

MUSEUM MUSES

Telling Highland County's story for over 50 years!

CHANGING YOUR WORLD

TOO MANY EVENTS TO LIST HERE! See inside!

With the passing of Elsie Steward Young just after reaching her 105th birthday, we wanted to celebrate the mothers involved in the mid 1950s fight for integration of Hillsboro's elementary schools. "Miss Elsie" was the last surviving mother. Some of the mothers got more "press coverage" than others, but they all were committed to their cause of better education for their children.

This look back is presented by Kati Burinkel, Myra Phillips and John Glaze.

First, Kati wrote a tribute to Miss Elsie:

It is with a heavy heart that we write about the loss of Elsie Steward Young recently. Miss Elsie was a friend to many. She was a member of numerous organizations and served her community. In 1954, Miss Elsie and 18 other mothers fought for the right to an equal education for their children. She was one of five mothers who were litigants in a case that was the first northern test case of the landmark Brown vs. Board of Education of Topeka, KS. She would be honored during her life by numerous organizations for her work. Miss Elsie was a woman of faith and a long time member of the New Hope Baptist Church. She was the mother of nine, a grandmother, great grandmother, and great great grandmother.

Miss Elsie participated in the Lincoln School Project from the beginning. At 100 years young, her memory of the march was

amazing and her input invaluable. When she went to Lincoln School events, at this point over 100 years old, Miss Elsie was like a rock star, sharing her story and greeting the public. She attended the dedication of the Lincoln bench in front of the courthouse where people stood in line to say hello to her.

With the restrictions brought about by the Covid pandemic, many still wanted to reach out to Miss Elsie, talk to her, get close to her, and, most of all, hug her. Her stalwart family formed a security force around her and no one, well meaning though they be, would be allowed close enough to put her in danger.

Myra Cumberland Phillips, knew all of the mothers...some better than others, of course. She provided many memories to share with you. We also wanted to share photographs we have of the mothers to help you get to know them better. These are the photos used in our new book on Black History of Highland County.



Delia Blakey
I remember Miss Delia as having beautiful and nice looking kids. I knew a couple of the older ones. She was always playing music of some kind.

Next is Gertrude Clemons Hudson. She dressed well from head to toe. Always a nice hat, beautiful clothes, purse and high heels! She loved wearing jewelry with

necklace, earrings and rings. She made the BEST home-made pound cake!



Roxie Clemons
Miss Roxie was always nice and full of laughter.



She once bought her girls jumpsuits and also bought one for me on my birthday!

Delia Cumberland

I can slightly remember Aunt Delia and I can see her bright red lipstick, applied very neatly.



Zella Cumberland

I have too many memories of my Mother, so I have to give a general memory. Per all of my Mom's managers, as she was a Kroger cashier, all of her customers loved her and rushed to go through her line. After she passed, I received many cards from her customers (who I'd never met) telling me the positive impression she left on them.

(JG: my mom was one of the customers who would choose to stand longer in Zella's line than hurry through the others,

as she always wanted to visit with her. I also want to point out that Zella worked for Kroger for thirty years and in all of those years, her till was NEVER over or under by as much as one cent! That is a feat never equaled by any other cashier. Myra has shared with me many of the stories of her mom and if you ever see her around, ask her to share some of those with you!)



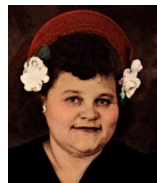
Zora Cumberland

I remember Aunt Zora as always wearing a white uniform. I enjoyed snapping bushel baskets of green beans with her daughter so Zora could can them.



Frances L Curtis
Miss Frances was a great mom and loved all of her

kids. She gave all twelve of her kids a name beginning with the letter "L."



Imogene Curtis
I remember Miss Imogene

coming to church every Sunday, bringing her two children along. She was always wearing her Sunday-go-to-meeting hat setting perfectly on her head, teaching Sunday School and giving advice where needed.

