

The Glass Hook

by

Paul Craun, III



Copyright 2007 by Paul Craun, III
All rights reserved. Reproduced by permission.

First Printing February 2007
Second Printing March 2007
by CKCPC3 Publishing
RR1 Box 510
Nowata, Oklahoma 74048

Dedication

This book is dedicated to James Angus Arnold. He is the sole preserver of the memory of the Glass Family and the Grand Style and Elegance of the way they lived.

May he outlive me by 100 years.



This book is also dedicated to Raymond Cline, the President of the Nowata County Historical Society. He is the sole preserver of James Angus Arnold and the Grand Style and Elegance of the way James lives.

May he outlive me by 100 years ... and one day.



The Glass Hook

Introduction

This book can be considered a work of historical fiction to all who read it - except for the next link in the chain. It is my responsibility to give a full accounting of past events as Lee Taylor did for me. For reasons I have tried to explain in this work, my accounting was not to be a face-to-face encounter with another person. I believe that the next link in the chain involves several people who may or may not know each other; this is the reason for making this information public after having been kept a closely guarded secret for decades. Lee knew that his involvement was over; I do not have that feeling.

The events all revolve around a man named Hook and his relationship with the wealthy Mr. J. Wood Glass family of Nowata, Oklahoma (and Winchester, Virginia); the wealthy Mellon family of Middleburg, Virginia; and the Craun family with ties to Middleburg, Winchester, and Nowata. For nearly 50 years, Lee Taylor of Winchester was involved with the restoration of Glen Burnie for Julian Glass. It was my meeting with Lee Taylor in the Spring of 1999 at Glen Burnie that revealed how I was to be a part of the dream of Mr. J. Wood Glass (Julian's father) and also a part of the scenario devised by Hook to realize that dream which was started back in the 1930's.

My Comment.

I refer to the Mellon family as living in Middleburg. I do not know exactly where they lived – it may have been Upperville or the surrounding area; they may have even had several homes. I will continue to place them in Middleburg during this discussion.

The information on the Glass family was provided to me by James Arnold of Nowata. He was employee, confidant, and friend of Mr. J. Wood Glass and Mrs. Eva Payne Glass and their son, Julian. Today, in the Spring of 2007, James is 90 years old and through his eyes, one can still see who they were and how they lived. As of the writing of this work, he has known the Glass family for over 70 years. All the information on the events of the early days in Winchester with the Glass family, the Mellon family, and Hook are from my childhood memories - memories of what I saw and what I was told by my Dad. From today's perspective, some of them could be dreams. Many events have been confirmed by my brother, Phil, who is one year older than me. One year's difference is insignificant when you are old enough to have one foot in the grave, but the recalling of childhood events is more trustworthy from the mind of a 6 year old than from the mind of one that is only 5.

The central figure is a man named Hook. I cannot remember his first name and I cannot remember what he looked like. He was old and must have died sometime in the 1950's; my Dad's mother died in 1951, Mom as we called her, and my Dad's father died in 1956, GrandDad as we called him. Sometime after this period, talk of Hook disappeared.

I need to make aware a possible confusion with names. GrandDad was Paul Craun, my Dad was Paul Jr., and I am Paul, III. My brother, Phil, was the first born and he should be the one named Paul. My Dad's sister was Betty Lou. Everyone called my Dad 'Buddy'; he was Buddy Craun. My Ma and Dad called my brother Phil 'Pete', I was called 'Rocky'. Phil and I called Betty Lou, 'Du Du'. My Ma, Leona, was 'Aunt No No' to Du Du's three kids - her oldest son, James, Jr., was called 'Mooch' and her youngest daughter, Paula, was called Polly. To confuse things even more, my Ma, Leona, was also called 'Baloney' by the Telephone Company men

who worked for my Dad. What this is leading up to – is – just how reliable is the name ‘Hook’. Was the man’s name really Hook, or was it the use of a nickname that seemed so popular with my family. In searching past genealogy records, I have found a lot of Hook family members in and around Winchester, but none seem to match the birth/death dates that I would expect. Nevertheless, I come down on the side – that his name really was – Hook.

There is an interesting anecdote with the way my brother and I were named. As I said, Phil should have been Paul, III. When he was born, however, my Dad enjoyed going to the ‘Prize Fights’ in Washington, DC. His favorite fighter was a man named Phil Furr, whose full name was Philip with one ‘L’. That is how Phil ended up with the less common version instead of the ‘LL’ version. The interesting events with Phil’s name occurred during our working careers. Both of us traveled on business and it was standard Department of Defense procedure in those days, that your credentials were sent in advance to the place you were visiting for security reasons. You wore a badge with your name and picture on it, the people you were going to visit had your paper work identifying who you were, (I think you see the picture). On several occasions (enough times to make it noteworthy that I am writing about it now), Phil would shake hands with his host on their first introduction and the host would say, “Hi, Paul.” Of course, no information was included in his credentials that were sent that Phil had a brother and that his brother’s name was Paul. I guess Phil really should have been Paul, III.

History

The Glass family, the Colonel James Wood family, the town of Winchester (Virginia), and the town of Nowata (Oklahoma) are intertwined over the centuries. It is very complicated. A skilled author could probably generate a fascinating historical novel from the Wood and Glass families – but I am not that author. To restate the purpose of this work – it is not to entertain, but to describe a series of events and to speculate on what it means.

Sometime in 1930, a man named Hook and Mr. J. Wood Glass set into motion a Plan – designed to take on a life of its own; the hope was that it would terminate when it was needed most and only be terminated by the right person. For some reason, Hook deliberately involved the Craun family. You are mistaken if you think that this ‘Plan’ is mysterious, or sinister, or if my treatment of it is going to be reverent or make it out to be more than it is. This is not a B movie screen play. Some events, as I understand them, are funny – some serious – some unbelievable – and some I may have just misinterpreted. If I had to choose a single word description; it would be ‘Strange’.

The Colonel James Wood Family And The Glass Family

There is a wealth of information available on the Wood and Glass Families; I will not try to give a full accounting of their history over the centuries. The Glass-Glen Burnie Foundation in Winchester, Virginia is the storehouse of virtually all information that is known about them. The Foundation can be reached at the following address as of the writing of this account.

Glass-Glen Burnie Museum
901 Amherst Street
Winchester, Virginia 22601
540 662-1473
collect@glenburniemuseum.org

I will provide a brief account of the events that revolved around Glen Burnie from the time that the original land was claimed by James Wood in 1735. He had just finished surveying portions of the Shenandoah Valley and his claim was for 1241 acres. He was finally granted his claim by Lord Fairfax in 1753, but by that time he had built a home, married Mary Rutherford, had a family of 5 children, and had donated parts of his land for the future town of Winchester.

When James Wood (Colonel James Wood) died in 1759, his wife Mary inherited all his land and possessions. Over the years, she gave away (sometimes sold) parcels of land to her children. Mary died in 1798 with Glen Burnie considerably fragmented. Her son, Robert Wood had been given the land that encompassed the main house and he assumed stewardship until his death in 1806.

Robert's youngest son, William Wood, and his wife, Comfort, took over the operation of the Glen Burnie farm. They held on through the ravishes of the Civil War; both

the Northern and Southern troops devastated the lands. When William Wood died, and his debts were paid off by his estate, Glen Burnie was down to 270 acres from the original 1241 acres claimed by young James Wood 140 years earlier. William Wood's spinster sister, Julia, continued to live alone at Glen Burnie. She was born there in 1801 and remained until her death in 1884.

Robert Wood's sister, Kitty Wood, married Thomas S. Glass in 1832. The Glass family homestead was Rose Hill – just down the road from Glen Burnie. In 1884, William Wood Glass (son of Kitty and Thomas) inherited Julia Wood's interest in Glen Burnie. He eventually bought the remaining lands that were held by his cousins and obtained complete control of Glen Burnie. He and his second wife, Nannie Campbell Glass, moved into Glen Burnie from Rose Hill with their seven children. Their youngest child, Julian Wood Glass, was 5 years old. The land holdings of Glen Burnie stood at 161 acres.

William Wood Glass died in 1911, Nannie remained at Glen Burnie until her health forced her to move into Winchester. The main house that she left would remain vacant for 40 years, and the farm was worked by tenant farmers. When Nannie could not longer manage the farm, two of her children, Julian Wood Glass and Katherine Glass Greene assumed the stewardship. Katherine lived in Winchester, Julian Wood Glass had moved to Nowata, Oklahoma and made his fortune. He began buying out his fellow heirs' shares in Glen Burnie and his goal was to obtain complete and sole ownership. He died in the Spring of 1952 before his dream was realized. His son Julian Wood Glass, Jr. accomplished the task and became sole owner in 1956.

Julian met Lee Taylor in New York in 1947 and in 1956, hired Lee for life to help him restore Glen Burnie. James Arnold was already managing the financial affairs of the Glass Family which he had assumed at the death of Julian's father in 1952.

Visit Glen Burnie and the Museum of the Shenandoah Valley in Winchester, Virginia and see what they have done.

The Craun Family And Pictures

A Genealogy of the Craun Family was published in 1950; it has a very interesting section on the famous 'Craun Nose'.

Craun Family in America

Published by the Craun Reunion Association

Harrisonburg, Virginia – 1950.

Compiled by Victor S. Craun, LLB

Indianapolis, Indiana.

Printed by the McClure Company of Staunton, Virginia

The interest really starts with my Dad's Mother and Father (Mom and GrandDad). GrandDad was Paul Craun and Mom was Thelma Faye White. Paul and Thelma were married in 1921; he was 25, she was 15. I have included several pictures with explanations. Dirt poor and violent was the home setting that my Dad grew up in – an atmosphere of gambling, whiskey, and murder as a way of life. The town was Middleburg, Virginia which is just about half way between Washington, DC and Winchester, Virginia on Route 50. Middleburg was the home of the very rich and the very poor with the Crauns on the poor side. When I say 'dirt poor' – they really were; the little shack they lived in had a dirt floor. The little shack was actually a garage where GrandDad worked as an auto mechanic, and they lived under the garage. I really do not know what it looked like, but the garage must have been on a hill with the dirt floor living area cut underneath on the low side. Where they lived was known as the Windy Hill part of Middleburg.

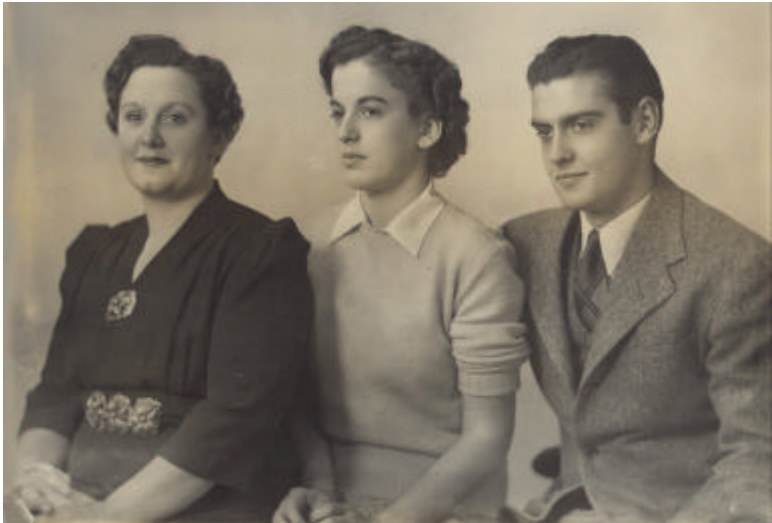
Windy Hill was the Black section of Middleburg and a very kind (and also very poor) black family let GrandDad use a building on their property for his garage and they

did not mind when he moved Mom in also, to live underneath. I cannot remember their names, but I am sure Dad told Phil and me who they were. Dad's best friend was the son of the family and Dad called him Peanut. Even though the family was poor, they had more than GrandDad. Dad said that Peanut's Dad would bring GrandDad and Mom some potatoes almost everyday; if it had not been for their generosity, the Crauns would have starved to death. Phil actually wrote a 'One Page Play' for the Mill Mountain Theater in Roanoke, Virginia. The play is called 'Peanut and the Potatoes' – and it is based on those events. I included his play in the 2005 edition of 'Letters to Ruby'.

This is where my Dad and his younger sister Betty Lou were born (Mom 'lost' her first born, a little girl, so she would not be pregnant when she was married). My Dad carried scars on his hands until he died – scars from where the rats chewed on him when he was in the crib. GrandDad made money as an auto mechanic, but he drank it all up. I will spare you all the details, but my Dad left home when he was 13 after he recovered from the injury; he had tried to kill GrandDad with a shotgun because GrandDad was cutting Mom with a knife, but GrandDad grabbed the gun from him and broke the gun stock over his head. It was the Summer of 1936. This was not an isolated incident of violence. My Dad also told of times when he would be sitting at the table trying to eat a bowl of cereal in the morning before going to school and Mom and GrandDad would start fighting – she would come at him with a butcher knife and he would stop her by shooting between her legs with his pistol and the debris from the bullets hitting the dirt floor would land in his cereal.

The Crauns, the Whites, and the Suddeths were all related by marriage. Mom, was Thelma White; she may have had a lot of brothers and sisters, but I can only recall ever meeting two brothers – Luther and Shirley. Luther White married a Suddeth (honestly I cannot remember her first name because I always called her Mrs. White) and they moved to Winchester. When my Dad left home at 13, he went to live with Luther and Mrs. White. They had three sons of their own as shown in the picture below; I think their names were Gilbert, Roland, and Whitey (a nickname – I cannot remember his real name). I could really be confused on the names because one of them was also called Chug – so Roland may have been the real name of Chug. Mr. and Mrs. White raised my Dad as their fourth son from the time he was 13 until he graduated from Handley High School in 1941.

The Craun Children with their Mother.



Thelma (Mom) Betty Lou (Du Du) Paul Jr. (Buddy)

The Sons of Mr. and Mrs. White.



Gilbert

Roland (Chug)

(Whitey)

Mr. and Mrs. White on their 50th Wedding Anniversary.
This is the way I remember them.



This is Uncle Shirley White. I do not know how old he was in this photograph, but he looks like someone you would not want to mess with.



Uncle Shirley again. I am not sure if this is his wife, and if it is, I cannot remember her name. I do remember Dad telling me the story that when Shirley got married, he gave his new bride a present. He gave her a wash bowl and a wash rag and told her to keep herself clean.



How many times was Shirley's nose was broken?



Paul Craun (GrandDad) in WWI.



I am sure there were rough towns every where back in the 1920's, and Middleburg was just one of many. Uncle Shirley White and GrandDad never did get along – maybe Shirley did not like his sister having to live in a dirt floor shack. My Dad told me the story of when GrandDad and Shirley got into their one and only fight. GrandDad was a big man – Shirley was very small. Of course they were drinking. Every time GrandDad would hit Shirley, he would go down – but come right back up. Finally, GrandDad just got tired of hitting him; Shirley was there just looking him in the eye and daring him to hit him again. Shirley always carried a gun and why he did not shoot GrandDad, I do not know. Maybe he just wanted to show him how tough the 'little man' really was. I cannot remember if my Dad said that GrandDad had already lost his leg; if he had - then maybe Shirley did not want to shoot a man with a wooden leg. GrandDad never messed with Shirley again. It may sound like it was only the Crauns and Whites who knew how to get into trouble, but I was told that a few of the Suddeths were walking around with bullet holes in them also.

I still have GrandDad's wooden leg; he carved it himself and he used a piece of automobile tire tread on the bottom. I have included a picture. I can remember Phil and me being scared the first time GrandDad came to visit us in Winchester – all we could do was just stare at his leg. I can really only remember seeing GrandDad that one time; Phil remembers other times. Dad would occasionally go visit GrandDad, but would come home drunk and all cut up because they always ended up fighting. I am sure there were times when they did not fight, but those times did not make an impression.

You may think that Phil and I as teenagers in the late 1950's, or party-goers in the 1960's and 1970's, that one of us would have strapped on GrandDad's leg as a prank – or gone to a Halloween party with it – but No. Even though we have had it for 50 years, we have never

made fun of it and would never put it on. I do not know if it is reverence or fear – fear that somehow we would be transformed into mean drunks just like GrandDad.

When I was much older, I asked Dad if GrandDad had lost his leg in WWI. Dad said that every time he asked GrandDad how he did it, GrandDad would always tell him the same Crazy Story – and even right before GrandDad died, he still said the same. Dad was living with Mr. and Mrs. White in Winchester. Mom came to visit him and told him that GrandDad was back in Middleburg and he had lost his left leg; Hook brought him back. Dad went to see him. GrandDad admitted that he had been drinking and he was out in the middle of a desert drilling a hole in the bottom of a pyramid for Hook – he was swinging his hammer and using his star drill when the hammer missed and crushed his knee. Dad said that GrandDad was never in Egypt – and it was all crazy talk – a poor man like him – and why he insisted that Hook sent him there. The only time GrandDad was ever overseas, was when he was in the Army and that was Europe. For whatever reason, GrandDad did not take care of his crushed knee – did not go to a doctor – and it quickly went bad and he lost it.

