

## *Descendants of Dorcie Dolphus Holmes*

### *Generation No. 1*

1. DORCIE DOLPHUS<sup>3</sup> HOLMES (*JOHN EVANS<sup>2</sup>, GEORGE<sup>1</sup>*) was born 1866 in Penn Run, Indiana Co, PA, and died in Pen Run, PA. He married MARY CATHERINE MENTCH 1896 in Married on the train to Pittsburgh, PA, daughter of ISAAC MENCH and HANNAH KELLAR. She was born November 11, 1863 in Penn Runn, PA, and died June 10, 1952 in Phoenix, Arizona.

Notes for DORCIE DOLPHUS HOLMES:

Lived in Arizona at the time of Hanna Mentch's [Learn?] death. Lived in Arizona at time of Hanna Mentch's death.

Bob -- been on your website and looked over the Holmes family you have that included John Evans Holmes b 1831. I found him on the 1880 Census, Pine Twp., Indiana, Pennsylvania p 208A

John Holmes Self M M W 49 PA  
Ann Holmes Wife F M W 49 PA  
Robert Holmes Son M S W 21 PA  
George Holmes Son M S W 18 PA  
D. D. Holmes Son M S W 14 PA  
K. J. H. Holmes Dau F S W 16 PA  
John S. Holmes Son M S W 12 PA  
E. D. B. Holmes Son M S W 9 PA

I have a strong suspicion that D. D. Holmes might be Dorsey Dolphus and instead of being in 1848 was born in 1866. This would make him about 3 years younger than his wife. I did not find information that the other three brothers of John were living in Indiana County. The reason we don't find Dorsey Dolphus is because he was listed as D. D. on the census. Ch B

More About DORCIE DOLPHUS HOLMES:

E-Mail (Facts Pg) 1: March 12, 2002, Ch B

Notes for MARY CATHERINE MENTCH:

More About MARY MENTCH:

Church Attended: Member of the Stake Church in 1883 at the time of the Church construction. Married on a train to Pittsburgh.

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More About MARY CATHERINE MENTCH:

Burial: Phoenix, Arizona

Children of DORCIE HOLMES and MARY MENTCH are:

2. i. MILDRED PEARL<sup>4</sup> HOLMES, b. 1910, Clymer, PA; d. 1942, Indiana, PA.
3. ii. HANNAH HOLMES, b. December 02, 1896, Cherryhill Twp., Indiana Co., PA; d. December 21, 1962, Phoenix, Arizona.
4. iii. VIRA V HOLMES, b. November 23, 1898, Heilwood, Indiana County, PA; d. February 13, 1982, Barnesboro RD 2, Indiana Co., PA.
5. iv. MADGE ALBERTA HOLMES, b. 1920, Indiana Co., PA (Abt. 1920); d. June 15, 1945, Indiana, PA.

### *Generation No. 2*

2. MILDRED PEARL<sup>4</sup> HOLMES (*DORCIE DOLPHUS<sup>3</sup>, JOHN EVANS<sup>2</sup>, GEORGE<sup>1</sup>*) was born 1910 in Clymer, PA, and died 1942 in Indiana, PA. She married PETER STYLES.

More About MILDRED PEARL HOLMES:

Burial: 1942, Sample Run Cemetery, Clymer, PA

Children of MILDRED HOLMES and PETER STYLES are:

i. JANET<sup>5</sup> STYLES.

Notes for JANET STYLES:

Janet was also adopted by another family and I believe married with children - Will up-date as information becomes available.

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ii. PHILLIS N STYLES.

Notes for PHILLIS N STYLES:

Adopted by Frank and Delsie Fleming

iii. CATHRINE STYLES, m. (1) N SHEARER; m. (2) N SNYDER.

6. iv. TOOTIE STYLES.

3. HANNAH<sup>4</sup> HOLMES (*DORCIE DOLPHUS<sup>3</sup>, JOHN EVANS<sup>2</sup>, GEORGE<sup>1</sup>*) was born December 02, 1896 in Cherryhill Twp., Indiana Co., PA, and died December 21, 1962 in Phoenix, Arizona. She married JOHN HENRY LEARN March 23, 1916 in Cherryhill Twp, Indiana Co., PA, son of MARTIN LEARN and MARGARET HENRY. He was born March 23, 1893 in Learn Settlement, Green Twp., Ind Co PA, and died May 07, 1976 in Phoenix, Arizona.

Notes for HANNAH HOLMES:

Born in PA, died and buried in Phoenix Arizona - 3 children, Blaine, Mary Katherine & Kathline Vernice.

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Children of HANNAH HOLMES and JOHN LEARN are:

7. i. BLAINE J<sup>5</sup> LEARN, b. Abt. 1920.

ii. MARY KATHERINE LEARN, b. March 22, 1918, Phoenix, Maricopa, Arizona.

iii. KATHLINE VERNICE LEARN, b. Abt. 1921.

4. VIRA V<sup>4</sup> HOLMES (*DORCIE DOLPHUS<sup>3</sup>, JOHN EVANS<sup>2</sup>, GEORGE<sup>1</sup>*) was born November 23, 1898 in Heilwood, Indiana County, PA, and died February 13, 1982 in Barnesboro RD 2, Indiana Co., PA. She married HAROLD WARD A UNCAPHER June 22, 1923, son of FRANK UNCAPHER and MARGARET BOWERS. He was born October 28, 1897 in Cookport, Green Twp., Indiana Co., PA, and died August 01, 1972 in Jewtown, Heilwood, Indiana Co., PA.

Notes for VIRA V HOLMES:

Holmes Uncapher relationship Obit. Surviving are the following children: Mrs George (Mary) Fetterman, Whitney Point, NY; Mrs. Warren (Stella) Fetterman, Barnesboro RD 2; Mrs. David (Gladys) Mothlin, Vintondale RD 1; Mis Hazel Uncapheer, Westlebanon; and Mrs John (Charlotte) Bratcher, Pesotum, IL; 10 grandchildren and a number of great-grandchildren. She was preceded by her husband Ward A and by her parents and two sisters.

