

THE ECHO
Phillip Hamman Family Association Newsletter
Website: PhillipHammanFamily.org

Officers:

President: Gary Hamman, (602)-996-8148, ghamman@aol.com
Vice President: T. Gerald McClintock, (731) 239-5206, TGMCCL@yahoo.com
Treasurer—Secretary: Connie Thompson, (903) 965-5268, tconnie83@gmail.com
Genealogy Research: Doris Rose, (510) 799-6421, rose0303@att.net
Immediate Past President: Jim Rose, (801) 592-4274, jimandnancyrose@gmail.com

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Warm greetings from the Arizona desert! You are going to find some interesting articles in this Echo. First there is one with new information about Phillip Hamman's property in northeast Alabama. Jim Rose did a lot of investigating this last year to uncover this. Thanks, Jim. The second article by Kaye Lanier gives us a lot of details and insight into Henry Clay Conner, Jr. and his extraordinary WWII experiences in the Philippines. Thanks, Kaye.

Now it is time to be making plans for our 2018 Reunion in Tyler, Texas. At our last Reunion we decided to have our 2018 Reunion the week-end of August 4. Schools seem to be starting earlier every year, and this may be an issue for some of our teachers and students. I think we should consider moving one week earlier to the July 28 week-end. Let me know if one of these two week-ends would significantly affect your chances of attending. Email me at ghamman@aol.com.

The area just northwest of Tyler is where Phillip Hamman, Jr. (#12) raised his family, and many of his descendants stayed in the area. Fran Stiles lives there, and her daughter Sharla is not too far away in Shreveport. They didn't make it to our last Reunion, but I hope they can participate in this one. I'm looking forward to seeing many of you a little less than a year from now.

I'm still trying to get as many of your email addresses as possible so we can email you these newsletters instead of printing and sending through the US mail. If you received this Echo by US mail and wouldn't mind getting it by email, send me your email address. Rob Wadley is still improving our website at PhillipHammanFamily.org. Go check it out! There are some recent back issues of the Echo on it.

Many thanks to Connie Thompson for editing and publishing this Newsletter as well as for handling the Association's finances. There are so many of you to thank -- those who have served as past officers, editors, those who organized, presented and participated in previous reunions, those who contribute to the Echo, and those who contribute news, photos and comments to the Hamman website. We are indeed blessed to have so many talented and giving people in our organization.

Best regards,

--Gary Hamman

Phillip Hamman Land in Jackson Co., Alabama—an Interesting story

As part of our activities at the Hamman Reunion in August 2016 in Chattanooga, TN, Hamman relatives took a day trip to visit the Phillip Hamman homestead near Fackler Alabama, in Jackson County. The land owned by Phillip Hamman is now part of the James D. Martin—Skyline Wildlife Management Area. The land is still used for corn and timber and access is through a locked gate (although the gate is left open during certain hunting seasons).

For our reunion in August, we arranged with the local Dept. of Conservation and Natural Resources to unlock the gate for our group to visit the site of Phillip's farm. On Friday Aug 5, 2016, our group drove into the area and attempted to find any remnants of Phillip's home. Unfortunately, we were unable to find the chimney to Phillip's home we had seen on prior visits. Pictures of the chimney from 1972 were included in Clay Connor's Hamman papers. The chimney was present when the site was visited by Jim Rose and Ralph Hamman in 1998, and most of the chimney was standing when attendees at the 2004 reunion in Huntsville AL visited the homestead. In spite of several attempts to locate "the Chimney", we could not find it during our visit last August. Part of the

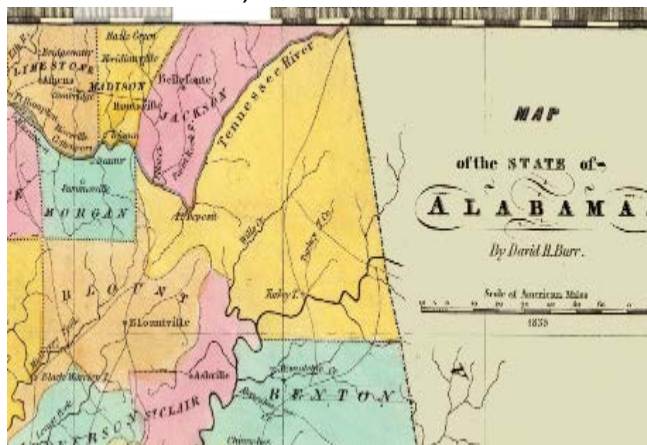


problem might have been that due to a rainy spring; the weeds and underbrush had really grown tall and thick. Another reason we may have had some trouble--the landscape has been changed over the last 10 years. The government has come in with graders to level some areas for planting corn. So it's possible that some of the things we saw years ago may be gone.

