



REV. CHARLES WESLEY MCCULLOH SR.
A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
(Abridged)



August 7, 1908 - January 3, 1998





REV. CHARLES WESLEY MCCULLOH SR.
A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
(Abridged)



Compiled and edited by
Rodney & Elisha (Teresa) McCulloh

© 1996, 1998

Additional copies available from:

Rodney L. McCulloh
4592 E 750 S
Ladoga, IN 47954



(765) 942-2342
rodney@mccullohreunion.org

INTRODUCTION

In 1979 my grandfather, Rev. Charles W. McCulloh Sr. drafted an autobiographical monograph he titled "I Remember Papa." The monograph consisted of 33 handwritten pages on yellow ruled notebook paper. To this were appended 9 additional pages of handwritten footnotes. This monograph consisted mostly of his memories of early childhood and especially of his father. Grandpa prepared this monograph for use at the 1979 McCulloh family reunion where he gave a short presentation.

In the summer of 1989 my wife Elisha (Teresa) McCulloh spent a week at the home of my parents, Eugene and Margaret McCulloh, in Mansfield, Pennsylvania. At that time Grandpa was living next to my parents' home in an apartment and during that week Elisha tape recorded approximately 8 hours of conversation with Grandpa about his life and his memories.

We have taken these tape recorded conversations and have woven them together with the 1979 monograph to develop a biographical sketch. During this process we have been very careful to present Grandpa's memories exactly the way he spoke them with very few grammatical corrections. We presented "REV. CHARLES W. MCCULLOH SR. - A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH." to Grandpa at Christmas, 1996 and I believe he was very pleased with it.

This specially abridged edition has been prepared in his memory.

R.L.M.
January 1998

Rev. Charles W. McCulloh A Biographical Sketch

I was born in Whiteside County, Illinois in Morrison R.D. back in 1908, August 7. I was named after Charles Wesley because my father wanted me to be a preacher. Charles Wesley was a preacher and the founder of the Methodist Church along with his brother John. My father was acting as a Sunday school superintendent when I was born but he was not a preacher yet. He had hoped I would be a minister and I remember my mother said, "well you can call him Charles but you can not call him Charlie." She said, "there will be no Charlie's here!" and I was never called that at home. And so far as the family was concerned I never was Charlie. Now outside someone called me Charlie, but not my family.

I had three brothers and seven sisters. My oldest brother, you could say was my half-brother, but we never counted that. My father was married twice. Papa and his first wife Mary Ellen had four children: one set of twins that were born dead, another child, George, named after my fathers brother only lived a couple of hours. Then my oldest brother Archie came along and Mary Ellen died when Archie was just six days old.

Well I think my father spent a lot of time with me. He taught me everything I knew about cows. He was an excellent dairyman himself, and he said he learned to milk from his mother. She taught him how to judge a good cow. He learned a lot from his own experience and taught me how to judge cows and of course I had to learn some too. I remember Papa at milking time. As we children grew old enough we were given a cow to milk and, as we grew proficient at milking we were given more cows to milk. I was possibly seven years old when I started to milk; milked one or two cows, and by the time I was 12 or 14 I'd milk a couple more. Then of course, I graduated to milking about six cows night and morning. One year we had 49 cows to milk. There were six or eight of us to

milk so, of course, we all had our share of cows to milk. Papa believed that cows produced more milk when there was music in the cow barn. Now, we didn't have a radio or record player, but we sang. I can still hear one of the hymns we used to sing in the cow barn: "In the Sweet Bye and Bye," and I seldom help to sing it now but I am carried back to childhood dairy barn scenes.

Oftimes I would be permitted to take the cream to the station. Papa loved to tease and have his fun. One time as I was in the buggy ready to start for the station, Papa said, "Will you stop and talk to so and so?" He asked this question about several folk who lived on the route to the station. I listened very carefully, and kept answering, "Yes." Finally he said, "If you are going to do that I had better send someone else to take the cream to the station." I was shocked and I said, "But, Papa, I thought you wanted me to do all that." He just laughed and told me to get going.



Photo taken at the Lane Place. Charles W. McCulloh is the small boy on the left with his brother Ezra directly behind him.

Before we moved down to Cattail Bottoms we lived on the farm where I was born known as the Lane Place. The woodland came right up to the house yard. I remember as a little lad (we moved away from there when I was six or seven years old) I used to walk out into the woodland way back into the woods, five or six city blocks, back the other side of it. There was a stream back there. I'd walk clear back to that little stream, and then wander around in the woodland and come back to the house. It's so strange I never got lost, but I didn't. I could go back in the woodland and play by myself.

When we lived at the Lane Place, we had about two miles to school. My brother Ezra was home then and he'd load the milk into the small, one-horse wagon we'd call the Democrat Wagon. We children would ride to school, and he'd take the milk over to the condensery. Across from the schoolhouse Charlie Baker lived and he was a friend of my father's. We'd stable the horse there and Ezra would come on over to the school. Then after school he'd go over and get the horse and then we'd ride home.

The first school I attended was Unionville; I started there when I was 6 years old. That was when we lived at the Lane Place. The next spring we moved to the Diamond Place where I had to walk a mile to school. We lived there about a year and then we moved to the Oostenryke Place where we walked about a quarter of a mile to school. I spent 6 or 7 years at the Lincoln School, a one room country school. This was the school I graduated from. We all had single desks and then they had what they called a recitation bench; one bench at the front where the whole grade (6-8) would go up and sit. She would call for the class and we would go up and sit on this bench by our classes. We had 15 minutes for recess and ½ hour for dinner. We would go out doors and play some kind of games. I had some good friends in school and of course I was sort of a marked boy because I was a preacher's son. It wasn't too long until the other boys started calling me Reverend. I suppose there were a couple of reasons: one was because I was a preacher's son

and the other was because I didn't swear and carry on like the other boys. Some of the boys made up their minds that they were going to make me swear, but they didn't get it done and a classmate, Ruth, told me later that she was glad that they didn't get it done, because she knew what they were trying to do, and she was proud of me.

The year I graduated there were only four of us in the class, two of them were held over from the year before; they had been in the eighth grade the year before, but they did not pass. I think there were only two of us in the 7th grade the year before and of course, then there were four of us in the 8th grade. All four of us passed the 8th grade in 1922; you had to take a test to pass. The superintendent set up a test to take and in fact I think we had to go to Morrison to take the test, you did not take it in your home school. I got a grade of around 78, 75 was passing.

