

UP THE CREEK

Hacker's Creek Newsletter

July 2017

The Last Ones (Children of the 20's, 30's, 40's & 50's)

Born in the 1920's 30s and 40's or 50s, we exist as a special cohort. We are the "Last Ones." We are the last climbing out of the depression, who can remember the winds of war and the war itself, with fathers and uncles going off. We are the last to remember ration books, of everything from sugar to shoes to stoves. We saved tinfoil and poured fat into tin cans. We saw cars up on blocks because tires weren't available. We are the last to hear FDR's radio assurances and to see gold stars in the front windows of our grieving neighbors. We can also remember the parades of August 15, 1945, V-J Day. We saw the boys come home from the war, build their Cape Cod style houses, pouring the cellar, tarring over it and living there until they could afford the time and money to build it out.

We are the last to spend childhood without television, instead imagining what we heard on radio. As we all like to brag, with no TV, we spent our childhood playing outside until the street lights came on. We did play outside and we did play on our own. There was no little League. The lack of TV in our early years meant, for most of us, that we had little understanding of what the world was like. Our Saturday afternoons, if at the movies, gave us newsreel of the war, sandwiched in between westerns and cartoons. Newspapers and magazines were written for adults. We are the last who had to find out for ourselves.

As we grew up the country was exploding with growth. The GI bill gave veterans the means to get an education and spurred colleges to grow. VA loans fanned a housing boom. Pent up demand coupled with the new installment payment plans put factories to work. New highways would bring jobs and mobility. The veterans joined civic club and became active in politics. In the late 40's and early 50's the country seemed to lie in the embrace of brisk but quiet order as it gave birth to its new middle class. Our parents understandably became absorbed by their own new lives. They were free from the confines of the depression and the war. They threw themselves into exploring opportunities they had never imagined. We weren't neglected, but we weren't today's all-consuming force. They were glad we played by ourselves until the street lights came on. They were busy discovering the post war world.

We came of age in the 40's and early 50's. The war was over and the cold war, terrorism, climate change, technological upheaval and perpetual insecurity had yet to haunt life with insistent unease. We grew up at the best possible time, a time when the world was getting better, not worse.

We are the last ones. (Author Unknown)

*Life has become a
struggle to keep our
weight down and our
spirits up.
(unknown)*

In This Issue

- Miotoka Schoolcraft Memorial
- Paulser Butcher Memorial
- Charles Grover Kerns fur farm
- Gee Lick Community
- Martha's Secret Ingredient
- What becomes of your family history?
- Visitors to the library
- Who Sang It?
- Queries & Questions
- Gathering
- FYI & Events

Schoolcraft Family

The Schoolcraft family met at the library on May 6, 2017 for a dedication of a memorial for Miotoka Schoolcraft. Due to the weather they held the memorial service in library. The library presented lunch to the group. A short history is below.

In the fall of 1779 Indians attacked the homestead and killed Minotoka Schoolcraft and her 8 children. Two of the boys were taken captive, but were able to escape. A neighbor, John Hire (Hyre) found the bodies of the family and buried them on his farm. They peacefully rest in this spot today, and the current generation has now placed a memorial monument in their memory.

We do have full Schoolcraft research available in the library.

Paulser Butcher

The Paulser Butcher descendants met at the library for lunch and research on May 13, 2017.. Descendant and HCPD member was the driving force for this dedication and memorial for Revolutionary War Patriot, Paulser Butcher. See the scanned newspaper article.



Charles Grover Kerns and his fur farm

Taken from article written by Terry Kerns

This article comes from a family book we have in the library titled A Kerns Family History. The book is available in the library to read and use for research, request to see FA-940B.

We have a fur coat that was purchased at the "Fur Farm". I was curious about the farm, so I did a little research and found some history about it. The farm in later years was called the Paxton Fur Farm, but I found no info on that.

Charlie Kerns was famous in his time for operating what was called "Kerns Fur Farm." Why it was called a fur farm is questionable, as he did not raise any animals for the fur. He did sell fur coats and stoles, along with jewelry from a room in his home near Roanoke, WV. In this room was metal pipes that the furs hung on and mirrors for the customer to admire their choices. Amazing in this remote area he done a booming business that attached customers from hundreds of miles away. Imagine this was before the internet and the interstates. Word of mouth brought the streams of customers. In 1959 he won the Silver Mink Award for selling more than one million dollars of furs in a year, the most of anyone in West Virginia.

