

Ancestors of Jeffrey Kenneth Craig

Generation No. 1

1. Jeffrey Kenneth Craig^{1,2}, born July 18, 1960 in Indiana Hospital, White Twp., Indiana Co., Indiana, PA^{3,4}. He was the son of **2. Rev Robert Blair Craig** and **3. Glenda Ann Carraway**. He married **(1) Pamela Sue Baker**^{5,6} June 01, 1985⁷. She was born February 07, 1965 in Marion Center, PA^{7,8}. She was the daughter of Edward Baker and Nancy Kieth. He met **(2) Barbara Foley**^{9,10} 2000 in Newport News, VA. She was born 1970 in VA Aft. 1960^{11,12}.

Notes for Jeffrey Kenneth Craig:

Jeff is a quiet boy that loves his children very much. Most of his life is built around them and he sees to it that they take part in all the activities they wish. He has worked for the same company for several years now and travels the state of Virginia, and even some neighboring states, supervising several crews of construction workers. If you ever visit Hampton, Virginia Beach or Norfolk Virginia, you will most likely walk on Pavers he has had placed. They use them for road ways, walk ways [Virginia Beach Board Walk], etc. Nearly all of the Board Walk on Virginia Beach is paved by Westcon. Besides, he is our son and we know he is special and we love him very much.

Generation No. 2

2. Rev Robert Blair Craig^{13,14}, born December 14, 1937 in Kent/Jacksonville, Indiana Co., PA^{15,16}. He was the son of **4. Robert LeRoy Craig** and **5. Hannah Jemima Fleming**. He married **3. Glenda Ann Carraway** October 17, 1959 in Victory Blvd. Baptist Church, Portsmouth, VA¹⁷.

3. Glenda Ann Carraway^{17,18}, born March 21, 1942 in Washington, NC^{19,20}. She was the daughter of **6. ??? Carraway** and **7. Kathleen Carraway**.

Notes for Rev Robert Blair Craig:

URL: Craig Fleming -- <http://www.tribalpages.com/tribes/rbchopper>

URL: MyFamily.com --

http://www.ancestry.com/today/main.htm?opt=cp&ATT=vZDoSsM6xkYcLxRHGnSdeE*CvPgKKQBAZeHUAE

URL: FamilyTreeMaker Craig Fleming Web Page --

<http://familytreemaker.genealogy.com/users/c/r/a/Robert-b-Craig/>

Robert Blair Craig - 'Walking Man' – The title of a song I recently heard on the radio. I think it best describes my life experiences. The day following my graduation from GT High School I left for Philadelphia, PA. My intentions were to work the summer and begin classes at Philadelphia Bible Institute. At the time I felt a sincere calling to the ministry. Summer over I began classes there but soon felt uncomfortable with the extreme fundamental teaching and before the end of the 2nd semester I left school and joined the US Navy.

The Navy provided me with the 'Walking Man' transportation that started my long journey across the world. Boot Camp at Great Lakes, IL, communication school at Imperial Beach, CA, First stationed at Bremahaven, Germany, then Istanbul, Turkey; then on to the US Pocono and an extensive Mediterranean cruise. This Med. Cruise took me to Beirut, Lebanon, Naples & Rome, Italy, Tripoli, North Africa, the French Riviere, back to Istanbul, Turkey, Spain & two Atlantic Ocean crossings by ship and 3 in US Air Force Planes. I got to see the Statue of Liberty and spent a couple of weeks in New York City. All at the expense of the USN. This 'Walking Man' infection was complete and my wonders did not stop with my leaving the Navy. Glenda and I were married just three months prior to my discharge and we soon left Norfolk, VA, for Pennsylvania. Work was scarce in Norfolk as well as in PA, but after a time my dad got me a job with HJ Beuheight, Pyrofax Gas, Indiana, PA. Wages were small and life was meager there. Not long after Jeff was

born we were encouraged by word that work might be available in Fort Wayne, Indiana. Uncle SW Craig's encouragement was appreciated as we moved and started work at Wayne Pharmaceutical Supply Co, Ft Wayne, IN. It wasn't long though that my imaginations and dreams provoked us to go to St. Petersburg, FL. Glenda and I both found work there at Dutch Pantry but after a while soon began to get homesick for family and Virginia. So, it was back to VA, then to PA. In Pa there was much family distress and we packed up again and left for the west. We stopped in Sulpulpa, OK and I found temporary work at Liberty Glass. A friend I worked with had a garage apartment to live in. This friend was very persuasive about certain job possibilities in Colorado and after about 3 months we left for Climax, Colorado to work in the mineral mines there. The money was good, but the winter severe. Roger came down with an acute sickness that the Company Doctor said would only get better at lower altitudes. We literally left that day for Phoenix, AR. With no planning, we were in the hands of providence. Uncle John Learn, a relative in my mother's side, Fleming, came to our aid and allowed us to stay with him until I could get work and a place to stay, about 3 weeks. I soon found work and we lived in Phoenix about a year. It was then back to Virginia. Prices Inc., an appliance retailer in Norfolk, VA became my real income job. I did quite well there and soon became manager of their retail outlet in Great Bridge, VA. We bought a home there and settled down for several years. I received a great job offer from the WT Grant Co. in Great Bridge and took it. It was a wonderful experience to be able to feel as though achievement and advancement was finally in my grasp after so many different job changes. The WT Grant Co. then transferred me to Punxsutawney, PA to assist in opening a new store there. Dad had passed away and mom was living alone in Dixonville, PA. We lived in the old home place there and I commuted to Punxey. After a couple of years there I was again transferred a new opening WT Grant Store in Richmond, VA. I worked there until WT Grant Co. went out of business. Ironically, after leaving Richmond, we returned back to the Norfolk, VA area, where Prices Inc., re-hired me. It was at this time I began to have a deepening sense of my calling to the ministry that took me to Philadelphia so many year before. I attended several different community colleges and after accumulating about 2 years of credits I attended the Southeaster Baptist Theological Seminary and received my degree, license and ordination there in Wake Forest, North Carolina. While a Southern Baptist Minister I was blessed to serve three pastorates, start Trinity Baptist Mission in Hollister, NC, accepted a call to travel to Fort Collins, CO to begin a mission work there, Parrie Mountain Baptist Mission, and then another Baptist Church in South Carolina. I began to be discouraged by the lack of support of the Southern Baptist Convention's support of my mission endeavors and left the SBC for the United Methodist Church. While serving pastorates in North Carolina I continued my education and graduated from the Duke Divinity School, Duke University, Durham, NC. In many ways I began to "burn-out." In 1992 I shared my feelings with the General Board of Pensions of the UMC and they agreed to retire me on disability. To begin the road to recovery we left NC for Texas and worked one year at Lake Colorado City State Park, Texas. One of the very best years of my life. I was somewhat able to get in touch a bit with myself and mostly with my God. We returned to VA were we have now lived for 8 years. We enjoy our boys, their families - our grandchildren!

1940`s * Is it not true that our earliest memories sometimes are triggered by a sad event? My earliest memories are not of this new car - it was, however a car that ran over and killed my dog, Skippy, on the eve we celebrated the end of WW 2. That is how I will remember WW 2. It was also in this same car that my brother, Kenneth M Craig while 2 or 3 was in the back seat with me. The back doors opened forward and I shall never forget him accidentally opening the door and it pulling him out. Studied at Martin Community College, Liberty University and obtained my Degree in Divinity at South Eastern Baptist Theological Seminary, Wake Forest, NC. Advanced post graduate work at Duke University. Licensed at 1st Baptist Church, Plymouth, NC & Ordained at Stoney Hill Baptist Church, Wake Forest, NC. Later accepted into the United Methodist Church where I served.

More About Rev Robert Blair Craig:

A Craig Family URL 1: June 11, 2002, <http://www.tribalpages.com/tribes/rbchopper>

A Craig Family URL 2: June 12, 2002, <http://familytreemaker.genealogy.com/users/c/r/a/Robert-b-Craig/>

A Craig Family URL 3: June 12, 2002,

http://www.ancestry.com/today/main.htm?opt=cp&ATT=vZDoSsM6xkYcLxRHGnSdeE*CvPgKKQBAZeHUAE

A Craig Family URL 4: July 20, 2002, <http://www.craigsflemings.com> [DOMAIN]

E-Mail (Facts Pg) 1: March 27, 2002, Roots Web

Education: 1985, Liberty University, VA
Graduation: 1955, Green Twp. High School, Indiana Co., PA
Military service: Bet. 1956 - 1959, US Navy
Minister: 1979, Trinity Baptist Mission Built, Hollister, NC
Notes (Facts Pg): 1959, [Http://www.tribalpages.com/tribes/rbchopper](http://www.tribalpages.com/tribes/rbchopper)
Ordination: November 05, 1978, Wake Forest, NC
Screen Name: RBChopper

More About Glenda Ann Carraway:

Medical Information: 1995 Tripple By-Pass Heart Surgery

Children of Robert Craig and Glenda Carraway are:

1 i. Jeffrey Kenneth Craig, born July 18, 1960 in Indiana Hospital, White Twp., Indiana Co., Indiana, PA; married (1) Pamela Sue Baker June 01, 1985; met (2) Barbara Foley 2000 in Newport News, VA.
ii. Roger Trent Craig^{21,22}, born November 20, 1962 in Indiana Hospital, White Twp, Indiana Co., Indiana, PA^{23,24}; married Christal 'Kris' Marie Hayes February 14, 1989 in Gloster, Virginia²⁵; born July 16, 1963 in Newport News, VA^{25,26}.

Notes for Roger Trent Craig:

Roger is his own man. By that, I mean, he is special in every way. He has worked for years at the Newport News Ship Building and Dry Dock [now called by another name which I can't think of at the moment]. He is seen by them as being special. They send him often to Hawaii to work on Aircraft Carriers in need of repair there.

Robert B Craig

June 25, 2002

Dear Roger, Kris & Ryan:

Today, for some reason, I have had my mind captured by memories of you all and how I have a treasure in you all. It is a treasure that no amount of money could buy.

I was thinking about my dad, and how it was that one just knew there was a deep abiding love in his heart and mind. He never spoke about it. I just knew it was there. My mother was even more difficult to understand when it came to thoughts of love. Often things she said and did would lead one to imagine there was little love there. She may have got this from her mother and dad. They were of the depression here in the USA and had to be tough. They also had a large family to feed – that may have contributed to there apparent inability to express love. And of course, dad [Robert LeRoy Craig] was one of eleven children – all a product, or affected by, the Great Depression.

I said all of that to tell you that I know my emotions over the years has been, at best, difficult for others to understand. I have great difficulty expressing my appreciation for your love and thoughtful things you have done – expressions you have been able to show visually that pointed to your love and respect. There has never been a birthday, father's day, Christmas or Easter that, along with other times, that you haven't expressed this thoughtfulness in a wonderful way. My life has been made wonderful by your timely expressions, yet, I have been unable to make my feelings apparent in a obvious way. I hope you have a way of sensing that – understanding that I have always appreciated and have been deeply moved by your wonderful care and love.

I really appreciate the way you have always taken the time and shown your caring to mom. I have also, even though many of your phone calls have been to her, appreciated and felt the warmth of your call as though it were to us. My, having problems expressing myself, response personally would have been of few words. So, I just wanted you to know this. Mom and I really do appreciate and look forward to the phone ringing and it being a call from Roger or Kris! I can't tell you what it means to look around our humble home and see things on the wall, on the tables, the little hearts, outlines of fish with little messages of love and care from you all. I'm sorry, but I am teared up because of your expressions of love. One thing I feel certain of is that if God takes me first mom will be cared for by the best. . .

