

The Thompson Family News

January 12, 1994 Cordova, Alaska Issue # 2 Publisher, Gary Thompson

The Newsletter

By Gary Thompson

Well, here is Issue # 2 and so far we are having a good time with the newsletter! Daddy's phone is installed. His number is 304-457-4342. I am sure everyone will feel better knowing he can reach someone if he has a problem and it sure will be nice for us to be able to call him. It was nice to see contributions come in even before we had decided how we would handle the checking account. It looks like everyone seemed satisfied with the idea of having three of the kids be on a committee to help in the decision making on the checking account while at the same time leaving it up to Mom and Dad to have the final say. We will let them decide how much of an emergency fund to set up and any money left over after the phone bill is paid will be sent to them. I will be sending out some deposit slips for everyone as soon as we have the account set up and receive the paperwork. If everyone agrees, I thought we could start out with myself, Mom, Cathy and Judy being signers on the checking account. Any two of us can sign checks. I will make out a check for the phone company and one for any money left over and send it to Mom. She can sign the check for the phone company and send it to them and cash the other check to be used for whatever they need. We can rotate the committee once a year or at anytime someone want to make a change. I don't think it will require much from any of us but if anyone else has suggestions, let me know. The phone costs were as follows: \$93.96 Installation, \$40.00 Deposit, \$133.96 Total.

The monthly charge will be \$40.15. This will cover Philippi and Belington. We have had several good suggestions for the newsletter. So far everyone I have talked to seems to like the idea of keeping up on the family news via a newsletter. We are going to have a column for family recipes, video reviews, early memories, family trivia, family tree and what everyone is doing. Any other suggestions will be appreciated.

I hope the younger ones will get involved in the contests. It will be a way to get a nice prize and learn more about the family. We already have had a \$25.00 donation toward the 'prize' fund. It's hard to keep up with what is happening when lives. The newsletter should help keep us informed.

The first article this issue will be 'Early Memories'. We all have things that have happened to us that for some reason we never forgot. This is the opportunity the kids have been waiting for. Get busy and ask your parents (or any adult) for some of their earliest memories. I want to keep it positive so am looking for good memories, especially funny ones. Bethany interviewed me for two of my earliest and I got two from Daddy. We will all look forward to hearing these experiences from other members of the family.

Early Memories with Gary Thompson

By Bethany Thompson

Born a Hot Rodder

#1 One of my first memories was when I was at PapPap's riding my tricycle round and round on a big flat rock behind the coal house. I'd try and make my tricycle go faster and faster trying to spin it sideways. The tricycle went off the rock and I landed smack on my head in the middle of the driveway. PapPap was sitting on the porch. I could hear him yell and come running but I couldn't see anything because there was blood everywhere and everything was spinning. PapPap picked me up and wrapped his big red bandana around my head. I can remember how scared PapPap looked. There is still a big scar on my forehead. I still don't know where that rock went.

The Only Time I Thought PapPap Would Whip Me

#2 I used to watch the Three Stooges all the time and thought the funniest things they always did was set a bucket of water on top of a half opened door and then when someone opened the door the water fell on them. I thought it was so funny I decided to try it out on PapPap. The only bucket I had was a huge 5 gallon coal bucket. So I went and got my bucket and filled it up with water but it was too heaving for me to carry. I emptied the bucket and went to the coalhouse. I got a ladder and put the bucket on the coalhouse door. Then I went and got one of Grandma Thompson's pans. I made about 100 trips with the pan of water until the coal bucket was filled to the brim. I went to the back of the coalhouse and hid.

I started screaming, "Help! Help! PapPap!" I heard the door slam on the house and PapPap came running as fast as he could. PapPap came through the door to save me and the bucket of water turned upside down on PapPap. I knew I was in big trouble when PapPap did not laugh! Luckily the bucket hit him on his shoulder and not his head.

Early Memories with Hugh Thompson

By Gary Thompson

All for a Chaw of Redman

#1 When I was about four years old we were living in the old store at Union, owned by Forest Andrick. A lot of men chewed tobacco and I really wanted to try it. Forest told me if I would climb up on this big rock and jump off into the pig pen he would give me a 'chaw'. I wanted to be big so I decided it was worth it. It did not look very good from the rock but felt even worse when I landed in the mud. You know what kind of mud is in a pig pen; it's not just mud. The pigs leave a lot of very loose runny presents mixed in with the mud. To make matters worse, the pigs decided I was their lunch and I barely made it over the fence alive with the pigs in hot pursuit. Covered with mud I had my 'chaw' of Redman. I really don't think it was worth it and I felt pretty stupid all covered with mud.

#2 I remember helping my Dad (PapPap) dig a well, using a bucket, rope and dynamite. He would set the charges, light the fuse and then crawl out of the hole before the explosion. He would then go back down the hole and fill the bucket with dirt. I would then pull the bucket up and empty it. When he couldn't dig out any more he would set more charges and start the process over again. Before long he began to notice he was running short on fuses. He set a charge with a very short fuse, lit it and started out of the hole. Almost to the top he lost his handhold and fell back into the hole on his back. I covered my ears, knowing he was going to be killed. The next thing I knew he came over the edge just as the charge blew. He went flying and rocks and dirt flew everywhere. He wasn't hurt but it sure scared me.

Video reviews...for all those electronic game addicts.