The land that Phillip Hamman owned in Jackson has been part of what was known as the "Samuel Key Reservation", later known as the "Jacobs Farm" and is now part of the "James R Martin—Skyline Wildlife Management Area".

In the early 1820's, Phillip and Christina Hamman moved from their farm on Slate Creek Montgomery County Kentucky to land in Jackson County Alabama. This rural farmland has remained undeveloped and appears much as it would have when Phillip and Christina lived there. Although Phillip may have lived in Jackson County only about 10 yrs and Christina maybe 20 yrs, it appears that Phillip's kin moved on to other areas. But the history of the Phillip's land in Jackson County is interesting. And we'll mention some of that history in this article.

Before the War of 1812, part of Alabama was a portion of the Mississippi Territory and the rest was Indian land. The War of 1812 (1812-1815) resulted in the opening of half of present Alabama to white settlement. In February 1819, land north of the Tennessee River was ceded by the Cherokee Nation to the US Government. In December 1819, Jackson Co. Alabama (named after General Andrew Jackson) was formed in northeast Alabama—land north of the Tennessee River and east of



Madison County. That same month Alabama Became the 22nd state of the union. Before the War of 1812, the northern part of Alabama was Cherokee land. In 1817 a treaty with the Cherokee created reservation land (McMinn treaty of 1817). This treaty gave Cherokee Indians the option of keeping 640 acres of land in Alabama (in exchange for giving up most of their lands in Georgia and Alabama) or they could relocate to Indian land in Arkansas.

Three Keys brothers, Samuel Jr, Isaac, and William, sons of an English Trader, Samuel Keys Sr., had each married women who were ½ Cherokee Indian. In an effort to take advantage of the McMinn treaty, the 3 families each staked claim to 640 acres in the Big Coon Valley –Roach’s Cove area of Jackson County (just north of Fackler today).

Although Andrew Jackson was a favorite of the common person, he was not a friend to the Indians. Elected as President in 1828, his Indian Removal Bill passed congress in 1830, and required all remaining Indian people in Alabama to relinquish their land and move to the west to reservations.

The Keys families were considered “Indians” by the white settlers in Alabama. They were “encouraged” to move on to other areas. Samuel Keyes and his family relocated to land south of the Tennessee River, until finally moving to Oklahoma. This land near Fackler and Roach’s Cove reverted to the US Government. Phillip Hamman moved onto the land in the 1820s and later received title.

We do not know if Phillip Hamman interacted with the Keyes family. We might guess that Phillip did not have warm feelings towards the Indians—He fought the Indians at Ft. Donnally in 1778. Indians killed many of his family and wounded his wife near

Crab Orchard, Kentucky in 1782. We do know that his farm is located in the same area where the Key Reservation was located. I was able to find 5 different documents conveying land in Jackson County, AL to Philip Hamman. On August 1, 1831, the General Land Office of the US “sold Public Lands” to Philip Hamman. He received 40 acres of section 30 in township 2 of range seven east in Jackson County. He received title to an additional 80 acres August 1, 1831; 40 acres August 1, 1839; 42 acres May 1, 1845; and finally 40 more acres October 1, 1845. It is noted that his name is spelled, “Philip Hamman” on all these documents. (Maybe the family should spell Phillip with one L?) It appears that early settlers often took possession of public land, and it wasn’t until years later that the official government surveying took place to provide a legal description of the land as well as paperwork to verify land ownership. Phillip died August 3, 1832 and Christina died Jan 28 1842. Both Phillip and Christina were buried in graves on the family property. It is clear that some of the



documentation of land transfer occurred after Phillip's death, death, and some of the documentation occurred after both Phillip and Christina were dead.

Phillip's sons likely handled those legal matters, so the land could be sold. After Christina's death in 1842, the children moved to other areas: John, James, Mary "Polly" Hamman Cope, and Sally Hamman Hall all stayed in Kentucky; Valentine Hamman and Elizabeth Hamman Lacy moved to Missouri; Phillip Jr moved to Mississippi; Elijah Hamman stayed in Tennessee; Jessee Hamman moved to Arkansas; and William Cook Hamman relocated to Dekalb Co, Alabama. It appears that none of Phillip's children remained in Jackson County.

After the reunion in Chattanooga last August, we decided to knock on a few doors in Fackler and Cairns. We knocked on the door of Cathy Hammon. She said there were a lot of her kin in the area, but she didn't know much. She referred us to Shirley Curtis who referred us to Faye and Larry Glass. All these people said they are descendants of Hamman/Hammon people who lived in the area. In fact, they all have a common ancestor, Elijah Hammond, b. 1799. Could this be Phillip's son Elijah Hamman? No, this is not our Elijah Hamman. Our Elijah Hamman was born 31 Jan 1799 in Montgomery Co. KY and lived in Winchester Tennessee, dying there in 1860. Their Elijah Hammond was born 2 Feb 1799 in South Carolina and died 13 August 1869 in Chattanooga GA. It appears that the descendants of this South Carolina Elijah Hammond moved into this area of Jackson Co. AL. before 1900. It's quite a coincidence the birthdates of the 2 Elijahs are so close.