I just wanted you to know this. This is a weak, but noble, attempt for me to express my genuine

"Thank You" for all that you do and have done over the years. You guys are the best.

Love!

POP

More About Roger Trent Craig:
Notes (Facts Pg): June 25, 2002, Letter from POP

More About Christal 'Kris' Marie Hayes:
Divorced: Newport News, VA

Generation No. 3

4. Robert LeRoy Craig²⁷, born May 28, 1910 in Parkwood, Indiana Co., PA²⁷; died December 26, 1968 in Indiana, PA²⁷. He was the son of **8. Martin Burton Craig** and **9. Margaret Myrtilla Holstein**. He married **5. Hannah Jemima Fleming** June 22, 1933^{27,28}.

5. Hannah Jemima Fleming, born August 13, 1913 in Clymer, PA; died July 21, 1982 in Indiana, PA. She was the daughter of **10. Harry Blair Fleming** and **11. Madge Alberta Holmes**.

Notes for Robert LeRoy Craig:

Forced from the coal mines for health reasons, LeRoy and family moved from Kent to Indiana, PA and he worked on the Bennett Farm for a brief period of time. I, Robert Blare, was in the 3rd grade when we moved to Dixonville, PA. LeRoy then began to work for Beuheight Pyrofax Gas in Indiana, PA. He worked there until his death. Robert LeRoy [LeRoy] lived in Kent, PA. LeRoy & Hannah had 2 boys, Robert Blair & Kenneth Merle. LeRoy worked in the coal mines as an electrician unto such time as his health [black lung] forced him to look for other work. LeRoy and family moved from Kent to Indiana, PA and he worked on the Bennett Farm for a brief period of time. I, Robert Blare, we in the 3rd grade in school when we moved to Dixonville, PA. LeRoy then began to work for Beuheight Pyrofax Gas in Indiana, PA. He worked there until his death. He became ill with what the doctor told him was the flue. Thinking it was only the flue, he returned to work and succumbed to what turned out to be a heart attack, rather than the flue, and it killed him. LeRoy was quite active in his church, Calvary Baptist Church of Buck Run, PA. He was Sunday School Superintendent, a deacon and faithful member. They don't come any better.

Robert LeRoy Craig (1910-1968)

Kind, Gentle Warm, Understanding with enduring enthusiasm and determination.

Dad once spoke of working in the Coal Mines in his teenage years for 38 cents a day. This may go a way to explain his patience and determination to see things through to the finish – often with little reward.

I remember him in many ways – too numerous here to mention.

It was a privileged for me to have had the opportunity to work with dad on the job and one or two days in the most adverse of conditions talked about here might be the easiest way to recall for you just who LeRoy Craig was as a man.

The winters in Pennsylvania were at times quite severe. Weather conditions that would deter most of us from even going to work in the world of 2002 never kept dad from the job. I shall use one or two of these events here. It was sun-up and time to get ready for work. I don't know the exact day or year but it must have been the early 1960s. One look out the window revealed that there had been an awesome snow storm the night before. The car would have to be dug out, its roof barely viable as I peered out of the frosted over windows of the kitchen. I decided that it would be best to shovel the snow first then eat breakfast. I would then change into my warmer dry work clothes so as to take on the day.

I was just pushing my plate aside when I heard the snow plow pass by the house. Upon revisiting the kitchen window I could see that all my efforts at snow removal had just been completely un-done. I decided to put my work clothes on before going out again. On my way back in from the first shoveling experience I couldn't help but notice that the thermometer on the porch post hovered about as far down as was mechanically possible. The lowest position was about - 30 degrees. The fine snow I had shoveled and pushed aside earlier along with the squeaking sounds my boots made earlier confirmed what the thermometer had indicated was fact. It was well below zero. It may have not been -30, but it wasn't far from it. The wind was picking up and by the time we got in the car one couldn't even tell that the road had been plowed. We lived in Dixonville and worked at Pyrofax Gas in Indiana, PA. That was about 14 miles. It was doubtful that the roads would be plowed all the way there so we decided that it might be best to put the chains on the tires before starting rather than risking getting stuck and then having to do so.

Driving was slow and even though we had left 45 minutes earlier than usual we arrived at the dispatch office on time. Dad was always on time. He didn't seem to make a special effort to do so but I cannot recall a single time he wasn't where he wanted to be except that it was on time. It was a natural attribute of his. Mr. Beuheight told us to work together in that the going would be difficult. We left the office in Indiana and drove to the plant where the trucks were parked –outside and covered with snow. The old International tank truck would be difficult to start in this cold and as we approached it there seemed to be a look of defiance emanating from its half covered hood. Dad finally got the Ford started and I only tried to start the International a couple of times knowing that it had no intentions of starting on its own. Saving the battery, I waited for Dad to pull around in front so as to connect the jumper cables. After this was done it still refused to start. As it turned out, Dad had to pull back around and back up so as to hook up the towing chains and try to start it that way. He pulled me out of the plant and to the road and was starting to pick up speed when the chain snapped. This was a very heavy chain and it was so cold that the chain snapped! We had used this chain a number of times and this was the first and only time that it had ever broken. We re-maneuvered and reattached the chain and tried again. Finally, after a time, the old truck started and after some resistance began its muffled purr back to life. The chains were already on her from the previous day and after returning the other truck to the plant we were soon on our way.

We only had one delivery with the bulk tank truck and that was to the Leuserne Mines near Homercity. They used massive burners (designed and built by dad) to thaw the undercarriages of Coal Railroad Cars so they could dump the coal that fired the boilers – which in turn produced electricity. The trip was uneventful except for stopping a couple of times to clear the snow away from the radiator of the truck. The snow was so deep in drifted areas that it was not only difficult to see, but the front of the truck acted as a snow plow and the result was a clogging of the grill on the front. This was to be the easiest part of our day. We had to return to the plant and park the tanker and get in the other truck loaded with about 20 or so cylinders of LP Gas and do our best to deliver them.

Never even considering failure to accomplish our task ahead, we started with the will to make every delivery as scheduled. I will walk through one such delivery which I believe offers the best example of the kind of will dad, and me by his example, had. There was this one delivery that was about as far off the beaten path as one could imagine. Not only was it a long and desolate road back from "nowhere", but the home we were going to was at the end of a long drifted path. There was not evidence anywhere that anyone but us was on the road. Indeed, the one stretch of road just before the entrance to this lane, was fraught with its own challenges. Many times we would take a run at a hill or snow drift and go as far as possible. When the truck would come to a stop and the back wheels would begin to spin so as to bog down. We would stop, put it into reverse, and while leaning out the door, would back the truck up and re-try. Each such effort would eventually get us through only to have to repeat this over and over, sometimes having to get out and shovel the snow from beneath the truck and wheels so as to even be able to back up for another run. It was at the end on one such endeavor that dad told me that it was my turn to drive. As incredible as it seemed that he would ask me to drive in such a situation, the youth in me at the time caused excitement to warm my spirits. The snow that we had tracked in to the truck had covered the floor-board until it was its own icy challenge and I nearly slipped and fell as I chimed into the cab. I remember him telling me that once you commit to driving up the lane don't hesitate but keep it moving. As it turned out it took us four tries to get up the first hill on this narrow, drifted country lane. I only got stuck on two of the four tries and with his encouragement the last try was successful and we made it though and nearly bounced to a stop in front of

the farm house. I did get a lecture about how I shouldn't have stopped where I did. It would be necessary to have to back up in the tracks we had just made and get a running start again so as to be able to drive up and around a circular drive enabling us to leave. The truck was overheating because the grill was once again clogged so we attended to that, shoveled some snow away from the back of the truck and then began what seems now to have been an impossible task. Dad dropped the LP gas tank off the back of the truck and made the observation that it would be useless for us to use the hand-truck to move the cylinder. He said that we would just get on both sides of it and pull it along on the snow. That sounds simple. However, the pulling would be up about ten steps and then a long gradual slope up to the back of the house. It seems that it was about sixty or so yards to where we needed to go. It felt like a mile. Both of us falling down a number of times. The warmth of our breath froze on the collars of our coats. We were sweating from the effort and the whipping of the wind ripped through the layers of clothes we were wearing causing us to chill. Back in the truck it took us about four tries breaking a path so as to get turned and back on the lane that would return us to the road. And, in short, we made all of our deliveries that day in much the same way.

Officially dad was considered a service technician for the Pyrofax Gas company. Realistically, he did it all. In repairing things he leaned more to exactly that. He would take it apart and repair it rather than simply replacing something. It didn't matter if it were a gas regulator, a gas stove, refrigerator or a heating plant. If something wasn't working as it should, – he would adjust or repair it. Today, we would just get a new one.

Robert LeRoy Craig died at 58 years old. The occasion was one of those situations that would have most of us recovering at home. He was at work installing a gas furnace in a church. He wasn't feeling well and went to the doctor. He was diagnosed as having the flue. He was told to go home and take medicine for a couple of days. Instead, dad returned to work the next day to finish installing the furnace so Sunday services could go on as scheduled. It turned out that he didn't have the flue but a heart attack – Massive in that he continued working after the first symptoms led him to the doctor. Dad died on the day after Christmas in 1968. It don't seem to me that it has been that long ago until I think about it. His kind of determination to see the job through seemed to die with him. Even in his day dad was a man that stood alone in the kind of person he was. . . . -- Bob Craig

Coal Mines Information: = http://www.lib.iup.edu/spec_coll/articles/old_time_mining.html

More About Robert LeRoy Craig:

Burial: December 29, 1968, Garden of Devotions, Indiana, PA

E-Mail (Facts Pg) 1: March 30, 2002, URL=

http://www.lib.iup.edu/spec_coll/articles/old_time_mining.html

Notes for Hannah Jemima Fleming:

Killed in Automobile Accident just north of Marion Center on the way to Rossiter, PA.

Hannah Jemimah Fleming Craig - Born near Clymer, PA - Early childhood raised on a farm not far from Clymer. She told of walking over the hill between the farm and Clymer - going down the hill was a huge rock - the size of a house. They used to climb over it, even after severe warnings from mother and dad. One day she fell off the face of the rock and never told parents for fear of punishment. Hannah, in her old age, told that her ever severer pain and problems with her back came about most likely from that early childhood experience.

In 1950 Hannah, her two sons, Kenneth & Robert, took a train trip to Phoenix, AR, to visit Uncle John Learn & his son, Blaine Learn. They stayed two months in Phoenix and then took the train to California where they visited with Charles Fleming. Charles was working at a saw mill there where they were harvesting wood from the red wood forest near-by. While visiting there Uncle Charles took them on a scenic visit to the Giant Red Woods forest. They saw all the giant trees like the one you could drive a car through. On the way back home they stopped at a stream and after watching her two sons play in the water, slipped her dress off and went swimming in her petty coat. Charles got a big laugh at that. It wasn't long after that visit that Charles and his family returned back to PA and settled near Rossiter, PA.

Robert LeRoy, who almost never showed any signs of poor health, died quite unexpected of a heart attack. Hannah never quite got over it and grieved until her death in a severe auto accident just north of Marion Center. She was reportedly on the way to Rossiter to visit with her brothers and father.

More About Hannah Jemima Fleming:

Burial: July 24, 1982, Greenwood Cemetery, Indiana, PA

Medical Information (Fact: July 21, 1982, Cause of Death - Auto Accident

Children of Robert Craig and Hannah Fleming are:

- 2 i. Rev Robert Blair Craig, born December 14, 1937 in Kent/Jacksonville, Indiana Co., PA; married Glenda Ann Carraway October 17, 1959 in Victory Blvd. Baptist Church, Portsmouth, VA.
- ii. Kenneth Merle Craig^{29,30}, born September 26, 1942 in Indiana, PA^{31,32}; married Myrna Ellen Churchill June 30, 1962³³; born March 26, 1943 in Marion Center, PA^{33,34}.

