Maritime Museum outside Green Bay, Wisconsin. And yes, it has the improved GM/H.O.R./Niles twin V-16 diesel engines.

The O'Tucks would work the factories during the week



Joe Marcum, Bud, Ron and Mary, 1943. Bud survived the Spanish Flu in 1918.

then drive back to Clay on the weekends or their scheduled shift ends. U S 25 was bumper to bumper on Friday nights and Sunday afternoons. There were quite a number of Baptist babies born in our Lady of Mercy Catholic Hospital in Hamilton during those years. Mercy gave free natal care and nursery facilities to factory workers and they took advantage of it even if it upset those home folks who thought the babies might turn into Pope-lovers if born there. Consequently, a lot of workers did convert after the war. There's even a story about a young (closet Catholic) factory mother who delivered her baby on Little Beech Creek during the late war years and scooted her child up to Mercy so the child would have a Catholic birth and christening record . . . just sayin'.

Hamilton became so popular it was listed as off-limits by the government to soldiers. Seems like a few "camp-followers" set up "camp" off High and Front Street. My mother was living with her parents on Front Street while working at her factory job. Downstairs was the Junk/Furniture store and the second story was living quarters for the Marcums. It seems that one night an ambitious male got the wrong address of a ('ahem') barber shop. He came up the back stairs and promptly tried to crawl in bed with my Mom. She screamed, Grandpa came a runnin' with a shot-



Joe, Eris and Mattie, 1925

gun and the young man learned that man could fly, at least off a second story.

Sad news didn't always come from the war fronts; in the summer of 1943 Joe and Mattie's 11-year-old son, Ronald Joe, was working as a helper with Joe's furniture business. The boy and some employees were delivering a refrigerator to a customer and in a freak accident Joe's son was crushed under the wheels of the truck. "A part of you goes when you lose a son. The pain never ends, but it does ease," Mattie said some years later when I asked her about their loss.

After the war ended, some folks just stayed in the Hamilton area and visited Clay County on special occasions and funerals. Hamilton would win special awards like "Home-town USA" and the "top ten of places to live in America." Some would move to Indiana and some to Florida; Clay County would just be a place people would talk about during reunions. Some would come back, but not many.

Houses and farms on Little Beech Creek returned to the earth from whence they came. Cemeteries disappeared and then were found again, some were not. For the DeZarn, Samples and Marcum clan of Beech Creek the new generation for the most part was gone. The patriarchs of these families are gone. Cornerstones of their houses and headstones of their graves are disappearing. During the last four years I have rediscovered some of these important landmarks in my excursions with Harold Goins and society president, Charles House. This Spring I tried to find my old Samples House on Little Beech Creek. I wanted to see the old porch, the organ in the parlor, smell the biscuits from that old iron stove and take a cool drink from the well—the place I had played as a child and then moved on. I searched for all the landmarks, but they were gone. After tramping through a hillside I found something, all that was left was the large chimney and an indentation where a well had been. I thought I heard some voices on the hill.



Stanley Dezarn was the founder of the O'Tucks

The Cincinnati Enquirer
Jan. 22, 2004

HAMILTON - Stanley B. Dezarn was a transplanted Kentuckian who honored his heritage. An educator, historian and founder of the O'Tucks - an organization devoted to keeping Appalachian heritage alive in Butler County - he died Saturday of complications of pneumonia at Westover Retirement Center here. He was 81.

Mr. Dezarn retired in 1980 from Fairfield North Elementary, capping 28 years as the principal there and in Lebanon. He also operated Stanley Dezarn Bluegrass Tours.

Born in a log cabin on Crane Creek in Clay County in 1922, Mr. Dezarn delivered mail on a mule while in the seventh grade to help support his large family. Mr. Dezarn went on to earn a bachelor's degree from Union College in Barbourville, Ky., and, later, a master's degree from Xavier University.

He began his career teaching all eight grades in a one-room school in Clay County in 1946. Around that time, he met Icea Cornett - a fellow teacher - and married her in 1947 in Corbin, Ky. After they moved to Hamilton in 1955, Mr. Dezarn was dismayed by stereotypes of Kentuckians. That's why he founded the O'Tucks - short for Ohioans from Kentucky. Today, the Butler County institution promotes a proud heritage and endows a Miami University scholarship.

A lifelong history buff, Mr. Dezarn organized bus tours into Kentucky. Over the years, he conducted audio and video interviews of many Kentucky natives.

"He would sit down in a restaurant or a rest area and strike up a conversation with somebody," said his son-in-law, Dan Acton of Hamilton.

Berea College maintains his collection today. It also purchased the cabin Mr. Dezarn was born in and had it moved to the campus, where it houses a museum.

Mr. Dezarn's wife died in 1985.

Survivors include: two daughters, Tanya Acton and Deanna Barker, both of Hamilton; a brother, Raleigh Dezarn; three sisters, Delphia Lindsay, Annabell Cupp and Jessie Koch; three grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

Searching for Little Big Horn survivor

Continued from page 15

it was on Big Double Creek Fork of Red Bird River and suggested we go check it out. Before we had a chance to go to Big Double Creek, Maggie called and told me that some of the other society members had told her (she wasn't sure of the date when) that someone from the Daniel Boone National Forest had contacted the Historical Society looking for information on a grave that had been found on Red Bird. Maggie said it was Samuel Foster's Grave.

A few days later I visited the Ranger Station at Peabody. When I told the lady at the reception desk what I was looking for, she said I should talk to Kim Tarter. She said Kim could help me but he'd stepped out for a few minutes. She said I could wait if I wanted to. I settled into a chair expecting a long wait when a young man came through the door. She introduced me to Kim and told him what I was looking for.

Turns out Kim had also been looking for information about Samuel Foster. He said he did volunteer work with the Cultural Resources Department of the National Forest. He told me that a sight survey had been done several years ago of Foster's grave and in 2005 a hotshot team had removed some trees that could have damaged the grave if they'd fallen. I told Kim I would like to visit the site and told him about my research project and he provided me with a copy of the Archaeological Sight Survey, a copy of a page from his Field Note Book where he had more precisely located the grave and a map. He also told me there were bears in the area and to take at least one person I could out run with me. For that advice I gave him my folder containing my research on Samuel Foster and told him he could copy anything he wished.

Our little team of History Detectives met the following Saturday to try and locate the grave. It was made up of four people: James Davidson, James Arnett, Danny Finley and Me. We traveled as far as possible driving up Arnett's Fork of Big Double Creek, then set out on foot. We walked about a mile then left the path that was becoming steeper and steeper. We headed up the side of the mountain in the direction my GPS showed the grave to be. After reaching the site my GPS indicated the grave should be and comparing that to the map Kim had given me, I knew we were not where we should be. I had entered the coordinates of the grave into my GPS incorrectly. I knew from the map we were close, but in these woods you could be off only a few yards and still miss the grave. In order to cover more ground, we decided to separate.

James Davidson and James Arnett went a little to the left while Danny Finley and I went straight ahead. When we were in sight of the ridge line, Danny and I also separated—Danny turning to the left along the ridge and me to the right. I had traveled about three hundred yards when a violent thunder storm came up. For some time now my GPS had been getting spotty signals because of the thick forest canopy. Now, with the storm, it was not receiving

any signal at all. With my GPS not recording an accurate return track and the rain now falling so hard I could hardly see more than one hundred feet, I decided to turn around and link up with the other members of the group. I was uneasy being on one of the highest ridges in the area in such a storm. The lightning was intense and the thunder was a deafening series of cracks and booms.

Moving back along my path to where Danny and I separated and then traveling along the ridge in the direction Danny had taken, I walked about a half mile. Not seeing anyone and no sign of the storm letting up, I decided to move down off the ridge away from the high oaks that were perfect lightning rods and find a better place to wait out the storm.

I headed down the mountain in the direction that James Davidson and James Arnett had came up. After finding the best clearing I could, I sat down in the rain to either wait out the storm or link up with the rest of the party that I thought would return in the same direction they had gone up.

After waiting in the rain for about forty five minutes and no sign of the storm letting up, I gave up. Looking back, I now think that we were not supposed to find Foster's grave that day.

I headed back down the mountain in the direction of the truck. I reached the truck a little ahead of the others. After a short wait, the other three came walking down the creek. Like me, they were completely soaked and, in James Arnett's case, covered with mud. Arnett had taken a couple of falls resulting in long slides down the mountain. When we described landmarks we had seen and the time we were there, I think we had gotten within a couple of hundred feet of each other several times but because of the thunder and torrential rains, neither group had seen or heard the other. I plotted our position on a topographical map later that day and estimated that we'd missed the grave by several hundred yards.

The following week I sent Kim an email telling him of our adventure. He promptly replied offering to guide us the following Saturday and that brings us back to the beginning of the search for Samuel Foster's grave.

With Kim now as our guide, we left the parking lot at the Ranger station by automobile and traveled about two and one half miles up Little double Creek on a Forest Service Road. Then we left the vehicle and traveled by foot on up the creek toward the gap that connects Little Double Creek with Arnett's Fork of Big Double Creek. The gap also connects Lost Fork of Elk Creek and Carpenter Branch of Martins Creek. The path up the creek was quite steep in some places. The trail gains more than three hundred feet in elevation per one half mile. Even so, this would have been a well-traveled foot and bridle path in the eighteen and early nineteen hundreds.

After a long hike and many stops for rest, we reached the saddle or gap in the ridge. To our right was a steep incline leading up to a point jetting out from the peak of the ridge. Samuel Foster is buried on this point. We were at about fifteen hundred feet elevation in the gap. We still had about five hundred feet and one hundred and thirty feet in

elevation to go the steepest being near the top.

Danny had apparently gotten his second wind at this point because he moved out ahead of the rest of us and was the first to reach the grave. I was relieved when I heard him yell back down the mountain “it is here!” This gave me needed energy and I made the summit shortly after Danny. What I saw was simply incredible. Here in one of the most remote areas of the county was the grave of a true American Hero. Me being a western history buff, and especially the Indian Wars, it gave me goose bumps to think this man buried here what amazing stories he could have told. He had lived only a short life, dying at age thirty four—leaving a young wife and two very young children. Foster had spent seven of those years in the Army and had participated in some of the cruelest warfare Americans have ever experienced.

As I sat beside his grave and studied the terrain, it was apparent that only he would have chosen such a place for his final rest. I don’t think he intended any other person share his mountain either. The point on which his grave is located is very narrow, dropping off sharply in three directions after only a few feet on either side—not much room for a family cemetery.

If Samuel Foster did choose this place alone to be buried, his family and friends carried out his wish with great care. Along the outline of his grave are cut rectangular sand stones and at the head is a white granite military marker. Just to carry his body up here to be buried—even by horse back or mule sled—would be quite a task. To cut these stones and move them up the mountain to encircle his grave was an even greater one.

We spent about an hour at Foster’s grave discussing his short life and his burial place. Then it was time to head back down the mountain. Unlike the previous Saturday, things had gone without any problems at all. After reaching the truck, James Davidson inquired of Kim if there were any more cemeteries located nearby. Kim told him there was one down the creek about a mile. James wanted to record it that day because it was on a “closed to vehicles” road. We stopped and walked about two hundred yards to the cemetery. While James was writing down the names on the tombstones, a nest of yellow jackets was disturbed. We had to cut the stay short after one stung Danny on the eye. This is just another example of the problems with searching these old abandoned cemeteries where our ancestors are buried.

Not many records exist of Samuel Foster’s early life. He does not appear on the 1870 Clay County Census although he enlisted in the Army at Manchester in 1872. Foster’s enlistment records shows him to be 22 years old but it does not list a next of kin. He does, however, give Louisa Foster, Manchester, Kentucky, as his mother when he was temporarily admitted to the N.W. Home for Dis-

abled Soldiers. He does not appear on any Federal Census in Clay County until 1880. On the 1880 Census, he is a farmer married to Martha (Arnett) Foster and lives in Redbird at Asher Ky. Research into the genealogy of Louisa Foster and her descendants by James Davidson, appears in this edition of the CCAN (see page 15).

Samuel Foster’s life as an Indian fighter begins when, in March of 1873, Custer and his two companies were ordered to leave Elizabethtown and proceed to Memphis, Tennessee to reunite and take command of the rest of his regiment. The regiment had been organized into different battalions and each stationed in southern states doing reconstruction work. They were then to proceed to Ft. Abraham Lincoln, Dakota Territory. From Ft. Lincoln, Custer was to accompany an expedition to the Yellowstone River.

