

Yesteryears

Vol. 2, No. 4

Tuesday, July 28, 1992

50 Cents

Morgan *did* surrender to a local boy

By Dick Wootten

IF YOU HAD BEEN James Burbick on that bright Sunday afternoon of July 26, 1863 on a farm south of Lisbon, what would you have done?

Here he was, a temporary captain of the local militia talking to Confederate General John Hunt Morgan, who wanted to surrender to him. Morgan with his dwindled force of 364 men and 400 horses had made their last raid in Ohio. They had reached the farthest point north ever reached by any body of Confederate Troops during the Civil War.

A few moments before, Morgan had sighted the dust of Federal Major George W. Rue's troopers who had split up, one group forming a line across his front and other troopers coming up from the rear. Morgan tried a bluff. He twice sent men out with a flag of truce demanding that Rue surrender, but Rue's answer was for Morgan to

either surrender himself or fight.

Morgan then turned to Burbick and asked him if he would accept the surrender of the sick and wounded soldiers who were struggling to keep up with the fast pace. Burbick agreed to do so.

When Rue's troops approached closer, Morgan realized he did not have enough ammunition to sustain a five-minute encounter.

He wanted paroles for himself, his officers and me.

He asked Burbick if he would accept his surrender.

"On what condition?" asked the astonished Burbick

"On the condition that my officers and men be paroled to go home," answered Morgan.

Burbick stammered, "I don't understand the nature of a surrender. I am not a regular officer."

"I have a right to surrender to anyone," Morgan insisted. "I want an answer right off, yes or no?"

"Yes," said Burbick.

When Burbick said that word "yes," he inadvertently ignited a controversy involving the egos of two Union officers who had been pursuing Morgan through Ohio, Major George W. Rue and Brigadier General James Shackleford.

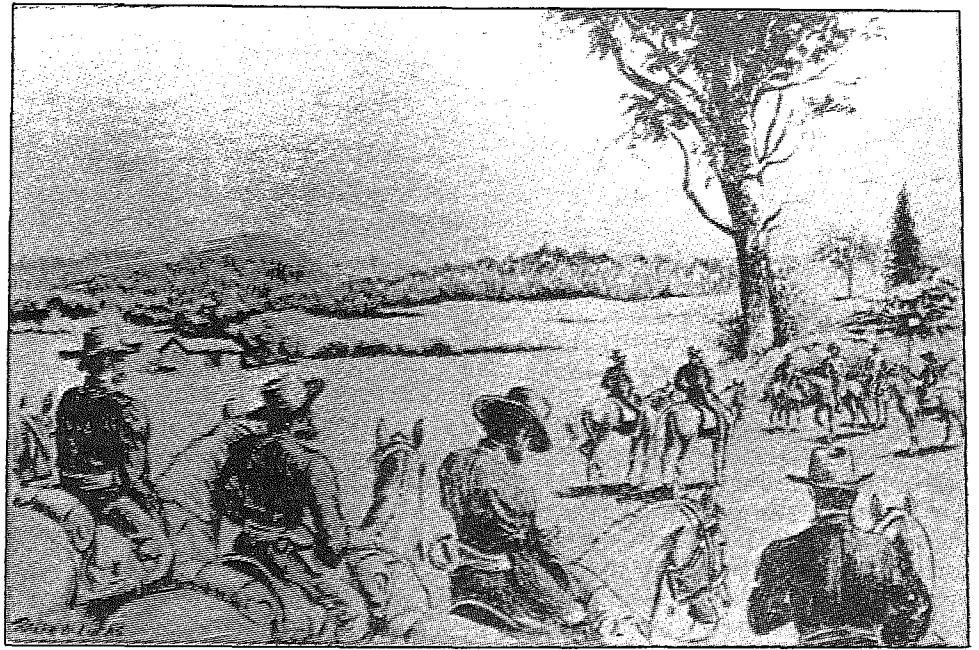
The late Columbiana County historian Max Gard continues the story this way:

"Morgan sent one of his best remaining officers, Major Steele, to Rue with another flag of truce. Steele told Rue that Morgan had already surrendered to Captain Burbick.

"Major Rue asked Steele, 'Who the hell is Captain Burbick?' Then added, 'you go back and tell Morgan to surrender or fight and be damned quick about it.'

"Major Steele then ended the great raid by saying 'Morgan surrenders.'