Well we didn't do too much to celebrate on Christmas or any holidays as such. Christmas was the giving of presents but we didn't have a Christmas tree, that was something brought in from the pagans so we didn't have a Christmas tree and we didn't have firecrackers on the 4th of July. Thanksgiving we had a special dinner but I don't remember having a turkey, I don't know why. My father used to talk about his first wife and how they had turkey but my mother said she could make a turkey too if she had one, but for some reason she never had a turkey. I think she kind of felt let down because she never had a turkey. We didn't have wild turkeys, they had raised turkeys but that was way before I came on the scene and whether or not that was how my father's first wife was able to have a turkey I am not able to tell. On Christmas we would mostly get clothing or candy or something like that, nothing very exciting or whatever you want to call it. Usually new clothing or something along that sort.

My mother had a big iron kettle, a round bottom iron kettle. I guess they called it a "mush pot." She'd take the lid off of the stove and set this kettle in there, it fit down in the hole, and she'd put the grease, and popcorn and salt in and she'd use a pancake turner and

put a lid on it and stir the popcorn with a pancake turner. She had a bread raiser - a big pan that would hold maybe 15, 20 quarts. She'd pop that practically full, but there wasn't much of it left by the time we got through eating popcorn. We grew popcorn on the farm and we had it several times a week. It was a special treat. I like popcorn. There's something about popcorn when I eat it that seems to do something for me, I don't know---psychology factor or something. If I'm not feeling good, then what I need to do is sit down and eat a mess of popcorn and I feel a whole lot better. I imagine it's because I remember my childhood then.

In about 1914 we moved over to the Cattail Bottoms, to the Diamond Place. Dr. Diamond was a veterinarian and owned the place. We lived out there so we could be close to the Cattail Bottoms. The bottoms were about a mile wide along the Morrison-Albany Road and that was about 10-12 miles north and east from the Lane Place. The Oostenryke Place was north of the Diamond Place about a mile along a country road. Across the Cattail Bottoms there was a crossroads and up there about a mile west of the Cattail Bottoms was the Independence School House.

We moved the next year up to the Jacob Oostenryke place. We moved to the Oostenryke farm when I was seven or eight. My father moved there to farm it. They had a big steer shed which they converted into a dairy barn that held 26 cows with a big double stall where we kept the herd sire. Then we had a yard outside where the bull could get out and exercise. The other barn, which they called the horse barn, had stalls for 19 cows and up at the other end of the barn there was room for several cows, and also a calf pen. That winter we milked 49 cows; had both barns full of cows.

When I got up around 12 years old my job was to clean the stables out before I went to school; of course I smelled pretty much like a cowbarn, but nobody seemed to care because everybody smelled like a cowbarn.

At that place we lived slightly more than a quarter of a mile from the school. It was a one-room building. I could run to school

in five minutes. I'd oft-times go home for dinner and run back to school. I frequently carried my dinner too; I guess about as often as I'd go home for dinner. I graduated from Common School at that place in 1922 when I was 13. We lived there six years.

I believe J.N. Hoover from Ohio baptized me when I was 12. We were having evangelistic services and there were some to be baptized and I was one of them. My sister Cora was baptized at the same time. I had no particular feeling about it except that I wanted to be baptized and join the Church. Something that I naturally thought I would do. I was baptized by triune emersion. You are dipped three times forward; you go in the water and kneel down and they dip you three times forward. The Brethren in Christ Church had them go forward which I think is more scriptural than going backwards.

One place we lived we had a windmill or windpump for pumping water. The thing got to squeaking and someone had to go up and grease it so I climbed up to grease it. I was about 13 at the time and I think it was about 40 feet high and only a 5 foot platform at the top. So I stuck an oil can in my pocket and climbed the windmill and went up and greased the thing to make it quit squeaking. If I can remember I had to do this for a couple of the neighbors too. My father was sort of afraid to climb and my brother Paul would not go up for some reason. Ezra wasn't around to do it of course, he was away from home so somebody had to do it. So it was me and I was not afraid, I was just careful. I climbed up by the ladders that were on the side. There was an opening in the platform that you climbed up through onto the platform and you were careful while you were up there and made sure that you did not look down. Windmills are disappearing. You don't see many of them around anymore; some places have them but not many. They were to pump the water out of the ground. One place we had running water was at the Goodenough Farm. Out back of the barn at the Oostenryke place there was a big high hill. We'd go out and climb to the top of the hill and you could see all over the country. It was the nearest thing to a

mountain I ever saw before I came to Pennsylvania. It was the highest hill in the community. You couldn't farm it, it was too steep so we used it as pasture land. I remember it was a great hill to slide down in the wintertime, if you didn't slide down the steepest part. One year a couple of my cousins came with their sled, and down at the foot of the hill there was a wet weather stream; during dry weather the thing was dry but during the wet weather of course, there would be water in it. My cousins came with their new sled and the four of us piled on it and went down and hit the other side of this ditch and the four of us piled into the snow. It was a wonder we didn't break our necks or something. The next time we went down we found a safer spot where the ditch wasn't so deep.

In the spring of 1928 when I was home, my father had sheep running in the pasture and in the place where my grandfather lived. My widowed aunt had moved to Washington State and John Garwick, a friend of my father, moved into the place. In the evening they would make the sheep come in from the pasture and into the barn and they would shut the door and make sure they were safe from the foxes or wild dogs. Dogs would roam in the country and kill a lot of sheep. Some nights he would call my father and let him know that the sheep were safe in the barn. One night he called, it was kind of stormy, and he called and said something was the matter with the sheep; they were kind of restless and they would not quiet down. He said he thought there must be a lamb lost, so there was nothing for us to do but put on our boots and rain gear and go out and hunt through the pasture and see if we could find the lost lamb. We got out to the field (pasture) and we hunted and hunted for this little lamb and finally I found it huddled in the grass to protect itself from the wind and rain, so I picked it up. Have you seen the picture of the Good Shepherd and the lost lamb? I picked it up and carried it home. We got to the barn and he heard its mother and began to struggle and jumped out of my arms and right to its mother and right into the flock.

I always liked animals. I had pet rabbits and one time I had

some pigeons. We always had dogs and we also had 8 to 10 cats on the farm. We had one cat I'd call mine; I called him Kaiser. He was a black and white cat that had been neutered and was a great hunter. He'd go out in the field and you would never know what he was going to bring home. One night I looked out the door and there he was out on this big hill eyeing a ground hog, and I almost expected him to tackle that ground hog. After a while the ground hog went down in his hole and Kaiser went over and looked down the hole to see if he could see him and then came home, without the ground hog of course.

