

TREACY NEWSLETTER

May, 2003

No. 6

William O. & Judy Treacy, Eds.

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Family Reunion Plans Coalescing Nicely

Hotel / Dinner

Plans are being finalized for the fourth Treacy Reunion to be held on the first weekend in August, 2003. Ten rooms have been blocked out for us at the Casselman Motor Inn on Main Street in Grantsville, MD, phone: (301) 895-5055, for the nights of August 1st and 2nd. They will be released if not filled up by actual credit card or cash confirmations by July 27, 2003. The ones blocked out are all two double bed units at \$38.00 per night, however, if you reserve in a timely fashion, units as low as \$25.00 per night are available as well. Four rooms in the historic early 19th century hotel proper are available from \$48.00 to \$75.00 per night. If reservations are made for Saturday night only, \$10.00 is added to the above mentioned charges. Rates are subject to change, but are likely to remain as above.

Main Street through Grantsville is the old National Road from Cumberland, MD, to Wheeling, then Virginia, now West Virginia. Originally a buffalo trail, later Nemocolin's Path, an Indian trail, built as a road by (English) General Braddock en route to his defeat by the French and Indians at Ft. Duquesne. It finally became U.S. 40 and remains so today.

Grantsville, by the way, has at least two antique shops in

easy walking distance from the Casselman, which was opened as a drovers' inn in 1824. Additionally, in easy walking distance is the Stone



Casselman Hotel and Restaurant. Adjacent Motor Inn not shown.

Bridge spanning the Casselman River, the widest stone bridge span in America of its day (1813). A short walk from the bridge is the Stanton grist mill erected in 1795. Just a quick drive east from Grantsville stands the Stone House, a three story inn erected in 1816 with mostly slave labor. This site is adjacent Little Meadows, site of General Braddock's encampment on the unfortunate trip to Ft. Duquesne. In this same vicinity stands Penn Alps. This is a grouping of (free) exhibits by woodcarving, spinning and crafts experts. There is also some fine Amish dining and a large mountain craft shop.

The Picnic

The Saturday, August 2 picnic is slated for Broadford Lake Park, a 140 acre site near the town of Mountain

Lake Park. It has canoes and other water craft for rent, plus facilities for basketball, tennis, horseshoes, swimming, badminton, etc., and an assortment of slides, swings and the like. Pavilion "D" nearby the water has been reserved for our reunion picnic.

Although the reunion officially ends after the picnic, Oakland offers Sunday services of all the major Christian denominations. Of particular interest to reunion goers is St. Peter's Catholic church where "Mom" Treacy served as organist for many years and where all seven of her children were baptized and confirmed; St. Matthews Episcopal Church where at least three U.S. Presidents attended services and which contains a pew dedicated to the memory of Owen T. and Mary Treacy; and St. Paul's Methodist church which was used for a time as a hospital for sick and wounded Union soldiers during the Civil War. Worth visiting also are the Garrett County Museum which houses number of Treacy and Rasche donated items, and the 1884 B&O railway station, now also a quasi-museum.

Poetess Laurie Bentley Reads with Ray Bradbury

Laura Treacy Bentley accepted an invitation to Venice, CA where, as Ray Bradbury's guest, she read selections of her poetry as did Bradbury and two other

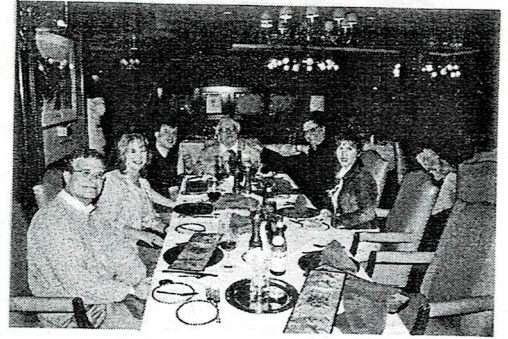
Over please

of his guests at Beyond Baroque Literary Arts Center on March 16th of this year. The group's readings were billed as *Reading the Invisible - A Sunday Afternoon with Ray Bradbury and Friends*.

Bradbury, the novelist, short story writer, essayist, playwright, screenwriter, and poet, has had published some 72 books in various fields, is the recipient of numerous national literary awards and is internationally recognized. He holds a EMMY © and has been nominated for an Academy Award. He has adapted 65 of his stories for television's *Ray Bradbury Theatre*.

The internet site publicizing the event spells out Laurie's accomplishments: "**Laura Treacy Bentley** is a poet from West Virginia. Her work has appeared in *Poetry Ireland Review*, *The Stinging Fly* (Ireland), *Antietam Review*, *Art Times*, *Wind*, *Nightsun*, *Ellipsis*, *Controlled Burn*, *Now & Then*, *Small Pond*, *Space and Time*, and *Eureka Literary Magazine*, among others, and in numerous anthologies. She won a *Fellowship Award for Literature* from the West Virginia Commission on the Arts in 1994. In 1998 she collaborated with a classical guitarist and a photographer to create *Passage*: a reader's theatre production which she wrote and performed at the Cultural Center. She completed a four-week writing residency in County Clare, Ireland and read in Dublin at the Irish Writers' Centre in June of 2000. Her first collection of poetry, *In The Untangling*, will be published in Ireland by Salmon Publishing in 2003".

Laurie's husband, Ralph, stayed in Huntington with their son Joel, but brother Dennis was able to join his sister in California for the event. Bradbury took Laurie, Denny and two others out to dinner following the event and they engaged in a three hour conversation. Bradbury is particularly fond of Laurie's poem *Dissonance*, printed below.



L to R: Dennis Treacy, Laura Bentley Treacy, Greg Miller, Ray Bradbury, Larry Jaffe and his girlfriend.

Dissonance

Woody Guthrie is singing in Temple Bar.
Dylan Thomas passes me on the Ha' Penny Bridge.
On Grafton, a classical guitarist
plays in front of a shoe store,
and I am dancing at Lughnasa in Dublin
under gun-metal skies.

The travellers with paper cups beg for pence,
and my dead father hurries by without a nod on O'Connell.
An artist paints a sidewalk masterpiece,
and Madonna sings "This Used to be My Playground"
from the corner pub.

Molly cries out on Moore street
Tobacco! Bananas! Pears...six for a pound!
and I walk the streets of Dublin
past the dying children of King Lir and the ascending swans,
past a boy of seven and his chalk drawings
of pink hearts and green houses.

He looks up at me and smiles,
until a hard rain blurs his colored sidewalk
to gray sandpaper.
I give him a pound,
and a cock crows from St. Stephen's Green
and Mary sings of "a woman's heart."
And mine, black as a tinker's,
is baptized by 900 prayer candles
while Paula reads her witching poetry
knowing "this path by magic not by sight."