The farm was operated by his sons, brother and numerous hired hands. He was the manager. He operated a dairy, raised beef cattle, hundreds of sheep and enough hogs to feed the family. He grew thousands of cabbage plants which were sold by the truckload to feed the inmates at Weston State Hospital.



An interesting clip from the article is about the myna bird, Pete. Pete was a black-feathered rogue, a fast talker whose words and deeds are burned into the memories of those who came in contact with his rakish tongue. Well bred ladies arrived at the farm to shop for their minks and was stunned to find someone whistling at them from the distance. They loved it and it must have been part of the sales tactics.

Mr. Kerns born in 1884, died in 1959. Worked for the telephone company and was a farmer and seller of fur coats. Buried in the Peterson Cemetery.

Gee, Where is Gee Lick?

Gee Lick Community (Published in June 1947 Weston Democrat)

Prepared by Mrs. Ellen P. Butcher and was read some yrs ago at Jackson's Mill Public School Day.



GEE LICK COMMUNITY

236-18-44

(The following sketch of the Gee Lick Community was prepared by Mrs. Ellen P. Butcher and was read some years ago at a Jackson's Mill Public School Day. It was sponsored by the Gee Lick Farm Woman's Club and was recently read as part of a club program. Community stories are always of interest. Because of this and of the information it may contain for researchers of the future—the Independent is pleased to present it to its readers. Incidentally, this newspaper will be delighted to carry the history of other county communities—if they are available.—G.J.H.)

A review of the history of our Gee Lick community from its early inception to the present time reveals interesting and outstanding facts. Mother Nature was undoubtedly in a beneficent mood in passing over us, she tipped the Horn of Plenty. Surely the topography of our environment was designed by a Master Hand.

Evenly balanced as to level lowlands of great fertility for cultivation, with gentle sloping grass covered hills for grazing, rearing their proud summits to the sky, in lines unsurpassed in picturesque ruggedness and artistic beauty by anything in all our own West Virginia, the State Beautiful.

Rich carpets of blue-grass covering these hills are a bountiful source of maintenance for the many herds of cattle, sheep and horses that abound throughout our community.

Gee Lick community is rich in history and tradition of other days. Many and thrilling tales are handed down by our earlier residents of their trials and struggles while wrestling their homes from the wilderness, and maintaining their families, free from treacherous maraudings of Indians and wild animals.

One beautiful auburn haired girl was captured by Indians while dipping water from a spring near the mouth of Freeman's Creek. Later her clothing and dead body was found on the summit of the towering hill that overlooks the picturesque village of Butchersville. Another young woman was kidnapped in the same vicinity and held captive for many months, but lived to be again united with her people.

Frequently the Indians drove the men from their labors in the fields and would try to steal their horses. Two Indian burying grounds are located in this community.

I

Many of the present day residents are descendants of the hardy pioneer families. Many of the sixth, seventh, and a few of the eighth generations are living on the land acquired by their fore fathers.

We boast of the blood of William Penn, the family of George Washington, the deposed Imperial family of Germany, William McKinley, Bob Martin, Stonewall Jackson, Aram Flesher, and many other notable strains flow in the veins of our citizenry.

There are many relics of other days to be found among us. Spin-

ning wheels of our great-great grandmothers, a sword, a grandfathers clock, a violin made in Germany in 1729; a Spanish coin bearing the date 1780 was plowed up by the grandfather of one of our boys; a wooden hayfork used by a native who served in the war of 1812; gambrel sticks which have been used at butchering time for 65 years and many, many other ancient articles mutely tell of years long gone.

Another highly prized souvenir is a small Bible carved from a block of wood, cut at the time by a Union soldier from the apple tree under which the great General Robert E. Lee stood when he surrendered to Union General Grant to end the Civil War.

Near Gee Lick Run there is a bear "wallow"; also a deer lick. It is from the latter that the name "Gee Lick" was coined. Earlier than history records a large letter "G" had been carved on a beech tree that shaded this deer lick. This letter had been carved prior to 1774 when the first known white man came down this valley. On seeing the carved letter on the tree, he named the stream, Gee Lick Run. The last deer seen here was killed in 1848. (Ed.-Note: This sketch was prepared before the return of the deer in Lewis County).