This story is interesting because these Hammons actually owned the property previously owned by Phillip Hamman. Enoch Matison Hammon/Hamman Sr. moved from Chattanooga Co. GA to Jackson Co. AL before 1900. He purchased this land with a Mr. Jacobs. Enoch Hamman Sr. had divided his land so each of his 12 children received a section. Enoch Matison Hammon ran a grocery store in Fackler. During the depression, Enoch was generous with his credit to the local farmers. Jacobs was a banker. Hammon got into debt to Jacobs. Jacobs called in all the notes outstanding and was able to foreclose on all of the Hammon land. Jacobs got the whole parcel, and this area became the "Jacobs Farm". After the original Mr. Jacobs died, his family kept the parcel for farming and hunting. They built several cabins on the property. The remnants of the original Phillip Hamman home were also on this property. The Jacobs family sold the land to the US government in the late 1990's) and the government created the hunting preserve. The area had been called the Samuel Keys Reservation, but the government changed the name to the James R Martin—Skyline Wildlife Management Area.

It's interesting that the Phillip Hamman land was later owned by a different Hamman/Hammon family. Elijah Hamman was thought to be a link—until we determined that their Elijah Hammon and our Elijah Hamman are not the same individual. But an interesting story nonetheless.

Contributed by Jim Rose

After the Chattanooga reunion, Kaye Lanier was asked to copy Henry Clay Conner's manuscript about Phillip Hamman. After making 35 copies and mailing them around the country, she decided to find out more about. She discovered this amazing story.

Bob Welch is the author of the book *Resolve: From the Jungles of WWII Bataan, the Epic Story of a Soldier, a Flag, and a Promise Kept*, which tells the full story of Clay Connor Jr. Below is a story Bob Welch wrote that appeared in 2013-2014 issue of On Patrol, the magazine of the USO.

In the Philippine jungle, Clay Conner Jr. ran with the panicked zeal of a hunted animal. He slogged through rice paddies, splashed across muddy drainage canals and threaded his way through leaves the size and thickness of B-17 props. His lungs heaved. It was the morning of March 15, 1943. Conner fell to his knees, hidden in chest-high cogon grass. He heard a vehicle and the crunch of more boots. Machine-gun fire chattered from the rifles of the Japanese soldiers, playing ominous percussion to his panting. His stomach lurched. He vomited. But to quit was to die. Conner Jr. did not quit. He did what only a few dozen men did in World War II: Eluded the Bataan Death March and survived for 34 months in the jungles of Luzon. Only a few hundred U.S. soldiers chose to avoid capture by the Japanese when Bataan fell on April 9, 1942. Thousands would die in the subsequent Bataan Death March. Of the 1,209 men—including Conner—aboard the Coolidge that left San Francisco, only 240 would return—a one in five ratio.

Conner left for the war as a 23-year-old Army Air Forces officer, part of the 27th Bombardment Group (Light). He returned a 27-year-old first lieutenant and was honorably discharged as a major. But, at the time he fled the onslaught of Japanese soldiers pushing south on the Bataan Peninsula, he was a self-described gutless soldier who couldn't have been less prepared to survive a jungle crawling with pythons, enemy soldiers and even a few Americans who would betray him. Conner was Indiana-born, New Jersey-reared, and Duke University-schooled, where his degree was in economics. But when he took to the jungle on April 9, 1942, few men could have been as ill-equipped. He was a cheerleader and golfer who had grown up living in apartments, had never spent a night outdoors until he joined the military and barely knew how to shoot a gun. In the frantic moments before the men around him were to become part of the largest surrender in U.S. military history, Conner told his superior officer, Captain Lassiter Mason of the Signal Corps, that he wanted to join a handful of others in his unit and take his chances on escape. "The front lines are mined, and the Japs are there," said Mason. "Your chances are one in a million."