Most people today do not know what a star drill is. Back then, the only way a man could drill a hole in concrete or rock was to use a sledge hammer and a ‘star drill’ – a big chisel made of hardened steel with 4 points on the end that looked like a star. You would hit the chisel and rotate it – hit the chisel and rotate – forever, but it would drill a hole. You are not supposed to hit the chisel very hard, but if GrandDad was drinking, he must have gotten mad – and missed with a glancing blow directly to his knee. I still have GrandDad’s hammer and star drill.

GrandDad's Wooden Leg.



Star Drill and Hammer Pictures.



The Star Drill and Hammer are positioned on 12" by 12" floor tiles to show their size.

When my Dad went to live with Mr. and Mrs. White in Winchester; his sister, Betty Lou stayed with Mom in Middleburg. Mom eventually left GrandDad, and moved to Winchester also. Phil remembered that she lived in an apartment in downtown Winchester at the end of Main Street at the corner of Main and Cork Street just across from the Rustic Tavern. Dad took Phil and me to the Rustic Tavern when he went to drink a beer, but I can recall nothing unusual about being in there. Mom still kept ties to Middleburg, I think that she worked as the house keeper or maid for the Mellon family. She also became involved with Hook in Winchester. Whether the apartment actually belonged to Hook, or he provided for her, or whether Hook was married or had a family – I have no idea.

You would think that Hook and GrandDad were enemies, and they were. Violent as GrandDad's relationship was with Mom, he loved her; and I assume that Hook loved her also. Even though they were enemies, Hook and GrandDad were often seen together and Hook provided for him when GrandDad was really down and out. In fact, it was Hook who was able to get GrandDad to the hospital to have his leg amputated before it killed him; and it was Hook who took GrandDad to the Veterans Hospital in Martinsburg to try and save his life again.

It was inevitable, I guess, but my Dad followed in GrandDad's footsteps. My Dad told me about his first days at Handley High School when he came to live with Mr. and Mrs. White. He was sitting in class and the boy behind him was poking my Dad in the back with a pencil. Dad pulled out his knife, turned around and sliced him from shoulder to shoulder right across the chest. They hauled the kid off to the hospital to get sewed up. I am sure my Dad got in trouble, but they did not expel him. After that incident, no one ever picked on my Dad at Handley High.

Looking back at his life, my Dad lived hard and fast. He married at 20, was cut down at 37, and lived the last 33 years of his life physically and mentally disabled. As violent as his childhood was - and as wild as he lived, he admitted that he only killed one man. It was in a bar in Washington, DC when he was 19. He did not like the man's looks, picked a fight, and beat him to death in the back alley. It was shortly after that incident, he told me, that he started to see that something was wrong with his life and began his struggle to get on a better path. He stumbled many times after that, but he always kept trying to break way from his past.

I can remember as a 7 year old kid, asking my Dad this question. "Dad, if I ever became bad and killed someone, or robbed a bank – and the cops were coming to get me – what would you do? Would you hide me?"

To this day, I can still hear him say – "If you or Phil ever do anything to hurt someone, you won't have to worry about the cops coming to get you – I'll put you in the ground myself!" It was not the answer I was looking for.

I have included some pictures of the Crauns over the years; they are shown below with explanations.

So, this is a glimpse of who the Crauns were and where they came from. Hook knew us – and why he chose to involve GrandDad, my Dad, and me with the Glass family is ... as I said before ... Strange.

The Crauns in Pictures over Time.

Paul Craun, Jr. (Dad).



Leona Virginia Meddaugh (Ma).

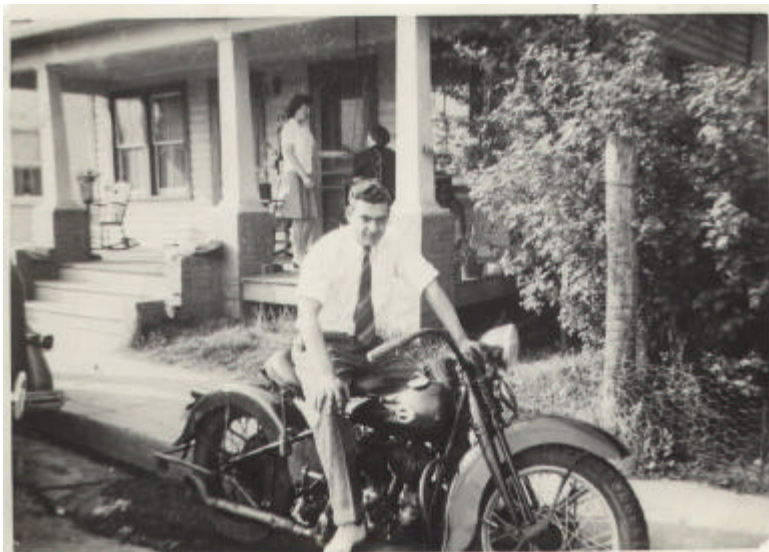


My Dad on GrandDad's Model T.
This picture was probably taken in 1928.
GrandDad still had this Model T when he died in 1956.



Upon close inspection, I was able to determine that my Dad has a toy pistol in his right hand and not what it appears to be at first glance.

If my memory serves me correctly, this picture was taken in front of Mr. and Mrs. White's house in Winchester just after my Dad graduated from Handley High School. My Dad had an 'Indian' Motorcycle and some of his exploits were legendary. The one I remember best: he was drunk as a skunk (what else) and the throttle stuck on his motorcycle – he rode it at 110 mph through Middleburg and all the way to DC where it finally ran out of gas.



Dad never had any trouble finding out what to do
on a Saturday night.



Ma and Dad in 1945.



Ma and Dad in 1980.
The way I will always remember them.



Dad's First Job Working for the Telephone Company in Washington, DC in 1941. He has the red dot.



Dad in 1954 as Foreman at the C&P Telephone Company in Winchester, Virginia. He has the red dot.



Dad in 1951 at a C&P Telephone
Formal Publicity Event.



What I find interesting about this picture – look closely
(I have included a blowup on the next page)

Dad has a black eye and it is nearly swollen shut.
He had been out drinking and fighting
the night before this big event.



I hope this picture does not offend anybody, but it shows what Ma was made of. Phil and I owned houses in College Park, Maryland that were right next door to each other. Ma chose to die with us instead of in a hospital.

Ma was gentle – Ma was genuine – Ma was deceptively strong. In her right hand the 'V' sign for Victory; she was a fighter and never gave up Hope. In her left hand ... this is what she thought about having to die with cancer. After this picture was taken, she went to sleep and woke up two hours later in Heaven.



Memories of Ma and Dad and Hook

As best as I can make out – looking back at events that happened over 50 years ago from my vantage point in 2007 – Mr. Hook must have died sometime before 1960. The name ‘Hook’ is in some of my earliest memories in 1949 when I was 3 years old. My Dad was cut down in the Summer of 1960 and Mr. Hook was not there to help. If he had been alive, he would have been there for my Dad. So the events described below happened in the decade of the 1950’s. No attempt is made to present them in chronological order or even in logical order because I really have no way of verifying for sure when things happened because everyone involved, with the exception of my brother, is dead.

A young child just accepts what is around him and what is presented to him – he has no other basis for comparison. So it was for my brother Phil and me; talk of a man named Hook and happenings around this shadowy figure were accepted as normal. As mentioned earlier, I cannot remember what Mr. Hook looked like – I am not sure he ever set foot in our house. He was not like a loving Uncle who came to visit and bounced Phil and me on his knee - or brought us candy - or took us for a ride in his old car – this was not Hook. He was someone Ma and Dad talked about and someone who did things for us and someone that Phil and I very rarely saw.

I would have said ‘never saw’, but in talking to Phil about the writing of this account – he told me that Dad used to take us out to the Winchester Cold Storage (I am guessing at the official name, maybe National Fruit?) where Hook would meet us and let us get some apples. It would be on a Sunday when the plant was closed; he somehow had a key to the big cold storage rooms where the apples were kept. I do not remember him being in the room with us, but the big steel door would be closed with us inside and there was this one little light bulb in the big

tall ceiling; it was very cold and hard to see - it was really spooky to Phil and me who were probably 6 and 5 at the time. As far as I can remember (or guess), Mr. Hook must have been an accountant and, apparently, a financial advisor. Exactly what ties he had to the Cold Storage – I do not know, maybe he kept the Financial Books for them.

There was an interesting story that my Dad used to tell us about the Winchester Cold Storage Plant.

Evidently, they used to make apple sauce as one of their products. My Dad would say that when the plant turned on the big grinders to start grinding up the apples, “you could hear the rats squeal all over Winchester!”. Looking back, I am sure it must have been the belts from the motors to the grinders that were slipping that caused the noise – but back then, we always thought about the rats every time we ate apple sauce.

Mr. Hook's 34 Ford.

Mr. Hook always drove this black 1934 Ford, which in the 1950's, was considered unusual. My Dad said that Hook had plenty of money and could have had a new car every year, but the 34 was special to him. In the early 1960's after my Dad was disabled, he wanted Phil and me to have a car to drive to Handley High School. Our neighbor, Mr. Castleman, was a very skilled auto mechanic. He had built a full size locomotive on a truck chassis that he drove in the Apple Blossom parade every year. He also built race cars. He had this one that he named, 'La Comet' for sale. My Dad was looking into buying us an old 56 T-bird. It was \$650 – how he was going to buy it I do not know, because he had no money coming in and we were in danger of losing the house not to mention worried about what we were going to have to eat. But to my Dad, it was important that teenage boys have a car. Then he bought the race car from Mr. Castleman instead of the T-bird. It was a handmade body, handmade chassis, and had a 1934 Ford 4 cylinder motor. My Dad was talking to Mr. Castleman about the race car, and one thing lead to another, and my Dad asked about the motor he used – Mr. Castleman said that he got the motor from an old car that was owned by a man that had died in the 1950's a man named Hook. Phil and I drove the car all through High School, but did not take it to college with us. We never called it the 'La Comet'; we always called it the 'Racer'.

The one incident that has really stayed with me all these years occurred when Phil was behind the wheel. Mr. Castleman never put a speedometer in the dash. Phil wanted to know how fast it would go. I went to a junk yard (ironically, it was on Amherst street by the railroad tracks just before you got to Glen Burnie) and bought an old speedometer. There was no place in the dashboard to put it. I connected it to the transmission (the transmission was

above the floor, not underneath) and held the speedometer in my lap. Phil took the Racer out on route 50 and headed towards Middleburg with his foot to the floor. One of the pictures below shows the Racer with a canvas top; this was a later addition. It did not have a top when Phil got behind the wheel that day.

Phil yelled out, "How fast?"

I yelled back, "85!"

Phil yelled out, "How fast?"

I yelled back, "95!"

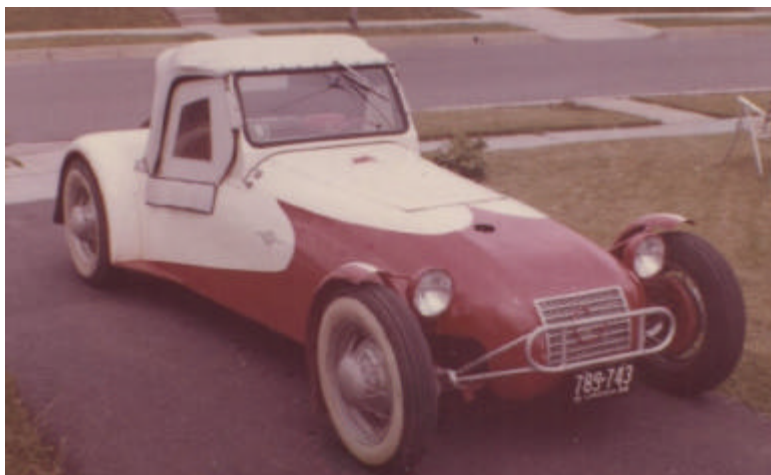
Phil yelled out, "How fast?"

I yelled out, "100!"

Phil yelled, "All Right!" and slowed down.

Neither of us can remember what happened to the Racer. It just seems that on one of our trips back home from VPI – it was gone. Being wrapped up in college life – I guess we were just too preoccupied to ask any questions. It is unfortunate, because I would still like to have the motor – it belonged to Hook and for some reason that is very important today.

The Racer.



This picture of Phil and me was taken long before Mr. Castleman ever built the Racer. The Castlemans (Mike and Sybil) lived across the street from us. Battle Avenue was a new development, and Mike and Sybil moved into their house shortly before the one that Ma and Dad bought was completed; they were still there when Dad died. Phil and I are holding Effie; she was the only dog we had at Battle Avenue. We had two dogs when we lived at the Hockmans. Bill was Dad's hunting dog and Snuzzy was a Cocker Spaniel – both were killed on the road at the front of the house.

Mrs. Castleman came over early in the morning and took this picture because Effie was very sick. Dad took her to the vet moments later and she died.



Notice that Phil and I are wearing completely different looking pajamas so there would be no confusion on which pair belonged to which brother. Keep this thought in mind when I discuss an incident that happened years earlier before we moved to Battle Avenue.

I do not mean to belabor the point, but a lot of the stories I remember, have to do when my Dad was drunk or violent or both; it makes it sound like he was a terrible father – he was not. He was very kind, Phil and I were the center of his life, and he tried very hard to be good. Every time he would stumble, though, it seems that Hook was there; either directly involved or behind the scenes to coax my Dad back on his feet. Both Phil and I remember, the times when Dad would come home from the Beer Joints (my favorite expression: drunk as a skunk!) and come directly into our bedroom. Phil and I would pretend to be asleep, but he would wake us up anyway and start telling us stories. Mostly they were ghost stories – or strange stories – and they were mostly about Hook or about things my Dad and GrandDad did with Hook. I found out much later in life from Ma (my Mother) that most of the times that Dad was out riding around with Hook in the 34 Ford - was when Hook would track him down in the Beer Joints and bring him home. Almost without exception, stories that I was told all happened at night. Even when Ma and Dad were talking about Hook doing something – Hook always seemed to do things at night. Maybe he was tied to his job during the daylight hours. The two main exceptions are trips to the Winchester Cold Storage that I mentioned earlier and the Bank Robbery incident.

Most of the stories, and the Bank Robbery story is a prime example, are laced with inconsistencies and have remarkable detail on some portions and ambiguities on other portions. You must remember the situation under which these stories were told. My Dad came home from the Beer Joints, ‘drunk as a skunk’, a lot; and he told the same stories over and over again. All Phil and I wanted was for Dad to leave us alone and let us go to sleep – so we never stopped him in mid sentence and said, “Now, Dad, could you go over that aspect of the story and be a little more specific, because I may want to write a book someday in the future and compile all the stories you have

been telling us!” The story telling probably happened over a three year period and started to wane by the time that Phil was 10; this was the first time Dad started going to AA meetings. This was 1956 and I do not know what caused my Dad to change, but this was the year that GrandDad died and also the year that Phil was very sick and ended up with nearly 3 feet of surgery scars trying to make him well.

I really do not know what the point of the Bank Robbery story was, but it does seem to reinforce that there was something different about Hook. There were two banks in Winchester when Phil and I were kids in the 1950's, the Farmers and Merchants and the Commercial; they were cattycornered across the street from each other. I think this incident must have happened in the mid 1930's because Dad mentioned that Hook had driven up to the Bank in his new car (which must have been his 34 Ford). I do not know if both banks were in Winchester in the 1930's; my Dad just said 'the Bank'. Hook was in the Bank when two masked gunmen burst in the front door and did the usual bank robber stuff that you see in the movies. All the customers were told to stay where they were, and the tellers started putting money in the bag. The robbers then saw Hook and just stared at him. My Dad said that Hook looked at them and said, “You boys better leave.” – and they did, they left without taking any money. My Dad said that Hook left also without waiting for the police. If the story was true, the only explanation that I can come up with is – maybe Hook knew who they were – maybe they were somehow related to him. Whatever the real reason, my Dad told it to us as if there was something very spooky and mysterious about 'Mr. Hook.'

There were several variations of this one story where my Dad and Hook were driving to Middleburg at night. There were several little towns between Winchester and Middleburg and Hook would detour to deliberately drive by the cemeteries – my Dad always called them

‘graveyards’. Of course my Dad made it sound scary by always having it dark and cold and rainy with no other cars ever on the road. Hook stopped by the graveyard and waited. Out of the dark and rain, a man walked up to the car and Hook let him get in the back seat. The man did not say a word as Hook drove him to the next town and stopped by the graveyard there. He let the man out who walked away toward the gate. Hook said, “He wants to see his wife.” On the way back to Winchester, Hook stopped and picked the man up and took him back to the other graveyard. My Dad said that Hook offered no other explanations except that the man had been an old friend.

