



**Turkeyfoot
Valley
Historical
Society**

PASS IT ON
Share our history

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Pass It On
is a quarterly
publication of the
Turkeyfoot Valley
Historical Society

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NOTE TO MEMBERS

If you are interested in receiving your copy of Pass It On electronically, please contact the Society at tfvhs@tfvhs.com.

From my viewpoint. . .

Welcome to another edition of the TVHS "Pass It On."

Confluence Pumpkinfest will be held October 3, 4 & 5. A schedule of events for activities within the historical society is still being put together. However, we always need volunteers. If you can help over that weekend, please let me know at 814-395-3511 or email tfvhs@tfvhs.com. More details will be coming soon. Thanks! -Lisa

On Thursday, September 18, 2014 at 7pm we have the pleasure of hearing a presentation from Tom Breiding, a Pennsylvania Humanities Council Commonwealth Speaker on Steeltowns, Coalfields and the Unbroken Circle. Hope to see you there!

Tom Breiding delivers unique musical stories of life in American towns over the last century. From Pittsburgh's forgotten steel mills, to the coalfields of Western Virginia and to points in between, Breiding shares his original compositions and traditional folktales. With guitar, banjo and harmonica accompaniment, Breiding captivates audiences while they learn about the history behind West Virginia's coal industry and about generations of workers in the steel, coal and glass industries of Pittsburgh.

Tom Breiding currently tours as a member of three different bands and as a solo artist. In the past two years, he has produced five albums for his independent label AmeriSon Records, and has performed in venues nationwide, throughout northern Italy and in more than 100 schools. In 2008, Breiding served as a teaching artist at Calliope: Pittsburgh's Folk Society and was hired, in part, to write material for and to produce, *When We Shine: Fifteen Songs About Pittsburgh* to celebrate Pittsburgh's 250th anniversary. Breiding also is the founder and host of the AmeriSon Ballroom Folk Series, featuring high-profile touring folk artists.

Commonwealth Speakers is a program of the Pennsylvania Humanities Council, supported in part by the National Endowment for the Humanities.

Donations

Deborah Keller – Items belonging to Carrie Dull, including her eyeglasses, a school enrollment book from 1919, which includes the Humbert, Rugg, Tunnel, Kregar, King, Harbaugh, Fair Oaks, Draketown, Crossroads and Brushtown schools, several class photographs (see below), and the Dull and Newcomer family Bibles

Linda Holliday – “A History of Pennsylvania” school book

Irvin Fortney Estate – 1943 Robert Black calendar, Earle R. Beggs ink blotter and many other papers

Vivian Hall Estate – Black’s Variety Store ruler (see next page)



Do you know any of these people?
(Photographs donated by Deborah Keller, Carrie Dull was the teacher)

Carrie A. Dull

Carrie A. Dull, 80, of Harnedsville, died October 7, 1974, in Meyersdale Community Hospital. Born August 23, 1894, in Ursina, she was the daughter of Frederick Wilson and Candace (Lichliter) Dull. She was preceded in death by two brothers.

Carrie is survived by two sisters, Edna M. Dull and Elsie Newcomer, Stoystown.

Friends are being received at Humbert Funeral Home, Confluence, until noon today (Thursday) when the body will be removed to the Church of God in Ursina to lie in state until the funeral service at 2 p.m. with Rev. Vernon Witt and Rev. Dennis Dawson officiating. Interment in Jersey Cemetery.



A First-Person Account of D-Day

The following article was submitted by John and Sharon McClintock.

WELLINGTON, Maine — Seventy years ago, June 6, 1944, Sgt. Estol “Mac” McClintock splashed through the water and onto Omaha Beach in Normandy, France amid Operation Neptune, more widely known as D-Day.

McClintock, a native of New Lexington, Pennsylvania, was with the U.S. Army 1st Infantry Division as the Allies invaded Europe and began driving the Germans back toward Berlin. He enlisted in 1941 and was involved in the invasions of Tunisia and Sicily as World War II continued. They were the most battle-hardened unit to storm Omaha that day, he said. “I’d already seen two invasions, but I’d never seen the carnage that I saw on Omaha beach,” McClintock, 91, said at his home in Wellington. “In the whole of World War II, that was the worst day. That was the longest day of my life.”

As the 70th anniversary of D-Day approached, McClintock shared the stories of blood and horror that marked the invasion and the war. But there were good times as well, he said. On the night before the attack, McClintock and his men were stationed in Seaton, a seaside town in the south of England. McClintock and his men had some black market contacts in the town and would sneak a few bottles of liquor every once in awhile. McClintock had garnered a fair sum of money from gambling and knew the upcoming invasion would be the greatest challenge his men yet faced.