Video Game Reviews

By Seth Thompson

Recently, I took a trip to Valdez, Alaska and stayed with some friends. They had a Sega Genesis and I tried it out. I'm going to review four games, namely, Jurassic Park, John Madden's Football, Ecco the Dolphin and Super Monaco GP. In the Genesis version of Jurassic Park, I was very disappointed. The play control was not as good as it could have been and the graphics weren't adequate for such a powerful machine. I did appreciate the fact that you could choose between being Dr. Grant or a velociraptor. The best part was being able to be the bad guy. On the graphics, some walls and other fatal obstacles weren't clearly seen, which resulted in a lot of frustration. I was, however, impressed with the sound. At the beginning, a T-Rex says in a digitized voice, "Sega".

The next game, John Madden's Football was very good for hard-core football fans, but not for one that does not understand what the plays are. The graphics are good, but it is hard to pass to your receivers. You can't break tackles very easily and you have little chance of getting yourself a touchdown. Ecco the Dolphin was a pretty cool game. You play the part of a supersonic dolphin whose family has been kidnapped. The play control is hard to adjust to and the theme doesn't become very clear until late in the game, but the graphics and sound are top of the line. Super Monaco GP is a super fast racing game. The graphics are advertised to be very amazing when they aren't all that great. The sound is not very good and could be improved a lot. The play control is excellent. Personally, I think that is the problem with the game. People like racing games in which you can crash, roll and flip. The play control is so good that unless you try to crash, it is virtually impossible to get any fireworks out of your car. If they were going to have a sequel, I would suggest they make it easier to blow yourself up.

Naming the Newspaper

A word on our contests. The winner will be chosen by family members. The deadline for submitting a name will be February 15. With that issue of the newsletter I will send addressed, stamped postcards with a list of all the names that have been submitted. Each family member can vote on which name they like. If there are 4 members in your family, put your four votes besides the name (or names) that you choose. The name with the most votes will be declared the winner and the name of the winner will be announced in the next newsletter. The winner will then be sent the \$10.00 prize and a certificate. The names submitted so far are as follows:

- #1 THPSON FAMILY MATTERS
- #2 THOMPSON TRIBUTE
- #3 THOMPSON FAMILY NEWS
- #4 THOMPSON TIMES
- #5 THE FAMILY CHRONICLE

KOONTZ NEWS for December 1993:

By Cara Koontz

During school vacation in December, Cara went to Judy and Basil's house for a week, and Josh went to Audrey and Bill Clapper's house in Pittsburgh for a week. Steve and Cathy stayed home alone and got to imagine what it will be like when the kids grow up and leave home. Now we are going down to West Virginia to visit Grandma and Grandpa for the rest of the vacation time. We hope to go sledding.

Cara's midterm grades:

WORLD CULTURES	A-
SCIENCE	A
READING	C-
ENGLISH	A (104%)
MATH	A (106%)

I don't know the rest of my grades yet. Car made Honor Roll last term. Josh just missed it last term and he's working hard, hoping for it this time!

MIND YOUR MANORS

By Joshua Koontz

Anybody who has read real estate ads is aware that the descriptions seldom do justice to the property when you see it. Real estate agents seem to have a code that allows them to translate cryptic key phrases into plain English. Here are some decoded terms:

SOPHISTICATED LIVING—Next to a noisy bar.

OLD WORLD CHARM—Has some woodwork. Needs cleaning.

COMTEMPORARY FEELING—Has no woodwork. Needs cleaning.

WIDE OPEN FLOOR PLAN—Previous owner removed supporting walls.

SECURITY SYSTEM—Neighbor has a dog.

NEEDS TLC—Major structural damage.

CONVENIENT—Located on freeway entrance ramp.

MINT—Someone has spilled mouthwash on the carpet.

MOVE IN CONDITION—Front door missing.

COZY—No room larger than 6' by 9'.

LIGHT, OPEN SPACES—Many holes in walls.

OUTSTANDING—Sticks out like a sore thumb.

Let's share THOMPSON FAMILY RECIPES!

Great idea! We have several Alaskan recipes we will put in the next newsletter. Everyone send in your favorites.

Baked Shrimp and Rice Salad

1-½ cups cooked rice

½ pound shrimp, peeled

¾ cup broccoli, cauliflower, carrots, (frozen, thawed)

¼ cup chopped green pepper

1 tablespoon chopped green onion

½ teaspoon salt

1/3 cup mayonnaise

2 tablespoons French salad dressing

2 tablespoons lemon juice

Stir the first six ingredients together. Stir the mayo, French salad dressing and lemon juice together in different bowl. Pour mixture over first mixture, toss, stir gently. Spoon into 1 quart baking dish. Bake for 20 minutes, 350 degrees. (Serves 4)

Submitted by Cathy Koontz, typed by Cara Koontz

The Ballad of the Thompson Clan and the New Van

By Laurel Thompson

(To the Tune of “The Ballad of Jed Clampett” or Beverly Hillbillies Theme)

Come and listen to the story of a man named Gary,
Who loaded up his Jeep and his fam’ly on the ferry.
His friends all said, “Why not throw that Jeep away?”
So they headed from Valdez to Tony Chevrolet.
Cars and trucks. Minivans.