Notes for Myrna Ellen Churchill:

Bev forwarded your email to me thinking we may be able to help with the info re the Fleming side of the family. I don't know how much help we can be, cause as you are very much aware of, we are not too good about keeping up with our relatives.

I don't know if you were contacted about Aunt Penny's death. She died September 22. She died very suddenly. Was in the hospital about 2 weeks. Punkin told us that she was having problems breathing and was taken to the hospital. Her lungs were so bad that the doctors could do nothing so she was sent to Pittsburgh. That is where she died. She was always very thin but he said she only weighed 88 pounds when she died. We did get to see some of the family at the funeral. Aunt Tootie was there. I think she looks really good but she has to carry oxygen with her. Fred Kunkle was there also. He told us that Russ had found out just 2 days before that that he has cancer of the pancreas. I will try to get you Punkin's address or email, if he has one. He would be the likely one to contact about the Flemings.

Now that I have told you all the wonderful stuff, how are you and Glenda? Think of you very often. Ken doesn't do much on the computer except get some NASCAR results if I'm not around. I have made it easy for him to access that info if I'm not here. We are both in good health except for the aches & pains of getting older.

Bev also forwarded your web page to us. It was very interesting. I had not seen some of the pictures of the kids that you had on it. Really takes a person back a few years.

You can email me anytime, I'm on a lot. Email address is m_ecraig@yahoo.com

More About Myrna Ellen Churchill:

E-Mail (Facts Pg) 1: December 25, 2001, Email

6. ??? Carraway^{35,36}, born 1928 in NC Abt.^{37,38}; died 1955 in NC Abt^{39,40}. He married **7. Kathleen Carraway**.

7. Kathleen Carraway^{41,42}, born April 22, 1922 in Washington, NC^{43,44}; died October 13, 1978 in Portsmouth, VA^{45,46}. She was the daughter of **14. Mack Gilbert Carraway** and **15. Addie 'MawAddie'**

Roberson.

Child of ??? Carraway and Kathleen Carraway is:

3 i. Glenda Ann Carraway, born March 21, 1942 in Washington, NC; married Rev Robert Blair Craig October 17, 1959 in Victory Blvd. Baptist Church, Portsmouth, VA.

Generation No. 4

8. Martin Burton Craig^{47,48,49,50}, born January 10, 1885 in Parkwood., Indiana Co., PA^{51,52}; died August 16, 1966 in Indiana, PA^{53,54}. He was the son of Madison Stoner Craig and Catherine Arnetta 'Netta' Anderson. He married **9. Margaret Myrtila Holstein** September 20, 1905 in Parkwood, PA⁵⁵.

9. Margaret Myrtila Holstein^{55,56}, born August 04, 1883 in Young Twp., Indiana Co., PA^{57,58,59,60}; died June 06, 1969 in Cameron's Scenery Hill home, Indiana, PA^{61,62}. She was the daughter of Robert Holstein and Martha Myrtila Coulter.

Notes for Martin Burton Craig:

Bert was a farmer and coal miner. He worked in the coal mines at McIntyre for 21 1/2 years. After he retired from the coal mines, he spent time in fruit farming. They owned a home in Parkwood, PA.

Celebrated 60th Wedding Anniversary at Parkwood Grange Hall.

He belonged to local McIntyre United Miners Workers Union.

http://www.lib.iup.edu/spec_coll/articles/old_time_mining.html

Merle Craig also emphasizes the validity of the father-son tradition in the mines:

Was I scared the first time I went underground? Of course I was. On my very first day, my dad took me in with him to remove some of the pillars in a finished room in my grandfather's mine. Now pulling pillars is very dangerous work and usually reserved for experienced men. This job entailed knocking down the pillars of coal left in each room to help support the roof while the men were working in it. After all available coal was taken out of the seam in that place, the pillars were pulled one by one and that coal loaded out. By the time you were done, the roof was held up only by the timbers.

Well that day, we had so many supports to remove that my dad couldn't understand why the room hadn't caved in already. We kept at that job for a week or so. The roof was so bad by when that I could hear the coal cracking and as the ribs started to buckle, lumps began to shoot across the room. The timbers were splitting the crumbling all around us and the whole place was rumbling like thunder, I kept saying to my dad, who was working very calmly with a pick and shovel, 'Dad, don't you think we'd better get out of here' Finally, just as I thought I couldn't stand it any longer, he got up, turned to me and announced: 'Well, I guess we'd better leave.' Just as we got to the main heading, the whole thing let loose. There was enough air pressure from the fall to nearly knock us over out in the main entry. But I trusted my dad, who was a very experienced miner and could tell from the sounds exactly when the roof would fall.

More About Martin Burton Craig:

A Craig Family URL 1: June 12, 2002, <http://www.tribalpages.com/tribes/rbchopper>

A Craig Family URL 2: June 12, 2002, <http://familytreemaker.genealogy.com/users/c/r/a/Robert-b-Craig/>

A Craig Family URL 3: June 12, 2002,

http://www.ancestry.com/today/main.htm?opt=cp&ATT=vZDoSsM6xkYcLxRHGnSdeE*CvPgKKQBAZeHUAe

A Craig Family URL 4: August 01, 2002, DOMAIN SITE: <http://www.craigsflemings.net>

Burial: 1966, Oakland Cemetery, Indiana, PA

Notes (Facts Pg): March 30, 2002, Story of Merle and his dad, MB Craig

Notes for Margaret Myrtila Holstein:

"Over The River & Through The Woods"

In Memory
Of
Margaret Myrtilla Holstein
1883 - 1969

It was only the natural thing for us to do. Each Christmas we were rushed out of bed early and hustled to open our gifts. After we finished opening our special treasures it was off to Grandmother's house we go.

I don't recall there ever being a discussion about it - it was the thing we did. Indeed, we very much looked forward to it. The trip from Kent [Jacksonville] and Parkwood was a wonderful example of the song by which I named this peace. Grandmother [Margaret Myrtilla Holstein] was always glad to see us and would welcome us like we were the only ones there. This could never be the case at Christmas though. There were increasing numbers as the years wore on and the noise level rose to punctuate its being part of who we were. We were Craigs! Craigs had fun and were sometimes noisy as we gathered. Thinking about what was a annual occasion brings up a rather spotted memory of all that we did and how we entertained ourselves. One thing we knew early on was that there would be a gift for each of us under the tree that always stood in the corner of the back room -- the room where the old roll-top-desk stood. That desk always fascinated me.

We were shooed out of the house when the weather permitted and on the occasions when it didn't, we were confined to the house. One of the magic things about the old homestead at Parkwood was the spiral stairwell that went up stairs. It wasn't anything but magic to all of us. Louise, Gerald, myself and all the others would find ways to entertain each one of the many grandchildren. Things just don't work today like they did back then. Children today demand front and center in all gatherings and adults are unable to communicate as they once did. Back then children were to be seen and not heard. Simple as that. No questions, just seen and not heard.

Louise, with her natural motherly instincts, would generally take the lead and get us to play house. Granddad, having raised 11 children in such a small house, didn't raise any slackers. So I reckon that we took the example from our mothers and fathers and acted accordingly. As the years wore on [1940 - 1950s], there were more and more grand children. We would be allowed to play on the spiral stair case and the one large upstairs room.

The outhouse was the only place to take care of business so one can well imagine the long waits there. It seems to me, as I write this, there were times when the weather was nice enough we would be allowed to play outside. If there was snow some would bring sleds but their use was discouraged for some reason or another. Seems like we were told that there were some bad people down over the hill.

Getting back on that item concerning where everyone slept at the Craig house in Parkwood . . . where exactly did the eight boys and 3 girls sleep at night. As well as I can take my mind's eye and with my head in my hands picture nearly anything they had in the house. I can tell you rather closely exactly where things were. As one walked in the side door and if one looked to the door post to the right there hung a rather menacing raiser strap. Its usage was explained and demonstrated to us - and were quite content with Grandfathers expiation. No one put another question to the subject. We believed what he said and in most cases we spent the day with that one item in the back of our mind. The house stood two stories high with a cellar door [too many splinters to slide on - although some tried]. Just inside the side door was a sort of sun room with a couch that would generally hold three men. It was the room you stayed close to if you wanted to listen ["LISTEN"]. Those were the days when children learned a great deal by simply listening to what was going on - and wouldn't have dared but in or even whisper. Some of the stories told in that one room would be so valuable today. If there was anything important enough so as to make persistence gainful the child with the question would go to his parent and whisper - better yet, go to mom and get her to pose the question.

Concerning where all the Craigs Slept: I am wondering if the farm back over the hill from near where Tom & Ruth Redinger raised their children had a larger house and might have been used early on. I have never heard the Old Farm discussed except briefly when we went hunting there and another time in the 1950's

when granddad took us back to see the tree farm he was tending there. Question: When did all the MB Craigs move to the Parkwood Homestead. Although it is established that the family was raised in Parkwood, there must have been a time and reason they abandoned the Old [and larger?] Farm.

Getting back to the house. But first, the "the out-house" was located down the sidewalk about 25 yards from the house. I don't recall when it was that running water and other utilities were added to the house. The homestead also had a small [maybe 6' X 6'] out building just outside the side door. It had a roof and the sides were built of lattice work. I am assuming that this may have been a pump house. Inside there was that wonderful old "party-line" telephone that rung on the wall and was it ever used! On straight in was the largest room of the house. The large table there usually kept the great dishes of food Uncles and Aunts brought for the feast that was to come.

At some time Grandmother would go to the Organ that was in the room facing the road and proceed to play some Christmas music. This was such a memorable and lasting experience for each one of us. She did right well as best as I can remember. Her playing the Pump Organ most likely was the influence I needed to get started with the Saxophone. But, we would stand around that organ and sing Christmas Carols for long lengths of time.

After the singing we children were relocated to the up-stairs in bad weather or outside when the sun was shining. The adults would eat and when they finished we would rush back in like Napoleon's army. The food was always good, and more than enough for everyone. If the children had been able to eat with the adults I cannot even imagine the noise and confusion. This arrangement continued as long as I can remember. Often the men would then settle out in the basement room under the barn to continue on with stories I found so intriguing, yet too young to understand - and was sometimes told that my presence wasn't desired there. The year the barn burnt down we had no place to go to play or for the men to talk. Granddad revealed some ideas he was kicking around and they stepped off some measurements. As best as I recall, it wouldn't be a barn, but a garage with plenty of space for all his tools.

So many wonderful memories came into being there in Parkwood. O, how much I would love to go back in time and record the wonderful stories they shared there. Back in those days, only being a child, I had no idea what Genealogy is, or what a tree is, much less understand what they were talking about. I dare say heavy eyelids would force my mind into inactivity and those things are gone forever.

Time moved along and soon it was quite clear that the massive numbers of grandchildren became more of a burden for grandmother and granddad, so we began to draw names. I loved this. We didn't get together much during the year but one could play the game, "Who Got My Name?" all year long. And, it went well. I don't know that I ever found out who had my name. It was so much fun. Grandmother still tried to have some special little things for as many as she could.

[108018.GED]

Margaret and Bert held their 50th Wedding Anniversary in 1955. Ten of their children were present. One son, one grandson and one daughter-in-law were not able to attend.

More About Margaret Myrtila Holstein:

Burial: 1969, Oakland Cemetary, Indiana, PA

Children of Martin Craig and Margaret Holstein are:

i. Edna Marie Craig^{63,64}, born April 27, 1906 in Parkwood, Indiana Co., PA^{65,66}; married Eugene Ira Barclay November 06, 1929⁶⁷; born December 19, 1905 in Apollo, PA^{67,68}; died November 14, 1983 in Apollo, PA^{69,70}.

