



The Ice Storm of 1927

By Maurice C. Robinson

I was attending the Dublin grade school during the winter of 1927, when the severe ice storm occurred. Rain came, froze and covered with everything with ice. The ice buildup on telegraph lines along the Frisco Railroad tracks became so heavy that the copper telegraph lines broke between the poles and fell to the ground. This created an emergency for the railroad system, since communications were urgently needed to keep trains in safe order. Maintenance crews immediately responded and began cutting down the broken wires and installing new

wires. Local farmers and all who desired immediately began salvaging the discarded wire. Very soon the wire was gone.

Now comes the rest of the story—the interesting part. In order to connect the many sections of the new wire, connectors were required. They were similar to the barrels of a double-barreled shotgun. Made of pure shiny copper, they were about eight inches long with a one-eighth inch hole through both barrels. When connections were ready to be made, ends of the telegraph wires were inserted in the tubes from opposite directions, then twisted with a tool, making a perfect connection.

The Dublin school was located approximately 150 yards from the

Frisco tracks. The school children were very alert and soon discovered that the Frisco workmen were accidentally losing several of those beautiful shiny connectors along the tracks. Soon most of the students had one or more of these "hot" trading items in their pockets. They also very soon found that the connectors made a super double-barreled blowgun. A paper

wad chewed and rolled into a tiny, wet ball could with great accuracy be blown and hit another student on the ear or neck clear across the classroom. The "blowgun" operator would quickly hide the

weapon and have an angelic look on his face as he studied his schoolbook.

(I must say I can't recall a girl using one of these.)

The teacher soon became aware that a serious condition resembling a war zone was occurring in the classroom. He soon analyzed the situation and began confiscating the weapons of war. However, we children were able to rescue some of our prized blowguns. The teacher began meting out punishments and the crisis gradually subsided. The children who lost their blowguns to the teacher soon found more along the tracks, since miles of the wire was replaced. It was great fun for the children and a headache for the teacher. Now it remains only a memory, a winter I will always remember.

Moments In Time With Pioneer Families Of Pulaski County, Missouri

By Mike Weber

As a young boy growing up, I had no idea that my Pulaski County roots would date back to the beginning of Pulaski County existence. Several years ago, my wife's cousin, Judge Douglas Long, compiled and wrote a book, titled "Long Roots." Paula's parents, the late Paul and Betty Hammock Long, obtained a copy and let us look through it. The book dated the Long Family of Pulaski County back to Martin Long, of Greenup County, Kentucky.

There was a small amount of history about the Long name and how the family came to Pulaski County. With this information stuck in my brain, I began to wonder, "Where did my Weber, Bartlett and Wilkerson ancestors come from. These were the only names that I knew, or had heard anyone talk about. As time went on, I started looking at the history books of Pulaski County, which were available at the library. I soon discovered that these books contained information about my ancestors that I had never heard of before.

So, I decided that I wanted to research my family the way Judge Long had researched his, and to make that available to my children. The biggest obstacle I soon ran into was there was that there were very few of my old ancestors left. They had passed away, and with them were the secrets and stories of our family. I started my research by asking my parents what they could tell me about their parents and grandparents, and soon found out that they didn't really know a whole lot either. So, armed with what I did have, I purchased a genealogical program for my computer and started to load names into it from the information I had.

I went to the local library and purchased copies of all the Pulaski County Census listings, history books, obituaries and any other books that would have information about our family. As I began to type this information in, I soon discovered the names would keep coming back around. I found that many of the same names that

were related to Paula's family were also related to my family. As the names continued to resurface, I became more and more intrigued, and realized that much of the old families of this county were in fact one huge family.

One day while at the library sitting at a table, a woman sat down beside me. She asked me if she could bother me for just a moment. I said, "Sure, what can I help you with?" She told me her name and stated that she was from Texas, that she and her husband were on vacation, and she wanted to trace some of her Pulaski County roots. She began to tell me that they had made a point to come through Pulaski County, just to see what they could find. She told me that they had gone by the old Pulaski County Courthouse, but were unable to get in. She then had turned her search to the local library.