There was another incident with Hook and graveyards that is quite involved; it is not one of the stories that my Dad told – in later years, Ma provided most of the details. I had mentioned earlier about my Dad spending a lot of time in Beer Joints. They were not bars – in Virginia in the 1950’s, hard liquor and wine could only be sold in State operated ABC stores. So Beer Joints were just that – beer only. My Dad used to take Phil and me to the Beer Joints with him. There were three that I can remember very well; two were in the country; Chris and Johnny’s, and Daisy and Red’s. Both of them were on Route 7 on the way to Washington, DC and I am not sure exactly where they were located, but they were not that far outside of Winchester. The third Beer Joint was in down town Winchester on Main Street – Phil said that it was not really a Beer Joint – it was the Crystal Restaurant. In Daisy and Red’s and also in Chris and Johnny’s my Dad would always order bottles of National Bohemian beer (National Boh); he would order Phil and me each a Tiny -it was a grape soda pop made by the Coca Cola company that had to be the best drink I have ever had – the only other drink that could stand up to it was the ‘Lime Ricky’ fountain drink that you could get at the J. J. NewBerry Department store on Main Street. I have never found anything to compare to the Tiny and the

Ricky; and Phil and I seem to be the only people in the World to remember them although I have found Lime Ricky recipes on the Internet. The bottled Tiny was called 'Tiny' because it was only a 4 or 5 ounce bottle; the standard Coke bottle was 6 ounce in those days. It is amazing what is important to a 5 year old and what great detail he can remember about some things!

I do not know why, but Dad never ordered National Boh at the Crystal Restaurant – he ordered Gunther beer. Dad would let Phil and me drink some if we wanted – which was not too often because both National Boh and Gunther were Nasty!

Since drinking and smoking and gambling and etc were a way of life back then, Phil and I were introduced to that 'way of life' very early. Ma told me that when I first started to walk at about 1 year, it was evidently great fun for the extended Craun/White/Suddeth family to see my Dad get me all liquored up with a couple a sips of whiskey and have me staggering and falling around the room – I was evidently the life of the party at a very early age. My Dad also had Phil and me smoking these special Asmador cigarettes (for asthma) when we were probably 5 and 4. I recently found an article on Asmador cigarettes on the Internet and it seems that the tobacco was laced with the poison, Belladonna, and the other ingredients it contained classify it as a psychedelic drug by today's standards. Fortunately neither 'way of life' ever stuck as Phil and I grew up (there was a little backsliding in College, but that was normal I think – and that disappeared once we got established in the working world).

As much time as Dad spent in Beer Joints, it was whiskey that caused all his problems (GrandDad's problems also) and whiskey was drunk at home. Supposedly the benchmark for an alcoholic is to drink a quart of whiskey every night. My Dad's favorite pass time was to read a book while drinking a fifth of whiskey every

night (for those non drinkers – a fifth is 4/5 of a quart so I guess my Dad was only 4/5 of an official alcoholic).

My Dad had an arch-enemy; he and my Dad got into it when my Dad was still working for the Telephone Company in Washington, DC. The man still worked in DC for that Company and every now and then, there would be interaction between his Company and the C&P Telephone Company in Winchester where Dad worked. When this happened and Dad 'got to drinking' at home things would turn sour. GrandDad and Dad were both mean drunks. Many a time at night when the fifth was empty, Dad would get his gun – tell Ma he was "Gonna kill that S__ of a B____" and get in the car and start driving to DC. Ma never really adjusted to this, she would call Hook. Somehow, Hook was always at home – and he would go out looking for Dad and would find him. The only thing I can figure, is that Dad must have always stopped at one of the Beer Joints on the way to DC. Ma told me, years later, that Hook was able to get Dad in his 34 Ford and drive him back to Winchester. I can not remember how Dad got his own car back to Winchester. Hook would not bring Dad home, he would drive him to the Mt. Hebron Cemetery.

Hook would park beside Mom's grave and Dad would get out and sleep on her grave until he sobered up. Even if it was raining or snowing, Dad would sleep on her grave – Hook would throw a blanket over him and just sit in his car and wait. I can never remember Hook actually bringing Dad home from Mt. Hebron. I also do not know how Hook was able to get in to the cemetery at night. Mt. Hebron was, and still is I think, gated and guarded and closed at night. I do not know if Hook had a gate key or if the guard knew Hook and would let him in. Sometime in the 1950's between the time that Mom died and GrandDad died, Dad stopped hunting the man with his gun. He would still get upset at the mention of his name, but apparently outgrew his desire to kill him (maybe the

man died, his name was Gatlin).

Although, apparently unrelated to Hook at the time, my Dad somehow acquired two paintings in the early 1950's. Both hung on the living room wall in our home in Winchester until Phil and I sold the house (after both Ma and Dad had died). The story that my Dad told of where he got them varied some over the years. He said that they came from the attic of an old Mansion in either Middleburg or Millwood. Some of the variations were that:

1. GrandDad was given them in payment for some work he had done.
2. The Mellons gave them to Dad after Mom (his mother) died because she had liked them.
3. Dad got them from an old house that they were remodeling.

One painting was by C. Austin Danforth and had the look of a Mona Lisa type of portrait. I have included a picture of it. Over the next 50 years, we would occasionally try to find out who C. Austin Danforth was, but no one – no library – no book of famous artists - had ever heard of him. The second painting, the one on the cover of this book, has no title and no artist signature – we always called it the 'Stone Church'. At sometime, we had determined that the technique was known as 'Reverse Glass Painting'; I have never seen another painting in this style (but I am not into painting, so it could be very common). The painting is actually done on the back of the glass; so the painting is the glass. If you look at the back, the paint looks dull and flat; but when viewed from the front, it is shiny and clear – I do not know why. We never really paid that much attention to this painting, our interest was always on the C. Austin Danforth.

When Phil, Carroll, and I moved to Oklahoma in 1994; we brought the paintings with us and Phil kept them in his house in Bartlesville. When he moved to Roanoke, Virginia in 1999 – he gave them to Carroll and me. We hung the C. Austin Danforth on the wall and put the Stone

Church painting in a big cardboard box along with some other framed pictures that we had accumulated over the years from yard sales; we stored the cardboard box in one of our hall closets. I do not know why I did it, but at sometime in the past (while still living in College Park), I was looking for a place to store my Dad's 1941 diploma from Handley High School. I wanted to store it flat and it was the same size as the Stone Church painting, so I put it inside the painting between the back of the Glass and the double cardboard backing – with a mental note to myself – “That is where Dad's diploma is!”

I can remember trying to separate the double cardboard backing to see if I could put Dad's diploma in between the layers, but it was glued shut all the way around and I thought I would tear it up trying to get it unstuck.

Memories of Mom and Hook

Just to make it clear who I am talking about – when I talk about Ma, that is my Mother; when I talk about Mom, that is my Dad's Mother. Ma's Mother lived in Illinois; her last name was Meddaugh which Phil and I pronounced like 'Meadow' (but is really pronounced just like it is spelled with the accent on the last syllable) – she was Mom Meddaugh to Phil and me. So there is Ma, Mom, and Mom Meddaugh. As far as I know Mom and Mom Meddaugh never met.

I cannot remember meeting Mom Meddaugh, but I have some photographs that show that Ma and Dad drove Phil and me out to Illinois to see her. It must have been in 1947 when Phil was 3 and I was 2. The pictures are apparently of the farm that she had in Wisconsin; Ma and Dad must have driven up there after visiting Mom Meddaugh to see Ma's Dad who still had the farm after Mom Meddaugh left him.

I have two early childhood memories – the earliest events I can remember.

The first was when Mom Meddaugh died which must have been shortly after we visited her in 1947. Ma was gone; she went back for the funeral. We were living in the country outside Winchester in a rental house on the John and Dorothy Hockman farm. It was a cinderblock house and Phil and I had the bedroom upstairs. Dad was trying to put Phil and me to bed and was putting our pajamas on us. These pajamas were flannel and had little monkeys and wooden barrels in the print. Phil's were yellow and mine were blue. Dad put my blue ones on Phil and was trying to put Phil's yellow ones on me. I remember screaming and crying my eyes out telling him that those were Phil's and not mine! I am surprised that Ma could not hear me all the way out to Illinois.

Thelma Faye White Craun (Mom)
My Dad's Mother.



Rosenthal Cotton Meddaugh (Mom Meddaugh)
My Ma's Mother.



Phil and me on the the Farm in Wisconsin after visiting
Mom Meddaugh in Illinois.

Phil is the one with the intelligent look on his face.



There is a windmill on the property that is not shown in this picture. While Ma and Dad were not looking, Phil climbed to the top of it and lived to tell about it.

Ma and Dad and Phil and me up by the Hockman's house on their farm.



This is Phil and me in front of the rental house on the Hockman farm. Judging from the hold that I have on the Easter Bunny, this must be Easter Sunday and we are getting ready to go to Church. Ma is standing by the front door. Phil and I had our bedroom in the upstairs where the dormers are shown. I think Ma and Dad's bedroom was on the main level.



This picture is at the back of the house on the Hockman farm and Phil is holding a real bunny this time. Phil had a white rabbit named Snow White, shown in the picture, and I had a gray one that we called Sparky.



Ma always dressed us the same when we were little.
Nice boots.



Phil and I are still at the Hockmans and still dressed the same. Ma and Dad must not have been able to find any Bib Coveralls that fit.



The second childhood memory must have been while we were still living in Maryland just before moving to Virginia. We were in a park and Dad had been watching me on the 'See Saw'. I can remember the picture being taken and I can remember being afraid because (if you look closely) I had my finger stuck in the handle. I cried and cried and it took Ma and Dad a long time to get it out and it really hurt. Where was Hook when I really needed him!



Even though Mom and Mom Meddaugh never met, there was a connection. Mom Meddaugh was Rosenthal Cotton - and as a little girl in the 1890's, actually made one of the Oklahoma Land runs in a covered wagon. What was interesting is that Mom also made a trip to Oklahoma, and though Phil and I did not know it at the time – it was to Nowata, Oklahoma – sometime in the mid 1940's about the time that Phil and I were born.

Mom, herself, told Phil and me about her trip. In later years when we were older, little bits and pieces of information were given by Ma and Dad when they would be talking about other things. This story needs a considerable foundation before it makes sense and a lot of it is guesswork – Mr. Hook was involved.

Somehow Mom had a job working with the Paul Mellon family in Middleburg apparently as a maid or housekeeper; this must have been prior to her leaving for Winchester. Once she moved, she continued to work for the Mellons and drove herself to Middleburg. I remember that she had a 1948(?) Frasier and I can remember that she had a wreck in it; we had just moved into the house in Winchester, so it must have been in 1950 – I was 5 years old.

The only explanation that I can imagine for Mom working for the Mellon Family is that Mr. Hook must have gotten her the job. With Hook being an accountant and financial advisor – he must have had similar relationships with Mr. J. Wood Glass in his Winchester dealings and with Mr. Mellon in his banking affairs. My Dad told me that the Mellon family was very rich, but I do not know exactly where in Middleburg they lived. When Mom got sick and spent all that time in the Winchester hospital where she died, Paul Mellon paid for all her hospital and doctor bills; if he had not done this, Phil and I would probably still be trying to pay them off today. My Dad came to Winchester in 1936 when he was 13, Mom left GrandDad and spent the decade of the 1940's working for the Mellon family.

Exactly when Mom left GrandDad and if she came directly to Winchester to live – I have no idea, but it was probably around 1940. I do not know the exact reason that she left, but Betty Lu (Du Du) being 15 years old, and living with the violence and drunkenness, probably had something to do with it. I can never remember Du Du ever talking about her life with GrandDad in Middleburg; she died in 1987 at the age of 61.

Hook was always there for the Crauns. I have a letter that Mom wrote to my Dad (Buddy) just before she died on June 18, 1951. The picture of the letter is shown followed by a version that I typed because some of the words are hard to read. The 'our little boys' she refers to are Phil and me – her grandkids.

Du Du was very sick when this picture was taken.
It was the last time I saw her before she died.



Mom's letter to Dad.

Buddy, get the title, registration card and license card to the car and get Hook to have all of them in Betty Lou's name also the insurance papers. Don't put it off any longer than to-morrow, please, as I may need a private nurse to couple of days ~~as~~ toward the back I don't want to spend them by myself and she can borrow money from the bank on the car title also when she gets ~~the~~ my insurance she can pay it off. Also get Hook to pick you out a tour or say grave lot as he'll know more about that than you do, and anyway he'll be glad to help you.

Be good to our little boys and please don't let whiskey ruin their lives and childhood like it did yours and Betty Lou's.

With lots of love

Mom,

Text of Mom's Letter.

Buddy, get the title, registration card and license card to the car and get Hook to have all of them in Betty Lou's name also the insurance papers. Don't put it off any longer than tomorrow, please, as I may need a private nurse to couple of days toward the last. I don't want to spend them by myself and she can borrow money from the bank on the car title and when she gets my insurance she can pay it off. Also get Hook to pick you out a four of six grave lot as he'll know more about that than you do, and anyway he'll be glad to help you.

Be good to our little boys and please don't let whiskey ruin their lives and childhood like it did yours and Betty Lou's.

With lots of Love
Mom

I do not know the reason for the trip, but Mr. Hook arranged for Mom to go to Nowata to help with a grand dinner party that the Glass' were hosting. I assume that he must have driven her out and he must have had some other business with Mr. Glass – and the party was just coincidental. There would be no reason to just send Mom out because the Glass' were short on help – they had plenty of help. This is a pure guess – but I imagine that Hook knew that Mom was sick and wanted to do something special for her. And it was special! When Phil and I were old enough to remember, she would talk to us about the trip she had made and the fabulous party that she went to. She may have told us where, but states and towns and houses and people's names just did not register with us – we were still too young.

I will use the name of Mrs. Glass – although I cannot visualize Mom saying the name – but Mom had this picture of her that she would show us. A picture had been taken of her standing with Mrs. Glass – Mrs. Glass had her arm around Mom. Hook must have taken the picture as a 'Thank You' from Mrs. Glass. The picture was in Black and White, but Mom was just fascinated with the dress that Mrs. Glass was wearing. Mom would tell Phil and I how green it was, and how heavy it was, and how beautiful all the glass "Curly Q's" and "Sparkles" were.

Mom kept the picture in 'Mom's Drawer'. In our house in Winchester, there was one kitchen drawer by the sink – the second one down – that was known as 'Mom's Drawer'. It was where Mom kept all her stuff. She did not live with us, but when she visited - she had some personal things that were hers and she had her own drawer. This is where she kept the picture of her and Mrs. Glass – and when she would tell us the story again, she would go get the picture. The telling of the same story over and over again must have been passed on to Dad from Mom! She was very proud of her trip and I am sure she told Phil and me all kinds of details which I cannot remember.

This is our home in Winchester - 516 Battle Avenue. Ma and Dad bought it in 1950. We moved into it from the Hockmans. We liked living in the country, but Ma and Dad did not want Phil and me to have to ride the bus to get to school. Phil started First Grade in 1951. Virginia Avenue Elementary School was just one block away, so Phil and I were able to walk to school.



Ma and Dad lived in their house forever; they were very proud of it because it was the first thing that they ever owned. It had four rooms and a bathroom on the main floor; the upstairs and basement were unfinished. The kitchen is on the left front, the living room is on the right front, Phil and I had the bedroom behind the kitchen, and Ma and Dad's bedroom was behind the living room. The bathroom was between the bedrooms and in a direct line with the front door. So, at a very early age, Phil and I learned to always close the bathroom door for fear that a sudden opening of the front door would reveal to the neighborhood exactly what you were doing.

My Comment.

What I find interesting is that before I started writing this account, I would have said that Mom visited us at our Winchester home on Battle Avenue for years and years as Phil and I were growing up – and that her personal things were in Mom’s Drawer forever. But Ma and Dad did not buy the house until 1950 and Mom died in 1951; time and events are very different in the mind of a child.

I have no idea what happened to the picture; it is not in any of the picture albums that Ma and Dad kept. Ma died in 1989; when Dad died in 1993 and Phil and I sold the house to Mooch (remember Mooch – Du Du’s oldest son), we looked through the house for any sentimental items that may have been stashed away in secret corners. We looked in Mom’s Drawer (we still call it that today); although not specifically looking for the picture, if it would have been there – we would have recognized its sentimental value and kept it.

In July of 1993 after Dad died in March, Phil and I retired; and Phil, Carroll and I decided to move to Oklahoma – at that time, if someone would have asked me “Where did Mom go for that party, and what was the lady’s name, and who drove her out there, and ... “. I would have said, “Huh??”

Those childhood memories were deeply buried under years and years of other events. It was only after moving to Oklahoma, finally unwinding from the life on the East Coast, and getting involved with the Nowata County Historical Society – the Glass Mansion – and James Arnold – that some of those memories began to resurface.

Nowata Events

Sometimes, things do not turn out exactly as you have planned and at the time – you just take them in stride. It is only from the vantage point of several years down the road, that you look back and wonder, “How did that happen?”