Notes for HAROLD WARD A UNCAPHER:

Lived near Cookport, Heilwood, PA Some records record him as HAROLD WARD UNCAPHER. Marriage 1 Vira V. HOLMES b: 23 Nov. 1898 in Indiana Co. PA \* Married: 22 June 1923 in Indiana Co. Pa. Children 1. [Has No Children] Living UNCAPHER 2. [Has No Children] Living UNCAPHER 3. [Has No Children] Living UNCAPHER 4. [Has No Children] Living UNCAPHER 5. [Has No Children] Living UNCAPHER

Hannah J Craig used to take her two sons to visit Uncle Ward and Aunt Vira. I, Bob Craig, remember these visits quite well. Uncle Ward was quite handy with his hands. He made things like cutting an outline of a 1/4 moon and star out of wood, would finish the

wood and the end product had a hanging stair steps which was handy for putting Nic-knacks on and hanging it on the wall. Mom had one of these sets. He also made corner Nic-Nack racks. They were about a foot and one half tall and were made to hang in a corner of a room. He also made figures out of wood and in some way would suspend them on string and had a sort of paddle he would sit on and was able to make the figures walk by tapping on the paddle. He also was able to take a plain ordinary carpenters saw and make music. He did this by using a bow somewhat like a violin and by bending the saw was able to make music. Quite good at it. Vira also was handy with her hands and took cards, like Christmas cards, and fasten them together in a fan fashion and they were quite attractive. If my memory serves me right Uncle Ward had a huge ball of string. He saved string and would wind it on the ball. The girls come to mind as pleasant and rather full of giggles. We enjoyed visiting them in Heilwood several times.

Children of VIRA HOLMES and HAROLD UNCAPHER are:

- i. CHARLOTTE<sup>5</sup> UNCAPHER, b. 1945, Heilwood, PA Aft. 1945; m. JOHN BRATCHER; b. 1940, Pesotum, IL Aft. 1940.
- ii. MARY UNCAPHER, b. 1930, Heilwood, PA Aft.; m. GEORGE FETTERMAN; b. 1930, Est. Aft. 1930 Whitney Point, NY.

Notes for GEORGE FETTERMAN:

Hi Bob,

I saw your posting at Tribalpages.com and when I searched for Fetterman, your tree came up, but is password protected. My father was born in Punxsutawney, Pa. and his mother was a Fetterman. I see you have roots there as well. Who on your tree was a Fetterman?

Thanks in advance...

More About GEORGE FETTERMAN:

E-Mail (Facts Pg) 1: October 18, 2001, Email

- iii. STELLA UNCAPHER, b. 1935, Heilwood, PA Aft. 1935; m. WARREN FETTERMAN; b. 1940, Barnesboro RD2, PA Aft. 1940.
- iv. GLADYS UNCAPHER, b. 1930, Heilwood, PA Aft. 1930; m. DAVID MOTLIN; b. 1940, West Lebanon, PA Aft. 1940.

Notes for GLADYS UNCAPHER:

Vintondale, RD1, PA

Vintondale, RD1, PA

- v. HAZEL UNCAPHER, b. 1930, Heilwood, PA Aft. 1930.

**5. MADGE ALBERTA<sup>4</sup> HOLMES** (*DORCIE DOLPHUS<sup>3</sup>, JOHN EVANS<sup>2</sup>, GEORGE<sup>1</sup>*) was born 1920 in Indiana Co., PA (Abt. 1920), and died June 15, 1945 in Indiana, PA. She married (1) HAROLD BLAIR FLEMING, son of HARRY FLEMING and MADGE HOLMES. He was born 1917 in Climer, PA, and died May 22, 1955 in Cherry Tree, PA. She married (2) HARRY BLAIR FLEMING 1901 in Cookport, Green Twp., Indiana Co., PA, son of DAVID FLEMING and JEMIMA HENRY. He was born August 24, 1888 in Clymer, PA, and died May 09, 1976 in Rossiter, PA.

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 losing 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

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?newsid=3643085&BRD=1078&PAG=461&dept\\_id=226894&rft=8](http://www.zwire.com/site/news.cfm?newsid=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 Ebensburg 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 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 accomplish 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 strait 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. The 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\\*CvPgKKQBAZeHUA](http://www.ancestry.com/today/main.htm?opt=cp&ATT=vZDoSsM6xkYcLxRHGnSdeE*CvPgKKQBAZeHUA)

Burial: 1976, Sample Run Cemetery, Rayne Twp, Indiana Co., PA

Social Security Number: Pennsylvania  
Text: March 11, 2002, The Fleming Family

Children of MADGE HOLMES and HAROLD FLEMING are:

- i. JACK<sup>5</sup> FLEMING.
- ii. RICHARD FLEMING, b. Cherry Tree, PA.
- iii. THOMAS FLEMING, b. 1939.

Notes for THOMAS FLEMING:

Tommy was close to Bob Craig`s age - had 4 brothers, Rich & others to be drawn in later when more information becomes available

- iv. JERRY FLEMING.
- v. RODGER FLEMING.

Children of MADGE HOLMES and HARRY FLEMING are:

- vii. FRANK M<sup>5</sup> FLEMING, b. 1907, Clymer, PA; d. 1979, Indiana, PA; m. 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.

- viii. CORA L FLEMING, b. January 24, 1912, Clymer, PA; d. September 07, 1912, Clymer, PA.

More About CORA L FLEMING:

Burial: Sample Run Cemetery, Clymer, PA

8. viii. HANNAH JEMIMA FLEMING, b. August 13, 1913, Clymer, PA; d. July 21, 1982, Indiana, PA.
9. ix. HAROLD BLAIR FLEMING, b. 1917, Clymer, PA; d. May 22, 1955, Cherry Tree, PA.
10. x. BERTHA CATHERINE FLEMING, b. March 23, 1918, Clymer, PA; d. 2001, Indiana Co., Indiana PA.
11. xi. CHARLES FLEMING, b. 1920, Clymer, PA (Abt. 1920); d. Rossiter, PA.
12. xii. HAYES WARDEN FLEMING, b. 1920, Clymer, PA (Abt 1920); d. Punxsytnawney, PA.

### Generation No. 3

**6.** TOOTIE<sup>5</sup> STYLES (*MILDRED PEARL<sup>4</sup> HOLMES, DORCIE DOLPHUS<sup>3</sup>, JOHN EVANS<sup>2</sup>, GEORGE<sup>1</sup>*) She married N UNKNOWN.

Child of TOOTIE STYLES and N UNKNOWN is:

13. i. UNKNOWN<sup>6</sup> UNKNOWN.

**7.** BLAINE J<sup>5</sup> LEARN (*HANNAH<sup>4</sup> HOLMES, DORCIE DOLPHUS<sup>3</sup>, JOHN EVANS<sup>2</sup>, GEORGE<sup>1</sup>*) was born Abt. 1920. He married (1) MARTHA EVANS December 19, 1939. She was born Abt. 1920. He married (2) BONNIE MARTINDALE September 26, 1942. She was born Abt. 1920.

Notes for BLAINE J LEARN:

Live in Arizona - have children ? Is married. Played with Hayes & Charles Fleming as boys on the farm in PA

Live in Arizona - have children ? Is married. Played with Hayes & Charles Fleming as boys on the farm in PA

Child of BLAINE LEARN and MARTHA EVANS is:

- i. JOHN CHARLES<sup>6</sup> LEARN, b. Abt. 1950.

