

The Ed Ankers Story

The following pages, 64 in all, were the website of Edward Ankers, "The Ed Ankers Story." I first saw the website in 2006 when researching the Ankers family of Loudoun County, one of my many relations in Loudoun. I took the precaution of copying the website, knowing that at some point most personal websites would disappear. Turned out this was a good choice because by 2017, when I went back to find it, it was gone. Tried to find a copy on the Wayback Machine but nothing was archived.

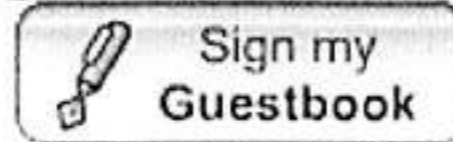
Edward's story deserves to be a published book because it tells a family history of rural Northern Virginia in the early and middle part of the 1900s. This way of life had almost disappeared when I was growing up in Fairfax County in the 1940s and 1950s, but not entirely so. I attended Herndon High in 1954 and it was still a very rural area at the time with farming the primary occupation - Reston was still years in the future!

One of my ancestors, Henrietta Edwards, married Samuel Ankers in 1849 in Loudoun County. Samuel was the great-grandfather of Edward.

As I write this, Edward Ankers lives with his wife Margaret at 374 Pine Bluff Road, Ruckersville, Virginia, which is not far from Charlottesville.

Robert Stoy
8 July 2017

(2583)

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Chapter 1

My twin brother Jim and I were born April 18, 1927, to Jonathan Porter Ankers, and Olive Francis Bladen Ankers. Our place of birth was Fairfax County Virginia, near the town of Herndon in a little Place called Pine Crest. Pine Crest was a rail stop on the Old Dominion Railroad.

We were born into a family of Three brothers and two sisters. There were my brothers Jonathan, Andrew, and Robert and my sisters Virginia and Irene. My youngest sister Inez would come later bringing the total number of siblings in my family to eight. We were all born approximately three years apart.

My father and mother hereafter referred to as Papa and Mama, ran a small grocery in a building that stood near the railroad station.

They both were devout Christians and didn't believe in selling tobacco. Due to the pressure put upon them to start selling tobacco, and after the stock market fell in 1929, they were forced to close the store for good. Papa was also a carpenter and a farmer and was able to find enough work to support his family for awhile.

I was born with a birth defect called Clubfeet. Both of my feet were rolled over so that when I finally learned to walk, I was actually walking on the ankle sides of my feet. Also, my kneecaps were dislocated. Eventually I was fitted with metal leg braces to help hold my feet straight.

In those early years, I remember calling after

my brothers and sisters to wait for me whenever we went out to play or go to the spring for water. Because of the leg braces, It seemed that I was forever lagging behind, but I still wanted to be with the other children and do everything they did. I can still hear the clank, clank, clank, of those metal braces as I tried to catch up.

One time I tripped and fell on a sheet of roofing tin that had been left lying flat on the ground and had one corner bent upwards. This corner cut a gash in my throat so deep that Mama said she could see my wind pipe. She immediately poured table salt into the gash to stop the bleeding. I often heard her say that I would have bled to death if she hadn't used the salt. I also fell against a hot wood stove and burned the left side of my face. I still carry scars of both injuries.

One of the first things I remember as a child was in the fall of 1930 on the day of the birth of my youngest sister Inez. On this day November 1, 1930, my parents hired a black lady whose name was Emma to help out with the household work. Emma also had the responsibility of watching my twin brother Jim and myself. This was no easy job with three years old twins, we were certainly a hand full. She had to grab both of us off the stairway several times, after we attempted to go up to see Mama. After tiring of the chase, and having other household work to do, Emma finally came up with a solution. She tied both of us to the kitchen table legs. And there we stayed until my baby sister was born.

I'll never forget the huge blizzard that happened on a Sunday in March. I believe it was either in 1932 or 1933. That Sunday morning was sunny and warm, a typical Spring morning, as my family set out to attend Sunday Meeting which was held in the home of a member of the church in

Arlington, Virginia, about 20 or 25 miles from our home. Just minutes before the meeting was over around 12 noon, it began to snow.

After visiting with friends for awhile, we started for home thinking that the snow wouldn't amount to anything much at this time of year. The snow kept getting heavier and heavier as we drove along and the going was very slow. The snow was getting deeper and deeper. The wind had picked up and the snow had started to drift. We managed to get within about a mile of home and finally could go no farther because of the huge snow drifts.

It had taken us about 4 hours to travel this far through the storm, and by this time it was starting to get dark. We were pretty close to one of our neighbors home, so we went there to spend the night. The next morning we started out walking the mile home through the snow and the drifts. I was carried by my brother Jonathan, wading through huge drifts, some as deep as 4 feet. I believe Papa carried our baby sister Inez, my other older brother Andy carried my twin brother Jim. Mama, two older sisters, and my brother Robert, struggled along as best they could in the broken tracks. We finally reached home safe and sound but cold, wet and tired.

In 1932 my great uncle Joe came to live with us. He was 71 years old and in bad health and needed a home. Uncle Joe had never married and had no immediate family. He was a coal miner and had worked in mines in West Virginia and Kentucky. None of his family had seen him for about 20 years. Not knowing the address of Papa, He had sent a letter addressed to Jonathan Ankers, Sunset Hills, Va. Somehow the letter got delivered even though it did not have our correct address. The letter stated that he had come down with asthma, (Probably what is known today as black

lung) and could not support him self any longer. Papa wrote back and invited him to come live with us.

Sometime after that my brother Robert, who had been down near the railroad station, came running up the lane all excited and said some old man had gotten off the train and was coming to our house. Papa went out to look and exclaimed, "Why its old Uncle Joe!" There was so much that Papa and him wanted to talk about, that they set up most of that first night.

Uncle Joe was very superstitious as most miners were, he told us that if he was on his way to work in the mines and saw a red headed woman or a black cat, he would go back home and not go to work that day. Uncle Joe was a brother to my Grandfather on Papa's side. Since my Grandfather had died before I was born, Uncle Joe seemed like a Grandfather to me. He lived with us until his death in 1938.

Because of my club feet, my parents took me to different doctors and several hospitals in the Washington D.C. and Maryland areas to see what could be done about my feet. None of them seemed to know how or what to do to straighten my feet. Finally in the fall of 1933, Mrs. Seaman a Red Cross Nurse told them that the Children's Hospital in Richmond, Virginia, might be able to help me. So arrangements were made with the hospital and I was admitted to the Children's Hospital in Richmond that fall in 1933 where I stayed for eleven month's.

During this stay, I was operated on three times, two operations on my feet, and one to remove my tonsils. The surgical procedure on both of my feet involved chipping away bone from my ankles and then the feet straightened and put in a cast until they healed. A surgical procedure was also

performed on my knees to fix my dislocated kneecaps. The cast covered both legs up to my hips. The ankle surgery had to be repeated twice before the surgery was successful.

Ether was the only thing they had to put you to sleep with in those days. The Ether was administered by holding this cone over your face and mouth until you went to asleep. I'll never forget how horrible taking that Ether was. It felt like your throat and stomach was burning up, and I had these bad dreams about falling off high cliffs.

In between surgeries, I participated in activities and chores that the hospital staff planned for the children. One of the chores that I really enjoyed doing was delivering toothbrushes and toothpaste to the other children each morning in my wheel chair .

Since I was old enough to be starting to school, I attended a first grade class right there in the hospital. We also got to see movies, mostly cartoons of Donald Duck and Mickey Mouse. There were times that I was allowed to go outside to a park like area on the hospital grounds in my wheel chair and watch the other kids ride the seesaw and the merry-go-round.

Even with all the activity, I still missed being with my family that seemed so very far away. The distance between my home and the Children's Hospital in Richmond, Virginia, was approximately one hundred miles. It was about a three to four hour trip in those days depending on the weather. So it was difficult for members of my family to visit very often. Mama and my oldest sister Virginia came at separate times and stayed with friends of my parents who lived in Richmond, and was able to visit every day during these periods. Dot Tally, a sister of my Aunt Earl, my Uncle Oscar's wife, who also lived near Richmond, came to visit too and

brought candy and other gifts that helped with my loneliness.

Finally after eleven months I was released from the hospital and returned home. But the home I had left to go into the hospital, was not the same home that I returned to. During the time that I was in the hospital, my family had moved to a 350 acre farm in Buckland near Gainesville, Virginia.

Since I had not seen most of my family in almost a year, everything seemed strange to me. With all the love I received from my family, it did not take very long for everything to get back to normal. I had to learn to walk all over again. My brothers and sisters and Mama and Papa would catch me as I attempted to walk from one to the other. It took several months before I could finally walk on my own again.

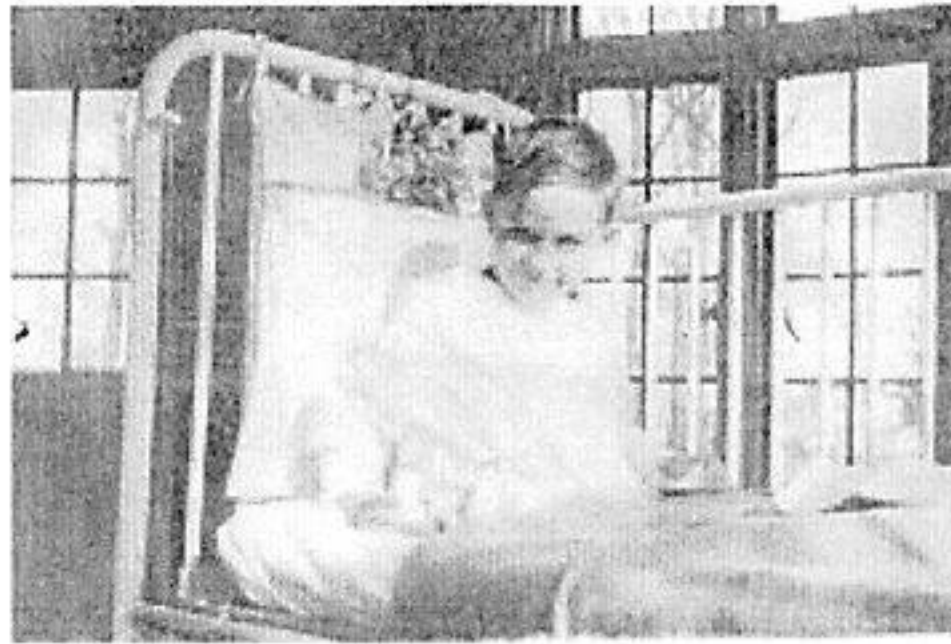
I missed my old home in Pine Crest for a while, but the thrill of living on a big farm, with all the animals soon took care of that. There were horses and their folds, cattle and baby calves, sheep and baby lambs, hogs, chickens, ducks, and turkeys.

I started to school that fall of 1934 along with my twin brother Jim. My 10 year old brother Robert carried me on his back to and from the bus stop which was approximately ¼ mile. Throughout most of my school years, my big brother Robert was my protector when big bullies at school would pick on me. There are many stories I could write here about the times he came to my rescue at bus stops and on the school grounds.

Robert passed away in March 2005 at age 81. He was a great inspiration to me throughout his life and I will always miss him terribly. Here are comments by his daughter Brenda that I received in an email after his death:

I remember those stories too!! One of my favorites Daddy told happened when he was in sixth grade. He said he

saw a big boy on the playground who was rubbing a grapefruit half into your face. He told me he punched the boy, giving him either a black eye or a bloody nose or BOTH! Daddy said he was called into the principal's office about it. The principal also happened to be his sixth grade teacher. According to Daddy the principal said, "Robert did you beat so and so up?" And Daddy said, "Yes sir, I did!" The principal asked, "Why did you do that?" And Daddy said, "Because he was beating up my little brother!" His principal then said, "Robert, you won't do that again, will you?" And Daddy said, "Yes sir, if he ever bothers my little brother again!" Daddy always smiled when he told that story and I remember asking what did he say when you said you'd do it again? Daddy just smiled and said the principal said okay!!