(continued on page 5)



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HCHS is a 501(c)(3)
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DIRECTOR'S REPORT

THANKS to these renewing members:

- Brian & Kimberly Allen
- Linda Ballentine – Heritage
- Melissa Beyerlein – Heritage
- Alex Butler
- Lowell & Carolyn Chambers
- Kelli Cole
- James & Eleanor Cumberland
- Steve Faris
- Ben Fenner
- John & Joanie Grimes – Heritage
- Dr. Thomas Henry
- Sue Honeycutt – Heritage
- Jean McKenzie – Heritage
- Rodney & Charlotte Pack
- P. J. Ryan – Preservationist
- Jim Spurlock – Heritage
- Lowell & Sharon Sullivan

WELCOME to these NEW members:

- Mary & Kevin Black
- Brian Bonner
- Tony Hermes & Mary Keininger
- Linda Kelley

- Tina Zink Minty
- Angela Smith
- Rebecca Wagner

Condolences to these members who lost loved ones recently:

- James & Eleanor Cumberland Family
- Carolyn Goins Family
- Virginia Harewood Family
- Jack Hope Family

Contributions in Memory of

Jack Hope:

- Todd & Tara Campbell
- Steven Harness
- Ken Kaser
- Vicki Knauff
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- Ann Siddons
- Sherri Smithson
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- Craig & Diane Todd
- Jennifer West
- James & Betsy Williams
- Jane Nye Woodhouse

Pioneer Day

14 August 2021
 338 W Main St, Hillsboro
 Events begin at 9:00am
 Enjoy a FUN DAY while you learn more about the history of our county!
 Bring the kids! There will be special activities for them also!

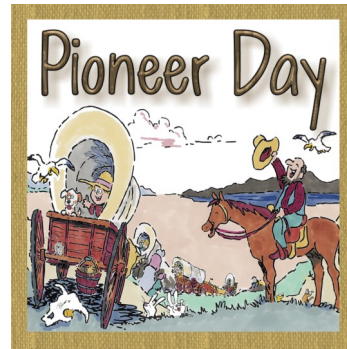
So what goes on?

- PIONEER ARTS
- Grassy Run is in charge of providing several folks to demonstrate pioneer arts:
- Jack Miller: Blacksmithing
- Wildlife Foundation: Archery
- George West: Rope Making
- Dave Dowler: Hammer Dulcimer
- Eileen Dowler: Tin Punch
- Debi Miner: Quilting, Dolls
- Gary Miner: Primitive Lighting
- Donna V: Quilting
- Frank Clifford: Rope help
- Tina Clifford: Clothing/Sewing
- Bill Powell: Powder Guns
- Kenny & Debbie Ashcraft: Loughhunter
- Characterizations of: The Prophet
- Simon Kenton by Jerry Blanton
- Roberta Gillner
- Quaker Quilt Study Group

There will be presentations, Antique Machinery on display and in action, Community Booths, Activities for Kids, Food, Bake Sale and more!!!

DON'T MISS PIONEER DAY!!!

HAVE YOU REGISTERED YOUR REWARDS CARD TO BENEFIT HCHS?



WHO AM I?

If you guessed **CARLENE PHILLIPS** for last issue's mystery child, you were correct!



This issue....
 Who is this?



Tissot's Home Center
 206 North Elm St.
 Hillsboro, Ohio 45133

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WHAT'S HAPPENING AT HCHS?

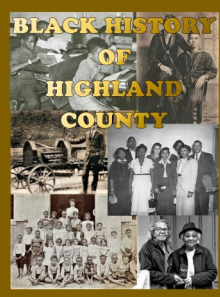
We have a VERY full late summer/autumn for you! Coming in **OCTOBER** watch for an announcement of a **FALL APPRAISAL DAY** at Highland House. Appraisals of glassware, pottery, coins, jewelry and more! Each appraisal is a \$5 donation and all proceeds benefit HCHS!

Save the date of 5 DEC 21 at 2pm for our **CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS TEA!** Reservations will be required and announcements will be made

through local news as well as Facebook.

HOLIDAYS—Call Highland House at 937-393-3392 to reserve a date for your Christmas Party. Each room in Highland House will be decorated with a tree as well as other items. The **MERRY MERCANTILE** will be open for shopping. Need a spot for a special group photo? The staircase is a wonderful spot, but not the only one! Call Vicki for details!