I always had a cow that I called a pet and I had this one called Columbine, she was my cow. I could get up to her anywhere, I could walk up to her out in the field. I could even milk her out in the pasture if I wanted to. I read about these folks in the rodeo about how they rode steer and I thought I would try it. When I went out after her one night, I thought it was foolish to walk home so I walked up to Columbine and talked to her a little bit and petted her, then jumped up on her back. She gave 2 or 3 jumps and I landed off and she looked at me and I don't know what she thought but she looked like she was thinking "uh-huh, so you thought you would ride me did ya." That was the last time I tried to ride her home. I was about 15 or 16 years old when I did this.

When I was about 13 I had to take care of the bull. My brother Paul was afraid of him, he had almost got killed by one. A Holstein bull has horns that point out from the head. This one's pointed forward and Paul was leading him with a rope and the bull got kind of frisky and pinned Paul against a building and he carried marks on the side of his rib cage where the horns went by. I didn't know anything about it until after it was over. That was when my sister Cora was home. She took a pitch fork and drew the bull away and of course Paul got free, but after that he had nothing to do with the bull. I don't know why the caring of bulls finally fell on me but for some reason my father was busy. We had a bull staff that was a long steel pipe about 6 feet long. It was hollow and had a "D" handle

on the end of it and a snap on the other end which was operated by a wire that ran thru the pipe from the "D" handle that you put your fingers through and that's how you operated it. The bulls learned to put their heads down and you could snap the ring in their nose and open the doors and lead them on, so that became my job. We'd take the bull out and we had a rope hanging down there from a wire strung across the trees and we would snap the rope onto the bulls nose and he could be out there during the day for a couple of hours and then we would go get him and put him back in his pen. One evening I noticed him rubbing his head in the ground, kind of frolicking by himself. I never thought anything about it and I went out to get him and he just stood there like a statue. I don't know why or how but he had gotten loose. I dropped the staff and ran and I hadn't taken more than 2 or 3 steps and I heard him coming after me and I ran about 100 feet and jumped sideways into his pen. The door was open right through the manger and into the feeding entry. Of course he couldn't turn as fast as I could and he went on past the door. We had these double doors that went into the feeding entry and I heard the dog barking and I looked out and he was playing with the bull. He got down in front of the bull and the bull would drive at him and the dog would move aside. I rattled the feed bucket and the bull turned around and looked and as I was hoping he came back into the pen. Then I went out and closed the door. After that I never had any problem with him, he never got himself loose again. That was one time I really broke the speed record. I guess I was 17 or 18 when that happened.

I was about 16 when I learned to load hay. My brother Paul and I would load hay together, of course I would always drive the team and he would load the hay. This particular summer I went to drive the team and Bob Matthews, he was Neva Baker's boyfriend, was helping us make hay and he said "I'm going to drive the team and you are going to load the hay." I said, "I don't know how to load the hay." He said "you are going to learn how." So he took the team and said "you make a pile in ahead and in the back here," and he

showed me how and after that I got to load the hay. I was always grateful for it because the next year when we lived at the Goodenough farm I would take a team of horses out to the field and I would back in to the loader and hook it up and we would go down across the field. They were a good team of horses and they kept the windrow and I could load the hay all by myself. By the time I got a load of hay loaded, they would be out from the barn, having got one load of hay unloaded and they would be out for another. That's the way we worked with hay that summer, I would load the hay and my brother Paul would drive the team in from the field and unload it at the barn. I tried to keep them busy in the barn. I was always glad that Bob Matthews taught me how to load hay.

That summer I also picked corn. I think I could have picked 100 bushels of corn, if I could have had a full days work at it but my job really was to take care of the cows. I would pick about 2½ hours before noon and get a 30 bushel load and come in and unload it and eat my dinner and then go back out in the field and work again and get another 30 bushel load and then it would be time for me to start the evening chores. In 5 hours I'd pick 60 bushels of corn and I always figured I could do as good as my brother did, he picked about 120 bushels of corn a day, but he had a long day to work, I always figured I could do as good as he did if I had the opportunity to do it.

My father bought the Calahan farm when I was 14. The farm was in the Cattail Bottoms. Before that he just farmed somebody else's farm but he was getting along pretty well financially and he thought he wanted to live in the community where the Independence school was. He was holding church services in the school and I guess he thought he would have more influence on the people if he lived in the community with them. Well he got an opportunity to buy the Calahan farm and so he bought it. Well he had the Calahan farm about one year and then the Stockton farm next to it was for sale. Well, he bought the Stockton farm and it put him in the hole about \$20,000.00. We had a recession then which a lot of people here in

the east don't know anything about, and of course till it was all done with he lost both properties and he lost everything he had. My mother held the household goods as a widow's share and my brother Paul held the livestock and the farm machinery as uncollected wages. So none of their personal possessions were taken away from them but they lost both properties. My father was probably 60 years old when he lost everything that he ever worked for. He didn't have a thing except his Bible and his clothing, his wife and son had it all. I was 15 or 16 at that time.

One day my brother Paul and I went into town and I coaxed him into buying a 20-gauge shotgun. The old gun we had was not safe. I was about 14 years old and the old gun was too much for me to handle so I coaxed him into buying the new gun. My father wasn't too happy about it, but he didn't say too much about it. I used the gun quite a bit for several years when I was at home. I used it for hunting rabbits and I use to go squirrel hunting. We lived about 1 ½ miles from a woodland and I used to walk that distance to go squirrel hunting. We use to eat squirrel but I use to get rabbits most of the time and we would eat them. When they were plowing the sod fields sometime the sod would not lay flat and would make a hole. After it snowed you could tell if there was a rabbit in there or not, so I use to go out in the fields and reach in and get the rabbit with my hands, then I would kill it and take it home, I would either knock it on the head or ring its neck and kill it. We didn't have deer to shoot at that time, they were coming in after we left. Once I went out to pasture to get the cows and saw this animal and I thought it was a Jersey calf and then I woke up and realized it was a deer and I went back to the building and told my father what I saw and he said it was a deer. My brother in law Guy wanted to go out and see it but the thing was gone. After that there were several sightings of deer. A few years later they reported that deer had become plentiful and they established a deer hunting season.