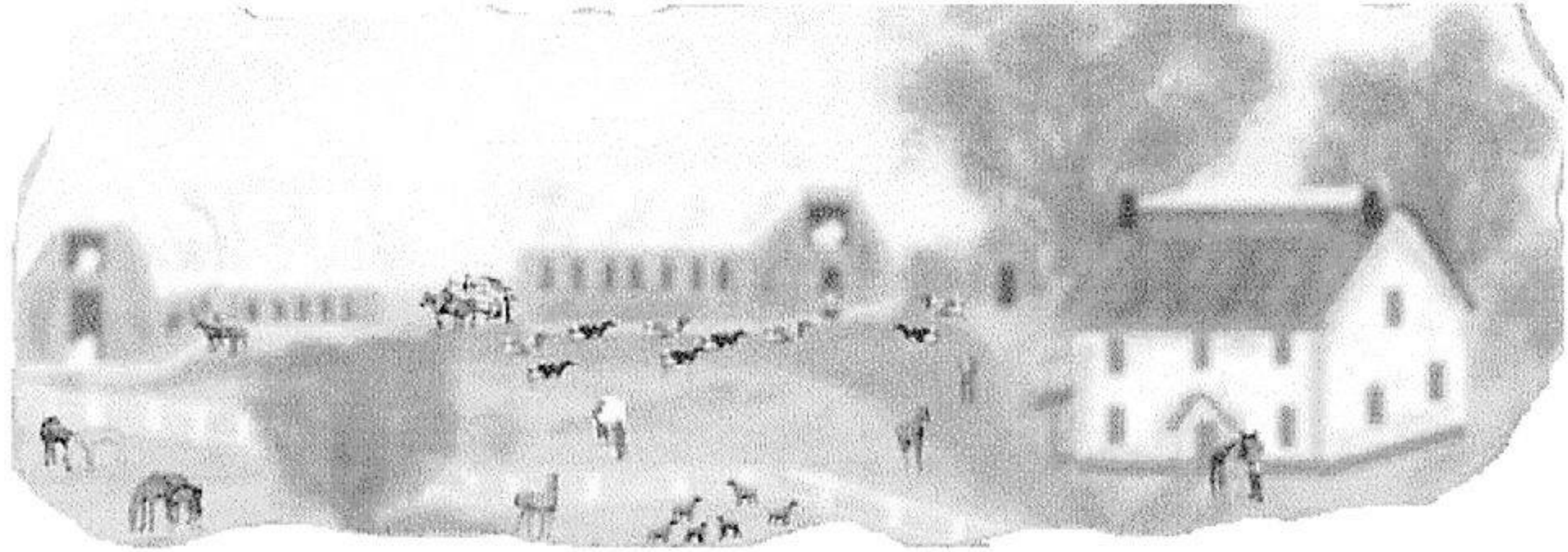


Here I am in the Richmond Va Childrens Hospital in 1934

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Chapter 2

Farming was hard work in those days. The whole family had to pitch in to help with the various chores. Papa and my older brothers spent long hours in the fields plowing, planting, and harvesting. Mama and my older sisters were kept busy with gardening, canning, and other work associated with farm living such as, feeding and tending the chickens, gathering eggs, and cooking meals for farm hands who would come to help with the harvest in the fall. My younger brothers and sister and myself, carried in wood for cooking and heating, and any other chores that we could do.

In the 1930s before there were many tractors around, horsepower was mainly used to pull the farm implements. My brother Jim and I would go out to the fields at lunch time or in the evening at quitting time, just to ride the work horses back to the barn. At lunch time Mama would ring the dinner bell that hung on a pole in the yard. You could hear this bell for miles around. When the work horses heard the bell, they would stop right where they were and not budge another step, until you unhooked them and started for the barn.

Living on the farm was an exciting time for me. In the summer time I liked the haying time the best. First the hay was cut and left to dry for several days. When it was ready to gather it was raked into wind-rows using a horse drawn hay rake. This hay rake had a metal seat that you could ride on while driving the horse. When the forks were full, you pulled a lever and dumped the hay. This was how the wind-rows were made. It was a great thrill for me when at

the age of about nine or ten, I was finally allowed to ride and operate the hay rake.

After the hay was raked the wagons were driven in between the windrows. The hay was loaded loose onto the wagons with one person on each side and one on the wagon to place it. Some of these loads of hay could reach as much as 8 to 10 feet high. Sometimes while crossing a stream or a ditch, a load of hay would turn over on the way to the barn. It was kind of scary, but fun also to have this happen while riding on top of the hay and find myself digging out from under the hay.

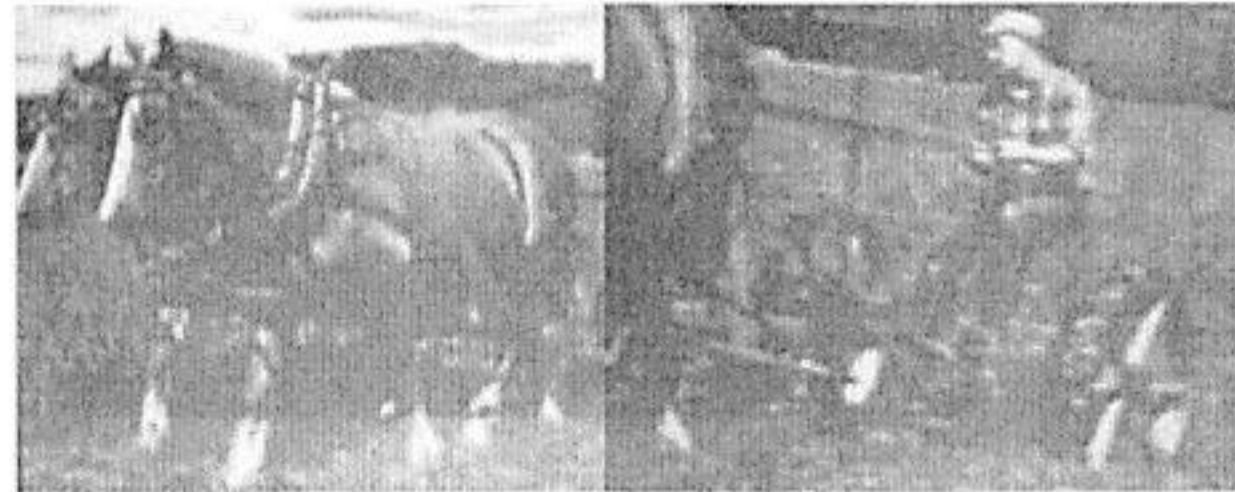
Another job that I liked to do was ride the work horse that pulled the loaded hay fork up into the hayloft. The big cow barn and horse barn where we stored the hay had two big double doors on each end of the barn. The hay wagons would pull up to one end of the barn so that it was directly under the door. One person would get on top of the load of hay and another person would go up into the hayloft. The person in the hayloft would lower the hay fork down to the wagon and the person in the wagon would stick the hay fork just as far as they could into the hay and lock it. On the other end of the barn there was a rope that ran up through a pulley and was fastened to the hay fork that ran on a track inside the barn in the center of the ceiling. A work horse was hooked to this rope and when the person in the hayloft hollered ok, then the person who was either riding (I rode) or leading the work horse would have the work horse pull the hay fork full of hay up into the hayloft. Then the person in the hayloft would pull a trip rope on the fork and dump the hay. This would have to be repeated several times before the wagon was unloaded.

The cow barn and a horse barn were both constructed by Papa and my older brothers in 1936. These barns are still standing today in 1998. The horse barn was built in an L shape and had individual stalls with each stall having its own entrance from the outside, with a feed way inside down the middle of each section, so that the horses could be fed, without the person doing the feeding going into their stalls.

[CLICK HERE TO SEE PHOTOS OF THESE BARNES](#)

There were several teams of work horses on the farm. A team was two work horses, that were usually trained to work together

(and most of them looked like identical twins) to pull a wagon or any other farm implement. "Lucy", a mare work horse, could somehow remove her bridal, whenever she was standing idle, so every time you started back to work you had to put "Lucy's" bridal back on. This became quite a nuisance.



We had some horses that were riding horses. My sister Irene used to ride and jump her favorite horse in the field in front of the house. Once I was thrown from a horse and landed on my back and couldn't move for awhile. My brother Jonathan (my family called him "Jonce" and Jim and I called him "Donce") used to ride a horse called "Flash". He used to brag about how he could keep up with and even pass cars whenever he rode "Flash" into town.

This is a story about my brother Jonathan(Donce) that happened back when we lived at Pinecrest, who occasionally walked in his sleep. One night when Papa was away, Mama said she was awakened by a loud noise coming from the outside like somebody was tearing off a board on the meat house. She went to Jonathan's room and woke him up and told him what she had heard. He got out of bed, loaded the 12 gage shotgun, and went outside to look around. A few minutes later he came back into the house and said he hadn't seen nothing. He put the shotgun away and went back to bed. The next morning at breakfast Mama recounted what had taken place the night before. Jonathan spoke up and said, "Why in the world didn't you wake me up so that I could have gone outside to check?" I heard Mama tell this story many times and each time she always said, "My land! I really was scared then, to think that he had been walking around in his sleep with a loaded shotgun. If I had any idea that he was walking in his sleep with that loaded gun, I would have been more afraid of him, then whoever I thought might be breaking into the meathouse."

Another sleep walking story that Jonathan told himself was one time when he had gone to Arlington, Va. to visit Mama's Brother

uncle Fred Bladen. After he had gone to bed that night, he awoke finding himself standing on a street corner under a street light, in plain view, about two blocks from uncle Fred's house in nothing but his under shorts. He said he didn't know what to do. There he was out there two blocks away from uncle Freds in nothing but his under shorts, thinking that if a policeman came along he would be locked up for indecent exposure. So he decided that the best thing he could do was to run back just as fast as he could. Luckily it was about 3:00 AM and he made it back without anybody seeing him.

Some of the work that had to be done on the farm was not much fun. Jim, Robert and I had to get in wood every evening for cooking and heating. Sometimes this required cutting and splitting the wood before carrying it into the house. Other jobs were weeding and hoeing the big garden that was planted every spring. Papa planted potatoes on the 17 March, even if it was snowing. We raised just about every thing we ate, including butchering our own meat.

There was no electricity on the farm, so the milk, cream, butter, or anything else that needed to be kept cool, was stored in one gallon or half gallon tin buckets with tops or fruit jars with lids. They were then put in a springhouse, that was located behind the farmhouse. The spring house had a pool of shallow cool water where we sat the milk and other things. Almost every night, Mama and I would go out to the springhouse and bring in a jar of milk, so we would have a glass of milk and sometimes a piece of one of her big crust apple and raisin pies, before going to bed.

Then, there were the cold days in the Fall when I would get up about daylight and go with Papa to take a load of grain, to be ground into flour or corn meal to Old Beverly Mill near the town of Haymarket. Old Beverly Mill was built around 1745. It was about 15 miles to the mill and this would take a whole day by horse and wagon to get there and back. Some of the time was spent waiting for the grain to be ground. The mill would keep some of the grain for payment and Papa would sell some so he could have some cash to spend for other things that we might need for our family. On the way home he would always stop at this little store and buy him and I some candy.

We Had to go through the town of Haymarket whenever we went to the mill. Just as we entered town Papa would sit up straight, pull

his hat brim down over his forehead and say to the horses, "Get up there." I think he wanted us to look good to the people out on the street. If there were women on the street, he would tip his hat and say, "Good morning madam," Or, "Good evening madam," which ever was appropriate. After riding all day on the wagon over some pretty rough roads, I usually got a bad case of stomach cramps that lasted most of the night, but I wouldn't have missed one of those trips to the mill for anything.

The saddest thing that I ever experienced on the farm was the "Hobos" as they were called in those days, who would stop by asking for work just for food or a place to sleep. These were normally young men and boys in their mid to late teens or early twenties who could not find work, because of the great depression. Most were from large families and due to lack of enough food and no work, could not afford for them to stay at home any longer. Many were traveling without warm clothing in extreme cold weather.

Once my brother "Jonce" traded one of them a big black cowboy hat for a guitar. It was wintertime and the "Hobo" said he needed the hat to keep his head warm more than he needed the guitar . "Jonce" soon learned how to play the guitar, and continued to play for the rest of his life. These men would chop wood, or do any kind of work, just to get a few sandwiches and a warm dry place to sleep for the night.

Because of our large family, we didn't have room in the house, but Papa always let them sleep in the barn hayloft. I can still hear him say, "If you boys have any matches on you, give them to me! I can't take any chances of burning down my barn".

Sometimes they would stay as long as there was work that they could do. Mama always felt so sorry for them and fixed them something good to eat. She often said, "If these were my boys I would want someone to treat them the same way." She always fixed sandwiches for them to take when they left.

There was a saying that when the "Hobo's" were treated good, that they would always leave a sign when they left for the next fellow, like a stone on the gate post. I don't know that this ever happened at our place, but I'm sure if such a thing were true, it happened to us also, because I can't remember a single time that

anyone was ever denied a place to sleep or something to eat.

Uncle Joe wasn't able to help with any of the farm work, but was always curious as to how much work was done each day. For instance Uncle Joe might ask "How many shocks of wheat did you put up today" and My brother Andy who liked to tease, would start to count on his fingers out loud real slow, "1...2....3....4....," and Uncle Joe watching and listening, and chewing his tobacco real fast as he did when he was anxious to hear the answer, would become exasperated and say, "By geminy!, I should have known better than to have asked."

