

Family Memories

By

Marilyn Virginia

Brohard Bender

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Mark
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Georgia Ann Denune Margaret Ann
8/21/1935 -
John Denune
Johnny Baughman

Marilyn V. Bender John M.
2/18/1933 - Thomas E.
John C. Bender Patty Morrill
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Charles Corlas Brohard (1898-1992) and Margaret Angeline Chamberlin (1901-1980)

My parents and grandparents were all born in America. Mom near the Scioto River in Ross County. Dad on Tick Ridge up from Savageville Road on top of a hill. After his father died when he was 8 years old, his mother and Uncle Maurice bought a house at the Camp of 1812 where Dad lived until he and Mom were married in June 1921.

This is a story about my parents Charles Corlas Brohard and Margaret Angeline Chamberlin, how they met and the family they raised on our farm near the camp of 1812 U.S/ route 35 in Jackson Township, Jackson County at 1082 Brohard Rd.



Photo was taken on their wedding day June 7, 1921

Dad was known as Charlie born March 21, 1898, to John Floyd and Eliza Ellen Jelly, his brother Joseph Morris, the eldest, his sister Mabel Pearl (Bowman) and a sister Alma who died at eighteen months, buried at Hickman Cemetery.

The following is on a tombstone written by my grandmother Brohard.

Here lies little Alma beneath
this mound of clay while her
soul soars upward into the
realm of day

My father was born with a cleft palate. He could not nurse and a doctor helped my grandmother to fix a nipple to a pop bottle so that he could take nourishment. When us children were born (at home) my father would examine the child to make sure we were fine.

This was a handicap as he could not talk plain, this was later corrected by an operation when he was around 18.

Dad and the two siblings would walk to Savageville, a one room school from their home on Thick Ridge.

When Dad was eight years old his father died of pneumonia and is buried at Hickman Cemetery.

In this area were many places where the Indians had lived in caves, White Wash Rocks, Leo Petroglyph, Cantor Caves. My father and the neighborhood boys would play there. The family grew apples and the story goes that someone was stealing apples and my father took their basket and hung it high in a tree so they could not steal anymore apples.

Dad went to the eighth grade, his brother Morris and Aunt Mabel went to Rio Grande University and each received certification to become teachers. Dad worked as a helper with Uncle Arnold Bowman who was a carpenter.

Dad was about seventeen when he went to Wellston to see a dentist. The dentist told Dad to come on Sunday. A surgeon from Columbus a friend of his, would look at the cleft palate. Dr. Hoy told Dad to come to White Cross Hospital on Neil Avenue in Columbus, Ohio. He said he would operate and he would help him to talk plain. Grandma Brohard did not want him to have the operation. However, Dad had lived with this and Grandma Brohard was afraid this was dangerous and he might not live. She was very happy when this operation was a success.

At that time there was a train running from West Junction. Dad took this to Columbus and after the operation it was so successful he could not stop talking. He had a cousin by the name of Phoebe Harris who lived on Neil Avenue and he stayed with the family.

After his period of recovery he attended a school for mechanics and worked with Mr. Harris who built houses on Neil Avenue.

In the spring of 1920 he went to an ice cream social where he met my mother, Margaret Angeline Chamberlin. She came with friends and permission was given that she could be driven home. A horse and buggy was the transportation at that time and he told her he was leaving to work the wheat fields for the summer in Kansas. He asked if she would write to him and she said she would.

Dad and Sylvia Landrum took a train to Larner, Kansas where they met Ralph and Andy Schrader and Gene Williams. They stayed in Kansas until the harvest was completed and returned to Jackson County in the fall.

My parents attended church and social events in late fall and early spring. They would marry in June of 1921.

I have included some of Dad's accomplishments and his favorite sayings.

ABEAU BEN ADAM

Abeau Ben Adam may his tribe increase,
awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
and saw within the moonlight of his room,
making it rich like a lily in bloom.
An angel writing in a book of gold,
exceeding peace had made Ben Adam bold,
and he said to the angel, "What writest thou?"
The angel raised his head and said,
"The names of those whom love the Lord."
And Abeau said, "And is mine one?"
"Nay not so!" replied the angel.
Abeau spoke more low,
but cheerily still he said,
"Write me as one who loves his fellow man."
The angel wrote and vanished.
The next night he came
with a great awakening light,
and showed the names of those
of whom the Love of God had blessed,
and low Ben Adams name led all the rest.

I committed this to memory when I was in school.
Charles C. Brohard

Completes 20 Years of Soil Conservation In Jackson Co.

The Twentieth year of operation of the Jackson Soil and Water Conservation District has been the best, according to Wayne Brown, chairman of the District.

This banner year is a result of good cooperation of the Jackson County land owners and excellent working relations between all agriculture agencies in the County, according to Brown.

Forty new land owners asked for technical assistance the past year. Twenty nine additional land owners developed conservation plans on their farms, bringing a total of 66,545 acres under active conservation plans.

Water development practices headed the list as the most popular conservation practices. Twenty four spring developments and 15 ponds were constructed on cooperators farms during 1964.

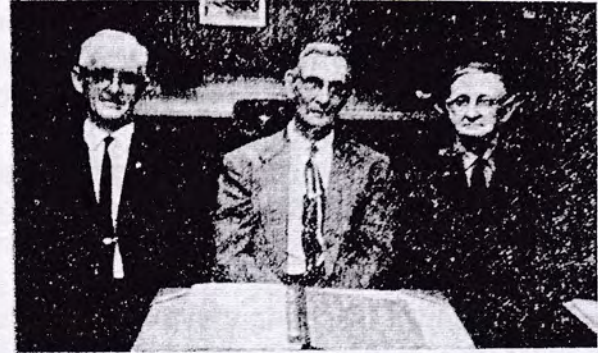
Pasture improvement was another leading conservation practice. Over 1,600 acres of pasture were improved.

Other conservation practices established last year were 118 acres of Contour Strips, 14,143 ft. of tile drains, 1,350 ft. of diversion construction, 6,060 ft. of open ditches, 13 ponds with fish, 108 acres wild-life area improvement, 93 acres of tree planting, 102 acres of timber stand improvement and 890 acres woodland protection.

In addition to working with land owners, the District worked with schools, youth groups, and many other groups, and many other organizations this past year.

"Soil Erosion, water disposal, wildlife, and woodland problems can be solved by land owners cooperating with the Jackson Soil & Water Conservation District", said Brown.

Anyone desiring technical assistance may contact the District office at 34 Portsmouth Street, Willis Ridenour, Soil Conservationist, and Crawford Jones, Conservation Technician, are working with the District.



Pictured above are the first board of supervisors serving the Jackson Soil Conservation District, when organized twenty years ago. Left to right, Vice-Chairman Charles Brohard of Jackson Twp.; Treasurer Floyd Leffler of Franklin Twp.; and member Jenkin Alban of Madison Twp. Chairman Gomer Jones of Madison Twp. passed away April 1961, Secretary Ray Davis of Scioto Twp. passed away April 1962.

Margaret Angeline Chamberlain was born near the Scioto River in Ross County September 13, 1901 the second child of John and Viola Jane Chamberlain. Her older brother was Charles Chamberlain and her sister was Goldie Floria Felton.

She grew up on a farm in Ross County helping her mother with household chores. When she was a small child they had a colored lady to help with the cooking for the threshing crew. Mom did not want her to make the pies because the black will get into the pie. The lady said "Margaret this will not rub off."

Mom moved several times during her childhood as Grandpa ran a mill in Richmondale and later in Limerick. Grandma Chamberlain was not well and Mom stayed home from school to take care of her. Grandma Chamberlain had a wonderful laugh that was contagious.

One time mom was driving a horse and buggy to the mill and the horse ran away. Her Uncle Cicero and Grandpa heard the horse coming and ran out into the roadway to stop it. This was very dangerous and something my mom never forgot.

I have not written much about my Mother but she was a very gentle soul who truly loved Dad, her children and grandchildren. One of her favorite bible verses was from Matthew 6th chapter, 33rd verse!

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you."

This poem was written in her obituary:

The beauty of the house is in order;
The blessing of the house is contentment;
The glory of the house is hospitality;
The crown of the house is godliness;
Peace and plenty here abide;
Smiling sweet on every side;
Time doth softly sweetly glide;
When there's love at home.