The salesmen saw that old Thompson clan a-comin’
And soon they had all the calculators hummin’.
The salesman said, “Give us all the money that you own
And payments for five years, you can get a car loan.]
Cash rebate. Low interest.

Gary and his family unloaded that old Jeep.
Everything they owned was on the sidewalk in a heap.
The salesmen said, “Get that junk away from here!”
So they piled into their van and loaded up their gear.
Luggage rack. Cargo space.

The Thompsons drive a van on which they can depend.
The optional features impressed all of their friends.
And now when the kinfolk come here to reside
They will pick them up and take them for a ride.
Sightseeing. We’ll go fishin’.

Y’all come up now. Ya hear!

Family Trivia

How much do you know about our family history? Show your skills by sending in your answers to the following questions. Use any method you want to find the answers. I am sure Daddy, Madge, Bob or William wouldn’t mind answering questions, just to name a few. (hint, hint) The one with the most correct answers will receive a certificate and a check for \$10.00. Anyone under 16 is eligible and need only ask the right adult to get all the answers.

1. Who were the five members of the country music band, The Happy Mountaineers? (1 point for each one named)

2. Which member played the fiddle?
3. Which member danced with President's wife?
4. How old was the bass fiddle player when they played for 4000 people in Washington, D.C?
5. Who was the leader of the band?
6. Who were the three singers?
7. How did the bass fiddle player describe his girlfriend?
8. Who forgot their socks when they left Washington, D.C?
9. How many bands from West Virginia were chosen to play in Washington, D.C?
10. What was the name of the contest that sent the Happy Mountaineers to Washington, D.C?

Thompson Family Tree

By Gary Thompson

I have been working on the family tree for several months now and could use some help. I am sending just the family groups and an audit which the computer prints out to show what information is missing. I know I have spelled a lot of names wrong and am embarrassed at some of the ones I don't know. If everyone will correct any mistakes and fill information that is missing, I will be able to send everyone a nice family tree before very long.

Family News

By Gary Thompson

What started out at 7 lbs. 6 oz. on January 4, 1994? Congratulations to Jason and Vicki Delaney, the proud parents of Kaitlin Elise Delaney. We are anxious to hear more about this special event. Pictures would be nice too. I'll be Brianna is excited and ready to help Mom!

I talked to Nic and Heather this month. They are getting settled in Maine and said the weather was cold. Sounds like Nic likes to play in the snow, which I am sure they will have plenty of before spring. I could hear him laughing in the background, watching one of my favorite show, America's Funniest Home Videos.

Dave is waiting for it to warm up in Pa. so he can pour some concrete. He said about all he can do until then is cut firewood. I think they should consider moving to Alaska where it has been in the 40's. (At least until a couple of days ago.)

Looks like we have a celebrity in the family. Donnie works for the company remodeling Vice-President Gore's house. He sent a clipping about the company and the kind of work

they do. Sounds like a quality company but that goes without saying since they have quality people working for them.

Did you hear that Mom and Daddy are going to Hawaii for a month? I think they should be chaperoned, don't you? I am willing to volunteer, especially since it started snowing and turned cold yesterday. They will be leaving on Feb. 8 and returning on the 8th of March.

Grandma Corley isn't about to let any grass grow under her feet. She will be in Texas February 25th until March 4th. I hear she will visit the Alamo while she is there. If she had been there at the same time as Santa Anna, the story might have turned out different. I am basing that on the way she handled my .357 Magnum pistol when she visited Alaska. I know now why we never saw any bears when she came to visit; they knew better than to come out with her holding the gun.

I'll end the newsletter with some sad news. Our thoughts and prayers are with Louise, Lisa, Jeffrey and the rest of our family in Elkins. When I talked to Daddy this week, he told me Jeffrey had taken a turn for the worse. We will all be thinking of you, Jeffrey and looking forward to seeing you next summer when we are in West Virginia.

I will try to call other members of the family in the next month or two to get the news. Everyone who can, drop me a line so the family can keep up with each other.

The Thompson Family News

March 20, 1994 Cordova, Alaska Issue # 3 Publisher, Gary Thompson

How Well I Remember Christmas Day and Christmas Night in the Year 1935

By Robert L. Thompson

We all got up early that Christmas morning. Dad and Mom went down to Union to check on our Grandma Daugherty. All five of us boys went down to Uncle Tom and Aunt Bertha Holbert's to sleigh ride. In the group was Thomas Holbert (deceased), Herbert Holbert, Juanita Holbert (deceased), Geneva Layne, Junior Thompson (deceased), Gearl Thompson (deceased), Hugh Thompson, William Thompson and myself, Robert Thompson. Boy, what a day of fun sleighing. We were sleighing on Griffith side, just opposite of the old road going down the hill to Uncle Tom's house. I remember the mail carrier going by. He was in a coach drawn by a horse. He had a small stove in the coach. I might seem misleading about the mail carrier making his run on Christmas Day, but I understand that during those days they had a choice of taking off on Christmas Day or New Year's Day.

