

# THE TREACY NEWSLETTER

All the family news that fits, we print

April, 1999

Volume No. 5

William O. Treacy, Ed.

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## 3rd REUNION AT SWALLOW FALLS GREAT SUCCESS

### DENNIS TREACY LEADS VIRGINIA DEQ

Dennis Henry Treacy was chosen by Governor Gilmore of Virginia in June, 1998, to head the 750 employee state Department of Environmental Quality. Denny, who had considerable training and experience in both environmental law and management, was told by the Governor to "stabilize" the Department after it had received bad marks by a state watchdog agency which rated its overseeing of water quality, its watch on pollution, and its employee morale all as extremely poor. He commenced by reorganizing the department after but five weeks on the job and has been streamlining it ever since. His bailiwick includes the thousands of miles of state rivers, the Virginia half of the Chesapeake Bay, plus the land problems of pollution and waste disposal in the states 41,000 square miles.

While an undergraduate at V.P.I. Denny commenced his environmental experience with the Water Control Board at Blacksburg in a student "co-oping" program. His education counselor, impressed with his zeal accurately predicted: "You're going to do great things, Mr. Treacy." After his graduation in 1978, Denny went on to law school at Lewis and Clark University in and was graduated in 1983. The Treacys, Denny, wife Donna, son Matt and daughter Sarah reside on their 17 acre Hanover County farm where they raise 8 chickens, 3 rabbits and an emu. Denny is named for his great uncle, Dennis Rasche, and for his dad who was christened James Henry (but used his birth certificate name James Joseph) and his great grandfather Henry A. Rasche. Denny is the youngest of the four children of Laura Ellen Treacy and the late James J. Treacy (Ref.: Steve Treacy's ancestry chart, T.N.#4).

Thanks to the organizational efforts of Karen Weimer, the third gathering of the Treacy Clan was yet again a huge success. About thirty five people had arrived in time for the kick off dinner the evening of June 21, 1996, at the Alpine Lake restaurant where nearly all of the attendees were billeted in the resort's motel. Following dinner the ones without parenting obligations gathered at the cottage of Bill & Judy Treacy where they shared memorabilia of family, stories and fellowship, including a well done Treacy/Rasche brochure of photographs handed out to all by its preparer, Steve Treacy.

By the next day, Saturday, the numbers had swollen to about fifty, including friends of the various family groups, at the Swallow Falls State Park in Garrett County, Maryland, for the scheduled picnic. There they lunched in the stone pavilion which had been rented for the day played softball, gossiped and renewed old friendships until the arrival of long-time family friend, John A. Grant, retired Episcopal priest. Father Grant was resplendent in his full and colorful Scottish traditional regalia of tartan kilt, horsehair sporran, spats and glengarry cap. He entertained with Scottish and Irish bagpipe numbers while Kyle Libby beat time on Fr. Grant's Irish bodhran.

Following his having provided the pipe tunes along with interesting narrative concerning them Fr. Grant surprised the group by offering to conduct tours to a petroglyph, an inscription carved in a stone bluff overlooking the Youghiogheny River, just opposite the "Little

Falls" and a short distance downstream from Swallow Falls. Two groups followed Fr. Grant to the location, about a fifteen minute walk from the pavilion, where he explained that the inscription was in Ogham, the written language of the ancient Irish. The Ogham script began to



"Treacy Newsletter" as rendered in Ogham

disappear in Ireland after the arrival of St. Patrick whose monks introduced Latin characters for the rendition of Irish Gaelic and had been abandoned entirely by the tenth century. Fr. Grant, a self taught expert in Gaelic studies and of Ogham said the petroglyph was similar to examples found in West Virginia within the last twenty years. Most of the examples contained Christian religious messages but the one at the state park appeared to convey something about fishing, it having been eroded over time to where an exact translation is no longer possible. Experts speculate that the messages might have been carved by Irish missionaries such as St. Brendan the Navigator or by Viking explorers who, having no written language of their own, adopted Ogham. In either event language experts estimate that they were likely carved circa A.D. 600 - 800. One flippant young clansman suggested that the Swallow Falls petroglyph said "Positively No Fishing."

### IN MEMORIAM

Bruce C. Babbitt,  
Brig. Gen., U.S.A.  
(ret.), April 14, 1920 -  
March 29, 1999,  
husband of Mary Ruth  
Babbitt and stepfather  
of Patrick, Mark and  
Brian Treacy and of  
Andrea Treacy Libby.

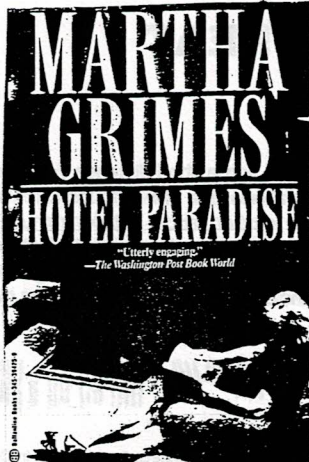
Several  
kinsmen  
took the  
occasion of  
the reunion  
gathering to  
trek to the  
old James  
J. Treacy  
farm a mile  
or so south  
of the  
Hutton-  
Fingerboard  
road.