I rest on the edge of this Irish Sea
with Christ to the north and south,
to my left and right.
The shadow of my hand crosses this page,
stitching and unstitching
the wild swans that marked my way here
to the fuschia that bleeds on Inish Mor
where fishermen sail an ashen sea.
I listen on marbled currents
for the matin bells to seed this feathered sky
with a vision
where winter becomes summer,
where Lir's lovely daughter cradles her brothers
in the fan of her wings
until the stain of death will wash away under night-stars
in the silent Dublin rain.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

I am glad that you are out of retirement. You are too young to retire. Please do not let my subscription expire. I look forward to the August reunion.
Kitty Gonder
Oakland, MD

One of my favorite publications is the Treacy Newsletter. I save them, you know...to re-read as time goes by. Please pass the Editorial Baton to another Treacy clansman - to assure future editions.
Peggy Pratt
Twin Falls, ID

Thanks for all your work! It is appreciated.
Liz Treacy Schlacter
Prattville, AL

Thanks for organizing yet another clan rally...
John Treacy
York, PA

SEND IN YOUR REUNION IDEAS

Karen Weimer has again agreed to head up reunion entertainment. Please send your suggestions to her at snail mail:
1503 Hickory Ave., Tallahassee, FL 32303
Telephone: (850) 222-7620 or
Email: User09@mcfarlain.com

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

(editors' note: This column is more easily read if you refer to the family tree included in this issue....)

ALABAMA

From Prattville (near Maxwell A.F.B.) **Liz Treacy Schlacter**, daughter of Leo and Pat Treacy writes: "Here is our newsworthy news. As of last newsletter in 1999 we have moved from Vicenza, Italy to Prattville, AL. While in Vincenza, **Andy**, a USAF Major, worked at Dal Molin - a NATO base. We enjoyed several vacations including trips to Germany and cities throughout Italy. **Mom** and **Matt** visited and toured with us also on two separated occasions. The highlight of our assignment was attending Easter Mass with Pope John Paul II at St. Peter's Basilica in the Jubilee year!

In June of 2000 we returned to America. We visited with **Uncle Casey** in Baltimore and with my parents and with siblings **Kevin**, **Amy** and **Matt** in Denver and Montrose before arriving at Maxwell AFB, Alabama. We have enjoyed 3 trips down to the theme parks in Orlando - once with Mom in attendance - she was a real trooper! While in the Orlando area we visited Mom's two sisters - **Eloise** and **Lorraine** and her family. We also took a week long Disney cruise that we

enjoyed so much we booked another one for this April! **Alex** is 9 now and is doing very well in 3rd grade. He earned his black belt after testing in April following 2 ½ years of training. We're very proud of him! **Bethany** is 7 and is also doing very well in 2nd grade. She is enjoying playing softball. **Liz** volunteer in their classrooms and enjoys going on their fieldtrips throughout Alabama. **Andy** is now a Lt. Colonel-select. Which basically means he's still a major!! Hopefully he will pin on his Lt. Col. silver leaves around Christmas."



Bethany Schlacter was an international cover girl on the NATO base magazine in Italy.

ARIZONA

From Scottsdale, **Kevin Treacy** reports: "I am living the bachelor life here in Scottsdale, (with the celebrities and the rich Republicans, as my father Leo likes to tease me). For 6 years now, I've worked as a

sales rep in the direct mail marketing business, flooding your mailboxes every week with advertising flyers under the name ADVO ShopWise, including postcards featuring photos of missing children uncaptioned 'Have You Seen Me?' Vital statistics include: age 44, 1 ex-wife, 0 children, 2 knee surgeries. Does that sound like a line-score from a baseball game?"

ALASKA

From Anchorage, **Steve Treacy** reports that last fall he lead his 16th aerial survey of migrating bow head whales (Steve is a federal government cetalogist). Wife **Ann** added a Victorian tearoom to the candy/card shop she manages. **Ann** and her mom toured Charleston, South Carolina last August, and both she and **Steve** traveled to New Orleans this year for a scientific meet. **Steve** also visited his **Uncle Casey's** brood in Shepherdstown, West Virginia last year.

Steve continues to make his mark in the arts, acting in a local movie called *Crossing the Rubicon*, (check out www.sundogfilms.net/ctr-presskit.html for more info), writing a short play called *The Patent Application* which was accepted to be read at the Edward Albee Short Play Lab in June.

COLOMBIA

Those **Treacy-O'Connors**, despite previous and regular assertions that they would probably never leave Guatemala (after ten years

+!) finally did so. They arrived in Bogota, Colombia in mid-August, where Brian assumed the management of a project to assist Colombia in the reform of its justice system. In no time, **Patricia** began where she left off in Guatemala, becoming a school board member and doing some consulting with the United Nations to promote peace and conciliation, but this time in a country still at war with itself. **Nathan** and **Caitlin** are happily ensconced in the Great Britain School, and thriving in an environment that celebrates Guy Fawkes Day (with huge bonfire and fireworks at school), and which insists on words with unnecessary or contorted spellings (ex. "centre, labour, etc." you get the idea). Bogota is a fabulous city of some 7 or 8 million inhabitants perched 8000 feet or more in the Andes Mountains. Colombia, like so many other countries, has a few problems to work out (some of which even get reported in the international media at times), but hey! That's pretty much why they relocated to Colombia in the first place, verdad?

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Jane, of Eagleburger and Treacy, Architects advises that "we have been busy - business still booming, keeping us hopping. We are looking forward to the 2003 reunion and hope that all of your (editors) family will be there! We were in Italy for our vacation and got our international juices flowing. We were scheming with



Some of the attendees at Maurice Treacy's 80th birthday party held at Suzanne Woodside's in D.C. Standing in kilt, Bill Treacy. Back row L to R: Cara & Erin Folk, Suzanne, Jane Treacy-Eagleburger, James Treacy, Mike Cillek & Phil Eagleburger. Kneeling: Jennifer Folk & Lisa Lamberth. Seated L to R: Reba Dixon, Mary T. & Karen Weimer. Some Kinsmen have suggested a distinct family resemblance.

Susie Wooddell and husband to visit Brian and Patricia Treacy in Guatemala only to learn that they and their Cait and Nate are now in Columbia". Email@ treacyeagleburger.com

Suzanne Treacy Woodside reports: "I look forward to seeing everyone in August. I'm still hard at retail at Neiman Marcus." Email stwoodside@msn.com

Danny Schultz, husband of **Mary Marr (Treacy)** Schultz has retired from the Caterpillar company and now volunteers his expertise in Pandas at the Washington Zoo. (We'd like some detail on that tidbit!)

FLORIDA

From Miami we learn that **Tracy Friedlander**,

daughter of **Anita Weimer** and **Bob Friedlander** is now ensconced in Florida State University in Tallahassee and is running track there.

The **Libby family** in Niceville, FL has had its share of ups and downs since the last newsletter publication just prior to the editor's "retirement" in 1999. **Lloyd and Andrea (Bronwen)** were divorced this year after 17 years of marriage. **Kyle (17)** and **Ellison (7)** now reside with me, (ABL, editor Bill's daughter), and have weathered the split as well as can be expected under these kinds if circumstances.

Kyle spent a portion of the last summer working at his uncle's dental clinic in Maine, and has now determined that he would

like to be a dentist someday. This year he is a junior in the rigorous International Baccalaureate program at Niceville High School, where he has a weighted GPA of 4.28. He is a member of the National Honor Society, Who's Who Among American High School Students, and he is on the acolyte team at the church. He still spends a major portion of his day "geeking" on the computer, but find time for running and fitness, and plans to go out for the Track Team this coming spring. Like some of his uncles, he is developing into a health nut/ Mr. Granola of sorts.

Ellison is in the first grade at Bluewater Elementary School. As anyone who knows her will attest, she is an energetic, spirited child whom we have enrolled in programs like gymnastics in an effort to channel some of her energy. She has done well in gymnastics for her age, and performs back walkovers, splits and other gymnastic feats readily for anyone willing to be an audience. She loves music and art and animals, and is the proud owner of two fish (Goldy-silver-gold and Moonshine), a baby spotted mouse (Feisty) and our mini-dachshund (Biscuit).