"General James Shackleford was eating dinner at a farmhouse three



This artist's recreation of the Morgan surrender scene shows federal troops blocking the path of General Morgan while the surrender is being discussed under a flag of truce. The location is on state highway 518 about three miles east of Gavers.

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"Morgan gave Burbick his beautiful white mare, which he had stolen from a circus in Indiana. Most of the mare's tail and mane hair was pulled out by souvenir hunters before Shackleford took her away from Burbick."

Morgan surrendered to Rue at 2 p.m. Morgan smiled when he saw Rue up close and recognized him as someone he had soldiered with in the War with Mexico.

Historian Dee Brown takes up the story this way:

"Without preliminaries, Morgan informed Rue that he had already given his parole to Captain James Burbick. Then as a sort of conciliatory gesture, he offered the Union commander a sorrel mare for a trophy.

"Rue had little to say, but it was evident that he felt cheated over losing the honor of capturing General John Hunt Morgan. He ordered his officers to disarm the Rebels and collect their horses."

When Shackleford arrived on the scene at 2:30 p.m. his manner was cold and disdainful. Brown writes, "Upon Morgan's insistence that Burbick had given him a parole, Shackleford declared that such a proposition was 'not only absurd and ridi-

Turn to MORGAN on page 7



Captain James Burbick of Lisbon was a militia captain in charge of a mounted company, when Confederate General Morgan insisted on surrendering to him.

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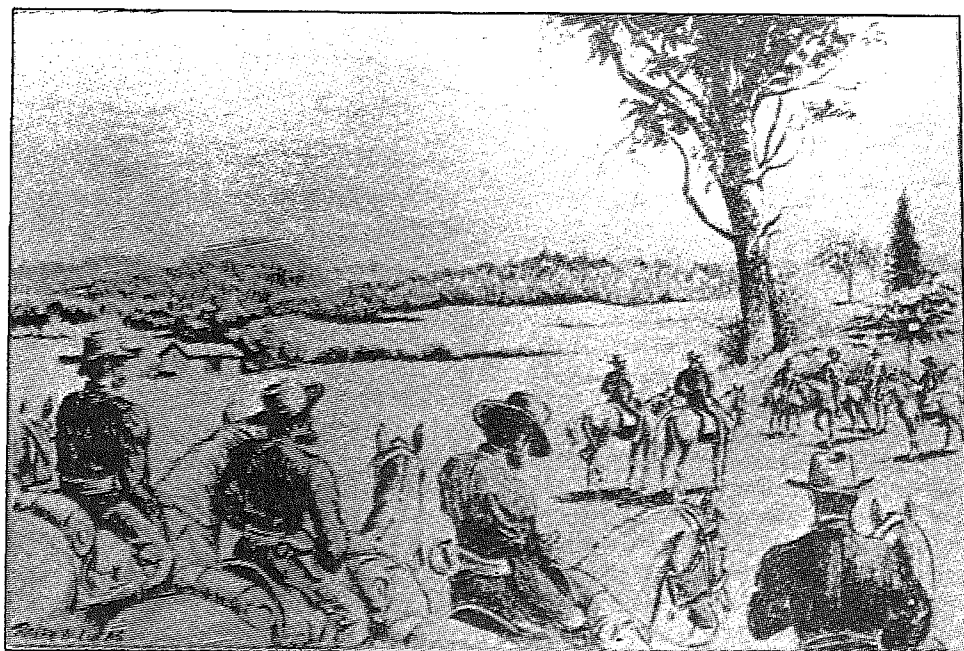
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Gibson, not Gibbs

By Lois Firestone

Unlike many interviews which often tend to limp along, this one was moving swiftly. I was caught up in the excitement of hearing about a time 65 years ago when a whole town was rooting for its basketball team to win — I knew it would be fun to write about those months from the vantage point of a 16-year-old's notations in her diary when it was happening.

Katherine Gibson was a delight to talk to; we'd not met before but I'd wanted to for a long time. I wasn't disappointed, and as I drove away afterward I thought that my hours with this fascinating, gentle person were some of the most pleasant and relaxing I'd experienced. Perhaps that is why I felt so badly when I discovered about an hour after the story was in print that I'd made a major gaffe: with the best of intentions, I had mixed up her family's name with another illustrious Salem name.