# CENTENARIAN KINSMAN AWARDED MILITARY HONORS BY U.S. AND FRANCE

## BOOK REVIEW

- Elaine Casteel  
Watson



Shucks, Mr. T.N. publisher, I'm not a book critic, my literary accomplishments to date amounting to high school gossip columnist, writer of comedy skits and newspaper publicity articles for a number of political organizations and churches. However, since you asked for my opinion of Martha Grimes' current controversial book, "Hotel Paradise," for what it's worth...

I should clarify that the book is controversial only to present and former residents of Oakland, Maryland, and environs. It is reputedly autobiographical and based on the geography and characters of that locale, where the author spent a considerable part of her early life. Like you, having grown up in the area, I opened the book with great anticipation and a degree of trepidation and skepticism. Thankfully, it is not a "Peyton Place" type expose, but rather an interesting mystery, charmingly written through the eyes of a twelve-year old. I enjoyed this concept when Harper Lee used the same ploy with a six-year old doing the narrative in "To Kill a Mockingbird".

Initially, I questioned the sophistication of a twelve-year old, who could weave such a credible mystery until I looked back to when I was a twelve-year old girl. I realized that by that age I had already been through my Nancy Drew phase, having even disbanded the fan club I had started at age ten. The writer comes through as a loner and

## THE U.S. MEDAL

Robert M. Talbott, Jr. father and father-in-law respectively of Betty Talbott Treacy and Maurice F. Treacy, was presented a medal in commendation of his army service in World War I. The medal, actually struck in 1993 wasn't awarded to Talbott until 1997 when the Veterans Administration discovered that it had overlooked him in the former year. It was presented in his granddaughter Cynthia's hometown, Martinsburg, WV by V.A. officials there. Attending the ceremony were Cynthia T. Fulk and her daughter, Jennifer, along with granddaughter Jane Treacy and her husband, Phil Eagleburger of Washington. Talbott described all of the attention as "a darned nuisance".

## THE FRENCH AWARD

Talbott has also been recently notified by the French Embassy in Washington that he has been chosen to receive France's prestigious *Legion d'Honneur* in recognition of his part in driving the Germans to defeat on French soil in 1918. He was a private first class "doughboy" crawling on his belly to the front at St. LaZare when the armistice became effective at the "eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month" in 1918. Asked if he felt that he was lucky that he fighting stopped when it did he

deep thinker, obviously a result of her having grown up in the atmosphere of a hotel. Spending most of her time alone or in the company of adults, there is no mention of a single girlfriend her own age.

Above doubts resolved, I was able to relax and enjoy a nostalgic trip back to days of Teaberry gum, Orange Crush, ice skating on Mountain Lake (Spirit Lake in the book) and Mrs. Eichelberger's hot lunches, on snowy days, that we got for 10 cents plus 5 cents for a piece of homemade pie. While Martha Grimes has changed the names of all the locations in the book, they are easily recognizable to the natives. On the other hand, for the most part, her characters seem to be composites of two or more people, but with names familiar to the locals. In one exception, she barely disguises the character Helene Baum and singles her out throughout the book with special brick-bats. (Ed.'s note: She was, in actuality, Helen Treacy Baumgartner.) One had to wonder if

answered that he was "darned right!" Talbott was mustered out of service on January 3, 1919, with an honorable discharge and final pay of \$60.00. (That's why they called them



Pfc Talbott - 1918

"doughboys.") He lives with daughter Betty in LaVale, Maryland, where he was feted on his 102nd birthday on June 29, 1998. They spent the 1998-9 winter months in Florida.

there was some real grudge against this woman by the writer and/or her mother. On the other hand, the daughter of the mother's partner was also portrayed as a one-dimensional, disagreeable character, so perhaps the author was showing a twelve-year old's tendency to see things and people only in black or white.

The vague ending to the narrative is reminiscent of the technique in "Gone With the Wind" i.e., does Rhett really not "give a damn"? Will Scarlet get him back after saying "I'll think about that tomorrow," thus giving the reader the opportunity to supply his/her own ending? It's like a good sermon that leaves the listener with something to take away when he leaves the church, something to question, something to contemplate for his own answers.

Written in a captivating style with grace and wit, "Hotel Paradise" absorbs the reader from start to finish. It is a good read.

Editor's note: Elaine Casteel and I (both class of '44) were school mates but not classmates, with Martha Grimes at Oakland High School.

# CLAN NOTES FROM

## ALASKA

**Steve and Ann Treacy** of Anchorage report that as of last fall:

**David Treacy** (age 16) spent the summer of 1998 commercial fishing at Sand Point, Alaska. He helped purse-seine, set-net and beach-seine for salmon, jig for cod, and long-line for halibut. Fishing (especially in Alaska) is a dangerous enterprise, but David is highly determined. He got salty fast...spouting tales about seals, sea lions, and the kid who left Sand Point last summer after being pulled overboard by a boat anchor.

**Michael Treacy** (age 22) took a tour of the American southwest with his long-time girlfriend, Alisha. They returned to Seattle to take full schedules at Seattle Community College.

**Ann Collins Treacy** has been entering Jenny, out cavalier King Charles spaniel, in local dog shows from time to time. It took a while, but Jenny finally beat out two other bitches.