I have loved thee long, and I love thee now, and though the
world should perish, over its dying embers still would glow,
the flames of the love, I cherish.

After Mom and Dad were married she would take Ralph to visit her parents Aunt Goldie and in 1929 they, my grandparents, lost the farm during the Depression.

My grandfather had three children by Eathel or Ethel Irwin Beatty - twins son Earl Luther Beatty and a daughter Mearl Eathel Beatty on August 25, 1918 later on June 19, 1922 a son Denver Beatty was born. I only write about this as it contributed to my grandmother's illness. They were never given the name of Chamberlain as they were not sworn children on the birth certificates.

Mom's parents went to Springfield and established a mom-and-pop store there later a country store and moved to a small farm near Bellefontaine, Ohio. Grandma Chamberlain died in 1943. Grandpa Chamberlain at our house 1955. They are buried at Caldwell Cemetery in Ross County.

Ralph Cicero Brohard (1922-2004)

On July 1, 1922 my brother Ralph Cicero was born. He had sandy hair, my parents were very happy but my Grandmother Brohard and Grand Chamberlin loved him too. His great Uncle Cicero Chamberlin would leave him a Carnegie Hero medal, which he received for rescuing two men from drowning in flood waters of the Scioto River in Scioto County near Richmond Dale, Ohio.

When he was young, our cousins lived the next farm over and they would go swimming in Salt Creek. One time my brother Ralph dived off the bridge and hit his neck and head on the bottom, he did recover. He also found an Indian axe and hammer in the creek bed. He went to Savageville one room school and Uncle Morris was his teacher. When he was about twelve the old log house was burning, Madelyn was just a baby and asleep in an upstairs bedroom and he ran in and rescued her. A farm bell was rang by my mother but it was too late and the log house burned to the ground. The family would live in a shanty while the new house was being built.

A saw mill was set up on the farm and all the wood was sawed for the new house, it was all Walnut wood and Uncle Arnold and Dad built our house on Brohard Road and it is still standing today in 2020.

Ralph and Melvin would help with the farm chores and clean the chicken house every Saturday. Ralph graduated from Jackson High school in 1940. He first worked at a horse farm in Indiana and later the next year he would learn to strip coal for Pearley Hupkins around Coalton, Ohio. He later would get a job in Dayton putting in oil or gas lines. He lived with my grandparents in Springfield. He must have bought a motorcycle and belonged to the Apple City Motorcycle Club, he rode his motorcycle to Daytona Beach, Florida for the bike races.

About 1941 it became apparent we would be going to war and Ralph enlisted in the Navy and it suggested he go into a construction crew called the Seabees. His basic training was in Rhode Island, he came home on leave and he was sent to California before being shipped out.

The Japanese had bombed Pearl Harbor on December 7th and the roads were rebuilt by the construction company known as the Fighting Seabees 62nd battalion. Ralph got a severe sunburn and was in the hospital it was called sick bay.

My brother Melvin also stationed in Hawaii saw the battalion arrive, he began to cry and his commander gave him a weekend pass to see his brother, also on the island was Bud Leach and Dee Dameron from Limerick. After working on the roads, they were called to train with the Marines for a greater mission. Melvin sent a letter telling my parents of the invasion of Iwo Jima, uncensored, it came from California mailed by a friend who came to the States.

My parents were religious and Dad was going to Jackson and saw a casket being pushed overboard, he was upset and told our banker and Mom this story. I was 12 years old and it was my birthday.

Ralph and his division landed with the marines, they spent their days in fox holes and at night they built an airstrip for our planes to land re-fuel and to go on to Japan. He brought

home a Samurai sword and saw the flag raising over Iwo Jima. When he came home any noise would upset him and my Mother took a gun away from him after some noise was made by some passenger passing on the road. When my Father asked Ralph about the casket, my brother said he was one of the pallbearers and he pushed the casket overboard, the person died from a ruptured appendix.

After the war he had a milk route and later he went back to Dayton to work. He lived with my grandparents in Springfield. He went to Wisconsin, built a dam there and sometimes he worked on the Dillon dam in Ohio. He moved to different jobs throughout Ohio and West Virginia.

On April 1, 1950 he married Helen (Graves) Brohard and bought his farm on Route 35 next to the road side park. He continued in construction and was a special foreman on a hydroelectric power plant and dam in the Amazon in 1960. He took Helen, Mark and Cheryl and they lived there until the dam was complete.

In 1960 a farm came up for sale on Route 35 near the roadside park. Ralph was working on a dam and Surname for Alcoa Aluminum and Dad called him. He said buy the farm, which dad transferred the money and title in Ralph's name.

Ralph wanted to establish a home where his children would grow up and go to school which they did. After high school each attended Ohio State University.

He worked on the West Virginia Turnpike where he became a grade Foreman came home on weekends to put up hay. Later worked near Washington DC and after he had a heart attack he would return to Jackson and worked at the roadside park until his health became an issue.

He was in a nursing home near Jackson and his last trip was to travel on the new four-lane highway(on Route 35) to the Veterans Hospital in Chillicothe that was a dream that the highway would be completed.

He became a 32nd degree Mason in 1958 from Trowel Lodge and received a 50 year pin in 2001. He is buried in Friends Cemetery, Londonderry, Ohio.

Ralph C. Brohard

Age 82, of Ray, passed away on August 26, 2004, after an extensive history of diabetes and cardiac illnesses. He was born July 1, 1922 to the late Charles C. Brohard and Margaret (Chamberlain) Brohard. He was born and raised in Jackson Township and graduated from Jackson High School in 1940.

With friends from the Apple City Motorcycle Club, there was a time spent riding Harley's to Daytona Beach for the bike races on the beach and to the west passed the open plains of Kansas.

He served in the 62nd United States Naval Construction Battalion in the Pacific theater during World War II. Later in life, the war years were favorably remembered at Seabee reunions with antidotes about the raising of the American flag over Iwo Jima, the rebuilding of the airstrip, and the Samurai sword he brought home.

He married Helen (Graves) Brohard in April 1950 and began a career in highway construction which lasted 40 years. Work took the family to the Amazon in the early 1960's to construct a hydroelectric power plant and dam; to West Virginia to build portions of the Turnpike and many other places. Upon retiring, he worked part-time for the Ohio Park System, served on the board of the Consolidated Farm Services Agency (CFSA) for many years, and enjoyed working on the farm.

He was a member of the Trowel Lodge, No 132 F. & A.M. of Jackson and obtained the 32nd degree in 1958. He was honored with a 50 year pin in 2001.

He was survived by his wife of 54 years, Helen Brohard, and his two children, Mark Brohard of Jackson and Cheryl Brohard-Holbert of Orlando Florida. He had one granddaughter, Lauren Brohard; three sisters, Madelyn (Brohard) Hoisington, Marilyn (Brohard) Bender both of Columbus, and Georgia Ann (Brohard) Denune of Granville, Ohio and several cousins, nieces and nephews who also survive.

He was preceded in death by his parents, two brothers, Melvin Brohard of Indiana and Charles Emory Brohard of Jackson.

Friends may call 2-8p.m., Saturday, August 28, 2004, at the Eisnaugle-Lewis Funeral Home. Masonic Services will be conducted at 7:30 p.m. at the funeral home. Burial will follow in Friends Cemetery in Londonderry.

Melvin Brohard (1924- 1987)

Melvin was born on September 29, 1924, the second son of Charles and Margaret Brohard. At birth he weighed almost 8 lb, he had dark curly hair. I don't know much about his growing up years. He also attended (Savageville) school and when we got our vaccination for small pox and diphtheria I got to sit with him because I was crying. He went to the high school in Jackson. He went out for football but this meant he had to thumb home, it was his job to feed the chickens so he told me to have the feed ready and he should feed them. I did this and he gathered the eggs and on Saturdays he and Ralph always cleaned the chicken house.

While in high school he trapped for mink muskrat along the creek bank, he sold the pelts. Sometimes he would trap a red fox.

