

A Journey Through Time

The **TMS** Chronicle



By Linda Reno
Contributing Writer

"December 7, 1941, a date which will live in infamy." These famous words were spoken by President Roosevelt in a speech before Congress the day after Japanese bombers attacked Pearl Harbor, killing 2,388 Americans. Within an hour, Congress passed a formal declaration of war.

Nine ships of the U.S. Fleet had been sunk and another 21 severely damaged (three beyond repair). Among those sunk was the USS Oklahoma. Hit by up to nine torpedoes, she sunk upside down less than 20 minutes after the first hit. "Some of Oklahoma's men were still alive inside her upturned hull, and their rescue became the focus of an intense effort over the next two days. Thirty-two Sailors were recovered alive, but over four-hundred were killed."

Those killed aboard the USS Oklahoma were interred in mass graves at the Punch Bowl Cemetery on Oahu with markers reading "Unknown Dec 7, 1941." One of them was Albert Eugene Hayden of St. Mary's County. Now, 68 years later, efforts are being made to individually identify these men, to return their

remains reinterred at the family's request in Oahu, the family cemetery, or at Arlington.

David and Dianne Bachmann, volunteers for the Naval Casualty Office, help to locate the families of service people whose remains have been recovered. In February of this year, they contacted me seeking my assistance in discovering the maiden name

of Albert's mother.

They wrote: We need mtDNA from a relative to verify the results of their testing, and a primary next of kin to release those remains for burial.... We have done a lot of researching and have found that the father, James D HAYDEN died 8 July 1917, and the mother, Emma J HAYDEN died 21 Jul 1955 at her home in Mechanicsville. Both are buried in the Saint Joseph Parish Cemetery. Emma's obituary, published in the "St Mary's Beacon", 28 July, 1955, lists their children as Bernard W. of Pasadena, Md., James D. of Pittsburgh, Pa., Roland F. of Hyattsville, and Ralph V. of New York. We also believe that all of these sons are deceased. If living, they would have been mtDNA possible donors. However, and unfortunately, their children are not mtDNA possible donors."

I quickly wrote back and told them that his father was James Dolan Hayden and his mother was Emma Jane Trice, daughter of George J. Trice and Julia Anna Hobbs. There had been one daughter named Dorothy but she died in infancy.

The search would now focus on Emma's sisters and their female descendants. I had no record of Henrietta Trice after 1880, but Mary



USS Oklahoma during attack, Courtesy of U.S. Navy

Elizabeth Trice married William Walter Biscoe April 7, 1885 and had 13 children, six were girls—surely a match could be found here. As it turns out, it wasn't so easy. Three daughters (two named Julia Maria and one named Mary Emma) had died young. Charlotte Elizabeth had married James Herman Dyer and died without issue. Dorothy married Joseph Floyd Turner and had only one child, a son named Allen. I now pinned my hopes on Cora A. Biscoe.

Wanderings

of an Aimless Mind

A Different Route



By Shelby Oppermann
Contributing Writer

You would think four people in a car could remember the way to a family member's house when they travel to it at least once every year for 12 or so years. But I'm talking about our family. We blithely get into the mom mobile and take off for my brother's house with no sense of direction or maps every year. We look at it as more of an adventure. This year we allowed three hours for a two-hour trip—planning in advance for the inevitability of getting lost. Well, we were also planning on leaving at 11:00 a.m., because my husband wanted to be at our destination in time for the Redskins kick-off. We are not just fair-weather fans.

We nearly made the 11-start time, my sons were even early. But, I forgot to take the tinfoil off the turkey for it to brown, and the turkey also overflowed its juices into the oven again, and I still had to clean out the van in order for everyone to fit. (My van is kind of like my purse, I travel with everything I need for any kind of weather, or emergency—doesn't everyone need blankets, coats, office accessories and corkscrews on their emergency list?) So? We were delayed a half-hour—I didn't see the problem.

My brother Billy lives in Opal, Virginia: a blip of a town before you get to Warrenton, known mainly for two things: Having what must be one of the busiest Sheetz convenience stores in the mid-Atlantic region (they even have outdoor seating for date night), and a huge hunting and gun fantasyland called Clark Brothers Guns and Shooting Range. We seem to take a different route each year. This year I said I wanted to see the mountains, and that happened to be the route we ended up on. The Redskins were on the radio, and I got to see all the beautiful old homes. Occasionally, I would ask if anyone remembered seeing anything we were pass-

ing before. There was some debate if this were the same route where we bought my brother a gag gift of Ripple (cheap wine) one year, until I yelled out, "There's the Ripple store!" It was the only little country store for probably 30 or 40 miles. We didn't get the Ripple, since we had brought a nice bottle of Sangiovese with us.

