

Grandmother Bushman's Friendship Quilt

By Mary Bushman Power Deardorff

DEAR me, deary me, grand-daughter. I wonder why you, of all the children and grandchildren, seem always to be harking back to by-gone days—coaxing stories out of me—stories of my childhood days (courtship and wedding) and strange to say and believe, I like to tell you every little intimate thing; stories, too, told me by my mother. I never knew much of a father's love as he passed away when I was barely four.

Many great events I can easily recall and the days of the battle here in July 1, 2, 3, 1863 have been impressed on my heart and brain as though seared with a great hot iron.

"I reckon most folks had narrow escapes for the cannons and guns roared, and it most rained bullets at times, but Manuel and I might easily have been killed by the sharpshooters' bullets, like poor Jennie Wade—we called her that for short for Mary Virginia was her christened name. Guess, too, my curiosity would have been to blame and then, too, not recognizing the proper authority, I was wilful and most disobedient, but hardly as contrite as a sinner should be. till realization of what might have been flooded over my sensibilities." Thus spoke Catherine (spelled with a "C" Anastasia Bushman) beloved wife of Emmanuel Paul Bushman, affectionately known as "Cass" or "Aunt Cassie B." Manuel was a cabinet maker for Mr. Gariach, Baltimore street, and made fine firm, beautiful furniture and wooden things with his hands, but his yearnings were to be a preacher.

Yes, word had come to us that there was a possibility of both armies, much re-inforced, meeting hereabouts for the decisive battle of the rebellion. Lee's army was coming this way, marching on and singing with confidence, some believed. Others scoffed but it did happen.

SHARPSHOOTERS were hidden in every available nook and corner in chimneys even, for secret information had been leaking out and women even were playing spies, and good ones they made, too. Confederate sharpshooters had completely surrounded our house and the few others, and occupied the premises without heeding our unwillingness. Breckenridge street was a valuable location to the enemy, giving them clear sweep and vision to Cemetery Hill.

We had hidden silks, linens and money for Mr. Fahnestock, in whose dry goods and notions store our eldest son John Henry and Danny Skelly clerked, under wood boxes and in the doughtray in the chimney trap; even under the bedticks we hid things, so it is small wonder we could not leave our home. All my handiwork and good things, of which I had so few, were hidden, as the advance had previously practiced some looting.

Steinwehr issued orders that the residents seek shelter outside of the town, refusing to go to their cellars for safety. Our cellar had two entrances and a platform on which we placed a straw tick, the best excuse for comfort, water and food.

After all this preparation, Manuel was loathe to have me and the children stay and urged me to go out to the Bushman farm, beyond McCallisters Dam. Reluctantly I prepared now to leave our humble home. The weather, even for July, was almost unbearable, but I put on our best clothing—extra shirts with extra pockets, filled with mementoes, which added extra burden and severely handicapped me. I often smile visualizing how I must have looked at that time.

My husband had promised to watch our progress from an upper window and as we neared Cemetery Hill I just could not go on over the hill and leave him alone, then by his side I should be—together, for better or worse, until death do us part. I sent the older children to Grandmother, but I retraced my steps. Jimmy Wade came out and begged me to come in and spend the night as I passed the house. There she was afterwards killed, baking bread.

AS I came near our house I had a good laugh. A certain neighbor and his family were so scared the boy crawled under the bed—head first with his legs sticking out and the front door wide open. His father, so excited, fell down the steps and landed in the soft soap barrel and then ran out to the well to wash, crying, "Mein Gott in Himmel, dis is bad, but if I git off mit dat I'm a lucky Deltischer and its goot—ain't?" We could always see the funny side of things and enjoyed a laugh. This same man would say his prayers in Pennsylvania Dutch and then holler, "Maus oh soldier, Maus stop a shootin' still—when them guns beich it skeers us so bad in the cellar still: Ya! Ya! stop a shootin' Gensral Schimmel's funny boys!"

Sister Clotilda who lived next door insisted that we come into their cellar so if anything should happen to me I could have a woman's care in my need. I did not yield to her persuasion. Son Morris was with Col. Ed. Stahl. Mrs. Butt's father cared for Samuel, Sarah, Margaret and Joseph, the little codgers carrying water, tearing bandages and making themselves useful at one of the first hospital tents on the field. Sarah was

making quite a hole. The quilt was called a friendship quilt and each friend had made me a patch and written her name on it; several men's names are on too. It was an old one I had not bothered about hiding, but I treasured it now and for all these years because of my narrow escape. I was a bit sensitive too about the story and telling it to outsiders. I am giving the quilt to you to keep and some day when I am gone you may tell it to one of your children or grandchildren, who knows? It is a true story. Strange, after all of my seventy-nine years of living and years afterwards I still feel faintly, but thankful even so thankful, for child, always—

"There's a wickedness in God's mercy like the wideness of the sea; And a kindness in His justice which is more than liberty."