I'm leading yet another team of observers to the far North to survey migrating bowhead whales. My alter career in playwriting plods along, to date having written *Winter Bird* and *Murphy's Rope*. One good offer from Hollywood and I'm outta here!

## COLORADO

**Leo and Pat Treacy** report:

We moved from 1511 Lincoln, Carlsbad, NM to 2235B Phillips Circle, Montrose, CO, 81401 in December, 1997 after 20 years at the former address. After raising five children there, our house was suddenly too big for the two of us. A very important factor in the move was the climate. Leo could no longer abide the triple digit temperatures typical of Southeast New Mexico in the summertime.

We are still adjusting to Colorado and our ten-year-old townhouse on the golf course. The climate is a very welcome change. It usually is in the 80s for a high and the 50s for a low in the summer. We use a blanket at night even in August.

**Matt**, from Denver and **Kevin**, from Phoenix have visited several times and we played some golf. Also the **Schlachters**, **Liz** and **Andy** and their two children, **Alex** and **Bethany** visited here in July, 1998, prior to their relocation to Italy.

## DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

**Suzanne Treacy Woodside** reports renovating and enjoying her new, 65 year old home in Washington's Chevy Chase neighborhood, having sold her Takoma Park property. After her long time employer, Woodward & Lothrop was bought out, she served a short stint with another prominent D.C. department store, The Hecht Co. She is now merchandise manager for the Nieman Marcus in McLean, VA, and likes "peeking at how the other half lives".

**Jane Treacy** and husband **Phil Egelburger** have enjoyed a successful three year architectural business stint and have acquired a new office and their first full time employee. Their address appears in the T.N. ads. They recently attended Jane's grandfather's 102nd birthday in Cumberland, MD.

## GUATEMALA

The **Brian Treacy** family of Guatemala City report the following:

We're well approaching our 7th year in Guatemala, children are growing and thriving what with **Caitie** in 3rd grade and **Nathan Leo** starting kindergarten in the big kids' school. **Pat**, now a tenured Foreign Service Officer, continues to transform and modernize Guatemala's social sectors, i.e. health and education, by carefully crafting the use of, and aptly channeling, US Government largesse to the problems at hand. Spare time, when it can be seized, has **Pat** guiding the school board as its President...idle hands and all that...**Brian**, now 2 years with the United Nations Development Programme(sic), continues to cajole and nudge the Guatemalan justice system toward the 21st century, as called for in the 1996 Peace Accord that put an end to Guatemala's long-standing (36 year!) internal civil conflict.

**Brian** is just back from Equatorial Guinea (let's get out those atlases!)

where was bringing lessons learned to an African context, working on an assessment and plan of action for transforming the justice system there. Could take a while...

In theory, we're to move from Guatemala by summer of 1999, but gosh, how one starts to feel, well, settled after 7 or so years. Will they pull up stakes or plant firmer roots? They don't know, and neither will you, unless you stay tuned to the T.N. #6 and #7 etc. that are soon (?) to follow.

## FLORIDA

The Editor of the T.N. has increased the household here by another member. No - we didn't do anything anatomically impossible, but we did do something insane. We've acquired a dog. **Thor, God of Thunder**, a chocolate lab puppy who now weighs 100 pounds dripping wet (as he often is) has taken over with his travel crate and chewy toys. Although pronounced "normal and healthy" by his veterinarian, we have found him to suffer from selective hearing, over-enthusiasm for visitors, and hyper saliva production. (We'd have had the T.N. out earlier, but our dog ate our proofs.) Before the acquisition of the hound from hell, however, we did get an opportunity to visit the **Brian Treacys (Patricia, Cait and Nait)** at their home in Guatemala City, Guatemala. Their hospitality and warm welcome shone as soft and lovely as the climate. While in the country, **Bill** and **Judy** were able to visit with their foster child sponsored through Christian Children's Fund.

**Andrea Treacy Libby**, her husband **Lloyd** and children **Kyle** and **Ellison** have kept busy with all the activities, sports and business that inevitably evolve in a household of four. **Lloyd** played softball in league play, **Kyle** played basketball in league play, **Ellie** played hairdresser's model with the toddler next door, and **Andrea** ran behind all of them with the appropriate hot and cold packs and made appointments with a licensed hairdresser for **Ellie**. Trips to Maine, Maryland and Disneyworld were somehow squeezed in during school breaks, and now it seems as if paint pellet gun wars are on the agenda.

**Mamie** and **Bill Weimer** were thrilled when their daughter, **Karen** moved from Miami to Tallahassee and took a job with a law firm there. Now all the

# CLAN NOTES FROM

time on the phone between Karen and Mamie are local calls. The mother-daughter team attended an all-class reunion of Oakland High School in MD, and will be attending Casey Treacy's birthday bash in Washington, D.C. in May.

Another Tallahassee resident, Pat Treacy, the computer guru for the Department of Revenue for the State, was able to visit with brother Brian and family in Guatemala last year. He says he enjoyed the trip immensely and hopes to go again. Included in his itinerary was an in-country flight to the Mayan ruins at Tikal.

Tucker Handley, son of Judy Treacy and stepson of Bill, is managing real estate in the Destin area and is overseeing the management of a gulf-side condo recently purchased by the Brian Treacys. See Tuck's business card in the ads, and consider referring your friends to Destin Resorts for their vacations on the Emerald Coast.