“I’d heard in England about [their] pheasant under glass [dinner], and I thought, ‘I’m gonna give these guys a dinner,’” McClintock said. “I knew it [might] be the last dinner they ever had, and it was true. I lost a lot of men on that invasion.” McClintock organized a dinner consisting of pheasant under glass for the men in his unit, all 76 of them. The dinner cost him \$1,000 — the equivalent of about \$13,000 today. “Those men would do anything for me. It’s a family, they’re just like brothers. That’s why I’d never take a commission,” McClintock said.

Then came D-Day. It was high tide by the time they reached the beach, he recalled. The water had risen to the point where the barbed wire and steel girders with mines the Germans laid out were submerged. It was one of these girders that punched a hole completely through the bottom of McClintock’s landing craft, forcing the soldiers to abandon ship in eight feet of water. The weight of their equipment caused them to sink right to the bottom, right into the barbed wire.

“This wasn’t barbed wire like you see at a cow farm, this was different. It’s razor sharp, and [the barbs] will cut through you,” McClintock said.

After being torn by the barbed wire, McClintock and his men reached land. The beach itself was littered with mines that would send bursts of shrapnel into whoever was unlucky enough to set one off. McClintock said that Allied bombers were supposed to bomb the beach in order to destroy the mines and to give the troops craters to protect themselves from the German gunfire. The bombers aborted their run for fear of hitting their own soldiers, he said.

The men had nothing but flat beach in front of them. No craters to allow them to take cover. No ability to move forward. They were left with no choice but to lay on the beach and shoot at the German muzzle blasts on top of the wall, while completely being exposed to bullets and mortar shells. "How I didn't get hit, I [will never] know," McClintock said.

Eventually, the soldiers were able to establish radio communication and called in a destroyer to assist with the attack, he said. The destroyer was able to destroy a pillbox structure that had been launching mortars and gave the troops enough cover to move forward and finish the battle, five hours after it first started.

"I can see things just the way that they happened, and that's hard on me," McClintock said. "I still have dreams about stuff like that, and I just don't let it get me down. A lot of [veterans] have PTSD, and I've fought it away. I saw so much death and so many people tore up to pieces. You saw so much of that [as a soldier], but you can't dwell on it."

After the war, McClintock came home and married Emaline. She worked as a secretary at the U.S. Navy Headquarters in Washington D.C. while McClintock was overseas. She originally signed up for active duty but was rejected because she wasn't old enough. "If I couldn't be there, I wanted to know where he was at," Emaline McClintock said.

Today, the couple lives in Wellington, where they moved after McClintock's retirement from the lumber industry. They live with Ranger, a black Labrador with a loud bark. Their single-story home is nestled on the side of a hill off Huff Center Road and is surrounded by Oak and Ash trees. Next to McClintock's garden are several apple trees he planted himself, as well as some open grass for Ranger to run around in.

McClintock has difficulty walking for long lengths of time. This doesn't stop him from tending to his garden, where he grows corn and potatoes, or making trips to see his adopted son Michael and his children.

McClintock regularly donates \$50 to the Disabled American Veterans association, and recently donated to Susan Eisenhower, who is trying to establish a memorial for her grandfather, former President Dwight D. Eisenhower. In return for the donation, Eisenhower sent McClintock a letter and a hat commemorating the 70th anniversary of D-Day.

"I was on that beach for five hours, and I will tell anybody that that was the longest 5 hours I have ever [experienced]," he said.

Article taken from Bangor Daily News - <http://bangordailynews.com>

URL to article: <http://bangordailynews.com/2014/06/05/news/piscataquis/it-was-the-longest-day-of-my-life-wellington-veteran-91-recalls-storming-omaha-beach/>

Editor's Note: After receiving this article from John and Sharon (John is Estol's cousin), I remembered that somewhere I had seen an article written during World War II about Estol McClintock and his brother, James Richard (or as we called him, "Jimmie Dick"). After searching my house from top to bottom, I realized that the article was in a notebook at the Turkeyfoot Lending Library. Here it is. . . .