Notes for Edna Marie Craig:

Edna is the oldest of the 11 M B Craig Children. Ruth, her sister, the youngest & Hazel the middle daughter along with one son, M Art Craig alive and well as of this date. March 19, 2002

More About Edna Marie Craig:

Notes (Facts Pg): March 19, 2002, One of Three Sisters

More About Eugene Ira Barclay:

Burial: 1983, Greenwood Memorial Park, Lower Burrell, PA

ii. Clarence Merle Craig^{71,72}, born February 20, 1908 in Parkwood, PA^{73,74}; died July 15, 1995 in Indiana, PA^{75,76}; married Margaret Rose Manners September 19, 1931 in Parkwood, PA⁷⁷; born July 04, 1911 in Indiana, PA^{77,78}.

Notes for Clarence Merle Craig:

Merle Craig of Indiana remembers driving a mule in the Puxsiana mine near West Lebanon:

I worked there on weekends and summer vacations while I was in high school. Now, I was a pretty ambitious kid ordinarily, but one day I found myself wondering if it might not be easier to drive the mule than it was shoveling coal out of six inches of water. So one day when the regular driver got drunk and didn't show up for work, I got my chance. You had to drive the mule to each room, and pull the cars out to the main track for the motor to pick up. Well, this mule was like most mules; he started or stopped only when he wanted to. And there were no brakes on those cars. You had to stop them by throwing a sprag into the spokes of the wheel. If the car got off the track, there you were in the dark all alone, and you were expected to get a car loaded with a ton of coal back on the track. And the mule was no help at all in that situation! I decided that driving the mule was much worse than shoveling coal, although I stuck the day out.

Spraggers and motormen were also an unknown luxury to young boys who worked in old-time mines as doorboys, sometimes known as "trappers." Trappers, from the earliest days of the industry until the World War I era, were among the lowest-paid underground workers, usually averaging around \$1.60 per day. According to a state law enacted in 1915, no boy under 16 could be employed in a coal mine, but Ben Trunzo went to work as a trapper boy when he was 14:

I didn't want my dad to know I was working; he thought I was too young. So I got a job as a doorboy. I worked from 7:30 in the morning until 3:30. That way, I was home and cleaned up before he got there. My dad didn't find out for quite a while because he worked twelve hours a day at Sagamore drying sand for the motors to use -- sand was sprinkled on the rails to help gain traction going up or down a grade. Trappers were responsible for the opening and closing of underground ventilation doors. In those old mines, they had a system of doors between sections to direct the flow of air. Air was supposed to go up the main haulage and back to the fan. So a trapper sat all day by his door with an oil lamp on his cap. There was a 'manhole' -- a shelter hole in the wall by the track. The motorman would blink his motor light at me, and I'd throw the switch and open the door for him. Then, I'd jump into the manway until he was past, and run out and close the door. A trip would come along about every hour. Was I bored or lonely? Well, it was my job.

Then as now, adequate ventilation of the mines was one of the most important safety factors, and in addition to doorboys, many other men were employed to keep the air flowing freely. While in the earliest days of mining history, fans were used to blow fresh air into the mines, mining engineers soon discovered that this method only served to force explosive gases back into the workings. Merle Craig also adds that "at one time, some companies experimented with huge furnaces placed outside a separate air shaft to draw out bad air from inside the mines."

As mining methods progressed, however, trained corps of vent men, bratticemen, and masons built underground airways kept flowing by huge fans housed outside the mines in brick shelters. As an individual mine attained greater proportions, specially designed air shafts were sunk to provide additional oxygen.

While many boys entered the mines as doorboys, most went in with their fathers to learn their mining skills from the best teacher available.

"One of the reasons men took their boys into the mines," says Ben Trunzo, "was to get more cars to load. A man alone could get only four or five cars a day, but if you had a son with you, you might get ten or even twelve.

Merle Craig also emphasizes the validity of the father-son tradition in the mines:

Was I scared the first time I went underground? Of course I was. On my very first day, my dad took me in with him to remove some of the pillars in a finished room in my grandfather's mine. Now pulling pillars is very dangerous work and usually reserved for experienced men. This job entailed knocking down the pillars of coal left in each room to help support the roof while the

men were working in it. After all available coal was taken out of the seam in that place, the pillars were pulled one by one and that coal loaded out. By the time you were done, the roof was held up only by the timbers.

Well that day, we had so many supports to remove that my dad couldn't understand why the room hadn't caved in already. We kept at that job for a week or so. The roof was so bad by when that I could hear the coal cracking and as the ribs started to buckle, lumps began to shoot across the room. The timbers were splitting the crumbling all around us and the whole place was rumbling like thunder, I kept saying to my dad, who was working very calmly with a pick and shovel, 'Dad, don't you think we'd better get out of here?' Finally, just as I thought I couldn't stand it any longer, he got up, turned to me and announced: 'Well, I guess we'd better leave.' Just as we got to the main heading, the whole thing let loose. There was enough air pressure from the fall to nearly knock us over out in the main entry. But I trusted my dad, who was a very experienced miner and could tell from the sounds exactly when the roof would fall.

Ultimately, the hard-won coal, dragged out to the daylight by mule, rope or motor haulage, found its way to the tippie. There, another battalion of workers prepared it for shipment to factories, iron foundries, or for further processing as coke. Most of the group of outside workers were classified as "company men," who were paid by the day, as opposed to the miners who worked on a tonnage basis. The most important of these are easily picked out from the old record books: "The 'dock boss'," says Andy Haggerty, "checked the outgoing cars for dirty coal. If the dock boss discovered two or three buckets of slate among the coal, he'd give that miner a couple days off, without pay of course."

The weighboss, another company man, then weighed the coal and credited the tonnage to the man whose name coincided with the number of the small metal "check" hung on the side of the car. Later, a union-hired checkweighman assisted with this job. In some mines, a "check boy" collected the checks and replaced them on pegboard for the miners to claim the next working day. After weighing, the loaded cars were pulled up into the tippie and "tipped" over onto a slowly moving conveyor. In the days before cleaning plants, "boney pickers" labored inside the tippie to remove by hand small pieces of slate, rock and sulphur missed by the dock boss. "This job," observes Merle Craig, "paid so little that usually young boys and older men performed this task. "Also, it sometimes attracted a certain unambitious class of men who required only enough money to keep themselves in liquor. "The term 'boney picker' came to be used as slang to denote a person who is lazy." Before elaborate conveyor systems, the refuse set aside by the boney pickers were taken out to the dump by another employee called a "slate wheeler" or "rock larryman." After "picking", Andy Haggerty continues, "the railroad cars, called 'flats,' were swept out by the 'flat cleaner,' and pushed under the tippie by the 'car dropper' to be loaded with clean coal."

At some old tipples, "they had as many as five tracks underneath, one each for 'run of mine' coal -- that means just as the coal comes from the mine after being cleaned -- and four other flats waiting to be filled with different sizes: slack, nut, egg, and lump. "In another step before cars were sent to their destinations, the "trimmer" went to work to level off the cars neatly in anticipation of a long and bumpy railroad ride. Of all company men, the "fireboss" carried one of the heaviest burdens of responsibility. "Each day before he went into the mine," explains Andy Haggerty, who performed this task countless times, "he'd check a barometer kept in the lamp house.

"If the barometer fell, he'd know that gas was probably liberating freely underground, as outside barometric pressure affected conditions in the mine. "Then, three hours before the start of each shift, the fireboss had to inspect each working place and all adjacent places in the mine with an approved flame safety lamp. "The flame safety lamp was held up close to the roof, and if the flame inside elongated, there was gas present. "You had to be real careful how you pulled the lamp back down. If you jerked it suddenly, the flame could burst through the protective gauze and cause an explosion.

"As each place passed his inspection, the fireboss chalked the date and his initials on each working place in the mine. And after he got outside, he had to sign a book reporting that the mine was in a safe condition. "If he found gas, then warning signs had to be put up across each entrance, working place, or other dangerous section of the mine, and the men kept out until the mine was safe." Another job the fireboss did was to check for bad roof. "He'd test it -- 'sound the roof' -- with a special brass-tipped stick, and if it sounded "drummy", that meant the strata was separating. Then he'd send for the timbermen, who would come in and set more props.

"A real good fireboss could hold his fingers against the roof as he sounded it and tell whether it was four inches or three feet thick, and just what kind of condition it was in. "In the real old days, before the fireboss," Andy adds, "there was a fellow they called a 'fireman.' "This man also went into the mines early to check for gas, but if he found any, he'd 'brush' it away with his jacket, or burn it out with his carbide lamp! "That horrifies us today but I guess it worked well enough if the gas in very small amounts." Other company men and supervisors included a track boss, who directed the laying of track up the main haulage. Track-laying, of the utmost importance in the removal of coal from underground to the surface, was often complicated by the "heaving of the bottom." "This," says Haggerty, "means that sometimes the floor of the mines actually buckles up, caused by a settling of rock strata."

Towns, like people, pass through several stages in the course of a lifetime, and by the 1930s, more changes were in store for Iselin. C. Merle Craig, who grew up in the West Lebanon area, went to work in Iselin in 1930 as Chief Clerk in the mine office. "It was non-union then," he remembers, "and a lot of picketing was going on." In addition to labor-management problems, economic hardship also struck the town about the same time. "By 1932 it was common for the mines to be operating only two days per month due to lack of demand for coal." Merle still feels that the good spirits retained by the people of Iselin during these dark days was "remarkable." He says, "People kept cows and planted gardens, and kept on playing baseball."

More about Coal Mining and the above facts in context go to: = URL
http://www.lib.iup.edu/spec_coll/articles/old_time_mining.html

More About Clarence Merle Craig:

Burial: 1995, Oakland Cemetery, Indiana, PA

Notes (Facts Pg): March 30, 2002, R&P Coal Co & Merle Craig

4 iii. Robert LeRoy Craig, born May 28, 1910 in Parkwood, Indiana Co., PA; died December 26, 1968 in Indiana, PA; married Hannah Jemima Fleming June 22, 1933.

iv. Madison Arthur Craig^{79,80}, born August 20, 1912 in Parkwood, PA^{81,82}; married Anna Martha Millen April 14, 1937 in Parkwood, PA⁸³; born October 19, 1917 in PA^{83,84}; died June 16, 1998 in Indiana, PA^{85,86}.

More About Anna Martha Millen:

Burial: Greenwood Cemetery, Indiana, PA

v. Paul Clifford Craig^{87,88,89,90}, born August 02, 1914 in PA^{91,92}; died May 02, 1969 in Indiana, PA^{93,94}; married Helen Elizabeth Chambers August 04, 1938 in Parkwood, PA^{95,96}; born December 21, 1919 in PA^{97,98}; died December 15, 1999 in Indiana, PA^{99,100}.

Notes for Paul Clifford Craig:

[Bröderbund WFT Vol. 4, Ed. 1, Tree #0066, Date of Import: Sep 25, 1998]

I was reading one of your posting and didn't realize that your mom had died in a car accident. That's sad. I remember hearing about your dad when he died. I think Cliff and I were living in Florida at the time. Isn't it interesting that of the large family of 11 Craig children, some of them died early (I think mostly of heart problems) and the others are still going strong. I know Cliff's dad was 54 when he died. Cliff was 51. Needless to say, my children are watching their health these days, cholesterol, etc.