NOW AVAILABLE!



BLACK HISTORY OF HIGHLAND COUNTY

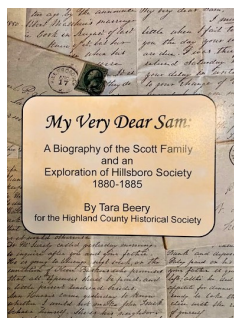
by Myra Cumberland Phillips, Kati Burwinkel and John Glaze.

This begins with the settlement of the county, covers the first permanent Black resident and on up to present day activities. All income from the sale of these books goes to a \$500 scholarship for a Black student from the county.

\$20 (donation-item not discountable)

MY VERY DEAR SAM by Tara Chambers Beery

This is a biography of the Scott Family as well as information on the Hillsborough Society in the 1880-1885 period. The title comes from the letters written to Samuel Parsons Scott by his mother during the time he spent on the east coast seeking relief from his allergies. Many of her letters are included, along with explanations of who the people are that are mentioned in the letters. This book is also available at \$20 and all income supports HCHS.



Highland County Historical Society HALL of FAME

HCHS will hold an induction ceremony for the 2020/2021 recipients of the Highland County Hall of Fame on Sunday, August 22, 2021 at 2:00 at the Presbyterian Church in Hillsboro, followed by a reception at Highland House. The event for 2020 had to be cancelled due to the pandemic so we are moving forward this year by inducting the 2020 recipients. They are: Ed Bousman (1918-2011), radio and television evangelist; Benton Raymond "BR" Duckworth (1890-1996), educator; Harriet Amelia (Hack) Fenner (1936-2019), Highland County Commissioner; and Wenona Marlin (1871-1945), journalist and suffragette. The public is cordially invited.

Comments from the Director

It is August but fall is in the air. I like Fall but not the season that follows. We are excited to roll out our late summer and early fall events and there are many, as you can read in this newsletter. Volunteers are needed to carry out these events. Please call if you can help.

The work on our collection continues. Our inventory consists mainly of artifacts and memorabilia of the 1800s. If you have an item or two from the early 1900s and Depression Era, let me know. Also needed are written histories and photographs or the businesses, homes, schools, and churches. We are asked many times about the history of a house or other building. We have only the material that is given to us. I hope to see you at our events this summer and fall!

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2021 HOMES & HISTORIC BUILDINGS TOUR

It's time for the biennial HOME AND HISTORIC BUILDINGS TOUR! Our chairperson for this event, Jennifer Jenkins, has been working hard lining up this year's homes. It's not an easy job and Jennifer works diligently to bring you the chance to see some of the beautiful homes of our community.

We also need to recognize the corporate sponsors of this event:

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An extra thank-you to Marco Renk (RSR) for allowing us to use his photos for this article.



This beautiful country home was built c 1802 and is owned by Charlie and Denise Mootz. Often referred to as "The Jones Home," the 186 acre property features a two acre lake and "Lake View Loft" which is a barn used as a wedding and reception venue.



This interesting and early rustic barn has been brought into the 21st Century as a

home for Kent and Michelle Knoblauch. The creative use of repurposed and reclaimed materials is of particular note!



This Maine Cape was originally built by George and Mae Sanders. The home with two additions since the original build is now the home of Art and Deanne Link. The beautiful grounds of the home also feature out buildings dating to 1901.



Another of Hillsboro's stately homes is this brick Italianate built around 1875. Ten foot ceilings, brick interior walls, the original walnut woodwork, doors, and fire places are just a few of the splendors of this home owned by Jamie Goolsby.



This Arts & Crafts "Mission Style" home was built c 1910. It was the home of the Joe Moran family for many years but is now owned and loved by Tom and Carol

Eichinger. It features the beautiful original woodwork and much more!



This beautiful Georgian brick colonial was built by the Erwin Family c 1850. Four original fireplaces and 11 foot ceilings are just a couple of the features in this home owned by Mark and Alice Wilson.



This uptown building was the home of the Orpheum Theater owned by the Chaney Family. In renovation of this building which served as a food market in the mid 20th century, advertisements on the walls of the adjoining buildings were uncovered. This now serves as a venue for receptions and meetings. It is owned by Dale Martin.