Reaching Ft. Rice, 25 miles south of Fort Abraham Lincoln, which was still under construction, on the Missouri River, 10 companies of the 7th Regiment including Foster’s company A, was sent on the Yellowstone Expedition to protect the Northern Pacific Railroad Surveyors.

This was a very large expedition and would have been Samuel Foster’s first experience involving a large military exercise. The expedition was commanded by Colonel David S Stanley and contained elements of both Cavalry and Infantry with a total effective force of 79 officers and 1,451 men plus three Rodman breach-

loading cannon. There were 353 Civilian Rail Road Surveyors and 27 Indian Scouts along also. To transport supplies, there were 275 wagons and ambulances to haul more than 500 tons of supplies. All of this was ridden or pulled by 3,000 horses and mules. There were 700 head of beef cattle driven along to be slaughtered as needed for food.

The expedition left Ft. Rice on June 20th, 1873. For more than two weeks it rained, turning the prairie into what Col. Stanley described as a swamp. Although this expedition was described later by some of the officers as one big picnic, none of the enlisted men had a picnic. To the men in the rank that included PVT Foster fell the task of moving the column and Wagon Train through the mud and building roads where there had never been roads—not an easy task and certainly not a picnic.

On August 4th, Foster would experience his first fight with Indians. Custer, with two companies of his cavalry (about 90 men) which included Foster’s troop, were fired on by 6 Indians. The troopers gave chase. This was a decoy which led the Cavalry into a grove of cotton wood trees where 250 to 300 warriors lay in ambush. The soldiers dismounted and fought on foot. This fight lasted several hours in 110-degree temperatures. It ended when Custer remounted the troops and charged the Indians. Custer reported one man wounded. While the fight was taking place, six Indians broke off and moved on the main column where they killed the Regimental Veterinarian, one civilian and a 17th Cavalry Trooper. For the next three days, the Indians continued

“As I sat beside his grave and studied the terrain, it was apparent that only he would have chosen such a place for his final rest”

to watch the column from the high ground. On the 4th day, the trail of a large Indian village was found moving ahead of the column.

Custer with all the Cavalry chased the fleeing village until, on August 10th, it was found that the Indians had crossed the Yellowstone River. All day was spent trying to get the Cavalry across with no success. In the meantime, having gotten the women and children across, the Indian Warriors re-crossed the river three miles away. While the regiment was trying to cross the river, the Indians began firing on the Cavalry from the bluffs to the rear. The 7th Cavalry charged the Indians driving them away.

Colonel Stanley, who had now caught up with the cavalry, ordered that the remaining Indians across the river be shelled with the Rodman Guns. This was the Battle of the Yellowstone and was Foster's first known combat experience. The Indians fighting here were Sitting Bull's followers and many would fight again at the Little Bighorn. There were 11 killed and four wounded in the two engagements. Custer reported 40 Indians killed.

On August 15th, the Expedition turned around at a landmark Lewis and Clark named Pompey's Pillar in 1806. The rest of the march back to Ft. Lincoln was routine for the Cavalry.

The expedition lasted 95 days and traveled approximately 1,000 miles. Returning from the expedition, the regiment was dispersed to several forts in preparation for the coming winter. Foster spent the winter at Ft. Abraham Lincoln. In the spring of 1874, another large expedition was organized. This one would be commanded by General Custer and would constitute most of the cause of what would happen two years later at Little Bighorn.

In the fall of 1873, the banks and investors financing the building of the Northern Pacific Railroad found themselves victims of the worldwide financial panic of 1873. Because of the money shortage, the government was persuaded, under the guise of finding a location for a new fort, to explore the Black Hills of South Dakota and Montana. Although the Treaty of 1868 had given this land to the Indians forever, it had long been suspected that large quantities of gold could be found there.

The Black Hills expedition left Ft. Lincoln July 2nd, 1874. The mile-long column had 10 companies of Cavalry, two Infantry plus Indian Scouts and Guides, two Gatlin Guns and one cannon. The supplies were carried on 110 wagons and a herd of 300 cattle was driven along for food.

Several geologists, plus five newspaper reporters and two prospectors accompanied the Army. Samuel Foster was along on this expedition, which had no encounters with hostile Indians. Foster along with the other enlisted men, would encounter only hard work. After reaching the Black Hills, the geologists and miners set to work looking for gold, while the Officers spent their time hunting antelope, elk and bear. The reporters sent dispatches back East re-

porting large gold deposits. One stated that one man could extract as much as 150 dollars a day.

While on the 60-day adventure, only 26 days were spent in the Black Hills. This time was again described as one big picnic by the officers. PVT Charles Creighton described it a little differently "...we had what you might call a picnic, with nothing to do but cut down trees and build roads..." He goes on to say, "We had a fine trip if you think looking for gold is fun. Try it sometimes for your own enjoyment. Dig a hole four or five feet deep through gravel and sand until you come to what is called bed-rock, then you commence to wash the gravel, after working all day you find no gold. If this doesn't satisfy you, repeat the process the next day and perhaps you will succeed in finding by extra hard work, gold paying from four to five dollars; the next day nothing, and so on. It is fun if you like it."

Almost no Indians were seen in the Black Hills, but the Indians saw the white men. Daily smoke signals were observed by the men as they did there work. The Black Hills Expedition returned to Fort Lincoln August 30th after a trek of nearly 1200 miles. The regiment was again made ready for winter quarters. Samuel Foster spent the winter

of 1874-75 at Ft. Lincoln. By the spring of 1875, only five companies remained at Fort Lincoln. Two were at Fort Rice and the remainder had been transferred back to southern states to do police work again. The year 1875 saw no large encounters with Indians. Foster did, however, see some action that year. The part of the 7th Cavalry still in the Dakota

Territory, which included Samuel Foster, spent 1875 patrolling the Black Hills trying to keep the hordes of prospectors and settlers from being massacred by the Indians. The white invaders were there looking for the wonderful land and gold they'd read about in the newspapers.

On September 2, 2011 James Davidson and I met with Sammy Lipps, at my home. Sammy is the great great grandson of Samuel Foster. Sammy did not know a lot about his great great grandfather and he did not know he was at the Little Bighorn. He did know Samuel had been in the Army though and had fought Indians. Sammy relates a story that had been handed down through family members all these years about Samuel. He told how his great great grandfather had been captured by Indians. He said Samuel had been staked out in preparation to be tortured and burnt. Before his captors could finish their job though, Samuel was rescued. Sammy said this traumatized Samuel so much that he was unable to talk for days. There is no way of knowing at what time this took place but I think during 1875 while he was patrolling the Black Hills is a likely time for it to happen.

By the fall of 1875, the trouble between the white invaders of the Black Hills and Indians had become so serious that the Government attempted to purchase the land from

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the Indians. When no agreement could be reached, it was decided in Washington to remove the Indians from the Hills by force. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs sent word to the respective agencies in the territory to notify all Indians to return to their agency by January 31st, 1876. Those who did not return would be regarded as hostile. Runners were sent out and the Indians notified. Because the winter of 75-76 was severe and the Indians were still hunting buffalo, they promised to return to their respective agencies in the early spring.

However, the government would not wait and on the January 7th, 1876, orders were sent to General Sheridan to commence operations against the hostile Indians. Because the winter was so severe not much happened until May. In May, three large forces were sent out after the Indians—one from Fort Letterman in the Wyoming territory led by General George Crook; another from Fort Ellis in Western Montana led by Colonel John Gibbon; the third from Fort Abraham Lincoln in the Dakota territory led by General Alfred Terry. The three armies were to converge on Sitting Bull's Camp and attack as one army.

LTC Custer's 7th Cavalry left Ft. Lincoln on May 17th with General Terry's column. Terry's column consisted of twelve companies of the 7th Cavalry, two companies of the 17th Infantry and a Gatling Gun Detachment consisting of two guns, from the 20th Infantry. One month later on June 17th, Crook's column came on a large Indian camp led by Crazy Horse. A fight ensued and Crook's column, being outnumbered, was forced to turn back.

These were the same Indians Custer would fight on the 25th. Terry, not yet knowing of Crook's defeat, ordered the 7th Cavalry to leave the main column and go on a reconnaissance along the Rosebud River. He was to cross over into the Little Bighorn Valley near its head. When he located the Indian trail he was to wait on General Terry's orders. Terry offered Custer part of the 2nd Cavalry from Colonel Gibbon's Command and the two Gatling Guns. Custer didn't think they would be needed. The rest of the column would force march to the mouth of the Little Bighorn. Terry's plan was for all units to converge on the 26th and engage the Indian Village. Custer traveled along the Rosebud, then in the early morning of the 25th, he crossed the divide between the Rosebud River and the little Bighorn Valley, where he came on the Indian trail. Fearing his Cavalry had been detected and ignoring warnings that this was a very large camp, (Custer still believed the village contained only a few hundred Indians), he decided not to wait on Terry. Reno's command followed the Indian trail down a dry creek bed to the Little Big Horn River. Near the river, a messenger brought orders from Custer telling Reno to increase his speed and charge the Village. After crossing the river and traveling two miles, down river the Village was spotted. To Reno's surprise the Indians came out to meet the charging cavalry. Facing unexpected odds, Reno stopped the charge and dismounted his troops. Not long into the fight, one of the Indian Scouts standing close to Major Reno was shot in the head spraying Major Reno with blood and brains. At later testimony during an inquiry,

men stated that this so rattled the Major that he lost all ability to command. First ordering the men to remount, followed by a command to dismount. This he did two times before the soldiers started scrambling back up the river on their own. Reno himself would later describe the charge. "As we cut our way through them, the fighting was hand to hand and it was instant death to him who fell from the saddle," he wrote. "Our horses were on a dead run with, in many instances, two or three men on one animal." From other accounts of the charge out of the valley, Major Reno was not the only one rattled by what was happening around them. Nearly every other account written about the escape described it as more of a panic-driven riot than an organized attack. Little wonder when you read how men later described what they saw.

Foster left no written account as far as I know but he would have witnessed much the same thing as those who later wrote accounts of what they saw. They witnessed wounded men being scalped and mutilated while still alive. Their stomachs cut open and their entrails pulled out while they helplessly pleaded with their tormentors for mercy. Men so stricken with terror that they allowed their horses to slow down while young boys came up and taunted them with sticks before a brave would ride up and smash his head open with a war club. PVT William O. Taylor, of Foster's company, who no doubt would have known Foster, was so afraid of being wounded or dismounted that he would not empty his pistol even when an Indian came very near him. Taylor wrote later "One's fate in such a case was easy to imagine so I reserved one of the six bullets in my revolver for myself." PVT White, of Gibbon's command, who had spent some time in the valley where Foster and the others had fought on the 25th described the bodies of Reno's dead. Smith wrote, "All the bodies had been horribly gashed. Entrails protruded. Head, feet, arms, legs and hands chopped off."

When Captain Benteen arrived on the bluff where Reno's men had escaped to, he found men (including Major Reno) still disorientated and panic stricken. Some troops firing their weapons in all directions. Some so exhausted they just lay on the ground, others just sat weeping. Even Samuel Foster's own company commander, Captain Myles Moylan, as Benteen described him "blubbering like a whipped urchin, tears coursing down his face." Men hid behind anything they could find that would hide their bodies from the Indians. .

With Benteen's fresh troops came some sense of organization and men begin making barricades. The troops shot horses and piled up boxes from the pack animals. About 9 o'clock the Indians ceased the attack on Reno's troops. Just below them in the village, Indians whooped and hollered all night long. When General Terry entered the abandoned village two days later, the bodies of several men from Reno's and Custer's command were found. The bodies were mutilated and burned—no doubt captured and dragged here while still alive.

About daylight on the 26th, the Indians resumed their attack on Reno's troops. In his report of the battle, Major Reno wrote "...about 2:30 a.m., I heard the crack of two rifles. This was the signal for the beginning of a fire that

I have never seen equaled. Every rifle handled by an expert and skilled marksman and with a range that exceeded our carbine, and it was simply impossible to show any part of the body before it was struck.” This continued for most of the morning. About noon only a few shots from Indian snipers were fired at the troops. By 2 o’clock, the grass was set on fire below by the Indians and the fight ended except for occasional sniper fire from Indians hidden in the prairie grass.