Uncle Joe called the outhouse a water closet. During the summer months, some of our cousins would come out from Arlington to visit for a week or two at the farm in Buckland. Mary Studt, a rather large girl for her age, I believe she was about ten or twelve, was one of these cousins. Anyway, uncle Joe had gone to the outhouse and while he was in there, the wooden button on the door either turned by itself and locked the door, or somebody purposely locked the door from the outside. Now this was a pretty hot day to be fastened in the outhouse. When Uncle Joe discovered that he was locked in, he immediately began calling Mama, "Oh Ollie, Oh Ollie, somebody locked me in the water closet." He called several times before Mama heard him and let him out. He was fit to be tied and blamed my cousin Mary for locking the door. The next morning at breakfast, uncle Joe asked Mary where she had slept last night. This really scared Mary and she said to Mama after breakfast, "Aunt Ollie do you think Uncle Joe was looking for me last night to hurt me cause he thinks I was the one who locked him in the toilet?" Of course uncle Joe wouldn't have harmed her in any way, but it was rather strange that he asked her where she had slept. He never explained what he had meant and the subject was never brought up again.

Uncle Joe would sit in a chair outside on the side of the house facing the highway (route 29), and count the traffic going both ways. He would come in each night, sometimes after dark, and tell everybody how many cars he seen that day. One night after dark, Irene got a flashlight and a white bed sheet and sneaked out to the chicken house, which was in sight of where Uncle Joe sat, but quite a distance away. She put the sheet over her head with the flashlight turned on and came out of the chicken house, walked around awhile

and then went back into the chicken house, took off the sheet and turned out the flashlight and sneaked back to the house. Uncle Joe came into the house and didn't say a word about what he had seen. Being suspicious that maybe somebody was trying to scare him into thinking he had seen a ghost, he waited for about 3 weeks before he finally mentioned that he had seen something strange that night. As far as I know no one ever told him what had really happened.

Papa and Mama used to tell a story about another time that uncle Joe had an encounter with a ghost. This was long before I was born. Not long after they were married, they were living with my Grandmother Ankers along with two of my uncles, Uncle Harve and Uncle Oscar, in an old farmhouse.

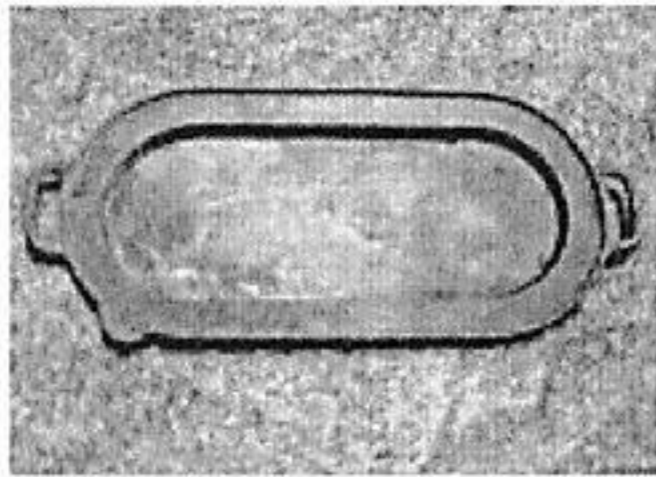
This farm had been owned by an old woman named Martha Harrison who had lived there by herself for many years before she died. The place was known as the "Old Harrison Place." It was said that Martha had buried money on the property, (the money was never found) and the superstition was that anytime people buried money on property where they lived, they would come back after they died to look after it. So the old house had a reputation of being haunted. It was said that doors would open by themselves, pots and pans would rattle in the middle of the night, footsteps could be heard on the stairway, etc.

Uncle Harve claimed he awoke early one morning to the sound of pans and dishes rattling downstairs in the kitchen. Thinking it was Grandmother Ankers preparing breakfast, he got up and dressed and went down stairs. When he entered the kitchen it was dark as pitch and not a soul was up but him. He looked at his watch and it was 2 A.M.

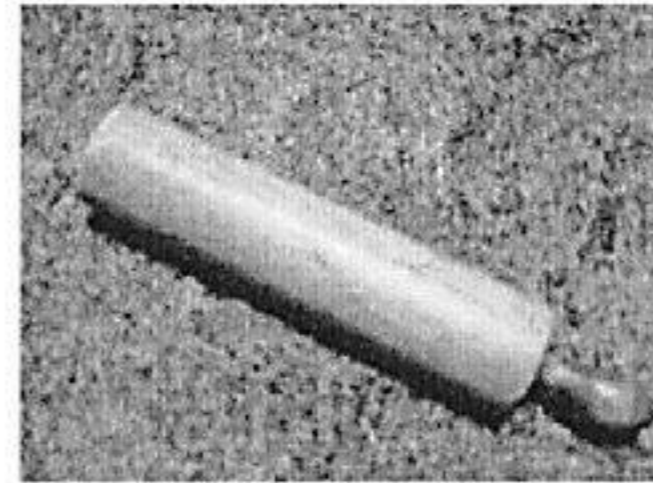
Once when uncle Joe had come for a visit on an extremely cold winter night, he had set up to keep the fire going in the cook stove. According to him as he sat there in the kitchen, the outside door kept opening. He would get up, go shut and lock it and go sat back down by the fire. He would no more than get sat down, than the door would open again. He claimed that this happened several times before he finally gave up and said, "Well Martha, you can't scare me out, but you sure can freeze me out," so he went to bed leaving the door wide open. It was still open the next morning when my grandmother and mother went down to fix breakfast. The fire had

gone out in the stove and the kitchen was freezing cold.

Throughout the years as I was growing up, I often heard about the strange things that went on at the old Harrison place. Our home was only a few miles from there. Sometime during the 1930's, Papa, who was a carpenter, was hired by some people who had bought the place to remodel the old house. He installed new windows and doors among many other things. He said that after he had installed the doors with new locks and shut and locked them, they would often be open when he came back to work the next day. This surely substantiates Uncle Joe's account of what happened to him in 1910.



Old Griddle that my mother used to cook pan cakes on. I still have this old Griddle in my possession.



Old Rollin Pin that my mother used to roll out dough for bread with. Note missing handle on one end. I can't remember it ever having but one handle. I still have this old Rollin Pin in my possession and still use it to make bread.

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Chapter 3

In 1938 we moved from the farm in Buckland to a smaller place in Fairfax County near Navy.

Jonathan my oldest brother, had married Daisy Woodyard and was no longer living with us at this time. He and Daisy lived in Manassas. Also, Virginia, my oldest sister was not living at home now. She was in college in Fredericksburg, Va. Virginia would later marry Smith Garrison whom she had been dating. She and "Smitty" as we called him, attended high school together in Haymarket, Va.

My Uncle Fred, Mamas brother, moved our furniture and other belongings in his Model T Ford truck. We also had several head of stock, that we had accumulated at the farm in Buckland consisting of 4 horses called, Joe, Star, Nancy and a beautiful 1 or 2 year old, that I can't recall the name of, and 2 or 3 cows for milking. As I recall, it was a very cold day. In those days there weren't many vehicles that had heaters. We were all pretty cold we finally reached our new home.

The house we were moving into had no heat, so the stoves had to be put up and a fire built before we could get warm. After the fires were going and the stove was hot enough to cook on, Mama cooked a big pot of oatmeal. I'll never forget how good it tasted and how it warmed me up.

This place is where Uncle Joe passed away. One morning Mama sent my brother Robert to see why he hadn't got up yet and Robert found him dead in bed. Uncle Joe was buried in the Forestville, Virginia cemetery, where some of his kin folk had already been laid to rest and many more since that

time.

There was Another sad thing that happened that year in 1938. Papa had made a deal with someone to buy the 1 or 2 year old horse for \$100.00 which was quite a bit of money in 1938. On the day that the horse was to be picked up by the man that bought it, Papa put a rope around the horse's neck and tied it in a stall in the barn. When the buyer arrived, they found him laying in the stall dead. Apparently he had panicked and had reared up and struck his head on a beam. Losing that horse was a big blow to Papa, and he worried about it for along time.

During the time that we lived at Navy, we had to walk about a mile to catch the school bus. The school that we attended was Floris Elementary.

That summer of 1938, Robert, Jim, and I, dug out a swimming hole in a small creek that ran through the property. We used a horse drawn scoop to dig it out to the width and depth, that we wanted, then we built a dam of wood, stone, and mud. The water rose to 4 to 5 feet in some areas. The bottom had about 6 inches to a foot of mud in most places, but we sure had a lot of fun in that swimming hole that summer.

In late 1938 or early 1939 we moved from Navy Virginia to a 150 acre farm, near Vienna, Virginia. Papa rented this farm for 35.00 per month. The farmhouse was an old plantation type with big colonial doors, and a stairway that wound up to the second and third story. Two big chimneys on each end of the house provided for a fire place in most of the rooms. There was a cellar with rock walls, which seemed more like a dungeon. This cellar is where Mama kept her canned vegetables and fruits and blackberry wine.

There was no electricity or running water in the

house. The well was about 50 feet from the house and had a pulley and chain with a bucket on each end of the chain. When you pulled up a bucket of water, it was ice cold even in the summer, the other bucket was let down ready for the next time. I can recall how cold it was on your hands in the wintertime pulling up a bucket of water. If you didn't wear gloves or mittens, your hands would literally stick to the chain.

All the water that was used for the house, including water for washing clothes had to be pulled up from the well. Some rain water was caught in barrels to help with washing clothes.

There were two graveyards located on the farm. One was the family graveyard for the people who had lived there many years before us and the other was a slave graveyard. The family graveyard was about a quarter of a mile up the driveway before you got to the house.

The slave graveyard set back a good distance from the house in a grove of big white pines and there were no markers on the graves. We used to like to go there and climb in those pine trees. It was kind of eerie to hear the wind blow through these huge pine trees. It made a sort of mournful sound that made you think of the slaves that were buried there.

We had three horses that were born when we lived on the farm in Buckland. "Joe" a big strong gelding, was brown and "Star", a black mare with a star on her face were used as a team. They worked good together but didn't look anything alike as most two horse teams did.

The other horse was a little sorrel, (red in color) mare named Nancy, who was only about three years old. Nancy had not been trained (broken) yet to work or ride. Robert finally rode her for the first

time.

Star was a family pet from the time that she was born in Buckland. She had been raised on a bottle and stayed mostly around the yard, following us everywhere we went. Whenever we children played hide and seek, Star would follow along and give away our hiding places.

We hadn't lived on the farm in Vienna very long when Star was poisoned by some type of plant, that she had ate, that caused her to go blind. The blindness frightened her so much, that she ran through fences and in and out of the barn, running into all kinds of things until she finally killed herself. That was a very sad time for us all.

Star was replaced by an older horse that Papa bought from another farm. This horse only lived about a year. It was summer time, I believe sometime in July, when he died and I'll never forget us boys dragging him out of the barn with our work horse Joe, then digging a grave for him. We had to dig the grave right beside him, so we could push him in. He started to smell before we could get the hole deep enough, so we tied handkerchiefs over our noses to cut down on the smell, which got pretty rank, before we finished.

Not long after we moved to Vienna, John Kidwell came to live with us. John was in his 70's and was looking for a home. The only income that he had was from any little odd jobs that he could get around town.

My brother Robert, went to town and saw John. John told him that he had to leave the place he had been living, and had nowhere to go.

Mama and Papa had known John for many years, so when they found out he needed a home, they asked him to move in with us.

John was in pretty good health and came in handy around the farm. He thought nothing of walking five to ten miles in single day. He loved to cut wood and work in the vegetable garden. He kept us well supplied with wood from trees he cut down, then cut into log lengths ready to be hauled to the house. He did most of this using a two man cross cut saw and an ax all by himself. He would spend a few days in the woods, then inform us boys that there was a wagon-load of logs ready to be hauled to the house.

After the logs were hauled in, we would all pitch in and cut the logs into stove lengths and split them for burning.

One of John's favorite sayings was, "Ah mean". He would say this sometimes whenever he started a sentence, or whenever he agreed with someone else.

One spring when we had company for dinner, one of the guest exclaimed how good the spring onions from the garden tasted. John spoke up and said, "Ah mean, they aughta be good, I really put the chicken manure to em." He had used chicken manure to fertilize with.

There was a lot of hard work to be done on the farm, planting, thinning corn and cultivating the corn with a double shovel plow drawn by one horse, cutting and shucking the corn in the fall, cutting and getting in hay, etc. Also feeding the animals and milking the cows each morning and night.