St. Mary Catholic Church is an example of American Gothic architecture. The building has gone through many alterations over the years it has been in existence. The sanctuary is beautifully painted and features statuary. The beautiful acoustics are a feature of many old churches of this age.



An often requested building to view is Bell's Opera House. This structure was built in approximately 7 to 8 months in 1895 at a cost of \$40,000 by Charles Singleton Bell. When problems with sewer lines or other problems actually under the control of the city presented, Mr. Bell paid the bill for improvements to be made so that this opera *(continued on page 6)*

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CHANGING YOUR WORLD (continued)

(JG: When going through photographs whilst working on the Black History book, I came upon a photograph in which Miss Imogene was standing and I was transported back years by my memory of the lady seen there. Standing with other mothers, wearing a long winter coat, her saddle shoes and a headscarf was Miss Imogene and I knew instantly this person from all of those years ago. Miss Imogene always seemed like a person a lost child could approach, slip his hand into hers and look up into that kind face for help.

Seleicka Dent

She could share long conversations where one didn't have to say anything. She loved kids and would send money for graduations, etc., even if she wasn't sent an announcement.



Alberta Goins
I remember her as "Miss Bert" and I vaguely remember her husband, Mr.

Harvey. I can remember her setting in a rocking chair and remember many times seeing her standing at her stove, stirring what she was cooking. I'm guessing she loved to cook!

Alberta Jewett
Miss Alberta's mother had a place for kids to buy snacks and



pop and could play the juke box. She always liked all kids and old music (not RAP!) back in those days. She liked to dance by herself

(JG: I only knew Alberta Jewett later when I worked for AAA. Alberta loved to laugh and she was a practiced expert at the craft! She had a finely honed, raucous laugh which invited everyone within hearing to join in with her. I smile now just remembering.



Norma Rollins

Everyone knew her as "Miss Tinker" and she was always known to drive a station wagon. She hauled many of us kids to Rocky Fork Lake and other events. She was a great swimmer.

Minnie Speech

She was known as "Miss Boots" who gave me rides to school and loved to cook. Miss Boots always had a cat, was an excellent seamstress and I never heard her raise her voice.



Maxine Thomas

She was a fabulous softball player and she loved to play cards. If a person was in trouble and Maxine was around, she would have your back!

Sallie Williams

Miss Sallie always wore a dress or a skirt that hung right above her ankles.



There was always an apron over whatever she was wearing. I can remember her hang-

ing clothes on the line in her back yard.



Elsie Stewart Young

I recall how well she remembered recipes, foods, people, places and many other things. The last thing I got from her was a jar of her wonderful Zucchini Relish. She had canned many cases of that relish. She treated me like a daughter and always gave me a kiss on my cheek.

(JG: I knew the two of Miss Elsie's kids who were close to my age, but didn't really know her until the Lincoln project. It didn't take long to feel that I'd known her my whole life. She was that type of person who drew all others to her. At her passing, I could only think of the Tin Man in the Wizard of Oz. At the scene when Dorothy is leaving Oz, he says that now he knows he has a heart, because it is breaking.

Joanne Zimmerman

Aunt Joanne dressed nice, had a great figure and was a very strong person. She would put her kids and anyone else in their place if they were doing wrong. She made the



best Mac N Cheese as well as Lemon Pie!



Nellie Zimmerman
I admired Aunt Nellie's long, black, thick hair and wished I could put it on my head.

She also loved to play bingo!

We hope you have appreciated this look back at more than just the story of Lincoln School and the demonstration of a few mothers showing how, with grit and determination, they could change the world....or at least the part of it that mattered most to them.

The mothers are all gone now and today's generation must take up the fight for equality in all things. These ladies were willing to do what had to be done. I am reminded of the story related by Joyce Clemons Kittrell about her mom:

Gertrude Clemons was threatened with jail for the truancy of her child, Mrs. Clemons responded with, "Let me go home and finish up my ironing and then you can take me to jail."