Child of BLAINE LEARN and BONNIE MARTINDALE is:

- ii. SANDRA K<sup>6</sup> LEARN, b. Abt. 1950.

**8.** HANNAH JEMIMA<sup>5</sup> FLEMING (*MADGE ALBERTA<sup>4</sup> HOLMES, DORCIE DOLPHUS<sup>3</sup>, JOHN EVANS<sup>2</sup>, GEORGE<sup>1</sup>*) was born August 13, 1913 in Clymer, PA, and died July 21, 1982 in Indiana, PA. She married ROBERT LEROY CRAIG June 22, 1933, son of MARTIN CRAIG and MARGARET HOLSTEIN. He was born May 28, 1910 in Parkwood, Indiana Co., PA, and died December 26, 1968 in Indiana, PA.

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

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 were 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 it's 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](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](http://www.lib.iup.edu/spec_coll/articles/old_time_mining.html)

Children of HANNAH FLEMING and ROBERT CRAIG are:

14. i. REV ROBERT BLAIR<sup>6</sup> CRAIG, b. December 14, 1937, Kent/Jacksonville, Indiana Co., PA.
15. ii. KENNETH MERLE CRAIG, b. September 26, 1942, Indiana, PA.

**9.** HAROLD BLAIR<sup>5</sup> FLEMING (*MADGE ALBERTA<sup>4</sup> HOLMES, DORCIE DOLPHUS<sup>3</sup>, JOHN EVANS<sup>2</sup>, GEORGE<sup>1</sup>*) was born 1917 in Climer, PA, and died May 22, 1955 in Cherry Tree, PA. He married MADGE ALBERTA HOLMES, daughter of DORCIE HOLMES and MARY MENTCH. She was born 1920 in Indiana Co., PA (Abt. 1920), and 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?newsid=3643085&BRD=1078&PAG=461&dept\\_id=226894&rft=8](http://www.zwire.com/site/news.cfm?newsid=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 Ebensburg 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 by 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 are listed above under (5) Madge Alberta Holmes.

**10.** BERTHA CATHERINE<sup>5</sup> FLEMING (*MADGE ALBERTA<sup>4</sup> HOLMES, DORCIE DOLPHUS<sup>3</sup>, JOHN EVANS<sup>2</sup>, GEORGE<sup>1</sup>*) was born March 23, 1918 in Clymer, PA, and died 2001 in Indiana Co., Indiana PA. She married CARL ELKIN KUNKLE August 24, 1939 in Indiana Co, PA, son of BRUCE 'BERTIE' KUNKLE. He was born July 29, 1914 in Creekside, Washington Twp., Indiana Co., PA, and 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 -- Elkgonter@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

Children of BERTHA FLEMING and CARL KUNKLE are:

16. i. LAWERENCE WAYNE<sup>6</sup> KUNKLE, b. January 17, 1943, Indiana Hospital, White Twp., Indiana Co., PA; d. September 30, 1984, Marion Center RD, Indiana Co., PA.
17. ii. FRED ELKIN KUNKLE, b. March 29, 1940, Indiana Hospital, White Twp., Indiana Co., PA.
18. iii. RUSSELL BRUCE KUNKLE, b. September 28, 1941, Indiana Hospital, White Twp., Indiana Co., PA.

**11.** CHARLES<sup>5</sup> FLEMING (*MADGE ALBERTA<sup>4</sup> HOLMES, DORCIE DOLPHUS<sup>3</sup>, JOHN EVANS<sup>2</sup>, GEORGE<sup>1</sup>*) was born 1920 in Clymer, PA (Abt. 1920), and died in Rossiter, PA. He married DOROTHY ???.

Child of CHARLES FLEMING and DOROTHY ??? is:

- i. CATHY<sup>6</sup> FLEMING.

**12.** HAYES WARDEN<sup>5</sup> FLEMING (*MADGE ALBERTA<sup>4</sup> HOLMES, DORCIE DOLPHUS<sup>3</sup>, JOHN EVANS<sup>2</sup>, GEORGE<sup>1</sup>*) was born 1920 in Clymer, PA (Abt 1920), and died in Punxsyaway, PA. He married VIOLET ROSE LILLY. She was born 1920 in The Coast of

North Carolina, and 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

Children of HAYES FLEMING and VIOLET LILLY are:

- i. TINA<sup>6</sup> FLEMING, m. (1) ??? FERRARO; m. (2) WILLIAM BARKLEY, December 23, 2001, Punxetawney, PA.

More About TINA FLEMING:  
Divorced: 2000, PA

- ii. MADGE FLEMING, b. 1950, Punxetawney, PA.
- iii. HAYES FLEMING, b. 1960, Punxetawney, PA.

Notes for HAYES FLEMING:  
Lives in or around Punxsy, PA - Has family.

- iv. LEANNA FLEMING.

#### *Generation No. 4*

**13.** UNKNOWN<sup>6</sup> UNKNOWN (*TOOTIE<sup>5</sup> STYLES, MILDRED PEARL<sup>4</sup> HOLMES, DORCIE DOLPHUS<sup>3</sup>, JOHN EVANS<sup>2</sup>, GEORGE<sup>1</sup>*) She married UNKNOWN HICKOK.

Child of UNKNOWN UNKNOWN and UNKNOWN HICKOK is:

19. i. PAM<sup>7</sup> HICKOK, b. Mahaffey, PA.

**14.** REV ROBERT BLAIR<sup>6</sup> CRAIG (*HANNAH JEMIMA<sup>5</sup> FLEMING, MADGE ALBERTA<sup>4</sup> HOLMES, DORCIE DOLPHUS<sup>3</sup>, JOHN EVANS<sup>2</sup>, GEORGE<sup>1</sup>*) was born December 14, 1937 in Kent/Jacksonville, Indiana Co., PA. He married GLENDA ANN CARRAWAY October 17, 1959 in Victory Blvd. Baptist Church, Portsmouth, VA, daughter of ??? CARRAWAY and KATHLEEN CARRAWAY. She was born March 21, 1942 in Washington, NC.