Melvin enlisted in the navy took his basic training at Great Lakes Naval base outside Chicago ILL in 1943. He was stationed in California and later in Hawaii where my brothers met. Ralph being assigned to the invasion of Iwo Jima and Melvin would later be assigned to the U.S.S. Hollis, an Underwater Demolition Team, in preparation for the landing of the (Sixth Army) to clear area of Wakayama Japan - harbor and beaches.

Melva, his daughter sent me copies of his service record it shows his serving on he Demolition Team of the U.S.S. Hollis a copy is enclosed. His rank of service was Yeoman second class. He took typing in high school and was assigned to the office staff on his ship. This paper also shows the apartment where he and Ginny lived before returning to Jackson in 1946.

Melvin came home on leave and married Virginia Blake at her grandparents home in Jackson. They lived in California until his discharge. The discharge papers shows address of apartment.

Upon his discharge he worked at a milk processing plant in Bell Center, Ohio near Bellefontaine. They lived with my grandfather Chambertin and Uncle Cicero until Melvin got a job at Federal Chemical Fertilizer as a salesman and moved back to Jackson. Floyd Lucas was his supervisor and a friend of my parents. They would promote him to a larger territory first to Indiana and later to Brush, Colorado. His territory included a part of Kansas.

Steve and Melva were born in Jackson and Melva arrived in a snow storm in November 1950, bringing her home from Holzer Hospital, Melvin had a flat tire and had to fix the tire in a snow storm.

They later moved to Indiana where Steve and Melva grew up in Butler, Indiana. Ginny and Melva later lived in Brush Colorado.

Melvin and Ginny came home every year to visit family and friends. In 1986 Dad called Melvin and said he was dividing Mom's dishes, was there anything he would like? Melvin said Grandpa Chamberlin marbles. Marilyn will take them to her house. Melvin and Ginny stayed with me it was before Christmas and yes Ralph had the marbles to keep from

having a problem. I went to an antique store bought the marbles and my brother Melvin was the happiest person on earth. He stayed until after Christmas with Steve and Melva, he also told me he had bought his cemetery lots. Upon his retirement he was planning to move back to Indiana he became ill on his way home after Christmas he began to have chest pains. On their return to Brush, Colorado he was flown to Denver to a hospital where he was operated on but did not survive. He had retired at 62 and was planning to move back to Butler Indiana.

Dad, Georgia, Madelyn and I drove to Fairmount, Indiana for the funeral. I drove Ralph's car through the worst snow storm. In the meantime, Helen and Cheryl flew to Washington DC where Ralph had a heart attack but survived. Melvin is buried in Park Cemetery Fairmount Indiana, not too far from where James Dean is buried.

I now remember a song that Melvin sang when he came home after basic training. It went like this: "Stars and Stripes will fly over Tokyo, fly over Tokyo, fly over Tokyo when 1147 gets there."

SUMMARY OF SERVICE

Vessel or Station	From	To	Rate
USNTS, Great Lakes, Ill.	8-5-43	10-12-43	AS, S2c
USN, PDC, Pleasanton, Calif.	10-17-43	10-25-43	S2c
CASU-THIRTY FOUR	10-25-43	2-15-45	S2c, Y3c, Y2c
RecShip, San Francisco, Calif.	2-28-45	3-23-45	Y2c
SQTC, T.I., San Pedro, Calif.	4-10-45	8-13-45	Y2c
ComUDRON 1	8-16-45	10-25-45	Y2c
USS HOLLIS (APD-86)(ComUDTsPhibsPac)	10-26-45	1-17-46	Y2c, Y1c
NAB, Coronado, Calif.(ComUDTsPhibsPac)	1-17-46	2-9-46	Y1c
UDT "A" (Staff-ComUDTsPhibsPac)	2-9-46	5-6-46	Y1c

Permanent address after discharge 4201 Ocean View Blvd., San Diego, 2, California

Final average in all marks upon discharge 3.8

R. J. PHELPS, Lt. (jg), USNR.
(SIGNATURE AND RANK OF COMMANDING OFFICER)

Name BROHARD, Melvin Lloyd
(Name in Full, Surname to the Left)

894 05 01 Rate Y2c SV6
(Service No.)

Date Reported Aboard: 16 August 1945

Commander Underwater Demolition Squadron #1.
(Present Ship or Station) (Staff)

SQTC, T.I., San Pedro, Calif.
(Ship or Station Received From)

~~2-9-46~~ Transferred this date to
UNDERWATER DEMOLITION TEAM "A" FOR
DUTY IN THE STAFF OF COMMANDER
UNDERWATER DEMOLITION TEAMS.
AUTH: ComUDT Ltr. P16-3/MM Serial
97 Transfer Order No. 501-46 of 7
February 1946

9 February 1946

Date Transferred:
AS ABOVE

B. C. BARTMAN

K. D. TAYLOR, Lt. (jg), USNR.
By direction

Date Received Aboard: 9 February 1946.
Underwater Demolition Team "A"
(Staff ComUDTsPhibsPac).
(New Ship or Station)

NAB, Coronado, Calif., F.A. ComUDTsPhibsPac.
(Present Ship or Station)
W. E. PULLIAM, Lt. (jg), USNR.
Signature and Rank of Officer Authorized to Sign

ORIGINAL
FOR SERVICE RECORD

Attached to Staff of Commander Under-
water Demolition Squadron ONE aboard U.S.S.
BLESSMAN (APD 48) which participated in
reconnaissance of beaches and harbor
facilities in preparation for landing of
Occupation Forces (Sixth Army) in area of
Wakayama, Japan from 23 September 1945 to
30 September 1945.

Name BROHARD, Melvin Lloyd
(Name in Full, Surname to the Left)

894 05 01 Rate Y2c
(Service No.)

Date Reported Aboard: 16 August 1945.

Commander Underwater Demolition Squadron ONE.
(Present Ship or Station) (STAFF)

SQTC, T. I., San Pedro, Calif.
(Ship or Station Received From)

25 October 1945:

Transferred this date to U.S.S. HOLLIS
(APD-86) for duty with STAFF of Commander
Underwater Demolition Teams, Amphibious
Forces, U. S. Pacific Fleet. AUTH: Verbal
Authority ComUDTsPhibsPac.

Charles Emory Brohard (1927-1998)

Charles Emory the third son was born on a warm sunny day on August 5, 1927.

Neighbors always came to help with the family and farm chores. As Emory grew bigger jobs would be added. He also went to Savageville school through the eighth grade and would go to Jackson High School and graduate in 1945.

My first recollection was when I was five years old. I started to school and we had to walk over 2 miles. One morning it was very cold and Emory took off his coat, wrapped me in it and carried me the rest of the way to school.

One time he was carrying two buckets of water to the chickens he had a cigarette in his lips he passed my father, he didn't know what to drop first the buckets or the cigarette, he didn't do either and Dad passed him and did not say a word but he laughed when he told Mom about it.

Emory did not pass English in High School and he had to go to summer school, I think Dad drove him in the morning as he was an investigator for the draft board during World War II. After class he would have to thumb a ride home. At that time a saw mill was setup down around the hill to saw the lumber for the new barn and Emory with a team of horses (Bill and Babe) would log the very large logs to the mill. This a very hard work and dangerous, my brother was about seventeen. He worked a lot that summer, my brothers had gone to war.

The barn was built that fall of 1945, Martin cement poured the footers to the barn and also the sidewalks leading to the house.

Madelyn was in high school and will graduate in 1947. I will write about her next.

After Emory graduated from high school in May, 1945 he was anxious to go, he enlisted in the Navy as he wanted to help his brothers win the war. Each day I went to the mailbox and when the letter came, I was to wave the letter. Emory was cultivating corn, he saw me waving the letter he left the horses on their own and ran to the house. Mom made him go back to the horses (but they waited for my brother). Emory left for the service and trained at Great Lakes Naval base. After basic training he would come home on leave and then he would be assigned to a transport ship to take prisoners back to China. He said that the quarters were so close that when they slept you could not turn over.

I know they could go shopping in Shanghai China, Emory bought a kimono for Mom and a water pipe, he also went to the Great Wall of China.

After the war Ralph taught him how to operate the bulldozer, he was stripping coal and Emory was backing up, Ralph fell off and thank the good Lord he managed to get out of the way.