By the time I retired, Carroll and I had been spending nearly all our vacation time from 1979 to 1993 in Oklahoma visiting her Mom and Dad who lived in Bartlesville. We had decided to move to Bartlesville when the time came. Phil decided to come out with us, so all three of us abandoned College Park, Maryland and headed West. For some reason, Phil bought a house in Bartlesville – and Carroll and I bought a house in the country just outside of Nowata. Why did we end up in Nowata instead of Bartlesville? In all the years of coming to Oklahoma, I had never set foot in Nowata. In the same vein, when Carroll and I retired – we were going to travel. Phil said that all he wanted to do was sit at home and raise little dogs – not to sell – but to keep. Phil had been divorced since 1980 and was content to stay shut up in his house in College Park, so he was going to ‘Break out of his Shell’ and do something different in Oklahoma – stay shut up in his new house with a bunch a little dogs!

That was the plan. Today, Phil is living in Roanoke, Virginia with his new wife Anna and they go traveling all over the World. Carroll and I are in Nowata with 9 dogs and 17 cats as of the writing of this paragraph; and about as far as we get to travel since being retired is to the WalMart in Bartlesville to buy dog food and cat food (slight exaggeration). How did it happen? For us, however, there is a more important question – Why did it happen? The answer revolves around Hook.

How could our lives be affected by a man who has been dead for 50 years? Good question – if you know the answer, let me know. I will explain the series of events

that have occurred since Carroll and I have been in Nowata. Since 1973, I have kept a daily account of everything that I feel is interesting that happens to me during the day – it is not really a ‘Dear Diary’, just a note or two on my Daily Minder. It is the resource I have used to generate the ‘Letters to Rubye’ books that I have been writing over the past several years. I, therefore, can usually give accurate dates as to when certain events happened.

Even though I retired in the Summer of 1993, it was not until the Spring of 1994 that moving, and arranging, and shuffling boxes subsided and we started to think of Nowata as our home town. Carroll really likes the small town atmosphere – how she survived in the Washington, DC area for 25 years is amazing. She was interested in getting involved in the Library, Women’s Clubs, Service Organizations, Church, etc – anything where she could volunteer and help get things done. As strange as it may seem with modern marriages that seem to last a year or so – I like being with Carroll and whatever she does and wherever she goes – I like to be there also. She lets me do the hard physical stuff where brains are not needed! She had already become Vice President of the Our Savior Lutheran Church in Bartlesville - which made her in charge of maintaining the property - which made me the official ‘Janitor’. I was in the midst of working on our house, and in my spare time working on the Church, when she got involved with the Nowata County Historical Society.

On Saturday December 6, 1997 – Carroll and her Mom went on the Nowata Open House Christmas Tour; this is where some very gifted and generous people in Nowata decorate their houses for Christmas and then sign up to be on the Tour to let people see the inside of their homes. One of the houses was the Glass Mansion. This was when she met James Arnold for the first time – he was one of the Glass Mansion hosts for the Open House

Tour. She was so impressed by the house that she brought Phil and me back on Sunday to see the Glass Mansion also. This was December 7th, the same day that GrandDad was born 102 years ago. When the Glass Mansion has an Open House, the procedure is to have a host in every room (for security reasons). On that Sunday, James was hosting upstairs in Julian's Bedroom. This was where the now famous 'Glen Burnie' discussion occurred (famous to Carroll and me). James was telling us the history of the Mansion and saying things like 'Winchester' – 'The Glass Family of Rose Hill' – 'The James Wood Family of Glen Burnie' ... and Carroll and I started to wonder if he knew what he was talking about. To us, Glen Burnie was a town in Maryland – the County Seat of Prince Georges County. Why did James keep talking about Glen Burnie in Winchester? I grew up in Winchester from 1950 until I left for College in 1964 – I never heard of Glen Burnie in Winchester.

To jump back in time for a moment – when Carroll and I first moved to Nowata County back in 1993 – 1994, we started hearing talk about the Glass Mansion in Nowata (inside the city limits of Nowata). People would tell us where it was, we would drive to town to find it, but could not find a Mansion made of glass – or even a Mansion with a lot of glass windows. I guess folks from College Park, Maryland are a 'Little Slow on the UpTake'. We eventually realized that the name of the family who had owned the house - was Glass, so it was the Glass Mansion just as if it had been the Craun Mansion.

Then the pieces started coming together; the Glass Family of Rose Hill that James was talking about was the same family of Tommy and Julie Glass that Phil and I went to school with in Winchester. Tommy was several years older than us, but Phil graduated with Julie. Glen Burnie was the old Farm on Amherst Street behind the stone wall on the way to James Wood High School. It was the Farm my Dad had talked about in the 1950's where he

did some telephone work. At this point, my interest in the Glass Mansion greatly increased and Carroll and I found out more from James about the Nowata–Winchester Connection. I was embarrassed that I did not know of any of the events that were happening in Winchester in the 1950's, but Phil and I led very sheltered lives as kids.

In January 1998, Carroll called Raymond Cline (President of the Nowata County Historical Society) and asked if she could attend their next monthly meeting. She went in to the February 24th meeting as a spectator – and walked out of the meeting as a Board Member and also a member of the Glass Mansion Committee! She attended her first Glass Mansion meeting on March 19th.

The Nowata County Historical Society

The Nowata County Historical Society owns two buildings; the old Clinic Hospital that is now the home of the Museum – and the Glass Mansion (a bequest of Julian Glass to honor his Father and Mother). From past experience, with Carroll involved – it was only a matter of time before I would have two more buildings to maintain! On November 15th, we helped decorate the Glass Mansion for Christmas. On May 9, 1999 – I officially started working on the maintenance of the Glass Mansion and the Museum (in exactly one year, May 9, 2000 – a man I had not yet met would die – Lee Taylor).

My Comment.

I have worked on both buildings at all hours of the day and night – usually alone. The Glass Mansion is OK, although every now and then I get the feeling that someone is looking over my shoulder and I sense some movement out of the corner of my eye.

It is Museum, however, that can really give you the ‘Willies’. Being the old Clinic Hospital, hundreds of people must have died within its walls. There are three floors – just the main floor is open to the public. All the old patient rooms now hold the exhibits. On the ‘Willie Scale of 1 to 10’ it is about a 2; maybe a 3 at Midnight with a thunderstorm raging outside. The attic holds steady at about a 4, but I would not want to sleep up there at night. The basement - the cold, dark, damp, creaky, leaky, musty basement pushes the limits of the ‘Willie Scale’ even if a dozen people are down there with you on the 4th of July. I have been down there once at Midnight all alone working on the furnace. Notice the use of the word ‘once’. If the furnace goes out again at night, I am calling the repair man.

The Glass Mansion at 324 West Delaware Street.



The Museum at 121 South Pine Street.



On May 19, 1999, Carroll and I drove to Roanoke, Virginia with a U-Haul trailer full of Phil's furniture to take to his new house. Phil and Anna were getting married on the 22nd. After the Wedding, Carroll and I drove to Winchester to meet Lee Taylor on the 23rd at Glen Burnie and to return to Nowata with our 83 Chevy Pickup full of furniture for the Glass Mansion. On the 26th, we officially unloaded the furniture at the Glass Mansion. The Little Glass Bottle that Lee Taylor had given me – rode on the dash of the pickup the entire trip back home. I will talk more about the 'Little Glass Bottles' in further discussions.

A volunteer organization like the Nowata County Historical Society is always in need of extra money. The Board decided to hold a 'Yard Sale' with items donated by the members of the Society. We brought in a lot of stuff that we had that were still in boxes when we moved to Nowata from Maryland. We always write on the boxes what is in them and then completely seal every corner and crack so no critters will get in (I guess I am paranoid). The Yard Sale was on Saturday September 18, 1999 (it was a big success) and all the items that were left over, I took to Bartlesville on Monday and gave to Good Will. I did not work the Yard Sale, so I did not know what was sold.

This was a significant event, although I did not know it at the time. The Stone Church painting, the one that we got at the same time as the C. Austin Danforth painting back in the 1950's; was in one of the boxes (the big box of framed pictures that Carroll and I had collected over the years from other yard sales) – and was sold to someone at the Museum Yard Sale – or was taken to Good Will in Bartlesville.

October was spent working in earnest at the Glass Mansion and getting to know every nook and cranny. I discovered two other Little Glass Bottles hidden in the Glass Mansion during this month; they were identical to the one that Lee Taylor had given me at Glen Burnie.

I have included a picture of the Marble Machine (with Muffin underneath) because I took this to the Glass Mansion on November 19, 1999 to be apart of the Christmas Open House Tour in December. The Glass Mansion Committee had setup the Game Room in the basement with a lot of toys for kids under the Christmas tree. I was going to be the host in the Game Room for the tour, so I decided to take in my Marble Machine and let the kids on the Tour play with that instead of trying to handle some of the more delicate antique toys. The Marble Machine fascinates kids. It was when I walked into the Game Room on the 19th that I saw that the center panel of the mantel over the fireplace was pushed in. I knew I would have to fix it before the tour in December. In November, I found the third Little Glass Bottle.

Muffin and the Marble Machine.



Lee Taylor and the Glen Burnie Visit

Glen Burnie and Meeting Lee
by Carroll K. Craun

Paul and I arrived in Winchester early in the afternoon and began our quest to find Glen Burnie. We had the directions but neither of us could remember seeing the house and grounds before. Paul grew up there and I had been making frequent trips to visit Paul's family since our marriage in 1979, always looking at the fascinating houses and enjoying the history of the area. When we found the entrance Paul's comment was, "I always wondered what was behind this fence". It was just across the street from where he and his family had doctors' offices.

Our arrival was not without notice; I am sure those that saw our truck thought for sure that the Oklahoma Hillbillies had arrived. It was stuffed with packing materials as well as a few purchases we had made along the way. When we got out of the truck and approached the visitor entrance gate, Lee Taylor was standing there waiting for us. How he knew when we would arrive I do not know as we did not know ourselves. He stood there with a big smile on his face, wearing his work clothes, baggy pants with a hole in the knee, tennis shoes and a plaid shirt and straw hat.

This began one of the most fascinating, exciting and memorable times of our life. Within just a few minutes of meeting Lee, we felt as if we had known him forever; he made us feel so welcome. Lee took us on a tour of 'his house and grounds' showing us what he and Julian had done over the years and talked with us about the dreams yet to be accomplished.

I think that we explored every nook and cranny that was possible to get into on the main grounds that afternoon. Lee took great pleasure in our amazement with

his attempts with false perspective in the Pleached Allee, waiting for us to discover how short it really was, yet at the same time apologizing because it was not yet perfect. He showed us his latest plan for the vegetable garden, did a little weeding as we walked the grounds, and showed us his favorite roses. He and Paul discussed grass seed and how to make the grounds at the Glass Mansion look a little better - as shade causes the grass not to grow well there during the summer months. We played with the golden trout, giving them some grain to jump at and were chased by his flock of geese. Lee showed us how the hidden cabinets worked in the Tea House and sat and shared with us stories of his life there with Julian and talked of the many parties and spontaneous entertaining events that took place there while Julian was still alive. Formal dress was mandatory so we were not properly attired sitting there with Lee.

Lee talked of the first impression he had of Glen Burnie and then showed us all the changes that have taken place over the years. We walked the grounds in front of the house and in the back before going inside. Inside was beautiful; lighting was kept to a minimum in the dining room so it was a little hard to see, but in keeping with the era of the house. I enjoyed the display of dishes that Julian had acquired over the years, and yes he used all of them at one time or another. Lee gave us a peek into his private work area, obviously a well used place with the stacks of seed catalogues, books on architecture and furniture all over the place. Janice Hoover, his assistant since 1981, was away for the day so we did not get to meet her. That pleasure came at a later time and another year.

Every corner of the house was explored except for Lee's private bedroom, he told us he had not made his bed that day and did not want us to see it that way. Going upstairs was a special treat that many did not get; the floors were not built to carry a large number of people so

tours upstairs did not usually happen. In Julian's bedroom he talked about the historical wall paper on the walls and how one part had to be recreated because it was damaged, to our eye it was not possible to tell what was old and what was new. He and Julian took a lot of pleasure in seeking out pieces of furniture for the house, always on the lookout for something unique and that would fit in. He got a laugh out of some of the things he found to use in decorating the grounds and showed us some of his little gardening 'secrets', things he used to let vines grow over.

Lee was a man of great detail and attention to making everything as perfect as he could get it. Everywhere we walked he would say, "please be sure to remember this", and I found out why when he showed us his miniature work. Some of this was located in the Pink Pavilion when we were there but I understand it is now housed in the new Museum building in a special place reserved just for Lee. In his recreation of the Glen Burnie House, every fine detail is there, down to the exact number and names of the books on the shelves, paintings on the wall, and even the centerpiece on the dining room table of which I cannot remember the correct name (I think that it was an Epergne); it had the seventeen pieces that it was composed of. He showed us the wine cellar and in the model, the wine bottles even had a real drop of wine.

Paul and Lee had a great time discussing the mechanical aspects of running the place and did a thorough examination of the machinery used to keep the buildings cool and heated, this was not exactly my favorite part of the day but it was fun just being with Lee and sharing his enthusiasm for the place.

We visited the Springhead and talked about the early days of Winchester, General Washington, the part the Civil War played on the actual grounds of Glen Burnie and what it must have been like living and growing up

here. We also talked about Paul and his growing up here and his family and his interactions with the Glass children in school. History is a favorite topic for me so this was great and I also love graveyards, not one of Paul's favorite things. When we got to the Glen Burnie family graveyard, Lee told us of the many stories of ghostly sightings around the property and about Nannie looking for one of her many children. All in all we spent the entire afternoon and early evening there the first day and we were lucky, the weather, though a little on the cool side, was sunny. The next day we woke to clouds and torrential rain, but that did not stop the continued exploration of Glen Burnie.

Our morning started with a visit to Jennifer Esler's office (Director of the Glen Burnie Museum) in the Hexagonal House and a tour of the building itself. Lee introduced us to Jennifer and to Sara Meschutt who was in charge of releasing the items to us that we had come to carry back to Oklahoma. Sara was a little concerned about the safety of our truck and its ability to carry the cargo back with us, after signing a lot of forms and reassuring her that we would call her as soon as we arrived and also write her, we continued our tour of the Hexagonal House. Lee and Paul explored the attic, something you had to enter through a trap door in the ceiling and while I would have enjoyed seeing it, I was not too happy with the idea of going up a rickety ladder that they used. Lee suggested that I might enjoy looking at some of the historical things they had stored in the building while they were up there and that is what I did as well as play with a pair of frisky squirrels that wanted in the building. Paul and Lee were up there quite some time, fortunately they had a flashlight as the power kept going out due to the storm going on outside.

After this we went to the storage facility that the Museum was using to hold the Glass and Wood treasures and started loading which in itself was quite an adventure. We went out expecting to bring back just a

few items and ended up with a lot of pieces of furniture as well as boxes. This required some creative loading as we did not want anything to get damaged on the way back to Oklahoma, but we did it and signed our final set of papers transferring the responsibility to us for them. Sara is very serious about her work and Glen Burnie is fortunate to have someone that cares so much about its artifacts. After a final tour through Glen Burnie and a lot of hugs from Lee, we made our way back to Oklahoma and unloaded and called Sara immediately to know all arrived safe and sound. Even though this is the only time we got to meet Lee in person; he became a special friend, one we enjoyed until his death a short year later.

My Comment.

In the Wednesday June 7, 2006 Edition of the Winchester Star paper, there was a feature article on Janice Hoover in honor of her 25 years of working at Glen Burnie. No one worked as closely with Lee Taylor as Janice – and they worked very well together.

A quote from the Winchester Star article:

‘Janice recalled the night Lee died. All the alarms in the house went off, Hoover said – an event he had predicted. She was called back to the property that evening by the alarm company and witnessed the event.’

Thank you, Carroll – now my recollections.

When Carroll and I first met Lee Taylor at Glen Burnie, it was very interesting. He knew that we were coming out from Nowata to bring back some furniture for the Glass Mansion; James had told him our names. It was just a normal day at Glen Burnie with visitors from all over the country showing up for tours. For some reason, as we walked up to the entry gate, he knew who we were. I do not want to sound self centered, but he knew who I was. Looking back at the encounter, as I am now, I had the feeling that I had met him somewhere before. I do not know if it was his mannerism, or the sound of his voice, or how he greeted us; but something was familiar. It was not until after he had died and several years had passed, that an event occurred that triggered a memory.

James and I were down in the basement of the Glass Mansion storing some letters and pictures of the Glass family that he had, in the filing cabinets. One of the pictures was of Lee Taylor in the 50's and James said that Mr. Glass, Julian's father, always called Lee 'The Sergeant'. James told me that Julian met Lee in a bar in New York City in 1947 while Lee was still in the Army. When Lee visited Nowata with Julian and he met Mr. Glass for the first time, Lee was still in uniform. It was the combination of the picture and the referring to Lee as 'The Sergeant' that triggered some very old memories. James said Lee occasionally drank beer (but preferred the hard stuff). There have been a lot of things surfacing about Lee after his death, that neither James nor Julian ever knew. In the Crystal Restaurant where my Dad would take Phil and me (and Dad would only drink Gunther beer not his usual National Boh) – The Sergeant would usually join us and he would only drink Gunther. I cannot remember any of the conversations except that they were always happy times. Phil and I both remember the Crystal Restaurant as having booths along both sides of the room with the walls all being mirrors; it was very long and narrow. Phil and I

were always very shy around any grownups; and I do not think we ever said one word to The Sergeant and I cannot remember him ever saying anything to us. Phil and I would just sit there and look at them drink their Gunther beer and be fascinated by the endless reflections in the mirrors. Even the incident in the Hexagon house during the Glen Burnie visit did not bring back the Gunther beer memories.