We all went home just before dark. June and Gearl probably, Hugh also, were playing music. We were all very comfortable in our living room sitting around the burnside heating stove when all of a sudden, the wind began howling. It was a blizzard and Dad and Mom had not returned home yet. I think Junior tried to go to the top of the hill to see if he could see a light coming from the direction in which they would be coming home. Well, we worried. We worried. You can't imagine what I was thinking. We assumed they were caught in the blizzard. Dad was and Mom would have been also, but Grandma Daugherty had talked with Dad and Mom about us moving in with her. She was not able to care for herself. They found her that Christmas Day without a fire, and her drinking water supply frozen. Dad started home and Mom stayed with our grandma. He got caught in the storm. He had to stop along the way at Emerson Poling's (also several other neighbors.) His last stop was at Ray Rechesters. Ray got his lantern lit and walked with Dad most of the way home. The snow was so deep, they had to walk around the hill where Ronnie Holbert lives today. Dad, I believe, got home about 3:00 in the morning. We were certainly glad to see him. Then he told us the arrangements he and Mom had made with Grandma Daugherty. The next day, we walked down to her place and spent the remainder of the winter with her, all summer, and up into probably the middle of September 1936. Then we brought Grandma Daugherty back home with us. She lived with us until her death in June, 1944. Junior did not have to go to Union because he didn't want to change high schools. He was a student in the Belington High School. He got to stay with Grandma and Grandpa Thompson. (I was nine years old.)

Did you know that Bob Thompson got 23 strikeouts at the opening of baseball season at Mt. Liberty, a shut out 2-0 against Brushy Fork? He was playing in the Barbour County League. I think the year was 1953???????????????

The deadline is here!! Now is the time to pick the winner of our “Name the Newsletter” Contest. The selections are as follows:

- # 1 THOMPSON FAMILY MATTERS
- # 2 THOMPSON TRIBUTE
- # 3 THOMPSON FAMILY NEWS
- # 4 THOMPSON TIMES
- # 5 THE FAMILY CHRONICLE
- # 6 THOMPSON TALL TALES

Place the number of votes from your family in the box provided. Example: If there are 4 members in your family and they all voted for # 1 Thompson Family Matters, put a 4 in the box for # 1. If two voted for # 1 and two voted for # 3 Thompson Family News, put a 2 in the box for #1 and a 2 in the box for #3. Send your votes back to the following address:

Gary H. Thompson
P.O. Box 1166
Cordova, Alaska 99574

The winning name will be published in the next newsletter and the \$10.00 prize will be awarded.

Age limit changed, anyone can enter. Let’s hear all you know about the Happy Mountaineers!! So far we have only one response.

Family Trivia

How much do you know about our family history? Show your skills by sending in your answers to the following questions. Use any method you want to find the answers. I am sure Daddy, Madge, Bob or William wouldn’t mind answering questions, just to name a few. (hint, hint) The one with the most correct answers will receive a certificate and a check for \$10.00.

1. Who were the five members of the country music band, The Happy Mountaineers? (1 point for each one named)
2. Which member played the fiddle?
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4. How old was the bass fiddle player when they played for 4000 people in Washington, D.C.?
5. Who was the leader of the band?
6. Who were the three singers?
7. How did the bass fiddle player describe his girl friend?

8. Who forgot their socks when they left Washington, D.C.?
9. How many bands from West Virginia were chosen to play in Washington, D.C.?
10. What was the name of the contest that sent the Happy Mountaineers to Washington, D.C.

Bridge of My Fathers **By Frederick Earl Thompson**

(Dedicated to the old wooden bridge over the Tygart Valley River at Philippi)

Bridge of my fathers, soon to mold...
Material death, it can't escape;
No further future seems to hold
This thing of useful, peaceful shape.

It lived—still lives—a longer span
Than that allotted to a man
Or ever will, or ever can—
An edict of a mighty plan.

In peace, in war, it stood the test,
Each night, each day, it furnished cheer;
It always did its level best
In making courage out of fear.

The passerby cannot forget
His feelings when he strode alone
O'er wooden spans so firmly set
And anchored in the walls of stone.

Bridge of my fathers, living still,
In spite of weather, war or wear;
I know that time and progress will
Replace my sentimental care.

A lesson to the endless throng
Who safely passes o'er the wave,
To meet the world with sigh or song,
And learns of Jesus' power to save.

Rackum's Apple Tree
By Frederick Earl Thompson
Washington, D.C. April 24, 1947

A year before our Constitution date of which there's little doubt,
A youngster while out hunting came upon an apple sprout;
He recognized its value tho 'twas a sapling young and frail,
Away out in a forest along Old Seneca Trail,
Where a passerby had dropped a seed unaware of nature's care—
It sprouted unattended, unnoticed, alone out there!

The hunter uprooted it gently—straightaway hurried to his Pa,
And told the story of his find with ardent words and awe.
Then he planted it and he watered it and it grew with startling speed,
While visions of sweet apples filled an appetizing need.
But one day "The Open Road" had urged Pa to change his plan,
And Ma said, "Rackum, you know your Pa's a movin' man."

"Well, Ma," said Rackum Thompson, now stern, alert and strong,
"We'll move again, but I will take my tree along."
Deep-rooted roots and earth en masse were parts of this young tree,
Which kept it growing larger, even greener within its movings—one, two, three.
Dwellers gazed from log cabins and saw a sled and apple tree go by,
On two different occasions but they asked no questions why.

News got out months later that the tree is comin' down the trail,
"The Thompsons are a-movin'—this time with cart and pail."
Now, the tree had reached proportions—bearing apples, 'tis said,
As they accomplished this final moving on an ox-cart, not a sled.
Again he firmly planted in a yard—this time at O'Neal Town;
(And there it stands this very day, 'till Time shall cut it down).