Yes, Sue. Mom had just had an operation [gallbladder] and was doing poorly. Glenda, Roger & myself were in Loveland, CO. We had just started a mission there [Prairie Mountain - now constituted as a church], and mom needed us. So we stored all of our furniture and drove back to Virginia to take care of some things and were to go to PA and live in mom's house - she had moved into Ken's mobile home on the property there in Dixonville, PA, and we intended to look after her. I'll never forget the day [1 day after we arrived in VA] she was killed. Our car was in the garage being repaired [transmission replacement]. He had brought our Yamaha motorcycle on a trailer with us from Colorado, so we jumped on it and rode it to PA. According to the autopsy she had gotten a blood clot in her lung and the pain of it must have caused her to swerve directly into the path of an oncoming coal truck and it drove right over the car and her. She had just stopped in Dixonville and filled up with gas. The accident happened on the Punxsutawney side of Marion Center, PA. We can only suspect that she was on the way to visit her brother Charles Fleming in Rossiter, PA.

I have looked at so many photos of the Craig children. We have the oldest, the middle and the last children of MB Craig – all women, still alive. I would love to drive to SC and visit my Aunt Edna. She wasn't at the reunion last year and I don't suspect that she will be able to make the trip this year. I just love all three! Age has a way . . .

When my Uncle Paul died it was a shock to everyone. As I understand it, he, that very day, had just had a physical and everything, including a cardiogram, was just fine. He was home sitting in his comfort chair and just died.

More About Paul Clifford Craig:

Burial: 1969, Greenwood Cemetery, Indiana, PA

E-Mail (Facts Pg) 1: March 03, 2002, Susan Clark Craig

More About Helen Elizabeth Chambers:

Burial: 1999, Greenwood Cemetery, Indiana, PA

vi. Delmar Preston Craig^{101,102,103,104}, born May 25, 1916 in PA^{105,106}; died July 14, 1984 in Brookfield, Ohio^{107,108}; married (2) Betty Jane Bowman January 17, 1940^{109,110}; born May 24, 1922^{111,112}.

More About Delmar Preston Craig:

Burial: 1984, Brookfield Cemetery, Brookfield, OH

Fact 1: Private

vii. William Tyrus Craig^{113,114,115,116}, born April 13, 1918 in PA^{117,118}; died May 13, 1985 in Mercer, PA^{119,120,121}; married Frances Magdalene Spohn April 02, 1941^{122,123}; born April 27, 1922 in PA^{124,125}.

More About William Tyrus Craig:

Burial: 1985, Mount Washington Cemetery, Mercer, PA

viii. Catherine Hazel B Craig^{126,127}, born June 22, 1920 in Parkwood, PA^{128,129}; married John Clair Rhea August 15, 1940¹³⁰; born September 18, 1919^{130,131}; died November 08, 1999 in Phoenix, AR^{132,133}.

Notes for John Clair Rhea:

During the 1950s, Johnnie Rhea was visited often by Robert LeRoy Craig & sons. The Rhea farm was located far off Route 119, Willow Run Road towards Pollock Road, and then North. His farm was set on the side of a hill and there were many fields for cattle to graze. Surrounding his farm was forest and it was ideal for hunting. As boys, Ken, Ed Rhea & myself would play the part of hunting dogs. We would walk, run, make noise – anything to roust rabbits, grouse and wring-necks for dad & Mr Rhea. This became a celebration every year at the beginning of hunting season and often we spent Thanksgiving day there where a morning of hunting would be followed by a feast of turkey that Hazel and mom would prepare.

Thinking of the farm brings many fond memories to bare.

The day came when Johnny began to be ill with a lung condition. The condition worsened to the point where the doctors suggested he would live longer if he moved to a dryer climate. So, the times were changing and Johnny advertised the farm for sale. It was so far off the road. Where would he find a buyer for a dairy farm that far away from everything. It was very hilly, and not much good for crops. It was difficult to harvest the hay to feed the dairy cows.

One day a visitor came to the door and it was an Amish-man from the state of Ohio. He ask about the farm and was careful to look every inch of the property over very closely. He seemed to like what he saw. Johnny had not long past improved the spring house and installed the state required equipment for a dairy farm in Pennsylvania. This included stainless steel milking machines, glass tubing to transport the milk from the cows into a milk room where he had installed a huge tank where the milk was separated and ready for a shiny stainless steel milk tank truck would come to pick up the harvest. There is no telling how much this cost, and the question was, how would he ever get his money back. He had tractors, combines, plowing equipment, everything needed to farm in a hilly countryside. It seemed daunting at the least.

Another afternoon, the visitor returned. He stated that the deal was accepted and he wanted to buy

the farm. He carried a suit case and when he opened it Johnny saw what he wanted to see. It came, however, in a very unusual method. Not a check. It was a case full of money. I am unable to recall the amount paid for his farm, but it was enough to enable Johnny & Hazel (CRAIG) to move to Phoenix, Arizona, where he lived to a good age.

I remember Johnny coming back for dad's funeral, (Robert LeRoy Craig), and how it took everything he had to make it to the grave. Dad and Johnnie was very close and he was very moved at his death. As sick as Johnny was at that time (December 26, 1968), no one would have imagined that he would live until 1999.

Glenda, the boys & I returned to Pennsylvania, transferred by W.T. Grant Co., to work the new PUNXSUTAWNEY Super Grant City store. One day we drove by the old Rhea farm. We had learned that the Amish people that bought it had sold off all the machinery, the milk equipment, the electricity, plumbing -- all modern conveniences were taken out, ripped out of the walls of the house and barn, and they remodeled it back to the way it had originally been. A pioneer's delight of a farm. A wooden fence made out of split rails encompassed the entire front of the barn-yard. In fact there was 5 or 6 children cutting/mowing the grass all around the fence when we drove by. They were clothed in their custom black clothing, no buttons or zippers. It was remarkable. The farm would not have been recognized had we not known the location. This is not to say that Johnny didn't keep the place up. He did. It was always a beautiful farm. I have many numerous fond memories and will never forget the farm, Johnny, and all the wonderful experiences we had.

As an after-thought. The hunting with dad & Johnny. Today, they would likely arrest both my dad and he for placing their children in harms way. Why, that would have been child abuse. Kids today don't know what they are missing. These were some of the most delightful days of our lives!

Aerial Photo:

<http://www.mapquest.com/maps/map.adp?zoom=11&mapdata=nGCyq1371PhstppR2t33zsBkqfyhbKXX6CDZBrJvSkv0rSWjou%2fb4vzLzQan1bBfyaEwyCQJKkqtNv%2bq8R3Ad4kE%2fd7Rcc0m%2fzEGqAQw8IVYOWcv4UTsH63oVt3%2bXXJplRGHOhJnXjscGVMr5rr6tqXp1mP0BtySCDfztxOVga82H0cQYUKmoOH4fOj3O6GP%2fwwenH7KeS%2fvGpRxZwsjk84w4287rgfx9EBb%2bXsCEkEkxD9pjX3FhCZXByXpj7IU5CvEJxCP2cy4JpL5%2bbyUp%2bNYdiXJvTtrXb25stsmGXjA5f2cLlcZw%3d%3d>

More About John Clair Rhea:

Burial: 1999, Greenwood Cemetery, Indiana, PA

Notes (Facts Pg): August 22, 2002, Bob Craig

ix. Herbert Glenn Craig^{134,135,136,137}, born April 08, 1922 in Parkwood, Indiana Co., PA^{138,139}; died July 22, 1981 in Riverside, CA^{140,141}

Notes for Herbert Glenn Craig:

US National Cemetery, Riverside, CA - Only one of M B Craig's Children not to marry.[108018.GED]

World War II Veteran

Inducted in Air Force: September 21, 1942

October 5, 1942

New Cumberland, PA

Overseas: Military Occupation (receiving, checker
835 Military Qualification
Normandy, Northern France, Rhineland,
central Europe

Awards: Good Conduct Medal
European-African-Middle East Service Medal
4/4 Bronze Star Continental

Service: 1 year 3 months 2 days

Foreign Service 1 year 9 months 28 days

Employed 28 years at Convair Division of General Dynamics Corp in San Diego, Ca. as a missile mechanic.

Left for home: November 15, 1943

Destination: ETO USA

Arrived September 12, 1945

Additional Training: Air Corps Ammunition School
8 weeks

Rank: Corporal

More About Herbert Glenn Craig:

Burial: 1981, U.S. National Cemetery, Riverside, CA

x. Samuel Ward Craig^{142,143}, born February 24, 1925 in Parkwood, PA^{144,145}; married Helen Elizabeth Schimmoller August 20, 1949¹⁴⁶; born August 24, 1927^{146,147}.

Notes for Samuel Ward Craig:

It was a surprise to get your letter. Helen said your long-term memory is good, as we had forgotten about the horn blowing at the RR crossing. Helen said I still do it. Is that "road rage"?:

Carolyn & Ron, and family have been doing well. Son Eric has completed college and is married. They are buying their home. Both he and his wife Beth work for Ford. Elizabeth has completed college, and is a Millwright Apprentice at Ford. She has an apartment of her own. Ellen has completed college, is married, bought a home, and has a son. Our first Great Grandson, named Michael Ward Furtney. Ellen's husband Matt was in the Marines 4 years before they were married. Both now work at Ford. In all, including Ron (with 30 years), there are six of them at Ford. Errol there youngest is still in college. Carolyn works at the local school as a teacher's aid, working with handicap children. Their whole family was at the Craig Reunion in PA in July, plus Colleen's Jenny. 13 of our family from Michigan. Carolyn is Secretary/Treasurer of the Reunion. Carolyn does have a problem with high Iron in the blood, Hemochromatosis, a generic defect that requires that they take blood on a regular basis to reduce Iron. Blood cannot be used for transfusions.

Colleen & Dave are also doing well. Jenny the oldest is in eighth grade, and involved with sports, soccer, basketball, and track. Dan is in sixth grade and is a whiz, also in sports, now limited to baseball and ice hockey, because he is on the travel hockey team, which includes games in Buffalo, and Chicago. Colleen works for Beige Bag Software Co, and Dave her husband works for Statprobe, which does statistical studies for Drug Companies

Ruth & Tom, and Hazel visited with us for five days the week before Labor Day. They are doing well. Ruth & Tom moved into a condo in Indiana. Hazel is back from Arizona (John died in 1999) and bought a home near daughter Patty, in Punxsutawney. Art is in St. Andrews Assisted Living in Indiana. Edna is in an Assisted Living Home in Aiken, SC. Dick lives in Aiken. Peg is also in an Assisted Living Home in Indiana. Fran (Bill's wife) and Betty (Pres's wife), are doing fair, each living at home. All of the above except Edna were at the Reunion.

Helen is doing fairly well, she has had a problem with Rapid Heartbeat, which awakens her at times, also has eczema, which is quite itchy. I am doing fairly well, had single By-pass operation in Dec 1999. NO heart attack. I wrote it all up for e-mail at the time, will dig it out and send you a copy.

I had been asking everyone if they had heard from you two. No one seemed to know. I saw Ken's three daughters this summer. I am in the Kiwanis, and we handle the parking and crossover traffic at the Michigan International Speedway near us. Ed Rhea had told them that we work at the racetrack. A couple of years ago Bev called, and asked if they could work for us. This would get them into the race. They have been here every year since, twice this year. In June there were 16

from Clymer, PA area, and 11 in Aug. that worked the race.

We had 59 at the Reunion this year. I updated the Family History in 2000 and added a flyer update (35 Changes) for 2001. If you are interested it is \$3.00, including mailing . I have prepared a separate listing of 35 family members with e-mail addresses.