Emory built his first house a cement block house on 93 and he too worked around Dayton, he also had a business of mining clay and shipping it down the Ohio River.

Emory bought acreage off of 93 outside of Jackson. I don't know the exact dates but the Korean War was on in 1951 and Emory was going to be drafted, however Rosella was pregnant and he did not have to go. Angie was born.

He was very hard working and he would go and visit Mom and Dad almost every week-end. When I visited him, he always knew me and always smiled.

Emory built three houses and sometimes had to repair large equipment for his strip mining of clay (which is used in cat litter). He worked long hours. I believe the strip mining took place in Lawrence County Ohio.

One time when he was grooming Bill the horse, the horse kicked him so hard he went flying through the barn window.

When Dad or one of my brothers were working in a field away from the house it was my sister's or I who would carry water to them. One day when I was returning from this chore, a bull chased me. I had to go through my uncle's land. When I reached the gate I said to the bull, "Come and get me I am on Dad's property." Every time I remember this I smile what a great time I had growing up.

My brother was a very great person he loved his fellow man. He is buried at Fairmont Cemetery in Jackson, Ohio 1998. Rosella was buried in 2007.

Madelyn Brohard (1930-2014)

My older sister Madelyn Lee was born on January 25, 1930. It would have been cold, rainy and maybe snow, the doctor would have traveled by horseback for the delivery or maybe by horse and buggy.

The neighbors would come and help with the meals and take care of my brothers. The mother had to stay in bed for ten days or more. Mom was happy to have a little girl. My father was the one who gave each of us our name.

As soon as we were old enough, we would wash the dishes, Madelyn washed and I dried. One night we forgot the skillets, we certainly heard about it. We never forgot them again. Madelyn was the oldest and my parents were harder on the oldest. When we were quite small, we washed clothes on the washboard. Later when we got a gasoline powered washing machine, Madelyn got her arm caught in the wringer and it went up to her shoulder before Mom could release it. Her arm healed but was very painful.

During berry picking season Mom would take us to pick berries Madelyn stayed to cook the lunch dinner and one time she burned the beans, Mom gave her the business but Dad said he liked burnt beans. Madelyn also went to Savageville one room school and during lunch hour we played ball, she was up to bat, the pitcher hit her with the ball and she threw the bat at Bud Miller (the pitcher) hit him in the leg and Madelyn had to sit on the front seat the rest of the day. Bud did recover.

When she went to the high school at Jackson her brothers told her to take college courses, she took Algebra, General Science, biology, bookkeeping, typing and English she got very good grades, she liked to read.

She was very pretty and was well liked she was nominated for Homecoming Queen, but did not win.

Madelyn graduated in 1947 and came to Columbus to work as a typist at the Ohio Farm Bureau, this later became Nationwide Insurance. Mom wrote to her friend Eva Spangler and Madelyn lived with them until she got an apartment. She lived off of Main Street with a family and when I came to Columbus in 1951 we moved to an apartment off of 13 Avenue. Madelyn helped me to learn the bus routes and introduced me to her friend Ginny Compson who took me to meet the personnel manager at the Dept. of Taxation-State office Building. I was hired as a typist that very day.

Madelyn met Robert E. Hoisington in 1950, Robert played the piano in a restaurant. He was drafted during the Korean War and went to Fort Knox for basic training and John Denune told me he and Madelyn visited him at Ft. Knox.

Madelyn and Robert married in the Main Chapel Ft. Benning - Columbus Georgia. Robert would be sent to Germany and Madelyn and I would take an apartment 13th Avenue. Barbara Felton Willis our cousin would live with us until both her husband and Robert were discharged.

Madelyn and Robert lived in an apartment in Grandview and later would build a home on Sunbury Road next door to John and Georgia and Rob would be born there. Later they would move to Winthrop Road. Robert was in Real Estate and Madelyn was a school secretary, Brad was born in 1958. A baby boy born on April 1, 1970 died shortly after birth.

Robert took a job for Harry Denune in Springfield and Brad went to the High School there. Madelyn worked at a school in Springfield, she also went the third weekend to help Dad. Mom died in 1981. Robert moved to Florida and lived with Rob until Madelyn joined him.

After Dad died in 1993, Madelyn and Robert moved back to Ohio and lived in an apartment in Sunbury. They enjoyed being back in Ohio and would visit with Robert's sister and see the children of Brad and Gay. After Roberts death Madelyn lived at Seaton Square about eight years then lived with me for a year and the Doctor suggested she move to Crown Pointe to have her diabetes closely monitored. She lived at Crown Point until her death on August 21, 2014. She is buried at Trenton Cemetery, Sunbury Ohio.

She leaves the following grandchildren Daniel, Nicholas, Owen, Tyler, Connor, Noah and Allie.

Marilyn Virginia Brohard (1933 -)

On February 18, 1933 in the evening a baby girl came to live with Mom and I. What was unusual was Dad wrote this in a birthday card he sent to me after Mom's death. I was told the creek was up and over the road and after Dr. Ray delivered me he returned to Jackson only to be called that Mom was hemorrhaging, and he then returned to save my mother's life and mine too.

My first remembrance my father was plowing. I ran behind him barefoot and I could feel the cold earth under my feet and to this day my memory still recalls this. I started to school when I was five. My brother was my hero. I was crying because I was cold he took off his coat wrapped me up and carried me to school.

In the fall before school started Dad would draw a diagram of our feet to send to Sears Roebuck catalog for new shoes for each child. In about a week the shoes would arrive by mail. Sometimes when we had heavy rains in the spring, water would be over the road and Dad rode a horse to take each of us a safe distance we would walk to school and he would be there to meet us to return home.

There was no afternoon snacks but Mom prepared three meals a day. Breakfast was oats or pancakes and in winter, sausage. Other meals included lots of vegetables and potatoes.

We played games at noon and the older children played baseball. One time Madelyn got hit with a baseball and Bud Miller was pitching (Buds nickname was Snot Nose Miller). She threw the bat at him and hit him midway in the calf of the leg and of course Madelyn had to sit on the front seat close to the teacher for the rest of the day. Bud was okay but it was painful.

There was eight grades in a one-room school house. Outside bathrooms for each the girls and the boys. Water was carried by buckets from an open spring that surfaced above ground to the school house.

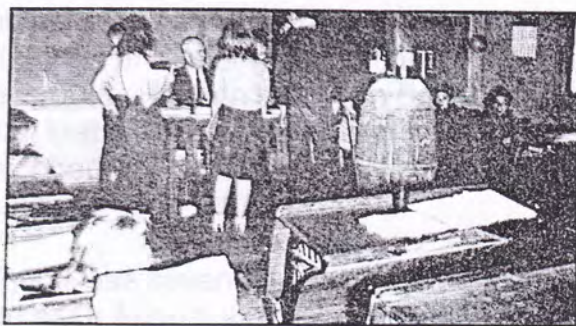
Below are some of the pictures of the one room school houses in Jackson Township. Inside Savageville School you can see the pot bellied stove (heated by coal) and my sister Georgia has her back to the camera (she has on saddle shoes). Uncle Morris is sitting at his desk and some students are gathered around him. We had to walk over two miles to go to school each day.