The Gibsons — Katherine and her brother, William — are part of a family tradition of civic caring begun by their parents and grandparents. Their parents, Alen and C. C. Gibson were active in town affairs. C. C. Gibson assumed the presidency of the W. H. Mullins Co. in 1919 — that same year the firm was incorporated as the Mullins Body Corp. — and built it into the largest industry the city has ever known. Alen Gibson's parents were Sarah Virginia and W. H. Koll. Koll's Victor Stove Works was a thriving business which employed over 100 at the turn of the century. Sarah's parents were Nancy Jane and Joseph G. Thomas. Thomas was the founder of the Thomas and Greiner Bank in 1853.

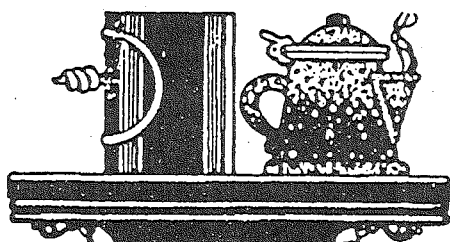
Roget's Thesaurus says that a gaffe is a blunder, faux pas, boner, dumb trick, fool mistake, boob stunt, bungle and indiscretion. My error was all of those and I do apologize to the Gibsons, past and present.



Two working drays pause for a few refreshing sips of water in this late 1880s photo which was taken in front of the present-day Salem Historical Museum.

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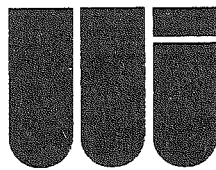
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editor

Linda Huffer
advertising executive

50 years ago in the News

Compiled by Bekkee Panzott

JOE NOCERA, Salem's mibs champion, was eliminated in the preliminaries of the district tournament held in Canton.

EDWARD SCULLION was elected grand knight of the Knights of Columbus. Other officers are Matt Murray, deputy grand knight; Frank Fink, chancellor; Peter Dutko, advocate; Don Sullivan, treasurer; Jack Hickling, warden; James Steffel, recording secretary; Earl Deville, financial secretary; John Entriken, outside guard; Nicholas Buchman, inside guard; William Lippert, trustee.

T.H. DETWILER was re-elected noble grand of Amity Lodge No. 124 International Order of Odd Fellows.

DICK CULBERSON, William Beardsmore, Herbert Hansell and Albert Kenst attended Boys State at Ohio Wesleyan University.

JEAN WALSH was elected president of the Merry Maidens.

JOHNNY ZINES and Herb Brown collaborated to give the league-standing Recreation a pair of 4-2 victories and the first-round Class A championship. Pitcher Wayne Hahn hurled a heady game as he used his fast one to get him out of a mess several times.

ROBERTS walloped DeRienzo's in a softball tilt at Reilly field by a 19-10 count as they teed off on everything served up to them by DeCrow and Ehrhart. Bill Ritchie paced the winners at the plate with a circuit clout and a trio of well hit singles.

WALTER ABRAMS, who had been an employee of the Woods Furniture Company, has accepted a position with the Metropolitan Insurance Company.

GRAND JURORS who have been summoned for the special session to consider three criminal actions include Margaret Ernst of Salem, Doris Sauerwein and Mary Carnes of Leetonia, H.C. Nolan of Columbiana, Ralph Rose and Clifford Williams of Lisbon, and Carter Stroud of East Palestine.

BACKING UP Sal Guappone's two-hit pitching job with a nine hit assault on the offerings of Johnny McCoy and Bob Ritchie, the Carroll Club jolted the Salem China's, 11-2 on the Centennial Park Class A diamond.

PROFESSOR C.G. LONG was hired as superintendent of Goshen Township schools and will teach physics and government.



8A Salem Junior High School 1950 champions pose for the camera (front, from left) Eddie "Little Percolator" Perkins, Gail "Rabbi" Hippley, Bob Spiker, Bruce Wilson; (back, left) Bob Sebo, Tom Boone, Stan Coskey, Bob Kekel. Sandy Hippley is owner of the photo.

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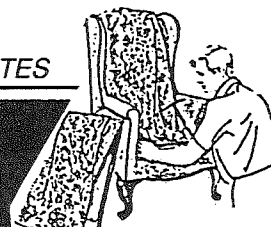
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Butchering time back in the old days

(Don Rupert and his wife Grace grew up and farmed in Columbiana for many years. Now in retirement, Rupert was encouraged by his children to write about his youth. The following story talks about butchering times in the "old days" on the Rupert farm)

By Don Rupert

A SIGNIFICANT PROJECT on our farm was the butchering of hogs to provide meat for the family. Three or four hogs were butchered each November and three or four in March. This involved a lot of planning and preparation that continued over several days.