We only had electricity in the one house. That was on the Goodenough Farm. We had electricity and plumbing there. We had

a Delco Plant with batteries (Sears & Roebuck) in the basement and it was my job to see that these batteries were kept charged. We kept them charged by running a generator. The generator was run by a gasoline engine just like a generator in a car. The engine was hooked to the generator and you ran the generator until the batteries were charged full, then you could stop the motor.

Sometime during the second year (1926) Mr. Goodenough came to Papa and said he was homesick for the country life, and in the spring he would be moving back to the farm, so Papa would have to move. Papa finally found a farm we could rent in the community of Franklin Corners and so we moved up there to the Gaffy Place in the spring of 1927. Then in the summer of 1928 Papa said "if you want to go to Messiah you can go." He said "Paul and I can handle things here." So in the fall of 1928, I left the farm and came to Pennsylvania.



I graduated from common school when I was 14. My father wouldn't let me go to the public high school. He felt that the teachers were too worldly. It wasn't until the fall of 1928 when I was 20 years old that my father said that I could go to the academy at Messiah to finish my schooling. Several of my brothers and sisters went there.

My father, as they say, was all for it although he never had a lot of money to put in it to support it, but he talked a lot in favor of it. He was afraid that in a public high school we would not be in a proper environment morally and spiritually. It seemed that each year a girl would have to drop out of school because she was pregnant. I remember him looking over at the high school and saying "now all they need to build is the maternity ward." The school also had a sports program and the Brethren in Christ felt sports were very worldly. We also didn't wear ties or belts because these were also considered worldly. The Brethren in Christ were very conservative in those days and if I had not gone to Messiah I would have been the

only member of the Brethren in Christ in the public school. My father was also concerned about the liberal views that many of the teachers might hold. It was known that S.R. Smith lost his faith for some time due to his exposure to the liberal professors he was taught by when he attended college. So when we children had the opportunity we went to Messiah; it seemed to be expected of us.

Both Lois and I went to Messiah that fall to start our freshman year of high school. One of the deacons in the church was going to Ohio so he took Lois and I and we stayed overnight with my brother and his wife, Ezra and Ruth, who were living in Columbus, Ohio. The next day we took the bus to Grantham. I remember the first morning I woke and looked out the window and thought there was a big storm coming in. It turned out it was only the mountains off in the distance; of course I had grown up in the flat lands of Illinois.

I was a little disappointed at first with the classes. I had expected more of a concentration in Bible studies and not the standard secular curriculum we got. We were required to select one Bible course but then the rest of the classes were a standard high school curriculum. In the morning after breakfast we would have a chapel service which of course we would not have had at a public school. On Wednesday nights the members of the church in the community would come in and attend the prayer service which we students were required to attend. There were 18 students in my class and probably not more than 100 students between the four year academy and the college altogether on the entire campus.

My father didn't have the money to pay for our schooling so we had to work our way through the best we could. He may have given some money to my brothers and my sisters that went before me but when Lois and I went it was during the depression and he didn't have any money to give me; I had to work my way. I took care of the coal fired furnaces in the main building which supplied steam for heating. I had to go over in the morning around 4:30 or 5:00 to draw up the fire, (rake the ashes down and open the draft so

the fire could burn), and add a couple shovels of coal. During the day I had to keep looking after the fire every couple of hours to make sure the fire was still burning and the steam pressure was still up. Then around 8:00 at night I would bank the coals and close down the damper so the fire would last through the night. I also worked on the Hess farm, cleaning things up, milking cows and whatever work they asked me to do. I would do chores in the morning and help with chores at night and then on Saturday I'd work out there if they had work for me, I'd do whatever they wanted me to do. During the summer I'd work on the farm too.

I still didn't earn enough to pay my schooling. I did whatever I could during the four years I was there but I was still close to \$1,000 in debt when I was through school. To pay the bill I borrowed \$500 from Cyrus Lutz who was a cousin of my first girlfriend. We had become good friends when he attended the six weeks Bible training courses that were given during the winter semester. I had to sign some sort of promissary notes issued by the college called "Missionary Notes" for the balance. When I repaid the \$500 to Cyrus he refused any interest on the loan. He said "I don't want any interest, I'm just glad to get the money. I wish you had borrowed more. The money I had in the bank I lost when the bank failed." (This was during the depression.)

I first saw Miriam in the fall of 1929; she was a freshman and I was a sophomore. I guess we were enrolling for the school year; it was my second year of school. I was sitting in the classroom and I looked out the window and saw this girl coming up the street with a man, which happened to be the pastor from Center County, who had brought her down to Messiah and I never thought anymore of it. The next year, when I was a junior I was working out on the Hess farm and boarding out there with the Kerns family and the one girl, Iola, in the fall of the year, maybe November, was having her eighteenth birthday. Harvey Miller was working on the farm out there with me so Harvey and I decided that we would have a birthday party for Iola. So we got busy and made plans and I invited

Miriam Musser because I knew Miriam and Iola were good friends, at least I thought they were. They all came out to the farm and we had a nice evening. We surprised Iola and we had a nice evening. Of course I had to see that Miriam got back to the school which I would say was natural since I invited her out. I had to take her back but as far as I was concerned that was it. I had no idea I would have her for my girlfriend, but she had different ideas.

When I invited her out to the farm for this evening she had gone to Mrs. Climenhaga who was the Dean's wife. The Climenhagas were very close friends with my Mom and Dad and my family. She had gone to Mrs. Climenhaga and said, "Charles McCulloh has asked me for a date. What do I do?" Of course Mrs. Climenhaga gave her a sales talk and sold her on the idea of accepting the date with me. Not only that, but she gave her a big line about it. She finally convinced Miriam that I was a guy she should get to know, at least Miriam seemed to think that way. So after that, every once in a while, Miriam would say "get Elwood Hershey's Ford and take me to Harrisburg to go shopping," and usually a couple of them would want to go into Harrisburg. I didn't have a car but Elwood Hershey had a Model T Ford. Of course she paid the expenses of getting the car and all; I didn't have the money to pay it. One time she got me to take her up home to Center County to see her parents.

One night I was out on the farm and Iola Kern was there. I'm not sure what she was doing but I talked to Iola and Ruth Sollenberger, who was also there, and I said to Ruth about going for a moonlight walk that night. I said "you and Harvey and me and Iola should go for a moonlight walk," but my sister Anna heard me and called me in and said it was not proper for me to go on a moonlight walk when I'm going steady with Miriam. "Well" I said "I didn't realize we were going steady." "Well you are," she said, "she thinks your going steady." Well of course I had to tell Iola I couldn't go that night and that put a stop to that.