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\\*CvPgKKQBAZeHUA](http://www.ancestry.com/today/main.htm?opt=cp&ATT=vZDoSsM6xkYcLxRHGnSdeE*CvPgKKQBAZeHUA)

URL: FamilyTreeMaker Craig Fleming Web Page -- <http://familytreemaker.genealogy.com/users/c/r/a/Robert-b-Craig/>

<http://members.cox.net/rbcraig5/Index.htm>

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 Bremhaven, Germany, then Istanbul, Turkey; then on to the US Pocono and an extensive Mediterranean cruise. This Med. Cruise took me to Bruit, 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 Southeater 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.

~~~~~  
Oh, Yes! And by The Way . . .

October 25, 2002

Just in case – If anyone is interested, here is how Glenda and I met . . .

Returning from a two year tour of duty in Turkey and the Mediterranean our ship crossing the Atlantic was tossed about, going through – not around, a hurricane. The captain didn't think it would be that bad, but the pounding broke the shell just in front of the "sail locker" area of the ship. The front flooded and we came limping into port sinking quite low in the front of the boat.

This meant we would need to make port in Portsmouth, Virginia. We were to learn that it would require about six months to repair the damage. I had a close friend, Charles Bogue who was married and already had his wife living in Portsmouth and he invited me to stay with them. That was a most generous offer. No one liked to stay aboard ship any more than was absolutely necessary so I accepted. That set me on a course that would lead to finding my soul-mate, Glenda Ann Carraway. It turned out that about the same time we arrived in Portsmouth, Glenda came to live in Portsmouth with her mother, Kathleen Caraway. This placed Glenda directly across the street from where we lived.

The occasion of our meeting was the day I decided to pull the Ford Thunderbird across a ditch in front of the house – leaving me enough space underneath to enable the changing of oil. I got the car saddled across the ditch and in my time of frustration I couldn't help but notice this sweet little girl across the street. She seemed to be having much pleasure at my distress. I don't recall the exact moment we were introduced, or how we met, but it was love at first sight. I knew . . . Glenda knew, and it has been that way ever since.

Of all the girls I had met before that day, none has had such an impact on me as Glenda. She is my life. I live for her.

I am unable to speak for Glenda, but she has said that the first time she saw that tall dark and handsome sailor she made up her mind that she would marry him.  
:-)

Bob Craig

~~~~~

### Land Of The Pharos!

By bob craig

The time was during the late 1940's to early 50's. The place was Dixonville, PA. I am the son of Robert LeRoy & Hannah Jemima (Fleming) Craig. I was born in 1937 so my age at the time of this occasion was early teen.

Mother and I often had difficulties and these often ended in fits of rage. Because of her beliefs that the movie screen was the eye of the devil and later-on this belief moved to the TV and how it was Satan's way of influencing lives for the worse. I can't dispute this in that it really does seem that television and the theater have both dipped into the depths of depravity and show the world to be the lowest forms of humanity. However, in the case of the incident I record here it was my firm belief at the time that seeing the movie, "Land of The Pharos" would enhance my understanding of something that has intrigued me from as far back as my recollections will allow.

There was a small store in Dixonville called Profughi's. Mr. Profughi was a slight man of Italian descent and every one seemed to love him and his family. Victor Lawrence, his son, and I were in the same class at school. This was so from the time we moved to Dixonville and continued until our graduation at Green Township High School, Commadore, PA, in 1955. (See link above).

Mr. Profughi also owned the little Dixonville Theater next door to his store. I was never allowed to go to a movie as a youngster and was so threatened by my mother that as best as can be recalled I never stepped inside the door of that little theater even though Victor and I were close friends and he invited me many times. I had a sort of unreasonable fear about the place induced by warnings from my mother. I talk about this so as to introduce the main theme of the story. In class one day Victor told us about a movie that was then showing at his dad's theater. Victor gave a sort of report about the movie and when I understood that it was about the pyramids of Egypt and my childhood Bible teachings taught about Moses and the story of Israel in Egypt my curiosity was naturally inspired. Early on, long before my mothers beliefs became so radical, I do recall our school (likely 3rd grade) class was shown a movie of Hidie and her situation with her gradfather.

Oh, how badly I wanted to see that movie, the "Land Of The Pharos." I don't recall asking mom and dad about the possibility of going to see it, but the story here would indicate that it may be that I did. For some reason (not something I would normally do) I traveled to Indiana by my self. I seem to remember hitchhiking there from Dixonville. I don't recall where I acquired the money to go to the movie, but I do remember my first experience going there as I entered the theater for the first time in my life. Of course all the attractive trappings and lights fascinated me but nothing more than the big screen that revealed itself upon entering that large and imposing room. It had all the balcony seats in all their glorious upholstered beauty. It seemed that even the walls were upholstered as I recall.

The movie had already begun when I entered (it wasn't a planned trip) and I can recall catching my breath as the scene in front of me was quite more than life. It dawned on me that I must have been nearer the 15 years age in that I was able to completely understand the story and have such a clear remembrance of the movie and all the external sights I saw that night. I remember watching with interest all the efforts of building the pyramids and how they were (according to the movie) made in such a way so as to entomb all those that participated in its building and the burial of the Pharaohs.

It was some time after the movie was over that I was startled by a hand on my shoulder telling me that it was over and I would need to leave. It was then, and only then, that I realized that I had no plan. I had made the fourteen mile trip to Indiana, attended a movie but from there on, it finally dawned on me, I had no plan as to how I would get back home. It may be that I watched the movie

more than once. As I recall it was daylight when I entered the theater and when I left it was dark. Another thing became quite a shock to me. Although I apparently had no difficulty in hitchhiking to Indiana when I left the movie theater there was so few cars anywhere to be seen. Therefore, and because of the lack of any traffic on the trip back to Dixonville, I assume that it must have been close to eleven or midnight when I left for home. As I walked down Philadelphia Street toward Dixonville a panic began to settle in. There was absolutely NO cars on the road. Even today (2003) I recall walking from Indiana, walking up the hill past Stonebrakers Apple orchards and barn and still no cars. There was not even the opportunity for me to vent my anger at a car that passed me by. There simply was none.

Although I began to think that my circumstances must be some sort of punishment from God for having gone to the movie it also occurred to me that time would pass more quickly if I re-played the movie in my mind. It was a very cold night and that was another thing that came to mind. I hadn't even worn a coat. It was a nice day when I left Dixonville. It was a very cool damp night as I placed one step in front of the other on my way back home fourteen miles. There were no sounds as I clearly recall. No birds, no dogs or no frogs. On I walked. It occurred to me that if I walked right down the middle of the road placing one foot after the other right on the traffic stripes that would surely bring on a car. It didn't, and I walked on.

I recall walking in front of my Uncle Carl Kunkle's home (about 3 or 4 miles out). It was dark. There would be Uncle Carl, Aunt Bertha & their three sons a bit younger than myself. I am not sure if it was pride, or if Aunt Bertha had by that time already divorced Carl, or why I didn't knock on the door. It may well have been pride. There would have been many laughs at me from Freddy, Russell & Lawrence had I have knocked on the door that hour of the morning. Besides, my memory allows a bit of understanding that I didn't want them to know the extent of my mothers control over my life.