I am still sorting out my life and typing up all sorts of loose ends following the breakup of a 17 year union, but carry with me a sense of optimism for the future. The kids and I, along with Mom, escaped April 2002, to **Brian**

and **Pat's** place in Guatemala for a couple of weeks. On the third day, **Brian** arranged for **Kyle** and me to fly to Tikal for a full day hike through the trails of this rainforest and the ruins of this ancient Maya city. It was without a doubt the highlight of our year. **Kyle** and I felt like Indiana Jones!

I would like to personally thank **Jane Treacy Eagleburger** and **Anita Weimer Freidlander**, two cousins who generously and expeditiously offered me expert advice regarding business and tax issues that I was facing this past year. Both **Jane** and **Anita** unselfishly gave their time and expertise to a cousin in a quandary.

And to my father, **Bill**, whose pro bono legal advice probably added up to hundreds of times the five dollars that I am about to send to him along with this little news caption. Love to all, **Andrea**
Email: ablibby@yahoo.com

From Lake Mary, **Lisa Lamberth** reports: "Life is crazy here: 2 teenagers, **Meg** and **Nick**, into Lacrosse, electric guitar, 2 youth groups, 6 school clubs; braces, college shopping, part-time jobs - it wears me out. **Terry** and I move at a slower pace at least when we're not chauffeuring".

Treacy Newsletter Co-editor **Judy** is about to become a grandmother again. Seems son **Tucker Handley** has proposed marriage to his

high school sweetheart, **Melanie Bouke** and her three lovely daughters, **Shelby**, **Mallory** and **Riley**. No wedding date has been set yet, but "Nana J" (aka **Judy**) can't wait! This will make her total for grandchildren a handful at five - almost a match for the seven of Grandpapa **Bill's**. A nice, round dozen grandchildren is a lovely number so far. Congratulations all round!

GEORGIA

Paul Weimer, son of "Mamie" **Treacy Weimer** is engaged to be married in June to **Barbara Franck** of Washington, D.C. They met on a Florida State University program to Florence, Italy. **Paul** and his son **Peter**, by his first marriage, live in Decatur. **Paul** plans to relocate to D.C. Email: pweimer@emory.edu

IDAHO

Peg Pratt, aunt to **Bill Treacy's** progeny, reports that her husband **Tom** spent most of November and part of December with her in Twin Falls from whence they visited children **Joe** and **Betsy** (they're fine) and saw grandson **Andy** and **Shambray's** new digs. They're busy youngsters - both attend ISU and work full time. She's a psychology major, **Andrew** political science and history.

In Boise, **David Opalenik**, husband of **Jennifer (Treacy) Opalenik**, serves as a computer guru at a local hospital.

MARYLAND

Since Treacy Newsletter #5, **James Treacy**, (a horse), won a race at Baltimore's famed Pimlico track. **James Treacy** was owned by a **Mrs. Baskin** who hailed from the border between Northern Ireland and the Republic. Mrs. Baskin's daughter, **Maureen Baskin**, said that her mother named her horses after family and friends back on the "auld sod".

NEVADA

David Galway Treacy, son of **Steve and Ann Treacy** (see Alaska) is presently in Las Vegas and working for a time-share company.

PENNSYLVANIA

Jackie Treacy Owens submits:
Everyone here in York is doing well and keeping very busy. I am working full time at the Brethren Home Community as the Housekeeping Supervisor. I've been there almost seven years. I like the people and the work there. I had some more work done on the house; enlarged the back porch and closed it in to make an extra room. Now the grandkids have a place to sleep when they stay over. Our church finished a program for Christmas we call "the Living Christmas Tree". We have about eighty people in the choir and we all get up in the tree to sing. We performed six nights to a packed house. We can seat about eight hundred at a time. We are adding on to the building and it should be finished this July. Then we

will be able to seat about twenty five hundred. It is very exciting to watch it grow. Now we are working on "The Easter Story", a musical drama. This will be our twelfth annual performance. The church is thirteen years old this year. My oldest granddaughter, **Erin** has been involved in it every year since she was two.

John and Jeanette are keeping busy also. John's job - "Carl Day Painting and Sandblasting" has been doing very well, however he has to travel a lot. **Jeanette** has a new position as assistant aquatic Director at the YMCA. This is perfect for her since all three of her girls are in competitive swimming. She takes them to all the meets and practices and gets paid to do it. She even gets mileage. **Erin** is in 7th grade this year, **Zowie** is in 2nd and **Logan** is in preschool. Besides swimming, **Erin** is involved in basketball, cheerleading and band. She plays the drums. She is also active in the church youth group. They have an interpretive dance company they call the "Fire of Grace". They go all around York County ministering anywhere they can get a booking. That is something **Erin** loves more than anything - to dance. **Zowie** is in cheerleading and she is in the children's choir at church called "Shine". **Logan** is in gymnastics. So they are hard to keep up with. I try to help with the taxi service whenever I can.

Chris is engaged to a young lady named **Theresa Linden**. They have a little bundle of joy called **Isobel**

Christine. She was born Sept. 8, 2002. We are all excited about the new little one and trying to babysit every chance we get. **Chris** is remodeling his house. He really did a good job on the baby's room. He wants to start on the kitchen next. He is doing most of the work himself. **Theresa** is working part time in the evenings, so he is learning fast how to take care of a baby - and doing very well. Soon he will be taking his engineering license test. He needed to work as an apprentice to a licensed civil engineer for five years and it is about six years now. So he is due.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Janice Nashatker writes from Aiken that her and her husband's presence at the upcoming reunion is "iffy". School starts there in early August and Janice is a teacher. Daughter **Karen Nashatker** will be graduated from University of South Carolina this spring and has already accepted a banking position in North Carolina. Email snashatker@msn.com

VIRGINIA

Robert and Karen Treacy along with kids, **Jenn** and **Mandy** are back East in Charlottesville. **Bob**, a U of NM grad, passed all the required tests and is now a fully licensed Engineer. The whole family took a winter service trip to Jamaica where they visited a school for the deaf which their church group sponsors. Email rtreacy@nrao.edu

Dennis Treacy, who never sends any news, resigned his position as head of Virginia's Department of

Environmental Quality. (He kinda had to being as how he had been appointed by the last Republican Virginia Governor who has now been replaced by the newly elected Democratic Governor.) His brother, **Steve**, reports that Denny is now a "big time environmental lawyer for Smithfield Ham."

WASHINGTON

Michael Starbuck Treacy, son of **Stephen and Ann Treacy** (see Alaska, again), is no longer with Hourglass Lake (CD: Calliope) and is now with Spadt Miller, a musical group, presently scheduled first to open at Seattle's Crocodile Café.

WEST VIRGINIA

From Martinsburg came the news that **Cynthia Treacy's** eldest, **Jenifer Caroline Barrett** and husband **Michael David Barrett** are, as of July 2002, the proud parents of daughter, **Amy Elizabeth**. Cynthia, by the way, is the head nurse at the Martinsburg VA Hospital.

James B. Treacy and his mom, **Laura Ellen Treacy**, both of Huntington, recently (but before the Iraqi war) took a week's bus tour of France. In Paris **Laura** was particularly awed at the size and grandeur of the Eiffel Tower and both were touched by their visit to Normandy Beach with its attendant

grave site where thousands of American soldiers lay. They also remembered places father and husband **Jim** had described from his Army



Jimmy and his mom, Laura in France.

service there in 1944 and visited two of them: The town of St. Lo where he was barracked and a bridge in greater Paris where he served as an M.P. While **Jim** never participated in combat, he was within earshot of heavy weapons in the vicinity as the allies pushed the Germans out of France.