That Conner survived underscores a truth that plays out not only in war but in life beyond—when tested, it's not who we are when the challenge begins, it's who we can become. Outwardly, Conner might not have been the guy anyone would have picked to lead them through this ordeal, but he was going to use whatever strengths he did have to the best of his and his men's advantage. Among those strengths: salesmanship, diplomacy, imagination and broad-mindedness, all imbued with an odd combination of bravado and humility. And, as important as anything, an absolute resolve to survive. Eighteen months after heading into the jungle Conner hatched a plan. They would not only try to ingratiate themselves with a band of pygmy Negritos whom the Japanese soldiers feared greatly, but join the tribe. Become, in essence, Negritos themselves. He was convinced that one Negrito, with some sort of concoction, had saved his life when he had malaria. Others had selflessly guided him through the jungle to Olongapo on Subic Bay. Two little Negrito boys had been helping him learn the language so he could impress the tribe's leader,

"I call them brother," he said later of the Negritos. "I was crazy about them." Or just plain crazy. "You be killed," Humbo, one of the little boys, said when Conner told of his plan to approach Kodiario, the tribal leader. Conner knew Kodiario and some of the other spoke a bit of Tagalog. So in whatever he could muster from his language lessons with Humbo and his brother Maurio, he greeted the chieftain. "Magandang hapon. Kumusta ka?" A glint of surprise warmed Kodiario's face ever so slightly. A white stranger saying good afternoon and how are you "Mabuti naman," Kodiario replied. "Ako si" Conner answered. Kodiario smiled ever so slightly. "Ako si Kodiario." Kodiario looked around at his people. They were all surprised the white man had spoken a language some of them knew.

Conner was invited to spend the night, a Duke University graduate lying feet to the fire with a handful of Negritos like spokes on a wheel. The next morning he read to the tribe a proclamation from the Japanese army that said all women should willingly give themselves to their soldiers. That, said

Conner, was wrong. The people began to understand the difference between American soldiers and Japanese soldiers, Conner believed. Still, Kodiario wasn't entirely convinced that Conner and his men were worthy. Weeks later, he showed up at Conner's hut and demanded that Clay trade his .45-automatic for Kodiario's own pistol. Clay refused. Kodiario insisted they have a shooting contest. If Kodiario won he would get Clay's gun. Clay had recently gone through a spat of blindness, likely caused by malaria, and his vision was still hampered. But he won the shoot-off anyway. Kodiario looked his gun over carefully. He pursed his lips and nodded his head slightly, then held it out. A deal was a deal. Conner took it, looked at it, then handed it back. "I don't want your gun, Kodiario," he said. "I want your friendship." Conner and his men were welcomed into the tribe. It saved their lives. They became loyal to the chief. The chief and his tribe became loyal to Clay and his men.

Later, Conner wound up in a stand off with a Communist leader, Sumulong. The two were negotiating. Thirty or 40 men, mostly Communists, pressed toward Conner. The noise level rose sharply, like a rumble of thunder portending the lightning to follow. Suddenly, from out of the jungle they emerged like an angry swarm of bees, 200 Negritos carrying bolos, spears, blowguns and rifles, there to defend Conner. Sumulong froze, his "home field" advantage suddenly gone. Conner exhaled. He realized a single command from him would decimate the Communists. Instead, he turned to his adversary, Sumulong, and made an outlandish demand that nobody would have expected. Conner ordered Sumulong to prepare lunch for him and his 200 friends.

In January 1945, after nearly three years in the jungle, Conner and five other Americans met up with a group of U.S. tankers on a dusty road. The fresh-faced tankers couldn't believe what they saw. Beyond a handful of sun-scorched Americans were Filipinos and Negritos, one of whom was carrying a tattered American flag that Conner had vowed would one day fly over a free Philippines. Conner had not only galvanized his own men, but cobbled an army of Filipinos and Negritos that numbered in the hundreds.

"The story of that flag is one of the most impressive incidents of my 39 years of active service," said O.W. Griswold, the lieutenant general who accepted it from Conner in a brief ceremony a few days later in Concepcion. "To me, it symbolizes the highest concepts of service, duty and loyalty to the nation. I shall cherish always the honor of receiving it from your hands. That flag given to him by a young officer whose chances of survival had been estimated at "one in a million."

"Whatever theater of war we fought in and however we fought it—land, sea, or air—the thing that bound us together as Americans in World War II was something that Clay Conner Jr. must have had in spades—an 'unconquerable soul.'"

Contributed by Kaye Lanier

William Phillip Hamman

William joined the Confederate Army and was part of the 32 Mississippi Infantry Co. A the Tishomingo Avengers. He was captured later and imprisoned in the POW prison in Indianapolis, Indiana. There he met his wife, as he was allowed to run errands for the prison staff. His wife Ellen R. Hudson was the daughter of a Union Officer. William may have killed a Derryberry in Mississippi, before moving to Texas. This was revenge for killing his brother J.C. Hamman. William never admitted to the killing, but said the last time he saw Derrberry he was laying between his plow handles. William settled in the Northwest corner of Smith County, Texas along Village Creek. His family still owns this land to this day. The state of Texas gave a historical land marker to the family on behalf of William P. Hamman founding his ranch.