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Log Cabin Cookout Sept. 11



The Historical Society will hold their annual Log Cabin Cookout and Auction on Saturday, September 11, 2021 starting at 5:00 p.m. A ham and bean dinner with corn muffins, salads, desserts and drinks will be served near the historic log cabin.

An auction of new items as well as gently used items will be auctioned as a fundraiser for the Society.

Reservations must be made by calling 937-393-3392 by September 6. Please leave your name, number of guests attending and a phone number. Donations will be accepted for the dinner. All proceeds benefit the Historical Society.

Jacob Lucas' Diary (continued from last issue)

Some two or three days before the arrival of our box was announced, the officer came in and announced the arrival of a box addressed to George Thomas and James Hunter, Prisoners of War. Hunter had died and Thomas requested me to go with him to get the box, which request I readily complied with, knowing full well that I would be repaid from the contents of the box. When we got to the warehouse, Thomas underwent a rigid examination and unsuspecting, gave truthful answers to the questions of the officer in charge of the warehouse and Thomas told him that Hunter was dead. He opened the box and taking out half the contents, and it was the largest half too, gave the rest to Thomas, telling him that as the box was addressed to Hunter as well as Thomas, that only half of the contents was his and that was all he could have., and that was all he got. So when the officers came in and announced the arrival of a box addressed to J. W. Lucas and W. H. Martin, Thomas, with whom I had gone for a box, changed his name to Martin and went with me to get our box. The officer of the day had charge of all boxes sent to us prisoners and the officer on duty, on the occasion of our second visit to the warehouse, was less rigid in his examination of us, and we had but little trouble in convincing him that we were the parties that the box and its contents were intended

for, and we were allowed to carry to our Quarters in Prison No. 5. Then my first thoughts were of my friend, Martin, so I began importuning the officer that came into our building once each day to inspect and superintend roll call, but my first, second, third and even fourth attempt failed to move his hard heart to give me permission to visit my friend in the hospital, even for a few minutes. On the fifth day I advanced to the attack, reinforced with twenty-five hundred dollars of good and lawful Confederate money, I renewed the attack, first alone, and then bringing up five hundred of my reinforcements, and then another five-hundred, until at last, after advancing the reserve and last five-hundred of my forces, he surrendered and gave me the desired permission. I took what I could carry in my arms of the contents of our box, and was escorted by two armed guards to the hospital where my friend Martin was. It is useless for me to say that he was glad to see me and received the edibles that he knew the living hands of his own dear Mother and sisters had prepared for him. I shall not try to tell my feelings of seeing him looking so haggard and so reduced, but I felt that when I left him that I would never see him again, and leaving him, as I was forced to do at last—I had been rationed five minutes and

at the point of two bayonets I was conducted back to Prison No. 5, there to continue the monotonous daily routine of prison life which I have elsewhere described. A few days after my visit to the hospital, I received the sad intelligence of the death and burial of my friend Martin, and from the best information that I could get, he died about the 6th of February, 1864. On the 9th I inquired after his welfare of one of the hospital stewards that came into our building, and he told me my friend had been dead and buried three days. I state this for the benefit of those of his friends who may be in doubt as to the date of his death. His death was mourned by all who knew him, especially by all of the comrades in our room, for while he was with us he would not allow any of us to become despondent, for with his cheerful disposition, he would en
(continued on page 7)

HOME TOUR (cont)

house could move ahead at great speed. "Opera House" was the common name for buildings built around this period. Few presented actual operas, but rather plays, musicals and concerts were the common events presented. This building is owned by Drew Hastings.



Highland House Museum is the home of Highland County Historical Society and was built for Peter Leake Ayers and completed in 1845. Originally a private residence, it was later an inn, offering fine accommodations, then later a boarding house. It now houses collections of items significant to this part of the state, focused primarily on Highland County.

The Tour will be held on 26 September from 12n-6pm. Tickets may be purchased ahead from Highland House, Warren Furniture, Classic Real Estate and Janie's Closet and are \$15/adult and \$10/chd (ages up to 20).

This is one of our primary fund raising events and we hope you'll support it by attending and bringing a friend!