Laura Treacy Bentley and husband **Ralph** recently purchased a building lot near McHenry, Garrett County, MD, overlooking Deep Creek Lake. They have high hopes that one day they can build on it.

As can be seen in **Steve Treacy's** updated family tree, since the last newsletter, **Sean Wake Canterbury** (born 2002) and **Alec Ryan**

Bentley (born 2002) both of Huntington, have been added to the family tree.

WISCONSIN

Mark Treacy family repatriates, again, and writes:

You will be forgiven for perhaps not recalling that the **Mark Treacy** family (**Mark, Carole, and sons Gaelan, Gabriel, and Sean**) had "settled" in Maine in 1998 after a nine year stint civilizing northern Pakistan - only to leave and take up community forestry work in Nepal in late 1999. A would-be happy return to Nepal, however, met some serious bumps: kids revolting against boring Kathmandu after merely whetting their appetite for the benefits of American civilization, and a popular Nepali insurgency that made work in the mountains slow and dangerous. In sum, after a brief three years we once again kissed native soil in late summer of 2002. After the joyful tears dried we wasted no time to take up our life in the farmette we had bought in southwest Wisconsin on the banks of the Kickapoo river. We are very much still finding our bearings. The master plan has it to enculturate the kids, live simply, and develop a normal existence. This, we reckon, will take some time. Son **Gaelan's** (now 14) idea of normality is snowboarding ("24-7"), as is **Gabriel's** (13) - in between palling around with new-found friends. Both **Gabriel** and **Sean** (8)

are coming along nicely on the violin, while Gaelan bumps along on the flute. All attend the Pleasant Ridge Waldorf School in nearby Viroqua. Wife **Carole Hanlein** will take up a three year study of remedial learning technique for children, starting the coming fall, generously funded by **Mark's** past Swiss employer. **Mark** himself aspires to figuring out just what he aspires to, while coming to grips with an overgrown field and a house in need of some repair. All can be reached at: treeline@mwt.net.

FAMILY TREES

Steve Treacy of Anchorage has once more updated the Treacy/Rasche family tree

covering seven generations on each side of the family. A copy forms a part of this issue. Steve, in addition to being a professional actor, is the Historian for the Clan. His charts have graced several previous issues of the *Newsletter*, and as descendants, we owe him a great deal. Thanks, Steve.

Several years ago Steve procured from Germany the Rasche lineage from Henry A. Rasche back into the 1690s. A small excerpt from that document forms a part of the above referenced Treacy/Rasche chart. The earlier portion of these records is written in Old German, the later in modern German. Steve will bring several copies with him to the August reunion for those

of Henry's descendants who are interested. Anyone not able to attend the reunion can send a request to Steve at: 3020 Redwood St., Anchorage, Alaska 99508. Please note that Steve had a nominal financial outlay to the German records searcher, and your *Treacy Newsletter* editors suggest that you leave or mail a fiver for your copies in order to help Steve recoup at least part of his expense. (PLEASE NOTE: This was NOT Steve's idea, but the editors feel that it is appropriate to make the suggestion.)

If any of the clan has studied Old German or knows of anyone with this language skill, Steve would like to obtain a precise translation.

WINCHESTER SALAD

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Winchester, Va., lies on U.S. Route 50 about 90 miles east of Oakland. It was the principle route to Washington from Garrett County in the 1930s. In that period a friend of hers drove Mom Treacy to Winchester on a day trip to attend some public event held there. While there the two ladies enjoyed a salad comprised of cabbage, green pepper and carrots, all ground and mixed together with a dressing, and Mom Treacy was impressed. Back home in Oakland she re-created it for her own family. They all, particularly the children, loved it. Ever-after, the girls, Mary Catherine and Estelle, often with the help of the younger boys, ground up the ingredients in the hand cranked meat/vegetable grinder (clamped to the kitchen worktable with a pan on the floor beneath to catch

stray juices) and we knew it as "Winchester Salad." Mary Catherine Weimer, "Mamie," offers the following recipe:

Coarsely grind up: Lots of fresh cabbage and enough green peppers and carrots for color and flavor. Mix all together with a commercial Cole Slaw dressing. (Mamie says that Mom Treacy's homemade dressing was a little bitter.) Serve in a mound on a leaf of lettuce.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES

Buckwheat pancakes formed the chief food staple in the 20th century Oakland Treacy household as well as that of the 19th century Treacy farm household near the Fingerboard Road. Although "Mom" Treacy did not share in the custom, many Oakland families prided themselves in never letting their buckwheat batter run out. They would always leave some in the

crook or pitcher to serve as a "starter" or yeast culture to which new ingredients were added on a daily or near-daily basis. Some families had kept the same mix for decades. Mrs. B.I. (Kitty) Gonder, told your editors that her mother, "Gram" Wooddell, added the new ingredients the evening before the next day's breakfast. "Mamie" Treacy Weimer remembers that "Mom" Treacy did so early enough in the morning to allow the new mix to "rise". Both ladies used a combination of buckwheat and all purpose flour.

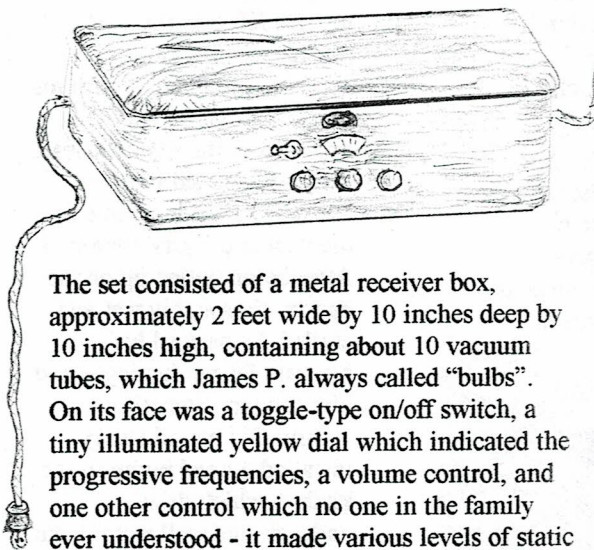
James P. Treacy told of his having buckwheat cakes for breakfast every winter morning at the Treacy farm in the 1880s and then carrying several more, laced with syrup and in a wire handled lard can, to school on the Fingerboard Road for his lunch.

The Atwater Kent

9

Maurice F. "Casey" Treacy remembers that when he was a child, his dad, James P. dropped him off at family friends, the Weber's residence nearby to that family's large greenhouse. There he saw and heard his first radio. It was about five feet long and had some ten dials to regulate reception and sound. Casey, overwhelmed, had hopes that his dad would buy one for his family, but James P. was against this frivolous expenditure. Dennis Rasche, Mom (Estelle) Treacy's brother, thought it a shame that Casey and his older and younger siblings were deprived of this technology. He bought and presented as a gift, the first radio, a late 1920s model Atwater Kent, then perhaps, the most popular brand in the U.S.

"Mamie", Mary Treacy Weimer, remembers going to the door when a deliveryman brought the two heavy radio units. She was perhaps then six or seven and (believing that her dad would never have purchased such an extravagance) suggested to the deliveryman that delivery was likely meant for the Treacys who lived across Second Street, i.e. the Owen Treacys.