Months passed; the sorrowful day arrived when Rackum left his tree behind—
Penetrated were its roots with clay intermingled and entwined.
Years passed; Old Rackum returned longingly to the haunts of his childhood.
Again tears filled his eyes yet steadily as a giant he stood,
Looking up silently into nature's wonder—"his" towering apple tree!
Said he softly: "You be a mighty fine tree—just like I thought you'd be;"
Then sitting in its shade, when the sun dipped low—a gentle breeze tousled his white hair
And in meditation Old Rackum felt a strangeness; he knew that God was there.

A Video Game Preview for 1994

By Seth Thompson

First of all, I have to say that 1994 looks like an excellent year for video games. With all the new systems coming out, and the high tech games, it looks like a video gamer's paradise. The only problem is the price. With more advanced gadgets, the companies can charge more advanced prices. Next year, Nintendo plans to put out a 64-bit system that costs around \$250. This system is being named Project Reality and is four times more powerful than the Super Nintendo. It is the most advanced entertainment system that has been made besides computers. 3DO and the Jaguar systems are just about as potent, but they can run you anywhere from \$300 to \$700. Sega CD seems to be the new thing. Many people have decided to buy one. I haven't seen one yet, but I hope to soon. For the regular Sega Genesis, Sonic the Hedgehog 3 is out. In this game, Sonic can ride treadmills and windsurf across the surface of water. New and improved memory capabilities allow you to store six games in progress. In case you were getting tired of looking at Sonic's profile, don't worry. You get to see different angles of the superquick superhero. The new shields include the Bubble Shield, the Flame Shield, and the Electric Shield. The Bubble Shield give Sonic a new straight-down jumping attack and keeps him from losing air when he's underwater. Sonic can also kick out of his spinning attack, with or without a shield. This gives the attack more range than it's had in the past. When he's got the Flame Shield, Sonic can attack with a burst of flame. The Electric Shield makes Sonic shoot out electricity when he jumps to zap his foes. It also attracts Rings to it—some that Sonic couldn't get any other way. Other new surprises include a new character named Knuckles, who's a real practical joker. Well, that's about all. See ya!

Recipes

Buckwheat Cakes from Mix

Mix with buttermilk to which a small amount of warm water and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of soda has been added for each cup of buttermilk. Make a thin batter and bake on hot griddle.

Raised Buckwheat Cakes— Use plain Buckwheat flour

Mix 1 packet of yeast and 1 teaspoon of sugar to 1 quart of warm water. Thicken with buckwheat flour and let rise overnight in warm place. Use large stove or plastic container with enough room for mixture to rise. Next morning, add butter and an equal amount of

water and ¼ teaspoon of soda for each cup of buttermilk, also 1 teaspoon of salt. Make a thin batter and bake on hot griddle.

Save 1 cup of batter, cover, but don't refrigerate unless it's very warm. That night, add 3 cups of water and 1 teaspoon of sugar and thicken with buckwheat flour. Let rise, then repeat the morning directions.

Grandma Corley said she added 1/3 cup of applebutter to the mixture in the morning. It makes them brown nicely and adds flavor. If batter gets sour, discard and start over.

Brown Sugar Syrup

1 cup light brown sugar—packed with ½ cup of water.

Bring to a boil and boil a minute or so, stirring to cook the sugar—may add maple flavoring, if desired.

Obituary Jeffrey Allen Haney, Jr.

Jeffrey Allen Haney, Jr. was born March 31, 1989 and up until just after his third birthday, he was a typical ornery little boy, loved and enjoyed by his family. He loved playing with cars and trucks and playing in the dirt. In April 1992, he had a mild seizure and was treated for an infection, assuming that was the cause. In May, however, he had a strong seizure and further tests and surgery disclosed a malignant brain tumor. Following the surgery, he went to Morgantown 5 days a week for 7 weeks, over 180 miles round trip. He was very brave, accepting whatever was necessary, didn't cry or complain. The only time he said anything was one time when they drove up to the hospital, he simply said, "This is not a nice place." Sometimes when he was going to have tests, he couldn't have anything to eat. He didn't even say he was hungry. He sometimes had to wait for his treatment. He would sit quietly playing and when they did call him, he got up like a little man and went with them. It's amazing that a child so young could be so brave and trusting. There is no doubt that the love of his family was a big factor.

For almost a year, they were hopeful that he would be OK, but in May 1993 he had another seizure and in early June he had surgery for another tumor, which left him with no use of his left hand and extreme weakness of his arm and leg.

He went to physical therapy daily for some time, then 3 times a week. He got to enroll in preschool and was very excited about that. In spite of his handicap, he continued to be happy, cheerful and playful until the last part of December when he complained of aching. Back in Morgantown, tests revealed the cancer had taken over his body. He came home, but to make him more comfortable, they took him to the Elkins Hospital where he passed away 2 days later on January 12, 1994.

This obituary was written by Mavis Thompson with the help of Jeffrey's family.

Jeffrey A. Haney, Jr.

Jeffrey Allen Haney, Jr., 4, a resident of Rt. 3, Elkins, died Wednesday at 6:50 p.m. in the Davis Memorial Hospital, where he had been admitted on Monday. Death was attributed to cancer.