Papa had gone back to his old trade of building houses so, most of the work was done by Andy, Robert, Jim and myself. We also hired out to neighboring farms for thinning and replanting corn. The wages were .10 an hour.

Once Jim and I worked a whole week thinning corn, caught a bus to Glen Echo Amusement Park in Cabin John, Maryland and spent all our money in one day. Besides spending all our money, we wore the seat of our pants out sliding on the sliding board in the fun house. It was an embarrassing ride home on the bus that day.

There was a swimming hole in a creek about one mile from the house and whenever we got the chance we would go there and cool off. This was a big treat especially after we had worked hard all day in the fields on a hot day.

Our cousins from Arlington would come to visit in the summer, sometimes spending several weeks. Their ages would range from 3 years old to about our age.

One of my cousins, Ralph Bladen who was about 7 or 8 and was nicknamed "Skeeter", loved to ride a jersey cow that we called "Reds". He attempted to ride some of the other cows, but they would buck him off, but he would climb right back on again.

After "Skeeter" got old enough, he joined a rodeo, which didn't surprise any of us.

When we had the chance, we would go swimming in the creek, play baseball in the pasture, play hide and seek at night and have corn cob battles around the barnyard.

Our cousins were no match for us in these battles, since we knew where the most and the hardest corn cobs could be found. This was a lot of fun until you got hit in face with a corn cob that came out of the hog lot.

Robert, Jim and I built a small log cabin in the woods near the driveway coming in to the farm.

We cut small trees about 3 or 4 inches in diameter for the cabin and built it big enough for the three of us to get into it rather comfortably. I don't remember whether we ever camped out in it or not.

As far as I know it was still standing in the 1960s before the land was developed.

Jim and I taught ourselves to drive an automobile during this period that we lived on the farm in Vienna.

The old fellow that owned the farm would come out from D.C. on weekends or for vacations. He had a 1938 Buick that had a switch on the steering column that would turn the ignition on without a key. He would sometime take a nap during the day in a little house that was located a good distance from the farm house that we lived in. When we were sure that he was asleep, we would get in his car and take turns driving all over the farm.

We were lucky that we never got caught, since no one in our family knew about it.

We also sneaked our older brother's cars out for a drive, whenever they forgot and left their keys in the ignition.

My brother Robert had a paper route serving "The Evening Star" a Washington, D.C. daily newspaper. He was hired by Lesley Thompson, father of our brother-in-law Russell (Bud) Thompson who was married to our sister Irene.

We were all glad when Robert finally received his new bicycle, that he had ordered from Montgomery Ward, to run his paper route with. Sometimes when he was going into town for something, he would let me ride on the handle bars.

We had two buggies on the farm and when the weather was bad, or on Sunday morning when the papers were heavy, we would hitch up a horse to one of them to deliver the papers. I painted the name "The Evening Star" on both sides of the buggy in white letters using the same fancy print type that was on the paper. This attracted a lot of attention as we rode through town delivering the papers.

Jim and I took turns helping Lesley Thompson each evening serving the car route he drove. He would pick us up at school and we would ride with him and punch papers in the boxes. We loved doing this, and besides he would pay us a quarter for helping, which is probably equivalent to about 3 or 4 dollars today.

Another memorable thing that happened was a rain that we had that lasted for almost two weeks. It poured down every day without let up.

Mama needed some things at the store, but the lane to the farm was so bad it was impossible to get out with the car. We were about three quarters of a mile from the main road.

My sister Irene and Bud Thompson hadn't been married to long, and were staying with us for a while until they could find a place of their own. My brother Andy and brother-in-law Bud, decided that they would put the two horse wagon in the shed and build a shelter over the seat, so they could hitch the horses to the wagon and go to the store. So they spent one day building the shelter over the wagon and the next day, with the rain still pouring down, took off for the store in Oakton.

It would have been closer to go to Vienna but Andy was ashamed to be seen riding on the wagon in their makeshift shelter, and Oakton could be reached by the back roads.

They were gone most of the day but succeeded in their endeavor, without getting wet, getting the few grocery staples that Mama needed. Bud said when they finally arrived at the store, Andy wouldn't get out of the wagon because he was ashamed of the way it looked. So Bud went in and did the shopping.

The first funeral that I attended was for my maternal grandmother Bladen, who died in 1939 while we were living in Vienna. She was the only grand parent that I had ever seen. Grandfather Bladen and my paternal grand parents had already died years before I was born.

Grandmother Bladen would come visit us every so often, for several weeks at a time, as she did all her other children. We loved her very much and always looked forward to her visits. I remember her as not being very well. She lived more permanently with my mothers sister aunt Inez and uncle Ezekial Testerman near Rockville, Maryland, where she died of pneumonia when she was in her 80's

Robert graduated from high school in 1941 and went to work for the Capital Transit Company in Washington D.C. as a stock clerk and came home on weekends, whenever possible.

An awful thing happened to Robert one early morning when he reported to work. The front door was locked to the building that he worked in so he thought maybe the back door would be open. To get to the back door he had to leap over a wire fence that surrounded the back of the building. He placed his left hand on top of the fence, then did a "hand spring", as we used to call it on the farm when we jumped a fence. When he placed his left hand on the fence his finger with his high school ring got caught in the wire. When he came down on the other side of the fence, he pulled his ring

finger loose from the main joint and left it hanging on the fence.

He said when he looked up and saw his finger hanging up there, gleaming in the early morning sunlight, he fainted right there. He came too in a few minutes and was sent to the hospital. If this had happened a few years later his finger probably could have been put back on.

The war in Europe had started and the United States had started to draft young men for duty in the armed forces. When Robert was called to go take his physical for the draft he was turned down because of the loss of his finger. Who knows what might have been if he had been drafted at that time.

So many young men the same age and some he went to school with were killed in the next four years in the war in Europe.

Andy was also called up for the draft but was turned down. He was born with a heart defect and did not pass the physical. He eventually died of a heart attack after reporting to work one morning in August 1966.

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Chapter 4

We moved again in 1941 to a smaller farm in Dranesville, Va. This farm was about 40 acres. Irene and her husband Bud Thompson lived here with us for a short period of time. Virginia's husband Smitty Garrison had already been drafted into the Air force, but had not been sent over seas yet. Virginia and Smitty were living in Dallas Texas where he was stationed.

The farm house on this farm was much more modern than we had been accustomed to with electricity and a telephone, but no running water or bath. We had a well with a hand pump. The owner of the farm lived in Falls Church, Va. He wanted Papa to remodel the house for him, but first we had to have another place to live. So he had Papa build a 3 bedroom house on the farm for us to live in while he was working on the other house. This new house also had electricity and telephone but no running water or bath. I believe we had to carry water from the farm house well for our use. Most of the farm work here was left up to Jim and I. Andy was still living at home but was working somewhere else. We still had our horses and cows and used the horses for farm work. We raised corn and made hay for winter feeding of the animals.

It wasn't all work though, we had several close neighbors in the area who had children our ages. There were boys and girls both, who came over to the farm sometimes. I think this was the time that we both started to like girls. Although, we were still very bashful about it and didn't want to admit it. Getting on the school bus in the mornings, some of them would say, "I saved you a seat by me Eddie". I could feel my face burning. They did this

just to embarrass me and make me blush. The more everyone laughed, the redder I got. When they came over to the farm we played games like baseball and hide and seek. We had corn cob battles even with the girls.

We had two girls that we used to like to visit at night, that lived about a mile from us through a patch of woods. When we could, we sneaked the horses to ride when we went to see them, because Papa wouldn't let us take the horses out at night.

One Halloween night, we hitched the team to the wagon and with some of the neighborhood boys went for a ride. The moon was shining bright, so we were able to see real good.

Another wagon ride that we took was, when Papa wanted us to take one of our cows (this was the same cow "Reds" that my cousin "Skeeter" used to ride back on the farm in Vienna) to his brother, Uncle Oscar, who lived in Sterling, Va. about 10 or 15 miles away. We tied a rope around the cows neck and tied the rope to the back of the wagon and led her to uncle Oscar's farm. We made this round trip of about 30 miles in one day.

After my sixteenth birthday in 1943, I decided I would like to get a summer job in Washington, D.C. I obtained a work permit and a social security card and got a job working behind the soda fountain at a Peoples Drug store in Georgetown. I worked five and a half days a week. My salary was \$19.00 per week.

Because it was to far to commute home every day, I boarded with Papa's sister, Aunt Mary Studt, who lived in Rosslyn, Va. just across the Key Bridge and payed her \$5.00 a week for board. I missed being home that summer and got very homesick for the country. I would hitch hike home most weekends.

We moved back to our old home place in Pine Crest in the fall of 1943. The home that I was born in and the home that I had left to go into the hospital in 1933. We moved most of our belongings by horse and wagon. The distance was about 12 miles. Our livestock consisted of our team of horses, Joe and Nancy, and one cow for milking. Papa and Mama were happy to be back in their old home once more. The house needed a lot of repairs and we all pitched in to help.

The house originally had brown cedar shingles on it, but now it had none. The renters who had lived there, had torn them off and used them for firewood. Once when I went with Papa to collect the rent, which was only \$5.00 a month, they gave Papa a hard luck story and we came away without any money. I don't believe that he ever got any rent from these people. They also took a grand piano that we left in the house when we moved, and put it down in front of a side door to use as a stoop after using the original stoop for firewood.

We had to install new siding and had a well dug and put in a hand pump. We also built a screened in front porch with a concrete floor. We mixed and poured the concrete by hand. There was a group of tall standing pines on the place that we cut down and used to build a log barn for the horses and cow. Later on we built a pig pen and obtained some little pigs to raise for meat.

Jim and I hauled mash from the Sunset Hills whiskey distillery to feed to the hogs. This distillery is where they made the famous "Virginia Gentlemen" whiskey. We had several barrels that held about 50 gallons a piece. We loaded these onto the horse drawn wagon and took a dirt road that ran parallel to the railroad that was called, "The Fire Line", to Sunset Hills about 3 miles away. The men at the distillery would fill the barrels with

mash, which was free, and we would head back home. Mr. Bauman the man that owned the distillery, also owned alot of acreage and ran a herd of beef cattle on his land. He fed his cattle on this mash also. They hauled it out to the fields in tanker trucks and poured it into big feed troughs. In warm weather the smell was pretty bad. When the school bus went through this area, the kids would often kid each other about putting their shoes back on because their feet smelled.

Our horse Nancy, was a beautiful little sorrel mare who not only worked well along side Joe our other horse, but also was a nice smooth horse to ride. She had a really easy gait. I would saddle her up and go for a ride every once and a while.

We lived not to far from hundreds of acres of forest land. Over the years numerous Saw Mills worked there cutting and milling lumber. In this forest there were lots and lots of trails that were made by saw mill workers and their teams of horses while dragging logs to the mill. These were the trails that I rode Nancy down.

You could spend hours just riding through this forest area. There were springs you could drink from along the trails. Some of them even had an old tin can to drink out of. The water seemed to taste better out of these old rusted tin cans. Nancy and I often stopped to get a drink.

Once when I was on foot walking down a trail with my 22 rifle, I met a bobcat. We both stopped in our tracks and just looked at each other. Then the bobcat started to move toward me and I shot at him with my 22. He screamed and ran off. I believe I missed him, but a least it scared him off.

Some Years later Dean my brother Andy's Stepson, who also spent a lot of time in these woods, found an 1812 penny at one of the old

springs. Who knows, It could have been Daniel Boone who lost that penny while getting a drink.

Another place that I rode Nancy was a riding school about 6 or 7 miles from our home, owned by a family whose name was Money. The size of their farm was approximately 200 acres and had some nice riding trails with creeks and jumps. Nancy was also a pretty good jumper. My cousin Johnny Studt and I would often go here to ride horses. You could rent a horse for .75 an hour. I liked a horse called Redwing. I always preferred him when I went there to ride. On one or two occasions I rode horses that had never been ridden before and got bucked off a few times. These were all fun days that I will never forget.

This is a funny story about myself and Papa. I liked this girl named Barbara that I went to school with who lived on a dairy farm about 5 miles away. I would often ride my bike over to see her in the evenings. One evening I was a little late getting started and it was getting dark.

As I started down this hill in a wooded area, a skunk ran out into the road and I ran over him with my bike. Well, You have never really smelled a skunk until you have been sprayed by one. It was like somebody had put a rubber tire around me and set it on fire. That is how bad it smelled.

I turned around and went back home. I entered the house and went to my bedroom to wash and change my clothes. Papa had gone to bed and was asleep in the next bedroom. I could hear him snoring as I changed my clothes. All of a sudden the loud snoring turned into snorts and other funny sounds and then he woke up yelling for Mama who was in the kitchen, "Ollie", he yelled, "What in the world is that smell in this house?"