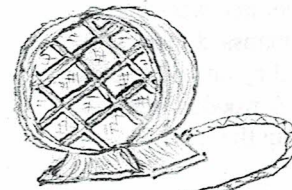


The set consisted of a metal receiver box, approximately 2 feet wide by 10 inches deep by 10 inches high, containing about 10 vacuum tubes, which James P. always called "bulbs". On its face was a toggle-type on/off switch, a tiny illuminated yellow dial which indicated the progressive frequencies, a volume control, and one other control which no one in the family ever understood - it made various levels of static when turned. Automatic Volume Control (AVC) had not yet been invented and so someone had to listen to the fading-in and fading-out of the signal and to simultaneously manually adjust the volume control knob in order to hear an even presentation.

The speaker was separate from the receiver box. It was a metal, drum-like unit on a flat metal base connected by wire to the box. Its front was covered with ornate cloth cross-hatched with a metal lattice work.

James P. came around to the radio quickly and became an avid fan of *Amos and Andy*, and of *Eddie Cantor*, and later, when news reporting became the vogue, of *Lowell Thomas* and *Walter Winchell*. He bought a three tube radio for Treacy's Garage where he would listen to the noon stock report from Chicago and spend evenings with his checker-playing cronies.

Just as did other families who owned radios, we kept a "Radio Log". This was a stiff cardboard which listed the call signs of all the stations you had received on your set; the more far distant or remote cities you had received (usually on a



crisp, clear night) the more bragging rights you claimed over your neighbors. Everybody in Oakland could get WWVA Wheeling W. Va., KDKA Pittsburgh, Pa., WTBO Cumberland, Md., (Oakland teens said this stood for "Why Tubes Blow Out), and WMMN Fairmont, W. Va., "5000 Watts of Friendship", but everybody couldn't get WBAL in Baltimore, Md.

Editor Bill Treacy remembers that his mom and dad would refer to the Atwater Kent as a "wireless" and Bill could not comprehend this as he could clearly see the wire which led from the electrical outlet to the set. Inquiring of his parents, he felt that he never got a satisfactory answer.

He remembered the fall of 1932 when his mom and brother Leo and perhaps more gathered around the Atwater Kent to listen to Notre Dame football games. His eldest brother, Jim, had entered N.D. in the fall of that year and as an accomplished musician had been accepted in the college band as a bass hornist. None of us knew what a first down was - had no clue as to the difference between a quarterback and a lineman, but every time the N.D. band broke into song, our mom would heed us to listen to the bass horn sections where she swore she could hear Jim. We never missed a Joe Louis boxing match on the radio in

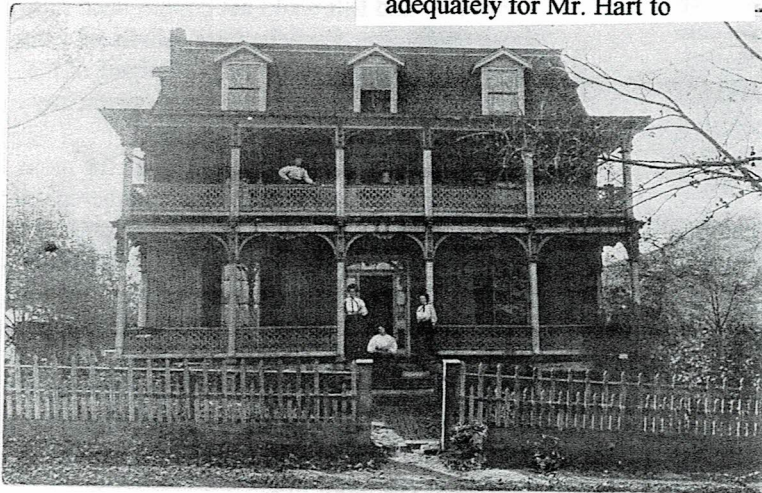
those days. Even Mom Treacy listened, caught up in Leo's and Bill's enthusiastic support of the "Brown Bomber". Bill remembers that the old Atwater Kent still drew in distant stations. In 1946 or 1947 Bill had some University of Maryland football fans over to listen to a game broadcast from the Maryland campus which they could not get on their more modern sets.

Giving in to advanced technology, the family acquired a new radio and gave the Atwater Kent to Lulu DeWitt in the late 1940s. Lulu was the family "hired girl" who had never owned a radio.

The Rasche Water Street Home

The Rasche Water Street home in the 1870s and '80s was a three story "board and batten" structure with "in-and-out" windows on the first floor and was capped with a mansard roof. It was enclosed by an ornate picket fence. A wooden sidewalk ran along the front.

Henry (Heinrich August) Rasche's first wife, Ellen (Cullen) died in Oakland, MD in 1875, leaving eight children. He married Katherine Rowan in 1879 and she, at age 26, became mistress of the Water Street home and of at least six step-children. Added to the household from 1880 to 1893, were six children of her marriage to Henry.



Rasche Home Circa 1890s

Henry owned and operated the grist mill located on the same property, which he

converted from water power (the Little Youghiogeny River) to more reliable steam power. He also served the community as Justice of the Peace. With these sources of income he supported his family in fairly elegant fashion. He provided his wife, Kate, with household help who had to be often replaced due to the mischief and antics of his teen-aged boys of the first marriage.¹ Bridget Treacy, who was newly arrived from Ireland with her father, James J. Treacy, served the Rasche household in this period. Bridget had limited English and when Kate sent her to Hart's general store to buy a bar or two of castile soap, Bridget couldn't pronounce it adequately for Mr. Hart to

recognize it and had to walk back to get more instructions from Kate - no telephones back then.

The town had neither a water, natural gas nor an electrical system, and central heating had not yet been invented. Water was provided early on by a deep well with windlass, rope and bucket in the yard. It was still operative around 1883/4 when Harry Rasche was a tot. He fell into the well and precipitated a frantic neighborhood search with his family fearing he had drowned in the river. Instead, the search ended when a searcher called his name into the well and Harry answered. After being pulled up on the bucket, thoroughly wet and chilled, he berated his rescuers for not having found him sooner. Sometime around this period Henry installed a hand pump in the kitchen which drew underground well water from outside.

At one time the kitchen stove served as an incubator when a Rasche household maid gave birth, prematurely, to a baby weighing little more than a pound. Kate fashioned a hand basket with soft blankets and placed it on the open oven door, careful to provide steady, even warmth. She fed the child with an eyedropper and kept it alive for a week or so

¹ These boys were said to have climbed at night, sometime hand-over-hand, to peek in the windows of the female household members.

before it finally succumbed.

Of course, with no central water, wash bowls and water pitchers along with chamber pots, often jokingly called "thunder mugs" even in those days, were provided in each bedroom. The latter were taken out daily to be emptied in the outdoor privy usually called the "outhouse". Mom Treacy described the Rasche outhouse as being fairly elegant. It was sealed securely from the weather, had comfortable seats, was painted on the outside and wallpapered on the inside.

Light was provided by kerosene (usually then called "coal oil") lamps. These were not just the table-top ones used today during electricity outages, but included lamp stands and chandeliers which could provide light from above a reader's chair. Mom Treacy as a young teen in the 1890s had the duty of daily cleaning the glass lamp chimneys of the previous night's carbon buildup and of trimming their webbed cotton wicks. She hate the chore.