There were seven wounded in the valley. PVT Taylor said “none were wounded so bad they could not ride their horse.” The seriously wounded in the valley were left behind and dealt with by the Indians. Whether wounded in the Valley or on the hill top, an arm wound would probably not keep a soldier out of either fight, especially when, as PVT Taylor said, “The death angle was very near.”

Every person who lived through these two days and wrote about it expressed their belief that they would be killed and how afraid they were. However, fear does not translate into cowardice. Men who had been so horrified the first day would perform unbelievable feats of bravery on the second. Twenty-four Congressional Medals of Honor were awarded to the men of Reno’s command for their actions—most of them on the second day of fighting. Even Captain Moylan, who Benteen said was “Blubbering like a whipped urchin” would receive the Medal of Honor for gallantry in a battle the following year. It was not the fact that death might come to them, but how it might be delivered that was so frightening. There is at least one known account of a trooper shooting himself rather than be captured. Several theories have been expressed where Custer himself might have chosen this way out near the end.

Foster and the other wounded were transported back to Fort Lincoln by river boat. The post returns for Ft. Lincoln shows him arriving July 6th, 1876 among the wounded. On May 9th, 1877 Foster’s enlistment was up. He was discharged at Fort Rice D.T. with the rank of PVT of excellent character after serving five years. Twenty days later he was admitted temporarily to the North West Home for Disabled Veterans at Milwaukee, Wisconsin. His disabilities were a gun shot wound, right arm, and a condition of the colon a

(fistula-in-ano). The fistula would have made his service in the Cavalry difficult but apparently not for the Infantry. On July 31st, 1877, he enlisted in the 20th U.S. Infantry and was assigned to company G, at Fort Snelling Minnesota. There must have been some question though because there is a letter in his file dated July 25th from the Adjutant General in Washington, giving the commanding officer at Ft. Snelling, the authority to enlist Foster.

Foster was discharged from the Army at Fort Brown Texas, at Brownsville for medical reasons January 28th, 1879. His conditions are listed as Phthisis Fulmonalis and a Fistula-in ano. It states “...soldier was wounded June 25th, 1876...” All three conditions would be service-related and would be for the first two very serious for 19th century medicine. Phthisis Fulmonalis is defined today as Tuberculosis. Fistula-in ano is a medical term still used in modern medicine. Foster had both these conditions before antibiotics were in use. Anyone with either condition in the 1800s could expect a short life. Foster was awarded a pension of 12 dollars per month. On the 1883 pension roll for Clay County only one person received more—General T.T. Garrard received 15 dollars per month. Shortly after Samuel Foster died his widow, Martha, petitioned for an increase in allowance and her pension was raised to 30 dollars per month.

I believe Samuel being awarded such a large pension for 1879 was because of his participation in the battle of the Little Bighorn. No other battle in American history shocked the American public like it did. It is still being studied and analyzed by historians and tacticians 135 years later. Perhaps except for Gettysburg no other battle has been studied and written about as much as the battle of the Little Bighorn, and it begin almost before the smoke cleared.

I have requested a copy of PVT. Foster’s pension file from the Veterans Administration through the freedom of information act and have been told if it exists it could take quite a while to retrieve and copy. I am hopeful that if I ever get the file it will shed more light on this soldier’s life.

If any one has information on Samuel Foster’s life and would like to share it contact me by email at mcedwards@newwavecomm.net



John Downey

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relative lived in the area.

John Downey married two times, first to Eliza Jane (Jenny) Jones on June 16, 1866 in Knox Co., daughter of James Jones & Lucinda Hubbard and she bore him six children. According to the 1880 census, Mary 12, Benjamin 8, Thomas 6, Martha 6 and George 3. There also was a daughter Maggie b. 1869; d. 1946 but not listed in the census. Eliza passed away in the early 1880’s of spinal fever. John’s second marriage was on 25 April 1884 in Clay Co. KY to Matilda McGee. This was Matilda’s second marriage – her

first being to Jesse/James McGee 8 April 1875 in Clay Co. KY, her maiden name was Matilda Thompkins. She bore John four children, William, Sudie, Daniel and James. Her two McGee children were Johnny and Laura.

Cousin Pat remembers her mother, Lula Downey Sheckler, sharing letters with Sudie Downey Vigus who apparently had lots of John Downey information. Pat suggests there is a possibility that one of Sudie’s descendants might still have possession of such.

If anyone can provide information concerning the foregoing and is willing to share, I can be reached at ofrank13456@yahoo.com Email and US postal at 13456 Woodlawn Place, Culpeper, VA 22701-4873.



The Burns brothers in WW I

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first elements of the American advance stepped off at 0100 hours 27 July. The assault was also taking place in spite of the fact that patrols had spotted German machinegun nests and defensive positions indicating that the Germans were no longer in retreat.

The 3rd Bn. advanced up the slope by slow leaps of a few feet at a time; crawling many times on their bellies under a torrent of bullets. Whole platoons were cut to shreds in the assault and fruitless further momentum ceased as the few surviving officers peered over the crest into the face of a well prepared and entrenched enemy. The 3rd Bn. became pinned down on the hill that they had struggled so to take. It would be the following day before Major Donovan's battalion could successfully relieve them.

The Germans had bombarded the area along the low approaches to the river with mustard gas the night prior. This created an affective gas barrier which the attackers were forced to maneuver through the following day. The men had to fight throughout the attack in their cumbersome gas masks. This, added with German planes directing artillery fire and strafing the attackers, prevented any real opportunities for the American units to achieve their objectives.

On the evening of the 28th instructions were issued to Anderson to take his 2nd Bn. and cross the Ourcq; his position as follows, a brook leading into Bois Colas on his left and McKenna's battalion to his right. The 2nd Bn. jumped off at 0445 with E and F companies leading. Anderson received late orders to move north through the village of Beuvarde and halt at the river. This was done under heavy artillery fire which cost the battalion dearly. After some welcome assistance from a French 75, who silenced a machinegun covering the bridge, companies E and F rushed across the Ourcq. When Roscoe's 2nd Bn. crossed the river (the river is 20 feet wide and about a foot deep), as was true with all the battalions, they met heavy artillery and machinegun fire from the German defenders on the slope. The machineguns were the most devastating to their ranks and men were separated from their companions. This would have been a lonely time for Roscoe Burns and the others who long for the close support of fellow soldiers in these horrific moments. Each man pushed forward, individual action being the difference between success and failure of the unit. Anderson's men one by one cleaned out the machineguns and gave some welcome relief to those units to their left.

They continued their assault toward Bois Colas. Scouting the woods, Captain Prout, commanding Burns' Co. G, learned that no German defense lay inside. The 2nd Bn. attacked and seized Bois Colas. Captains Prout and Kelly in the interim received orders to halt the attack, from higher command, both through tirades in rebellion but like good soldiers complied. The battalion withdrew reluctantly to the northern bank of the Ourcq. Co. G saw the brunt of its losses during their attack crossing the Ourcq. The other battalions continued to attack and seize the slopes from the

dug-in Germans. The following day the division shored up its victories. The 3rd of the 165th holding the high ground, 1st of the 165th holding Meurcy Farm, and 2nd firmly holding Bois Colas. It was during the fight for and defense of the Bois Colas that Major Anderson received the Distinguished Service Cross for stopping a German counterattack on the 29th. Here is an excerpt from that citation:

During a counterattack by the enemy, Major Anderson, with great courage and disregard for his own safety, gathered together a small number of men and with them rushed to the support of a thinly held line. Exposing himself to concentrated machine-gun fire, he exhorted his men to stand fast, his example of courage and contempt for the heavy enemy fire greatly encouraging the men engaged and resulting in the complete repulse of the enemy forces.

One of the greatest blows to the morale of the 165th came at the Bois Colas. While lying near Major Donovan during the fight a machinegun bullet struck and instantly killed the poet Joyce Kilmer. He was buried near the woods where he died. He was an inspiration to all the soldiers in the regiment and I am sure that Roscoe Burns felt the loss as well.

While engaged in this offensive the 165th fought 26-29 July in the Ourcq River crossing, 30 July through 1 August, Meurcy Farm and Bois Brule, 2-3 August at Forest de Nesles. These actions were better known as the Aisne-Marne offensive. During these twelve days the regiment sustained forty-two percent casualties – 1254 men. The regiment was relieved and sent to Goncourt for refitting, including six-hundred more replacements, training, and recuperation.

The next test of fortitude would come for the 165th Inf. Regt. during the St. Mihiel offensive from 12-16 September, 1918. Roscoe's records indicate that he took part in this action as well. The regiments were ordered to attack on line with the 166th on the left (west) of the 165th and the 167th on the right (east). The regiment was assigned a one-half mile sector of the battlefield, with the 1st Bn. as spearhead, followed by 2nd to clear any bypassed strong points. The regiment took the town of Essey and then Pannes. For three more days, like hungry dogs after a single bone, the 165th seized the Bois de Thiaucourt, the Bois de Benney, St. Benoit, Chateau St. Benoit, and the Bois de la Grande Souche, halting near Hassavant Farm and establishing a defensive position. They advanced more than ten miles and captured more than five-hundred prisoners and arms. Their own casualties amounted to only six percent.

The veterans of the 165th, what few there were left, did not have long to wait for their next offensive. On 12 October, 1918 the Meuse-Argonne offensive began for the regiment. The 42nd Div. replaced the, worn-down and depleted, 1st Div. on the night of 11-12 October. That night, Co. G was setting up in a wooded area when a vicious artillery attack struck their position, including gas, and killed one and wounded four more men.

Once again the 165th and its sister units found the landscape saturated with gas and their advance subject to casualties by merely moving through it. This and other appre-

hensions hung over the men. It was here that morale most likely ebbed to its lowest point. During the advance on the day of the 14th the 3rd Bn. spearheaded the attack with the 1st acting as the mop-up unit. The 3rd Bn. lost fifty percent casualties and had to relinquish the attack to the 1st Bn. Major Kelley, commanding the 1st picked up the attack at dusk. This advance was halted by strong fortifications, wire obstacles, and very accurate machinegun fire. The following day, the 15th achieved little more than what had already been captured.

Roscoe's 2nd Bn. was called forward to relieve the now battle numb 1st Bn. on the 16th. Major Anderson brought his battalion on line around noon under cover of a strangely unexplained artillery barrage. The reason for the barrage was later discovered to have been an aborted attack, which would have fallen on the 2nd's shoulders, scheduled to kickoff at 1115 hours, but confusion reigned supreme. The commander's protest of the order and delays in communication caused its failure before it started. Unable to break through the wire obstacles only yards to their front, the 2nd Bn. dug in and prepared a defense. Whatever morale was left in the 165th was completely exhausted the following day, when the V Corps commander relieved the three top officers over the brigade. The 165th, unable to obtain sufficient artillery support to break through in the attack, remained in a defensive posture for two more weeks; dug-in below the town of St. Georges. With no means to exploit their meager gains, ill from fatigue and the cold rain which had tormented them, the 165th was pulled off the line and replaced with the 9th Regt. of the 2nd Div.

During those bleak days in the Argonne the 165th lost thirty-six percent casualties – 1296 men. The attack on St. Georges without supporting fire has been regarded by many military historians as unachievable. Father Duffy wrote of the situation before the assaults began. "Our attack has to be made over open ground with the purpose of carrying by direct [human] assault wired entrenchments." To complicate matters, Anderson's battalion was reported to have thirty-five percent of its men on the line on 16 October debilitated by various illnesses – including rheumatism, colds, and fevers. They had no medical treatment, but being the last combat effective battalion, could not afford to have their sick removed from the front lines.

A strange turn of events occurred for the 165th over the beginning days of November. On the 6th the Corps commander ordered the Division to take the city of Sedan – before the end of the next day. Major Henry A. Bootz, now in command of 2nd Bn., was at point for the advance into the city. During the advance on the original objective, the regiment began taking intense fire from a feature called Hill 346. Bootz ordered Captain Louis A. Stout, in command of Roscoe's company to take Hill 346. The only effective strength that could be mustered for this daunting mission was thirty-eight soldiers and a few from Co. H. To make matters worse, the attackers went up on line with little or no rifle ammunition. They made a low crawling advance until Stout saw his opportunity and issued a bayonet attack. The attackers gave a "great cheer" and advanced through the defense, forcing twenty-three Germans to surrender. The

Americans lost four men dead and two wounded during the assault and captured or destroyed six machinegun nests. Captain Stout received the Distinguished Service Cross for his actions on Hill 346.