Miriam Musser and Charles McCulloh
Senior class trip to Holtwood Dam - 1932

From that time on I had to concentrate my social activities with Miriam instead of thinking about social activities with other girls. One thing just went from one thing to another and of course folks around the campus said “Charles McCulloh is going to marry Miriam.”

The summer of 1932 I went back home to Illinois. They were building a state road and I got a job working on the concrete

road. I worked with a guy who had the contract of laying out the cement. It was a dusty job but it paid pretty good. I had graduated from Messiah in June of that year. I had planned on working awhile and getting some money ahead to kind of have a little financial background, you know. I came east then and we got married.

We were married December 10, 1932. We had the wedding at Dr. Climenhaga's; they were like parents to Miriam. Asa was from Canada, Anna was from Franklin county. When we decided to get married, Miriam wanted Dr. Climenhaga to have the ceremony. So her brother Harry loaned us his car to come down to Grantham to have the wedding at Dr. Climenhaga's home; we didn't know there was a reception planned, we just went there to have the wedding.

Well, by the time the wedding was over folks began to gather, and here there was maybe 20 or more came. Different ones came that we knew; Sam Keefer my brother-in-law and Cora my sister, Guy Van Dyke, my brother-in-law and Anna my sister, my sister Lois and my sister Vida and a young man. I had asked Cyrus Lutz to be my best man. He started up from Lancaster county but he had an accident and couldn't come. So I talked to Dr. Climenhaga and he said Leroy Yoder was on the campus, ask him. So I did, I talked to Leroy. Well he said yes he would but he didn't really have a pair of trousers that was fit to wear. “Well,” I said “I have an extra pair that you can wear.” So he wore a pair of my trousers. It was getting late in the evening and finally Miriam says, “I'm tired, lets go to bed,” and Sam Keefer just began to laugh, of course I think he had something else in mind than being tired. But never-the-less we finally broke up the party and went to bed.

We lived with Miriam's folks for about a year. We lived there because that's the only place we had to go. We lived with her folks that winter, then the next spring I went and worked with a man named Frank Long for awhile. That didn't work out too well, so then I went and worked with her parents and her brother on a farm.



Mr & Mrs Charles W. McCulloh
December 10, 1932

That didn't pan out too good. He didn't farm the way I thought he might and things like that. We didn't get along too good and I finally got a job with a road crew building a road down through Poe Valley. My brother-in-law who worked there said "let's try to get jobs as carpenters building the CCC Camp." That is the Civil Conservation Corp. You don't know anything about that I suppose, but that was part of the Roosevelt program to get young men out of the city; get them out into the country where they had jobs. They were building a barracks for the Civil Conservation Core, in Poe Valley, they built them quite a few places around, and so we stopped one night and asked the hiring attendant about it. He asked a few questions then he said "bring a saw and a hammer and a square and a nail bag and you can come in." So I got a job in there as a carpenter and come along Thanksgiving time I got laid off.

Then we went back to Grantham and stayed with my sister awhile. Miriam got a job in Harrisburg in a private home and I did odd jobs around and finally we got a job down in Swathmore in a private home where she was the cook, the "downstairs girl." I'd be the Chauffeur and houseman where I had to wait on the table and things like this. We were there two months, then she couldn't stand it anymore because Mrs. Mitchell was pretty fussy, she got on Miriam's nerves.

First of April we quit there and landed in Manheim. I got a job in Manheim, baking in a pretzel bakery, and Mr. and Mrs. Peters who had known Miriam for years said we could stay at their place until we found a place to go, so we stayed there a couple of months. Then we finally rented a place where their daughter was on one side of the house, the other side of the house was empty and we got a chance to rent that and started housekeeping there. I guess it was 20 North Grant Street right across from the church there in Manheim. We lived there a couple of years and then they sold the property so we rented a place out in the country; that's why I bought a car then, so I could get back and forth to work. I got my first car in 1939. It was a 1936 Pontiac; I guess it was black. I don't remember how

much it cost. That was our car for quite a few years.

I worked at the pretzel factory for a couple of months, and finally he closed up and went out of business. I did odd jobs around and then I got a job at United State Asbestos. I worked that for a couple of years and then I saw an advertisement in the paper, a furniture man wanted somebody to train and I went and asked him about a job.

I got a job with this furniture man repairing washing machines and laying linoleum and installing bottled gas stoves. I worked with him about a year and that didn't pan out like I thought it would so I quit there. I got a job at the Hershey foundry in the fall of 1941, and then they had to lay off because they weren't getting the scrap iron that they needed. Then I went to work at another foundry, Merchant & Evans, and I worked there awhile and finally I worked with a neighbor who owned a farm machinery franchise helping farmers assemble farm machinery.

Our first was a set of twin boys that didn't live. They were born in September, 1933. I can't give you the exact date, but somewhere in the 20's. We have it marked down somewhere but I can't tell you off hand. Miriam had taken a dishpan of water out in the yard and slipped on the porch and fell and that started labor pains, I believe as much as two weeks early. We called Cora and she came up and things kind of settled down and she went back home. When her labor started again Cora came back. She had a hard time having them. They were stillborn. They were a breach presentation. I'd better put it this way, the first one was a breach presentation and my sister Cora who was a nurse, said a veterinarian would have done a better job than the doctor did. The baby came so far, then the doctor let it stop too long at the pubic arch and the cord was pressed against the arch too long and shut off the circulation of blood and the baby died before he came on through. She said he should have brought the baby on through and then it would have lived. The other one had been dead for maybe a week or so before.

When the first little boy came out Cora said to the doctor

that there was another baby in there. The doctor took his stethoscope and listened and he said "no there is not." "Yes" she said, "I believe there is. I can feel his back bone." The doctor didn't think so. So he fixed her up and got in his car and drove back to town. He wasn't much more than started down the road, until labor pains started up again. Cora told Miriam's brother to go get the doctor. She said to me "I'll have to be the doctor and you'll have to be the nurse. You do what I tell you to do and we'll get through this O.K." So she got everything ready there and she told me what to do. Where to put my hand and what to do and so forth. But when the second baby came, why you could tell it had been dead for awhile. Miriam wanted to see the babies of course. I let her see the one, but I didn't let her see the other one. By the time the doctor got back the second baby was delivered. Well, he was all apologetic about it but of course it was all over with. My brother-in-law said that by the time he caught up with the doctor in Spring Mills he was in his house drinking a can of beer.