Savageville School Jackson Twp. Photo courtesy of Ivan Barnes



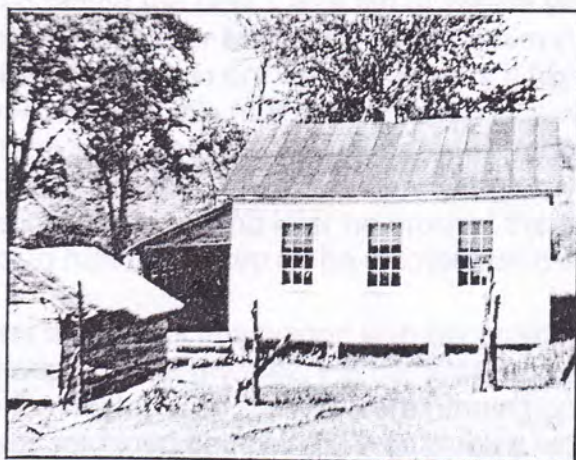
Inside Hickman School circa 1949 teacher Mrs. Ruth Landrum. Photo courtesy of Ivan Barnes



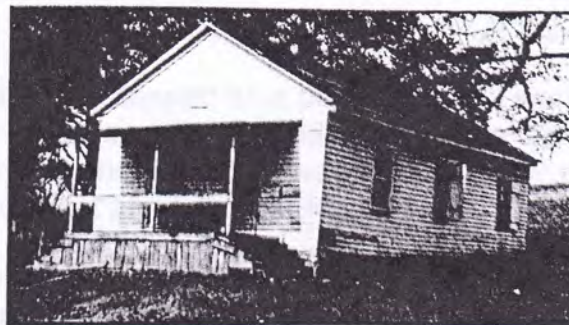
Inside Savageville School circa 1949 Morris Brohard. Photo courtesy of Ivan Barnes



Both above photos - Inside Limerick School circa 1949. Photo courtesy of Ivan Barnes



Hickman School Jackson Twp. Photo courtesy of Ivan Barnes



Comer School Jefferson Twp. Photo courtesy of Ivan Barnes

There was a Dr. Allison and his nurse came to our school in would vaccinate the children for smallpox and diphtheria. I cried and I got to sit with my big brother Emory. There was a neighborhood boy by the name of Ralph Knight who died of diphtheria and I remember the father stopped to tell us he had died. When we had an outbreak of polio in the sixties the children John, Tom, and Patty were vaccinated at Hastings High School.

My nickname was "Dutchess" the reason I could not talk plain.

When I was about eight or ten I began to wash on a washboard. I did not have enough strength in my hands and Mom would wring the clothes after they were rinsed. The clothes were dried on an outside line and in the winter they froze dry and then hung by the stove to finish drying. I also learned to iron. The iron was heated on a wood stove and I ironed first handkerchiefs then pillowcases next. I got good enough to iron Ralph's shirts, however Mom always finished them so they looked good.

I liked to jump rope and we played hide-go-seek. We rolled down the hill in a tire on Sunday afternoon and after going to church we would swing on some grapevines. I am surprised we never had a broken bone. On Sundays we went to Sunday school and saw all my cousins, Aunt Mabel, Uncle Arnold and all their children, Uncle Maurice and his family and neighborhood families too. We had to learn a Bible verse each week and recite the next Sunday.

When I was seventeen. I was given the job of superintendent. There were several churches and each August they participated in the Sunday School convention.

My brothers were in World War II and someone had to build the fire for Sunday School. My Dad taught me how. I was ten or twelve years old and many of the farm chores I helped with as my sister Madelyne helped Mom in the house. We carried water from the well but when it would go dry we had to carry it from the spring which was beyond the barn in the tobacco field. We had a buck sheep who would butt us if we got in his way. The flock of sheep were near the spring. I drew a bucket of water and the buck sheep knocked me down. I began to run to the barn where my parents were milking. They heard me and Dad caught the buck and later he brought the smashed bucket to the house. I asked my father not to hurt the sheep as he did not hurt me.

One time I was in a wagon with my brother Emory, I stepped on a pitchfork and it went through one of my toes. He carried me to the house and the next day my parents took me to the doctor. Red streaks were running up my leg and he said I was taking lock-jaw, a term used for blood poisoning. I was given a tetanus shot and I recovered.

When I started high school I still helped with morning farm chores and I would run to the bus on Route 35 and they would wait for me and help me on the bus.

A secretary course which was offered over a period of four years it included General science, English, biology, bookkeeping, typing, shorthand, government and home economics. Miss Williams taught us cooking, sewing (which I actually made a dress) and home decorating.

We also had driver's education. My teacher was Hugh Semple, who was also the football coach. One day I was sewing in class and got detention. Mr Semple said be here at 7:30 to

drive on Saturday morning. I had to tell Dad he would have to take me but Mr Semple would drive me home. I passed driver's education with flying colors and he was a great teacher.

After graduation I worked as a line-a-type operator for the Jackson Publishing Company living with Melvin and Ginny during the week and going home on a weekend's returning on Monday morning.

Madelyn was working at the Farm Bureau Insurance in Columbus (now called Nationwide). A good friend told her about a job at the state office building as a typist. She would talk to the personnel manager if I wanted the job. I gave my notice to the Jackson Herald and in early May of 1951 my dad took me to catch the Greyhound bus to Columbus.

The bus was coming and I begin to cry. Dad said "Chin up Marilyn." And I have done this very best my whole life. Madelyn met the bus and we lived in a home off of Main Street until we got an apartment.

My only instruction was what bus to take, where to get off on State Street, walk to Front Street to the State Office Building and to take the elevator to 10th floor. Meet with Personnel manager. I was hired the same day and worked there from May 1951 until April 1955. After we lived on 13th Avenue, Barbara Felton Willis Sterling lived with us and when Delbert Willis and Robert Haisington returned from the service I moved to 1449 North 4th Street with my landlady and another girl, Georgia Consolver. We would go to movies and I did not date but a group was going to a dance at the YWCA and asked me to join them.

I met John (Jack) Bender he wanted to take me home I said no because I had come with my friends and he asked for my phone number and after several phone calls I accepted. We dated the summer and he met my parents which he liked but I was embarrassed because we did not have inside plumbing. In September he gave me an engagement ring and asked for me to take instructions to become Catholic. My family was not happy about this turn of events but would not give me permission to marry until I turned 21 in February 1954.

I was baptized twice as it was conditional. I had been baptized when I was 12 years old in the Methodist Church.

We married February 27, 1954. We went to Washington, DC on our honeymoon and we lived in an apartment at 300 Oakwood Avenue off of Main Street. Jack began to plan for the house he would build. We looked for lots and bought 7 Acres on Lane Road. Our home until 1998 where our wonderful children were born.

Seven Children:

John Michael April 27, 1955

Thomas Edward February 28, 1957

Patricia Ann April 5, 1958

Joséph Alan October 23, 1960

Charles Bernard October 18, 1961 - died October 5, 2011

Jayne Ellen April 20, 1965

Barbara Elaine Marie October 7, 1966

Six Grandchildren:
Colleen Morrill Doyle Patrick
Andrew Morrill
Emily Bender Ferguson Ryan
Renee Bender
Dylan Brown
Edward Joseph Keesler E.J.

HISTORY OF 2166 LANE ROAD

John and I were looking for a lot in which John could build our dream home. In March 1954 an ad in the Dispatch advertised lots North of Lane Rd. on a dirt path with one acre lots listed for \$3,000 dollars each. It was on a Sunday and we left to consider buying one of the lots. At the time Coach Road was not named only a path led to Tom and Barbara Kramer's and Louise and Lee Johnson north of these lots. Tom Kramer dug a ditch all the way to Lane Road to secure proper drainage for his property. This area is very flat and when we developed Arlington Heights Subdivision in 1980 a topography was submitted and this land is the highest in Franklin County along with Don Scott Field - Bethel Road area. When John and I left, next door to these lots, daffodils were growing and John stopped to pick the flowers for me. There was a sign for sale with a phone number. I called and we met with Porter Smith. He said the property consisted of 7.7 acres and he would sell it to us for \$10,000 which we purchased. The deed was recorded at the Franklin County Court House on April 27, 1954 at 2:30 PM. Our first child was born at 2:27 PM on April 27, 1955 at University Hospital. This property was inherited from the original US Military Land, part of the McCoy Farms conveyed to Nancy McCoy Smith by a deed dated July 6, 1926, given to her by her father. This remained in her name until 1942 when she deeded to her four children, Elton Brown Smith, Porter A. Smith, Irene Murz and Irma. There were four children and they grew up at Fishinger Road - Kenny Road. Now Smith Park. The Smith Woods Park has a bench sitting at the top of this park and the following is written by Russ (Russell Smith), Elton and Esther son, and inscribed on a plaque by the bench:
In loving memory of the Smiths. These woods are their place of peace and tranquility. Sit for a moment and find yours.

The following are a part of the original owners who established Coach Road.