First there was the wood pile. Not far from the spring house was a post with a cross bar against which we leaned all the scrap wood from the homestead area. Old posts, poles, broken boards and tree limbs were piled here. This was a source of wood for some repair work, kindling, bonfires and most important, fuel for our butchering fires. It was also sometimes a haven for rats and an occasional refuge for a skunk or possum. It was amazing how much wood accumulated there.

Arrangements were made with a neighbor to rent his hog scald. The big black kettles were carried from the cellar and cleaned. Granddad had a softball size, nearly round, smooth, very hard rock which he used along

with hot water and lye soap to scour the kettles. The lard press and sausage grinder were cleaned and assembled. Knives were sharpened. The tripod poles used for hanging the hogs for dressing were brought out, inspected, and positioned. A sturdy locust pole was placed across the top of two strong posts to support the rendering kettle over the fire. Lard cans were provided for the lard. Granddad's cousin, Al, the community handyman at butchering season, was contacted to arrange suitable dates. The .22 rifle and ammunition supply was inspected.

The selection of the actual day was a major concern of my brother and me. Saturday was out as that left no work day for follow-up chores. Education enjoyed a high priority in our home. Dad was on the school board, Mother had been a school teacher before marriage, our school principal was a next door neighbor, and we did not miss school on butchering day! The Friday after Thanksgiving was our pick. As we grew older, our increased size made our willingness to help more valuable, and that day became the chosen day, weather permitting. The ideal day for butchering was cold, 10 to 15 degrees Fahrenheit in the morning, with cloud cover and not much wind. Cold was needed to chill the meat quickly. There were no radio forecasts in those days but granddad

usually chose well.

In the frosty air, on the chosen day, as soon as the milking was done, we carried water over icy spots from the straw shed watering trough to the scalding vat about 200 feet, to the hog pen. A fire was lit under the vat and we went to breakfast. Al arrived while we ate having walked three miles carrying his tools, knives, steel, cleaver and a hog scraper in a basket.

After breakfast, steam would be rolling from the scalding water. The show was ready to begin, and my brother and I were bursting with excitement. It was a little scary, too, as we watched Dad shoot the hog between the eyes and Al bleed it with a knife thrust to the jugular. Ear splitting squeals from the hogs added to the drama. When bleeding stopped, the hog was dragged from the pen to the vat and placed across the "hog roller" or "scalding chains."


The hog roller was made of two long parallel light chains separated by hickory cross pieces bolted into the chains at about 16-inch intervals. On each side of the scalding vat were platforms as long as the vat, about eight feet and wide enough to lay a hog on. One platform was hinged to the vat and could be collapsed by pulling out the outside hinged legs forming about a 30-degree slope up to the vat. One end of the hog roller was snubbed to the

top of the vat at the third cross piece. From there, it ran across the vat down the sloping platform under the hog and beyond far enough so that it could be doubled back over the hog, platform, and vat enabling two men standing on the upright platform, to roll the hog up against the sloping platform by pulling on the chains. As they continued to pull with all their strength, two men lifted the bottom edge of the collapsed platform and the hinged legs dropped into a vertical position supporting the platform with the 300-pound hog on it.

Today the ideal slaughter weight for hogs is 220 to 230 pounds. When I was a student at Ohio State Agriculture college in the mid-1930s, hog farmers were being encouraged by pricing and education to market hogs at that weight. Such a hog has a lower percentage of fat which is a surplus commodity. I don't know what the hogs we slaughtered actually weighed, but I am sure that they were 300 pounds or more, perhaps as much as 400 pounds sometimes.

Billowing clouds of steam from the vat rolled over the platforms as two men on each platform bent to the task of scalding the hog. The two men on the platform with the hog on it, rolled the hog over gently, easing it into the scalding water by lifting

Turn to RUPERT on page 8



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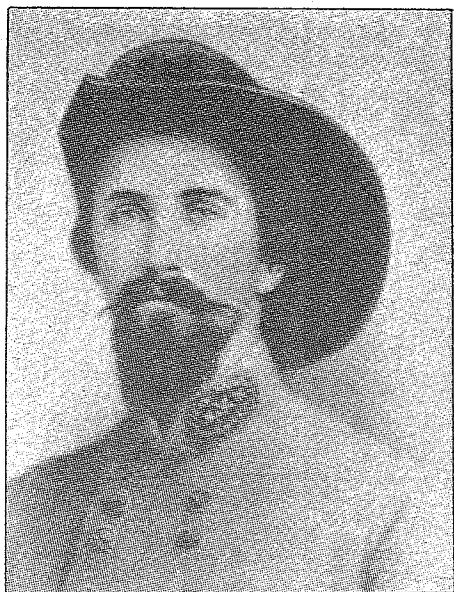