For some reason, I can hardly remember any of the details of our visit to Glen Burnie with the exception of the discussion with Lee in the attic of the Hexagon House. This is why I asked Carroll to write about our visit.

Lee took Carroll and me over to the Hexagon House across the street from Glen Burnie; it was being used as an office at the time. He gave me a complete tour from basement to attic, but the attic adventure was nothing but – strange. I say ‘me the complete tour’ instead of ‘Carroll and me’, because she went in every other room, but did not go to the attic with us. It was accessible only with an extension ladder through a trap door and Lee did not think it safe for Carroll to go. She wanted to go, but you do not argue with your host. It was probably wise; she does have trouble with ladders because of her vision.

I can remember virtually nothing about the layout of the attic and what was there; Carroll was not with us, so I am at a loss. Lee handed me a photograph; it was an old black and white. It was a picture of two men. Both were holding the C. Austin Danforth painting and I could see the Stone Church painting (the one on the cover of this book) hanging on the wall behind them. I did not recognize either man. Lee said, “That is the day Mr. Glass gave your GrandDad the paintings.” I never met Mr. Glass and I have only seen two pictures of my GrandDad; one when he was in the Army in WWI and the other when he was in his casket. The picture of GrandDad in the Army was shown earlier when I was talking about Uncle Shirley. The picture at his funeral is shown below. To me, the two

pictures of GrandDad do not look like the same man (they are 40 years apart) and as I said earlier, the only thing I remember about GrandDad when I saw him in person – was his wooden leg. Since the history of where the paintings came from has always been a ‘Craun Mystery’, I asked Lee. He said that the picture of Mr. Glass and my GrandDad was taken in Mr. Glass’ law office in 1936. The man that Lee said was GrandDad did not have a wooden leg and I asked him about it. Lee said that it was probably a week or two after this picture was taken, that GrandDad crushed his knee; and it was not more than two weeks after the accident that he was taken to Tulsa to have it amputated. I asked him who took the picture. Lee said, “Hook.”

I asked Lee how he knew all this. I do not know what it was – whether it was the way that Lee said it – or the expression in his eyes – he said, “Hook told me.”

GrandDad's Funeral; he died February 8, 1956.



Paul Craun Dies At Newton Baker

Paul Craun, Sr., 60, of Middleburg, died yesterday at 4:30 p. m. at the Newton D. Baker VA Center where he had been a patient for the past nine months.

He was born in Fauquier County on December 7, 1895, and was a son of the late Harvey and Ida Waddell Craun. He was an automobile mechanic by occupation.

He was a member of the Methodist Church and a veteran of World War I.

Surviving are one son, Paul Craun, Jr., of this city and one daughter, Mrs. Betty Huyett, both of this city; two brothers, Harvey Craun of Warrenton and Julius Craun of Middleburg; one sister, Mrs. Fanny Moore of Falls Church, and four grandchildren also survive.

A funeral service will be conducted Saturday at 2 p. m. at the Omphs Funeral Home with the Rev. Paul Dick officiating.

Interment will be in Mt. Hebron cemetery.

The body will remain at the Brown Funeral Home in Martinsburg until tomorrow afternoon, at which time it will be brought to the Omphs Funeral Home where it will remain until the hour of the service.

The question I did not ask was - how Lee and Hook met. If accounts are correct, Julian did not take Lee to see Glen Burnie until 1956 and Lee did not start living in Winchester until 1970. So how could Hook know to trust Lee and Lee to trust Hook. The only explanation that I can come up with is that Hook knew 'The Sergeant' before 1956. Julian met Lee in 1947 in New York, so Mr. Glass knew of him shortly afterwards. Hook and Mr. Glass must have chosen Lee at that point to be the next link in the chain. Exactly when Hook approached Lee – I have no idea.

Lee then proceeded to tell me a story about the Trust. (Carroll said that we were in the attic for about 30 minutes.)

The Foresight and the Gift of Mr. J. Wood Glass

Mr. and Mrs. Glass loved Nowata; they lived there when the town was able to boast that it had more millionaires per capita than any city in the World. Even when all their friends moved away to the big cities, the Glass' remained. Mr. Glass however foresaw its decline. Whether he was just practical or whether it was from a reading from his astrologer – Lee did not know.

My Comment.

I find it hard to believe that Mr. Glass believed in astrology, but James and I found a receipt from Mr. Glass' astrologer for a session – as we were going through his old paperwork that James has kept. We also found a 12 page reading of March 9, 1940 from an astrologer, David Sturgis, for Mr. Glass. I thought that it was for Mr. J. Wood Glass, but it appears that it may have been for his son, Julian. There was advice for where and when to drill for oil. I quote from the reading:

“You want to make a fortune? Buy up old leases, dig the wells very deeply and the oil will come in. Contact Miss Clic Coil, 701 N. W. 19th Street, Oklahoma City, whose horoscope relates favorably to yours, and she has leases ... And please tell all this to your father.”

Mr. Glass knew money – knew oil – and knew banking; he also knew history. He was aware of the two Trusts that Ben Franklin had set into motion before his death back in 1790.

My comment.

I had read Ben Franklin's Autobiography in High School, but never remembered anything about the Trusts. I recently found a detailed accounting of them.

American Vignettes

(A collection of Footnotes to History, by John I. White – published by the EXXON Travel Club).

In a nutshell, Ben Franklin setup two Trusts; one to benefit Philadelphia and the other to benefit Boston. Both are still in existence today and have benefited thousands of American citizens. However, their history shows gross mismanagement over the years by public officials.

Wise 'Investment' and 'Time' can generate a vast fortune. Mr. Glass had no faith in public officials. He knew that once a town started to decline – immediate action had to be taken to keep it neat and clean and prosperous looking so that businesses will not leave – and newcomers would want to live there. Once the businesses leave, the tax base declines and there is less money to keep the town in repair – and the more disrepair – the more businesses and people leave. He was troubled about this prospect in the late 20's. This was about the time that Hook became involved. Lee said that even Mr. Glass was vague about the relationship, but he guessed that Paul Mellon of Middleburg introduced them because Hook was an accountant and financial advisor.

In 1930, Hook advised Mr. Glass to invest \$10,000 in the Trust. This was a considerable financial burden at the time, since Mr. Glass was in the process of starting to build his new home (known as the Glass Mansion today).

My Comment.

In looking through the paper work stored in the basement filing cabinets at the Glass Mansion, I was never able to find any record of the transfer of funds into any financial institution that would be capable of managing such a Trust. However, James and I did find a letter from Mr. Glass (1930) expressing his concern over his finances and the building of the House.

The purpose of the Trust was to accumulate in value and then the control of – and distribution of – be given to one person (unspecified) in the future. Three copies of a ‘Letter of Identification’ were generated similar to a ‘Bearer Bond’; in the discussions to follow, it will be referred to as the ‘Document’. Whoever presented the Document to the Institution would be given control of the Trust. The Institution kept one copy and the other two were given to Mr. Glass. Hook wanted to have two copies in case one was lost or destroyed by future events. The three Documents were legal size format printed on ‘money stock’ with ‘money green ink’ by the Bureau of the Mint; the typeset stamp was then destroyed. Mr. Glass and Hook were at the Mint to observe the printing and the destruction; Lee did not know how they managed to get permission to have something like this done. The purpose of the three copies of the Document was for the Financial Institution to make sure that the presented copy was genuine. They chose money stock and money green ink for their durability. He did also not know for sure whether there was a time limit on the Trust, but he thought that if no one made the presentation within 200 years, the Trust would be made public and the funds distributed at the discretion of the Institution. Mr. Glass felt that – if the right person did not appear within 200 years – Nowata was lost forever. No one other than Mr. Glass and Hook knew of the Trust and no paperwork was ever transmitted. Over the years, one of them would go to the Institution to get a first hand accounting of the progress and plan investment strategies.

Hook assured Mr. Glass that the right person would come into the possession of one of the Documents and would know what to do with it to rebuild Nowata. This ended the account of what Lee knew about the Trust.

My comment.

I asked Matthew Kreps of Haliburton (Texas) to make a computation on what he felt such a Trust would be worth today – taking into account any taxes that would have to be paid and management fees. Since it is unknown how the Institution managed the funds, Matthew made reasonable assumptions based on what other Funds have historically done from 1930 to 2002, a 72 year time span. I have included the initial exchange between us.

From: CKCPC3@aol.com [mailto:CKCPC3@aol.com]
Sent: Wednesday, October 27, 2004 4:21 AM
To: mkreps@halliburtonir.com; matt@dk3media.com
Subject: Question

Hi Matthew,

Is it possible for you to do a little research for me, or if you have a young whippersnapper working for you -- and you want to see what he is made of — is it possible to do and approximate wealth computation based on actual historical returns for the following scenario.

Assume that you were a Bank Trust and were given \$10,000 in 1930 and tasked with the diversified investing for maximum compounded return; no withdrawals. Using current strategies of the day over time -- and assuming that you made reasonable choices (not necessarily unrealistic choices like buying IBM at \$1 a share), what would be the value in the trust today

Thanks

Paul Craun

Subj: RE: Question
Date: 10/29/2004 2:36:08 PM Pacific Daylight Time
From: mkreps@halliburtonir.com
To: CKCPC3@aol.com

All right, back in the office and able to work on the computer again. I'm assuming that by standard investment style you would be generically referencing the major index strategies or bond strategies.

An interesting site with segmented data returns by year:

<http://www.finfofacts.com/stockperf.htm>

Some simple calculators to make adjusting the assumptions easier:

<http://www.smartmoney.com/compoundcalc/>

So, using some numbers I found (not quite 1930 but they can be refined) basing on average returns 1926-2002, using \$10,000 invested in 1930 until 2002 (end of the averages), you get the following values in compound interest calculations:

Large Company Stocks: 12.2% average return yields

\$39,764,000

Small Company Stocks: 16.9% average return yields

\$763,211,000

Long-term Corporate Bonds: 6.2% average return yields

\$760,265

Long-term Government Bonds: 5.8% average return yields

\$579,386

Treasury Bills: 3.8% average return yields \$146,625

Inflation: 3.1% average return yields \$90,079

Note that Gold and some other really basic levels are not meaningful as their price doesn't have any compounding effect because it's only price increase on a fixed base rather than a compounding base.

Of course, all of these are predicated on the assumption that the investor would choose a strategy mirroring the returns of the average. There is some feasibility in saying that a reasonably diversified portfolio would mirror the average in many ways, but over the time period the small deflection from the curve is amplified hundreds of times over. So there could be a major deviation if they were working from a statistically small enough base.

Also, these are pretty direct calculations based on compounded returns. There are some nuances to trading costs, management costs, dividend dates and other small factors in timing. But they do illustrate the scale of the difference.

I think I can get to more complete numbers to actually run the scales based on any number and time assuming I can locate similar averages. These would likely be real indexes pulled down to Excel calculations. I believe everything can be arranged to automatically calculate.

Let me know if this is on the right track or I'm missing the idea. And yeah, the stock values are MILLIONS and the bonds are mere THOUSANDS.

-- Matt

Matt Kreps

Account Manager

Halliburton Investor Relations

972/458-8000

My Comment.

I would imagine that Mr. Glass and Hook were involved in the investment strategies of the Institution at least until their deaths in the 50's. I can only assume that the Institution would have followed their style. Matthew further refined his calculations and he concluded that if he was forced to pick a value of the Trust at the end of 2004 – it would be \$200,000,000.

I know that Mr. Glass died on April, 2 1952. I asked Lee if he knew any details about when Hook died. With a turn of his head toward Glen Burnie - all he said, "I buried Hook." The way he said it, made it clear that he was not going to say any more about Hook's death. It was interesting that this was the first in a series of weird feelings where more information was passed than the situation warranted. I had this feeling that Hook's death and burial on the grounds of Glen Burnie was only known to Lee Taylor – and then to me – and for some reason, now you (the reader of this account).

Lee then handed me this Little Glass Bottle and it was obvious that was all he was going to say. I did not get to ask what my GrandDad was doing in Nowata in 1936, but I was able to piece that part together later on. I did ask Lee why he was telling me all this and why did he show me the photograph of my GrandDad and the paintings? Lee turned and started going down the ladder without answering. Then he paused and looked up at me.

All he said, "Hook told me."

Lee Taylor and Hook

I can only speculate on how and why Hook chose Lee Taylor to be involved with the Trust – and this is from the perspective of 2007 – and knowing what I now know about Lee as provided by James.

Lee was a very private person and very secretive in addition to being a gifted craftsman and genius. Details of his life at Glen Burnie and some of his magnificent accomplishments can be seen at the Museum of the Shenandoah Valley in Winchester. The Museum is located on the grounds of Glen Burnie. This may sound a bit strange, but Hook must have seen something in Lee prior to 1950 that made him realize that Lee would remain true to Glen Burnie and never leave – and be there when Carroll and I would come to meet him on May 23, 1999 at Glen Burnie. Less than a year after we met, Lee died. I do not think Lee knew anything more about the Trust than what he told me in the Hexagon House. His (and Julian's) interests were in Glen Burnie and not Nowata. I am sure Julian knew of his father's desire to acquire complete control of Glen Burnie and to restore it, but how could Hook have known prior to 1950, that Lee Taylor would be involved. Lee did not even visit Glen Burnie until 1956.

My Comment.

I do not want to believe there was anything supernatural about Hook – he was just a man. I cannot believe that in 195? he would say to Lee Taylor,

“Hi Lee. I will be dying in 6 days. There is this Trust that Mr. Glass setup that will be used to rebuild his beloved Nowata in the future. In 50 years, Buddy Craun's youngest son – Paul III and his wife Carroll will come from Nowata in an old beatup 83 Chevy Pickup truck to get some furniture to take back to the Glass Mansion – as it will be called then. I want you to show him the picture I took of Mr. Glass and Paul's GrandDad with the C. Austin

Danforth painting and tell him about the Trust and give him this Little Glass Bottle; he is the next link in the chain. Then get your affairs in order because you will die soon afterwards. I have made arrangements, so that no one will question my disappearance. Bury me on the Hill over looking Glen Burnie so I can see all of Winchester. Have a nice day."

As of the writing of this account, I am still trying to come up with a more reasonable explanation.

When Lee died on May 9, 2000, he chose to be buried on the grounds of Glen Burnie in the Glen Burnie Family Cemetery. Before he died, Lee hung his own grave Marker on the cemetery wall, his ashes are in an urn in the wall. I wonder if he cremated Hook and later moved his ashes to the Cemetery also or if Hook is still on the Hill? James recently told me (December 2006) that there are preliminary plans to build a new entry road into Glen Burnie that will go up and across the Hill so that the visitors can get a grand view of the property. If they do, maybe they will find Hook.

Dad and ‘The Sergeant’, Lee Taylor

Dad's best friend in Handley High School was Shep Wohlford. My best friend in High School was Lewis Campbell. Although I did not know it at the time, Shep was Lewis' Uncle. When Shep was killed at Normandy during the D-Day Invasion, it really affected Dad. The account of Sergeant Wohlford's death is shown below. Ma told me the story of Dad and 'The Sergeant' although she never used the name, Lee Taylor; I will use Lee's name to avoid confusion.

Dad met Lee Taylor in Winchester in the early 50's. James told me that Lee's first visit to Glen Burnie was not until 1956 with Julian – just after Julian had finally obtained sole possession. The only explanation (only a guess on my part) is that Lee was traveling down from New York to meet with Mr. Glass and Hook when Mr. Glass came in from Nowata on business in the early 1950's. I have no idea how Dad would have met Lee unless it was in the Crystal Restaurant.

Ma said that Lee must have reminded Dad of Shep and both being Sergeants probably reinforced the resemblance (GrandDad was also a Sergeant in WWI). I do not know if Dad ever referred to Shep as 'The Sergeant' also or not, but I do know that Ma did not like Lee and he never came to our house. I doubt that the friendship lasted over a year. Even though Lee Taylor lived in Winchester from 1970 to 2000, there was never any talk of him by my parents. Except for those brief childhood memories sometime in the early 1950's - memories with Gunther beer, there was no interaction and he was forgotten.

My Dad's Best Friend, Shep Wohlford.

Buddy Tells How Sgt. Wohlford Met Death On D-Day



Sgt. J. "Shep" Wohlford

Were Scouting Ahead of Company

Further details have been gathered about the death of Tech. Sgt. Sheppard Wohlford, son of Mrs. John S. Wohlford and the late Mr. Wohlford, of Wolfe street.

Sgt. Wohlford, who was killed shortly after landing on the Normandy beachhead on D-Day, was with Staff Sgt. Douglas Orndorff, son of Mrs. George S. Taylor, of this city. Staff Sgt. Orndorff, who was wounded in the face, is now in Valley Forge Hospital, in Pennsylvania, undergoing treatment to save the sight in his right eye. The bullet with which he was hit, completely destroyed the sight in his left eye.