He was born March 31, 1989, at Elkins, a son of Jeffrey Allen Haney of Beverly, and Lisa Judy Haney of Crystal Springs.

Surviving in addition to his parents are his paternal grandparents, Roger and Dolores Haney, Beverly; maternal grandparents, Loman and Louise Judy, Elkins; maternal great-grandmother, Lurenis Thompson, Elkins; paternal great-grandmother, Opal Lambert, Elkins; one step-sister, Ashley McCune, Huttonsville, and several aunts, uncles, cousins and a special friend, Cory Lambert, Elkins.

Jeffrey attended the Appalachian Community Health Center Preschool.

Family News Flashes **By Gary H. Thompson**

Laurel went to visit a friend in Minnesota for two weeks so I am operating on only ½ a brain. I will try to remember my notes on the family news. I had everything written down but can't find my notes without my wife. Sound familiar to any other husbands?

Sounds like things are tough in Pa. with all the snow and cold. David is trying to stay busy cutting and selling firewood. I might get him to make a permanent move to Alaska yet!

Has anyone seen the new TV show "Byrds of Paradise"? It is based in Hawaii and was filmed close to where Janet and Mike live. After talking to Janet about the house they live in, I think that would make a good movie. It seems that the people who lived there before them had let it get a 'little' run down. When they went up to look at the house the door came off when they tried to open it and they started off with quite a chicken farm (left over from the previous tenant). It took a while but I hear the house is one of the nicest around after all the hard work they put in. I will have a detailed report of Mom and Dad's trip in the next newsletter.

The family in Florida is doing well. I talked to Shirley, Carol and Madge. I tried to call Roddy but never could get through. He is at the top of my list now. We enjoyed talking about the 'old days' especially about the Happy Mountaineers. When I have more facts, I will write a story about them later.

The family tree is coming along GREAT! I have gotten a good response from several who have a lot of information that I was missing. Several others are still working on it. I hope to get an updated copy to everyone before too long. I have some interesting biographies that you will enjoy.

That's about it for now! Sorry that it was so late and thanks for all the support!

!!!!Send us your family news!!!!

The Thompson Tribute

April 21, 1994

Cordova, Alaska

Issue # 4

Publisher, Gary Thompson

WINTER OR SPRING

(WEATHER IN ALASKA)

This winter was a hard one for the East Coast with everything from ice disasters to floods. Alaska was bombarded with sunshine and clear skies. We in Alaska are loving the unsuspected change with hardly one inch of snow to speak about. The last few days have been beautiful and the month of February had not a drop of rain. With Spring already here in Alaska, like last year's weather, we are looking forward to another clear and hot summer.

The only disappointing new was that for the Great Winter, due to the lack of snow, there were only two days the ski mountain was open. But other than that, we have no complaints.

Last summer we had unusual heat to where it broke the reach high set in 1962. We're hoping we can break last year's record high this coming summer. So far this is the first year we've actually had a Spring. With a high of 52 degrees.

By Bethany Thompson

(If you have any weather reports from your state, please send them to us and we'd be glad to put it in the latest Newsletter for you.)

THOMPSON NEWS

GRANDMA AND GRANDPA GO TO HAWAII

By Mavis Thompson

After a record cold and snowy January we were preparing to leave for Hawaii. Of course, the weather reports were calling for another snowstorm. So we got reservations at a hotel in Pittsburgh near the airport and went up the afternoon before we were to leave. Next morning, it was snowing when we went to the airport, so our flight was delayed 3 hours. When we got to Chicago, where we were to change planes, that flight was delayed 6 hours. It was snowing and the temperature was 18 degrees. We were supposed to be in Hawaii at 10:30 p.m. our time, but we only got as far as San Francisco, California, finally getting to Hawaii at 5:30 a.m. the next day Eastern standard time. We got off the plane with heavy clothes, carrying coats and it was in the 80's. From then on, it was just great.

Janet met us at the airport with beautiful flower leis. The first week it rained some but that made beautiful rainbows. I can see why it's called the rainbow state. Everything is certainly beautiful, lots of flowers, birds, blue sky and ocean and mountain ranges. During

the week, we relaxed, went for walks, etc. On weekends, we enjoyed seeing scenery and sightseeing with Janet and Mike. We went to Pearl Harbor, The Polynesian Cultural Center, Waimea Valley Falls Park, a luau, where they roasted a pig and The Dole Pineapple Plantation, Honolulu, Waikiki, The National Cemetery of the Pacific. And a circle tour of the Island. We went out to eat at a lot of nice places and had a wonderful time.

Coming home, we ran into another snowstorm in Pittsburgh and almost didn't get to land. We circled the airport for 45 minutes and they announced they were ready to go back to Chicago, but we made it home OK, refreshed from a dream vacation.

Told by Mavis Thompson to Reporter Bethany Thompson

Crossing the Border...

By Ryan Thompson

Have you ever left this country and gone to another? This is a fun and exciting experience. In this paper, I will explain what you will see and what there is to do.

There are many places to cross the border into Mexico. The one I will be talking about is the El Paso, Texas / Juarez, Mexico border area. If these cities were combined they would be one of the largest cities in the world.