On and on I walked. There was no fear that I remember, only the anguish at the awkwardness of my circumstances. Even though I was completely cognizant of the reaction to be when I arrived back home I felt no fear of that. Yes, there would be the usual screaming and yelling from mom and possibly a whipping. That didn't seem to be of concern as I recall. I don't even remember what did happen that morning when I got home. I do recall some sore feet the next few days. On and on I walked. I recall walking past several homes of folk I knew but it never entered my mind to wake any of them and then have to explain myself. I just walked on and on. The longest part of the walk was that from the foot of the hill on the Indiana side of Clymer into Clymer itself. I could see the lights of the town and even though I tried to pick up the pace the lights never seemed to get closer.

Walking through Clymer was a frustration in itself. I had never thought Clymer to be such a big city as when it was that I had to walk through it that hour in the morning no one, nowhere . . . one foot in front of the other. I had harbored a glimmer of hope that maybe someone would be driving from Clymer to Dixonville and that they would see me, stop and give me a ride. What is so amazing about the whole thing there was never even one car that came by going from Indiana to Clymer or Dixonville. There, as I recall, was only two that were traveling toward Indiana during the whole time. In my mind my remembrance of that evening stops at the point I entered the village of Dixonville and passed Profughi's Theater. My memory of that walk ends there more or less where it started. There is no 'moral' to the story. It just comes to mind every now and then as I walk through life. Indeed, it would seem that the story itself is but descriptive of a lifetime of walking from one place to another. No real purpose. Just another journey. Why? I have not the slightest idea of why. Would I do it again at that age? Most likely. I shall never forget the thrill of seeing my very first movie. I shall never forget the story of the pyramids.

~~ bob craig, January 16, 2003

January 21, 2002

Robert B Craig  
164 Cherokee Drive  
Newport News, VA 23602-4428

Marion M. Edwards, Bishop UMC  
bishopmme@nccumc.org  
Post Office Box 10955  
Raleigh, North Carolina 27605

Dear Bishop Edwards:

Greetings.

[See article under NOTES in Glenda Ann Craig]

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\\*CvPgKKQBAZeHUA](http://www.ancestry.com/today/main.htm?opt=cp&ATT=vZDoSsM6xkYcLxRHGnSdeE*CvPgKKQBAZeHUA)

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

A Craig Family URL 5: October 26, 2002, <http://members.cox.net/rbcraig5/Index.htm>

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

Education: 1985, Liberty University, VA

Graduation: 1955, Green Twp. High School, Indiana Co., PA

Medical Information: January 21, 2002 Robert B Craig 164 Cherokee Drive Newport News, VA 23602-4428 Marion M. Edwards,

Bishop UMC [bishopmme@nccumc.org](mailto:bishopmme@nccumc.org) Post Office Box 10955 Raleigh, North Carolina 27605

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

Notes for GLENDA ANN CARRAWAY:

January 21, 2002

Robert B Craig

164 Cherokee Drive

Newport News, VA 23602-4428

Marion M. Edwards, Bishop UMC

[bishopmme@nccumc.org](mailto:bishopmme@nccumc.org)

Post Office Box 10955

Raleigh, North Carolina 27605

Dear Bishop Edwards:

Greetings.

First let me acknowledge that my medical condition causes me to be somewhat 'on-edge.' I have great difficulty controlling my emotions – part of the reason I have been on disability and am referred to as an "unfunded-mandate."

I don't know who to blame for my condition or situation. Myself, luck – or lack there-of, God or the devil. However, my situation is not likely to get any easier and that is my own fault – I suppose.

It is getting to the point in life that I hate to see anything addressed to me that is in any way related to the Untied Methodist Church. I mostly would enjoy an unexpected bill for goods or services than another notification from the UMC.

My wife and I have lived a life of torment since we were placed in our situation. In most cases we would have been better off had I chose to just disappear (as was my intention in 1992) from the scene when things began to go bad for me. Unfortunately, Thomas Holtsclaw (DS-Williamson) talked me into applying for and getting this debilitating disability leave (or what-ever). Every year we have went further into the vast darkness of the debt hole of despair. BECAUSE we were receiving your disability benefits (?) we did not qualify for any federal or state (SSI, food stamps, etc) assistance. Because of both of our medical conditions every year we ran up bills that we could not pay. Your CO-PAY plan has caused us to be an embarrassment to everyone around us and I feel like a thief in that there has been so many medical services we have been unable to pay for. Every year our medications alone (our portion of co-pay) has drawn us into the pit further and further. In all our medications run about \$4,000 more than we have income to pay for every year.

For 25 years more/less we have had the wonderful service from a pharmacist in Pollocksville, NC, Allen Drugs. He has seen to it that our medications were delivered on time no matter where we have been. Some days ago I get ONE OF THOSE DREADED ENVELOPES with the UMC logo and after opening it found that we no longer could order our medications from him. We now HAVE TO order from this ridiculous outfit, TEL-DRUG. We tried them last year and after about 35 days had to call and cancel – our medications had run out and they still hadn't discovered which way was up. We called Allen Drugs in Pollocksville, NC and they were here over-night. Now, because of your prescription for paying the least possible amount for our health insurance we can no longer use him. This is not only EVIL, it is un-godly.

As soon as I received your notice on that change I began to try and get all loose ends tied up. I called our Doctor. He had to re-write all our RX. That caused confusion. Finally we were able to get our RX in hand and then fill out the forms, mail them to Tel-Drug, etc., etc. and on and on. Today I get a call from them. It seems as though my MC/VISA wouldn't approve the charges. I had to give them my CheckCard number. The charges of \$183.92 will now come out of our dwindling checking account. This will cause our account to be overdrawn before the date of February's Social Security check arrives (3rd Wed. Of Feb.) Now you will say that this is not your problem. However, had I been able to work through my pharmacist the medications would have been here two weeks ago. He has always sent them and then billed me monthly. I was then able to hunt and peck around for ways to pay/charge them, etc.

When I got your dreaded notice that we would BE FORCED TO USE THIS TEL-DRUG outfit I decided to start cutting my personal RX in half. I have now cut or ceased taking about 2/3 of my personal medications. The pain I now suffer is nearly unbearable. My chest feels as though it is collapsing in on me. My blood pressure is up – I have that familiar ring in my ears. I feel I have no choice or alternative. I am unable to order and know what the charges will be from Tel-Drug and in that we will likely have to take the money from our checking account, I will have no idea what the charges will be until they are billed to my Check-Card. This is evil.