Sgt. Orndorff related the story of the D-Day actions. He said that after landing, the company was sending scouts ahead to get the enemy positions. He and Sgt. Wohlford went because they wouldn't send their men out to do a job that they wouldn't do themselves.

Both Men Hit

The two men were crawling over the rugged terrain with bullets whistling over their heads, when Sgt. Wohlford was caught by a direct hit in the region of the side and stomach. His companion managed to get over to him but he knew that he was dying.

Orndorff crawled on about 75 yards before he was caught by a bullet in the face. He was given first aid treatment very shortly afterwards, but had to remain on the battlefield for a number of hours before he was removed to a hospital. The artillery fire was so great that it was impossible to get stretcher-bearers through.

Casualties Great

Orndorff relates that the casualties were great those first few days on the beachhead. Only about ten men remained untouched by artillery fire out of his company of two hundred and fifty. In the company of which the late Capt. William G. Pingree was commanding officer, only six got through without injury.



Sgt. Douglas Orndorff

Buddy Tells How Sgt. Wohlford Met Death On D-Day



Sgt. J. "Shep" Wohlford

Were Scouting Ahead of Company

Further details have been gathered about the death of Tech. Sgt. Sheppard Wohlford, son of Mrs. John S. Wohlford and the late Mr. Wohlford, of Wolfe street.

Sgt. Wohlford, who was killed shortly after landing on the Normandy beachhead on D-Day, was with Staff Sgt. Douglas Orndorff, son of Mrs. George S. Taylor, of this city. Staff Sgt. Orndorff, who was wounded in the face, is now in Valley Forge Hospital, in Pennsylvania, undergoing treatment to save the sight in his right eye. The bullet with which he was hit, completely destroyed the sight in his left eye.

Sgt. Orndorff related the story of the D-Day actions. He said that after landing, the company was sending scouts ahead to get the enemy positions. He and Sgt. Wohlford went because they wouldn't send their men out to do a job that they wouldn't do themselves.

Both Men Hit

The two men were crawling over the rugged terrain with bullets whistling over their heads, when Sgt. Wohlford was caught by a direct hit in the region of the side and stomach. His companion managed to get over to him but he knew that he was dying.

Orndorff crawled on about 75 yards before he was caught by a bullet in the face. He was given first aid treatment very shortly afterwards, but had to remain on the battlefield for a number of hours before he was removed to a hospital. The artillery fire was so great that it was impossible to get stretcher-bearers through.

Casualties Great

Orndorff relates that the casualties were great those first few days on the beachhead. Only about ten men remained untouched by artillery fire out of his company of two hundred and fifty. In the company of which the late Capt. William G. Pingrey was commanding officer, only six got through without injury.

I do remember my Dad talking about doing telephone work over the years for a Mrs. Glass at what he called 'The Farm' prior to 1960 before he became permanently disabled and had to retire. His referral to 'The Farm' must have been Glen Burnie, although I never remember hearing the name – and the Mrs. Glass must have been Marguerite – the second wife of Dr. Robert Glass (Tommy and Julie Glass were the children of Robert). Marguerite ran the Glen Burnie farm although she did not live there. When she retired from handling the affairs of Glen Burnie, Lee Taylor took over. When Mr. Glass died in 1952, James Arnold took over handling all the finances of Glen Burnie and also all of Julian's transactions in New York City. All invoices and payments came through James' control.

What Did I Know and What Should I Do

It was a very strange trip back from Winchester to Nowata with the load of furniture from Glen Burnie to the Glass Mansion. I told Carroll what Lee had told me in the attic of the Hexagon House. It is very hard for me to take life seriously, but Carroll and I both agreed that the encounter with Lee Taylor and the Trust – bordered on the ‘strange side of serious’. Carroll and I normally do everything together, but it seemed that in this case – that I needed to follow this thread on my own. Two reasons: the first is that it is a Winchester-Craun situation; and the second is that someone needs to be divorced of the events so they can stay home and take care of all our cats and dogs when they ship me off to the ‘Looney Bin’ for believing all this stuff about Hook.

My first inclination was to hop out of the truck when we got to the Glass Mansion and say to James, “Do you know about this secret Trust that Mr. Glass setup in the 30’s to save Nowata?”

My Comment.

I happen to be a reasonably intelligent person, although there are a few people I have encountered over my lifetime that would probably disagree. Actually standing in front of James and actually saying out loud, “Do you know ... “ is ridiculous. The whole idea of a secret Trust, Lee Taylor and Hook, GrandDad in Egypt working on the Pyramid, Dad and Hook, Dad and Lee Taylor, the C. Austin Danforth painting, ... and Hook himself ... is ridiculous. Yet, I know some of it is true. The fact that I wrote this account of the events shows that I followed the thread to the end.

I did not say anything to James; the date was Wednesday May 26, 1999.

Little Glass Bottles

I have mentioned 'Little Glass Bottles' on several occasions and there will be additional references in further accounts. Sometime back in the late 1980's while still living in College Park, Maryland, I ordered some little glass bottles from a surplus catalog. I do not know why, I guess I just liked the looks of them – they are not useful. I have included a picture of two bottles and a ruler to illustrate how big they are. They look like the old fashion penicillin or morphine bottles to me. Two bottles are shown in the picture. The bottle on the left is from the surplus catalog; the one on the right is the one given to me by Lee Taylor in the Hexagon House. To me they are identical, but there may be a way to do a chemical analysis of the glass to see if they really have the same composition. I have found three other of these bottles hidden at the Glass Mansion since being given the one by Lee. I will provide more detail in the accounts to follow.

There is a note on my Daily Minder that I chose May 9, 1999 as the official day that I considered myself working on the maintenance of the Museum and the Glass Mansion – Lee Taylor died exactly one year later May 9, 2000. Carroll and I met Lee on May 23, 1999. I did not start keeping official records of the time I spend at the Museum and Glass Mansion until April 11, 2001. It was decided that official reports should be done because of my increasing involvement – I had donated the LeBaron to be used as the official Glass Mansion car to transport Department of Correction workers (DOC inmates) from the Jail, I started buying and storing my own tools for the DOC workers to use at the Glass Mansion and Museum, and I was charging materials to Historical Society accounts at several businesses in the repair and restoration work. Raymond Cline (President of the Historical Society) thought that it would be wise to start keeping an official record for audit purposes; I send a brief

report to Raymond every week. Additional details (sometimes slightly exaggerated) of my work can also be found in the 'Letters to Rubye' books that I have published covering the period from 1998 to the present. The official hours worked are listed below to illustrate that I was not just a 'casual worker'. I know every nook and cranny in the Glass Mansion which is how I was able to discover the Little Glass Bottles.

2001	432 hours
2002	440 hours
2003	470 hours
2004	774 hours
2005	448 hours
2006	285 hours

Close examination of the time line for the hours I have spent, shows that I have started to taper off my work for the Historical Society. This is not because there is nothing to be done – in fact there is more restoration work than ever that needs to be done. But I have had to shuffle my priorities; our home has started to approach the condition of Glen Burnie itself in 1956 when Julian and Lee first started planning the restoration. I got this quote from the book published by The Glass-Glenn Burnie Museum, entitled

The Gardens of Glen Burnie
The History and Legends of a Virginia Legacy

Julian and Lee had just finished walking the grounds of Glen Burnie; this was the first time that Lee and seen the grounds and the Main House. Lee Taylor's comment to Julian was, "This is the Pits."

So ... I am in the construction mode at home and can no longer spend as much time as needed for the Historical Society. I feel that when the Document is found and the Trust revealed, restoration of the Museum and the

Glass Mansion will be included.

I have been involved with the maintenance and repair of the Nowata County Museum and Glass Mansion since 1999 – both owned and operated by the Nowata County Historical Society. I am currently a Trustee to the Historical Society and Carroll is current Vice President. I cannot accurately describe the full layout of the Glass Mansion; those familiar with the Mansion will know what I am talking about – and if you have never seen the Glass Mansion and the grounds – it is well worth your time.

The first Little Glass Bottle was found in the crawl space under the Sun Room; I was inspecting the sub flooring to see if it was feasible to run additional wiring to the electrical heaters. There were old bricks and chunks of mortar and one Little Glass Bottle lying in the dirt. I only saw it when the beam from my flashlight caused a reflection. I knew what it was because I had a dozen of them back home from the surplus catalog plus the one that Lee Taylor had given me. Needless to say, I had to laugh at the coincidence.

The second Little Glass Bottle was found in the attic behind one of the fresh air grates to the East fireplace chimney. I had never seen that kind of an arrangement where a fresh air grate was inside the attic just before the chimney when through the roof. Both the East and West fireplace chimneys had such an arrangement, however the West grate had already been removed and the attic furnace stack was vented through the hole. This furnace was added during a remodeling effort. They removed the old basement gas fired boiler furnace and installed new gas forced air heating and air conditioning. Since the West grate had been covered up by the furnace stack, and since some wasps were getting into the attic through the East grate – I decided to cover it with a solid plate. When I removed the grate, I saw the Little Glass Bottle stuck to the inside of the chimney with a glob of mortar; it was covered with soot, but I recognized

the shape. It more or less just popped out with a screwdriver. At this point, I no longer considered the finding of Little Glass Bottles a coincidence.

The third Little Glass Bottle was found behind the fireplace mantle in the basement Game Room. I have included a picture of the fireplace; I did not include pictures of the Sun Room crawl space or the Attic grate because it was difficult to take a decent picture. Looking at the picture of the mantle in the Game Room, you can see the big center panel in the woodwork and also the metal door at the bottom left that is the wood storage bin. Sometime in the past, someone had tried to drive a small nail into the center panel (I guess to hang a picture or Christmas decoration) and it had pushed the top of the panel inwards breaking the glue that had held it in place. There was no obvious non destructive way to grab the panel and try to pull it forwards. It was possible to screw a handle of some type into the panel to grab and pull it forward, but that would scar the panel and the whole mantle would have to be stripped and refinished.

Not knowing what it was at the time, I opened the metal door and discovered the logs. I had assumed that the entire fireplace was solid brick, but that is not the case - at least on the left side. The area behind the metal door is as deep as the fireplace. I removed the logs and was able to squeeze inside and stand up behind the mantle, but could not reach the top of the center panel to push it forward; it would be possible to push an additional brace between the brick chimney and the back of the panel to keep it in place, but I have not done so yet. Again, my flashlight caught sight of another Little Glass Bottle sitting on the 2x4 frame at the bottom of the center panel. I have all three of the Glass Mansion 'Little Glass Bottles' and the one that Lee gave me – all at my house. I was later able to speculate the reason for the bottles, but I need to provide more information before the explanation is meaningful.

Little Glass Bottles.



Closeup View of a Bottle.



Picture of the Fireplace Mantle in the Game Room.



C. Austin Danforth Painting

After searching for 50 years, I finally discovered information on C. Austin Danforth on the Internet. I have included that information below from the White Mountain Art and Artist Web Site.

Charles Austin Danforth was born in Boston, Ma, but his birth year is unknown. He was a member of the Boston Art Club and the Providence Art Club. He exhibited at the Boston Art Club (1881-1882), the Paris Salon (1886, 1887, 1893), and the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts (1888-1890). A White Mountain painting was exhibited at the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association in 1874 titled Winnipiseogee Lake. He also exhibited a painting titled Mount Lafayette, Franconia Notch at Sundown in 1881 at the Boston Art Club.



Closeup of the C. Austin Danforth Painting.



Signature Plate and Signed Painting.



E-Mail Exchange

Subj: C. Austin Danforth

Date: 01/21/2004

To: jj@johnjhenderson.com

Dear Sirs:

I have an old painting by C. Austin Danforth. Is there anyway of telling whether it is the same Charles Austin Danforth mentioned in your website?

Thank you.

Paul Craun, III

CKCPC3@aol.com

Subj: RE: C. Austin Danforth

Date: 01/21/2004 5:17:04 AM Pacific Standard Time

From: jj@johnjhenderson.com

To: CKCPC3@aol.com

Paul,

I have consulted my references and find only one artist named Danforth with the initials C. A. I have never, however, seen a painting by him.

If you send me a digital image, we could consult the exhibition records for him to determine if the subject might be appropriate (based on the titles of the paintings exhibited). Also, please send a close-up view of the signature.

Is the painting well done? Danforth was a recognized artist, and any painting by him would in all likelihood be well executed.

John

Subj: Re: C. Austin Danforth Pictures

Date: 01/21/2004

To: jj@johnjhenderson.com

Mr. Henderson,

I found Charles Austin Danforth on the White Mountain Art & Artists website - whitemountainart.com/Biographies. Since the painting only has C. Austin Danforth, I was hoping that it might be the same artist. I have attached some digital images (not great) so that you can look at the signature and the style of the painting. Thank you for your quick response to my e-mail.

Paul Craun, III

Subj: RE: C. Austin Danforth Pictures

Date: 01/22/2004 6:49:16 AM Pacific Standard Time

From: jj@johnjhenderson.com

To: CKCPC3@aol.com

Sent from the Internet (Details)

Paul,

I would assume your painting is by Charles Austin Danforth. The frame is a good frame - one that would be used on a good painting. The painting looks to be by a competent artist. He exhibited at the Boston Art Club in 1881 and 1882. The titles of the paintings exhibited were: Mt. Lafayette, Franconia Notch at Sundown; Just after Sunset, Milton; Our December of 1881, near Lake Cochituate; Lowery Winter Day, Grove Hall; Sultry.

He exhibited at the PAFA in 1888 and 1890 (giving his address as 13 rue Labie, Ternes, Paris). The titles of the paintings exhibited were: Les Bavardages; Histoire de Guerre; Day after the Fete.

No portraits, it appears. I don't know how to interpret this.

John

Subj: C. Austin Danforth information

Date: 01/22/2004

To: jj@johnjhenderson.com

Dear Mr. Henderson:

Thank you for the information about C. Austin Danforth. This painting has been in our family about 50 years. How we came to acquire it is unclear. Atleast from now on, when someone asks who was C. Austin Danforth - I can offer the information that you have just sent me. Again - thank you - one more of life's mysteries - solved!

Paul Craun

The Stone Church Painting

As I have mentioned previously, over the years it was the C. Austin Danforth painting that captured the imagination of the Crauns. The Stone Church was just interesting. The fact that I stored it in the same big box with the other framed pictures that Carroll and I had purchased at yard sales over the years – gives some indications that we really did not want it hanging on the wall.

However, after the meeting with Lee Taylor at Glen Burnie and all the stories about the Trust, and GrandDad, and Hook being involved with Mr. J. Wood Glass – I am a little embarrassed to admit that my imagination began to run wild. I saw myself as the one to find one of the two Documents. Below are some of the scenarios that I visualized.

Having finally discovered some information on the C. Austin Danforth painting, my attention turned to the Stone Church. I thought that maybe there was something symbolic about it. Painted on glass, maybe symbolic for the Glass Family and also tied to the Little Glass Bottles. As a child, the Stone Church always reminded me of the Castle at the entrance to Mt. Hebron Cemetery although through my bifocals today - they really do not look much alike. I thought that maybe Hook was buried at Mt. Hebron and if so, I could find out when he died and it might prove that my interpretation of Lee's comment of Hook being buried at Glen Burnie was false. Maybe one of the Documents was buried with Hook.

Mt. Hebron Castle Entrance.



Stone Church Painting as it hung on our living room wall
at Ma and Dad's house on Battle Avenue
from the early 1950's until Dad died in 1993.



The Model T

The Historical Society has been fortunate to be able to have the help of Department of Correction (DOC) inmates to help with the maintenance of both the Museum and the Glass Mansion. Major Mickey Bradshaw of the Sheriff's Department runs the program in Nowata and over the years of my involvement, we have had many inmates help us. There was always a turn-over because to be part of the program, the inmates had to be trusted and close to their parole date. The most outstanding of all the inmates that worked for us – was Jeff. How such a talented man ended up in the Slammer is a mystery (I assure you that Hook had nothing to do with it). I worked with Jeff for over three years from March 2002 until April 2005 when he was transferred to a lower security facility before gaining his parole. Jeff is now a free man and is busy rebuilding a new life for himself.

Early in 2004, the Historical Society was informed by the Richardson Foundation that the Model T that was owned by the late Armel Richardson was going to be given to us. It took some time to get all the paperwork done, but it was delivered in July to the court yard of the Glass Mansion garage area. There was no room to store it in the main garage of the Mansion, so Jeff and I decided to move it to the garage of the Garage Apartment via the alley on Tuesday July 13th. The Model T was not in running condition, so we had to push it. If you have never been inside of a 1922 Model T, it is not obvious how to get it in a state so that it can be pushed. Jeff got behind the wheel and started moving some levers and pedals while I tried to push it – the Motor was still engaged to the Transmission. Then I got inside to try my luck while Jeff tried to push.