Right in the middle of Opal is the death-defying, hair-raising turn, off of an extremely busy Rt. 29 onto Billy's road, Old Culpeper Road. You come up over a hill and must immediately get in the turn lane at high speed without all traffic smashing you from behind, and then quickly slam on the brakes. This is because the turn lane is about half the length of a normal turn lane. We noticed after bumping around on the pitted gravel road for a half a mile that Billy's neighbor had rebuilt his garage after the fried turkey explosion last year, then finally, we had arrived.

Unlike my husband's family, who see and talk to each other quite a bit, my two brothers and I talk on the phone two or three times a year, and see each other rarely. We all love each other I'm pretty sure, but as in driving, my brothers and I take a different route to love. When we talk, it's for an hour and we try to get in all the news quickly for the previous months, and then we are good for another year. In person, we usually have endless stories about my Mother, who we have decided was a different Mother to each one of us. Many stories and much laughter flow, and I am happy that the three routes of life my brothers and I have chosen converge when they do. I look forward to our next visit and trying a new route. Who needs a map to decide what adventure lays ahead?

To each new day's adventure,
Shelby

Please send comments or ideas to: shelbys.wanderings@yahoo.com.

Creature Feature

Meet the Mighty Moose

By Theresa Morr
Contributing Writer

Wow! Scope out this big guy. It's a bull moose sporting an awesome set of antlers. Those fearsome looking antlers will drop off after the breeding or rutting season is over in the fall. That way, these hardy animals conserve energy during the winter months. Come early spring, a new set of antlers will start growing back. During this rapid new growth period, the tender antlers are covered with a soft skin called velvet. The velvet contains thousands of tiny blood vessels, which supply the antlers with nutrients. As growth comes to an end, the velvet dries up and falls off. The moose helps the process along by scraping the hardened antlers against shrubs and trees. As a moose ages, its antlers get bigger and heavier, can span six feet from tip to tip, and weigh 60 or more pounds. So when two bulls compete for a cow to mate with during the rutting season, there's some serious head-to-head wrangling going on. In case you wondered, female moose don't have antlers.

Now take another peek at the picture. See that "thingie" hanging down from the moose's throat? That's called a dewlap or bell and both sexes have this pendulous flap of hairy skin. It looks odd but probably serves an important purpose, like attracting the opposite sex ("Hey, Maude, check out the bell on that dude!"). Moose are tall, averaging about six to seven feet at the humped shoulders. Males have long black faces, while female faces are brown. When full grown, a male moose can weigh more than 1,500 pounds, while females are about half the size.

Despite their bulk, these guys can trot along at a steady pace of 20 miles per hour; however, when the need arises, moose can

double that pace over short distances. Their eyesight is poor, but that big nose gives them a keen sense of smell. A moose's diet consists of yummy stuff like twigs, sedges, roots, grasses, buds, and leaves. When food is scarce in the winter, they'll eat pine cones or strip bark from trees. But as soon as the ice melts, these adaptable creatures head for lakes and rivers where they swim and forage for aquatic plants. They can stay submerged for short periods, just enough time to gobble up a quick lunch of algae from the river bottom.

In spring, females usually give birth to a single calf and occasionally, to twins. Newborns weigh about 30 pounds and in five days can outrun you! The youngsters are vulnerable to wolves, and the main threat for larger moose comes from grizzly bears and packs of wolves working together.

Moose are found in the northern forests of North America, Europe, and Asia, and are equipped for their role in nature. Their outer hair coat is long and hollow, while their undercoat is dense and soft, keeping them well-insulated from the cold. Deep snow is no big deal for these rugged, long-legged animals. In fact, a "warm" temperature of 23 deg. F. will make a moose pant, while your teeth would chatter. And guess what? The word "moose" comes from the Algonquin word "mooswa," meaning "eater of twigs" and "animal that strips bark off of trees." And here's another nugget of wisdom: The moose is the largest species of deer. Other than Alaska, can you name some other northern states where moose live?

For more moose stuff, check out www.gomoose.com/moosefacts.php. Comments to kikusan2@comcast.net.



Moose Jokes:

What do Alaskans celebrate in December?

Answer: Chris-Moose!

What holiday plant do Alaskans kiss under?

Answer: Moosel-toe!

Who is Alaska's most famous cartoon character?

Answer: Mickey Moose!

(Source: "The Alaska Joke Book for Kids" by Jeff Brown)

Now come up with some of your own moose jokes!