On the 8th of November the 165th were looking down at the city of Sedan when they were relieved by the French 40th Div. On 11 November, 1918 the 165th was in Sivry-les-Buzancy. The Armistice and the end of fighting was still just a rumor according to Father Duffy's report at the time. It was on the night of the 13th, under the shadow of Landes et St. Georges, the objective the 165th could not take, that they received the official notification of the Armistice. The 165th crossed into Luxembourg at Oberpollen on the 22nd of November as part of the Army of Occupation. Roscoe's service records indicate that he took part in these actions, as well as Belgium, and ultimately Germany. As the 165th crossed the bridge into Germany, the regimental band struck up Garry Owen. Finally, on the 16th of December, the men arrived at their final duty station, Remagen-am-Rhein. They would remain there performing their duties for almost five months.

The 83rd Infantry Brigade moved back to Brest, France on 5 April, 1919 and sailed from that port city on 15 April, 1919, leaving Roscoe behind, presumably awaiting new assignment or discharge. The Brigade was demobilized on 5 May, 1919 at Camp Upton, Long Island, New York.

At the time of his discharge Roscoe was described as twenty-three years of age, blue eyes, brown hair, ruddy complexion, and five foot, seven inches tall. An Honorable Discharge was issued at Mitchell Field, New York on 5 June, 1919. His service was listed as "honest and faithful" with "excellent" character. His engagements and battles included the Aisne-Marne Offensive, 27 July to 4 August, 1918, St. Mihiel Offensive, 12 September to 16 September, 1918, St. Mihiel Sector, 28 September to 1 October, 1918, Meuse-Argonne Offensive, 12 October to 8 November, 1918.

My father, Ambrose Burns, son of Roscoe, stated many times that his father was wounded during a gas attack. With the frequent bombardment of the 165th with mustard and tear gas, it is impossible to know exactly where and when. My father said that Roscoe had lost an eye to the gas attack as far as he knew. He also said that Roscoe seldom talked about the war and that on the approach of his own deployment for WWII, he gave only one piece of advice. "Never shoot your best on the rifle range or else the army will make you a sniper." Apparently, my grandfather, Roscoe had a deep-seated respect and fear of sharpshooters.

PART II

I have yet to locate the military records of Ambrose Burns and must rely on other sources to build an account of his service. According to a letter he wrote some time in the early 1970s to Stars and Stripes, titled Asks Information on Personnel of Raiding Party, he enlisted in the army in July of 1913. He was attached to Company I, 23rd Infantry Regiment, then stationed in Texas City, Texas as part of the 4th Brigade of the 2nd Division.

Prior to Ambrose's enlistment the reorganized 2nd Div.

of the army of the United States was ordered to leave for Galveston, Texas on 22 February, 1913. Texas City is just northwest of Galveston. It is to this camp that Ambrose later reported for duty. The camp that was built near the small town of Texas City seemed to have had no official military name assigned. The 2nd Div. had the distinction of being the first unit organized and called to action since the Civil War. They were mobilized on 1 March, 1913 in Texas City and also nearby Galveston. Nearly 12,000 troops were placed in this area along the border in anticipation of further trouble relating to the rebellion occurring in Mexico.

Insults by Mexico toward the U.S. turned to action in April 1914 when nine U.S. sailors were seized by Mexican forces from the USS Dolphin. It was also learned that a shipment of weapons was being smuggled from the port at Veracruz to warring Germany. The President ordered the city of Veracruz taken and occupied. There is no indication that Ambrose Burns and the 4th Bde. left Texas City during this incident, however their sister unit, the 5th Inf. Bde. at Fort Crockett in Galveston, did relieve the marines and sailors holding the city on 30 April, 1914. They remained, enforcing a military government, until 23 November, 1914. On 9 March, 1916 the cause which led to the Punitive Expedition occurred when Pancho Villa crossed into the United States raiding the border town of Columbus, New Mexico. During the ensuing looting and fighting eighteen U.S. soldiers and citizens were killed. General Pershing with approximately 4800 men crossed the border 15 March, 1916 with orders from the president to capture Villa. There are no military records that indicate Ambrose's 23rd Inf. was one of the units that crossed into Mexico. They remained on the border continuing to provide security as they had done for the prior three years. By January 1917 the expedition still had not captured or killed Villa, neither could they boast of any great successes.

It is assumed that the 23rd Inf., like all the other units at Texas City, had to be relocated after a hurricane demolished the camp and city in 1915. Though Burns in his letter to Stars and Stripes only lists his unit as the Company I, 23rd Inf. Regt., he may have been attached to an undetermined unit during this period. There was a New York, N.G. unit, the 23rd Inf., who became the 106th Inf. at the onset of WWI who also served on the Mexican border. They were stationed at Pharr, Texas. This makes the research somewhat confusing. There is no possibility, however, that there were two different 23rd Infantry Regiments that went overseas. The official regimental history of the U.S. 23rd states that, "from 1913 to 1917 was spent on guard duty on the Mexican Border" and we must assume this correct. The 23rd Inf. Regt. returned to Camp Syracuse, New York for preparation to go overseas according to Burns. The 23rd was first located at the newly built organization center at the fairgrounds but moved to Stephen's Hill in August.

Ambrose Burns states that his commanding officer was Charles E. [Ellet] Moore. Moore died in 1981 and was buried in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Virginia. Moore earned the Distinguished Service Cross, the nation's

second highest award, for leading his company against the enemy, though seriously wounded, at Vaux, 1 July 1918. Moore was commissioned 1916 and did not join the 23rd until 1917. Whether or not he was on the border with the 23rd is hard to say, however, he did return to Syracuse with the unit in July, 1917 and was promoted to captain there. The unit arrived in France in late August, 1917 and Moore, as was half of the officer corps was separated from his unit and attended trench warfare school at Nancy, France. The officers returned after two months and trained their prospective units until June of 1918. The Regiment was then assigned a defensive sector near Ranzieres, France.

In his article written to Stars and Stripes, Ambrose states that during late March or early April an unnamed number of his fellow soldiers were ordered to sneak into German lines and capture some prisoners. One of the raiding party did not return. Someone among the party informed the commander that he had been wounded and apparently left behind. Captain Moore came to Ambrose and asked him to gather three volunteers and return to the enemy trenches to search for him. This gives us an insight to both Ambrose's rank and character. The commander would not have placed this mission in the hands of a lower enlisted soldier and Ambrose must have been at least a corporal or sergeant at the time. Secondly, it was a most dangerous mission which had to be led by someone known to have the training to be able to cope with and overcome their own fear.

Though the picture he posted with his Stars and Stripes article, taken in Syracuse before they deployed overseas, is grainy, it appears to show him wearing "buck" sergeant's stripes on his uniform. Also, a granddaughter of Ambrose possesses two postcards once belonging to him depicting Niagara Falls, one mailed and one not. On the one mailed from Buffalo, New York, he signed the card, "Sgt." He dated the card 10 August, 1917. My dad, also named Ambrose, said that Ambrose was in fact a Non-commissioned Officer.

Ambrose took the three volunteers and led them to a location near the German trenches. Here he states that he left two in a shell hole near the trenches and he and one other man went on alone. Once inside the trenches, they separated, one going left and the other right. Ambrose by chance found the location where the missing soldier had been wounded but he had apparently been captured. Ambrose stated nevertheless he was gone, "taken away by the Germans." He went back to where he had entered the German trenches and met the other searcher. He then returned with all of his men to his own lines.

Reading the article written by Ambrose, and having some military experience, the reader understands the true courage that Ambrose Burns possessed. He was humble in his later assessment of the mission but it is evident that he was a fine tactician in small unit operations. It is also quite evident that he cared greatly for his men and was willing to sacrifice himself to bring them home. We look back on these events and might say, "He deserved a medal for this." He on the other hand, much as he did in the article, would simply shrug it off and say, "Just doing my job." All in all,

it was an excellent example of leadership and soldiering. In a unit history of the 2nd Div. it stated that they assumed French positions starting 17 March, 1918 through April. This was the Verdun Sector. The history stated further that the 2nd's time there was quiet except for two enemy raids and one by the Americans. This must have been the raid Ambrose speaks of in his article in which the single soldier was lost.

The makeup of the 2nd Division is one most unique to the United States military and warrants some explanation. The organizational framework of the 2nd U.S. Division (motto – Second to None) in World War I was as follows. The division was organized at Bourmont, Haute Marne, France 26 October, 1917. The division was commanded at one time or another by Charles Doyon and John Lejeune of the Marine Corps, and Omar Bundy and James Harbord of the Army. The two brigades were subdivided as follows—the 3rd Infantry made up of the U.S. Army's 9th and 23rd Infantry Regiments and the 4th U.S. Marine made up of the 5th and 6th Marine Regiments.

In June, 1918 the German army broke through the French lines at Chateau Thierry and was pushing forward to seize Paris. The 2nd Div. was hurriedly placed along the Paris-Metz Road to greet that drive. During the months prior to June, 1918 the German army constructed a plan, now known as the Spring Offensive, to break through the French lines. As stated in Part I, by striking first the Germans hoped to prevent the U.S. forces from initially deploying and tilting the balance of the war. On the 1st day of June the Germans seized the towns of Château-Thierry, and Vaux. In the following days, Bussiares, Torcy, Bouresches, and Belleau fall into their hands as well. Just southeast of Belleau is the wooded area known as Belleau Wood. Belleau Wood would be the closest the Germans would come to Paris during this war. No reconnaissance was performed by the French and unbeknownst to the Americans who would soon take over that sector; the Germans had occupied Belleau Wood in force and hardened their positions there. Few battles in the history of the United States are ingrained with more pride and controversy than that of Belleau Wood, especially for the Marines.

While the Germans punched into the French lines the 2nd Div. was brought up in reserve behind their demoralized and drained allies. Being force-marched the night of the 1st, the 23rd Inf. Regt. and a battalion of the 5th Marines plugged the four kilometer gap left by the French at Gandelu, placing them on the main battle line. By the 4th of June the French retired from the front lines through their American reserves. The Americans now held the front lines, facing the Germans from Les Mares Farm, near Lucyle-Bocage, eastward to Triangle Farm, a distance of about twelve miles. The 23rd Inf. Regt. established a front with the 9th Inf. Regt. on their left and the 6th Marine Regt. on their right.

The 2nd Div. was ordered to attack on 6 June, 1918. The 9th and 23rd Inf. Regt. (3rd Brigade) advanced beyond Triangle Farm and Bois de la Marette. To the northwest of

Bois de la Marette was Bourbelin and there was the area of responsibility for the 3rd Bn. of the 23rd Inf. Regt.

Burns and Moore's company participated in the counter-attack which broke the German assault at Belleau Wood. Moore's orders were to take and hold the town of Bazoches near Belleau Wood. The company held for two weeks in the face of continuous artillery bombardment and infantry attacks. As stated, I have no personal records of Ambrose Burns and I have relied on interviews with my father and his nephew for some information. He stated that Ambrose was wounded during the battle for Belleau Wood. He was shot through the buttock which was neither severe enough to force him from the action or mild enough to leave him in a good mood. My father stated that upon being shot, Ambrose was angered by the wound and assaulted several German positions with his .45 caliber pistol. Ambrose killed or captured many Germans during this episode. It is unknown if his wound was severe enough to require him to be sent back to an aid station or how long he could have been out of action after this battle.

When the 18th of July offensive on Soissons began the American front ran as follows: the 1st Div. placed south of the Aisne with the 2nd Div. on its right flank. The mission of these two American divisions and the 1st Moroccan Div. was to attack into the highlands southwest of Soissons and secure the high ground, thus becoming a pivot point for the other divisions attacking toward the Vesle River.

On the night of the 17th the 2nd Div. was transported to Marcilly, west of forêt de Villers-Cotterets. The Forêt de Villers-Cotterets was a forest approximately ten square miles at the time of the battle. The 2nd Division was ordered into the attack along the eastern boundaries of that forest at 0435 on July 18th. During the advance to the jumping off point for the attack the 2nd encountered a heavy rain which greatly slowed their movement. They were forced to double-time to reach their line of departure. As daybreak, came so did the artillery barrage that was intended to drive the Germans into their holes while the American infantry advanced behind it. The units formed a line for attack with Ambrose's 23rd Inf. on the right and the 9th Army and 5th Marine regiments on their left.