In the summer of 1886, the Rasches, hosted a gathering of the county's political figures at the Water Street home. Henry, a staunch Democrat, deferred to Kate's judgment and provided generously to cover her entertainment costs. Stopping by were President Grover Cleveland and his new bride, Frances (Folsum) who were then staying at their "cottage" (which was in actuality a sumptuous summer house) on the Deer

Park Hotel grounds. Family lore says they were on their honeymoon. The Oakland band provided music for the occasion and Kate had hung bedspreads at each end of the front porch to form an open ended enclosure and had placed multiple kerosene lamps in it for the musicians. Henry, unfortunately, was dispatched by Kate to the nursery when two year old Estelle (Mom Treacy) was squalling and so he missed most, perhaps all, of the President's and first lady's visit.

The idea of window screens was not yet in vogue. Kate, when serving food to the dining room table, used a mesh canopy to cover the several dishes as they were brought from the kitchen, removing it when everyone was seated.

Central heat was then yet to be invented. Each downstairs room, other than the kitchen had its own coal-fired stove. The kitchen stove, also coal fired, served the triple purpose of providing for cooking and baking, heat and hot water. Henry kept two coal bins in the basement, one for inexpensive, local soft (bituminous) coal and one for expensive hard (anthracite, from Pennsylvania) coal. Probably the hard coal was for the kitchen to provide for quick heating response. In any case, Mom Treacy recalled when she and her older brother, Leo, were sent to the basement for coal. They got into a contest throwing lumps of (likely) soft coal against the wall, smashing them. Leo, four years older than Mom, got licks from their dad, but she

did not. There were no stoves in the several bedrooms. Rather there were grates in the ceilings above the stoves on the first floor which allowed the heat to rise to the bedrooms.

Mom Treacy remembered having no carriage house, horse or barn. Rather, the Rasches relied on Oakland's livery stables when local transport other than by foot was required, and of course by train for distances.

Mom Treacy described Christmas at the Water Street home: Henry, a German, and Kate, an Irish Canadian, were not imbued with the idea of hanging stockings on the mantle at Christmas. That custom came to America via a mid-1800's poem. Rather, Kate decorated the dining room table with pine boughs and other trim and set a plate for each child heaped with fruit, nuts and confections. They always had a Christmas tree and adorned it with homemade paper chains and commercial decorations of the period, but because of the risk of fire, never with candles.

In the 1880s, not all streets were named and those that had names had no house numbers. It was sufficient to address a letter: "K.R. Rasche, Oakland, Md." to assure delivery. By the early part of the 20th century, the Rasche home became 28 Water Street. It now displays no number but sits on the east side between houses numbered 17 and 27.

TREACYS IN WORLD WAR II

Leo E. Treacy graduated from Oakland High School in June, 1942. Being 17 years of age and caught up in the spirit of the times, he wanted to enlist in the Marine Corps. His parents and his siblings were, however, unanimously opposed and so he entered Georgetown University in the Fall. Now 18 and the draft being imminent, he joined the Navy and was sent to boot camp at the Bainbridge (Md.) Naval Station. His sisters, Estelle and Mary Catherine, who then worked for the Navy Department in Washington drove to Bainbridge in their brother Jack's car (Jack had left it with them when he was called to active duty as a Midshipman) to visit Leo. They arrived, with a cache of home-baked cookies only to find that boots were not allowed to have the cookies and that they couldn't visit since Leo's company was in quarantine with "pink eye" or conjunctivitis. They, like Leo described the station as a sea of mud dotted with brand new barracks buildings and chow halls. The war still being new an invasion of the Hawaiian Islands was expected and Leo was assigned there as a member of an anti-aircraft battery. In his first letter home he made two mistakes, the first about describing his ocean crossing, then deemed classified matter, and by writing about it on both sides of his stationery. Military censors used scissors to clip out classified material and so

Leo's first letter from overseas came to his mom, clipped from both sides of the paper, in a shambles, with the only even partial sentence reading ".....but I'm alright now. Love, Leo." Of course Mom Treacy was mightily distressed and only many months later learned that Leo's trip had been uneventful (no submarines) but that he had been severely seasick on the voyage but got over it quickly after landing. After the threat of invasion subsided, Leo was chosen from his unit to return to the U.S. as a collegiate (Navy V-12 program) officer trainee. The anti-aircraft battery was disbanded and his buddies were assigned to the Fifth Amphibious Force, whose members shuttled troops and vehicles from ship to shore in the many subsequent island invasions. Leo, now back at Northwestern University in Chicago was entertained in that city by his aunt and uncle, Agnes (Rasche) and Julius Brooks until he was transferred to Westminster College in Missouri. From there Leo wrote of events to his uncle, Harry Rasche:

"Wednesday, Nov. 15, 1944

Dear Uncle Harry,
I received your post card some time ago and don't know whether I answered it or not, but I don't think I did. I just got in from a movie "The Eve of St. Mark". It was really swell, even though it didn't end right. We have liberty nightly now until ten p.m. (eleven on Wednesdays).

The courses are a lot tougher

this semester than last. I flunked Physics, so am forced to take it over again. Am also taking Calculus, Chemistry, Naval History, and Navigation. There's not an easy one in the lot.

I'm out for the Westminster basketball team but don't think I'll make it. Am pretty sure of making the traveling squad though. We open a sixteen game schedule Dec. 1 against Sedalia (Mo.) A.A.F. The U. of Missouri is also on our schedule for home and home games. Will get to see Mizzou play Iowa Pre-Flight in football this Sat.

I received a letter from one of my former buddies in A.A. Battery #909 yesterday. He's aboard on an L.C.T. now. He was on an L. C.I. at Guam, Saipan, Philippines, and numerous other places. He said that three former members of my battery have been killed. And he and another one of the fellows have been wounded. Besides the Purple Heart, he received the Silver Star. When a Jap shell wiped out his gun crew and wounded him in the stomach, he had presence of mind enough to throw some burning ammunition cases overboard, thereby saving his ship and crew and he asked me if I thought that he was bragging!

It scares me some times when I think about it. That's exactly what I'd be doing now if I hadn't been lucky enough to get into V-12. And of course, my education had a lot to do with it - most of it, in fact. I'd be celebrating a year and four

months overseas now! That's how long those boys have been there. It makes you want to get into it when you see pictures like "Dr. Wassel", until you get a letter from somebody who's actually in the midst of it. I guess maybe Jack's seeing plenty of action now and before long Maurice, too. I guess I'm just lucky.

Love, Leo"

Leo, with two colleges in the V-12 program holds the family record for attending the most colleges before attaining a bachelors degree from Centre College of Kentucky: Georgetown, Northwestern, Westminster, Maryland and Centre. Maurice Treacy is runner-up, attending Johns Hopkins and West Virginia before attaining a degree from Loyola and then attending Notre Dame as a "90 Day Wonder" Midshipman (the Navy officers training course only lasted three months) and after the war, on the GI Bill, attending the Sorbonne in Paris.