To cross the border, all you need is a quarter to walk across a bridge. It costs a dollar-forty to drive a car across the border there. I would not suggest this unless you have Mexican insurance and know the traffic laws. As you go across you can see the Rio Grande River. This river is very polluted. Graffiti and garbage line both banks of the river. When you reach the true border there are thick yellow lines going across the bridge, and there are two large flags, one for each country. After you cross that yellow line, you are officially in Mexico.

Once you get off the bridge, it feels like you went back in time thirty years. The buildings are old and they look like they came right out of the sixties. As you walk along the crater-infested streets, the storekeepers literally drag you into their stores. If you are there to shop, the first stores always have higher prices. At the end of the street you will find the best prices. When you are looking to buy something, never settle for the first price. The storekeeper will always go lower if you start walking away. After you finish shopping, you should sample real Mexican food.

These people usually don't speak much English, so be careful. I would suggest you order something you've had before. After you finish your meal, you should go to the city market. You can walk or take a cab for a dollar-fifty. It costs more on weekends. The marketplace is very busy. It is small and crowded. If you want a variety of good from a carved wooden dog statue to a Mexican rug, you should shop at the market. Your day is now coming to an end. It is time to return to the other side. You pay your fifty cents and walk back over the bridge again. The customs officer looks at the things you bought, and then you declare yourself a U.S. citizen and you are on your way back into the United States.

After reading this paper, I hope I have convinced you to venture across the border into fascinating country of Mexico.

Note: I was stationed in New Mexico while in the Army so have been to Juarez many times. Ryan's story was such a good description, it made me homesick!
Gary

Recipes from Around the World

Tundra Mud Pie

½ gallon mocha ice cream (or vanilla ice cream mixed with 2 Tablespoons General Foods International Coffee Swiss Mocha Mix)

2 chocolate graham crusts

1 can chocolate fudge frosting

Spoon mocha ice cream into chocolate crusts. Smooth on top. Put in freezer and let freeze hard. Quickly spread frosting over top of pies. Freeze hard again.

This is my adaptation of a dessert served at Mt. McKinley Park Hotel at \$5 a slice.

By Laurel Thompson

Zesty Italian Crescent Casserole

1 lb. Ground beef, drained

14 oz. Ragu Pizza sauce

2 cups mozzarella cheese, shredded

½ cup sour cream

8 oz. can crescent rolls

1/3 cup Parmesan cheese, grated

3 Tablespoons butter, melted

Heat oven to 375 degrees. Brown beef, drain. Stir in sauce. Heat thoroughly. Combine cheese and sour cream. Pour meat mixture into 9 X 13 pan. Spoon cheese over meat. Roll out dough over top. Combine Parmesan cheese and butter. Spread over dough. Bake 18-20 minutes.

Joshua Koontz and Bob Thompson Big Winners!!!

The \$10.00 prize for picking the best name for the newsletter goes to Joshua Koontz!! The name will now be THE THOMPSON TRIBUTE. Second place goes to Madge Thompson with Thompson Tall Tales. The winner of the family trivia goes to Bob Thompson. Several were close but Bob got every question right! By popular request, we will be doing a story in a future newsletter on The Happy Mountaineers.

1. Who were the five members of the country music band, The Happy Mountaineers?
Answer: There were actually six members: Junior Thompson-Fiddle, Hugh Thompson-Bass Fiddle, Gearl Thompson-Mandolin, Leedona Fisher-Banjo, ukulele and singer, Madge Fisher (Thompson)-Rhythm Guitar and singer, Fred Fisher-Rhythm Guitar and singer.
2. Which member played the fiddle?
Answer: Junior Thompson
3. Which member danced with a President's wife?
Answer: Hugh Thompson
4. How old was the bass fiddle player when they played for 4000 people in Washington, D.C.?
Answer: Sixteen years old
5. Who was the leader of the band?
Answer: Fred Fisher
6. Who were the three singers?
Answer: Madge, Leedonna and Fred Fisher. The Thompsons also sang on occasion.
7. How did the bass fiddle player describe his girl friend?
Answer: Ran his hand down the side of his bass fiddle as if describing a woman's figure.
8. Who forgot their socks when they left Washington, D. C.?
Answer: Hugh Thompson
9. How many bands from West Virginia were chosen to play in Washington, D.C.?
Answer: Only one, The Happy Mountaineers. Everyone I talked to said they were one of the best bands in the country, way ahead of their time. They were invited to the West Virginia Jamboree at Wheeling but were unable to go.
10. What was the name of the contest that sent the Happy Mountaineers to Washington, D. C.?
Answer: The dedication of the Homestead.

Death By Coyote?...

By Gary H. Thompson

Two years ago, David (my brother) was in Alaska commercial fishing. After fishing was over, he decided to stay and go moose hunting with me. We planned the hunt, packed our gear and headed into an area about 40 miles from Cordova that had a good moose population. We were soon to find out that there were many other animals that also frequented the area. We were using ATV's (4-wheelers) to get back where the moose were (especially needed if you are successful since moose sometimes weigh in at over 1500 pounds).