The 2nd Bn. of the 23rd reached its object of Beaurepaire Ferme and got under the German artillery before it could become effective. The 9th Inf. and 5th Marines also achieved their first objectives early. The 2nd Division pushed forward across all fronts and took the west and part of the southern portion of the town of Vierzy. The attack stalled in the town but was picked up again by the 23rd and 9th regiments, supported by French tanks. Vierzy was finally taken that evening. The 23rd Inf. Regt. halted on a line between Vierzy and Tigny. The casualties of the 2nd reached such levels that they were relieved from the line on the night of the 19th by the French. The 23rd had lost more than a third of its officers and half of its frontline soldiers. During their twenty-six hour advance the regiment had captured 2175 prisoners of war, two batteries of 150mm guns, five batteries of 77mm guns, and one battery of 210mm guns. The men, who fought this furious fight for Vierzy and the

countryside surrounding it, remembered this as one of the toughest they had had during the war. William Brown, a member of Co. F, 9th Inf. stated it as such, "After the battle of Soissons, our other campaigns, those of Champagne and Verdun, seemed like child's play."

The 23rd's role in the St. Mihiel Offensive – Long before troops of the A.E.F. arrived; the Germans had driven to take Vernon, managed to surround it on three sides, and crossed the Meuse River to form a salient around the town of St. Mihiel. In September of 1918 the Germans were in the process of executing a retreat to the Hindenburg Line and reform there when the Americans interrupted their plans. The abandonment of the St. Mihiel salient began on 11 September 1918; the following morning the Americans attacked. Twenty-nine-hundred French and American artillery pieces softened the German lines that had been held since 1914. Four hours of artillery preparation preceded the infantry attack made by seven American divisions. This battle would bring the two Kentucky brothers within a very few miles of one another; separated only by the 89th Division.

The 9th and 23rd Inf. Regiments went over the top abreast and attacked amidst a driving thunderstorm. Being soaked and sleeping or fighting in wet clothes was nothing new, they had been doing so for several days. By 1400 hours that day the 3rd Inf. Brigade of the 2nd Div. overran the remaining light opposition and secured Thiaucourt. Thiaucourt was the army's objective over the length of the entire offensive campaign. The Germans relinquished the town of Thiaucourt so quickly that they abandoned large

artillery pieces carried on flatcars in the railroad yard. The 3rd Brigade was relieved by their sister units the 5th and 6th Marines shortly after.

The battle for Blanc Mont – Before the main battle began the 2nd Div. was brought on line and seized active

German trenches and positions to their near front that evening; extending west from Somme-Py for about three and a half kilometers. At 0530 on 2 October, 1918 the Americans came out of the trenches and attacked the wire and machinegun ripened German lines. The attack kicked off and in spite of withering machinegun fire the 2nd Div. advanced so quickly that they captured the German observatory at Blanc Mont Ridge so quickly a German there was captured while writing a routine report. The 2nd advanced so rapidly that they outran units to its left and a French unit had to be brought forward to plug the gap and thereby prevent their left flank from being exposed.



Ambrose Burns Punitive Expedition 1916-17

The following morning they resumed the attack at 0430. Resistance was heavier than the first day; machineguns and artillery stifled the advance but in spite of this they reached St. Etienne. The division halted and hardened their positions. On the 7th of October men of the 36th Div. relieved the 9th and 23rd Inf. Regt. Casualties within the 2nd Div. reached 5400 men.

While the 2nd Div. had been battling to take their two objectives, Blanc Mont and St. Etienne, the First Army had struck in the Meuse-Argonne region. The division moved in to replace the battered 42nd Division, ground to a halt near St. Georges. The Americans of the 2nd Div. would go over the top following an artillery barrage of three-hundred

guns. Jump-off time for the infantry attack was set for 0530 on 1 November, 1918. The howitzers and big guns began their prep of the battlefield at 0330 and the forward rolling barrage which would lead the infantry began at 0530. The 2nd Div. was assigned an approximate four mile stretch of attack front with the 6th Marines, 5th Marines and then the 23rd Infantry on line. Upon reaching their first objective the 23rd Inf. shortened the division front and fell in behind the Marine regiments. By the end of the first day the division had achieved all objectives with few casualties and had driven through the enemy lines approximately six miles. During their advance they had taken St. Georges, Landreville, and Bayonville. On the night of the 2 November the men of the 2nd Div. accomplished a feat which is still viewed as the strangest and luckiest operation ever to be performed in war time. The 3rd Bde. marched along the Belval-Beaumont road, through the German lines, in a column of twos. They placed German speaking soldiers at point and managed to walk five miles through enemy held lines, taking prisoners and objectives, many times without firing a shot. It was an unprecedented gamble that resulted in a unique victory without wasting American lives on a frontal attack in the daylight.

The 2nd Div. continued to advance until they were on the banks of the Meuse River. The Marine regiments, in the van, attempted to cross during the night with limited success. On the morning of 11 November all offensive attack halted – at 1100 hours that day the Armistice was signed ending the hostilities of the First World War.

The 2nd Div. turned its attention from combat operations to occupation of the German homeland. On the 17th of November they began their trek across Belgium, Luxembourg, and into Germany. The 2nd Div. crossed the Walendorf Bridge, over the Sauer River, and into Germany on 1 December, 1918. Eleven days later they reached their last objective of the war, a bridgehead over the Rhine River at the city of Koblenz. The 3rd Bde. was the first half of the division to depart Brest, France on 25 July, 1919. The division marched together, marines and soldiers, for the last time during a welcome home parade in New York City; it was reviewed by Major General John A. Lejeune, their last commanding officer.

PART III

After WWI both Roscoe and Ambrose Burns returned home to Clay County. Sometime thereafter they both attended Sue Bennett College in London, Kentucky. Roscoe majored in business but never finished his degree. Roscoe ran a store, farmed, and hired out to locals. Whether by providence or mistake, Roscoe's headstone still remains engraved with "New York" as his home state. It would seem that in both life and death that the New York Fighting 69th adopted Roscoe Burns.

Ambrose majored in agriculture and completed the full course of studies. Both brothers returned to Bullskin, Clay County for awhile but Ambrose eventually moved to the small community of Waynesburg near Crab Orchard, Kentucky. There, he owned a large farm where he raised cattle, grew tobacco, and other crops. Ambrose's favorite

crop was perhaps grapes. My father said that Ambrose was seen many times by him picking the grapes and throwing them into large vats. Ambrose then transported those vats of grapes to the local German population where they were turned into wine. I have never heard a single family member accuse Ambrose of ever being a teetotaler. Ambrose later moved to Ohio where he lived out the remainder of his life with his children and grandchildren. He drew a monthly military pension for injuries received during a gas attack which resulted in emphysema. His last two years were spent in the Veterans Hospital in Dayton, Ohio where he died.

As with all wars, Clay County, Kentucky provided the military ranks of our nation with many soldiers. This has been the story of only two of those soldiers. They were hardy men who never failed to answer a call for help whether just down the holler or in the forests and villages of France. They went over there and fought the War to End all Wars.

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*Searching for Samuel Foster's family**Continued from page 15*

in Clay County. The marriage record is very hard to read. The best determination is the ceremony was performed by John Revis in the presence of N. B. Jones and Henry Revis. Daniel Jones was a witness. By the 1880 Clay County Census, Mary is back in the household with her parents and listed as a widow. Two children are listed as Fosters—Samuel b. 1877 and John b. 1879. William was a witness at the marriage of Robert Sizemore and Nancy Arnett (a sister of Martha and Mary) in Clay County November 20, 1879. Therefore, William must have died very late 1879 or early 1880. Where he is buried is unknown. The most logical location is a long neglected cemetery located across the river from the U. S. Forest Station at Peabody. There are several stones but few are legible. Two that can be distinguished are Samuel's and William's brothers-in-law, Willie and Thomas Jr. Arnett. There is only three years between the deaths of William, Thomas, Jr. and another brother-in-law, a Feltner. It is possible all are buried there.

It needs to be noted there is a William Foster (with several last name variations) of the same age in the 1870, 1900 and 1910 Clay County Censuses. He lived around Sextons Creek, Beech Creek and Manchester respectively. He is also listed in the 1895 Clay County School Census with a child named Samuel near the same age as the previous. All of this causes a pause and questions whether the 1880 census showing Mary Arnett Foster as a widow is accurate. There are two later Clay County marriage records for this William Foster. A close look, especially at marriage witnesses, household locations and neighborhood families, does not immediately indicate a connection to the William Foster of this story. No family member was aware of other marriages with William Foster or Mary Arnett. Therefore, this focus is based on the 1880 census being accurate and this William Foster being a different person.

Samuel Foster's youngest sibling, David, does not reappear in the census records until 1900. He married America Bailey January 3, 1882 in Clay County. The ceremony was performed by Allen Hensley at the home of A. B. Caudill. A. B. and F. J. Roberts were the witnesses. America Bailey was the daughter of James Bailey and Mary "Polly" McCollum. The children of David and America are: John b. September 1883 (he first married Polly Hoskins, then married Chloe Carpenter), William b. March 1887, Isaac b. January 1889 (he married Isabelle Bowling), Arra b. May 12, 1891 (she married Harvey Henson), Martha b. March 1893 (she married Hugh Henson), Flora b. November 1894 (she married Daw Henson), Henry b. March 20, 1896 (he married Lula Marcum), Elizabeth b. March 1898 and Carlo b. April 1899 (he married Mary Marcum). David died June 5, 1940 at Eastern State Hospital at Lexington, Kentucky. He had been at Eastern State for nine years and is buried there. At that time, his family resided at Botto in Clay County. Some of David's children changed their last name to Foister.

Our Indian Campaign fighter, Samuel James Foster, and his new wife, Martha Arnett, are living together by the

1880 Clay County census. They are beside Martha's parents, Thomas Arnett and Emily Murphy, at Arnetts Fork of Double Creek. Samuel and Martha's marriage record shows the ceremony was performed by Levi Metcalf, a Justice of the Peace, with Robert Sizemore (soon-to-be brother-in-law by marrying Martha's sister Nancy) and Elizabeth Thacker as witnesses. The license states Samuel's occupation was a "sadler". Also, it states Samuel's father was born in Tennessee.

Samuel and Martha Foster had two children: Nancy M. "Nannie" b. November 8, 1880 and Lottie b. December 10, 1882.

Nancy Foster married James "Jim Grab" Lipps in Clay County May 3, 1900. Their children are: Studie b. 1901, Nelson "Nelse" b. 1904, Samuel b. 1906, Lillie b. 1910, Joe b. 1913, John b. 1916 and Jack b. 1921. Nancy died June 17, 1923 during gall stone surgery at Berea, Kentucky. Family members said they were told Nancy rode a mule, or horse, from Arnetts Fork to Berea for the medical procedure. At the time, she was living at Annalee (Peabody), Kentucky.

Lottie Foster married James "Jim" Robinson in Clay County October 18, 1905. Prior to the marriage, Lottie had a child, Thomas "Tom" Foster, b. June 2, 1902. Tom later changed his last name to Lipps. When he married Louella Gray February 26, 1925 in Clay County, he listed his father as Nelson Lipps. Tom died June 25, 1948 at Peabody in Clay County. Lottie Foster Robinson died August 20, 1969 at West Cramerton, North Carolina.

Martha Arnett was the 7th child of Thomas Arnett and Emily Murphy. She was born March 8, 1862 and died January 19, 1941. She is buried in the Arnett Cemetery located across from the mouth of Fields Branch of Arnetts Fork. Thomas Arnett was the son of Daniel Arnett and Elizabeth McNew. Thomas was born c. 1812 in Virginia and died June, 1896. Daniel Arnett was born in Virginia c. 1780 and died c. 1818. Elizabeth McNew was the daughter of George McNew and Amelia Hargis. Elizabeth was born c. 1782 and died c. 1816. Both of Thomas' parents died while he was very young. He was raised by the McNews until he and his brother, Andrew, migrated to Kentucky; first appearing in the 1840 Clay County census. Thomas married Emily Murphy in Clay County June 29, 1843. Emily was the daughter of William Thomas Murphy and Betsy Clark. Emily was born c. 1829 in Clay County and died November, 1905 in Clay County. William Murphy was born c. 1799, possibly in Maryland. William could be the son of John Murphy, who was already in Clay County by the 1810 census. John was born prior to 1765. Thomas, Emily and several of their descendants are also buried in the Arnett Cemetery.