Jim & Mary Knapps
Wendell & Ann Dreve
Wynn Weise
Bill Ru - Van Horne
Counts
Alice Payden Alo (Dillon) Jackson
Tom & Barbara Kramers
Lee - Louise Johnson
Alice & Flo Cianelli
Mary Kings
Moör & Ross - Nelson
Bill & Mavis Hankey
William & Josie Undeutsch
Dr. Phil & Marsha Stern

"What is Truth"

Quote from *Circle of Grace* author Penelope J. Stokes

Truth is the core of human experience. The center point which keeps us balanced and aligned. The hub which connects us to all we value.

It goes by many names faith, beauty, love, justice but whatever we call it, however we experience it, it is the source of meaning and purpose in our lives. The hub that connects us.

The center point which keeps us balanced and aligned. The source of meaning and purpose in our lives.

My parents taught me purpose in my life long before I read these words. Ask yourself what is in your life? Take care of the earth so we can live together in harmony.



Taken by front willow tree.
Thomas Edward, John Michael, Jayne Ellen, Jack John Bender, Marilyn, Joseph Alan,
Charles Bernard, Patricia Ann, Barbara Elaine Bender.

Georgia Ann Brohard (1935-?)

Georgia was born on August 21, 1935 the sixth child of Margaret and Charles Brohard. It was probably a very warm day and my great brother Emory gave his famous speech. "If there wasn't tomatoes in the garden and salt in the barn we would have starved to death".

All of the children were born at home and it must have been a long day for each of us. We played hide-go-seek and we threw a ball over the top of the house and when we caught it we would run around the house and try to get the other team out.

One time when she was very small she drank kerosene. My parents started for the doctor and she began to vomit. Georgia would not let Mom out of her sight and when she was old enough (before she would eat or drink) she would ask Mom if it was good.

Georgia had just turned five years old when she started to school at Savageville, a one room school house where all eight grades attended. After completing all eight grades we were bussed to Jackson High School.

There is a story told (by members of the family) that Madelyn and I threw her across the creek; **Now** the true story is this!! Mom was helping the ladies aide sell hand embroidery items at the Limerick Bean Dinner. Madelyn and I were the appointed care givers, each of us took her hands and jumped across a very small ditch and we all landed on the other side and no one fell in.

When Georgia was four Mom was very ill, Mom asked Aunt Goldia to take care of her. Dad sent us later to check on her, my brother Ralph drove us and little Georgia was helping to carry in wood, later that night the lights went out on the car, Ralph drove home by moonlight.

Dad contacted a Dr. Ray he came to see Mom and said she would be fine. Dad was not satisfied and he went to Jackson and talked to a young Doctor Taylor who came to the house and said to take her to Holzer Hospital in Gallipolis. Dr. Dr. Holzer treated her for a cerebral hemorrhage, while in the hospital she received {27 lumbar punctures Georgia's version) Marilyn's version 18 lumbar punctures, this was to drain the blood clott from the brain. She come home after about three weeks in the hospital.

While Mom was in the hospital, Dad took us to the hospital but we could not go in. He bought us an ice cream cone and Georgia wanted to save hers' for Mom and put it in the glove box and of course it melted. Georgia is a very saving person and during the depression years you learn how to work and be helpful to others.

Georgia was a good student and was elected in 1952 to serve as secretary to the sophomore class. In 1954 she was elected president of her senior class, a real honor for

a country girl.

After graduation a job with the Department of Taxation (Excise Division) on East Long and High Street was waiting for her.

After boarding a Greyhound Bus and arriving in Columbus there was no one there to pick her up. Georgia did not know how to use a pay phone and someone helped her to call Madelyn who drove her to 1449 N. Fourth Street where she would live with friends of Marilyn's. She lived there until her marriage.

Madelyn and Bob introduced Georgia to their friend John Denune who she dated and in June 1955 married.

John and Georgia lived with his parents on Sunbury Road while their house was being built. Madelyn and Bob purchased a lot beside them from Jack Denune, John's father, and built a house too.

Georgia continued to work and John had a retail store called Linden Liquidating which was on Westerville Road. When we visited he would give the children toys.

John and Georgia enjoyed traveling and visited many countries. Margaret Ann and John Boughman their children were around twelve and ten years old. John took vacation pictures and later transfer them to CD's. Georgia sent Mom and Dad letters telling them what country they were visiting. Dad, Charlie Brohard enjoyed the letters and the letters were later returned to the Denune family.

In 1966 Georgia took my baby girls Jayne only eighteen months, Barbara was seven months. I was scheduled for an operation to last only a week but due to complications I was in the hospital three weeks. I will always be grateful to her for taking care of my precious little girls.

Around 1970 the house on Sunbury Road was sold and the family moved to Granville Ohio in Licking County.

John Boughman the son started the stamp business and his father John joined him at 234 E. Broadway, Granville, Ohio.

Georgia joined a local church, a garden club and quilting group making many beautiful quilts for her children and grandchildren. She sewed beautiful dresses for Margaret and many others. Georgia belongs to an Antique Study group and at this time is preparing a paper to be presented to the group on Antique dolls.

In the summer and early fall she works nonstop caring for her yard and garden. There is a fish pond to be cleaned in early summer and she begins to prepare for the 4th of July picnic held on their patio after the Granville parade and street rides.

Georgia had devoted her life to her family her husband John Denune and the following children and grandchildren.

Margaret Ann Denune, Geoffry Judge, son Graham Judge, Ashlyn Sims Denune

Great grandchildren: Jasper Graham Judge, born August 30, 2022

John Baughman Denune, Patricia Evans Denune, son James Alexander Denune, Elizabeth Presley, daughter Hilary Denune, Ashis Kabra.

Great grandchildren

Alice Suzanne Denune

Liberty Nora Grey Heimerl

Arara Evans Kabra, born May 9, 2022

Purchase of the Farm and Walker (1921)

This is a story as I remember and was told to me by my mother, some she wrote down. A land grant issued to William (Billy) Boyer from Ross County, Chillicothe, Ohio, was for one hundred ninety-eight acres.

Boyer had a log house on the five acres (which I owned from 1981 to around 2005). Dad sold this to me and I sold the pine trees and later replanted the forest. When I was a young girl, there was a beautiful cactus growing there, they bloomed in summer and had a yellow flower.

The parents were Buck Boyer his wife Caroline. As children we called this the old Buck house and only a foundation of rocks remained when I was a child. The following were the children (Mom told me their names) John Boyer moved to Illinois. Lawrence Boyer married to Bell lived off US Rt 35 near the Landrum's. There were two girls Sitterly and Phoebe, that were sisters. Phoebe married a David Whitlach and moved to Idaho by a wagon train. According to my notes, Sitterly married a Roberts who was originally from Kentucky. Wesley Boyer owned the Jerome Dameron place on Limerick Road.

One son was William Walker Boyer and he owned the 198 acres with a log house which my parents bought in 1921 for \$1,000. and with the understanding they would care for him for the rest of his life, which they did. He was born December 4, 1852, died September, 1938.

My mother took care of him, he had cancer of the throat and could only talk above a whisper. He was buried in Boyer Hill Cemetery which is off Limerick Road and can be reached from the Brohard side. My children would visit this cemetery and take flowers to his grave as my mother honored his memory.

I remember going to the funeral (I was only six years old). He would ask me how much I love him and I would say "as high as a mountain." My sister Madelyn would climb up in the cupboard and he said "if you do not get down from there I will take you by the hair of your head and the tip of your ass."

The cemetery was reached from Limerick Road and a couple, the Martins, who bordered the road were alcoholics. They would not let anyone pass to reach Boyer cemetery. My parents later bought him a tombstone which is erected near their graves in Hickman Cemetery.

My mother took care of him and a month after his death, my mother became very ill. She had a severe headache and was vomiting and could not get out of bed. Dr. Roy came to the house and said she would get better but Dad was not happy and he went to Jackson and contacted Dr. Taylor who was a young doctor who had a new practice. Dr. Taylor came and after the examination told Dad to take her to Holzer Hospital. Mom was seen by Dr. Charles Holzer who gave the diagnosis as a cerebral hemorrhage and treatment would begin. Mom spent three weeks in the hospital but then lived a good life after returning home.

My parents did not have the money to pay the hospital bill but paid around \$35 per month until it was paid in full.