## IDAHO

Dave and Jenny Opalenik are now located at 5656 Snapdragon, Boise, ID 83705. (e-mail address: JENOIDAHO@JUNO). (See also New Mexico Clan Notes.)

## ITALY

Liz Treacy Schlacter and husband Capt. Andy, U.S.A.F. are now safely (?) ensconced in Vicenza at the NATO headquarters there. They offer "Saluti" to all T.N. readers. Vicenza sits 45 minutes from Venice and 2 hours from the Alps, so they plan some exploring. Before departing Andy's previous Texas station, he was notified of his selection for promotion to Major, and for a subsequent assignment to the Air Force Command & Staff School at Montgomery, AL. Son Alex is now in kindergarten where he is learning rudimentary Italian, and daughter Bethany is in pre-school. Their address: CMR 427, Box 2167, APO AE 09630.

## MAINE

We (Mark Treacy and family members Carole, Gaelan, Gabriel, and Sean) migrated late July 1998 from our homestead in Kalam, in the Hindu Kush mountains, Swat valley,

northern Pakistan to Camden, ME. This planned departure was a hectic time for all, what with closing house, closing our school, and closing a project that had been running for sixteen years; also hectic was setting up before school began in September. And some "garam masala" in it all were the three cases of mumps while in transit.

Astute readers will recall that we had moved to Kalam in 1992 to manage a forestry and rural development project for the Swiss. This effort was all consuming for six years, and no small task in the final two years was ensuring that bits of the project would remain when the doors closed: the 29 girls' schools and the 75-odd village organizations are now under the wings of two local non-governmental organizations.

Leaving beautiful Kalam was difficult, but probably timely. The local rough-neck types were likely stirred up when the bombs dropped on Mr. Bin Ladin's encampment across the border in "Afghanistan", and we had already weathered several insurgencies, and certainly didn't need another in the middle of important decisions like "who will provide a good home for the goats?"

So where do you go to escape the madding crowd, but not the black flies and snow? That's right, head for Down East. Here, they all say we're "from away", a status that will remain with us for as long as we're here. That's how it was in South Asia; in fact, whenever we're befuddled about the rites and rituals of the natives here, we just remind ourselves that this is, after all, just another developing country.

Now especially the boys are like - as Gabriel's teacher noted - "kids in a candy shop", with the nifty social opportunities to be had in classrooms of peers, something they're in for the first time.

## MARYLAND

Maurice F. (Casey) Treacy of Baltimore flew to the Gulf Coast where he attended the 1998 reunion of the U.S.S. Kenton's W.W.II crew in Gulfport, MS. The Kenton participated in the Okinawan invasion and was attacked, unsuccessfully, by Kamikaze suicide aircraft. On the way, Casey visited Bill and Judy Treacy in Ft.

Walton Beach, and Mamie, Bill and Karen Weimer in Tallahassee.

Casey also reported that a horse named "James Treacy" was entered in a race at Pimlico on June 7, 1997. Its owner was listed as a Maureen Boskin. Does any T.N. reader have a clue about or a way of finding out, the why and wherefore for the name?

## NEW MEXICO

Karen Treacy reports from Socorro:

"Greetings to everyone from Socorro. Summer in the desert has been hot, with us hiding under rocks for shelter. Well, often around rocks, at any rate. On vacation in June (1998) we visited the Petrified Forest, Meteor Crater, Lowell Observatory (where we saw a 102 year old telescope still in use and took a walking tour demonstrating the evolution of the telescope dome), and the Grand Canyon. Finally we arrived in Boise, ID, where Dave and Jenny Treacy Opalenik have relocated. It's a very pretty area, ostensibly settled, but finding a bobcat on the neighbor's roof the second night there causes me to wonder. We visited Idaho City, an old mining boom town, the Sawtooth Range, had snowfights and relaxed in hot springs. Jessica and Sarah Opalenik enjoyed playing with their cousins Jenny and Amanda so much that they gave us an interesting going away present. (When Jenny Sr. asked me if we had our girls vaccinated for chicken pox, I thought it was a rhetorical question.)

In July (1998) we attended a wedding in Socorro of genealogical interest, James and Raquel Ransom. Jim is a cousin on the Chisholm side, being the son of Anita who is the daughter of Winnie, the sister of Helen Treacy, mother of Jackie, Mary, Robert, Jenny and John. At the reception our little girls linked up with Jim's children, their second cousins once removed.

School has started. Jenny's in third grade, Amanda goes all day now in first grade. Bob has started his last class (Atomic and Nuclear Physics), he'll finish his Bachelor's degree in December. He also keeps busy as staff advisor to the New Mexico Tech Caving Club, where his age and expertise are greatly valued (they call him Jurassic Bob). Karen keeps busy, period."