Friend, Mr Bishop, my wife and I would have been better off had you (The UMC) just cut me off completely from health insurance in 1992. We have been forced into the embarrassments of Bankruptcy through the courts two times since 1992. Our neighbor that was fortunate NOT TO HAVE HAD any relationship ever with the United Methodist Church in any form or fashion has the local pharmacy deliver to her home anything her doctor prescribes. All she has to do is sign the delivery slip. Everything IS taken care of for her. Every month a truck pulls up and fills her freezer provided by social services full of meat and vegetables. Of course your taxes pays her bill. But at least she gets her medications, food, lights and heat. In my case – I will not take any more medications in the hope that one of two things happen – preferably both. 1) Not taking my medications will hasten my death. And 2), as long as my wife is alive I will do whatever is necessary to see that she gets her needs provided for.

It is my strong opinion that the Untied Methodist Church is more concerned about it's bottom line than anything else. Go build another "HABITAT FOR HUMANITY!" – And, that the UMC only has done what it has for us, grudgingly, because it felt it had to. How many times I have made \$40.00 more a month above the amount which would have qualified us for assistance or welfare of one sort or another. Now, believe me, – I would do anything, would have done anything – and will continue to do whatever it takes to see to it my wife is provided for.

We though that from what we had understood and believed that the minuscule retirement funds that will be gifted our way in your generosity at the start of the new conference year would allow us to make some adjustments providing us with a somewhat cleaner start this coming June. WRONG! The generous United Methodist Church has had its lawyers draw up a carefully worded small print documents surrounding the lack of benevolence involved with the retirement that it is virtually impossible to understand. The real tiny small print will be the weight that is drawn around the neck of the UMC and like a millstone when it is dumped into the sea at judgement day. You will wish that the church never got involved in maneuvering around in the worldly forms of finance. I took our wonderful retirement plan to a friend of my sons, the financial officer of Wachovia Banking Services, and he though it was the most treacherous trap of financial wizardry he had ever come across. The UNFUNDED MANDATE you have given me is fraught with traps that only serve to feed the beast in the likely event that I make the wrong choice. Calling my wife a CONTINGENT ANNUITANT was a stroke of genius for the evil fancier that set up the questionable benefits package. CONTINGENT what?

I said all of that to say this. We will likely loose our car, have to cut our food by one half, I'll have to cut off my medications completely and everything else (our splurging) . . . all because I move from disability retirement into "full retirement" this year. There are no alternatives other than for that of a fool that will do anything to help me in my situation. As I said above, I will be so much better off dead than a survivor under your PLAN.

My wife had emergency surgery at the local hospital about 2 years ago. Every day we get phone calls trying to collect that debt. Neither of us have gone to the hospital since – can't afford it, and they likely know that we can't pay the bill. I don't know what will happen if Glenda has to go again. There have been times in the past year that I feel she needed to go but wouldn't because of our PLAN. In recent months she has refused to go see her doctor. I canceled a bone density test that my doctor strongly recommended I have. We simply can't afford to live and most likely can't afford to die. I have an idea that there will be a Judgment Day with questions to be answered. I wouldn't want to be part of the PLAN (PROVIDER) when that day comes. There is simply no excuse for anyone to be treated in this way. Talk about falling through the cracks in life. We have done it – not because I am lazy and won't work and want a free ride. After 3 heart attacks and serious back surgery I am totally disabled. It is painful for me to sit at my desk long enough to write this letter. I have had to do it in days rather than minutes. It is because of the way the PLAN has seen to it that we have been trapped into a system that has no soluble answers that has forced me to write this letter. I write not in anger or rage – only in the depths of hopelessness.

If this day marked the crossing of the Rio Grande by Robert & Glenda (say illegals from middle America) we would find ourselves better cared for in our helpless situation. If the state tried to force them back across the border the UMC would be there proud and demanding for humane treatment and welfare for them. I suppose that is good – simply because they are part of the human family. What, though, does that make us?

I don't know that there is anything you would, can or would do if you could.. I just thought that someone should let you know (on paper) that your PLAN is the most destructive thing that has ever come my way in life. You need to do something about it. If you can't afford to take care of your people you need to get out of the people business.

I don't know why I have bothered to write to you concerning this. Do I expect assistance in any way? Not likely. Do I think you will revamp your insured system of unconcern? Not likely. Will you pray for us? Highly unlikely. . . . I just don't know. I feel as though I have been sleeping with the devil and will never be able to get the stench out of my bed clothes. In other words, I have made my bed and will have to sleep in it. However, know this, Glenda and I shall continue to pray for you and yours.

Most sincerely, and heart-sick,

Robert B Craig  
191-30-2859  
rcraig5@cox.net

PS: Regrettably I neglected to offer our most illustrative example of neglect we suffer. Our great PLAN offers a Dental BENEFIT. What an over-statement. "Benefit!" Nearly four years ago I had a top side tooth to break in half. It was jagged and rough requiring immediate attention. It had scratched and caused infection in the top right inside cheek area. After looking at what was left of the tooth and how it would affect the wearing of what is left of my top partial plate he strongly recommended that it not be pulled. It was one of only two other teeth that the plate was supported by. He seemed sensitive to my plight concerning finances however informed me that due to the fact that I had "Dental Insurance," I would be required to come up with half of the cost of rebuilding the tooth. This turned out to be exactly \$400.00 for one tooth. Had I NOT had insurance he might have been able to find a dentist that would work with a minister needing immediate care. In my case, before he would do anything for me he wanted the \$400.00 up front. I went to my bank (been dealing with them for more than 25 years) and requested help. Understandably they refused because of my bankruptcy (bankrupt because of previous years of medical bills). I had to beg and after telling me he'd rather not, he finally gave in and loaned me the money. Four years – and I am still repaying for that. While in the dentists office I was told that there were four other top teeth (out of the 5 left) that needed immediate care. I knew that because when I run my tongue across the base of them I can feel the cavities. Also, after eating I have to take a tooth pick and one at a time clean the food from them. Since then, two of the five have broken off immediately below the gum line. The pain is at times severe and the swelling at times causes me to not be able to chew and eat. I have to withstand the pain in that Glenda's teeth are in worse shape. Neither of us can stand the pain of wearing our partial plates for any length of time. I have one tooth in front that is decaying. The other of the two front uppers is one of those broken off. My top plate will not stay in now that the support of that front tooth is gone. In that I feel that time is not on my side there seems to be no reason for me to even go through the anguish of trying to find the money to get them taken out and

the others worked on. I wouldn't want to wish the pain on even Saddam Hassan or Osamu Bn Laden. No human being should have to endure this. If a family pet were to suffer the pain my wife suffers one would have the pet put down. If we were both put down it would be a windfall for the United Methodist Church in that they would be free from paying retirement funds. It seems to me that that would be the best out come all the way around. God must have his reasons for keeping us both around. I just wonder what His reason is.?.?