In addition to Martha, Thomas and Emily also had the following children: Willie born 1843 and died 1844, Mary b. 1848 (she married William Foster, brother of Samuel Foster), Samuel b. August 11, 1850 and d. June 12, 1937 (he never married), Jennie b. April, 1851 (she married a Feltner, who was dead by the 1880 census. They had a daughter, Betsy Feltner b. 1878. Jennie later married Henry Sizemore), Thomas, Jr. b. December 8, 1853 and d. 1876

from a fever, Nancy b. August 15, 1856 and d. October 19, 1926 (she married Robert Sizemore), James b. Mar 15, 1866 and d. May 31, 1959 (he married Emily Carpenter). All the children were born in Clay County and lived on about 200 acres Thomas purchased at Arnetts Fork January 24, 1863.

Samuel James Foster died March 26, 1884—a young man trying to raise a new family at Arnetts Fork of Double Creek. The hardships of seven years military duty and battling an even tougher opponent, tuberculosis, finally brought an end to the warrior. Martha remained single the

remainder of her life. The history surrounding Samuel has endured. However, fame and lore passed the man by. The necessity to get the story told is strong. This may not be close to the fulfillment he deserves, but it's a start.

Except for a few details gathered from descendants, all names, dates and other information was compiled from census, marriage, death, cemetery and similar public sources without any personal knowledge of the people mentioned. Any corrections or additions are welcome. Please contact James Davidson by email at jcalvind@gte.net.



The second time Jamup was wounded was in the North Apennines Campaign

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the 339th Infantry, Third Battalion. They were heavily involved in the assault on the Gustav line. This location was in Italy. K Company's losses were very heavy, nearly 55%. Most of the casualties in K Company were from the mine fields. However, they also encountered mortar, rifle and machine gun fire. "Jamup" was among the wounded. 339th Infantry was one of three regiments of the 85th Infantry Division. In WW1 they were nicknamed the "Polar Bears". The 85th had a proud and famous history. The second time "Jamup" was wounded was in the North Apennines Campaign in bitter fighting east of Mount Verruca. He also was involved in the PO Valley campaign as well as the Rome-Arno Campaign. After being wounded twice, Miller was transferred to the military police. June 5, 1944 the 339th did their victory march through Rome.



Mansell "Dude" Stone

Glenn Combs was at the induction center when doctors decided his feet were a little flat for the infantry. He went through basic training and into Headquarters Company of the 1st Armored Division. In December of 1942 they traveled to North Africa by ships. Glenn was involved in battles at Anzio, Kasserine Pass, Tunisia and Algeria. After avoiding a near disaster at Kasserine Pass, the commanding general was relieved and Col. Robinett was placed in charge of operations. Because of his excellent strategy and leadership in attaining victory in a very negative situation, Col. Paul "Little Man" Robinette was promoted to Brig. General. Kasserine Pass was considered to be the first major battle won by American forces in North Africa. Glenn Combs was promoted from Staff Sergeant to Jr. Warrant Officer and in a few months to Chief Warrant Officer. Glenn said, "One of the reasons I was promoted through the enlisted ranks to officer was due to so many men getting killed in my company."

These men served approximately five years. Walt Garrison was one of the fortunate. He didn't receive a scratch. Uncle Ben wasn't so lucky. He was wounded in the shoulder by shrapnel from an exploding artillery shell on a hill near the Mosele River in France.

Walt Garrison was one of those veterans who could talk about his war experiences. Ben, "Dude", "Jamup", and many others were too scarred emotionally, mentally and physically to recall their combat duty.

I apologize that I'm unable to provide more complete information concerning the sacrifices these men made for our country. They and many more of those veterans are heroes and should never be forgotten! The American people who lived during the WWII era earned a reputation as "The Great Generation". I truly believe they deserve that compliment. Not only in military service but in different walks of life, many of them had exemplary attitudes and accomplishments.

At this time (06/09/11), Glenn Combs is the only one of these men still living. Glenn is 92 and in poor health. Toleman Combs passed away Nov. 29, 1995 and is buried in Chesterview Cemetery at Nancy, KY. Rufus "Jamup" Miller died Feb. 3, 1997. He is buried in the Miller Family Cemetery on PawPaw near Manchester. Benjamin Franklin Garrison died at Wilmore Veteran's Hospital Dec. 27, 1997 and is buried at Memorial Gardens at Manchester. Walter Raleigh Garrison passed away May 22, 2002. Years ago, Uncle Walt decided to be buried with some of the soldiers he served with at Normandy. He was laid to rest in Butler County Memorial Park "Field of Honor" near Hamilton, OH. Earl Hobbs died Nov. 25, 2003 and is buried at Memorial Gardens in Manchester. Mansell "Dude" Stone passed on July 2, 2004 and is buried in Harts Branch Cemetery outside Manchester.



Manchester makes the Boston papers after Rebels invade the local salt works

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14th Ky. Cavalry (Companies I and L); Fourth Infantry; Sixth Ky. Cavalry; 22nd Ky. Infantry; 26th Ky. Infantry; 49th Ky. Infantry; Third N. Carolina Infantry; Fourth Tennessee Infantry; Fourth U.S. Field Artillery; 120th Indiana Infantry, 193rd Ohio Infantry, and last, but not least, the 116th Infantry of the United States Colored Troops (USCT), which included several recently freed slaves from Manchester (most of them named White and Garrard) including several of General Garrard's himself!

Back home in Clay County the war came early on, before the first battle was fought, in fact. In September, 1861, a large force of General Felix Zollicoffer's Rebel troops "invaded" Manchester to take the much-needed product of local salt works. While in town the rough troops caused all manner of mayhem, according to published reports, but there were no casualties. The incident made a Boston newspaper the next day, which put Manchester on the war map for a day at least.

Later, in December 1862, Manchester was the headquarters for a super-secret raiding party put together by the Union brass to conduct a guerilla-type action on railroads in Virginia. Colonel Garrard was loaned out to the elite force under the command of Brig. General Samuel Carter. The raid was the most successful of its type conducted by the Union, and was, according to President Lincoln's chief military man, Major General H. W. Hallack, "without parallel in the war."

By that time Clay County citizens were getting used to seeing large groups of troops from both sides in the county. Rebel foraged for food and supplies on several occasions, from the mouth of Red Bird to its end (at present-day Oneida), and in Manchester and other areas around the county. Union troops, too, came to find what food was available. Brigadier General George W. Morgan sent troops to Clay County to secure food for hungry troops who were under siege at Cumberland Gap. They found the pickings slim, by

that time, but got a measure of corn meal at Garrard's grist mill.

Back at the Gap things were getting desperate for the Union forces, including Garrard's Seventh Ky. Infantry. General Morgan dispatched Garrard and a hand-picked group of mounted infantry soldiers through Clay County to try to get help from the Union army at Lexington. Near the mouth of Bar Creek on Red Bird Garrard's detachment met up with a group of Confederates and fought a skirmish that left three Rebels dead.

Garrard was not successful in his mission because he ran smack into the Battle of Richmond, which was to be a major defeat for the Union. But a few days later General Morgan used Garrard's knowledge of the Clay County terrain to make an escape from the Gap that took some 10,000 soldiers on a march through the length of Clay County including through the middle of Manchester, where Morgan ordered that 100 Union wagons be burned to allow the troops to move faster over the primitive roads.

Later in the Fall of 1862 the Union brass ordered that the salt works around Manchester be destroyed, an order that was unpopular with the officers and men charged with the destruction. Then, in April 1863, the Army secretary of war, Edwin M. Stanton, ordered hearings held in Manchester to assess damages to the salt works. After a lengthy hearing process the Army found in favor of several salt works owners, including Garrard, but the money was never paid because General Ulysses Grant said that the destruction was just part of the cost of conducting war.

At different times during the war, especially the first three years, Rebel troops engaged in activities far more destructive than foraging or destroying salt works. Incidents of plunder, farm burning, and outright murder were reported in different parts of the county. One of the reasons for the organization of the 47th Kentucky, in fact, was to protect local citizens from such depredations of the rebels.



The Clay County Genealogical and Historical Society is a non-profit organization, incorporated on 11/15/1984. The organization is totally supported by memberships, donations and book sales. Membership is available any place in the United States at \$18.00 per calendar year (January through December). Membership is retroactive to the beginning of the year. Membership in places outside the United States is available at various prices (depending on the location; due to the variation in the cost of postage). The postage & handling on books purchased from the Society will be more per book to locations outside the United States. These postage rates will be obtained upon request for anyone who wants to become a member of the Society, or purchase books from it.

The CCAN Magazine (Clay County Ancestral News), is free to current dues paying members (dues paid for the year 2010). The Society is presently printing two issues of CCAN per year, "Spring and Summer" and "Fall and Winter." Each issue will contain 72 pages of information (articles, photos, genealogical findings, queries, etc.) most of which is submitted by members who are sharing their genealogical and historical research in this publication. All "current" members, all "lifetime" members and all "exchange" members (other Societies that exchange publications with Clay County) will receive a copy of each issue printed for the year 2010. The Society offices are open from 9 a.m. till 3 p.m. Thursdays and Fridays or by special appointment. Phone number is 606-598-5507.

Send manuscripts and photos to the Clay County Genealogical and Historical Society, PO Box 394, Manchester, KY 40962 or email: house12@windstream.net. Email is preferred.

Some local men were sick on the frontier

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of attacks on Fort Wayne, in Indiana Territory northwest of their encampment at St. Mary's. Harrison decided to put the retaking of Detroit on hold while he went to the aid of his fellow Indianans, taking a detachment that included Garrard's men with him. Daniel Sibert wrote of the hardships of the side trip in a letter back home to Clay County. "Seven privates deserted from my company the first night after we left St. Mary's," Sibert wrote. "During the time we were encamped at this place our men were very sickly. I was unfit for duty myself for about two weeks and for the first time in my life was bled and took any medicine." He reported that his company lost nine men to illness, one of them being Garrard's second in command, Lieutenant Daniel Cockrells.

While Sibert and an unknown number of ailing local soldiers remained in camp, Garrard went with Gen. Harrison to Fort Wayne. They reached the fort on the 13th of September and found the it abandoned and largely destroyed. The next day Garrard's company was assigned to a force led by Gen. Payne to hunt for Indian villages along the near-by Wabash River and to destroy them. They marched 25 miles to the forks of the Wabash, found an abandoned village, and destroyed it. On the 16th they destroyed four additional villages along the river.

Capt. Garrard and his men returned to Fort Wayne on the 18th. On September 22nd, Gen. Winchester, second in command now to Gen. Harrison, ordered Garrard and twenty of his men to precede to the front to act as guards.

On the way back to Ohio Territory Garrard played a crucial role in warding off an attack on Winchester's army by a large force of British and Indians. Garrard's company was one of two that defeated an advance guard of attacking Indians. On Sept. 27th, Garrard's soldiers were at it again when they accompanied a group of scouts to bury five of the scouts who earlier "were found on the road shot, scalped, and tomahawked by the Indians or British." While on this burial mission one of the scouts with Garrard was shot by an Indian. The scouts fired back "and with the assistance of Capt. Garrard, they made them run, but not without the loss of some of their savage blood," a soldier wrote.

Details of the activities of Garrard and his men during the next three and a half months in the Ohio territory are few except for the extreme hardship the winter brought them. Because of his letter we know Sibert, at least, spent some or most of that time at "Fort Jennings," named in honor of the Regimental commander. We have enough information from other sources that suggests Garrard was kept busy. On Nov. 7th he led a group of scouts on a reconnaissance mission to the rapids of the Maumee River where he found a suitable camping spot and "a large quantity of corn, some hogs, and cattle, and a few Indians" according to a report. Later the army dug in at a site at the confluence of the Auglaize and the Maumee rivers and did what they could to survive the winter until they started off on their march to Fort Detroit

on December 29th.

In his letter Daniel Sibert wrote that the group he was with left Fort Jennings in the middle of January 1813, and made their way to Fort Defiance. There they rested before setting off down river to join Gen. Harrison's troops. "We started down the river on the ice which was near two feet thick," Sibert wrote. "A short distance below Fort Defiance we met an express informing us of General Winchester's great defeat at the battle of the Raisin."