Love,

Ward & Helen

More About Samuel Ward Craig:

E-Mail (Facts Pg) 1: September 21, 2001, Email History

Notes for Helen Elizabeth Schimmoller:

Sue. I was thinking this morning that while answering your "Note" and that I left out Uncle Ward Craig. I recall Glenda, Jeff [just born] and myself going to Fort Wayne, Indiana, for work and I stayed with Samuel Ward for a couple of weeks. Carolyn & Colleen were toddlers. Helen was the greatest. She had Ward counting calories religiously back then.

On the other hand, even though I have had three goes with my heart and 2 aneplasty, I eat anything I enjoy and do other things that is not thought to be the in thing for this 21st cent. I do not count calories. I smoke a cigar when the mood strikes me, and even enjoy the pipe now and again. It has been my approach in life that if one can't enjoy the good things in life without worry, why live. I have lived a full and enjoyable life with some of its little hardships along the way. At 63, if it is my time to go, I'd rather go. I do not want to be a healthy vegetable for someone else to tend to. I just want to go

More About Helen Elizabeth Schimmoller:

E-Mail (Facts Pg) 1: March 03, 2002, To Sue Clark Craig

xi. Florence Ruth Craig^{148,149}, born September 23, 1928^{150,151}; married Thomas Michael Redinger September 12, 1947¹⁵²; born June 10, 1924^{152,153}.

10. Harry Blair Fleming, born August 24, 1888 in Clymer, PA; died May 09, 1976 in Rossiter, PA. He was the son of David Fleming and Jemima Henry. He married **11. Madge Alberta Holmes** 1901 in Cookport, Green Twp., Indiana Co., PA^{154,155}.

11. Madge Alberta Holmes^{156,157}, born 1920 in Indiana Co., PA (Abt. 1920)^{158,159}; died June 15, 1945 in Indiana, PA. She was the daughter of Dorcie Dolphus Holmes and Mary Catherine Mentch.

Notes for Harry Blair Fleming:

Flemings & The Woods

Since the earliest days of my childhood [Bob Craig], I recall Blair Fleming and his wife, Madge, living on Bennett's Farm on the outskirts of Indiana, PA. He was employed there as a caretaker & farmer. He raised a large family there and was living there when Madge Fleming died. His love was still for the mountains and woods. He missed the timber work and would soon return to it.

My earliest recollections are of Madge churning butter, her becoming sick, having to have a foot, then a leg and then gangrene setting in and her death. The funeral was conducted in the home on Bennett's farm in Indiana, PA. They received friends and family and she lay in state in the living room.

One time he told me that he worked in timber above Dixonville, PA, and floated logs down a stream [Dixon Creek] that is at present day only a trickle of a creek. After her passing, Blair spent much time in North Central Pennsylvania working as a lumberman. He lived at the saw mill camp until he retired. After retirement he lived with his son, Hayes Warden Fleming in Rossiter, PA until his death. I will edit this

further as information is received. - Bob Craig

HARRY BLAIR FLEMING

FACTIONAL DEPICTION OF BLAIR [done by taking some things I do know and intermingling these facts with some fictional liberty]

It was a cold and frosty morning as Harry awoke. He slipped through the bear skin door of the camp and walked briskly toward the old gray mule that anxiously awaited his morning rations. There was this special long eared one that Harry had a keen appreciation for. The others, . . . well, they were just mules. This one Harry knew well. The sun was just beginning to appear over the trees on the far hill. Harry knew it wasn't below the freezing mark as yet because there was no ice on the make-shift watering troff. The cold wasn't far off though. He shivered as he stooped down and picked up the sack of grain that his mule friend was nudging him for. He pored out a generous portion of grain this morning. It was going to be a busy day. They needed to repair the breach in the earth works down stream from where they were presently taking timber. That blasted thing, when they weren't having to undo the backup of water that the beavers caused, they were having to rebuild their own so as to float the timber down to the mill.

His father was busy building their own mill and he mused how different things would be once that was finished. Harry was to be a crew chief at the new mill. This would be quite an accomplishment for him. After all he would only be 12 years old. How about that, the turning of the century and becoming 12 years old - all that and he was to have his own crew. For now, though, he was quite satisfied to be in charge of a team of mules. Harry had a rough life according to some, but he really enjoyed all that was happening to and around him. His family had been in the timber business as far back as he could remember and with him, that was just fine.

There was one thing he missed that other kids his age had though and that was schooling. Reckon he would catch up though. His father said something about his being able to catch up on schooling once the new mill was finished. There was just something about the deep timber that appealed to young Harry though. He wasn't at all sure he was ready for a more disciplined life near town. His mom kidded him about there being a lot of nice girls living in the village near where the new Saw Mill was being built. Girls? That was the farthest thing from his young mind at that time. The romance of going into the woods and hauling out timber was the most exciting part of his life and he thoroughly enjoyed everything about the work.

Little did Harry Blair know that, even though he was only 12 years old, and that it was the turn of a century [1900], he would be married and have his own first child by 1907.

The lumber business was at its peak and would continue at this swift pace as far into the future as anyone could ever dream. There were orders by land owners for lumber to build several new farms located between Clymer and Idamar - a new large coal mine way up Dixon Creek. They would require a huge order for those 10" X 10" X 8' shoring timbers, flat boards and more. Then, there was the rail road - no telling how many hundreds of rails they would require. New tracks to link the coal mines would really put a rush on things. That reminded Harry that they were to survey a new section of timber just south of Clymer. It was said that they would be able to float the timber down the stream for several miles. Of course, he knew the difficulty there. They would have to back the water up in a couple of places to accomlis that. It would be easier in the spring.

One of the more exciting things to Harry was the travel they were required. There would be one job that

would require the entire crew. More men may be required. They would have to lodge in Indiana PA and work the hill West of town. They would be lodging at the West Indiana House Hotel. [See Image shown on this page [West Indiana House]. Note the big Swede 2nd from the right next to Harry Blair and his team of mules.

Speaking of the Swede . . . He loved to pull pranks on Harry Blair. One day Harry was sitting on the bank of Crooked Creek near Clymer not far from camp. They had been cutting timber nearby and one late Sunday evening Harry was fishing and Swede snuck up behind him and shouted out his loudest bear yell. Harry jumped straight into the swift running stream. They drug him out about a hundred yards down.

DAVID FLEMING

David was the father of Harry Blair, of that there is not much doubt. The Sample Run Cemetery includes the graves of Harry and Madge, his wife, right in front of David & Jemima. There is the question of who's were the "11 Fleming Infants" represented by the single tomb stone. There is no date on the marker so it is impossible to tell. It is remarkable, again, to me that the two larger stone markers I seem to recall are no longer there and no one seems to respond to questions I have ask over and over.

About David: All the writer here knows is as a result of a youth, about 13 years old, sitting on the porch at Dixonville, PA, and listening to Harry Blair [grand father] tell of years past. What he talked about that late summer day didn't really sink in until about 53 years later. What he said that day comes flashing back because of that one statement, ". . . I used to float logs down that stream. The stream he was referring to is "Dixon Creek." It begins in the hills above Dixonville [wasn't a town at the time he floated the logs] far up in the farm country and snakes its way down the valley until it joins Crooked Creek in the town of Clymer [not a town at that time].

The reason it sunk in and remained an active memory is Dixon Creek's size. It is but a trickle of water and can be stepped over when the story was told. Today, 53 years later, it is but a ditch. The stip and pit mines have so polluted it that a yellow and orange color makes it a unsightly trickle of water. What he said that day on the porch is most likely true. If the water level of the stream decreased as much from the day Harry actually floated logs till the day he told the story as it has in my life time, it is more than possible.

Another thing grandfather said was, ". . . my family all worked the timber on those hills all around what is now Clymer, Penn Run, Dixonville and Holme, PA." By "My family," he must have meant his father [surmised as David] and brothers. Neither grandfather or mother ever talked about any of the Fleming family. It is a mystery to this writer. There was always talk about the Craig ancestors. Why not the Flemings? But, Harry Blair did say that his family were all involved in cutting timber and building saw mills. In reading family stories about other Fleming families there is much said about timber and saw mills. This is the only way one is able to make possible links from earlier generations. Some Flemings settled in Pennsylvania Oil country and made good at that business. Others moved further West in Pennsylvania and settled in the Cookport and Clymer areas. It is these Flemings about whom we are considering. It would appear that the Mentch family were the ones though that had the money. The Holmes intermarried into the Mentch family and it was Madge Alberta Holmes that married Harry Blair Fleming. The Mentch and Holmes family had a large stock in the Indiana Savings and Loan bank and their influence was felt on that bank all the way down to at least the 1950s. Mother, being a descendant of the Mentch, Holmes family was able to barter for a loan that enabled the Robert LeRoy Craig family to purchase a home in Dixonville during a very tough financial time [the late 1940s]. There was a year or more that no payments were made on the home and they were allowed to keep the home by paying the minimal interest on the transaction.

The Hill Above Dixonville

The home in Dixonville was built on a hill that was at about 45 degree slope. The front up-stairs of the house was nearly level with the road that passed by. The same level of the home at the back was a bit more than 3 stories high. The hill continued up and climbing up about 30 yards put one far above the house. At that point a continuation on up the hill would allow one to see for miles. Although the writer was never able to see it, grandfather Fleming spoke of being able to see the dome of the Indiana Court house from the top of the hill. Indian was just about 14 miles through hills and valleys. To think about it seems impossible. But considering today's hazy atmosphere it may well have been possible to see that far years ago.

Moth of MARCH & KITE FLYING

That hill became famous in the 1950s for being up high and above any trees and a place that caught the wind in such a way as to be the perfect place to fly kites. One could go downtown Dixonville and at Sepcaks or the Dime Store buy the kite of choice. The only two choices available were the diamond or box-kite. The hardware store was the best place to get string. Kite flying in Dixonville came to the mind of this writer while watching a short news item showing kites [2002] that cost \$100 to as much as \$700 and how they could be maneuvered. Robert LeRoy Craig once made a kite for his boys out of some small strips of wood and newsprint paper. It was the best! The early March flying of kites depended much on the snow and temperature. There was no colder place than up on that hill when the wind was blowing and the temperature would be 50 degrees or less. The Industrial Arts class at Commodore High School allowed the making of a kite string winder that permitted a faster way of letting string out or winding it in. We made one that was of dial rods and about 12" from dial to dial. This meant that one could let out 2' of string by one turn of the device. One day we put up a box kite about 200 or so feet and then attached a diamond kite and put it up with about a 20' tail of mixed colors. With a huge amount of string we let them climb until they were out of site. They caught a strong gust of wind, the string broke, and they vanished. We never did locate those kites. It was great fun! We would spend hours flying those kites. It is hard to imagine the youth of the 21st Century enjoying this exercise as we did back then. Oh, yes, they enjoy it. But to spend hours and hours doing it. I doubt it.

DID THE FLEMING FAMILY ORIGINATE FROM THE STEWARTSVILLE & PARKWOOD AREA AND RELOCATE TO CLYMER & SAMPLE RUN?

It is a thought packed full of mystery and intrigue. As one looks at the RootsWeb and the maps available of Indiana Co that was made and published in the middle 1800s - there is only one Craig owned area to be found and that parcel is not in Stewartsville. There are now Craigs shown in the immediate area now known as Parkwood. However, as you study the map you will find the FLEMINGS owned land all around the area. Over the later half of the 1800s and early 1900s up to about 1960, Parkwood and the Craig name were the same. One would think that as many of them living there they would have named it Craigville rather than Parkwood. Today, 2002, there are few if any Craigs at Parkwood.

WHY WAS STEWARTSVILLE CHANGED TO PARKWOOD?