Child-war is the worst scourge under the sun. May this be the last one!

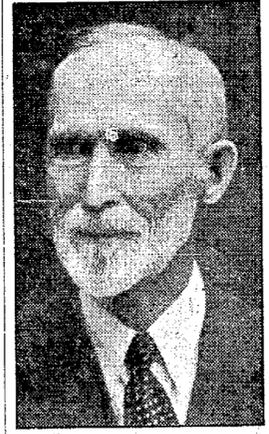
MANUEL had bowed all of the shutters and raised the windows, lifted some out because it would cost a lot to replace things as it was. They were tied with cambric strings I had made by hand. Curtains were of netbacked muslin bordered and bound with red, brown and blue and yellow cambric strips and scallops, a fashion it was!

I laid the baby down—little Catherine, we called her—and I do not know yet what possessed me to do it—but I crept slowly upstairs to our bedroom (we could hear shots every little while, but the real bombardment had not yet begun in this locality). "Just a little peep," says I to myself. I opened the shutter a trifle and a bullet whizzed and sung and embedded itself in the cornice above my head. That should have been sufficient warning for any curiosity shop. That boy must have been a bit nervous, fortunately for me. Thank goodness, and I—well, I should have obeyed orders and the dictates of my conscience—but I looked again and the tie came loose and fluttered out like a signal. I was deafened almost by the whizzed sound and fell face forward on the sill, and the bullet—how did it miss me? And before I could crawl away, someone pulled me away and I saw father all doubled up on the floor—white with fright and anger and all tremble. More bullets, still more bullets exploding round abouts. "Cass, once is more than sufficient to tempt a wise Providence, but you have done it twice and you should be spanked—and God must be thanked, and now you will obey orders, so help me God."

He carried me to the cellar, spunky to the last. He was six feet-four, a Lincoln type of man, then. I reckon I fainted, not altogether on account of the bullet, but because I had made Manuel real angry, angrier than I had ever seen him or would relish seeing him again. Manuel, on his knees, prayed in thankfulness, and child, guess where we found that bullet. We found it embedded in the old four-poster along the side and it had pinioned the sheet and pillow case and the old quilt tight to the wood,

With the Pennsylvania capital of offices located in Gettysburg now it is the first time in the borough's history that it has been so honored. The population of Gettysburg has increased from 2,000 to 5,500 since 1863.

Gettysburg Resident Authority on Battle



WILLIAM C. STORRICK

There lives in Gettysburg an aged man who through thorough study and research has gained as much knowledge concerning the battle of Gettysburg as any man now living. Mr. W. C. Storrick, Lincoln avenue, was superintendent of guides for a number of years and at that time realized that his position required a fine knowledge of the battlefield.

Dr. Douglas S. Freeman, whose life of Robert E. Lee won the Pulitzer Prize several years ago, wrote the following in Mr. Storrick's copy of the biography: "Inscribed for W. C. Storrick in appreciation of his matchless knowledge of Gettysburg. 'Douglas Southall Freeman.' To Mr. Storrick, who has written several books on Gettysburg. The Times is grateful for information contained in the article on John P. Chase, the one on 'French Mary, the Bliss House, and the list of G.A.R. and Confederate Commanders.

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Commanders-in-Chief of the Grand Army of Republic

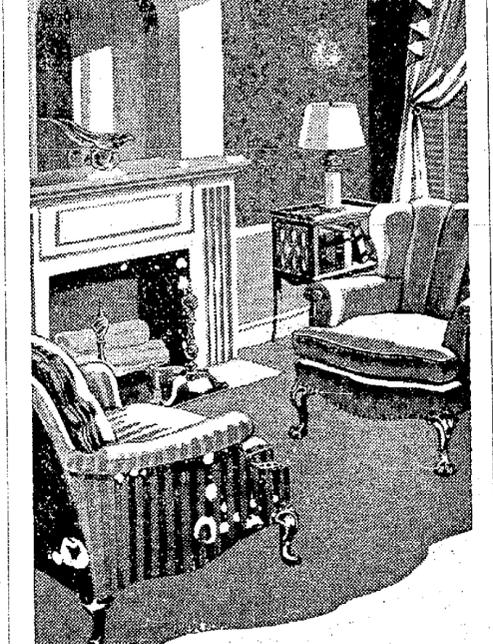
(Compiled by W. C. Storrick, Gettysburg)