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General John Hunt Morgan, born in 1826, was killed by a Union soldier September 4, 1864 while attempting to escape from a farm house near Greenville, Tenn. After being captured in Columbiana County he was sent to the Ohio State Prison in Columbus, from which he made a daring escape.

Morgan

Continued from page 1

culous, but unfair and illegal. When Morgan saw that Shackelford had no intention of letting him go, he demanded to be put back upon the field to fight it out. 'Your demand,' Shackelford retorted, 'will not be considered for a moment.'

Also at the scene was Union Colonel Frank Wolford, who was limping with pain from the old wound Morgan's men had given him months before.

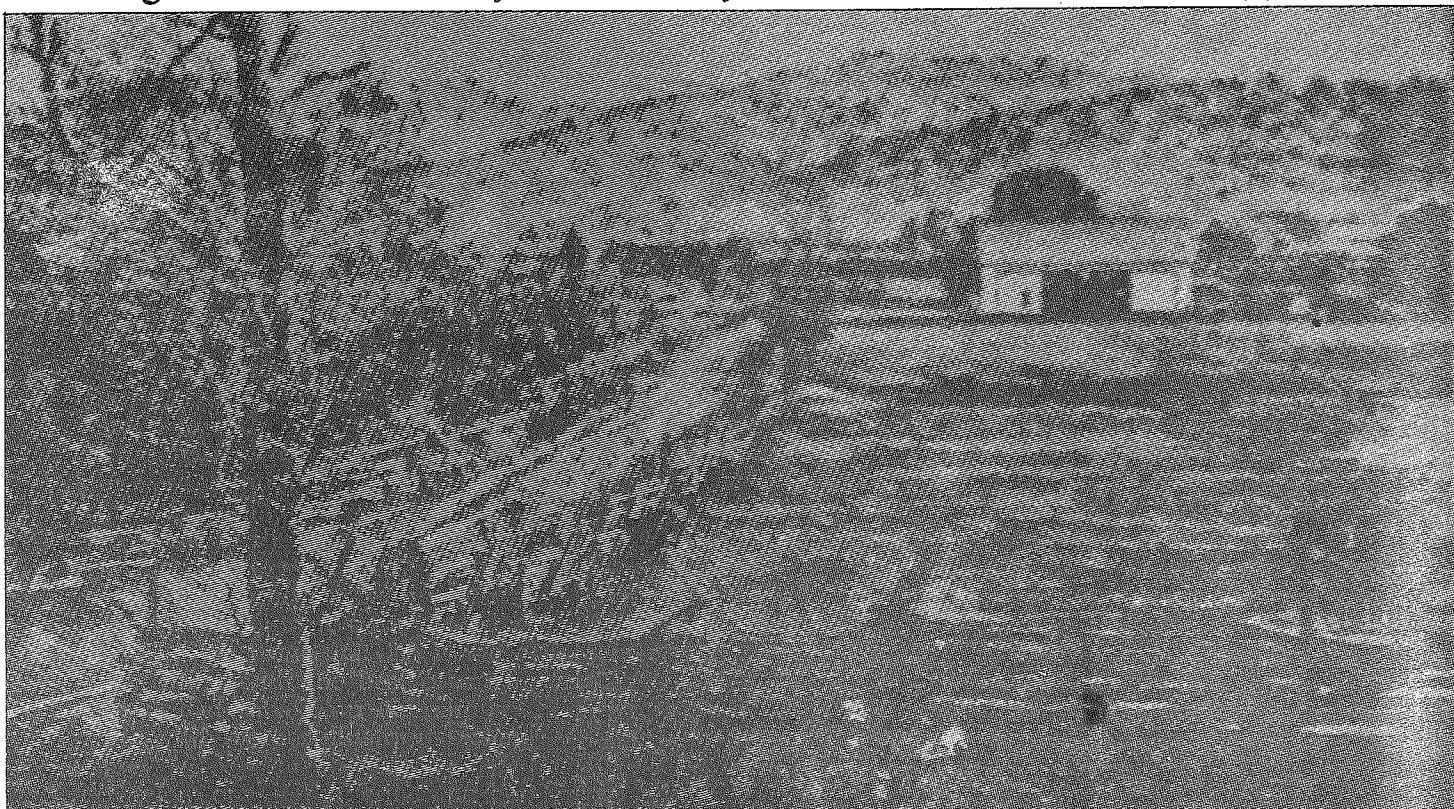
One of Wolford's men who witnessed the conversation said, "Shackelford's passion got the upper hand of his judgment and he began to bestow some caustic epithets upon the conquered chieftain. Colonel Wolford interrupted, and rebuked the irate general, and told him that it was wrong to speak harshly to one whose hands were figuratively confined. Morgan as a token of appreciation of his kindness presented to Wolford his fine silver spurs.