The FLEMING families seemed to disappear from Armstrong County and move or migrate back East to areas in Green Township like, Cookport, the Learn Settlement and Clymer, PA. The United Methodist Church grave yard in Cookport is made up of mostly Flemings. However, again, there are few Flemings to be found in either area.

THE FLEMING FAMILY

Sometime during the 1940s to 50s something happened to cause a rift of some sort amongst the Fleming boys. They were together while Harry Blair worked the Bennett Farm in Indiana, PA. Not long after the boys began to marry off, HAROLD Blair Fleming moved himself and his family to Erie, PA. Although there are no exact dates for these moves, Charles Fleming, shortly after the war was over moved to California and worked in the timber industry there.

Hannah Jemimah Fleming, this writer's mother, along with the boys paid a visit to Erie and Harold Blair and his family. It wasn't too long after that Harold Blair moved his family back and moved into a huge home in Cherry Tree, PA. He joined the family in running a saw mill near there. In 1950 or 51, Hannah Jemimah and her two boys left on a trip for California on a train. They left the day after school left out and would return just before the start of classes in the fall. Robert Blair Craig had just completed classes at the Dixonville Grade School [8th grade] and was to begin classes at the Green Township High School located in Commodore, PA.

Traveling light [limited clothing, suit cases or food], Hannah had packed up huge amounts of cheese sandwiches and snacks for food, they arrived in Phoenix, Arizona, about 10 or so days later. Phoenix was where John Henry Learn & Hannah Holmes Learn were living and they spent several weeks visiting with them. Hannah Holmes was directly related to Hannah's mother - Sir name of HOLMES. She then left Phoenix and traveled West to California and then directly North to the Red Wood Forest area of Northern California. This is where her brother, Charles Fleming and family, lived. It seems that "Dot" was his wife's name. Hannah and boys spent a couple of weeks with Charles and then left for the trip back home to Dixonville.

BACK HOME IN DIXONVILLE

When Hannah and her boys arrived back home they were surprised to find that dad, Robert LeRoy Craig, had dug and laid pipe about 100 yards down the hill to the spring and installed running water to the house. It was an amazing project. Being that the hill was so steep and the water had to be drawn such a long distance, he had installed the pump half way up the hill and built a shelter for it. He had it hooked up so that water would be drawn half way up - and a return pipe would allow water to fall/drain back down to the spring causing a vacuum. This allowed the pump to have enough force to be able to push the water the rest of the way up to the house. In the 1950s this was a scientific achievement.

Hannah & LeRoy did everything possible to bring up their boys with a good work ethic. The boys were responsible for making sure there was water at the sink for mother and that there was plenty of wood for the cook stove and at the heater in the front room. It was some years after they moved to Dixonville that running water was installed. Prior to that water was drawn from a hand pump located just off the front porch of the house. Usually two 3 gallon buckets of water would do the job - unless, of course, it was Tuesday. On Monday evening a huge tub in the basement would need to be filled and a 10 gallon boiler on top of the stove would be filled for wash day. Tuesday was the day of choice for Wash Day because work wasn't allowed on Sunday.

Not long after Hannah and the boys returned back from their trip to see Uncle Charles in California, he pulled up and moved back and settled near the family. All the Harry Blair family having been brought back together once again they worked together to build and operate a saw mill not far from Cherry Tree, PA. The writer here has not idea, and would make no suggestion that Hannah was the drawing force that brought Harold Blair back from Erie, PA, or, brought back Uncle Charles from California. All that is sure, it wasn't long after these visits that they did return.

MADGE ALBERTA HOLMES

In 1901, Harry Blair Fleming married Madge Alberta Holmes. Madge was the daughter of Dorcie Dolphus Holmes and Mary Catherine Mentch of Penn Run, PA. Madge had "sugar" - was diabetic, and after injuring her foot blood poisoning set in. Operations, starting with a toe, then the removal of her foot, then the leg and finally up as high on the hip as possible - all efforts were defeated in stopping the gangrene that finally took her life. She died June 15, 1945. It wasn't long after this that Harry Blair returned to his profession as a lumberman. It was never said if it was Madge that prevented Harry from working in timber. One would assume so in that this is what he did as a young boy and this is what he did as long as he was able to work.

After Harry Blair Fleming left Bennett farm and moved to Cherry Tree, PA, timber was all he worked at. Just before retiring Harry did work timber in Clearfield County, PA, for a time. The writer knows nothing of the reasons for this - or if the Fleming sons were with him while he worked in Clearfield, PA.

HAROLD BLAIR FLEMING

Visits by the LeRoy Craig family to the big house of Uncle Harold were frequent. The boys loved to play with Harold's five boys and Harold would cut LeRoy, Bob & Ken's hair. The relationship was really great between Hannah and her brother Harold. Some time passed and the day that Harold became sick caused the relationship to change. Harold had developed a brain tumor and had several operations in an attempt to save his life. It was about this time that Hannah, never having been a bad girl, non-the-less, she found religion in a big way. One might put it all together and believe that the pending loss of her brother, Harold, had a life changing effect on her. Harold, having been sick for a time, had to quit the lumber business and he purchased a Exxon Service Station at Cherry Tree, PA, and made an effort to provide a living doing that. Hannah and her family made several trips to Cherry Tree while Harold was sick and it is recalled one time when she may have gone at the wrong time. Harold told Hannah, sitting in the car at the service station, to come and visit any time. She would be welcome. "But, please, when you come to visit, leave your religion at home!" There was no mistaking this and it is as if the writer lived it just yesterday. Memories of Uncle Harold cease at this point.

The other boys, Hayes & Charles and their families finally settled near Rossiter, PA. They continued working..... [A work in progress 3/5/2002]

Harry FlemingSS#: 190-03-4387

Issued in: Pennsylvania

Birth date: Aug 24, 1888

Death date: May 1976

Residence code: Pennsylvania

ZIP Code of last known residence: 15772

Primary location associated with this ZIP Code:

Rossiter, Pennsylvania

Harry Craig of Rossiter, PA

More About Harry Blair Fleming:

A Craig Family URL 1: June 12, 2002, <http://familytreemaker.genealogy.com/users/c/r/a/Robert-b-Craig/>
A Craig Family URL 2: June 12, 2002, <http://www.tribalpages.com/tribes/rbchopper>
A Craig Family URL 3: June 12, 2002,
http://www.ancestry.com/today/main.htm?opt=cp&ATT=vZDoSsM6xkYcLxRHGnSdeE*CvPgKKQBAZeHUAE
Burial: 1976, Sample Run Cemetery, Rayne Twp, Indiana Co., PA
Social Security Number: Pennsylvania
Text: March 11, 2002, The Fleming Family

Notes for Madge Alberta Holmes:

November 30, 2001 - More information show in Obit. Source: Genealogical Collection of Indiana County, PA, FJL Film # 517258 - Provided to me by Linda Fleming.

Indiana Gazette

Madge Alberta Fleming

Of Indiana R.D. 4, passed away Friday, June 15th, 1945 in the Indiana Hospital. She was born September 21st 1890 in Green Township, Indiana County, a daughter of Dorsey and Mary Mentch Holmes. Her early life was lived in Green Township, later moving to Clymer. Her church affiliations were with the Clymer Christian Church. She is survived by her widower, Harry. Blair Fleming; her mother, Mrs. Dorsey Holmes of Phoenix, Ariz; four sons, Frank M., Lovejoy; Harold B., Erie, Pfc. Charles W., U.S. Army in Europe; S. Sergeant, Hayes W. U. S. Marines, Cherry Point, N.C.; two daughters: Mrs Leroy (Hannah Jemimah) Craig, Kent and Mrs Carl (Bertha) Kunkle, Indiana R.D. 3. Sixteen grandchildren and two sisters, Mrs. John H. (Hannah) Learn, Phoenix, Ariz., and Mrs. Ward (Vira) Uncapher, Heilwood, also survive. Friends will be received in the family home from noon Sunday until Monday morning when friends will be received at the Robinson (Lyle) Funeral Home after the noon hour. Funeral services will be conducted in the Funeral home Monday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock. Reverend Clayton Straw will officiate. Interment in Sample Run Cemetery. 1945

The source for these two obituaries is: Genealogical Collection of Indiana County, Pennsylvania, FHL Film #517258.

* Italic: My additions and corrections, Robert Blair Craig

Madge Alberta Holmes & Harry Blair Fleming 1885 ~ 1976 * This image shows the location of the graves and to the far left, the location of the Holmes farm Satellite Aerial Photo of Bennit`s Farm where Harry Blair Fleming worked as caretaker after loosing property near Clymer, PA during the great depression. November 30, 2001 - More information show in Obit. Source: Genealogical Collection of Indiana County, PA, FJL Film # 517258 - Provided to me by Linda Fleming. Pen Run, PA - Data obtained from family Bible.Madge Alberta HOLMES Fleming, Born August 24, 1888, Clymer, PA. Died Indiana Hospital, Indiana, PA, Burial at Sample Run Cemetery, Clymer, PA (Father: Dorcie D. HOLMES, Mother: Mary Catherine MENTCH. Images can be seen at <http://www.tribalpages.com/tribes/rbchopper>

There are so many missed opportunities and non so sad as having had a moment in time, when one could have communicated to another, . . . but it was missed. That special day when my grandfather, Harry Blair Fleming, sat with me on our front porch in Dixonville, PA, and he, kind of off-hand, said to me, "I floated logs down that stream." I recall it as if it were yesterday. Yet, in my youth, I did not see or even think of the history in that one statement. Dixon Creek is now but a ditch one can jump without getting your feet wet. Why? What was going through my mind those many years ago that I couldn't and didn't ask a simple question - "That Creek!" "How?"

Today, as far as I can tell, I am the only one of the Flemings left that even care. My mind is a rush of questions and unsolved mysteries about the FLEMING Clan. I ask questions of the young and receive no answers. Am I being repaid in like kind in that back then I didn't care enough to ask a simple question. Where did you cut these logs. Where did you float them too. Who was your father, granddad? What did he do? Where did you live back then?

We are left today to THINK that Harry Blair's father was David Fleming. His tomb stone lies directly behind Harry Blair's so we must assume that David was my great, great grandfather. It would be so nice to have something solid - a simple question, or an entry in a family Bible - anything . . . There are decedents of slaves that know more about where they came from than we Flemings do. So sad, but it is true. I could have ask my mother. So many times we sat together and as a youth I had no foresight to ask some really interesting questions. Gone is the opportunity. . . gone forever. Our Family Web Page is the opportunity we can cease here at "MyFamily.Com." Young people . . . just ASK! Mothers and fathers . . . engage your children. I just know that there are exciting things that can add to OUR STORY . They are out there. Not as many stories as there could have been. But, I just know we can do more.

Please take an active role in preserving our heritage. It is worth it, if not to you, to all those who are to follow. Nothing is insignificant. Everything is important. Add to our history buy putting it down. You are important, and your family stories are important. We may never again meet in this life, but we can be sure that someday someone will be setting as I do now and wondering how it all came to be. God bless. Bob C

More About Madge Alberta Holmes:

Burial: June 17, 1945, Sample Run Cemetery, Rayne Twp, Indiana Co., PA

Children of Harry Fleming and Madge Holmes are:

i. Frank M Fleming^{160,161}, born 1907 in Clymer, PA^{162,163}; died 1979 in Indiana, PA^{164,165}; married Delsie Fleming.

Notes for Frank M Fleming:

Frank & Delsie Fleming celebrated a 50th Wedding Anniversary. Retired from Coal Mining in the Dixonville, PA area. A deacon in Calvary Baptist Church, Buck Run, PA - Frank & Delsie lived in Lovejoy, Green Twp., Indiana Co., PA for years then purchased a home in Commodore, PA

Notes for Delsie Fleming:

Delsie & Frank adopted and raised Phylis Styles Fleming and their children.

ii. Cora L Fleming, born January 24, 1912 in Clymer, PA; died September 07, 1912 in Clymer, PA.