B. F. Stephenson	Illinois	1866
S. A. Hurlbut	Illinois	1866-67
John A. Logan	Illinois	1868-70
Ambrose E. Burnside	Rhode Island	1871-72
Charles Devins	Massachusetts	1873-74
John F. Hartranft	Pennsylvania	1875-76
John C. Robinson	New York	1877-78
William E. Farnshaw	Ohio	1879
John Wagner	Pennsylvania	1880
George S. Merrill	Massachusetts	1881
Paul Vandervoort	Nebraska	1882
Robert B. Beath	Ohio	1883
John S. Kountz	Dist. of Columbia	1884
S. E. Burdett	Wisconsin	1885
Lucius Fairchild	Minnesota	1886
John P. Rea	Minnesota	1887
William Warner	Missouri	1888
Russell A. Alger	Vermont	1889
Wheeler G. Vozey	New York	1891
A. G. Welsert	Wisconsin	1892
John G. B. Adams	Massachusetts	1893
Thomas G. Lawler	Illinois	1894
Ivan N. Walker	Indiana	1895
T. S. Clarkson	Nebraska	1896
John P. S. Gobin	Pennsylvania	1897
James A. Sexton	Illinois	1898
W. C. Johnson	Ohio	1899
Albert D. Shaw	Missouri	1900
Leo Bassett	Minnesota	1901
El Torrence	Indiana	1902
Thomas J. Stewart	Pennsylvania	1903
John C. Black	Illinois	1904
William W. Blackmar	Massachusetts	1905
John R. King	Dist. of Columbia	1906
James Fanner	Ohio	1907
Robert B. Brown	Missouri	1908
Charles G. Burton	Missouri	1909
Henry M. Nevius	New Jersey	1910
Samuel R. VanSant	Minnesota	1911
John E. Gilman	Massachusetts	1912
William M. Trimble	Illinois	1913
Nicholas Alford B. Beers	Connecticut	1914
Washington Gardner	Michigan	1915
David J. Palmer	Iowa	1916
Elias B. Monfort	Pennsylvania	1917
W. J. Patterson	Indiana	1918
Orlando E. Adams	Nebraska	1919
Daniel M. Bell	New York	1920
William A. Keicham	Ohio	1921
Lewis S. Pike	New York	1922
James W. Willett	Iowa	1923
Gaylord M. Saltzgeber	Ohio	1924
John F. Arensberg	Pennsylvania	1925
John E. Imman	Illinois	1926
Frank A. Walsh	Wisconsin	1927
Edwidge L. Hawk	California	1928
John Reese	Nebraska	1929
Edwin J. Foster	Massachusetts	1930
James E. Jewel	Colorado	1931
Samuel P. Town	Pennsylvania	1932
William P. Wright	Illinois	1933
Russell P. Martin	California	1934
Russell P. Martin	California	1935
Alfred E. Stacey	New York	1936
Alfred E. Stacey	New York	1937
Joe Nelson	Iowa	1938
C. H. Wm. Rubie	Pennsylvania	1939
Orton H. Meinet	California	1940

*Died in office

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Gettysburg 1863, tho' an old, old story, Still stands alone—undimmed in a strange glory, Glory for the Boys in Blue who won the day! Glory for the Boys in Gray, tho' vanquished in the fray!

Each mother's son fought with all his might, For the cause he espoused and felt was right, And commanded right—and splendid might, Make men victors in their own and God's sight.

A toast (flags master) for the brave lads under weeping "willows gray" Awaiting the trumpet of the judgment Day, And to those asleep under mountain laurel blue, Gettysburg salutes you, immortal you!

Here's to our hundred guests—the Boys in Gray, Comrades, Union Boys today—of the U. S. A., And then to you, our "Vets"—the Boys in Blue, We cherish you all—the remaining few!

Now in 1938—in this fair battlefield shrine, Millions this year will cheer and honor your service divine, The Blue and the Gray—reunited for the last time, Your country pays highest tribute to your courage sublime.

America and her states here to you

has builded a Memorial shaft of peace, A light enshrined—to glow and never cease, To remind the world—all hatred bitter to appease, And all barriers and bondage forever to release. Gleaning brightly over yonder consecrated hill and fertile vale Tell to the generations that prevail, the greatest reunion tale: Of "Yanks" in their nineties and "Johnny Rebs" in the same and friendly way. Swapping battle yarns "Howdy Sir" and Goodday! Tenting day and night on the old battleground— Blue and Gray— Under the blue skies and "The Stars and Stripes Forever" At attention stand, and hear the last "Reveille!" MARY POWER DEARDORFF Gettysburg, Pa. Forty square miles are covered by the Gettysburg battlefield.

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