Mama knew what had happened to me, so she

answered him and said, "Edward ran over a skunk on his bike and he is in his room changing his clothes." With that I heard Papa roll out of bed and come rushing to my room. He looked really upset and grabbed my clothes, went to the front door and threw them out into the yard.

As he was walking back through the house I heard him say, "Anybody that would come in the house smelling like that ought to be horse whipped." Needless to say, I didn't get to see my girl friend that night. It was some time before my bike lost its skunk odor.

After the 1943, 44 school year ended, I got another summer job working behind the meat counter at an Acme Food Store at Lee highway and Glebe road in Arlington, Va. In 1944 most grocery stores were self service except for the meat department. George, the meat manager was a heavy set man and reminded me of Papa. I learned a lot from George and liked him very much. The meat that was delivered to the store had to be cut into steaks and chops and displayed in the glass cases. Chickens were delivered whole and had to be cut up. Once while I was slicing ham steaks, I cut my hand pretty bad. Each customer had to be waited on in turn and some of them were not very nice to deal with. For instance they would want us to go to the bottom of a stack of steaks, because they thought that's where we put the best steaks. There was always a problem when it come to waiting on the next customer. Everybody thought they should be next.

Along about the end of that summer, I was transferred to another store in Shirlington, Va. to help out in a new store that had just opened up. I was very sad to leave George. He had been really nice to me and I had learned so much from him.

Jim also worked that summer of 1944 for the

Safeway stores in Bethesda, Maryland.

We both started back to high school that fall of 1944 to begin our senior year in high school. In November, due to Papa's bad health with a heart condition, I decided to drop out of school and go to work full time. Jim did the same and started back to work for Safeway in January 1945.

Robert was working in George Town in Washington, D.C. for the Capital Transit Company purchasing department. He found out that there was an opening in the printing department and I applied and got the job. The annual salary was \$1100.00. Robert and I shared a room in D.C. I believe it was somewhere around 18th or 19th and Pennsylvania Ave. N.W. There was a theater on the corner and a marquee that read "Eddie Canter now playing."

In the spring of 1945, while our country was still at war, Jim and I were called up for the draft. We were sent to Richmond for our physicals. Jim passed his physical, but I was turned down and given a 4F classification because the doctors said my feet were too weak to stand the tough basic training that I would have to endure. I thought many times since, how I worked on the farm walking behind plows, thinning and replanting corn in the fields all day, cutting wood, standing all day operating machinery on my job, etc., but my feet weren't considered strong enough for the Army.


Jim was inducted into the Army in July and spent that summer in basic training. After Jim had completed his basic training he was sent to Germany, where he was assigned to the War Crimes Investigations Division, as a Corporal. The following is an answer to a email that Jim received from an ex-coworker, Jerry Parker in April 2006. Jerry Parker was looking at this Website when he came across a picture of Jim taken in Berlin,

Germany. Jim's answer to Jerry is an interesting account of where he lived during his tour of duty in Germany in 1945 and 1946:

*Hi Jerry,
Thanks so much for the birthday card. What did you think of that young Soldier in the picture? I was 19 years old when it was taken and it was in front of the house that my War Crimes investigating team lived in and worked in. It was owned by a former German SS colonel He was put in prison and we took over his home and let his wife live on the third floor. It was a mansion. The Colonel was released From prison in about 3 months after an investigation found that he was a decent man and nothing bad could be found to charge him with. We allowed him to come back and live with his Wife on the third floor. They both seemed happy to have us there, and we were very good to them. We gave them food that Germans could not buy because their stores were out of business. He had a beautiful garden and kept us supplied with fresh vegetables during the spring and Summer. WE also invited them down to the parties we had.*

There were two houses on the property and we all lived in them. We had an Army Major, an Air force Captain, an American civilian, a Staff Sargent, a Corporal [ME} a Polish lieutenant, a Polish Sargent and two German Male Citizens on our team and we were all friends we also had two German girls to keep house and cook our meals.

It was a dream assignment for a 19 year old soldier in 1945 and 1946. I have many fond memories of those days and that picture brought

them back to me. Thanks again. Jim  Click on thumbnail picture to view larger picture.

In January just before he was discharged in February 1947, Papa passed away while Jim was still in Germany. Papa had been worried about Jim the whole time he was gone and was looking

forward to the time when he would come home. It was sad that he died just a month before.

Jim went back to work for Safeway Stores in D.C. where he eventually became a manager. I was still working for the Capital Transit Company so we commuted back and forth to work from Pine Crest, in a 1939 Chevrolet that we bought together.

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Chapter 5

Robert Married June Smith in October of 1945. He and June rented an apartment in Rosslyn, Va. just across the Key bridge from our office. I lived with them for a while in Rosslyn until I decided I wanted to live back at home in Pine Crest. I commuted to work from Pine Crest on a diesel driven coach car, similar to a street car, via the Old Dominion Railroad which took about an hour each way.

After I moved back home, I decided that I would like to buy a car. Since I didn't know much about cars, I asked Jonce if he would go with me to try and find one. We went to a used car lot in Tyson Corners, Va. and found a 1937 Hudson Terraplane that looked great and seemed to be in pretty good mechanical condition. The price was \$295.00 and I decided that I would buy it. First I would have to get a loan. Since I didn't have any credit, Mama went to the Herndon bank and borrowed the money for me. We went back to the dealer, made the deal and drove the car home.

Papa was waiting for us when we drove up. He was very happy that I had bought a car and wanted to go for a ride. Well, we didn't get very far! We pulled up to Andy's driveway which was about 100 feet, I put the car in reverse and backed in the driveway to turn around. When I took the stick shift, which was on the floor to shift into low gear, the stick came completely out of the floor. We both sat there in shock for a few seconds with me holding the unattached gear shift in my hand. Needless to say we were both very upset. Finally Papa said, "Pee you!! What kind of car did you buy anyway".

I had felt really proud of my first car and now I was feeling pretty bad. As it turned out the problem wasn't as bad as it seemed. A pin that fastened the gear shift to the transmission had come out somehow. Jonce fixed it and we finally got our ride.

In the Winter of 1946 I was caught in a snow storm on my way home to Pinecrest from work in Georgetown. I was driving my 1937 Ford that I had purchased after selling my Hudson Terraplane. I was about two miles from home when I ran into a snowdrift on Lawyers road. After backing up several times and then trying to go forward through the drift, I decided it was of no

use. It was dark and cold and I was worried about Papa, (who was in very poor health) Mama and sister Inie 15, being at home in the storm and maybe needing help. There was nothing left for me to do but start walking home through the snow.

The wind was blowing and drifting the still falling snow and it was very cold. When I left home that morning I hadn't anticipated being caught in a snow storm like this. I had on low cut dress shoes no hat and no gloves. I did have on a nice warm top coat, which I know kept me from freezing to death. After stumbling through blinding blowing snow and drifts nearly to my hips, I believe it took me about one and a half to two hours to reach home. It was really great to find everyone at home ok and to be at home with loved ones who had been very anxious about me. I was worried about my feet being frostbit, but they were ok after Mama had me soak them in cold water.

The next morning it had quit snowing so I decided to walk back to check on my car. I had left it stuck in the snowdrift in the middle of the road and was worried about it. This time I was dressed for the cold and the blowing snow. The sun was shining but it was still very cold. With the wind still blowing, the snow on the ground would blow in my face, melt and then freeze on my face. When I reached my car, all I could see of it was the radio antenna. Bulldozers were already clearing the road and I was able to get my car out and drive it part of the way home to the lane that led to our house.

Shortly after Jim returned from the Army, we began dating two girls that were high school friends of our sister, Inie. Jim was dating Darlene Church and I was dating Jean Williams. We usually double dated since we still just had the one car.

We went to the movie theater and attended carnivals whenever they were in town or sometimes just rode around. We enjoyed going to the Apple Blossom Festival in Winchester in the Spring where we were lucky enough to see Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Howard Keel and Authur Godfrey. After almost two years of dating we both married our girl friends. Jim and Darlene were married in June of 1948 and Jean and I in December of 1948.

Jean and I rented a housekeeping room in Washington D.C on

13th and Fairmont St. N.W. We were only there until sometime in January. We then moved to an apartment on Kenyon St between 13th and 14th Sts. N.W. that had been vacated by sister Virginia and her husband Smitty. Jim and Darlene lived there also on the first floor.

I commuted to work by streetcar to Georgetown where I worked for the Capital Transit Company. Jean worked for Peoples Drug Stores for a little while and then got a job at Continental Life Insurance Co. as a clerk typist.

In April 1949 because of Jean's pregnancy, we moved back to Dranesville, Virginia to live with her parents Andrew and Dorothy Williams.

In June 1949 brother Robert and his wife June were going to take a trip to Niagara Falls, New York and on up into Canada. They invited Jean and I to go along. That was quite a trip in those days. There were no Inter-State highways and only a few parkways that were four lanes, so most of our traveling was done on two lane highways.

Robert and June had a blue 1948 Chevrolet Fleetline (a beautiful car) that was practically new and it was a pleasure traveling in it. I helped to drive some and it was nice being able to drive a new car. It was the first new car that I had ever driven.

It took us a week to make the trip. At night we stayed in tourist cabins or cottages. As far as I know Motels had not come on the scene yet. These tourist cottages were usually clean and comfortable, but did not have the modern conveniences that motels have today.

We all had a great time traveling together. Jean was about four months pregnant with our first baby and suffered from morning sickness a lot. I am sure that at times she didn't think she was having a very good time.

In the white mountains of New Hampshire we rode the cog railway train to the top of Mount Washington where we saw snow flurries. The wind was blowing so hard that the buildings

were chained down to keep them from blowing away. We had on summer clothes and we really got cold up there.

Our travels took us through Washington. D.C., Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, into Canada, Vermont, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Connecticut, New York City, and Delaware for a round trip of approximately 1,800 miles. It took us one week to make the trip.

How proud Jean and I were when our baby boy Allen was born on November 25, 1949 at the Arlington, Va. Hospital. I was riding to work from Dranesville with a coworker and when it was time to bring baby Allen and Jean home from the hospital, another one of my coworker's offered me his almost brand new 1948 Ford to take them home in. Of course I accepted his kind offer and we rode home in style.

There was a great home coming for our new baby. Nanny (Jeans mother) sat up almost the entire first few nights rocking Allen to sleep. Jean and I worried that this might spoil him so that he would expect this all the time, but this didn't happen and he settled down in a few days and slept all night without being rocked to sleep.

Allen grew up as a natural born woodsman. When he was 13 or 14, I bought him a small bow saw. He would go into a wooded vacant lot adjacent to our home near Tyson's Corner, Va. with his wagon and cut up some of the fallen or sometime standing dead trees...load up the wagon with the cut logs and haul them to the house to stack. He loved to continue to build on the stack of wood. He didn't like it much when he found his pile of wood dwindling when his mother used it to build a fire in the fireplace.

At age 21 he joined the Fairfax County Virginia Police Force and after just a few years became a Lieutenant. After 25 years of service he is now retired and is working as a Personnel Officer for the Loudon County Virginia Sheriffs Dept. He has four sons. Eddie, Matt and Joe by his first wife Tracy, and Adam by his second wife Darlene.

Allen and his wife Darlene purchased a 10 acre tract of wooded land in Amosville, Va in 1998 and had a home built there. Allen still enjoys going into the woods to cut wood for his stove....only today he uses a chainsaw rather than the little bow saw that he used years ago when he was a boy.

In February 1951 with the help of my sister, Virginia who worked for the Federal Government at the Pentagon in the Army Ordnance Department, I got a job at the Pentagon. After taking a Civil Service typing exam, I qualified as a Clerk Typist and was hired as a GS grade 3 clerk typist and assigned to the Machine Accounting Section, Army Ordnance. I had to take the typing exam two times before I passed it typing 40 words per minute on the second test.

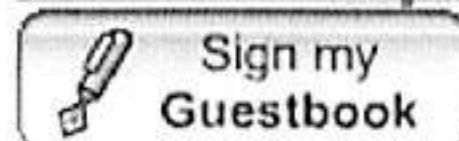
I was glad that I had taken a typing class in high school, which was not too popular among boys at that time. Most of the pupils in typing in high school were girls. Even the Civil Service typing exam was attended mostly by females. Since these females could type much faster than me, it rattled me when I heard all these typewriters clattering around me. I think this contributed a great deal to my failing the first time I took the test.

The reason I qualified to work on the accounting machines was because of the keypunch machine. The keyboard machine has a keyboard similar to a typewriter. These keypunch machines were used to punch IBM cards that were fed through other machines for accounting purposes. Learning to operate these machines required a lot of training. I was constantly being sent to various IBM schools throughout the years that I worked there.