John T. "Jack" Treacy, on his graduation from Georgetown University in 1943, entered the Navy as a Midshipman and was sent to Columbia University in New York City for his officer candidate training. While there he was frequently entertained by his uncle Leo Rasche, then a prominent city newspaperman. Jack was particularly impressed when he and his uncle walked into the latter's favorite bar and the band, on recognizing Leo, struck up

"Lieberstraum," Leo's favorite tune. On completion of the course Jack was commissioned an Ensign and was assigned to a destroyer, the U.S.S. Bryant, D.D. 665. By 1944 he was a Lieutenant (j.g.) in Pacific waters. His station was in the Combat Information Center, the "C.I.C." on the ship's bridge, which filtered the radio, radar, visual and coded signals to and from higher headquarters and from other craft, in order to enhance its own fighting ability. The Bryant was involved in a number of Pacific engagements, including the Battle of the Philippine Sea and the Battle of Leyte Gulf, which two decisive American

victories broke the back of the Japanese fleet. Jack recounted that in these two battles many, many enemy pilots and aircrewmembers had parachuted from damaged planes and were floating in life vests in the vicinity, and the Bryant tried to rescue a few. Mostly they resisted and had to be forcibly pulled up the ladder. Japanese propaganda had convinced them that the Americans would torture and kill them if captured. At least one of them, once on the Bryant's deck, ran to the other side and jumped into the water again. The Bryant, gave up further rescue efforts since stopping risked the ship to more accurate fire from



L to R, standing: Leo, Casey, Bill
Seated: Jack, Jim

enemy ships, shore batteries and planes. For its part in the last mentioned battles the Bryant crew was awarded the Presidential Unit Citation for "...having displayed such gallantry, determination, and esprit de corps in

accomplishing its mission under extremely difficult and hazardous conditions to have set it apart and above other units participating in the same campaign." This award by President Roosevelt required for presentation the same degree of heroism by the crew as would warrant the Navy Cross (the highest Navy award) for heroism by and individual.

Additionally, Jack, along with the other Bryant crewmembers, was awarded the Philippine Liberation ribbon by the Philippine government. Following the battles Jack was assigned to shore duty on recently retaken Philippine soil training new C.I.C. officers. He had then spent nearly two years in the combat zones.

Maurice F. "Casey" Treacy was, upon his graduation from Loyola College in Baltimore, likewise accepted for Naval officer training. He spent his time in Oakland working at his father's Clover Farm Store awaiting orders to active duty. They were many months in coming and Casey suffered the glares of parents, wives and siblings of servicemen on the fronts who wondered why Casey was still not on active duty and Casey was embarrassed and chagrined. Finally his orders came, and Casey did his "Ninety Day Wonder" course at Notre Dame. He thus became the

fifth of the family to attend that college. Mom Treacy and her two brothers attended Notre Dame in the 1890s and Casey's older brother, Jim, did so in the early 1930s. Casey was immediately assigned to the U.S.S. Kenton, APA 122, an assault troop ship. The Kenton joined the Pacific fleet, loaded troops and small amphibious craft, and headed for Okinawa. Casey, then a gunnery officer on the vessel, remembered the captain ordering all hands to shower and don clean clothes the night before the invasion so that if personnel were wounded, chances of infection would be lessened. The battle commenced on April 2, 1945, when the Kenton discharged army troops onto small landing craft for assault the beach. The same craft returned the wounded and the dead from the beach for transshipment to medical facilities and mortuaries. The Japanese launched massive fire from shore batteries and via kamikazes at the invasion fleet but none hit the Kenton. While on duty during the invasion, Casey was busy with his buddy, Lt.(j.g.) Winkopp decoding classified messages. Winkopp decoded one which announced that the USS Bryant which was engaged on the invasion fleet's "picket line" had been hit on the bridge by a kamikaze, killing 37 of its crew. Winkopp knew that the Bryant was Casey's older brother, Jack's ship but was unaware that Jack was no longer aboard. He asked Casey if he had "heard from Jack lately?" Casey replied that Jack was on shore duty

as an instructor. Only then did Winkopp tell Casey of the kamikaze. Casey and the Kenton proceeded to Guam with the wounded and the dead. Around this time he learned that brother Jack had been transferred to Hawaii.

In England, meanwhile, James J. "Jim" Treacy, was in training for the invasion and push to Berlin. In London he, like the natives, quickly learned to recognize the sound of German launched V-2 rockets as they, by design, ran out of fuel over the city and dropped with their powerful explosive load. The change in sound dictated whether or not it was time to descend into the nearest shelter. Jim arrived in France shortly following the Normandy invasion and was tasked to traffic duty involving the "Red Ball Express," the supply system to the front lines. Back then blacks were almost universally assigned as cooks and bakers or as members of transportation companies. Jim related to his brother Bill that he stepped in front of a Red Ball Express semi for whatever reason and the rather imposing black driver rolled down the window and said: "Get out of the way m***** f*****!" Bill asked Jim what he did and Jim responded: "I got the hell out of his way." But, in the midst of this duty Jim's two close friends from Oakland, Julius Renninger and Norman "Doc" Broadwater, both fellow attorneys, contrived to get him assigned to their unit, the judge advocate function recently established in Paris. Jim remained there until after VE

Day, the defeat of Germany. Now in his element, he rose rapidly in rank to the grade of Master Sergeant and was awarded the Bronze Star medal for meritorious service, not involving combat, against an armed enemy. Jim chuckled about his having to run back to his Paris barracks to be there for "bunk check," the mandatory curfew hour. In the dark he failed to negotiate a low fence around a park, tripped, flipped and broke his leg. After a short hospital stretch, he was required as therapy to march down the streets of Paris with the walking wounded from the front. He waved and acknowledged the cheers and the flowers thrown by the French who assumed that he was one of their wounded liberators. And Jim, ever the iconoclast, sent his mom from Paris a printed Mothers Day card, called a (Catholic) "spiritual bouquet". It had printed on it spaces to fill in with the number of Pater Nosters and Ave Marias said, and masses attended, for the intention of one's mother. Jim just wrote across the blanks: "I lost count." Mom Treacy, far more amused than disapproving, treasured the card. The five brothers kept up, throughout their wartime separations, frequent correspondence with their mother (their dad never wrote letters), with their sisters, and Jim, of course with his wife, Laura Ellen, with some of their aunts and uncles and, of course, with each other. Bill recalled receiving V-Mail, reduced sized photos of letters designed to save mailbag

space, from Jim, with notes on the cover from Jim's Oakland buddies who, as officers, censored his outgoing mail, such as "Hi Bill! Doc" or "Hello Bill, Jules." Sisters Estelle "Sisser" and Mary "Mamie" knew that Jim was on his way back from France as someone in the family, likely Laura Ellen, had received a telegram from him advising not to send any further mail to him to his APO address. He arrived and was discharged at Ft. Meade, Md. And he proceeded to nearby Washington to his sisters' apartment. When Sisser and Mamie arrived home from work, they discovered Jim's barracks bag leaning against their front door. They assumed that he had arrived and was out for a walk. Upon entering their apartment they found Jim asleep on their bed. He had used his barracks bag as a stepping stool and had entered through the transom window above the front door.