Father Sees Action in World War I, Son Awarded Medals for Bravery



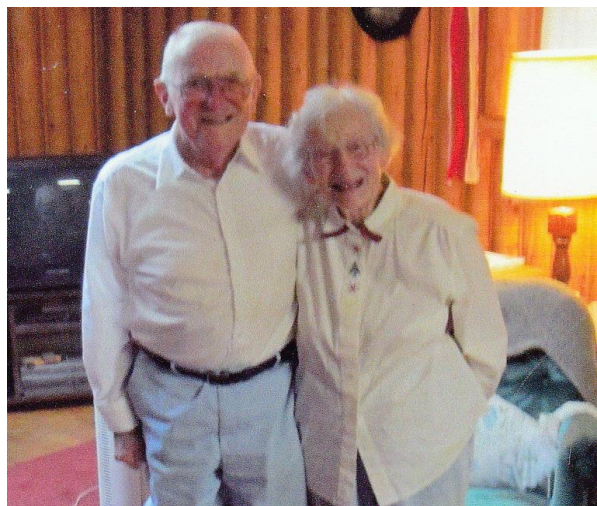
S/Sgt. Estol McClintock and Pfc. James R. McClintock, both of Rockwood, R. D. 3 (New Lexington), are serving in World War II and are the sons of Clyde and Mabel McClintock. S/Sgt. Estol McClintock, aged 21, enlisted in the army and was inducted at Johnstown, Pa., January 14, 1941. From there, he was sent to Fort Jay, N.Y., where he was placed in the 81 mm. gun outfit. Leaving Fort Jay, he was moved to Fort Devens, Mass., and from there was transferred to Fort Bragg, N.C. Leaving Fort Bragg, he was sent to Fort Benning, Georgia, and finally finished his training in Camp Blanding, Fla.

S/Sgt. McClintock was sent overseas July 30, 1942. He landed first in England and from there he was sent to North Africa. While in North Africa, he received a shrapnel wound for which he was awarded the Purple Heart. On March 28, 1943, S/Sgt. McClintock was awarded the Silver Star for gallantry in action in the vicinity of Hill 482, northeast of El Guetter, Tunisia. Although painfully wounded, Sgt. McClintock exposed himself to heavy enemy artillery and small-arms fire and continued directing most effective mortar fire upon the enemy. His courage and devotion to duty inspired the men of his platoon. The 13th of August, Mr. and Mrs. McClintock received a letter from him saying he had landed safely in Sicily. A V-mail letter was also received August 30 stating he was in the best of health. Prior to entering the service, Estol was employed on a lumber job in Fort Hill, near Confluence, Pa.

Pfc. James R. McClintock was inducted into the service April 6, 1943, at New Cumberland. From there he was sent to camp McCall, N.C., where he is training in the Glider Infantry. Before being inducted, Pfc. McClintock was employed as a truck driver on the dam construction at Confluence, Pa.

Pfc. Clyde J. McClintock, father of the two boys, served in World War I in the 1st Division, Co. H, 16th Infantry. His son, Estol, is now serving under the same division. Pfc. Clyde J. McClintock entered the service July 23, 1918, and was trained at Camp Lee, Va. He left the states September 15, 1918 and landed in fourteen days at Breston, France. Pfc. McClintock witnessed many thrilling sights. Before entering the battle of the Argonne, he narrowly escaped being hit by two explosive bombs and at the same time escaped being drowned by one of them which had landed in a stream next to where he was standing. The other bomb landed in the same tree under which he was standing. Pfc. McClintock was put in charge of twelve wounded soldiers in a glass house. He was so exhausted from the hike that when the house was bombed, he never heard a noise. He returned to the states September 3, 1919, and received his honorable discharge September 26, 1919, at Camp Meade, Md.

-- Article dated Rockwood, Pa., Friday, November 19, 1943



Estol and Emaline McClintock

Editor's Note: Pfc. James Richard McClintock was killed during World War II. Clyde McClintock passed away in 1962, and Mabel McClintock passed away May 1, 2002, at the age of 100.



Estol's parents, Clyde and Mabel McClintock, with Clyde's "best friend", Penny

2014 TENTATIVE PROGRAM SCHEDULE

September	Currently open – maybe a PHC Speaker
October	Matthew Dodd, “History of American Roads”
November	Marcy Kalasky – a history of her grandfather’s military service



This photograph belonged to William Lucius (Bill) Wable. He is the second from the right in the second row. Do you recognize anyone else? If so, please let us know.

TURKEYFOOT VALLEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY **MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION – 7/1/14 to 6/30/15**

Name: _____

Address: _____

Phone Number: _____ Email: _____

____ Individual - \$15.00

____ Husband & Wife - \$20.00

____ Youth 12-18 - \$5.00

____ Child Under 12 – Free

____ Bronze Corporate - \$50.00

____ Silver Corporate - \$200.00

____ Gold Corporate - \$500.00

____ Platinum Corporate - \$1000.00

____ Additional financial contribution of \$ _____

Please make checks payable to Turkeyfoot Valley Historical Society and mail to the Society at PO Box 44, Confluence, PA 15424.