After my parents were married on June 7, 1921 they would have planted a garden and raised produce to can and prepare for the winter months. Mom cleaned the old log house from top to bottom and they would live there for about ten years when the log house burned to the ground in 1930.

The Farm and its Production

When Mom and Dad married in June of 1921 their first order of business would be to plant a garden. They would plant onions, cabbage, potatoes, tomato plants, green beans, sweet corn. When the vegetables were harvested mom would can these in jars for the winter months. The potatoes were kept in a potato bin in the cellar underneath the shanty.

They must have had a cow and some chickens in the early years and later the henhouse and brooder house (for the baby chicks was built). My children and grandchildren love to hold the fuzzy little chicks.

During the winter months new fence was built the post was wood and were cut from a sturdy wood that would not grow into a tree. First new pasture was fenced and later on most of the farm was completely fenced in.

They sowed winter wheat in the fall and also oats. This was used for grain to feed the animals and as the crop grew bigger and harvest was around July.

When a threshing machine would go from each farm to the thresh the grain and separate the straw to be used as bedding for the animals and new straw was placed in bedding, also feathers was also used for our bedding.

Mom played a big part in this also as she would prepare a feast for the men who worked to complete the job. Mom always fried chicken, mashed potatoes, green beans, corn and many pies.

The wheat was cut in late June and stacked in shocks in the field, five on the bottom and two on top to keep the wheat dry from the rain. When the threshing machine arrived my brothers each had jobs to feed the machine and to catch the new grain. The straw was blown to a stack to stay clean for the animals bedding. Mine too.

Next in the summer the black and red raspberries were ripe and Mom, Georgia and I picked them for jelly and jam. My sister Madelyn was old enough to stay home and cook beans for our lunch of course she loved to read and the beans burned in the bottom. Mom was upset with her but Dad said "I love burnt beans."

The hay now had to be cut for the animals winter feed. Dad had a team of horses and he would mow the hay with a mower. This would lay in the field for around two days to dry and then turned over by a rake before putting into hay doodles. Dad and Ralph would stack the hay in a larger stack while Melvin would hook up the doodle. I would then ride on a horse (sometimes Georgia) and take the doodle to the stack. When the hay was eaten by the animals, Dad would take the wagon and bring a load of hay to the barn. One time when he was bringing a load to the barn Georgia and I was given a ride. This was a bumpy ride and we slid off sitting in the middle of a field laughing. After Dad got to the bottom of the hill he waited for us to get back on the wagon and we continued our ride to the barn. Dad did give us a good talking to.

It was now time to gather the produce from the garden. Potatoes was dug and put in the bin. Onions, sweet potatoes, cabbage and Chinese cabbage kept for the winter months.

We had three apple trees that grow near the top of a hill that would ripen in July and was called a transparent green apples. Mom would cook them and they were delicious.

We went to Sunday school and sometimes to Savageville Church in the evening. All the Brohard's including Uncle Maurice and Aunt Mabel's families attending too. I had curly hair and my girl cousin liked to comb my hair. Madelyn always wanted curly hair and Mom would curl her hair with a poker.

After evening revival we took Aunt Mary with us. Ethel Miller would sometimes see Uncle Maurice and the two had a confrontation and Aunt Mary lost her glasses. Dad climbed in through a window and retrieved the glasses. Neither Aunt Mary or Ethel Miller ever went back to church. One week later the church was vandalized and several things broken included a piano. The ladies never returned to church but Aunt Mary went to the ladies aide meetings and she made beautiful embroidery pillow cases and scarves. She was a great quilt maker. Some of the men enclosed the windows with shutters. They still are on the church today.

We had hogs and they were fed the vegetable scraps, corn and sometimes milk too. When the baby pigs were born it may be a very cold night but Dad put the newborn baby pigs in a basket near the stove and would return the babies to the mother for nursing.

One year we raised turkeys. They had an open pen and we would feed them a vegetable called Swiss chard they loved it. Dad and Mom sold bags of fertilizer and the neighbors came to pick up a bag or two for their garden.

We begin to raise tobacco to generate more money for the family. We had an allotment as to how much the farm could grow. This was determined by the federal government under the Soil and Water Conservation, I think. Dad measured the fields in several counties. Adams and Gallia counties grew tobacco along the Ohio River. Kentucky had warehouses where tobacco was sold at auction to the highest cigarette bidders from different companies.

Burley tobacco seed was ordered in early March from the tobacco company. An area was enclosed and the soil prepared by burning a chemical (I think). You cover the entire bed with a gauze to protect the new seed. It is on a slope to get the most sun in the afternoon. Mom sowed tomato seed and green pepper seed to sell to our neighbors for their gardens.

The middle of May, after the frost has gone, the fragile tobacco plants are ready to transplant one at a time into a handheld planter. My father is directing the plant into the soil dropped into the planter by my brother or me.

The small plants are growing and the soil around the plant has to be hoed to keep weeds out and each plant has to be checked for any large green worms. The worms are removed and destroyed as they love to eat the plant. The plant continues to grow during the summer, and in late August or early September, the tobacco will be cut. This photo was taken showing my mother and brother Emory during the harvest.

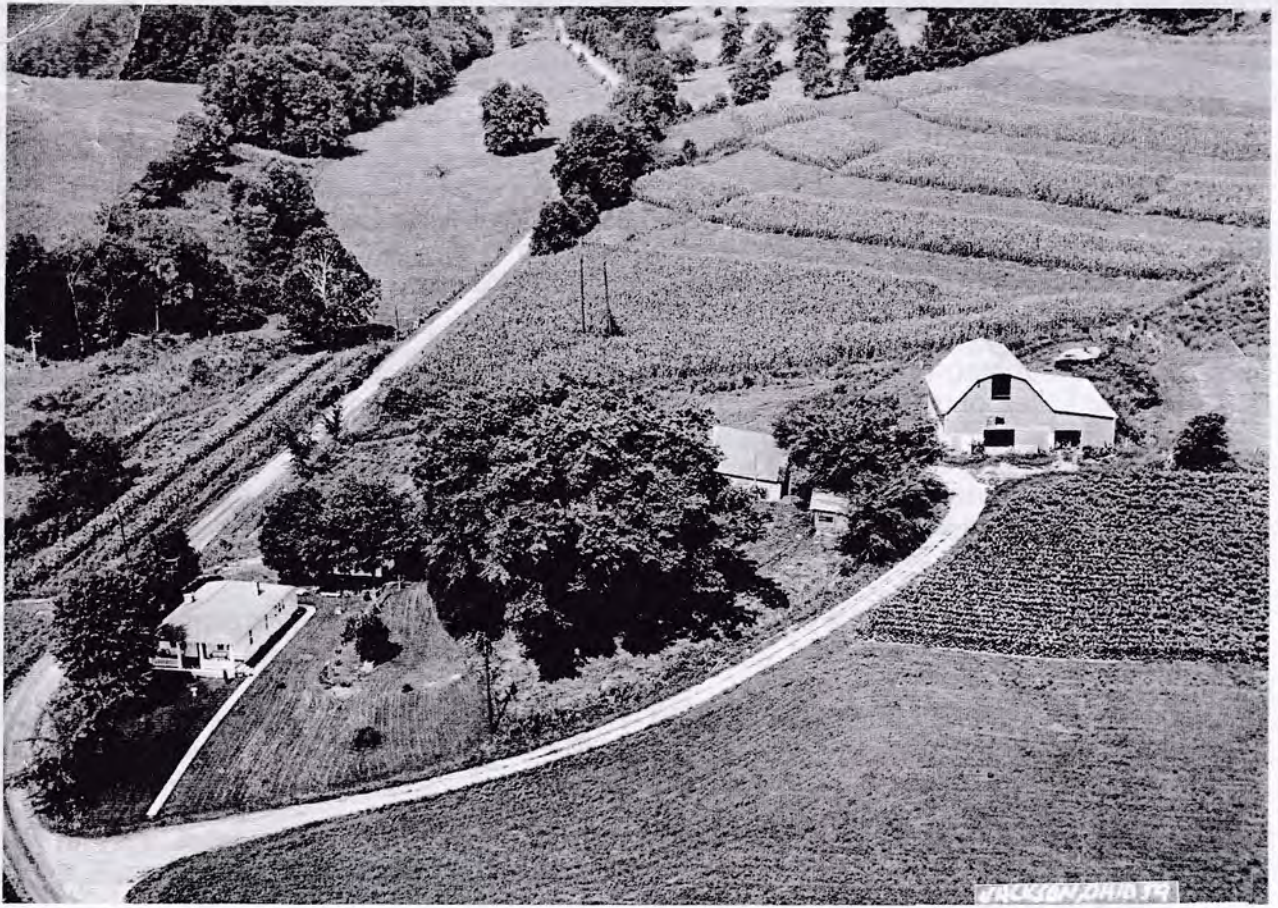


Mom and Emory in tobacco field. In background is corn shocks and the spring that was built by the Civil Conservation Corps boys.