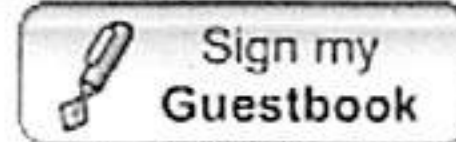
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Chapter 6

In 1952 Jean and I decided to get our own apartment. We moved to the Westover apartments in Arlington, Va. This was much closer for me in commuting to work at the Pentagon.

On April 9, 1953 Jean gave birth to our second baby boy David. At birth David seemed to be a very healthy baby, so Jean and the baby were released from the hospital after about 5 days. In those days they kept the mother and baby longer than they do today.

That weekend my brother Bob and his wife June had come to visit us and to see the baby. As we were talking Bob was holding the baby. He happened to lift up David's undershirt and noticed what looked like an indentation or hole in his little chest. We all became very curious over this and then we noticed that David seemed to be having trouble breathing. I immediately went to the telephone and called the doctor. The doctor said to bring him into his office right away. It was pouring down rain that night and I told the doctor that I didn't want to bring him out in the rain, hoping maybe that there was something else we could do. He said if the baby is as bad off as you say he is then he will have to go to the hospital anyway.

After Bob and I got to the doctors office with David, he examined him and said he was in critical condition and to take him to Georgetown University Hospital Immediately.

Georgetown Hospital is a Catholic hospital and when we arrived there a Nun (nurse) was waiting for us and took David from Bob who was carrying him. The Hospital had been notified by the doctor that we were coming.

Bob and I stayed there all night expecting to hear any minute that David had died. Finally early the next morning we were allowed to see him. They had put an oxygen tent over him and he seemed to be

breathing better. The Cardiologist that examined him said that he had a very serious heart valve defect and that they were putting him on Digitalis. Digitalis strengthens the force of the heartbeat by increasing the amount of calcium in the heart's cells. (Calcium stimulates the heartbeat.)

After David had been in the hospital about 3 weeks, the Cardiologist suggested that we might consider sending him to the University of Virginia Health Center in Charlottesville, Va. for examination and possibly surgery. We decided that we didn't want to do this since Charlottesville was a long way from home and we were afraid that they might just want to experiment with his condition. If this had been 1983 instead of 1953 we probably would have consented.

David spent 5 weeks in the hospital. During this period, Jean was really frantic and worried that David was going to die. I remember many days when I would come home from work to find her not at home. She would call her Mother and Father to come and baby sit Allen and then take the bus from our apartment in Arlington to the hospital in D.C. I finally came to expect her to do this just about everyday.

After David was released from the hospital he continued to take Digitalis until he was in his teens. We were told by the doctors not to pamper him, but to treat him as we would a healthy baby. We found this hard to do. We explained his heart condition to him when he was old enough to understand and as he grew older we were surprised to find that he wouldn't let us pamper him. He didn't want you to think that he was any different from anyone else. He would do some things in spite of what we thought he should do. For instance one hot day when he was about 10 he was cutting grass and his face was red from being so hot, I said, "David you shouldn't be doing that," and he replied, "Well, you do it don't you?"

David in his adult life became a professional house painter and wallpaperer. He eventually went to work for the Prince William County School board as a Painter and later became a foreman. David married Jeri Jesse and had three daughters, Ginnie, Candi and Krystle. During these years he began suffering from heart problems again and was in and out of the hospital numerous times. Eventually he became too ill to continue work and had to retire on disability. In September 1986 at

age 33 David passed away. Needless to say this was a very sad day for us all.

In 1957 Jean gave birth to our third baby boy Stephan. Steve, as we called him, was a very healthy and active little boy and proved to be very ambitious in his adult years. He is now employed by a constuction firm and lays cable and telephone lines underground.

Steve and his wife Dana were married in 1980 and lived in Manassas and Warrenton Va. Until they bought a house in the town of Luray, Va. in 1989. Steve and Dana were blessed with two children, Julie and David who was named after his deceased uncle David.

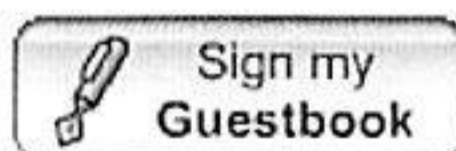
Sadly, Steve and Dana decided to separate in 1995 and later were divorced. Julie stayed with her Mom in their home in Luray until it was sold. Steve rented a quiet beatiful home on five acres of wooded land in the Massanutten Mountains and took David to live with him.

Steve like Allen, also enjoys cutting firewood and goes into the woods to cut wood for his fireplace, which he uses primarily for heating his home. He and David Own three dogs and 1 cat.

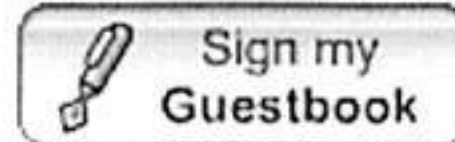
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Chapter 7

In 1959 while working on a Research and Development data processing project for the Army Material Command in the Pentagon, a decision was made to contract this project out to a private concern. I was asked to set in on a conference with some officials from the Johns Hopkins Research Office who were to get this contract. Some months afterward I was contacted by the Chief of Data Processing, George Clark at Johns Hopkins and offered a job as Chief Computer Operator which I accepted at considerable more money than I was making.

During the first year that I was employed with the Johns Hopkins Research Office, a new government agency was being set up at Radford Arsenal Virginia. Since the new agency had not obtained a computer yet, we were servicing their systems on our Sperry Rand Univac 1103A computer working very closely with their personnel. The 1103A was contemporary to the IBM 704, which also employed vacuum tube logic, magnetic core memory, and hardware floating point. We were running Army war games programs and programs that accessed nuclear bomb damage on U.S. cities.

In November 1960 I changed jobs again and went to work with the new government agency at Radford Arsenal in Southwest Virginia. We moved from our home in Falls Church, Va. to Christianburg, Va. so that I could be near to my office. I was employed there for about one and a half years. During this period I continued working as Chief Computer Operator on the same Army systems that I had been involved in at the Johns Hopkins Research Office in Maryland.

In September 1961 Jeans Mother Dorothy Williams, passed away from cancer at the age of 57. Jean was pregnant with our fourth child and was not able to make the long trip from Christiansburg to Front Royal, Va, to attend her Mother's funeral.

On October 23, 1961 Jean gave birth to our wonderful baby girl Beverly Jean, at the Radford hospital. We had been hoping that it would be a girl.

Beverly grew up loving animals. During this time, we owned numerous dogs, cats, Rabbits, guinea pigs, 1 sheep, 1 goat and several horses and ponies. Unlike most children who have pets, Beverly fed and cared for all the animals most of the time. Jean and I bought a horse in 1973 for Beverly's 13th Birthday. He was a 3-year-old Paint and resembled an Indian pony. We named him Redwing. Beverly spent alot of time riding Redwing bareback all over the farms in Nokesville and also the farm in Madison County, Va. We had previously purchased a 3 year old mare pony in 1967, who we named Dolly. Dolly and Redwing had a mare foal in 1977 and we called her Ginnie-Belle.

After high school, Beverly worked as a Nurses Aid at Manassas Manor, a Nursing Home in Manassas, Virginia and discovered an interest in the Nursing field. She attended Piedmont Technical School of Nursing and especially liked the study of Geriatrics.

She Married John Cormier in 1984 and they lived in Manassas, Va. Beverly worked at Iliff Nursing Home in Falls Church, Virginia until she was expecting her first baby. In 1986 John bought a seven acre wooded tract of land outside of Fredricksburg, Va. and had their home built there. They bought this land so that Beverly would have room for her horse Redwing and 2 ponies, Dolly and Ginnie- Bell. Beverly and John were blessed with four children, Thomas, Sean, Lauren and Allison.

Beverly's love for animals never waned. She and her family own 2 horses that they purchased, 3 goats and several cats and dogs. Beverly also has chickens which she has raised, giving some of them names. She is always generous with the eggs she gets(sometimes as much as a dozen a day)from her chickens and gives them away to her friends and relatives.

Dolly died in 1990 at the age of 23 and Beverly's horse, Redwing died in the year 2000 at the age of 30. Ginnie-Bell died this past fall of 2005, she was 28. Losing these animals after having them so many years, is almost like losing members of our family.

In Febuary 1962 we moved back to Northern Va. I went back to work in the Pentagon with the Army Material Command as Night shift supervisor of Electrical Accounting Machine Operations.

Our whole division was moved in 1963 from the Pentagon to temporary buildings in Washington, D.C. These temporary buildings were built during the second world war on the reflecting pool between the Lincoln Memorial and the Washington Monument. Later that year I was promoted to chief of the Operations Division.

On May 20, 1964 Jean gave birth to our second wonderful little baby girl Janet Lynn Ankers. Now after having 3 boys which we loved very much,we had 2 sweet little girls and we were very happy.

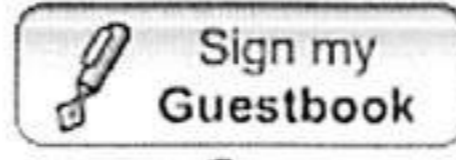
As Janet grew she was and is today very industrious. Even as a little girl and on into her teens, she helped Jean with all kinds of housework and me with outside chores such as cutting the lawn and working in the vegetable garden. Janet like Beverly also liked horse back riding. Every Sunday we would ride for a couple of hours on the 250 acre farm we lived on in Nokesville, Va. Janet would ride Dolly our pony, Beverly on Redwing and me on Queenie our mule. Later on we acquired a throughbred named Johns Toast which Janet also liked to ride.

On December 15, 1985 Janet married David Coppage a childhood friend whom she had attended school with. Janet and David started their own house painting business and work together every day. They are expert painters and have received numerous letters of appreciation and commendations for their work. They now live in West Virginia where they purchased a home on 5 acres, about 3 hours drive from us. They have often done painting for us on the house and out buildings and have always done an excellent job. She and David also come and help with our yard work at times.

To be continued

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HISTORY OF JONATHAN PORTER ANKERS
Prepared by Virginia (Ankers) Garrison
July 17, 1982

Jonathan Porter Ankers was the third child in this family. He was the father of this writer, who was told by a fine friend of her parents, Ocie Hummer, that Porter, as he was called, had been the greatest influence for good in her life. Many times the children of this kind, loving, understanding man heard similar and other complimentary remarks about him and his wife, Olive (Bladen) Ankers.

After leaving his father's farm, Porter became a carpenter and later a building contractor as well as carpenter. During the depression years, he had many difficulties finding employment in that field, because people had little money for buying or building homes. In 1933, he moved to a farm, where his family of eight children really enjoyed working together with him and their mother in earning a much better living on the farm. Porter also continued working in the building field as he had opportunity.

These are the names of children of Porter and Olive (usually called "Ollie"): Jonathan Porter Ankers, Jr.; William Andrew Ankers; Virginia Anne (Ankers) Garrison; Olive Irene (Ankers) Thompson; George Robert Ankers; the twins, James Edward and Edward James Ankers; and Inez Elizabeth (Ankers) Peebles (usually called "Inie" or, as her mother preferred, "Peaches"). Jonathan and Andrew are deceased, leaving Virginia as the eldest child of Porter and Ollie and the eldest descendant of her grandparents, Jonathone Edwards Ankers and his wife, Annie. Born to the eight children of Porter and Ollie were twenty two grandchildren of that couple, of which Jonathan's elder daughter, Patricia Jean (Ankers) Whitacre (Patsy), died in March of this year at age 44; and Irene's elder son, Russell Shawn (Buddy) Thompson, died in 1977 at age 32.

Porter, in the Ankers and Edwards tradition, was a deeply spiritual man; and Ollie followed his good example. This writer cannot remember a day when she was at home that she did not see her father read the Bible. Ollie also read the Bible often, as her crowded schedule allowed; and both of them could always be found offering thanks to God at mealtime and praying on bended knees at their bedsides once or twice each day, it seemed. Porter was given the honor of being designated a "Bishop" in his faith and served as what some would call a lay preacher, directing each worship service, making the main talk each time, and counseling the

members. Ollie was not only deeply spiritual, but also an endearing, witty, fun-loving personality, who entertained all who knew her in a most enjoyable way. Likewise, Porter had a jovial personality, often telling wholesome, entertaining stories that his children enjoy telling to this day.

Irene (Ankers) Thompson wrote of her parents, in part, as follows: "... I know I could write a book about him (Porter). His favorite hymn was 'Only Remembered by What We Have Done.'" (This writer remembers two others: "Lord Jesus, Lead Me Lest I Stray"; and "I've Anchored My Soul in That Haven of Rest, the latter of which he often sang in a monotone (unable to carry a tune) often while he worked.