The River Raisin Massacre and was one of the most chilling episodes in American war-time history. There were some Clay County troops there, though we know little about them. Jason Walker Bollin, who spoke to Rev. Dickey, said, "Men from Crug's Ferry at the mouth of Sexton were at the Raisin." The massacre occurred shortly after Winchester's troops reached the rapids of the Maumee on January 16th and learned that Indians were preparing to destroy the village of Frenchtown on the River Raisin. The Kentuckians proceeded there and ousted the British and then let their guard down. The enemy swooped back in and killed and captured most of Winchester's relaxing troops, and slaughtered and scalped between sixty and seventy of the wounded who hadn't been marched off as captives. News of the massacre so inflamed the passions of those back home that at least three companies made up partly of Clay Countians enlisted for the express purposes of revenge. "Remember the Raisin" became a blood-curdling war cry in battles to come.

In February Garrard's men were part of those who built a new headquarters for General Harrison on the Maumee about a dozen miles upstream from Lake Erie. It was there, at the base they called Fort Meigs, that the war ended for most of Garrard's men, though not all. "We remained at [Fort Meigs] until about the 1st of March, although our time was now out," Sibert wrote. "About the 1st of March we received our orders to return home which I do assure you was most glorious news to a great part of our men."

Six weeks earlier the Kentucky Legislature had provided for additional troops to replace those who were about to leave Fort Meigs. Captain Ambrose Arthur's new company, part of Col. William Dudley's regiment, included Clay Countians Reuben Woods, Turner Hays, John Gregory and John Fry, and possibly others, including two brothers named Walker. These men marched to Cincinnati from where they left for Fort Meigs on April 7, only 17 days after they were mustered into service. By the time they reached the vicinity of Fort Meigs, they learned that Harrison's troops were under siege. The plan to rescue Harrison by these overly ambitious troops would lead to another debacle that would become known as "Dudley's Defeat" and would take its place in revenge lore along side of the River Raisin.

Like Winchester before him, Dudley had his battle pretty much won but then allowed his wild troops to go chasing through the woods after retreating Indians with no apparent thought to military tactics. The Indians regrouped, and came back and added a new slaughter to their list, one

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BOOKS FOR SALE • from the Clay County Genealogical and Historical Society

NEW. HEROES & SKALLYWAGS, The People Who Created Clay County Kentucky, by Charles House. This is the first of a projected two-volume detailed history of Clay County and sheds light on how the divide between the elite salt barons and the ordinary settlers shaped the character of the county that exists to this day. 331 pages with index and source notes. Price \$25 plus \$5.00 shipping and handling. Ky residents add 6% for Ky sales tax.

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KENTUCKY PONDER'S SUPPLEMENT, 367 pages, indexed. SALE! \$25.00 ppd. (Note that the book "Kentucky Ponders" is out of print.) Order "Kentucky Ponders Supplement" from the Society office or from:
Patricia Saupe 5411 Briarwood Dr. Aurora, IN 47001-3026 or Fox T. Ponder 2500 W. Hwy 80, Russell Springs, KY 42642-9319

HISTORY OF CLAY COUNTY, published in the Manchester Guardian from May to December 1932. Soft cover, contains index of names. Price: \$12.50, plus \$5.00 shipping and handling. KY residents add 6% for KY sales tax.

1807-1923 MARRIAGE INDEX, the book is indexed alphabetically by groom and also by bride, date applied for marriage license, date of actual marriage, and file box number at the Clerks Office.

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THE WILLIAM COLLETT FAMILY OF SOUTHEASTERN KENTUCKY (2006 Edition) - contains 14,000 names, 400 pgs. Price: \$30.00 postage paid. For any of the above three (3) books, you may order from: Hildegard Hendrickson, 2559 NE 96th., Seattle, WA 98115 hildegard@seattleu.edu

THE ROBERTS FAMILY COOK BOOK - FAVORITE RECIPES - spiral bound, soft cover, contains 110 pgs, plus index. For more information contact authors: Mac & Linda Sibley, 2840 Mt. Zion Rd., Midlothian, TX 76065

JOHN J. DICKEY DIARY - a transcription of the entire microfilm Reel #3 of the Dickey Diaries. The book is paperback, 8 1/2 x 11, has comb binding and includes pages 1593-2556 (963 diary pgs) and is indexed. Price: \$50.00 includes postage to U.S. addresses, PA residents add 6% sales tax.

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If you mention the Clay County Historical Society with your order, I will donate \$10.00 to the Society for each book sold. Order from: Janette Dees Burke, 2421 Giant Oaks Dr., Pittsburgh, PA 15241

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PIONEERS OF BEECH CREEK, CLAY COUNTY, KY - Hardcover book contains 400 pages, 600 old photographs, 25 family surnames, Bowling, Combs, Deaton, Depew, Dezarn, Fields, Gambrel, Gilbert, Goins, Hacker, Herd/Hurd, Hibbard, Houchell, Hubbard, Inyard, Jackson, Jones, Lyttle, Patrick, Samples, Sizemore, Smith, Taylor and Webb. Including Harts Branch, Sally Lyttle Branch, Coal Hollow, Lyttleton and Hector. Price: \$48.00 includes taxes, plus \$2.00 postage. To order:

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MANCHESTER MEMORIAL GARDENS - spiral bound, information included is name of deceased, birth date, death date, death place, spouse's name, marriage date, marriage place, and parent's names. Price: \$20.00 + \$5.00 priority postage.

CLAY COUNTY MARRIAGES 1924-1934 - spiral bound, also includes place of birth, parents names for both bride and groom. Price: \$20.00 + \$5.00 postage for priority shipping, KY residents add \$1.20 for KY sales tax.

Order both from: Maggie Bowling, 3712 N. Hwy 421, Manchester, KY 40962

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS - A story of a girl growing up in the small mountain town of Manchester, KY at the turn of the 20th century. Read about her many true adventures. Order from: Lucy Lois Cloyd Smith, 7 Allen Ct, Fredericksburg, VA 22405

CLAY COUNTY FAMILY ROOTS AND BEYOND, VOL. 1 - The book has the following families: Allyon, Burchell, Childs, Collins, Dickinson, Doyle, Eversole, Felty, Finley, Garrard 1, Garrard 2, Harris, Hipshire, Inyard, Keith, Langdon, Laughram, Mooney, Neeley, Price, Rawlings, Root, Sawyer, Sims, Smallwood, Tipton, Wagers 1, Wagers 2, Wolfe 1 and Wolfe 2. It also contains 5 maps, 52 pictures, plus Garrard descendant interview for a total of 302 pages. Price: \$30.00 + \$4.80 for priority mail, KY residents add \$1.80 for sales tax.

CLAY COUNTY FAMILY ROOTS AND BEYOND, VOL. 2 - The book has the following families: Bates, Brewster, Church, Cope 1, Cope 2, Downey 1, Downey 2, Harris, McDaniel, Maupin, Potter 1, Potter 2, Ruth, Sparks, Whitehead and Wooton. It also contains 8 maps, 117 pictures for a total of 281 pages. Price: \$27.00 + \$4.80 for priority mail, KY residents add \$1.62 for sales tax.

CLAY COUNTY FAMILY ROOTS AND BEYOND, VOL. 3 - The book has the following families: John and Massa Hacker and their 10 children, but mainly on their 4 sons, Samuel, Julius, Claiborne and Granville Hacker. It contains 5 maps, 16 pictures for a total of 230 pages. Price: \$25.00 + \$4.80 for priority mail, KY residents add \$1.50 for sales tax.

CLAY COUNTY FAMILY ROOTS AND BEYOND, VOL. 4 - The book has the following families: Biggs, Caywood, Corum 1, Corum 2, Cotton, Curry, Depew, Eagle, Gibbs, Hobbs, Hyde 1, Hyde 2, Livingstone, Massey, Redman, Rice 1, Rice 2, Walden 1, Walden 2, Word, and a Keith update. It contains 4 maps and 39 pictures for a total of 240 pages. Price: \$25.00 + \$4.80 for priority mail, KY residents add \$1.50 for sales tax.

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Clay County members of the Old 300

Continued from page 7

Singleton settled on the north side of Buffalo Bayou and built a log house that was bought by Lorenza de Zavala and became Zavala's first home in Texas in August of 1835 (see sidebar, page 7). Another entry from the *Diary of William Fairfax Gray, from Virginia to Texas 1835-1837* gives a good description of the property:

--March 23, 1836 Arrived at Zavala's before 2 o'clock. Was ferried over by an old Frenchman; horse swam the bayou, which here is as wide as the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg. . . . Zavala only owns one labor of land here, which he bought for the sake of the situation and the buildings. It is beautifully situated on a point at the junction of Buffalo Bayou and Old San Jacinto, the present San Jacinto running some distance off. The house is small, one large room, three small bed closets and a porch, kitchen, etc.

Phillip Singleton's life, like that of James Walker, also came to an untimely end in Texas. He is said to have been the victim of Indians as he went off hunting one day from his property out of Harris County and never returned. Family stories are that his dog came home with an arrow and his body apparently was never found. He must have died around 1836 because there are court cases in Clay County, KY in 1837 and 1839 involving the heirs of Phillip Singleton who had died in Texas. I have seen nothing of these cases except very brief abstracts: 3 Oct 1837 Clay circuit courts finds in favor of Claibourn W. White & against the heirs of Phillip Singleton. 4 Nov 1839 C. W. White and Daniel Bates of Clay Co . . . White will defend against the claims of the heirs of Phillip Singleton. . .

I do not know the outcome of these cases but the names mentioned strengthens my original thought that the Singletons came to Clay County because of the saltworks. Phillip was one of the early movers and shakers in the county but perhaps ran into financial difficulties associated somehow with the salt industry. In 1809 he had been sued by Stephen Langford, another well known salt man, over a land transaction of some sort. These difficulties may have led to his desire to relocate to Texas.

Will Whiteside received a land grant for a Sitio (4,338 acres) of land signed July 15, 1824 located in what is present day Waller County, "on the east bank of Brazos River beginning on the upper corner of the plantation of Jared E. Groce."

His and Lavina's time in Texas was short-lived, however, as in September 1824 both were "lost on the Brazos River." On 24 December 1824, Stephen F. Austin appointed John P. Coles as Guardian of their eight orphan children. In what I find a disturbing turn of events, according to probate records of Austin County, estate of William Whiteside 1837 "relatives were unable or unwilling to assist them."

Will and Lavina had nine children but according to family history their son, Davis, died in Texas within five days of his parents leaving eight as orphans.

Phillip Singleton and Lavina Whitesides youngest

brother, George Washington Singleton, who came to Texas with the others about 1824 along with his wife Sally and family received title to a Sitio of land in what is now Wharton County on May 14, 1827. I do not know why there is a delay in the time he received his grant from the others because he was listed in the 1826 census classified as a farmer and stock raiser between 25 and 40, along with his wife Sally, five sons and two daughters.

George Washington Singleton was killed by Indians at his mill on the Guadalupe River in Gonzales about December 1830. His son George Washington Singleton, Jr. applied for land in January 1832, stating that he was twenty-three years old and had lived in the colony for eight years.

Along with their adventures and tragedies which included much fighting with constantly harassing Indians, these Clay County families, who journeyed west with such high hopes and dreams, manifested extraordinary bravery and success and the sacrifice of the first generation did much toward making the history of the great state of Texas. Many of their descendants still live there today.



Shouting and pulling grass

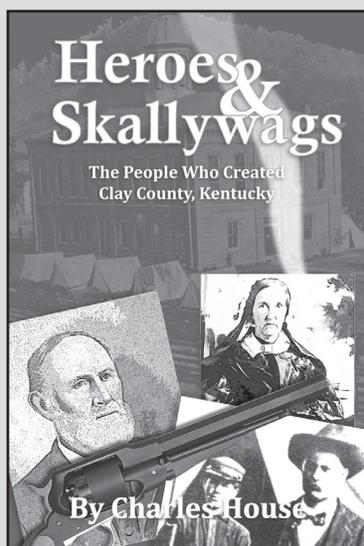
An insight into how land was granted to the "Old 300" and the formalities associated with the process is to be found in a "petition" dated May 8, 1827 from George W. Singleton to Commissioner Citizen Gaspar Flores describing and requesting the league of land he wished to receive and to become a member of the colony which "Empresaio Austin was authorized by the Superior Mexican Government to establish in Texas." There is a long description of the land, survey, requirements that must be satisfied, etc. finally leading up to putting George W. Singleton in possession of the land by a most interesting ceremony. The language reads: "We put the aforesaid George W. Singleton in possession of said tract, taking him by the hand, leading him over it, telling him in a loud and understandable voice that by virtue of the commission and the authority vested in us and in the name of the Government of the Mexican Nation, we put him in possession of said tract with all its uses, customs, rights and appurtenances for him, his heirs and successors; and George W. Singleton, as a token of finding himself in real and personal possession of said tract without any opposition, shouted, pulled grass, threw stones, set stakes and performed the other necessary ceremonies, being notified of his obligation to cultivate it within the two-years prescribed by law. . ." The document is signed by Gaspar Flores and Estevan F. Austin and two witnesses.