This was one of those classic flashback scenes that you see in the movies. It was the smell that triggered the event. There is something unique about the smell of

old moldy rotting leather inside a Model T. It was the Summer 1956 again – I was 10 years old – GrandDad had died in February – Dad, Phil, and I were in Middleburg at GrandDad's little one room house where he lived – Dad and Phil were inside the house – I got into GrandDad's Model T – I found a Little Glass Bottle in the glove box – I ran inside and gave the Little Glass Bottle to Dad.

Phil remembered more details about GrandDad's little house than I did. Phil said it was just one room; there was a bed and a wood stove and that was it. There was a rain barrel outside that caught the water off the roof; no electricity, no running water, and no bathroom. I remember that GrandDad's wooden leg was there by his bed and that Dad took it with us when we left.

The Model T.



The Green Dress

James and Raymond brought back boxes of Mrs. Glass' and Mrs. Bradfield's clothes and some furniture pieces and accessories in the U-Haul from Glen Burnie on Friday July 18, 2003. James, Raymond, Carroll, and I started opening the boxes on Sunday July 27th and again on Wednesday July 30th. It was Wednesday that we found the Green Dress. Even though I had told Carroll about the picture of Mom and Mrs. Glass and her Green Dress, she had never seen the picture and of course did not have any reaction when she saw it – other than she had never seen anything like it. I had a different reaction – I knew what it was. I said nothing to James and Raymond other than to verify from James that the dress was one that belonged to Mrs. Glass and not to her daughter, Sunny (Mrs. Bradfield). James said Mrs. Glass had that dress for as long as he could remember.

My Comment.

I have included a picture of the Green Dress on the following pages. It is so fragile, that it was not safe to put it on a manikin; I put it on the floor. It is fishnet so the color of the rug comes through.

In May of 1999, I knew everything that Lee Taylor had told me about the Trust. I had found the three hidden Little Glass Bottles in the Glass Mansion by the end of 1999. The Green Dress that Mrs. Glass wore at the party when Mom was in Nowata in the 1940's had come back to the Glass Mansion in the Summer of 2003. The Model T memories of GrandDad were renewed. This was the Summer of 2004, over 5 years had elapsed since 1999, and even though these other events had occurred, the importance of the Trust – or any connection with me – was beginning to fade. This was to change in October.

The Metal Box

Phil came in from Roanoke, Virginia on Sunday October 3, 2004 for a visit and to do some technical work on a project that Phil, Carroll, and I have been working on for an East Coast Government Contractor; he brought with him Dad's Metal Box. This is where Ma and Dad kept some of their important papers and mementoes. Phil and I rarely looked in it even though they kept it in the living room of our house in Winchester while Phil and I were growing up. We did know that Dad's old motorcycle belt was in it and there was a leather money pouch with some old foreign coins that GrandDad brought back from Europe in WWI. I remember Dad getting out one of the coins for me when I was 15 and about to get my learner's permit. It was a German silver coin. I drilled a little hole in the top and put a little ring through it and made a key chain for the key to the car. Phil had decided it was time to look through the Metal Box and toss anything that was not of sentimental value. Dad had been dead over 10 years. Why we had waited so long – I have no idea.

We found the leather money pouch with the coins; also in the pouch was the Little Glass Bottle. I cannot remember my exact reaction to seeing it, but I knew what it was – it was the Little Glass Bottle that I had found in GrandDad's Model T back in 1956. I then told Phil everything that has been happening since the meeting with Lee Taylor in 1999. Of course, Phil did not believe any of it and said that it sounded like a lot of 'Hooley' to him.

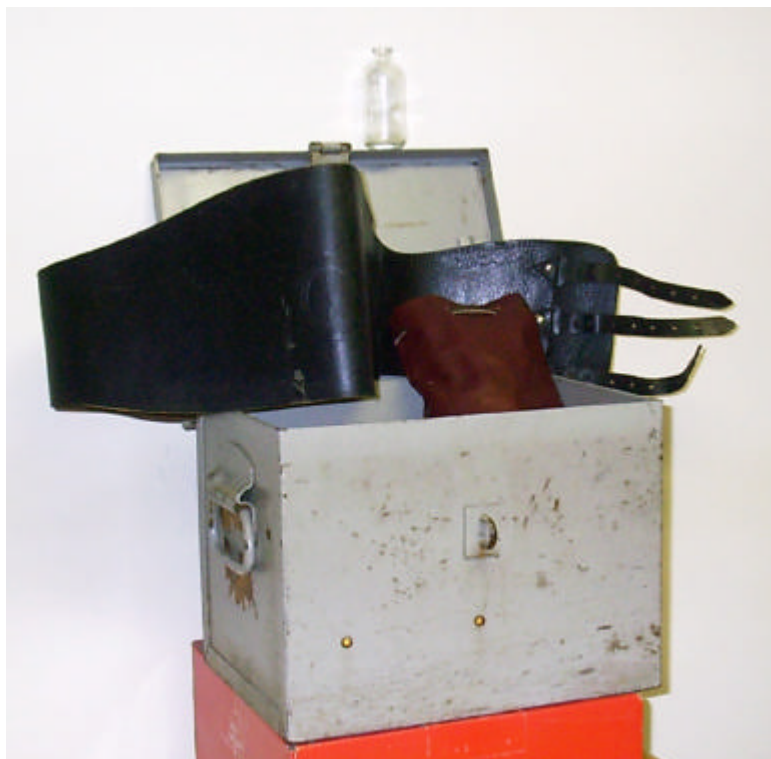
Over the next several days, Phil and I did some childhood reminiscing interspersed with the technical work. He had been going through some boxes that he had in Roanoke that came from Ma and Dad's house and found Dad's Handlian (High School Year Book), but could not find Dad's diploma or Ma's Year Book or diploma. I told Phil that I had Ma's stuff and Dad's diploma was in the backing of the Stone Church painting. Of course I went to get the painting and could not find it. More than a day of mental back tracking and persistent questioning from Phil, lead to a probable explanation – we decided that it must have been in the box of framed pictures that Carroll and I had taken to the yard sale at the Museum back in 1999. Since I had told Phil every detail I could think of, he concluded that if there was such thing as a Document, it may have been in the double cardboard backing of the painting that I could not get unstuck without tearing it. To Phil, it was the only thing that made any sense out of GrandDad being given the C. Austin Danforth and the Stone Church paintings. He got a chuckle out of the fact that if all this were true – the C. Austin Danforth painting was a 'Red Herring' to divert our interest away from the Stone Church. He also did not get too excited about the whole concept of the Trust even if there was \$200,000,000 in it. There was no monetary gain to the person who found it; they did not get the money, they just got a lot of hard work and heartburn trying to manage it – and you do not rebuild the infrastructure of a town overnight; it would take years if not decades to do it. He also concluded that since he and I both have 'one foot in the grave' – even if it was found today, we would not be around when all the work was done.

Before Phil headed back to Roanoke on Friday, Carroll and I took him to the Museum and Glass Mansion on Thursday. We showed Phil the Model T and Mrs. Glass' Green Dress. Phil said that it sure looked like the dress that the lady was wearing in the picture with Mom. He said that GrandDad's Model T, as he remembered it, was more beatup than the one from the Richardson Foundation.

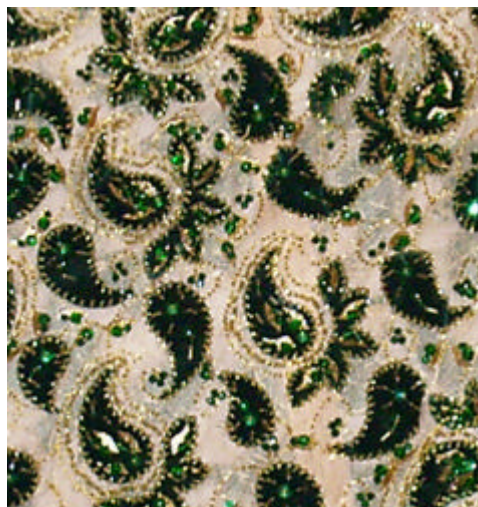
I think Phil knows me too well – and he knows that I am not above 'shading the truth' to spin a good yarn. This is what I do in some of the accounts in the 'Letters to Rubye' books. These books contain actual letters that I write to my Aunt Rubye to tell her what is going on out here in Nowata and I have a tendency to exaggerate a little to make her smile. Phil has an open mind, however, and when he left to drive back to Roanoke, he said, "Weird ... but keep me informed."

In the days, weeks, and years since the opening of the Metal Box – more and more pieces of what had happened, what was happening, and what was going to happen – began to be added to the image that was in my mind. I do not know whether I was subconsciously making them up, whether I was dreaming them, or exactly what the process was. It seemed that the more I thought about it, the more I knew. And in writing this paragraph, I do not know if I should use my overall description of these events as, 'Strange' or use Phil's description, 'Weird'.

Dad's Metal Box, Money Pouch, Motorcycle Belt, and Little Glass Bottle.



Mrs. Glass' Green Dress



Timeline of Significant Events

1735 James Wood surveys Orange County Virginia and claims 1241 acres of land for himself.

1753 Lord Fairfax gives James Wood a grant for the land he has claimed.

1759 James Wood dies.

1794 Robert Wood (son of James) builds the first version of the main house known as Glen Burnie today.

1806 Robert Wood dies. His son, William Wood, takes over stewardship of Glen Burnie. William's sisters Harriet and Julia live at Glen Burnie also. William's sister, Kitty, does not live with them.

1832 William Wood's sister, Kitty, marries Thomas S. Glass. The Glass family homestead was Rose Hill, not far from Glen Burnie.

1861 The Civil War ravishes Glen Burnie.

1872 William Wood dies. Portions of the original land tract have been sold or given to various relatives over the years. Unmarried Julia Wood lives alone at Glen Burnie.

1880 Julian Wood Glass is born at Rose Hill. He is the son of William Wood Glass. William Wood Glass was the son of Kitty Wood and Thomas S. Glass. This marriage formed the bond between the Wood and Glass families and would see the transition of Glen Burnie from the Wood lineage to the Glass family.

1884 Julia Wood dies and leaves her portion of the Glen Burnie to William Wood Glass. William begins the purchase of the shares of Glen Burnie held by other relatives. William and his family move from Rose Hill to Glen Burnie. Julian Wood Glass was 5 years old at the time.

1895 Paul Craun is born in Fauquier County, Virginia.

1902 Julian Wood Glass graduates from Washington and Lee University and moves to Nowata, Oklahoma.

1904 Julian Wood Glass marries Eva Payne Embry in Nowata.

1905 Thelma Faye White born in Fauquier County, Virginia.

1910 Julian Wood Glass, Jr. is born. In the remaining time line, he will be referred to as Julian. His father will be referred to as Mr. J. Wood Glass.

1911 William Wood Glass dies.

1917 James Angus Arnold is born in Palmer, Texas.

1921 Paul Craun marries Thelma Faye White. Leona Virginia Meddaugh is born in Pine Grove, Wisconsin.

1923 Paul Craun, Jr. is born in Middleburg, Virginia.

1920's(?) Mr. J. Wood Glass and Hook become acquainted in the business world.

1926 James Arnold moves to Nowata with his parents; James is 10 years old.

1929 The Arnold family moves next door to the Glass family. James and Julian meet for the first time and the Arnold and the Glass families begin a life-long friendship.

1930 Mr. J. Wood Glass and his sister Kartherine Glass Greene assume stewardship of Glen Burnie when their mother, Nannie Campbell Glass died. Mr. J. Wood Glass begins his quest to acquire all of Glen Burnie held by various relatives. He also begins the planning stages of building their new home (the Glass Mansion). Hook and Mr. Glass setup the Trust.

1933 The Glass home is built at 324 West Delaware.

1935 James Arnold begins working at the First National Bank in Nowata. Mr. J. Wood Glass is part owner of the Bank.

1936 Paul Craun, Jr. leaves Middleburg and goes to Winchester to live with Mr. and Mrs. White. GrandDad goes to Nowata with Hook. Mr. J. Wood Glass gives GrandDad the C. Austin Danforth and Stone Church paintings. GrandDad has his leg amputated in Tulsa.

1942 James Arnold joins the Navy and Julian Glass joins the Army for WWII.

1943 Paul Craun, Jr. marries Leona Virginia Meddaugh in Washington, DC.

- 1944 Philip John Craun is born in Riverdale, Maryland.
- 1945 Paul Craun, III is born in Cheverly, Maryland.
- 1946 Carroll Ann Kreps is born in Bristow, Oklahoma. James Arnold and Julian Glass return to Nowata from the service in WWII.
- 1947 Julian meets Lee Taylor in New York. Paul and Leona Craun move to the rental house on the Hockman farm outside Winchester.
- 1948(?) Mr. J. Wood Glass and Hook meet Lee Taylor for the first time in Nowata. Mom Meddaugh dies in El Paso, Illinois.
- 1950 Paul and Leona Craun buy a house in Winchester at 516 Battle Avenue.
- 1951 Mom (Thelma Craun) dies in Winchester, Virginia.
- 1952 Mr. J. Wood Glass dies. Julian inherits the interests in Glen Burnie and Rose Hill. James Arnold takes over the personal financial management of the Glass family.
- 1956 Julian finally obtains complete ownership of Glen Burnie. Julian and Lee Taylor tour Glen Burnie and begin planning the restoration. GrandDad (Paul Craun) dies at the Newton D. Baker Veterans Hospital in Martinsburg, Virginia..

1958(?) Hook meets Lee Taylor at Glen Burnie and tells him of the Trust. Hook dies.

1959 Julian and Lee Taylor celebrate the first Christmas in the restored main house at Glen Burnie.

1970(?) Lee Taylor moves from New York and starts living at Glen Burnie.

1979 Paul Craun, III marries Carroll Ann Kreps in Bartlesville, Oklahoma.

1983 Julian's mother, Eva Payne Glass dies at the age of 101. Julian inherits the Glass Mansion, his parent's home in Nowata.

1989 Ma (Leona Craun) dies at Phil's home in College Park, Maryland.

1992 Julian dies and bequests the Glass Mansion to the Nowata County Historical Society and the rest of his estate to the Glass-Glen Burnie Foundation in Winchester, Virginia.

1993 Dad (Paul Craun, Jr.) dies in Winchester, Virginia. Paul and Carroll Craun retire and buy a home in Nowata County.

1994 Paul, Carroll, and Philip Craun become official Oklahoma residents.

1997 The Glen Burnie Historic House and Gardens opens to the public under the auspices of the Glass-Glen Burnie Foundation.

1999 Paul and Carroll Craun meet Lee Taylor at Glen Burnie and learn of the Trust.

2000 Lee Taylor dies.

2005 The Museum of the Shenandoah Valley,
located on the grounds of Glen Burnie is officially open to
the public.

2007 Paul Craun, III publishes this account.

This is What I Think I Know And This is What I Think Happened

Mr. J. Wood Glass and Hook setup a Trust, back in 1930. The initial investment was \$10,000 which was a considerable burden for Mr. Glass at the time because he was planning to build his house on 324 West Delaware (known as the Glass Mansion today). The purpose of the Trust was to rebuild the infrastructure of Nowata which he foresaw would deteriorate; decline was inevitable. Mr. Glass consulted astrologers for occasional readings. Whether the astrological readings influenced his Trust decision and his financial dealings that made him extremely wealthy – is unknown. Due to the mysterious environment that surrounded Hook, and the involvement of Hook in Mr. Glass' affairs – I think that his belief in astrology was a factor.

The Trust was a secret known only to Mr. Glass and Hook from its conception until the early 1950's. Mrs. Glass was never involved in their finances and would not have known of the \$10,000 transfer. Their son, Julian, was in school at Harvard; and at that time he was more interested in spending money than making it. Mrs. Glass' daughter, Earnest Embry (Sunny) – had been raised by Mrs. Glass's mother in Arkansas – and was already married and living on the East Coast (Washington, DC and New York) in the 1930's.

The decade of the 1950's saw changes. Mr. Glass was very sick; Hook was old and knew that he would soon die also. They both knew that the value of the Trust was not sufficient. Hook met 'The Sergeant', Lee Taylor sometime before 1950 in Nowata. Hook was out to visit Mr. Glass; Julian and Lee were there also. Hook saw something in Lee that was unique. I do not know the series of events that lead Hook to trust Lee and to

convince Mr. Glass that Lee would carry his Trust to the end of the century. Lee was true to his commitment, he never told anyone until he told me in the Spring of 1999; Lee died less than a year later on May 9, 2000.

I do not know the Bank or Financial Institution where the Trust is located (I will use Bank in the following discussions), but I do know how it is to be executed. There were three copies of a Document printed, similar to a bearer bond – that when presented to the Bank would identify the bearer as the one to be granted control over the distribution of the Trust to rebuild Nowata. One copy is held by the Bank, one copy is in a safety deposit box, and the other copy is concealed in the backing of a painting. The three documents were printed on ‘Money Stock’ using the same green ink as US currency; this was done for durability and to prevent forgery. Mr. Glass wanted two copies of the document hidden incase one was accidentally destroyed. It is not known why he did not just rely on the Bank to do the restoration of Nowata, or one of his heirs. I assume that some of these decisions were based on his trust in astrological readings of the future; neither his son, Julian - nor Eva’s daughter, Earnest Embry, had children.