Near the mouth of Gee Lick Run, are eight magnificent hickory trees. These are of a variety not found anywhere else in the county, and the nuts are large and delicious. History records that in 1800 some of these nuts were carried to Upshur and planted there.

Several of these trees show evidence of great antiquity and are not yet showing the ravages of time. One eight tree was a small sapling when grave diggers spared it when preparing a grave in the old burial ground there July 31, 1857. The little sapling now has a circumference of eight feet, and annually produces its generous quota of nuts.

There is another old spreading tree, standing in an open field

1947
nearby, unnamed, as there is nothing like it anywhere in this territory. To date no one has classified it. Not far off stands an ancient gum, which has weathered the storms for ages and ages. It is an inspiring sight to behold at any season.

Ten of our boys served in World War One; one did not return and two others were wounded. We have one Spanish - American War veteran and three Civil War soldiers; and numerous graves of pioneer ancestors who were in the wars of 1776 and 1812. (This was prepared in 1926).

One of our citizens has kept a written chronology of the more important events in our vicinity with dates, covering a period of 52 years. Another has been recording events for 25 years.

From our Gee Lick community, we have given the world two doctors, five ministers, two lawyers, a statesman, a historian, several educators of note and high standing, two trained nurses, innumerable wonderful housewives and many others who have made records in various pursuits, both industrial and commercial.

We cannot be classed altogether as a farming community, although we have good farms and farmers in our midst. Almost every one here owns his own home. Of the 55 houses comprising our settlement, only four were occupied by renters when this sketch was prepared. Two new homes had been established in the past year, and a modern school house had been built.

After noting community activities of the year, preparations for a new church structure, the author observed:

We are working under one serious handicap, a lack of community spirit to adequately cooperate with our resources. The men of our community have no local organizations. Some few are members of the many fraternal organizations in Weston. Eighteen of our women are members of the Gee Lick Woman's Club which holds monthly meetings with a view to community improvement and uplift.

The Gee Lick community is a good place in which to live. We have much that is desirable to offer any who are seeking a home or a new location. You will find good neighbors and a cordial welcome awaiting you. We have many nice building sites to offer. In earlier days, our fore fathers looked at a meadow and estimated how many stacks of hay it would cut. Today we look at the same field and estimate how many building lots it will make.

E. P. B.

Story from *Reminisce* premiere collectors edition

Lump-in-the-Throat Story

Ben always wondered what "secret herb"
Martha added when she cooked...and was pleasantly surprised
when he learned what it was.

Martha's Secret Ingredient

IT BOTHERED Ben every time he went through the kitchen. It was that little metal container on the shelf above Martha's cookstove. He probably would not have noticed it so much or been bothered by it if Martha hadn't repeatedly told him *never* to touch it.

The reason, she said, was because it contained a "secret herb" from her mother, and since she had no way of ever refilling the container, she was concerned that if Ben or anyone else ever picked it up and looked inside, they might accidentally drop it and spill its valuable contents.

The container wasn't really much to look at. It was so old that much of its original red and gold floral colors had faded. You could tell right where it had been gripped again and again as the container was lifted and its tight lid pulled off.

Not only Martha's fingers had gripped it there, but her mother's and her grandmother's, too. Martha didn't know for sure, but she felt that perhaps even her great-grandmother had used this same container and its "secret herb".

All Ben knew for sure was that, shortly after he'd married Martha, her mother had brought the container to Martha and told her to make the same loving use of its contents as she had.

Never Cooked Without It

And she did, faithfully. Ben never saw Martha cook a dish without taking the container off the shelf and sprinkling just a little of the "secret herb" over the ingredients. Even when she baked cakes, pies and cookies he saw her add a light sprinkling just before she put the pans in the oven.

Whatever was in that container, it sure *worked*, for Ben felt Martha was the best cook in the world. He wasn't alone in that opinion—anyone who ever ate at their house grandly praised Martha's cooking.

But why wouldn't she let Ben touch



A fiction piece by Roy Reiman

that little container? Was she *really* afraid he'd spill its contents? And what did that "secret herb" look like? It was so fine that whenever Martha sprinkled it over the food she was preparing, Ben couldn't quite make out its texture. She obviously had to use very little of it, because there was no way of refilling the container.