More About GLENDA ANN CARRAWAY:

Medical Information: 1995 Tripple By-Pass Heart Surgery

Children of ROBERT CRAIG and GLENDA CARRAWAY are:

20. i. JEFFREY KENNETH<sup>7</sup> CRAIG, b. July 18, 1960, Indiana Hospital, White Twp., Indiana Co., Indiana, PA.
21. ii. ROGER TRENT CRAIG, b. November 20, 1962, Indiana Hospital, White Twp, Indiana Co., Indiana, PA.

**15. KENNETH MERLE<sup>6</sup> CRAIG** (*HANNAH JEMIMA<sup>5</sup> FLEMING, MADGE ALBERTA<sup>4</sup> HOLMES, DORCIE DOLPHUS<sup>3</sup>, JOHN EVANS<sup>2</sup>, GEORGE<sup>1</sup>*) was born September 26, 1942 in Indiana, PA. He married MYRNA ELLEN CHURCHILL June 30, 1962. She was born March 26, 1943 in Marion Center, PA.

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 to 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](mailto:m_ecraig@yahoo.com)

More About MYRNA ELLEN CHURCHILL:  
E-Mail (Facts Pg) 1: December 25, 2001, Email

Children of KENNETH CRAIG and MYRNA CHURCHILL are:

22. i. KENNA MARIE<sup>7</sup> CRAIG, b. January 23, 1963, Indiana, PA.
23. ii. BEVERLY DIANE CRAIG, b. May 19, 1964, Indiana, PA.
- iii. ANGELA BREYANN CRAIG, b. October 30, 1978, Indiana, PA.

**16.** LAWERENCE WAYNE<sup>6</sup> KUNKLE (*BERTHA CATHERINE<sup>5</sup> FLEMING, MADGE ALBERTA<sup>4</sup> HOLMES, DORCIE DOLPHUS<sup>3</sup>, JOHN EVANS<sup>2</sup>, GEORGE<sup>1</sup>*) was born January 17, 1943 in Indiana Hospital, White Twp., Indiana Co., PA, and died September 30, 1984 in Marion Center RD, Indiana Co., PA. He married MARGARET LEA FAIRMAN October 17, 1964 in Indiana Co, PA, daughter of BRYSON FAIRMAN and EDITH STALLMAN. She was born December 10, 1945 in Indiana Hospital, White Twp., Indiana Co., PA.

More About LAWERENCE WAYNE KUNKLE:  
Burial: Marion Center RD, Indiana Co., PA

Child of LAWERENCE KUNKLE and MARGARET FAIRMAN is:

- i. CATHERINE IRENE 'CATHY'<sup>7</sup> KUNKLE, m. ROBERT EUGENE LEE, August 09, 1989, Indiana Co, PA.

**17.** FRED ELKIN<sup>6</sup> KUNKLE (*BERTHA CATHERINE<sup>5</sup> FLEMING, MADGE ALBERTA<sup>4</sup> HOLMES, DORCIE DOLPHUS<sup>3</sup>, JOHN EVANS<sup>2</sup>, GEORGE<sup>1</sup>*) was born March 29, 1940 in Indiana Hospital, White Twp., Indiana Co., PA. He married CAROLYN ANN CUBETTA 1959 in Clarksburg, Indiana Co., PA, daughter of SEBASTIAN CUBETA and ANNE MALHOSKY.

Notes for FRED ELKIN KUNKLE:  
Graduate 1958, IHJS Indiana, PA  
Marriage: ca 1959, Clarksburg, Indiana Co., PA

Fred Kunkle is the owner of  
Evergreen Motors in Indiana. It is a Ford/ Lincoln-Mercury dealership.

More About FRED ELKIN KUNKLE:  
Occupation: August 08, 2002, Ford Merc Dealer, Indiana, PA

Children of FRED KUNKLE and CAROLYN CUBETTA are:

- i. FREDERICK JAMES<sup>7</sup> KUNKLE, b. December 25, 1960, Indiana Hospital, White Twp., Indiana Co., PA; m. JULIE ???, Hartford, CT.
24. ii. PRUDENCE ANN KUNKLE, b. 1962, Indiana Co., PA.
- iii. STEPHEN CHRISTOPHER KUNKLE, b. December 04, 1963, Indiana Hospital, White Twp., Indiana Co., PA; m. LAURIE ???, Philadelphia, PA.
- iv. TIMOTHY JOHN KUNKLE, b. December 05, 1965, Indiana Hospital, White Twp., Indiana Co., PA; m. TRACEY ???, Clarksburg, Indiana Co., PA.

**18.** RUSSELL BRUCE<sup>6</sup> KUNKLE (*BERTHA CATHERINE<sup>5</sup> FLEMING, MADGE ALBERTA<sup>4</sup> HOLMES, DORCIE DOLPHUS<sup>3</sup>, JOHN EVANS<sup>2</sup>, GEORGE<sup>1</sup>*) was born September 28, 1941 in Indiana Hospital, White Twp., Indiana Co., PA. He married BARBARA FLICK.

Notes for RUSSELL BRUCE KUNKLE:

Child of RUSSELL KUNKLE and BARBARA FLICK is:

- i. KENDRA<sup>7</sup> KUNKLE.

Generation No. 5

**19. PAM<sup>7</sup> HICKOK** (*UNKNOWN<sup>6</sup> UNKNOWN, TOOTIE<sup>5</sup> STYLES, MILDRED PEARL<sup>4</sup> HOLMES, DORCIE DOLPHUS<sup>3</sup>, JOHN EVANS<sup>2</sup>, GEORGE<sup>1</sup>*) was born in Mahaffey, PA.

Notes for PAM HICKOK:

Wrote to Pam 1/7/2002. She wrote me a note in a Christmas card and it goes like this: Dear Bob. I am Pam Hickok, Tooties is my grandma. She had said that you are interested in the Family tree. I have been working on and off for many years. I would be interested in helping you and seeing what information you have. Let me know. I will get gack toyou as soon as I can as I have a 6 month old son now so it may<sup>7</sup> take me a little loonger to get back to you. Below is my address. Merry Christmas and Happy new Year.

Child of PAM HICKOK is:

- i. LIVING<sup>8</sup> HICKOK.

**20. JEFFREY KENNETH<sup>7</sup> CRAIG** (*ROBERT BLAIR<sup>6</sup>, HANNAH JEMIMA<sup>5</sup> FLEMING, MADGE ALBERTA<sup>4</sup> HOLMES, DORCIE DOLPHUS<sup>3</sup>, JOHN EVANS<sup>2</sup>, GEORGE<sup>1</sup>*) was born July 18, 1960 in Indiana Hospital, White Twp., Indiana Co., Indiana, PA. He married (1) PAMELA SUE BAKER June 01, 1985, daughter of EDWARD BAKER and NANCY KIETH. She was born February 07, 1965 in Marion Center, PA. He met (2) BARBARA FOLEY 2000 in Newport News, VA. She was born 1970 in VA Aft. 1960.