My Comment.

If one can believe that his readings foretold that he would have no heirs when the Trust was needed – it may have also foretold the writing of this account and the purpose of making it public. Making it public before the Trust is discovered and opened, creates a ‘Treasure Hunt’ atmosphere and can generate enthusiasm – so that when opened, Nowata would be ready to rebuild and other people and businesses would contribute above and beyond the value of the Trust. It also puts civic pressure on the person who finds the bearer bond Document (and granted control) to do what Mr. Glass wanted. The very fact that this account is being written in the Winter of

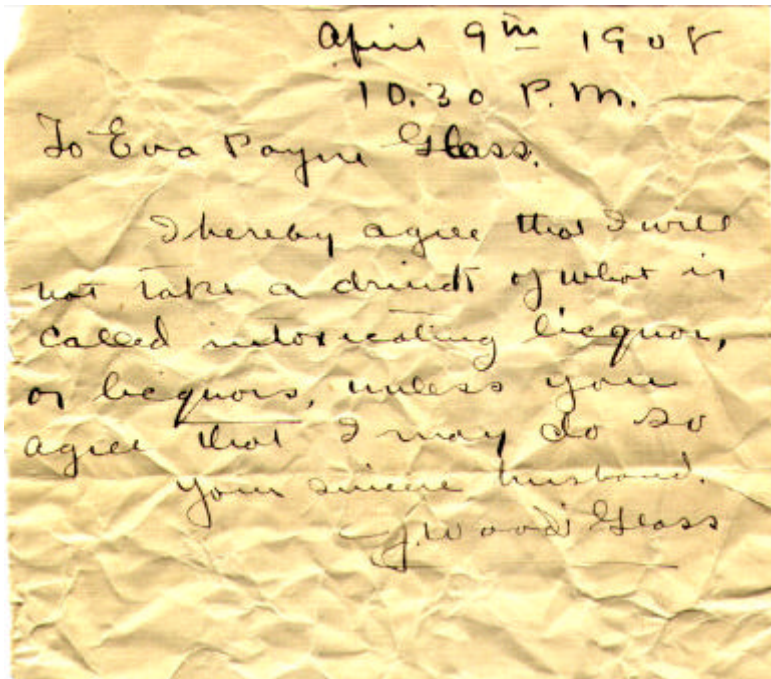
2006-2007, must indicate that the discovery is very close.

Mr. Glass kept both copies of the Document at his home in Nowata; the third was with the Bank. It took several years before Mr. Glass and Hook decided what to do with them. Events in Middleburg, Virginia in 1936 and a 'Road Marker' on highway 169 in Nowata County influenced their decision.

Dad had just left Middleburg to go to Winchester to live with Mr. and Mrs. White. Hook knew what had happened and he feared that GrandDad would kill Mom. He took GrandDad to Nowata and got him a job at the Ford Dealership (although this was not the only reason for taking him to Nowata). GrandDad knew Fords and was a very good auto mechanic. He also wanted GrandDad to do some maintenance work on the Glass' house so that GrandDad could hide three Little Glass Bottles in the house (the possible reason is explained later). Some outside maintenance work was done, but Mrs. Glass would not let GrandDad come inside her home because Mrs. Glass did not approve of drinking and, "I do not want a Drunk in my House!"

I have included a letter from Mr. Glass to Mrs. Glass that implies her strong stance against alcohol. In later years, however, James said that she actually became quite fond of an occasional sip.

The Letter from Mr. Glass
to Mrs. Glass about Drinking.



April 9th 1908
10:30 P. M.

To Eva Payne Glass.

I hereby agree that I will
not take a drink of what is
called intoxicating liquor,
or liquors, unless you
agree that I may do so.

Your sincere husband,
J. Wood Glass

Exactly why Mr. Glass and Hook chose to do what they did is unknown, but this is what they decided. They would put one of the Documents in a safety deposit box; I do not know if it is in the same Bank as the Trust or not. They would put the key and the name of the Bank inside a Little Glass Bottle and secure the bottle in a safe place. They would put the second Document behind the backing of a painting. Why a glass bottle? Why a painting? I do not know. Hook had several of these little glass bottles, I do not know why. To get a key inside the bottle – it would have to be sawed in two pieces and then somehow re-fired to put it back together; the name of the Bank would have to be etched on a metal tag or some other non burnable material. Maybe they had a glue back then that could glue the pieces together for a moisture proof seal? Why go to all this trouble? Hook and Mr. Glass chose three locations in the House to hide other bottles; Hook wanted GrandDad to do it, but Mrs. Glass' objection prevented it. I cannot imagine Hook, himself, hiding the bottles; he must have found someone else to do it. I eventually found the three Little Glass Bottles in the Glass Mansion in the Fall and Winter of 1999 after Lee had given me the one at Glen Burnie in May. The only purpose for discovering the bottles in the Glass Mansion was to reinforce GrandDad's involvement back in 1936.

The hiding of things in the Glass Mansion might seem unusual, but the Little Glass Bottles was not an isolated event. When Carroll's Dad, Mr. Kreps, and I undertook the task of replacing the banister railings and columns outside the back kitchen door in the Winter of 2000, James told us that it had been replaced once before and he thought some money was hidden in one of the wooden columns. We tore out the old banister and columns and rebuilt them from scratch to match the original design. I took all the old pieces back to our house on a trailer and inside one of the columns, I found the money and the signature of Julian Glass. I am not at

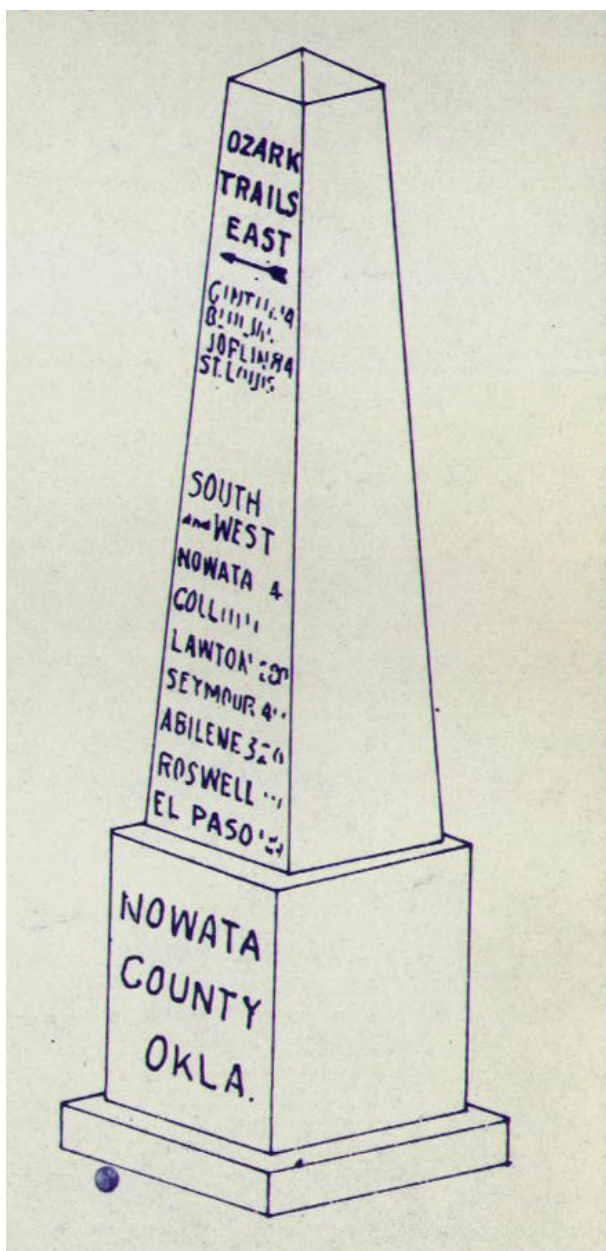
liberty to disclose the amount of money that was discovered.

In 1917, the children of the school in the town of Delaware raised money to help build a concrete Road Marker for the intersection of the Ozark Trail and the Black Dog Trail which would later become Highway 169 and 28. It became a famous landmark and was known as the Pyramid because of its obelisk shape; it was about 15 feet tall and 3 feet at the base. See the drawing below.

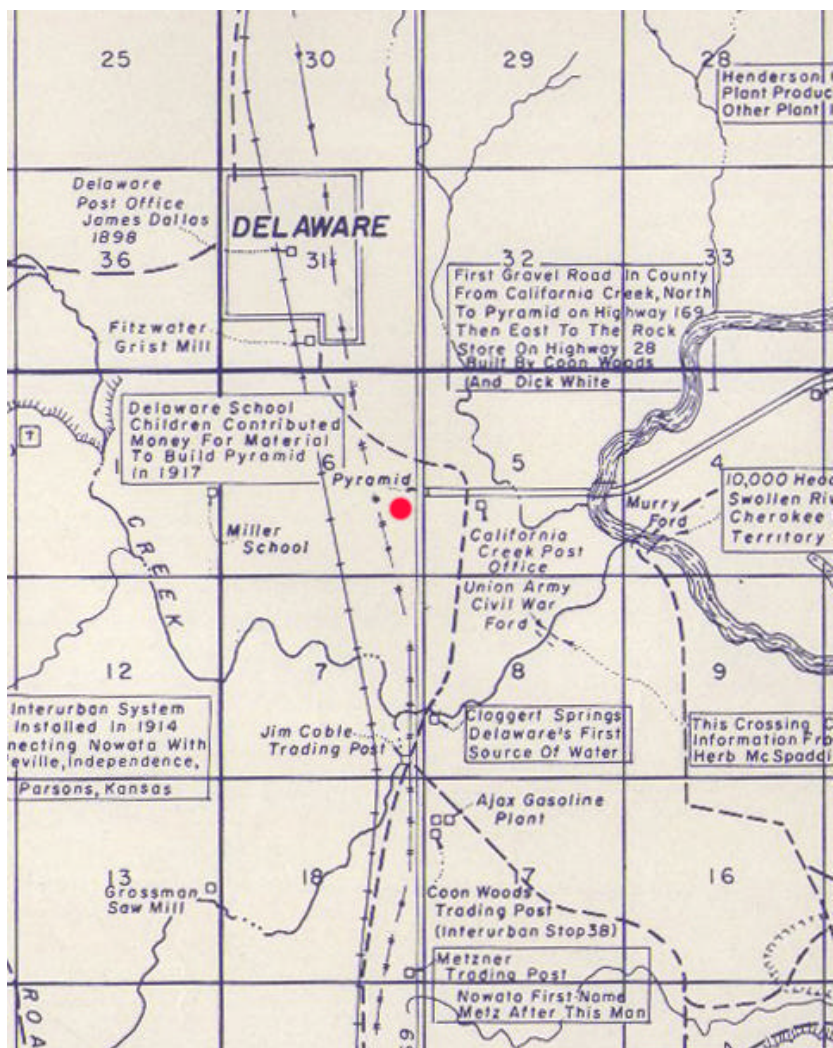
This drawing is taken from the
Heritage Map of Nowata County
compiled by Herb Couch, drafted by Robert Demoss.
Copies are available at the Nowata County Museum.

In the Fall of 1936, the Pyramid needed some repair to its base because it started to tilt. Hook arranged for GrandDad to do some repair work on it. He had GrandDad to also drill a hole in the base that was not part of the repair process.

The Pyramid.



This portion of the Heritage Map of Nowata County shows the original location of the Pyramid as indicated by the red dot.



Mr. Glass had somehow acquired two paintings that he hung in his law office at the corner of Cherokee and Maple Street. Hook sealed the second document inside double layers of cardboard and used it as the backing for the Stone Church painting. The other painting was the C. Austin Danforth painting. Mr. Glass gave these to GrandDad as a gift and told him to keep them that they would be valuable someday and he could sell them if he really needed some money in the future. Hook took the photograph of them in the law office. Hook and GrandDad took the paintings back to Middleburg, but Hook kept the paintings. He gave the photograph to GrandDad as proof that the paintings were his – since GrandDad could not read or write, a photograph was better proof than words on paper that he could not understand. He also gave GrandDad one of the Little Glass Bottles to remember that the man's name was 'Mr. Glass'. GrandDad kept the photograph until Mom died in 1951. GrandDad's drinking became even worse at that point and he could no longer work. Hook 'bought' the painting from GrandDad and took back the photograph. Hook paid him a little every month from 1951 until GrandDad died at Newton D. Baker Veteran's Hospital on February 8, 1956. Hook gave the photograph to Lee Taylor, told him of the Trust, and Hook died soon afterwards.

GrandDad knew nothing about the Document concealed in the Stone Church painting, but he was the one that put the Little Glass Bottle with the safety deposit box key in the hole he had drilled in the Pyramid. Dad never mentioned anything about a Little Glass Bottle as part of GrandDad's 'Crazy Talk' in later years. This is not to say that GrandDad never said anything about it – or did not give a lot more detail about what he did – it is just that Dad never told Phil and me any other details that I can remember. I think that GrandDad never said anything about being in Egypt – I think he just talked about a 'Pyramid' and how 'Hot and Dry' it was there – and Ma

and Dad just inferred the Egypt part. Being uneducated and illiterate, 'Oklahoma' probably meant nothing to him.

The fourth (actually the first - in time) Little Glass Bottle that I found in GrandDad's Model T in 1956 was the one he had been given by Hook to remember 'Mr. Glass'. I gave it to Dad when I found it and he must have stored it in the Metal Box where it stayed until Phil and I rediscovered it on Sunday October 3, 2004. Phil had kept the Metal Box when Dad died and took it with him to Roanoke when he moved and got married. On his October trip back for a visit, he brought the Metal Box with him so we could go through all of the stuff in it. In the old leather money pouch with foreign coins GrandDad had brought back from Europe in WWI – was the Little Glass Bottle.

When they returned to Middleburg, with GrandDad missing his leg, Hook arranged to have both paintings hung at the Carter Hall Estate in Millwood, Virginia. There - they would be protected and hidden in plain site. They remained there until the early 1950's when Carter Hall was being remodeled for the new offices of the Hospital Ship, Project Hope. Dad had just bought a house in Winchester, and Hook authorized the people at Carter Hall to give the paintings to my Dad. Ma and Dad hung them both in our Living Room. So of the three stories of how the Crauns got the paintings two of them: 1. being given to GrandDad and 2. Dad got them from an old house - were both true.

In the 1950's (I could not find an exact date), Highway 169 was made dual lane through the stretch where the Pyramid was located. The highway crew moved it and supposedly buried it just to get it out of the way. Why there was no outcry over this incident – especially from friends and relatives of the 1917 School classes that had donated money for its construction – is unknown. Members of the Nowata County Historical Society have tried to find it for years – to bring it to the Museum

grounds for display.

Even I have looked for it. Two men showed up at the Museum on Tuesday morning February 17, 2004 before the Museum opened; I was there doing some maintenance on the thermostat. They told me they knew exactly where it was. They said it was buried in the ditch by the curve where the old bridge was - on the L. D. Crisson place. I went out there that afternoon because the ground was still soft and tried poking a 4 foot piece of rebar down in the ditch to see if I could hit anything big and solid. I was there for over three hours without any luck. I have not been back since.

I do not know why Dad and Lee Taylor, 'The Sergeant', had their brief friendship in the early 1950's. This was before Julian brought Lee to Winchester to see Glen Burnie for the first time. I can only assume that Julian knew nothing of Lee's trips from New York (where he was living) to Winchester. This is really not surprising. After Lee, died – James told me that he knew of things that Lee was involved with that Julian never knew – and information surfaced with Lee's Last Will and Testament that even James never knew. Dad's friendship may have been just an accidental event since there does not seem to be any direct connection to the Trust. The only possible consequence was that it did serve to prove to Lee that there was a 'Paul Craun, III (Gunther beer encounters) that he would meet again 50 years later.

You might think that I was upset at the loss of the Stone Church painting once I realized that one of the Documents was hidden in the double layer cardboard backing, but I was not. I am convinced, looking back at all that has been unfolding since 1930, that if I was to be the one to gain control of the Trust – I would have been able to open up the cardboard backing when I tried to store my Dad's diploma in between the layers and would have discovered the Document. The Stone Church painting was in my sight for over 50 years. Even if I am not the

one, I feel I am still involved; the publishing of this account is one of the final steps. I feel that the person that has the painting, will see a copy of this Book, recognize the painting that is on the cover – and discover what is in their possession.

Having read this account, I know the question that is running through your mind, “How do you know all this?” I now know why there was that strange look in the eyes of Lee Taylor when I asked him that same question in the Hexagon House attic.

My answer ... “Hook told me.”

The Current End

Bless you little one, you are now at home with the Father. Your body may be broken, but your spirit is whole and free. You are where there are endless meadows of lush green grass, hillsides covered with wild flowers, cool clear streams shaded by weeping willows – all surrounded by mighty forests of oak and evergreen. You can run and jump and play with all your friends and family. And when you lie down in the sun warm grasses, you can look to the East and see the Father. He knows you are there, and you know that you will be with Him forever.