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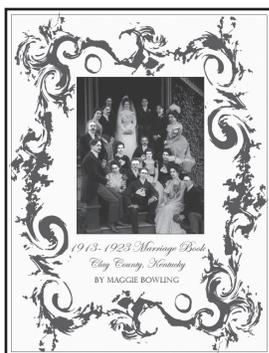
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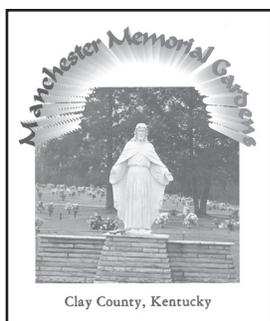
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that included the death of Colonel Dudley himself. Once again, those back home were outraged when news of the newest massacre was received.

When Clay County's Thomas McJilton responded by raising a company of his own, Daniel Sibert, who was back home after his first tour of duty, volunteered for another go at the hated enemy. The names of others McJilton recruited suggest that he had the gift of persuasion. Julius Bob Baker, who had fought the Indians in Indiana territory before the war, and in whose cabin the first Clay County court was held, was one of them. Baker was apparently reluctant to go at first, having had his fill of such military adventuring during St. Claire's Defeat back in 1797 (*see sidebar, page 31*). In any case he was appointed lieutenant and thus given a proper measure of respect. Daniel Sibert likewise was given his due as a veteran and was appointed second sergeant. John Seabourn was first corporal. The privates included "King" David Benge, who ostensibly enlisted so his son wouldn't go but who, one suspects, was itching for the kind of action he'd "enjoyed" (he later reported) in the Revolution; Bowling Baker, a kinsman of Julius Bob; Isaac Callahan, a major figure in the infamous "Cattle War"; Granville Love and Marquis Shackelford.

One of the enticements, at least for Sibert, who had been a foot soldier under Garrard, was that McJilton's was a mounted infantry company. Part of the requirement for McJilton's company seems to have been that the soldiers had to supply their own horses. We know that Lieutenant Baker did. And Sibert "bought me a fine horse, saddle, bridle, saddle bags and two blankets," he wrote, "and equipped myself in fine style, which took all the money I could raise except \$53.00 which I retained for pocket money and to bear my expense to head quarters."

McJilton's company of 62 soldiers was much smaller than Garrard's, and appears to have been comprised of men who lived within the current boundaries of the county and who had means and abilities a bit above the average. James Love, who had been with Garrard the previous year, was a lawyer who would become state senator representing Clay County; Pleasant Parker would become a Fiscal Court justice and, later still, sheriff. Jeremiah Broadus, William Bunch, Bowling Baker and Isham Bowling became wealthy enough to back various county bonds for individuals and office holders; John Casteel was tax commissioner and otherwise a prominent citizen; Granville Love became something of a professional soldier. Unlike the soldiers in Garrard's original company, who had enlisted for only a month, or Arthur's, whose terms expired Sept. 20, the period of service for McJilton's company was open ended: Aug. 10, 1813 until the war ended. These capable volunteers, it seems apparent, were serious about what they were about to do, and intended to take as long as needed to do it.

It didn't take long for the local men to see action. Only a short time after the company was formed they were already on the shores of Lake Ontario advancing with Harrison's army toward Detroit. American fortunes had caught a

huge break when, on Sept. 13th, Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry's fleet defeated the British navy on the big lake. With this strategic gem lost British General Proctor was in retreat and headed for Canada. Seizing the moment, Harrison and a thousand mounted troops, including McJilton's, headed for a landing near Detroit where they intended to be ferried across to Canada on some of Perry's boats to give chase to Proctor and Tecumseh. "All the prisoners that Commodore Perry had taken a few days before were encamped at this place," Sibert wrote,

We met General Harrison at this place. After we lay here a few days we got aboard open boats and was landed at Bass Island about 12 miles in the lake. All the American and British fleets lay at this island. We had left all our horses on the shore under strong guard. During the time the Army was laying at Bass Island General Harrison had three men shot. I was very busily engaged that morning drawing provisions for the company and got to the place only in time to see two of the men shot. Their crimes were desertion and high treason. On the 26th of September the Army went aboard the fleet and landed the next evening at Fort Maldon in Canada. The British and Indians had all left a few days before burning the Fort and Navy Yard. The British Army and Indians were then lying at Sandwich about 30 miles above.

Now the fortunes of the armies were reversed. Where before it was the Kentuckians who were worn out, half-starved and under inept command, now it was the other side. The principled Chief Tecumseh expressed disgust that Proctor was retreating in the wake of the loss of his fleet and tried to talk him out of it, even adding insults comparing Proctor to an animal with its tail between its legs. Had Tecumseh known how revenge-minded the Kentuckians were he might have hurried Proctor along.

Proctor and the reluctant Tecumseh began their retreat into interior Canada on Sept 27 with McJilton's and the rest of the Kentucky troops hard on their heels. "We followed on after them and on the evening of the 5th Oct. 1813 came up with the whole British and Indian Armies formed in a line of battle on the left bank of the river Thames," Sibert wrote,

The battle was very light between our men and the British but very severe with the Indians. The British were all taken prisoners. They did not lose a single man. The Indians lost about 200 men together with the celebrated Tecumseh, their commander-in-chief. We had about 35 men killed. We took about 600 British prisoners.

The Battle of the Thames was a complete victory for the Kentuckians who, fueled by revenge for River Raisin and Dudley's Defeat, nevertheless seem to have conducted themselves with more discipline this time. With Proctor reduced to disgraceful status, and the Indians' coalition leader dead, the war in the Northwest was over. McJilton and most, but not all, of his Clay Countians returned home. Some of the local men show up later in other units, which suggests they may have stayed on when their terms were up. Granville N. Love and James Love, for example, transferred to the regular army infantry and, later, served as

scouts with Captain Roland Burk's "detachment of spys". Several other scouts are mentioned in county court records, though little is known about their service. (Maybe they really were spys.) John House was a private in Captain Presley Morehead's company of the 6th Kentucky Militia, a unit of the regular army. Richard Lucas was a drummer in Captain Jacob Strucker's company of mounted infantry.

Another prominent Clay Countian (who was a Tennessean at the time) served in the final campaign of the war at the Battle of New Orleans. Salt man James Sevier, who was a nephew of famed Tennessee Indian fighter and its

first governor, John Sevier, was said by James' grandson, Colonel Alexander Sevier, to have served as aid de camp to General Andrew Jackson. If so, that allowed the Clay County veterans of the war to say they'd fought from one end of the country to the other, at least the north and south ends.

Editor's Note: Much of this article is an abbreviated excerpt from a chapter in the author's "Heroes & Skallywags."



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Text of the interpretive signs at Salt Works village

Location of the famous Goose Creek Salt Works

The Goose Creek Salt Works dates from the mid 1790s when it was known as the "Langford Works" and was well known throughout Kentucky and in Tennessee and Virginia. The local works was recognized as one of Kentucky's most important industries since salt was of paramount importance in preserving food. Getting salt to market was considered so vital that in 1801 the state legislature enacted a law that allowed salt producers to take extraordinary measures to move their product across private property. In 1802, five years before there was a Clay County, the legislature approved funds for a road to be built to the site where you are standing from the famous Wilderness Road near present-day Livingston, in Rockcastle County.

Salt was produced here in large iron kettles arranged in two rows over a stonework furnace, by boiling brine water extracted from springs and wells on the site. The salt was stored in casks made by local barrel makers, and was transported at first by pack animals, and later, when crude roads and weather permitted, by wagons and carts such as those depicted in the illustration. The bulk of the salt was moved, however, by salt barges, flat-bottom boats sixty feet long built by local men like Jesse Cotton. Obviously, as a look at adjacent Goose Creek will show, this meant waiting for winter and spring floods. And when the "salt tides" came, vast amounts of salt was taken on the big barges down Goose Creek and then the South Fork of the Kentucky River to markets in the Bluegrass and beyond.

Beginning in 1809, the state legislature passed several acts that called for improving navigation on Goose Creek and the South Fork for the express purpose of transporting salt from this works and, later, from others along Goose Creek and Collins Fork of Goose Creek.

Site of first Clay County government

By 1806 the little village around the Langford Works was being called the Goose Creek Salt Works. Pioneering salt maker Hugh White built his well-stocked wilderness store at the site that year and purchased one-quarter interest in the salt works. It was here, on April 13, 1807, that the first meeting of the new Clay County government (county and circuit courts) met in the cabin of Robert Baker. Many of the best-known pioneer settlers, including Baker, Adoniram Allen, John Gilbert, and others were here on that day along with prominent salt men such as Hugh White and Daniel Garrard and a few wilderness lawyers. It was here that much of the early drama associated with the founding of the county (including the hanging, in August that year, of Joel Elkins for the murder of salt man John Amis) was played out. The town of Manchester would eventually be built a short distance downstream on land donated by the salt men, including Amis.

The Jane and Jesse Cotton Cabin

Robert Baker's cabin is represented here by the Jesse Cotton cabin, one of the oldest such structures still standing in Kentucky. Remarkably, the Cotton cabin, which was moved from its original location downstream at Cotton Bend, was already upwards of a decade old when the court met in Baker's cabin. The cabin has been in the Cotton family since it was occupied by Jesse Cotton and his wife, Jane Griffin Cotton, at the time of their marriage in 1812. Prior to that the cabin belonged to Jane's family, headed by Zakariah Griffin, one of



the county's founding.

Located on the Wilderness Road

Salty water was most likely discovered at this site owing to its proximity to the famous Warrior's Path, a north-south trail used for centuries by American Indians and by buffalo, which created the trail in the first place as they searched for salt licks. When early explorers first came across the Cumberland Gap into the Kentucky territory, they followed the well-marked path, which led from one end of present day Clay County to the other, along Otter Creek, Goose Creek and Sextons Creek.

The first known person of European descent to use the path in this location was Gabriel Arthur, a young man employed by an English trading company who in 1673 got captured by Indians in present-day Tennessee and taken captive to present-day Ohio. When the Indians released him, they told Arthur to follow the well-marked path back to where he had been captured.

The first explorer to use the path was Dr. Thomas Walker, who is credited with "discovering" the Cumberland Gap when he came to explore the Kentucky wilderness. Walker and his party came by this site in May of 1750 after constructing a small structure on the Cumberland River near present-day Barbourville. He recorded in his diary that he counted upwards of 100 buffalo at a lick near the mouth of present-day Paces Creek, just upstream from this site.

The next explorer to come by here was the most famous of all, Daniel Boone, who used the path on his first extended hunting expedition in Kentucky in 1769, several years before he blazed his famous trail in present-day Laurel County. It would be another 15 years or so before Boone came back to Goose Creek, this time as a surveyor for a large track of land that included present-day Manchester.

In the late summer of 1862 a force of nearly 10,000 Union Army soldiers came by here on their march from Cumberland Gap known to historians as the "Magnificent Retreat" as they fled from a superior force of Confederates that had had them surrounded. The Union force, commanded by Brig. General George Morgan, camped near here for two days, during which a local soldier named Lewis Stivers shot a fellow-soldier, was court-martialed and executed. Because of the extremely rough condition of the trail in this section that slowed the troops down, Gen. Morgan ordered that 100 wagons be burnt here to keep them out of the hands of the pursuing Rebels. A few months later the Union ordered that this and other local salt works be destroyed to keep salt out of the hands of the enemy. The salt industry never recovered from the blow.

Throughout the Civil War both sides of the conflict "foraged" for food along the trail and used it to move troops and supplies between the Cumberland Gap and the Bluegrass. After the war the old trail faded from use and memory as new roads and, eventually, the railroad (based partly on the trail) were built.

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