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Jacob Lucas' Diary (continued from page 6)

courage all around him to be cheerful and all who knew him had become very much attached to him. The cruel treatment of our captors was more than his constitution could stand and he was mustered out and received his final discharge, but his death is only one in many thousands, caused by their cruel treatment, and for which I doubt if they are ever forgiven, for I have sometimes thought that the plan of Salvation will be exhausted before their cases are reached, and how can men be so devoid of humanity and so cruel to men that are wholly at their mercy and expect to be forgiven in this world or in the world to come either. After my friend died, the question naturally arose in our mind, who will be the next comrade to die in our room? And should we lay there and starve and die, without as much as making an effort to escape from our inhuman tormentors, in that hell upon earth, or regain our liberties.

Such were my meditations and upon communicating them to my comrades in our room, I found that quite a number of them entertained the same of similar thoughts, and there in that small room containing seventeen poor, weak, starved prisoners of war, on the night of February 10, 1864, we each made a solemn vow to the effect we would escape from Prison No. 5 or died in the attempt. To resolve was easy, but to do was another thing, but we were a set of determined men and finally determined to dig and underground tunnel, notwithstanding there had been several unsuccessful attempts made previous to that time at digging underground tunnels, but there had always been some poor hungry and starved wretch that would do anything for something to eat, and who for an extra ration, would betray the project. To guard against the weakness or any comrades as well as any

other exigencies that might arise, we determined, after mature deliberation, to form a secret company, binding each and every one that joined it with a terrible iron clad oath of secrecy, the penalty of which would prevent any sane man from betraying any scheme we might engage in to effect our escape. First, then was the organizing of the comrades, each one of whom voluntarily assumed the obligation that was not to reveal anything to anyone, not a member of our company. In our room was established headquarters and each comrade in the room was made a recruiting officer and each recruit was brought to headquarters where he was properly examined and if qualifications were satisfactory, he was mustered into service by taking the oath of secrecy. Our ranks soon swelled to one hundred and more. When operations were commended by cutting a hole through the floor of the small room we occupied, large enough for a man to pass through, descending among the tobacco presses and appliances we reached the ground floor where we commenced to dig an underground tunnel—four table knives and a small iron bar which we found among the tobacco presses and appliances, was our outfit of tools when we started or commenced to dig the tunnel. The tools would seem rather insignificant to accomplish any great amount of excavating with, but the prize for which we were undertaking such a tedious and laborious task was of infinite value to us. Liberty and the thought of gaining it, nerved us to the work day after day for near a whole month did we persevere until success crowned our efforts and we had completed a tunnel large enough for a large man to pass through and about one hundred and seventy-five feet in length, having passed through several brick and mortar foundation walls from one

and a half to two feet in thickness. Passing out from under the prison building our tunnel continued under ground until we had passed under the guard line and also under a light board fence that enclosed a garden in which stood a negro hut but that had neither foundation nor underpinnings, but stood on posts about one and a half foot high above the ground. Under this negro hut was the exit of our tunnel. Before passing through the tunnel and starting on our silent tramp toward Federal lines and Freedom, I wish to describe our mode of work in digging the tunnel. In the first place, the working men were divided into reliefs, each taking its turn. As the tunnel was made just large enough for a man to pass through on hands and feet, but one man could dig at a time, and he would with a table knife dig the earth loose and with his hands fill his cap with the dirt and pass it between his knees to the rear to another comrade who would pass him another cap and also pass the cap full of dirt between his knees and receive another empty cap, and so the dirt was taken out from the tunnel in that way and deposited under the ground of the prison building which was above the ground a sufficient height for the purpose. As the tunnel lengthened, the more

comrades it required to work it. Between ten and eleven o'clock on the night of the 27th of February, 1864, the finale was reached and the exit of our tunnel was made, and the comrades began to pass through the tunnel. I afterwards learned that near two hundred of the boys passed out before it was discovered by the guard which was not until daylight

Sergeant Dehoff and Irish Frost, both of another Regiment, and Sergeant Cline of Company K, and myself had resolved to travel together and the order in which we were to enter the underground passage was first Dehoff, then Pat, then Cline and then myself. Dehoff entered the tunnel but Pat was crowded back and several men got in between him and Cline, but he and Cline succeeded in getting out of the tunnel together, but I was crowded back and some three
(continued on page 8)



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MEMBERSHIP RENEWALS

Check the date found on your mailing label. This is your membership renewal date. If it falls within the period of this newsletter, your renewal statement is enclosed. Please make any corrections or additions on the form and return it with your payment. Please consider increasing your membership to the next level.