Somehow Martha had stretched those contents over 30 years of marriage to date. It never failed to effect mouth-watering results.

Ben became increasingly tempted to look into that container just once, but never brought himself to do so.

Then one day Martha became ill, and Ben took her to the hospital, where they kept her overnight. When he returned home, he found it extremely lonely in the house...Martha had never been gone overnight before. And when it neared suppertime, he wondered what to do—Martha had so loved to cook, he'd never bothered to learn much about preparing food.

As he wandered into the kitchen to see what might be in the refrigerator, the container on the shelf immediately came into view. His eyes were drawn

to it like a magnet—he quickly looked away, but his curiosity drew him back.

Curiosity Nagged

What was in that container? Why wasn't he to touch it? What did that "secret herb" look like? How much of it was left?

Ben looked away again and lifted the cover of a large cake pan on the kitchen counter. Ahh...there was more than half of one of Martha's great cakes left over. He cut off a large piece, sat down at the kitchen table, and hadn't taken more than one bite when his eyes went back to the container again. What would it *hurt* if he looked inside? Why was Martha so *secretive* about that container, anyway?

Ben took another bite and debated with himself—should he or shouldn't he? For five more big bites he thought about it, staring at the container. And finally, he could no longer resist.

He walked slowly across the room, and *ever so carefully* took the container off the shelf—fearing that, horror of horrors, he'd spill the contents while sneaking a peek.

He set the container on the counter, and carefully pried off the lid. He was almost scared to look inside! When the inside of the container came into full view, Ben's eyes opened wide—why, the container was *empty*...except for a little folded slip of paper at the bottom.

Ben reached down for the paper, his big, rugged hand struggling to get inside. He carefully picked it up by a corner, removed it and slowly unfolded it under the kitchen light.

A brief note was scrawled inside, and Ben immediately recognized the handwriting as that of Martha's mother. Very simply it said: "Martha—To everything you make, add a dash of love."

Ben swallowed hard, replaced the note and the container, and quietly went back to finishing his cake. Now he completely understood why it tasted so good. ☺

Food for Thought: What Becomes of Your Family History? Joy Gilchrist-STALNAKER

How much have you invested in time and dollars in compiling your family's genealogy and history? Is it important to just you? Or are there others in your family who care about your work? Would someone in your family like to be the family history caretakers when you are gone to your greater reward? Now, before it is too late, is the time to think about it. . . and to do something to insure that your wishes regarding the disposal of your hard work are carried through.

In my case, my children are interested in what I do and at least two granddaughters have dabbled at finding their ancestors on the "other side" of their families. But, and that's a BIG BUT, none of them has the interest or inclination to pick it up when I'm gone. . . and they have told me so. "Leave it to HCPD," they tell me.

In my husband's case, his mother gathered family information for years, keeping her records on scraps and bits of paper she stuffed in a dresser drawer. On occasion she shared pictures and other items with various family members – a grandchild or two, a distant cousin, or niece or nephew. Her two children, while interested enough to hang on to family diaries, considered those scraps as not being "important." Off those bits of paper went to the burn pile. Beulah's lifetime of collecting pieces of family history went up in smoke! Now my husband wishes he had those bits and pieces. Just recently, I received an e-mail from someone with whom she had shared a copy of a family picture more than twenty years ago. He wondered if, perhaps, we still had the picture because his has lost his copy. Sadly, we had to tell him that we did not have it. You see, all of this happened before I was a part of the family.

And then there's my late friend, Helen. While her son did have some interest in her work, her husband who was not the father of her son, decided to give her genealogy to someone she corresponded with in another state. He boxed it up and sent it off! Gone was all of Helen's hard work to someone somewhere who had no connection whatsoever to Helen's family or to West Virginia. You see, Helen, like so many of us, failed to include the disposal of her genealogy in her will.

But what about YOU! What do YOU want to happen to your hard work? Now is the time for YOU to make some decisions about what is going to happen to YOUR work. Don't leave it up to a spouse who has absolutely no interest in what you've been doing (and there are those out there!). Don't place that burden on your children! Or on a siblings or niece or nephew!

When you are making your will, include your genealogy/family history in your bequests; and, if your will is already written, add a codicil to it. Check with the person or persons or organization to whom you wish to leave your treasured work to insure that they have an interest in what you are about to bequeath them.