# CLAN NOTES FROM

## NEW ZEALAND

No reported news from **Amy Treacy Brown** of Auckland, but she did furnish us with her husband **Richard's** business card (see advertisements section)

## PENNSYLVANIA

**Jacqueline Treacy Owens** reports from York that:

Daughter **Jeanette** and her husband **John Day** are newly relocated to 4325 Lewisberry Rd., York, PA 17404 (e-mail address:

JOHNNY D@133). The **Day's** home is an old stone house on a dairy farm from where, besides gardening, mom must drive children **Erin**, **John** and **Zowie** to swimming, to basketball, to the beach at Ocean City, MD, and to acting (**Erin** recently performed in C.S. Lewis' *The Lion, The Witch, and the Wardrobe*.) If new home and all those activities are not enough to keep **Jeanette** busy, then perhaps the birth of **Logan Elizabeth Day**, born October 13, 1997 will add to the excitement (and the car's odometer).

**Jacqueline's** son **Chris** also has a new address: 1423 Monroe St., York PA 17404. It seems the family has decided to make their respective nests in York.

## SOUTH CAROLINA

**Janice Nashatker** reports from Aiken that:

**Karen**, our older daughter, is a high school senior this year. She plans to attend the University of South Carolina after graduating, but is undecided as to a major. **Katie**, our younger daughter, is a sophomore at the same high school, which coincidentally is where I work as a teacher.

Not much new with my husband **Steve**, which is as it should be. Since he works at a nuclear post with the National Electric Safety Board this year, preferring instead to focus on his activities here in the state. If, however, 1998 was an electrical shock-free year for you, as we hope it was, you can be assured it was because he was on the job.

Our miniature Chihuahua, **Tito**, was viciously attacked earlier this year by

an oversized black Labrador who was apparently in search of the nearest Taco Bell. When **Tito** failed to produce this information, the lab, who had obviously mistaken her for the Chihuahua, promptly sat on her, severely injuring her back leg. Following a week on steroids, **Tito** was back to her old self. Just in time, I might add. After just one round of those drugs, that Chihuahua was bench-pressing 180 lbs. and casting a longing eye at the free weights.

I have gone back to school and am working on a master's so I can become a high school principal. (*I heard that!*) With a little luck, I'll be abut through this time next year.

## TENNESSEE

**Samantha** and **Greg Dawson**, the daughter and son-in-law respectively of **Judy Treacy** (**Bill's** wife), reside for the nonce in Memphis, where **Dr. Sam** works with the Memphis City Schools. She creates and designs teaching modalities and facilitates training seminars for teachers and other instructional personnel throughout the country. She is currently on maternity leave, as **Sydney Claire Dawson** made an entrance on December 18, 1998 and came home to join big brother **Nicholas Gregory**. **Syd** is working on learning to roll over, while **Nick** is endeavoring to master the more advanced pre-school skills. **Greg** has worked with Nordson Corporation for over 10 years in sales and service and was last year recognized as the top salesperson in the country. Now the family is hoping to relocate to the Florida Panhandle area, where all the grandparents, aunts, uncles, and cousins live. Nordson Corporation is being very cooperative, and **Sam** is investigating teaching and research opportunities with the 3 area colleges. **Grandma Judy** just walks around grinning and hoping for the projected relocation time of summer 1999 is correct.

## WEST VIRGINIA

**Laura Ellen Treacy** reports from Huntington that someone abandoned a mother cat and two kittens in her back yard. **Laura** named the mother, black with huge yellow eyes, **Isis** after the Egyptian goddess. She worries that someone will accuse her of witchery

naming **Isis** as her "familiar". Dog lover **Laura** hopes to find homes for the three soon.

**Laura Treacy Bentley** sent her family updates as follows:

Daughter **Treacy** married **Marc Canterbury** on June 14, 1997. They bought a house in March 1998 near Huntington (7 Quail Dr., Ona, WV). **Treacy** is a cytotechnologist at Thomas Memorial Hospital in Charleston, WV. **Marc** is a Drug Rep for Smith-Kline.

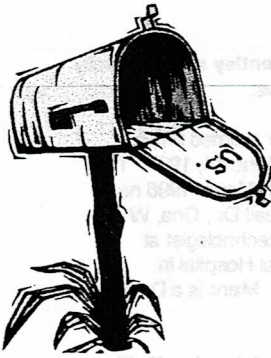
Son **Ryan** married **Jocelyn Mullins** on December 12, 1998. He is the Membership Representative and advertising and marketing consultant for the Huntington Chamber of Commerce. **Jocelyn** is finishing up at Marshall University as a Journalism and English major. **Ryan** bought a house in Huntington (1348 Neel Street, Htgn, WV) prior to their marriage.

Son **Joel** was **Ryan's** best man in December. He went to the beach last summer in North Carolina. **Joel** enjoys working on his computer and visiting with friends.

Husband **Ralph** took early retirement from AT&T. He is on the Board of Directors for Autism Services. **Ralph** is the resident Mr. Fix-it for his mother, mother-in-law, our kids, and of course, here at home. He recently remodeled my kitchen, his mother's kitchen, helped **Ryan** build a deck, updated a fuse box, and repaired the front of mother's house. He works out every day at the YMCA and takes his gardening seriously.