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.

More About PAMELA SUE BAKER:

Divorced: Newport News, VA

Children of JEFFREY CRAIG and PAMELA BAKER are:

- i. CASEY ANN<sup>8</sup> CRAIG, b. January 30, 1988, Newport News, VA.

Notes for CASEY ANN CRAIG:

Bob Craig - Apr 11, 2002

Categories: Craig History, Fleming History

Casey Ann Craig is honored this school year with the prestigious National Junior Honor Society Award. This signifies that Casey has maintained better than a 3.5 point grade average for the 2001-2002 School Year -- along with showing strength in

1)Leadership

2) Service

3) Sports and Dance skills &

4) Community Service.

More will be coming on this when the programs for the ceremony to be held in Tabb, VA, and we receive the program for the ceremony.

--- Bob & Glenda Craig

More About CASEY ANN CRAIG:

Notes (Facts Pg): April 11, 2002, Honors

ii. JEFFREY KYLE CRAIG, b. October 11, 1989, Newport News, VA.

**21. ROGER TRENT<sup>7</sup> CRAIG** (*ROBERT BLAIR<sup>6</sup>, HANNAH JEMIMA<sup>5</sup> FLEMING, MADGE ALBERTA<sup>4</sup> HOLMES, DORCIE DOLPHUS<sup>3</sup>, JOHN EVANS<sup>2</sup>, GEORGE<sup>1</sup>*) was born November 20, 1962 in Indiana Hospital, White Twp, Indiana Co., Indiana, PA. He married CHRISTAL 'KRIS' MARIE HAYES February 14, 1989 in Gloster, Virginia, daughter of KENNETH HAYES and CHARLOTTE N. She was born July 16, 1963 in Newport News, VA.

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 their 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 an 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

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More About ROGER TRENT CRAIG:

Notes (Facts Pg): June 25, 2002, Letter from POP

More About CHRISTAL 'KRIS' MARIE HAYES:

Divorced: Newport News, VA

Child of ROGER CRAIG and CHRISTAL HAYES is:

- i. RYAN KEITH<sup>8</sup> CRAIG, b. June 29, 1989, Newport News, VA.

Notes for RYAN KEITH CRAIG:

2001 Deer Park Cougars, Ryan Craig, # 58, Age 12, Position: Linebacker, Coach: Edward Tillery, Ryan's Favorite Team: Pittsburgh Steelers September 2001 - Ryan's first year in football - Ryan Keith Craig # 58, 2nd in from the left ~ 2nd row. Coach ~ Top Left: Edward Tillery, Assistant: Roger Trent Craig, 2nd row far left. March 2001 Ryan & his half brother, Christopher. 2001 Deer Park Cougars, Ryan Craig, # 58, Age 12, Position: Linebacker, Coach: Edward Tillery, Ryan's Favorite Team: Pittsburgh Steelers

**22.** KENNA MARIE<sup>7</sup> CRAIG (*KENNETH MERLE<sup>6</sup>, HANNAH JEMIMA<sup>5</sup> FLEMING, MADGE ALBERTA<sup>4</sup> HOLMES, DORCIE DOLPHUS<sup>3</sup>, JOHN EVANS<sup>2</sup>, GEORGE<sup>1</sup>*) was born January 23, 1963 in Indiana, PA. She married (1) CHAD ELLIOT SMYERS, son of KEVIN SMYERS and KENNA CRAIG. He was born October 19, 1992 in PA. She married (2) KEVIN SCOTT SMYERS December 28, 1990 in Mairon Center, PA. He was born February 26, 1962 in PA.

More About KENNA MARIE CRAIG:

E-Mail (Facts Pg) 1: November 29, 2001, Notes

Children of KENNA CRAIG and KEVIN SMYERS are:

- i. CHAD ELLIOT<sup>8</sup> SMYERS, b. October 19, 1992, PA; m. KENNA MARIE CRAIG; b. January 23, 1963, Indiana, PA.

More About KENNA MARIE CRAIG:

E-Mail (Facts Pg) 1: November 29, 2001, Notes

- ii. ADAM MARTIN SMYERS, b. December 17, 1993, PA.

**23.** BEVERLY DIANE<sup>7</sup> CRAIG (*KENNETH MERLE<sup>6</sup>, HANNAH JEMIMA<sup>5</sup> FLEMING, MADGE ALBERTA<sup>4</sup> HOLMES, DORCIE DOLPHUS<sup>3</sup>, JOHN EVANS<sup>2</sup>, GEORGE<sup>1</sup>*) was born May 19, 1964 in Indiana, PA. She married EDWARD CHRIS BAKER August 11, 1984. He was born October 01, 1961 in PA.

Children of BEVERLY CRAIG and EDWARD BAKER are:

- i. BREEANNE MARIE<sup>8</sup> BAKER, b. November 28, 1988, PA.
- ii. CRAIG CHRISTOPHER BAKER, b. September 08, 1990, PA.

**24.** PRUDENCE ANN<sup>7</sup> KUNKLE (*FRED ELKIN<sup>6</sup>, BERTHA CATHERINE<sup>5</sup> FLEMING, MADGE ALBERTA<sup>4</sup> HOLMES, DORCIE DOLPHUS<sup>3</sup>, JOHN EVANS<sup>2</sup>, GEORGE<sup>1</sup>*) was born 1962 in Indiana Co., PA. She married (1) EDWIN DOUGHERTY January 25, 1980 in Indiana Co, PA, son of OWEN DOUGHERTY. He was born Abt. 1960. She married (2) DONALD ANDREASSI October 10, 1984 in Indiana Co, PA. She married (3) TODD LEE POUNDS December 24, 1991 in Indiana Co, PA.

Notes for PRUDENCE ANN KUNKLE:

His daughter Prudence married an old baseball teammate of mine named Ed Dougherty. I believe they parted..am not totally sure. Ed's dad was the late Owen Dougherty, who was well known around Indiana as both the IUP Baseball and Football Coach

More About PRUDENCE ANN KUNKLE:

E-Mail (Facts Pg) 1: August 08, 2002

Children of PRUDENCE KUNKLE and EDWIN DOUGHERTY are:

- i. LAURA<sup>8</sup> DOUGHERTY, b. Indiana Co., PA.
- ii. JOSEPH DOUGHERTY, b. Indiana Co., PA.