NOTE: We are a non-profit 501(c)(3) exempt organization. Donations are deductible to the full extent allowed by law.



The Historical Society has received several requests from individuals who were preparing booklets for Class Reunions for a photograph of the Confluence High School and Grade School. This is the best photo we have at the Society.

Buzz One Four

During the height of the Cold War (in 1964), a Boeing B-52D Stratofortress of the 484th Bombardment Wing, call sign "Buzz One Four" was on the final leg of a Chrome Dome mission. Flying from Westover Air Force Base in Massachusetts to Turner Air Force Base in Georgia, the plan would never see its home base again.

The aircraft experienced severe wind turbulence over Southwestern Pennsylvania, which resulted in the structural failure of the vertical tail section, causing the aircraft to go out of control.

The order to abandon the aircraft was given and four of the five crewmen were able to eject from the aircraft. Buzz One Four, armed with two Mk53 thermonuclear bombs, crashed during blizzard conditions in Garrett County, Maryland. Three of the crewmen did not survive.

In June, the Historical Society was honored to hold a special presentation about the plane, its contents, and the crash.



Our speaker, John Josselyn, holding a section of the airplane

Death of Wallace Sterner

Mesdames Mollie Himmel and Ida Reynolds received news of the death of their brother, Wallace W. Sterner, at Batavia, Iowa, Feb. 9th. He was the last of six brothers, sons of the late Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Sterner, who resided for many years on the Sterner farm, part of which is now included in the Borough of Confluence. The family also had a cemetery on Sterner Street, that now forms part of the Baptist Cemetery in West Confluence.

- Taken from the Turkeyfoot News section of the Meyersdale Republican, 2/28/29

Preston Burnworth

Arthur Preston Burnworth was born December 13, 1904, to Charles O. and Nellie Burnworth at their home on the Burnworth farm. Nellie's mother, Catherine Isabel Butler was the midwife who helped the delivery. Previously, Nellie delivered two stillborn or blue babies on September 28, 1902, and September 10, 1903, respectively. These were sad Septembers to say the least to the Burnworth family.

Charles O. Burnworth was a prominent farmer in the Confluence area and an active member at the Johnson Chapel Methodist Church. When Preston was born, the baby was their pride and joy. Preston helped to alleviate the grief of the "lost" infants because he lived past the previous babies' one-day existence.

Charles and Nellie enjoyed their life together with Preston for two-and-a-half years. They had another baby boy born on the Fourth of July 1907, at the homestead. Twenty-six days later, on July 30, 1907, tragedy struck the young couple in their own backyard near Confluence. Preston was playing outside in the yard when he came upon some green apples. He proceeded to eat these apples with the careless abandon of a two-year-old unsupervised toddler. He then went into convulsions and immediately died on the spot. Charles and especially Nellie went into hysterics.

Preston was buried at the west end of the Johnson Chapel cemetery shortly thereafter. His grave is marked with a simple, small stone marker with his first name on it, at the edge of the woods. Nellie cried and cried upon his burial.

At home, though, was their other baby, George Marcellus, who was not quite a month old yet. George Burnworth immediately assumed the position of "oldest" child in the family. Nellie would go on to give birth to eight more children over the years. Her last child was born in 1927, twenty years after Preston died. All of Nellie's children went on to become respected citizens in the Confluence area and be active at Johnson Chapel. Some moved

beyond Confluence to points throughout the United States, but the memory of the brother they never knew was always on their minds.

Matthew Dodd
Presents: Songs and Stories of the American Road
Appearing Live at
Turkeyfoot Valley Historical Society
Thursday, Oct. 16 at 7 p.m.



Volunteers Needed

The Historical Society needs your help! If you would be able to donate a few hours of your time to help us keep our building open to the public, we would very much appreciate your assistance. Please contact Lisa Hall at 395-3511 if you would be able to help.

New Members

Evan Shaffer, Confluence
 Jacob Shaffer, Confluence

Editor's Note: The Special Recognition Dinner for members of the Methodist Church who had been members for 50 years or more was held October 29, 1967. (See photo in the second quarter newsletter.)

Condolences to the families of Larry Holliday, Florence Phillippi and H. John Enos, long-time members and friends. Our prayers go out to you.