

[Hellen Fender]

[???] DUP

FORM A Circumstances of Interview

NAME OF WORKER Bessie [Jollerton?] ADDRESS Ogallala, Nebr.

DATE Nov. 10, 1938 SUBJECT Mr. and Mrs. Aaron [Brisco?]

1. Name and address of informant Hellen Fender
2. Date and time of interview Oct. 4th first time and several times since.
3. Place of interview In her home
4. Name and address of person, if any, accompanying you No one
5. Name and address of person, if any, accompanying you No one
6. Description of room, house, surroundings, etc. In front room of their home where they had a store.

FORM B Personal History of Informant

NAME OF WORKER Bessie [Jollerton?] ADDRESS Ogallala, Nebr.

DATE Nov. 10, 1938 SUBJECT Mr. and Mrs Aaron [Brisco?]

NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT Hellen Fender a daughter

1. Ancestry English descent

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2. Place and date of birth
3. Family Has one boy Ross.
4. Place lived in, with dates Lived on farm north of Ogallala for several years until 1932, when she and her husband and son moved to Ogallala, Nebraska.
5. Education, with dates
6. Occupations and accomplishments, with dates Taught school
7. Special skills and interests School teaching
8. Community and religious activities Methodist church
9. Description of informant Jolly, Medium light complected, sort of heavy set.
10. Other points gained in interview They run a store for 2 or 3 years, just west of the Dutchess Hotel, in Ogallala, Nebraska.

FORM C Text of Interview (Unedited)

NAME OF WORKER Bessie [Jollerton?] ADDRESS Ogallala, Nebr.

DATE Nov. 10, 1938 SUBJECT Mr. and Mrs. Aaron [Brisco?]

NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT Hellen Fender

Again the C. A. R. ranks were thinned when on Jan. 3, 1932 Aaron Briscoe passed away, he had expressed a desire to attain the age of [90?] years. But soon after he was stricken with Pneumonia which caused his death. He was born in Troy Illinois Dec. [?], 1841. At this time the father and mother and three of their nine children were stricken with Cholera.

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They succumbed to this disease within a weeks time leaving an older brother to care for the remaining family.

In order to combat this disease which was so prevalent that at the time, the Briscoe home had to be burned along with many others, also all the bedding, furniture, and clothing, of those exposed to the malady.

At the beginning of the war (Civil War) he answered the call of his country and enlisted in company C, of the [61?]st Illinois volunteer infantry, he was in service 4 years, during this time he participated in nine battles, the most important of which was the battle of Shiloh, in which 20,000 men paid the supreme sacrifice. He also experienced many narrow escapes, although he was never wounded, even though at one time a hole was shot through his hat, at another time, shot from the rear by the enemy one the shot pierced his knapsack.

His only injury was received (during the war) when he fell down the stairs of an old church, where he was guarding a group of prisoners although he related another narrow escape from a confederate soldier who was much larger than himself, [??] to crawl through a hole in a borad board fence, which on account of his size the larger man could not do, allowing Mr. Briscoe to make his get away.

Mr. Briscoe was married Sept. 20, 1864, to Miss Rebekah McAdams, while on a furlough, the ceremony was preformed in front of his regiment just before they marched back to the battle field, and to this union nine children were born, six passed away in infancy, Mrs. Briscoe was fatally hurt in an accident by a runaway team and passed away Sept. 15, 1898, at their home in [??].

On August [?], 1904 he married Mrs. Mary Sprague, at Ogallala, Nebraska., where he resided 26 years until the time of his death. Mrs. Briscoe united with the Methodist church at the age of 16 years and was an ardent worker of the church.

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The following poem was written by Mr. Briscoe and read by him at a memorial service in Ogallala, several year ago.

“Shiloh” Who hath not hear of Theropolis fame and noble spartans Who ever did [?] when angry surges rolled against the ship of state. To turn their backs and leave her to an ignoble fate. Now the god of battle has raised his army against and Creek has met Creek in Shilohs Bloody plain, where all the scenes of your present [?] Bloody [?], and guns of darkness ride upon the storm. T'was on the 6th day of April, upon the Tennessee, our forces were [extreme?] Before the enemy. And 'ere the morning sun shown out upon the host The death [?] of our [?] called us to our post. Cannons, bombs, bursting and hissing in the air, told us that death was [?] [?] settle there, and play his willy hand upon the friend and foe , Yes and like a demon he dealt the cruel blow. General Johnson led on the [Rebel?] host, and worthy of a letter cause He [commanded?] his post. Then shots were flying thick and shells were bursting high, He cried “Onward men, we conquer or we die.” Squadron after squadron charged upon our band like some dreadful whirlwind that sweeps o'er the land, [?] belched their loaden [hail?] into human rampart which makes the [?????] Oh, where are the heroes that marched out that day, in battles magnificent the [??]. Their hearts are beating brave within their noble breasts , They bowed before the foeman and sank in glory's best. Patriotic tears, shall be shed o'er their tomb, and national Peace shall rise from out the gloom, that hangs o'er the land like a mist on the sea Columbia now [?], again shall be free. Years shall roll on and the traveler will stand, on the sanguine field Where our gallant loyal band gave up their lives, in heavens holy cause Our Country to protect and enforce her laws. Tears of sad remembrance o'er his cheeks shall flow while standing o'er the illustrious in death laid low, and flushed shall be his cheek While thinking of the cause that led to violation of Humanity's laws. Weep ye sons of Freedom, Weep for the slain, who fell in deadly strife in Shiloh's bloody plain, Let tears of remembrance ever sacred fall And Glory be to those who obeyed their country's call.