Bill, the last of the brothers to enter the service, did so at Washington a few weeks after his 1944 graduation from high school. Since he volunteered for the "combat aircrew program" he entered as a Seaman Second Class at \$54 per month rather than the usual entry level of Apprentice Seaman at \$50 per month. He did boot camp at Jacksonville Naval Air Station and was then transported to Memphis via a WWI rail car for technical training in aviation radio and radar. From there he was sent to Corpus Christi, Texas, for machine gunnery

and finally crew integrity training (aboard a PBM, which stands for Patrol Bomber by Martin, a flying boat) in flight operations. Bill remembered being much relieved on hearing of Germany's surrender and not having to worry any longer about recognition of that enemy's planes and could concentrate solely on Japanese ship and plane profiles. Bill's gunnery training included being able to disassemble and assemble a 50 caliber machine gun blindfolded. The "bomb" having intervened, Bill never faced the threat of enemy fire although he was on land in Okinawa in January, 1946, when the Japanese still were in control of that islands mountainous regions. And, in the spring of 1946, one of his 12 plane squadron's aircraft was fired upon over Port Arthur in Manchuria by a Russian fighter, an encounter widely publicized in the U.S. as signaling the beginning of the Cold War. The war now being officially over, Bill and his crew flew air/sea rescue missions from Hong Kong to Shanghai to Tsingtao in China, to Okinawa and Sasebo in Japan. Also they transported Nationalist Chinese military officers on occasion. In the late Spring, Bill, then billeted aboard a seaplane tender in Hong Kong harbor was called via the ship's speaker system to "Report to the Officer of the Deck!" Bill says: "Terrified I did so, in the sure knowledge that I was in some kind of trouble." Arriving, Bill was introduced to a stately, dignified Chinaman, replete in a shoe

length black robe and conical hat, complete with tassel. He handed me, from his robe, a neatly rolled cablegram from my sisters, Mamie and Sisser, advising me that brother Casey's now new ship, an oiler named the USS Mispillion, was to arrive in Tsingtao in a few days. Bill was able to leave his unit a few days early and hitch an air ride to Tsingtao where he first met up with Casey on the latter's ship and later in town where they rode a rickshaw to a plush restaurant and swapped family news over dinner. It was the first meeting of either Casey or of Bill of anyone they knew before the war since entering the service. From Tsingtao in May, 1946, Bill boarded a troop transport bound for the U.S. and discharge from the Navy. Casey, although eligible for discharge, elected to extend his tour of duty and stay with his ship since it was scheduled to proceed west through the Suez canal and the Mediterranean to the East Coast, stopping at many exotic ports. When Bill was about a week out of Tsingtao, he read in the troopship's miniature newspaper that Tsingtao had been attacked by several junks laden with Communist troops. Bill learned later from Casey that the craft had indeed entered the harbor only to be blown out of the water by a Nationalist destroyer's guns.

At a kind of mini-reunion in Oakland, Jim, Jack, Leo and Bill (Casey was still circumnavigating the globe) were all sitting around Mom Treacy's kitchen table. Bill

had only been discharged days before and had packed his seabag with cartons and cartons of Camel cigarettes,



Sisser (L) and Mamie in WWII Washington

purchased at sea, tax free, at a nickel a pack. His older brothers pestered him to share them with them since he paid so little for them. Bill did so for a while but drew the line as his supplies dwindled knowing that he would have to replace them at fifteen cents per pack or else re-enlist.

Jim was discharged as a Master Sergeant, Jack and

Casey as Lieutenants, junior grade, Leo as a Seaman First Class, and Bill as a third class Petty Officer. Jim and Jack had the awards described above. All five had the American Theatre ribbon, Leo and Bill the Asiatic-Pacific ribbon and Jack and Casey the same with battle stars affixed. Jim had the European Theatre ribbon and Bill had the Occupation ribbon.

Estelle "Sisser" and Mary C. "Mamie" Treacy worked for varying periods in Washington D.C. for the War Department's *National Service Life Insurance* program (the one that paid \$10,000.00 on the death of a serviceman and cost around \$6.00 per month premiums). Sisser, having more time in than Mamie, rose from a starting salary of \$1,220.00 to \$1,650.00 annually. Mamie's pay rose to \$1,440.00. They shared a leaky, non-air conditioned basement apartment which they were able to get by bribing the custodian/manager with a bottle of wine. Housing was scarce in the wartime capital.

Deposit Credit for Undamaged Glass

Cold-Cut Spice by Stephen Treacy

Never season
The raw frontier
Flavor of Alaska
With zesty poems.

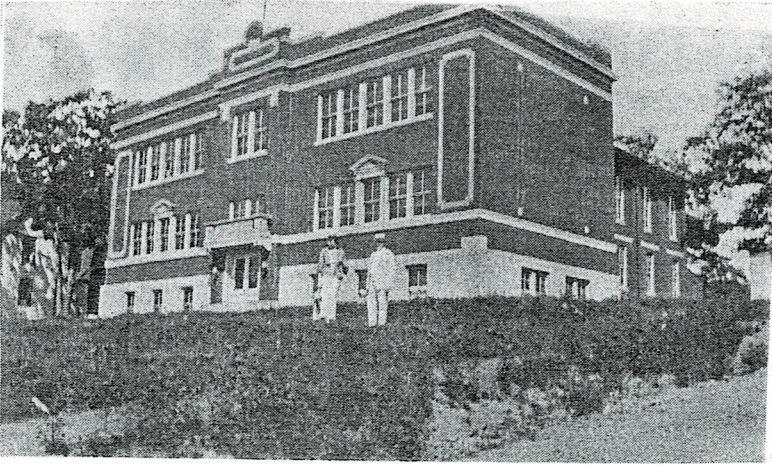
Just serve straight
Moose in a pudding,
Eskimo in a pie,
Borealis in a bottle.

Whatever whale-fat stews
Or waxwing brews
You choose,
Use

Poetry to describe the leftovers.

The Borealis Brewery
20oz Poetry Slammer
POEM IN A BOTTLE
From the Best of Alaska's
Poet-Beer Lovers

Stephen Treacy won a growler a month for a year! You can too by submitting your beer poetry to The Borealis Brewery by June 15th! See the Borealis Brewery Website for Details.



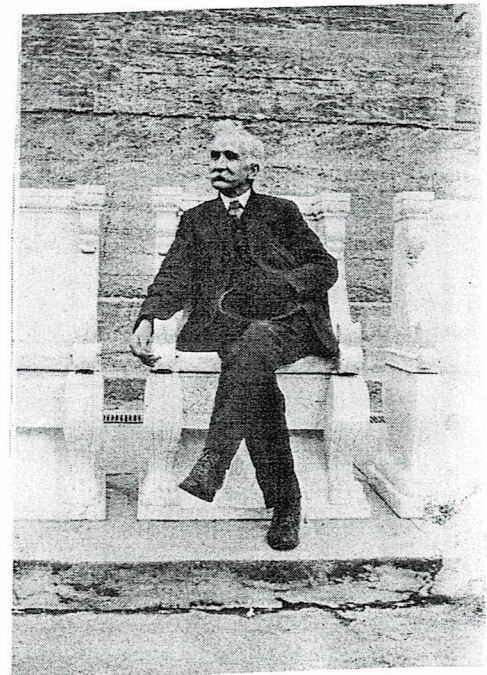
Oakland (MD) High School, 4th and High Streets, attended by all seven children of James P. and Estelle Treacy. Building was razed in 2002.



Four generations, circa 1918, Water Street, Oakland, MD. Clockwise from seated center: Catherine Dockery Rowan, Kate Rowan Rasche, Estelle Rasche Treacy, and James J. Treacy.



P.J. "Uncle Doc" Rowan, brother of Kate Rowan Rasche, licensed by West Virginia after an apprenticeship to a practicing physician. He practiced in Charleston and Pittsburgh.



Francis Joseph "Uncle Joe" Rowan, brother of Kate Rowan Rasche seated in Greek Theater, Berkley, Calif. He played the part of Moses in an early silent movie.

FAMILY TREE OF JAMES PATRICK TREACY AND ESTELLE MAGDALENE RASCHE

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