Our Mission Statement

“To encourage community involvement in the preservation, education and promotion of Highland County history and genealogy for the benefit of all people for present and future generations.”

Lucas' Diary *(continued from pg 7)*

or four men got into the tunnel between Cline and me, so that we were separated in starting. When crawling through the tunnel and creeping out from under the hut, I arose to my feet to find that I was standing behind the door of the hut, which was partly open, with a negro man's profile in the opening. My first impulse was to hurry away but upon second thought I determined to speak to him. Fearing he would give the alarm and put a stop to the exit of the prisoners. When I spoke to him, he said: "God bless you Massa, I'se your friend." I said to him: "If you are, take yourself in and close the door and do not open it again until morning, for if you do, you are liable to be killed." He closed the door, neither did he raise any alarm for the prisoners continued to pass out until near daylight. When he closed the door I walked across the garden and climbed over the board fence into the street, the full length of which I walked the distance of about one and one-half miles, meeting and passing a number of patrols and guards, but was not molested. I suppose I was thought to be one of their own men, for I was dressed in a complete Confederate uniform such as they wore. I had procured

it by trading with the guards at Number 5. When I had passed the last lamp post, I quickened my pace across a plantation in the direction of the nearest forest in view, which was some distance away. For two or three days past the sky had been overcast with clouds obscuring an almost full moon, but just as I left the street and started to cross the plantation, the clouds parted and the moon would shine out bright for a minute at a time and would then be covered with a cloud again, but the light from the moon when it shone out enabled me to direct my steps, and I made good progress until I reached the forest which was separated from the plantation by a public road. On reaching the forest, I was compelled to stop and breathe a spell for I ran almost the entire distance in my eagerness to reach a place where I could hide myself from the view of any enemy that might be lurking around. After retreating into the forest a few paces, I sat down on a log that was lying upon the ground and after sitting there a few minutes, breathing fast, I heard a light noise behind me and looking around I saw a man lying prone upon the ground behind the log upon which I was sitting and di-

rectly under me. I arose to my feet but as I did so, I grasped a stick that I had noticed while sitting on the log and which lay at my feet, determined if an enemy, that I would not be recaptured by any one man and returned within those prison walls, but just as I turned to face my supposed enemy, a cloud passed off the moon and shone out bright, and recognition was mutual. It was my friend and comrade, Sergeant Dehoff. He had crossed the plantation as I had and had only preceded me about ten minutes. We again sat down on the log for I had not sufficiently recovered my breath to start on. After resting some ten minutes longer, we determined to move on through the forest and avoid the public road. I proposed to my comrade that we go back to the road and take a farewell look at Danville for from the road we could distinctly see the lights from the street lamps and the outline of the city, but he said he did not want to ever see it again. I told him to wait them a minute and I would return. I went to the roadside and stood with my shoulder against a tree and gazed in the direction of the city. My mind went back and over all of my

prison experience in No. 5, and I thought how we had suffered from cold and hunger and of the many hundreds of my comrades whose death had been caused by the cruel and heartless treatment of our inhuman tormentors, among them my best friend who had but recently died. My reverie was disturbed by hearing voices and peering around the tree against which I was leaning, I saw two men on the road walking rapidly toward me. I kept the tree between them and myself thinking to let them pass by, but when they came up opposite to where I stood behind the tree, I heard a voice say: "I wonder where Lucas and Dehoff are?" Recognizing Pat's voice, I answered: "Here we are Pat," and with a bound, I was beside them in the road. Taking a last look in the direction of the city, we hurried back to find Comrade Dehoff impatiently awaiting my return, but rejoiced to see me accompanied by Pat and Kline. The clouds had passed away and the stars were shining making the north star our guide, we moved out through the forest in an easterly direction.

THE END