More About Cora L Fleming:

Burial: Sample Run Cemetery, Clymer, PA

5 iii. Hannah Jemima Fleming, born August 13, 1913 in Clymer, PA; died July 21, 1982 in Indiana, PA; married Robert LeRoy Craig June 22, 1933.

iv. Harold Blair Fleming^{166,167}, born 1917 in Clymer, PA^{168,169}; died May 22, 1955 in Cherry Tree, PA^{170,171}; married Madge Alberta Holmes; born 1920 in Indiana Co., PA (Abt. 1920)^{172,173}; died June 15, 1945 in Indiana, PA.

Notes for Harold Blair Fleming:

Indiana Gazette

Harold Blair Fleming*

38, Cherry Tree, a son of Harry Blair and the late Madge (Holmes) Fleming, died on Sunday, May 22, at Spangler Hospital. Surviving are his wife, Alberta (Anderson) Fleming; five sons, Thomas, Jerry, Richard, Jack and Rodger, all at home; his father, Harry Blair Fleming of Rossiter; two sister, Mrs. Robert LeRoy (Hannah Jemimah) Craig of Dixonville; Mrs. Carl (Bertha) Kunkle of Indiana RD 3; three brothers, Frank of Dixonville; Charles and Hayes, both of Rossiter. Friends will be received at the McCracken Funeral Home in Cherry Tree at 7:00 P.M. today and until time of services which will be held Wednesday, May 25 at 2:30 P.M. (DST) from the funeral home. The Reverend Raymond Yeater will officiate. Interment will follow in the Cherry Tree I. O. O. F. Cemetery. 5-23-55

The source for these two obituaries is:

Genealogical Collection of Indiana County, Pennsylvania, FHL Film #517258

Yvonne,

Thanks very much for the heads-up on the article. It sounds like a great venture and I wish I was closer to help out. I hope

we can keep posted on the progress of the projects.

Sent: Monday, March 25, 2002 10:52 PM
Subject: Re: [INDIANA] Early Lumbering

For those interested in the Cherry Tree history of lumbering, you may want to read the article in the March 23rd issue of the Indiana Gazette. There is a resurgence of interest in the town's history which may result in a lot more information becoming available in the future.

See:http://www.zwire.com/site/news.cfm?new_sid=3643085&BRD=1078&PAG=461&dept_id=226894&rft=8

Yvonne Learn

At 04:37 PM 3/14/02 +0100, you wrote:
Is the book by Tonkin available to buy or can it be found in the library?
I would be interested in reading that book as Bartlebaughs were also river pilots and of that time.

Sent: Thursday, March 14, 2002 3:49 PM
Subject: [INDIANA] Early Lumbering

This is for those interested in the early lumber trade around Cherry Tree.

I'm in search of any information on early lumbering, logging and sawmill operations. I'm hoping someone might know of any ledgers or account books out there listing transactions of local lumber trade in the 1830-1870 time period. I've read "My Partner the river by R. D. Tonkin and looked through the micro film of letters belonging to Vincent Todkin. Allot of the lumber that was milled at local sawmills was delivered to towns like Ebsenburg and Indiana. I have ancestors who were in the lumbering business in the Susquehanna and Barr Township area in Cambria Co. and in Green and Montgomery Townships in Indiana Co.. Tonkin's book lists lots of names of Raft Pilots that worked on the head waters of the river. Another interesting find at the State Archives was a diary by William Langdon, himself a river pilot. He kept a dairy from around 1850-1870 and lived in Cherry Tree.

Marcia Fronk

<http://www.rootsweb.com/~paifhc>

More About Harold Blair Fleming:
E-Mail (Facts Pg) 1: March 27, 2002

Notes for Madge Alberta Holmes:
November 30, 2001 - More information show in Obit. Source: Genealogical Collection of Indiana County, PA, FJL Film # 517258 - Provided to me by Linda Fleming.
Indiana Gazette
Madge Alberta Fleming
Of Indiana R.D. 4, passed away Friday, June 15th, 1945 in the Indiana Hospital. She was born September 21st 1890 in Green Township, Indiana County, a daughter of Dorsey and Mary Mentch Holmes. Her early life was lived in Green Township, later moving to Clymer. Her church affiliations were with the Clymer Christian Church. She is survived by her widower, Harry. Blair Fleming; her mother, Mrs. Dorsey Holmes of Phoenix, Ariz; four sons, Frank M., Lovejoy; Harold

B., Erie, Pfc. Charles W., U.S. Army in Europe; S. Sergeant, Hayes W. U. S. Marines, Cherry Point, N.C.; two daughters: Mrs Leroy (Hannah Jemimah) Craig, Kent and Mrs Carl (Bertha) Kunkle, Indiana R.D. 3. Sixteen grandchildren and two sisters, Mrs. John H. (Hannah) Learn, Phoenix, Ariz., and Mrs. Ward (Vira) Uncapher, Heilwood, also survive. Friends will be received in the family home from noon Sunday until Monday morning when friends will be received at the Robinson (Lyle) Funeral Home after the noon hour. Funeral services will be conducted in the Funeral home Monday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock. Reverend Clayton Straw will officiate. Interment in Sample Run Cemetery. 1945

The source for these two obituaries is: Genealogical Collection of Indiana County, Pennsylvania, FHL Film #517258.

* Italic: My additions and corrections, Robert Blair Craig

Madge Alberta Holmes & Harry Blair Fleming 1885 ~ 1976 * This image shows the location of the graves and to the far left, the location of the Holmes farm Satellite Aerial Photo of Bennit's Farm where Harry Blair Fleming worked as caretaker after loosing property near Clymer, PA during the great depression. November 30, 2001 - More information show in Obit. Source: Genealogical Collection of Indiana County, PA, FJL Film # 517258 - Provided to me by Linda Fleming. Pen Run, PA - Data obtained from family Bible. Madge Alberta HOLMES Fleming, Born August 24, 1888, Clymer, PA. Died Indiana Hospital, Indiana, PA, Burial at Sample Run Cemetery, Clymer, PA (Father: Dorcie D. HOLMES, Mother: Mary Catherine MENTCH. Images can be seen at <http://www.tribalpages.com/tribes/rbchopper>

There are so many missed opportunities and non so sad as having had a moment in time, when one could have communicated to another, . . . but it was missed. That special day when my grandfather, Harry Blair Fleming, sat with me on our front porch in Dixonville, PA, and he, kind of off-hand, said to me, "I floated logs down that stream." I recall it as if it were yesterday. Yet, in my youth, I did not see or even think of the history in that one statement. Dixon Creek is now but a ditch one can jump without getting your feet wet. Why? What was going through my mind those many years ago that I couldn't and didn't ask a simple question - "That Creek!" "How?"

Today, as far as I can tell, I am the only one of the Flemings left that even care. My mind is a rush of questions and unsolved mysteries about the FLEMING Clan. I ask questions of the young and receive no answers. Am I being repaid in like kind in that back then I didn't care enough to ask a simple question. Where did you cut these logs. Where did you float them too. Who was your father, granddad? What did he do? Where did you live back then?

We are left today to THINK that Harry Blair's father was David Fleming. His tomb stone lies directly behind Harry Blair's so we must assume that David was my great, great grandfather. It would be so nice to have something solid - a simple question, or an entry in a family Bible - anything . . . There are decedents of slaves that know more about where they came from than we Flemings do. So sad, but it is true. I could have ask my mother. So many times we sat together and as a youth I had no foresight to ask some really interesting questions. Gone is the opportunity. . . gone forever. Our Family Web Page is the opportunity we can cease here at "MyFamily.Com." Young people . . . just ASK! Mothers and fathers . . . engage your children. I just know that there are exciting things that can add to OUR STORY. They are out there. Not as many stories as there could have been. But, I just know we can do more.

Please take an active role in preserving our heritage. It is worth it, if not to you, to all those who are to follow. Nothing is insignificant. Everything is important. Add to our history buy putting it down. You are important, and your family stories are important. We may never again meet in this life, but we can be sure that someday someone will be setting as I do now and wondering how it all came to be. God bless. Bob C

More About Madge Alberta Holmes:

Burial: June 17, 1945, Sample Run Cemetery, Rayne Twp, Indiana Co., PA

v. Bertha Catherine Fleming^{174,175}, born March 23, 1918 in Clymer, PA¹⁷⁶; died 2001 in Indiana Co., Indiana PA; married Carl Elkin Kunkle August 24, 1939 in Indiana Co, PA; born July 29, 1914 in Creekside,

Washington Twp., Indiana Co., PA; died April 16, 1991 in Indiana Co., PA.

More About Bertha Catherine Fleming:
Burial: 2001, Sample Run Cemetery, Clymer, PA

Notes for Carl Elkin Kunkle:
Message Board URL:

<http://boards.ancestry.com/mbexec/msg/rw/UaB.2ACE/2532.1.2>

Message Board Post:

Jennifer,
Were you still interested in exchanging Kunkle history??
I would love to trade, and see if we have anything to share.
Christine
DAMMITDJ264@CS.Com

Endnotes: 1. Gontner, Evelyn K., (290 Center St., Ormond Beach FL 32174 --
Elkgontner@aol.com
2. Kunkle, James Erwin, PO Box 140460, Edgewater, CO 80214-0460 -- jekunkle@uswest.net
3. Vernon C. Cook, 4311 Oglethorpe St., Hyattsville, MD 20781-1544 -- Vernon9323@aol.com;
Descendents of Carl Elkin Kunkle

More About Carl Elkin Kunkle:
E-Mail (Facts Pg) 1: November 16, 2001, Email

- vi. Charles Fleming^{176,177}, born 1920 in Clymer, PA (Abt. 1920)^{178,179}; died in Rossiter, PA^{180,181}; married Dorothy ???.
- vii. Hayes Warden Fleming^{182,183}, born 1920 in Clymer, PA (Abt 1920)^{184,185}; died in Punxsywaney, PA^{186,187}; married Violet Rose Lilly; born 1920 in The Coast of North Carolina^{188,189}; died September 22, 2001 in Rossiter, PA.

Notes for Hayes Warden Fleming:
S Sergeant, U.S. Marines, Cherry Point, NC. Lumberman. Killed by slipping on the ice hitting his head. Close brother to my mother, Hannah - Bob Craig

Notes for Violet Rose Lilly:
Hayes was in the Marines in North Carolina when they got married Violet Rose (Lilly-Maiden Name)Fleming

14. Mack Gilbert Carraway He married **15. Addie 'MawAddie' Roberson.**
15. Addie 'MawAddie' Roberson

Children of Mack Carraway and Addie Roberson are:

- 7 i. Kathleen Carraway, born April 22, 1922 in Washington, NC; died October 13, 1978 in Portsmouth, VA; married (1) ??? Carraway; married (2) Vernon Verette 1950; married (3) Woodrow Hilton Keel 1965.
- ii. Pearl Carraway, married John E. Cratt.
- iii. Ruth Carraway, born 1931 in Leggetts Crossroads, Beaufort Co., North Carolina; died February 17, 2002 in Leggetts Crossroads, Beaufort Co., North Carolina; married Oscar Taylor.

More About Ruth Carraway:
Burial: February 20, 2002, Pinewood Memorial Park, Greenville, NC

- iv. Irean Carraway, married William Taylor.
v. Alan Carraway, married Delsie ???.
vi. Isabell Carraway, married Johnny James.
vii. Martha Mae Carraway
viii. Marvin Carraway