The large leaves are prime Burley leaves. You also see the cut tobacco placed on the sticks to be transported to the barn to begin the curing process. In the background you can see corn shocks cut by hand. My brother Emory is holding a tobacco knife used to cut the tobacco.

Each stick must be handled with care when we load it onto the wagon. The stick is handed to Emory as it is placed between the well-built rafters in the barn. In late October or early November when weather conditions are right, Mom and Dad begin to strip the leaves from the tobacco stalks. This process is time consuming as you must take each stalk of tobacco and strip the fragile leaves. This is done in the small brooder house (where the baby chicks were raised). There is a small stove to keep them warm and to cook their lunch. They work from eight in the morning until four when it is time to care for the animals.

This process is called grading. The leaves are put in piles according to size, coloring, and condition of the leaf. You fold this in your left hand with the end tips holding what they call a hand. Tie it together with a single leaf. You place the hands on the tobacco sticks. The grades are called Burley's best and trash being the worst. I can't remember the different grades. They are transferred to a tobacco press to keep them together and put in piles for the transport to market. Dad will hire a neighbor who has a truck to drive him to a marketplace in Maysfield, Kentucky to sell the product. At a tobacco warehouse where an auctioneer will accept bids from the various cigarette companies for the highest price.



House built in 1931 all walnut wood. Trees cut on farm sawed by a sawmill, also in 1945 same sawmill was used to build the lumber for the barn. My brother Emory cut and hauled the logs to the mill. See the strip farming was done to keep the soil from eroding. Large garden is shown across from house.

I have not written about the sheep which kept the woods free of underbrush. Dad would check on them every Sunday after church. In the spring the sheep were shorn for the wool and sent to market. We were there and Dad saw Jayne not coming near. He caught one of the lambs and he let Jayne pet the lamb, she never forgot this.

Dad came home from work and he heard the dogs chasing the sheep. He ran to the house took the twelve gauge shotgun to stop the dogs from killing the sheep. Thirteen sheep were killed and three large dogs. The owner of the dogs apologized to Dad for his loss and the auditor of Jackson County reimbursed dad as the law reads "any livestock killed by wild animals" will be reimbursed.

Every summer when school was out the children and I went home. This was a great time for them and Mom cooked special dishes included chicken and noodles, apple salad, apple cobbler, fried potatoes that melted in our mouth. Dad bought Cracker Jacks for everyone, took them on hay rides and in the fall took them to pick pumpkins.

John and Tom when they were old enough to now help in the hay field bringing in hay bales and putting them on an elevator for the hay loft where Ralph would stack them to be sold later. While John was on a golf outing in Illinois he met Philip Hickman. John said my grandfather is buried in Hickman Cemetery in Jackson County, Ohio. Phillip said I worked for your grandfather.

As the farm became more productive my parents were able to purchase different equipment to help with the work. My brothers were returning from the war and taking jobs some of which I explained in their manuscripts. My parents bought a small tractor called a Farmore and later a larger Ford tractor. The horses were sold, and in 1947 we got electricity. This opened up many new things. We did not have to chop wood for the cook stove and carry coal for heating. We now had an electric cook stove.

There were springs and two tile were made to hold the fresh water. A pipe was laid to the barn yard for the animals and later to the hen houses. We had a well for the household and not until after the World War II water was established for the house and bathroom which was put in around 1955.

A large freezer was purchased and the canning now became a one-day operation. We still had the chickens and each week three crates of eggs was picked up to sell. They were cleaned and prepared for sale to larger grocery stores.

The cows were sold and Dad had beef cattle. The hay now were put in bales and sold to local farmers and in summer some of the neighborhood boys and men would help Dad in the fields.

We no longer had hogs to butcher but the beef was sent to a slaughterhouse put in packages for the freezer.

Mom and Dad are now slowing down and now enjoying watching the Cincinnati Reds baseball on TV. They no longer did our milking. The neighbor boys and sometimes Mark and Cheryl help in the hay.

Dad has had three pacemakers and Mom has diabetes and she has Mrs. Anderson and Louise Hafer to help with household chores.

In May of 1979 Mom had a heart infraction and was in Holzer Hospital. When I visited I took her a bouquet of lilac. When she smelled the flowers it set off an alarm and her heart rate went to 119 as this took away her oxygen.

The summer she was weighed each morning and recorded insulin was monitored and Helen called me and I told her to call the doctor but when Mom got up she was not feeling well. She went to the bathroom and hit her head she told Dad she wanted to go back to bed which she did. The telephone was out and Dad went to get Ralph, when they returned Mom passed away.

Mom died on November 7, 1980 and was buried on November 10, 1980 at Hickman Cemetery. The church had dinner for family and friends. The Bowman cousins- Tom and Joyce Slater sang for her funeral. Gary and Joanna Congrove.

We now begin to rotate our weekends to go home for Dad. Dad always made his own breakfast and Helen would prepare corn bread and a pot of beans. She took him to the grocery. He continued to do light weight farming keeping beef cattle until 1986.

He sold the farm to a neighbor with the written agreement he would live in the house until his death. He was 88 years old and we continued to go home. I purchased five acres of the pine forest which was originally planted in red pine by the Civil Conservation Corps boys. This was a group of young boys who Roosevelt helped to establish tree plantings and The Soil and Water Conservation program.

The tobacco was stripped on an old antique table which was purchased at a farm sale for 35 cents. This sat in the little brooder house for many years. And after Mom died in 1981. I would go every third week to help my father. I saw the table and ask my Dad if I could have it. His reply was what do you want it for? My reply was it has seven leaves and I would have it refinished. He said it is not time.

In 1991, during one of weekend trips Dad said it is time for you to take the table. Your brother Ralph will take it to Jackson to have it stripped. He will then drive it to Chillicothe to have it refinished. Dad told me to stop and talk to the refinisher on my way home. Which I did and he said he would call when it was finished. Joe picked it up in his van. The cost was \$700.00. It became a part of our family dinners and in 1991 I hosted Thanksgiving dinner. Ralph and Helen brought Dad, John, Georgia's family came too and the joy was in my father's face as he remembered the good times and now for another chapter about the antique table and said he would call me when it was finished. Joe went to Chillicothe and picked up the table in his van and on Thanksgiving of 1992 the family enjoyed dinner on the table.

The table will take another journey and go to New Jersey to be enjoyed by the special farm girl Patty (who Mom taught to peel potatoes). And now she makes special family dinners to be served on the table that has enjoyed meals by four generations and the love of the farm will never grow old. My parents enjoyed life and took care of this great earth.

In September of 1993 I arrived for my weekend and Dad was not feeling well. I talked to Ralph and on Sunday morning we drove dad to Holzer Hospital where he remained. Dr. Clarke talked to him and said he could not live alone. He was transferred to a nursing home where he would stay until the call come and I would make a decision to bring him to live with me and Chuck.

I left for Jackson on Friday evening. Arrived at Ralph and Helens and Holzer called at 4:30 Saturday morning. Helen and I got to hospital around 5:30 and I talked to Dad. The nurses brought in chairs and dad passed away soon after I arrived. He waited for me to say goodbye.



Back Row: Georgia Denune, Angie, Charles Emory, Rosella Brohard, Robert Hoisington, Ralph, Charlie (Dad), Melvin, Ginny Brohard

Front Row: Marilyn, young John Michael, John Bender, Margaret (Mom) Brohard, Madelyn Hoisington, young Steve Brohard, John Denune - Took photo.