About herself, **Laurie** says: I finished by novella, *Water Street*, about **Catherine Rowan Rasche** (historical fiction) and am actively looking for a publisher. I won 2nd place in the state for my new poetry collection, *Elemental*. I collaborated with a classical guitarist and photographer this year and created a reader's theater presentation of my poetry in the State Theatre at the Cultural Center in Charleston, WV. In December 1998, I had a poem published in the *Poetry Ireland Review* and most recently had a poem published in a new anthology: *Weeping With Those Who Weep* (poems of bereavement). For those interested, it costs \$12.00 and can be ordered from: **Barbara Smith**  
16 Willis Lane  
Philippi, WV 26416

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Dear Editor:

Yes, I sure do wish to receive newsletter #5 - here's my \$3.00. I have nothing to contribute as far as news, except my ongoing regard for your clan. How's Thor? Please give him a kiss from his Aunt Peg.

Margaret J. Pratt  
Twin Falls, ID

Dear Peg,

Thor is fine, and sends a big, sloppy kiss right back atcha! Hearing from you is always a delight. Hope you enjoy this issue.

Editor

Dear Editor:

I could not help but notice that you, and other notable Treacy kinsmen, seem to have a certain, shall we say, infatuation with finding out who is related to whom - forward, backwards, and even sideways - in an ever increasingly complex family "tree". Have you ever pondered that this mass of humanity is rather more like the mycelia of some species of forest fungi that can grow literally over square miles, with thousands of fruiting bodies - mushrooms - popping up, but technically speaking all one organism? So where exactly do you draw the line between what, or who, constitutes "family", and who does not? Could it be that we six billion or so human beings are in one "tree"? Please supply your exacting answers to these important questions in the next edition of the Treacy Newsletter.

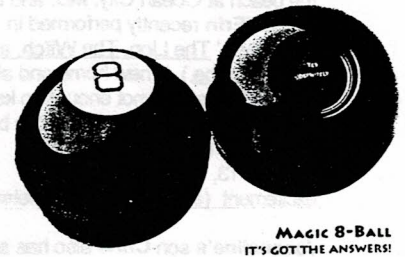
Thank you,

Mark Treacy  
Camden, ME

Dear Mark Treacy,

Not wishing to rely solely upon the extensive research conducted by the T.N. technical staff, we put this serious question to our Magic 8-Ball which has proven unerring in other important matters. In three successive shakes, the following answers were, respectively: "Outlook good" - "Concentrate and ask again" - and "My sources say no".

Editor



## "Jurassic" Garrett County

by Andrea Libby

If you think that you need to go to Montana to discover the thrill of fossil hunting, consider that some fine specimens may be found right in Garrett County, MD. While it is unlikely that you'll find the remains of a T-Rex or a Velociraptor, you may be surprised to learn that fossils such as Crinoids and Brachiopods, marine animals from the Mississippian Period, abound.

About five years ago, just prior to the release of the movie "Jurassic Park", our son Kyle took an interest in fossils. As we made our summer trek to Oakland, Kyle informed us that he was going to hunt for fossils in Garrett County. When the Rev. John Grant heard of this, he graciously offered to be our guide. (Most of you probably know John as the talented bagpiper at the last Treacy reunion, but this modern day Renaissance Man has Archaeology as one of his degrees.) Kyle and summertime friend Adam

Sincell first received formal instruction and background in fossil types of the Mississippian Era. Then John took his new pupils to an old limestone quarry just off Underwood Road. There they got out their picks and their bags, and spent the good afternoon



Kyle Libby digging for fossils.  
Summer 1998

collecting some real treasures. It was, without a doubt, the high point of Kyle's summer vacation. We came home with rocks in our bags - literally. And each summer vacation since, our visits to Oakland have included a fossil hunting trip. Also, cousins Gaelan and Gabriel (Sean and Ellie picked flowers and observed) have participated in this expedition. Naithan and Caitlin are in line for the next trip.

While the quarry, which is located on a Mennonite farm, is not exactly open to the public, and the property owners have been very kind to allow us to dig there, we try not to abuse the hospitality extended us. We go as a group only once a summer. And of course, there is always adult supervision.

The fine fossils collected have made unique gifts to science teachers, grandparents, godparents and friends. And so pieces of Garrett County are being shared with others, and are on display in at least two public schools.

## 2nd Street Remembered

by Leo E. Treacy

One fifteen Second Street was a wondrous place in the 1930s. Second Street, also called Main Street was considered by some to be the Knob Hill of Oakland, Md. On this street were the homes of Dr. Harned, pharmacist and botanist; Dr. Grant, dentist; Tott Matthews, attorney; E. Ray Jones, attorney, later the Secretary of State of Maryland; Ed Sincell, county surveyor, and many local businessmen.

Constructed shortly after the turn of the century by D.E. Offutt as a wedding gift for his son, the red brick mansion at one fifteen had, among other things, a ballroom on the third floor, a number of stained glass windows, two furnaces, hardwood floors, five bedrooms and two baths on the second floor, and a gas-fired log fireplace in the first floor hallway. There were cubbyholes everywhere.

Wintertime is best remembered, perhaps because it extended from Labor Day to Easter Sunday. Winters were frigid and prolonged. According to the World Almanac the coldest spot in Maryland in the 20th century was Oakland, at minus 40 degrees one day in January 1912. Our water pipes froze regularly, especially in an outside, unheated pantry.

Harbingers of winter: a truckload of potatoes being unloaded into the basement; a truckload of coal being unloaded into the basement; putting aside our short pants and donning our knickers. The older boys, whom we envied so much, always wore long pants.