The weather was beautiful and except for David having a bad head cold, things were looking good. The area we chose for our camp was about twenty feet from a small stream name Clear Creek. Its name describes the kind of stream it is. It reminds me of a stream in West Virginia that has cost many people their lives because of its deceptive way of getting you in over your head. The water is so clear it looks only inches deep even though the depth can be several feet. Clear Creek is only about forty feet wide but goes for several miles through some of the most spectacular country in Alaska. We set up our camp about twenty feet from Clear Creek and set back to relax, enjoying the mountain goats on a distant mountain and hearing the salmon splashing in the River. You know the saying, it doesn't get better than this! We had a nice campfire and turned in early to be ready for our first hunt the next day. After a somewhat restless night due to the excitement of the next day's hunt, we were up before daylight, loading the ATV's to be out all day. Even though it was only the middle of August a light frost covered the ground. The air was clean and pure, and stars were still visible in the sky as we finished our last cup of coffee. We spent most of the day looking for moose, covering about a twenty-mile area to the north east of camp. The moose were not cooperating but we saw a lot of other wildlife. Canadian geese were around every bend, and wolves, bears and coyotes were as intent on have a goose dinner as we were in having moose for ours. We almost got a shot at a large black bear but he managed to get into a thicket that would have required a bulldozer to get through. We circled the thicket and climbed a tree to see if we could locate him but he was too smart to move. The safest thing for him was to stay put and that is exactly what he did. We were disappointed but didn't feel too bad since it was only the first day. Alaska bear meat is almost as good as moose but we weren't going to have any this trip. To top off the day, we jumped a large wolf when we left the thicket where we lost the bear. Wolves get large in Alaska but this one took our breath away. We came around a bend in the river and suddenly he was there. Only about seventy-five yards away, he stopped and looked at us as if he thought we might taste better than a goose. We estimated his weight at one hundred and seventy-five pounds. He looked to be about six feet long from his nose to the tip of his tail and stood almost four feet tall at the shoulder. It was somewhat spooky the way he was looking at us, so I pulled my rifle from the scabbard just in case. When I moved, he turned and made what looked like an effortless jump into the trees. One minute he was there, the next he was gone. We looked at each other in disbelief at the speed that he had disappeared. We rode up to the sand bar where he had been standing and were amazed at the size of his tracks. A dollar bill just barely fit in his track. We stepped off the distance he had covered when he jumped into the brush. It was thirty of my steps from the point he left the ground until he landed at the edge of the trees. Quite an animal! We finished off the day by crossing Clear Creek with the 4-wheelers and

checking the other side for moose sign. It looked promising on the other side so we decided to hunt south of the camp the next day.

With the day's experiences fresh in our minds, we went back to camp and settled in for the night. We were both tired so we didn't plan on staying up long after dinner. We sat around the campfire and watched the sun go down. Several mountain goats had come down a nearby mountain to a point where we could get a good look at them. We enjoyed watching them on the grassy slopes of the mountain and to see how easily they could go straight up what looked like a sheer rock face. What a view they must had, looking down on the valley we were in with Clear Creek winding in and out of the trees and grassy bottoms! David still wasn't feeling well because of his cold so he put his rifle in the tent and crawled into his sleeping bag. It was so beautiful out that I couldn't pull myself away from the campfire. The stars had come out and I could hear salmon splashing in the river. Our campfire was about twenty feet from the bank of the river and the tent was located about forty feet from the campfire (away from the river). After David got in his sleeping bag, I began to think about Alaska and how when I first moved here fifteen years before that, I had made several comments about how crazy people were to sleep in a tent in Alaska because of the large numbers of huge brown bears. By huge, I mean bears that would go through the ceiling of your house if they were to stand on their hind legs (I saw one mounted that was twelve feet tall). It took me about the first year in Alaska to convince myself it was worth the risk to enjoy the real wilderness. Of course, I started sleeping in a tent during hunting season like all those other 'crazy' people. As I sat there by the campfire, I realized that I was quite a distance from the tent where my rifle was located. In Alaska, most people carry a rifle and a large caliber revolver because of the problems you sometimes have with bears. David hadn't brought anything to hunt with when he came up that spring since his purpose in coming had been to fish, not hunt. The hunting trip had turned out to be an unexpected bonus. Since I had let him carry my revolver, here I was sitting in the dark, forty feet from my tent (and rifle) beside a river full of salmon. It didn't help knowing that the Clear Creek area is well known for brown bears of unusually large proportions. After thinking of these things, I kind of smiled to myself at my bravery and how far I had come at overcoming my fear of brown bears. The thought then crossed my mind that people usually get hurt when they get too sure of themselves in dangerous situations. No sooner did the thought go through my mind than I thought I heard something moving in the brush between the river and me. I first thought it was my imagination but when it began to move in my direction, I realized this was for real. I stood up (so did the hair on the back of my neck) and started for the tent. By this time it was dark, lots of stars but no moon. The campfire was still flickering enough to make everything look?????????. It seemed like I was in slow motion as I moved toward the tent. There was no question now that something was coming into the camp. As I moved toward the tent, I could hear whatever was in the brush coming in my direction at full speed. I thought it was going to beat me to the tent but I made it first. I yelled at David that we had a visitor. He sat up in his sleeping bag and handed me my rifle. I grabbed the rifle and turned around, expecting a bear to be right on top of me. As I turned, David managed to shine the flashlight on the brush where the sounds were coming from. No sooner did the light hit the brush than what I at first thought was a wolf came leaping out of the brush, less than ten feet away. I fired while he was still in the air. Everything was happening so fast we never had time to think. One minute we seemed to be under attack, the next thing we knew, everything was quiet and the animal was gone. It was like he vanished into thin air.