Irene continued about her dad, "If he had a dime and you needed it, he would give it to you. Ever since I can remember anything, there was always someone living with us who needed a home. First, there was Uncle Frank Milstead, Grandmother Ankers' brother; then an old man (of the neighborhood) named John Kidwell; then there was Uncle Joe (Joseph Edwards Ankers, Jonathone Edwards Ankers' brother). Papa always said it didn't matter how big your house was, you had to have the room in your heart. He not only said it, he lived it!

"We all lived through those hard depression years. In many ways, our home life was a lot like the story of the Waltons on television. The love that was in our home, the teaching of high morals and Christian living that we were lucky enough to have received from our parents were worth more to us than gold."

In mentioning the descendants of Porter and Ollie, the writer failed to include the fact that the descendants include thirty-four great grandchildren and, as of June 6, 1982, a great, great granddaughter, Melanie Rae Santen, daughter of Irene and Bud's eldest granddaughter, Robin Lynn Santen, and her husband, Bobby. As Irene added, "So this is the beginning of another generation!"

No doubt, all the rest of Porter and Ollie's children could write glowing tributes to this happily-married couple, whose love, kindness, and respect for one another were widely known and acclaimed. They taught all their children to have these same attitudes toward all people. They also taught them that it is extremely important to study the Scriptures and follow their precept. One of the greatest lessons the children ever learned was one of many lessons both parents taught them about honesty; Ollie sent their eldest son, Jonathan, to the neighboring village post office about a mile away; the elderly postmaster gave Jonathan change of \$5.00 when he owed him only the change for \$1.00; Ollie sent this quite-young boy all the way back to the post office to return the excess money; that postmaster told the story of this incident far and wide; and the Porter Ankers family acquired a reputation for honesty that all of the eight

children realized they should always strive to maintain.

Porter was born in 1888 and died in 1947, and Ollie was born in 1890 and died in 1968. They lived most of their lives in Pinecrest, Virginia, and near-by areas, except when they lived on a farm in Gainesville, Virginia, about five or more years. After Porter died, Ollie suffered a stroke in 1956, which left her paralyzed in the left side the last twelve-and-half year of her life. She was in hospitals and nursing homes five years of that time, and the remaining seven-and-a-half years she lived in the home of Smith and Virginia Garrison, where she died.

Joseph Edwards Ankers Jonathone Edwards Ankers George E. Samuel Ankers Harvey Lee Ankers Mary (Ankers) Studt Oscar Orrson Ankers

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HISTORY OF JONATHONE EDWARDS ANKERS
Prepared by Virginia (Ankers) Garrison
July 17, 1982

No living person today can provide such information about Jonathone Edwards Ankers, for he died at age 54 in 1911, before any of his descendants now living were born. In fact the compiler of this history, Virginia (Ankers) Garrison , just realized this week that she is the eldest of his descendants.

This history is based on facts that living Ankers family members know and on the memories of these members about events about which deceased members have spoken. A great amount of special credit is due Irene (Ankers) Thompson , a sister of this "historian," for her sizable contribution of information in this history; Irene has an incredibly valuable memory of many details of the past. Also, much credit is due to Anita (Studt) Craig , daughter of Mary (Ankers) Studt , for providing much valuable information, and to Lillian (Baker) Ankers , wife of Hatcher Ankers , for her much-needed help. Many thanks go to all these dear people. Deceased family members who provided some of this information are Jonathone's children and his brother Joeseoph Edwards Ankers , who lived in the home of this writer's parents, Porter and Olive Ankers , most of the last decade of his life.

Jonathone Edwards Ankers was born in 1856 presumably at the home of his parents, Samuel and Barber (Edwards) Ankers , at the Ankers farm on Route 7 in Loudoun County, Virginia, which was on the site where a branch of Northern Virginia Community College is now located. He had no sisters and three brothers: Arthur Edwards Ankers, Joseph Edwards Ankers , and James Samuel Ankers . It is understood that his father, Samuel Ankers , was in his fifties when his first child was born.

He was blessed with generous, kind-hearted, compassionate parents. As a young child, he witnessed some interesting events of the Civil War, including:

1. Being told by his mother to stay away from the windows of his home to avoid being shot during the battles being fought nearby.
2. Hearing his father tell of his heart-rending experiences of having stepped over the bodies of dead soldiers lying in the road as he returned home from work.
3. Being ordered by an officer (of either the Northern or Southern Army) to turn over to that officer grain that he and his brother (Arthur ; the writer believes) were taking to some animals on the farm, for the officer

said his men needed the grain more than the animals did. (The soldiers of that war ate raw corn to stay alive.)

4. Seeing his home converted into a "military hospital," where his mother cared for wounded or otherwise ill soldiers of both the Northern and Southern Armies. One touching story is that Jonathone's mother cared for a fatally wounded Northern Army soldier for two or three days before he died in her home from an open head wound. In appreciation for her care, the dying soldier gave her and her husband, Samuel, his horse.

Later, an officer of the Northern Army discovered that the Ankers family had the horse, which had been marked to identify it as Northern Army property, and mentioned having them arrested for stealing the horse. The family explained why they possessed the horse. The officer asked for the name of the Northern soldier who had made the gift. Upon hearing the name, he tearfully lamented that the dead soldier was his own brother. This grateful officer then went to local authorities and had papers drawn up certifying the Ankerses as the legal owners of the horse.

True to the pattern of most other descendants of the renowned theologian Jonathan Edwards, Jonathone was a deeply-committed religious man. He had great respect for the Bible and taught his children the need and value of following its teachings. He and his widely-loved and admired wife, Susana (Milstead) Ankers, lived lives that evidenced that they desired to please God at great cost and sacrifice.

Jonathone and Susana (better known as Annie) lived on a farm in the Colvin Run, Virginia, area when their children were born. Later, she, and possibly he (no one knows whether he was still living), moved to the old Harrison farm on Hunters Mill Road near Pinecrest, Virginia, where she lived until she died in 1923. She lived at that location when all of her living descendants first knew her. Irene Thompson wrote concerning her, " Since I was only two years old when Grandmother died, these are the only memories I have of her: her rocking me to sleep under a grape arbor at the back of her house...(and) her funeral, so at that age I must have loved her very much." This writer remembers walking the l-o-n-g distance of a mile or so with her older brothers, Jonathan and Andrew Ankers, to visit our extremely kind, gentle grandmother—so gentle she didn't even cause discomfort when she combed the tangles out of long hair, as our good mother did sometimes in her busy, hurried schedule.

Jonathone spent most of his life farming; in his later life, he became a butcher and went about the countryside selling meat. Beef was scarce in those days, and people ate pork so often that they were happy to see the beef salesmen arrive with their beef, which they considered a great treat. Like other farmers, Jonathone grew grain not only for his animals but also

for his family's bread needs, taking that grain to the old Colvin Run mill, which (now renovated) can still be seen from Route 7. After he died, Beauregard Keys (understood to have been a relative of the Ankers family) became the beef salesman for that area.

Jonathone and Annie had a reputation of showing special concern for people who needed them in any way. A rumor is that they took in orphaned children and kept them until they became settled in other homes, and that they likewise took in and kept families who became homeless because of fire or other misfortune. In fact, Annie did take in a girl whose mother had died; and she reared her until she was grown and married. This "girl" is still living, but she is not well. Her name is Virginia (Ballinger) Duvall. Virginia is understood to be a relative of Annie's; some of Annie's cousins were named Ballinger.

Jonathone and Annie were the parents of one daughter: Mary (Ankers) Studt, and four sons: George E. Samuel Ankers, Harvey Lee Ankers, Jonathan Porter Ankers, and Oscar Orrson Ankers, all of whom grew up to call them blessed for having been such wonderful parents and such exemplary citizens of their community in honesty, generosity, hard work, and genuine love for God and all people. Lillian (Baker) Ankers, who, with Anita (Studt) Craig, provided the information in the paragraph above about Jonathone's farming and butchering activities, described Jonathone and Annie as kind, honest, and hard-working people.

Jonathone was born in 1856 and died in 1911 with heart trouble; Annie was born in 1859 and died in 1923 with heart trouble and kidney failure.

Joseph Edwards Ankers George E. Samuel Ankers Harvey Lee Ankers Jonathan Porter Ankers Mary (Ankers) Studt Oscar Orrson Ankers

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HISTORY OF JOSEPH EDWARDS ANKERS
Prepared by Virginia (Ankers) Garrison
July 1983

Joseph Edwards Ankers was born in 1859 presumably at the home of his parents, Samuel and Barber (Edwards) Ankers, at the Ankers farm on Route 7 in Loudoun County, Va., the site on which the Loudoun Campus of Northern Virginia Community College is now located. He was the youngest of his parents' four children. His brothers were Arthur Edwards Ankers, Jonathone Edwards Ankers, and James Samuel Ankers.

Joseph enjoyed telling of his life at home with his kind hearted, generous, compassionate parents. With his brothers he witnessed noteworthy events of the Civil War; and he told this writer, his great-niece, and others of some of the involvement in those events which included briefly:

(1) Avoiding being shot through his homes windows during battles.

(2) His farther's stepping over bodies of soldiers on Route 7 as he returned home from work.

(3) Two of his brothers' giving grain they were taking to animals to an officer upon command to feed soldiers.

(4) Seeing his mother caring for wounded Northern and Southern soldiers in his home, which literally became a "military hospital."

(5) Seeing his parents almost arrested by a Northern officer for possessing a Northern horse given to them by a grateful, dying, wounded soldier, whom the officer (a) tearfully learned was his own brother, and (b) then made the Ankerses the legal owner of the horse

Note: The above events are covered in a little more detail in the "History of Johnathone Edwards Ankers (Joseph's brother) and His Decendents."

Joseph never married. When a young man, he went to work in the coal mines. He worked in Pennsylvania, Kentucky, and West Virginia mines. His family lost contact with him during most of or all of the years he worked in the mines; therefore, little is known by anyone now living about his life before and during those years.

About 1932, when he was about age 71, he was in Beckley, West Virginia, when his family in Virginia learned that he was suffering from what physicians had diagnosed as asthma (but likely was black-lung decease,

which was later found in miners). that he was no longer able to work, and that he needed a home, having exhausted his savings paying for his room and board in the home of a beckley family.

Jonathan Porter Ankers, one of Joseph's nephews, and Porter's wife, Olive (bladen) Ankers, decided to give Joseph a home with them and their eight children. Porter gave this writer, his eldest daughter, the privilege of writing the letter that invited "Uncle Joe" to come live with him and his family. The entire family was joyful at the thought of having a beloved uncle and great-uncle make his home with them.

Irene (Ankers) Thompson, Porter's second daughter, wrote these interesting statements about Joseph:

"Practically everyone now living in the Ankers family had a great-uncle Joe. However, I'm sure that many of them never met him. He was a brother to most of our grandfathers and great-grandfathers. We (the children of Jonathan Porter Ankers) had the opportunity to get to know him very well. When he became ill and needed a home, he knew that his brother Jonathone Edwards Ankers had a son named for him, and wrote a postcard to Dranesville, Va., hoping there was a Jonathone, Jr. Our father received the card. A few weeks after our father sent him the money and directions to our home, he came to live with us.

"I don't think any of us will ever forget the day he arrived. Our little brother Robert was on his way home with a bag of flour. He was walking up the road carrying it when uncle Joe yelled at him. To Robert uncle Joe was just a strange old man with a white mustache and a walking cane (who startled him at first). Robert ran all the way home and was almost out of breath as he told us about him. All of us went out to meet him. Our dad grabbed him and hugged him. Uncle Joe had a big smile on his face. He and our dad talked until really late that night.

"He told us many tales about the coal mines. He was quite superstitious. He said if he met a red-headed lady or a black cat on his way to work he would not go to work that day. He really believed in ghosts.

"Since uncle Joe never had any children of his own, I've often thought that he may have thought that he had come to live with the little rascals. My brothers always liked to tease. Because of all his superstitions, they had a ball teasing him. There are many things I could tell, but it would take too long.....

"In 1938, one morning our mother heard him coughing upstairs. She asked Robert to take him some cough syrup {and hot coffee, which Robert usually took to his bed every morning to help relieve his customary early-morning congestion}. When Robert reached him, he was

dead. So, it turned out, uncle Joe frightened Robert when he came and when he left us."

This writer remembers a few additional facts about Joseph:

He was Olives "baby," a term she also applied to Porter and to each of her children from time to time. She showed Joseph the kind, thoughtful, tender care that she always showed Porter and the children. He looked to her to provide his hot "porridge" (oatmeal) each morning and to come to his aid whenever her mischievous sons teased or played pranks on him, which she did heartily. For instance, on one hot day one of the little boys {who shall remain nameless here} locked him in the privy there on the farm, and the three little brothers had great fun as Joseph kept calling "O-o-o-h Ollie, (the boy's name) locked me in the water closet." Upon finally hearing him, Olive gave her boys good reason to understand that their prank was not funny at all, especially on such a warm day.