That evening Gen. Shackelford sent the following telegram to his headquarters in Cincinnati. He wrote, "By the blessing of the Almighty God I have succeeded in capturing General John H. Morgan, Colonel Cluke and the balance of the command, amounting to about four hundred prisoners."

That same evening, Col. Rue telegraphed from Salineville to his superior, General Burnside, "I captured John H. Morgan today at 2 p.m. taking 336 prisoners, 400 horses and arms. Morgan presented me his fine sorrel mare."

Historian Brown writes. "Whether Morgan surrendered to Rue, Burbick, or General James Shackelford is one of those moot points of history. To the end of his days Shackelford

Glory snatched from infuriated Union officers



The photo above shows how the place of surrender looked in 1883. The "surrender" tree is shown on the left. The 1960 photo shown below shows that the tree is no longer there. A bronze tablet in a boulder was placed at the scene in 1909. The tablet is now gone.



would claim the honor. Rue, he said, was operating under his command, and he even took away from Rue the sorrel mare given by Morgan, as well as the great Glencoe, which he shipped off as a gift to old General Winfield Scott. As for Burbick, Shackelford dismissed him as a mere civilian with no authority to accept a surrender from anybody."

In 1913, Burbick's daughter, Mrs. Anna Burbick Olott was quoted in a book produced in East Liverpool during the 50th anniversary of the capture.

From her quotes, one gathers that her father's reputation had suffered by gossipers who did not understand what went on at the scene of the capture.

She said, "Everybody knows

father was not afraid of Morgan or anything else. I have heard him tell how Judge Curry was scared and hid behind the trees. Father has cried many a time when talking with his family about the cruel way some people connected him with Morgan's raid, and I have repeatedly heard him say he was blamed with things he never did. His story as I have often heard him tell it, was that after Judge Curry (editor's note: J.M. Curry was a captain of a local militia foot company.) told him to go and talk with Morgan, that the Confederate general offered him his sword, and said:

'I want to surrender my men and horses.'

Father told him he was not a commissioned officer and could not

receive his sword, and had no authority to make terms of surrender. Father says Morgan insisted on surrendering to him, saying:

'These horses and men are mine. I can surrender to whom I please.'

Father still declined, after which Morgan took him along for a considerable distance. When father left, Morgan presented him with the famous white mare, which had figured so prominently in the raid. My father afterwards turned the Morgan white mare over to General Shackelford.