I can't say that I was angry with the doctor. I thought he should have known better but he listened with his stethoscope and couldn't detect a heartbeat, so he thought there wasn't anything there. My sister said she thought she could feel the backbone but he didn't think so, so that was it. It was a hard time and I often wondered about the doctor. He said "take them out and bury them in the garden." That kind of disgusted me. I thought well, he must think we are hillbillies or something. My father and mother-in-law said "there is room down in the cemetery. Along side of our little girl there is room for a grave yet." They had a little girl that died when she was maybe five or six years old. They said "there is room down there along side her. We'll take them down there and bury them there." So we got just a rough wooden box and put some blankets in it and wrapped the little babies in the blanket and put them in this box and covered them over and took them down and buried them in the cemetery in Paradise, Pennsylvania. I often wished we had marked the spot somehow, but we didn't have the money at that time to buy

a tombstone. I often wished that I had asked my father-in-law if he would have loaned me money to buy a tombstone but I didn't. I just simply took a stone and stuck it in the ground. Their names were Melvin and Marvin.

Nancy was born in 1934. She was born at home, in Manheim. The doctor and his wife, who was a nurse, and my sister Cora who was a nurse were there. When Nancy was ready to be delivered Dr. Weaver said "you'll have to give the chloroform to her. We'll tell you when to give it to her, and how much and when and what have you and we'll be busy with the rest of it." So I put chloroform on the cotton and put it to her nose whenever he would tell me to and finally Nancy was born.

Cora took little Nancy and took care of her and Dr. Weaver and his wife took care of Miriam. Cora said later on that she didn't think the baby would have lived if she hadn't of been there to take care of her. She was what you call a blue baby. Cora believed that the baby would have died if she wouldn't have had immediate attention. So we were grateful that Cora was there.

Well, then Gene comes along a couple years later and he was born at home. Eugene was born in 1936 and Chuck was born in 1937. When it was time for Chuck to come the doctor said "I won't take the case unless you go to the hospital." "Well" she said "I won't go to the hospital." "I won't take the case then," he said. "Well" she said, "I'll go to the hospital on one condition; that you let Charles in the delivery room." He said "that is against our rules but I'll let him in." So we went to Lancaster Hospital.

When it came time, I was putting on the robe and the mask and the nurse said to me "now don't you faint". I said "I won't faint". "Well," she said, "we sometimes have husbands who do. We have more trouble with fathers than we have had with the mothers. That is one reason we quit letting the fathers in the delivery room." I got along O.K. I don't think I told her I acted as the nurse when the twins were born.

Our last one was a little girl and she died in childbirth too.

The same situation as the other except it wasn't a breach presentation. Her name was Catherine Louise.



As far back as I can remember I thought I was going to be a minister one day. My father and my uncle John were ministers. My one brother, Archie, also became a minister, but even back before my father became a minister I thought I would become a minister. I can still remember the night that I decided to pursue the ministry. I was maybe 15 or 16 years old and my father and I as well as some others were in the barn doing the evening milking and we were discussing some difficult situations at the church. I spoke up and said "well I'm going to become a minister." After that everything I did was aimed at becoming a minister. For example I had an opportunity to go to the state university in Urbana to take the dairyman course but I refused because I didn't want to do anything that might steer me away from the ministry.

The Brethren in Christ did not have a seminary program. They elected members from the congregation as their pastors based on their ability to speak and their knowledge of the word of God. The Brethren in Christ pastors were in what they called a "tent making ministry"; the church did not support the pastors financially, and so the individual's ability to support himself financially was also considered.

About 1930 the Brethren in Christ began a new program to license their ministers. So in the fall of 1930, at the urging of my brother-in-law Guy Van Dyke and some others I applied for my license and in August 1931 I was given my license. At first a licensed minister did not have the same status as an ordained minister. We were allowed to speak on the conference floor but we were not allowed to vote on church matters. In August of 1948 I was ordained.

In the eight years we were in the congregation at Manheim

I was only asked to read the scriptures once on a Sunday evening. I was only asked to speak once and that was at a missionary service. My talk was called "We Are Workers Together With The Lord." The theme of my talk was that those who are involved with doing social services such as teaching these people in foreign countries how to grow crops and take care of themselves are serving the Lord as much as those who are preaching the gospel. The Brethren in Christ were very conservative and the idea of social services was new to them although if you didn't call it social services they were more receptive to it. The focus of my talk was more on teaching these people in foreign countries about hygiene and how to raise better crops than it was on preaching the gospel to them. Miriam said "now you've done it. That's the last time you'll be asked to speak." She was right although no one ever said anything to me about my talk.

Part of the problem was that early on I didn't wear the plain coat that many in the Brethren in Christ wore; I wore a business man's suit (western suit) with a clergy vest and no necktie. It wasn't until the fall of 1940 that I got a plain coat. It was made quite clear that if you didn't wear a plain coat you couldn't teach Sunday school. I didn't really see the necessity of wearing a plain coat and I guess you might say I was just plain bullheaded. But it got so I felt that by not wearing a plain coat I was creating a gap between myself and the other members of the congregation. In fact after I began to wear the plain coat one of the men came up and said "If I would have known you were going to wear a plain coat we would have elected you to superintendent of the Sunday school." The next year I was elected to Sunday school superintendent.

Traditional Sunday dress of the Brethren in Christ for men was regular pants, usually black in color, although some of the older men wore broad falls. Some, like my father, taught that belts should not be worn; suspenders were to be used. Standard white shirts without lay down collars were worn. A separate detachable white band collar attached by a button on the back of the shirt. Neck ties were never worn and full beards with or without a mustache were

expected. A mustache without a beard was not to be worn. Hair was to be parted in the middle; this was symbolic of the straight and narrow way. My father originally wore a beard in the fall and winter and shaved it off in the summer. He said that when he harvested the corn shocks in the fall the beard prevented the tassels from scraping against his face and irritating it. My mother didn't like my father growing the beard and then shaving it off. Eventually he developed a religious reason for wearing the beard and wore one all the time. Finger rings were not to be worn, no sir! A wrist watch was not forbidden but they were not popular. I was one of the first to wear one. Pocket watches were the standard. Gold frames were forbidden on glasses because the scriptures forbid the wearing of gold. (Miriam finally bought herself a wedding ring years later. She wanted me to get one but I couldn't see having one of those on my finger.)