After the first snowfall, which often did not melt until Spring, old Mike Maroney would regularly plow the Second Street sidewalks with his horse-drawn wooden plow. Then we could slide down the icy sidewalk.

We boys would sled and ski on Crook's Crest, a magnificent hill just up the street a ways. The hill was named for Civil War General and Indian fighter George Crook, who retired in Oakland. (When he died there, Oakland saw its biggest funeral ever, but that's another story).

It was up to us boys to keep the home fires burning. What a lousy job! Feeding coal into those two furnaces was backbreaking. And extracting the clinkers that were formed was even



115 Second Street - circa 1935

worse. We used bushel baskets with wire handles. If you haven't done it, you can't appreciate it.

Normally, all of us kids walked to either St. Peter's parochial school or to Oakland High School. Perhaps a mile to the latter - a little more to the former. But, when it was very, very cold, Mom would insist that Dad drive us younger kids to school. This involved carrying lots and lots of boiling hot water out to the car in the doorless garage, and pouring it into the car's frozen radiator. Sometimes this worked. When it didn't, we took turns using the hand crank. Sometimes this worked. On mornings such as this, we almost always were late for school.

Despite the two furnaces, the only warm spot in the house was next to a steaming radiator in the first floor living room. It was here that Mom read aloud to the youngsters on cold winter evenings. Then, it was upstairs to bed, and even though heat rises, it never got to my room.

The coldest place in the house, however, was the third floor, where Grandma Rasche, a bedridden invalid had a room. All of the kids took turns carrying her meals up to her. For doing so, she would reward the carrier with a stick of chewing gum. This she wanted returned after the flavor was

gone, as she used it on velvet drapes she made in order to add a third dimension. For example, the torso and head of a golden painted stag were well-chewed gum.

It seemed like Mom never left the kitchen except to read aloud. If she wasn't preparing meals, she was baking various goodies, or making wine (dandelion or elderberry, for instance), or canning, or preserving, or making fudge, or seafoam. We had lots of fruit and nut trees and a concord grape arbor, which provided some of the makings. One side of the basement (it was called the cellar in those days) contained not only a mountain of potatoes, but a goodly supply of canned and preserved goodies. A room on the third floor had even more, plus the wine she'd made.

When Mom needed groceries, she picked the phone off the wall and told the operator who answered - Hulda Littman - to ring the number at Treacy's Cash Store. She then placed her order, which was delivered to her door a short while later. No extra charge for this service. If Uncle Ed took her order, there would be some snacks included for us kids. But if Aunt Annie took the order, we might get only half rations. There were some family dynamics involved here, which this youngster never understood.

All of the Treacy kids remember that our telephone number at 115 Second Street was 112W. We memorized our friends' numbers, as they did ours. Oakland had a phone book for its 1500 residents, but I don't remember ever using it. When picking up the receiver, one might overhear a conversation between two other locals. This was commonplace, and you would wait your turn, unless your call was urgent. Then you would interrupt.

The man who built our mansion had installed floor buttons in several rooms, by which he summoned his servants. We didn't have any, but we had a cleaning lady who came in maybe once a week. She was a godsend to Mom.

Our property extended from Second to first Street and included the garage, then an old, falling-down barn, then an old, abandoned tennis court of clay, then an orchard. It sure was a fun place.

## CATHERINE DOCKRY ROWAN'S HOMINY RECIPE

Catherine D. Rowan (1822 - 1919) penned in her cookbook her recipe for hominy, which she termed "Hulled Corn". Her granddaughter "Morn Treacy", finding it amusing, copied it in her own hand, as follows:

### Hulled Corn

Fill a large pot half full of wood ashes. After draining off the lye, throw out the ashes and put the lye back into the kettle. Pour in four quarts of shelled corn, and boil till the hull will rub off. Then put all in a tub and pour on a pail of cold water. Then take an old broom and scrub the corn. As the water thickens, pour off and add clean cold water. Put through four waters and then take out in a pan and rub between the hands. Pick out all hulls, and put it on to cook in cold water. When half boiled, pour off and renew with cold water. Do not salt till it is tender, and do not let it burn. Put in jars and eat with milk.

## CASEY'S 80TH TO BE CELEBRATED

A birthday celebration honoring Maurice F. "Casey" Treacy is planned at the home of his daughter, Suzanne and husband, Keith Woodside, 3300 Upland Terrace, N.W., Washington, DC 20015 on May 1, 1999. Casey will actually turn 80 on April 17, having been born on that date in Oakland, Maryland in 1919. At that time the American minister (ambassador) to Denmark, Maurice Francis Eagan, summered in Oakland and befriended Casey's father, James P. Treacy, who elected to name Casey for this dignitary. Eagan is remembered for having erected "The Little Mermaid" statue in Copenhagen Harbor. All of Casey's friends and kin are invited to attend and may obtain details from Suzanne (202) 686 0276, or Jane Treacy Eagleburger (202) 362 5226 EMail: LOISLANE41@HOTMAIL.com.