On the next page, courtesy of member Charlotte Fleming, we are giving you an example of a Codicil to a Will for disposal of your genealogy materials.

Now is the time to take this important step. Remember. . . we are only guaranteed this minute. Tomorrow may be too late.

Visitors to the library: And new members!

Three nice gentlemen came into our library to research the Hall Family. They had never been in WV before. Their home is in Salina, KS. They are custom to wide open spaces, so WV was certainly interesting to them with its hills and valleys. Needless to say they loved it, and plan on visiting again in the fall to see the fall foliage. They did find their ancestors who settled and lived in Vandalia, WV. They also got to visit the cemetery and seen where they were buried. We certainly had fun and enjoyed uncovering family genealogy facts for them. Actually, they were “blown-away” with our entire library treasures. How did they find us? They called the Lewis County Clerk’s office and that office directed them to us. We did connect them to a local gentleman, Gary Hall who ended up being their cousin. Kelly is a new member!



James, Kelly, Gary and Andrew Hall

Captain Scott Tetrick came into the library in July. He brought with him a family heirloom. Picture of his ancestors home, Blackwell Jackson from Jane Lew, WV. While Scott was here he became a very popular person, that many wanted to connect with. He is a new member!



We made the Front Page of the Democrat! This was a fun time. Hopefully the young gentleman will remember this area, as the place of his ancestors.

New York Boy Scouts Visit County for Service Project

By Dusty Metzgar
Staff Writer

The evening of Monday, July 17, saw the arrival of a group of around 40 Boy Scouts from New York with one of their group having a familial connection to the county.

The Hudson Valley Council which is comprised of Boy Scouts from Orange, Dutchess, and Rockland counties in New York came to Lewis County to complete a service project on their way to the National Boy Scout Jamboree in Fayette County at the Summit Bechtel Reserve.

On Tuesday, one of the visiting scouts was surprised to learn that he had a family connection to Lewis County.

Tobey Pelton, 14, of Poughkeepsie, New York was contacted by a member of the Hackers Creek Pioneer Descendants (HCPD) during the scouts project at LC Park, and informed that he was a direct descendant of both John Hacker and Edmund West.

According to a press release from the Hacker's Creek Pioneer Descendants Library, the organization became aware of Pelton's presence in the county after being contacted by his Grandfather, Tom Townsend.



Patty Lesondak, Tobey Pelton and Jeannine Garton meet up at Lewis County Park after discovering Pelton's ancestral connection to HCPD. [Photo courtesy of Hackers Creek Pioneer Descendants]

see Scouts, 5A

He was presented with a HCPD shirt by Executive Director Patty Lesondak and Jeannine Garton.

The scouts were accompanied by Scoutmasters Brad Davidson, Brian Colucci, and Matt Felberg, and were housed at LCHS. They were also provided with a breakfast that included biscuits and gravy, eggs, french toast, and bacon at the Bendale United Methodist Church served by members of the church congregation.

They also enjoyed pizza from Lambert's Winery and barbecue from Jaws BBQ, as well as KFC. They were also treated to a glass blowing demonstration at Appalachian Glass. They wrapped up their visit with a pool party at LC Park Tuesday night, with a breakfast at Robin's Nest Travel Center expected Wednesday morning.

Cindy Whetsell, County Ad-

ministrators, noted that last year before the Boy Scout Jamboree the scouts participated in projects in only a handful of WV counties.

"The goal this year was to have 55 projects in 55 counties," she said.

Whetsell went on to say this process was intensive and included application, vetting, and scouting phases. Whetsell also noted that the Lewis County Board of Education and particularly LCHS Principal Derek Lambert were to be commended for their assistance in housing the scouts.

The Boy Scouts made their return in part due to Governor Jim Justice dipping into the Civil Contingency Fund for \$400,000 dollars. The Governor's office also pointed blame at the West Virginia State Legislature for not including funding for the event in the 2018 Budget.

Who Sang It?