The women never wore slacks, they always wore dresses. Later my father allowed my sisters to wear overalls when they were working in the barn but dresses were worn at all other times. The dresses had to come down close to the ankles and when they were seated the knees had to be well covered. Any kind of shoes were accepted as long as the toes were not open; high heels were frowned on. Dresses did not have lay down collars but had collars more like mens shirts. My sister Vida wore a lay down collar to the communion service once and they refused to serve her communion. A cape was also worn. The cape buttoned at the front of the neck and came down to the waist. These were worn to camouflage the breasts. Jewelry was not worn and certainly no ear rings. Make-up was used very sparingly. Women's hair was worn long like the apostle Paul directed. When Miriam cut her hair it was because she had arthritis and could no longer take proper care of it. When we took the church in Lancaster county she had to stand before the congregation and explain why she wore her hair short. A full white head cover, some with tie-able strings, were to be worn all the time.

We had what they called state conventions or state councils

where the Brethren In Christ Churches in Pennsylvania met together in a council meeting. In this council meeting in January of 1942 the announcement was made that the Church in Lycoming County was looking for a pastor. Miriam and I talked about it and we decided we would volunteer to come to Lycoming County. Well we came and looked around, like I said we volunteered, and we just felt this was going to be our field of labor. At different times people would say "did you hear that so and so is going to Lycoming County, so and so is going to Lycoming County?" We never let that bother us because we were quite sure we were going to Lycoming County. Finally, word came that we were supposed to move to Lycoming County. So in April of 1942 we moved to Lycoming County and I took a pastorate at what was then the Fox Hollow Brethren In Christ congregation and I started with my ministering service.

One day I came home from work and Miriam said that Mrs. Klees called her and said that Mel Hare is selling his place, the one right back across the road from the church. So we bought the farm and eventually we got it paid for.

We lived on the farm for about 12 years. When we moved from there to take the Crossroads Brethren in Christ church in Lancaster County, Eugene and Peggy, who were living with us, stayed there on the farm and I had thought maybe I'd retire there. But it didn't turn out that way. We got a good offer on the farm and so we sold it. Sometimes I wish I would have kept the farm but I'm glad we sold it. Miriam didn't drive and we would have been 10 or 12 miles out of town. It never would have worked out for us to retire there. I finally quit and went to Lancaster County as a full time minister.

I liked being a full time minister better although I had some experiences in my part-time ministry that I appreciated. I'll tell you about a couple.

When we still lived in Fox Hollow, one Sunday during the winter time, I can't tell you what year, the roads were kinda of treacherous. We had a member, Leana Williams, who lived in a

place called Keiser Hollow that was possibly as much as six miles from our place. We went down the main road to the highway, went on the main highway over to Loyalsockville to the school house, and then you turned off the main highway up the dirt road at Keiser Hollow to Leana Williams' place. Well, we got out on the highway and like I said it was treacherous driving, but Miriam and I both felt, "go see Leana Williams, go see Leana Williams." So we continued even though the driving was treacherous. Leana was a widow and her husband, when he was living, made no profession of faith that I was aware of. We got there and her husband's brother, they called him Uncle Height, (I don't remember how to spell it), was there. We got to talking and finally Uncle Height got to talking about the Sunday school he attended as a boy. He attended this Sunday School at Loyalsockville which was down the road. We had passed through Loyalsockville on our way there and he got to talking about some of the songs that they used to sing at the Sunday school. I guess Leana must have had some songbooks there and we got to singing some of the songs that Uncle Height had talked about. Like usual I closed the visit with prayer and we left. I don't know how long, but not too long later, Uncle Height died. And sometime later, maybe a few weeks or so, she said, "you remember that Sunday you were there when Uncle Height was there and you had that song service?"

" Yes."

"Uncle Height said after you left that he opened his heart and accepted Christ as his Savior".

I knew then why Miriam and I both felt Him saying go visit Leana Williams that afternoon. His soul was nearing eternity and wasn't quite ready to go.

When I worked for Bennett's there was a man there named Andy Hines. Andy was a big fellow, over six feet tall. I guess he might have weighed 230 or 240 pounds, broad shoulders, heavy set, rough as they make them, although he never swore much around me. The other fellows that worked there said when Andy starts to swear

you can smell the sulfur and see the blue smoke rolling so you can imagine he must have been pretty rough. He was a truck driver and I worked with him as his helper on the truck. We worked together on the truck for I'm not sure how long; possibly two years.

One Saturday, Andy said "I'm cold." He claimed about having heart trouble. He had been quite a drinker in his time, but he said he didn't drink anymore. He said he was afraid to because of his heart. He complained of being cold and so he quit early that day and went home. Monday he didn't come to work and at noon the telephone rang. It was the office calling down to the yards. They said "Mrs. Hines called, wants Charlie to come down; Andy wants to see him." Well, I knew where Andy lived, we had driven by a couple of times, so I quickly jumped in the car and went down to see Andy. Mrs. Hines met me at the door. She said, "Andy said he wants somebody to come write a will. I said to him, 'Andy don't you think you ought to see a preacher?'. He said 'I don't want to see any preacher unless Charlie will come'." He had no time for preachers. So, Mrs. Hines met me at the door, she said, "Andy wanted to see someone. Come and write a will for him." So I went in and he said "I want you to write a will." I said, "Andy don't you think there is something else I ought to take care of first?" So I talked to him a little bit. I said "you pray after me and confess Christ as your Savior." He did. And after he was through, he said, "Charlie get down here along side of me." He put his arms around me and hugged me. He said, "Charlie, up there is my dear mother's picture, my dear mother is in heaven and my dear wife. Apart from them and my dear Jesus, I love you better than anyone else in the world." Well, I stayed there a little while longer, I said, "I guess I better get back to the yards." "Well," he said, "be sure to tell them back at the yards what happened today." I went back and told them.

Next morning the telephone rang. It was Mrs. Hines. She wanted me to come down; Andy died. I went down to talk to Mrs. Hines and she said, "I heard Andy up around midnight so I came downstairs. While I was down here, Betty (the little youngster they

babysat) began to fuss. Andy said, 'You better go upstairs before she gets fully awake.' The last thing Andy said to me when I left the room to go upstairs was, 'I'm awful glad Charlie was here today! That was the last words Andy said that I heard. I came down the next morning about 6:30 a.m. and there he laid on the couch dead.' The company told me, "you go ahead and do whatever pastoral services you're supposed to perform. Go ahead and don't worry about the time, you take all the time you are suppose to take and your time here at the coal yards and lumber yards will be paid as though you were working here."