The lady told me what families she was related to, and it soon dawned on me that I had some of the information she might be looking for in my database, as I had run across those same names before. I told her that I would print out what I had and mail it to her, and that maybe just maybe it would give her a place to start. After receiving this information, she was very excited and thanked me for my help, and left Pulaski County for her home in Texas with the hope that I would be able to get her started in the right area.

After the lady left, I sat there thinking about what she had told me, and that she had driven over 500 miles to Pulaski county in hopes that she could get enough information to start the research of her family roots. With that thought in mind, Moments in Time, Pioneer Families of Pulaski County, MO., was born.

I thought to my self, "Wouldn't it be great to compile much information as possible about the pioneer families of Pulaski County into a database, and share it with all the libraries so when people do come to town, there is somewhere for them to start?" This would become a special project for me, one that is still an ongoing thing today, after four years and many of four and five hour shifts entertaining information into the computer.

I purchased as much printed information as I could find about Pulaski County families. I searched the Internet, using as many genealogical web sites as I could. I subscribe to hundreds of family mailing lists, receiving and swapping information from people all over the world. After I had about 75,000 names in the database, I decided I would put together a book about my Route Family roots. I had my Route Family dated back to 1066 with William the Conqueror. Once the book was done, I was so impressed with it that I decided to start making the same type of books for the local library. I started with the letter A in the alphabet and began to extract and publish what information I had into volumes. About a year later, I had printed about 30 volumes.

Most containing about 500 pages, of some 150 families, all having ties to Pulaski County pioneer families. As I got these done, I donated them to the Waynesville branch of the Kinderhook Library.

These volumes of Pioneer Families of Pulaski County sit in the genealogical section now for anyone to look through. The information in them is by no means 100 percent accurate, but it does give people a place to start. After financing these volumes, I still continue to compile information. But I must confess I have found a lot less time now to work on them.

The project became more popular when I set up my web page, titled Moments in Time, Pioneer Families of Pulaski County, MO. I basically designed the web page with featured pictures of early Pulaski County and its history, along with each individual town. It has, of course, pictures of the pioneers and their families, as well as my own family history. Once this page was on line, I began to get requests from all over the world for different volumes of the books. Today, instead of the book, I am able to compile the same information and put it on a CD for less money. The address for the page is www.geocities.com/Heartland/Woods/5143.

Genealogy can be habit forming. It can and will consume a lot of your time if you let it. I used to spend four to five hours per day

working on the Pioneer Families of Pulaski County program.

There will also be many rewards as well as surprises. The biggest moment of my lifetime was a couple years ago, as I was trying to determine where my Weber roots came from. I knew that my grandfather, Rudolph Weber, had two brothers, Otto and Edward. However, I knew nothing of his parents or any other siblings. I was able to find out from some information my late aunt had that there was a sister who had married a Senator Bobo from Oklahoma. I began to research everywhere on the Internet I could, but came up with negative results.

One day I decided to write the Oklahoma City newspaper and ask if they had ever heard of a Senator Bobo. Several weeks later I received a letter from a lady who worked there, stating that she had not but that the newspaper ran a genealogical paper twice a year, and if I would send her as much information as I had, she would see that it got printed. Well, I did just that, what little information I had. About six months later, I received an e-mail from an elderly gentleman who lived in a retirement home in Oklahoma City. He sent a telephone number and asked that I contact a man by the name of Powell Bobo about the information. He thought that he might be related.

When I received this, my heart went crazy. Had I found some family that we didn't know existed. I made the telephone call. A lady answered the telephone in a soft, weak voice. I explained to her who I was and why I called, then there was silence. After a few seconds, she asked me to hold on, then a man answered the telephone. He said, "This is Powell Bobo, and your grandfather was my mother's brother." I was speechless for what felt like a minute or two. We then began to talk about the family. Before we finished, he gave me the telephone number of his sister, who lived in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

After speaking with Powell, I had a feeling inside of me that I had never felt before. It was like a voice had been filled. We made

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