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## TREACY'S GARAGE WARNS TIRE THIEF

The person who stole the 30x4.50 Royal cord tire Wednesday afternoon before six o'clock, is known. He was seen taking the tire and to put it in the rear of his Ford car, opposite the First National Bank building, crank his car by hand and drive away. If it is not returned at an early date legal action will be taken which might result in the guilty one taking a trip.

## WORDTEASER

Last week's word was  
**SNALLYGASTER**  
The correct  
definition is:



A mythical part-bird, part-reptile from rural Maryland that is reputed to prey on poultry and small children

## *Local Personalities*

# FORD, FIRESTONE, EDISON AND BURROUGHS

Jim Treacy looked out of the window of his Ford automobile agency in Oakland and watched four men get out of a Packard touring car. They headed toward his front door, with a tall man in the lead. Three of them were clean shaven; the fourth had a long white beard. "How do you do, Mr. Treacy," said the tall man, extending his hand as he walked through the door. "My name is Henry Ford."

Jim reluctantly shook hands with the stranger, then looked at the man with the white beard. "And...I suppose your name is Santa Claus," he replied, expecting to be made the butt of a joke by the four men. "Mr. Treacy," said another member of the group, "This really is Henry Ford. I'm Harvey Firestone, this is Tom Edison, and the man you just called Santa Claus is John Burroughs, the famous naturalist. We're camping in Swallow Falls State Forest." This was the low-keyed entrance of the four famous men into Garrett County in 1918.

Prior to their arrival, workmen from the Kendall Lumber Company had set up the camp overlooking the falls of Muddy Creek. They built tent platforms, several large tables, and an ice box insulated with sawdust. Although the four men enjoyed the outdoors, they were "gentlemen campers," bringing with them a staff that included a cook and camp "rouse-about" (Location of the old campsite in Swallow Falls State Park is now marked by a large historical sign).

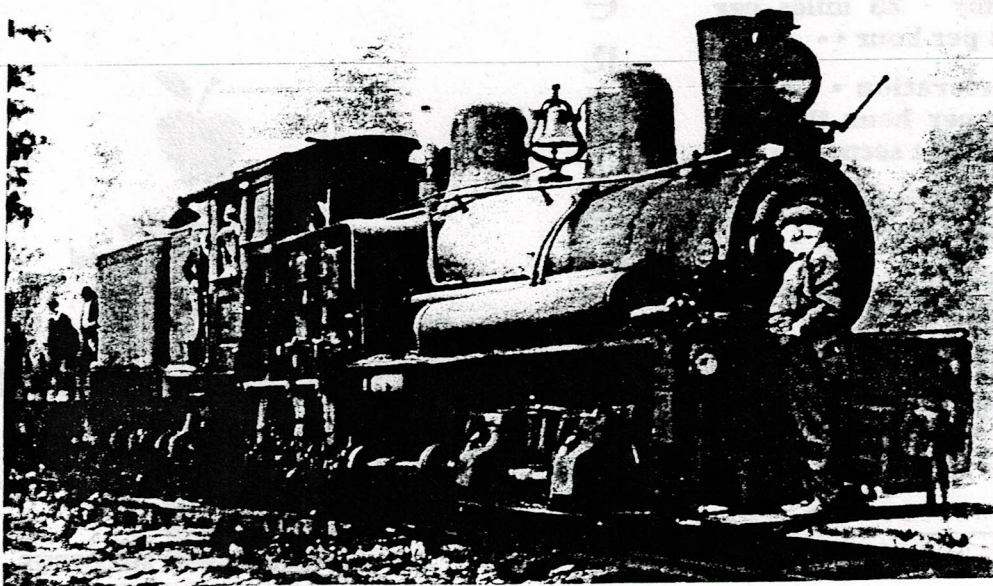
One of their Swallow Falls acquaintances was the late A. Lincoln "Link" Sines. He reported the following

about the informal manner of the campers. "Tom Edison said to me the first day, 'Link, there aren't any "Misters" in this camp. I'm Tom, this is Henry, that is Harvey, and the man with the beard is John.' "Link" also learned the various interests of the four men, "Ford loved anything mechanical. He was constantly looking for items to add to his collection in Detroit. Firestone liked to fish. Edison was either reading a book or tinkering with his Packard. Burroughs knew more about trees and plants than anyone I ever met."

All of their time was not spent at the Swallow Falls camp; the group usually planned for some kind of trip each day. One of their first trips was to Crellin and the Kendall Lumber Company sawmill. However, Ford and Firestone had another project in mind; within half an hour after their arrival in Crellin, the two men were riding one of the lumber company's Shay engines. Ford was fascinated by the Shay and what it could do. However, he said that the locomotive looked "out of proportion" because of the boiler being offset to one side to accommodate the vertical pistons.

The last trip the men took while in Garrett County in 1918 was to Cranesville Swamp where Burroughs wanted to examine the plants. Apparently Garrett County and its natural scenic beauty captivated the hearts of the four travelers.

Did the four men enjoy Garrett County in 1918? They must have, because Ford, Firestone, Edison and Burroughs came back to Swallow Falls on another camping trip in 1921.



Left to right:  
Edison, Ford,  
Firestone and  
Burroughs  
on the Kendall  
Lumber Company  
Shay engine.

Story by  
Rev. John A. Grant  
Photo courtesy  
Rev. John A. Grant

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