**REVIVAL
MEETINGS**
GREEN GROVE
Brethren In Christ Church
November 8 - 22, 1953, at 7:30 p. m.
— *SPECIAL SERVICES* —
Childrens — Friday nights
Young Peoples — Saturday nights
Family—Tuesday night, November 17
Everybody Welcome.
PASTOR: REV. BERT WINGER

EVANGELIST: REV. CHARLES McCULLOH

I was at Fox Hollow for 16 years. We had just a few families, I guess there were just four or five families that were regular. Altogether there were maybe 20 to 25 people in the congregation. Well anyway it wasn't a large congregation. So far as financially being fixed or whatever you say, we were about the best fixed and we were glad to serve them as we did. Those days they

called it a tent making proposition, tent making ministry. We were glad to do that but again we were happy when we got an opportunity to go to a place where we were financially supported.

One reason we accepted the idea (of a salaried position at a church), was another fellow who worked there said, "I was out at a Chautauqua (A Chautauqua is a series of meetings with evangelistic and educational talks and singing) in New York one time and the speaker said, 'if you ever get an opportunity to better yourself, get a better job, take it. This is the Lord opening opportunities for you.' " He said to me, "if you ever get an opportunity to go into the ministry full time, a supported situation, that would be the Lord opening up an opportunity for you." I remembered this and I thought when this opportunity came, 'I guess the Lord is opening up an opportunity for me to go into the ministry full time.' So that was one of the factors that influenced me to take the pastorate full time.

We went to Mount Joy (Crossroads church) in March of 1958. This was the first time I was a full time pastor. The church had about 175 members. After I was down at the Crossroads a year or a little more I went up to talk to Henry Miller. He had been my bishop and I had served under him for 16 years at Fox Hollow. When the church reorganized and all the small districts were dissolved and were thrown into large districts, well, Henry Miller went back into the pastorate where he had been pastoring before. I went up to talk to him one day and I said, "Henry what's the matter down in Mount Joy? Things are blowing up in my face." He said, "Charles I've been watching what's going on. You come from the Mid-West. Your way of expressing yourself is altogether different than the Pennsylvania Dutch. Your way of making decisions and deciding questions is altogether different than theirs." He said, "they are not going to accept you." I said, "I guess the only thing left for me to do is to resign and get out." He said, "I'm afraid so."

So I went to see the Evangelical United Brethren conference superintendent in York. It so happened that they had changed superintendents. Dr. Hummer had retired and the new superintendent

said, "if Dr. Hummer and Dr. Steelly were in favor of you, I'll say so too." And so the first of September in 1959 I moved to Keystone Perry charge near Marysville serving three Evangelical churches for the Evangelical United Brethren Church. Well, I would have rather had one church, but three is what they offered me, so I took it; it was a paid job and I didn't have to go to school. I was there about three years, then I moved to Beavertown, and then to Pennsdale; I was at Beavertown five years; Pennsdale probably three years. I had two churches at Beavertown and I had one church at Pennsdale. We went from Pennsdale to Renova. We were at Renova for seven years. From Renova I retired, but I served the Waterville charge, which had three churches, 10 years part-time taking care of the Sunday Services and going up once a week to visit around. They paid me a partial salary for my part-time work. I retired from part-time work in 1988 or 1989.



I remember Papa used to love to sing. He said that in his earlier years he had a bass voice, but in Sunday School and Church work he had to lead the singing so much that he lost his ability to sing bass. I remember that he used to hold me on his lap and sing. I remember some of the songs yet: "I've two little hands to work for Jesus," "I'm so glad that our Father in heaven tells of His love in the Book He has given," "There is a well in the weary land," and "I'm dwelling on the mountain where the golden sunlight gleams."

I remember Papa often used "Take the name of Jesus with you," as a closing hymn in a service. Another favorite as a closing was, "Majestic sweetness sits enthroned upon the Savior's brow." One of his favorite hymns was "Amazing Grace." I suppose he loved it because he was amazed that the grace of God should reach and save a sinner such as he had been. The last verse is: When we've been there ten thousand years, bright shining as the sun, we've no less days to sing God's praise than when we first begun."

Papa has been there singing God's praise forty-one plus years, now (as of 1979.) Nine years later Merle, Eunice's first husband, the second adult in the family circle, joined Papa. Then our brother Archie, then Mama, Ezra, Cora's husband Samuel, Ruth, Guy, Paul, and lastly Abbie joined Papa in singing God's praise. And I know that he is anticipating we will all join him there in an unbroken family circle. When I join in that family circle I think that the first song that I will ask Papa to lead in singing will be "Amazing Grace." For the Amazing Grace of God reached and saved even me.



Charles and Miriam - Thanksgiving, 1986

Editors note:

Grandma (Miriam) McCulloh died June 17, 1990 at the age of 83. Grandpa (Charles) McCulloh turned 89 this past August (1997). He spent the last 3 years of his life living in the home of his son, Eugene, in Mansfield, Pennsylvania.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

William Edgar (Papa): 11/18/1866 - 5/26/1938

Maria Gsell (Mama): 11/28/1877 - 8/18/1960

Archibald Scott*: 12/14/1892 - 7/19/1953

John Roy: 9/25/1895 - 11/25/1895

Anna Mary: 12/27/1896 - 8/29/1988

William Paul: 7/27/1898 - 6/27/1973

Rhoda May: 5/11/1900 - 10/5/1900

Samuel Ezra: 11/12/1901 - 2/22/1969

James Rush: 10/5/1903 - 10/5/1903

Cora Elizabeth: 6/16/1904 - 9/9/1984

Sarah Esther: 1/6/1907 - 3/25/1991

Charles Wesley: 8/7/1908 - 1/3/1998

Lois Susan: 1/19/1911 -

Vida Leona: 11/26/1912 -

Ruth Naomi: 2/27/1917 - 7/31/1981

Eunice May: 5/15/1920 - 1/19/1998

*son of William Edgar and Mary E. (Sweigert) McCulloh



Back row L to R: Anna, Esther, Archie, Cora, Vida, Lois, Paul, Ruth, Eunice
Front row L to R: Ezra, William, Maria, Charles