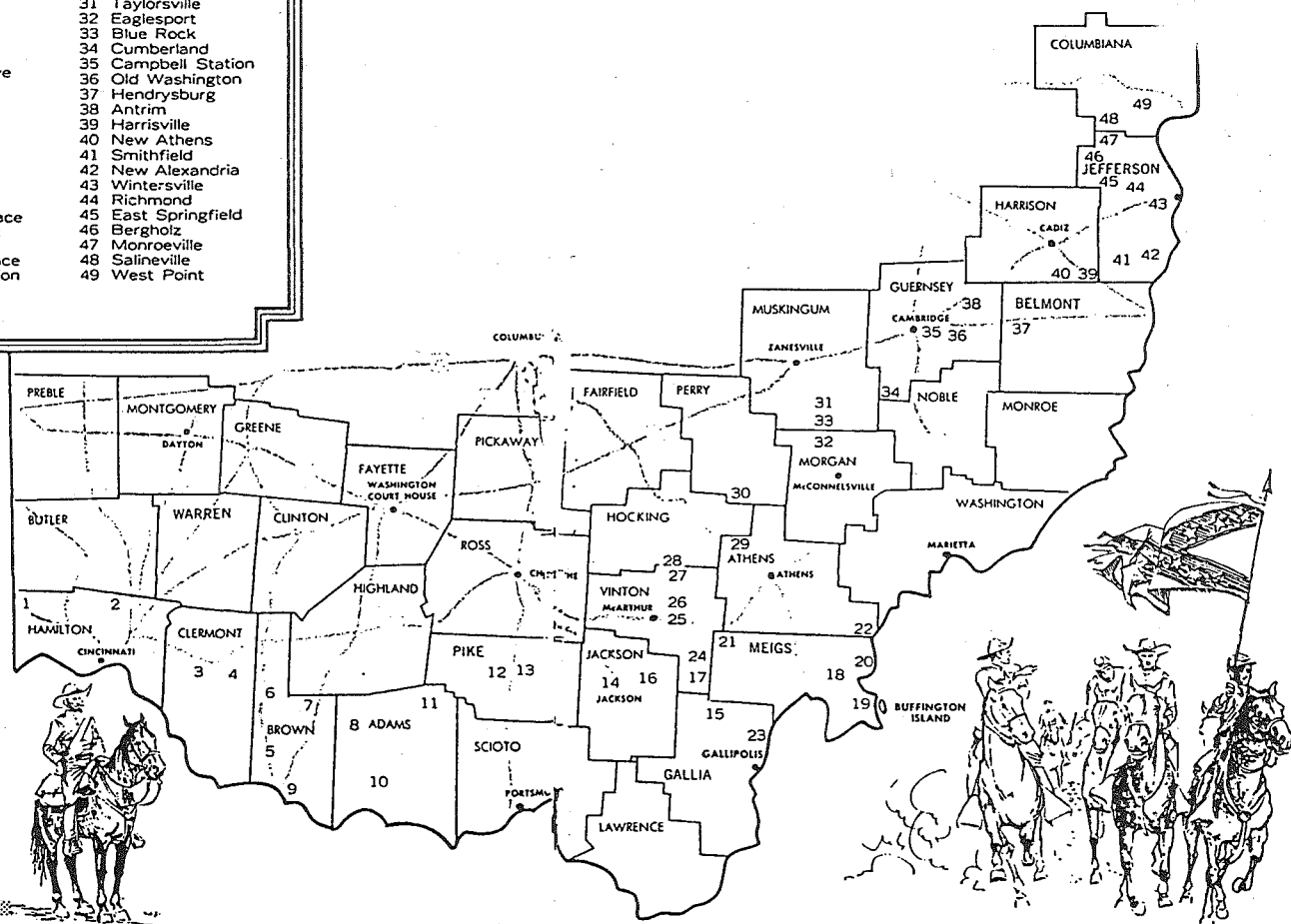
My mother was a quiet sensitive woman, and the unenviable notoriety given father, for doing what he could hardly have helped doing, hurt her very much."

Map shows Ohio towns Morgan's men invaded

The map shows the Ohio towns that Morgan's raider passed through on their 13-day journey through the state. Federal forces were in such hot pursuit of them that they had little time to do much damage. Morgan disobeyed orders when he crossed the Ohio River. He wanted to find out how sympathetic people in southern Indiana and Ohio were to the Confederate cause. He found out they weren't. Historians credit Morgan's raid with contributing to the Confederate victory at Chickamauga, Georgia. Federal General Burnside's troops, who could have been chasing Morgan instead. Map courtesy of Arville L. Funk of Corydon, Indiana.

TOWNS STRUCK BY RAIDERS	
1 Harrison	26 Zaleski
2 Glendale	27 New Plymouth
3 Batavia	28 Mt. Pleasant
4 Williamsburg	29 Nelsonville
5 Georgetown	30 New Straitsville
6 Mt. Orab	31 Taylorsville
7 Sardinia	32 Eaglesport
8 Winchester	33 Blue Rock
9 Ripley	34 Cumberland
10 West Union	35 Campbell Station
11 Locust Grove	36 Old Washington
12 Jasper	37 Hendrysburg
13 Piketon	38 Antrim
14 Jackson	39 Harrisville
15 Vinton	40 New Athens
16 Berlin	41 Smithfield
17 Wilkesville	42 New Alexandria
18 Chester	43 Wintersville
19 Portland	44 Richmond
20 Reedsville	45 East Springfield
21 Valley Furnace	46 Bergholz
22 Hockingport	47 Monroeville
23 Cheshire	48 Salineville
24 Eagle Furnace	49 West Point
25 Vinton Station	