1. Rock Around the Clock
2. That'll Be the Day
3. Maybelline
4. All Shook Up
5. Bye Bye Love
6. Lucille
7. It's My Party
8. Ain't that a shame
9. Stupid Cupid
10. At the Hop

- A. The Everly Brothers
- B. Chuck Berry
- C. Lesley Gore
- D. Connie Francis
- E. Little Richard
- F. Fats Domino
- G. Danny & the Juniors
- H. Elvis Presley
- I. Buddy Holly
- J. Bill Haley & His Comets

(answers on next page)

Queries and Questions from members

- Question from Sue Miles: Where was the old Jackson Run Road, her great grandfather lived on this road after moving to Lewis in 1850. Send your answers to hcpd@hackerscreek.com and they will be sent to Sue.
- Member Theresa Brown writes: If anyone is researching the BAILEY family at the Roots and Branches, please give them my email, John and Catherine Bastable Bailey and Children, they are my 3Xgreat grandparents...would love to know a BAILEY family member in your area or in any area. Thanks, Theresa Send an email to: tkbrown@ix.netcom.com Theresa lives in GA.

FUNNY THOUGHTS: This has been floating around on the internet...thought I would share to those who don't do internet. Something to think about :)

Rest Your Mind

I know you have been laying awake at night wondering why baby diapers have a brand names such as "Luvs", "Huggies," and "Pampers", while undergarments for old people are called "Depends"

Well here is the low down on the whole thing.

When babies crap in their pants, people are still gonna Luv'em, Hug' em and Pamper' em. When old people crap in their pants, it "Depends" on who's in the will!

Glad I got that straightened out so you can rest your mind.

News Article published in the Weston Democrat.



The 36th annual Gathering

The 36th "Gathering" event will be held at Hacker's Creek Pioneer Descendants Library on August 10-13th. This year's theme is: *Families are the branches on a tree; we all grow in different directions yet out roots remain the same.* The "Gathering" was created for members to gather together and fellowship, learn and share genealogy finds. We welcome non-members to join in the activities with us, come out and meet some long lost cousins. Our library and members are full of genealogy information.

How about some family names that will be represented at the "Gathering"? Here is a list, not a complete list, but is your family named and do you want to learn more about your heritage?

Schoolcraft, Claypool, Coulter, Allman, Law, Young, Swisher, Robinson, Knight, Kee, Curtis, Bennett, Bender, Hacker, Sleeth, Straley, West, Stalnaker, Price, Dennison, Newlon, Fletcher, Bennett, Mick, Brown, Roe, Cogar, Lake, Williams, Gibson, Fisher, Dean, Gregoire, Squires, Winemiller, Smith, Radabaugh, Lantz, Bailey, Hinzman, Burnside, Bleigh, Miles, Nicholson, Laconia, Ward, McWhorter, Butcher, Frashure, Riffle, Wilfong, Alkire, Messenger, and etc.....

Registration begins on **Thursday, August 10th**. Cost is \$15.00 (1 day) \$20.00 (2 days) \$25.00 (3 days) for each adult. Library will open at 8:30 AM on Thurs. Friday and Saturday. Thursday is registration day and meet and greet. We will have a covered dish dinner that evening at 6:30; bring a covered dish with food. **Friday, August 11th**, we will have a workshop, offer sell of hot dogs for lunch, a tour of TALA and glass museum (pre-register) Library will remain open for research until 8:00PM. **Saturday, August 12th**, we research, share, work on projects and eat! Saturday evening we go to Broad Street Methodist Church for a memorial service honoring those members who have passed away in the past year. After service we have a banquet and awards ceremony. (You must pre-register by August 1st.) The "Gathering" wraps up on Sunday, with a service at a church that will be announced during events.

The 36th annual "Gathering" is open to everyone! For more information, or to register please call the library at 304-269-7091 or email at hcpd@hackerscreek.com you can download the "Gathering" schedule and registration form from our website www.hackerscreek.com

FYI:

Membership renewal due by Oct. 1st, 2017 for the 2018 yr.

\$40.00 a year, renew online, call, or mail check.

Journal submissions now! Journal will come out Oct. 2017

EVENTS:

Gathering: August 10-13, 2017

Jubilee: Sept. 1-3, 2017

Contact Us

Give us a call for more information about our library.

HCPD

45 Abbott's Run Road
Horner, WV

(304) 269-7091

hcpd@hackerscreek.com

Visit us on the web at
www.hackerscreek.com

HCPD
45 Abbott's Run Rd
Horner, WV 26372

PLACE
STAMP
HERE