Joseph knew much about farming, and he often had more to say about that subject than the two older boys wanted to hear, for they wanted to convince him that they knew as much as he did. Once when he told them not to plant a crop on a certain moon, one of them answered substantially, "We don't plant crops on the moon we plant them in the ground." However, they were quite chagrined whenever a crop failed after they had not heeded his advice, which seemed to happen rather often until they learned to listen to their wise great-uncle.

Joseph had an entertaining sense of humor. When asked why he never married, he had a joke he had heard that he often told as applying to himself substantially as follows: "I was almost married once, but, when the preacher asked, 'Will you take this woman to be your wedded wife?,' I said, 'If I must, I must, but I'd rather not. I'd rather have Pol Frazier, but she wouldn't have me.' Then the wedding was off because the woman walked away and I never saw her again."

Having been away from Virginia most of his life, Joseph seemed to want to meet or otherwise learn about people he once knew or knew about; therefore, he would make a special effort to approach every stranger who came around Porter's home to ask him or her name, usually mentioning people he had known by that name.

Joseph especially enjoyed visits from his nephew Robert Edwards Ankers, who equally enjoyed visiting with Joseph and obtaining historical facts about the Ankers family from him and and who gave Porter monetary gifts to help with Joseph's care. It was always a joy to see these two beloved relatives enjoying each other's fellowship long after all of Joseph's brothers had died.

Joseph died in 1938 at age 77. Although he had no wife and no children, he is still loved and missed by family members who knew him.

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HISTORY OF GEORGE E. SAMUEL ANKERS
Prepared by Virginia (Ankers) Garrison
July 17, 1982

George E. Samuel Ankers, the eldest child of Jonathone and Annie Ankers, was always an unusually kind, gentle, loving, loveable person. Irene (Ankers) Thompson wrote of him, "Uncle George's life to me was a great love story...." He had a special quality of conveying warmth and cheer to the hearts of other people.

George grew up to become the one blacksmith of Sterling, Virginia, having been taught that trade by his Uncle James Samuel Ankers, who preceded him in that position.

At about age 35, George married Laura (Hummer) Elmore, whom he had dated before she married George Elmore, who died at age 43 of an unknown cause; however, Laura wondered if his death had been caused by many bee stings he had received days earlier.

George Ankers later told that he had loved Laura so much when he had originally dated her that he had waited through the years she had been married to George Elmore and borne the five children of that marriage: George, Jr. (now deceased); Pauline (Elmore) Wilbert (now deceased); Margaret (Elmore) Mattingly; Evelyn (Elmore) Doggett; and Maurice Elmore (now deceased).

George Ankers' stepdaughter Margaret said her brother Maurice (better known as "Bozie"), was born after his own father died. She also stated, "He (George Ankers) could not have been any better to us than he was if he had been our real father." She remarked that, during the three-year second dating period of her mother and George, even before Margaret knew whether George had proposed to her mother, she (Margaret) went to the two of them on the porch one night and told George that on the previous night her mother had asked one of the children if he would like to call George "Daddy George"; and this remark embarrassed her mother "to death."

George and Laura had a great love for one another, which was evidenced in every possible way, it seemed, especially by their regular use of the endearing term, "Darling," as they addressed each other with love

evidenced in their voices.

In line with Laura's original suggestion, her children called their new dad "Daddy George," which became his name all around the Sterling area. Irene Thompson wrote, "He was the most loved stepfather I have ever known. After Aunt Laura died, he lived with one stepchild and then another...In his later years...every time he came to spend time with us, one of his stepchildren would come and get him. We all loved him so much we hated to see him go. (After I grew up)...he stayed three weeks with me, keeping my children while I worked.) Bud, my husband, was in the hospital....) My children loved him dearly.

As business in the blacksmith shop waned because of the developing times, George developed diabetes. He later had heart trouble. Because of ill health and the nearly eliminated need for a blacksmith shop in Sterling, he quit working some years before he died. During those years, even his more distant relatives than his brothers, sister, stepchildren, nieces, and nephews sought his presence in their homes. He spent considerable time in the home of Forrest and Blance (Ankers) McCraw. However, he spent most of his time with his devoted stepchildren.

George was born in 1885 and died in 1955, and Laura was born in 1890 and died in 1942.

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HISTORY OF HARVEY LEE ANKERS
Prepared by Virginia (Ankers) Garrison
July 17, 1982

Harvey Lee Ankers (usually called "Harve") was almost exactly alike his brother George. He too, lived a good, happily-married life, exemplary in many good ways. He loved everyone, it seemed, and always brought cheers to others. He openly showed sincere appreciation for the smallest favor from anyone. He greatly enjoyed visiting his relatives and having his relatives visit him.

Harve worked as a farmer all his adult life. He lived and worked at his mother's farm after his father died until she died. After leaving that farm, he went to work and lived on the farm of a **Mr. Greer** in Falls Church, Virginia. While there he met **Bertha Tusing**, who later became his wife, when he was age 49 or 50 and she was age 40. Bertha later told that Mr. Greer told her before she dated Harve that Harve would make a good husband if she could ever get him to anchor. Harve and Bertha had one son; **Harvey Lee Jr.**, who married **Jean Hyman**, and they have one son; **Dale Ankers**, who just completed his second year at Bob Jones University and plans to become a Baptist preacher.

Since Harve married late in life, he did most of his visiting with relatives before marriage; and they were always overjoyed to have his visit and stay as long as he could. Once he caught the chicken pox from this writer and had to stay in her parents' home until he recovered. The writer jokingly remarked to him, while on his lap, that she'd like to pass on another childhood disease to him so he'd come stay again. His favorite songs then were "When your hair has turned to silver" and "Let me call you sweetheart."

Irene Thompson wrote of him, "...I used to love to comb his curly hair....It was funny to me that he was afraid to get married (for such a long time)...Finally, he met Aunt Bertha. She had beautiful blond hair and blue eyes (which he said he was looking for in the woman he would consider marrying)....When he was getting ready to go get married, he asked me to comb his hair. While I was combing his hair, I could still sense that he was frightened. He asked me what would he have to say to the preacher. I said I didn't know. (I was only fifteen.)"

Irene continued by writing, "Aunt Bertha was a wonderful person and a

great cook. I'll never forget the delicious dinners we enjoyed at their home. We all loved Aunt Bertha. I'm sure Uncle Harve made the right choice! The rest of his life he seemed so happy, each time we saw him."

Concerning Harve and Bertha's son, Harvey, and his wife, Irene wrote, "Ever since he was a little boy, I have loved him so much its almost as if I have another brother. His wife, Jean, is just as dear to me...."

The sentiments expressed by Irene are typical of the sentiments all the family have always had for this widely-loved and admired Harve Ankers family.

Harve and Bertha had a deep love for God and people. At the funeral of each of them, the minister officiating spoke endearingly of the fine "brother" and "sister" he and the congregation had lost. They had been long time residents of New Market, Virginia.

Harve was born in 1886 and died in 1952, and Bertha was born in 1895 and died in 1963.

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HISTORY OF MARY (ANKERS) STUDT
Prepared by Virginia (Ankers) Garrison
July 17, 1982

Mary (Ankers) Studt was the fourth child and the only daughter of Jonathone and Suzanne Ankers. She, too, lived a life that reflected her parents' beliefs in the highest and noblest values. She showed great faith in God and His will, showing by her life that she loved Him above all else. She also loved her family deeply. A few days before she died, in a loving voice, she remarked to this writer, "I always loved all of you children so much."

Mary met her future husband, John Studt, through her mother's first cousin, who was married to him and died when her and John's only child, Helen (Studt) Monroe, was fourteen years old.

John used to visit Mary at the family farm near Pinecrest, Virginia, traveling by train on the Old Dominion Line. Mary used to meet him at the Pinecrest depot in a horse-drawn buggy.

Mary and John had five children, Cleo (Studt) Renolds (who died in 1936), Anita (Studt) Craig, Lavinia (Studt) Herbert (known as Bea), Mary (Studt) Hilton, and John Ankers Studt. They had eleven grandchildren, one of whom, John Ankers Studt, Jr., died in 1948 as a baby. they had five great grandchildren.

Mary most certainly followed the family tradition of being a hard worker. She was also admirably thrifty. She was adept at finding valuable bargains and she made most of the clothes for her large family.

Mary was blessed with a marvelous husband--one of the kindest uncles this writer had. He was outstandingly good and gracious toward his family and deeply considerate toward Mary. Each morning, knowing that she had an extremely busy day ahead, he insisted upon rising early enough to prepare his own breakfast so she could get a little extra rest. Most men of his day would not have thought of doing such a thing.

Of Mary and John, Irene Thompson wrote: "Aunt Mary lived longer than any of her brothers. (She died about six months before her 90th

birthday.) On her 80th birthday, we enjoyed a lovely dinner at the Holiday Inn at Tysons Corner (planned by her children). Most of her children and some of her grandchildren, also my brothers and sisters and I and our husbands and wives were there. Uncle John was twenty years her senior, but they had many happy years....We always enjoyed visiting them."

Mary was born in 1890, and she died in 1980. John was born in 1871, and he died in 1958.

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HISTORY OF OSCAR ORRSON ANKERS
Prepared by Virginia (Ankers) Garrison
July 17, 1982

Oscar Orrson Ankers was the youngest child of Jonathone and Suzanne Ankers. Like those before him in his family, he had a deeply rooted faith in, and love for, God. He followed his brother Porter in the position as bishop of the congregation in which he worshipped. Also like Porter, he enjoyed telling funny stories about people he had known. He was profoundly interested in historical facts concerning the Ankers family. It is a great loss to the family that the knowledge he had about previous generations is no longer available. It was he who provided this writer in conversation some of the information about his father, Jonathone Edwards Ankers.

Oscar was first married to Mary Caylor. They live on a farm near Sterling, Virginia, where Oscar lived until he died. They had one child, Annie Laurie (Ankers) Carter, who is now called Anne. Mary died at a young age in 1925, when Anne was 3 years old. She was one of the most wonderful people who ever married into the Ankers family! When Anne was 5 years old, Oscar married Erle Talley, who went to live with him and Anne on the Sterling farm. Although Oscar loved Erle until he died, Anne had an extremely difficult time trying to adjust to this stepmother, who did not, and still tells Anne she never did, like children. This difficulty was even more pronounced because Anne had enjoyed the great love of a mother who had loved everybody and whom everybody loved. However, Anne still does all she can for Erle, who is in her mid-80's.

Besides Oscar's daughter, Anne Carter, he had four grandchildren, one of whom, Bradley Carter, died in 1978 at age 21. He is also descended by five great grandchildren, one of whom, Aaron Hunt, the daughter of Cheryl (Carter) Hunt and granddaughter of Anne (Ankers) Carter, is a gifted child and is to enter a "junior college" for gifted children this fall. Little Aaron is 7 years old.

Of Oscar, Irene Thompson wrote: "The most memorable thing about uncle Oscar was that he refused to change with the times....It was strange to see him (in his late years) come to town (where I lived) in his wagon drawn by two horses. He brought his eggs to sell, and he parked in the Safeway parking lot to buy a few groceries. He was afraid to learn to drive a car. One time when my sister Inez took Mama to visit him, He looked

into her station wagon and told her he didn't know how a little person like her could drive a big car like that.

"Our eldest son, Buddy, spent quite a bit of time with him on the farm. Uncle Oscar wanted to keep him. Buddy enjoyed being with him. He also loved being around the cows and horses. He and my son Gary made special pets out of two of his baby goats and named them after themselves." (This last sentence about the goats was added by the writer of this report, to whom Irene gave some editorial "license.")

Oscar always enjoyed company, and his relatives never visited him often enough to please him. Before his second marriage, This writer as a girl of about 9 years old was staying a few days at his farm and told him she could never get enough eggs to eat. He told her he would give her enough. He cooked six eggs and she ate them before telling him she had had enough--more than enough! He enjoyed telling that.

Anne Carter says one of her nicest memories of her dad is that, when she was a little girl, he seemed like a "big old teddy bear," and always gave her and all the other children around big bear hugs.

Oscar was born in 1894 and died in 1978. His wife, Erle, is still living, in a nursing home in Louisville, Kentucky, unable to walk because of stroke and heart problems.

Joseph Edwards Ankers Jonathone Edwards Ankers Harvey Lee Ankers George E. Samuel Ankers Jonathan Porter Ankers Mary (Ankers) Studt

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