Morgan's Raid in Ohio July 13 to July 26, 1863



Butchering

Continued from page 3

the roller chains. This took the pull off the snubbed end and enabled the other two men to release that end. The two pairs then alternately raised and lowered their ends rolling the hog in the scalding water. Enough lifting was maintained to keep the hog clear of the hot metal bottom. The rolling continued slowly until handfuls of bristles could be pulled easily from any spot on the carcass. Then by snubbing the hog roller on the side of the vat with the collapsible platform and pulling the other end over the hog, it was rolled out onto the platform.

The temperature of the scalding water was watched closely. If it was too hot it would set the bristle tightly so it could not be scraped off but it had to be hot enough to be effective. Temperature was controlled by adding cold water or snow to cool, or by stoking the fire under the vat. There was no thermometer.

The spectacle of four men, dimly seen, standing in the billowing steam as they rolled the hog and voices coming out of the "clouds" made a lasting impression on me. It is needless to say that the two little boys, my brother and I, were spectators up to this point, more underfoot than helpful, though we did run

errands fetching this and that. It was when the hog was scalded that we could begin being of some use by pulling hog bristles by hand. Later we would be given hog scrapers. These are round convex metal discs with wooden handles. I recall how quickly one's wet hands chilled in the freezing air. Your only protection was to keep them very busy pulling bristles from the warm hog. The most difficult scraping was around the ears, eyes and snout. The next hardest was on the hocks and lower legs. The long surfaces cleaned up easily making a pile of bristles in a hurry.

Next, the hog was lowered to the ground gently and dragged to the tripod poles. These three poles, of equal length and held together at one end with a long bolt, were positioned on the ground with the center pole pointed in one direction and the outside two in the opposite, but parted wide enough to place the hog between them. The large tendon in each rear leg at the hock was exposed and a pin in each adjacent pole was inserted behind it. With one man at the foot of each pole pushing to the center and a fourth man lifting at the center, the hog could be easily raised so that it was suspended well clear of the ground.

The suspended carcass was a pinkish white. Its rear legs were widely separated and being stretched to full length, it looked much larger than it had when it was

a black hog alive in the pen.

When the rest of us returned to the hog pen to shoot and bleed another hog and scald it, Al commenced dressing the hanging hog. First he washed it down with cold water and shaved off any remaining bristles. He then split open the abdomen from anus to neck and removed all the organs. Of these, the heart, liver and pancreas were saved for use. Some folks saved kidneys; we did not. Others saved some small intestines and cleaned them for stuffing sausages. We purchased ours. The head was removed and saved. Then he flushed out the opened body with cold water. The remaining carcass was split into three parts using a cleaver and sharp knives. The smallest part, the back bone, was left attached to one of the other two pieces. The ribs were stripped out at this stage. This carcass was left hanging to cool, and Al moved on to dress the second hog which we had just brought to the next tripod. When all were dressed, it made an impressive sight.

I often wondered what the remaining hogs in the pen thought after the first one was shot and bled. And what about the last one? All I know is that it was no harder to affect a satisfactory kill of the last one than of the first. So perhaps they do not think.

The next step in our butchering occurred in our cellar. We had a heavy white oak plank 18 or 20

inches wide, perhaps 12 feet long and 3 inches thick. At each corner of the plank was a hole into which were fitted sturdy legs. Very likely this plank had been performing the same function in this cellar since the 1850s, when our great grandparents began butchering here. I don't recall what became of this plank after we stopped butchering. I am sure it found a use, as we never threw anything away that had a potential for service. It was on this plank that Al, with his cleaver, cut the spare ribs into usable lengths. Spare ribs were the meat dish for our dinner that day. And it was on this plank that the hog halves were laid when they were brought in from the tripods. When one man cut the tendon holding the half up, another caught it over his shoulder and carried it on his shoulder about 100 feet up a slippery slope and into the cellar. I looked forward to the day I could do the carrying, but as in so many things, the anticipation exceeded the fun.

Al cut the hams, shoulders and bacon cuts, trimming them into smooth contours with minimal surfaces. The pieces were piled on a long curing table for further cooling. Then the next half was brought in for Al to work. Al's trimmings were further trimmed, dividing the lean from the fat. The lean was to become sausage and the fat to become lard.

(To be continued)