

them for two or three days to Mobile. Nothing to eat, no salt, and no bread, but we killed some cows and that helped. So we returned to Corinth and passed on the way a field of sweet potatoes and many got sick from eating them. We then stayed in Corinth awhile. Our next campaign was at Jackson, Miss.

"The 27th and 39th O. V. Regiments were together throughout the war and with the 43rd and 63rd made up the 4th Brigade. This drive was made against Forest. Forest evidently retreated through a timbered section and eluded the Ohio Brigade. We finally returned to Corinth.

"The next order was to start for Vicksburg. We had no shoes or clothes worth speaking of. Our regiment was given a three months rest while we guarded Memphis. We were within one day's march of Lookout Mountain. We then started our march to the Atlantic. My four years were up and I was mustered out. If I had known Sherman was starting his march to the sea, I would have reenlisted.

"In looking back, one of the strangest things about the war was the small ailments that men died of. A blister, indigestion, or a touch of flu would put a man under, when in ordinary circumstances, or at home, he would have been well in a couple of days. Thirteen of the biggest men in the Company had measles. Of course, there being no wagons, they had to shift along. All were dead in less than twelve months. Our equipment consisted of an old rifle that would kick you down and kick you after you fell, a saber, a bayonet, and belt."

### **Looking Into My Ancestry**

I had a desire while growing up to trace my ancestry back, but never had the chance until in the fall of 1947 when I made a trip back to Ohio where I was born and lived the first eight years of my life.

I found three cousins near my age still living in Jackson County. While visiting there I went out to the place where I lived until leaving for Washington Territory in the fall of 1885. With a cousin of mine we went down into Gallia County where my father and mother were born. I did not find the exact place where my mother was born, neither did I find the place where

my mother's parents were living, although I did find the church where my mother attended and the cemetery near it. I found out later that my grandfather and grandmother on my mother's side were buried near the Welsh church where my mother spent her girlhood days. I attended the church one Sunday with one of my cousins. This was near Oak Hill.

I was more fortunate in finding where my father was born and lived until the Civil War started. I found the ruins of the old house my grandfather built and lived in until his death. Many of the old stones were there, particularly around the fireplace. They spent much of their time around the fireplace in those days and much of their cooking was done there. Grandfather had a spring a few hundred yards down the hill and, of course, they carried water up the hill all their lives. My grandfather's name was David. There were other David Joneses, so my grandfather was called "David ~~Petuin~~ <sup>Pentuin</sup>." I never found out for about 65 years why the "Petuin." It meant David Jones of the Hill Top. About a half mile from Grandpa's house is and was the Welsh church, Baptist. The gravestones are right around the church. I looked in windows. They were still heating it with coal and wood and had no electricity. The church was newly painted and well kept up.

"Pen Twyn"

I found the gravestones of my grandfather and grandmother. The record showed that my grandfather was born in Wales in 1801 and my grandmother in 1808. My grandmother's name was Elizabeth Henry. My grandparents came to the U. S. about 1834. There were three boys and five girls, my father being next to the oldest. On a visit to Ohio a few years ago I found the names and dates of all my uncles and aunts written out in "Old English" by a man by the name of "Tallehassee Williams," a man who also came from Wales. He came to Grandpa Jones one night and asked to sleep in the barn. He did, and got up the next morning and cut wood until he was asked in to breakfast. He cut wood until noon and had his dinner. He stayed on a day or two and my grandfather told him they were needing a school teacher and if he could get a certificate to teach he could have the school. He had no trouble passing the examination. He had been a heavy drinker and wanted to get where he could get no liquor.

My uncles and aunts were as follows as to age: Ann, Thomas, Mary, Lizzie, John, Margaret, Sallie and Henry.

My grandparents came from a coal mining section of Wales and passed through the good farming section of Ohio until they got into one of the poorest ground, but found coal cropping out of the ground and they stopped there.

My father remained near home until the Civil War came. He enlisted at the first call for volunteers made by President Lincoln.

### Some Exciting Action

Considerable has been written about the Big Bend Country. Most of this has been taken from the records filed at the court house. What I have written is from my personal experiences. I have written of some of their differences, ending up in shooting. However, some fights did not end that way. Here are some of them:

This one was between A. J. Stigenwalt and J. C. McQuarrie. Both were in the Civil War. As I remember, McQuarrie made some remark on Stigenwalt's hearing that led to this fight. Mr. McQuarrie was very hard of hearing and carried a horn with him. When he wanted to hear what you were saying he put the small end of the horn in his ear. I do not know what happened to the horn during the fight. I think there was no blood shed and they were on friendly terms the next day.

Another fight that must have been amusing was one that no one witnessed, so far as I know. My cousin, Jabez Davis, thought his horses were the best and could outpull any horses in the neighborhood. Jimmy Powell thought differently. They started their argument in Wilbur one day and almost came to blows, but fearing the marshal might pick them up for fighting, they decided to start home and stop just outside the city limits. They tied their teams to the wire fence and started the encounter. Jabez was quite fast on his feet but Jimmy was crippled in his feet so could not get around very rapidly. No one saw the fight. When it was over they got in their wagons and went home. It was all forgotten the next day and they were good friends.

Another fight of importance was between my father and Hubert Wynhoff, both veterans. They had been down in the canyon working on the road. Coming up the canyon they got